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Int.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

—AND THE—

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

—IN—

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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VOLUME XXIV.

Jan. 29 23

February, 1885—July, 1885.

Dislike sample

PUBLISHED BY THE

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

1885.

FOREST AND STREAM.

INDEX---VOLUME XXIV.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE CARE OF THE NATIONAL PARK.

SENATOR VEST'S bill, relative to the Yellowstone National Park, is still in the hands of the House Committee on Territories. It will be remembered that this bill provides in its second section for an increase in the area of the reservation, as recommended by Mr. Arnold Hague in his letter to Senator Vest, published in FOREST AND STREAM of March 13, 1884. This second section is as follows:

Sec. 2. That all of the territory embraced within the limits of the Park as herein established shall be reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States; and said territory so set apart shall be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior, and subject to all the provisions of sections numbered twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-four hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, except as herein otherwise provided.

There has been some prospect that local feeling between the Territories of Montana and Wyoming might endanger the passage of the bill, which provides, notwithstanding that the changed boundaries of the Park would bring it wholly within the Territory of Wyoming, that it should be subject to the laws and under the jurisdiction of Montana. The fact that there are some mines, though unimportant ones, near the northeast corner of the Park, still further complicates matters by furnishing to a few men a certain excuse for urging the building of a railway through a portion of the reservation. As a consequence of these disturbing features of the subject the delegates from Montana and Wyoming are understood to have been opposed to the bill as it passed the Senate.

The urgent need of the passage of some bill which shall provide for adequate measures of protection for the Park as well as for all the contingencies in regard to violations of law and rules which must constantly arise in a large reservation, practically without any government, is recognized by all who are interested in the National Park.

During the present short session of Congress it had been thought almost hopeless to attempt to press the bill to a vote, but the friends of the Park have been active in the matter, and the bill has been so modified that the principal opposition to it has been silenced. The changes which have been made in the original Vest bill will not be relished by those who have hoped to see this important subject treated in a broad, statesmanlike manner. They are unsatisfactory because they limit the usefulness of the bill, materially reducing the area proposed to be added to the reservation, and throwing open to settlement a portion of the territory originally set aside by the act of 1872.

The modifications of the Vest bill we understand to be substantially these. The jurisdiction of the Park is placed wholly under Wyoming Territory, and the northern boundary of the Park is so changed that it shall be the 45th parallel, from the 111th meridian east to the Yellowstone River, thence shall follow the north or east bank of that stream to the East Fork, thence up the north bank of the East Fork to the intersection of that stream with the meridian of 110° 10′, thence along a line running due east to the meridian of 109° 30′.

The change proposed leaves the mining district, of which Cook City is the center, wholly without the Park, and must cut away from beneath those interested in that region all ground for opposition to the bill. There are some advantages in making the river a boundary of the Park, since it is a natural barrier which all will recognize, and about which there never can be any mistake. If a highway should ever be required to the country east of the Park, it can follow the north bank of the Yellowstone and its East Fork, and will thus lie wholly without the Park. The propriety of placing the Park under the jurisdiction and laws of Wyoming is also apparent since, as has been said, the reservation lies within that Territory.

At the meeting of the House Committee on Territories in which this subject was considered, no other business was transacted, and it was agreed to make a unanimous report, and to urge upon the House the prompt passage of the bill as modified. Should the House consider the bill and pass it, it would go back to the Senate. It seems probable that in view of the difficulties and delay, if not the impossibility of passing the original bill, Senator Vest would accept the amendments and urge a vote on the bill by the Senate.

We have no hesitation in declaring that the amended bill promises so much less than we had hoped for, that it is a real disappointment. At the same time it is so great an improvement on the present law, or lack of law, that it should pass without delay. We have seen during the past few years the impossibility of properly looking after the Park, owing to the absence of any laws fixing the responsibility of its care on any one individual or set of individuals, and it is high time that there should be something in the shape of a government more definite than the loosely-framed acts and regulations, which have hitherto hindered rather than helped the efforts made for the protection of the natural wonders, the forests and the game of the reservation.

The possession by the Government of the Yellowstone Park, should be a matter of pride and exaltation to every citizen of the Union. No country in the world has so large a park, and nowhere are there so varied and magnificent natural wonders as are here to be seen. These wonders should be protected from destruction by selfish or careless visitors. Many of them are of such a character that if injured now, they will be destroyed forever, or at best can only be restored after a lapse of many years.

The forests of the Park protect the heads of two of the most important rivers of North America, one, the Snake, flowing into the Pacific, the other, the Yellowstone, finding its way into the Atlantic. These streams after leaving the mountains flow for long distances through arid regions which are only cultivable by means of irrigation, and should the forests about the heads of these rivers be cleared away, their volume would be so diminished that the farmers, who now and in the future will depend on them for their water supply, would be absolutely unable to raise crops. It is only by means of a law of Congress that these forests can be preserved from fire and from the axe of the lumberman.

The indigenous wild animals of Western America are surely worth preserving. It is becoming well known that the large game of the Rocky Mountains is disappearing at a rate which is so rapid as to pass the belief of those who have not closely watched the subject. The buffalo are all gone, that is to say those within the United States borders are to-day to be counted by hundreds, where ten years ago they could be numbered by hundreds of thousands. The elk, killed in enormous numbers for their hides, are passing away only less rapidly than did the buffalo, and the deer and antelope are following the same road. If moose and mountain sheep are not killed in similar great quantities, it is only because the accident of their haunts makes it a difficult matter to slaughter them by wholesale. It is worth our while to try to preserve this game. Call it a sentiment if you will—though it is more than that—still it is a subject which deeply interests a large and constantly increasing number of our American citizens, and one which should receive attention before it is too late to remedy the evil done by the wasteful, the selfish, and the unscrupulous. It is in the Yellowstone Park, if anywhere on this continent, that these different species must survive, and it is here that they should be conserved to be a benefit to science and the people, long after they shall have become extinct everywhere else throughout their former range.

Finally, the Yellowstone Park and the territory now proposed to be added to it is absolutely valueless to the settler, and therefore the passage of the bill in question can by no possibility work injustice to any citizen. Its altitude, averaging nearly 8,000 feet, makes it a region of cold. "Nine months winter and three months very late in the fall," about expresses the conditions of the climate. Frosts occur every month, almost every week, in the year. The agriculturist can never settle here, for crops will not grow. For the same reason it is forbidden ground to the stockman. The deep snows which for more than six months of the year cover the ground, render it impossible for range cattle to live here. There are no mines within the reservation, nor are any likely to be found. The only possible industry which could be carried on in the Park, even temporarily, is lumbering; but as we have pointed out, one of the strongest reasons for making laws for the Park, is to protect the forests and so the great streams which take their rise here.

Since then there are abundant reasons why the Park should be cared for and enlarged, and none at all against such a course, we urge most strenuously the passage of the Vest bill as we understand it to have been amended by the House Committee on Territories. Each season that the matter is delayed an amount of damage is done in the Park which can only be repaired by the expenditure of years of time and great sums of money. The careless camper fires the forest, the meat butcher kills the game, the tourist breaks down a ton of the beautiful and delicate geyser crater or hot spring rim to get a few pounds of "specimen." The appropriations are small, the guardians few in number, many of them appointed through political influence, and even if desirous of performing their duties, ignorant of their powers to arrest and bring to justice. All this should be changed, and a proper and efficient system of guardianship inaugurated. This will be done by the bill under consideration, which we hope to see become a law without delay.

This bill commends itself to all who are interested in the Park from purely unselfish motives. Its provisions are approved by Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey, whose acquaintance with the Park is so extensive as to entitle his opinion to the greatest weight. It is most important that the bill should receive the unanimous vote of the House, and that before the close of the session it should have received the signature of the President.

ONE THING AT A TIME.—It is hoped that a non-hounding clause may be incorporated into the New York game law this winter. This can be accomplished only by persistent effort and, as experience has amply shown, by confining that effort to the single point to be gained. Will individuals and associations, who think that other changes in the law should be made, please stand aside this year and refrain from muddling the mind of the average legislator by a multiplicity of contradictory suggestions? By sticking to one thing the amendment may be carried. If a dozen different bills are presented, it is probable that just a dozen bills will be defeated.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB is circulating a petition asking the Legislature to refuse the demands of the dealers for a longer open season. The list of signatures includes many well-known names, among them being those of Judge C. E. Pratt, James L. Hill, late District Attorney of Schenectady county, and F. H. Smith. The Brooklyn Gun Club is conspicuously active in sensible work. Its members have put out a number of quail on Long Island, and we presume that they are naturally somewhat incensed to think that the pot-hunters want more time to market those very birds.

MICHIGAN VENISON.—It should not be forgotten that much of the venison that the dealers complain cannot be sold comes from Michigan, whence it has been shipped in violation of the law. Michigan needs an organized State game warden system to provide for the seizure of the contraband goods and the punishment of those engaged in the illicit traffic.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE Forestry Commission appointed last year to report on the best measures for the preservation of the Adirondack forests, has done its work and submitted a report to the Legislature. This report is no less conspicuous for its tact and conciliatory spirit than for the amount of solid information it contains and the practical nature of its suggestions. There is a very strong feeling that State ownership of the forests is essential to strict conservancy and economic administration, and this feeling is well grounded on the experience of European countries; but it has been seen, in the first place, that the proposal that the State should acquire the whole Adirondack forest area by law of eminent domain was met by such determined opposition on the part of private owners, that to have persisted in it would have been to have lost all by aiming at too much; and, in the second place, it is very questionable whether the State would have been benefitted by the immediate possession of more land than it is in a position to place under systematic conservancy. The State holds already more than three-quarters of a million acres of land in the Adirondack wilderness, the bulk of which is already not merely denuded of its forests, but has been subjected to so many fires that very little of it is in a condition to restock itself; and the proper restoration of this area will tax all the State's resources for some years to come.

The Commission, well advised in this matter, has not only discounted all opposition from private owners in anticipation, by recommending that the State should not seek to acquire any lands in the wilderness save such as may be surrendered voluntarily and at low price; but has ably aimed at securing the cordial co-operation of the whole body of private land owners by recommending that their lands be placed on an equal footing with the State lands in every respect, even in the matter of taxation, and that owners be given more protection from trespass and its attendant fires than now exists under the law.

These preliminary recommendations are well calculated not merely to avert opposition, but to secure the cordial co-operation of all those whose determined hostility to previous legislation was sufficient to destroy its practical usefulness. An especially popular measure among land owners in the wilderness, is that embodied in the recommendation that State lands be placed on an equality with private lands in the matter of taxation. Hitherto State lands have been held free from taxation, they have contributed nothing to local assessments, and in those townships in which State lands constitute a considerable proportion of the area, the whole burden of taxation falls on the private holdings. This system, so manifestly unfair in its operation, is the cause of the bitter jealousy with which private land owners regard the acquisition by the State of lands in the same township with them. The Legislature can hardly fail to give effect to this recommendation, and by doing so will transform the most determined opponents of all forest legislation for the Adirondacks into friendly critics of any bill having the preservation of the forest character of the region for its object.

It is now generally well understood that forests are not to be maintained in good order by excluding the axe, but that the great economic aim of forest administration is to raise the productive yield of the forests to the highest capacity of the soil. If private owners do not operate their own forests to advantage the loss is theirs. The Commissioners recommend no restriction on timber operations, satisfied that mismanaged lands will sooner or later fall into the hands of the State by voluntary surrender.

The destruction resulting from fires, and the necessity of determined legislation for their suppression, is strongly emphasized; the preservation and restoration of the denuded area of the State forests is earnestly recommended, and for this purpose a forest commission with abundant power is deemed essential. A series of bills has been prepared and submitted to the Legislature, and there is reasonable hope that the committees appointed to consider their provisions, will embody the best features of each in a bill which will be acceptable to the members of both Houses, and to the people at large.

Senator Low is already before the House with a little bill of his own, he evidently thinks highly of the labors of the Commission, for he proposes to appoint another honorary commission for three years with a wide range of duties. He would have done better to have submitted his bill to be boiled down with the series submitted by the Commission. There is no more work for honorary commissions to perform; the question of the desirability of State conservancy of its own forests and wastes, has been investigated carefully, and answered affirmatively and decidedly. There remains now nothing but to organize a forest department, with power and means to give effect to the recommendations. We want a paid commissioner with a competent staff of deputies, and if care be taken in their selection, they may safely be left to the responsibility of the duties imposed on them.

Senator Low's provision for the formation of professorships and classes of forestry at Cornell University is a good one. Forestry is a profession requiring special training, and it is desirable that the future forest staff of this country should be native born and its efficiency secured by home training. Men of liberal education and special training are wanted for the junior as well as for the senior grades. No greater mistake can be made than to organize the forest department as a one-horse machine. A more or less able commissioner, with a staff of ill-paid incompetents to give effect to his instructions, will surely result in failure and disappointment.

A practical knowledge of forestry is in the highest degree desirable in a chief commissioner, but a deficiency on this head may be compensated for by administrative ability—for his deputies, who have to give practical effect to their instructions in the field, professional experience is essential.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

THERE are in New Jersey two game societies, which claim the right to levy a tax on non-resident sportsmen. One of these, the West Jersey Game Protective Society, organized in 1873, claims this right only in respect to six counties; and holds that no non-resident can go shooting in those counties without a certificate of membership granted by its officers. The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, formed in 1878 contends that its jurisdiction extends over the entire State, and that non-residents equipped with its license are at liberty to seek their game wherever it is to be found, even in the six counties over which the other society holds sway.

Some time ago a man named Welsh, who bore a certificate from the New Jersey Society, was arrested for gunning in Salem county without a certificate from the West Jersey Society. The former organization professed a desire to make a test case at that time, but owing to some defect in the legal rigmarole the thing fell through. Another case of similar character is now dragging its slow length through the New Jersey courts. Last October, C. B. Jones, of Philadelphia, a member of the New Jersey Society, was arrested in Burlington by officers of the West Jersey Society, and on the charge of gunning without the license from the latter, was fined $50. The New Jersey Society's counsel immediately filed appeal bonds, and the matter came before Judge Reed, in the Cumberland county courts, at Bridgeton, recently. That official last week rendered his decision that under the charter of the West Jersey, that society had jurisdiction over the territory covered by the six counties of Camden, Gloucester, Salem, Cumberland, Cape May and Atlantic. The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society have carried the case to the Supreme Court, where it will shortly be argued.

The extraordinary nature of this New Jersey non-resident legislation has been adverted to in our columns. It is a great pity that, instead of a dispute between two rival societies to see which has the right to exact tribute from the visiting sportsman, this case is not one to test the constitutionality of the whole proceeding. The object of the societies is unquestionably a good one; but the means taken to secure that object we believe to be most questionable.

It is possibly true that an individual, arrested by the officers of either society on the ground that he had no license from them, could, if he brought suit for illegal arrest, win his case and demonstrate that, under existing New Jersey statutes, neither one society nor the other had any authority to molest him so long as he were not violating such provisions of the game law as apply to residents and non-residents alike. The point involved is not of the constitutionality of non-resident game laws. One consideration is whether these societies actually possess, by any twist of the text of the present law, the authority to levy taxes on non-residents; and another consideration is whether, if the statutes do delegate this authority, they be not unconstitutional and absurd.

RIFLE DEFINITIONS.

THE question of rifle definitions outlined in the letter of James Duane in our rifle columns, is an interesting one. Again and again there are misunderstandings at the ranges, and long wrangles over the question of what is a military rifle, and again of what is a sporting weapon. The line between these two classes of arms is a constantly wavering one, and within the ten years of modern rifle shooting in this country has been almost completely swept away. The tendency has been to make the definition of a military rifle broader and broader, and bring that class of weapon nearer and nearer the any-rifle class. This simply shows that the attempt to make it appear on paper that a military rifle should be something rougher and coarser than other arms of accuracy is a false one, and that no set of rules may be so drawn as to give a fixed and clear distinction between the two groups of arms.

The trouble has been in the past that there has been a rivalry between the military men and the civilians in a shooting way. One class insisted upon having a weapon which could be employed as a spade handle, as a pick and pry for all kinds of rough work, and incidentally a shooting weapon. This was the military arm of the past. The civilian shooting rifle was a complicated affair with many useless details, upon which great stress was laid by the owners, but which were removed when their true worthless character was made known. The two sets of arms were then separated by a wide gap.

It was comparatively an easy thing then to make definitions and distinguish one class from another; but gradually the two sets of arms drew together. The military magnates were compelled to acknowledge that they were far behind the age of outside science in the sort of arms that were kept in the hands of soldiers. It was discovered that it was not profitable to give men the very poorest machines possible with which to defend their lives. The demand was for better rifles and for a better class of men to use them. From the other direction came the civilian arm, trimmed of much of its nonsensical features, and then when a number of changes had been made on either side it was found that a really satisfactory military arm—such a one, too, as properly trained soldiers could use—was nothing more than a sporting target rifle, and that the rifle chosen by men in an any-rifle match was really, in its essential feature of barrel, ammunition and sights, just such a rifle as could with safety be put in the hands of a soldier of the present day.

The old names exist while the old differences have been swept away. The limit of weight is after all the most important item in making up a rule for modern rifle practice, a military service rifle must be one which can be carried by an ordinary man. In its manipulation he must be educated up, rather than have the arm simplified down to a point where its use as a weapon of accuracy is largely impaired. A very light trigger pull might safely be allowed in military arms, provided it is surrounded by proper guards, as in certain recent improved models. Other changes will suggest themselves which might safely be introduced into military arms, but they will come gradually, and any definition of this class of arms must be a very elastic one, if it is not to become antiquated in a very short space of time.

VENISON FED TO DOGS.—Some (a great many) men are dog poor. They have more dogs than they can feed. Some (a great many) communities are dog poor. They have more dogs than they can feed. But the dogs must eat. Sometimes they eat mutton. In the Adirondacks in winter they eat venison. The packs of hounds which are kept for deer driving in summer, are set loose to drive deer in winter for their own consumption. Can the State of New York afford to furnish venison for the support of hounds?

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.—The hounding of deer in the Adirondacks ought to be forbidden by law. This is the conclusion arrived at by those who have seen how the so-called sport is conducted. We have a printed petition blank which will be sent to those who will secure signatures to it; and every individual who is interested in the subject is earnestly invited to give the movement his practical aid. The blank will be sent on receipt of an addressed envelope.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.—The intention of the game dealers to extend the season for the sale of game has been fully ventilated in this journal. Why? So that every individual in the State who has any concern in the matter (and every citizen ought to have) may be prompted to exert his own individual influence to thwart the schemes of the pot-hunters and snarers. A word to your representative at Albany will go far to win the battle.

MINNESOTA VENISON.—It should not be forgotten that a great deal of the venison that the New York dealers complain cannot be sold is received from Minnesota. It is shipped from that State in violation of law. Minnesota needs an organized State game warden system to provide for the seizure of contraband goods and the punishment of the shippers.

PIE PHILOSOPHY.—The American Association for the Protection of Pie and Pie Eaters, finding that the pastry supply is diminishing, has unanimously resolved to remedy the evil by increasing the allowance of pie for each member. By making away with two pieces, where only one piece was eaten before, the society hopes to save the pie.

THE CHICAGO GAME MARKET is reported to be the port to which great quantities of Minnesota venison are shipped. The meat is sent in locked chests, one key being had by the shipper and the other by the consignee. Like other forms of contraband goods traffic, the illicit venison business is sharply managed.

NEEDED JUST NOW—An association with membership embracing every county in the State, an association to defend the game law against the attacks of selfish and greedy combinations. In default of such a society it is the duty of individuals to do each his share.

ADIRONDACK VENISON.—It should not be forgotten that a part of the venison that the dealers complain cannot be sold comes from the Adirondacks, where it has been killed by hounding and crusting in the close season.

A PEG.—If any one fails to understand the axiom that an open season for selling venison means an open season for killing deer, let him read the first paragraph in the first communication on deer hounding, page 8.

OPPOSED TO DEER HOUNDING.—The Adirondack guides would gladly see deer hounding abolished. They will see to it that if such a law is passed the dogs will be kept out.

THE WHITNEY ARMORY, at New Haven, was partially destroyed by fire last week. The loss is said to have been $75,000.

A BIG DIFFERENCE—Between killing deer to hounds on a runway and killing deer to hounds from a boat in a lake.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

I.—INTO THE FIREHOLE BASIN.

ONE can enter the Yellowstone Park from the north or from the west. By way of the Northern Pacific Railroad you are brought by steam to within seven miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs on Gardiner's River, while the main points of interest, the Geyser Basins, the Lake, the Falls and the Cañon are still a long stage drive distant. From the railroad station of the Utah Northern Railroad, at Beaver Cañon, it is about ninety miles into the Firehole Basin, and when that is reached the most delightful and interesting scenery of the Park is easily accessible.

Ten years ago I entered the Park from the north, last summer from the west. A friend, whose name is familiar to workers in science in America, in Europe and in the farthest East, had asked me to join him for a few weeks' trip through the marvelous region of the Park, and I had gladly accepted his kind invitation.

In the simple narrative of the trip which will be comprised in these letters, there will be found no description of those wonderful features of the Park which lie on the route of the ordinary traveler. These wonders and beauties have already an extensive literature of their own, to which the reader who is interested in the subject can readily turn. To this literature nothing of value could be added from the hasty notes made during a very hurried trip, whose main plan and purpose was an examination of a tract of country proposed, by a bill now before Congress, to be added to the present reservation. This examination was made in part, though the early setting in of winter in the mountains prevented its completion. Enough was seen, however, to make it quite clear that a wide stretch of country to the south of the Park should be added to it. The reasons for this are that—

First—It is a country in which rise the heads of two very important rivers, the Yellowstone, flowing into the Atlantic, and the Snake, flowing into the Pacific Ocean.

Second—It is a country of grand natural scenery, which should be retained by the Government for the free and perpetual use of all its citizens.

Third—It is a country valueless to the settler, *i. e.*, to the agriculturist, to the stock raiser, and to the miner, its sole economic product being its timber, which should be protected from the axe under the severest penalties.

Fourth—It is a country abounding in game, from which, if efficiently preserved, all the territory adjacent to the Park may perpetually be stocked with the wild animals peculiar to the Rocky Mountains.

The observations upon which these conclusions are based will be set forth more or less fully in the succeeding narrative.

Five days of railroad travel had brought me to Beaver Cañon, whence the stage was to take me into the Firehole Basin, where I expected to find the camp. There we would cut loose from civilized methods of travel, and pony and pack mule would thereafter furnish us transportation.

It was a lovely morning when I stepped into the stage at Beaver. The air had a crisp, autumnal sharpness, though the August sun, which was just showing its face over the eastern hills, would soon melt the rime from the willows along the stream, and pour down upon the plain with fervid power. The loungers of the town had not yet begun to collect about the saloon doors, but the tame bears chained to their posts had already taken up their monotonous march backward and forward over the narrow space worn bare by their weary, patient tread. From the underbrush in the stream bottom could be heard the voices of many mountain birds, and the surface of the pools, where the hurrying rivulet paused now and then, as if to take breath, was often dimpled by the splash of the rising trout.

From the town the road leads southward down the cañon about four miles, and then having reached the plain, turns eastward and follows the foothills toward the Continental Divide. The hills on the left are rounded and for the most part smooth. Here and there grow pines, with pretty meadowy openings among them. Down on the plain the land, viewed from the farmer's standpoint, looks well. If irrigated it would no doubt bear crops, and there is no dearth of water, for many little streams flow out from the mountains. On Camas Creek, about fifteen miles from Beaver Cañon, there are wide, level meadows, over which it would be an easy matter to bring water, and from which heavy crops of hay might be cut. Oats and barley, with potatoes, turnips, and other root crops could undoubtedly be grown here, and in time will be. To all appearances the country is admirably adapted for stock, but there seems to be none here, a fact which is explained by the statement that the winters are very severe, the snow falling heavily and lying so deep on the ground, that even horses have to be taken up and fed hay. It is said that here neither the soft, warm Chinook breezes of Northern Montana and Idaho, nor the biting, incessant winds of Central Wyoming, carry off the snow, but that it falls heavy and quiet all through the winter, and remains on the ground until spring. Neither will the country do for a summer range, for the stock would have to be driven so far in spring and fall, that it would not be worth while to move them in and out. All the principal streams between the Beaver and Henry's Fork of Snake River—Camas, Divide, Sheridan and Shotgun—have a good volume of water, and would seem to invite settlement. The country along Shotgun especially is for a long distance a natural hay meadow several miles in width, on which the grass grows thick and rank, but there seem to be as yet no settlements. Far across the valley of this stream a few antelope were seen, but they were wild and permitted no near approach. Geese and ducks are very abundant here. They are thought to breed in the mountain lakes, and when the broods are old enough to fly they collect on these streams, where food is abundant and the banks so low that they can see a long distance, and so are not easily approached. Trout are numerous in all these waters, and are very gamy on the hook, and delicious eating. Three gentlemen fishing in the Shotgun the last of August, took one afternoon two hundred fish from a single hole. They reported them enormously abundant wherever they fished for them, and spoke in the highest terms of the sport which they afforded. The same party had excellent goose shooting on this stream.

A short distance above the mouth of the Shotgun, the stage road crosses Henry's Fork, which is a large clear stream perhaps fifty yards in width and from three to four feet deep. Its volume remains about the same winter and summer, and the melting of the snows in spring causes but little rise in the water. The river abounds in trout and whitefish of excellent quality. Some idea of their number may be formed from the fact that near the station a man in one night speared 600 fish late in August. Such fishing as this cannot fail, if long kept up, to lessen the supply, but at present it only takes place at one or two points, for there are but few settlements on the river.

After crossing the stream near the mouth of the Shotgun, the road leads through the green pine timber, and across open grassy parks at no great distance from the river, which it crosses again about six miles further on. Two miles beyond the second crossing is the stage station, consisting of two or three comfortable cabins and as many tents. The station is admirably kept, the beds clean and the table well supplied. It is in striking contrast to many similar stopping places in the West.

The claim belongs to the Rea brothers, who have built cabins, stables, a blacksmith shop and other buildings, and have a few head of horses and cows. An enormous quantity of hay might be cut here, for on both sides of the stream the land is a rich, black, moist soil, which nourishes a heavy growth of grass. The winters are so severe—that is the snow lies so deep—that all stock must be taken up in the fall and fed. The elder Rea has been in the country seventeen years and may therefore be supposed to know it fairly well. He stated in a conversation I had with him that game is still quite plenty here. There are a few moose; elk and deer are rather abundant, as are also bears, the black and cinnamon being common, while the grizzly is not often seen. Mountain sheep are very scarce. In reply to special inquiries as to white goats and caribou, he stated that he had never known of either being found in the neighborhood or in the vicinity of the Park. The nearest points where goats are to be found is, he said, between Bitterroot and the Bighole, a long distance to the westward. The Reas make a business of taking out hunting parties, and had but just come in from a twenty-eight days' trip with three Englishmen. In this time, the party got four moose, one black bear, and enough elk and deer to keep the camp supplied with meat. They also captured a black bear cub.

Of the abundance and excellence of the trout Rea spoke very enthusiastically. He said that at present they only run up to three and one-half or four pounds in weight, but that formerly it was not unusual to catch them much larger, and that the heaviest one he ever caught weighed six and one-half pounds. Rea stated that he intended next winter to build a good hotel here, and he hopes that in a few years the place will become quite a resort for travelers. Certainly the spot is a beautiful one. The houses stand close to the water's edge in the green timber. Across the river is a wide meadow, and beyond this the dense forest. The cool clear waters are broken almost constantly by the rise of the trout, and in the distance, over the treetops, can be seen the summit of the mountains, rough with bold rock faces and pinnacles, with here and there a deep ravine or a steep mountain slope on which still (in August) lies a drift of the snow of the past winter.

From Henry's Fork to Marshall's, in the lower Geyser Basin, is forty-five miles, a long drive when it is remembered that a part of the distance is over a steep mountain by a very bad and hard road. From the station to the Pass over the Continental Divide the road crosses the level bottom of the river, but it is wet and in many places quite soft, so that it is impossible to drive fast. A few antelope were seen at a great distance in this bottom, but they were wild and took to flight almost as soon as the stage came in view. Geese, ducks and sandhill cranes were enormously abundant here, and could be seen everywhere, either feeding on the prairie or swimming in the pools and sloughs. Every few hundred yards, as it seemed, we would approach some bare spot where a great flock of geese would be standing motionless, intently watching our approach, and when we were within a hundred yards or so, the oldest birds, with a premonitory honk or two, would prepare to rise, and then the whole clamorous flock would take to wing and circle about until, as they gradually drew further away, the trumpet-like music of their voices would fall on the ear more and more faintly, and at length be lost in the distance.

Just before reaching the low hills to the north of this meadow, Henry's Lake comes into view. It is a beautiful sheet of water, with gently sloping grassy shores, from which, here and there, a wooded point juts out into the lake. The mountains stand far back from the lake, and the scene, though beautiful and picturesque, has about it little that is grand or imposing. To the westward the Red Rock Mountains rise boldly, thickly timbered on their lower slopes, and then breaking off sharply into the abrupt precipices and landslides, from the color of which the range takes its name. On the east is the main range. The Continental Divide is here very low, but little more than 7,000 feet in height at the Pass, and the mountains, though topped by precipices of bare rock, are not especially bold nor striking.

The road takes us through the Tyhee Pass. The name on the maps and in the guide books is variously spelled Tyhgee, Tighee or Taghee, and I heard a gentleman explain it as the name of an old Bannock chieftain who used to live down toward Fort Hall, and bring his tribe up each year through this Pass on their autumn hunt. The explanation was no doubt satisfactory to most of those who heard it, but, though given in good faith, it was pure fiction. The word *tyhee* in the so-called Chinook jargon, means chief, and this pass is the Chief Pass, and is called by this name quite as often as by the name Tyhee Pass. There is, to be sure, somewhat more of poetry in the thought of the old Bannock chieftain leading his dusky warriors up over the gentle ascent of this pass to the lovely Basin of the Madison beyond, but, as a matter of fact, the Tyhee Pass was not named after any one in particular. It is the chief, or principal, pass. Just before turning into the Pass a creek is crossed on which General Howard, at the time of the Nez Percés outbreak, had a fight with that tribe.

The ascent to the Pass is a moderate one, and for half a mile near the summit the road is quite level. The last water flowing into the Pacific is a beautiful clear spring, which trickles out of the hillside to the left of the road, and is at once lost in the green meadow below. The Atlantic water is a larger stream near its source, and before long is dammed by the beavers, and spreads out into pretty ponds.

The Madison Basin, into which we now descend, is a beautiful bit of country—an extensive park—watered by clear streams, with abundant grass and fine timber. The stage stopped for noon at the South Fork of the Madison, a remarkably beautiful stream. Its waters, which are of unusual transparency and brilliancy, abound in trout and grayling of large size. I heard of the capture of one of the latter, on a fly-rod, which weighed two and three-quarter pounds. There are no settlements in the Basin, though one ranch was passed where a couple of men were putting up hay, and one or two abandoned cabins were seen. The stage station consists merely of a rough stable for the horses and a tent for the station keeper. There are few more beautiful locations than this; but here, as so often through this country, the heavy snowfall has prevented settlement.

After leaving South Fork, the road for about fifteen miles winds about through the timber on the level flood plain of the river, and is as good as could be asked for. Though there are some limited areas which have been burned over, most of the trees are green. Little parks are passed here and there, and sometimes the road runs along the bench close above the broad river. The ascent of the mountain range which separates the Madison from the Firehole Basin, is the only really bad piece of road between Beaver and the end of the stage route. It is appropriately called the Big Hill, and the road is laid out as badly as possible. It would be difficult anywhere to find a worse piece of engineering. Instead of winding about and taking advantage of the easier slopes, it runs straight up the sides of some of the steepest hogbacks. A road is much better if long with a gradual ascent, than short and steep, and by increasing somewhat the absolute length of the ascent of this hill, it could have been made much easier; but no attempt is made to spare the horses and the pull is terribly severe.

The mountain is volcanic, the lava being a black rhyolitic rock, almost an obsidian. In many places one can see where the sedimentary rock and soil have been calcined by the molten lava which has been extruded through it. The rhyolite often breaks down readily on exposure to the weather, and the ground is covered in many places with its jet black fragments, which, shining and glossy, at a little distance resemble so much finely-broken anthracite coal.

The summit of the mountain reached, we pass a girdled pine tree, which marks the western border of the Yellowstone National Park. From here for several miles the road is through an undulating timbered country, and then we come to the crest of the hill and see beneath us the columns of steam and the white tracts of geyserite, which mark the Basin of the Firehole.

It is well named. Looking down from the mountain top it might be imagined that in the broad valley at our feet were burning a thousand fires. From some of them rise great white clouds, as from a mighty conflagration; others give forth a tiny gray, curling vapor, like that which might come from the dying embers of a deserted camp-fire. The scene in the valley below is one of life and activity. Horses and cattle are browsing on the flat. Mounted men dash hither and thither on their nimble steeds. Two or three stages move briskly along the roads. Heavy wagons laden with trunks, provisions and bedding stand by tents, about which move numbers of people. Men are chopping wood, building fires, or hobbling and picketing out their horses. There are houses—one, two, three, a dozen. It is the

old spot, but how changed by the lapse of a few years. When I last looked upon it, it was as silent and unten anted as if never trodden by the foot of man, and now it is a settlement!

As we paused to lock the wheels preparatory to making the descent, I mused upon the change. And yet the bustling activity of the scene was no surprise. Here at our feet in this valley was going on just what is now taking place all over the West, only it was a little more concentrated. If from some lofty station in the sky one could obtain a bird's eye view of the vast area between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean he would see, but on a vastly grander scale, and spread out over a territory measured by miles where this contains inches, just such scenes as were taking place before me here. I was looking down upon a mimic West. From the British line south to the Mexican boundary, and from the great river west to the ocean, wherever there is wood, water and grass, there the settler, earnest, industrious and much enduring, has pressed in and erected his little cabin, has broken up his bit of prairie, planted his crop, turned out his few head of stock, and made for himself a home in the wilderness.

The descent of the very steep hill was soon made, and a few minutes later, after crossing the Firehole River, we drew up before Marshall's hotel. As the stage turned toward the building, the first thing I saw and the pleasantest, was the countenance of my friend Mr. Hague, who welcomed me cordially to the Basin. His camp was about three-quarters of a mile northwest of the hotel, and a pack mule with two or three horses standing tied to a tree near at hand gave me to understand that we were to move to his camp at once. A beautiful little pinto horse, white with pale roan spots, was pointed out to me as my mount. He was a well built little beast, and I congratulated myself on having so good an animal, although his roached mane and his general aspect led me to think that he was a horse with a decided will of his own, and that in case of any important difference of opinion between himself and his rider, he might reply to all arguments by bucking so vigorously that there would be no opportunity for reply.

A few moments' brisk gallop brought us to the camp, which was charmingly placed among a grove of pines at the foot of a little volcanic cone, just back from the river. Before it was a broad meadow full of hot springs, one of which furnished a convenient lavatory. Its warmth was grateful, for the air was chill. I here met the other members of the party, whose ready courtesy made me at once feel at home and like a regularly installed member of the party. After dinner it was pleasant to sit about the campfire and gather from their conversation something of the life and methods of thought of those who were to be my companions for the next few weeks. Most of the gentlemen were men of long experience in the West, and none of them had spent less than two seasons in the field. There was, therefore, much that was instructive in what I heard, and it was late when the party broke up and retired to their blankets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XII.—"A SPELL O' WEATHER."

WHEN we awoke we had drifted well into the morning. The sound of the steadily falling rain admonished us that we were better off in bed than out of doors; so we turned on the bunk and tried to sleep on. In drowsy indolence we listened to the patter on the roof and journeyed back through the years, until our semi-slumber was mingled with that of boyhood's healthy breathings, lying on the newly cut clover mowed high away under the rafters of the barn on the farm, and listening to the same music; back to roguish, boyish days, when, stretched on the garret floor of the old farm house, half fearful of the great chimneys, we pored over Crusoe and Aladdin, with the same patter, patter, drip, drip, sounding in our ears. Alas for him who is never thus summoned to meet his youth, to whom there never comes from that far off play-ground the olden yearnings and enthusiasms, though it be but to gaze on fallen idols and to read through tears the inscriptions on gray old stones, overgrown with the mosses of thirty years.

When we arose the soggy canvas was heavily swaying overhead, and everything without was in a swish and swirl of water. The site of the camp-fire was an island in the midst of a sea, on the nether shore of which, under the table, our chickens were gathered in a forlorn and bedraggled state, apparently apprehensive of the pot pie to which a continuance of the storm would consign one or more.

In a few minutes the pipe of the camp stove was projecting from the lee end of the tent; that useful appendage was in place, and upon it the coffee was boiling and the potatoes and bacon frying. Breakfast was had in the tent, and that over, out came the rubber coats and blankets, rods were jointed, the boat bailed out, and we set out to see what sport might be had on the lake. The fog was drifting along the barren hillsides, the water was whirling and beating itself into foam on the rocks, and the cold rain was driving on us as we put off from shore. Turning to the northward, we rounded the lower end of the island, passed over an open sheet of water for half a mile, and worked our way between two small islands into a little bay, where we found shelter under the lee of one of the larger islands. Here, just off a rocky point, we cast anchor and baited up. It was one of our favorite days, so far as the weather went, and the place looked fishy. With the low, rocky headland overgrown with stunted shrubs, it seemed the counterpart of another fishing place on a mountain lake, on the shore of which, with a young Cuban for a companion, we had one summer builded our camp. On a morning like this we had pulled two miles up the lake to try the fishing off the point, so like the one before us. As we approached the place we saw a solitary figure sitting upon a rock at the very edge of the water, with his arms crossed upon his knees and his forehead resting upon his arms, heedless of the rain which was pouring upon him. As we came to anchor, some twenty feet away, the figure raised its head, took one quick glance at us, and dropped into its first position. It was a young mountaineer, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, with bushy, unkempt hair, a freckled face and buttermilk eyes. But what was he doing here alone and in the storm? Not fishing certainly; perhaps he had been injured or was sick, so we inquired.

"What's the matter, my boy?"

He did not raise his head, and the answer came in a smothered sort of way from the region of the diaphragm, a muffled, subdued—

"Nawthin."

"What are you doing here?"

"Nawthin."

"Is this a good fishing place?"

"Naw."

"Did you ever fish here?"

"Naw."

During the cross-examination we had cast out, and at this point it was interrupted by the leap and splash of a bass which had taken Juan's frog and was making things quite lively for that individual, who was sitting in the stern. For the first time the native appeared to take an interest in our proceedings. Roused by the splash, he sat upright, and watched Juan as he played the fish, now at the bow, and again at the very foot of the rock on which he was sitting. The fish gave another leap, shook the hook from its mouth, and was gone. It was the turn of the native to ask questions, and he began with:

"What d'yer dror 'm thru the water that way fur?"

Juan turned and fiercely asked: "Who is doing this?"

The native rested his chin on his hand, and made this comment:

"Yer can't ketch 'm that way."

Juan's dark face glowed with anger, but he was silent. In another minute we were each playing a bass, both of which were landed. Two more were taken in, when the mountaineer began to show signs of excitement. He rose to his feet and looked wildly about. Just then there was another strike, and his stoicism gave way, and he disappeared in the bushes. In a second he reappeared with a hickory pole, and again seating himself, without a word, began fishing. In a moment he flung a fine bass over his head into the bushes. Then from the water behind a rock he drew a long twig, upon which were strung a dozen others, to which he added the one just caught. There was a war dance in that boat for a few minutes. Juan yelled in choice Spanish, ending with something that sounded like "carrajo," and threw what movable property there was in the boat at the head of the silent angler. The rogue was fishing when we approached the point, and fearing lest we might be attracted to his preserves, had hidden his tackle and fish. That boy had in him all the elements that go to make up a sportsman. With a little experience, he would have made a capital guide.

Whatever the place might resemble, we were soon satisfied that in the way of sport it was doomed to be a failure, so after half an hour we moved out of the bay and halted under the shelter of another island to try deeper water. Here better success attended us, and after three hours, which time was marked with many a goodly fight, we found ourselves, in spite of frequent bailing, with wet feet and altogether damp and chilly. Our thoughts turned toward the shelter and comfort of the camp. It was a dreary and cheerless pull homeward, with the rain driving into every exposed place about us, and we crawled out at the landing thoroughly numbed. Within the tent all was dry and warm. The fire in the little camp stove was not yet out, and with some dry wood added, was soon rolling out a grateful heat. The long morning out had sharpened our appetites, but the coffee, boiled fish, potatoes and hot shortcake, cooked and baked on the camp stove, quickly made us satisfied with the world.

Whatever of trouble there may be in carrying a camp stove, a single day like the one we are describing, passed in comfort, repays one a thousand times. Here let us describe ours. It is a plain sheet-iron box, two feet long, and one foot wide and high. A hearth and legs are inserted under strips of the same material, which are riveted on the bottom. A hinged door, through which a circular hole is cut for a draft, is in one end. On the top near the back end is the hole for the stovepipe, with a rim over which the same fits. The latter consists of an upright length, an elbow and three horizontal lengths. These are made with a taper so as to slide one within another, and, except the elbow, all are carried in the single upright length. This, with the elbow, goes in the stove, which will hold besides the hearth, legs, coffee pot, and all the tinware required in camp with room for extras. A heavy wire across the door end which, when not in use, falls under the hearth, serves as a bail by which it can be carried. The arrangement is light, can be shipped in a barrel with blankets or other camp goods, and can be set up in two minutes. A forked stick set in the ground outside the tent door supports the pipe when the stove is in use. While it is not intended for cooking, but to render the tent comfortable in cold or stormy weather, yet a meal can be easily cooked upon it if desirable in bad weather. When not in use it is set outside the tent. With such an arrangement a camp is perfect, and clothing, provisions and blankets are insured against dampness. A small wooden box, from which the bottom has been removed, can be slipped over the pipe, and about this the tent flops can be closely drawn without danger to them from the heat, and the tent will thus be rendered as close as a house. This is often desirable on a rainy night, when a few knots will keep the tent warm without its becoming uncomfortably so. The above is the only kind of camp stove which can be carried without soiling everything with soot. Of course it will not do for a canoeist, but for a camp it is the best we have seen. The patent stove, from which the top lifts to allow the fire to be replenished, fills the tent with smoke every time it is opened, and is a poor contrivance.

It is astonishing with what little preparation some people will try the experiment of camping. We once came upon a party which was undergoing the tribulations attendant a cold northeast storm. They had abandoned their light and leaky tent, and were gathered against a rock where they were nursing a sputtering fire and regaling themselves on the remnants of their last night's supper. As may be supposed, they were unanimous in the resolve to never camp again. It was not their first experience in camp, but was luckily the first storm which they had encountered. We have seen parties go out season after season with about the same preparation they would make for a summer day's picnic, and get back without having encountered more than a shower. At last they try it once too often, and from that time their camping days are at an end. However, these are usually of the "all day piddely, piddely" sort, and are better off at home.

We sat the rest of the day by the cheerful fire, extracting no little pleasure from the last FOREST AND STREAM. Night came on dark and dismal. The thermometer on a tree in front of the tent marked 54° F. The rain was steadily falling when we turned in, and we fell asleep with the sound of the same patter, patter, in our ears which had greeted us that morning.

When the light again came through the tent the old rattle was still sounding on the roof. After breakfast we tried the fishing in the places of the day before, but without success, and we came in damp and chilled. The day was spent in writing and gossip. Steadily the rain drifted through the trees and over the tent as daylight faded and darkness came on once more. Another morning the counterpart of the preceding came with the same drizzle and drip.

The forenoon brought us a visitor, a little, short, stumpy, grizzled old fellow, with a squint in one eye and a leer upon his face, which when he spoke made one query whether he was in earnest or only bent on guying the camp. He was made welcome, and after seating himself and taking a liberal bite of plug, during which operation he squinted about the tent, he observed that "yous have run foul of a spell o' weather," a proposition to which all assented. "It's bad hay wether," he went on; "they wus hevin a moin' bee up on Ike Dowels's flat, just afore the rain set in, an' I heerd yisterday that it's all under; seed any ducks?" Some one had seen five that morning. "It's quite a place fur 'em," he resumed, "an' used ter be for pigeons a little back of here. One mornin', less see, it mus' be nigh on ter five and twenty year ago, I hed a critter stray off an' I started to look 'er up. I wus a goin' long the age of Dowel's medder wen I seed a flock of pigeons skirtin' long the woods; pigeons wus plenty in them days, an' I didn't watch 'em as I would now. Bimeby long cum another flock an' another arter 'em, rite over hed, an' then I begun to wish I'd brought my gun along. Wile I wus thinkin' wat a shot it wus long cum lot more rite clus by, an' I wus most reddy to swear cause I lef the gun to hum. Then they begun to cum from all directions, acres an' acres of 'em till overhed was black with 'em, an' I jes' swore, I did, boys, cause I was sich a dum fool as to cum off without the gun. So I set down under a big dead tree to look at 'em. Wal, they kep a comin' an' a comin', millyuns an' millyuns uv 'em, an' at las the biggest flock I ever did see lit in the tree I was a settin' under; they made it black clear out to the ends of the lims. Gosh a mitey, I never seed the like afore. I jess pulled up an' blazed rite thru 'em 'thout takin' aim." The native rose in apparent excitement, his chest heaved and his nostrils expanded; the ardor of the sportsman was evidently upon him. "Grate Jehosafax, how they cum down thru the lims. I picked up mor'n—" "How did ye kill 'em, boss?" broke in the factotum. "I wus loaded with No. 6 shot," calmly pursued the old man with a squint at his interrogator, "an' not to be interruptin' ye—" "But," exploded his questioner, "ye been tellin' us all long ye left yer gun to hum."

"Did I? No I didn't, neither; an' wat if I did, consarn yer, that wus another time I wus tellin' about. I kin prove wat I say by old Ike's boy."

"Well, how many did yer kill?"

"It don't make no difference how many I kilt, as I knows on, if yous ain't willin' to take a man's word fur nuthin', an' are goin' to ketch 'm up that way," and he strode off in a state of indignation.

Unwilling that our visitor should feel that the laws of hospitality had been violated, we followed and interviewed him under the table fly. A generous dose of pain killer from the Madame's medicine chest and a cigar restored him, and the old leer upon his face asserted itself more distinctly than ever. "You's on quite an island for porkypines, seed any? No! Well, they won't hurt yer; but they're bad on a dog wat tackles 'm. Why, they'll cum right inter yer tents, they're so tame, an' they're good eatin', too. Las' summer I wus out 'n the bush with a lot of us fur a week or so, an' one mornin' the dogs had one treed right by the shanty. Wal' sur, the boys shot at that porkypine all the forenoon, an' couldn't fetch 'm outer that tree, an' at las' I got tired of the noise, an' knocked 'm outer the tree with a club, an' kilt an' skinned 'm an' cooked 'm in the wash tub, I did sur, be gob."

To the evident disappointment of the old man, we waived a cross-examination; his sidelong squint was too inviting, and we soon saw him to his boat and off. When he was out of earshot, the factotum soliloquized: "'f he wan't so cussed ugly, I'd liked to ask 'm how they cum to have a wash tub in camp, an' I wonder how they could cook in one, anyhow." Perhaps no one will ever find out.

Swish came the rain at intervals through the afternoon and until bed time, and after that as we turned on our bunks, we could hear the sharp rattle going on, and we began to wonder how long it was going to last.

The next morning a patch of sunlight was dancing on the roof, the leaves were rustling in the fresh breeze, our mimic lake before the tent had disappeared, and the cloudless sky above told us that we were through with the "spell o' weather."

WAWAYANDA.

COLUMBIA COUNTY GUN AND ROD CLUB.—The Gun and Rod Club of Columbia county, N. Y., recently elected these officers: President, Jonathan Bixby, Hudson; Vice-President, Philip H. Sheldon, Hudson; Secretary, William H. Hart, Hudson; Treasurer, Luther Shute, Greenport; Directors, Henry DuBois, Livingston; Grosvenor B. Rossman, Ancram; Henry Feroe, Hudson. Attorneys, Henry Miller, Hudson; Charles M. Bell, Hillsdale; C. F. T. Beale, Hudson. Legislative Committee, Dr. Wm. H. Hart, Hudson; Stephen W. Ham, Hudson; Milton Shaurman, Gallatin; Peter S. Pulver, Claverack; William Dinehart, Copake; Peter Brusie, Hudson. The secretary was directed to cause the new laws to be printed and posted throughout the county, and to report to the club any violations that might be presented to him. The annual meeting will be held Feb. 5.

WOODDUCK FEATHERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your readers inform me as to where I can obtain some of the barred and spotted feathers from the sides of the woodduck? I should like to get them at once, and will be much obliged to any one who will give me the information at the address below.—F. SATTERTHWAITE (2 West Park street, Newark, N. J.). [John Wallace, 16 North William street, may be able to put you on the track of what you want.]

Natural History.

SNAPPING TURTLES.

IT is not easy to learn much about the *Chelydra serpentina*. Nor are there many who care to know particularly about his habits. If he will only leave our young ducks and goslings alone and make no inroads upon our fish ponds we are satisfied.

But so far as the writer has observed, the difficulty of studying the habits of the snapping turtle in his native haunts comes from the fact that not only is he naturally shy, but also that his life is spent so much beneath the surface of the water. So much more we might say than the life of most reptiles, and particularly his congener, the painted turtle, that is so fond of sunning himself on all the old logs.

It is not so with *Chelydra serpentina*. This kind of enjoyment in the open air is opposed to his nature, and we think for one of the best of reasons. The locality where we have studied the ways of this turtle the most was on a large marsh bordering Lake Ontario in Jefferson county, N. Y., near the place where life saving station No. 1 now stands. Here this turtle abounds. He usually makes his appearance about the middle of May, sometimes earlier, sometimes later; much depends upon the season. The first one caught last spring was on the 10th of May. The earliest indication that we have of his "being around," is to find him in the fyke nets. These nets are set in the ponds and creeks of the marsh, and the moment that *C. serpentina* is astir he seeks to establish himself in the funnel of one of them. And, of course, when he is there neither perch, bullhead, nor pickerel are allowed to find their way into the cod or purse. The most we have ever heard the fisherman say of him, however, was that "he would not let the fish go in." This seems to be their opinion. But we think there is a reason for his establishing himself here. His idea is to fill his hungry maw after the winter's fast. And he seeks to do this, like creatures of more reason, at the least expense of crawling or labor. But certain it is, there is no chance of fish finding their way to the cod while he stands guard at the entrance.

About the first of June, the females crawl out of the marsh to deposit their eggs. They are not so particular about where they make their deposit, as they are to find a warm and dry place, where there is a soft loam or sand that does not retain moisture long. To find such a locality they will make quite long journeys. Last spring my friend Mr. F. M. Noble, who has always been more or less a student of nature, found an immense one in his garden looking for such a place.

This turtle must have crawled over three hundred yards from the water and up hill at that, though we have known them to make much longer journeys. One was found a few years since in this vicinity that must have traveled nearly half a mile to find a sand hill. It is the nearness and dryness of the beach upon which Life Saving Station No. 1 stands that makes it such a favorite resort for turtles.

When they make their appearance, the backs of the older ones are covered with patches of algæ. On some of them these patches are quite large and the algæ quite long. Hence they are called "mossbacks" by the people living in the neighborhood. As you see some of them climbing up the banks or coming down, you might suppose that a piece of old log or a boulder had taken to itself legs and gone on a pilgrimage.

Their walk is ungainly in the extreme. The head is lifted, the tail drags, the legs are raised seemingly to keep the body as far as possible from the sand. When they are on these walking tours and a stick is pointed at them they at once seize it in their powerful jaws and allow themselves to be dragged over the sand for a considerable distance before they will let go. We have known this characteristic of the snapper to afford the boys living in the neighborhood of their haunts considerable amusement. The fun was to see whose turtle would hold on the longest. If turned upon his back it is with much difficulty and after many efforts that the snapper can recover himself.

But apart from the natural shyness of the snapping turtle, we have always thought that the algæ on their backs was one reason why they were so seldom seen. Not only as it helps to conceal them in the marsh, but as they cannot expose themselves to the direct rays of the sun, on logs or land like other turtles. And again, as we find them so careful as a general thing in the time they select for laying their eggs, on cloudy days or immediately after a shower, or at night. Though there is another reason why they should come out of the marsh in such numbers immediately after a shower. The sand is then wet and will not cave in as they dig, and it can be packed. For the sand along this beach is remarkably fine, and blows and drifts at the least provocation.

So far as our observation goes (and it is hard to observe here, for this turtle is shy in every way), the hole is dug with the hind foot, which serves as a kind of scoop, making the excavation somewhat purse-shaped. The reason, we suppose, that any have ever thought that this hole was made with the tail is because the tail is bent down, perhaps to serve as a prop to the hinder parts, while the fore feet are raised to their highest stretch, although the tail may be used in the hard sand in some way, so as to let the foot into the excavation. It is not impossible that its hard extremity may perforate the sand so as to loosen it, and thus give the hind foot a better chance to sink its claws in and scoop out the hole. But of this we know little from actual observation. We were speaking of the algæ on the backs of the snapper, and the time they select for laying their eggs. There is no doubt that the algæ, as we have said, helps to conceal them, and gives us a reason why they are not more frequently seen in places where they abound. If they were to come out on logs or land on a sunny day, the sun would dry up these marks of antiquity on their backs and thus render their shells uncomfortable.

But so it is, that if we see one of these turtles at all after the laying season is over, it is usually floating on the surface, the feet moving occasionally to keep it up, with just its nose (beaks the fishermen call them) out of water or on the bottom in a shallow pond, or mounted on a bunch of water grass or lily-pads, which its weight sinks just below the surface, and never on old logs. At least, we have never seen the snapping turtle in this position.

Nor have we ever seen these algæ growing on the backs of snappers that lived in mud bogs or along the banks of sluggish streams or in ponds that did not abound more or less with water plants. However, others have, and consequently those that we have met may have only reached the age that produces this growth.

Of course they smell badly. Nor does this come altogether from the algæ. Though perhaps the more algæ the more offensive. On the same principle do boys say, "The older the Billy goat the stronger the smell." However, in proportion to their size, perhaps, they do not smell so badly as the little marsh or mud turtle, and it has algæ on its back, too, if we remember.

The snapper is quite careful in concealing the place where she deposits her eggs. It is hard to find this spot. Not simply because she paws or flattens the sand over the place, but because she has the reputation of digging several holes before her eggs are laid. However this may be, it sometimes requires the nose of a mink or a skunk to find the right spot. From twenty to thirty eggs are usually laid; may be more than thirty. Much depends no doubt upon the age and size of the turtle. So far as we have learned they are all laid in one place and at one time, in a kind of purse-shaped hole five or six inches deep, or as deep as the turtle can sink her foot; though may be in different parts of our country these habits may vary, as birds and animals are accustomed to accommodate themselves to their peculiar surroundings. But thus it is we think with the snapper on this beach. So that when the turtle returns to the marsh she does not come out of it again until the next summer; and those who have seen the lily-pads flop up as though they had been pulled at from below, and had a mere glimpse of something like a sod disappearing beneath the weeds, have seen the most that we see of the snapper, unless she be caught on a hook or in a net after the laying season is over.

The young are hatched out in August and September. They are occasionally seen quite late in September. May be they were from the first eggs laid, and consequently at the bottom of the excavation, and hence the last to find their way to the surface; or may be they had been covered deeply with drifted sand, which we think was most likely.

We have not considered it necessary to say to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that these eggs from which the young snappers come are about the size of a pigeon's egg, only perfectly round and with quite a shell on them—so much so that the egg can be blown and still retain its spherical form. Of course it is the heat of the sun that hatches them out.

The moment the young are hatched they at once make their way to the marsh. It is singular to notice how invariably they do this; hardly ever turning toward the lake, though it is quite as near to them as the flags and wild rice. We do not remember in all our rambles of ever having seen more than two or three turtles on the shore of the lake or tossed up by its waters.

When they are first hatched they are about the size of an English penny, with a head and a tail that at once indicate their species. We have never seen any but old ones and those very young.

The food of the *C. serpentina* is no doubt mostly animal when they can secure it, though roots and grasses must compose a part of their menu. We know they will receive a vegetable diet from that careful student of nature, Dr. A. K. Fisher. The doctor told the writer that, besides finding fish, frogs and the remains of animal organisms in their maws, he has also found skunk cabbage and once elderberries. His elderberry story is one of those singular incidents that naturalists occasionally meet with in their rambles.

The doctor was hunting on the edge of a bog. The bog at this time nearly dry. So much so, that there was only a little water in its wettest place. As he was on the lookout for whatever might show itself, he saw the branch of an elderberry bush pulled down and shaken. This led him to wonder and then to examine. He approached very carefully, when to his astonishment what should he see but the ugly head of a snapping turtle reached up to peck the overhanging bunches. In this we think the doctor is alone among naturalists. He has seen a snapping turtle picking berries, and that off of a bush. But animal food, as the doctor says, is no doubt the favorite food of the snapper. So we have always found it; be it flesh, fish or reptile. Nothing we conceive that flies, or runs, or creeps, or swims, or leaps, or crawls, goes amiss to him. It is all one to the snapper, though perhaps he has a preference for young wild ducks as a regular diet. But the worm upon the bait hook, or the minnow upon the set line, or a fat water beetle, or the larva of the corydalis, or dragon fly, or a fat bullfrog, or a water snake, or a mud puppy, or a lizard, or a young muskrat, or even a little one of its own kind that may happen to come within reach of his jaws, it is all the same, we think, and they are relished more or less alike.

In a former article to FOREST AND STREAM, we were led to speak of the injury that the snapper did to young wild ducks. We had seen them destroy a coot, and had the testimony of several farmers in respect to their losses in young mallards and goslings.

Now we have the witness of a friend in respect to their fondness for the finny tribe, apart from Dr. Fisher's discoveries. The friend was out fishing one day when, as he passed along the edge of the brook, what should he happen to spy but a snapping turtle concealed in their usual way, under the side of the bank, and partly covered by floating grasses and weeds. Here was a chance for a little fun. He could put a small fish on his line and just let it float down by the snapping turtle's nose. He did so, and the instant it came within reach of his neck the snapper secured it. This is their habit in brooks, to conceal themselves under the sides of the bank or among the weeds, and make a strike for everything that may come near them.

On the first signs of frost the *C. serpentina* disappears. He either buries himself in the mud or sinks himself down among the flags and rushes. A singular incident illustrating this habit occurred last spring on the very marsh of which we have been speaking.

An acquaintance of the writer was spearing muskrats on this marsh, when, as he made his way among the dead flags and rushes, he came across a small "feeding house." Thinking that possibly there might be a rat on the inside, he thrust his spear in, down through the roofing and into the bog below, until he thought he felt a rat's teeth grating on the spear head. He must pull it out now. But here was the difficulty. There was something on it. And it was heavy. What could it be? Had he two rats? He must raise it carefully. He did so. And what should he find when the spear came to light but an immense snapper. The muskrats had built their house directly over the place where the turtle had buried himself, and in thrusting the spear down it had gone through the house until it lodged in the turtle's shell. A. H. G.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN CAPTIVITY.—Lancaster, N. H., Jan. 14.—Pine grosbeaks are very common here this winter. They come because food is scarce in the northern regions. They make a very nice cage bird. They become very tame in a few days, and will take their food from the hand in three or four days.—S. J. G.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

2. *Hylocichla fuscescens* (Steph.) Brd.—Wilson's thrush, tawny thrush, veery.

This agreeable songster reaches Kalamazoo county from May 1 to 10, being one of the last of the family to make its appearance. In Montcalm county it arrives considerably later, the earliest date during several years being May 9, while one season it did not appear till the 17th. It is generally distributed, and is known to occur in nearly every part of both the Upper and Lower Peninsula, and though not so common as the last species, is still well known, but is rarely seen by those not conversant with its habits because of its retiring nature.

It is a bird much oftener heard than seen, and so carefully does it generally keep concealed that few strollers observe it. The question is frequently asked "What song is that?" by persons who have heard the pleasing notes for years, but have never seen the singer. One might hear the veery for many seasons yet not get sight of the wary fellow if a thorough search was not instituted in the brush and brambles.

The song is a curious mixture of harmoniously blended notes. One writer compares it to the sound of an iron rod being rapidly drawn through an iron pipe, and this comparison, though apparently inconsistent, is not inappropriate, for, though its notes are beautifully blended, there is a peculiar metallic ring about the song readily observed by the ear educated to detect bird songs.

The sections in which the tawny thrush is generally found are low, damp woods, though the males are often observed perched on trees or high ground, but its usual haunts, in my experience, are the outskirts of woods surrounding pools of stagnant water over which, from May to September, hover myriads of mosquitoes.

This thrush was not known to Sager, 1839, and has been omitted from several lists since published, but is now known to nearly all collectors in Michigan.

At Idlewilde, a small summer resort in Wexford county, the veerys were found in great numbers, and the pleasing but monotonous songs could be heard on every side. In some localities the species is very common, again, whole sections may be hunted in vain for them.

The nest of the Wilson's thrush is, so far as my knowledge goes, placed upon the ground or just above it, among small supporting twigs and shoots, and is composed of mud, leaves, grass and twigs. The eggs are laid about the 25th of May or later. A nest that came under my notice in a dismal, swampy locality in Ottawa county on June 4, 1878, contained young several days old. This season was an unusually early one, however. In such a location the young are raised, and I have found half-grown fledglings in a nest so soggy that it could be stirred as easily as mortar, a result of the damp surroundings and recent rains.

Four eggs are usually laid, averaging a little smaller than those of the wood thrush, and about the same shade of blue, yet easily distinguishable by an oölogist.

With the completion of the nesting duties the singing usually ceases, though a few songs are often heard in August, but in a lower key. About the middle of September the most of the birds depart for the south, a few remaining a fortnight later.

3. *Hylocichla aliciæ* Baird—Gray-cheeked thrush.

Dr. Atkins of Locke has met with this specimen, and Mr. F. H. Chapin of Kalamazoo has observed the graycheek. It is probably not so rare as is generally supposed, but is seldom identified by collectors, as it is so frequently confounded with the following species. It may be reasonable to assume that this thrush is quite generally distributed within our boundaries, although probably in limited numbers. Of its habits nothing has as yet been determined by us.

4. *Hylocichla ustulata swainsoni* (Caban.) Ridg.—Olive-backed thrush, Swainson's thrush.

This is one of our rarer thrushes, and its habits are but little known, even to the close observer. The information as regards arrivals and departures during migrations is meager, for the species never appears in any numbers, and many collectors pass an entire season in the woods without seeing a specimen. It is a silent, retiring bird, and though a straggler occasionally enters the city and remains some time in private dooryards, it is as a rule scarcely seen. Arriving from the south in the early part of May the olive-back leisurely passes northward, but few remaining south of the 44th parallel. While migrating its presence is rarely detected, except by chance or the closest search by the collector. Although well distributed throughout the larger part of the Lower Peninsula, it is only locally dispersed even in those localities where it remains to breed.

Cabot, in his list of birds of Lake Superior and vicinity, and J. H. Steere, in his list of the birds of Sault Ste. Marie, omit this species. It is, however, undoubtedly found in the northern parts of the State during the nesting season, and most certainly as a migrant.

The nests are, so far as observations extend in the State, placed in bushes a few feet from the ground. It has been my good fortune to secure one set of eggs. The nest was placed in a bush about four feet from the ground, and was composed entirely of twigs, fibrous roots, bark and weed strippings. The structure is much more artistic in workmanship than the nests built by any others of the genus. Less bulky than that of the familiar catbird, it is somewhat similar in respect to material, and yet looks entirely different, not being so compact, but far neater in appearance.

Three eggs, comprising a set taken in Kalamazoo county, are faintly marked with obscure brown blotches, principally at the larger end; but in four eggs from Wexford county, the entire surface is more or less thickly spotted with umber. In ground color, the eggs more nearly resemble those of the catbird than any other species, but are not of so dark a shade of green. The Swainson's thrush is the only one of the genus which lays spotted eggs.

In the fall migrations, the birds are found in the southern counties as late as Oct. 1, and a few stragglers occasionally even later. This thrush is undoubtedly the most eccentric in its geographical range of any in its family famed for migrating. We learn that the olive-back is known to winter in Venezuela, while its northern haunts extend (probably) nearly to the Arctic circle.

5. *Hylocichla unalascæ pallasi* (Cab.), Ridgw.—Hermit thrush, rufus-tailed thrush.

Next to the robin this is the first species to arrive in the spring, and it occasionally appears as early as the last week in March, although the hermits are rarely seen in any numbers till the middle of April. The species appear to migrate with great deliberation, and specimens can often be found

loitering in the southern counties as late as May 10. It is a common occurrance to observe numbers about the dooryards in villages, and even in sequestered favored locations in large cities during the latter part of April and early May. These silent wayfarers often make a neighborhood their temporary home for a week or more. Such protracted stays occur both in spring and fall, the autumnal migrants usually remaining with us for several weeks, the severe weather of November often finding the hardy fellows frequenting hedgerows and thickets at the edges of woods.

Though silent while migrating, with the exception of the call note occasionally uttered, the birds break into full song on reaching the breeding haunts, and from May 15 to July 20 the woods are filled with the sweetly modulated notes of these charming singers. The ceremony of mating is usually accomplished with expedition, and soon after, the birds are at their nest-building. As yet I have not heard of a nest being found south of 43° north latitude, and it is reasonable to suppose that the species very rarely, if ever, remain as a summer resident in our southern counties. It is only in the middle and northern portions of the State that the hermit is found plentiful, where in pine lands its beautiful song can he heard almost constantly.

The nest of this species is more difficult to find than that of any other member of the family. Placed on the ground, always in a retired situation, concealed by small bushes, weeds and grass, its location can only be discovered by the accidental flushing of the old bird as you walk near the little home where she patiently sets, or by watching the parents as they bring material for the nest. The latter method would be next to impossible, for the birds are unusually shy and very difficult to study. A nest found by Mr. W. A. Gunn, May 20, 1879, was entirely concealed by a fallen withered pine branch. A nest which came under my notice June 10, 1882, in Montcalm county, was placed beneath a small bush, and the rim of the structure was even with the surface of the ground.

The eggs in every instance were three in number, and are of a beautiful blue color, much resembling in form and color those of the tawny thrush, but a little smaller. The nest is generally composed of grass, fibrous roots, fine twigs and some moss. Those that I have met with are not strongly put together.

This beautiful singer is one of our most common birds north of 44°, where, though not known by the settler, it trills sweet music among the stately pines and gaily passes the pleasant summer months among nature's wildest surroundings.

MOCKING BIRDS POISONING YOUNG.—Oswego, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in Louisiana we found mocking birds quite numerous, and yet one rarely sees these birds in confinement in these States. We were informed that the reason why these sweet singers were not more frequently caged was on account of the difficulty of keeping the birds alive. It was claimed that birds which are at liberty, seeing one of their mates in confinement, will bring to its cage a poisonous berry which the imprisoned bird is sure to eat, and from the effects of which it invariably dies.—DOCTOR.

Game Bag and Gun.

"I inclose you a sketch. These incidents now in the time when hunting is past and a long year of hard labor resumed, sandwich themselves in; and I write them down to look at when I get old."

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your many accounts of remarkable shots reminds me of a shot I once made while in practice at Lake Megantic, P. Q.

I was reading one evening on the front veranda of my house, which was about 100 feet from the lake shore, and a loon was making hideous music 300 yards out on the lake. I laid down my paper, stepped into the surgery, and took up a government regulation rifle, a converted Enfield, and taking a few cartridges, thought I would utilize the loon as a target. I raised the sight to 300 yards and fired. The ball fell short of the loon, which immediately disappeared, but came up a little further away. I raised the sights to 400 yards and fired again, this time splashing the water beyond the bird. I waited till he came to the surface and fired again. To my surprise the loon "turned its toes to the daisies." I got into my boat and rowed out to it, and upon examination I found the ball had entered the right eye and made its exit out of the left. The bullet was just the size of the eye, and the conjunctive of the right eye was not injured in the least, that of the left being slightly lacerated. I sent the loon to the taxidermist and had it set up. It weighed twelve pounds, and is a beautiful specimen. It stands now on the mantle in my office, and as a matter of course, every one thinks I am telling a whopper when I say: "I shot that bird through the eyes with a Snider rifle at a distance of 400 yards.

I claim no superiority of marksmanship. It was one of those chance shots that happen once or twice in a lifetime. I have fired hundreds of shots at loons and at closer ranges, and never wounded one (with this exception), which is, I think, the experience of a great many sportsmen. I once though got near enough to a loon on Lake Nicolet to shoot it with duck shot. I thought the bird acted a little "looney," and upon investigating found it had a hook in its mouth, and following up the line found a night line attached over 1,000 feet long, which a habitant had baited with minnow. I not only had the pleasure of confiscating and destroying the line, but found four or five "speckled beauties" on it, the smallest of which was a four-pounder. H. B.

BOSTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To call the incident I am about to put on record a "remarkable shot" seems a misnomer; it is rather the remarkable effect of an ordinary shot. Mr. A. P. H., of Cape May, who is known all over the country as one one of the most accomplished and genial, as well as one of the most popular of hotel men, fills up a good share of the enforced abundant leisure of his calling in the winter with duck shooting, at which he is an expert. About two weeks ago he was out in a cabined yacht in the sounds near Cape May with two friends for a week's shooting. One evening about sunset he took his sneakbox and went alone to a sandbar where the tide was slowly rising and put out his decoys. At dusk one black duck came in, which he shot and put in his boat. Shortly afterward three black ducks came in, one alighting among the decoys, and the other two stopping about seventy-five yards below. These last swam up to the other duck, and when the three were in range he fired, killing two, the other climbing up into the darkness, H. snapping a defective cartridge ineffectually after him. As he was rising to retrieve the dead birds, and was half way out of his boat, he heard a thud in the narrow hold of the sneakbox, and a struggle. Supposing it to be a return of vitality to the duck he had first shot, he caught the struggling bird and wrung its neck, and then went out and brought in his two dead birds from the sandbar. Placing them in the boat, he rowed back to the yacht, and when he took out his birds found that he had four black ducks, the one whose neck was wrung having been pierced by but a single shot which had penetrated the brain. F. S. J. C.

BRIDGETON, N. J., Jan. 20, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had been wild turkey hunting, and in some unaccountable way made some strange misses at game. My wife desired me to shoot one of her domestic turkeys for dinner the next day; and as she had slyly touched upon my failure to bring home a wild turkey, I got off about forty yards from the gobbler she desired killed, as I was determined to show her that I could shoot. My gun was loaded with No. 8 shot. Just in the rear of the turkey was a dense box bush. I fired, and the turkey dropped dead, and a commotion under the box bush led to the discovery that I had killed three of my wife's hens and wounded several others, which had congregated under the box bush. C. L. L.

GOOCHLAND COUNTY, Va.

BATTERY SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read your editorial in your issue of Jan. 1 entitled "Battery Shooting," and it is so completely at variance with my experience and observation, gained by some thirty-five years' enthusiastic pursuit of wildfowl, that I feel tempted to reply to you, first premising that I know nothing about how battery shooting affects the fowls in the Great South Bay, or other waters of Long Island, but confining my remarks entirely to the waters of the Chesapeake, I begin with the head of the bay. There is no doubt that there is too much shooting there, not alone of box-shooting, but the ducks are harassed in every way. I think the remedy there would be to lessen the number of days in the month for shooting, confining the shooters to two, or even one day in the week, or another plan would be to confine the number of boxes licensed to a much smaller number, and allow no others on the grounds. This latter plan might seem unfair, as not giving all an equal chance, but it is no more unfair that the efforts of point and bar shooters to decry the battery, so that they can control the shooting. What were the facts some years ago when box-shooting on the "flats" was stopped by the oyster police force of the State in a great measure? It was found by the gentlemen shooting on the Bush, Gunpowder and other rivers, that the ducks congregated on the flats in immense beds, and being undisturbed, did not come into the adjacent rivers in any great numbers.

Now take the Elk and Bohemia rivers, at the head of the bay; it has only been within a few years that sinkboats were allowed to be used in those rivers, and this privilege was accorded the sportsmen of Cecil county because they found they could do little or nothing with the ducks from the shore. The ducks frequented the rivers named in large numbers, but they would not decoy from the shore or fly over the points, so the sportsmen were obliged to try some other way of getting at them; hence the sinkboats. Ducks, like all other things, have advanced with the times, and as a rule will not approach the shores as they did years ago, and other methods have to be adopted by the sportsman. The facts in regard to the waters of this county and the adjacent counties of Queen Anne and Dorchester are the same. Some twenty years ago some point-shooters on the Choptonk conceived themselves to be annoyed by the few boxes in the county (I think there were only three or four at the outside), and had a law passed to prevent box-shooting. The ducks, notwithstanding those "destructive" boxes, had been driven from our waters, continued to diminish in quantity, and to get still more wary about approaching the shores, until shooting almost came to an end. Then we had several seasons when food was abundant in our waters (and the want of which was the real cause in diminishing of the number of fowl in the previous years), and the ducks and geese commenced to increase, and have continued to do so up to the present winter; but notwithstanding that the fowl were in all our wide waters they afforded no shooting, as they would not decoy from the shore or fly over the points, so the sportsmen interested had the law repealed and allowed the bona fide residents of the county to use sinkboats, and although there are now some dozen or fifteen sinkboats used here they have not driven the ducks out, and will not as long as we have plenty of feed.

That the sinkboat is more detrimental to shooting than the same amount of shooting from the shore, I deny in toto; all that can be urged against their use is that they afford additional shooting points, and to that extent tend to frighten the fowl, as every shot fired at them does, as I don't think a duck cares whether the gun that frightens him is fired from a point, a booby blind, a sailboat, or a sinkbox. In proof of this, if proof were wanting, let me relate two circumstances that took place last winter. While on one of my shooting trips I found an immense bed of redheads using in one of our smaller rivers. I put my box out in the bay where they were feeding, but before I had had a dozen shots it came on to blow so hard the box would not live, so we were obliged to take up. One or two of the party then went ashore and commenced shooting from the point, the wind blowing so hard that it set the ducks on the point close enough to make some shooting; they continued to shoot there all the afternoon. The next day being favorable, I got my box out before daylight, and expected to have had a splendid day's sport. But only one small bunch came into the river that day. The point above spoken of, and the "narrows" near by, are two of the very few places in this county where we occasionally have that kind of shooting. Now for the other case that happened in the same locality. I found another large "bed" of redheads in the same small bay, and put out my box; this was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. I only had one shot, as the ducks did not return; about half past three I commenced to take up my box. It fell calm just as I had everything picked up, so I had to anchor in the bay. The ducks commenced to pour in about 4 o'clock, and continued to do so until long after dark. Two gentlemen (sons of the owner of the "narrows" on which the ducks passed) saw the flight, and came down and shot as fast as they could load and shoot, until long after dark. The next morning I expected to have had fine shooting, but not a duck came in from outside. Now, what was the cause of the ducks not coming back on these two occasions? Was it my dozen or so shots in the first instance and my one shot in the second case that frightened them, or the incessant hammering they had on the narrows and from the point. I think in the last case it was the shooting from the narrows that did it, and in the former case, if it was not the shooting from the point, I think the ducks had consumed most of the feed in the small bay and were ready to seek new feeding grounds. I think this last reason caused many of the changes of locality we find in the large beds of ducks we have, as it takes an immense amount of food for some ten or fifteen thousand ducks. This change is often unjustly attributed to the box-shooter.

You object to the box "being anchored on the feeding grounds of the fowl," but so is the booby blind, and the latter put there permanently; whereas where the box was anchored to-day you will often find a bed of ducks feeding on the next day, or as soon as the box is removed. I know the sportsmen that shoot from the shore decry the sinkboat, "in season and out of season," but in their case it is purely on selfish grounds. If they could break up the boxes it would lessen the number of shooters, and give them a better chance, they think; but there is no reason why the shooting should be legislated into the hands of the owners and renters of the points. To test their sincerity, if box-shooting must stop, I propose that all ducking points shall be open to all sportsmen. If the above sportsmen had to accept one of these two horns of the dilemma, I think they would accept the sinkboat, if the consequence of driving her owner off the shooting grounds was that they would have to share their privileges with him.

Now as to the humanity of the two modes of shooting; for every duck bagged off a point it is safe to say that two or more are crippled. I am speaking of shooting into flocks, flying by points, and over bars, especially with the large guns used at Carroll's Island and other places in the vicinity. These ducks go off to die a lingering death, and although all shooting is more or less cruel, I think we ought to avoid any unnecessary amount of it. Now the amount of ducks killed on a point, if we take in all that are struck and lost as well as those bagged, in a good day's shooting, is not much less than those killed out of the box, only in the former case from one-half to two-thirds are wasted, while nearly every duck struck out of a box is killed, and the reason of this is evident, when it is understood that as a rule only small bunches of ducks decoy to a box, and generally spread out as they come in, so that a single duck has to be sighted at and killed or missed, as the case may be, and not a quarter of a pound of large shot poured into a large bunch of ducks, killing one or two and crippling a half dozen more that are lost.

If any shooting is to be stopped, that is the kind I should like to see put an end to. It takes little or no skill (I am speaking of flock shooting), and only requires a young cannon with unlimited ammunition. All shooting out of sailboats, or out of boats of any kind moving about among the ducks and chasing them off their feeding grounds, ought to be stopped entirely, but do not attempt to make fish of one and fowl of the other by saying sinkboats must be stopped, as that is only another way of saying that the shooting must be handed over to the fortunate owners and renters of points. Now suppose we put the matter in another way, and stop all shooting at wildfowl except out of sinkboats. This will put every man on an equal footing, as no one can commit a trespass in the water. I honestly believe it would increase the number of ducks, as it certainly would lessen very much the number of those shooting, as it requires a thorough lover of the sport to go through all the rough work and exposure required of the box-shooter, taking the winter's sport right through. I think we might ask this with as much justice as for the others to ask us to give up our manner of shooting for their benefit, particularly when I am well satisfied that battery-shooting, as pursued here, is no more detrimental to the fowl than the same amount of shooting in any other way, and far more skill and genuine sportsmanlike qualities are required for it than for any other form of duck shooting. Of course, where good shooting can be had from the shore over decoys, as is the case, I am told, in the Rush, Gunpowder and other rivers in that vicinity, it is very well not to use boxes, as there is no comparison between sitting in a comfortable blind on the shore and the hard work necessary in setting and taking up your box on a cold day. But here the case is entirely different, and I would and do much prefer all the work and discomfort necessary to box-shooting, to sitting in ever so comfortable a blind on the shore and getting nothing. As to point and bar-shooting, as compared to decoy-shooting, to my taste (and of course it is all a matter of taste) there is just the difference between going into the field with dogs and being without them. In other words, a great deal of the pleasure, to me, consists in seeing and working the ducks up to the decoys.

In concluding, give us fair play. The box-shooters will die hard unless you can prove to our satisfaction that our manner of shooting is more destructive to the fowl than your own. If you can do this, I am too genuine a sportsman not to give up what has been proved to be unsportsmanlike and destructive. In the meantime, if something must be done to lessen the number of shooters—and I admit that something of the kind is very necessary—stop all and every kind of shooting at fowl except out of the box, putting us all on an equal footing, as the water is free to all. This, I guarantee seriously, will do far more to protect the ducks than any other measure, for, if perfectly carried out, it would stop all banging from all kid-glove gentry, whose idea of duck shooting is a pull at the whisky flask for every duck shot at. Stop all greenhorns firing at everything that comes within a quarter of a mile of their blinds; stop all boat-shooting by day or night, and, finally, deprive no man of shooting because he was not fortunate enough to own or rent a point. Then limit the shooting out of boxes, if they get too numerous, to one or two days in the week, and you have the remedy for the over-shooting of the present day. In your article you speak of the introduction of boxes on Currituck Sound. Is not one cause for this, in addition to the box being the more successful and certain way of killing fowl, owing to the fact that so many (all in most cases) of the points are taken up by the clubs, and general shooting impossible? I will only add that I shoot solely for amusement, and am in no way interested in killing game for market, although I do not think that the fact that he sells his game should be a slur on any one, so long as he secures it in a legitimate and sportsmanlike manner, observing the close seasons and carrying out the game laws. SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md.

[Our correspondent has fallen into the not uncommon error of imagining that we have some selfish motive in urg-

ing the abolition of battery-shooting. He therefore says, "Give us fair play, we box-shooters will die hard, unless you can prove to our satisfaction that our manner of shooting is more destructive to the fowl than your own." As a matter of fact, battery-shooting should be given up not in order that any man or any class of men may have better shooting than is enjoyed at present, but in order that fewer birds may be killed. Up to a certain point the fowl are competent to protect themselves from shore shooters. They can, if they please, stay out in the broad waters and away from the point, but they cannot protect themselves from batteries and booby blinds placed on their feeding grounds, nor from sail-boats, which follow them from place to place. The birds must eat, and when they wish to do so they will go to decoys anchored on their feeding grounds and so expose themselves to being shot. In most localities where batteries are used, it is a common practice for the tender in his sail-boat after the flight is over to visit all the rafts of fowl in the vicinity and "stir them up," in the hope that some of them may go to the decoys near the box. We must look at fowl shooting just as we do at every other form of field sport. As game and fish become more scarce, limitations must be placed on their capture, and the methods of destruction which are the most sweeping in their results are the first to be forbidden by law or by public sentiment. Thus the seining of trout is made illegal by statute because, while affording a most successful means of taking fish, it destroys on such a wholesale scale, that one or two men might in a few days capture all the fish in a stream. If it could be done, *i. e.*, if the whole community would bind itself to abide by such a law, we would welcome a statute forbidding the firing a gun at birds for a period of three or five years, but as such a law would not be observed, it would be most unwise to enact it. It would seem, however, that something must be done to preserve the birds. What shall it be? Does it not seem reasonable and wise to select that method which is most fatal to the fowl, and endeavor to have its use made illegal? Our correspondent acknowledges in effect that shore-shooting is less destructive than battery-shooting, when he speaks of "sitting in ever so comfortable a blind on the shore and getting nothing." So much might be written on this subject that at present we cannot undertake to treat it at any length, but we note that on several points our correspondent's position is very vulnerable. We shall hope to hear from others on this subject, for it is one that should be thoroughly ventilated.]

THE GAME DEALERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nothing in the annals of the game laws and the protection of game has so nearly approached the perfect as the organization of the game dealers in New York for the enactment of just laws, the enforcement of such laws, and thereby the protection of game from impending and certain destruction. It is a glorious and commendable ending of the struggle and incessant strife that has so long been a perplexity to our legislators and the public in their determined efforts to destroy the game in this State. As a dealer in game I shall use my humble but earnest efforts in sustaining the Game Dealers' Association, and when the aforesaid just and efficient laws be enacted, receive the approval and signature of our worthy Governor, I shall employ a number of professional hunters, men of experience and familiar with the habits of deer, woodcock and other game, and during the open season send them out in squads and by companies to supply the demands of my customers during such times as "our" laws shall permit game to be sold; and I shall build larger and more convenient refrigerators than I now have for keeping a greater quantity of game than now can be sold within the unjust and limited season permitted, and I hope thereby not only to increase and make more plenty the game in this State, but at the same time accommodate and supply a larger number of customers, and add shekels to my treasury.

For the first two or three years this ample supply may bring the price down within the possibilities of the laboring class, the mechanic, the clerk, the merchant of limited means, but it is rather a serious question and quite problematical about the supply of game and the price after that time. I am somewhat fearful that my associate game dealers through the State may also do as I propose, and under such a state of affairs I will thank you, Mr. Editor, to tell me (confidentially) where and how any of us are to get any game. If all the game dealers employ hunters and build refrigerators and put in a greater supply, I am afraid there won't be any game for us or our customers in a few years. However, we are determined to have decent and fair laws, and will not longer submit to any restraints or regulations or laws that are not for our interest, game or no game, public or no public.

I invoke your valuable assistance, Mr. Editor, and that of good citizens in securing such laws as our Association may present to the Legislature. Help us, that game may increase and fill the land, aye, even our coffers with plenty.

DEALER.

JAN. 20, 1885.

CAPTAIN BOND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Captain Bond of Long Beach, N. J., one day last week, having sailed from the beach to Tuckerton, endeavored to beat back across the bay, a distance of five miles, with a gale blowing dead ahead, and since has not been seen or heard from. No doubt he has perished in the bay, as was the case with poor George Clifford, who started from Beach Haven for West Creek during the prevalence of a treacherous northwest wind with too much sail on his "box." Your correspondent knew Capt Bond intimately, and has lived with him at his summer hotel during the months of July and August and in the winter when the brant were on. Who did not like him with all his peculiarities? and who did not desire most of all to have him as a companion at the bunches or at goose bar when fowl were flying? To know Capt. Bond it was necessary to be with him when his summer boarders had left him and to visit him in the ducking season. One point I always noticed when shooting with him. Long before it was time to take up our decoys and quit for the day Capt. Bond would put up his sail and start for the beach in order to have a hot meal prepared for us when we reached land and entered his house, on which occasions we would be saluted with the appetizing odor of roast brant with savory stuffing. Who that has been with the Captain at times I write of does not remember this? He loved Tuckerton Bay, and it seems a fitting burial place for the old man. Twenty or twenty-five years it has been his home, and even before he took up his residence on Long Beach he visited its waters in search of pleasure. Falling in love with the place he was induced to purchase the hotel standing on Long Beach at that time, which he altered and remodeled and made attractive and profitable, until Beach Haven, three miles south of him, was settled, since which time his business decreased. Captain Bond knew and often shot with Herbert and sportsmen of that time, and it was within a comparatively short time that he consented to discard his trusty muzzleloader for the more modern breachloading implement.

HOMO.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

ABOUT 150 gentlemen were present at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, at the Parker House last Thursday. Among the guests were Lieutenant-Governor Ames, President of the Senate Pillsbury, Speaker Brackett, Senator Milliken; E. B. Hodge and George W. Riddle, Fish and Game Commissioners of New Hampshire; Herbert Brainerd, Commissioner of Vermont; William M. Hudson and Mr. Bill, Commissioner of Connecticut; R. G. Pike, E. A. Brackett, E. P. Kendrick, president of the Springfield Rod and Gun Club, and P. S. Dwyer. President E. A. Samuels presided. At his right sat Lieutenant-Governor Ames and John Fottler, Jr., ex-president of the association; at his left, J. Q. A. Brackett and A. E. Pillsbury. The tables presented a beautiful appearance. They were elegantly trimmed with flowers and greens, and in the center were stuffed birds of various descriptions that were charming to look upon. The meeting was called to order by President Samuels, who delivered an address full of sound suggestions. He said:

These annual dinners of associations are always pleasant events. When you gather about the festive board numbers of congenial spirits, men whose tastes and studies and habits are largely similar, they will, they must, find the occasion an enjoyable one. For this reason the annual re-union of this association is always an event to look forward to with pleasant anticipations, and one to be remembered with the greatest delight. Not only are our annual festivals enjoyable, but our monthly meetings are also very pleasant and interesting, and it is a matter of regret to me that I have lost a great many of them.

First and last, I have mingled with many classes of society. Musicians, artists, politicians, scientists, literary people and sportsmen, but it is among the last-named that I find the purest and most unqualified enjoyment. Musicians are terribly jealous as a rule, particularly singers, and one must be continually on his guard lest inadvertantly he praises the C sharp of one more than the D flat of another.

Artists, unless they are fishermen, like our esteemed vice-president, are sensitive, suspicious and often as jealous as musicians. Politicians, with some few bright particular exceptions, are often uncompanionable, for the reason that their habits and education lead to watchfulness, reserve and distrust. Scientists are egotistical and often so far carried away by ideas that they become "cranky." But fishermen and sportsmen are always entertaining, sociable, free-hearted and enjoyable. Get together a little group of them at any time, such groups as I have often joined at our meetings, and start them on a fish story or an account of a hunting trip!

In the twinkling of an eye you are in imagination once more by the side of a wild mountain stream casting the fly above the royal salmon or beautiful trout. In fancy you see your fairy fly or Jock Scott or silver doctor wafted across the wide, deep pool, like a thing of life, to alight in the eddy away over in the shadows in just exactly the spot where you have at some time struck a memorable fish. You see the rise, you strike, you hear the scream of the reel and again you follow your noble fish down the stream over rough and slippery rocks, through the foam and boil, down many rods to the pool below. Again you bring to gaff the lovely prize and heave a huge big sigh of happiness. Oh! it is glorious, glorious sport! For twenty-five years have I cast the fly and I pray that I may be spared to cast it for twenty-five years to come. Yes, gentlemen, these re-unions of ours are thoroughly pleasant; they are enjoyable in every way; they represent the bright and attractive side of the life of our society.

There are two sides to every picture! Take one of Walter Brackett's peerless fish pictures, admirable, beautiful, as it is, if you turn the reverse side to you, you behold the unattractive bare canvas stretched upon a homely pine frame. In our association the unpleasant duties we are called upon to perform constitute the unattractive side of our picture. At our last meeting Mr. Reed very graphically described some of the disagreeable labors your officers and agents are called upon to perform; and probably just such unattractive work will be allotted to us among our duties this year; but we must not shrink from the task.

Two or three years ago, while out on a deer hunt, I crossed a lake in a small, leaky, cranky skiff. In this boat, in addition to myself, were my guide (a man nearly as robust as myself) and two large, heavy bucks, which we were carrying to camp. When we left the shore I noticed that the boat was but two inches out of water, but I did not pay much attention to this fact until we passed a point that jutted out into the lake. Beyond that point the wind was fresh, and as we got well out into the lake the water roughened up badly. The situation was far from attractive, I assure you, particularly when I found that my guide, after the manner of nine-tenths of fresh-water guides, could not swim a stroke. However, I braced up, kept the boat as trim as I could, and said to myself, "This is a pretty bad fix to get into, but no matter what happens, don't 'funk.'" Greatly to my relief, I am free to confess, we crossed in safety to the other shore.

Gentlemen, you have embarked in an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude, but no matter how rough the water may become, you must not strike your colors or steer from the proper course.

As the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association it is our duty to employ all honorable means, to improve every possible opportunity, to secure protection and propagation of our birds and food fishes. If we fail to do this we have no business to exist as an association. There are many things we can do and ought to do soon.

It is not alone in the preservation of our game and food fishes that our association can be useful; it can as an educational institution perform great and important work. The history of the habits of our beneficial mammals and birds is still as a sealed book to the great mass of our farmers, and considering the great amount of literature on this topic that has been spread broadcast among them, this ignorance of the lives and methods of these agents, which nature has so bountifully supplied for their assistance and benefit, is remarkable.

In some localities, I am sorry to believe, farmers are sometimes ready to listen to the appeals of demagogues against such associations as ours and are perhaps led to believe that our aims and objects are hostile to their interests.

I wish my voice could reach to the remotest corner of the commonwealth to proclaim that we, instead of being antagonistic to the farmers, are constantly laboring in their best interests.

It is not the game birds only that we wish to protect! That is not what this association alone exists for. We are working just as earnestly, just as enthusiastically for the protection and greater diffusion of our native small birds, our thrushes and warblers and flycatchers and myriads of other insectivorous birds, the farmer's best friends. If he but knew how important, how valuable these birds are, and how anxious we are to preserve them for him, I am convinced that scientific associations, such as ours is, instead of being regarded with indifference, if not animosity, would be welcomed as most valuable institutions.

The labor we have engaged to do is not in the slightest degree selfish, and is not aimed to work hardship to any good citizen and honest man. We work without pay and without any hope or wish for remuneration, save the consciousness of doing good.

If he who causes "two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before," is regarded as a public benefactor, how shall we and kindred associations, be regarded if by persistent effort we succeed in multiplying some of our food supplies tenfold.

If we succeed in perfecting measures which will be followed by as good results as were those in the case of the lobster fisheries of Norway and Sweden; if we can succeed in securing the replenishment of salmon and shad and other migratory fish in our rivers in anything like the abundance in which they once existed, when so common were salmon in our streams that it was stipulated in articles of indenture that apprentices should not have fresh salmon on the table oftener than twice in one week; if we can create a public sentiment which will strive for the protection of our beneficial birds; if we can bring into disrepute the abominable fashion that is now in vogue of employing them in female adornment, a fashion which causes the death of thousands upon thousands of our beautiful songsters annually; if we can accomplish all these great and glorious undertaking, how shall we be regarded by the community?

Gentlemen, until we do accomplish them the verdict will not be recorded; until we do attain them all we must not rest.

President Samuels then introduced Lieutenant Governor Ames, who was received with loud applause. Mr. Ames thanked the association for honoring him with an invitation to be present. He did not know what the object of the association was before. He thought that it was to kill birds and to catch fish, instead of wishing to protect them. He related in an amusing manner his experience as a fisherman.

President Pillsbury said that the country members of the Legislature have an idea that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association is composed of a Boston clique, who wish to have certain laws passed that will enable them to have all the game protected until a season of the year approaches when it is convenient for the members of the association to shoot the game. He hoped that the association would have better luck in the legislative halls of the State this year than it did at the last session. Speaker Brackett said that it was the duty of the association to protect game and to endeavor to have the Legislature pass suitable laws for that purpose.

The Hon Charles Levi Woodbury was the next speaker, and he was received with great applause. He said that there was a branch of American industry that the association should do all in its power to protect. He referred to the great American fisheries and claimed that the Washington treaty was an outrage upon the people of this country. He said that the treaty with Great Britain would expire next July, and it was the duty of the American people to see that this great industry be protected, principally because it was the means of existence to a part of our most hardy and industrious population—the fishermen. He said that in the early days the fishermen had the right to fish on all waters lined by American lands. This was a common law of the waters and it should be so to-day.

Speeches were made by Walter Brackett, Senator Miliken, E. P. Kendrick, the Hon. R. G. Pike, John Fottler, Jr., the Hon. E. P. Brown, Herbert Brainerd, P. D. Dwyer, E. B. Hodge and others. Letters of regret were received from John M. Forbes, Augustus Swift, Payson Tucker, Francis Endicott, C. B. Reynolds, of the FOREST AND STREAM, Fred Mather and others.

FROZEN DUCKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the most singular occurrences in the annals of hunting has been just related to me by a gentleman whose veracity is unquestioned, and who is himself a resident of the neighborhood where the phenomenon occurred.

At the confluence of Wolf River with Lake Poygan, in Winnebago county, Wisconsin, very early on the morning of Nov. 23, a boy who was passing along the river bank had his attention attracted by an immense flock of ducks, about 15 rods distant on the water. He was more than astonished at the unusual tameness of those otherwise wild and wary birds, as well as their incessant "jumping and diving," to use his own words. But a moment's observations convinced him that the whole flock were making the most frantic efforts to fly or dive, in neither of which could they succeed. The fact was, the ducks were literally benumbed or half frozen, and entirely unable to get away, and the unfortunate birds (very soon after the boy's discovery) were captured by the dozen with little difficulty by the neighboring farmers, with boats and poles, no guns being needed for the slaughter.

A small island close by was also found to contain several hundred more of the luckless birds, which had found a little shelter there from the terrible blizzard of the preceding night which, doubtless, had the effect of paralyzing them, and thus rendering them an easy prey to their merciless captors. The largest number killed or secured by one family was 218, and the smallest number, by a boy of fifteen years, was twenty-two. The slayers numbered thirty-five, men, women and children, and between them they secured the astounding total of 816 ducks, every one of which were mallards. Large quantities of this tremendous take were quickly denuded of their feathers by the thrifty housewives and brought to the neighboring city of Oshkosh, where they readily commanded from $2.25 to $2.50 per dozen. But the far greater number were packed and salted down for winter use. They were in fine condition, "busting with fat," and one dozen bought by a dealer tipped the beam at thirty-two and three-quarter pounds. A lean duck, however, is a *rara avis* in Wisconsin, as the great majority of our inland lakes and rivers abound with the grandest of all water-fowl food, the succulent and fattening wild rice.

As most migratory birds are wont to gather in vast flocks prior to their autumnal journey to the sunny South, doubtless the luckless flock whose destruction is herein recorded were on their way thither when the warring elements compelled them to seek shelter in that fated spot which proved to be their final resting place.

It was the first severe storm of the season, the day preceding having been beautifully fine; then a terrific rain and wind set in, which soon after changed to a regular blizzard of ice and snow. The oldest persons residing in that vicinity have no knowledge of any similar occurrence.

M. J. EGAN,

FRANKLIN, Wis., Jan. 20, 1885.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to record my vote on the right side in this discussion of game protection, particularly that of deer.

It is about twenty-five years since I killed my first deer. It was in October. I was trapping for mink and one day my route lay past a little pond. I stopped on its bank to view it with an eye to business, when I caught sight of a deer's head among the weeds, a couple of rods from shore and perhaps five from where I stood. The "boy" didn't have buck fever, didn't miss his mark, but went home (only a mile) to tell his father and get help to tote in the game. Why was that deer hiding in the almost ice cold water? That was what I wondered, and then I remembered that half an hour before I reached the pond, I had heard hounds partly in that direction. This explained it. Well, in those days we used to kill a deer whenever we wanted it—if we could. Hunters hunted in the fall for market, the best of them killing fifty to sixty during the season. That season being until Jan. 1 with one month more in which to dispose of their venison. And right here is where I want you to stick a peg. The law allowed them to kill only until Jan. 1. See a hunter Dec. 31 and ask him how many deer he had killed and he would say, "Fifty, but I have only got thirty drawn out of the woods, the rest are in beyond the Inlet and I have to wait for it to freeze." That hunter would go back into the woods and wait for the river to freeze, and if he could kill twenty more deer during the month of January he would, indeed, have the fifty first claimed. And the "peg" is this, whatever time is given to dispose of venison, after Dec. 1, will be used by most hunters to kill more.

In those days, twenty to twenty-five years ago, if a man killed a deer in summer, his neighbors were likely to get a large share of the meat. He was careful to kill only a buck, and many a doe has gone free from under the muzzle of the hunter's rifle "because she might have fawns, you know."

Then sportsmen came and hired these hunters for guides. They paid liberally for services, and their guides tried to please them. This was often by helping them kill more game than was needed. So as the years passed by, as the sportsmen became more numerous, the deer became less, until it was necessary to "protect" them.

We may here consider the relative destructiveness of the different modes of hunting. First, still-hunting. This method is very destructive at certain seasons with skilled hunters on the trail. Confine hunting altogether to still-hunting and less deer will be killed than now; but nine-tenths of them will be killed by the backwoodsman and will be sold in market. The sportsman may get the other tenth, but is not likely to do so, as he will not care to be in the woods at the season (after snowfalls) when success by this method is possible.

Now we will "float" for them. Deer are both wary and stupid. I have been at a pond a mile long and half a mile wide, where you could not open a light without having a deer "blow" and run if anywhere near the water. Again I have paddled a boat within twenty feet of one. Now a person can't go floating anywhere in the woods, he must have a body of water, a sluggish stream, a pond or lake, and one frequented by deer. That obtained, he must manage to be at a certain place at the same time the deer is. Now deer do not come to water every night. There are but few real good nights in the season for floating. Night number one is cold, number two the moon shines, number three the wind blows hard, number four a wolf or panther has been about, number five—well, number five is all right, and if the hunter is patient, careful, and a good shot, and his guide does his part, there is venison in camp next morning.

Taking everything into consideration, no method of hunting gives the deer so many chances for its life as floating.

Now for hounding. No matter what the season, no matter where the locality, no matter what the day, whether hot or cold, wet or dry, when the hound is put out the deer must go, and go it will for the nearest body of water, where the sportsman or market-hunter is waiting for his victim. Any one can kill the poor, tired creature then. If he can't shoot well enough, his guide can row him up near enough so he can beat its brains out with an oar. The victim stands no chance whatever for its life. In still-hunting the hunter may break a twig with his foot; a quick motion of the hand or a puff of wind may give the deer its life at the last moment. In floating, the paddle may strike the boat or something in the water, or the boat may go rasping through some rushes, the light may be dim or a dozen other things account for the salt pork eaten in camp next morning. Only the hound, with his keen scent and fleet limbs, is sure, for in winter the deer will seek the open water of rapids, and often, if the hunter is not waiting for him, will be drawn under the ice by the current.

Probably quite as many are killed by hounding that the hunters do not get as by any other method.

Hounding is prohibited in St. Lawrence county and we try to enforce the law. We are aided by a State game keeper who has several hundred miles of stream and lake to look after and can't be everywhere at once. We need two more on the north side of the woods. We are educating the people and building up a public sentiment in favor of protection. Many members of our club were non-observers of the law a few years ago. Many more give us their sympathy and money who never killed a deer and never expect to. They give it because they believe in this protection for the public good.

The law should prohibit hounding all over the State. The law should be so worded as to make proof and therefore conviction easier. You can hang a man on circumstantial evidence, but you can't so convict a man of violation of the game law, be it ever so plain a case. As an example, I was at Cranberry Lake early in September, '82. Our party (two and guide) had been in the woods two weeks and had killed one deer, and one dog caught in the act of running deer. One afternoon while at Bishop's hotel the little steamer came up from the foot of the lake and had on board a gentleman (albeit that a violator of the laws of the land should be called a gentleman), four or five guides and five hounds. On the deck of the boat was a very large doe with a single bullet hole in the back of the head. There was not one chance in a million but that that deer was killed forward of the dogs on the basin below the lake. Yet no court would convict on that evidence. The matter was laid before the assistant district attorney two days later, and though we could not hope to convict we tried another scheme that worked pretty well. We had the parties in court so often during the next month that we broke up the gang.

Again, one hunter will not go back on another. They regard it as dishonorable to do so, and men who are members of Christian churches will evade questions with the cheek and skill of old topers, when brought forward to convict for violations of the excise law. A case in point. Two years ago, two hunters were here at court, one for hounding deer, the other for catching trout on the spawning bed. Both were old men, old hunters who had run the woods for a quarter of a century or more. They were more than indignant; they were boiling over with wrath to think they should be so treated. The deer killer said (before trial) that whatever expense they made him he would pay in deer skins at twenty-five cents each. The writer labored with him like a missionary. First he advised him not to sell his deer skins at twenty-five cents each, as they would undoubtedly bring more. Then he told him that the St. Lawrence Game Club had over 300 members and meant business. That when he started out to kill all those deer they would send two men to watch him. Next, that they were protecting those deer much more for his interest than their own. That while no member of the club was likely to hunt more than two weeks at most in a season—and many of them would not at all—he could and would spend most of four months in the woods, either guiding at $3 per day (and where was his trade when the game was all killed?) or hunting for market. Finally, that being the case, they wanted him to help them protect the game. They much preferred him as an ally rather than an enemy; but in any case they would try to enforce the law against any and every violator.

This brought out his companion, who "pitched into" the writer rough shod, as he was leaving the dining room of his hotel. He "went for" the game club, which was making a poor backwoodsman cost and trouble while it winked at its own members who killed deer out of season. The following dialogue took place:

The Writer (taking out notebook and pencil)—"Please give me the name of this member. I will place the matter in the district-attorney's hands within an hour. We will make an example of this man; we will convict him on your testimony."

Woodsman—"Guess not. I know a gentleman when I meet him, and I don't go back on him, either."

Writer—"You have made the assertion that a member of the club of which I am a member has violated the game law. I do not know who you mean. Now I expect you to give me his name, or I must believe you are not speaking the truth."

By this time there was a crowd around, and seeing he must either tell or back down, he said, "Well, if you want to know, it is Mr. —— of ——."

Writer—"When did he kill the deer?"

Woodsman—"Last July."

Writer—"What time in July?"

Woodsman—"Oh, I couldn't tell."

Writer—"You can surely tell whether it was the first, middle, or last of the month?"

Woodsman—"It was about the middle."

Writer—"Where were they killed?"

Woodsman—"On the Inlet."

Writer—"Very well, I will place this in the hands of the district-attorney immediately, and you will be expected to testify in the case."

Woodsman—"Oh, I don't know anything about it; you can't prove anything by me."

This conversation was repeated to Assistant District Attorney Hale within an hour, and he interviewed the woodsman, who stoutly denied knowing anything about the matter. The Grand Jury had adjourned for the term, else we would have handed him over to it at once. Then we decided to try to get enough out of him to base a complaint upon and bring the matter before a justice. To that end the writer questioned him again, but he would tell nothing. Then we told him that unless he would give us the desired information we would surely bring him before the next Grand Jury. As he lived over thirty miles away, this was not pleasant. Then he took it all back, said he didn't know as Mr —— was a member of the club, and didn't know as he had ever killed a deer. In fact, the person named was not a member of the club. We believe he did kill deer (two), and that the woodsman knew it. Now, this long-winded story has been written to show how hard it is to convict in most cases, and that of all amendments needed to the game laws, such a one as will enable us to convict on such evidence as would be taken as proof in any other matter is the one most needed.

There have been many convictions in St. Lawrence county during the past two years and many more have been kept from violating the law through fear. Our assistant district attorney, Mr. L. P. Hale, has worked faithfully, and much of our success is due to his able efforts. But one game keeper and a few men who have little time to spare and whose only remuneration is the feeling that they have saved a few deer, for some city sportsman perhaps, cannot guard several hundred miles of wilderness so well but what some game will be killed out of season, or by hounding.

Again, some things that are legal strike us unpleasantly. For instance, a gentleman living in an Eastern city leased last year, a mile square, covering a certain lake some forty miles from here. His guide looked after it to some extent early in the season, and while the party was in the woods on their annual hunt the guide (?) sent a considerable quantity of jerked venison out and sold it. The party killed all they could use, all they could carry home, and some to sell and help pay expenses, while many residents of St. Lawrence county who have spent both time and money to protect the game had only salt pork in camp. Still we will continue to do our duty and hope the time will come when by proper amendment to the law a resident of another State will have to take his chances with the rest of us.

A TRUSTEE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.

CANTON, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very glad to see the editorial in relation to the preservation of the deer in the Adirondack woods which appeared in your last week's issue. There doubtless will be opposition to the measure, to meet which we must consider the subject practically in its effects upon the parties most interested—the sportsmen's guides and resident population. The feelings of the deer hogs are not worthy of consideration. Their instincts are so cruel, their appetitss so brutal, they can only be restrained by the strong arm of the law.

The sportsmen visit the woods for health and recreation, and the presence of game is the strong attraction. That removed, they will seek other grounds. The guides and residents depend upon the sportsmen for their livelihood, and will be the greatest sufferers if the tide of travel turns in other directions. No one will dispute these statements. It all hinges, therefore, on the presence of game, which is growing less and less every year. Netting, night lines and fishing on the spawning beds are destroying the fish, and hounding is rapidly thinning out the deer, and it is folly to refuse to see it.

Old visitors to the woods, old residents and guides, have all told me that it was a common sight at any time to see deer feeding on the sloughs and water courses opening upon any of the well-known lakes. A sunset shot was always obtainable as the deer came to water. Such a thing is now unheard of except in some parts of St. Lawrence county, where hounding has been prohibited for several years. The Saranac Lake country formerly abounded in deer and the waters in fish. The river between the lower lake and Round Lake was a choice spot. You might hunt there now until the crack of doom without success unless you have dogs out. The shores of Raquette River were thought to be deep in the woods, and it was not necessary to go so far to get game. Now you will never see a deer on the river unless it has been driven there by dogs. Each year the deer seem to be further back, and long, tedious journeys are required to reach the supposed desirable spots, and even then success is not assured. The only reason for this is the incessant hounding. Stop that, and the whole region will be as before—a sportsmen's paradise. To prove this I will relate the following incident: A certain portion of the woods not far distant from one of the large hotels, had been abandoned by hunting parties for several years, as the deer had been either killed or driven away, and a dog had not been through there for a good while. Last year a guide went in and found any number of deer, which were slaughtered in the usual way.

Guides who understand their work rarely hunt the same ground steadily for several days. They change it, and invariably find that the quiet has encouraged the deer to come back. Think what the result would be if a hound's voice was never heard. Under the present practice fawns are as liable to be driven as large deer, in fact more so, as their restlessness gives the dog more chances of striking a trail. If fortunate enough to throw the dog off and also escape the bullet of his master, it is likely to die of exhaustion. Wet does are driven from their fawns, and after long runs, thoroughly heated, take to water to meet their death, if not by the hands of man, in the sudden chill to their lacteal glands; and thus the voice of the hound becomes as fatal as the rifle of the hunter. By killing the does and fawns the source of supply is destroyed, and the end comes very quickly.

The true sportsman cannot bear the present method, it is only tolerated because, while it exists, nothing else can be done. Some of us endeavor to be as decent about it as possible, and refuse to shoot at a less distance than seventy-five or one hundred yards, preferring to let the deer go if we can't hit it at that distance. This, however, does not palliate the viciousness of the method, it only soothes the conscience of the individual. We will be more than glad to co-operate in securing the passage of the law prohibiting hounding, and in the enforcement of it afterward.

The guides will themselves support such a law, as there are but a few who uphold the use of dogs, and as a rule they are but little account. The dog is expensive to buy, expensive to keep, a burden to transport and a constant cause of anxiety, if he does not return at night after a hunt. They are constantly being lost or stolen, or something else is happening to them which renders them a nuisance. If a man loses his dog he spends several days in search of him, which is necessarily a loss either to the employer or the employed. A guide without a good dog in the fall of the year would find it difficult, I might say impossible, to obtain employment. Think of it, a first-class woodsman cannot make his knowledge avail him anything unless he has a dog, and then he is only on an equality with a less desirable man who has perhaps a better dog. Dispense with the hounds, and a guide's knowledge of woodcraft becomes his stock in trade, he who has the most secures the largest custom. From what I know I believe there will not be any more earnest supporters of the measure than the guides.

Suppose the present conditions changed, and for two or three years a dog has not been seen. The does and fawns, unworried by dogs and spared by man, have multiplied and grown. Take your rifle, you need not go far, your success now depends on your prowess, every sense must be on the alert, the eye must cover every object, the ear be alive to every sound, and the feet must learn where to tread. Your quarry has the best of it, as he sees and hears further than you, and besides has his wonderful nose to warn him of your approach. As the sportsman should, you are giving him a chance to use the powers that nature has endowed him with. It is pitting your skill against his instincts, each having the fullest swing. How great your pride, then, if you can drop him as he bounds away, startled out of his bed, which you have approached within easy rifle shot. Is it not more manly than potting the poor creature as you would a calf in a pen? The recollections of such an experience are lived over and over, and the thrill of pleasure which filled every moment will cause your blood to tingle for years afterward.

H. I. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the name of every sportsman who visits the Adirondacks for deer hunting I protest against any such backward movement. Of course most of the venison sold in New York comes from the West, but only those who live on the railroads that run back into the woods, as I do, know how many deer are sent to the markets from the Adirondacks. The law that none shall be killed in December is a dead letter as long as hunters have that month to dispose of them in. The day before Christmas seven large deer were taken through this village. They showed every evidence of having been killed during the previous week. Our game protective association was powerless in the matter, and dared not swear out a warrant, because the proof that the deer were killed this month would be well-nigh impossible to obtain.

Parties who were in the woods around here during Christmas week tell me that in swamps and among evergreens the snow was nearly waist deep, and personally showing how much deeper the snow north of Lake Pleasant is than here, I fully believe that those deer were yarded after the rain and crust of the 20th, butchered and marketed under the law that professedly was forever to stop winter killing. The secretary of our game protective association has written to all the game clubs we can learn of around the Adirondacks, asking them to combine with us in getting a change in the law, so that while the cities can have their Western venison for the holidays, the temptation of crust-killing will be removed from our guides by a law that forbids the carcasses of any deer killed in this State being held in possession after Dec. 1. Such a law would arm every sportsman around the Adirondacks, and stop what this year has proved a veritable slaughter, as I

believe that more deer have been killed and sent to market since snow came, than were killed during the open months. What Gen. Sherman says in his hatchery report of the poaching tendencies of most of the inhabitants of southern Hamilton county is certainly true, but they are not so bad now as they used to be, and such a law as I advocate would stop another bad failing of theirs. The game constable of this section promised us to watch them this past month. If he accomplished anything, we have not heard of it, but we hope to get a report from him soon that may tell another story. M. S. NORTHRUP.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

Hunting deer with dogs has been absolutely forbidden in all the towns of Washington county by the Board of Supervisors, who also legalized the shooting or otherwise killing of dogs while chasing or tracking deer. The residents of Dresden, Fort Ann and Putnam will see to it that the latter part of the enactment is fully obeyed, both by their neighbors and outsiders.

We have for distribution a printed petition to abolish deer hounding in the Adirondacks. It will be sent to any one who will secure signatures. The petition reads as follows:

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of the county of N. Y., respectfully petition that Chapter 543 of Laws of 1874, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," be so amended as to absolutely prohibit the chasing, running and hunting of moose and wild deer with dogs, at any season of the year, on the ground that such chasing, running and hunting with dogs is very destructive to such game and is rapidly destroying the same.

OPEN RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The greatest obstacle in the way of rifle shooters, who have reached that age when spectacles are necessary, is their inability to see their sights and draw a bead, as in younger years.

While a man at fifty can do nearly or quite as well with globe sights as ever, he finds himself all at sea with open sights of the usual kind. The Lyman sight, which supplies a long-felt want, while it is practically an open sight, would be ruled out of most country matches with all other aperture sights.

I have used an open sight, with which a shooter of fifty can do better work than he could with the old kind at thirty. Such, at least, is my own experience.

The back sight should be as near the eye as possible—close up like a peep sight, straight across the top, the notch simply a perpendicular slot of uniform width, one-fiftieth wide and three-fiftieths deep. The front sight must be black, of usual height (one-eighth to three-sixteenths) and the thickness of a dime, which may vary according to the distance they are apart.

In looking through them the notch will assume the shape of a half circle, and have a dim twilight look, through which the front sight can be clearly defined on a white object. The effect is very similar to that of globe sights. A square white target, in size about 5 to 6 inches for 50 yards, 10 inches for 100 yards, will be found to give the best results, the advantage being in favor of large targets, as the center can be as easily located as on a small one, and will enable the marksman to hold for wind, etc., a great help in the absence of wind gauges. SKEPTIC.

MICHIGAN.

JANUARY DOGGING.—A correspondent writes from Alder Bend, Clinton county, this State, under date of Jan. 16: "The woods about Chazy and Chateaugay lakes are full of deer-hounders to-day."

COUNTY LAWS.—Will our correspondents favor us with copies of county or other local laws relating to game or fish?

TEXAS.—El Paso, Jan. 13.—Wildfowl shooting is good here. The large game is growing scarce.—G. W. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

LARGE CATFISH AND PIKE.

DURING the days of the Pennsylvania Canal, Leesburg, Pa., was a famous fishing place for Pittsburgh gentlemen, and being easy of access, some splendid sport was had.

Col. Ulam kept a hotel, at which all the sportsmen stopped. The largest fish caught by any was a catfish of 100 pounds, and shortly after, by another party, one of 50 pounds. The big pike mentioned some time ago by "Little Sandy," was caught by a party from Pittsburgh, who came annually about the time the leaves began to fall to trail for pike, and loudly was their coming hailed by the boys, as it meant many a dollar for getting bait.

Among them was Col. ———, and Messrs. Douglas and Mr. Gray. They had agreed to fish till a certain hour, when the side getting the least weight of fish was to pay for the trip. On the last day the side headed by Col. ——— was badly left, a fact that made the Colonel very blue. So he got a fine lot of chubs and went up to Kepple's Point for a last trial. Floating down the slackwater in his copper boat, he hooked a monster pike just opposite where D. B. Ashbaugh now lives, and after about three hours' hard fighting safely landed him.

This was triumph enough for one day, so putting a stick through the fish's gills he shouldered him up and marched proudly into town with the tail of the fish dragging on the ground. A scale was procured, and the pike on being weighed put the Colonel's side far ahead of the others, who had, by reason of the lucky catch, to pay for the trip.

At that time this slack water was the home of a fish locally known as the "whitefish," which for table qualities was sought for far and near. It was somewhat like a bass, but smaller-mouthed and deeper through from the back. It was a magnificent biter on small minnows, but not game. I have gone out when a boy with my uncles or grandfather and had royal sport with this fish. One morning in particular I caught five while uncle was fixing his rod and line.

Here, by the way, is a good pike, too. One morning grandfather had come down to the river to wait for a packet-boat due, to apprise the captain that his wife was sick. Seeing the wake of a large fish coming toward him, he sat perfectly still, but the fish turned and went back. In a few minutes he saw it again, when it came to shore and got among some locust brush and became entangled, when the old man sprang on it, and getting one hand in its gills and the other under its body he carried it to the towing path and laid down across his fish, thus holding it until it exhausted itself. This fish when swung from his shoulder touched the ground.

These are not "fish" stories but facts that can be vouched for, and many more from this fisherman's paradise now passed away forever, by reason of the breaking of the dam. WILL MONTGOMERY.

LEECHBURG, Pa.

SNELLING HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the caption of "Snell, Snood and Gimp," "J. W. T." brings up a question well worthy of a thorough discussion by anglers. The best method I have tried is as follows: Grasp the hook by the bend in a pair of pliers, and heat the tapered end of the hook in the flame of a spirit lamp till it will melt wax readily. Then give it a coating by rubbing it on a lump of shoemaker's wax. The hook should be hot enough to burn it on, so as to form a smooth, even coat of wax. Then tie on snell in the usual way with waxed silk thread and finish with shellac. An occasional coat of shellac will preserve them till worn out. They will never slip.

The object of using the pliers is not only to prevent burning the fingers, but to prevent the heat drawing the temper of the hook above where it is grasped by the pliers. N.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you allow me, through your columns, to return thanks to the many kind friends who have answered my queries as regards snelling, etc. Lack of time forbid my answering them personally, or rather, individually, and I trust they will accept this public acknowledgment of their kindness shown to an entire stranger. Incidentally, the locality of their replies shows the wide circulation of FOREST AND STREAM. Look at this list:

"H. C.," Ft. Spokane, W. T.; "A. K. H.," Bergen, N. J.; "P. R.," Ft. Garry, Manitoba; "M. A. R.," Yuma, Arizona; "F. K.," San Felipe, Col.; "B. A. N.," Mahlon, Iowa; "F. S. P.," Denver, Cal.; A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls, N. Y.; "Amateur," Somerset, Pa.; "W. T.," Ripon, Wis.; "R. N.," St. Johns, Newfoundland; "S. H. J.," Mankato, Minn.; "H. H.," Dalton, Ga.; "R. S. O.," Machias, Me.; "Pete," Sing Sing, N. Y.; "A. T. S.," Berne, N. C.; E. A. Leopold, Norristown, Pa.

Which proves two things. First, as I said before, that FOREST AND STREAM "spreads itself" over a great deal of ground, and secondly, that anglers, as a fraternity, are not the selfish beings that some persons take them to be.

"Shake," brothers; and I hope a kind Providence may some time allow us to "wet a line" together.

H. P. UFFORD.

CASSELTON, D. T.

SEA TROUT FISHING.

THE observant angler, as he casts his flies over the rivers of Canada which flow into the ocean, will notice a marked difference in the habits, form, and color of the trout of those waters, and the native fishermen will tell him that these are sea trout and those are river trout. The sea trout run larger in size, are more slender in form, and more silvery in color, than the river trout. In some streams, the sea trout are most numerous, in others the river, while in other waters the two may be taken side by side, rising to the fly with equal eagerness. At certain periods of the summer, the sea trout come into the mouths of the larger rivers with the tide in great schools, like mackerel, and feed as greedily, all in a school being of the same size, say from one to three pounds in weight. At these times nothing can surpass the sport afforded to the fly-fisher by the sea trout. One of the most vigorous and active of fishes, and with a pair of three-pounders on a light rod, the skill of the angler will be taxed to the utmost. English writers on angling, Davy, Francis, and Pennel, assert that the white trout or salmon trout of the tidal rivers of Scotland and Ireland, *Salmo trutta*, is one of the gamest fishes that swims, and I think that his Canadian cousin is not at all behind him.

The habits of the sea trout of Canada (*Salmo canadensis* Smith) appear to vary in different rivers. For instance, the Nouvelle, which flows into the Bay of Chalheurs, is a most beautiful stream, clear, cold, and swift, and an ideal salmon river, formerly abounding with that fish, which are now excluded by a large raft of logs near the mouth; there the sea trout alone occupy the water. They run very large, from two to five pounds; a string of fifteen which I took there in 1871, averaged two and a half pounds. In this river they lie like salmon in certain pools, and are not found elsewhere, and they take the fly under water, as a salmon does, and I found the flies with which I had taken salmon the week before in the Restigouche, to suit these trout well. Their play is peculiar, and unlike that of the river trout, and the quality of the fish is superior to that of any river or brook trout that I ever tasted, and I have eaten them from Lake Superior to Maine, and from Minnesota to Cape Cod.

In the Tabusintae, a famous river of New Brunswick, the sea trout and river trout are taken from the same pools, in about equal numbers. This is a more sluggish stream than the Nouvelle, with darker water, and the fish are smaller and more numerous. My basket, in a day's fishing, averaged half a pound. In the lower portion of the Restigouche, where it flows through open meadows among islands, the sea trout abound, though not of large size. In the upper waters, about the salmon pools, I found the river trout to prevail; in fact so numerous were they, that in casting for salmon, the big fly would often be taken by a pound trout, so that they became as much of a nusiance as I have found the chub in the Adirondacks, when casting for trout. At the mouth of a brook opposite our camp I used to cast sometimes with three flies, and was sure to hook three trout at every cast. They were small, about five to the pound, but in New Hampshire would be thought good-sized fish of good value; here they were a drag, no one would eat trout, preferring salmon; so after the first day I turned them all loose.

In the short tidal streams of Prince Edward's Island, I found sea trout in abundance in July, from four ounces to a pound in weight, and rising well to a fly. In June they are found at the river mouths in abundance and of large size.

Naturalists tell us that there is no organic difference between the Canadian sea trout and the river trout. Their teeth, bones, scales and fins are alike, and while I accept this statement, as an angler I agree with Mr. Hallock and others, that though they may be of the same "species," yet that the Canadian sea trout is a good "variety." Many writers, otherwise well informed, use the words species and variety indiscriminately, as if their meaning was the same, which is not the case. The definition by Cuvier of the term "species" is a "succession of individuals which reproduces and perpetuates itself." A "variety" is described as a "lesser distinction, which seldom endures beyond the temporary causes which occasion it."

Thus the horse and the ass are of the same genus, but of different species, and if they interbreed, their offspring, the mule, is unfertile. The race horse and the dray horse are different varieties, caused by man's devices, and their offspring is fertile. So angling writers when they mention the taking of bass, sheepshead, and other "varieties," should call them "species."

Some writers have confounded the sea trout of the British Islands, *Salmo trutta*, with the Canadian fish, but although similar in habits, they are evidently of different species. Professor Storer describes a sea trout of which he procured a single specimen in Labrador, under the name of *Salmo immaculatus* or the "unspotted trout," but this clearly differs from *S. canadensis* which has red spots like *S. fontinalis*. In "Salmonia" the European sea trout is represented as a spotted fish, growing to the weight of ten pounds, and Sir Humphrey Davy ventures the suggestion that this sea trout, *S. trutta*, is the true typical trout, from which the two or three other species of British trout have been evolved, by natural causes, difference in food, water, and other accidents. As the publication of "Salmonia" antedates by some twenty-five years that of Charles Darwin's famous book on evolution, it would seem that there are two claimants at least for the merit of the invention of the hypothesis of evolution, Lamark and Davy, prior to that of Darwin. S. C. C.

THE BEST PANFISH OF THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 15, your correspondent, "Jay," has struck a note that will certainly interest anglers of the West, as well as those of the Middle States, especially those who must content themselves with the sport the "newlight" (croppie) affords. For be it understood the black bass in the waters of our immediate neighborhood are few and far between.

The "newlight," *Pomoxys annularis*, seems to stand the draft made upon it better than any fish we have, some having been caught here weighing three and a half pounds. Our streams in the spring, as well as during seasons of drought, are subject continually to the ravages of seines, drag-nets, traps, and dynamite, by whites and blacks, the latter preferring the cover of the night so as to extend their nefarious work on lands that are posted. Fish laws are entirely out of the question, as it is impossible to get a grand jury in Bourbon county to indict any one for seining. People believing that when one pays one hundred dollars per acre for farm lands, and the creek runs through it, the fish belong to them, and they have a right to catch them in any manner and when they please. The only question is to catch them, the more the better, the quickest way preferred. Last fall our creeks dried up to such an extent that for hundreds of yards the creek beds were perfectly dry, and as one of our local anglers remarked at the time, "There was not enough water in the mill dam to swim a tadpole."

Yesterday, after two days of heavy rain caused a big rise in the creeks, a number of residents turned out to fish with drag nets. I examined a basket of one of the returning parties who had caught a large lot, and found a number of them weighing over a pound each.

Is it not astonishing that this delicious fish, so harassed and persecuted, should return to us every spring with swelled ranks, and go through the same "fiery ordeal" without any perceptible difference in numbers?

I do not claim that the "newlight" (croppie) is a game fish. I have used lighter tackle (of my own manufacture) than I have seen used in this community for his capture, and I believe with suitable implements he would afford more sport to those that are willing to catch him in a legitimate way than he now does. I am satisfied that Dr. Henshall has often met him near his home in Kentucky, and probably caught him on a light fly-rod with a cast of flies.

I have "held up my hands" for what he has written on the black bass, and will hold them up time and again if he will favor us with a description of the proper rod and flies for the capture of one of "the best panfish of the West."

LITTLE SANDY.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, Ky., Jan. 15.

DRAG AND CLICK REELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Petra" requests me by name to tell him "what is the use of a drag and a click in the same reel." It is apparent that he is well aware that both subserve precisely the same purpose.

As it frequently has to others, so the use of this combination evidently appears to him pretty much like a man going quail shooting with two double-barreled shotguns, one over each shoulder. Still there is a practical difference between the drag and the click, for the former is silent, while the latter is not.

There may be some who at times, when angling, wish no tell-tale click to herald their success; while without reason for the sacrifice, they are unwilling to forego the music of its voice. I understand that this form of reel was designed to meet the wants of this class, as well as those of localities where the click and drag divide public favor.

In brief, this combination reel was made to sell.

"Petra" makes some very timely remarks in reference to correspondence among anglers in your columns. I have expressed myself before on this subject, and I now repeat that they show a deplorable lack of public spirit among the angling fraternity.

Compared with what there is to be known about the art we love so much and its appliances, how scanty is the knowledge of even the best informed. No single man can by possibility do much for its advancement, but by the united efforts of all, each contributing something, even though but little, great progress is assured. The experience of every man is not only of necessity limited, but the experience of no two men is precisely the same. Good cannot fail to follow a public interchange and comparison of these.

While as a class we are perhaps somewhat prone to theorize with too little regard for the wholesome check of practical experiment, still pure theory is better than absolute silence; since if the theorizer will not, some other may apply the test and make known the result. Anything is better than absolute stagnation.

The harvest is everywhere abundant, but, alas! the gleaners are few.

"Petra" sensibly remarks that "an excellent way to bring out correspondence is to ask questions."

Unless I am altogether mistaken, one of the chief purposes of this portion of your paper is that all who seek light on any angling subject may therein make their wants known, and that all who have light on the matter may respond.

I will therefore ask a question:

Who has had practice in working aluminum-bronze, and how does it solder, file, turn, behave between a forming-punch and die, and draw into tubing?

I am informed that a new process of production has reduced the value of aluminum from $1.25 an ounce to something like 50 cents a pound. The low specific-gravity of this metal (2.60) is offset by its softness, lack of stiffness and elasticity, solubility in alkaline solutions, and its refusal to solder. Alone, therefore, I think it merits little attention from the angler. But its alloys with copper are quite another matter. Aluminum-bronze—10 parts aluminum to 90 parts copper—is said by some authorities to be the most rigid metal known. It is of a red-gold color, tarnishes with reluctance, is somewhat lighter than brass or german-silver, and will solder. Unless there is some unexpected difficulty in working it, it should be invaluable for reels and rod-trimmings, its greater stiffness rendering it superior to german-silver, while it is, or soon will be, much cheaper.

One gentleman informs me that it is liable to crack at the solder-joint during the process of drawing into tubes; while another says it stands the much more crucial test of stretching on a mandrel perfectly well. I should be much pleased to hear from some one with extended experience in working this alloy, since both of the gentlemen alluded to gave but the result of a single isolated experiment.

Some experiments with phosphor-bronze have so occupied my scanty leisure, that I have been as yet unable to try the aluminum-bronze myself; but I hope soon to take it in hand, and then should of course like the guidance of what others have done.

I might say while on the subject, that these experiments with phosphor-bronze, while not as yet decisive, are still full of promise. I have made two reels from it, and am about to test it in ferrules. When a conclusion is reached, should it be worth publishing, you will probably hear from me.

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.

A CHALLENGE TO FLY-CASTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I respectfully ask you whether there are any two men in the United States that can cast a fly further than I or my son Thomas. As I am anxious to see this challenge taken up, I am willing to throw on stream or pond, as made by nature, from two different positions; that is, we throwing with them from points chosen by them, and they in return throwing from points chosen by us, adding total casts made.

HARRY PRICHARD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.

THE MOST KILLING FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a short note in your issue of Jan. 15 "Poke o'-Moonshine" touches on the point of names for artificial flies and gives the first public howl about the way in which all but the most prominent flies are named differently by different dealers. Many flies are burdened with half a dozen names; sometimes there is the slightest difference of a thread, which, as your correspondent says, a trout would never see, but it does not amount to anything. We read of flies, in almost every article on fly-fishing, which we never heard of before, and which no one but a small circle knows of. For instance Mr. Wells speaks of the "Parmachene Belle," probably a local Maine name, and in Vermont some fly-tyer may call it the "Green Mountain," while in Nevada it might be known as "the last chance."

In his article on the grayling, in the Orvis–Cheney book, Mr. Fred Mather first alludes to the evil by describing a fly, and pretending that he does not know its name, "owing to a defective memory and the vagaries of fly nomenclature," he flings a stone into the camp of fly-namers, but does not follow up the assault. "Poke-o'-Moonshine" quotes Holberton's plate of "standard flies" as the standard. Is it anything more than Holberton's standard? Do other tyers and dealers recognize it as a standard and tie and name by it? Take his royal coachman, it differs from the fly of the same name as published by Orvis. The latter's has a tail and two bunches of green and two of red on the body, while Holberton's has no tail and only one patch of each color. Holberton's "professor" has a patch of green near the head which is lacking in Orvis's plate, while the flies called "Abbey" by each differ widely.

It is not necessary to go further to show the "vagaries" of fly nomenclature which seemed apparent to Mr. Mather, although he did not care to fight the vagaries as he should. Perhaps he thinks it sufficient to hint at them and let others fight it out. We have all met the difficulty mentioned by Mr. P. O. Moonshine in your last, of sending to one dealer for a certain fly, the name of which was learned at another house, and getting something different. If a man always trades at one house and does not talk, write, or read about flies, then it makes no difference what they are called, but readers of FOREST AND STREAM want to know just what flies are meant when a writer uses their names. Whether the evil can be remedied or not it is hard to say, certainly not as long as things slip along as they are.

WHITE HACKLE.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken much interest in the articles under this heading, and beg leave to give my experience (limited as it may be). I have made a special study of flies, but am a believer in only a very few. My variety of trout flies can be counted upon my fingers. Last summer I spent six weeks among the headwaters of the Dead River region, Maine, experimenting with a profuse variety of flies to satisfy myself. I have found the following cast the most practical killer for all times of day and kinds of weather, viz, Reuben Wood, Lord Baltimore and red ibis, especially when the trout are of large size. If fishing late in the evening, I occasionally substitute a coachman for Lord Baltimore. I invariably use small-sized hooks and flies; am satisfied they are the best killers.

I always carry a cast made up of the following: Brown hackle, red ibis, and a fly that I have made for me, similar in every respect to the professor, with the exception of the body, which is red with gold tinsel (this fly, by the way, I use more of than any other). I find this cast takes better when the trout run small.

For bass I have found the polka, blue bass and split-winged ibis the most practical flies. In this instance large sizes.

H. B.

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1885.

RESULTS OF UNLAWFUL FISHING.—A Neenah, Wis., paper states that it has it on good authority "that no less than 2,700 barrels of fish were shipped from Oshkosh and points on the east shore of Lake Winnebago in the year 1884. Of this vast amount of fresh fish, mainly black bass, fully two-thirds were caught illegally or contrary to the law. The result of this fish piracy is that Lake Winnebago has degenerated from its once famous reputation as a fishing resort to a mere delusion to the angler with rod and line. It has become a vital question to the interests of this whole section whether or not the old reputation shall be re-established. There would be ten summer visitors to this part of Wisconsin where now there is one. More than this. If so protected from Oshkosh fish butchers, the poor man in all this section could occasionally secure a fine mess of fish for his family where now they are dragged in by nets and shipped south to keep a few fish pirates in work and money. Let some good law be enacted and let that law be enforced to protect the interests of Oshkosh. Neenah and all this section demand it. We are glad to see many Oshkosh citizens interested in this matter, and among them Mr. G. F. Stroud. It is time something in earnest was done in this direction."

BARBLESS HOOKS.—Sing Sing, N. Y., Jan. 24.—In your issue of Jan. 22, "Petra" wants to know what kind of barbless hooks I used. When I said barbless hooks were not worth a cent, I surely did not think that the things that "Petra" has been using for the last several years would be confounded with mine. I meant a plain hook without a barb, made of very finely tempered steel, with a very sharp point. Who were the manufacturers of the hooks I don't know, but I am pretty nearly certain that the firm that made such things is bankrupt by this time, for it is four years since I used the hooks. The hook that "Petra" uses seems to have a slight savor of the pot.—PETE.

Fisheulture.

VITALITY OF CARP.

SOME time ago we recorded a case where a carp wrapped in a copy of FOREST AND STREAM had lived for many hours out of water. We now give two similar cases, taken from letters written to Professor S. F. Baird.

Wishing to examine some scale carp anatomically, says Charles W. Scudder, of the United States Fish Commission, on Jan. 2 I visited the central hatching station of the United States Fish Commission in the Armory building, and called for dead carp, as they would answer my purpose as well as live ones. Mr. J. E. Brown handed me seven or eight, which were from one to three inches in length, and which had been thrown out of the tanks as dead. These I at once put into an envelope and carried home in my pocket.

At least an hour later I removed them from the envelope and put them in a wash-bowl of water for cleansing them. I soon noticed that two of them were floating on their sides and occasionally gasping. A half hour after this, for the purpose of discovering how much vitality there might be in the two in which I had observed signs of life, I placed in the mouth of each one a drop of brandy diluted with an equal amount of water. These I returned to the bowl, and paid no further attention to them until six hours afterward. I then noticed that the two which had received the tonic showed a marked improvement, and were swimming on their sides nearly at the top of the water. I then changed the water and administered the same amount of brandy as before. On the following morning, thirteen hours after the first administration of brandy, and seven hours after the second dose, the two fish in question were apparently fully restored, and were swimming naturally and actively about the bowl. The restoration proved to be complete.

From a lot of twelve hundred carp, writes Milton P. Peirce, of Wenonah, N. J., to Prof. Baird, one of my assistants threw out one hundred and ten which he supposed to be dead. I do not think they were dead, but only torpid, for one was left floating in the tank when it was replaced in the store. A small boy called who was going on the street-cars to a distant part of the city (Philadelphia). The mechanics gave him the supposed dead carp, which he wrapped in a piece of paper and placed in his pocket to show to his chum. After reaching his destination and playing a while, the two boys passed into a room where the goldfish tank stood, when he thought of his carp. The boys thought they would give the lady of the house a surprise, and so placed the carp in the tank. An hour or two later the lady discovered a strange fish swimming in her aquarium in an erratic manner, and, upon inquiry, learned from the boys the almost incredible facts. Two weeks later she called and related them to me, saying that the carp was well, lively, eating readily, and growing rapidly.

GROWTH OF CARP.

SOME surprising evidences of the growth of the German carp have recently been seen in New York city. Last week Mr. E. G. Blackford had on his slabs, in Fulton Market, a lot of carp from the Potomac River, one of which, a leather carp, weighed over fifteen pounds, and a scale carp of thirteen pounds. The fish are some that were captured at large in the Potomac, having escaped from the Government ponds on the occasion of a freshet which backed the water of the river over the ponds and released several thousand fish of four and five inches in length. This occurred some three years ago. As there were no carp in the river previous to this there is no difficulty in tracing the origin of these fish and the date of their escape. The daily papers had notices of these fish, and many persons saw them.

Another instance of their growth was seen when the lower lake in Central Park was cleaned. Residents of the neighborhood of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street expressed fear of a malaria epidemic because of the proximity of the lake in its dirty condition, and it was ordered to be cleaned. This necessitated the drawing off of the greater portion of the water, which in turn required the transfer of fish. The numerous carp removed were the results of increase from 15 imported German fish, about an inch in length, which were presented to the Park Department, by E. G. Blackford, State Fish Commissioner, and placed in the lake in 1879. Over 100 of the fish, weighing from 12 to 13 pounds, and measuring over 25 inches in length, were taken out, and the number left, consisting of minnows, all the way up to 10 or 15-inch fish, were estimated by thousands. One of the larger fish, 30 inches long and weighing 13 pounds, was placed on exhibition at a fish market on Third avenue, and is to be served at a dinner to be given by a German society. The live fish were transferred to the upper lake in the park.

The Germans place the carp above most all other fish for the table, and great numbers could be sold in New York city. There is no fish so easily raised as carp if suitable waters are given it, but cold lakes and trout ponds are fatal to it. No doubt it will produce more food to the same area of water than any known fish. Its introduction has been of great value, especially to the interior and Southwestern States.

STOCKING PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS.—Philadelphia, Jan. 23.—Twenty-one hundred California trout were received yesterday by the Pennsylvania State Fish Commissioner Spangler, who has sent them to be distributed in the following streams of this State: Bright's Run, a branch of the Bushkill; Canadensis, a branch of Broadhead's Creek; the Tobyhanna and Tunkhannock, branches of the Lehigh; Octorara and Fishing Creek in Lancaster county, and branches of the Perkiomen in Montgomery county. A number of the fish were also handed over to the Philadelphia Park Commission.—HOMO.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Dog Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 4 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 4 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 150A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **1987.**

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, was held at the St. James Hotel, New York, last Thursday evening. It was voted to amend the constitution and by-laws, making the Board of Governors to consist of fifteen and that five shall constitute a quorum. The treasurer's report showed that the finances of the club were in a very flourishing condition. Following is a list of officers elected:

President—J. Otto Donner, New York.

Vice-Presidents—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Elliot Smith, New York.

Secretary and Treasurer—Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.	G. DeForest Grant, New York
Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.
John G. Heckscher, New York.	C. DuB. Wagstaff, Babylon, N. Y.
H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J.	D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York.
R. C. Cornell, New York.	J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y.	F. R. Hitchcock, New York.
	Geo. T. Leach, New York.
D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, Ind.	J. E. I. Grainger, New York.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring president, Mr. Elliot Smith. The meeting then adjourned.

THE HIGHLAND COLLEY.

PLEASE, Mr. Printer, spell the word colley as I do, as that is the proper way, not collie, which the Saxons almost always pronounce as if spelled "coolee;" that will do to begin with. I am sorry to find that your correspondent, Mr. C. G. Harston, has mistaken me in speaking of the old Highland colley, which is quite a different animal from the Lowland, or black and tan, or black white and tan dog of that name, and I hope to make myself understood, at least I shall try to do so, if Mr. Harston's mind or mental vision is not too obtuse, I think I can hammer my meaning into him. They are not "almost any color except *green*" (the italics are mine), the latter color seems to belong entirely to certain parties who write on and judge these dogs. Now, Mr. Editor, let me tell you and your readers that I do not believe there is one Highland colley in America, and I don't think they have as yet attracted the fancy in the old country to any extent and strange as it may appear, a very able writer on dogs some years back doubted the existence of such a breed until the editor of the *Live Stock Journal*, then published at Ludgate Hill, London, issued an engraving of one of these dogs in his paper. I wish a copy of the *Live Stock* of that date could be forwarded to our editor here and I am sure the publishers of the *Live Stock* will have the warm thanks of many Highlanders.

The pure old Highland colley is an animal possessing an immense heavy and long coat. His coat sometimes is the length of seven or eight inches, and he has long hair hanging over his eyes, similar to the fancy Skye terrier, or to make it more plain to Mr. Harston, he wears his hair like the New York ladies, I hope he can comprehend that. He does not stand so high on the legs as his Lowland brother, and he is shorter and rounder in the barrel. He possesses all the fine qualities of a sheep dog, being naturally docile and sweet tempered, he never "grips" a sheep to hurt it, and will not only prevent his own flock from going astray, but guard them against all danger. The fox that attempts to steal a lamb will never live to repeat the action if this dog gets hold of him. Many a hundred times have I seen one of the breed go into a strange flock and bring out one of his own sheep which had strayed, and it was quite a common thing in my young day to send colley to the mountains alone to fetch home his own flock. Neither frost nor snow has any terrors for him; rather the reverse, for often have I seen him lying in the winter in front of the kitchen door and seeming to enjoy the covering of snowflakes which were falling upon him, and I have known him to discover sheep, under huge wreaths of snow, that would have ultimately perished had it not been for the sagacity of this trusty servant.

Not many years ago I met the shepherds in the service of Mr. Gordon, of Bevaglie, going with sheep to the winterings at the sea coast, and they had two of these dogs with them. I have not seen any of them exhibited in Scotland, but I believe some were at Inverness; if so, any one writing the secretary of the Inverness dog show would, I have no doubt, get a courteous answer. I know, as I have stated in a former

letter in FOREST AND STREAM, "that there is a fair sprinkling of these dogs throughout the Highlands of Scotland, and I think Mr. Gow, the obliging landlord of the McDonald Arms Hotel at Kinnloch Bannoch, in Perthshire, could supply some information on the subject." Now I trust after this that Mr. H. will be able to distinguish between the Highland and the bonny Scotch colley, which is a very taking dog, and has all the good qualities of his neighbor, except that he would not endure such severe hardships and bitter cold. They are not of every color either except "green," but they are of more mixed colors than the Highlander, which is either dark, pepper and salt or brown, sometimes a white blaze on face, or a white belt across the body or ring around the neck, but the "all one" color is considered the best. I thank Mr. H. for his invite to Toronto, but God save the mark, if colleys are judged there as I have seen them elsewhere in America, for certainly what I have seen was bad, I beg to decline going. Now Mr. H., why not compel every judge to produce a certificate of intelligence and capability from the commissioners of lunacy? That would go as far with me and some others as the sapient opinions of dog show committees. When really practical, reliable judges of our various breeds are appointed to act, then you may see a doggie or two on the show benches belonging to A ROVING HIGHLANDER.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXIII.

THE show that will open under the auspices of the Kennel Club, at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, will, in point of numbers, be the most important since such gatherings were first instituted. The splendid total of over 1,600 entries bears a twofold explanation. Beyond doubt it expresses the confidence of exhibitors in the Kennel Club's system and officials, and secondly it is in no small degree due to the central position of the show ground and its vicinity to the metropolis. There may be, I would insinuate, a third, and for myself confessedly great inducement, that is the self-explanatory opportunity of doing the round of London gaieties.

I think I have on a former occasion mentioned that the Collie Club marked their disapproval of the judge, a Mr. Byron, selected for their classes by the Kennel Club, by declining to give any extra prizes. This must have been the act of a committee and I am disposed to give it my approbation on the ground that they being specialists are therefore the best authorities of a judge's capacity, and if in their opinion Mr. Byron did not possess the knowledge that would enable him to properly award the prizes to such an important class, then they were doing a duty so simple that it stared them in the face.

The natural, however regretable, sequence to this act would have been a falling off in the collie entries, but this is far from being the case, as Mr. Byron has obtained the extraordinary entry of two hundred and beaten the record. Fox-terriers usually reach the highest numbers, but the collies this time beat them by about twenty entries.

I suspect the apparent inconsistency of the large entry can be accounted for in the presumption that many of the exhibitors do not trouble themselves with the doings of the subsidiary clubs, that those who do not read the papers know nothing for or against Mr. Byron—a fresh man has always a better chance than one who has already tried and blundered—and then there is a large proportion of the fancy who would have a shot at the fat prizes even under the most unlikely and shallow-minded judge, say Mr. Fred. Gresham, for instance, or any other such "one-breed man."

This incident contains many points of interest to the supporters of specialist clubs. It should be their ambition to make their influence so extensive, that when the Kennel Club proceed to elect the judges they should put themselves into communication with the specialist clubs, who, if forgetful of their own incorcate, are ever thoughtful for the breed they are united to support.

I would go much further and make a proposal that I will do the Kennel Club the honor of believing they would accept, that is for the honorary secretaries of all the specialist clubs to immediately, on appearance of the schedules, forward a list of their selected judges, from wich the Kennel Club could make their choice. It is manifest that such a plan must be beneficial to both parties. It is only open to the suspicion that it might be in time employed to further the ends of a clique. I do not fear such an event, as the members choose their mouthpiece when they elect the committee, and it would be too grave a scandal to escape the wary notice of the doggy "chiels amang us takin' notes." I apologize for that mouldy quotation, but it ran out of my pen.

The Great Dane entry of sixty dogs was as unexpected as it is gratifying to their club's zealous honorary secretary, the Rev. Gambier Bolton. Again I repeat that the secretary is the club. A specialist club will rise to pre-eminence under the sedulous labors of an active, juvenant secretary, and as easily lose vertebral power under a somnolent, laissez-faire official.

I wonder if Mr. Stephen, the Kennel Club secretary and manager of the Crystal Palace show, has had the curiosity to measure the distance from bench to bench in the galleries. The show is held at one end of the Palace and forms a horse-shoe in the gallery. Were I an exhibitor in both classes, collies and St. Bernards, which are usually benched at the two ends of the shoe, I think I should put myself in training for the event.

The long doggy correspondence in our *Daily Telegraph* on "Reason and Instinct," concluded with an hilariously witty letter from a funny dog, who signed himself "Ponto," from Barking. "Ponto" appears to be not unnaturally desirous of showing us how our dogs see us, and in the course of his observations solemnly relates a few acts of human intelligence that have come under his own notice. He says: "I once had in my possession an old lady who used to accompany me in my walks. She was in the regular habit of giving a certain crossing-sweeper a penny on Monday mornings. One day she went out without her purse, but on the following Monday she gave him twopence, recognizing from the force of habit, or instinct, or whatever you like to call it, the omission of the previous week. On another occasion I lost her in the neighborhood of Campden Hill, and though I searched up and down the streets in every direction, was unable to recover her. Returning home, what was my pleasure and surprise to find her sitting in the drawing-room. She received me with every demonstration of delight. Now how did she get home? Was it reason or instinct?"

"No man is a hero to his own valet," says the proverb. What are we to our dogs after this?

It has long been a pet theory of mine that the intelligence of a dog is not wholly unconnected with the mental caliber of his master. This I will avow, that stupid men have always stupid dogs. This is not such a ridiculous speculation as it may appear at first sight. My dog is my constant companion, in-doors and out we are together; if I am pleased his countenance mirrors my content, and his tail wags approval, so our feelings are alike; fasting or feasting we are together, I eat the meat he has the bone, thus our tastes are similar, and so on, *ad absurdum*. In this manner we might arrive at the conclusion that the dog's mind would become the reflex of his master's, and there be only the difference of speech between them—and er, *vice versa*, Ponto, perhaps, eh? So, for instance, suppose you know, we saw an advertisement from the reporter of the *Live Stock Journal* or one of his friends: "Wanted, an intelligent companion dog," we should know what they mean; ha! ha! Ponto, I am glad to make your acquaintance, give me your paw, what will you take, plain water or with a drop of Condy's fluid in it?

I remember to have heard some time ago when I was up in town that the *St. Stephen's Review* had changed hands, and that I believe it was Mr. Shirley who told me in the club the new editor was an ex-doggy man, Mr. Wm. Allison, barrister at law. The present generation of fanciers has almost forgotten his tall slight frame in the judging ring. But among us older fogies are preserved pleasant recollections of the witty and vivacious writings pregnant with sound sense and reasoning that too seldom appeared from the pen of Jester's owner. I look upon Mr. Allison and Mr. Russell Earp (the first honorary secretary of the Fox-terrier Club) as the creators of the modern type of fox-terrier.

That the doggy man's pen has not lost its cunning, and that the editor's "fancy" is as "free" as of yore is proved by the sparkling pages of his present hobby, the conservative social organ.

I am in receipt of a letter from an American mastiff breeder who desires me to enucleate the mystery of Crown Prince's paternity. Thank you, sir, one at a time; I have not yet found out "who's Griffiths." I am afraid that this august question is doomed to be added to the late Lord Dundreary's stock of "things that no fellah can understand." I confess I have read the correspondence and I affirm that the language is so plain and the assertions so flat that I am undecided which party to disbelieve. The Old English Mastiff Club seems to have the best of it for invective, and I must admit that their exuberant language is too heavy for their facts. Mr. Dalziel is equally forcible but hardly so ornate.

There is a tale told of a famous painter whose opinion had been importuned by a vainglorious amateur on the latter's pictures. After a careful and prolonged inspection the celebrity bade his young friend "Adieu" and confessed that "you beat me in frames!"

Hither again, friend Bunsby, and explain the application of the above.

It seems to be admitted that the secretary of the club did, at the meeting, ask Mr. Corsincon Dalziel if he "purposed swindling Mrs. Robinson." That may be considered purely ornamental, which Mr. Dalziel can afford to yield if he has the facts. It is now stated that a letter from Mr. Cook exists, in which he says he "believes the Shah was the sire of Crown Prince, and that nothing would change his belief," but I must tack about, for my brain is beginning to whirl.

The *Kennel Gazette* for January publishes a new list of associates; of some sixty names there are only two who have ever been heard of before.

Next Thursday will be sold at Aldridge's, in London, a large draft from Mr. Harding Cox's kennel. Among those that will come to the hammer are several well-known wire-haired fox-terriers and wavy-coated retrievers. This sale by no means signifies Mr. Cox's retirement from breeding or exhibiting. The part proprietor of the *Field* takes too great an interest in dogs to think of altogether giving them up. The notification of such a step would be received with regret by the many friends his good parts and good nature have gained him. "Little Pitchers" have long ears, though it is long since either their corn or chaff was seen in the *Country*.

In addition to the remarks I made upon the Stephen and Wyndham Carter affair, it seems to be "good form" to affect utter indifference to the latter's insults. The persons attacked are, I understand, of opinion that they can afford to ignore his acts and deeds. I have spoken to friends of Mr. W. Carter, who are reluctant to think ill of him, and still hope that he will one day realize the folly of his present reckless and unworthy conduct. LILLIBULERO.

JAN. 10, 1885.

NOTES FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am enabled at last to give your readers some definite information in regard to the New Orleans bench show. At one time it seemed as if the affair would have to be abandoned entirely, owing to the untimely death of our old friend, Chas. Lincoln, and the inability of his executors to decide on a proper and fit person to take charge of the affair and make a success of it. With rare good judgment they have at last appointed a gentleman who, in the opinion of your correspondent, will come as near filling Mr. Lincoln's place as it was possible to find. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. L. F. Whitman, of Chicago, who in connection with his advantages of having practical experience at bench shows, combines the energy and push of the typical Chicagoan, and all the proper business qualifications necessary to command success. I found him this A. M. at his desk at No. 53 St. Charles street, busily engaged in answering letters, forwarding entry blanks, and dispensing all the information in his power to his numerous correspondents and visitors.

The date set for the opening is Wednesday, March 5, and entries will close on Feb. 23. In addition to the regular list of cash prizes an unprecedented quantity of special prizes have been and are daily being given. As an instance, while I was conversing with Mr. Whitman a well-known sportsman of this place stepped up and asked his acceptance of a silver cup as a special prize in the Irish setter class. Mr. W. assured me that this was the third instance of this kind that had occurred in the past twenty-four hours.

Although the date has been fixed after our carnival week, this fact need not be construed into a disappointment, for we have the big exposition going on, and besides, the 4th of March is the anniversary of the New Orleans Fire Department, and that day is always celebrated in a manner peculiar to New Orleans, and is well worth a visit from New York to witness.

Speaking of dogs reminds me of shooting. Happening to pass down St. Charles street a day or two since, I was hailed by that prince of good fellows, Leon Marthe, of No. 19 St. Charles, who called me in and wanted to show me the prospective headquarters of the visiting sportsmen who are to attend the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Tournament next month. Although Leon does not claim to know a shotgun from a gatling, he certainly understands the needs of a sportsman, and every detail necessary to their comfort has been provided in these superb quarters. Visitors will feel as if they are entering their private clubroom, and "I speak by the card" when I say that the lunch my friend Leon serves up when you lay down your money is ruinous to boarding houses and causes one to propound the mental conundrum: "How can he do it?" Leon does not force his hospitality on his visitors, as the sportsmen's room is separate from the bar-room. The agent of the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company has not put in an appearance yet, but your readers can rest assured that the tournament will be a success. The various professional matches do not and never will command the countenance and support of our local sportsmen, and anything like hippodroming for the purpose of acquiring cheap notoriety, has always proven a failure here.

The favorite pastime among the shooting fraternity here is bat shooting, both on account of its cheapness and the skill requisite to bring the bat to grass. Like our weather, bat-shooting is very uncertain, and the expert is frequently the victim of the novice. I have just seen the agent of a new shotgun, who is making an exhibit of their goods at the ex position. He informs me that it is his intention of giving a practical illustration of the working of the new shotgun at an early date, by putting up one of the guns as a prize to be shot for. The conditions of the match are that six live bats are to be thrown by hand at one time—that is all turned loose at once—and each shooter is to fire six times at them with the prize gun. The match will undoubtedly prove a hit and bring out a large number of shooters, thus subjecting the gun to a severe test.

I notice in our morning papers that the various railroad companies intend reducing their fares very materially from the present rates to visitors to the exposition. Should any of your readers have an idea that board is high and scarce to get down here, just let him insert a 25-cent advertisement in one of the papers for room and board, and he will quickly have all such ideas dissipated. We are all justly complaining of the miserable weather vouchsafed us for the past two weeks, but console ourselves with the reflection that you all are not much better off up your way. More anon. FOXHORN.

NEW ORLEANS, January 23, 1885.

POINTER BREEDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Saxon's" letter in your issue of the 10th inst., is the most remarkable production that has ever come under my notice. Prejudice is the reason of fools. If a man allows himself to be blinded by it to such an extent as to cause him to ignore the truth, he should at least be careful not to contradict himself half a dozen times over in one short letter.

"Saxon" must be joking when he appeals for "fair play" to one who, well nigh single-handed, has fought his way against innumerable odds, and through the worst elements of our army of dog ignorance. Come, old man, try again! That's going a wee bit too far. How would it look if the commander of the thousands of troops that surround General Stewart and his handful of men in the Soudan were to hand in a request for "fair play?" Somebody might admire his cheek, but the public would laugh at his folly.

Let us now direct the dissecting knife toward "Saxon's" "careful study," for that is what he tells us it is. "Several years ago Mr. Mason came to this country, bringing with him a number of dogs, among them several pointers; at least he said they were pointers." "Saxon" clearly insinuates the dogs were not pointers, and continues "The great field-trial champion, Chancellor, was one of them, if I remember rightly. After attending several bench shows, and having a walk-over for the honors with his invincibles, Mr. Mason became tired of such easy victories and longed for new worlds to conquer." How does "Saxon" reconcile his insinuation that the dogs were not pointers, with his statement that they were invincibles and had a walk-over for the honors? A little further on "Saxon" writes, "his (my) wild and intemperate denunciations of men and dogs that have incurred his displeasure, but gain him the ill will and contempt of thousands of sportsmen." How, in the name of common sense, does "Saxon" reconcile such a statement with the insinuation that my dogs were not pointers, and that they had a walk-over for the prizes? "Saxon" (not I) denounces Americans and their dogs, when he informs us that my mongrels beat the good American dogs, and that American judges were such a lot of noodles they couldn't distinguish between good-looking dogs and mongrels. When have I, Mr. Editor, ever written of American sportsmen or their dogs in any such terms? Never. "American sportsmen," says "Saxon," "love a good dog." The evidence is certainly not to be found in "Saxon's" acknowledgment that they loved my mongrels. This man is too much for me, Mr. Editor, I have turned his letter upside down and tried to read it in that way, I have also tried to read it like Hebrew, but whichever way I look at it, it beats me to make either head, tail or common sense of it. "The great field trial champion Chancellor was one of them." I now summon "Saxon" to produce evidence in support of his insinuation that I represented Chancellor a field trial winner. The dog had no field trial record whatever, and the man does not live who is able to produce one grain of evidence to show that I ever said he had. He won about thirty first prizes, and was exhibited twice in this country, winning on each occasion. Come, "Saxon," no Chicago business, I demand evidence, and that, too, without any dodging. Your *nom de plume* won't shield you, if without being able to furnish evidence, you write anything reflecting on a man's reputation or his character.

In the face of this deliberate concoction "Saxon" coolly says, "Mr. Mason should be fair in his statements." Then he proceeds as follows: "He (myself) first told us how ignorant we are; could not find a single man in America besides himself that knew a pointer when he saw one." Will "Saxon" inform us when and where I have so written or said anything of the kind? It is not in his power to do it; how then, in the face of such a falsehood, does he expect anybody to believe that he is one of the thousands of sportsmen who love a good dog, but who "love fair play more."

Now for *la crême de la crême*. I told Americans, says this foolish "Saxon," "the dogs we had imported were nothing but scrubs and mongrels and unfit to breed to." A little lower down he credits me with saying, "Faust, Bow and Keswick were pointers par excellance." Everybody knows these dogs were imported. Perhaps "Saxon" can explain the consistency of the two statements; I cannot. Has the individual's prejudice blinded him completely, or is he bereft of his reason? "Saxon" acknowledges that in my critique on the pointers at the New York show I wrote, "Jilt was the best bitch in the show." How does he reconcile my having written thus with his statement that "Mr. Mason should be fair in his statements," etc. What did the FOREST AND STREAM say of Jilt? Here it is: "In the bitch class first went to Jilt, who was perhaps deserving, although we liked Belle and Joy, both he., fully as well." Mine was the only report that said Jilt was the best bitch in the show. How then can "Saxon" insinuate that I am prejudiced against Mr. Godeffroy or his dog? I write of dogs, not their owners, and I write in the interest of the public. Neither Mr. Godeffroy nor "Saxon" can influence an opinion of mine—never did and never will. I advised owners of pointers not to breed to Croxteth, and I do so again. The reason why I could not consistently advise anybody to use him in the stud is because he has a slack back, a weak loin, a shallow chest and faulty feet, added to which he has a coarse, badly-carried tail, and begets light-eyed puppies. I would not breed to any dog that was faulty in back, loin, chest and feet. Such faulty conformation should be bred "from" not "to." Slack backs, weak loins and splay feet are difficult to breed "out." Why then endeavor to perpetuate them? They are structural faults that are easily transmitted, and whatever importance American breeders attach to them, we give them a very wide berth. Croxtoth almost invariably stamps his structural faults on his get, and my opinion of him in 1881, which was publicly expressed in 1883, has been indorsed conclusively. He has been in the public stud about six years, and up to the present time he has not sired *one* acknowledged good-looking dog. I don't say a first-class dog, but I challenge his numerous admirers to name and produce a good-looking dog by him. So far he is the sire of two good-looking bitches, Jilt and Lady Croxteth. But is "Saxon" aware that neither of these bitches is first-rate? Put Jilt or Lady Croxteth alongside my old bitch Lady Isabel (first, Birmiugham, 1876; championship, Birmingham, 1877;) or Mr. Lloyd Price's Bow Bells, and you would see what was wanting. With the exception that Bow Bells is throaty, she is near perfection, whereas both Jilt and Lady Croxteth are slack in the back, a fault of itself sufficient to prevent their ever beating first-rate specimens. Somebody will ask me if I mean to say that there was not a first-class pointer bitch on exhibition at the New York show of last spring. It is best to be frank, and I say that there was not. My old bitch, Water Lily, has never been beaten since she came to this country, four years ago, and she is acknowledged to be one of the best large-size bitches in America. Why, "Saxon," when I exhibited Water Lily at Birmingham under the judgeship of three as good men as ever went into a ring, what did she do? She took a commended card, there being seven others ahead of her, and if "Saxon" will refer to my report on the show, he will find I said she got all she deserved. I do not know of any big bitches in this country that can beat her to-day. What does all this prove? Certainly not that I am a false prophet, but that what I told your readers in my first letter to this paper (Aug. 16, 1883) was the truth, "There is, therefore, much to be done; much

that cannot be done by bragging, but which may be overcome by perseverance." "Saxon" and some others whom I could mention, cannot breed better-looking pointers than Water Lily, and yet they try to show that their theory is right and mine wrong.

"Saxon" refers to my critique on the pointers at the New York show last spring, with a view to proving that I am a false prophet, and that Croxteth is a great stock dog. What does reference to the critique show? Why, that all Croxteth's get inherit his structural faults, and that my opinion of him has been indorsed in a most substantial manner. Let us appeal to the report itself, at least so far as it relates to Croxteth's get. FOREST AND STREAM, May 22, 1884: "Drake (Croxteth—Lass), placed second, was not entitled to the honor. * * * Drake has a slack back, bad loin and faulty feet, which are failings I cannot tolerate in a pointer, or indeed, in any sporting dog." Now for No. 2: "Scout, also by Croxteth, is faulty in back, loin and feet, besides being plain in face." No. 3: "I never have seen pointer classes handled so badly as were the next two for small size dogs and bitches. Had the judge been asked to select the worst dog in the class, he could not have succeeded better than when he placed Pride (Croxteth—Royal Fan) first. He was absolutely the worst dog in the class, and should not have been noticed. He is wide in front, has crooked forelegs, with feet twisted out (as seen in the dachshund), splay feet, a weak back, and bad loins * * * The best dog in the class was Heath's Dash, a nice lemon and white of good quality. He was not even commended." The FOREST AND STREAM report, which appeared May 15, said: "The open dog class was not well handled. Pride, who won first, was in capital condition, which is about all that can be said in his favor."

In order to convince "Saxon" that I am not after all such a false prophet, I will remind him that Dash, not worth a commended card under Mr. Sterling's judgment, won first prize at the National Breeder's show (in a much better class), when adjudicated upon by a better judge, Mr. Davidson. Now for No. 4. "Vision (Croxteth—Vinnie), though by no means a bad bitch, did not deserve second prize, which was clearly won by Belle (Gregory's). Though Vision has a fair good head, neck, legs and feet, her loin is bad, as is also her tail and the carriage of her ears." No. 5. "In the bitch class, the Neversink Lodge Kennels' Jilt (Croxteth—Lass) won, and was properly placed at the head of affairs. I cheerfully admit that I never expected to see Croxteth sire so good a bitch. She is a trifle fine in muzzle and inclined to be throaty for one so young. She is also too wide in front and a trifle slack behind the shoulders, nevertheless she is a good one, and had I been judge she would have won the special for best pointer bitch in the show, as the winner, Vanity, cannot compare with her."

Now, Mr. "Saxon," you see why it is not wise to breed to a dog of Croxteth's faulty conformation. When we take into consideration the opportunities he has had, his record is anything but brilliant. He is the sire of two good-looking bitches, the best of which is not first-rate, as will be gathered from my criticism of her. It is a notable fact that Jilt, Lady Croxteth and Drake are all from the same litter and this is further evidence that very few bitches nick well with Croxteth. One of the litter is fearfully defective in back, loin and feet, whereas the other two are faulty in back. "Saxon" seems to be ignorant of the fact that every dog has a dam as well as a sire, and while not wishing to deprive Croxteth of one grain of credit due him, as the sire of the Lass litter, I ask if it would be unfair to allow the bitch some credit also, and especially so when we bear in mind how few bitches bred to Croxteth ever produce good-looking stock. Perhaps when Lady Croxteth and Jilt have puppies somebody will wonder how it is that they are not so good looking as their dam, and perhaps those who look for the characteristics of sire and dam, will find in their stead the structural faults of the grandsire. Croxteth's faulty conformation cannot be bred out at one cross, nor two either, and the day will come when these few lines will be recalled to the memory of many an owner of pointers.

If a dog has a fair good field record, people at once proceed to breed every type of bitch under the sun to him. This is a mistake, it is a blunder that will make itself felt when it may be too late to correct it. A slack-backed dog, or a bad-loined dog, or a splay-footed dog, may put in brilliant work at a field trial, but if endurance were the test, how would such animals acquit themselves? How many race horses that are wanting in bone and substance, and even faulty in the back and at other points, can gallop and gallop fast for a quarter of a mile or so? There are hundreds of them. Examine them well, and then look at such as Mr. Gretton's Isonomy. He could gallop for a week, and would be going strong and well while the others were being carried into the stable. You would breed to such a horse, and pay the one hundred guineas stud fee sooner than you would pay twenty-five guineas for the services of a "quarter mile flyer." Why?

It is said the owner of Don once came very near giving him up as a bad case. In less persevering hands the dog would, in all probability, never have been heard of, whereas he now takes rank among the best field dogs of the day. Who would have bred to him if he had been beaten in his first heat and after that retired? Who would have stopped to think that, as he comes of a rare working strain, and of a good-looking strain in the bargain, he might, if bred to suitable bitches, get better looking stock than himself? Nobody. He would have been a dead letter in the history of dogs. I would sooner breed to Don ten thousand times over than to Croxteth, although I know he is not a show dog. Why? Because his structural faults are such that can be easier bred out than Croxteth's, and he possesses many of the most important requisites to be looked for in a field dog, viz., good back, good loin, excellent legs and feet, plenty of bone and substance, besides which he comes of a family known to be both good and good-looking. His worst fault is coarseness or lack of quality. How much easier to get quality through the dam than to breed out such everlasting faults as slack backs, weak loins, splay feet, and shallow chests. Why, "Saxon," we have been striving for years to breed away from such faulty conformation, and because I, for one, refuse to turn back and encourage its wholesale production, some generous critic accuses me of denouncing "men and dogs that have incurred my displeasure." I do not ask "Saxon" and his friends to turn from the road they are on. In the most friendly manner I gave them timely warning. If a man throws himself into the water, what is the use of pulling him out until he has been in long enough to teach him better than go there again?

Have I advised "Saxon" and his friends to breed to Beaufort since that dog became my property? I think not. It is sufficient for me to know that my opinion of the dog as expressed in FOREST AND STREAM twelve months before I purchased him has been indorsed by every competent judge who has seen him. What I then wrote is a clear denial of "Saxon's" statement that I said the dogs imported into this country were scrubs. Here it is. FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 16, 1883: "There are many good-looking dogs here, but few are ever produced equal to the imported stock, and this fact supports me in what I stated before I had been here many months, that good pointers cannot be produced unless people go to work very differently from what they are doing. No judgment seems to be used, and bitches are bred from at random to the most unsuitable sires. There is no denying this, and yet America can boast of having bred Beaufort, who is in my opinion, the best pointer living that I have seen." The dog now stands in the stud as the best pointer dog living. If "Saxon" can find one to beat him why don't he say so and let us come to business. My offer to show him for any reasonable sum against any other dog, is still open.

"Saxon" asks for evidence that Beaufort is a great stud dog. Here it is. The dog has been in the stud one year only. He sired the first, second, vhc. and hc. winners in one class at Washington, 1884. One of the papers said the class was the best ever seen in America. He sired the winning bitch and the winning puppies at the same show, also the first prize puppy at New Haven, and the first prize winner at New York, 1884. Mr. Littlejohn, I know, has refused $500 for a son of his, Fritz, who, by the way, is probably the best lemon and white pointer dog in America. Compare the FOREST AND STREAM'S critique on this dog with what the paper said of Croxteth's get. "We greatly admired Fritz, who won first. He is very good all over, with no striking faults, and does great credit to his sire, Beaufort." Tell me, "Saxon," where the dog is by Croxteth that would stand a ghost of a chance of success alongside of Fritz.

"Saxon" was joking when he said that not one of Beaufort's get has been considered good enough to start in a field trial. A very fair statement to make about a dog that has only been in the stud twelve months. How many of Croxteth's get had run in a trial twelve months after Mr. Macdona landed with him in America? Try again, "Saxon." Unfortunately I do not own any of Beaufort's get that are old enough to compete against Croxteth's; but I know where to find them, and if the owners make no objection, I will show two young dogs by him against anything "Saxon" can produce, either for money or a handsome piece of plate, $100 forfeit. Conditions—Men of honor and experience to be the judges. I am willing to leave the selection in the hands of the FOREST AND STREAM, or I shall be glad to entertain any reasonable proposal "Saxon" may wish to make. Inclosed please find my check for $100. CHARLES H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26, 1885.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL FUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Lincoln Fund—

Amounts previously acknowledged		$600
Through FOREST AND STREAM for "Lillibullero"		5
Through New England Kennel Club:		
Arthur W. Pope	$10	
J. A. Nickerson	5	
T. C. Faxon	5	
Chas. E. Shaw	5	
H. W. Smith	5	
C. Fred Crawford	5	
Dr. Geo. Walton	5	
Ashmont Kennels	5	
Winthrop Jordan	2—	47
Total to date		$652

ELLIOT SMITH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.

A FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An attempt will be again made during the coming fanciers' show to organize an American fox-terrier club. The secretary of the fanciers' show, Mr. Chas. R. Harker, has with great courtesy offered every assistance should the effort come to aught. I have written personally to most of our fox-terrier men asking them to be present on the 10th prox., at Madison Square Garden, and that Mr. Harker has promised to give us every accommodation to facilitate the meeting. Now that this breed has become such a feature at our shows, it is very desirable that a standard be accepted to judge them. Looking through the exhibits at any large show in this country, you will find many prizes winners of different types.—EDWARD KELLY.

DOGS FOUND.—A correspondent writes that he knows the whereabouts of a red Irish setter that was advertised a few weeks ago, but has forgotten the owner's address. A reward of $25, and subsequently of $50, was offered. Our correspondent does not wish the reward, but will give the owner information regarding the dog if he will communicate with him through FOREST AND STREAM.

A black and white setter dog, near Newark, N. J. The owner can have same by addressing "16-Bore," care FOREST AND STREAM office, city.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB'S SHOW.—The managers of the New York Fanciers' Club's show, to be held at Madison Square Garden Feb. 4 to 11 have added classes for fox-terriers to the list which was published in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 15. The prizes are: Dogs, $10, $5, and certificate; bitches the same; puppies, $8, $4, and certificate. There will also be a special cash prize for the best litter of puppies under six months old. Entries close Jan. 31. Chas. R. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street, New York.

RULE 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest in your issue of to-day the correspondence between Messrs. Mason and Cornell. Doubtless the former gentleman thinks that the two letters as published are complete in themselves. They are. But had he desired to enter further into controversy with the W. K. C., he might have made to Mr. Cornell's curt reply the yet more curt rejoinder that in law fraud vitiates all rules—even Rule 12 of the W. K. C.—MEAT-HAWK (Jan. 22).

KNICKERBOCKER KENNEL CLUB.—Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 26, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, held Jan. 16, 1885, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. T. Greene; Vice-President, G. W. Waite; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. L. Wilms; Recording Secretary, L. F. Brigham; Treasurer, Wm. Hepsley; Executive Committee, M. Mills, Geo. H. Piercey and Geo. L. Wilms.—G. L. W.

MAX WENZEL'S CHIEF MISSING.—We have received a note from Mr. Max Wenzel stating that his red Irish setter dog Chief has strayed away. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. Wenzel, whose address is Hoboken, N. J.

FOWLER, the Moodus, Conn., chap who once swindled so many men out of money for mythical dogs, has gone into the quack medicine stamp swindling business.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Satire. By J. S. Gwathmey, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver pointer dog, whelped April 18, 1884 (champion Knickerbocker, A.K.R. 19—Peg Peg, A.K.R. 920).

Fairy Glen. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1884, by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99).

Count Fosco. By Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., for black and white English setter dog, whelped June 10, 1884, by Dash III. out of Donna (Druid—Dryad).

Dr. Hersey, Honest Dave, Edgewood, Overman, Backman and Kitty Wells. By Eugene A. Austin, Providence, R. I., for English setters, five dogs and one bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1884, by Cash Boy (Cashier—Flake) out of Katydid II. (Dash III.—Katydid).

Count Paris II. and Paris Boy. By J. S. Bailey, Boston, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Aug. 1, 1884, by Count Paris (Royal Blue—Modjeska) out of Daisy Starlight (Lelaps—Starlight).

Glen Onoko. By the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Ruby S. (A.K.R. 512).

Count Knick and Mamie G. By the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointers, dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1884, by champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19) out of Lady Mabel (A.K.R. 461).

Romie S. By Charles R. Squire, Troy, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Ruby S. (A.K.R. 512).

Emeline B. By Charles R. Squire, Troy, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Colleen Bawn (A.K.R. 507).

Klopstock. Krön and Kleine. By C. F. Tufts, Lancaster, Mass., for rough-coated St. Bernards, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1884, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Bruner (A.K.R. 706).

Highland Dick. By H. F. Amsden, Boston, Mass., for black, with white on breast, English setter dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1880, by Pratt's Trim (Duke—St. Kilda) out of Smut (Pete—Queen Bess).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Wanda—Tom. The Sans Souci Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Wanda (A.K.R. 1924) to their Tom, Jan. 14.

Gipsy—Ober. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gipsy to the Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennels' Ober (A.K.R. 855).

Beauty—Napoleon. The City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1360) to their Napoleon, Jan. 5.

Me-Dina—Lava Rock. The Diamond State Kennels' (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Me-Dina (A.K.R. 824) to their Lava Rock (A.K.R. 269), Jan. 22.

Nettle—Mixture. W. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettle (A.K.R. 1704) to John E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), Dec. 17, 1884.

Eria—Rush. Frank Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Eria (Rake II.—Browny) to E. Orgill's champion Rush (A.K.R. 357), Nov. 24, 1884.

Lucid—Emperor Fred. H. Hedeman's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lucid (A.K.R. 176) to E. A. Herzberg's Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 33), Jan. 8.

Birdie—Knickerbocker. Fred Smith's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Birdie (Stocking—Lady Mab) to champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19), Jan. 21.

Nun—Hermit. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nun (A.K.R. 24) to their champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Jan. 16.

Topsy—Young Toby. Mr. Whiteside's (West Boylston, Mass.) pug bitch Topsy to Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby (A.K.R. 473), Jan. 11.

Belle—President. L. G. Dickinson's bull-terrier bitch Belle to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208), Jan. 4.

Onyx—Keno. John Clary & Sons' (Worcester, Mass.) mastiff bitch Onyx (A.K.R. 1769) to their Keno (A.K.R. 1766), Dec. 2, 1884.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Donna. C. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) English setter bitch Donna (Druid—Dryad), Nov. 17, 1884, eight (three dogs), by Dash III.; all black and white.

Lassie. The Sans Souci Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 1920), Jan. 19, seven, by their Tom; one dead.

Venom III. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Venom III. (Scamp—Nance), Dec. 26, 1884, five (three dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.).

Dashing Jessie. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 815), Jan. 14, six (four dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616); one dog lemon and white, the others black, white and tan.

Patience. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Patience, Jan. 18, one dog, by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Brenner. C. F. Tufts's (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Brenner (A.K.R. 706), Nov. 19, 1884, seven (four dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Teaser. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1097), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. Kleiner, same place.

Leone. Greyhound bitch, age and pedigree not given, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to John A. Doolittle, same place.

Nelson II. Black and tan collie dog (A.K.R. 1750), by A. R. Kyle, Grace Point, Mich., to Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lorraine. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1884 (Cæsar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne II., A.K.R. 489), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to Dr. W. S. Webb, same place.

Bruno—Elsa whelps. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog and bitch, age not given, by the Millbrook Kennels, New York, to W. S. Haviland, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lava Rock. Imported English setter dog (A.K.R. 269), by the Diamond State Kennels, St. George's, Del., to E. W. Jester, same place.

Satire. Liver pointer dog, whelped April 18, 1884 (Knickerbocker—Peg Peg), by H. C. Miller, Hudson, N. Y., to J. S. Gwathmey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lucid. Blue belton English setter bitch (A.K.R. 176), by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., to H. Hideman, same place.

Bessie. Black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped May 4, 1884 (Dick—Daisy), by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to H. E. Twombley, Boston, Mass.

Blue Belle. Blue belton English setter bitch (A.K.R. 99), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616)—Blue Belle whelps. One blue belton and two lemon belton English setter bitches, whelped Nov. 22, 1884, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Dashwood. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 10, 1884 (Dash III.—Donna), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to George F. Clark, same place.

Glen Onoko. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 1, 1884 (Glencho—Ruby S.), by Chas R. Squire, Troy, N. Y., to the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J.

Knickerbocker—Lady Isabel whelps. Lemon and white pointer bitches, whelped Nov. 2, 1884, by the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., one to Charles R. Squire, Troy, N. Y., and one to Geo. Waite, Elizabeth, N. J.

Bobolink. Black, white and tan English setter dog (A.K.R. 1167), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to A. Scherer, Fountain City, Wis.

Klopstock, Krön and Kleine. Rough coated St. Bernards, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Nov. 10, 1884 (Hermit—Brenner), by C. F. Tufts, Lancaster, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, same place.

Ivry. Smooth-coated St. Bernard, age not given (Cæsar—Brunhild), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to J. G. B. Smith, Worcester, Mass.

Knight. Smooth-coated St. Bernard, age not given (Mentor II.—Brunhild), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to F. W. Webb, Baltimore, Md.

Sovereign. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 799), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to John Henry, New Orleans, La.

Teaser. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1937), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. Kleiner, same place.

WORMS IN DOGS.—One dose a cure. "Rhiwlas, Bala, North Wales, Sept. 21, 1874. I gave a Naldire's Powder to a collie on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the powder effectual.—R. LLOYD PRICE." *Naldire's Worm Powders*, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York. Price $1.00. Manufacturers: Wright & Holdsworth, 3 Spur street, London, England.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

AN ACCEPTED FACT.—It is well known that Humphreys' admirable homeopathic remedies have been used extensively, not only in this country, but abroad, and with the most gratifying results. And it is also well known that nine-tenths of all diseases may be cured promptly if proper means are at hand, or applied at once. Humphreys' list of homeopathic specifics contains remedies adapted to any morbid condition which it is proper for the family to treat; and especially for all those diseases whose attack is sudden, and where prompt aid is demanded. Also for those delicate ailments which it may be unpleasant to disclose to a strange physician, and yet a freedom from which contributes so much to the happiness of life. The great feature of Dr. Humphreys' system is that in the administration of medicines prepared by a skillful physician who has devoted his life to the subject, all embarrassment in the selection of the proper remedy is avoided. Moreover, they are efficient and reliable, and it is indisputable that people who habitually use them have less sickness, better health and live longer than others. The specifics may be obtained in single vials or in cases at all homeopathic and other drug stores; also from the general depot at 109 Fulton street, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

MILITARY RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The rules defining the military rifle as laid down in the regulations of both our own N. R. A. and that of Great Britain are very unsatisfactory, and it is very much to be desired that they be so modified as to be intelligible and in conformity with modern conditions.

It has been observed that our definitions are so vague as to be susceptible of almost any construction that the directors, for the time being, may see fit to put upon them, while those of Great Britain are entirely behind the times.

The definition of the rifle itself is well enough—that governing the sights being in need of revision, I therefore submit the following, in the hope that it may call forth criticism from those interested, and thus that something tangible may be evolved.

MILITARY SIGHTS.

Foresight—May be of the pattern adopted by the U. S. Government for their service rifle, or of that on the Borchardt military gun. [The British N. R. A. objected to this sight as not being strong enough to stand the rough handling of field service. The answer is that it has stood the roughest handling that our troops on the plains and many frontiersman and scouts could give it, and this it will be admitted is a pretty thorough test.]

Backsight.—The backsight must be attached to the barrel in front of the lock [In the ordinary rifle this requirement would seem to be absurd, as it could not be attached to the barrel anywhere else; but in the bolt guns, such as the Hotchkiss, Lee, etc., it might be placed behind the bolt where, though a better sight might be taken from the back position, it would interfere with the manipulation of the action.] and must comply with the following conditions:

First—To be strong enough for service purposes.

Second—To be so simple of construction that its use can be readily understood by men of ordinary intelligence already familiar with the use of the Springfield or similar rear sight. [This would preclude the use of verniers.]

Third—To be so easy of manipulation as to admit of the rapid adjustment both of elevation and wind gauge, for any range that may be required in skirmish firing. [Some of the recent so-called military sights, which are nothing more than the sporting vernier sights, only considerably complicated, are far from filling this condition. To illustrate this: Suppose a party of sharpshooters armed with rifles furnished with these sights, to be firing at an enemy 1,000 or 1,200yds. off, and to be suddenly attacked by a skirmish party at short range, a condition of affairs that might very readily occur. They would be reduced to the alternative of holding under some 10 or 15ft., in returning the fire, or be compelled to waste two or three precious minutes in adjusting their sights to the new conditions, and it is a notorious fact, that when men are under fire, it takes twice as long to perform an operation of this kind as it does under less unpleasant circumstances. In any case it will be admitted that our sharpshooters, as described above, are at a great disadvantage.]

Fourth—Aperture.—The back sight may be fitted with an aperture provided that it shall also have a notch for sighting over the bar, and that the sight can be adjusted to use either aperture or notch. [The reason for allowing the aperture is to be found in the peculiar atmospheric conditions that are frequently met with in this country. With a strong mirage the object aimed at will appear to dance along the top of the bar, and will appear so distorted that aiming becomes a matter of guess work, and the gun will never be held twice exactly alike. The aperture corrects this distortion in a great degree, and the gun can be held with reasonable accuracy on the same point for successive shots. In dark, overcast weather the object cannot be seen with sufficient distinctness through the aperture, hence the necessity of the open sight, which is also best for rapid shooting at all times.]

Fifth—Spirit Level.—A spirit lever may be employed provided that it is attached to the backsight and in such a manner that it does not interfere with the instant adjustment of the elevation and wind gauge for any range. [Several of the military sights introduced do not fill this condition. In these the spirit level must be detached from the sight altogether for ranges under 800yds. See remarks on skirmish firing.] If thought desirable the spirit level may be made detachable and when not in use may be carried in a recess made for it in the stock of the gun, similar to the patch box on the old muzzleloading rifle. [I think that there can be no valid objection to the employment of the spirit level as described above. It is so placed as to be more effective than if fastened on the front side as in the sporting rifle. It is out of harm's way so as to be little liable to damage, and if it does happen to get broken the gun is in no way disabled. While its utility, I had almost said necessity, at long range is unquestionable, I believe that most of those who object to the use of the spirit level as an unnecessary refinement have had so little experience in long range work that they fail to comprehend the great advantage to be derived from its adoption. If any of these are still unconvinced after having given it a fair trial they may readily remove it from their guns, and those who retain it will certainly not be handicapped thereby. In conclusion I think that a simple, strong and practical service sight may be constructed complying with these conditions and that shall also possess all the refinements requisite for accurate long range work. The necessity for these refinements become more apparent as the range is increased, and it is quite probable that with the improvement in the construction of this gun and its ammunition still going on, we shall see matches shot at ranges now thought impracticable, possibly 1,500 or even 2,000 yards. JAMES DUANE.

MOTT HAVEN, Jan. 25, 1885.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK, N. J.—The first tournament for the present season opened very quietly on the range of the Frelinghuysen Club. The plan is to have a series of matches until each range in the central body has been fired over. There is little interest taken in the contests, but it is hoped that before the end of the winter something of the old-time enthusiasm will be shown. The shooting was at gallery distance, at the combined Zettler-Creedmoor target. The scores stood:

Domestic Rifle Club.	Zettler.	Creedmoor.
J Reynolds 9 10 9 11 12 12 10 9 11 10—103		44
B Jeffrey 12 11 10 11 12 8 8 12 11 9—105		46
J Long 12 9 10 10 12 8 8 10 12 3— 96		42
W Wadams 10 12 11 11 10 11 8 9 11 10—104		45
J Dainty 10 12 11 11 10 11 8 9 11 10—103—513		45—222
Celluloid Rifle Club.		
F Parberry 11 11 9 11 10 12 10 7 9 7— 97		41
W Vreeland 11 12 11 10 11 12 12 10 11 8—108		46
W A Coe 10 12 9 10 11 10 12 11 12 11—108		45
C F Jackson 9 10 9 11 10 10 11 10 11 9—100		43
W Bachellor 5 3 10 1 10 7 11 6 10 10— 80—493		36—211
Warren Rifle Club.		
C Waag 6 9 8 11 10 11 4 9 9 11— 88		39
Wm Nunley 10 12 9 10 11 12 10 9 9 11—103		43
Wm Alexander 11 8 12 9 2 11 11 11 9 10— 94		41
Jas O'Neil 12 8 9 10 6 12 10 9 10 10— 96		42
Henry Cox 12 12 2 10 5 10 12 12 9 9— 87—468		39—204
Frelinghuysen Rifle Club.		
Geo D Weighman 12 11 11 11 12 12 11 12 11 11—114		50
A C Neumann 10 8 12 7 11 12 11 10 11 11—103		45
E O Chase 8 10 11 12 12 9 11 10 10 12—105		45
W Waltzinger 11 10 7 10 10 12 9 7 11 9— 96		41
J K Walsh 11 10 12 12 11 10 10 10 11 10—107		45
J L Tobin 9 10 12 11 11 12 12 11 11 11—111		48
Geo Gimmer 11 11 10 12 11 10 10 12 10 12—109		46
F Lynn 10 11 11 12 11 11 6 12 12 11—110		43
S Shackelford 11 8 11 10 10 11 6 12 11 10—100		44
F Tinte 9 9 4 12 12 11 10 11 4 12— 98—1053		38—450
Essex Rifle Club, Second Team.		
Wm Germayne 11 10 12 10 11 12 12 12 11 11—112		46
Wm Watts 12 8 11 12 11 11 11 12 12 11—111		49
Pop Dutcher 11 11 11 11 11 12 8 10 11 12—103		47
J Beyer 9 9 11 11 10 12 12 11 9—104		45
8 11 10 9 11 12 8 9 9 10— 97— 532		43—230
Essex Rifle Club, First Team.		
E Neil 9 12 9 11 11 12 10 11 9 11—105		45
J Coppersmith 12 12 12 11 11 12 10 11 11 11—113		49
F Suelling 12 11 10 12 12 10 12 11 11 12—113		48
J McCallum 12 9 11 12 8 11 11 11 11 12—108		47
C Meisel 10 11 10 8 10 10 10 11 12 10—102— 541		48—232

GALLERY SHOOTING.—The latest novelty in the pistol and rifle shooting world at Conlin's Gallery, 1,225 Broadway, cor. Thirty-first street, is the competition between the Americans and the French, at the Gastinne Renette, or Parisian target. The Americans have done well so far, and from present appearances they bid fair to defeat the best shooters of the French capital, as they have done in the English and Irish cities. Another new feature is the introduction of the .22-cal. repeating rifle and the Dr. Carver mode of shooting, at which some good work has already been accomplished. Mr. George Bird fired 25 shots in 35 seconds, making a score of 109 in a possible 125, at a reduced Creedmoor target. Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler made with the same gun 49 bullseyes out of 50 shots at the word. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., made 27 bullseyes out of 29 shots with the same gun. The following are some of the scores and fancy shots made lately at Conlin's:

Frederick Sands, at swinging target, 1in. bullseye, 49 in a possible 50.

R. V. R. Schuyler split 7 cards in 10 shots, hit 12 pipes in 13 shots, hit 11 No. 000 buckshot at the word, hit 9 pipe stems in 10 shots at the word.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr., with pistol, hit 9 pipes in 10 shots.

J. T. B. Collins, at French targets, 68 in a possible 84, at 16 metres.

Maynard Bixby split 7 cards in 10 shots, hit 11 No. 000 buckshot at the word.

W. K. Griffen split 7 cards in 10 shots, hit 8 pipe stems in 10 shots.

Chas. F. Jones split 3 cards in 6 shots with pistol.

Edward Kelly split card on first and third shot with pistol.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 20.—Record of shooting of the N. Y. P. & O. Club, Jan. 7, 8 and 9, distance 40 rods; rifles, any "baby cannon" under 30 pound's weight; targets of 10 shots, string measure, from center of ball hole to center of target; any sights allowed, gun to be held to the shoulder, with muzzle rest of any description, and slide blocks under breech of gun. All guns above thirty pounds as shot, to be handicapped. The following are the eight highest scores, measuring each 10-shot string by inches and sixteenths:

H. F. Hart, Rochester, N. Y.			H. V. Perry, Jamestown, N. Y.		
1st day. 3 strings, 30.02, av. 10.01			1st day..3 strings, 41.12, av. 13 14		
2d day. 6 strings, 74 03, av. 12.06			2d day..6 strings, 71.11, av. 11.15		
3d day..5 strings, 62.00, av. 12.06			3d day..5 strings, 85.11, av. 17.02		
14	166.05	11.14	14	199.02	14.04
R. O. Rice, Warren, O.			B. Garfield, Salamanca, N. Y.		
1st day..3 strings, 60.00, av. 20.00			1st day..3 strings, 46.10, av. 15.09		
2d day..4 strings, 45.12, av. 11.07			2d day..6 strings, 82.15, av. 13.13		
3d day..5 strings, 79.13, av. 15.15			3d day..5 strings, 88.04, av. 17.10		
12	185.09	15.07	14	217.13	15.09
E. Rawdon, Ohio.			H. V. Goetchins, Titusville, Pa.		
1st day..3 strings, 50.10, av. 16.14			2d day. 4 strings, 69.10, av. 17.06		
2d day. 6 strings, 86.00, av. 14.05			3d day..1 string, 10.02, av. 10.02		
3d day..5 strings, 85.04, av. 17.01			5	79.12	15.15
14	221.14	15.14			
Geo. H. Frank, Oil City, Pa.			P. E. Hall, Ohio.		
1st day..3 strings, 54.08, av. 18.03			1st day..2 strings, 30.10, av. 15.05		
2d day..6 strings, 93.00, av. 15.08			2d day..4 strings, 62.12, av. 13.03		
3d day..3 strings, 42.10, av. 14.03			3d day..5 strings, 97.13, av. 19 09		
12	195.02	16.05	11	191.03	17 06

The above shooting was done with muzzleloaders. BLANK.

BOSTON.—There was not a large attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, but those that were there enjoyed themselves. The weather was much too inclement to admit of out-door shooting, so the shooters lowered a window at the top and shot through the opening. In this manner the day's shooting was done, and although the wind was a difficult one to control, Mr. Fellows succeeded in making a fine 83 in the victory medal match:

Practice Match—Decimal Target.

J N Johns	6 9 8 5 8 10 7 8 6 10—77
H Smith	5 8 7 6 10 8 7 9 7 5—72
J A Black	6 5 8 6 6 9 5 8 9 7—70
A J Carr	9 5 8 10 4 6 8 6 6 8—70

Creedmoor Prize Match.

J Francis 5654454564—46	N F Tufts 4533443452—38
R Davis 4444555545—45	

Victory Medal Match.

J B Fellows	7 9 9 7 8 7 10 9 7 10—85
R Reed	7 9 10 10 5 7 8 7 8 9—75
J A Black	8 8 6 7 9 6 4 9 9 8—74
A J Carr	9 5 9 5 6 6 9 5 4 8—66

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB.—Jan 23.—12-ring target, possible 120: G. Zimmermann 118, M. Dorrler 118, C. Rein 117, E. Holzmann 116, H. Gunther 111, J. Schneider 111, J. Schrarder 111, A. Stolzenberger 110, W. A. Ross 108, S. F. C. Weber 105, J. Wettje 105, J. Jordon 104, B. Wragge 104, H. Wasmuth 103, H. Miller 101, D. Holland 100, G. Wendelken 99, J. F. Campbell 98, H. Zubiller 97, D. Lowitzki 96, A. Shaw 95.—A. LOBER, Secretary.

THE PLUGGED PISTOL AGAIN.—High Point, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once upon a time, when I was younger than I am now, I owned a large Remington army revolver, with which I was in the habit of amusing myself. One day I loaded it up and emptied the cylinder at a barrel on the edge of the river, 100yds. away. Not seeing any of the bullets splash the water nor kick up the dust, and not finding any marks on the barrel I was puzzled as to the whereabouts of the bullets, but on attempting to clean the pistol, found the six bullets lodged in the barrel of the pistol. I attributed the lodging to the hardness of the bullets, which were moulded from scraps of anything that would melt, such as scraps of zinc, pewter, britannia, lead, etc.—OSAGE.

THE TRAP.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 21.—A brilliant assembly of shooters met together at the above shoot, to carry through the programme which was of unusually attractive character, the match between Messrs. Eager and Stark producing great excitement. The wind blew strong; otherwise the day was fine and well adapted for the sport. Being looked upon as the final chance of practice for the grand tournament in New Orleans, the traps were carefully set at their hardest, the angle of elevation being kept within the limits of 15 to 20 degrees, and also solid to the trapsland, thus giving the clays their fullest flight. Prizes for the best averages through the day were taken, first, W. S. Perry; second, H. W. Eager and W. L. Davis; third, O. R. Dickey.

First event, 5 singles, 1 trap, 18yds.: Kirkwood 3, Wilbur 3, Dennis 5, Gerrish 4, Sampson 4, Allen 2, Davis 5, Gilman 5, Evans 2, Eager 4, Perry 4, Dickey 5, Alden 2, Cooper 3, Field 2, Clark 2, Gray 0, Tinker 3, Hall 3, Gilman, Dickey, Dennis and Davis first, Eager second, Cooper third, and Allen fourth.

Second event, 3 pairs doubles: Eager 6, Sampson 4, Kirkwood 4, Perry 5, Field 1, Dickey 5, Gilman 4, Wilbur 3, Allen 4, Davis 6, Dennis 6, Gerrish 3, Hall 6, Gray 3, Cooper 3, Tinker 3, Clark 3, Evans 3. Dennis first, Perry and Dickey second, Kirkwood and Allen third, Wilbur and Gerrish fourth.

Third event, 7 singles, 18yds., 1 trap: Kirkwood 6, Wilbur 3 Gilman 4, Cooper 6, Dennis 4, Allen 5, Dickey 4, Sampson 5, Gerrish 3, Tinker 5, Davis 5, Eager 4, Clark 4, Evans 3, Hall 3, Perry 7 Gray 2, Field 3. Perry first, Kirkwood and Cooper second, Sampson third, Gilman fourth.

Fourth event, 3 pair doubles, 15yds.: Eager 4, Kirkwood 1, Wilbur 4, Gerrish 5, Dennis 2, Davis 6, Perry 5, Clark 2, Gray 4, Tinker 2, Field 4, Cooper 4, Gilman 3, Dickey 6, Allen 4, Evans 3. Davis and Dickey first, Gerrish and Eager second, Field third, Gilman and Evans fourth.

Fifth event, 7 singles, 5 traps: Kirkwood 3, Wilbur 3, Gerrish 4, Eager 5, Dickey 4, Schaefer 4, Dennis 4, Perry 6, Stark 3, Cooper 5, Gilman 3, Sampson 3, Allen 5, Davis 4, Faulkner 1, Tinker 2, Gray 3. Perry first, Eager and Cooper second, Dickey, Dennis and Davis third, and Gilman fourth.

Sixth event, 3 pair doubles: Kirkwood 0, Dennis 3, Gerrish 3, Eager 3, Dickey 4, Wilbur 3, Snow 5, Black 4, Clark 4, Nichols 2, Perry 6, Cooper 4, Stark 4, Tinker 3, Field 5. Schaefer 2, Davis 4. Perry first, Snow and Field second, Stark third, Wilbur fourth.

Seventh event, 5 singles, 18yds.: Gerrish 3, Kirkwood 2, Snow 3, Allen 3, Williams 2, Faulkner 1, Smith 0, Davis 2, Gray 3, Stark 3, White 3, Black 5, Cooper 5, Nichols 3, Eager 4, Wilbur 1, Gilman 4, Alden 1, Dickey 5, Sampson 2, Dennis 2, Schaefer 3, Perry 3, Evans 2 Black, Cooper and Dickey first, Eager and Gilman second, Gerrish and Stark third, Kirkwood, Gray and Sampson fourth.

Eighth event—Special match between C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., and H. W. Eager, of Marlboro, Mass., at 50 singles and 25 doubles; singles at 5 traps:

C. M. Stark.

Singles	1111111111010101110011101101111111111111110110—43
D'ls	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 01 10 00 11 10 10 11 01 00 11—34—77

H. W. Eager.

Singles	1101100111010111011100111011100100111001011111—34
D'ls	11 11 11 11 10 01 10 10 11 11 11 11 10 01 11 01 11 01 01 11 11 10 10 15—38—72

The match began at 1:30 and finished at 2 o'clock. Each train up to the time of shooting brought additional accessions of spectators, showing that the reputation of the shooters was well known throughout New England. Messrs. Gerrish and Perry judged, Mr. Cooper, referee. Everything passed off in an admirable manner, and although there were many partisans of both, the best of feeling existed right through. The thirty-fourth bird banked, making one-half of one per cent. for the match.

Ninth event, 2-man team match, 7 singles and 3 pair doubles each:

Singles.		Doubles.		
H W Eager	1011111—6	11	11	01—5
W S Perry	0111111—6—12	10	11	11—5—10—22
C H Dennis	0101010—3	10	10	10—3
O R Dickey	1110111—6— 9	10	10	10—3— 6—15
C H Gerrish	0100111—4	11	00	10—3
A F Cooper	1111100—5— 9	10	10	11—4— 7—16
C D Gilman	1011010—4	01	00	10—2
W L Davis	1110110—5— 9	11	11	10—5— 7—16
C M Stark	0001100—2	11	10	10—4
E W Law	0001011—3— 5	10	10	11—4— 8—13
R Schaefer	1110111—6	11	11	11—6
G A Sampson	1111101—6—12	10	00	11—3— 9—21

Eager and Perry first, Schaefer and Sampson second, Gerrish and Cooper fourth.

Tenth event, 3 pair doubles: Eager 5, Perry 5, Dennis 2, Kirkwood 2, Wilbur 3, Dickey 3, Smith 3, Faulkner 2, Davis 1, Dutton 2, Gerrish 5, Schaefer 5, Stark 4, Sampson 4, Allen 2, Snow 3, Field 3. Black 4, Evans 4, Cooper 4, Hunter 4. Eager first, Stark, Black and Evans second, Field third, Kirkwood, Faulkner and Allen fourth.

Eleventh event, 20 singles: Eager 15, Stark 14, Cooper 11, Perry 18, Dickey 17, Gerrish 12. Perry first, Dickey second. Eager third.

Twelfth event, 5 singles, 5 traps: Perry 4, Eager 3, Stark 4, Smith 3, Faulkner 4, Stanton 2, Dennis 1, Dickey 1, Black 2, Snow 5, Hunter 3, Sampson 1, Gilman 1, Davis 2, Wilbur 2, Cooper 4, Dutton 3, Allen 1, Hart 1, Gerrish 5, Field 4, Hunnewell 2, Moore 2, Schaefer 2, Kirkwood 5. Kirkwood, Snow and Gerrish first, Perry and Stark second, Eager third, Davis and Schaefer fourth.

Thirteenth event, 3 pair doubles, 20yds.: Kirkwood 3, Eager 4, Simpson 3, Snow 5, Dickey 6, Stark 3, Field 2, Perry 5, Davis 5, Gerrish 3, Black 3. Dickey first, Perry second, Eager third, Gerrish and Black fourth.

Fourteenth event, 5 singles: Kirkwood 5, Stark 5, Perry 4. Sampson 2. Black 2, Eager 3, Gerrish 3, Dickey 3, Davis 3, Hart 3. Stark first, Kirkwood and Perry second, Eager third, Black fourth.

Fifteenth event, 3 straightaways: Gerrish and Black first, Dickey second, Snow and Davis third.

This finished the regular events of the day, and when the last shooter had left the platform few would have believed that some 7 bags of shot and some 40 pounds of powder had, not long before, been hurled after the featherless doves of Cincinnati.

UNION vs. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The return match between these two clubs took place at the grounds of the former club, Spring Valley, on the 24th inst., and proved a very pleasant affair. The day opened with a very unpropitious outlook as to weather, mist, drizzle and fog, and as the Jersey boys are not much on the clay-saucer racket, very few responded—barely a half dozen, where a score were expected. But they missed a more than good time. Let a challenge come from any club in the United States or the universe at live birds for 25, 30 or 40 men a side, and the J. C. H. are ready always. The Union boys showed themselves to be equal to the occasion; met the delegation from Jersey City at the depot, and escorted them to the hotel. After a bounteous dinner at which, of course, there were many good things said and done, etc., they repaired to the grounds. The Union Club is a young club as yet, but it contains among its members some of the best disciples of the trigger and prominent citizens of its vicinity. When such a genial master of ceremonies as Col. Townsend, assisted by such efficient aids as Dr. Grindle and Tomkins are on hand, no visiting club can feel but that it is good to be there—even if they are beat. These friendly shoots even at mud saucers or glass balls are a good thing. It brings the boys together socially, and where will you find a more whole-souled or genial class of men than the lovers of the gun and dog? The J. C. H. boys had a good time, and they hope soon to see the Unions again on their own grounds at Marion, when the result as to score may be different. The following is the score in brief:

Union.	Killed.	Missed.	J. C. H.	Killed.	Missed.
Tomkins	7	3	J Von Lengerke	8	2
Jersey	6	4	Heritage	5	2
Fisher	7	3	Van Brunt	7	3
Van Riper	6	4	Baker	7	3
Christopher	7	3	Yerrington	5	5
Blackledge	6	4	Lichtenberg	7	3
	39	21		42	18

—JACOBSTAFF.

CANARSIE, Long Island, Jan. 19.—Glass-ball match, between the Parkville Gun Club, of Parkville, L. I., and the Canarsie Gun Club, of Canarsie, at 20 balls each, 18yds. rise, revolving traps. Mr. James Clark, who shot with the Parkville club, did very well considering that this was his first attempt. After the match we all repaired to the oyster stews, which the Canarsie boys had prepared. Another match will take place Jan. 23. Score:

Parkville.	Canarsie.
J Miller...11101111101111110011—16	Homan....11111111101111111111—19
E Miller...11111101111101111111—18	McEvoy ..11101100101111111111—16
Magnus...01101010011111111110—14	Kilcarth..01111101111101111100—15
Skidmore..10101111011111111101—16	Ennis ....11101011111111111111—17
Wise .....11111111111111011100—17	Winterb'g.11001111010010111000—11
Conover...01110011111010110110—14	Skidmore..01001111101111110010—13
Clark.....01011010100101031111—11	Baisley....11001111111111111111—18
106	109

CHARLESTOWN, Md.—The second match between Charlestown and Principio Gun Clubs was shot at the latter place on Tuesday, 20th inst. The Charlestown club was crippled, owing to the absence of one of its best shots, but managed to beat its opponents one ball. Richardson made the highest score, breaking some of his balls a distance of 60yds. Our club can now justly claim the championship of the county. Conditions; 15 glass balls, 21yds., Card's rotating trap:

Principio Team.	Charlestown Team.
John Wright...01111111100111—11	P K Barnes....00110111111111—12
Amos Rutter...01111011011111—12	H Richardson..11111111111111—15
Jas Rutter.....00111110011111—11	J U Graham...01110110011111—11
J E Jackson...11100101110111—11	R K Barnes....00111111110111—12
O Sentman.....01011100011001—8	Wm Gibson....00101010011101— 9
A P Jackson...10111111111111—14	Wm. Heverin...01111110110110—11
V Sentman.....11111111111111—15	Wes Wilson....10111111100111—12
W T Jackson...11111111101011—13	W H Graham..11111101111111—14
95	96

NARRAGANSETT GUN CLUB.—Weekly shoot, Jan. 2, notwithstanding the terribly cold weather a goodly number were present to contest. Valentine won first, a keg of powder, and Barney, of the Watchemoket Gun Club, second, half dozen napkin rings. The high wind and extreme cold tended materially to reduce the scores which were as follows:

B Valentine	1111111101111110101011010100—22
G Barney	1111010111111010111111000100—21
G J Crandall	1011101100100111010101100100—19
W H Sheldon	1011000110101101110011011110—19
G W Cary	1111011111010000111110100000—19
E S Luther	1111010110101111110000001100—18
C B Potter	0101001011111110000110101010—16
P O Wehosky	1100100101000010011011011100—16
C M Sheldon	0010111001010100101101000110—14
M Parker	0000110000100000000010090010— 5

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 23.—Capt. Bogardus returned to-day to the city from his home in Illinois, whither he went a few days ago to take his wife. The Captain says he will at once get to work practicing for his match with Andy Meaders, and in order to facilitate his practice as well as create some interest in clay-pigeon shooting among our local shots, he will put up to be shot for a valuable silver cup which he has won, which he will shoot for against six of the local marksmen. The conditions will be, he to kill 150 clay-pigeons and his six opponents to kill the same number, that is, each man to kill twenty-five; there is to be 18yds. rise, the birds to be sprung from the fourth notch. The terms of the Bogardus—Meaders match have been definitely determined. It will occur on Feb. 7 and 8, for $250, the winner to take all the gate money. The birds will be clay-pigeons, 100 singles at 18yds. rise, and 50 pairs of doubles at 15yds. rise. Capt. Meaders sent his forfeit money of $50 to New Orleans last Saturday and will leave for New Orleans on the evening of the 4th. At his last practice at the Fair Grounds he made a record of 90 out of 100 singles and 79 out of 100 doubles, the birds being sprung from five traps. This latter was a better record than was made by the winner of the Chicago cup last year, who won $1,400 on a record of 68 out of 100 doubles.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 24.—A trap and handle match between Wilms and Hethrington against Piercey and McNeil, all of New Jersey Gun Club, was decided Jan. 22, at their grounds at Marion, N. J. Each furnished for each other the best birds that could be got, and they proved all each party hoped for. Assisted by a strong wind, the boys got many an unlooked for "goose egg." Conditions were 10 birds each, 25yds. rise, ground traps, one barrel:

Piercy	110*000*1111—6	Wilbus	0011000*100—3
McNeil	1110011101—7—13	Hethringtou	1001110100—5—8

* Dead out of bounds.

THE CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.—Cincinnati, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The O. & M. Railway, by courtesy of the well-known sportsman, Gen. W. B. Shattuc, has placed a special through sleeping car at the disposal of sportsmen of this section to attend the above tournament. The train will leave here Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7 P. M., from the Grand Union Depot. Fare from Cincinnati for the round trip $13, good for 40 days; if returned within 15 days, a rebate of $5 will be allowed. Sleeper extra at $2 per night. All sportsmen who intend to go by way of Cincinnati should secure a berth now, either per Al. Bandle, 260 Main street, or per Julius Reis, 68 West Third street. Tickets to be obtained by addressing the latter.

"TRAP AND TRIGGER" is the name of a new paper started in Cincinnati, O., devoted to the general interests of sportsmen and to give special attention, we presume, to the subjects named. The first number makes a very creditable appearance.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 20.—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 11.—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18.—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25.—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 1.—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 15.—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Sept. 5.—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19.—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.

RACE FIXTURES FOR THE YEAR.

LIKE the first crocus from under the snow, very welcome, but not quite justified by the thermometer, comes the announcement of the fixtures of the Hull Y. C. for 1885, which heads our columns this week. Whatever excuse there may be in the season and the demands of other duties and amusements, all of our yacht clubs should, for their own sake, speedily follow the example of the Hull Y. C. and settle on the dates for the main events of the season. We have spoken to the same effect each year; but most of them are content to leave the matter until the last possible moment, by which time they are sure to interfere with some other event. About New York, the principal event of the season is the regatta week of the three largest clubs in June, and an early selection of dates by them will allow the smaller clubs to arrange their races so that they will not conflict. After June, the races at the Sound ports might be arranged with some reference to each other, as a step in the direction of the custom of making the rounds each season. Most of our yachts cruise East every summer, and with a little system and co-operation, races might easily be arranged at Larchmont, New Haven, New London, Greenport and other points, ending with the week in August at Newport, where the Eastern fleet, after a similar round, would join the New York yachts. Such a system would be much better than the club cruises now made each year, as the race day in each port would be the occasion for a general turn out of the local yachts, some of which would participate and accompany the fleet further.

Canoeists, bicyclers, and the patrons of other less prominent sports have realized the many advantages to be gained by union and co-operation, and have each formed a national association, with one system of rules for all clubs. The first in particular, a sport now but fifteen years old in America, has within five years formed a national association with an admirable system of government, has enlisted nearly a thousand members, and has adopted a thorough and systematic classification for its boats, which, with its sailing rules, is accepted as a standard by every canoeist in the country, and the canoeists are to-day further advanced in the matters of measurement and government, after five years, than our yacht clubs promise to be in the next decade. Yachtsmen may some day see a similar movement in yachting, a uniform system of measurement for all clubs, a general government to decide disputed questions, and several series of races, each open to and entered by all yachts within a reasonable distance. It will probably be some time before such an end is reached, but in the meantime it is within the power of every club to hasten that time by such an early arrangement of dates each year, settled as far as possible so as to permit of entries from other clubs, and we hope soon to have a long list to add to that of the Hull Y. C.

A SCHEME FOR CLUB QUARTERS.

IT is with great pleasure that I notice the formation of a new club devoted to a field not yet occupied in New York waters. The proposal to call into life an association dependent upon canoes, sneakboxes and small cruisers in general is an undertaking which deserves the heartiest support from your paper and co-operation from all boat owners. The time has arrived when small boats should assert their dignity through the wide-reaching influence of united action for the common benefit. In the hands of the right men, animated by the right spirit, there is a bright and beneficial career of prosperity ahead for a well-devised scheme upon which to combine small boats of any and all character. They can be numbered by the hundred in these latitudes, and as yet their light shines but under a bushel for lack of headquarters and the propagation of their kind through common action. We have no sympathy with open ballast shifters, for they are a bane to yachting in small boats, increasing the cost of construction and surrounding their sailing with all manner of hindrances, as well as fostering mistaken methods and ideals. Let such imitation yachting shift for itself. The sooner it comes to a natural end the better for the real sport which will survive. Yachting about New York has no need more urgent than a collective life, under which small craft may pool their issues and pull together for that recognition which is at present denied them for the very want of a habitation and a name, an existence as a powerful body instead of acting with desultory effect in individual capacity. Those whose heart is with the sport, in the sport, need not to be told of the absorbing interest which the designing and personal management of a small boat is certain to foster in every one the least addicted to muscular exercise, and corresponding ambition to learn and excel in the studious side the vast realm of nautical art and science offers to the earnest devotee. The manly aspect of yachting as well as the appreciation of the basic lore upon which the pastime is built, has made wonderful strides in America during five or more years past. Adepts, specialists, experts, have risen in swarms, and their influence has already given to yachting on a large scale a discriminating standard widely accepted as the law in such matters. But in the fleet of small yachts we have lagged. We have not yet laid out a course to be pursued with an eye to systematic advancement. Example is an all-powerful teacher in every walk of life, and example, intelligent example, by the leaders for the majority to accept, is still wanting in that chapter of sailorizing of which the small boat is the exponent. The small boat of the day is a despised article of furniture, with neither rank nor dignity conceded. She flourishes in a haphazard sort of way by permission, but fails to command the respect and attention her special adaptability to the end entitles her to claim.

I assume the objects of yachting are to be summed up in the development of health and strength to the body and the senses brought into play; and, second, in directing thought upon a path of investigation and experiment in all the branches relating to the build and the subsequent mastery of a tool of our own creation. There are those who endeavor to frown down or ridicule such a declaration, claiming in turn that yachting should be approached from the standpoint of a lounger attempting to while away time, profiting at most from the fresh sea air incidental to dawdling about afloat; a reputable substitute merely for the more disreputable occupation of hanging round the street corners, or perhaps an agreeable variation upon billiards and tippling. But I have never found those advancing such notions to be yachtsmen themselves or imbued with the masculine Olympian spirit which rejoices in athletic achievements, and prides itself upon physical prowess in competition. In countries where yachting has more fully ripened in its greater age than with us, that high measure has long been accepted which interprets the sport as an occupation for hardy men, ambitious to meet and conquer nature in all her wiles, unruly and turbulent the same as when wreathed in smiles of sunshine, with riplets musically lapping the bilge. And here in America time is certain to pilot us up to the same goal which insists upon recognizing a standard of bodily vigor and mental thoroughness as essential to the full realization of a diversion we should gladly hail as a chance to acquire and display drastic courage and intellectual pre-eminence.

The best evidence to hand which proves these views to be in accord with those of the thinking half of the yachting world is the success attained by FOREST AND STREAM. In spite of its policy of siding with a style of boat unpopular in earlier days, your paper has won the support of the masses, including even those whose views it most opposed. Espousing the cause of yachting as a dignified pursuit for manly men, you have distanced rivals who sought to climb into the public's affection by pandering to the effeminate, the purely social or picnic aspect, and whose labors have tended to degrade the sport from the plane of brawn and brain to the lower level of physical indolence and languid mental vacuity. We, in America, are not one whit behind other nations in muscle or mind, and we have the same aspirations in common with all possessed of strength to body and force of character. Emulation is our second nature. Those who proclaim American yachtsmen a crew of old hens incapable of worthier aim than to loll about forever under an awning, or drift from port to port in trifling weather, shirking that which involves a bold contest and a spice of hazardous adventure, know little how to estimate at full the stamina and pluck of our race. Persons who write all our yachtsmen down as sickly, puny kids, frightened at a salty dusting, ready to dive for the cabin or come to for the day the instant the plug is out overhead, are libellers of a people whose nerve and aggressive impulse have brought a continent underway. There may be some who yacht as old women, who don men's togs by an oversight of nature in bringing them forth. There are others, however, more than an offset, who are not only men is their outline structure, but in their tissue as well. Great Scott! They to yacht in the same way? Dawdle, dawdle, all time long, up the Sound and down the Sound, up and down again? Never! Not much. But the enemy is active in the camp. He is doing his best to befog the public mind, to hold up a counterfeit presentment of what the sport is or ought to be. He is piping the same old chicken-hearted tune. It is from the cowards who flinch at the mere mention of the work and self-denial, which ought to constitute the prime delights of yachting, that prosperity in the future has most to fear. Against these Bourbous and their womanish interpretation, it behooves the small-boat men to combine, so that in unity they may show their strength, and proffer to the public an example of what true yachting really is, and how it can be pursued upon a tithe of the outlay for large vessels, with gratification in full even to overflowing. Hence an honest effort to create a new club in which small boats shall be the biggest, and not merely a rag, tag and bobtail to vessels overawing them in pretensions, should find a quick and hearty response from all who have yachted in little craft, and from those who hang their affections by preference upon nominal tonnage, or expect some day to bend sail and twiddle the stick aboard a small thing which shall be thoroughly good, what there is of her.

Three things are necessary to the success of a club—headquarters, a safe anchorage and a policy.

HEADQUARTERS.—For this purpose nothing can equal an old hulk, a brig or a schooner, with lower masts standing, reasonably sound in her timbers and coppered if possible, with some of her ground tackle and old gear still on board. At auction or special occasion a suitable vessel, whose career in trade has been brought to a close through old age, can be bought for a song. As she stands, after cleaning and painting the hold she will serve the purpose. The cabins would constitute the room for general meeting. A port would be cut in the side, and a staging with an easy ascent moored alongside. This, with a companion ladder leading up to the deck, would do duty as a landing for yawls and punts pulling off to the yachts, and also as a convenience to canoeists and others, as they could lift their portable property out upon the staging and walk it up the incline, through the port in the vessel's side, landing the canoes in the hold as a boat house. The expenditure of a small sum would provide large and roomy "tops" at the masthead, these tops to be say 6x10ft., braced below from the mast and encircled by a light rail of stanchions and lifelines or by a combination of gas pipe. The tops would afford a magnificent view of the waters surrounding and the race course for the boats. Exercise and proficiency in "going aloft" would be acquired in climbing the shrouds, which should be rattled down ship fashion. Stump topmasts or poles could be fidded in the caps, from which burgee and signals may be displayed. The deck itself suffices for a promenade and the collection of guests, for dancing, music, shuffle board or other games, especially if an awning be provided. The hold has space for lockers and boats. Spars, sails, etc., can be conveniently stowed therein during winter. If additional funds can be expended, a forecastle should be added for smoking room, bachelors' quarters, or if the club be ambitious, a drawing room for the designing of yachts and model library. The quarters can at any time be enlarged by flush decking with light scantling and plank, giving a second story to the structure, or a mansard roof can be thrown across from rail to rail. If a small beginning is contemplated, the first headquarters call for nothing larger than an old smack or a North River sloop. The chief advantages of this plan are self-evident. First, the cost of purchase would be considerably less than erecting a regular house on shore. No title or lease to real estate is required. No local taxation. And above all, the mobility of the whole concern. The floating quarters may be towed and moored to any spot desired, and shifted as occasion requires. The shores about New York Bay are so rapidly being turned to commercial use that a permanent structure would soon have to be abandoned or transported at great risk and expense. The hulk may be simply anchored and shifted about from place to place as an experiment, until a satisfactory location has been met. When, for example, one line of ferry-boats raises the fare and another offers lower rates, all hands clap on the windlass, hail the nearest tug, and in an hour you have escaped the grip of monopoly to more congenial climes. The prevailing winds of the season might also induce a change for convenience. Furthermore, the quarters would be nautical in aspect and in harmony with Corinthian sentiments. The hulk would also bring her purchase price any time if sold for old iron and copper. The one thing to be remembered is that she should be tight in the bottom to avoid the expense of recaulking below waterline. The topsides will take care of themselves, with a periodical coat of paint, on which, by the way, the title of the club should appear in bold letters. As a connecting link with the shore, a light staging of plank can easily be erected, both plank and the "bents" for its support being portable in character. Or perhaps the hulk could be tied up to a wharf.

ANCHORAGE.—Following out the plan of having the whole rig shifting in nature, the anchorage should be made to suit. Where no sheltered water is to be found, not even a cove, which can be sufficiently closed by mooring the hulk across the mouth, an artificial basin must be constructed. To this end invest in some old canal boats and moore to best advantage. Two spaced out ahead of the hulk, with the intervening breaks closed by floating booms fast to the boats will go a long way toward accomplishing the end, especially if some wharf or dock can be worked in to help out the scheme. If not too much exposed, a line of "booms" will suffice. A red light should indicate the entrance at night. By mooring the boat's head and stern with lines from ringbolts or stakes, a large fleet could find shelter in very small harbor. The boats could be cast loose and carefully sculled through the outlet, and should come to outside, lower away and warp or scull in, to avoid rushing headlong into the crowd. A lifeline rove outside the canal boats would be of assistance to lay hold of after rounding up, and also for hauling in. This artificial breakwater presents further opportunities for stowage, promenade, etc., a plank and manrope connecting the various links in the chain.

POLICY.—Few clubs have any policy at all. They exist along in a haphazard sort of way, just as likely to die in a day as to continue for a century. A little bickering or feud splits up the whole concern, or upon the withdrawal of a few leaders the rest wither away. All because clubs are not built upon a foundation more solid than that of ordinary friendship and sympathy for the time being. With few notable exceptions, the clubs in New York do nothing to deserve recognition, and they have no clear title to existence. Hence the precarious life they lead, and the paucity of yachts and members. About the chief attraction they present lies in the social or yachting status supposed to be represented by the club burgee. To pay $25 or so a year for that little piece of vanity may be well enough for the *nouveaux riches* asking to gain recognition in the world of society to which the club members belong, but it is not apt to draw many yachtsmen of the real sort. Beyond this, one or two tame races, and the club's account with its members is finished. The New York Y. C. supplies some inducement in the possession of agreeable city rooms for winter use. So it has at least an acceptable habitation on shore. But then it offers nothing for the summer, and nothing handy on the beach. The American Y. C. has done better, with a rendezvous on Charles Island and town rooms for the inclement season. This same concern has lately taken the lead in enterprise and live action with lectures and other innovations of a practical kind to keep things going all the year round. The Atlantic is quite practical, thanks to a few of its leaders. That club has at its service as fine a harbor as any in the world, besides summer grounds and a snug house on the property. A harbor is not to be sneezed at in summer, and in winter it becomes a safe place to lay up. The club holds forth more than abstract inducements, and therefore has prospered. But the quarters are distant and difficult of access in winter, and so six months in the year constitute a big gap during which club life is extinct except in name. This ought not to be. In the shifting hulk I have described a desolate period is bridged by simply towing her to some convenient pier and club life goes along all the year round without break, needless to say, immensely to the advantage of the club in every respect. Other organizations have sought to return an equivalent for the fees paid in, but so far not with alarming success. Now the very first object of a club should be to make itself a necessity and not merely an apocryphical adjunct to yachting life. It should offer attractions, the need of which all yachtsmen sorely feel. A new club especially should outline a course which would bring all hands into its net, and not do more to repulse than to attract. Not levy contributions for a more or less nebulous existence, but start out with a well-defined programme and live up to it as far as funds will allow. The first and most important step in the way of quarters I have described. Headquarters accessible twelve months in the year, with as few horse-car and ferryboat circumlocutions as possible. Next in order these quarters should be made tempting, captivating. Once its sweets have been tasted, the novice ought never to find himself able to relinquish. Every man is curious and inquisitive, and does not like to be distanced by others. Judicious play upon this failing is the key to building up a big and popular club, and doing the community great good in winning from frivolity and probable vice many a man who might otherwise have gone wrong. The policy should partake of a paternal interest in the welfare of Corinthians. The routine should lure them on, and the facilities and appliances of the concern should make them willing victims, until numbers alone invest the club with a dignity and power widespread and beneficial, and which will lift the ownership of small boats to the same level in public opinion now granted to the possessors of large yachts only. The library calls for attention from the outset. Not only the current yachting publications of this and other countries, but also the daily and evening papers should be found on the cabin table. A collection of nautical works and allied material should be accumulated, giving to the student a selection from the elementary up to the higher realms of art and science. Photos, litbos, and prints of yachts of all nations, as well as designs and models within reach ought to be supplied for the general good. In this respect, the New York Y. C. and the American Y. C. have set an example worth copying. Even home and foreign journals of mechanics and naval engineering, as well as illustrated and art publications, would contribute much to enhance the attractions. Reading and writing materials without stint would draw members to the club many an evening for the conveniences afforded, and in this manner acquaintance, a comparison of notes and observation, and wholesome discussion ensues, calling into being an *esprit de corps* to cement the union on a firm basis. Gaming and liquors should be eschewed, as the club is not instituted to serve as a private still where gin can be had at cost, or chips for a stake on tick, though possibly billiards and checkers might be permitted. To give further point to the routine, lectures on nautical matters could easily be arranged, as some one is always to be found who can discourse on topics with which the rest are not as familiar. Specialists could be impressed to dilate upon astronomy, navigation, construction and design, upon war and mercantile shipping, practical seamanship, boat service, treatment of drowned, etc., without end. Popular topics, such as a rehearsal of a long cruise, a voyage abroad, personal reminiscences and the like, would furnish variety to the proceedings which should be announced for every week. A large blackboard, the magic lantern, or the products of the amateur lens would aid in elucidation. Directions in photography alone afford a rich and interesting field to an audience of Corinthians. The display of all sorts of inventions and their collection could form the basis for a museum of yachting and boating appliances and fittings. Something of this sort should be underway every week, and twice a week would be still better to keep up the continuity of yachting thought at little expense beyond the cabin lamp and oil stove for heating. Instruction in plain drawing by one of the members who is an adept would soon enable zealous members to draft boats to their heart's content, and to understand similar work by others. It would make accurate critics where we now meet with wild guessing. The cost to the club need be but nominal. A pair of trestles, a long pine sawing across, some paper and schoolboy instruments are enough for the purpose, and many a disciple would spend a more rational evening generating cycloids, wave areas, or balancing rigs, than if left alone to spend his cash yawing wide about the city streets. Then, again, a portion of the hold or the forecastle, supplied with a capenter's bench and a kit of tools, might see models cut out of the block with dexterity for trial in spring, and open another phase in the routine of which banker, merchant, lawyer or clerk could avail himself for recreation in the pursuit of some hobby as to lines and type of hull. For a trifling sum an old tar could be on hand two or three times a week to give a course of instructions in practical knotting and splicing, in bending sail, furling, reefing and repairing, upon some dummy spars rigged up between decks, to which gentlemen of any age or calling could become parties. Visitors might be admitted to these gatherings to carry to their friends the new dispensation of yachting Corinthian as a most commendable occupation for any and all. Who will say that such a scheme would not redound to the club's growth in numbers and resources to an extent not yet dreamed! A thousand enrolled on its books would not be an estimate beyond the probabilities, and that can be attained by a few who chose to put their heads together and follow the line I have indicated. Surely there is a policy worth exploiting. There are many men to-day with time hanging heavily on their hands and with money to boot. A few hundred advanced from their pockets would set the ball in motion and accomplish more good for this generation, gathering in converts right and left from a wayward life to a fresh and honorable field, than all the impracticable schemes in which piety and humbug are the chief ingredients. But it is needless to consider this proposition from the standpoint of a benefactor to his race. A club upon the lines I have described, called into being solely from the interest the owners of small boats have in themselves and their property, would spread like wildfire, grow rich and potent beyond expectation, while at the same time supplying those accessories to yachting which, as individuals, boat owners can never hope to possess. A few words should be added in reference to the summer season. Besides a spring and fall match, open to all comers, club races should be held every fortnight, boats winning the majority in the season to receive some token or purse in appreciation. Cruising in squadron should form quite a feature. Start to be made Saturday, P. M, and return by Sunday, P. M. or by Monday morning, in time for business in the city. When funds have accumulated, they may be invested in an able craft of small rig, a sort of public hack, in which beginners can be taught or left to shift for themselves. Thus casual visitors would be induced to take to the water, and add fresh blood to the great band of Corinthians. Encourage everybody, encourage everything which leads to an appreciation of a life afloat in any and all of its reputable phases. Promote the manly and brainy side of the sport, and scout all that would fain consign an ennobling pastime to contemptible trifling, to a trashy counterfeit upon the genuine article, or to a mere gamble among the crews as in the sandbag races.

Upon this topic more might be written, but if the foregoing helps to shed light in dark places, it will not have been produced *in vain*.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

THE SAIL PLAN OF THE CRUISER.

THE accompanying sail plan shows the rig of the open boat Cruiser, whose lines were given in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 25. The larger sail shown is carried only with 20 to 25 bags to windward in ordinary weather, but the mainsail alone is sometimes used as a cat rig, the mast being then stepped 20in. from the bow. With this cat rig five men, but no ballast, are carried; but with a good breeze some ballast is needed, unless a reef is taken in, the latter usually being preferable.

The smaller mainsail is the one usually carried with sloop rig, being the one originally fitted for her. With it she carries stationary ballast and a limited crew, or if the weather is very light, a crew of five only, the boat being lightened as much as possible, even the bottom boards being removed. This same mainsail is also used in cat races, but is too small for ordinary weather. All her sloop races but one in 1884, were sailed with this mainsail. The dimensions of sails and spars for this rig are: boom, 25ft.; gaff, 15ft.; mast, truck to heel, 28ft. 8in.; deck to hounds, 24ft. 3in.; bowsprit, outboard, 14ft. 6in.; jibboom, 21ft.; hoist of mainsail, 19ft. 6in.; luff of jib, 33ft.; hoist, 23ft.

The dimensions of the large rig are: Boom, 26ft.; gaff, 14ft. 6in.; mast, heel to truck, 31ft.; deck to hounds, 26ft.; bowsprit outboard, 16ft.; jibboom, 21ft.; hoist of mainsail, 22ft. 6in.; luff of jib, 33ft.; hoist of jib, 24ft. With this rig, the total area of which is 799.5ft. (mainsail 527 and jib 272.5), the center of effort is 19in. forward of the center of lateral resistance, and with the cat rig it is 7in. forward. The sheet, for smaller sails and cat rig, leads from boom to a double block on the traveler, thence through a single block on the boom down through second sheave of traveler block, and is belayed on a cleat carried on a second traveler spanning the tiller. When on the wind the sheet is led through a snatch block on the boom, near its middle. In the larger rig an outrigger is used, as shown.

Cruiser has proved herself one of the fastest boats of her type in all weathers, having won races in her every-day rig, when her competitors were compelled to carry smaller sails and more ballast. She works well with two-reefed mainsail and full jib, two-reefed mainsail and no jib, or with full mainsail and reefed jib. Besides her races, she has sailed to New London and back twice, to Newport and back once and to Fire Island and back twice, and has never been capsized, a most enviable record for a boat of her class.

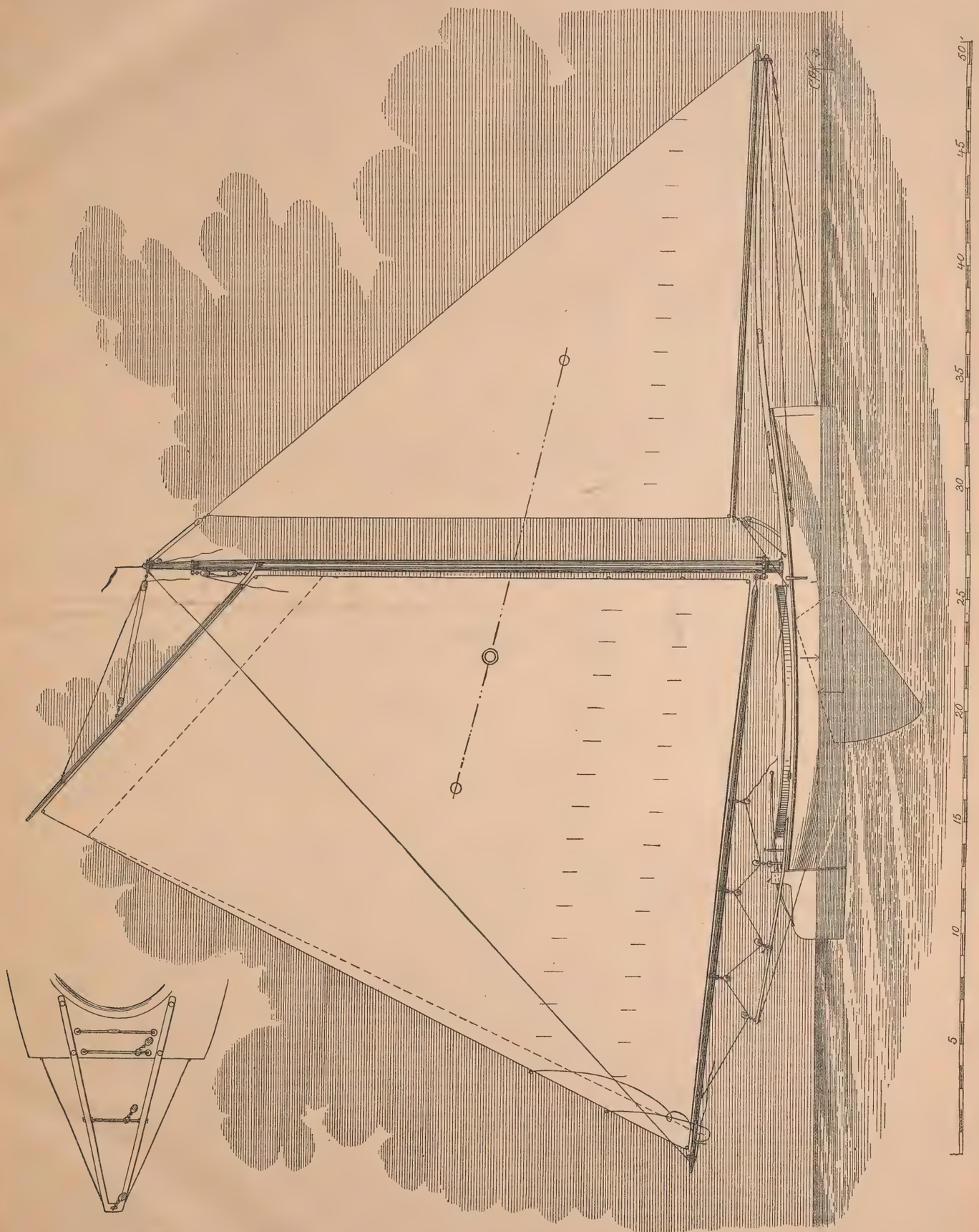
CUTTER PRINCIPLES "WAY DOWN EAST."

OUR correspondence from all quarters shows a steady growth in public favor of those principles for which we have so long contended. We note elsewhere in a letter from Cleveland, a change in the direction of iron keel and double head rig, in one of their sloops; and the following extract tells the result of a similar change made last year in a yacht at Portland, Maine:

"It may be satisfactory to you to know that the 'Yacht Doctrine' preached by FOREST AND STREAM is having a good influence in this vicinity. I hear a great deal of talk about increased depth and bal last well down. Last spring I altered my sloop to cutter rig, less hoist, double headsail, etc., and I wouldn't think for a moment of going back to the old rig. My boat is 31.8 in all and draws 5.10, and with her present rig can be handled almost like a rowboat. The benefit and practical working of the cutter rig, as compared with the sloop was well demonstrated on the night of July 5, 1884. We ran 12 or 14 miles off this coast and from about 9 P. M. till 4 next morning experienced one of the worst summer gales known in this vicinity for years. Three reefs in mainsail, staysail reefed, topmast housed, everything inboard (how different from the old sloop) and notwithstanding one of the party prayed and then swore we never would see daylight, we arrived in Boothbay, that noon, July 6, in good order. My boat was liked so well last season in her new rig, that from the inquiries made I think others will make the change this season. B."

THE COST OF SNEAKBOXES.

—Mr. N. H. Bishop, the traveler and cruiser, to whose exertions the A. C. A. owes its inception and organization, has found a new field of missionary labor among the sneakboxes of Barnegat. Mr. Bishop has gone to work with his usual energy to stir up the local builders and induce them to improve the sneakbox as a cruising boat. He writes in regard to prices: "I have not seen a well built 12ft. box on these bays that can be bought for less than $45 to $50, and I should add in improvements at least $20 to fit them for cruising. Second-hand boats, 12ft. long, can be bought for $25, and even less. We have cheap boxes which would run under a head sea, yet the best box is a true climber, always sliding upward. A 16ft. box, of best construction, will cost, when completely fitted, about $125."



SAIL PLAN OF OPEN BOAT CRUISER.

AWAKE AT LAST.

SINCE the speed of the cutter has been proved beyond question, the opponents of the type have fallen back on the other details of safety, accommodation and sea-going powers, admitting their speed, but deriding them as racing machines and not yachts. For a long time the FOREST AND STREAM has stood alone in combating such ideas, which were only too readily accepted in this country, supported, as they were, almost unanimously by other journals.

As fast as our yachtsmen have become better acquainted with the real qualities of the boats, their ideas have changed, until many are ready to recognize the cutter as a bona fide cruiser as well as racer. The daily press, however, has held out for a long time against this view, but at last even they have begun to weaken, and now we are glad to welcome the first to flop over entirely, the New York *Herald*, which discourses as follows of the latest English yacht. After this it will be in order for the others to follow suit. Who will be next:

"It is easy to talk of these English yachts as mere racing machines, but many of them are much more than that. Lieutenant Henn, of the royal navy, whom we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming, is the owner of the Galatea, now on the stocks, and a gallant sportsmen. He has sufficient confidence in his craft to cross the Atlantic in her, and to bring his wife with him. He will extend his cruise to the West Indies, and is firmly convinced that his vessel will be quite equal to any emergency that the moody Atlantic may present. This does not look as if English yachts were built for speed alone without regard for neither safety nor comfort, that their preference for depth rather than breadth is a mere fanaticism, and that they allow their sailing masters to assume the perils, while they remain on shore to assume the honors of a race. This, however, is largely twaddle. It is time to recognize the fact that even we have much to learn on these matters, and that the ideal yacht is neither in British, nor yet in American waters, but in the future. We must not forget, either, that it will be no national calamity if the Cup shall be carried off. If it can be fairly carried off it ought to be. We do not desire a reputation which we do not deserve. To be beaten in an honorable contest will do us good. It will still further stimulate our interest in a fascinating sport, and during the next few years our yachtsmen will cross the ocean to recover the prize. At any rate we will accept the challenge in the true spirit of chivalry, and if we lose the race we will say, as the Frenchmen did at Fontenoy, '*Après vous, Messieurs les Anglais.*"

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.

Brooklyn Y. C.—The following officers for 1885 were elected at the last meeting, on Jan. 14: Commodore, F. Beames; Vice-Commodore, J. P. Tribken: Rear Commodore, Geo. P. West; Measurer, John M. Sawyer: Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Gilfillan; President, Samuel M. Whittlessey; Secretary, Wm. M. Moorhouse; Treasurer, Thos. R. Brown; Judge Advocate, W. C. Allen; Trustees, Charles W. Blosser, Charles Vanderburgh and R. C. Hopkins.

East River Y. C.—Commodore, J. Schusseli: Vice Commodore, H. G. Peabody; Secretary, H. T. Lewis; Treasurer, E. Grissim; Measurer, J. J. Driscoll: Sergeant-at-Arms, Oscar Joebach.

Lynn Y. C.—Jan. 6. Commodore, E. C. Neal; Vice-Commodore, E. H. Taylor; Fleet Captain, F. S. Newhall; Secretary, W. S. Newhall; Treasurer, J. W. Atwill; Measurer, C. B. Taylor; Trustees, J. W. Haines, F. W. Martin, J. F. Lee. Regatta Committee, W. B. Newhall, W. M. Rand, W. Hawkes, C. H. Lockhart, H. P. Armstead.

Pavonia Y. C.—Commodore, R. Puhlman; Vice-Commodore, F. Schumacher; Secretary, O. W. Stiebeling; Treasurer, H. H. Holmes; Measurer, J. Kreymeyer; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Willis; Trustees, J. Wittpen, T. Lowery, C. Steurer, T. Sullivan, M. Connelly. The club will build a new and larger club house this spring.

YACHTING IN CLEVELAND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent did not quite cover all the ground in his letter to you, published in the FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. The sloop Rover, which made such a good showing in the last 4th of July regatta, and which has also held the champion flag of Cleveland, will come out next summer with an iron shoe of 3,000 pounds. She will also have two jibs instead of one. The owners of the C. R. Davis were greatly encouraged by her work last summer, and intend to make some telling improvements on her. The owners of the Kids have sold their old boat and are building a cutter after lines published in the FOREST AND STREAM. The Gardner challenge cup will probably be won next 4th of July for the first time by a Cleveland boat. The Cora, of Chicago, is now owned here and will most likely win the cup. Yachting will receive a new impetus here by the proposed extension of the breakwater to the eastward of the piers.—BRASS.

OCEAN QUEEN.—Mr. R. T. Bush, of the steam yacht Falcon, has given to Poillon Bros. the contract for hull, spars and iron work of a large schooner yacht, to be named Ocean Queen. She will be 130ft. long, 26ft. beam, 12ft. depth of hold, with rockered keel, and is designed for a staunch, able cruiser, fitted to make a cruise around the world, which her owner expects to do if business permits. The accommodations will include a main cabin 24ft. long, besides seven staterooms. The tonnage of the Ocean Queen will be nearly 400 tons, making her the second largest schooner in America.

STEAM LAUNCHES.—All interested in this class of boats should send for the circular of Mr. E. E. Roberts, whose advertisement appears on another page. Mr. Roberts has been engaged for some years in the construction of steam launches of various kinds, and having made a specialty of them, he has been successful in turning out some fine little craft.

BOSTON NOTES.—Lawley & Son have the 35ft. cutter building for Mr. C. W. Jones ready for decking, while Mr. Binney's 26ft. cutter is now in frame. Alterations are now in progress on board the compromise sloop Thetis. Huron is entirely replanked, and will be nearly completed this week.

SAILS AND TENTS.—We are in receipt of a new and very complete catalogue of yacht sails, tents, flags and everything in the canvas line, just issued by S. Heinmenway, 60 South street. It will be a great aid to the buyer, and all intending purchasers of canvas goods should send for a copy.

ANOTHER SLOOP MODEL.—Mr. Kirby, of Rye, writes us that he has a new model for a sloop to defend the Cup, similar to his former boats, but larger. She would be 89ft. over all, 80ft waterline, 23ft. 6in. beam, 9ft. 6in. deep and 7ft. draft.

MANNING'S YACHT AGENCY.—This well known firm will issue a new edition of their circular in a week or two, with list of yachts for sale.

THIRTY CENTS A WEEK, at age 25, buys a life policy for $1,000 in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. Cheapest first-class goods in the market! Apply to any agent, or the home office at Hartford.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. M. H., Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.—Is there any law in this State forbiding the catching of pickerel through the ice with tipups, if so, when does it close? Ans. There is no State law protecting pickerel at any time, nor forbidding their capture at any season.

PETER POTTER, Pittsfied, Mass.—1. What is best works on trout raising? 2. Have an artificial pond about seven acres, excellent spring water. Would it be better to try young trout to stock or attempt raising? Ans. 1. "Domesticated Trout," by Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H. 2. It is cheaper to try eggs if you have facilities for hatching.

J. W. M., New York.—For general fishing, salt water and fresh, there is a rod made called a "general rod," having a hollow butt containing parts to make it either a stout, stiff bass rod, or a longer and more flexible rod for lighter fishing. They are necessarily heavier than rods made for one purpose. These rods are of ash and lancewood, and cost from fifteen to thirty dollars, according to mountings.

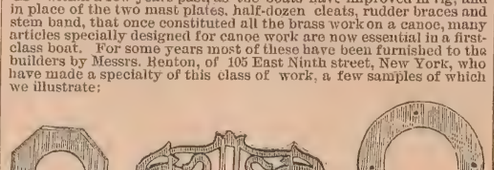
CANADIAN.—The proportions of length and breadth vary in different classes. The most serviceable dimensions will be 15ft.×30ins. Write to C. A. Nedé, Schuylerville, N. Y., for copy of "A. C. A. Book," and see the FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 9, 1884, for full dimensions. The measurements are extreme length and extreme breadth, the latter not including beading. There will be a meet at Grindstone Island, beginning on July 24, 1885.

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—The statement of the Home Insurance Company for January, 1885, presents some interesting statistics. This is the sixty-third semi-annual statement, and shows the condition of the company on the first day of the present month. By this statement it is seen that the cash assets of the company amount to $7,395,090.55. Of this sum, $3,847,565 constitute a reserve premium fund, while the net surplus amounts to $1,141,726.91. The exhibit is one of which the company may be proud.

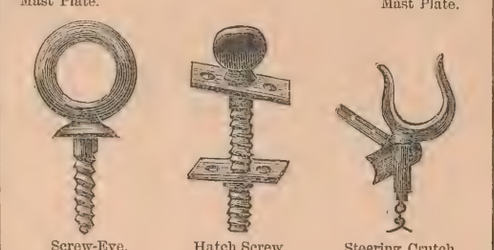
Canoeing.

CANOE FITTINGS.

THE number and variety of fittings for canoes has greatly increased within a few years past, as the boats have improved in rig, and in place of the two mast plates, half-dozen cleats, rudder braces and stem band, that once constituted all the brass work on a canoe, many articles specially designed for canoe work are now essential in a first-class boat. For some years most of these have been furnished to the builders by Messrs. Renton, of 105 East Ninth street, New York, who have made a specialty of this class of work, a few samples of which we illustrate:



Mast Plate. Rudder Yoke. Mast Plate.



Screw-Eye. Hatch Screw. Steering Crutch.

The mast plates, scew-eyes, rudder yokes, and hatch screws are made in various sizes and patterns to suit different models. Messrs. Renton also manufacture the rocker cleat, now generally used by canoeists, besides many other devices. Another department of their business is that of yacht and boat brasswork, of which they manufacture a large line. They have the right for New York State for the Waterwitch oar-lock, an entirely new device, by which the oar is held fast to the boat, but can be moved in any direction for rowing or sculling with perfect freedom. Besides brasswork, the firm also build boats and canoes of all descriptions for rowing, sailing, cruising, hunting and fishing. Their new catalogue, now in press, will contain cuts and descriptions of the many different articles made by them, and will be a useful hand-book for canoeists and boating men.

TORONTO C. C.

THE Toronto C. C. held its annual meeting at Com. Neilson's office on Friday, the 9th inst. at 8 P.M. The following officers were elected for 1885: Commodore, Robert Tyson; Vice-Commodore, John L. Kerr; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank M. Nicholson. Regatta Committee, Norman B. Dick and Arthur H. Mason. These five form the executive committee. Major E. Leigh was first elected commodore, but he declined the honor. The annual subscription was increased to five dollars.

Mr. Fred Mason presented to the club a new challenge cup to be raced for by Class IV. canoes. He also presented to the club three large flags bearing the sailing signal of the T. C. C.—a large red disc—to be used on the buoys in races.

The challenge cup now held by Mr. Neilson is to be competed for during the coming year in combined paddling and sailing races. The all-round sailing cup now held by Mr. Kerr will be sailed for as before. Each cup is to become the property of the first man who wins it five times.

The first Saturday in each month is to be set apart for a joint cruise, longer or shorter, as the case may be. No races are to be held on these days.

It was unanimously decided that the new rule of the A. C. A. requiring contestants in sailing races to carry their A. C. A. number at the peak of the mainsail, should not be allowed to interfere with the carrying of the T. C. C.'s own sailing signal—the red disc—in racing and cruising at A. C. A. meets.

Arrangements have been completed for a club-house for the T. C. C. It has long been felt by the older members that a rallying place would prove a powerful lever in increasing the membership of the club and generally improving its position. Last fall Mr. John Clindinning built a house on his property which he offered to the club, and now I have to report that a satisfactory arrangement has been made. Possession will be taken soon.

The house is 13×46, two stories. On the lower floor are racks for twenty-four canoes. There is a good wharf and a railroad from far end of house to the water. Sail racks are provided for all canoes. On the second flat there is, first, a locker room, 10×22, with at present seventeen lockers and room for more. A narrow hall leads past the locker room to the club room, 12.6×24, nicely finished in alternate strips of stained and plain narrow sheeting. The ceiling is also of narrow sheeting, painted white. A door leads from this room to a small balcony, where members can lounge in the summer evenings or bring their lady friends to see a race. In every way the new house promises to be a great convenience and a source of strength to the T. C. C. It is hoped all canoeists visiting Toronto will not fail to look us up, and we will try and make it interesting for them.

Clindinning has just finished two new canoes on the model of the Sapphire. Length, 14ft. 6in.; beam, 32½in.; depth, 10in.; and 3in. round of deck. The depth is three-quarters of an inch less than the Sapphire, but otherwise exactly similar. One is fitted with an Atwood board, the other has a box which the purchaser can have fitted with any weight of board he may prefer. Each is completely fitted with everything but sails, having deck tiller, foot steering gear, with wires under deck, Tredwen hatches, etc., etc. Both are finished with Spanish cedar deck, and the workmanship is as usual, first-class. We hope they will be purchased by members of the T. C. C.

Mr. Fred Mason, owner of the Whimbrel, has decided that in future he will take no one's dust, or spray rather, so he has ordered from Clindinning a new craft able to show her sternpost, either in sailing or paddling, to any Class IV. canoe in the club. Her dimensions will be 15×30, 9½ or 10in. deep, Child's board and Mohican mainsail. Hatches are to be similar to those described by Mr. Stephens in his new American cruising canoe design. Material, black walnut stem and sternpost, pine keel, oak timbers, planking white cedar, deck and upper streak of Spanish cedar. This new canoe will, no doubt, be a decided acquisition to the club.

The new commodore, Mr. Tyson, is said to be at work on a fan mainsail of such awful dimensions, that it is understood the holders of the different sailing cups will, as soon as they see it, hand over their trophies, without venturing to sail for them. Some of the members say the Isabel is to be fitted with a lead keel of several tons to enable her to carry her spread.

The skippers of the Sadie N. and the Evora are reported to be negotiating with a large cotton mill with a view to procuring enough of their product to make slightly larger sails. BOREAS.

NOTES FROM THE EXPOSITION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had hoped that I might have been prepared to send you some canoe items by this time, but I have been quite a busy man with one thing and another, and have not had time to collect them. However, I'll pick 'em up one of these days and send them along. Of course, I see our friend C. S. H. Buchanan frequently. As he is also an exhibitor, I run across him every day. Mr. Chas. P. Nichols, A. C. A., of Salem, Mass. C. C., is also here, and I have the pleasure of a chat with him quite frequently. I was pleasantly surprised a few days ago, by a call from Mr. J. A. Hepburn (A. C. A.), of Toledo, Ohio. We made a little cruise together through the various thoroughfares of this gigantic show. Of course, we talked canoe and canoeing, and at my suggestion he will go in heartily for the success of a meet at Ballast Island in July next. Com. C. K. Munroe made me a New Year's call at my anchorage, and we held a "camp-fire," while the wind outside the harbor was blowing a gale. The captain of the Psyche remained in the Crescent City but a few days, much to my disappointment. However, I am in hopes of seeing him again later on in the season. Yesterday A. M., as I was hanging about the space devoted to the exhibit of Rushton's canoes and the Child's board, Reade W. Bailey, the secretary of the Pittsburgh C. C., put in an appearance. I was not altogether unprepared for this visit, as I had received, a few days ago, a letter from him mailed at Memphis, Tenn., stating that he was making the trip down the river from the Smoky City to New Orleans in the pilot house of a towing steamer. Since my last sight of him (hanging his length up to windward in the Katrina, on Eel Bay) I doubt if he has added to his length "over all," but his "beam" has been spread to such an extent that he looks as though he was outside the limits. We canoed it for an hour or two in company, and then I gave him his course and left him. Toward night he rounded to and came to anchor at Post QQ, 47, of the main building, where I am to be found during the Exposition. Sorry that I could not have had a longer visit with him, but as the steam er was to return North to-day, he was forced to deny himself the pleasure of an extended trip through the Exposition. I have not had a chance to do any sailing yet, the weather has been altogether too disagreeable for a comfortable cruise. Haven't even got the sails rigged on the canoe yet. Have had two or three short paddles in the vicinity of the boat house, but like Rip Van Winkle's drinks, "they don't count." As soon as the weather gets settled, I propose to initiate two or three youngsters in the art of canoeing. I'll look around and send you some canoe items in my next.

With regards to all the paddlers,

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 15, 1885. AURORA.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.

AFTER the courteous invitation of "Dominie," conveyed in your columns, it would seem to be the proper thing to decide upon Plum Point for the local meet next spring. So far as I can learn the New York and Hudson River canoeists are in favor of such a decision. Such of the "brethren" as may wish to combine cruise with meet, might do so by assembling at some point north of Newburgh, previously settled upon through the medium of your columns. One or two days could thus be devoted to cruising, and one or two days to the meet, thereby securing to all whichever plan may meet their wishes. I have no doubt that a small party of the Mohicans will make some such short cruise, and they would undoubtedly welcome the companionship of any of the "craft."

ALBANY, Jan. 21. ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Com. A. C. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Bayonne C. C.—Jan. 12. Commodore, Geo. W. Heard; Vice-Commodore, L. W. Burke; Secretary, F. B. Collins. The club has now ten active members.

St. Lawrence C. C.—Commodore, J. H. Rushton; Vice-Commodore, Will Kip; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Scribner; Measurer, J. W. Rushton. Thirteen members.

Buffalo C. C.—Election Jan. 7. Captain, F. E. Wood; Mate, R. W. Gilbert; Purser, C. P. Forbush. All communications should be addressed to C. P. Forbush, care D. L. & W. Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

Minneapolis C. C.—President, A. B. Taylor; Vice-President, E. H. Moulton: Treasurer, Geo. Harrison; Secretary, Samuel Hill. The club has lately been incorporated under the name of the Minnetonka Club.

Rondout C. C.—Election Jan. 20. Commodore, H. S. Crispell; Vice-Commodore, C. V. A. Decker; Secretary and Treasurer, Gilford Hasbrouck. Membership fourteen.

THE WESTERN CANOEISTS AND THE A. C. A.

I HAVE read with much interest the various communications on the subject of a Western meet. Let there be one, and a large one, by all means. So large, that at the A. C. A. annual meet next summer we may recoguize the fact that our Western brothers are a large and enterprising body, worthy of special recognition, and that an annual Western meet is to be a settled fact. Then it will be soon enough to carry out the idea of "L." in modified form for instance. Abolish office of rear-commodore and create three vice-commodores, who shall represent East, North and West. The special duties of these officers to be to preside at local meets in their neighborhood, organize them, and using their influence in popularizing them. No extra officers, in my opinion, are necessary, as one secretary can easily attend to all A. C. A. matters. Any assistance required by vice-commodores at local meets can readily be obtained by them. Let East, North and West send a good representation to the A. C. A. annual meet headed by the respective vice-commodores, and prepared to submit candidates for that office for ensuing year, and let the representation comprise the winners of local meet races if possible, and we shall add much to the emulation and interest in the A. C. A. contests. ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Com. A. C. A.

ALBANY, Jan. 21.

A CANOE CLUB IN BROOKLYN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Why has Brooklyn no canoe club?" is a conundrum that has been frequently propounded, but never very satisfactorily answered. There are quite a number of enthusiastic canoeists resident in the City of Churches, but they have either cast their lot with the New York or Knickerbocker clubs or have remained "unattached."

For those connected with either of the clubs the enjoyment of the sport has been at the expense of much lost time in going and returning, the New York club house being an hour and a half and the Knickerbocker club house even further distant from a majority of these members.

When we began to look into the matter seriously, and found that we had excellent water on the Brooklyn shore in the vicinity of Bay Ridge, where we could secure accommodations for a club house, and this within easy reach of our City Hall, our Western brothers and the long-talked-of Brooklyn C. C. A meeting was held on Jan. 12 at the residence of Mr. J. F. Newman, and our organization was completed, the founders of the club being R. J. Wilkin, J. F. Newman, J. H. Hull, M. V. Brokaw, Frederick Read, T. G. Budington, W. J. Root, H. R. Averill, Charles Gould and William Whitlock. The president of the Constitution Club kindly placed the rooms of that club at our service for our meetings, which we intend shall be held at least once a month.

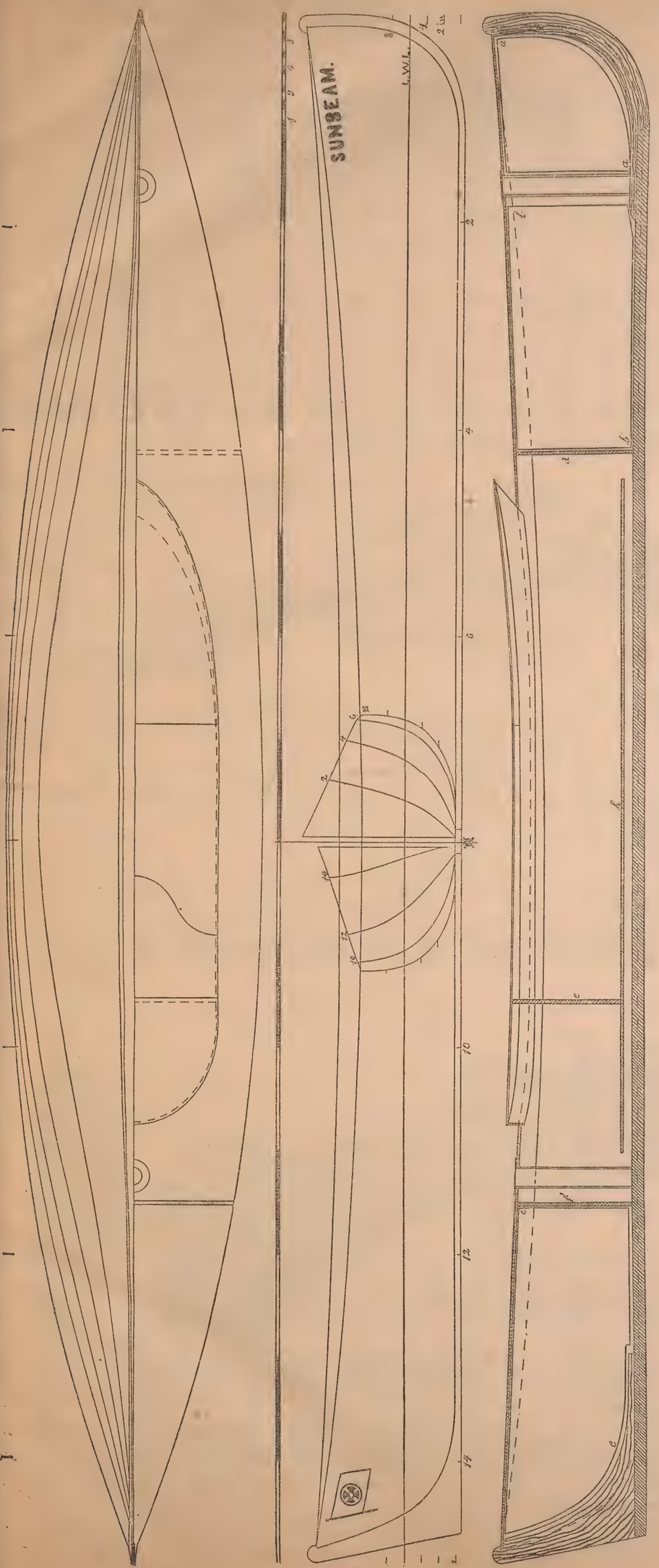
It is freely admitted by rowing men that the popularity of the shell boat in this vicinity is sadly on the wane. There are also a great many men fond of sailing who do not feel that they care to maintain a large boat and a connection with one of the established yacht clubs. To these men the canoe will offer all the benefits of exercise as also the pleasures of sailing, and no doubt many of them will be glad to avail themselves of the advantages we shall offer.

We believe that from the sources mentioned, together with those gentlemen already interested in the sport, we shall be able eventually to recruit a good sized club, starting as we do with ten members, all canoe owners but one, and with a fleet of ten canoes. J. F. N.

INSURANCE OF CANOES AGAINST FIRE AND WATER.—Albany, Jan. 19, 1885.—The Continental Insurance Company, of the city of New York, has insured the canoes of the Mohican C. C. at the rate of two per cent., against fire and marine risks, subject to the legal averages. Its policy permits a canoe "to be employed in the general freighting business and to navigate the inland lakes, rivers and canals of the State of New York, the harbor of New York city, the East River, etc." A special clause in canoe insurance policies allows the owner of an insured canoe "to attend canoe meets and make excursions, provided no risky voyages are undertaken." Under "risky voyages" trips down Niagara Falls or across the Atlantic, round Cape Hatteras or Cape Horn are understood. Application for the insurance of a canoe in this company, whose general manager in this city of Albany tells me, he wrote the first canoe policy, must be made through the said general manager, Mr. Chas. H. Van Allen, 82 State street. His company are, however, not yet prepared or willing to insure the canoe of every applicant, because they consider it necessary, for their own interest, to have some satisfactory information concerning the applicant, who must be an A. C. A. man. The legal averages above referred to mean that according to the law for such cases provided, the canoe must have been injured at least one-eighth of one per cent. of its insured value before the company pays.—FERNOW.

LEFT THIS TIME.—A member of a certain canoe club, whose modest boast it is that they "seldom, if ever, get left," has devised a new scheme for the salvage of property in case of a capsize. He screws to one of his hatches a small reel on which is wound a fine strong line. Previous to capsizing, he makes fast to the end of his line his ballast bags, specie, frying pan, watch, and any other heavy articles. During a cruise last summer, an excellent opportunity occurred to test the new invention. A capsize indeed took place, and the programme was carried out to the letter. All heavy articles were made fast, the line paid out, and buoyed by the hatch. Next the canoeist succeeded in righting his boat, boarding her and bailing out, by which time help had arrived from the shore in the shape of a native in a rowboat, who kindly volunteered to pick up such articles as were floating about. When order was restored on board, the native pulled up alongside and restored the articles, including the hatch. "Hullo!" exclaimed the canoeist, "where are the rest of the things?" "What things," answered the native, "I ain't seen none." "Why, didn't you see a cord tied to that hatch?" "Ya'as, but I couldn't pull it in, so I cut it." The ingenious canoeist said a warm farewell to the native, and paddled on to the nearest point whence he could telegraph to New York for a submarine diver.

WATERPROOFING MIXTURE.—A correspondent sends the following: Boiled oil, one quart; soft soap, one ounce, and beeswax one ounce, the whole to be boiled until reduced to three-quarters of its quantity when mixed. The cloth treated with this mixture answers well for life-saving apparatus.—F. M. S.



15×30 CRUISING CANOE SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAM.

DURING the seven years that have elapsed since Mr. Everson built the first Shadow canoe for Ex-Com. Alden, he has built almost exclusively after that model, in some cases altering the length, and also improving the details to keep up with the practice of canoeists, but still retaining all the main features of the original Shadow.

One of Mr. Everson's best customers has been Mr. J. F. Newman, secretary of the New York C. C., who has had five Shadow canoes at various times. Mr. Newman, who is not a racing man, spends a portion of every summer in cruising, usually to or from the meets, and his camp outfit is noted as one of the most complete at any of them.

After several seasons in the Shadow, he decided that the model was capable of improvement in many respects, and after planning such a disposition of the space as experience had shown to be desirable, he explained to Mr. Everson wherein he considered the model deficient, and what he wished to obtain in a new boat, leaving to the latter all the details of designing and building the hull, with the result that the new canoe, now nearly completed, will no doubt prove as popular with the experienced canoeist of to-day as her predecessor was with the beginners seven years since.

This new craft, to which her owner has given the name Sunbeam, differs greatly from the older boat, the bow is less curved, no tumble home, less rake to sternpost, deeper amidships, while all the details of bulkheads, floorboards, stepping of mast, etc., are changed. The dimensions decided on by Mr. Newman were 15×30, with 11in. depth in place of 9½ in the Shadow, and although intended solely for cruising, the dimensions and lines are precisely the ones which promise to become popular under the new average rules for races, and we predict that the model will become as well-known as a prize winner as it will as a cruiser. The lines of the boat throughout are fairer than in the Shadow, the breadth on deck near the ends being greater especially aft, while the bow is very fine. The after body is a little fuller, the ends differing more than in the Shadow. The dimensions are:

	Feet.	Inches.
Length	15	00
Beam	2	6
Depth amidships		11
Sheer at bow 7in., at stern		5½
Crown of deck		2
Distance from foreside of stem to—		
Mainmast	1	8
Bulkhead	4	3
Fore end of well	4	10
After end of well	10	9
Sliding bulkhead	9	6
Mizzenmast	11	3
After bulkhead	11	6

Forward of the mainmast is a small sealed tank *a a* of sheet brass, filling the space in the bow. Aft of this is a tank of heavier brass, *b b*, opening by a metal hatch on deck, the details of which are not yet completed. This tank will be absolutely water-tight, offering a dry receptacle for stores, as well as security against sinkage, while abaft it is a wooden bulkhead.

The well will be 6ft.×19in., with a flaring coaming, the after portion being divided off by a sliding bulkhead *e* in the usual manner. In the well and under the floor *h* is a Child's centerboard, not shown in the drawing, the after end being 8ft. 5in. from the bow. Abaft the mizzen mast is another bulkhead, *f*, and still aft is another tank, *c c*, also opening from the deck with the same metal hatch as forward. This arrangement gives one sealed tank and two that can be effectually closed, as security against sinking, while the two larger ones give, with the other space below deck, ample room for storage of clothing and stores.

The masts are placed more in accordance with modern practice, the mainmast being but 20in. from bow instead of 3ft. 6in., as was once customary. The centerboard is not shown in the drawings, as the keel is suited for any style of board, Child's, Atwood, Crouch, or of the ordinary type. It is 1¼in. thick and 4in. wide inside, thus giving room for slot and trunk. The stem and stern are each sided 1in., planking (5 to a side) ¼in. thick, decks of Spanish cedar ¼in. thick, timbers ⅜×5-16in., spaced 9in.

The floor boards will be raised flush with the top of the trunk, to make a level floor for sleeping. The outfit and details will be as complete as in Mr. Newman's previous craft. The rig will consist of two balance lugs, although the Mohican sail will also be tried.

In beauty and fairness of lines, the Sunbeam is far ahead of her older sister, as well of the majority of canoes. With her deep midship section and good floor, coupled with her extra length, she should prove a fast paddler as well as a good sailer, and the model will no doubt be well represented on the average record of 1885. Since beginning the Sunbeam another has been ordered and nearly completed, and a third will be finished as soon as possible, to the order of a New York canoeist, to be used as a racing craft under A. C. A. rules.

CANOEING IN OREGON.—The Oneonta C. C., of Portland, Oregon, has had an addition to its fleet in the shape of a handsome Shadow canoe, built by an amateur, Mr. Will H. Walker, from the drawings and descriptions published in the FOREST AND STREAM. She is built of Port Orford white cedar, ribs, stem and frame of Eastern oak, and deck of Spanish cedar. Her name is Arline, and she will this year fly the Vice-Commodore's pennant of the Oneonta C. C.

NEWBURGH.—Mr. Smith writes that the ice is not yet safe on the river, but that as soon as it is he will lay out a new three mile triangle above Plum Point, and a half mile course.

THE A. C. A. FLAGSHIP.—Mr. Rushton is now finishing a 14x31 canoe for Commodore Oliver. She is of the Mohican No. 2 model, with 95ft. of sail.

CANOE MEETS IN 1885.—We have considerable correspondence on this subject, which lack of space compels us to lay over until next week.

GOLDEN STAR C. C.—The name of this club, given as Golden Saw in our issue of Jan. 15, should be as above.

CANINE CARRIERS.

A VERY common thing on all the Connecticut railroad lines is for accommodation train men to throw newspapers off the trains at or near the houses of subscribers living on the line of the road at a distance from the stations, says the Hartford *Times*. Frequently they are thrown overboard at a road crossing, perhaps a considerable distance away, but there are quite as many cases where a dexterous whirl from the platform sends the paper directly into the owner's yard, and he is saved a long walk, and in bad weather a disagreeabe one. In many instances dogs have been trained to watch for cars and get these papers, and country dogs, it is noticed, take quite an active interest in the affair. After yawning arouud all day with nothing more interesting than to bark at an occassional passing wagon, Towser must enjoy the approaching rumble of the train, the snatch at the paper as it comes whirling toward him, and the trot homeward burdened with news and responsibility. Over on the Naugatuck road some one has had the curiosity to inquire into this matter of dog messengers. Mr. Philip McLean, proprietor of the Gate House on the Thomaston road, has a dog who goes a mile and a half every morning to meet the train. The paper was formerly thrown off by the brakeman on the last car, and there the dog watched for it. Lately it has been thrown from the baggage car. The dog appeared angry at the change, barked furiously and waited sullenly for some time before going on his errand. He has not yet become reconciled to the new way of delivering his paper. Below Derby a dog has acted for several years as newsboy for a number of families. The papers are thrown out of the cars under full speed. Whether one or a large number of them, the dog is able to lug them off, making good time back. Another dog who has become a veteran as newsboy and cannot now, from age and rheumatism, get down to the cars, has in some way managed to trani a younger dog to do his work. Edward Osborne, residing below Naugatuck, has a dog who regularly meets the early morning train. The house is a mile away from the railroad, and the dog never leaves on his errand until he hears the train whistle at Beacon Falls station. Then he starts on a run and waits at the same spot always, with his nose poked between the panels of a fence, and his keen eyes watching for the flying paper. A story is told of one dog that was first taught to bring a certain New Haven paper, and when his master changed to another, could not be induced to carry the new one. This is unlikely. Another story is that the late Senator William Brown of Waterbury had a pet dog that could readily distinguish the whistles of the New England engines from those of the Naugatuck, though running on a parallel track at the same time, side by side. The faithful dog always found his train and car, and stood in waiting for the Hartford *Times*, which he carried home to his mater for many years.

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS'

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LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
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2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
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5	**Disentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
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9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

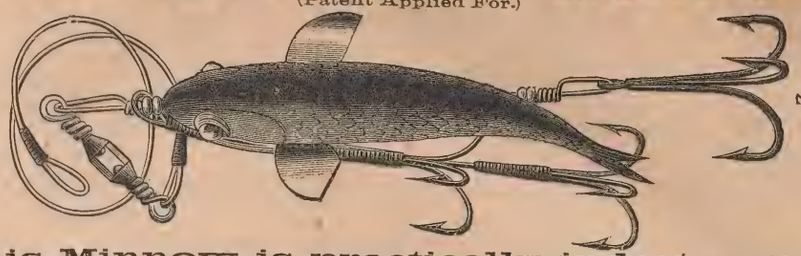
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(Patent Applied For.)



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Nos.	4	5	6	7	8	9
Inches long	2	2¼	3	3½	4	4½

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Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle.

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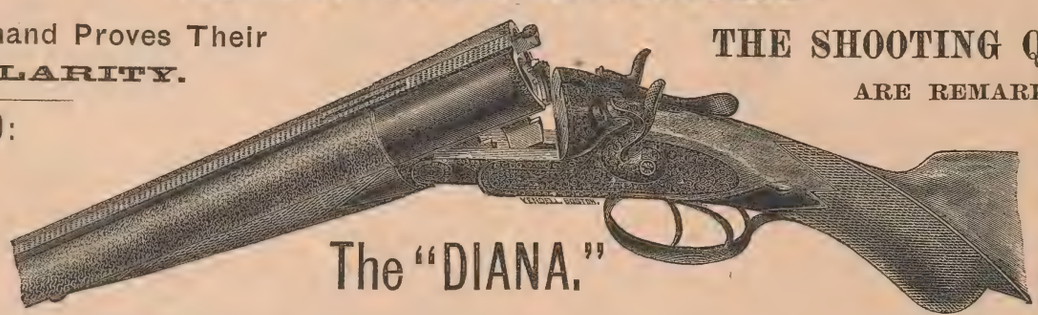
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12-gauge, 30 or 32 inches, 8 to 9 pounds weight, - - } PRICE, $30 00
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Map of the Adirondacks.

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—BY—

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FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE PRICE $1.00.

Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jacknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

—You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the FOREST AND STREAM will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

Terms:—$4 per year, $2 six mos., 10cts. per copy. Sold everywhere. Make orders payable,

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SHOT CARTRIDGE CASES
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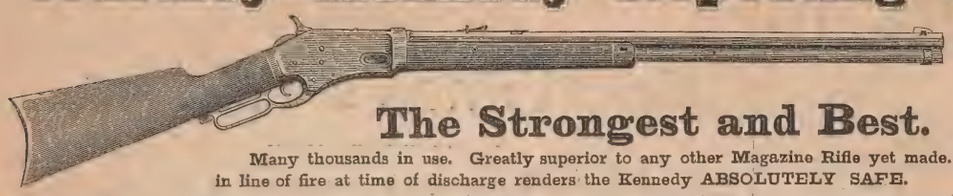
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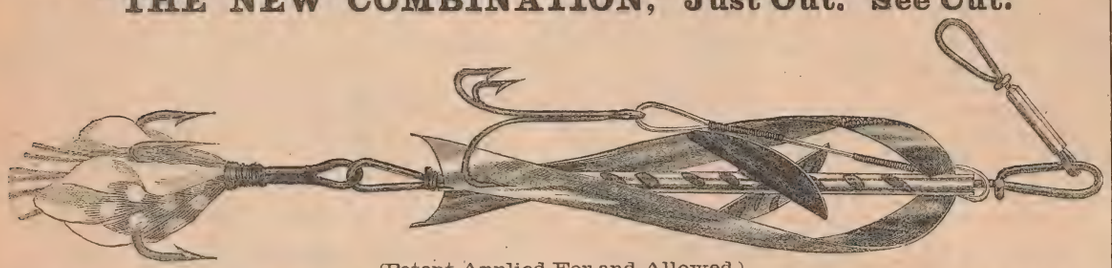
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Reserve Premium Fund, -	2,847,565 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims, - - - -	405,798 64
Net Surplus, - - - - -	1,141,726 91
CASH ASSETS, - -	$7,395,090 55

SUMMARY OF ASSETS

Held in the United States available for the Payment of Losses by Fire and for the protection of Policy Holders of Fire Insurance.

Cash in Banks	$ 251,736.41
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	1,005,400.00
United States Stocks (market value)	2,845,685.00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	1,699,400.00
State and City Bonds (market value)	222,000.00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	254,050.00
Interest due on 1st January, 1885	105,632.45
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	356,002.72
Real Estate	655,183.97
TOTAL	$7,395,090.55

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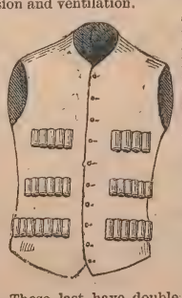
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FOREST FIRES.

THE question of preventing fires in the Adirondacks is curiously complicated by the over-production of coarse lumber, which for many years has been going on in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. While there remained in those States within reach of the mills a plenty of logs the business was very lucrative, especially to those who bought their standing timber at the absurdly cheap Government price, because the rapid settlement of the prairies and the exhaustion of the pine of the Eastern States made an almost limitless demand for good lumber. The tariff of $2 per thousand excluding, or greatly hindering, Canadian competition, the "pine barons" for a time had things their own way and waxed fat.

But they could not prevent others joining in this intoxicating hunt for the last pine tree, and so greatly were the number and capacity of competing mills increased, that even if there had been an inexhaustible supply of good logs, no available market could absorb the enormous supply. But as there was no such supply, before long good logs grew scarce; the quality and price ran down; and it was necessary to drive mills all the harder to make them pay. The recent invention of logging railroads—by which good trees growing so far from streams that they could not get them out with teams, are quickly and cheaply conveyed to the mills—has, it is true, helped for a time to keep up the quality. But of course, a forest exhausted by a method which reaches all the good trees in it, is more thoroughly denuded in the end. And even this device has not served to keep up the quality and prices.

The result has been that the market has been gorged with lumber, most of it so poor that it is not fit for anything except the coarsest uses, and is dear at any price. But after the good pine of the Adirondacks was exhausted, the poorer pine and the spruce and hemlock that remained had to compete with this flood of low-grade Western lumber, and yielded so little profit that the lumbermen of that region say that they cannot afford to remove the debris of logging. At the conference held last summer at Saratoga, between the Forest Commission appointed by the Comptroller, and the lumbermen, few of them would admit, although some did, the indisputable fact that this rubbish must be removed if fires are to be kept out. A similar effort to prove that two and two do not make four, was made at the meeting of the American Forestry Congress, held later in the season at the same place.

The increasing scarcity and value of good white pine may yet prove the salvation of the Adirondack woods. A competent German forester, Secretary Fernow, of the American Forestry Congress, asserts that in all the tracts which have not been burned over, good pine can easily be produced in abundance in place of the coarser conifers now found there, and that even most of the burned tracts on North Creek, if vigorously taken in hand at once, can be reclothed with valuable trees.

Good timber is certain to be scarce and high-priced. The State lands are interspersed all through those belonging to private parties. If scientific re-afforesting upon a scale large enough to be profitable were commenced on State lands, private proprietors might be led to adopt the same methods. In that case the North Woods would yield a permanent support to a large population, and at the same time afford the best of hunting, fishing and recreation to the increasing throngs of summer pilgrims.

GO TO THE SUPERVISORS.

IN New York State the Boards of County Supervisors have authority to make local regulations for the additional protection of game and fish. This authority is vested in them by Chapter 212, Law of 1879, as amended April 25, 1884. A correspondent suggests—and a most sensible suggestion it is—that those who desire changes in the game laws to suit their local needs, should go to the Supervisors for such changes instead of going to the Legislature. In numerous instances this has been done, and local laws have been secured, which might not have been granted at Albany.

Great bodies move slowly. It is much easier to put a measure through the Board of Supervisors than through the two chambers at Albany. Game law alterations are not there looked on with much favor. Game bills are neglected and lost sight of. Sometimes because of their multiplicity and contradictory provisions they are regarded as nuisances. The Senate and Assembly can be expected to know little of the local needs of the particular section a bill relates to. If the law is enacted at all it is a chance measure.

But the Supervisors can be made to understand just what is desired; they can hear and intelligently weigh the evidence for and against the measure; and they are presumed to be personally interested in the matter.

For local law go to the county Supervisors.

THE MICHIGAN SPARROW BILL.—Representative Barry's bill in the Michigan Legislature, which provides for the killing and extermination of the English sparrow, and removes protection from them, has passed the Committee of the Whole, and will undoubtedly become a law. These vermin have multiplied in enormous numbers in Michigan, until they have become an intolerable nuisance in the cities and are beginning to annoy the farmers not a little. The sentimental sympathy aroused by the resolution introduced by Mr. H. B. Roney in the Michigan Sportsmen's Association five or six years ago, which removed protection, provided extermination, and permitted sparrows to be shot from a trap, has given place to a more rational view of the question, as the nuisance has already assumed the proportions then predicted.

R. H. KEANE, known widely as an expert long-range shot and an enthusiastic rifleman, died on Saturday morning last, at the residence of a sister in Lexington, Ky. He was for some years prominent in connection with the small bore practice at Creedmoor, and as a director of the N. R. A. was always in favor of pushing the sport into popular appreciation. As president of the Amateur Rifle Club he sent several teams to Canada to meet the Hamilton long-range shooters. It was under his administration that the Bodine team was sent to Dollymount and there defeated the Irish riflemen for the last time in 1880. Mr. Keane was born in Arkansas in 1845, but for nearly twenty years past had made New York his residence.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, which has been talked of, will in all probability take shape at the International Clay-pigeon Tournament at New Orleans. Something of the plan and purpose of the proposed society is explained in our Trap columns; and our next issue will contain the complete draft of the constitution and by-laws.

A DEADLY UPAS TREE, under the branches of which the luckless traveler faints and dies, is the latest invention of the fellow who writes all the lies about Florida. That there are in this country great forests of trees, beneath whose blessed branches are to be found strength in place of weakness, health in place of sickness, and peace in place of pain, is no lie, but an every-day certain reality, tested by scores and hundreds. And while the sensational newspaper editor is paying the Florida liar and his tribe to devise new upas horrors for the diseased appetites of his readers, the FOREST AND STREAM is week after week bearing its messages of the pines and balsams.

THE DOGS' RECORD.—Some months ago a correspondent proposed that the dogs should have a roll of honor, wherein should be written each canine golden deed. Last Thursday night, on Staten Island, a Newfoundland dog named Jumbo found a man overcome by the cold, summoned assistance and saved the man's life. Jumbo belongs to the Staten Island police force. On the same evening, in New York, a pet dog, Julia, gave a midnight fire alarm to her mistress, Mrs. Maria Pollard, widow of the historian, E. A. Pollard; and roused the tenants of a burning house just in time for them to escape.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—The game dealers try to make it appear that they are obliged to sit supinely down on their own stalls and take all the game outside parties send to them. We have repeatedly said that it is quite within their power to stop the shipment of game to themselves whenever the stock on hand is as large as can be disposed of in the lawful season. It will be seen by reference to another column that this is precisely the view taken by so experienced a gentleman as Mr. Charles E. Whitehead, the counsel of the New York Association. It is the only common-sense view for any one to take.

SURE SUCCESS will crown the effort to get a non-hounding law in New York, provided each reader of this journal, resident in the State, will use his individual influence to that end We hear of letters written to Albany which have elicited favorable responses. Why should not every member of the Senate and every member of the Assembly receive from some one person or a number of persons in his district an expression of opinion on this topic?

NEW YORK STATE GAME PROTECTORS.—We have received several of the reports sent by the game protectors to the Fish Commission. They are valuable documents, inasmuch as they show the progress of the work and the state of public opinion. In our next issue we shall give an abstract of these documents.

"WELL, YOU SEE, I JUST WENT FOR HIM WITH A CLUB," as the valiant sportsman said, when he was telling an admiring audience how he killed his big buck in an Adirondack lake. The law ought so to be changed that such fellows cannot "go for" the swimming deer "with clubs."

LAWFUL TO SHOOT DOGS.—If the bill against hounding deer in the Adirondacks should be passed, a provision should be made declaring it lawful to shoot all dogs found chasing deer. The guides and Adirondack residents will see to it that such a measure if enforced.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association at Lansing, which was to have been held last Tuesday, has been postponed to next Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7 o'clock P. M.

THE PRESS OF THE STATE is very generally in favor of a law forbidding the hounding of deer in New York. See the newspaper comments on the FOREST AND STREAM petition.

CANADIAN SPORTSMEN are complaining because the Government leases marsh lands to private clubs instead of suitably providing game protection for the general public.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., has a humane sportsman who advocates hounding deer. He thinks that the bucks ought to be killed to prevent them from killing each other.

THE PETITIONS should be returned to this office at the earliest convenience of those who have them in charge.

STOP DEER HOUNDING, and at the same time many deer will be saved from the market-hunter's rifle and club.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

II.—LOOKING INTO THE CAÑON.

THE next morning two or three of the horses and mules were missing, which it took some little time to find, so the preparations for the start were by no means hurried. Ours was not the only party that had lost stock, and every few moments a rider would gallop up to the camp and inquire if we had seen such and such horses. When the train was nearly ready, Mr. Davis suggested that he and I should ride on ahead and catch some fish from the little stream on which we were to camp. The suggestion was accepted, and we were soon riding on a long, swinging lope up the East Fork of the Firehole River.

There were a goodly number of people in the Basin. Stages clattered along with their freight of Eastern tourists, bound for the Falls or the Lake, the slower but more comfortable wagons of the campers moved along in a leisurely fashion, and every now and then a little group of two or three horsemen with one or two pack animals would meet us, all bound for the wonderful Geyser Basins. For a few miles the road follows up the valley of the East Fork. In dry weather it is an excellent one, but after a rain the soft bottom becomes badly cut up by wagon wheels. The ascent on to the plateau, from which the drainage flows into the Yellowstone, is steep and hard for loaded teams, and in spring, when the snows are melting, must be very difficult. It lies through the green timber all the way, and the trees stand so close together that no view is to be had of the valley below. The plateau above is timbered, and as we approached an open spot we saw through the trees a pale, misty blue appearance of the atmosphere, almost like that made by a thin smoke rising from a partially burned out forest fire, but the bright blue sky above our heads showed no sign of smoke, and after riding a short distance further we suddenly passed out of the woods and were on the borders of Mary Lake, whose blue waters we had been watching through the tree trunks. It is a tiny lake, on the very crest of the mountain, surrounded by the timber, and without any outlet. Soon afterward we rode out into the open country, and although spending some little time in examining a number of hot sulphur springs near the road, reached Alum Creek not long after noon.

Following the stream up for about a mile, we tied our horses at the edge of the timber and set to work to catch some fish. The creek was but a foot or two in width, and flowed between banks two or three feet high, so that, with my nine-ounce rod, I was somewhat at a disadvantage, for it was impossible to cast in such a stream in the high wind that was blowing. Mr. Davis, however, with his young spruce tree, short line and grasshopper bait, was catching fish about as fast as he could bait his hook. Meanwhile, the elk gnats had gathered in force, and their persistence and ferocity almost drove me crazy. After walking a mile or two and only catching half a dozen fish, I ascended a point of bluff where there was a good breeze blowing, and the gnats would so be at a disadvantage, and here, in the shade of a noble pine, I sat for a while and enviously watched my more successful companion. Further up the stream, as I could see from here, were some old beaver dams and several pools of open water, where it would be possible to cast. Proceeding to these pools, I had some excellent fishing, though all the trout taken were little fellows, running from six to eight inches in length and weighing about five to the pound. From these pools I took twenty-eight fish in a short time, and then about 4 o'clock turned back toward the horses. In the meantime, Stewart, the chief packer, had come across the hill from the camp and wet his line. On reaching camp we found that Mr. Davis had eighty-seven fish, Stewart eighteen, and I had thirty-five; enough for at least two meals for the hungry company.

The camp was pleasantly situated on a level bit of grass, between the timbered hill behind and the swiftly-flowing stream in front, with a broad meadow near at hand, over which were scattered the feeding animals. About the cheerful camp-fire after dinner, we lounged and smoked and chatted, and discussed the plans for the morrow, until the crescent moon slowly sinking in the west, warned us that it was time to seek our blankets.

From our camp on Alum Creek to the Lake is sixteen miles, and to the Falls twelve. The latter were too near to be passed by. Long before the mules were packed, therefore, I started alone to visit them. The road is a good one, and passes along over the undulating sage brush prairie near a considerable group of hot springs, whose curiously colored waters, and trickling rills of steaming water constantly tempted one to stop and examine them.

The day was overcast and lowering, threatening rain. I regretted that it was not bright, for, remembering the wealth of coloring of the Cañon, I thought that it would be much more beautiful in the sunshine than in shadow.

Before reaching the Yellowstone River a number of streams are crossed, some of which have wide miry bottoms over which good corduroy roads have been built. On all these streams are to be seen places where camps have been made, old fire-places, and wooden picket pins still standing in the ground, and the ubiquitous tin can and beer bottle—painful evidences of civilization, from which at the present day it seems hopeless to attempt to escape.

Not long before reaching the river, Crater Hills, or as it was once called, Sulphur Mountain, was passed; a great barren white hill, full of hot springs and sulphur vents. About these last, much sulphur has been deposited, and many fragments of the bright yellow mineral are strewn over the ground. Once or twice I noticed where two or three blades of grass had fallen across one of the vents, and on their slender heads most delicate crystals of sulphur had collected. One of the largest springs is near, and just south, of the road at the foot of the hill. It is six or eight feet in diameter, and is almost constantly in a state of ebullition. The water was thrown sometimes to a height of eight or ten feet, not in jets, but by impulses from the center of the pool, so that the spray was sent outward in all directions.

The road down toward the Falls is a fairly good one, but not having been repaired for a year or more, was in some places in rather bad condition. Innumerable little springs trickle from the hillside above it, and where they cross the road make muddy places, which soon become what are aptly called "chuck holes." The time to work these roads is in the very early summer, after the snows have for the most part melted, and the freshets have accomplished their work of destruction. Repairs should be made then; that is, just before the travel in the Park begins, so that the tourist may pass over good roads. If the mending is done in the autumn, the water which falls in the spring destroys the repairs and leaves the roads in a condition but little better than if they had not been worked. The meagreness of the Congressional appropriations for the care of the Park and the late date at which these are available, has made it hitherto impracticable to repair the roads at the proper season of the year, but it is hoped that before long there will be a change for the better in this respect.

After following the river for two or three miles, the white tents of the Improvement Company are passed, and after climbing over the high hill beyond them, the roar of the Falls salutes the ear. At the base of the hill are seen the rapids which are just above the Upper Falls, and here the dark green river is patched with great dancing masses of snowy foam. The thunder of the rushing waters becomes louder, and a few moments' ride brings one to the Upper Falls. The mighty mass of dark water glides rather than plunges into the depths below, and is broken up into white foam and then spray just below the crest of the cataract. The height of the fall is one hundred and ten feet, and the clouds of white vapor which rise from its base obscure the view as one peers down into the abyss where the tossing, restless waters leap and whirl with a never ceasing motion. On the left rises the steep slope of the timbered mountain; on the right the more nearly vertical wall of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, while before us are glimpses of the glories of that cañon.

Leaving the Upper Falls I followed the trail north along the river, and was soon opposite the Great Falls. These are 310 feet in height, and this, taken in connection with the tremendous volume of water which passes over them, renders the sight a most impressive one. Perhaps I cannot do better than to transcribe the graphic description of these falls by Colonel Wm. Ludlow, United States Engineers. He says:

"Close at hand, the river narrowed in its bed to a width of some seventy feet and with a depth of four or five feet, through the pure deep green of which the hardly wavering outlines of the brown boulders beneath are distinctly visible, springs to the crest with an intensity of motion that makes its clear depths fairly seem to quiver. Just before making the plunge, the stream is again contracted, and the waters are thrown in from both sides toward the center, so that two bold, rounded prominences or buttresses, as it were, are formed where green and white commingle. Lying prostrate, and looking down into the depth, with the cold breath of the Cañon fanning the face, one can see that these ribs continue downward, the whole mass of the fall gradually breaking into spray against the air, until lost in the vast cloud of vapor that hides its lowest third, and out of which comes up a mighty roar that shakes the hills and communicates a strange vibration to the nerves. From far below this cloud emerges a narrow, green ribbon, winding and twisting, in which the river is hardly recognizable, so dwarfed is it and creeping with so oily and sluggish a current, as though its fall had stunned it. On either hand, the walls of the Cañon curve back from the plunging torrent, and rise weltering with moisture to the level of the fall, again ascending 500 or 600 feet to the pine-fringed margin of the Cañon; pinnacles and towers projecting far into the space between, and seeming to overhang their bases."

But stupendous as is this mighty torrent, it is but one feature of the grand scene. A cañon a thousand feet deep and perhaps twice as wide, extends to the northward for miles. Its sides are curiously sculptured and carven into fantastic forms. Sometimes a vertical cliff supports a number of lofty cones of rock, ranged side by side upon some horizontal ledge along its face, or a narrow buttress may rise from the river's level in a series of pinnacles and turrets overtopping one another, until the summit of the Cañon wall is reached. Here that wall is so nearly perpendicular that it seems as though a stone dropped from the edge of the cliff would fall at once into the water of the river; there the decomposing rock has been eaten away above, until a soft talus rises half way to the top in a steep slope. But, after all, the glory of the Cañon is in its color. The walls glow with a vivid, intense radiance which is no less wonderful than beautiful. Browns and reds, and pinks and yellows, and delicate grays and pure white, have painted these hard rocks with a wealth and richness of coloring which cannot be described in words; and although I had imagined that I remembered the Cañon well, I was fairly startled by its majesty and its beauty of coloring, for the exquisite variety, delicacy and blending of the tints had passed from my mind. A general impression of the variety and brilliancy of the scene remained, but now looked upon again, it was a real surprise.

For hours I remained on the mountain-side, riding up and down the Cañon, and, from the top of one projecting rock pinnacle after another, contemplating the wonderful scene before me. On the other side of the river could be seen the level grass plateau, which represents the general level of the country, dotted here and there with groups of graceful pines; beyond in the distance were mountain peaks. The great gash cut in the earth at my feet and splashed with the multitude of colors, which glowed as the sunlight touched them, or when clouds obscured the sky, grew dull, stretched away north and south until lost in the bend of the river. At the foot of the Great Falls the sky was reflected in the mist which hung there, as if a bit of heaven's own azure had been brought down to earth to add to the beauty of the scene.

Far below my perch, on the summits of several of the rocky towers that had not yielded to the erosive effects of the air and water, were a number of ospreys' nests, and about them the birds still lingered, though their broods had long been gone. Hawks were perched on the nests, or on the rocks near at hand, while others, like black specks, sailed over the waters far below, or balanced themselves with half-opened wings on the dead pine trees that here and there clung to the sides of the Cañon. Now and then a bird would rise high in air above the water, and on motionless pinion, turning his head from side to side as he examined me with his keen eye, swing close by my seat, scrutinizing me closely to discover if possible who the stranger was. The little sparrow hawks too seemed to like the Cañon, and flitted about on nervous wing, and sometimes with a glass I could detect far below on the river's edge a dipper moving about with restless flight. Ever the dull roar of the cataract sounded in my ears, and mingled with its hollow murmur were the piercing melancholy screams of the fish hawks, reminding one of the sad, wailing cry of the sea gulls along the surf-beaten seashore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

WE stated last week the changes proposed to be made in the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park, and urged upon Congress the importance of considering without delay the subject of the bill's passage. By a reference to the map of the region which we publish to-day, our readers can see just what those changes are and just how much is to be taken from and added to the Park. The light dotted lines running north and south and east and west, and meeting in the upper left hand corner of the map, are the north and west boundaries of the Park as it stands to-day, the heavily dotted lines just within these lighter ones are the north and west boundaries of the Territory of Wyoming. Should the bill now under consideration become a law, the western boundary of the Park will be the one hundred and eleventh meridian, the northern boundary will follow the forty-fifth parallel to the north bank of the Yellowstone River, thence it will follow the north or east bank of that river to the mouth of the East Fork of the Yellowstone, thence up the East Fork to the meridian of 110° 10', or about the mouth of Soda Butte Creek, and thence due east to the meridian of 109° 30'. From the point where this east and west line intersects the meridian of 109° 30', the eastern boundary runs due south to the parallel of 44°, thence due west along that parallel to its point of intersection with the meridian of 111°, and thence due north to the starting point. By following the lines indicated, as can readily be done on the map, each reader can see for himself just how the present reservation is to be modified. He will see, too, that so far as its natural wonders are concerned, it loses little or nothing by the reduction on the west and north, while the increase in size on the east and south adds to it a great deal of scenery that is incomparably grand and beautiful, besides taking in several groups of hot springs and the wonderful Two-Ocean Pass.

The greatest of all the advantages to be gained by the change is the addition of the considerable extent of forest land which protects the sources of the Yellowstone and the Snake River. No one can look upon this map without perceiving that the country which it covers is one abounding in water. Lakes, rivers, creeks, brooks and springs are innumerable here. Through the spring and early summer they collect and store up the moisture from the rains and melting snows—all the precipitation of this great region—and in summer and fall they give it forth again, to be carried on by the great rivers to fertilize the dry regions east and west of the mountains. The soil here is rich and black, composed of decaying vegetation, and forms a sponge which soaks up and holds the moisture, giving it forth gradually as it is needed.

Suppose, now, that this territory were to be denuded of its timbers. It matters little, so far as the final results are concerned, whether the destroying agent were fire, kindled through carelessness, or the axe of the lumberman. But suppose the timber gone, this would be the result: The



SKETCH MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

COMPILED FROM THE LATEST GOVERNMENT SURVEYS.

heavy rains in spring and the wash of the melting snows would, in a year or two, carry away all of the forest floor, which at present acts as a kind of reservoir for these waters, and deposit it in the stream beds, or in the lakes through which the streams flow. Thereafter, when the water fell, it would no longer be received by this sponge and held for a little while. It would fall upon the hard, dry mountain side, and at once rush down toward the main channel, swelling the river beyond its banks at one season of the year, while in a dry time its tributaries would carry no water and the main river would be reduced to half its present volume. This would be the beginning of the evil. How far it would go no one can tell; but if we may judge from the experience of European countries with certain streams, its results would be most lamentable. Certainly a stream which is beyond its banks for three months in the year, and half dry for the remainder, will not be of great benefit to a farmer who desires to use it for irrigation.

We have always regarded this question of forest preservation as the most important of those included in the subject of Park protection. It has a direct bearing on the prosperity of a very considerable section of our agricultural domain, and therefore deserves serious consideration and prompt attention.

The protection of the Western large game is a matter which deeply interests all sportsmen, and not less all those who have devoted any attention to natural history. The fate of the buffalo on the plains, of the moose in New York State and of the elk in the region between the Hudson River and the Mississippi, should teach us a lesson. It took but a few years to exterminate the buffalo, and unless a halt is speedily called, a few years more will see the elk as scarce as the buffalo is to-day.

It is a notorious fact that more or less hunting constantly goes on in the Park, notwithstanding the regulations prohibiting it. Last summer elk meat was sold openly there, and if any question was raised as to where it was killed, the seller would laughingly reply, "Oh, it came from the Hoodoo country," a region just without the Park. There is now in the country to be included in the Park an abundance of elk and deer—enough to stock the region and to keep it supplied for all time, if only they are efficiently protected. We have reason to believe also that there are a few bison within its borders, though it may be doubted whether there are enough of these to establish a permanent herd there. All these animals must be protected in the most stringent manner by a law which shall not only be such in name, but shall be rigidly enforced.

This bill for the protection of the Park should be passed at once. If it fails to become a law at this session, the work of protection will be delayed for a whole year. Next summer, when tourists go to the Park, those of them who are lawless can override the regulations as they have done in the past. They can kill game, smash down the geyser craters, and fire the forests; and in the absence of any forms of law, it will be impossible to punish them.

It is therefore a matter of great importance that the bill should at once be taken up and passed by the House. This done, it is believed—though we are without positive information on the subject—that Senator Vest will urge its passage by the Senate, and by prompt action on all hands the matter may be carried through. It is certain that if this is not done a great amount of destruction will be wrought during the coming summer. The bill is without objectionable features, is encountering no opposition, and is wholly outside of the domain of politics. It is simply a measure for the public good. Why shall it not be passed?

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

VII.

AFTER the soft snowfall the grip of winter tightened with sharper weather, and it was a nipping night when Lisha's friends, the creaking of whose coming footsteps he heard twenty rods away, again entered the shop. Each as he came in made his way quickly to the ruddy, roaring stove, and hardly one failed to shrug his shoulders with a shivering "booh!" rub his hands, stamp his feet, and proclaim in some form or words that the night was cold, as if that was something which needed every man's testimony to establish as a fact.

Joseph Hill remarked, as he rubbed his ears, that "the skeeters bit." The inquirer stared at him and asked, "Bit who?" and said he hadn't "seen no skeeters sen September."

Another said, "Tell ye what, it's pretty cold," as if he was the original discoverer of this condition of the atmosphere.

Pelatiah asked Sam Lovel, "'s this col' 'nough for ye, Samwel?" and Sam answered as he fanned himself with his fur cap, "Cold 'nough? No. I want it cold 'nough to freeze the blaze of a match tew a pipe. I'm most melted, 'n' wish 't I could set top o' Tater Hill 'n hour er tew 'n' cool off." Pelatiah said "Sho!" and "guessed he was a jokin'."

Solon Briggs's opinion was that it was "congealous, and that the muckery would prawberbly condescend to twenty-four below jehu, I wou' say, below zeno, afore mornin'." And Antoine, hugging himself, declared that it was "bien froid," which, after Canuck fashion, he pronounced "ban fret," and then translated, "Col' lak a dev, bah gosh; more he was Canada, yas, sah." And so encouraging one another, they became firmly settled in the belief that the night was indeed a cold one, and Lisha, as he opened the stove door, using the corner of his apron for a holder, and fed the little demon a bellyful of white birch, gave it as his opinion, that "if the wind riz it would be a reg'lar rip snorter."

"And naow," said Solon, when Lisha had established himself in the polished leathern seat of his bench, "arfter the preluminary remarks 'at yew made at aour prevarious meetin', it is confidentially espected 'at yew will perceed to dilate your narrowtyve."

"Yas," Antoine urged, "you goin' fill up you promise, don't it, Onc' Lasha, hein?"

"Wal, boys, 'f I must I must. I s'pose," said Lisha, pulling hard at his pipe between words, "but I hain't no gret at tellin' stories. Ye see"—after some silent back tracking of memory—' 'twas 'baout Noer Chase; he was the fust one in taown 't hed a pleasure waggin, 'n' they uster call it Noer's Ark. He'd ben sellick man three fo' years, 'n' sot in the leegislatur' onct—cousin t' Jerushy, tew—'n' orter ben in better business 'n' goin' crustin', but he went, 'n' more 'n onct. So one March the' was the alfiredest crust 'n' he hedn't nothin' to dew much, 'n' s' he, 'I guess I'll hassome fun, s' he. So he got him a club, an' put on his snowshoes an' put 'er fer a basin up in the maountain where he knowed the' was some deer a yardin'. I know the ezack spot, an' so do you, Samwill. Right up where the east branch o' Stuuny brook heads. He got Amos Jones to go 'long with him, 'n' they got there an' faound the deer, twenty on 'em or more, a yardin' 'raound in the little spruces, 'n' all poorer 'n wood. Wal, they scahtered 'em aout an' went at 'em. Amos he seen Noer knock down ten on 'em and cut the' thruts, 'n' then he telled 'im for to stop, t' that was 'nough. But Noer he laughed 'n' said he was jis' beginnin' to hassome fun; 'n' then he put arter a doe that was heavy with fa'n, 'n' as he run up 'longside on her, she stumbled in the crust, her laigs all a bleedin', an' rolled up 'er eyes turrible pitiful tow-wards him, an' gin a beseechin' kind of a blaat. An' Amos he hollered aout to Noer t' let 'er 'lone, but Noer he on'y laughed 'n' said haow 't he was goin' ter kill tew to one shot, 'n' he gin 'er a lick on the head with his club 'fore Amos co'ld git tew him."

"Damn 'im!" growled Sam.

"Amos didn't hardly never cuss, but I s'pose he ripped aout then 'n' gin it to Noer hot 'n' heavy, 'n' said he was a good min' to sarve him 's he'd sarved the doe; 'n' jis then he happened to see that Noer was standin' 'long side o' the doe, right onderneath an onlucky tree, 'n' then he said he knowed suthin' 'ould happen tew him, 'n' tol' 'im so. But Noer on'y laughed at 'im, 'n' called 'im a sup'stitious chickin-hearted ole granny, an' took aout his knife to cut the doe's thrut. Amos couldn't stan' it to see no more sech murderin', 'n' so he cleared aout and went hum. Wal, Noer finished the doe, 'n' then took arter a yullin' buck next. The buck started daown the maountin', 'n' bein' putty light he skinned it 'long putty good jog, so 's 't Noer couldn't ketch up with 'im s' easy 's he hed with t'other ones. So Noer 'gin to git mad 'n' doubled his jumps, 'n' went tearin' daown hill lickerty split, 'n' hed mos' ketched up to the deer, when the toe of his snowshoe ketched int' the limb of a blowed doawn tree, an' he fell, kerlummux! 'n' struck his laig on another limb on 't an' broke his laig."

"Good!" cried Sam.

"His laig pained him onmassyfully, 'n' like 'nough he hurt his head tew, for he went inter a swound, I s'pose," continued Lisha, after nodding to Sam, "an' he lay quite a spell 'fore he come tew, 'n' 'twas mos' night. Fust thing, he tried to git up; but he couldn't make it aout till he got holt of a saplin' an' pulled hisself up, 'n' then he couldn't take a step. An' while he stood there a considerin', that 'ere doe appeared right afore him, lookin' at him jest as she did when he run her daown! He said, 'Shoo!' but she didn't stir a mite, and then he reached daown an' picked up his club an' hove it at 'er, 'n' he said it went through her jes' 's if she'd ben a puff o' smoke, an' went a scootin' over the crust twenty rods daown the hill, 'n' she never stirred! He tried to walk agin, but he couldn't step a step, an' then he goddaown on all fours an' crawled 's well 's he could towwards the clearin's, an' that ere doe kep allers jes' so fur ahead on him, allers lookin' at him jest as she did afore he knocked her in the head. An' when it begin to grow duskish the' was a wolf set up a yowlin' behind him as he snailed along a groanin' an' a sweatin' like a man a mowin', an' not goin' more 'n a rod in five minutes, 'n' then tew more wolves jined in a yowlin' so clus tew him 't his toes tickled, 'n' when he looked over his shoulder he could see the dum'd critters a shoolin' 'long arter him like black shadders, 'n' every naow 'n' then sittin' up on their rumps an' yowlin' for more to jine 'em. An' all the time that 'ere doe kep' jes' so fur ahead on him, allers a lookin' at him jes' so mournful. Bimebye arter dark, he got to the clearin' 'n' he couldn't go no furder, so he sot his back agin a tree 'n' sot there an' hollered with his club in his hand, for he'd picked it up in his crawlin', an' there he sot, 'n' there the wolves sot, an' right betwixt 'em stood the doe, which the wolves never took no more noticte on her 'n' of a shadder. Arter a while—seemed 's 'ough 't was a week t' Noer—somebody hearn the rumpus, wolves a yowlin' an' man a hollerin', an Aar'n Gove an' Moses Hanson 'n' mongst 'em, rallied aout an' went up an' faound him an' fetched him hum. They got a darkter an' sot his laig, but he was sick for three months, 'n' many a time, they said, he seen that 'ere doe a lookin' in 't the winder 'n' hearn the wolves a yowlin' raound the haouse, but the' could none o' the rest on 'em see her nor hear the wolves. Bimebye he got better, an' so 's 't he could git aout raound. An' then his son, the on'y one 't he had, went off t' the fur West a trappin' an' a tradin' for furs an' skins, an' got killed by Injins, an' then his oldest darter run away with a nigger, an' wus yit, his other darter married an Irishmun, an' wust of all, so Noer said, Amos Jones come up to see him, an' said, 'I tole yer so!' Then Noer got wus an' run int' the consumption, 'n' arter lingerin' an' lingerin', he died."

"All of which," said Sam Lovel, "sarved him right, and," lifting to his lips the broken handled pitcher of stale water that stood on a shelf in the corner, seldom replenished but never quite empty, "here's a hopesin' that all crusters may forever meet the same fate. Amen!"

"Haow long," put in the inquirer, "haow long did Noer Chase hev the consumption?"

"Ten year," Lisha replied.

"Was that all?" said the inquirer.

"I don't b'lieve," said Pelatiah, wiping his nose with his right hand mitten, "'at ever I'll crust hunt a deer 's long 's I live and breathe."

"I don't b'lieve ye will nuther," said Sam, "not in these parts, for ye won't hev the chance. But I wanter tell ye one thing, Peltier, the nex' wust thing to crustin' deer is snarin' patridges! One day in the fall I was huntin' up through yer father's woods, an' I come acrost a leetle low brush fence with snares sot in the gaps. I tore it all daown, an' one gret cock patridge 't I faound a hangin' by the neck I hove off int' the woods for the foxes t' eat. You sot them snares, Peltier, 'n' you hadn't ort t' done it. Every time I find any sech contraption, I'll spile it, no matter who sot it. 'Xceptin' ugly and mischevious critters 'at won't let ye hunt 'em no ways decent, give all God's creeturs a fair chance. Foller 'em up an' shoot 'em ef ye can, in the times 't they'd ort to be shot, but not no other times. Not no nestin' good birds nor breedin' an' sucklin' beasts that 's wuth a savin'. Then when ye die, 'f you've ben honest an' decent to folks, ye won't hev nothin' to torment ye. Naow, Peltier, you remember what I tell ye, an' don't ye never snare no more patridges, or less ye 'll hav an ole hen patridge a lookin' at ye jest as that 'ere doe did at Noer Chase."

"As true 's I live, Samwill, I won't never again."

"Ez for Noer Chase, which I remember him well as a consumptuous invalidge in the days of my youthful indolescense," Solon Briggs remarked; "it is my o-pinion that his fate was a just contribution for his predatorious onrightiousness."

"Wal, sah," said Antoine, who had long been waiting to put in a word, "dem Anglish offic'y in Canada when he go huntin' 'long wid Injin keel moose mos' same like Noel; fin' 'em in yard, run it daown, shoot it, carree off horn, litly bit meat, skin, maybe, leave it rest of it for wolf. Show horn, 'Horrah! Ah keel it moose!' Ah come porty near keel one of dat offic'y tam Papineau war, me wish ah have, bah gosh!"

"I've hear'd on it, Ann Twine. He chased ye an' you run, an' he follored till he putty nigh broke his wind. He run a narrer chance of his life, sartin."

"Ah, Onc' Lasha, who tole it you dat lies, hein?"

"I dunno 's I know, Uncle Lisher; seems 'ogh I did tew, but guess 't I don't," said Joseph Hill, "jes ezackly what an 'onlucky tree' is. Dunno but I did know onct, but I've kinder forgot."

"Wal," said Lisha, "what some calls an onlucky tree an' thinks is, is a sca'se kind of a tree, half way 'twixt a cat spruce an' a pitch pine. The leaves is longer 'n a spruce 'n' shorter 'n a pine, an' the branches grows scraggider 'n any spruce. They haint no size—never seen one more'n ten inches 't the butt. They haint no good, 'n' I d' know 's they be any hurt, but some folks thinks they be, an' you couldn't git 'em to go a-nigh one for nuthin'. Think if they dew the' 'll suthin' dreffful happen to 'em or some o' their folks. I p'sume the' haint nothin' of it. 'N' naow I guess it's 'baout time to shet up shop—an' maouths."

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XIII.—A SUMMER IDYL.

THE camp had reached a period in its existence when its inmates were inclined to let the sun beat them daily in rising by several hours, and when fairly aroused and fortified by a breakfast, nothing seemed further from their thoughts than fishing. One member set about the construction of a hammock, another in devising a sail for the boat; but taken altogether, there was more loafing than working. The dreams of many a winter's night, born amid storm and ice and sleet; dreams of summer isles, with shores of sand, and cliff and far in-running coves, of shimmering waters stretching far away, and vexed by no oar save our own; all these were realized, and we were content

> ——"to live and lie reclined
> On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind."

The infusion of new blood was necessary to awaken the dormant energies of the camp. While everything was at loose ends the arrival of Truthful James at Battersea was announced by George late one night, and straightway the camp was in a tremor of excitement. In the early morning the discoverer of Loughborough stood on the bluff before the tents and received the greetings and welcome of the camp. It was on one of the early days of August, and he brought to us the first faint odors from the campaign in the States, the full essence of which saluted the public nostril a few weeks later. But the bundle of rods and the tackle box beside him indicated the barrier which he had placed between himself and principalities and powers, office present or office to come.

> "So Scipio to the soft Cumæan shore
> Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before."

An angler who had cast over many waters, skilled in all that pertains to the craft, a sharer in all of its enthusiasms, in a few moments he roused the camp from its lethargy and saw the last symptoms of its fever vanish, and thenceforward found it ready at all times to enter the lists with him in generous rivalry. A short cruise on the morning of his arrival was taken and we were rewarded with a dozen small-mouths, after which, while stretched in comfort on the banks, we listened to news a month old and gravely passed judgment on the affairs of two continents. Next the details of a vigorous campaign were perfected, and Sabattis was interviewed and himself and boat engaged for the benefit of the newcomer.

Truthful James brought with him much besides the gentle patience and accomplishments of the angler. Through the long noonings were woven webs traced with the pencils, chisels and pens of those who have painted and carved and sung for us of the later time, and with whose colorings and forms he reared a new world, one that could neither be drowned by flood nor destroyed by fire.

Early after breakfast on the morning succeeding his arrival we armed and made ready for the fray. The rays of the sun were scorching, and Truthful James, unused to the fiery exposure, improvised a muslin shield for the protection of his face. When he had finished it, with its two round holes for eyes, and donned it, he was a fearful sight. Across the border he would have been taken for a Ku-Klux, but here, one happening to encounter him and his guide in some lonely cove among the islands, would have fled terror-stricken, believing that he had met the infernal boatman of the Styx while transporting Hades-ward one of the damned.

When we set out Sabattis started to go around the island that his ghost-like master might cast over his favorite grounds of last year, while we turned directly up the lake, intending to work the point opposite Griffin Island until they should join us. When about half a mile from camp we found that the landing net had been left behind, and we turned back to get it. When we rounded the point we found that the other boat had made a circuit of the island and was ahead of us on the way up the lake. We followed and trolled with a gang of flies, with which we took now and then a lubberly big-mouth. While trolling through a narrow channel between a small rocky island and one of the large ones, the rod came near being snatched from our hands by the force of a strike which sent up a sheet of water some forty feet astern. The boat was put broadside on as a rush followed, and another sheet of water suddenly went skyward, when suddenly everything at the other end of the line came to a standstill. The boat was slowly backed and the line reeled in until we came to a stake which stood with its top a couple of feet below the surface, and around which a single loop had been deftly cast just where the leader was attached to the line, and beyond this there was—nothing. A twelve-foot leader, the flies and fish were each conspicuous by their absence.

Under such circumstances there are two things which ought always to be done. The first is to settle the weight of the fish; the other is to arrange a new gang. The former was satisfactorily accomplished by fixing the weight at four pounds and a half, but repairing damages was not such an easy matter, for upon setting about it we found that our fly-book had been left at camp. On such occasions there are several things, either of which it is proper to do. One is to criticise the action of the fish and your own stupidity, "according," as Sam Weller said, "to the taste of the speller." The unwritten work of the angler provides a ritual for such emergencies which is usually followed by the initiated. Fortunately a bucket of perch bait had been put in the boat before setting out, so there was no necessity for turning back. Slowly and sadly we followed the lead of the white mask, which, facing astern, looked like a death's head, grinning derision at our ill luck. Three miles further on we all came to anchor in Cady's Bay, under the shade of the well wooded cliff on its southern shore.

We were in for an old-fashioned fish, to sit down and watch the floating "bobbers" and to talk and dream between bites. The prospect was by no means unpleasant, and so with Truthful James close alongside on the starboard, we settled down to the enjoyment of our summer idyl. And it was an idyl. Somewhere from beyond the range of hills in front came the mellow tinkle of a cowbell, a few sheep were scrambling among the rocks on the hillside, while on the summit, starkly outlined against the sky, a horse was answering with his neighs to the call of his owner, a long drawn monotonous "c—o boy, c—o boy." No signs of human dwelling place were visible, but just below us, on the slope within the cove, a stone chimney and the ruins of a log barn told of a life lived here away from its kind. To such dwellers in these byways, wars and rumors of wars are naught, and whether the dominion be a colony, an empire, or a republic is to them a matter of indifference, though in some supreme hour they may help make food for powder in a cause waged by a master whom they know not, nor for what.

That day we lived over again our youth. The shadows drifted as of old across the water, which mirrored back the ghostly forms of birches and the somber pines; a muskrat was angling along the shore below, and a pair of squirrels were chattering in the trees above. The blue and green dragon fly poised in air and settled on our tips and floats with all his olden persistency, the wild bee hummed about us, while now and then the festive mosquito piped his song in our ears. We sat the long afternoon through, and until the croak of the frogs in the coves warned us of the supper hour, called back the memory of the homeward tramp across the pasture, through the swale and the open meadow to the farmhouse, with its cheery light gleaming through the open door, called up the vision of boyish hands holding aloft the string to now sainted mothers; of the welcome kiss, the royal supper, and—we lifted anchor and moved campward, a couple of graybeards, two boys once more. The fountain of youth is no vagary, though Ponce de Leon found it not.

The heart of Sabattis, too, was glad, for the day to him was a lucky one. We had taken fifty odd bass, and the household of the guide, the camp and the hamlet were well supplied with brain food. We made the five miles to camp in the red after glow of the Canadian sunset, which bathed the granite hillsides, the green islands and the water in the hues of the western sky. We shot into the long shadows at the landing, which were soon lighted up by the blaze of the camp-fire, and then, gathered about the range, we watched the frying of the fish and the bacon, the browning of the sliced potatoes, and the steaming of the coffee, until nature could endure it no longer, and we heaped them all upon the table and fell to. There was considerable dozing over pipes before we sought our blankets, and once within them, we heard not a sound until daylight.

The anticipated cloud of glory was beginning to gather over the camp. Before the week was out every one was surrounded with a halo, and there were indications of a fight for the front seat, when the sceptre unexpectedly passed into other hands. One morning while Truthful James with his boatman was trolling down the lake, the Madame, taking

George, started on a quest of her own. When she returned she was bearing a bass which weighed just five pounds, her only catch, but which she alone had played and landed. Stopping only long enough to display her trophy, she started off to the shoal at Garden Island, a half a mile away. In a few minutes we heard shout after shout across the water from the boat, and we knew that unusual sport was being had. Truthful James returned with a fine catch, but the boat at the island kept its place. It took repeated signals from the camp to bring it in, and when at last it came to the landing, there was a call for us to "come and weigh." There were fourteen small-mouths in the boat, and of these, two weighed three pounds and fourteen ounces apiece. This little episode put a quietus on the belligerent members who were striving for the lead, and as no one came up to the Madame's score during the camp, she was yielded the front seat.

By this time the achievements of the camp had gone abroad; they had crossed the border, skirted the North Woods and been wafted down the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson and through the "southern tier." In one of the counties of the latter they had set a lawyer and an editor agog, and the one, leaving "his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks," and the other his "ads" and ems, started in search of the elysium where grew the golden fruit, determined to climb the tree and shake it. Two months of the campaign had converted the editor into a vessel of wrath, and he believed that the election of his candidate would usher in an era in which every week would have ten days, the pint measure hold a quart, "the three-hoop'd pot would have ten hoops, and it would be felony to drink small beer." He came to us charged with several conundrums concerning the tariff, revenue, wages and duty on the raw material. Illustrative of the latter, he brought some samples of the same in bottles—free of duty. The proper restoratives were applied, he was made to swear allegiance to the Queen and to limit his politics to discussions of the raw material aforesaid.

Thus all issues were happily pooled, and we heard no more of protection, prohibition, or the Tallapoosa, until the day when we set foot in the land which was suffering the infliction of listening to the pros and cons of the ins and outs—of plumed and plumeless knights, blatherskites and mugwumps.

WAWAYANDA.

RAMBLES THROUGH NEWFOUNDLAND.

VII.

FROM out a blinding snowstorm that had overtaken us in our passage of a tract of "barrens" and marshes, we had come into the shelter of a "var" (fir) forest where stood a cozy "tilt." Sheltered though we were by the densely branched fir trees of the "droke," yet the storm sung about us, and sometimes flung a large quantity of drift down by our camp. Every cove, every settlement in Newfoundland has its record of persons "lost in the drift." Around hundreds of miles of the inhabited coast there is no road, and in winter time no means of communication save by a foot path, which takes the traveler across dreary stretches of barrens upon which there is not a tree. Sometimes after he has set out the storm breaks upon him, but he believes that he will be able to keep the path, guided by poles stuck at intervals of three or four hundred yards along his way. But with a terrific wind and a blinding, smothering drift perhaps in your face, and in which you cannot see objects sometimes ten paces away, it will be seen that one of these poles becomes a difficult object to find; the poor traveler misses the path and loses the poles, wanders away in the overwhelming storm, till his strength fails him, and he falls down and perishes. I know personally of seven or eight such cases as these.

We removed the snow that had gathered about the squat little building, and presently the axes of the guide and the trader made a muffled ringing upon the whitings. For myself I was curious to see the inside of the domicile for sportsmen wayfarers, and creeping in observed, on striking a taper, two couches upon the floor, and one like a bunk midway along the further side of the camp. It must have been long since the camp had been used, for the fir branches forming the couches were gamboge instead of green, but would serve the excellent purpose of producing a quick fire.

While the rest were chopping down and "junking up" some of the gleaming whitings, I kindled a fire, but was nonplussed about water. We were very hungry, and it would take long for the snow to melt. The trader learnt the difficulty, and told me that "just there forninst the tilt, half a gunshot down, there's a first-rate little gully, a pure spring." Taking the kettle I went in search of the stream. I stumbled about among the trees for a minute or two without success, and then thought what a fool I was, as I certainly was, not to have put snow in the kettle and made an end of the matter. But "there's a destiny," etc.; that which I sought I found not, that which I did not seek I found, or rather I saw: to wit, upon a rampike with gnarled limbs a large flock of willow grouse sitting tamely as chickens, with their ruffled feathers, not five paces distant from me.

I forgot of course about the immediate demand for a meal, returned hastily to the camp, threw down the kettle, telling the trader to attend to it, and took my gun down toward the richly-laden rampike. I found the flock as I had left them, sitting with ruffled feathers, in mopish fashion, looking stupid as owls. The etiquette of sportsmanship which insists upon flushing the game, and that brands the shooting of a perched bird as murder was not strong enough to overcome my desire to "make a great show" of game before my companions, to whom the rules of sportsmanship seemed absurd wherever they departed from the utilitarian, the utility of all sport being to them to get meat. Therefore I began to do the murders. I knocked two down with my right barrel from their perch on the lowest limb. Then I knocked off another with the other barrel. My occupation now seemed to me to be about as honorable and as manly as to attack a human antagonist while he is sleeping. But I swallowed my remorse and recharged my piece, the birds sitting utterly regardless of my preparations, and supremely oblivious to the noise or the smell of the powder. I shall not, however, dwell on the discreditable scene. I shot them all; and the only gleam of respectability lent to my proceedings was the fact that a hawk came upon the scenes. He swooped and circled through the wood with vicious, glaring eye, wheeling round and round where I had committed the crimes. At last as he darted off, I suppose bidding the place good by, I shot him.

Just then, astounded by the sound of firing that I had perpetrated, the trader and the guide arrived breathless with their guns. The former, with his piece at full cock, in an excited manner asked: "Where are they?" I pointed to the pile of grouse, and to my proud, prone hawk, which every now and again would kick, flap one wing, and vomit his heart's blood upon the snow.

The number of dead, not the merit of the shooting, counting with these coast dwellers, they looked at me for a little while in mute admiration, and then the guide muttered to my cozy friend in the pea-jacket: "He's de best shot dat's ever come to dese parts."

Now we had some good cheese and deliciously smoked bacon, but I had too much the huntsman's instinct in me to be satisfied with the flesh of swine, palatable though it was, after many months in the chimney side soaking in the pungent, slightly acrid smoke of the fir and spruce; so two or three of the birds were prepared and set cooking for supper. That no discrepancy may seem in this fairly accurate record of my ramblings, I may state that the four grouse which we had brought campward from the rampike slaughter spot of the day before had tired the carrier, as he was otherwise heavily laden, and he buried them in the snow, certain, as he afterward told me, that we would find "all the meat we wanted" nearer the camp.

I was tired with my long tramp through the heavy snow, and hungry though I was, I drowsed before the spluttering, bright, breezy fire, while the meal was preparing. The mode of cooking was this: The trader took the iron ramrod from his musket and impaled the birds upon it. As the birds became brown and dry, particles of butter were dropped upon them, a tin plate being set underneath to receive the drippings. Salt and pepper were also applied, and in about three-quarters of an hour we had served up grilled grouse, which made as delicious a repast as ever gladdened a palate. I have always imagined in eating the willow grouse that I got the flavor of the hills and plains, and undoubtedly the flesh of this bird borrows a delicious tang from some of the browse buds and berries that it feeds upon.

Our camp was extremely comfortable. At the side where were our sleeping berths it was water-tight, but around where the rude chimney pierced the roof the melting snow upon the rafters dripped through. The chimney drew capitally, and we played "forty-fives," the only game of repute among the fishermen, for a couple of hours, the while we indulged mildly in the trader's excellent schnapps. While I think a little stimulant in the camp after a severe day's tramping makes retrospection and the whole situation delightful, I affirm that over-indulgence will demoralize, blur and make disappointing any expedition whatsoever. It is a great mistake, unless compelled by fatigue, or at the midday meal, to touch stimulants during the day while tramping. A glass of brandy in the morning while tramping will put me, so long as the effect lasts, into a state of abnormal ecstacy over everything I see about me; but when that fictitious lift fails, everything that so brief a time before transported, palls upon me, and I fall into the deeps of gloom. No; the stimulant is pernicious at such time, nor is such an agent needed to excite one's imagination, and increase his love for nature in the wilderness. Any man whose health is good and who has had a refreshing sleep in camp, finds on putting out upon his tramp in the morning no need for artificial stimulants. There is to him a joy in every bush and tree, a loveliness and an exhilaration in all things about him, and he enjoys the silent welcome that every hill and grove and stream seem to give him in a higher and more enduring degree than when wrought to exaggerated admiration and rhapsody by wine. The most delicious intoxication that I have ever felt is when a soft wind in the free wilderness blew upon me, filling my lungs and my veins with its impulse and bringing me tongueless messages from every inanimate thing.

After the forty-fives were played—I had overcome my sleepiness—I took "Masterman Ready" out of my bag, and straightway my companions, two of whom had never heard "a story out of a book afore," pressed me to read. I did so, omitting the portions that lacked movement, for I lost my hold upon my auditors the moment that I became prosy. But I did not read long; we were all tired, the book which they supposed would have something more astounding than Jack the Giant Killer did not prove interesting at all; so we were soon all snoring upon our couches of freshly-broken fir boughs, whose wholesome, balsamic perfume made a sort of incense not less delightful for the brain as one drifted off into the soft, smooth land of dreams than it did to the keen nostril.

In the night was heard the howl of a wolf near our camp as if looking for its companions. In the fresh snow a short distance from the tilt we found the tracks of a single wolf, which we judged to be that of the sorrowful straying. Our tramp lay through deep snow, through groves of dismal larch (juniper, as the rest called it), districts of spruce and fir, and sometimes through a "droke" of naked birches. We had snowshoes, or rackets, as my companions called them. Here and there upon the snow we found squat a flock of willow grouse, but I had to curb my passion for firing, as I was informed that we might at any time now come upon a flock of deer, and that they were so "yarry" that the sound would scare them off. But I was not to be suppressed in this way. I shot several pairs which I buried in the snow, though I had scant belief that I should ever fetch them away.

Our route lay across a land dip which formed a small river basin. Through this ran a black, deep stream, which seemed to get its first installment from under a hill that lay at its northern end. From a point where the stream banks were precipitous, we saw down in the dark water and below a projecting boulder, two animals which seemed like two old-fashioned dinner pots bottom up. I did not know what the animals were, but I was informed that they were otter. From behind a clump of firs which stood in nice range I fired at one as it was about landing. It crawled back immediately into the water, but I could see from its motives that it was wounded. My dog sprang down the precipice and plunged into the stream. Then I saw the water beaten about into foam from a struggle, and I was no little discomfited to see that my Cæsar was not getting the best of it. The poor brute was howling piteously, and as his head disappeared a second time under the water, I descended the bank to his rescue, but when I reached the bottom he had effected his liberation, and I found him bleeding upon the snow with a piece as large as a Mexican dollar bitten out of his neck. He had, I convinced myself, entered the fray with too little regard for the prowess of his barbarous adversary, and had set about "landing him" as he would a duck, and paid for his contempt and carelessness. I leveled at the wounded otter, which had in the meanwhile been endeavoring as rapidly as his wounds would permit to get out of sight, but while my finger was on the trigger, the trader asked me to fire carefully or I would "riddle her skin," and to "give it to him in the head." This I did, and the whilom pugilist floated past sodden and bleeding. We hooked the animal ashore with a stout fir pole, for Cæsar could not be induced again to grapple with an enemy of whom he had such painful recollections. The others complimented the trader on being a "first rate skinner," and in acknowledgment he took out his penknife, and very speedily divested the otter of his covering. I may as well add that I had the skin subsequently made into a cap and a pair of gloves. In the back of the right one I have often showed a hole, it was made by one of Cæsar's teeth.

We now set out for the main "deer lead" lying along the isthmus, connecting Avalon with the more bulky portion of the island. The native Newfoundland deer is the caribou or reindeer, a specimen superior to those of Lapland or Norway, and sometimes weighing as much as six hundred pounds. These deer inhabit the interior of the island not in hundreds but in thousands; some who have seen their armies in the marching season think in hundreds of thousands. The interior being a wilderness, they find no interruption save now and again—once in fifty years—when an explorer pushes his way across the region which through the summer they make their home. The marching time of the herds is as regular as the seasons. When snow covers the ground in the northwestern portion of the island, they turn their faces toward the south, and by steady marches along the leads, reach the southeastern or less severe part of the island, where through the winter months they can get browse and lichens. Some of those who have been camped near the main lead in the marching time have left on record that the deer do not move in very large bodies, for that would prevent them from being able to graze freely, but that they march in herds of from twenty to a couple of hundred, that one such body is connected with another by means of a sort of picket, and that each detachment is led by a tall stag. What a glorious sight for the huntsman from his eminence, to see body after body of these bright-eyed, nimble-footed animals, bending their course in true, parallel lines, either toward the north or the south, with the regularity and the order of masses of soldiers! Such a sight has often been seen. For days and for weeks this innumerable multitude has been seen passing along over sweeps of barren and sodden marsh, winding around the base of steep hills, and pausing for a few moments here and there to crop a mouthful of browse or mosses. In the summer they bring forth and rear their young along the shoulders of the airy uplands of the northern part of the island. They do not resort at this season to the best feeding grounds, probably to escape the mosquitoes, which are so numerous in the low-lying districts.

Although the interior of the island contains such numerous herds of deer, comparatively few are shot by the inhabitants who do not live near the passage ground. The herds do not come nearer than thirty miles of the coast, for they have learnt that there lives their enemy. This is a fact, strange enough, of which but few of the Newfoundland gunners seem to be aware. Hence winter after winter from nearly every settlement a party goes into the country for a deer-hunting expedition; but they seldom go more than twelve miles inland, hardly ever twenty. Sometimes a party of three or four get three or four deer, sometimes a half dozen; but in these later years they frequently do not even see a deer. The impression, therefore, is that "deer are getting scarcer," but they are really not. They are simply receding from the intruders with their old-fashioned, but deadly balls. There is, however, good reason why the gunners do not go far "into the country" for deer; all the game killed they must carry on their backs, and venison shouldered for thirty miles through heavy snow would be more than earned. It seems to me that it will some day, as it should have done long ago, occur to these coast dwellers that the reindeer may be trained to harness, as he is by the Norwegian and the Lap, and made to draw sledges to the resort ground of the herds. In Lapland the deer will draw 200-pounds weight, and his trotting speed is ten miles an hour, a rate which he can maintain for seven or eight hours. Harness two or three of these deer to as many sleds, and the hunter can drive with much fleetness to any point he may desire, and returning, bring a carcass upon his sled.

The herds that we were expecting to find were those which had passed from the north, in the fall, to the Peninsula of Avalon, and which would now commence their northward march. I do not think, though other writers whose opinions I much respect hold the opposite opinion, that any considerable proportion of the caribou in the island pass to the Avalon Peninsula in the fall, although I am satisfied that many thousands of them go there. The isthmus between the bottom of Placentia Bay and the opposite bay is not, I think, more than three miles wide, and parties of deer stalkers have frequently posted themselves by all the leads during the marching season. Their testimony as to the number passing up and down ought to be conclusive, and they having seen nothing like the numbers that others have observed on the march further north, where only a few of the parallel leads could be kept in view.

It was the expectation of the trader that after the storm was over, fine weather would follow, and as we went along upon our snowshoes the snow-laden branches of the trees dripped merrily. "This sort of weather will turn their heads to the norrid," he observed as he looked out on the soft, cobalt-colored sky. "Sometimes, howsomever, they get out o' their reckoning. I have often seen flocks turn back toward the sou'west when the weather was hard and the snow deep. One fine day in these parts doesn't make a spring. But the soft weather has set in this time, and there'll be rain yet afore midnight." He seemed to have gathered the latter belief from the fact that troops of jays appeared along the edge of the "tucks" by which our route lay, and were so tame that I struck one with the muzzle of my gun.

Having left the ridges we made through a low-lying tract in the direction of our tilt, being wearied with the day's tramping, and not in the best of spirits at having failed to see any deer. "Here's a hare's footin's," said one of the party pointing to fresh tracks leading around a clump of crooked scrub fir about an acre in area. I was anxious to shoot an Arctic hare, so I made ready. "A starn chase is a long chase," the trader remarked as he saw me go off. I inquired what he meant, but he simply said, "Wait till we see if he begins to double on you." There was just the single track in the snow when I set out around the clump. I made rapid speed, but could see no sign of the game, although the others, who were now abroad over the marshes after grouse, had assured me that it was not in the bush. Presently I discovered two tracks, and when I had made another circuit of the bush I saw a third. Then I turned around and said, "I shall meet you my lad," but never a glimpse did I catch. I found a fourth track now but it was

going the opposite way. I then concluded that the Arctic hare has not ears for nothing; that he must have heard me coming rather than seen me, and turned when satisfied of my proximity. I then stood for a moment resolving some method of circumventing the wily game, and I thought of a plan, very simple. I took out the ramrod of my gun, stuck it in the snow by the hare's tracks and hung my crimson comforter upon it. "That will make no noise," I chuckled to myself, "and it will be a sight for this unsophisticated animal. So I set out again, and when I had nearly completed my circuit moved cautiously. Presently this unseeable thing that had been making the footprints was in sight, about twenty yards distant, sitting upon its haunches, and with ears thrust out looking with all the intentness and wonderment of its nature upon the ramrod and the crimson scarf. "Hallo, sir," I said, as I presented. He made a quick motion, and was on the spring into covert when I lodged the load, which had so long been hungering for him, into his side. I carried away my prize with as much pride and pleasure as if it had been the head of the proudest stag in the wilderness.

When my companions left me engaged in the "starn chase," they thought I would have continued till overpowered with disgust. "How did you get him?" they asked in surprise. "Why, I traveled round and round for a time without seeing him, then I knew that it was simply a question of speed between us, and judging that I could run the faster of the two, I set out at top speed. After three circuits I ran him down, and shot him as, in a state of exhaustion, he was trying to crawl under the bushes." They swallowed the story, and looked upon me as a sort of dare devil prodigy. I may say that if the townsman find an invariable freshness in the rustic, the rustic is also sure either to find or to look for a greenness of a certain kind in the citizen. Ignorance of certain facts, which are known to him by experience, or gathered from the experience of others, stamps the incomer with the dandy clothes and fine linen as a legitimate subject for quiet fun. If the citizen can good-naturedly turn the tables, he becomes a hero; if he cannot, he will always be regarded as a legitimate subject for a certain species of their wit and cleverness. Had I come away exhausted from the hare chase, they would have laughed and jibed me compassionately. This was a new way of getting the game, and they simply looked with distended eyes while I told my lie. It was not till the next morning that I stated the fact, when they all felt and looked defeated and ashamed. I had, very naturally, adopted the obvious expedient, and it was the same as they would have adopted; but they had reserved the information for my benefit till after my defeat had been assured. J. W. Collins.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to my absence from the city, I have only just read Mr. Chamberlain's letter, published in your issue of the 8th inst. I am sure that Mr. Chamberlain and I are both anxious only to get at the truth of the interesting question brought up by this discussion, and the best way to do this is to collect all the authorities on the subject, and after this has been done to take what testimony we can from the trustworthy caribou hunters of to-day. I notice the references given by Mr. Chamberlain in his last letter, and can only add to them two or three, namely: Griffith's "Cuvier's Animal Kingdom," Vol. V., p. 304; Brook's "Proceedings Zoological Society, London," p. 927. To these two I have been unable to refer directly, but through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Frank J. Thompson, I can give one or two extracts from the "Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, Unattached, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.S., etc., London, 1866. In his preface he says: "During a sojourn in these regions, extending over a period of three years, constantly rod in hand or roaming the woods with dog and gun, I habitually recorded in my note book memoranda on the haunts and habits of the birds and animals which I have endeavored to describe in the succeeding pages," etc. And further on in Chapter IV. (Ruminantia, continued):

"The caribou of Canada (*Cervus tarandus*, var. *caribou*) is not to be confounded with the smaller variety (*grænlandicus*), which inhabits the more northern regions lying between the sixty-fifth degree of latitude and the coast of the Arctic Sea, and is an equally distinct variety of the typical reindeer (*Cervus tarandus*) of the old world."

"Partly palmated and partly cylindrical, the caribou antlers are of singular and fantastic form, and though of great expanse—apparently ill-adapted for a forest life—are so slight that their weight seldom exceeds nine pounds. [Here an excellent cut of the head and antlers is inserted.]

"The stem of the horn is considerably curved, the concave side being to the front, and the extremities of the palmated brow antlers project nearly fifteen inches over the face. Sometimes only one of these brow-antlers occurs on one or other of the horns, though they are more frequently present on both, especially in the case of the older males; and it is doubtless their peculiarity of form which has led to the belief that they are intended by nature for the purpose of removing the snows of winter in search of food. The fact, however, that the male animal sheds his horns about the commencement of that season demolishes the theory in his case; and it is well known that he uses for this purpose his forefeet and muzzle only, the skin of which latter is exceedingly hard and tough. It is a singular fact that the female of this species is furnished with antlers as well as the male, and equally curious that while the latter shed their horns, as just mentioned, at the beginning of winter, she should retain hers until the spring. If for the purpose of enabling her to procure food as above, in the winter, we may ask why should she be provided with facilities for such a purpose which are denied to the opposite sex?"

This statement, it will be observed, is quite definite. Mr. Thompson has also given me an account of a pair of caribou, male and female, which for a year were under his charge at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. Of these, the female had horns, and there is no question about the sex of the two animals, for a critical examination was made in order that they might be correctly registered on the books of the Garden. These books show that these caribou came from Maine.

In an article entitled "Caribou Hunting," originally published in the *Century Magazine*, and recently reprinted by the Century Co. in the superb volume "Sport with Gun and Rod," New York, 1883, p. 211, Mr. Charles C. Ward says: "Horns are common to both sexes, but the horns of the bucks are seldom carried later than the month of December, while the does carry theirs all winter," etc.; and further on he continues, "I have often studied their habits on the extensive caribou barrens between New River and the head of Lake Utopia, in Charlotte county, New Brunswick."

My position is this: The unanimous testimony of authors, several of whom have observed the caribou in New Brunswick, the locality now under discussion, is to the effect that the female caribou is usually provided with horns. This statement has been so often repeated that it has come to be considered as an established fact, and is referred to as well known, by most works on natural history and comparative anatomy. To overthrow this general belief, and to show that it is founded on error, even in any one locality, we may fairly demand that a large amount of indisputable testimony shall be brought forward to support the contrary view. For such evidence I shall wait.

That there may be such a geographical variation as is hinted at by Mr. Chamberlain, is possible, though, except for that gentleman's experience and the statements of the hunters and Indians whom he quotes, I see as yet no evidence of it. Something much more definite and conclusive than this is required before we can admit even the probability of so great a variation from the caribou of the Province of Quebec to those of the neighboring Province of New Brunswick.

Mr. Chamberlain inquires as to the personal knowledge had by Audubon and Bachman of this species. I find no distinct statements in their accounts of this species which bear directly on this point. It is remarked that during a certain trip to Labrador none of these animals were seen, and an account of their habits is given as having been detailed to the authors by Mr. Martyn, of Quebec. To my mind the inference drawn from the article is clear that the authors had but very slight, if any, personal knowledge of the species. Geo. Bird Grinnell.

New York, Jan. 30, 1885.

A correspondent well known to readers of Forest and Stream by his pseudonym "Corporal Lot Warfield," writes from Maine: "I have killed female caribou that were antlered, but have not found them as plenty as those without horns."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed letters may not be uninteresting to some of your numerous readers, who have seen the different opinions expressed in your columns for some time past regarding the matter of whether, as a rule, the female caribou have horns or not. From reading the answers to my inquiries among the well-known caribou hunters of Gaspé, you will see they all differ as to the proportion of hornless females. One should almost say, from these statements, that a female caribou without horns is the exception to the rule. Not being a caribou hunter, I make no comments, but simply send you the information I got through Joseph Eden, Esq., of Gaspé, who collected it for me; but I may add that I know all these hunters, and believe them to be reliable men, and their statements according to the extent of their experience.

Quebec, Jan. 24, 1885. J. U. Gregory.

Gaspe, Jan. 17, 1885.

J. U. Gregory, Esq., Quebec:

Dear Sir—In answer to your inquiry, in what proportion have I found female caribou with horns, I beg to say that I have hunted for over twenty-five years and have killed over one hundred and fifty, and found only about one out of fifteen female caribou that had no horns. William Eden.

Gaspé, Jan. 19, 1885.

J. U. Gregory, Esq., Quebec:

Dear Sir—In answer to an inquiry, in what proportion have I found female caribou with horns, I beg to say that I have hunted for over twenty-five years; I have killed about sixty caribou, have found only about one of twenty five without horns, and the females drop their horns in May, and the new horns begin to grow at once. Henry G. Patterson.

Gaspé Jan. 19, 1885.

J. U. Gregory, Esq., Quebec:

Dear Sir—In answer to your inquiry, in what proportion have I found female caribou with horns, I beg to say that I have hunted for over twenty-five years and have killed about one hundred and thirty caribou, and have found only one female in thirty without horns. The females drop their horns in May and the new horns begin to grow immediately afterward. Joseph Eden, Jr.

AS TO THE WHITE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not at any time a pleasing undertaking to be obliged to call another person to account for an article written, no doubt, with the best intentions and from the best motives. In writing an article for a periodical of high class and large circulation like the *Century Magazine*, especially when the views expressed treat of matters interesting from a natural history point of view, great care should be exercised to make only such statements as are strictly accurate. This is doubly important when the statements made may become matters of record from which others may have to draw conclusions respecting some animal with which they personally may be wholly unacquainted. When such erroneous statements are made, therefore, I conceive it to be the duty of any one who recognizes manifest errors to promptly correct such misstatements, with the view of placing reliable information within the reach of those who are desirous of obtaining it.

Actuated by these motives, I am induced to offer a few remarks regarding *Aplocerus columbianus* Coues.

In the December number of the *Century Magazine* appears an article on "Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat," by William Baillie-Grohman, which contains glaring inaccuracies, which are the more remarkable when we consider how long this species has been known and how widely it is distributed. Moreover, the species is one respecting which the fullest information may be had with a minimum of trouble and expense, provided the proper localities are visited.

This animal is more abundant in the coast ranges of Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia and Alaska than elsewhere, and throughout these ranges in British Columbia there can be procured at all or any of the various Indian camps as many goat skins as may be desired, and usually as many blankets made from the wool of this species as may be required. These blankets are still manufactured to a large extent by the older members of the Indian community, notwithstanding that the various tribes are well supplied with blankets of European and American manufacture by the Hudson's Bay Company and other traders.

To give an idea of the abundance of the white goat, it will be sufficient to state that an Indian of my acquaintance killed to his own rifle in two days the winter before last, sixty-five goats, and did so within a distance of sixty or seventy miles from this city.

The skins are of no special commercial value, selling at $1 to $1.50 each, and this price is no great inducement to Indians to hunt for them in a country where wages are so high as they are in British Columbia.

Very often these animals are caught while young, and when reared about a house become as tame, playful and mischievous as the traditional "pet sheep."

The habit of sitting on their haunches is a marked and well-known characteristic of this animal, but always, as far as I can learn, with the two forefeet resting on the ground. I question very much if they elevate their two forelegs as in the "position of a begging poodle," as related by Mr. Grohman, but as the testimony of one person who has seen a thing is of greater weight than a thousand who have not, I will let this pass.

Dogs are totally useless in pursuit of this animal, as they scale precipitous places and leap chasms where dogs could not follow, rendering the latter of no assistance in effecting their capture.

Mr. Grohman's statements respecting the size of this animal are probably at variance with facts; a fair average weight may be held to be 125 pounds. Very rarely do the largest bucks weigh 200 pounds, and the girth given as mentioned by Mr. G. as being 7 feet 3½ inches, is evidently a mistake, or the grossest possible error.

A work ox girthing 6 feet 6 inches is a fair average ox, one girthing 7 feet is a long way above the average, while one girthing 7 feet 3½ inches would dress from 800 to 1,000 pounds, and he would weigh alive from 1500 pounds to 1,600 pounds, in proportion as to whether he was fat or merely in good working condition. Now, how does this agree with the statement that the goat spoken of would weigh from 300 to 400 pounds, which, if even so, would not be such a big lift for "two powerful men."

That this species invariably lives above the timber line is not true. I saw one shot by a person sitting in a canoe, and the goat, when so shot and killed, fell into the salt water; and know of numbers of instances of them having been killed at very low altitudes. One was killed while swimming across Burrard Inlet only last summer, and the presence at high or low altitudes is governed greatly by the depth of snow.

With respect to the paucity of specimens in various museums, I am inclined to think that Mr. G. is misinformed, as I know of quite a number of specimens having been sent from this part of the world other than those mentioned in the article published in the *Century Magazine*.

J. C. Hughes.

New Westminster, British Columbia, Dec. 10, 1884.

[The American Museum of Natural History at Central Park has one or more individuals of this species on exhibition, and we know of four or five specimens in this city in private hands.]

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

6. *Merula migratoria* (Linn.) Sw. and Rich.—American robin, migratory thrush, robin redbreast.

We may well doubt if there is a bird on the American continent as dear to the hearts of her millions of inhabitants as the robin. A large majority even of our foreign population have a tender feeling for the robin, as it so often takes the place of home birds left years ago in foreign lands.

The children learn the name of the robin first of all, and soon recognize it by its happy song and bright breast, and the little ones look eagerly forward to the return of the robins and bluebirds, as dreary winter wears away and "freezing tempests back to Greenland ride."

What a strange spring we would consider it, if the robins did not appear. The papers announce their return; "the robins have come," is heralded from every quarter, and the words are on the lips of the joyous and happy; for we know that the vernal sun will bring forth the budding vegetation, and nature will wear her happiest May day smiles.

Few birds of North America have the geographical range of our familiar friend, extending almost throughout the entirety of the northern half of the Western Hemisphere; from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Central America to the Arctic circle.

The migratory thrush, as it is appropriately called from its widespread peregrinations, is occasionally a winter resident in Michigan, although I cannot attest that it is ever a resident, though it is quite probable that a few remain every season in sheltering nooks, in the edges of deep woods, where living springs keep the earth perpetually soft. Such birds are from the north, having probably migrated to our State many hundreds of miles, while our own Michigan robins, which are last seen late in November, scurrying along hedgerows and in small thickets, are as far south as Kentucky at least, perhaps in Texas or in Yucatan. And while speaking of the robin as a resident, it may be proper to mention an uncertainty concerning the terms resident and winter resident, as regards other species well known as being found some seasons in winter, as well as summer. Of this class, the nuthatches, several species of woodpeckers, chickadees and many other familiar birds are examples. For instance, we see red-bellied woodpeckers throughout some winters, in fact they may be found nearly every season. But can we call these birds residents? For we must consider that the red-bellies which were with us during summer have left us, and those we find in the winter months came from the north. That those birds which are with us in summer go south at the time of regular migration, and their places are taken, partially, by recruits of the same species from the north, is well known, and I have repeatedly observed the change. However, the robin is a common species in Michigan during quite eight months of the year.

We first hear of the redbreast in the southern counties on their return migration in February, and the last ones are seen in the southern journey generally in the early part of December. I have seen stragglers repeatedly in January.

The migratory thrush is the first of the family to build its nest, and many nestlings have emerged from the beautiful blue eggs quite a week before the Wilson's and olive-backed thrush have invaded the State in any numbers. Some nests are found containing eggs by April 10, but such instances are extremely rare, the nesting season really not being at its height until May 10. From May 15 until July 20, fresh eggs may be taken in the accustomed haunts—which means everywhere—or young birds of all ages be found, from the nest-

ling of a day to the fully fledged recruit able to take care for itself.

Two broods are usually reared in a season, and perhaps three, but when we calculate the time for producing a bird able to take care for itself, and dating from May 1 as the period of incubation to begin, it is quite evident that in order to rear three broods in a season no time must be lost.

I have seen a parent bird feeding several voracious young recently ejected from the nest, while the mother was again setting on her second clutch of eggs. Such a case is rare, however, as the young are generally under the care of the old birds all of a week or ten days after leaving the nest, and the old pair rarely more than repair the nest until the young are disposed of. The robin is so well known that a lengthy article is almost out of place, but a few notes touching on the period of incubation may not be inappropriate. The following observations were taken during the past spring: "First egg laid May 1; May 2 two eggs; May 3, 1 P. M., three eggs in nest; May 4, 1 P. M., there are four eggs. Old bird begins to set steadily, although she has been on the nest over half the time since May 2; May 15 found two eggs and two young; May 16, 9 A. M., one egg and three young. This shows fairly that the eggs were incubated as soon as laid, or else that the time of incubation varies greatly even in the eggs of one clutch; May 16, 1 P. M., four young; May 29, 8 A. M., young all in nest; 1 P. M. young all out of nest, sitting around in the old apple tree and chirping loudly; May 30 could only find two young; June 1 could not find the young, undoubtedly killed by cats." The old birds were disconsolate for a few days, but at the end of a week began another nest in a maple near by, and all of twenty-five feet from the ground, quite three times the elevation of the first nest. The young appeared outside of the second nest July 13. At least ten weeks are occupied in building a nest and rearing two broods, which would bring the completion of the nesting season well into July, and although three broods are occasionally reared in a season, according to some writers, such a case has never come under my observation.

The nesting habits and structure of the nest are well-known. The boy, who, on being asked what the nest was composed of, replied "oh, everything," came very near the truth, for, with mud, principally used in its construction, are also agglutinated almost everything of a light nature that the female finds suitable to work into the structure, and rags, strings, paper, straw, grass and kitchen rubbish are often found; a nest in a city or village that does not contain rags or string being a rarity. In the rural districts, where such material is less liable to be found, a corresponding decrease in the various civilized materials is observed, and in deep woods, or fields, far from the habitation of man, only mud, grass, and occasionally leaves, are used. Twigs are rarely found in a nest.

The site selected is variable, and perhaps there is no bird which so freely adapts itself to circumstances. Some of the situations in which nests are found would indicate that the birds were almost indifferent as to location, and yet, after mating, some time is generally occupied in deciding on a location, nests frequently being abandoned after completion without apparent cause, and in some cases even when containing eggs.

Nests are frequently found under the eaves of houses and barns, as the swallows build; within buildings on sills and plates; in trees quite sixty feet from the ground; attached to cornstalks near the ground in a barren field; adhering to the roots of an overturned tree; in deserted woodpeckers' holes. But the most singular place was a nest found on a small stump one foot above the water in a millpond, and quite twenty feet from shore. A peculiar case is recorded of a pair building a nest in a freight car and depositing eggs therein. Finally when the car was moved the female maintained her position for some time till dislodged by a sudden jolt. Trees, bushes and rail fences are, however, the principal places where nests are found, which are placed from four to thirty feet from the ground.

Four eggs seems to be the regulation number, but often only three are found, and in extremely rare cases five eggs are laid. They are well known to almost every one, and are much admired for their beautiful blue color.

The female takes upon herself the principal duties attendant on the building of the nest, carrying most of the material, while the male superintends its construction. She also performs the greater part of the arduous task of incubation, only occasionally being relieved by her liege lord, who is generally trilling his characteristic and charming notes near at hand. If disturbed while on the nest, the female, resenting the liberty, boldly charges the intruder, and though rarely, if ever, using either bill or claw, the besieger may get a thump from a vigorous wing. The male, quickly on the spot, and frequently accompanied by other parent birds of the neighborhood, is even more fierce than his mate, and together such a chirping and flying about as they raise, if an unlucky schoolboy is the despoiler, he not unfrequently slinks away without the coveted blue treasures or callow young.

I have written quite fully of this bird because of its intimate relations with man, and trust the readers will pardon an apparent digression from the semi-scientific routine usually followed, in mere descriptions of birds and mammals, if I devote a few lines to the sentimental relations of our friend. I am aware that the relations existing between man and the lower animals is a topic of such general discussion that little need be said upon the subject; but such connection is generally based on the practical value of the so-called inferior animals to man, and it has undoubtedly occurred to many minds that some more intimate relation exists which does not depend wholly upon what we receive from the lower animals, either in the way of services rendered or gastronomic attributes. In this age of liberal thought, will it be improper to admit of associations existing, at least, between these æsthetic beings, winged gems of the air, and man?

It is a question which will bear discussion, and the profound sympathy which we nearly all feel for these "spoilt children of nature, the favorites of creation," as Figuier so beautifully calls them, will certainly cause us all to refrain from too suddenly crushing such an assumption.

We are principally attracted to the feathered tribe by the elegance of outward form, the beauty and diversity of plumage, sweetness and variety of song and grace of movement, and there are but few of 12,000 classified species, if any, which would not inspire our admiration in some way. Even the goose, so awkward and emblamatic, unfairly, of stupidity, appears graceful in the extreme when floating leisurely on the bosom of the mirrored lake.

As our emotional natures associate tunes heard in the dim past with events almost obliterated from memory, so we recall occurrences in childhood's hours associated with the songs of birds. Nothing can exceed the freshness of memories suggested by the simple song of the robin, and with thoughtful age, when the happy retrospection of perhaps four score of years is reached, how the incidents of childhood are retraced, ushered in by the casual hearing of some familiar notes by one of our feathered friends.

7. *Mimus polyglottus* (Linn.) Boie—Mocking bird.

This species being a straggler in our State, and only occasionally taken, is but little known as a Michigan bird. Many ornithologists consider those specimens secured within our boundaries as escaped cage birds. It is probably fair to admit the species in our list nevertheless, although we do not by any means agree with one list, in which the author states that the mocker is quite common in some of our counties.

Never having met with this remarkable vocal performer in the wild state, I can give no observations concerning it. A number of captures are recorded during the past twenty years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IS IT THE SAME BIRD?

IT is three years ago last October since several white-throated sparrows made their appearance in a gully at the rear of my woodshed. No doubt they were attracted thither by the fine cover they found. This is full of blackberry bushes and ragweeds grown tall.

But the birds stayed on, and from time to time would show themselves round the place. I was particularly anxious that they should remain. They reminded me of my boyhood, and I took every pains to make my home attractive; consequently I baited them, and by the time the first snow fell they had become quite accustomed to look for their food in a certain locality. All I had to do then when winter set in was to sweep off the feeding bed and scatter some bread crumbs and wheat screenings about.

There were five of these sparrows then—two males and three females. Last year four came back, and three are here now. At least I suppose they are some of the same birds. Of one I think I am certain. These are the reasons of my assurance: Among the birds of 1883 was a male of very fine plumage. His size, color and markings almost led me at first to think that I was about to winter a white-crowned sparrow. He is here to-day, and has been off and on since the latter part of October; always disappearing when the weather is mild and there is no snow upon the ground, and returning again the day after the cold weather may set in. This has always been his habit too since I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance; and he always seems to be especially hungry on his return. This year he left me at New Year's, and did not come back till the 19th of the month, when a cold snap set in.

Now is he same bird that made his winter home here three years ago? We think that he is, and here are our more particular reasons for thinking so:

First, the bird that we have in mind, as I have said, was of large size and fine plumage, and so is this one. Then, he became quite tame during the snows and cold of last winter and the winter before, and this one is much more domestic in his habits than his two companions. Then, the bird of 1883 was accustomed to feed just under the kitchen window, and this bird is fond of feeding in the same place. Then, the bird that we speak of had a peculiar habit if any one came out of the door when he was feeding in the evening (and he feeds quite late, almost at dusk), of skulking along the ground, and looking over his shoulder at them, apparently being reluctant to take to wing, and the bird that is here now does the same thing. But it is the apparent fearlessness of the fellow at times that seems most convincing to me. When all other birds fly up from the feeding bed, juncos, song sparrows, English and tree sparrows, and even those of his own kind, he will look at me as I come in or go out just as though he knew me, and pick away, exhibiting scarcely a sign of fear.

This year he is accompanied by two females. Though it is plain to be seen that while he stuffs his own crop, he has a strong preference for one of his companions. As we have implied, neither of his companions are as tame as he is, while one is much tamer than the other.

All these birds keep more in company with the English sparrows than do any of my other birds. Or rather, the English sparrow seems to follow them to the feeding ground, while it is very evident that my friend considers himself the master of the flock. Perhaps the birds feed together from the fact that they all hide themselves in the same bushes, and have made their home in the same place.

But now, what of this bird? Is he not the one that came here on his way south three winters ago? What say the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have some experience in drawing birds around their homes? A. H. G.

THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER WINTERING IN MAINE.—A yellowhammer or flicker that has been inhabiting an icehouse at Fort Popham, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, was shot Jan. 14, 1885, and found to be in good flesh and plumage, with no evidence of any previous wounds. During December and January the weather has been alternately very mild and very cold. Evidently this bird had found a continuous supply of food, of which insects and larvæ probably formed a small proportion only.—EVERETT SMITH (Portland, Me.).

LIVE RUFFED GROUSE WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there not some reader who has a single ruffed grouse in confinement which he would give, lend or sell for the purpose of aiding investigations looking to their domestication? These birds would be treated with the greatest care; if any gentleman has a single bird of either sex, he would confer a favor by addressing Lock Box 110, Toledo, Ohio.

HARPORHYNCHUS RUFUS WINTERING IN NEW JERSEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw a brown thrush (*Turdus rufus*) to-day. Is not its appearance at this season very uncommon?—CHIP (Englewood, N. J., Jan. 18). [Quite so.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One jaguar (*Felis onca*), female; one brush turkey (*Talegalla lathami*); two Swainson's lorikeets (*Trichoglossus novæ hollandiæ*); eight undulated grass parrakeets (*Melopsittacus undulatus*); two pale-headed parrakeets (*Platycercus pallidiceps*); two scaly-breasted lorikeets (*Trichoglossus chlorolepidotus*); two Barraband's parrakeets (*Polytelis barrabandi*), and one bald eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*). Presented—One screech owl (*Scops asio*); one summer duck (*Aix sponsa*), and one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*). Born in the Garden—One great kangaroo (*Macropus giganteus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

REYNARD'S WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That's nothing to catch a fox asleep. These blunderers, who have stumbled on sleeping foxes and shot them, have only done by accident what an Allegany county man makes a business of. We have an old still-hunter here, our gunsmith, who says that he can kill more foxes without a dog than with one. Armed with a rifle and a field glass, and keeping to the windward, as in deer hunting, he carefully surveys the haunts of the game from a long distance, and finds them sleeping on logs, stumps, knolls, or other slight elevations. Then a careful stalk, a sure shot, and the brush is his. Here is a new form of sport. Deer-stalking is a thing of the past; but foxes are more plentiful than ever before, and more wily than buck or doe. It would be a triumph, indeed, to bag him in this manner, and every fox "downed" in winter means more birds in the fall.

A. STUBBE PENN.

FRIENDSHIP, New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. L. C. Robinson of Derham started a fox and put him in his hole in less than ten minutes. The fox went directly through and on his coming out, Robinson gave him both barrels, missing him clean; the dog gave chase, and Robinson had just time enough to insert a shell, when the fox appeared at his hole again, Robinson fired and the fox was no more. Time of chase, fifteen minutes. G. H. M.

PORTLAND Me., Jan. 27

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 22d, "O.A.T." of Franklin Falls, N. H., seems to treat incredulously the idea of the fox taking a tree. On Thanksgiving Day of 1880, I met a countryman coming into town with a fox, which he had trapped the night before without injuring it. To buy the fox, call together a few friends, send for the dogs and adjourn across the river to the hills, was the work of only a few minutes. We gave him three-quarters of an hour the start and then slipped the dogs and proceeded to enjoy a splendid chase. After perhaps an hour and a half, Guess, (who, with Tan and Muse, you have heard of before) the leader of the pack, gave us the information, in which the others soon joined, that he had treed. We found his foxship in a thirty-foot pine tree, near the top, from which we proceeded to oust him and made him continue his run, holding the dogs till he again had a good start. I. C. L.

WILMINGTON, North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Friday, Jan. 30, several members of the Worcester "fur company" received a pleasant call from Mr. F. T. Gay and Mr. L. H. Sargent, of North Chelmsford, Mass. They made a short visit, all too short, not even giving us time to get up a fox hunt for their benefit. It resulted, however, in the purchase by Mr. Gay of Mr. John R. Thayer's famous foxhound Snap. This sale was the subject of general comment when the members of the company met at "Shattuck's" in the evening. The dog has the reputation of being one of the very best in this vicinity and the general verdict was that Mr. Gay had obtained a prize. Saturday, Jan. 31, Mr. John Slocum killed a fine cross gray fox, being the first fox of rare color killed by any of the company this season.

E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 31, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent, in your issue of January 8, mentions the fact of having shot a fox asleep on the top of a rock, and wants to know if any one ever had a like experience. This brings to mind a hunting incident which occurred to me several years ago, when living in Canada. At that time, and it may be so yet, it was the custom for the sportsmen of two of our neighboring towns, to pit themselves against each other in an annual hunt, the losing party to pay for a dinner for the sportsmen and the umpires, or counters of game. In this particular year, away back in the seventies, the usual challenge had been issued by the defeated side of the previous season, and a day appointed, and all preliminaries settled. The autumn was a cold and boisterous one, and the day appointed proved inauspicious. The hunt was postponed to a later date. That day also proved a bad one, and still another date was specified. On this day it was agreed that the hunt must come off, no postponement on account of weather.

The time came, and a worse day for a gun to be shouldered in quest of game never dawned. It was late in November, the ground was hard frozen, a very high wind was blowing, and occasional snow-squalls varied this pleasing picture. What kind of ground to choose for hunting over in such weather was a puzzle. I at last decided to spend my day in a dense swamp, which lay at some distance, thinking that I could have some degeee of personal comfort by being sheltered from the cold and cutting wind, and not be so likely to meet injury from falling trees and boughs, as in higher and more exposed grounds. My device proved a wise one, for I succeeded during the day in making quite a respectable bag—getting no less than nine ruffed grouse, two hares, and several red squirrels, besides the fox. The grouse were found near the edges of the swamp, into which they had penetrated in search of shelter.

Along in the afternoon I was working back through the center of the swamp, and directly against the wind. I had my dog at heel, and neither of us made the slightest sound as we walked over the mossy carpet which covered the ground, and which was also just whitened with snow. Suddenly, at a distance of some twenty-five yards, I spied a fox curled up and soundly sleeping under an upturned root of a fir tree. My dog saw, or scented him, as soon as I did, and crouched to the ground. I brought my gun to shoulder and then waited to see if reynard would become conscious of so deadly an enemy in such close quarters. But the roaring of the wind and its direction left his senses of smelling inoperative, and he lay so quiet that I did not know but he had been poisoned and died in that position. After waiting some seconds I advanced a few paces, still keeping him covered, and then squeaked loudly in imitation of a mouse (which sound will almost bring a dead fox to life), when he raised his head quietly and looked at me. I immediately gave him a charge of No. 6 right in the face, which rolled him over dead. Upon examination I found him to be a fine male, with a beautiful coat of fur and a magnificent brush. I felt very proud of my bag that night as I presented it for inspection to the umpires, as it nearly doubled in

count the next highest score, and it added zest to my appetite when helping to discuss the generous dinner which was again paid for by the party opposed to mine.

I did all my shooting in those days with a No. 16 Jo. Manton muzzleloader, weighing 7 pounds, such as I had upon the day in question. I always used No. 6 shot, 1 ounce with 2½ drams of powder. If I missed the game it was my fault. I have used all kinds of guns since that time, but have never had one that gave me as much solid satisfaction as that little Manton. Perhaps it was because I used it in the first of my manhood's days, when the blood pulsed stronger in my veins and everything in life gave more satisfaction. I have now settled down to the use of a No. 12 three-barreled Baker as the most useful, all-round gun. It is heavy enough for ducks and geese on our California plains, light enough for quail on the hillsides, and a handy gun in the higher sierras, where we need a barrel for a quail, another for a grouse, and the third for a deer or bear, all perhaps within a minute. But were I back again at the East, where one seldom meets with any game larger than a fox, I would return to a 16-bore gun. I am fully in accord with the opinions expressed by your correspondent "Cyrtonyx" on this same subject. With my old gun I always used 1 ounce of No. 6 shot and 2½ drams powder for small game; for ducks, 1⅛ ounces No. 4 shot and 2¾ drams powder; in fox hunting, before a hound, the same quantity of powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 1 shot. With that charge I have killed a large dog-fox dead in his tracks at 65 yards, and I have never done as well with a No. 10 bore, loaded with 5 drams of powder and the same amount of shot. I will try some of these long winter evenings to give you an account of a few trips into the high sierras which I have enjoyed in this State. AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have from time to time noticed articles relative to the devices resorted to by the common red fox for the purpose of misleading hounds. An uncle, who was an ardent lover of hunting, once related an incident which happened during his career as a cross-country rider. The hills upon which he usually had a find are called Welsh Mountains, a chain running along the south side of Conestoga Valley, in Lancaster county, Pa. His hounds never failed to give tongue at a certain point on the mountain, and no amount of hard running forced the fox to earth, nor could the dogs gain one foot over a certain distance. This was rather perplexing, inasmuch as my uncle's strain of hounds was pure, staunch and fast. The hunts usually lasted from early dawn till night, at which time the dogs were called off. After several unsuccessful attempts to capture the fox, the old gentleman determined if possible to fathom the mystery. One morning he rode to the spot at which his hounds usually made a find, but before reaching the point his pack had started reynard and were off across the valley. He then carefully searched the ground over which his hounds had trailed. Upon coming to a small opening in the laurel thicket, he observed a fallen tree supported at the top by a few branches, these were sufficiently long to raise the end some ten feet from the earth, the larger end or butt being held by a few roots. He then, upon closer inspection, ascertained that it was hollow. He was about to thrust a long pole into it, but was deterred by the approaching cry of the dogs. He withdrew to the shelter of the surrounding bushes into which he had scarcely gone, when out of the copse opposite came the fox. Pausing a moment to assure himself that he was not observed, reynard sprang nimbly upon the fallen trunk and disappeared within it, and before my uncle had recovered from his surprise, out he popped at the smaller end, jumped to the ground, flirted his "brush" and cantered off as lively as though he had not already had a two hours' spin before the hounds.

The hounds came on, ran around the old tree, took the scent beyond, and were away without one moment's hesitation or fault. My uncle says: "I thought I had him then;" so he stopped the smaller end. While engaged in this he heard a scratching noise within the log, and looking in at the hole of entrance, was met by a fox retreating stern first. To say that he captured him at once is needless. After securing the animal he again hid in the friendly laurels. His patience was soon rewarded by the welcome music of his pack. Master reynard, following the tactics of number one, ran confidently into the log, only to be ignominiously hauled out, bound foot and mouth, and slung with his mate across the pommel of my uncle's saddle.

These foxes were evidently mates, and had baffled every hunter within miles by their combined cunning. One would lead the hounds a merry chase for one or two hours, then, when weary, return to the friendly hollow trunk to be relieved by its companion, thus setting at naught every effort to run either of them down or to earth. M. D.

BERKS COUNTY, Pa.

AN EPISODE.

ONE day, a friend and I were watching our dogs quartering a vast field hemmed in on three sides by a forest, with a tangle of Spanish bayonet, saw palmetto, brush, shrubs and vines skirting its edges and forming an almost impenetrable barrier, amid which the bright scarlet berries of the dogwood added a touch of color that brightened the whole. A faint haze hung over the landscape and supreme quiet reigned, for, besides ourselves and dogs, not a living thing was visible, save the omnipresent buzzard sailing in ever-widening circles overhead.

From the cotton field that had given us entrance to this place we had started three coveys of quail, each of which had contributed its quota to our pockets, and we anticipated some glorious sport before us, for we thought they would surely scatter in the broom grass, and give us plenty to do to take care of the singles and doubles. Rock made a grand point and was superbly backed by Dart, and as the birds flushed my friend dropped one with each barrel, but I had to be content with one. Bunching together, with never a swerve, the whole darted straight across, and rising above the underbrush, disappeared in the thickest part of the wood. The next covey the dogs found flushed wild, and without a turn or check followed exactly in the trail of the first. Ten minutes later the third covey was found, and repeated the same maneuver, save that I killed two crossing with my right, and wounded one straggler with my left, but the birds pursued exactly the same course, and disappeared over the same bush of dogwood that the others had.

This was becoming slightly monotonous, and when still another bunch vanished without the loss of a feather, our feelings were too deep for words. Back and forth, to and fro, we went, our dogs working grandly, but not another bird was found, and after another hour passed, I vowed that those birds would be found if it took me the rest of the day.

My companion had bruised himself by a fall, so I volunteered to try it alone, leaving him to watch the field and mark down the birds if they returned. Calling both dogs to heel, the first attempt to penetrate the thicket led to ignominious failure, but by dint of backing myself through the thorny vines, I found my course considerably easier, but often having to crawl close to the earth, which I did with many a quake, as a perfect horror of a snake has always possessed me that in vain I have tried to overcome, but as none were seen I breathed easier. Through vines and brush we took our way, the dogs crouched close to heel, until emerging from the tangle a little knoll showed itself as an opening, while far beyond, the open pine forest was stretching toward the Ashley. Hot and panting, with nerves all unstrung from my violent exertions, I leaned against a great live oak to rest, where the sunlight had found an opening overhead and rested on the little knoll.

Amid the vines and brush was a lonely grave shaded by massive oaks, whose moss-grown branches formed a sheltering veil, and whose sighing branches sung a constant requiem in the breeze.

A simple marble slab marked it, with this simple legend engraved:

TO OUR MAUMA.

This sign of love and devotion was a sermon in itself, as I gazed at this last resting place of one whose skin, though dark, was yet no bar to trust and love. From the boughs above came a low, throbbing song, and as when one in dreamland seems to hear the faint tinkle of bells, or the subdued rippling of the waves muffled and far off; so this sweet melody spoke to my heart through the minstrel of nature. Musing and thinking thus the dogs had been forgotten until a cold nose touched my hand and called me to myself.

Staunch as his name stood Rock beside the almost hidden mound, with every muscle drawn and tense; but as I stepped forward it was with lowered gun, and when with a mighty whizz and rush the coveys darted away, no roar of gun desecrated that peaceful spot, for, though loving sport with all my heart, to me it would have been sacrilege even to have attempted the life of a quail in that retreat. I returned to the fields and had most glorious sport, but the recollection of the shooting is less vivid than the picture of that lonely grave under the oaks of the Palmetto State. ONONDAGA.

GUNS, HAWKS, PRAIRIE DOGS, WELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are having a very rough spell of weather for these parts. For more than a month we have had a constant succession of wet northers, with only an occasional intermission of a bright, cheery, lovable day. In that time we have had two snows, and one of these is now resting upon us. The lowest point touched by the mercury—at least I have seen no lower—is 13° above zero. This is sharp business for this region, though there are men in Canada who, I presume, would think it was vernal breezes. Indeed there are probably men along the Hudson who would take it to be "Zephyr with Aurora maying." But I like to see this outrageous weather in Texas. An unusually cold, wet winter is to us a faithful prophet of a great crop year following, when we overflow with all manner of good things. Those are the years when we grow proud and scornful, and become liable to be led astray by the devil. I have an old friend who has lived in Texas nearly fifty years. He loves sporting and whisky, but is a very prudent and economical man. He never allows his expenses to overreach his income. When we have a mild, dry winter he never buys more than a gallon of whisky at a time, and that not oftener than once a month. During such winters that man must be very dear to him whom he will invite to drink with him at his house. When we have a cold, wet winter he buys a barrel at a time, and no man can enter his house and be allowed to leave before he is filled quite up to the stoppers. I had a letter from him yesterday inviting me to come down and stay a week with him, saying the deer, ducks and pigeons were so plentiful they had become saucy, and adding that he had just put in his cellar two barrels of whisky, one old Bourbon and the other sour mash, "of the vintage of '73." This shows his unbounded faith that we shall have great crops this year.

But I did not set out to write about the weather and the crops. I merely intended to write a little note or two about things suggested by reading the FOREST AND STREAM of the 15th by the bright red-oak fire. "Cyrtonix" says the best shotgun is that which needs bushing least; in other words, that the best is the smallest bore. That accords somewhat with my observation, and then it does not. The best gun I ever used was the first I ever used. It was an English-made, percussion lock, single-barrel gun, bore not less than 8 or 9, and it may have been larger. It was my father's gun. I have done some of the most extraordinary shooting with that shotgun that ever mortal did. A squirrel would find no tree so tall that I could not readily fetch him from its top. When out hunting with that gun I never asked how far the game was, but where it was. I saw my father kill a crane stone dead with it exactly 101 yards away, and I am sure I have often killed game with it a greater distance than that. The shot that killed the crane was not larger than 4's or 3's, and I rarely used larger than No 6, usually using No. 8. What seemed remarkable to me, and may seem so to some others, this gun did much better work with smaller shot than with larger ones, which latter she scattered too much. She was either 32 or 34 inches long; at all events she was a long gun as well as a big one. She had a stunning reputation in the neighborhood, and the boys used to allow me to brag about her without gainsaying anything.

But there was a preacher in that neighborhood who had a gun that was a stunner also. The first time I went hunting with that reverend man of God I couldn't help but laugh at him when I saw his artillery. It was a long gun, as light as a wisp, and had a bore that seemed no bigger than a dainty lady's little finger. It was a ridiculous little gun to me, but when I saw how the preacher knocked the squirrels from the tops of the biggest oaks in the bottoms, I gave it up that his little thing was a whale next in order to my own, and ever afterward I looked upon it with profound respect, which, as my acquaintance with it grew, almost turned into a superstition. The rascally little gun could wipe down the game just as far as mine could and did it with half the fuss. The idea got into the heads of us boys that the ridiculous little gun behaved so admirably simply because it was the property of a preacher, and not from any inherent virtues of its own. The letter of "Cyrtonix" leads me to believe that the gun did so well from its own internal virtues.

The preacher's gun was also a single-barrel, and I am not sure if it was not a flint-lock. Double-barrel guns were not common in those days.

Following the example of "Graeme," I will state that I now use a Colt double-barrel breechloader, 12-bore, 30 inch barrels. She cost $65 only, at the factory, but she is a very fine shooter. For a quail gun I could not ask for a better one, but she would be better for ducks if she had two inches more of barrel. However, I have been loading all my shells alike; that is, with 3 drams of powder and an ounce of shot. I think I will take the hint from "Graeme" and hereafter put 3¼ drams of powder in my duck shells. It may be that I will then have no cause of complaint against my gun in duck shooting.

I have read numbers of "remarkable shots" by various correspondents in your columns. Now let me tell you of one "remarkable shot" which I witnessed. The fellow who delivered that shot was a hawk and not a man. I was gunning near Lorraine, a station on the Texas & Pacific Railroad, in a region where people are very scarce and hawks very numerous and impudent. Two quails rose before me and flew in nearly opposite directions. The first fell dead about twenty yards away. About forty yards off the second received my fire. There was a cloud of feathers in the air, and he tumbled toward the ground also. But while he was falling a hawk shot at him like an arrow, seizing him while yet in the air, and bore him off in triumph. Now I call that a "remarkable shot"—not for distance or anything of that kind, but for downright, unadulterated impudence. It was snatching the food out of the very mouth of the lion. As that hawk flew saucily by me with my bird, I fancied that he said, "Now, old fellow, how do you like that?" and I verily believe he did say something of the sort. He was a small hawk, just above the sparrow hawk in size, and of a very rakish air. His sort are numerous on the Staked Plain, where they worry the blue quails terribly. Pray give me the name by which this dashing little villain is known on the scientific shore. I do not recollect seeing him in this part of Texas.

Now I want to ask FOREST AND STREAM or any of its readers to solve me a riddle which has caused me a great deal of thinking. It is this: Where do those prairie dogs which have their towns miles and miles from any visible waters get their water? Can they live and flourish for weeks without water, or do they, as some say, dig down to water in the earth?

I have seen thousands of these little animals many miles from water; indeed, their towns are usually a long distance from water, and yet they are just as lively and fat in such localities as where water is easily accessible. I should not judge from their looks that they are an animal that can live long without water, but the great majority of them must do so unless they bore down to subterranean fountains.

The great interest I feel in this question, apart from the scientific feature, is this: I have a mind to dig some wells in the vast prairies of Northwest Texas, where water is very scarce and prairie dogs very abundant. These lands are extremely fertile and lack only water to make them very valuable. Now if it be decided that prairie dogs cannot live without water, and that they must bore down to subterranean water when so situated that they cannot obtain it at the surface, it simplifies matters to me very much; for I am sure if these dogs can bore down to water, I can too.

N. A. T.

PALESTINE, Texas, Jan. 19, 1885.

MAINE LUMBERMEN AND GUIDES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the ice is broken perhaps a little more from my pen will not be amiss. In your issue of Jan. 8, Mr. Hardy has made out quite a story as to what his experience has been for a great many years past as a merchant in the city of Bangor, and in trips made to the hunting and fishing sections in the eastern part of our State, also his acquaintance with visiting sportsmen, guides and lumbermen.

It is not without a feeling of delicacy that I attempt to criticise some of the statements made by a man whose experience, perhaps, dates back to the time of my birth. If Thoreau is to be believed, a man does not have to live a life time to learn a few things, and as my home and business for the past fifteen years has been with the sportsmen and lumbermen directly on the ground I ought to understand both parties pretty well by this time.

I have handled the ax with the lumberman in the logging swamp, and the cant-dog and pick-pole on the drive, and although from the lack of experience and muscle I could not take the heart of the spruce from the "Kennebeck Linger" or ride out a "white water jam" with the "Penobscot Bubble Walker," like the old man's mare on the trotting course, I was generally "a coming somewhere." The lumberman's license when he is in the settlement is not limited, and the opinion that Mr. Wells expressed is a very general one formed by people who have seen more of them than he has, and if you do the average lumberman no greater injustice than to think him a "hard crowd" you will never make an enemy of him.

As a class, there are no better-hearted men in the world than the lumbermen, but one must camp with them more than one night to understand them. I have "spooned up" to the man, many a night on the drive, when forty of us would crowd into a thirty-man berth, who, although he would "paint the town red" when he got started, would coddle me, slide one of his strong arms under my head for a pillow while his other made a brace to keep the men from nearly squeezing the life out of me; he "would not see the boy crowded," and now that the boy has got his growth and can stand the crowding, he does not forget his lumbermen friends by any means.

Had Mr. Hardy summered with the visiting sportsmen for twelve successive seasons, as I have, I am sure he would see see them in a different light from what he appears now to see them. To be sure, we have some of the class he has spoken of; but where we have one of that class we have fifty of a far different class, more who are like Mr. Wells. Although Mr. Wells's critics say that he has selfish motives in writing these articles, I can affirm that he has not; it is only one of many acts of kindness, "with no personal interests in view," and when they are read in the same spirit in which they are written, they will be understood right. If the percentage is very largely in favor of the better class, are not the people who come in contact with them much more likely to be elevated than they are to be corrupted? In all my being with sportsmen, none of them ever attempted to pour any liquor down my throat. When the flask was passed, a few words to the effect of "Thank you, sir, but I never take it," were generally all that was needed; and much oftener I have had

men who might drink to excess themselves tell me to "Stick to that" than I have had them urge me or pass it a second time.

Mr. Hardy speaks as if the money distributed by the sportsman was of but little benefit to any one excepting the railroads, hotels and guides. Had his home in years past been in one of those border towns visited by sportsmen, and his occupation not a guide but one of the poorer class of farmers such as Mr. Wells describes (and in describing did not draw from his imagination), he would find that the money brought into the place by the sportsman was a great benefit to him. When the settlers produce such commodities as butter, eggs, lambs and chickens, he receives for them more ready cash at his own door than he would after he had transported them twenty or forty miles to the railroad. Is this not an advantage? Again, in case of sudden sickness or accident, instead of the twenty miles' drive to Phillips for the doctor, the telephone does the work; the message is sent and back comes an answer, the doctor will start in five minutes. As the man pays his fifteen cents and hurries back to the bedside of his wife or child, does he realize no benefit from the money distributed by the sportsman? And though an individual may receive no money directly from the sportsman, is the benefit the less, and cannot he afford to lose some of his pleasure and perhaps immediate gain in hunting and fishing for it?

As far as the great damage to the timber lands of our State by fire is concerned, this is true to the letter; and I do not wonder that the men that own wild land look with suspicion on every one who goes in the woods. In some cases sportsmen cause these fires, but I think these cases are few. It is generally supposed that the sportsman knows nothing about building a camp-fire, and is liable to burn the country up at any time; were it not that the sportsman is in most every case attended by a guide who is experienced and who does this kind of work, there might be cause for alarm. I have been over the hunting and fishing grounds of our State as well as other sections of it considerably, and should say that certainly in two-thirds of the cases the fires were started by people much nearer home than the sportsman. Take some of the tracts of country that were not visited by sportsmen until within a few years; look them over and see if you can find as many places where fires have been started and have done more or less damage since the guide began to build his "shanty" (which was as soon as the sportsman began to visit the region), as were started in the same number of years before; and when you find a burnt place do not say that the sportsman did it until you have asked some questions. When a man puts his money and labor into a camp in the woods—no matter how cheap or how expensive it may be—he does not build it to be burned up, neither does he want to see the country about it burned, which would be just as disastrous to him. Does not his own self interest, if nothing more, cause him to be just as careful with fire as he would be if the land were all his own, and would not he "fight fire" with just as good a will? The men who own the timber lands in this region are greatly respected by the guides and all who have had dealings with them, and this does them no harm in regard to the safety of their property. On a recent trip to the more northern and eastern part of our State, I was surprised to see how much more damage had been done by fire there than in this part.

In regard to the slaughter of fish and game by the French lumbermen, spoken of in my friend Danforth's letter to Mr. Wells, I cannot speak from experience, as I have not been in that vicinity in the winter since they commenced to lumber it, but John has been there a greater part of the time, and I well warrant that he knows what he is talking about. Mr. Hardy has not "the exact ground" located just right after all his trouble; it is more than thirty miles north of Mr. Coe's operation.

Your North Bridgton correspondent seems to be of the opinion that "the little gnat of a Frenchman" is not much on the hunt. I should like to see the gentleman try to step in that little fellow's tracks, when he has snowshoes on and is "crusting" a deer. Unless he is blessed with a very long pair of legs he would find that there was a chance for some strain there. He may know the Frenchman as he is at work in the mills and living in our villages and cities; but I know him as he is in his border Canadian settlement home, and I have also seen his track in the woods.

I wonder if Mr. Hardy realizes the difference in the sportsman, hotel keeper and guide of '58 and '85. My experience is that no two gentlemen can be found to-day that would waste three hundred pounds of trout at any public fishing place in Maine. If they did they would most likely be spoken to by both hotel keeper and guide. The practice of "socking out" has given way to the wiser course of unhooking and letting go all fish that are not needed. This is every day gaining strength, and it is the duty of every hotel keeper and guide to "talk it up." As fly-fishing and light rods have come into fashion, it is found that a few fish caught on the "light rig" afford much more pleasure and the needed exercise than many fish caught on the "derrick." The two-pounder caught on the fly with the light rod affords more pleasure than the eight-pounder caught on the hand-line or stiff bait-rod. Viewing matters in this light, would it not be more practicable to drop bait-fishing from July 1, instead of stopping all fishing Sept. 1 or 15, as has been proposed. In doing this the large trout (the best breeders) that congregate in the deep holes of the lake and succumb to the patience of the deep-water fisherman, would be spared to breed or be caught in a way that would mean something besides just the getting. Besides this, the bushels of chubs, suckers and redsides (the food of the trout) that are caught and chopped up to bait these places would also be spared Ripe spawn can sometimes be found in trout at all seasons of the year.

Although I am writing in a 12x14 room, where a game of high-low is going on, and my head is full of "What's trump?" "Here, you, let that be," and "Put your Pede right on there," I cannot hold up without thanking Mr. Hardy, in behalf of myself and my guide friends, for his compliment as to his ideal Maine guide. CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

BEMIS CAMPS, Rangeley, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly interested in the various articles regarding the "Maine Deer Law," and the opinions of the majority of your correspondents are good, and should be allowed to go unchallenged, but when one writer asserts that the French Canadian is, so far as fish and game are concerned, a quiet and inoffensive person, it is time that we who are thoroughly acquainted with the habitant should cry "halt." My own experience with the country "Canuck" relative to the protection of fish and game, has been a long and eventful one, and instead of finding them veritable saints, I have found them, as a rule, a class of inveterate pot-hunters of the lowest kind. They will kill for the pot everything, from a small bird to a mother partridge with her brood, or a doe heavy with young in March. During the season of deep snows and crusting they swarm through the Megantic woods in this Province, running down and slaughtering the few deer that remain in that country, and they also carry their depredations over the border into Northeastern Vermont, around Big and Little Averill and Leach lakes; also into the extreme northern part of New Hampshire, etc. They fish through the ice, and when the ice goes out their set-lines and gill-nets may be found in every stream and lake in the Province, as well as their snares for partridge and hare are to be found in every bush near where they reside. The greater portion of small game that is brought into this market (Montreal and Quebec) is killed by the French habitants. During the summer months the innocent "Canuck" may be met at all hours of the day or night on our waters prowling about in his dugout with gun, jack and spear, and he seldom returns home empty-handed. This utter disregard of fish and game protection is not confined wholly to the lower class of French habitants, as a perusal of the game laws of this Province will prove.

We have here in Montreal a large and earnest working game protection society, but they can do but little toward remedying the defects in the game laws beyond putting the present laws in force, as the French are largely in the majority in the local House of Parliament. The Missisquoi River, in the vicinity of Highgate, Vt., has been lately stocked with black bass, and last summer the noble *Parlezvous* neglected his work, and spent his time in scooping out the fry by the thousands. The Legislature of that State, however, has put a stop to that work by passing a law forbidding any bass to be taken less than ten inches in length. The worst poachers on the Missisquoi marshes last season were French Canadians fresh from the factories. If I had the time and space, I might give numerous incidents that have come under my personal observation to prove the truth of my statement that the French habitant makes the most inveterate of pot-hunters.

I notice in your last issue an item that a deer had been seen on Sutton Mountain, near Richford, Vt. Sutton Mountain is over the line in the Province of Quebec. Some seven years ago, in the interest of "fish and game protection," I visited a back settlement of English settlers on that mountain, and learned from a local trapper, Mr. Chester Aiken, that there was at that time, the month of March, a yard of about a dozen deer on the mountain, and the English residents in that vicinity have interested themselves to protect these deer, so it is quite probable that their numbers have increased rather than diminished. STANSTEAD.

MONTREAL, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sportsmen will learn with a feeling of gratitude that but very little venison is coming into the Boston market, as compared with former seasons. When the close time for Maine venison came on (Jan. 1), the dealers in that State who happened to be still disposing of each his lawful quota of "three deer, two caribou and one moose," quickly put the meat out of sight. The custom of obeying the game laws in that State becomes easier as it becomes more of a custom. The Game Commissioners and sportsmen of Maine are much pleased with this evidence of actual progress in public opinion. It is not of their own marketmen or hunters that the earnest friends of game protection in Maine have to complain, but of other markets which would be glad to offer Maine game at all seasons, and of sportsmen who desire unbridled license to destroy when it best suits their own convenience.

When the Maine venison season closed, but little was shipped to Boston this year, for the trained force of wardens were on the alert. At this the Boston game dealer is somewhat disappointed. He gets a little venison, it is true, but it is chiefly western. Not more than one deer out of fifty in 1882-3 is seen here this season. The chances for crust-hunted venison are also very small. The snow in the Maine woods is not yet deep enough to hinder a deer from making full speed. An early thin crust over not six inches of snow prevented the late December hunting—the deer could run, but the hunters could not approach, the breaking crust making noise enough to stampede every deer or caribou within two miles. One or two hunting parties gave up in despair. Taken all in all, it has been a wonderful season thus far for the preservation of deer.

The chances are very small that the Maine Legislature will make September an open month. The Maine papers do not generally favor the measure. The reply of "North Bridgton" to Mr. Wells, in FOREST AND STREAM, has been extensively republished in Maine, and it will also be used in reply to that gentleman's argument before the committee of the Legislature. The prevailing sentiment of the Legislature of that State is one of gratitude to the Commissioners for the good work they have done, and the expression is likely to be very general in favor of giving them their own way for a while longer. Some of the strong expressions of adverse opinion, which have been published, are received by the earnest laborers for game protection in Maine as promulgated in rather bad taste, since the authorities have in their possession the testimony of guides going to show that one or two at least of the earnest advocates for open September are guilty of "jack-shooting" and "calling" in Maine in that month. SPECIAL.

A SCORE OF HITS AND MISSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just finished reading "Wells's" account of his "partridge" hunt in Chatham, and was particularly interested in, and I must say, pleased with his summing up of "shells used" and "birds bagged." I "felt good all over" to see that some of the older crack shots are satisfied with killing one-half their shots. So many men claim to do so much better, yet when I hunt with them, do so much worse. Now I know and all who have shot birds season after season know that to figure up at the end of the season and find that when we have bagged one-half as many birds on the wing as the number of shells used, snapshots and all others being counted, we have done much better than usually falls to our lot.

Very few young sportsmen think to keep a record of shots when they hunt, sometimes as often as three days in the week. However, having been out shooting less than usual this winter and fall, I have kept an account of my outings, and find I am "ahead of the record," though I am confident that had I kept a similar record during the two preceding seasons I should have been behind; I had not learned the peculiarities of my gun until this season—the exact load required, its limit of range, etc., etc. I find that by keeping one gun for constant use, and confining myself entirely to its use, I can make much heavier scores than when constantly changing guns.

I began shooting the present season quite late, after the birds were full grown and strong, and my outings resulted as follows, the time of each outing not exceeding a half day, generally an afternoon:

First (afternoon),	used	10	shells; bagged	7	birds
Second (afternoon),	"	19	" "	14	"
Third (afternoon),	"	18	" "	18	"
Fourth (morning),	"	22	" "	12	"
Fifth (afternoon),	"	7	" "	4	"
Sixth (morning),	"	10	" "	8	"
Seventh (afternoon),	"	8	" "	7	"
Total		94	shells	70	birds

Thus scoring a very good average, though this may be accounted for by my getting such few shots, as I was breaking my young dog and birds were unusually scarce. You will notice that one afternoon's work was 18 shots and 18 birds. Two shots were missed and I made two doubles. I frequently kill as many as 200 birds of a season, but have hunted very little this season, as the birds seem scarce and we wish them to increase as much as possible during the coming season. A very peculiar feature of the last outing was the fact that I saw no male birds at all, and all of the seven bagged were hens. Why is this, think you? I have not noticed the same thing any previous year.

Having been badly injured while fox hunting on Christmas Day, my horse falling and throwing me and striking my head with its front shoe, I have not been able to get around much; but am getting on my feet again and will give the birds another "go" soon, when, if I find nothing but hen birds, I shall lay my gun away until another season, or else go to Currituck Sound goose shooting. A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like one of the recent contributors to this department, I have made some remarkable shots, which didn't bring anything to bag; but of them I will write at another time.

Once I was calling three old gobblers, and found them coming straight toward me along a trail. Watching my opportunity, I succeeded in catching them in a row, one behind the other. I fired a rifle ball through all three, killing them instantly. Three fine gobblers, weighing upward of twenty pounds each, at one shot, I thought was pretty good, especially as there were only three turkeys.

Just after the war, I was out hunting deer with a friend. I soon killed a small one. We concluded to take it immediately to where our horses were hitched, a quarter of a mile away. Soon after starting, I saw a doe lying on a hillside in easy shooting distance. I gave the shot to my friend. When he fired, the deer flattened out on the ground, and I heard the bullet whizzing on. He shot an army Enfield rifle loaded with army cartridges. On going up to the dead deer, we heard a rattling in the bushes a little further on, and on looking found two well-grown fawns almost dead, both shot through the necks; all three killed by one bullet, and after all that execution it whizzed still further.

I was trying to stalk an old buck antelope once, but failed at every attempt. Finally growing discouraged I sat down and concluded to try one shot at long range. I was using a .40-90 Sharps rifle. Guessing the distance at 1,000 yards, I made the proper elevation, and after careful aim, fired. The bullet passed through his heart, killing him in a few seconds. I call this a remarkable shot, though it was exactly what I tried to do.

I once bagged sixteen mallards at one shot, using a 12-bore shotgun. They were feeding on acorns. My second barrel failed to fire. BLACK TAIL.

EL PASO, Texas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last autumn I was walking along the shores of a small lake, carrying a .38-caliber rifle. Close to shore on the other side, so distant as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, was a lone duck swimming around. Intending to induce it to take wing, so that a companion with his shotgun might possibly get a wing-shot, I raised the sights to 400 yards, took aim and fired. There was a splash, a flutter, and the duck lay dead upon the water.

Another: During the winter a sudden severe cold snap froze all the streams and ponds in this section. A friend knowing of a large open spring, some six or eight miles distant, came around with his buggy, and we drove to the spring. Sure enough the water was open, and the surface so covered with big mallards that the water could not be seen. The spring or open pond was about thirty yards long and about ten wide. On the west side close to the water there was a high bank, making approach to within twenty yards very easy. We cautiously crawled up to the edge of the bank and poured four barrels of No. 4 shot from our breechloaders right down into that unconscious mass of mallards, crowded into that small water hole, and killed—one old drake; and he was probably scared to death.

TENDERFOOT.

CLAY CENTRE, Kan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your remarkable shot series or incidents are interesting, though many, if not all, are accidental or simply chance shots. Let me relate two chance shots. During the year 1853 I was camping on Floodwood Pond in the Adirondacks, when deer were almost as thick as sheep in a farmer's pasture, and you would think so when I tell you that one day I counted fourteen in sight, in two hours from my camp. One morning my guide and myself took a tramp through the woods, and seeing a large buck, on the shore of a small pond, he fired and we went around the pond to secure our trophy, and imagine our surprise to find two dead deer—the two were standing side by side. The next season I camped on the same ground. One day a companion borrowed my Lewis rifle. He with his guide shoved away from the shore about two rods, and across a bay, certainly eighty rods, saw a buck feeding. He took deadly aim and fired more for the "fun of the thing, to see the deer run," than with the least idea of capturing the prize. The ball struck the water twice, glanced and killed the deer feeding on the lily pads. M. D. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While hunting in Spencer's Grove, Iowa, a few years ago, a gray squirrel ran up a tree and disappeared behind a bunch of leaves. Taking aim at where it was supposed to be, I fired, and two fine squirrels fell dead at the root of the tree. Some sixty-five years ago, my grandfather made a home for

himself and family in the hill country of northeastern Pennsylvania. Game of all kinds was abundant. Needing meat one day, he took his rifle, mounted his horse and rode into the woods. Seeing a flock of wild turkeys on the ground, without dismounting, he raised his gun to shoot a large gobbler that stood with its neck outstretched in the path before him. Just as he shot, another one in all respects like it, took position by its side, and his ball cut both their throats close to their heads. He tied their heads together, threw them across the horse in front of the saddle, and rode home.

K.

Vinton, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your remarkable shots have reminded me of one I made several years ago. I have thought it a case of pellets being deflected by quail feathers.

A quail flushed to my right about 30 yards, and as I threw up my gun I saw a negro boy, Jim, who usually accompanies us to "tote the game," in a direct line about 50 yards beyond the bird. He called, "Look out, Mr. L." I answered, "I see you; all right," and I held fire until the bird had flown rather to the front of me, and at an angle of about 45° from the line between the boy and myself, when I fired. The bird fell dead and Jim called out, "I am shot." I laid down my gun and ramrod (which I had drawn immediately on firing, as was my custom in muzzleloader days) and went to Jim, and found him well peppered with about a dozen No. 9s. It seeming strange that he had been hit, I then carefully noted the positions from whence I had fired, of Jim and the bird. Jim would say afterward that the doctor said it was not healthy for him to go with me.

J. C. L.

Wilmington, N. C.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with considerable satisfaction that I notice in some of your back numbers, that battery-shooting, as practiced in some portions of our country, has been made a subject for discussion; for I believe that wherever this method of destroying wildfowl shall become generally understood, and it is shown to be the destructive evil it really is, there will then be little difficulty in having laws passed to suppress forever these destructive engines in every State within whose borders they can now be used.

The foregoing paragraph will leave no doubt upon the mind of any reader which side of the argument the writer takes, and with your permission he proposes to give some reasons for the "faith that is in him." Before replying to any of the statements contained in the articles published in Forest and Stream on this subject, I think perhaps it best to show wherein battery-shooting is a destructive evil in so far as wildfowl are concerned. In the first place, the fact that by this method the gunner is, in the vast majority of instances, enabled to kill more ducks than in any other way, for a time at least, is so entirely conceded by every one with any knowledge of the subject that it is not necessary to do more than make the statement. This in itself might appear more of a benefit than an evil to the gunner; but at times it is fraught with misfortune even to him, as I will show. As soon as the law permits, generally before winter fairly sets in, the batteries are at work. The birds, having just arrived from their feeding grounds accompanied by their young, are gentle and unsuspecting. Vast numbers are killed and shipped to market, but they do not all get there. The weather is warm, decomposition proceeds rapidly, and many are thrown away. A few seasons ago, from Currituck Sound alone, in the month of November, between 5,000 and 10,000 birds were thrown away in the canal and in the harbor of Norfolk, having spoiled on account of the weather. These were all shot from batteries and bush-blinds. Our seasons for shooting wildfowl open much too early throughout the land. Because more birds can be killed by this method is the reason that batteries multiply so rapidly where they can be used.

Now, why is it that more ducks can be killed by this method than by any other? Simply because they are placed in the midst of the feeding grounds, away from the shore in shallow water, and the birds are compelled to resort there to get their food, otherwise they must starve or seek some other locality. That they prefer to do the latter after having been shot at from these sunken blinds for a brief period is a thoroughly established fact, and may not be wondered at. Because booby-blinds are erected on the feeding grounds, as stated by one writer, is no argument or excuse for batteries being there. Both should be prohibited by law from being placed in such positions. Harassed continually upon their feeding grounds by being repeatedly shot at, the birds depart to other places where they can feed unmolested. I am not speaking of any especial tract, but generally, for my experience of, and with, batteries and like machines extends from Currituck Sound to the Mississippi River.

But the battery itself is not the sole evil. It has a partner even more objectionable if possible than itself, and without which it would be comparatively harmless. This assisting terror is the tender, composed of a man and a sailboat, whose duty it is to gather the slain birds, and, of equal importance, to keep in motion any flocks that may be within reaching distance. If a number of birds have settled upon the water, either to dress their feathers or to snatch a few moments of needed rest, no sooner does the tender spy them than he bears away and compels them to take wing, in hopes that some may be decoyed to the battery. These sailboats are kept in constant motion, quartering the sound or river as setters do a field, and where several batteries are stationed no duck can settle near-by for a moment, and with this species of persecution, together with the roar of guns discharged from apparently beneath the waters, than which nothing more terrifies the fowl, is it any wonder that in a short period the birds desert a locality where the laws permit them to be so unceasingly disturbed?

Beside the fact that more birds are killed for a time by this method, there is nothing to recommend it. The gunner lying at full length on the bottom of his box is exposed to the rain, the freezing cold and the snow. Icy spray breaks over the sides, the box contains more or less water; sometimes he is forced to bail to keep himself afloat, and retributive justice takes a hand in his pursuit, and not infrequently he receives with his bag of birds the seeds of rheumatism, pneumonia or consumption. I have been told by the battery men in Currituck Sound, where, from its comparatively mild climate there should be less risk in this mode of gunning, that a man cannot stand it much over three or four years. It is essentially the method to be used for those who shoot for count, unworthy of the true sportsman, acceptable only for the pot-hunter.

In your issue of Jan. 29, a writer comes to the defense of battery-shooting over the signature of "Sinkboat," and gives his opinion on this method of killing wildfowl. His views are evidently so honestly entertained as to the advisability of batteries being used, and so frankly given, that they merit respectful treatment, though founded in error, and incapable of being sustained by any proof. He commences by stating that he knows nothing as to how battery-shooting affects wildfowl apart from the waters of the Chesapeake, but even there he confesses that it would be well "to confine the number of boxes licensed to a much smaller number, and allow no others on the ground." Why would he do this? Is it because he is one of the "kid-glove gentry," and a supporter of monopolies? By now manner of means, for, as I gather from his article, he is no friend to that class, but it is because there are too many batteries in his locality, there is "too much shooting," and presumably the ducks are annually decreasing in numbers. His proposed remedy is a virtual confession of the destructiveness of batteries.

Because, perchance, there may still be a large number of birds frequenting localities where battery-shooting is permitted, some persons not fully conversant with the matter, may deny that this method drives birds away. I will state some facts to show how incorrect would be such denial. In Sandusky Bay, Ohio, where are now situated the grounds of the Winous Club, batteries were formerly used by everybody. The fowl were in myriads and the supply seemed inexhaustible. But gradually a diminution of their numbers was perceptible, year by year the birds and the scores decreased, until 1,200 birds was the total score of all engaged in shooting for an entire season. Then a State law was passed, prohibiting the use of batteries, and the grounds were preserved. Soon the birds began to return to their accustomed haunts, and from 1,200 killed, the score increased until it reached the grand total of 9,000 birds bagged in a single season, and no diminution in the number of the fowl was perceived. They were unmolested in the open water and on their feeding grounds.

"Sinkboat" mentions Currituck Sound. I can speak of that section from an acquaintance with it of twenty years. Before batteries or bush-blinds were known there, the birds gathered in countless myriads during the period the more northern waters were frozen. It was their natural winter home, not a place to be occupied temporarily during their migration, and they remained until spring. How is it today? Ducks, geese and swan still resort there, but in diminished numbers; but their lives are lives of terror and unrest, and many depart for the south after a short stay. Batteries, bush-blinds and sailboats give them no peace, and their only places of refuge are the grounds of the various clubs, where they are out of reach of these open-water destructive engines. As to the profits obtained by the market gunners, I learn, from repeated inquiries among them, that it is rare for any owner of a battery or a bush-blind to make living wages during the season, although numbers of birds are killed, and most of them are in debt when spring comes. The only salvation for the wildfowl in Currituck at present is the law prohibiting non-residents from shooting afloat. It is to be hoped that a law may soon be passed that shall forbid any one from shooting on the water. Thus far the non-resident law has prevented the fowl from being driven entirely out of the State, which would surely be the case if the waters were open to all.

It is for these and kindred reasons that so many States, on the petitions of sportsmen and others desirous of preserving our wildfowl, have prohibited the use of batteries within their borders. I think any one conversant with battery-shooting will perceive, in spite of "Sinkboat's" vehement denial, that this method is more "detrimental to shooting than the same amount of shooting from the shore." Facts prove it, the diminution in the number of birds shows it. The box cannot be separated from its accompanying boat, and such birds as the occupant of the former fails to kill, the latter drives completely away. So well is this understood that on the Gunpowder River, where for years I have been accustomed to shoot, we always look for an extra flight of birds on the days the batteries are at work on the Susquehanna Flats. The birds leave their feeding grounds when the fusillade begins, and soon after sunrise appear on the Bush and Gunpowder. It has been remarked of late years that the birds were more plenty on these rivers, and this can hardly be said of the Flats, and the increased numbers on the rivers has been attributed to the absence of batteries. It is hardly necessary to follow "Sinkboat's" argument that those who shoot from the shore object to boxes on purely selfish grounds. If he is a sportsman he has at heart that desire, which above all else influences a sportsman's actions—the desire to protect our game in all localities it frequents; and if he has been shooting thirty-five years he knows well enough that wherever batteries are systematically used, a diminution, if not the entire disappearance, of wildfowl is sure to take place.

An exception may properly be taken to his statement that the box is a more humane mode of shooting, for the reason that for "every duck bagged off a point it is safe to say that two or more are crippled," while "nearly every duck struck out of a box is killed." I believe, and I think my experience tends to prove it, that just the contrary is the fact, for as a rule, speaking of no especial locality, it is the flocks or bunches that go to the batteries, while single birds or bunches of three or four go to the points. The great bags made by the batterymen are not derived from single or selected birds, but from shooting at the flocks when they "double" over the decoys. "Sinkboat's" suggestion of increasing wildfowl by only permitting them to be shot from boxes is, of course, intended as a joke, for it is not at all in harmony with his first idea of limiting the number of batteries to be used. He is also very much in error when he says: "None can commit a trespass in the water." Has he never heard of riparian rights? The gist of his article seems to be summed up in the remarks, that "box-shooters will die hard, but if box-shooting must stop, then let all ducking points be open to all sportsmen." Evil things always do die hard, but for all that let us endeavor to hasten the time of their dissolution. The doctrine that private property should cease to be such and be thrown open to those who indulge in objectionable practices, in order that such practices may be abated, smacks so strongly of communism, that it can only be acceptable to those who have nothing to lose.

Sagamore.

Deer in Vermont.—The deer killing in Richford, Vt. during the fore part of January, was done contrary to law. After it was killed it was brought to Richford and peddled about the streets in open defiance of the law, and the authorities have done nothing about it, and it is said they do not intend to.—Snip Snap.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There was published in the Forest and Stream of Oct. 2, an article, bearing the signature of "L.," on the protection of the game in the Adirondacks. Some of the statements made have been severely condemned, especially that in relation to the hunting of deer out of season by some of the guides of that region during the early summer months. Among their number was Commissioner Sherman, who accuses "L." of being a wilful falsifier or having been made the dupe of others. Although I do not agree with all contained in "L.'s" article, the statement he makes in relation to the guides hunting deer during the close season is to my certain knowledge perfectly true of a large number of them who follow their vocation in that region.

Not only have I resided nearly all my life near the borders of the Adirondack region and have frequented some portion of it nearly every season for twenty-five or thirty years past, but I have for the last six years spent the greater portion of each summer in camp in the heart of what is known as the St. Regis district, a locality much resorted to by sportsmen and hunters for the purpose of hunting deer. During the greater part of this time my camp has been located on the upper part of the sixteen-mile level, a portion of the middle branch or main branch of the St. Regis River, which is still water and navigable for small boats or skiffs for that distance. This river and the level is the principal thoroughfare by which the numerous streams and ponds in the southern and western part of the district is reached.

These ponds and streams are frequented every season, during the early summer months, by numerous parties of sportsmen and hunters, who come in by way of the hotel at Blue Mountain, near the foot of the level, and by way of Paul Smith's, on St. Regis Lake, from which this branch of the St. Regis River flows. At these hotels these parties are fitted out with guides, boats, tents, etc., for camping, and they go to the banks of some of the ponds or streams, where they go into camp and will often remain there two weeks at a time; and every night that is favorable will, with the help of their guides, hunt and slaughter deer by jack-light. This has been going on every season during the months of June and July, and the last has been no exception to the rest. I am personally acquainted with the majority of the guides who frequent this district, as well as with many others who follow their vocation elsewhere. Among all of them there is but a very small number who will not and have not hunted deer, more or less, out of season during the last two years. And more than that, some of the guides who reside in or on the borders of the district have, when not engaged as guides for others, hunted and killed deer for themselves in the months of June and July, and sometimes even in May; and have jerked or smoke-dried the venison and sold it at the stores in the settlements in St. Lawrence county, on the western borders of the district. The guides who frequent this district are not mushroom oarsmen, but are all experienced hunters, and many of them have been guides for years and some are well advanced in years.

I do not consider it a sure proof of a guide's honesty that he can be safely trusted with the care of valuable property; for the reason that there is not a guide but what is well aware that should he abuse this trust in the least his vocation as a guide would end. I can point to two guides who have been confined inside of prison walls, who are skillful hunters and excellent guides, whose services are in great demand every season, and not a season passes that they are not trusted with the care of valuable property; and I know others that could not get trusted for a plug of tobacco at any store where they are known, but who are frequently trusted with property of large amount. That there are many guides throughout the Adirondack region who are honorable and law-abiding I have no doubt. I know of a few that are such myself, and I also know of others that are not. But I know of a far greater number than both combined who are perfectly honorable and also law-abiding in all respects, except in observing the game laws. To these they pay no respect except that they fear their enforcement.

It is the same in regard to the game laws as it is with the custom laws. There is hardly any one who thinks there is any harm or wrong in smuggling goods out of Canada, providing that they don't get caught at it. And the guides as well as many others in Franklin county think the same in regard to the game laws. If they are not caught in the act of violating them they think it is all right. Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, in commenting on the statement made by "L.," makes the statement that guides cannot be procured at his guide house for the purpose of hunting for others out of season. I would like to ask Mr. Fuller if he does not think it is himself that deserves the credit for this rather than the guides in his employ; and if he does not believe that should they for any reason leave his employ they could not then be induced to hunt for parties when it is unlawful to do so, especially should the parties promise, as many do, to pay all fines should they be prosecuted for violating the game laws?

Some of the guides who frequent the St. Regis district defy the law in words as well as in deeds. One of the leading guides while at my camp one day in August last, stated in my hearing that he had always hounded in June and July and always should; and he would put a ball from his rifle through the one that informed against him. Several others heard the remark. This man is a favorite guide with a large number of sportsmen, from whom he has received many valuable presents. Although no one cares for the threats that such persons make, or at least fear that they will be put into execution, it shows their disposition, and I have no doubt such persons would not hesitate in seeking revenge to destroy property about one's camp should they have the opportunity when the owner was absent. Such cowardly acts have been committed a number of times since I have frequented this district.

I do not, by any means, wish to be understood as blaming the present game protectors, for I happen to know that some of them, among whom is the protector to which Franklin county is assigned, are doing all they can to enforce the game laws in their respective districts. As yet, Mr. Leonard, the protector of this district, which includes the three counties of Franklin, St. Lawrence and Jefferson, has been unable to accomplish much within Franklin county, for the reason that he has during the past had all that he could attend to in the other two counties. But he informs me that he has now arranged matters in those counties so that by early spring he will be able to give the most of his attention to this county. In St. Lawrence and Jefferson he fortunately has the sympathy of a large portion of the inhabitants, and has in many localities secured the services of persons that he can trust to watch in their respective localities for viola

tors of the law, and will notify him at once if his presence is required there.

The territory assigned to this district is altogether too large for one protector. No one protector alone can successfully enforce the game laws in all parts of it, especially in those parts where the residents are not in sympathy with game protection, as is the case in a great portion of Franklin county. Only a short time ago I was told by one of the leading men of the county, who has been elected supervisor several times, that he thought game protection by the State wrong, that it was wrong to tax the people to pay the game protector's salary, when not one in a thousand ever went into the woods to hunt or fish, and he did not care whether game was protected or not. Scores of others in the county hold a like opinion of game protection. This a game protector has to contend against. There are localities in the district to reach which, by the route the protector would be obliged to take, would require a journey of a hundred miles or more, and to go there and return would use up over two weeks' time, and the expenses for the trip would be $50.

As far as intercourse between the two places is concerned, the settlements in the southern part of Franklin county, on Tupper's Lake and elsewhere, and the villages and towns on the northern border of the county, are as distant apart as those villages and towns and the Territory of Dakota, as it requires the same length of time to go from them to the one place that it does to go to the other. This district contains within its borders one-half at least of that portion of the wilderness that is the most unsettled and inaccessible. Many parts of it can only be reached by traveling through the woods on foot, or by boats a part of the way, when one can be procured. For one person alone to properly enforce the laws in a district like this would require a salary to pay the traveling expenses alone larger than all the salary a game protector gets. Were it not for a share that a game protector gets of the fines collected, the protector for this district would not have been able to do what he already has done in St. Lawrence and Jefferson counties toward their enforcement there during the past two years.

I have, as probably will be noticed, omitted to mention any cases of violation of the game laws at other times than during the early summer months, or of their being violated by any other method of hunting than hunting at night by jack-light. My reason for so doing was, because the statement made by "L." principally, if not wholly, referred to violations of the law by the guides in those months. I only wished to state what I know to be facts from my own observation, and which cannot be successfully contradicted. But that the game laws are violated in the St. Regis district at other times during the close season and by different modes of hunting, I am as well satisfied as I would be had such violations come under my own observation. I am informed by reliable parties that deer were hounded or hunted with dogs all through November, and in part of the month of December last, on and in the vicinity of the east branch of the St. Regis. Among those who were engaged in it were two of their number at least who act as guides during the sporting season.

A year ago in the last week of July, a party of so-called sportsmen came in by way of St. Regis Lake or Paul Smith's, with guides and dogs. They went to Long Pond, three miles west of my camp on the level, and remained there several days hounding deer. I heard the dogs myself from my camp. Shortly after they left two of my acquaintances went over to the Pond to fish for trout in the outlet, and they saw the carcasses of three deer in the water, from which only the hide and hindquarters or saddles had been taken, and the rest left to rot. I did not see the party nor their guides myself, but the latter were said to be by those who did see them guides who make their headquarters at Smith's Hotel. Deer are hunted with dogs frequently at times when it is unlawful.

Although there is the best of trout fishing in the streams and in many of the ponds, this region is but seldom visited for the purpose of angling alone, except by residents on its border, who occasionally go there for a day's fishing. Although netting trout is practiced in these waters, the laws in regard to fish or fishing are not violated to anywhere near the extent that they are by hunting deer.

I have written to show that the statement made by "L.," concerning the guides, are perfectly true of many of those who follow that vocation within the Adirondacks; and in part to show a few of the many obstacles against which the game protector has to contend, or which are in his way in enforcing the game laws, especially in this district, of which Franklin county forms a part.

I intend no disrespect to the guides in making these statements. They are no worse, nor as bad as the gentlemen sportsmen, so-called, who employ them to violate the law and who guarantee to pay all fines. It is not strange that many of the guides still violate the law. The majority are men of small means, who get their living for themselves and their families by guiding during the summer and fall and by working at what they can find to do winters. And when we consider that four-fifths of the inhabitants of the county have no sympathy with game laws or game protection, it is no wonder that guides violate the law, and almost impossible for the protector to enforce them. ADRION ONDACK.

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS.

The general expression of public opinion, as given in the press of the State, is decidedly in favor of a non-hounding law. We give herewith a number of extracts from our exchanges:

THE PRESS ON THE PETITION.

We heartily commend the movement as both proper and desirable. If some measure of the character indicated be not speedily adopted, this noble game will no longer lend romance to the Adirondack region, and its existence, in a few years, will be known only in the hunter's story.—*Oneonta Press.*

We doubt not but such a petition will receive many signatures. The practice of hounding deer or slaughtering them for the mere sport of it should certainly be prohibited by law.—*Lowville Times.*

This is, really, a very important matter, and we hope it will receive widely extended attention and encouragement.—*Albany Press and Knickerbocker.*

Legislators should give their assistance to the framing of such a law, which seems to be the general will of the people.—*Buffalo Mercantile Review.*

This matter is worthy the attention of sportsmen. At the same time would it not be well to take measures to stop the shooting of deer hereabouts out of season, as was done in this city last Sunday?—*Rome Daily Sentinel, Jan. 28.*

This should be religiously attended to, for our deer grounds of the north are an inheritance which it is the height of folly to allow to go unprotected adequately. Every sportsman will take the matter to heart at once, and be anxious to see something definite accomplished. Who will take the matter in hand in Le Roy?—*Le Roy Gazette.*

It is to be hoped that the petition may be granted. The relentless warfare that is being waged against the deer at will, will soon exterminate them entirely. The natural ingress of civilization will too soon enough cause them to disappear, and all wanton and wholesale killing should be stopped.—*Bath Plaindealer.*

We hope this matter will not be allowed to rest until protection full and complete is given, by strict legislation, to this most wantonly per secuted animal.—*Avoca Advance.*

Those who value the Adirondacks as a summer resort, and all good citizens, whether they ever visit that region or not, will heartily indorse, and gladly attach their signatures.—*Pine Plains Register.*

The movement should be successful. Old hunters who have lived in the woods all their lives are in favor of restricting deer hunting to still-hunting. Drive the dogs out of the Adirondacks and keep the wolves killed off and deer hunting would soon become a real pleasure.—*Oswego Falls Observer.*

All true sportsmen will favor this, as at the present rate of killing their race must become extinct. Give the deer a chance. Should the law forbid their being hunted for the next five years it would more nearly meet the requirements of the case.—*Oneida Free Press.*

Unless something is done to stop the wholesale slaughter of deer in this State, the race will become extinct, and he who loves venison will have to enjoy it only in memory.—*Kinderhook Rough Notes.*

While on the question of protecting deer it would be well to re-enact the prohibitory law in Suffolk county. An old hunter suggests that a law might be framed to allow four days' hunting in the month of November, each year, giving one day in each week. Any legislation which will protect these fast disappearing beauties should be welcomed.—*Babylon Budget.*

It is a fact well known and regretted that the deer of the Adirondacks are rapidly disappearing, owing to the recklessness of frequenters of the wilderness. The favorite means of destruction is the use of dogs trained to the purpose. To put a quietus on that sport within the limits of this county, our Board of Supervisors at the sessions in December made it a criminal offense to use dogs for this purpose, and authorized the shooting of the dogs on sight when pursuing deer.—*Sandy Hill (Washington county) Herald.*

It is very much to be hoped that this effort will prove successful. Unless something is done, and that very soon to stop this and other modes for the wholesale slaughter of deer, the animal will at no remote date become extinct in the State.—*Camden Advance-Journal.*

Those interested in the preservation of game will be pleased to learn that a special effort will be made during the winter to secure a law preveuting the hunting of deer by dogs in this State. This unsportsmanlike and destructive method of hunting deer has been followed to such an extent that the deer are being rapidly exterminated. The FOREST AND STREAM has the present movement in charge, and it will be well managed and we hope successfully urged. We hope that some of our sporting citizens will be inclined to render assistance in this cause by circulating a petition asking for such a law.—*Cohoes News.*

There is a very commendable movement on foot to secure an enactment by the Legislature prohibiting deer hounding in the Adirondacks. The matter of better protecting the game of that and every section of the State has come to be one of vital importance.—*Moravia Valley Register.*

Deer hounding has so many objectionable features that its prevention by law would be not only humane but for the public good.—*Ogdensburgh Signal.*

Cut this out, paste it on to a sheet of paper, secure all the signatures possible, and send it back to the FOREST AND STREAM:

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of the county of N. Y., respectfully petition that Chapter 543 of Laws of 1879, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," be so amended as to absolutely prohibit the chasing, running and hunting of moose and wild deer with dogs, at any season of the year, on the ground that such chasing, running and hunting with dogs is very destructive to such game and is rapidly destroying the same.

THE DEALERS AND THE GAME.

THE newly formed Game Dealers' Association wrote to Chas. E. Whitehead, Esq., counsel for the Association for the Protection of Game, asking him on behalf of his society to request the New York Legislature to suspend the game law temporarily until the glut of game could be disposed of. Mr. Whitehead wrote in reply as follows:

"In reply to yours of yesterday, I would say that our Association for the Protection of Game has given the game dealers no assurance of immunity from prosecution for violation of the laws on this subject.

"The law of this State in comity with other States for the protection of its and their game and fish provided a large open time, within which game could be killed, extending it to Jan. 1 of each year, also a further time within which game so killed or brought here from abroad could be consumed up to Feb. 1, and after that made the dealing in game unlawful. The reason of the law is the preservation of species of game. The chief destruction of game arises not from the individual killing and using of game, but from the organized netting and trapping of game by the quantities for sale in the markets of the great cities of Eastern States and for exportation. This netting is greatly facilitated by the deep snows of midwinter. In January carloads of dead or partly frozen quail, prairie chicken, sharptail grouse and ruffed grouse are consigned to this market, some from this State, but mostly from Iowa, Illinois and Nebraska. If they meet warm weather, it often occurs that tons of them rot and are thrown away or sold to the poorest classes of the community at trivial prices. If the weather remains cold, they are sold at as low prices as fifty cents a pair for grouse and two dollars a dozen for quail. Those that are not sold here, by Feb. 1, are sent out of the State or exported to Europe or concealed in refrigerating warehouses, where they are retailed to those who have the conscience and taste to buy them. The amount exported is often a hundred barrels at a time. The amount concealed for covert retail can be judged of by one seizure by us in April last of 3,795 quail secreted in the Washington Street Refrigerating Warehouse Company by one of the members of your organization.

"This law was enacted after great and prolonged discussion. It has been in force many years. Its provisions are well-known in this State and by all dealers in other States, and its effect is to diminish the killing and exportation of game to a large extent. The very association which you have formed, great in number and wealth, and which you have incorrectly called an Association for the Protection of Game, etc., shows what a large and profitable trade you are doing in a business which, sooner or later, if not restrained, will cause the annihilation of most of the species of birds whose names I have enumerated.

"You have it in your power to stop these consignments to you during the last of December and the month of January by notifying your consignors that you will not receive them. You allow them to come forward, and ask us to aid you and them in defeating the purpose of the law, and we must decline to do so. Yours, CHAS. E. WHITEHEAD,
Counsel for Association for the Protection of Game."

A MAN EATEN BY WOLVES.—Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 24.—I send you the following, which I clipped from one of our exchanges to-day. Perhaps it may interest some of your readers: "Kankakee, Ill., Jan. 23.—A. H. Butts, secretary of the Chicago Lumber Company, has just returned from a logging camp near Metropolitan, Mich., a point in the pineries forty miles north of Escaboine. He says the night before he left the camp the mercury had dropped to 43° below zero. This was the climax of four days of very extreme weather. That night an old trapper and Indian hunter, named Tom Duging, returning from hunting, was killed and eaten by wolves within two miles of the camp. The wolves there are more numerous and bold than usual, on account of the scarcity of small game. His friends, searching for him the next morning, found his closely-gnawed bones. Thirteen dead wolves were lying near him, pierced by his rifle balls, and his Winchester rifle by his side, with one chamber still loaded."—P. D. F.

EXPORTATION OF GAME.—Philadelphia, Jan. 31.—A prominent commission firm of this city made the statement last week that the cause of the extreme high price of canvas-back ducks now ruling was occasioned by the demand for these luscious fowl from England. Fully seven-eighths of the fowl of this description coming from the wild celery feeding grounds are shipped by order to Great Britain. The price now received for prime canvas-back ducks from abroad is $6 per pair, and they are chiefly shipped to the restaurants and cafés patronized by the upper ten on the other side of the pond. Here and even in Baltimore an order for canvas-back ducks and fixings costs $3. If the demand from England continues, next year we shall have to pay $5 for the same indulgence. Our river is full of the heaviest floating ice known for years, and on the turn of the tide the immense mass makes navigation almost impossible. Duck shooters from below are sending many fowl to market, but they are in poor condition.—HOMO.

CAPTAIN BOND SAFE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, "Homo," evidently drew upon the "first reports" as to the drowning of Capt. Bond, of Long Beach, N. J. Although I believe the captain is over eighty years of age, he is yet a skillful yachtsman and fully understands all the currents and storm freaks of Tuckerton Bay. Finding himself confronted by a dangerous gale he just ran down and took refuge at the lighthouse. After the subsidence of the storm he returned home safe and sound and ere this has doubtless read several heartfelt obituaries of himself, none of which he need be ashamed of. In a retrospect of twenty years no more pleasant hours recur than those spent with Capt. Bond, whether on the bay or on shore. I hope he may be spared to cross the bay for many a year before touching upon the unknown shore.—M. P. P. (Philadelphia, Feb. 2, 1885).

GLENCOE, Volusia County, Fla.—I have seen more woodcock in this vicinity than during any one winter since I have been in the country. They are generally seen in single pairs here, but with a good dog I can flush a dozen or so in an hour's time. I see more of them just after or during a cold "norther" than at any other time. While fire-hunting for deer recently I flushed one while walking near a swampy place; it flew up and lit not over thirty feet away. I do not think they ever breed with us, although some writers say they do. I never saw one in the summer time. Snipe, quail and doves are quite plenty. There have been very few sportsmen on the coast, so far this winter, to hunt them. This is owing no doubt to the depression in business matters and to the New Orleans Exposition. The hotel accommodations, both at New Smyrna and Oak Hill, are among the best in the State.—RED WING.

INDIANA.—Fremont.—Game quite scarce. Rabbits caught with ferrets. Five foxes caught in the neighborhood this winter.—C. Y.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

147.

A RESPECTED member of our village sportsmen's club has a 'coon dog which has long since retired from active service on account of advancing years. His owner says, "That's the greatest 'coon dog that ever anybody saw. His teeth are all gone, you know, and he couldn't kill a 'coon to save him; but he hunts just the same. And the other night I follered him, an' he chased a 'coon to the foot of a big tree, an' I'm blamed, when I got there he was a-pokin' the 'coon with his nose an' a-tryin' to make him climb the tree!" ¶

Camp-fire Flickering 145, by J. L. R. Hancock, would read better to knowing parties by stating Bedford county, Pa., not Va.—E. T. T.

Sea and River Fishing.

SNELL, SNOOD, GIMP.

IF the inquirers through the FOREST AND STREAM will try the following plan for fastening snells to hooks they will never have occasion to complain of them slipping off.

Get a roll of rubber cement such as is used to fasten bicycle tires, (it can be procured where bicycles are sold) warm the shank of the hook in a lamp sufficient to melt the cement, then draw the shank of the hook across a piece of the cement and enough will adhere to answer the purpose. Let it cool for a second to prevent it from sticking to the fingers, then press the end of the snell on in just the position you wish it to remain. After allowing the cement to stiffen a little more wrap with good thread, and if you have just the proper quantity of cement and the right consistency the wrapping thread will bury into the cement smoothly; it will be perfectly waterproof and stick to business under all circumstances. The cement also answers well to waterproof thread or cord for wrapping; use as you would cobbler's wax.

The best way to snood hooks with silkworm gut is, instead of fastening the gut directly to the hook, to fasten a small loop of relaid linen line No. 5 to the hook as directed. The loop should be quite small, not over one-eighth of an inch. Then prepare the gut by tying a loop at each end, one for attaching the hook through the small loop on hook, the other for attaching the line. Many advantages are gained by this method, the gut is double near the hook, it also forms a flexible joint and avoids the annoyance of chafing or breaking off by being bent short; in case a hook is broken another can be easily attached to the same gut. Hooks and gut can be carried separately and attached when required for use. If flies were tied in the same manner many anglers would find less occasions to lose their religion by having their flies break off where the gut joins the hook.

Canoeists will find this rubber cement excellent for stopping leaks in canoes, either joint, cracks or holes; quite large holes can be fixed up with it for cracks or joints, with a hot

iron or small stone. Melt and rub the cement well in, leave a small streak of the cement over the crack or joint. For mending a hole take a piece of canvas or boot leg large enough to cover the hole with about one inch lap all around. With a hot iron or stone smear over the patch with a good coat of rubber cement, also smear around the edges of the hole, then heat the patch quite hot and press it in place. Then smear over the whole business with cement, using the hot iron or stone. The cement will harden in a short time, when it will require no further looking after. This, of course, is only for cases of emergencies. To fix a hole permanently it should be cut out square or oblong with slightly beveling edges, then neatly fit a piece of wood to the hole, smear the edges of the piece as well as the edges of the hole with rubber cement; have it quite warm, then press the piece in place; if well done it will neither come out nor leak. No canoeist's or angler's kit is complete without a roll of rubber cement. It is *multum in parvo;* try it.

CALIFORNIAN.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My angling experience extending over a great many years in John Brown's tract has been that the most killing flies are the red ibis, the grizzly king and the Montreal, and in the order named. I angled the last two weeks in August of several years ago at Plumadore Pond, a few miles from Malone. I had a carefully selected stock of flies, including a good many red ibis, which I found to be the only ones the trout would take which, as they had a choice, was for me a very fortunate one, as I had no difficulty in pleasing their tastes when my red ibis flies were worn out, by substituting red flannel, which was just as killing as the feathers.

The B. A. G. is an old friend with a new jacket and no doubt a good fly. At any rate a Utica indorsement is pretty good evidence of its killing qualities. MILLARD.

BEAR CREEK, Wy., Jan. 27, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Sport's" interesting letter on the best fly for the Colorado trout was the first thing that attracted my attention on opening the last FOREST AND STREAM. The fly "Sport" asks me to try on *Salmo virginialis* is exactly like one I have used a good deal, except that his fly from his description has no wings, but is a hackle. The fly is called by the dealer from whom I get it the black prince, and it has black wings, black hackle, black body with gold twist and a scarlet tail. In referring to my record of trout caught, I find that in the last five season's fishing thirteen per cent. of the trout caught were caught with the black prince, as against fourteen per cent by the black hackle with peacock body, and fifty-three per cent. by the coachman, while all other flies (and a very long list it is) caught the remaining twenty per cent. "Sport's" experience with the coachman is that of every one who has fished for these trout that I have seen. The coachman is by far the best fly for the trout in question, no other flies can compare with it. CYRTONYX.

FORT STANTON, New Mexico.

SUNAPEE LAKE.

IN the autumn of 1882, Dr. I. Duncan Quackenbos, of New York, leased to the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire, for twenty years, a portion of land bordering on the largest stream that enters Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire, and on the lake shore, for the purpose of establishing a hatching house for brook trout. Sunapee Lake is the natural home of the *Salmo fontinalis*, specimens having been taken from its waters that emulate the giants of the Rangeley chain. After the first fall rains, schools of fish running from two to nine pounds in weight formerly rose from the icy depths of the lake and made their way into the shallow streams to spawn; but it is a piece of neighborhood lore that not one of these monarchs of their race ever found its way back to the deep blue waters. The spear, the club, the net, the rifle, and the revolver, were freely used by poachers and pot-hunters, whose perverted appetites found savory eating in helpless, flavorless fish, exhausted by procreation. But this is all changed now, thanks to the praiseworthy efforts of Col. Elliot B. Hodge, our accomplished Fish Commissioner, the uncompromising foe of snarers of grouse and hunters for market. From Canada to the Isles of Shoals his name is a terror to these gentry, who never know how or when he will strike. And yet the Colonel in his "hours of ease" is as tender as a woman, as devoted a lover of Dame Juliana's "dysporte of fysshynge with an angle" as "gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son," whose happiest hours sped in the society of the

"Nymphes of Mulla, who with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well"—

or laurel-crowned Drayton, so fain to

"angle at the brook
The freckled trout to take."

Justice bids me chronicle an encounter of the Colonel's with three defiers of our game law, in October last. In company with ex-Comissioner Powers and two other assistants, he was tending his nets off the gravelly New London beach at Sunapee, when a sudden impulse seized him to return to the tank wherein swam some thirty milters and spawners, waiting to be stripped. As the Colonel drew near, he descried through the rain and darkness three figures on the tank, one dipping out five pound trout with a net and the other two receiving them. With a yell that would have done credit to a panther, the intrepid Commissioner sprang among the thieves, and utterly regardless of the great personal danger attending such an act, clutched one burly fellow by the throat, and driving his fingers and thumb into the cervical muscles of a second, forced him down into the open tank. With herculean efforts Col. Hodge, who is by no means a Samson, held his prisoners until Powers, physical equal of five ordinary men, hurried to the scene with his lantern and flashed its light into the faces of the crestfallen miscreants. If words could paint expressions, I would attempt to describe their looks. The third man was tracked and apprehended at daylight, and it took considerably more than $100 apiece to pay the bill. Six of our trout lay in the grass, too much injured to revive; the eggs were taken from the females and the narrator is happy to state that they are numbered among 70,000 at present on the screens in the Sunapee Lake hatching house. These, if hatched, will be placed in the lake next spring. Thousands of landlocked salmon are annually liberated in Sunapee. The writer saw one the other day, taken from the lake, that measured thirty-two inches in length and weighed twelve pounds when fresh from the water. This fish was less than two inches in length in 1877, the first year of the introduction of the *Salmo sebago* into Sunapee. It was captured with a live shiner, by Mr. Woodbury of Newport. A seven-pound "black spot" was taken by Moses Gould off Pine Cliff, on July 3; and a nine-pounder was speared in the New London Brook by a poacher in May. Heaven help him if we ever find him out. An unusually large number of brook trout, averaging from four to six pounds, were taken "off the banks" last summer. Anglers had better luck in capturing large fish in Sunapee than at Middle and Upper Dam, Maine.

Is it not astonishing that there are grumblers opposed to our hatching house because it adds to the burden of their taxes (precisely $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 cent per annum) and displeased because killing five-pound trout with clubs has become obsolete? Such are kicking against the inevitable. Dr. Quackenbos owns the brook and land, and the State of New Hampshire owns the lake, and they propose to do as they please with their own property. Furthermore, private purses will open, if necessary, to make the Sunapee Lake hatching house a success, and the next man found interfering with its operations will be sure to go behind bars.

SILVER DOCTOR.

SIZE AND WEIGHT OF BLACK BASS.

IN one of your summer issues you published a table on the size and weight of black bass, by "Poke-o'-Moonshine." I clipped this table out and determined to test its accuracy. From bass caught last summer I find the following result, the length being from nose to end of tail fin:

Length.	Weight.	Length.	Weight.
15 inches	1 pound 8 ounces	17 inches	2 pounds 6 ounces
15½ "	1 " 12 "	17 "	2 " 8 "
16½ "	2 " 1 "	17¾ "	2 " 9 "
16¾ "	2 " 3 "		

These bass were all small-mouthed, and were weighed soon after being taken from the water. If any one interested in the subject will compare the two tables, they will find a vast difference in the results. For example, the smallest bass in my table, length 15 inches, weighed 1 pound 8 ounces, while the largest one in his table, length 15 inches, weighed 3 pounds 8 ounces. I would like to know if "Poke-o'-Moonshine's" bass were large or small-mouthed? If they were small-mouthed I don't see how a table can be at all accurate for different sections of the country. WOODCOCK.

SOME REMARKABLE CATCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have wondered for some time past, why the anglers who read your paper, and each week have seen so much space devoted to "Remarkable Shots," should not record their "remarkable catches," and in your issue of Jan. 15, I was more than gratified to notice for the first time one recorded by Mr. H. Jerolemon, and will add another in the hope of each week seeing more.

About the 25th of last August, with a friend, I fished in about the center of a large pond, over the ledge of a huge rock, for black bass. We had taken some good ones, and being well satisfied with our luck, were preparing to give up, when I had a bite, only a nibble, then another, and striking, I hooked a fish which, when taken in the landing net, proved to be a bass, and on taking it in my hand to disengage the hook, I discovered the entire lip of the upper jaw was gone, which prevented the mouth being perfectly closed. How it ever managed to get a living in that condition we were unable to decide; but thought it it could it was entitled to its freedom, so after hanging it by the snell of the hook on the scales, which it pulled down to 1½ pounds, it was allowed to go.

Two days after, I was fishing there again, when to my great surprise, I caught at about the same time of day the same bass, which I allowed to go as before, and within ten days caught it three times more, which made five several times I caught that bass in about fifteen days, and although there were always others with me yet they never caught it. I hope to fish in the same place next summer, and should I catch it again will let you know.

"Next." C. G. LEVISON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 20.

TALK ABOUT TACKLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to thank Mr. Wells for his prompt and kindly response to my question about the click and drag. I hope I may some day have the pleasure of giving him a brother angler's hand.

I think he has given the only reasonable solution that can be offered for the use of the click and the drag. Not long since I asked a well-known maker of reels why he used both. His answer was, "Oh, well, people come in and ask for them." This of course is no reason at all. For years past I have refused to buy such a useless complication at any price, and I know there are others like me.

I shall probably be able before long to help Mr. Wells to an answer to his question in regard to aluminum-bronze. A friend, an intelligent machinist, is engaged in making experiments in this direction for use in his business. I will get him to put the results on paper.

Another question may now be in order. What is the best treatment for a fishing line to preserve it from mildew and decay? This means the whole integrity of the line.

A few more words on the barbless hook seem to be necessary to a proper understanding between "Pete" and "Petra." I was not sure, but supposed "Pete" might refer to the old needle-pointed hook, as it was called, but which is no longer made. "Pete," I apprehend, has failed to get the real "savor" of the barbless hook. Let us see what it is like. It is made from a piece of small steel wire, sharpened at both ends. One end has the usual fish-hook bend, while the other, to form the shank, is bent back upon itself and then carried over to an angle to the bend, which it meets near the point, to take the place of the usual barb. It forms, in fact, a sort of a guard, which the fish can easily pass, but which he cannot so easily repass. I fail to see any striking resemblance to the eagle claw, sockdolager, and things of that ilk, which I detest as much as anybody can. Compared with the murderous-looking gangs in common use, it is a harmless affair, and gives the fish an immensely greater chance of getting away. As to skill in handling a fish, if the phrase can be used at all, the barbless hook requires a good deal more of it than the gang, which I ceased to use years ago.

I have used the barbless hook two or three years, off and on, for trolling, and I have used it because it is merciful to the minnow. It harms him as much as a pin hook does, and no more. When you strike a fish, he is, to be sure, pretty securely hooked, but not so much so as when he has the three to twelve hooks of a gang in his mouth; and if you are tender-hearted, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not inflicting unnecessary cruelty. Why do we use barbed hooks at all? Simply to prevent the fish from getting away.

I care but little for trolling, and seldom indulge in it; but when I do, I am sufficiently tender-hearted to prefer the simple barbless hook to the cruel gang. In any case, I want only one hook for trolling, and prefer to depend upon that and my skill to any gang I have ever seen. I prefer to let a fish have a fair chance to get away from me, if he can, and hence I indulge chiefly in that kind of angling which affords him the chance. When I can get it, I am going to have a hook with only one barb on it.

A word as to the needle-pointed hook. I think it is underrated. It is just the hook for all high-toned anglers, and I should not object to using it. As a man, I think I could save as many fish with it as I did with a bent pin when I was a boy. Certainly there is no savor of the pot about that. PETRA.

MAMARONECK, N. Y.

TROUT FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in several of the recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, communications from anglers alluding to the confusion caused by the careless naming of trout flies. I presume a great deal of this is due to a want of knowledge on the part of some of the dealers, and also to the vanity of both anglers and dealers, who are constantly adding to the list of flies by changing slightly some old style of fly and giving it a new name. I took special pains in the plates of flies you referred to, to get correct patterns, in some cases sending to England for the authentic samples; and I believe they are generally accepted as a standard. To enable anglers to indentify their flies, I give below a list of some of the most prominent, together with a slight description of each.

The *hackles* and *palmers* are easily known by their color, and there is little trouble in keeping to their correct names. The principal ones are the "brown," "black," "gray," "red," "ginger grouse," and "coch-y-bon-dhu," sometimes known as the "marlow buzz;" the latter is a very killing little hackle, with a peacock nerl body and red furnace hackle. The name "coch-y-bon-dhu" I believe is Welsh and refers to the color of the hackle.

The *coachman* is one of the best known flies, and is a great favorite both here and in England. It is named after the fancied resemblance to the white rubber cape sometimes worn by coachman. Description: White wings, brown hackle, and peacock body. There is one variety of this fly known as the "dark coachman" a great favorite with the late Thad. Norris, the wings are lead color, otherwise the same; and another variety known as the "royal coachman," the only difference being a red tag or a red band around the body.

To Prof. Wilson ("Christopher North") we owe the celebrated *professor* and *grizzly king*. The first is tied with gray mallard wings, brown hackle, yellow body and red tail, and the latter with the same wings and tail, but gray hackle and green body.

The *Abbey* is another fancy fly and a great killer, named by the late L. H. Abbey of the firm of Abbey & Imbrie. Wings of gray widgeon, red body wound with gold brown hackle, and two or three fibers of a golden pheasant tip for tail.

The *Montreal, Canada*, and *Portland*. These three flies came undoubtedly from one pattern, but have been varied by a different reading of the descriptions. They have brown mottled wings, red or claret bodies, red tails and red or brown hackles. The "Montreal" and "Portland" vary only in being of a slightly different shade of claret, but the "Canada" body and tail is tied with red worsted. There is also a variety of the above with gray mallard wings, scarlet body and hackle, and red tail, called the "light Montreal," and another with lead-colored wings, called the "claret."

The *scarlet ibis* is famous, and is unlike any known natural fly, but sometimes very taking. It is (as are many others) greatly improved by the addition of a jungle cock feather over each wing.

The *Imbrie*, lead-colored wing, brown hackle, yellow body with black ostrich tag; the "queen-of-the-water," gray mallard wings, brown hackle, orange body; the "Rube Wood," same wing and hackle, white body with red tag and brown mallard tail, and the "south-side," are all good flies.

These, with the "St. Patrick," "silver brown," "silver black," "orange black" and "beauty" comprise the principal fancy flies, that is, flies not imitations of natural insects. Of the latter there is a very great variety and they should be tied exactly to pattern. Most of them are named after the natural fly, such as the white miller, black gnat, blue bottle, oak, etc., and the different spinners, duns, gnats, and midges.

While as a rule, trout when feeding will take almost any fly that is dropped naturally and lightly on the water, yet there are some exceptions, and it is not unusual to have them refuse everything but the one particular fly they are feeding on, so that the angler should have a pretty good variety to fall back on; it often happens that the fly that takes the best is the one our book contains the fewest of.

Since writing the above I have received the last copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing "White Hackle's" letter. Will you permit me to state in answer on what grounds I claim my plates as standards? In the first place, where possible, I obtained the patterns from the gentlemen who originated them, therefore I think my style of "Abbey," "royal coachman," etc., are nearer right than other patterns. I was agent for the celebrated McBride flies for several years and obtained John McBride's patterns from his daughter. These are so well known that it is unnecessary to speak of them.

I have been a practical fly-tyer for twenty years, and in the fishing tackle business for ten, and have sold my plates to most of the leading fly-dressers in this country.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent perusal of your most interesting paper, my attention was attracted to two communications in recent issues, viz., those of "Poke-o'-Moonshine" in number for Jan. 15, and of "White Hackle" in Jan. 29.

I have always refrained from expressing myself in your columns, fearing that it might be thought that I wrote from selfish motives. I frequently see opinions expressed to which I greatly desire to add my own. My thoughts for many years having traveled in the direction of fishing implements, it is natural that I should have gathered some ideas, and in

sequence adopt those which seem to me most practical and enduring.

In confirmation of the trials experienced in procuring flies, spoken of by your correspondents, I will speak of my own, and how in consequence of them I came to make flies. I had for many years made fishing rods and reels, and in filling orders for the same had frequent requests for other tackle to be sent in the same package. I then ordered, to supply these demands, small quantities of flies from the dealers—first ordering a complete line of samples with names attached. These I received, but found it utterly impossible to duplicate my orders. I was continually disappointed by the substituting of other flies or sizes than the ones I had ordered, and I, in turn, was forced to disappoint and apologize to my customer. I then thought that if there was any way out of this dilemma, caused by a confusion in names and a carelessness in copying exactly the pattern fly, I should seek it.

In time one of my family viewed with favor the idea of learning to tie flies. To this end I employed one of the best fly-tyers in the city to come to my house and stay until he had imparted his knowledge and skill, and when I felt that we were competent I advertised to fill orders exactly in accordance with directions. To this I have endeavored to adhere. I aimed only to copy accepted patterns, but no one who has not made a study of it can realize the difficulty it is to decide which is the "true and only Fiery Brown" or any other named fly. The Abbey had for many years been a favorite fly in my own use. I have in possession four varities of the fly so called, all tied by New York dealers, but I felt that the fly which came from the firm of Abbey & Imbrie ought to be adopted as the correct standard, and therefore have aways tied an Abbey or an Imbrie fly precisely like the flies sold by that firm, feeling that they were the ones to establish a standard for the flies to which they had given their names.

In looking through my fly-case I often call to mind the history of each variety, and I sometimes wonder if a little memorandum of the same would in time become of interest.

The royal coachman mentioned by "White Hackle" was first offered to purchasers by me. It did not, however, originate with me. The fly-tyer I mentioned long ago sent to me a sample of the same, saying, "I have just been tieing some flies to order for a gentleman. He says he likes the coachman better than any other fly, but he finds it very frail, and he wants me to tie some with red silk in the middle, to make them stronger, and he also wants a little sprig of wood duck for a jib (tail). I send you a fly to see. I think it quite handsome."

This inclosed fly had a white wing, brown hackle, peacock body, bound in the center with red silk, and tail of wood duck feather with the black and white bars. I kept this fly for some time, showing it to several people. One evening a number were gathered around a table looking at the flies. My family, Mr. Horace T. Dunn, of California, and Mr. L. C. Orvis, of Hartford, Conn., were present discussing the propriety of every fly having a name, numbers giving them little or no individuality. I said, "But what is one to do? I do not propose to name flies. We have too many names already." "Why not?" say they. "If you make a new combination name it. Else it will never be popular. No one can remember to distinguish flies by numbers; they get confused. A name fixes a fly in your mind." "Well," I answer, "that may be; but look, here is this fly, a handsome fly; it is similar to a coachman, but it is not a coachman. There is but one coachman; that is the fly we all know, with a white wing, peacock body and brown hackle."

"I will tell you," exclaimed Mr. L. C. Orvis, "that is an extra fine coachman; all that scarlet makes it quite magnificent—call it—call it—the royal coachman!" This seemed suitable, so the fly was christened. Not long after I published a list of flies, and included the "royal" coachman in the number.

Later I received a letter from an angler in Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado, saying: "I wish you would make a coachman for me with all the gilt on it possible. I believe such a fly would be stronger and more taking."

We tied the flies, making the body of gilt, with only a neck or ruff of peacock hurl, and it proved most acceptable both to the man for whom it was designed and to the fish of Colorado. We have made many dozens for that country, and it seemed too good a fly not to be added to the list, so the "gilt" coachman received a place.

The red-tip coachman and lead-wing coachman had been known in the trade long before I entered it, but I feel responsible for the innovation of the royal and gilt coachman, and here confess and account for the same.

I make a fly called the "Holberton," which was obtained of him (Mr. Holberton) by a gentleman in New York as the genuine. This I call the Holberton, and endeavor to adhere to the pattern in every shade and droop of feather, and twist of silk and tinsel.

"Pcke-o'-Moonshine" refers to a fly called "B. A. G." as follows: "From his description which says, 'It has white wings, dark red hackle legs, and red body, in fact a coachman with a red body, if such a thing is possible.' We would here like to interrupt "Pokc-o'-Moonshine" with "No, such a thing is not possible; with the absence of peacock hurl it is no longer a coachman; the royal coachman is not really a coachman; neither is the so-called gilt coachman, but they still retain more of the elements."

I will tell you of a case I once knew. A worthy and inventive man confided to me the plan of a new rotary steam valve, and wanted me to help him about his models. I admired his invention and the patient study which had originated and perfected the idea, and believed the man had a fortune within his grasp. I did not see him again for some time, but when I did, inquired after the rotary steam valve. The man leaned toward me and said, "Do you know, a deluded K—ss down in New Jersey has invented one exactly like it. When I began to investigate I found he was in ahead of me." "But did you know him; did he know anything about your idea?" I asked rapidly. "No, no, it was all right, only he was ahead of me a little; he had never heard of me or I of him."

I am reminded of this case when I read of the fly with a white wing and red body, and red hackle, which "B. A. G." says originated in Utica, N. Y.

One delightful spring day, a few years ago, a worthy and rather elderly brother-in-law of mine came to the house, and with a most satisfied smile on his jovial face, said:

"I am going to drive to Bennington, and I know a stream where there are some fish and I'll show you people a string of trout that will make your eyes shine; but I want you first to make a fly for me. You know I always use a coachman; it is the only fly of any account anyway. I don't want any of your new, fancy flies; give me a coachman every time. But I always put on the hook a fin of a fish. You are not apt to catch fish unless you do. Now, I want you to make a fly just like the coachman, only don't put that peacock body on, that always wears off; but make the body of silk, the same color as a fish's fin."

This we did, and he started off jubilant, believing this "*the* fly." He reported great success with it, and it was afterward tried by others to whom we suggested it, and so sprang into existence the fin-fly. I do not know the history of the origin of the B. A. G. in Utica, but it may, too, have been from the old, familiar idea of the efficacy of the fin of a fish as an allurement.

I have only cited these examples to show you that new combinations may be made and there be no desire to conflict with the old. I am most desirous of conforming with some established standard, and in the fly-plates of the book called "Fishing with the Fly," great care was taken to trace flies, as far as possible, to their origin and then to give the original type as introduced by its inventor.

Dr. Henshall gave me formula for the Polka, Oriole, Henshall and "Oconomowoc." They were tied according to descriptions and he pronounced them correct. As he was the originator of these flies, what better can we do than follow his prescription?

I think Mr. Wells will vouch for his own "Parmacheene Belle." A fly in the plates which he says is similar, was one made to order, and the one for whom it was made called it "a Professor! I with a white wing." This we could not bring ourselves to do, so we simply said it had no name, until in time it came to be the "no name."

Mr. Cheney will undoubtedly defend the Cheney bass and trout fly. Major Ferguson, of Maryland, gave us a correct pattern of the fly to which he lends his name. (This pattern did not reach us in time to be represented in fly-plates in "Fishing with the Fly." The Ferguson there illustrated is slightly different from the fly given us by Major Ferguson, but it is like the generally accepted design used and sold. The difference would not be noticed by many.)

Mr. Thomas Williamson, of Leesburg Academy, Virginia, sent us a fly of his own tieing, with feathers, that we might copy it; and said he found the fly a most taking fly for black bass in those waters, and should call it "the academy," and so on.

We had more difficulty in determining upon the true Montreal than upon any other fly. We obtained flies of this name from many dealers and many fishermen; there were numerous varieties, but the majority seemed to unite upon a brown turkey wing, claret body and hackle. We then wrote to Forest & Sons, Kelso, Scotland, feeling that they might well be referred to as of highest authority, for who ties a more beautiful fly or duplicates more exactly than these artists? They replied, indorsing the brown turkey wing, claret body and hackle, and scarlet ibis tail (body wound with gilt). We then made the fly after the sample furnished by them, and in accordance with the generally accepted method in this country and Canada.

For a white miller, where can we better go for a type than to the fat body, tipped with orange, and the fluttering white wings of the familiar insect? This can be well represented by white silk chenille for the body and orange silk for the tip of body, and who ever saw a white miller with other than white wings?

I am tempted to write on indefinitely, but fear I have already transgressed beyond my proper space. I will therefore add, that the only way I can see out of the dilemma of confusion is for all to enter our flies, and have their name, pedigree and points properly registered. I, for one, will conform strictly to rules. But seriously, why not announce the new flies. If they prove good and we find them worthy a name, they are worthy the notice and interest of all fly-fishermen, and we will then know who is responsible and to whom to refer for the proper type. CHARLES F. ORVIS.

MANCHESTER, Vt.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE AS AN INDUSTRY.

MR. MILTON P. PEIRCE, of Philadelphia, Pa., the official fishculturalist of the Pennsylvania Board of Agriculture, delivered before that body and the Legislature last week an address on "Fishculture as a Pennsylvenia Industry." During his address he quoted two or three times from the FOREST AND STREAM, communications from Pennsylvanians, particularly that signed "Penn" in our issue of January 15, headed "Trout Brooks." Referring to the costly attempts, during the past quarter of a century, to solve the problem of keeping original trout streams supplied with this peerless fish, he remarked that "Penn" had presented the only practical solution, which, when duly analyzed and condensed, was simply to leave the streams in a state of nature, and, he added, not only the streams but their immediate surroundings must be so continued. He claimed, that for even so small a stream as that described by "Penn," a strip of at least fifteen feet in width of brush along its banks would be required to furnish adequate shade and resorts for insects upon which the trout feed. Taking this area including the stream with other dates furnished by "Penn," he found that the sum of areas amounted to three and seven-elevenths acres devoted to this only practicable method of trout culture. From this area, according to "Penn's" data, not much if any more than ten pounds of trout could be taken annually. Then, quoting "Penn's" final paragraph as follows: "If as much effort were put in this direction as is being made in the raising of German (?) carp, the result would be better both for the angler and the epicure" he said, the same area of properly constructed carp ponds devoted to the culture of our improved types of American food carp, would produce a yield of fully three and a half tons annually of fish second in quality only to trout.

CARP IN VIRGINIA.—Louisa County, Va.—My experience with German carp has been somewhat at variance with the published statements I have seen on the subject. First—They do not hibernate in this climate, but are freely in motion whenever the ponds are not covered with ice. I have fed mine on the surface of the water repeatedly this winter (with crackers) when a part of the pond was covered with ice. Second—If properly attended to and pushed in their growth by feeding, as soon as they are large enough to eat powdered cracker, I believe they will spawn at one year old. I am satisfied of this from the fact that I dissected, last month, a young carp six inches long (spawned May, 1884), and found an abundance of eggs in it, not quite as large in size as clover seed; it no doubt would have spawned in the spring of 1885. Third—As to their readiness to take the hook, they are as vigorous biters as any angler could desire, and for a short time are very strong and active, but soon give up the struggle. I have hooked them with a bait of corn bread and with wheat bread, with worms, boiled Irish potato, and once, when fishing for a turtle with a piece of minnow for bait, I unexpectedly and undesignedly caught a three-pound carp. Their table qualities are excellent if they are skinned before being cooked. Their worst enemies are the minks, otters, muskrats and snapping turtles. It is easy, with a shotgun, to kill the snakes, cranes, Indian hens, kingfishers, etc. I shot an otter in one of my carp ponds a few weeks since, that measured 4 feet 1¼ inches from tip to tip, and on cutting him opan to see how many carp he had caught, to my astonishment found him full of crawfish, and nothing else.—P.

SHAD LEGISLATION WANTED.—The State Fishery Commissions of Pennsylvania and New Jersey held a conference at Trenton, on Tuesday last, for the purpose of arranging for an application to the Legislatures of the two States for concurrent legislation in regard to the shad fisheries of the Delaware River. The fisheries are declining yearly in yield, and unless something is done to secure greater immunity to the fish from almost constant pursuit, the catches of the future will be still smaller. It is proposed to have an intermission of the fishing from Saturday morning at sunrise until the corresponding time on Monday morning of each week, instead of from sunset of Saturday evening until sunrise Monday morning. Legislation of the same kind will be asked for the Susquehanna River, the Maryland having agreed to act with the Commissioners of this State.—HOMO.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 4 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. R. C. Cornell, Secretary, 54 William street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15,—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association, W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **1987.**

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 31.—The entries are coming in at a good rate. The show will be held in the Exposition grounds, in a building set aside especially for that purpose, and will open March 5 and close on the night of the 11th, quite a long time to keep the dogs confined, but to counteract the bad effects thereof, I shall have two yards of nearly an acre each to exercise them in. The building is large and will admit of benching a large number of dogs. The managers of the Exposition are now considering my proposition to offer a supplementary prize list that will, with the regular premium list, aggregate double the amount ever offered at any show before. I am receiving letters from all parts of the United States and Canada requesting entry blanks. I am expecting a large entry of foxhounds, as there will be given a miniature fox hunt on the grounds, which are very commodious; also a coursing match for greyhounds. I can from the present outlook safely say that the show will be first-class in every respect. L. F. WHITMAN, Superintendent.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

OWING to late arrival of the European mails we are compelled to defer until next week the report of this show from our special correspondent. The following is taken from the London *Field:*

In May, 1863, the first international dog show was held in Islington Agricultural Hall, and its novelty was such that no fewer than 1678 entries were made. We are not aware that any of these were duplicate entries, and as the hounds, with few exceptions, competed in three couples, and pointer and setter puppies in braces, the actual number of dogs shown was even greater than the figures given above. Thus the twenty-fourth exhibition, under the management of the Kennel Club, which opened at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, and closed yesterday, with its 1,623 entries, is not a "best on record," as many imagined, though the largest ever held by this body. The previous winter show had 1,507 entries. Still, there are many animals competing in more than one class, about 140, and the actual number of specimens on the benches must be taken as minus the latter figures. Column after column has been written condemnatory of the arrangement of these Crystal Palace shows; they bring considerable "grist" to the coffers of the company, and the pity is great that the Kennel Club is not better served in the matter. We shall not be surprised to find a change in the location, shortly, for a building admirable in every way for the purposes of a dog show, and quite as easy of access, even more so than Sydenham, is not far from completion.

As is usual at this season of the year, the dogs were benched in the galleries, and, as is likewise usual, were judged in five different rings, here, there, and everywhere almost, yet still in corners difficult to find, and generally too much cramped and incommodious when they were reached. This was especially the case with the larger dogs, the St. Bernards and mastiffs for instance, and the collies and fox-terriers, too, had none too much space in which to show their action and agility. Opportunities for displaying their worst features and temper were far greater. On the benches, too, one would like to see more space allowed, but here there was little else fault to be found with the arrangements, for the fittings, by Messrs. Spratt, were of the best, and straw and water were provided in abundance. Still, the numbers did not run on consecutively. The disinfecting, too, by Messrs. Jeye's purifier, appeared to be quite successful, and all went smoothly and satisfactorily, for both Mr. Stephens, the secretary, and his right-hand man Edwards, appeared to be more than usually energetic. The committee were sadly neglectful at the rings, and the telegraphic boards were either absent or not utilized with that regularity which is due to the public. Again, there was great delay in putting the prizes over the successful dogs, and in some cases where the latter were judged on the Tuesday, the labels were not placed when we left on Wednesday at dusk.

With delay as usual in the judging, this did not get properly under way much before 10 A. M. on Tuesday, was continued until well into the evening in a wretched light, and not concluded until Wednesday. The Dandies and Irish terriers were attended to on the latter day, when there was not a committeeman or official to see the animals taken into the rings, and the last prize was not given until 3:30 P. M. The gentlemen

who made the awards were as follows: For bloodhounds and St. Bernards, Mr. Neville Wyatt; mastiffs and deerhouns, Lieut.-Col. Wyatt; Great Danes, Mr. Raymond Bryan; greyhounds, Bedlingtons, Scotch and Skye terriers, and poodles, Mr. John Douglas; Newfoundlands, Mr. W. F. Bagnall; setters, fox-terriers and Irish terriers, Mr. J. A. Doyle; wire-haired terriers, Mr. Percy Reid; pointers, Clumber spaniels, Bassets and dachshunde, Mr. W. Arkwright; spaniels, Mr. T. B. Bowers; retrievers, Mr. E. G. Farquharson; sheepdogs, Mr. Byron; bulldogs, black and tan terriers, and smooth toys, Mr. A. C. Jackson; Dandies, the Rev. W. J. Mellor (in the place of Major Ashton); pugs, Mr. W. L. Sheffield; Yorkshire, Maltese, bull and smooth terriers, toy spaniels, rough toys, foreign dogs and Chow-chows, the Rev. G. F. Lovell.

When the gentlemen as above were first announced, the selection was severely criticised, for many were new hands, and some of the older ones had classes assigned them, their knowledge of which was not of a public character. It was considered Mr. Doyle would have quite enough to do with the fox and Irish terriers, without undertaking the important setter classes. As a judge of the latter, excepting Irish, he now made his debut at a big show. Mr. Byron's qualifications to take collies were likewise criticised, but the two hundred entered showed the public were not against his appointment; indeed, generally, the number of exhibitors proved greater satisfaction with the appointment of judges than we were at first led to expect. Following this, and having doubts as to the capabilities of some of them, the unsuccessful exhibitors should have been satisfied. They were not; and, taken all through, it was never our unpleasant lot to attend any show at which so much fault was found with the awards. This was not in one class alone, but in a score; and the Kennel Club is by this time aware that such fault finding was not without cause. Another grumble as to the hardship experienced by visitors, not exhibitors, who for luncheon had either to be content with a bun or sandwich and a drink, or be mulcted in an extra half-crown to re-enter the show after visiting the dining-rooms below.

The quality of the gathering throughout was undoubtedly good, still not more so than usual, and the number of puppies of course militated against its uniform excellence, placing it in this respect behind that at Curzon Hall last December. The best classes were undoubtedly the St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes, pointers, collies, fox-terriers, dachshunde and bulldogs. The setters were disappointing, as were spaniels; but retrievers, bloodhounds and Newfoundlands were quite up to the mark, and it was doubly gratifying to find such an excellent display of deerhounds, a fine, intelligent and representative breed, with a tendency toward retrogression. Shall this improvement at the Palace be taken as a "turn in their tide?" The more fancy varieties of terriers, toy dogs and toy spaniels, pugs, and variety classes were about as numerous as usual. There have not often been better shows of Dandie Dinmonts.

We give below a list of the principal

AWARDS.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Champions—*Dogs:* Prize, M. Beaufoy (Nestor). *Bitches:* Prize, O. Hills (Witch).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Nichols (Pharaoh); 2d, L. G. Morrell (Maltravers); 3d, J. C. Tinker (Duncan). *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. G. Hutton (Helen II.); 2d, E. Nichols (Nita); 3d, O. Hills (Morgiana).

MASTIFFS.—Champions—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, Mrs. G. Willins (Maximilian); 2d, W. K. Taunton (champion Cardinal). *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. F. J. Campbell (champion Lily II.); 3d, J. Evans (Elaine).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Nichols (Goth); 2d, J. Hutchings (Titus); 3d, R. Cook (Ilford Caution); 4th, E. A. Cheeseman (Bruce VII.). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, H. G. Woolmore (Cambrian Princess); 2d, E. Nichols (Queen Ann); 3d, J. S. Turner (The Lady Isabel). A very good class.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Beaufoy (Beauchamp); 2d, J. R. Catterall (Prince Cole). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. Rollinson (Demeter and Danaides).

ST. BERNARDS.—Champions—*Dogs:* 1st, S. W. Smith (Valentine); 2d, C. Macdonna (champion Bayard). *Bitches:* 1st, H. C. Joplin (champion Elfrida); 2d, J. Edwards (champion Amy).—Open—Rough—*Dogs:* 1st, S. W. Smith (Merchant Prince); 2d, H. J. Fulljames (Grip); 3d, A. Ward (Landgrave); 4th, W. G. Marshall (Pilgrim. Produce prize, F. E. F. Polhill-Turner (Marco III.). *Bitches:* 1st, H. H. R. Chapman (Lady Eva); 2d, L. C. R. Norris-Elye (La Mascotte); equal 3d, F. E. Coleman (Maggiore), and L. C. R. Norris-Elye (Crevasse II.).—Smooth—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Thornton (Eriot); 2d, W. Soper (Lion III.). *Bitches:* 1st, J. Valentine (Ida II.); 2d, W. B. Megone (Bon Bon).—Rough Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Cox (Rothley Romeo); C. Macdonna (Bosco II.); 4d, F. E. Emerson (Oliver). *Bitches:* 1st, S. Smith (Mena); 2d, W. Porter (Royalty); 3d, J. McCullock (Florida).—Smooth Puppies: Prize, A. Deakin (Rosebank Royal).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Champion—Black—Prize, E. Nicholls (champion Nelson I.).—Open—Black—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, E. Nichols (Lord Nelson); 2d, R. W. Moil (King Bruce); 3d, Miss A. Bryant (Rossmore). *Bitches:* 1st, Mr. G. Chapman (Lady Teazle); 2d, E. J. Bird (Isla).—Other than Black—*Dogs:* 1st, H. F. Marshall (Romeo); 2d, D. Palmer (Turpin). *Bitches:* 1st, D. Palmer (Clio); 2d, J. H. Evans (Leonora). *Puppies:* 1st, G. Chapman (Lady Teazle); 2d, E. Nichols (Admiral Keppel); 3d, A. Stevens (Aaron).

GREAT DANES.—Champions —1st, C. Petrzywalski (champion Sultan II.); 2d, W. A. Callaghan (Harlequin Nero).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, R. L. Pemberton (Cedric the Saxon); 2d, E. G. Greenep (The Slogger); 3d, M. Riego (Cid Campeador). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, C. Petrzywalski (Mirza); 2d, R. L. Pemberton (Fair Rosamond); 3d, S. E. Shirley (Nox).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, S. E. Shirley (Tonans); 2d, E. G. Greenep (The Pirate). *Bitches:* 1st, M. Riego (Linda); 2d and cup, E. Wootten (Empress of Germany).

DEERHOUNDS.—Champion—1st, P. Cooper (champion Bevis I.).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Parkes (Gunnar); 2d, Mrs. A. A. Corder (Warwick); 3d, H. C. Joplin (Clansman). *Bitches:* 1st, W. Gordon (Beatrice); 2d, H. P. Parkes (Heatherbelle); 3d, C. H. Lane (Lara).

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. C. Joplin (champion County Member); 2d, J. G. Bridge (Orsett). *Bitches:* 1st, H. Pattenden (Sing Song); 2d, T. Sharples (Caroline).

EXTRA CLASS.—Foreign Dogs—Champion—Prize, W. K. Taunton (Captain Burton).—Open—Prize, W. R. Taunton (Oscar Franklin), Rev. A. Carter (Kushki), W. P. France (Beauty II.), R. Todd (Derwent Jumbo), A. B. Woodd (Hruni), and Miss A. Bodley (Bruno).

POINTERS.—Champions—*Dogs:* Prize, E. C. Norrish (champion Graphic). *Bitches:* Prize, Rev. W. Sheild (Glee).—Open—55lbs. and upward—*Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Norrish (Paragon); 2d, Mrs. Graham (Don IX.); 3d, B. Field (Young Dick).—50lbs. and upward—*Bitches:* 1st, E. C. Norrish (Revel III.); 2d, C. Bishop (Amber II.); 3d, T. B. Ewens (Dapper).—Under 55lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, Prince A. Solms (Naso of Kipping); 2d, R. P. Leach (Bracket); 3d, B. Field (Dick III.).—Under 50lbs.—*Bitches:* 1st and cup, C. Drury (Aldin Rose); 2d, R. J. L. Price (Codiad yr Hedydd); 3d, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Legh (Devon Doll). *Puppies:* 1st, J. F. H. Harter (Bell of Cranfield); 2d, E. C. Norrish (Paragon).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* Prize J. H. Platt (champion Sting). *Bitches:* Prize, J. H. Platt (Pilmsy).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. Garland (Young Rock III. and Osman VI.); 3d, J. B. Cockerton (Birket Foster). *Bitches:* 1st, Lieut.-Col. H. Platt (Wild Rose); 2d, J. H. Platt (Meg Merrilies); 3d, E. Bishop (Lady Clyte).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. Potter (Count Howard and Sir Gilbert). *Bitches:* 1st, G. H. Bonner (Norna II.); 2d, W. Parrott (Blue Alice).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. L. Parsons (Beaumont); 2d, J. U. Winkfield (Prince of Orange); 3d, W. Long (Norwich Banquo). *Bitches:* 1st, E. L. Parsons (Floss IV.); 2d and 3d, F. A. Manning (Juno V. and Alice). *Puppies:* 1st, J. Osborn (Eastdean Juno); 2d, J. U. Winkfield (Prince of Orange).

IRISH SETTERS.—Champions—*Dogs:* Prize, Rev. R. O'Callaghan (champion Ganymede). *Bitches:* Prize, Rev. R. O'Callaghan (champion Geraldine).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. M. Wilson (Mate); 2d, E. S. Snow (Samuel); 3d, B. R. Wood (Roy). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Rev. R. O'Callaghan (Winnie and Tara II.); 3d, W. W. Despard (Ruby VII.). *Puppies:* 1st, Rev. R. O'Callaghan (Tara II.); 2d, A. Taylor (Nethersbury Shot).

RETRIEVERS.—Wavy—Champions—*Dogs:* Prize, S. E. Shirley (Moonstone). *Bitches:* Prize, S. E. Shirley (Zee).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, S. E. Shirley (Goldstone); 2d, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Legh (Harvel II.); 3d, S. E. Shirley (Tracer). *Bitches:* 1st, S. E. Shirley (Tacit); 2d, R. J. L. Price (Rhiwlas Jet); 3d, H. Cox and H. Jaquet (Black Satin). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, S. E. Shirley (Tractable and Thoughtful); 3d, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Legh (Marvel II.).—Curly—Champion—Prize, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon (champion Baron).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Skipworth (Smikes); 2d, J. H. Salter (Major Domo); 3d, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon (Baronet). *Bitches:* 1st, H. Skipworth (Ivy); 2d, S. Matthew (Lola); 3d, S. Darbey (Pearl of Devon). *Puppies:* 1st, H. Skipworth (Ivy); 2d, S. Darbey (Baroness of Devon).

SHEEPDOGS.—Rough—Champions—*Dogs:* Prize, A. H Megson (champion Rutland). *Bitches:* Prize, Rev. H. F. Hamilton (Peggie II.).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Raper (Rutland Hero); 2d, W. R. Dockrell (Salamis); 3d, S. Boddington (Rockingham); 4th, W. R. Dockrell (Surbiton); 5th, Rev. H. F. Hamilton (Florian). *Bitches:* 1st, S. Boddington (Dehlia); 2d, J. Pirie (Matchless); 3d, H. C. While (Wing); 4th, J. Pirie (Peerless); 5th, Rev. H. F. Hamilton (Gertrude II.).—Smooth—Champion; Prize, A. H. Easten (champion Lady).—Open—1st, D. W. A. G. James (Gazelle); 2d, withheld; 3d, T. Marples (Mountaineer).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Raper (Rutland Hero); 2d, W. R. Dockrell (Salamis); 3d, S. Boddington (Rockingham). *Bitches:* 1st, S. Boddington (Dahlia); 2d, J. Pirie (Matchless); 3d, H. C. While (Wing).—Sixth Collie Club Derby: 1st, S. Boddington (Dahlia); 2d, J. Pirie (Matchless); 3d, Rev. H. F. Hamilton (Florian).

BOBTAIL SHEEPDOGS.—1st, D. P. Thomas (Welsh Hero); 2d, J. and W. H. Charles (Jasper).

BASSET HOUNDS.—Prize, F. W. Blain (Bourbon). Reserved, G. R. Krehl (Pallas II.).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Lane (Colonel); 2d, F. W. Blain (Bayard); 3d, D. Nicoll (Jack). *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, L. Lane (Perpolette, Gibelotte and Royale).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Jones (Judge); 2d, G. Parry (Duke). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, G. R. Krehl (Pallas III.); 2d L. Jane (Merveille).

DALMATIANS.—1st, J. Fawdry (Treasure); 2d, C. Sharp (Jim).

CHINESE CHOW CHOWS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Col. P. C. Story (Fingo and Tobit). *Bitches:* Equal 1st and 2d, Countess of Lonsdale (Poppet) and Lady M. O. Gore (Papoose).

POMERANIANS.—1st, J. Fawdry (Charlie); 2d, J. K. Kaye (Scoff); 3d, E. Speyer (Moor II.).

POODLES.—Champion—Prize, P. Lawrence (Lyris).—Open—1st, W. Donkin (Flute); 2d, Mrs. C. J. Pager (Brigand); 3d, M. Boycott (Punch II.).

BULLDOGS.—Champions—Dogs over 60lbs. and Bitches Over 50lbs: Prize, J. H. Ellis (champion Taurus).—Under 60lbs.—*Dogs:* Prize, Mrs. M. E. V. D. Sprague (champion Grabber).—Under 50lbs. *Bitches:* Prize, A. Benjamin (Britomartis).—Open—Dogs Over 60lbs. and Bitches Over 50lbs.: 1st, A. T. Foreman (Big Ben); 2d, A. Benjaman (Tiger IV.).—Over 45lbs. and not exceeding 60lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Raper (Rustic King); 2d, J. S. Pybus-Sellon (Royal George); 3d, G. Barbfield (Spartan).—Over 35lbs. and not exceeding 50lbs.—*Bitches:* 1st, F. Kershaw (Lady Stuart); 2d, W. H. Sprague (Sproddles); 3d, W. V. Underdown and S. Nichols (Titania).—Not Exceeding 45lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. P. Sellon (King Cole, Junior); 2d, H. Layton (Melton); 3d, J. Bowan (Ossian).—Not Exceeding 35lbs.—*Bitches:* 1st, G. Raper (Ridotto); 2d, Mrs. I. Roberts (Maggie May); A. F. Nash (Dolores). *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Sprague (Sproddles) equal 2d, A. N. Batt (Ace of Diamonds) and H. F. Hallows (Prince II.).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. J. Doyle (Young Larry Doolan); 2d, W. W. Thompson (Barney O'Toole). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, G. S. Hockey (Colleen Bawn and Young Hilda).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—Champion—Prize, J. Allen (Ross II.).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. and P. J. Charles (Ramble); 2d, J. F. Hincks (Duke O); 3d, Haylock and Barnard (Chelmsford Count). *Bitches:* 1st, J. Allen (Doll); 2d, J. T. Hincks (Lotus).

SUSSEX AND LIVER-COLORED SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Holley Brothers (Horatio); 2d, J. P. Tucker[(Noble); 3d, Capt. S. M. Thomas (Guy). *Bitches:* 1st, J. Partridge (Brida II.); 2d, J. H. Salter (Tinkle).

OTHER FIELD SPANIELS.—Champion: Prize, J. Royle (Solus).—Open.—Black—*Dogs:* 1st, P. P. Phelps (Chevalier); 2d, E. T. Smith (Negro II.); 3d, J. K. Kaye (President). *Bitches:* 1st, P. P. Phelps (Coy); 2d, J. Royle (Carol). 3d, P. J. R. Payne (Selly Oak Bell).—Any other Color than Liver or Black.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. W. Stevens (Sir Garnet); 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Counsellor). *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Easten (Easten's Bride); 2d, J. Royle (Zuess).

COCKERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Farrow (Oho); 2d, W. Graham (Keno). *Bitches:* 1st, F. Roberts (Rinka); 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Freda).

SMOOTH FOX-TERRIERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st and two cups, A. H. Clark (Result); 2d, L. Turner (Spice); 3d, Rev. C. T. Fisher (The Belgravian). *Bitches:* 1st, Rev. C. T. Fisher (Bedlamite); 2d, T Turner (Richmond Nettle); 3d, A. B. S. Fraser (Joyful).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Clarke (Reckoner); 2d, F. Baguley (Daylesford Billy); 3d and 4th, A. H. Clarke (Renown and Forest); 4th, J. Foreman (Belgrave Rasper). *Bitches:* 1st and two cups, Rev. C. T. Fisher (Rosebloom); 2d, J. S. Pim (Poppy II.); 3d, F. Redmond (Duskey); Rev. C. T. Fisher (Cynisca); 5th, C. E. Longmore (Safety). Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Pope (Dulcimer); 2d, G. Hopkins (Regent Viper); 3d, F. Redmond (Dandy Jack). *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Longmore (Safety); 2d, H. Bright (Westbourne Trellis); 3d, J. J. Pim (Poem).

WIRE FOX-TERRIERS.—Champions—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Earl of Lonsdale (champion Sam Weller and champion Briggs). *Bitches:* 1st and two cups, Earl of Lonsdale (champion Vora); 2d, H. Cox and E. W. Jaquet (champion Gladys Broom).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, W. Carrick, Jr. (Trick); 2d, G. H. Nutt (Pulborough Jumbo); 3d and 4th, W. Carrick, Jr. (Carlisle Bruce and Third Venture). *Bitches:* 1st, A. Maxwell and E. Cassel (Tees Venus); 2d, F. W. Fellows (Burton Sweet Briar); 3d, H. Cox and E. W. Jaquet (Lady Connie la Muguet).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, F. A. Fellowes (Burton Jack); 2d, W. Carrick, Jr. (Third Venture); 3d, H. Cox and E. W. Jaquet (Ronald Broad). *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Fellowes (Burton Sweet Briar); 2d, H. Cox and E. W. Jaquet (Lady Connie la Muguet); 3d, R. M. Young (Rhodora).

DACHSHUNDE.—Champion—*Dogs:* Prize, H. A. Walker (champion Maximus). *Bitches:* Prize, H. A. Walker (champion Hagar).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Ingram (Sphinx); 2d, H. A. Walker (Carlyle); 3d, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Kirsch). *Bitches:* 1st and two cups, J. C. L. K. Bruce (Lady); 2d, Rev. F. A. Elliot (Waggle); 3d, W. E. Haslewood (Swipes).—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, G. R. Askwith (Subaltern); 2d and cup, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Graf III.); 3d, W. J. Ingram (Sphinx). *Bitches:* 1st, G. R. Askwith (Stebler); 2d, H. Jones (Joan of Arc); 3d, W. E. Haslewood (Prachtig).—Third Open Produce Stakes: 1st, H. Jones (Joan of Arc); 2d, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Edelweiss); 3d, W. J. Ingram (Sphinx); 4th, H. A. Walder (Carlyle).

BULL-TERRIERS.—Champions—Prize, A. George (champion Mistress of the Robes).—Open—Exceeding 25lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. George (Silver King); 2d, T. Allen (Chancellor); 2d, T. Keene (Dutchman). *Bitches:* 1st, T. Wright (Kettering Maggie); 2d, J. R. Pratt (Queen of the May); 3d, A. George (May).—Not Exceeding 25lbs.—1st, E. G. Martin (Grand Duchess); 2d, F. Allen (Little Victor); 3d, A. George (Florence).

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Walker (Rover III.); 2d, W. Tatham (Fritz); 2d, T. Horsfall (Trimmer). *Bitches:* 1st, A. Walker (Venus III.); 2d, W. Tatham (Russet); 3d, W. Glaisby (Airedale Lass).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Champion—1st, J. A. Batty (The Bishop).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Morris (Inkerman); 2d, A. N. Dodds (Hairdresser); 3d, J. Sherwood, Jr. (Jackanapes). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Batty (The Heiress); 2d, A. Armstrong (Topsey III.); 3d, A. Holcroft (Domino). *Puppies:* 1st, J. S. Stanley (Ananias); 2d, J. Sherwood (Jackanapes); 3d, J. Robinson (Yorkshire Lass).

IRISH TERRIERS.—Champions—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Graves (champion Play Boy). *Bitches:* 1st, H. A. Graves (Glory).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, J. N. R. Pim (Pester); 2d, E. C. Horspool (Jake); 3d, E. N. Kent (Rufus). *Bitches:* 1st and extra, W. Fowle (Vesta); 2d, J. N. R. Pim (Priestess, late Irish Sal); 3d, W. A. Smyth (Sally).—Uncropped—1st, E. Ryan (Killiney Boxer); 2d, R. Palmer (Thady II.); 3d, E. N. Kent (Rufus).

SMOOTH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. F. Copeman (Lucky Star and Leading Star).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Champion—Prize, J. Royle (Burke).—Open—Exceeding 16lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Royle (Ben II.); 2d, Capt. S. M. Thomas (Welsh Rat). *Bitches:* 1st, G. S. Manuelle (Viscountess); 2d, J. B. Swinburne (Success).—Not Exceeding 16lbs.—1st, C. Whitehouse (Witch); 2d, T. B. Swinburne (Skittles). *Puppies:* 1st, C. Whitehouse (Witch); 2d, R. H. Stratford (Stockwell).

SKYE TERRIERS.—Champion—Prize, J. K. Kaye (champion Claret).—Open—Drop-eared—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. Early (Wizard of the North and Donald McBain); 3d, Miss E. B. Burton (Edie Ochiltree). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, M. Gretton (Kirk Ella and Lady Burleigh).—Prick-eared—*Dogs:* 1st, J. King (Prince Charlie); 2d, H. C. Turner (Goodwood Bruce). *Bitches:* 1st, T. B. Swinburne (Sherry); 2d, W. Nicol (Mysie).

HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, W. W. Mackie (Dunara and Dunolly Champion); 3d, E. M. Bristowe (Bronze). *Puppies:* 1st, J. Adamson (Ashley Nettle).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Mutter (Jethart). *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Eastern (champion Border Queen).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, Rev. E. S. Tiddeman (Must); 2d, Earl of Antrim (Forceps); 3d, J. Sherwood, Jr. (Habbie Ker). *Bitches:* 1st, Earl of Antrim (Venus); 2d, C. H. Lane (Lady Macbeth); 3d, T. T. Parr (Bogey). *Puppies:* 1st, Earl of Antrim (Jock V.); 2d, U. F. Irish (Sultan); 3d, H. Barker (Tam o' Shanter II.).

PUGS.—Champions.—Any Size—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Bradford Ruby; 2d, Lady Brassey (Challenger). *Bitches:* 1st, Miss M. A. E. Holdsworth (Dowager); 2d, J. H. Howe (champion Luna II.).—Open—Not exceeding 20lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss K. J. M. Rennie (Lion); 2d, Mrs. R. H. Denne (Beau); 3d, Mrs. H. Cox (Daniel). *Bitches:* 1st and medal, J. Drew (Darcy); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Maggie); 3d, J. H. Lock (Little Dot). *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (King of Diamonds); 2d, C. Houlker (Loris); 3d, J. Drew (Da-do-d).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Equal 1st and 2d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Effie) and Mrs. M. A. Troughear (champion Conqueror).

MALTESE.—1st and equal 2d and 3d, Lady Giffard (champion Hugh, Queenie II. and Blanche).

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—Champion: Prize and reserved, Mrs. L. Jenkins (champion Bowsie and champion Flossie II.).—Open: 1st, Mrs. S. C. Bagnall (Polo); 2d, E. Keehner (Sir Garnet); 3d, Mrs. L. E. Jenkins (Beaconsfield).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Champion: Prize, Mrs. J. A. Buggs (Alexander the Great).—Open; 1st, Mrs. Forder (Jumbo II.); 2d, H. E. Jenkins (Romeo); 3d, Miss J. Ecob (Gipsy II.).

OTHER TOY SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. H. Arnold (Gipsy Queen); 2d, F. Keehner (Napoleon III.).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, M. A. Troughear (Little Gem); 2d, W. Bruce (Bankside Flower).

TOY TERRIERS.—Champion—Exceeding 6lbs.; Prize, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (champion Conqueror).—Open—Smooth-haired—1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Prince Al.); 2d, J. E. Walsh (Prince Moreover); 3d, R. Fulton (Sampson).—Rough-haired—1st and 2d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Lady Monck and Daisy); 3d, C. Walker (Dreadnought).

DOG BISCUIT.—*Landlady*—My boarders are welcome to eat all they want, but I object to their carrying food away in their pockets. *First boarder*—The biscuit I put in my pocket I wanted for a savage dog I meet on the way home at night. *Landlady*—I cannot afford to bake biscuit for the dogs of the neighborhood. *First boarder*—I didn't mean to feed it to him; I meant to crack his head open with it. *Second boarder*—Oh, I thought you wanted him to swallow it and expire of indigestion.—Meat-Hawk.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Office of the President, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. K. Reneaud, having resigned as secretary of this club for current year, on account of private business engagements requiring his whole time and attention, Mr. B. C. Stephenson, of La Grange, Tenn., has been unanimously elected by the executive committee as secretary for the year 1885.—W. B. Shattuc, President.

AT THE FANCIERS' SHOW, now in progress in this city, there are 71 entries, with puppies to bring the number up to about 100. At the time we went to press the entries were not all benched, and it was impossible to judge of the merits of the display.

ST. JOHNS SHOW.—The report of the show arrived too late for the current issue. It will be given next week.

Everyone interested in dogs should secure a copy of "Our Friend, the Dog," a pamphlet just issued on the care of dogs in health and sickness, with a list of canine diseases alphabetically arranged, and the symptoms and prescriptions for their cure. Mailed for 2-cent stamp by addressing Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The attendance for the past week, at the Glen Mitchell Range, was fair, and the conditions being favorable on both shooting days, some good scores were put up. The Massachusetts target was used, distance 200yds. off-hand. The following are the highest scores of each man for the week:

I Davis	12	11	11	10	11	11	11	10	12	10—109
W B Gage	12	10	10	11	9	10	12	10	12	11—107
I D Roods	8	12	10	12	12	12	11	9	11	9—106
A G Hull	10	9	12	10	11	11	12	9	10	11—105
W H Gibbs	10	9	9	10	11	10	12	10	10	12—103
S F Corey	9	11	9	11	11	9	10	10	11	13—103
A F Mitchell	8	9	11	11	11	12	11	11	10	9—103
F A White	10	12	12	9	9	10	10	12	12	10—103
A C Rich	9	9	11	10	11	12	8	11	12	9—102
H Wellington	11	9	10	10	12	12	10	8	8	10—100
E R Stevens	12	9	8	9	10	10	8	10	10	10— 96

BOSTON, Jan. 31.—There was an average attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill to-day. The conditions were favorable, the wind blowing gently from the southwest. H. Cushing made a clean score of 50 on the Creedmoor target, and 88 on the decimal. The score:

Victory Medal Match.

C E Berry	8	10	8	5	6	4	9	8	10	9—77
R Reed	5	6	8	10	7	8	7	0	7	7—75
F B Souther	9	5	6	9	8	6	9	4	8	8—72
N Simmons	7	7	4	5	10	8	4	5	10	6—68

Creedmoor Prize Match.

H Cushing	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—50
W Charles	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—49
B G Warren	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—45

Rest Match.

B G Warren	10	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10—97
S Wilder	9	10	10	8	10	8	8	8	10	9—91
W Gardner	10	8	9	9	10	8	10	10	9	9—91
H Oler	8	9	8	8	10	8	10	10	10	9—90
C W Hogdon	9	10	8	6	4	7	4	8	3	9—63

Creedmoor Practice Match.

C W Hogdon	5	5	5	4	3	4	4	5	5	4—44
J A Cobb	4	4	4	5	4	3	5	4	4	5—42
J E Darmody (mil.)	4	5	3	4	3	4	3	4	5	3—38

BRIDGEPORT VS. NEW YORK.—On the morning of the 27th ult., although the thermometer registered extreme cold, the members of the Bridgeport Rifle Club went down to Morrissania by the 8:40 train to shoot the second of their "Home and Home" matches of the New Yook Rifle Club. A cold walk to the range from the West Farms station rendered the warmth and cheer of landlord Genez's snug hostelry doubly acceptable to the chilled riflemen, who speedily thawed out both their outer and their inner man. About 10 o'clock shooting was begun from the shooting house below the hotel, and soon the match was in full blast. Almost at the first a miss signaled for Howlett, the New York Club's redoubtable captain, who promptly challenged the correctness of the marker's decision, and had a cold walk to the targets and back only to find the marker in the right. A miss was also scored Todd on his tenth shot. The conditions of the match called for teams of 7 men, firing 15 shots each at the Massachusetts target over a 200yd. range. This made a possible 180 per man. The scoring was very fine indeed on the part of the winners, and stood:

Bridgeport.

D E Marsh	12	11	11	10	11	12	11	11	11	9—160
S H Hubbard	11	10	10	9	11	11	11	10	10	11—157
F A White	11	10	8	9	9	9	12	10	11	11—153
P M Beers	9	9	8	10	11	11	11	10	11	11—148
E Nothnagle	8	9	10	11	10	9	9	7	10	10—146
W H Beardsley	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	8	11	9—146
G Quitmayer	10	8	9	8	11	6	8	9	8	10—145

New York.

J Duane	10	8	12	10	10	11	11	12	10	9—154
G Zimmerman	10	10	12	9	12	8	10	9	10	10—148
A McInnes	10	7	8	9	12	11	10	4	9	11—145
J H Brown	10	10	9	11	11	9	9	10	10	12—140
W Simpson	6	9	10	9	11	10	10	10	8	7—135
A J Howlett	10	0	8	9	8	11	9	12	8	9—135
J W Todd	11	6	11	8	10	5	10	8	10	0—120

Some idea of the performance of the winning team may be gathered from the fact that of the 105 shots which constituted the full quota of 15 per man, but two bullets were more than 15 inches away from the exact center of the bullseye. The Bridgeport men did good uniform shooting throughout and their team total of 1,045 is a very creditable one. Mr. Marsh's 160 being a specially fine effort, which by Creedmoor count was 71 out of a possible 75 with two of the four centers nipping the bull. Though the New Yorkers were generally in very poor form, it is but just to the Bridgeport men to admit that they would have won in any case. The moral of all this is that the New York men must better themselves and practice more diligently if they hope to make a better showing at the next contest.

After the contest the Connecticut boys went to Conlin's record gallery, 1,255 Broadway, to try their hands at the Renette French target. The result below shows that these knights of the trigger are capital at indoor work as well. The distance at which the French targets is shot at is 16 metres; the bullseye is ¾in., and the carton is ⅝in. The following are the scores made out of a possible 70:

First team, S. H. Hubbard, captain—S. H. Hubbard 63, E. Nothnagle 59, G. E. Betts 53, P. M. Beers 52. Total 227.

Second team, A. C. White, captain—A. C. White 59, D. E. Marsh 61, W. H. Beardsley 58, C. Patterson 40. Total 218.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 2.—The Paterson Jaeger Rifle Club is divided into three teams, who compete for three gold badges every three months. The badges are awarded to the one making the highest score in each team respectively. The condition of the shoot is that the first ten shots each man fires on each Monday evening during the three months are credited as his score. The distance of the range is 40yds. A Stevens .22 short caliber rifle, weight 7lbs., is used, with a Creedmoor target reduced. In a possible 660, or 13 scores of a possible 50 each, the score stood:

Team No. 1.													
J W Johnson	46	44	43	42	41	43	43	39	41	47	43	42	43—557
Wm Barr	41	39	44	41	41	42	48	46	42	43	40	39	38—544
H Mertle	45	43	39	38	40	44	43	41	43	44	42	40	41—543
J Donlevy	43	41	34	37	41	42	43	38	44	37	42	45	33—530
J McNeill	39	40	40	42	41	44	40	36	39	42	42	41	44—530
Wm Stewart	42	41	43	43	38	37	41	40	44	38	41	41	38—527
L Braun	39	43	39	45	43	38	42	40	42	40	40	42	33—525
E Mead	33	40	43	35	42	41	38	41	88	50	42	44	36—518

Team No. 2.—T. Stoner 489, J. Tounley 458, T. Moran 488.

VIEWS ON REVOLVERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing the remarks on revolvers, I would wish to briefly state my idea about the matter. In my estimation most revolvers are too light for the caliber. My idea of a revolver is the same as that of ".22-Long's," only on a larger scale. I would prefer a revolver about the size of the Smith & Wesson .44, but only be a .38-caliber. But as I understand, the Smith & Wesson manufacturers do not make revolvers to order; so I prefer the .44, for when you do hit you will kill where, if you had a smaller caliber, you would not. Another thing I agree with "22 Long" in revolver cartridges. If I understand right, the Smith & Wesson .44-caliber cartridge only has 23 grains of powder and over 200 grains of lead. Now that is a proportion of 1 to over 10, when I believe it should not be over 1 to 5 or 6, and then I honestly believe we would have pretty fair shooting with that kind of a revolver.—BRO. TO SIPPO.

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB, Jan. 20.—12-ring target, possible 120: G. Zimmerman 119, M. Dorrler 116, C. Rein 116, H. Stolzenberger 109, H. Millen 106, H. Wasmuth 102, D. Holland 99, J. Wetje 96, J. F. Campbell 95, D. Lowitzki 92.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The annual meeting of the Pittsburgh Rifle Club was held Jan. 9 and the following officers elected: President, Dr. J. A. Jacobs; Vice-President, Geo. Hodgdon; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Brehm; Executive Officer, Capt. Thos. Rose, U.S.A. Directors, the above officers, ex-officio and W. H. McClelland, Jos. Huggins, Jesse B. Jones, M. Schroder, Geo. Weibel, F. Stolte and Dr. W. H. Winslow. The 1,000yd. range has been abandoned, and the club has an excellent 200yd. range with sliding targets, pit and a warm shooting house at High Bridge, Castle Shannon Railroad, where a dozen or more of the thirty-five members may be found hard at work every Thursday afternoon the year round. The Massachusetts decimal target is much liked, and much regret is expressed that it is not more extensively used by others.—W. H. W.

THE TRAP.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Over thirty active names have been added to the committee list. All will admit that something should be done to organize large tournaments yearly, as well as adopt national rules. It is to be hoped that sportsmen throughout the country will lend their active aid to making the present effort a success. If this opportunity is lost, there may be no other for years. In addition to the objects already announced in the prospectus, I would recommend that the following be added, viz: To assist gun clubs, and State or sectional associations in organizing large local tournaments; so that if any clubs, being members of the National Association, see fit to organize tournaments, they will receive the active aid of the National Association, both in money and in labor of its officers, to make such tournaments a success.

With reference to membership, I would suggest the following three distinct groups, embracing six different classes, viz:

Individual membership.—1.—Honorary members. 2.—Life members. 3.—Active members. Fees as announced in the prospectus.

Club membership.—4.—Clubs and associations already organized, or which may be organized without any assistance from National Association. Initiation fee, $3 per member; yearly dues $1 per active member. 5.—Clubs organized under auspices and aid of the National Association. Initiation fee, etc., same as class 3.

State association or any sectional organization membership.—6.—When organized and consisting of at least three clubs. Initiation fee, $2 per member; yearly dues, $1 per active member.

Annual members only shall be allowed to shoot at tournaments held under auspices of this association, or under the auspices of any club receiving any prize or assistance from this association in managing said tournament; or any tournament held under the auspices of a club which has been founded under the auspices of this association, they will be allowed full privileges of using the main office of this association and of any club rooms, etc., which the latter may establish; and to wear the badge of this association, which shall entitle the wearer to enter gratis the grounds where any tournament is in progress under the auspices of this association; they shall be entitled to the printed reports gratis, which shall embody constitution and by-laws, national shooting rules, latest legal decisions, announcements, etc.; will be allowed to appeal to the committee on grievances, on rules and on law, for the settlement of any and all controversies—thus obtaining the benefit of "a court of last resort," which shall interpret the shooting rules, and whose decision shall be final.

Owners of capital stock only shall be entitled to the annual dividends accruing from profits of tournaments, etc.; shall be entitled to vote at election of directors and at annual meetings.

Associations or clubs, being members, shall also be entitled to have names and addresses of officers and scores at two principal matches published in annual report; to receive the bronze medal of this association for competition among its members.

Members of clubs and associations, already formed, are enabled to materially reduce their iniation fees—provided such clubs and associations join in a body. It is hoped that this and the foregoing reason will induce existing clubs to join the National Association. However, even if clubs join in a body by subscribing to the requisite amount of stock, individual members are still advised to subscribe to the original shares independently of the club, for I am of the opinion that within a year the stock will all be subscribed for, and intending purchasers would be obliged to pay a premium to the original holders.

Now, there is one reason especially why every sportsman should send his name and 50 cents (being the 10 per cent. required by law to be deposited, when subscribing to one share of stock) to the undersigned, or to some sportsmen, who will attend the tournament, viz: The total capital stock of the company will be fixed at double the number of shares subscribed for before the end of the meeting at New Orleans (Feb. 17), the law requiring that 10 per cent. of one-half the capital stock must be paid in before the certificate of incorporation can be issued. Hence, the more subscribers there are before filing the papers, the larger the capital stock and the larger the number of sportsmen, who will eventually be holders of the original shares.

Before starting for New Orleans, every sportsman should canvas his acquaintances, and induce them to send their subscriptions per himself. Should this be received too late for sending subscriptions to New Orleans, send some to me at Cincinnati by March 1. Very respectfully,

J. E. BLOOM.

Our next issue will contain in full the draft of the constitution and by-laws of the association.

NEW ORLEANS TOURNAMENT.

THE second international clay-pigeon tournament will begin at the New Orleans Base Ball Park, Feb. 11, and continue to the 16th. The programme is as follows:

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11.

Match No. 1.—Purse $200, individual sweepstake, 7 single C. P., 18yds.

No. 2.—Purse $200, the Von Lengerke individual sweepstake, 7 single C. P., the use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count ½, 21yds. Special prizes—To best score a patent folding centerboard (value $15), donated by Wm. Childs & Co., New York; donated by F. A. Allen, of Monmouth, Ill., to each of the four winners a nickle plated "duck caller."

No. 3.—The Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Match. All shells shall be loaded with the merino elastic felt gun wad; 5 single C. P. and two doubles. Special prize—A gold medal donated by the Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Company, of Baltimore, Md. The latter company also offers a special prize of $20 "to the shooters making the highest average score during the tournament who used our wads exclusively."

No. 4.—Purse $100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, FEB. 12.

No. 5.—International Team Championship Match. Purse $500. Club team shooting (3 to a team); 10 single clay-pigeons, 18yds.; 5 doubles, 15yds. Special prizes—To the best individual score made in this match, one Spencer repeating shotgun, value $100; to the winning team, one dozen decoy frames, donated by F. A. Allen.

No. 6.—Purse $200, individual sweepstake, 7 single C. P., 21yds.

No. 7.—Purse $300, open to any team of 2; 5 singles, 18yds.; 2 pair doubles, 15yds.

No. 8.—Purse $100, miss and out sweepstake, 21yds.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, FEB. 13.

No. 5 (Continued).—International Team Championship Match, 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

No. 9.—Inter-State Twin Team Match, Purse, $300, open to any two (both being resident of same State), 5 singles 21yds rise, 2 doubles 18yds. rise. Special prizes—To the winning team, 1,000 Star paper shells, donated by the United States Cartridge Co., of Lowell, Mass.; to the second winning team, two nickel-plated duck-callers, donated by F. A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill.

No. 10.—Purse, $100, the Ligowsky Walking Match, Individual sweepstakes, 2 pair doubles.

No. 11.—Purse, $200, non-winners' sweepstakes, open to any who have not won in any previous programme match, 7 single C. P., 15yds. rise.

No. 12.—Purse, $100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise.

FOURTH DAY—SATURDAY, FEB. 14.

No. 13.—Inter-State Team Championship Match, purse, $500, open to club teams of 5, 7 singles 18yds. rise, 3 doubles 15yds. rise, class shooting. Special prizes—To the best individual score, one pottery pointer dog's head, donated by the Matt. Morgan Art Pottery Co. of Cincinnati, O.; to winning team five Nye creasers (2 nickel-plated No. 12, 2 nickel-plated No. 10, 1 copper finish No. 10), donated by the Nye Creaser Co. of Monmouth, Ill.

No. 15.—Purse, $250, non-winners' sweepstake, open to any who have not won in any previous matce, 5 singles, 18yds., 2 doubles, 15yds

Special Prizes—To the first winning score, one shell swage, donated by F. A. Allen; to the second best score, one copper-finish Nye Creaser No. 10, donated by the Nye Creaser Company, Monmouth, Ill.

No. 16.—Purse $100, miss and out sweepstake, 21yds. rise.

EXTRA DAY—FEB. 15.

No shooting in the morning. Extra sweepstakes will be called at 2 P. M. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, champion wing-shot of the world, will undertake at 3 P. M. to break 1,000 Ligowsky clay-pigeons within an hour, thrown from 5 traps.

No. 14.—Purse $250, individual sweepstake, 7 single C. P., 21yds. rise; use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count ½.

FIFTH DAY—MONDAY, FEB. 16.

No. 17.—Purse $200, individual sweepstake, 5 pair doubles, 18yds. rise.

No. 18.—International Individual Championship Match, purse $400, 10 single clay-pigeons 18yds. rise, 5 doubles 15yds. rise. Entrance purses to be divided 75, 15 and 10 per cent. First prize, the 75 per cent., $250 cash or the diamond championship badge (guaranteed by the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company), won by C. M. Stark, of Exeter (N. H.) Club, at the First International Clay-Pigeon Tournament at Chicago, May, 1884. Should said badge be presented for redemption, $250 of the first prize will be appropriated for this purpose; if not presented, the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company guarantees said first prize not to be less than $250 cash.

Special Prizes.—Donated by John P. Moores' Sons, of New York city, to the best score, a heavy Henry Richards single barrel gun, 10-gauge. To the second best score, donated by Julius Reis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one setter dog (Effie—Brag). To the third best score, 1,000 Star paper shell (10 and 12-bore), donated by the United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, Mass. To the fourth best score, one pair bow-facing oars, donated by F. A. Allen, Monmouth, Ill. To the fifth best score, a leather ammunition case, donated by J. F. Ives, Meriden, Conn.

No. 19.—Purse, $400; Von Lengerke team match; open to any team of two; 5 single clay-pigeons each, rise 21yds., use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count ½. Special Prize.—To winning team, two copper-finish Nye creasers, donated by the Nye Creaser Company, of Monmouth, Ill.

No. 20.—Purse, $250; non-winners' sweepstake; open to any one who has not won in any previous programme match; 7 singles, 15yds. rise.

NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOTERS.—It was a bad day for the marksmen at Walnut Hill on the 28th, yet there was a large attendance, and several exciting events were shot in the face of the heavy snow fall. The contest for the medal of the New England Trap Shooters' Association brought out wonderful shooting, considering the conditions. Mr. Dickey leading the procession. The score:

O R Dickey	01111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111101111	—45
H W Eager	01111101101111111111100101111111101101101111111111	—41
C Wilbur	10111011111111100111101111111101111101111011101111	—41
C M Stark	00111101111110111110010111011111111111111111101111	—40
C H Gerrish	10101011111000011011011011100110111111111111111111	—38
W S Perry	00000101111111011011110111011100190111110010—32	
J Buffum	11011111111110010110110001000110110001010111011111	—31

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 27.—Six members of the Miantonomi Gun Club, a newly organized club of this city, met last Wednesday for their second shoot. Quite a number of the members are good field shots, but the cold and high winds account for the poor score below. The contest was at 15 clay-pigeons, 21yds. rise, from two Ligowsky screened traps:

A Burkinshaw	010011010110011—8	Wm Rife	000000010110110—5
J H Congdon	000010001111011—7	J Brown	400110000000000—3
Wm Lynch	011010011000000—5	Geo Steele	001000000000000—1

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—There was a large attendance of glass ball smashers at the Boston Gun Club's ground Jan. 30, including a delegation from the Wakefield Sportsmen's Club. Several sweepstakes and a team match were shot. The conditions of all the matches were 18yds. rise, single birds, from one trap. The scores:

First event, 5 birds—F. C. Mitchell first, B. A. Ward second, I. T. Goodman third.

Second event—Ward first, Freeman second, Miles and Johnson third.

Third event—Mitchell first, Field second, Johnson and Miles third.

Fourth event—Field first, Goodman and Miles second, Rogers and Ward third.

Fifth event, 20 birds, three-men team match—Boston Gun Club first, Wakefield Sportsmen second.

After the team match had concluded, a number of minor matches were shot, in which Field, Ward, Kirkwood, Miles, Smart, Jacobs and and Allen took the majority of prizes.

TORONTO, Jan. 29.—The annual meeting of the Toronto Gun Club, for the election of officers and other important business came off at the gun club rooms, King street east, this evening, and officers chosen as follows: S. Donney, president, re-elected; T. Martin, vice-president, re-elected; G. Pearsall, treasurer, re-elected; W. Miller, secretary, re-elected. The following were elected as members of the executive committee: Dan. Black, J. Humphreys, R. Wilson, J. Tounson.

WELLINGTON, Jan. 31.—The usual Saturday afternoon shoot of the Malden Gun Club at Wellington to-day was largely attended. Sampson received the gold medal.

CARRIER PIGEON 427.—New York, Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find the leg of a pigeon which was shot during a pigeon match of the Algonquin Gun Club on Jan. 29, 1885. I was induced to send this limb to you by some of the members present, as perhaps some one has missed the bird, which may have been of the variety known as a carrier pigeon. The band found on the leg was stamped with the number 427.—MEMBER OF THE ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.

NEPTUNE GUN CLUB.—Asbury Park, N. J.—The officers are: R. B. Cusack, President; J. L. Cliver, Vice-President; T. L. Emmons, Treasurer; W. H. Beegle, Secretary.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race,
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.

THE CHALLENGE FOR THE CUP.

FROM the tenor of a private letter from an English yachtsman, we infer that the so-called "preliminary challenge" received by the New York Y. C. in December last, is considered by the senders as a formal challenge, and that they are awaiting an acceptance of it by the New York Y. C. No form of challenge is laid down in the Deed of Gift, the conditions being that "Any organized yacht club . . . shall always be entitled through one or more of its members, to the right of sailing a match for this cup. The challenging party shall give six months notice in writing, naming the day for the proposed race." These conditions have not been strictly complied with, the challenge received being sent by Mr. Beavor Webb in behalf of the owners of the Genesta and Galatea, with the notice that the official documents of clubs would soon follow. The New York Y. C. have considered Mr. Webb's letter as entirely informal and unofficial, and we believe, have taken no notice of it, awaiting a formal challenge from some yacht club or clubs, but it would seem that his letter was intended as a challenge, and is so considered by the owners of the yachts who are awaiting an acceptance of it. While the letter may not be technically a challedge, the Deed of Gift is not entirely clear as to the exact status of a member of a yacht club who desires to challenge, whether the challenge must come from the club through its secretary, or whether the member, with the consent of the club, may challenge personally, and in order to prevent future misunderstanding or complications, we call the attention of the New York Y. C. to the matter, as the owners of Genesta and Galatea evidently consider they have sent a bone fida challenge, and are awaiting a reply.

WINDWARD.

WE have already mentioned the boat building for Chicago, on the lines of the Windward, designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens last year, and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 7, Aug. 7 and Aug. 14, 1884, and also one building in New Haven, and now we learn of a third just laid down for a member of the Knickerbocker Y. C., of New York. The Windward has proved successful for the purpose for which she was designed, a cruising boat for one to three persons, her owner having used her about Newport all the season, sailing her alone for a great part of the time, besides taking his wife, at times, on short cruises. The rig has proved satisfactory for cruising purposes, as she handles well under full canvas, under mizzen and jib, and under mainsail only, having a little too much weather helm with the latter rig. We have received several inquiries as to the cost of such a boat. Built of oak and cedar, well fastened, with iron keel, cast ballast inside, and plain house and cockpit, yawl rig, 4 sails, of best make, wire standing rigging, running rigging and blocks complete, with cabin ceiled, about $600. With mahogany house and cockpit, pump, icebox, lockers and cabin fittings, $750. With fittings as above but lead keel and ballast, about $825. Thus for $600 to $900 a safe and comfortable boat can be had with really good accommodations for sleeping, cooking and living in comfort.

Those who intend to build from this design will find it an improvement to add to the weight outside, increasing the draft if desirable, if not the keel may be lengthened a little, and the rabbet line raised an inch or two, which can easily be done in laying down, giving a greater depth of iron with no more draft. At least a ton should be outside, and more, if possible, in which case the sail area may also be increased. If lead is used, nearly all may be on the keel. If the yawl rig is objected to, the mast may be stepped further aft, and the yacht rigged as a cutter, with one jib, or jib and staysail, as preferred. There is a place for just such little craft in all of our yacht clubs. Their cost may seem large compared with an 18ft. open boat, but they have nothing in common with such craft, and besides a part of this price is made up of ballast and fixtures, pumps, tanks, lockers, etc., which the open boat is without. Compared with a centerboard boat of similar room and ability, the difference of price disappears.

CLUB QUARTERS AND A POLICY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read the article in last FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the club of smallboat sailors and the floating club-house with much interest. I think it not only a feasible plan, but a very excellent one, especially the part relating to winter quarters and the opportunities of working out ideas by means of small models, drawings, lectures, etc. It seems to me that great impetus and an intelligent comprehension of the laws which govern boating can be given by a system which will bring together many persons interested in such matters.

Of course, nothing will take the place of actual experience afloat; but by learning of new methods of working, exchanging ideas of model, rig, etc., much can be done toward enlightening the growing community of small yachtsmen, and small yachtsmen, even more than owners of large craft, have need of a thorough knowledge of the profession; for, in the case of large boats, there is always a captain and trained crew, while a captain of a 3-tonner has often to "work ship" alone and trust entirely to his knowledge and pluck for his own safety and the safety of his craft.

I have made four cruises from New York to Hartford, through the Sound, in a 14ft. canoe, sailing all the way and through all weathers. So I think I have had all the knowledge and prudence I possessed to make the trips without accident of any kind.

This winter I am having built for me a keel sloop of about 4ft. draft, a boat shoal enough to enter any small harbor or river along the coast, and yet a heavy, staunch boat for seagoing. I was obliged to not exceed 4ft., as I shall use it for sailing along the coast and many places in Buzzard's Bay, which will not allow of more draft than that. I have read your articles on deep boats with much interest. I have had some experience in both types of boats, and find a deep boat much the abler, especially when large; but most of the cutters under 30ft. are not very comfortable boats, and not always fast. I think as the size decreases a wider boat is more roomy and more practical; not by any means the flat skimming dish, but a compromise between the two.

I think you are doing a good work in fighting the sandbaggers, as I am sure every step toward making a boat rely on good model and fixed ballast is a step in the right direction, at least toward making the sport safe. BRUSH.

NEW YORK CITY.

CRUISE OF THE MINX.

ABOUT the 1st of May it was decided by the writer to get a small yacht to meet the following conditions: First, it must be a boat for use on a river where at low tide water is a missing article, and on high tide is but about six or seven feet deep in a channel not more than fifty yards wide; second, she must be capable of making an outside cruise with a crew of two or three. These are rather difficult conditions to reconcile in a craft, but finally Messrs. Burgess Bros., of Boston, supplied our wants with a centerboard catboat of the following dimensions: Length over all 22½ft., waterline 20ft., beam extreme 9ft., draft aft 2ft. 6in. Cockpit small, most of room being taken up with the cabin; ballast lead and iron.

Aug. 5 at 5:30 P. M. Minx left moorings with a light breeze for a ten days' cruise along the Maine coast with a crew of two (F. and P.) aboard. Eight P. M. passed drawbridge at S. Newmarket, and with a freshening breeze were fast approaching P. C. R. R. bridge, when we gradually began to lose way, and finally brought up on mud flat, wind dead aft. It was so dark that it was impossible to see for any distance around the boat, sail was dropped, and P. doffed shoes and stockings and embarking in the tender got an anchor down in the supposed direction of the channel. Having eaten no supper, we next proceeded to rifle the contents of a ponderous "feed" basket, one of those for which New England mothers are proverbial. In about half an hour, during which time hard tack and doughnuts were thoroughly discussed, we floated, and with free sheet bore down upon the bridge. Of course the drawbridge keeper was away—they usually are—and it took at least three-quarters of an hour to get him down to the bridge and to open it. It is not surprising that he swore and growled at being routed out at such an unseasonable hour. Great and Little bays were crossed, and at 11 P. M. anchor was dropped for the night off Fox Point. P. dove for the starboard berth, by far the most comfortable, and unselfishly retained it for rest of cruise. Distance sailed fourteen miles.

Aug. 6. Turned out at 6:30. Made coffee on stove, and after eating a frugal meal, weighed anchor and continued down the river. The drawbridge at Dover Point was open for a freight sloop so we rushed through with all sail set. Portsmouth, twenty four miles from Exeter, was reached at 11, though a strong tide against us made it slow sailing. We left tender here. I went ashore and returned with six bottles ginger ale, the strongest liquor allowed. A reporter for the *Times* was down on the wharf, and after filling him with yachting news—not with ale—we pushed out from the wharf with a light wind from N.W. and a favorable tide. We soon passed the navy yard, which looked rather deserted after its dissipation of two days before (the receptiong of Greely expedition).

The swirls in the current off Pull and be D—d Point made good steering impossible, and it is not surprising that the English officer named the point as above. We had seen the current at the mouth of the Merrimac and that through Hell Gate, but have yet to see one swifter than the current at this part of the Piscataqua. While drifting by the never to be finished Fort Constitution, dinner was served; I eating the whole of a very sizable chocolate pie, and P. being content with a bowl of jelly. Giving Whaleback Light and the adjacent ledges a wide berth, we jibed over to starboard, and with a four-knot breeze on our quarter, we laid a course for Cape Neddock Knubble.

What a relief ocean sailing is after poking about a muddy river for months, and we had stolen upon one of the most picturesque parts of our coast. Isles of Shoals, Rye Beach, Little and Great Boar's Heads, Boon Island and the Knubble, all in sight. "Isn't it beautiful?" "Grand!" "Perfect!" Grand!" "Can you imagine anything better?" "Hard up with helm!" and we jibed over to port just in season to avoid a ledge which suddenly appeared in the water below us, careless navigators. Up to this time charts had not been consulted, but luckily no harm was done. A fishing schooner of about sixty tons passed us, and we hailed it. "Wind hold steady?" "No, probably haul into suth'ard 'fore night." 5 o'clock, off Knubble, rolling horribly. Mast began to jump a little. Crew went below to secure it; came out looking a little white about mouth. A light wind off shore gave us the wherewithal to reach Moses French's in season to get supper. Anchored in Cape Neddock River, and turned in at 8. Mean harbor.

Aug. 7. The worst day of the cruise, not a breath of wind all day, and loafed about the cockpit until about 10, when we saw two ten-year-olds fishing about thirty rods away, and hailed them. "Will you come out and take us ashore?" No response; they failed even to look up. "Give you a quarter." They were alongside within two minutes,

and in another two minutes we were on dry land. Fed at Moses French's, whose fare we cannot too highly recommend, at 1 P. M. and again at 6 P. M. At 7 went aboard the Minx again. One of the ten-year olds, with visions of another quarter in his brain, had been waiting ever since we left him, ready to set us again on our yacht. The swell from the southeast was horrible. Before turning in a few trite remarks were exchanged regarding the relative whiteness of our respective gills. By 8:30 all were asleep. Distance covered for the day, seven feet, taken up on cable.

Between Aug. 7 and 8, exact time impossible to determine, the occupant of the starboard berth was aroused by a commotion on deck in the dark. "Con-f-f-f-ound—we will call it confound for sake of euphony—this—communication cut off for an instant—s-s-s-swell, plunk, plunk, plunk."

Aug. 8. On deck at 7. Another calm. We hailed a man in a schooner at anchor near by. "Have any wind, think?" "Yes, guess so; blow from southward by noon." At about 9 a little breeze came up from eastward and with it came up also our spirits In fact, the "grand" was almost on F.'s lips. We immediately got under way and sped along the coast at the alarming rate of three miles an hour. Passed Baldhead Cliff, Wells' Beach, Kennybunk Reef and Cape Porpoise. After passing the latter point the wind rather increased, and very good time was made to the mouth of the Saco. With chart in hand we picked our way through the puzzling channel in the rear of Wood Island, and with a strong breeze rushed by Biddeford Pool and headed up the river. At one place the channel makes very near the bank. While passing this point we were assailed with a shower of green apples from the hands of the infant natives. P., who is exceedingly fond of such feed, ate all that came into the boat.

The banks of the Saco on either side are lined with old wharves and enormous warehouses rotting away, the only vestiges left of the glory of those days when the Saco controlled a large part of the trade to the East Indies. Of the natural appearance of the Saco all one can say is that it partakes the characteristics of a mountain stream rather than of a tidal river; the banks being high, heavily wooded and exceedingly picturesque. When within about a mile of the city of Saco, our anchor was dropped (7:30) for the night. A high bluff, at least forty feet above the river, offered a desirable camping place, and that night for the first and only time during the trip the crew slumbered in open air. Sitting around the camp-fire the time was profitably and pleasantly passed until midnight, at about which time we fell asleep.

Aug. 9. At 5 A. M. we arose, and hastily embarking, dropped down the river with a favorable tide. At the mouth of the river we found a fresh breeze from N. E., or dead against us, so we hauled the sheet aft and made a board of about six miles out to sea. The wind was strong enough to keep the rail well down to the water, with enough sea on to occasionally drop a little spray into the standing room. We passed Old Orchard, Punt's Neck, and Richmond's Island, and discovered White Mountains in full sight looming up seventy miles away. At 1 P. M. we passed the whistling buoy off Cape Elizabeth, and at 2 were plowing up Portland Harbor with the wind free on port quarter. On our way up we met a sloop and a catboat, each of about our size, and we put about to have a brush with them. It was nip and tuck on the beat down, but we worsted them, however, on the run up to the city. At 7 we anchored in the channel between Diamond Island and Fort Georges. While here we made rather a questionable barter. We discovered that we were all closed in a line of lobster pots, and fresh provisions scarce. We raised a pot, extracted a lobster, and replaced it with a quarter. Boiled the lobster in coffee pot (had to tie him to make him go in), and ate the best supper of the cruise.

Aug. 10, Sunday. Spent the day on Diamond Island and visited several parties which were camping out. Calm all day.

Aug. 11. Another calm. Not a breath of wind from sunrise to sunset. 9 A. M. Towed Minx to one of the lumber wharves to replenish, if possible, our stock of wood. We saw a pile of refuse chips, which we received permission to assail, evidently, however, from one not having authority, for the stevedore chased us off the wharf. Nevertheless we clung to the wood. In the retreat P. ran against a hook which protruded from the corner of a shed, an operation which cost him the better part of his trousers, and F. left the hatchet behind, so on the whole we were rather worsted. We cruised over to the next wharf when P. landed and went up into the city with the same trousers on. In half an hour he returned with a peck basket full of peaches. These, with the exception of one or two bricks, were demolished before supper. (Fact.) Anchored in same place as in the two preceding nights. No lobsters trouoled.

Aug. 12. Weighed anchor for home with a light breeze from the west. While passing one of the islands, close hauled, a freight sloop appeared bearing down upon us about two hundred yards ahead. Being rather cramped for room we decided to hold our course and sung out for the skipper to put his helm to port and give us a little more room. Instead of doing that he luffed a little, crowding us all the more. To avoid a collision we were compelled to run up into the wind in water not more than five feet deep. As the sloop passed us the skipper wore a sardonic grin on his ugly visage, which irritated us, to say the least. Words flew, and retlew, then flew again. These, however, were not powerful enough. P. seized a harpoon, all that was left of the deck of the day before, which by a good shot took the skipper between wind and water. Our happiness at the moment fully compensated for the inconvenience of having to luff. The skipper's expression was doubly sardonic but lacked the grin. Seriously, it is time that some of these lubberly skippers should learn the rules of the road, and having learned them act accordingly. Of course in meeting a large craft it would be too presuming to always hold your course in a small boat, though you have the right of way, but there are times when it is proper to maintain your rights.

After reaching Portland Headlight (9 A. M.) the wind dropped, and there was another calm which lasted through the day. Though sail was kept up till 7 P. M., we covered only the distance to Cape Elizabeth lights, when making everything snug, we carelessly pitched anchors overboard in open water about half a mile off the Cape, ledges all around us, and turning in, slept the sleep of the just.

Aug. 13. The crew turned out at 6:30, awakened by the boom breaking adrift. It was blowing fresh from N. E., accompanied with rain and a heavy sea on, and the boat tumbling about in lively order. Anchors, however, had not dragged, though the cables would strain at every sea that struck us. After some sparring and grumbling, it devolved upon us to get anchors aboard. Sail was soon made, and with strong wind dead aft, sped down the coast boom to port. Passed Ward Island keeping well out. Wind fast increasing in strength and sea fast getting up. Concluded to run for Cape Porpoise, and there make a harbor. Topped boom up at an angle with cockpit floor of not less than 35 degrees. Even then it would sometimes touch the water, and again would almost coincide, so to speak, with top of the mast. Off Goat Island, at mouth of Cape Porpoise Harbor, the sea was tremendous for a boat the size of the Minx, and we were only too glad to haul on our wind and run for the harbor. As we ran up the narrow channel, kept each of sail just full, rest of sail flapping. Even then the boat was almost on her beam ends. We found the harbor almost full of craft of everywhere from 15 to 70 tons, which had come in for shelter. Dropping our anchors in a good place and making everything snug, we went below and soon had a good fire going and clothes drying. The run just made was a more exciting one than I ever care to make again. We had left Cape Elizabeth at 5:45, and were in Cape Porpoise Harbor at just 8; 18 miles in 2¼ hours, and the last half of the run much quicker than the first half.

We had been carrying full sail in a breeze where a close-reefed sail would have been more than enough.

Right here, fro h from the perils of the deep, I would like to put in my oar, feeble though it be, in favor of narrow beam, deep draft, flush deck, and the cutter or the yawl rig. Never was the disadvantage and mischief of light draft and a long boom in heavy weather more forcibly brought to my mind than in the run just made. Had our craft been a yawl or cutter, with outside ballast, we should have pushed right through for Portsmouth, and thought nothing about it. With a light draft, beamy boat one can have no comfort nor sense of security in heavy weather. A capsize may be imminent, caused either by running the boom under water when rolling heavily or by the direct pressure of the wind on the sails. And yet, up to within a few years, this was the only type of a vessel that we on this side of the Atlantic possessed! Thank heaven for the revolution in yacht modelling caused by the success of the Madge a few seasons ago. I have done most of my sailing on boats of the beamy class only to find them lacking in those requisites which go to make up the perfect cruiser, and I would much rather circumnavigate the globe in a 50ft. cutter than a 70ft. American sloop.

With fire burning briskly, coffee was made and time was spent watching the breakers strike the ledges off Goat Island and "ain't you glad ing" each other that we were not out there. At about 4 P. M. we heard the sound of oars, and going on deck found three beautiful and certainly enterprising young ladies alongside in a row-boat. They had rowed out from the wharf to get the name of our boat. They said they had the name of every yacht that had entered the harbor that season. Should have asked them aboard had it not been for the dilapidated state of P.'s trousers. While rowing back to the wharf they favored us with a few trios and duets which sounded delightfully, as mingled with the whistling of the wind, the notes reached our ears. At 7 o'clock we had supper. What truck a person can eat with impunity when in the open air. We had a large can full of raw clams, tougher than "biled owls." These we threw into the spider with almost half a pound of pork, and in ten minutes took the mixture off "fried." Great heavens! We disposed of the whole of that compound, went to sleep and woke up alive. One such meal as that eaten during one's regular life on shore would provoke an incurable dyspepsia.

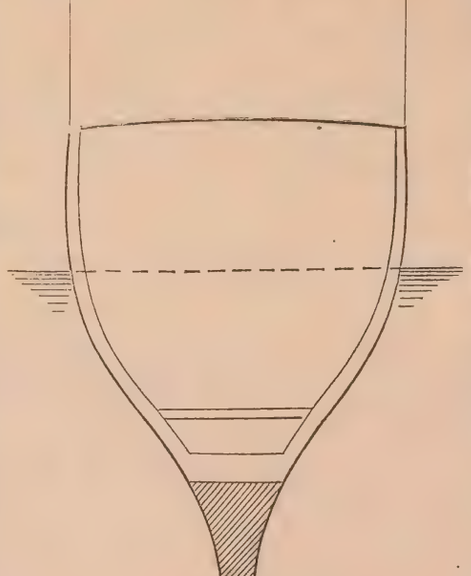
Aug. 14. The wind had hauled into the westward, and though the sea was still heavy we got under way at 8, and in a short time reached Moses French's at Cape Neddock, and once more enjoyed his fare. In the afternoon the wind was still light, but we reached Portsmouth at 5 P. M., and after tying up to the wharf, went up into the city and got another peck of peaches, which we almost finished before turning in.

Aug. 15. Adverse tides, light winds and delay at the drawbridges made us late in reaching Exeter, our moorings being reached at 9 P. M.

W. P. Chadwick.

THE BUOYANCY OF CUTTERS.

In a late number of that excellent French publication, *Le Yacht*, is a sketch of a modern narrow beam 5-ton racing cutter called Tjemla, ex Jenny. She was built at Barrow, Scotland, and is 33.5ft. loadline by 6ft. beam, that is five and a half beams to length, certainly very extreme proportions, seldom exceeded even under the beam-squeezing Y. R. A. rule, and not at all likely to be exceeded under the new sail and length rule it is proposed to substitute. As figures convey an idea less readily than the pictorial representation, I have herewith reproduced the Tjemla's midship section to scale.



It has been continuously urged by persons not conversant with the matter that such narrow boats must lack in buoyancy, and are in constant danger of being engulfed by a sea, and also make their passages under water. One glance at this section is enough to convince any one of the utter absurdity of such notions, for it can easily be estimated that the Tjemla is possessed of ample buoyancy and to spare. In approximate figures her displacement is 33 5×6×5.75×0 32 d vided by 35=10.57 long tons. And her above-water bulk is equal to her length × freeboard × beam × 0.7 + counter, or 33.5×2.5×6×0.7 =351.75=10.05 long tons. This narrow cutter has therefore just about as much above-water bulk as immersed body, or a total equal to twice her displacement. To submerge the yacht to plankSheer would require a weight of water on deck amounting to over ten tons. To fulfil this condition the deck would have to be loaded clear fore and aft, and the whole width of the boat with a sea approximately 2ft. 3in. high, as I have shown by the rules above deck in the section. Now, the impossibility of ever meeting such requirement in practice is too self-evident to need further argument. Owing to the heeling and pitching of the vessel it is safe to say not one-quarter the weight of water could ever find lodgment at one time upon the Tjemla's deck. She has raced in hard weather often enough, and cruised from Barrow to Nantes in France without any trouble. The man who would say Tjemla could not face a sea without danger of submersion would be simply laughed over the side by those who are acquainted with the boat. She will rise more readily to a sea, clear herself of water quicker, throw no spray and be a drier and more comfortable boat than any wide sloop can ever hope to be. I would not hesitate to cruise the world round in just such a boat, and consider her so much superior for coast cruising to a 35ft. New York centerboard trap that comparison becomes positively ridiculous.

C. P. Kunhardt.

REVISING THE YACHT LIST.—Yachtsmen complain every year that the reports of their yachts in the list are not correct, but very few ever take the trouble to remedy the error in the following volume. In compiling such a book as "Olsen's," the main sources of information, the various club lists and similar reports, are often inaccurate, besides which changes are made every year. In order to make the list as complete as it should be, the co-operation of owners is necessary, and we call the attention of all to the fact that Mr. Olsen is now at work on a new edition of his book for 1885, and will be glad to receive notices of errors in previous editions, and of subsequent changes, as well as of new yachts. Mr. Olsen has done a good work for yachtsmen in publishing his annual list, and it rests with them to aid him in improving it each year. With every copy is sent out a blank to be filled out, but those who have not the book can at least send the name, dimensions, name of builder, date of building, and other particulars to Mr. Neils Olsen, New York Yacht Club House, 67 Madison avenue, New York.

OPINION IN FRANCE.—*Le Yacht* of Jan. 17 has the following, written by L. More, a well-known and sensible critic: "Now, if we reflect that the best of the single-stickers in America, the Bedouin, built on the plans of the celebrated English constructor, Harvey, now resident in America, is after all only a good cruiser and not a racer to be compared with the modern English cutters, which represent the most powerful expression of racing vessels, it is really difficult to understand a determination on the part of the Americans to race with a sloop, which is equivalent to a fight without any hope. Only one explanation seems possible. It is this. The Americans, understanding their condition of inferiority in which they are at present concerning the building and maintenance of a cutter, think they stand a better chance with the sloop, which has so long been their favorite boat, but at the same time with a sloop made after new ideas, such as their spirit of enterprise and invention may suggest."

DEPTH AND WEIGHT IN ROUGH WATER.—In the "Cruise of the Minx," published elsewhere, the writer adds his testimony to that of many others as to the evils of beam, light draft and sloop rig in rough water. His remarks carry additional weight, as they come, not from a cutter advocate, but from one whose experience has been largely in beamy boats, and th y are brought forth on the spot after a practical test of the disadvantages of the shoal craft before the wind in a little sea. We call the attention of all to Mr Chadwick's remarks, as under the circumstances must be more convincing than any argument, however powerful, advanced in the course of controversy on shore.

UNA.—Among the many proposed defenders of the America's Cup which are springing up in all directions is the old Una, built by Geo. Steers, in 1847, as a centerboard boat, and afterward lengthened by him. Her dimensions at present are: Length over all, 71ft. 9in; waterline, 68ft.; beam, 17ft. 8in.; draft, 7ft. 6in.; Custom House tonnage, 48 98-100. She has sailed for some years as a keel boat, her centerboard being removed. Her ballast consists or 25 or 30 tons of pig iron, stowed inside. We have received from Mr. F. L. Downing, of Concord, N. H., two photos of the Una as rigged at present, as a schooner.

"THE MODEL YACHTSMAN AND CANOEING GAZETTE."—We have received the first volume of this little paper, and can commend it to all who are interested in building and sailing model yachts. Besides a record of the various meetings and races of the clubs, and articles on yacht construction, each number contains the working drawings of a model yacht, sailing or steam. With the present year the subject of canoeing will be added, the paper being enlarged. The subscription price is 3s. 6d. per year, which may be sent in stamps or postal order, to Thos. Grassom, Hull, England.

KEELBOATS ON LAKE ERIE.—The newly formed club at Detroit, the Michigan Y. C., has the right material for the future success of the organization. An extract from a letter from one of its members will be of interest to our readers: "Deep keels seem to be coming into favor here. About a year ago I took it upon myself to introduce them in our waters by building the Jennie J., a little compromise, 33ft. on deck, 29ft. on waterline, 9½ft. beam and 4¼ft. draft. She had an iron keel weighing 6,500 pounds, and had 1,000 pounds inside ballast. She was considered an experiment by every one. We had a series of races, one every two weeks throughout the season, for yachts of 25 to 35ft. waterline, for a champion pennant, and the 'innovation' lost the championship by just one race. The cause of her losing the prize was that she was never sailed twice by the same crew, and her canvas was all old, taken from another yacht, and a piece 4ft. wide was added to the leach of the mainsail."—*Boston Herald.*

MORE LEAD OUTSIDE.—The little keel yacht Gil Blas is having lead removed from inside and floor lowered, which will give 5ft. headroom in cabin. The lead will be cast on the keel, making 4,500 pounds in place of 3,000. The Gil Blas is now enrolled in the Knickerbocker Y. C.

WINNING YACHTS OF 1884—WITCH AND CARMELITA.—The owner of the Witch writes us that the races reported on Sept. 7 were incorrect, as the boats have not raced this season.

CRUISER.—Three new boats are now being built in Boston from the lines of the Cruiser, lately given in the Forest and Stream, and will race together next season.

AMATEUR BOATBUILDING IN GERMANY.—The *Wassersport* has commenced in the last number a series of illustrated articles on boatbuilding.

MAGGIE.—The captain of the Maggie, Henry Randall, has sailed for England to superintend the fitting up of Mr. Warren's new cutter.

AMY.—The steam yacht Amy, E. D. Morgan, arrived at Singapore on Friday last.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Feb. 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 3—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 31—K. C. C. Camp fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

THE CANOE MEETS OF 1885.

Although four months still intervene before the meet of the season, it is time now to settle on dates and localities for the different events, in order to prevent any interference with each other, and also to give time for the many needed preparations. First in importance, of course, comes the Association meet at Grindstone Island, beginning on July 24 and terminating on August 8, an earlier date than in previous years, but it is anticipated that there will be more wind than later in August. This meet is sure to attract the majority of canoeists between Pittsburgh on the west, and Boston on the east, as well as those from Canada. Last year the attendance was very satisfactory, all the prominent club being represented, but there are still some clubs, as well as several localities where no clubs are yet formed, that were not represented.

It is to the advantage of every club in the country, no matter how small or how far distant, to have one representative at the annual meet, and we hope this year to see a member from every club at Grindstone.

The Association is working hard to extend canoeing and to advance it in every way, and though they may not admit it, it has benefitted every canoeist in America directly and greatly. By organizing and working together the members of the Association have increased greatly the number of canoeists, have obtained a recognition of them that has done away with the many unpleasant features of early canoeing, when every traveler in the unknown craft was the butt for ridicule, impertinence, and even personal abuse, and have obtained many rights for them with railroads and steamers. They have created a literature of canoeing, have stimulated the improvement of canoes, and have established a system of collecting and exchanging information from which all, even the isolated canoeist in the most distant localities, derive a substantial benefit. Now in return it rests with these clubs and canoeists to assist the Association as far as they can, by joining it, and on the part of the clubs, by sending a representative to the yearly meet. The expense is but small, but where no one member can afford it, it would be a legitimate and proper use of the club funds to pay all or a part of the expenses of a delegate, for which purpose a good canoeist and careful observer should be selected to attend the meet, to act for the club on committees and in the caucuses of the Association, to make the acquaintance of other canoeists, to take thorough notes of boats, sails, rigging, outfit, races, and the many novelties seen at each meet, and to make a full report of the same to the club on his return. This experiment tried but once would change the club from an isolated body working alone, and greatly behind in practical knowledge, to an active member of a large and important organization, with full sympathy for the work, and a knowledge of all that is new in canoeing. In many cases the accidental presence of one man, sometimes not even a canoeist, at a meet, has resulted in the formation of a prosperous club.

The same facts are true in regard to localities where there are several canoeists, but no organization. A visit to a meet by one of them starts the matter, and soon canoeing is firmly established there. This year the meet promises to surpass those of all previous years, and every canoe club should take measures in time to have one member at least present, and if possible to have more.

There has lately arisen a spirit of competition among the larger clubs as to which should make the best showing at the meets in point of numbers, boats, rigs, uniforms and racing record; that is already showing good results in new boats and greater attention to sailing and paddling, and those clubs which expect to be among the first this season must begin work soon. Now is the time for improvements in boats and rigs, and discussions on points of sailing, and soon will be the time for practice afloat, and early preparation is the main element of success in such work.

This year promises to inaugurate a new era in American canoeing with the first meet in Western waters. Hitherto, although there are many detached canoeists, as well as clubs, in the West, they have taken but little interest in the Association, and there have been but few members west of Pittsburgh. One of the clubs most prominent in the early meets, the Cincinnati C. C., an organization once widely known from their skill in sailing and the excellence of their fleet, has entirely disappeared from canoeing, and no other has taken their place as a representative of the West, which last year was entirely absent from the meet. The Cleveland C. C., under the active leadership of Commodore Gardner, has started a movement for a meet in July, naming one of the Bass Islands as the site for a camp These islands are situated in Lake Erie, about sixty miles west of Cleveland, and about as far east from Detroit, Toledo being some forty miles distant. They can be easily reached by rail and steamer from Michigan and Wisconsin, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Sandusky, Detroit, and all points in the West, and are nearly central for a large range of territory, including Canada. From them the canoeist can proceed by steamer direct to Clayton, but five miles from Grindstone Island. This meet will be under the auspices of the Association, and will bring the latter to the immediate vicinity of Western canoemen, removing the objections they have urged against joining, and it rests with them to make it a success and a permanent fixture.

It is intended at this meet to form a Western Branch of the Association on an equal footing with the Eastern or, at present, main division, under common government and rules, each with its annual meet and local officers, but under one commodore. Such a movement is of direct interest to every canoeist in the West, as it brings to each the advantages of co-operation and benefits that he could never obtain unaided. Now is the time to come forward to the aid of those engaged in the enterprise, and to lend all the help possible.

First, each canoeist should join the Association, sending his name, with $2 for initiation and dues for one year, to Dr. C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Next, canoeists can unite together in each town or city, and even if no club be formed, can aid each other in transportation facilities; which are usually granted to members of the A. C. A. more readily than to individuals. The clubs in the larger cities should at once come to the aid of the Cleveland C. C., as much can be done in each locality.

In such cities as Chicago, Minneapolis and Cleveland, where large canoe clubs are found, much can be done to secure an attendance from the surrounding country by correspondence with isolated canoeists, and by arrangements for transportation. There will be nothing local about the Western meet, but it is desired to enlist canoeists of all shades of opinion and from all parts of the West, in a union that will be congenial to all, and to this end we invite correspondence with suggestions and discussion, from boating men in all parts of the country. It must be understood that this meet is not confined to members of the A. C. A., or even to canoeists, but that boating men, campers out and yachtsmen will have a hearty welcome, and a chance

to see what canoeing really is. It is desirable, as soon as possible, to know about how many to expect, so those who intend to be present are invited to send their names to FOREST AND STREAM.

Several plans have been proposed for the organization of the Western Branch, but nothing definite has yet been decided on. The subject is still open for discussion, as some time will elapse before any action is taken.

Besides these two Association meets are the local camps, of which several were held last year with great success. This year others will also be held, the largest being that on the Hudson. The date of this camp will be May 30 an l 31, and the site proposed is that of last year's camp at Plum Point below Newburgh. The Newburgh canoeists have extended a hearty welcome to all to meet again there, and have secured the same ground from Mr. Verplanck. They will lay out a new course above the old one, and expect to be able to make better arrangements for landing and launching than those of last year. The sentiment of canoeists generally, we believe, is in favor of returning to this point; but the Rondout C. C. are anxious to have the meet there instead of below, and a good site and sandy beach can be had at Esopus Island, but the sailing course would be poorer than at Newburgh.

We suggest that Commodore Oliver's idea of a cruise be adopted, a rendezvous being made at Rondout by all who can spare the time on Thursday night, camping at Esopus Island, and continuing to Newburgh next day, arriving Friday night, which could easily be done. The decision as to a site should be made immediately, so as to give either club time for all preparations, and we invite opinions on the subject from canoeists who will attend, in favor of a camp at Rondout or Newburgh, as it is desired to accommodate the majority. The matter is one that is outside of the Association, and those interested must settle it themselves. Wherever the camp may be, a full attendance of canoeists is expected, and clubs at a distance are invited to send at least one member. Springfield, Hartford, and other places that have their local meets, can send one delegate to the Hudson, and perhaps a man from Albany and one from New York will find his way to the Connecticut or Merrimac.

We have heard nothing yet from Springfield and Hartford, but we know they will have a jolly gathering early in the season, as they fully appreciate the value of such meetings. Lowell reports in a letter this week, to which we call the attention of all Eastern canoeists.

The growth of canoe clubs has been rather slow until the past year east of the Connecticut, and the attendance at the first meet, on the Merrimac, was smaller than it should have been; but now there are a number of clubs and canoeists, and this year they should turn out in full force. The matter should not be left entirely to the Lowell men, as many of their club are not canoeists; but we suggest that the various clubs about Boston take the matter in hand at once, calling a meeting and discussing the question, and then corresponding with the Vesper and other clubs. Lake George, Toronto, Peterboro, Rochester and other localities will, no doubt, have similar camps in May and June, though nothing has as yet been done.

These local meets serve a purpose that is attained by no other end; as, being smaller than the annual meet, the men become better acquainted, and they attract many outsiders and give a great impetus to canoeing over a large range of territory, and this feature should be kept prominently in view, in organizing them, to bring in as many outsiders and novices as possible, to give them a chance in the races, and to create a favorable opinion of canoes and canoeists wherever held. Under the present conditions the management of local meets is in no way an Association matter, and there is no one to whom the government be ongs, but it must be done by some club or individuals, as at Newburgh, who are willing to take a great deal of trouble on themselves. The labors of these gentlemen, to whom so much is always due, may be greatly lightened by timely aid and co-operation of all canoeists, and now is the time when it will be most valuable in arranging the preliminary details.

A CRUISE DOWN THE ST. JOSEPH RIVER.

JUNE 9, 1884. Rail to Mendon, Mich. Launched the canoe at 1:45 P. M.; weather cloudy, windy and threatening rain; river appears to be very rapid and shallow; one mile out, severe rainstorm came upon us; anchored under overhanging boughs; intending to remain until cessation of rain, but at 3 o'clock it rained still harder and my wife becom ng somewhat chilled, we determined to move on until a more desirable camping spot was reached. The wind blew a canoe gale; the rain poured down without any respect for our feelings; the river was rapid and foamy, with head wind and waves; a very mad and dangerous looking rapid was reached and passed by hard work by myself and good management of the tiller ropes by my wife. During the struggle here, and just as we were about over the rapid, the rudder was accidentally unshipped, which made the matter of a safe landing in the current a little risky. It was, however, accomplished without any harm, excepting some hard knocks received by the canoe striking some partially hidden boulders. At 4 o'clock camp was all snug in the dooryard of Mr. Lewis Downing and his estimable wife. At this time the rain had slackened some, but the wind had increased its force and the air changed, becoming uncomfortably cold. The canoe cook soon had the first camp meal ready, and the tired crew dispatched it with alacrity and relish, and the only smoker in camp enjoyed his inevitable pipe and tobacco. The wind, rain and cold increasing; at 10 o'clock we accepted the hearty and earnest invitation of Mr. and Mrs. D. to camp inside of their house for the night, and we enjoyed a sweet, refreshing sleep after the hardest and shortest cruise of our experience.

June 10. The weather still unsettled, cold and disagreeable, we decided to remain in camp for the day near the "radish and strawberry patch" Rode to Mendon with Mr. D., and from many questions put to people about the river, its habits, form, shape, etc., we anticipate and conclude as follows: That the river is or is not rapid; that it does or does not increase in rapidity; that there are or are not many shallow riffles, rapids, rocks and snags; that the river will be 100ft. deep or we will be paddling on dry land before our journey ends; that it will take us six days or six months to reach the harbor; that the dams are easy or hard to get over; that the river is or is not crooked or winding; that it is less than 1,000 miles to the end of the river, and lastly, that we will depend entirely upon our personal experience as we move along to learn about it. One thing has been discovered in an hour's paddle, that the river is a very rapid one, stone and gravel bottom, and indicat s so many riffles as to warrant in calling it shallow; however, everything points to a delightful cruise. At this writing we have a beautiful sunset.

June 11. The cruise begins in earnest. Left Downing's at 7:45 A. M. Weather still cloudy. River rapid, stony and shallow. In the first five miles six dangerous looking rapids filled with boulders were passed, although several times the keel settled upon rocks, but was soon released with the aid of the boat hook and swift current. Went into camp for an hour and a half for dinner and rest. Reached Three Rivers at 1 o'clock; had canoe portaged around dam to Lockport, one mile distant; arrived at Constantine at 5:30 o'clock pretty well used up from the hard day's work, sunburned to perfection. Saw some G. A. R. badges worn by strangers standing on the corners; we approached, made ourselves known as comrades from Sion S. Bass Post No. 40, Department of Indiana, the largest in the State. In a short time we were friends; they kindly took charge of the Idlewild and housed it for the night. The weather has been intensely hot today. The river is a continuous twist, and deceiving as to distance. It is filled with beautiful islands, and remarkably free from obstructions except shallow, stony spots.

June 12 Pulled out of Constantine at 8:40; passed Mottville at 10:30. At 11:30 went into camp for dinner and rest from intense heat. Started again at 2 o'clock, passing Bristol at 2:30. Here we experienced our first severe work in making a portage, and the only one in which my wife had to assist. No one being in sight that could render a sistance, the "tug of war" was begun, the carry being a long one, occupying an hour. Arrived at Elkhart at 7:10, feeling splendid and in good spirits. Here we expected to experience some difficulty in getting the canoe housed, but were happily disappointed, for we met a gentleman, Mr. C. L. Dean, who courteously gave us the use of his fine boat house, and rendered other valuable assistance not soon to be forgotten. Disappointment, however, came in finding the telegraph and post office closed, and the telephone service imperfect. We re onciled ourselves to the situation, feeling positive that morning would bring us good news from home, but again we were disappointed. Another effort made at the telephone proved more satisfactory, but an answer to telegram failed to reach us before our departure. The cruise of yesterday was exceedingly delightful, excepting about two hours of intense heat. The river from Constantine to Elkhart is broad, clear, winding, rapid and free from obstruction, excepting some half dozen swift, shallow riffles, several of which neces itated wading. The scenery is beautiful, and being less tired, sore and sunburned, the cruise was more enjoyed. Paddled about thirty-one miles.

June 13. Weather very cool. Left Elkhart at 10 A. M. Dinner at 1. Left camp 3:10, passed Mishawaka at 4, arriving at South Bend at 5. Mr. Adams, superintendent of the water works, kindly stored the Idlewild in the pumping house, his men freely doing the carrying for us. The cruise to-day has been most delightful; cool, strong stern wind, rapid, clear, deep and winding river, and scenery lovely. Paddled about twenty-three miles.

June 14. Paddled away from South Bend at 9:50. About half a mile out, in crossing a riffle, broke the rudder pin, which caused half an hour's delay to repair. Stopped at 12 for dinner; started again at 1:10. A strong head wind to-day made paddling laborious. Getting in sight of Niles, wind and waves very high and increasing in strength and height as we neared the dam; my wife, feeling rather nervous, insisted on getting out and walking. She lost her way in the woods, and when she was shown her course by some ladies that she met she reached the canoe pretty well used up with fright. Reached Niles at 3:10. Cruise delightful; river clear, winding, deep, slackened current and free from obstructions, excepting one riffle near South Bend. Paddled about twenty-one miles.

June 15. Spent Sunday in Niles resting, for we anticipated a two days' cruise to Benton Harbor.

June 16. Many friends met us at the river to see the little boat and its load start, which it did at 8:10; passed Buchanan at 8:50, and Berrien Springs at 12:20. Laid off one and a half hours for dinner and rest. Reached Benton Harbor at 7 tired and worn, the heat being almost unbearable, the water over half the time at almost a standstill, and the distance made entirely by paddle, 50 miles accurate. We had been led to believe that this portion of our cruise would be easy; that we would find here the most rapid and steady current on the river, deep and no riffles or shallow places. On the contrary, we found very little current a number of shallow spots and riffles, and more snags and dead timber than on any portion of the river we had traveled. The river is a succession of short curves and twists In a single mile we had paddled east, west, north and south. We admired most that portion of the river from Constantine to Elkhart. There are many beautiful spots all along the river; it is a delightful cruising ground to be gone over with leisure, say an average of 20 miles per day. The Idlewild was much admired by many, and while built for but one, did her work nobly for two, receiving many hard knocks. She carried 150 pounds of baggage and two passengers. She is a "Racine Shadow," 14ft. long, 28in. wide and weighs 95 pounds. My wife did bravely, enjoying the cruise hugely, and is ready for another, notwithstanding she has great fear of water, snags, riffles, rapids, etc. We were five days on the cruise, making at the lowest fair estimate 165 miles. WILLIS D. MAIER.

THE EASTERN MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Senorita," of West Somerville, Mass., is disappointed in the amount of canoeing matter which he finds in the FOREST AND STREAM. That is quite natural, and would probably be the case if the whole paper was devoted to the sport, for who ever got enough of canoeing?

My canoe has been idle most of the time since last September, when I had it at Ipswich Neck, and used it in shooting ducks in Ipswich Bay. She is 18ft.x36in., open. A friend and myself used her in all sorts of weather and water, he sitting a little forward of amidships and I in the stern. He used a 9ft. double paddle and I a single, and the way we made her skip was a caution to the natives. We had an audience of a whole schooner's crew one day, as we put her across from the Neck to Plum Island in the teeth of a strong ebb tide with the wind kicking up an ugly chop. I believe now that our courage was born of ignorance rather than skill, but we did it not only once but many times, I never had any better fun, however than we enjoyed shooting coot inside the bar. My friend forward used the gun, and the tossing about on those long swells, while stealing up to a flock of birds or chasing a wounded one, was certainly exciting sport. After bringing her home, business demands became pressing, the weather became cold and the river closed with ice, so that the canoe has lain in the boat house for a couple of months without much attention from anybody.

I shall await with interest "Senorita's" promised account of cruise in Maine, and hope when he writes he will tell us what the sentiment of his shipmates is in regard to a meet of canoeists in this vicinity in the spr ng. We had a very interesting meet at Deer Leap, on the Merrimac last June, but canoeists from "Senorita's" vicinity did not muster in very large numbers. If the canoeing members of the Vesper Boat Club, of this city, had not turned out in force, the success of the meet would not have been very flattering to its promoters. I have no doubt that canoeists in Boston, Salem, Somerville, Haverhill, Lawrence, Manchester, etc., would like to gather around a campfire about next Decoration Day; but the thing must be started now if such a thing is to be. The Vesper Club, of this city, is not a canoe club, and there is some opposition, especially among its old friends, to allowing it to become such. Und r the circumstances I do not much blame them, for, having facilities in boat house, equipment and river for occupying a foremost place among amateur rowing clubs in the country, the opportunity is too valuable to be lightly discarded. I think there is nothing like canoeing, but this is a world of many minds and freedom must be given to all. It is possible, however, that this club will undertake the management of a canoe meet, considering the interest which a large number of members have in the sport. But I cannot answer for this. The club will have no meeting until their annual, in March, and it is rather late then to organize and carry out a successful meet, even if the project should have a majority in its favor. The two members of the club, who relied upon their A. C. A. connection largely to interest outside men, in last year's meet, are not inclined to undertake the management of one this year. And in fact, I do not think it wise that they should do so. Some plan of arrangement should be adopted in which all the clubs in this vicinity should have a voice. I assume that not many canoeists north of Boston are likely to attend the meets on the Connecticut, and I suggest this: If any interest is felt in the matter, let some one in Boston and vicinity call a meeting of canoeists to make arrangements for a meet. Let representatives of clubs and individuals who can come with suggestions as to place, number who will attend, routes of access, rates of fare, etc., and with a small sum to pay or guarantee for general expenses (I think the general expense of the Deer Leap camp did not exceed $10). Last year's location can be had if desirable, or there are other places on the Merrimac, both above Lowell and below Lawrence, while Winnipesecogee is not entirely impracticable. One thing is certain, if there is to be a meet in May, it is time the thing was talked up, and I have written this to show something of the sentiment in this vicinity. SIS.

LOWELL, Jan. 17, 1885.

THE LAKE ERIE MEET.

AT a joint meeting of the Cleveland Y. A. and the Cleveland C. C. held Saturday evening, Jan. 17, it was decided to hold a reunion at the islands about the 20th of July next.

Invitations will be extended to canoe clubs at Buffalo, Erie, Cincinnati, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Racine, Milwaukee, and other points to join with the Cleveland C. C. in forming a Western Branch Association.

The islands referred to are known as the Bass Islands, of which Put-in-Bay or South Bass is a popular summer resort, and during the season is in direct communication by daily lines of elegant steamers from Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit. On these islands are excellent facilities for camping, especially Ballast Island. This little gem is perhaps the most delightful of the whole group, a miniature Gibraltar containing about twelve acres of ground, and upon it is located a large dining hall and some dozen cottages. I understand through Commodore Gardner of the C. C. C., that this island will be made headquarters during the meet, and arrangements will be made to accommodate such canoeists as desire to camp there. There will be no difficulty whatever about accommodation, especially for ladies, who can occupy the cottages. The boat and icehouse on Ballast Island will shelter a large number of canoes.

The waters surrounding these islands contain numerous excellent grounds for paddling and sailing races. Put-in-Bay is itself a large landlocked harbor affording shelter from any storm. During the season of the proposed meet the wind blows steady and direct generally all day.

I hope to hear of our Western canoeists taking an active interest in this proposed meet and make it a success. I have been all over this territory bass fishing and canoeing and yachting, and know what I am writing. LONG SHANKS.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a joint meeting of the Cleveland C. C. and the Cleveland Y. A., held in the rooms of the latter, the question of a summer meet at the Lake Islands was considered as the special business for which the meeting was called. The project of a canoe meet, which, by the way, originated with Commodore Gardner, who is chief in command of both organizations, had been informally discussed for some months previous, and the members of the club had become so thoroughly convinced that a revival of the waning interest in canoeing and a fresh inspiration could be aroused in no other way among Western men than by such a meeting, and the co operation of the Yachting Association, a strong organization, was sought to give an added interest to the occasion.

The Saturday meeting was largely attended, notwithstanding the bitter cold which suggested cosy indoors rather than an open sea, and the summer meet crystallized, after a thorough discussion, in a unanimous vote in its favor, and action was had at once. The date of the annual 4th of July regatta was postponed to the 16th, and the week beginning July 20 was agreed upon for the Island meeting. These dates will enable the home and foreign yachts taking part in the July regatta to reach the islands in ample time after the race, and such canoes as expect to attend the August meet of the A. C. A. can attend both, as the local committee propo es to make arrangements for the transportation of canoes and their boats direct from the islands by propeller to the A. C. A. camp, and no doubt is entertained as to our being able to secure most reasonable rates. The entire subject was referred to a special joint committee, as follows: Commodore G. W. Gardner; for the C. Y. A. Messrs. Downey, Gerlach and Williams; for the C. C. C., Messrs. Eckman, G. H. Gardner and Robison. The committee was given large powers in preparing a programme, deciding upon the details and issuing the necessary circulars and invitations. The committee is appointed to meet on Wednesday next.

Judging by the spirit manifested and the enthusiasm with which the proposition was received and acted upon, a success is guaranteed, so far at least as the management can make it so. Invitations will be sent to every canoeist in the United States and Canada so far as their addresses can be ascertained, and canoeists from every quarter are requested to correspond with the commodore or secretary of the Cleveland Club. Suggestions will be gladly received, and all inquiries will be promptly responded to.

The formation of a co-ordinate Western Canoe Association will be broached and considered, not in any spirit of antagonism to the mother association, but wholly with a view to a Western revival, and to give a better tone, increased vitality and a stable foundation to our organization as a national, or rather international association. That there may be some opposition to this proposition on the part of Eastern men is not doubted, but we of the West feel quite assured that the gentlemen will meet us fairly, giving us the benefit of their rife experience and profound study, and the announcement of the proposed meeting is made thus early to the end that the question may be discussed in advance, and that our Eastern brethren, the veterans of the Association, may so arrange matters as to give us a day or two previous to setting up their wigwams on Grindstone Island in August.

In my next I will furnish you with a full description of the locality selected for the meeting. W. H. E.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been waiting for just such a stir in canoe matters in the FOREST AND STREAM as "Corinne" has given us in his letter. Now that the ball has been started, we in Toledo are ready to lend our aid, and I think a dozen can be counted on from here. With such veteran paddlers as Com. Gardner and the Cleveland canoeists at the head, the enterprise must be a success. No better place than that mentioned by "Corinne" can be found. Let us now hear from other Western canoeists. HELPING HAND.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a Western meet, I think Chautauqua Lake would be preferable to Put-in-Bay. This place has already been talked of by the Pittsburgh, Rochester and Warren clubs, and I have no doubt but that Cleveland, Buffalo and other canoe clubs would join in selecting this or some other suitable place for a meet. L.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BALLAST IN CANOES.

IT is rather significant that the two clubs whose sailing men use ballast more than other clubs, hail from New York and Toronto. I know other clubs do use it. Shot bags not made in either of the above places were to be seen at the last meet, and a good many inquiries were made as to where sandbags could be filled. Stones were used also, but so far as we can judge from reports of races the N. Y. C. C. and T. C. C. men carry more than others. In both cities the sailing is carried out on large sheets of water where a heavy sea can get up. In Toronto I cannot remember a single race having been won by an unballasted canoe. If the weather will permit in our races for the all round sailing cup the course is around the island. If the wind is in any direction but due north we must have a big sea. If from the east we have a sweep of nearly two hundred miles, and from any other direction not less than thirty. As a matter of fact, however, the sea that soaks us, and stops the unballasted boats is met with in the bay. The seas are short and steep. A canoe may get along nicely for a few waves but sooner or later she will tumble into the hollow of a big one, and receive a slap that shakes her from stem to stern, and if unballasted or improperly handled she will stop. To go about in such a sea is a very difficult operation with a light craft.

I have never sailed on tidal waters, but I can understand that sailing a light canoe in rough water and against a tide would be a very unpleasant proceeding.

I write the foreging, not because I think every canoeist should use ballast, but to show, if possible, that circumstances alter cases, and that while it may be foolish for a canoeist doing his sailing on a river or small lake to carry shot bags, it may be quite the proper thing for the members of other clubs. BOREAS.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. WINTER CAMP-FIRE.

THE Knickerbocker C. C. have begun work in earnest for the coming season by inaugurating a series of club camp-fires, the first of which was held on Feb. 3, at the residence af Prof. Fowler, No. 106 W. 42d street. Five meetings will be held, at each of which a paper will be read, the programme being:

Feb. 17—"The Canoe and its Models," Mr. E. Fowler.
March 3—"Paddling and River Canoeing," Mr. J. L. Greenleaf.
March 17—Canoe Sails and Rigs," Mr. Wm. Whitlock.
March 31—"Canoe Navigation," Mr. C. B. Vaux.

The subject of the first lecture on Tuesday last was "The A. C. A. Regatta Rules." Mr. R. J. Wilkin, of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee read a very interesting paper, which brought out some important points for discussion. Mr. Wilkin divided the subject into three heads—classification, preparation and navigation. Under the first head he reviewed the Association rules and their amendments. Under the second Mr. Wilkin spoke of the necessity of a thorough familiarity with the rules before entering races; of the preliminaries, such as starting, distinguishing signals, etc., and under the head of navigation he reviewed the rules of the road as laid down in the A. C. A. book, in the course of which a very interesting discussion of the various combinations of meeting and passing which occur in all races were thoroughly discussed by those present. Many interesting points were brought out and elucidated by diagrams. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks to Mr. Wilkin was passed, after which the meeting adjourned. The next meeting will be at the same place, on Feb. 17, at 8 P. M.

PERSONAL.—Mr. S. R. Stoddart, of Atalantis fame, spent a half hour with us last week. Mr. Van Dalfsen, of Newburg, called on us on Monday on his way to Florida. He reports that Newburg canoeists are very enthusiastic over a spring meet, and are now refitting their canoes in good time. Mr. Van Dalfsen himself has a new No. 2 Mohican canoe. We have had a pleasant letter from Mr. Guilbert ("Camarada"), who has been in Mississippi since last fall on account of his health. He has done no canoeing, but is just as enthusiastic as ever, and hopes to resume the paddle soon.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The officers of this club, elected last week, are: Commodore, J. H. Hull; Vice-Commodore, J. F. Newman; Secretary, M. V. Brokaw.

CEMENT FOR CANOES.—See article on "Snell, Snood and Gimp," in Sea and River Fishing columns.

MOHICAN MODEL.—Com. Oliver's new boat will be 15ft. long instead of 14ft., as given last week.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. R., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.—Yes, you can build and sell from the plans.

H. L., Brooklyn.—The scale is a little less than 2in. to the foot. The canoe is 14ft. long.

R. T., New York.—You can get Coast Survey charts of D. Eggert, 72 Wall street, New York.

G. B. Boston.—The price is $1.00 per year or 10 cts. each. Brentano Bros., No. 5 Union Square, are the publishers.

CONSTANT READER.—We will forward any letter for you. The boat would sink if stove in. She has never met the other boat.

DICK, Chester, Conn.—We have a duck here in Connecticut that is commonly called by the gunners on the river, whistler. I would like to know its true name in English. Size about the same as what they call raft duck in the South. Drake has dark green head, white breast, neck, black spots on back and wings. Duck has seal brown head, white ring around neck, grayish back with some black. In the neck of the birds, about half way from throat to breast, there is a knotty bunch of windpipe that seems to be different from any other duck I have ever seen. They seem to stay around the mouth of river all winter, and have certain feeding places where they dive to the bottom in five or six feet of water. Short, wide bill, yellow web foot. Flesh is yellow, and, I think, preferable to black duck. I have shot nine of them this winter. Don't think they would eat grain like other ducks. Please tell me if you can what I am killing, and if they are considered eatable. Ans.—Your bird is the golden eye duck, usually called "whistler" from the noise made by the wings in flight. Its Latin name is *Clangula glaucium americana*. It is common in winter along the Atlantic coast. It does sometimes eat grain.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WERE LOST by men who were accidentally injured in 1883, and not insured in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. The wise ones insured and drew $864,000 in cash benefits.—*Adv.*

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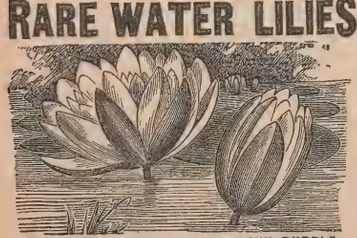
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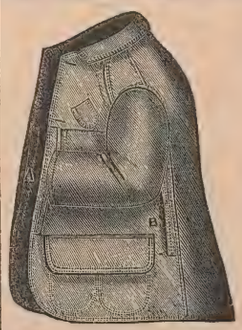
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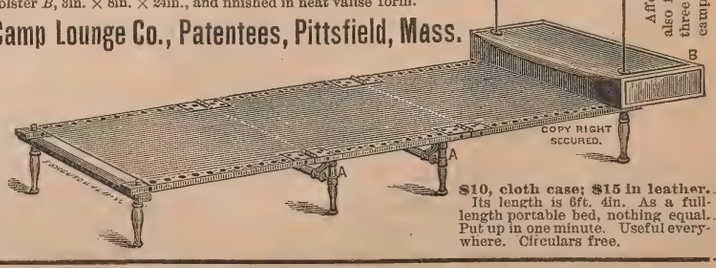
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You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

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Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the FOREST AND STREAM will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

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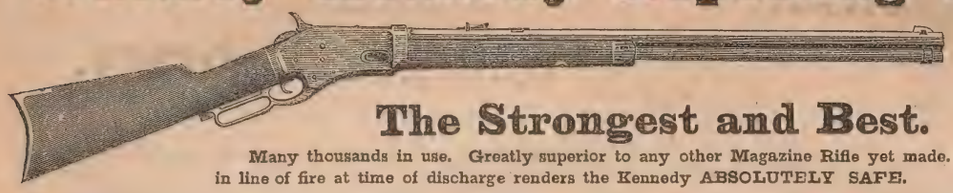
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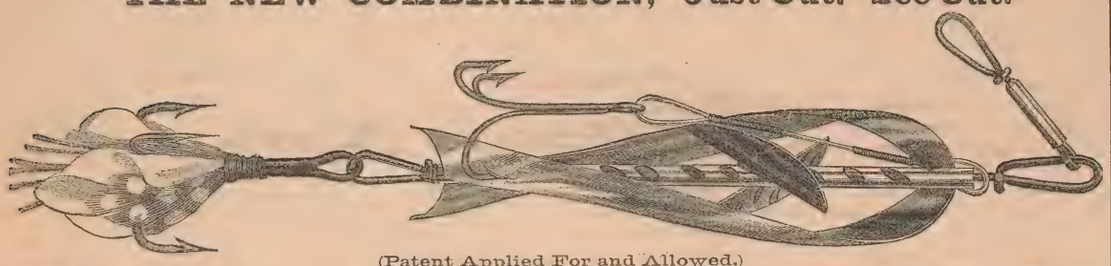
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VOL. XXIV.—No. 3. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK GAME BILLS.

A NUMBER of bills for the protection of game have already been introduced into the New York Legislature. Many of them cover amendments which are highly praiseworthy, and which, if passed and enforced, would do much toward lessening the rapid destruction of our *feræ naturæ*. The trouble with these bills is that there are too many of them. They cover too much ground, and try to reform too many abuses.

One of Mr. Coggeshall's bills omits the word "willfully" in connection with snared game, making the provision read, "Nor shall any person sell or expose for sale or have in possession" snared birds. This we have frequently recommended as a much needed change. The same bill provides that the time for killing woodcock, black and gray squirrels, and grouse shall be during the months of September, October and November, and that the sale of such game and of fresh venison shall be permitted only up to the first day of January; but the seller must prove that such game was lawfully killed during the periods allowed by the act, and must also make, and file with the nearest State game protector, a written inventory and report stating the species and number of the game had in possession, with proof that the same was lawfully killed.

Senator Fassett has introduced a bill forbidding the pursuing of deer with dogs in any county of this State at any time, except from the fifteenth to the thirty-first of October. It also shortens the time for selling venison. Other bills have been introduced, some of which we have seen while others have not yet been printed. The most important question which has come up during the present session has to do with the hounding of deer. It has been established that this hounding drives away the deer, and also that it is extremely fatal to them, not only because they can be easily destroyed after taking to the water, but also because, after a long race the sudden plunge into the cold waters of the mountain lakes frequently causes death, even though the hunter is not present to blow the beast's brains out with his gun, or to beat it to death with an oar. Moreover all the testimony goes to show that the heated flesh of a deer chased to death is not fit for food.

Public sentiment seems decidedly in favor of the abolition of this form of deer killing. We have received—besides those which we have printed—hundreds of letters urging the passage of such a law. Besides this, petitions containing hundreds of names and covering most of the counties where deer are found, and signed by men of all sorts and conditions, are coming in to us each day. These petitions pray the Legislature to forbid this form of butchery. That the proposed abandonment of hounding has the support of a larger portion of the community than usually take an interest in an amendment to the game laws, is very evident. If the change is to be made at this session, the energies of all who are in favor of game protection must be concentrated on this one point. There are other changes which are important, but this one overshadows them all, and if this point can be gained it will be a long step in advance.

A simple amendment without any unnecessary legal verbiage is what we need and what will be most likely to pass, and we strongly recommend a bill like the following:

AN ACT

To amend section one of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled: "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game."

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section one of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: No person shall kill or chase any wild deer in any part of the State, save only during the months of August, September, October and November in any year. No person, corporation, association or company shall sell, expose for sale, transport, or have in his or her possession in this State, after the same has been killed, any wild deer or fresh venison, save only during the months of August, September, October and November. No persons shall, at any time, in this State, kill any fawn during the time when it is in its spotted coat, or have in his or her possession the carcass or skin of any such fawn after the same shall have been killed. No person shall, in any part of this State, set any trap, spring gun or other device, at any artificial salt lick or other place, for the purpose of trapping and killing wild deer. It shall not be lawful at any time to pursue deer with dogs in any county of this State. It shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any dog while in actual pursuit of any deer in violation of the provisions of this act. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or cause to be killed, any wild deer in the counties of Suffolk and Queens at any time within five years from the passage of this act. Any person offending against any of the preceding provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each wild deer or fawn so killed, or pursued or trapped, and for every spring gun so set, or wild deer or fawn skin or fresh venison had in his or her possession, and may be proceeded against therefor in any county of the State in which the offender or prosecutor may reside.

We are told that the bill introduced into the Assembly by Gen. N. M. Curtis provides for the prohibition of deer hounding in every part of the State and at all times. If this be so (we have not seen the bill), it covers the ground and should have prompt support.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

WE print on another page a draft of the constitution and by-laws of the National Gun Association which it is proposed to organize at New Orleans this week. An examination of the document will show very fully the purpose and character of the movement, and the practical development of the elaborate scheme will be watched with great interest. The success of the movement will depend almost entirely upon the personal efforts of the officers who shall be appointed to its charge. If they are energetic and clear-headed and feel sufficiently interested in the association to give their time and a deal of actual hard work to it, there is no reason why the Gun Association should not be all that its originators anticipate for it. If Mr. Bloom can succeed in infusing his own enthusiasm into these officers, this movement is sure of success and usefulness.

FATAL FENCE FATUITY.—A fence—a gun—a gunner. Then an Associated Press dispatch: "Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 8.—Yesterday while James Holden was out hunting he attempted to climb a fence with a gun in his hand. The hammer struck a fence rail, discharging the piece, the load of buckshot passing into his head, making a hole as large as an egg. He lived nearly an hour after the accident happened." We repeat it—Don't.

A POOR USE OF FISH.—At some summer resorts the hotel gardens are manured with fine game fish which have been taken by greedy fishermen. The stench from decaying fish has converted the sites of beautiful camps into noisome plague spots. This is a pretty poor way to use game fish.

TINKERING PROTECTION.

WHEN a tin kettle or pan gets leaky by rust or accidental punctures, it may often be made serviceable again by the tinker's soldering iron; but no one cares to pay the tinker to punch holes in his vessels merely for the sake of stopping them, nor to pile patch upon patch to see how much mending his kettle will endure. Yet more than half the fish and game law tinkering is quite as unwise and useless.

The opinion seems to hold with most of our State Legislatures that protection may be assured by an annual or biennial tinkering of the laws; that if the laws are made ponderous enough and obscure enough, their largeness and mystery will terrify and awe all ill-disposed persons into a strict observance of them. They never seem to consider that a law unenforced, or one so silly or unjust as to be unworthy of respect, is worse than no law at all. And so they go on, year after year, swelling the statutes with act upon act, and amendment piled upon section of the fish and game laws, and then—leave the laws to take care of themselves.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.—Some of our esteemed correspondents appear to have forgotten that the present discussion of Adirondack deer hounding does not involve any consideration of the merits of different methods of hunting deer elsewhere. There is no question of the evil effects of the practice as now conducted in the Adirondacks. We want to see that abolished, and we must decline at present to permit the discussion to wander from the definite case in point. There is a big difference between clubbing deer to death in an Adirondack lake or putting a load of buckshot into the victim while the guide holds it, and shooting deer on a run-way.

THE AMERICA CUP.—The first design for a large sloop with which to meet the expected Genesta has been begun. The work has been intrusted to Mr. A. Cary Smith, a choice which will meet with general approval. In the new vessel we may look for the best possible exemplification of the principles which have hitherto ruled the American yachting world.

TRAP-SHOOTING CLUBS cannot be too careful about providing plain and fixed rules for the government of contests. It happens almost every week that an appeal is made to us to settle some simple point, concerning which there would have been no possible wrangling had proper conditions been fixed beforehand.

IT WOULD NOT BE SURPRISING to see some of the big prizes at the New Orleans clay-pigeon tournament go "down East" again this year, and possibly there may be some attraction which will draw them to the Hub. The Massachusetts shooters are really the life of the New England Trap Association.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Some months ago we published information of a Long Island small-bird butcher's proposed trip to Florida. Can any one tell us whether this man is in that State now killing birds for their plumage?

DR. CHRISTOPHER GRAHAM, of Louisville, Ky., died in that city last week. His age was above 100 years. He was a personal friend of Daniel Boone. In our next issue we shall give some notice of his career.

NEW HAVEN SHOW.—Among the names of the judges at the New Haven show is that of Mr. John Davidson, a gentleman whom the public is pleased to see again undertaking the performance of such duties.

BATTERY-SHOOTING is now a subject of discussion in our game columns, and those who have sinkbox experience to give are urged to add their testimony to what has already appeared.

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.—There are four forestry bills before the New York Legislature. There are half a dozen different game law bills before the same body.

NEW JERSEY'S SONG BIRDS ought to be protected from the cupididity of New York millinery manufacturers.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION convened Tuesday. We shall report its proceedings in our next issue.

THE CUVIER CLUB held its annual reception at the club house, Cincinnati, last evening.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

III.—A CAMP ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

THE lengthening shadows of the pine trees warned me to set out for the camp which was to be on the lake somewhere near the outlet. The clouds which had been all day hurrying across the sky seemed to have concentrated in the northeast and looked threatening. I had twelve miles to ride, but Pinto was willing to go and responded readily to the touch of the rowel, and we were soon moving swiftly along the road at the long swinging gallop which seems scarcely more tiring to the tough wiry broncho than it is to his rider. A few miles from the Upper Falls, the stages which had started in the early morning from Marshall's, began to appear. The sad-faced jaded tourists, who were being jolted about in them, excited my commiseration, for they did—most of them—look very unhappy. And why should they not, traveling as they do at headlong speed and being whirled along from one point of interest to another, each of which they are obliged to examine in haste, and then leave to reach the next one on time? The railway companies sell excursion tickets, which allow five days in which to see the Park, and the holder of one of these fairly bounds from the railroad train into a wagon, in which he spends most of his time while he is in the Park. No wonder that he soon becomes worn out—so fatigued that the most wonderful scenes make little impression upon him. When he leaves the Park, he feels obliged to at least express some enthusiasm about it, because he has heard and read so much concerning its wonders, but his honest feelings are of disappointment; secretly he thinks that the region has been much overrated. He has been surfeited with scenery. This is no way to see the Park, and hereafter I shall endeavor to show how, with great comfort and at small expense, the tourist can visit this region and thoroughly enjoy every minute passed there.

Four miles from the Falls I turned off the main road and took the one leading up the river to the Lake. Although following along close to the stream, the forest for much of the distance conceals the water, but occasionally glimpses of it are to be had.

The old mud volcano, which many years ago was quite active, has now apparently ceased its eruptions and is partially dried up, though it still boils and steams fitfully in a few places. The so-called Devil's Workshop, a great black cave in the hill to the right of the road, is, however, still active, and gives forth great volumes of steam with the same dull throbbing or pumping noise for which it has always been celebrated. In the hillside very near at hand, and easily recognized by the white cloud which ever rises from it, is a large circular mud spring, perhaps twenty feet in diameter. Thirty feet below the edge of the opening is a boiling, seething mass of dark gray liquid mud constantly in motion, which appears to issue from a hole in the side of the hill at the bottom of the crater, and then to be sucked into it again. Hot, sulphurous steam rises in clouds from this boiling mass and wets one side of the crater wall, which is here curiously streaked with bright copper green and rich brown. There are numerous other hot springs and sulphur vents here, which have been fully described by various writers.

The road to the lake is an attractive one. It leads through forests, sometimes of living green, at others dead—killed by the fires which have in the past been kindled by Indians or careless and malicious whites. Here and there are pretty grassy meadows, and from them charming views may be had of the river, which, as we approach the lake, becomes broader and spreads out over wide flats. To the right the mountain rises sharply, and forms the Elephant's Back, about 1,000 feet in height.

There are broad openings on the shores of the lake near the outlet, where the grass grows thick and rank, and here a dozen years ago, a Long Island bayman named Topping built himself a cabin on a little point jutting out into the water. With an ordinary whipsaw he cut planks from the pine logs of the neighboring forest, and with these constructed a skiff and a catboat, in which he used to transport the few visitors to the lake across to Steamboat Springs, or out to the various islands. Topping left his cabin and moved out of the Park years ago, and the boats soon after went to pieces, and since then there have been none on the lake.

In the marshes, pond holes and sloughs in the river near where it leaves the lake I saw many flocks of mallards and Canada geese, and sandpipers and bay birds were noticed feeding along their margins, and a few coots in the shallow pools. Although especially numerous at the outlet and at the mouth of Pelican Creek, ducks and geese are abundant everywhere on the lake, and flocks of the latter frequently flew along the shore within gunshot of our camp. A number of swans were seen and a few pelicans, though these last seemed much less numerous than I have seen them in former years. Every one seems to take pleasure in shooting these great birds, which are quite worthless as food and yet are so interesting a feature of the bird life of the lake. Half a dozen carcasses of pelicans shot that summer were seen near the outlet, which had evidently been killed in pure wantonness.

The trout fishing in the Yellowstone Lake is good, if we consider only the size and abundance of the fish. Although there are some points along the shore especially favorable for casting, it is an easy matter to catch plenty of trout from almost any point of rocks, and even from the sloping gravelly beach. During the afternoon of the day we reached the lake two of the men in a short time caught twenty or twenty-five fish here, and after dinner, just at dusk, I set up my rod, and using a white miller for a tail fly, made a few casts from the shelving beach in front of the tents. The first fish that I struck was logy and dull, and in a very short time I was able to draw him out on to the beach. The second one made a much sharper fight, and kept the pliant bamboo on the strain for quite a little while, before I dared bring him to the water's edge.

The following afternoon, just before sunset, I strolled along shore, and took seven or eight fish, all of which I returned to the water, as there were several others out fishing, and they could be trusted to secure enough to supply the table. There was nothing like uniformity in the fighting qualities of these fish. Many of them made little resistance—for trout—when struck, but occasionally one would take the fly, which afforded fine sport. One very large fish sprang a foot or two out of the water just as I was recovering for another cast, and seizing the fly at the critical moment, snapped the line an inch or two above the leader, and made off with my whole cast.

These fish would weigh from one to two pounds each, and are enormously abundant. Unfortunately they are afflicted with a parasitic worm which takes up its quarters in the flesh just beneath the skin, where it lies coiled up in a knot, usually forming a slight protuberance which can be readily seen or felt. Sometimes, however, they are deeper seated and within rather than on the flesh. If the fish were thoroughly cooked, no doubt they could be eaten, without any unpleasant results, worms and all, but the idea of using food of this kind is not an agreeable one, and all the fish caught were skinned and carefully examined, and those in which the parasites were found were rejected.

These worms are about the thickness of a knitting needle, somewhat flattened, and occasionally attain a length of over two feet. Specimens submitted to Professor Leidy were pronounced by him to be nearly allied to similar parasites of the European salmon, but a new species, which he described under the name *Dibothrium cordiceps*. They seem to appear first in the intestines, and thence after a time make their way into the flesh.

During the greater portion of our sojourn on the lake the weather was fine, and while this was the case the mornings and the evenings were usually calm, but toward midday a fresh breeze rose, tossing up tiny waves which rippled on the beach with a soft, pleasant murmur.

Yellowstone Lake lies about 7,700 feet above the level of the sea. It contains 150 square miles of water, and there is probably no other lake in the world of equal size at so great an elevation. Roughly speaking, its shape is like that of an open hand which lacks the first and middle finger. The wrist is at the northern end of the lake, the West Arm answers to the outstretched thumb, and the South and Southeast Arms to the "ring" and little finger. It is a lovely sheet of water; for the most part serenely picturesque, lying like a great sapphire beneath the unclouded sky; but sometimes, when the autumn storm clouds gather about the mountain tops, and becoming black and threatening, roll down their sides, when the fierce cold winds whistle through the cañons and ravines, and make the pines toss their branches about and sigh and moan, the dark waters rise in fury, and white-crested waves hurry shoreward, tumbling in upon the beach with the hoarse tumult and the volume of the ocean's surf. Shut in on all sides by the somber green of the pine forest, the lake gleams brightly under the summer sun, the loveliest spot in all the Park. Above its blue waters is the narrow, gray line of beach or bluff. Above that are the pines, clothing the mountain side with verdure, and then, higher still, rise the snow-clad pinnacles and ridges of half a dozen mountains, whose white crests are sharply projected against the unclouded sky.

From whatever point it is viewed, the lake is beautiful, and its beauties never pall on the senses. The more familiar one becomes with its scenery the lovelier it appears. There are a hundred views from its shores, of water, and island and timbered point, and bold promontory, and curving bay and smooth green hillside, and beetling crag and white snow-cone, each different from all the others, and each possessed of a charm which is all its own.

Our first camp on the lake was delightfully situated on a bluff about fifteen feet above the beach. The tents standing among a grove of noble pine trees, faced the southeast, looking out over the broad expanse of waters toward a shore that was eight miles distant. To the east, far back from this shore, rose Mt. Chittenden, to the southeast Mts. Doane and Langford, and still further to the south, up the valley of the Upper Yellowstone, the black peak of Turret Mountain, then Flat Mountain, and beyond it Mount Sheridan and the Red Mountain Range. Of all the grand peaks and ranges which from the outlet meet the eye, Sheridan is the most imposing. This is due not less to its apparent height than to the great mass of snow which covers it.

A mile or two from the shore to the southeast is Stevenson Island, long, low and timbered, which, distinctly seen, throws back the remainder of the landscape into the further distance and gives a charming effect. At evening as the sun was setting and had already begun to fall behind the Elephant's Back, a curious green light would spread over the whole lake. Then gradually the waters changed from green to blue, and from blue to pale purple, and the shadows crept slowly up the mountain sides toward the peaks. Their snowy crowns took on a rosy glow, and then faded and grew cold; twilight hung its veil over the scene, and one by one the brilliant stars stood out in the heavens. As we watched, the shadows grew heavier, the distant mountains were lost to view, and then a pale clear radiance appeared in the opposite sky, and before long the glorious harvest moon rose above the eastern hills and laid a broad straight path of living waving silver upon the heaving waters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO MY OL' DAWG DRIVE.

WHEN ye wag y'r tail an' yelp, a-snoozin'
Clus' t' the fire this froze-up weather,
'S y'r dreams to comin' times a-cruisin'
Er back to them 't we've had together?
Which is 't, ol' dawg?

Good times we've had, an' many on 'em,
No man an' dawg 't I know 's had more;
We've got 's much fur as any on 'em,
'N' of ri' daown fun as big a store—
Han't we, ol' dawg?

Sen' fust I took to guns an' huntin',
A many dawgs I've raised an' had;
But I can say withaout no stuntin',
Though more was good 'n the' was bad,
You're best, ol' dawg.

If we could live to be a hunderd.
In everlastin' lojin summer;
'N' I never missed 'n' you never blundered,
We'd stan' aside for some new-comer,
Most willin', dawg.

But twelve year ol', an' deaf 's a post,
Blind of an eye, an' rheumatizy;
You'll go in tew three year at most,
Leave me 'n' the gun, wi' naught to busy,
Withaout no dawg.

I will say this, if nothin' stronger,
Though findin' fault wi' Natur' 's wrong,
I wish 't dawgs' lives 's a leetle longer,
Erless men's lives wa'n't quite so long;
I du, ol' dawg!

DANVIS, Vt., Jan., 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* DEAR SIR—These lines, found in Mrs. Huldah Lovel's ragbag, like those which I have before sent you, I forward to you to do with as you see fit I was not acquainted with Mr. Samuel Lovel, and do not know whether he was a good, bad or indifferent speller, but in his verses I think he must have written as nearly as possible as he and his neighbors spoke. It is quite common here even now, in speaking, to drop the i from "is," the a from "as," and sound only the n in "an," "and" and "than." "Stunt" is always used for "stint," except when an allotted task is meant; then it is "stent." With these explanations I hope you will have no difficulty in understanding him. With great respect, yours, HORACE MUMPSON, Schoolmaster in Dist. No. 13.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

VIII.

THE south wind had been roaring for forty-eight hours after its first piercing chill, softening the snow so that it took the imprint of the foot of man and beast as sharp and clear as an impression in wax; then bringing to its surface weeds and tops of knolls, then making it so splashy that the brooks burst their bonds and overran them in swishing yellow floods, when one January night Lisha's friends came straggling in over the sloppy roads. The talk ran naturally to tracking 'coons, which the weather favored, then to the life and habits of the animal.

"Wal, boys," said Lisha, splashing a tap in the tub, "s'pose ye'll all be arter 'coons termorrer, won't ye? This thaw 'll fetch 'em aout."

"Wal, I d' know," Sam Lovell answered; "I kind er thought I'd take a little turn arter 'em 'f nothin' happens."

"Dat what we 'll call it chat sauvage in Canada ah guess so, 'coon? Dat same ting ah 'll hear it sometam rrrac-coon? Yas?"

"Sartinly, Antwine," said Solon Briggs, "'coon and raccoon is what we call anonymous terms for one and the same annymill. Raccoon, I expect, is a Latin or Greece word, which 'coon is the English of it."

"Then grease is their name as well as their natur', for they 're the fattest creeturs," said Sam.

"Naow, Antwine," asked Solon, "what might be the true meanin' an' interporation of 'shaw syvadge'?"

"Wall, M'sieu Brigg, lemme see, ah 'll tole you—chat, he mean cat, an' sauvage, he mean he don't tame—m-what you call 'em wil'? Chat sauvage, wil'cat, on'stan'?"

"Hm! yes, wildcat, or to speak more eggzack, puttin' the cart afore the hoss arter the French fashion, 'cat wild,' similar to 'shovelnware' for a black hoss, which 'shovel' means hoss an' 'nware' means black. Naow, hain't that a most onnat'ral-hist'ry name, so to speak, for a 'coon or a raccoon, which it hain't noways the natur' of the feline race, but much more resemblances a bear, a layin' dormouse in winter an' catin corn an' shack as much as meat victuals as no critters of the cat speshy do?"

"Sartin, Solon, you're right," said Sam, "a 'coon 'ould make a first-rate little bear 'f 'twan't fer his tail. He's jist as independent, an' hoggish, an' sorter cunnin'-foolish, an' fond of water an' mud, an' sweet-toothed, an' hot-toothed tew, fer he'll dig wild turnips an' eat 'em jes' 's a bear will. Haow on airth any critter 't ha'n't got its maouth an' insides lined with sheet iron, can chaw an' swaller a green wild turnip 's more 'n I can understand. Why, it's wus 'n forty thaousan' red hot needles a jabbin' int' yer tongue, 'f ye ever bit one."

Almost every one present confessed to having been fooled in the days of his youth by some rough practical joker into tasting the bulbous root of the plant, whose snake-like spathe should warn one that it biteth even like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

"Wal, naow," said 'Lisha, laying aside his lapstone, shoving his spectacles on to the top of his head, and resting his elbows on his knees, "that makes me think of a man 'at I knowed 'at come tu his death along of foolin' a boy with a wild turnip, 'n' I d' know but what it sarved him putty nigh

right, naow ra'ly I don't. His name was Bijer Jarvis. Why, some on ye knowed 'im; he use ter run the sawmill up in the Notch. He was a red-headed, cross-grained, ill-natured creetur, 't would wruther see folks in hot water 'n aout on 't. Good airth an' seas! 'f I ha'n't spoke in meetin', fer he was Peltier's uncle! Peltier's mother was a Jarvis. But she wa'n't to blame fer it, 'n' I haint goin' to spile a story fer relation's sake, so ye need n't take no pride in what I say, Peltier."

"Houh! Gol darn Uncle Bige! Blast his ole picter!" exclaimed Pelatiah, "he never done nothin' for none o' aour folks only cheat father aout 'n a yoke o' tew o' ole steers, so I hearn 'em tell. Ye need n't spile no stories 'baout him on my 'caount, Uncle Lisher."

"Wal," Lisha continued after this little interruption, "Bijer was a runnin' the sawmill, an' one mornin' when he was a goin' 'long the road through the woods to the mill he seen a wild turnip an' pulled it, an' kerried it 'long, thinkin' mebbe 't he'd dry it agin he had a cough in the fall, for some sets gret store by wild turnips dried an' grated an' took in 'lasses for a hackin' cough. Curous, haint it, 't when they're dried they ha' no more taste into 'em 'n a piece o' chalk? Wal, he mogged along to the mill an' rolled a lawg on t' the kerridge an' dogged it an' histed the gate, an' jist then there come along a boy a fishin' of the name o' Morrison, an' stopped to see him saw. He was al'ays a gawpin' raound, lookin' at the contraptions an' askin' questions, more 'n boy-fashion, for he seem to be kinder studyin' inter 'em, 'n' they said 't he made a reglar little sawmill complete, kerridge, rag wheel an' all, an' sot it a runnin' in a brook clus ter his folkses. It al'ays made Bijer crosser 'n two sticks to see him raound, 'n' he didn't take no notice on him till bimeby he happened to think of the turnip, 'n' he sat 'im 'f he liked apples, 'n' he said he did, for who ever see a boy 't didn't? Then s' he, 'did ye ever eat any sweet graound apples? Here's one o' the sweetest ever ye see,' handin' on 'im the turnip; 'take a bite on it.' The boy took a good bite an' chawed it kinder slow, lookin' at Bijer, but Bijer looked turrible honest, 'n' clever 's he ever could, so the boy didn't think nothin'. In tew three minutes it begin to take holt, 'n' then he begin to sputter 'n' spit 'n' cry, an' holler 't his maouth was full o' bumblebees an' hornets, 'n' Bijer settin' there on the lawg goin' into fits a laughin' at 'im, till the boy cleared aout mos' crazy with the fire in his maouth, 'n' Bijer didn't see nothin on 'im agin for a month, till one day he popped up ahind a pile o' boards a shakin' his fist at 'im an' hollered, 'You ole red-headed heap! I'll pay ye some time, see 'f I don't,' 'n scooted aout o' sight 'fore Bijer could fling an aidgin' at 'im. All this while an' arter, things kep' gittin' aout o' kilter 'raound the mill; sticks in the wheel, bull-wheel rope wore aout 'n' breakin', saw duller 'n a hoe, all kinder onaccaountable, no body knowed haow. Bime-by long late in the fall when the pond froze over, Bijer was a fussin' 'raound the bulkhead one day, choppin' a lawg loose or suthin' nuther, 'n' bime-by he broke through an' went in kersouze! 'n' he couldn't git aout, for the ice wouldn't hold an' the lawgs an' bulkhead 'n' things was all ice so 's 't he couldn't keep no holt on 'em, 'n' the water all the while a suckin' his laigs int' the flume. Jest then he seen that 'ere boy come skatin' 'long the pond, 'n' he hollered for him to reach him a pole or a board, but the boy kep' a skitterin' 'raound a laughin' at 'im, an' say-s he, 'Ole redhead, don't ye wish 't ye hed one o' them sweet graound apples to warm ye up? Mus' be kinder cool bathin' in there. I'd go 'n' dig ye one 'f 't wa'n't all froze up.' Bijer begged an' cussed an' sploshed 'raound, an' cussed an' begged, 'n' last when he was mos' tuckered aout he begin to pray, 'n' then that 'ere imp of a boy hooked a pike pole into his cut-collar an' hauled him on t' the ice 'n' snaked him ashore. He couldn't stan' 'n' the boy went arter somebody 'n' they kerried 'im hum. He never got well agin arter, nor able to walk. Some said 't was rheumatiz 'n' some said 't was dyspepsy in the laigs—I do' know. One day the nex' summer when they'd sot 'im aout on the stoop tipped back in his cheer, that 'ere darned boy come along 'n' stood 'n' gawped at 'im. Bimeby say-s he, 'Mr. Jarvis,' say-s he, 'I've brung ye suthin 't 'll do ye good. I've took lots o' trouble to git it for ye.' 'N' he pulled an' alfired gret wild turnip rut aout'n his pocket. 'Take a bite an' chaw it dawn,' say-s he, a shovin' on it under his nose; 'take a bite, I've owed ye one more'n a year.' Bijer gin a kinder start, 'n' the hind laigs of his cheer slipped 'n' he come daown ker lummux! 'n' hurt his head some way so 's 't he died in a week or tew. 'N' that's what *he* got for feedin' boys wild turnips."

"Bah gosh! Ah guess wen he begin to dead he'll sorry he foolish dat boys, an't it?"

"That boy," said Solon, "was vindictative."

"I do' know as that was what they called it," said Lisha; "seems though they said he was injiunew-ous. Any way he went off, 'n' they say 't he's what they call a injin-near on one o' them 'ere steam railroads daown in Massachusetts somewheres."

"Dew you think, Sammywell," Solon asked, getting back to the subject under consideration, "that the vocal voice of a 'coon resemblances a screechaowl?"

"Wal," Sam answered, "I do' know. Some says that a 'coon does make a noise sometimes 'at saounds suthin' like a screechaowl, only kinder hoarser. I had a tame 'coon onct for most a year, but I never hearn him dew anything but graowl when he was mad, an' squall when he was hurt, jes' you've hearn 'em when a dawg hed a holt on 'em. He was the cunninest little cuss! Inter all the mischief he could think on, an' more tew. The chickins hed to suffer when he got into the hen haouse, evey time, 'n' he'd raise tunkit with everything he could git into in the haouse. When he was eatin' he'd keep a sozzlin' his grub in his pan o' water all the time. Uncle Lisher makes me think on 'im evey time he sploshes his luther in his tub. Shouldn't wonder, Uncle Lisher, 'f you turned into a 'coon yit."

"Darn'd 'f I wouldn't like tew part o' the year, Samwill. Wouldn't it be cute to curl up when the col' weather come on an' snooze till spring or a thaw come, an' not haf to bother gittin' wood or grub?"

"Ye'd want to take yer 'long pipe with ye, an' some terbacker an' matches in yer pocket when ye went inter a holler tree—'t would be lonesome goin' without a smoke so long."

"Naow, does 'coons hev pockets?" asked the man who never spoke but to ask a question.

"Course they dew," Sam answered shortly; "inside pockets, 'n' I d' know but cut-tail pockets an' trowses pockets. An' then agin, Uncle Lisher, when the' come a thaw an' ye turned aout an' went traipsin' raound an' somebody tracked ye into another tree, haow 'd ye like to hev 'm cudd aown the tree 'n' knock ye in the head?"

"'T would be you, Samwill, 'at faound me, an' you'd know me by the smell o' luther, 'n' you wouldn't hurt yer Uncle Lisher. 'N' I'm glad you made me think on 't, for I guess I'd ort to hev a smuk afore I turn into a 'coon." Whereupon he cleaned the bowl of his pipe with an awl, ran a waxed end through the stem, blew through it, and then shaving some tobacco from a plug on his cutting board with a shoe knife, was presently in the full enjoyment of what he called a "ri'daown good smuk."

"Ah bet too he a'n't fregit when he be 'coon as' you, Sam, haow you lak it you boot, an' when you tole 'im he too tight he say 'he straysh!' Wen you tole 'im he too loose, he say 'he shrimp!' Hein, Onc Lasha, you don't fregit dat, a'n't it?"

"Arrrh! You dum peasouper!" Lisha growled, like a good-natured bear.

"'F you want fur," said Sam, "trackin' 'coons on the snow 's all well 'nough, but it's mortal hard work wallerin' in the soft snow all day. But 'f you want fun an' music, take yer dawgs an' hunt 'em nights in cornfields, an' when they've ben shackin' under sweet acorn trees, an' sometimes you'll strike a track 'long a brook when they've ben a froggin'. Hev tew three good haoun's a hootin' on a track fer a good spell, an' then singin' halleluyer raound a tree! That's what I call fun alive! Some druther hev a cur dawg, 'at won't bark till he trees, but gimme more music, 'f I've got to hev less 'coons.

"Wal," said Lisha, ramming his pipe with the handle of his awl, "eveybody to their notion, 's the ole woman said when she kissed her kyow, but I could n't never—sen' I was a boy—see no gret fun in stumblin' raound in the dark 'n' fightin' skeeters half the night, for one or tew 'coons with 'baout as much hair on 'em 's the' is on the back o' yer hand, 'n' like 's not, not git nary 'coon arter all."

"Why, Uncle Lisher," said Sam Lovel, "is that ra'ly your idee of the fun o' huntin', jest to git suthin' that's wuth money? Seems to me, if fur an' meat 's all a feller 's arter, he aint goin' to git no gret comfort aout on 't."

"Shaw, Samwill! you haint a goin' to ondertake to make me b'lieve 't you don't feel better a bringin' hum a fox skin, er a 'coon skin, er half a dozen patridges, 'n' ye dew comin' hum wi' nothin'? I know better 'n' that."

Of course I like to git suthin' to show for a day's hunt, an' it's comf'table to the feelin's to make a good shot, but 'f I didn' tnever git nuthin' only what I c'n show, I sh'ld stay to hum more 'n what I dew. If dollars an' cents an' suthin t' eat was all I was arter, I'd snare patridges 'n' trap foxes, an' you never heard o' my doin' nary one."

"Wal, then, Samwill, what on airth dew ye go for? Ye hunt more 'n' 'most any body I know, an' ye git more game."

"I can't hardly tell, Uncle Lisher. It comes nat'ral for me to run in the woods. 'F I do git more game to show for it 'n' some does, I git suthin besides 't I can't show. The air o' the woods tastes good to me, for 't haint ben breathed by nothiu' but wild creeturs, 's 'n ole feller said 'at useter git up airly daown in Rho'd Islan' where my folks come from. I luffter breathe it 'fore common folks has. The smell o' the woods smells good to me, dead leaves 'n' spruce boughs, 'n' rotten wood, 'n' it don't hurt in none if it's spiced up a leetle bit with skunk an' mink an' weasel an' fox p'fum'ry. An' I luffter see trees 'at 's older 'n any men, an' graound 't wa'n't never plaowed 'er hoed a growin' nat'ral crops. 'N I luffter hear the stillness of the woods, fer 't *is* still there. Wind a sythin, leaves a rustlin', brooks a runnin', birds a singin', even a bluejay a squallin', haint noises. It takes folks an' waggins an' horses an' cattle an' pigs an' sech to make a noise. I git lots o' things a huntin' 't I can't show ye nor tell ye 'baout, an' a feller that don't, don't git the best o' huntin', 'cordin' to my idee."

"I do' know but what ye've got 'baout the right on 't, Samwill," said Lisha, after smoking slowly and gazing for some minutes out into the dark through his long window. "I do' know but what ye hev, Samwill. Wal, boys, 'f ye 'r goin' arter 'coons termorrer ye'll want'er sleep some fust." And he arose and took off his apron. Presently the wooden latch clicked behind the last departing guest.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XIV.—"THE ELYSIUM OF PERENNIAL BASS."

ON the day before the arrival of the new comers, we started out, intending to make the lower outlet of Loughborough and follow the stream to the falls, and after carrying around these to the smooth water below, to work over into Crow Lake, some twelve miles to the east. It was a rather ambitious undertaking, for it was nearly eight miles to the outlet, and in case night overtook us so far from our base, we might not have an altogether pleasant time of it. After discussing the expediency of taking a tent fly for shelter against a night out, we determined to make no extra preparation except in the way of lunch, and if belated, to trust to making our way to camp in the dark. An extra pair of oars were put in the boat, the provisions stored, and we stood off to the north. A couple of miles from camp, where the lake narrowed in toward an island, which loomed up midway between the shores, the company separated, Truthful James to take the eastern shore while we turned off to cast along the western. This latter was thickly wooded to the water's edge, and with an occasional log submerged a foot or two below the surface or projecting that distance above, suggested the presence of big-mouths, and likewise warned us of the trouble which would probably ensue should we get a strike from beneath such convenient covers. It is one of the weaknesses of the angler that he can never resist temptation when it presents itself in this shape. We yielded to the enticements of the surroundings, and stripping off a dozen feet of line, made a cast squarely alongside a log which lay parallel with the shore with half its length above the surface. We felt in our bones, while we were making the forward cast, and before the flies touched the water, that there was trouble on hand; and it came, came with a tug and a dash under the log, and we were fastened as firmly as though tied to one of the trees on shore. Lowering the tip to the water, we passed the line under the end of the log, brought it to the opposite side, and tautened it with a quick upward movement. This had the desired result; there was another rush, this time toward the shore, a turn, a dash for the log, and we were fast again. The same tactics freed the line once more, and we had an open water fight for a few seconds just clear of the log, which ended in spite of our efforts owing to the position of the boat, by another retreat to the cover. This time the fish did not stop under the log, but rushed three or four feet beyond, where it broke water, and we were treated to the sight of a small-mouth as large as any which we had yet taken. But it was our only view, for as it left the water and tightened the leader, there was a snap, and the leader parted just where it came in contact with the log, and we felt the trouble in our bones no longer. We repaired the damage, and about fifty feet further on tried the same experiment with another log, and got out of the scrape with the loss of the dropper. Our next experience was at a log which stood nearly upright, and here we landed a villainous pike, after he had sawed the gut of one of the flies until it was just ready to part. Before we had gone fifty yards further, we were minus another leader and flies; but not before we had seen the destroyer, a four-pounder, show himself in a grand quivering leap. After that we gave the logs a wide berth, and half a mile further on found a somewhat bold and rocky shore where the water was free from obstructions. Here, within a distance of two hundred feet, we struck and landed five bass, which averaged two pounds apiece.

It is perhaps needless to add anything to the discussion of a subject which can now be regarded as fairly settled—the superior fighting qualities of the small-mouth over the big-mouth bass. We venture to assert that the few champions of the latter have never found the small-mouth in the glory of his perfection. We have fished in waters where their fighting qualities were about evenly balanced, but in all these the small-mouth was not up to the standard, and this undoubtedly has been the case when a conclusion so favorable to the big-mouth has been reached. We can name waters where eight out of every ten small-mouth bass will, when hooked, break water, and this is a fair, if not a true test of their gaminess. When the big-mouths adopt the same tactics in like proportion, they may be put on the same plane. This leads us to assert another fact sustained by our experience, viz.: that the small-mouth is a more vigorous fighter in waters where it is not a native; transplanting seems to infuse a new vigor and to add several degrees to their gaminess. What says he of the Bigosh to this?

A couple of miles further on, Truthful James met us at an island midway of the lake. He outnumbered us in his catch by several, and had met with no mishaps like our own. Here we exchanged shores, and our oarsmen soon put the width of the lake between us. By the time we had added a half dozen to our score, the water began to grow shallow, and we found ourselves over a muddy bottom. Before we were within half a mile of the outlet the keel was stirring up the black deposit. The last forty rods were made with considerable labor, and we reached the stream down which we expected to pass only to find that there was not enough water in it to float a canoe. We beached our craft on a grassy bank, just at the entrance to the outlet, saw our lunch and tackle on shore, and then stretched ourselves under a tree and awaited the coming of Sabattis. When he arrived he was sent down the stream to examine and report on the feasibility of further progress. He soon returned with the information that to reach Crow Lake a carry of a mile would be necessary, as the water was almost entirely out of the stream. As no one man could carry either of the boats, we abandoned the expedition right there. It was now after twelve o'clock, and we started in search of a place where we could spread our lunch and enjoy a noonday hour. Directed by Sabattis, we followed a trail for a quarter of a mile, crossed a little run, turned short to the right, and a few rods beyond found a clear, cold spring in the dense shade, with a large fallen tree hard by on the bank above. Here George and Sabattis brought our lunch and then left us to ourselves.

The memory of that dreamy summer noon comes up to us now, amid the wintry blasts, and we picture to ourselves the ice-bound stream, the ravine piled deep with snow and the solitude and desolation of that pretty trysting place, in the middle of the Canadian winter. There we lounged while two long hours "sweat her sixty minutes to the death," and our thoughts never once turned to where the waves of human life were surging and dashing and beating themselves into naught but empty bubbles and foam. Our isolation was as complete as though we were in "the desert behind Algiers," and when in response to our signal call, two dark-hued forms came up the trail, representatives of world-separated races, alien in sympathy and aspiration with our Aryan blood, it only made wider the gap which opened between us and the century's civilization, a civilization in which they had no part nor place.

The expedition to Crow Lake being abandoned, we turned our faces toward camp. On our way thither we took about a dozen bass, none of them being remarkable for weight. That night came the first warning that our summer camp was drawing nigh its end. A letter had arrived which sounded of the world, and summoned us to join once more in its toil. Such a summons had come to us in other years, but never found us so unwilling to obey as now. While we knew full well that the end would soon be at hand, it struck our heart with a feeling not unlike that which used to come with the sharp rap of the master on the door post of the old school house on the hillside, when at the end of a glorious noon spell he called us to unwilling tasks.

When the lawyer and the editor arrived another tent was added to the settlement on the bluff, and another boat to the fleet on the beach. Their first day out was marked by the capture of twenty-five small-mouths, and they were in ecstacies over the fishing. On their second morning in camp, while all were at breakfast, George announced that "Santiago was a coming," and soon that worthy presented himself. He had come to tell us that he had just found a new ground which was alive with bass. The editor left his breakfast unfinished and, without waiting for the others, rushed to his boat and was soon put in place by Sabattis who then left him and returned to camp. Before the rest of the party were ready to set out, a series of whoops broke the quiet of the morniug, coming across the bay from the direction of the fishing ground. From the bank below the tent we could see the editor, a full mile away, and could assure ourselves that he had not fallen overboard, but whether his yells were the result of colic, cussedness or raw material, we could not tell. It was, however, thought best to investigate.

As we pushed off from the shore the yells came with increased volume across the water, and some one thought that he heard a "hurrah" mixed in with the rest. It was suspected just then that the lone fisherman, deprived of his politics in camp, had taken advantage of the retired location to give vent to the same, and that he was "whooping it up" for somebody. By the time we had passed over half the distance we could see that he was standing; at two-thirds of the distance it looked as though he was engaged in a walking-match. The rumpus was meanwhile being well sustained, and at ten rods we were able to grasp the situation. The editor was bare-headed, his hat was hung on the bow of the boat, his rod was bent half double and he was playing circus with some kind of a fish which he was taking at "a forty gait" around the boat, in an elliptical-shaped course, between the foci of which—the bow and the stern—he was

making repeated and rapid trips. We watched him while he put three bass through a ring performance and landed them, and then pulled alongside. His boat was half filled with water, and he looked as though he had been overboard. George was directed to bail the boat, and after the water had been lowered somewhat it looked like Sabattis' fish box. The cause of the noise was now apparent. The editor had taken fourteen bass and had given way to his excitement in the whoops which we had heard a mile away. In a few minutes his boat would have been swamped, as he had evidently stood much of the time on the gunwale.

After his boat had been put in trim the editor resumed business. We anchored a few yards away and were soon joined by Truthful James. That day we attained the climax of bass fishing; we had found "the elysium." More than once each of the four members of the party was playing a fish at the same time. There would be a lull for a while in the proceedings, then suddenly the Ku-Klux mask would take on a fiercer expression and his lithe Mitchell would go into action with a curve and a spring, the lawyer would surge back with his heavier rod, and the act would close by the editor throwing off his hat and starting another circus.

By a little after noon every one felt that to fish much longer would be an inexcusable slaughter, if it were not such already. We had taken over a hundred bass, nearly all of which were small-mouths, and were content to rest for the remainder of the day. Our fish were distributed among the dwellers at the outlet, the camp and Sabattis coming in for a full share. Our visitors were more than delighted; such fishing they had never before experienced.

Grand as we found the fishing, Truthful James bore witness to the fact that it did not equal that of four years since. During that period it has been on the decrease. No reason to ask why. That being which curses every water with his presence from Maine, along the St. Lawrence, the lakes of New York, the Delaware, the Susquehanna—but why enumerate. The pot-fisher, the fish hog, the pest that ought to be shot on sight, has found this lake, and in the spring months strings his hoop-nets along its shores. The Dominion has game laws, to be sure, but these permit the granting of licenses to set nets for "skin fish," *i. e.*, catfish and eels. Two enterprising individuals therefore secured, to the exclusion of all others, a license to set nets in Loughborough Lake and for "skin fish!" If reports be true they skin fish with a vengeance. Two barrels a week have been sent to market in the towns along Lake Ontario. What they contained no one at the lake was allowed to see, but they were "skin fish" concerns no doubt. A complaint has been made to the Minister of Fisheries, or some such officer, and an investigation has been promised. The man with the net deserves the same heroic treatment that his compeer with dynamite receives at St. Petersburg and Berlin.

Four more days of fishing, less remarkable for the catch than the one above mentioned, but days nevertheless of royal sport, followed, and the week closed; and with it our guests departed, the lawyer to Montreal and the editor to his home.

And now came the summons for Truthful James, and our thoughts began to take a new shape and to wing their way over the border, where we knew a furnace heated tenfold was awaiting our coming. Our peace was well-nigh gone, and there only remained to extract what pleasure we might out of the few remaining days. The time was so fixed for our respective departures that we would be left alone in camp for several days after Truthful James had token his leave.

Do what we would the thoughts of the coming break-up were ever upon us—an incubus which oppressed, and from which we could not escape. WAWAYANDA.

Natural History.

"THE BIRDS OF LONG ISLAND."*

AN INTERESTING VOLUME OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

GOING into the office of a friend the other day, the talk drifted into a question of ornithology. In determining it he dived into his desk and brought up a plain and rather dingy muslin-bound book, entitled "The Birds of Long Island," published in the city of New York in 1844 and copyrighted a year earlier. So much was I interested that I carried it off in order that I might look through it a little more at leisure. And I venture to subjoin a few extracts, not for the scientific knowledge, but that the present readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may note some of the changes that have occurred in various directions since the days when Illinois, Iowa and Indiana were still the western extremes of civilization.

The writer in his classification and further treatise begins with the *Vulturinæ*, of which family the turkey buzzard was the only member on Long Island, and closes with the *Colymbinæ*, represented by the divers and grebes. Between these he touches briefly or at length on the several hundred species native to the island, following principally the nomenclature of Wilson and Audubon. But with the work as a scientific text book the present mention has nothing to do, and the few extracts which are appended are perhaps sufficiently self-explanatory.

Under the head of *Ortyx virginia*, after calling attention to the fact that the naturalists having placed this bird under the genus partridge, we have, therefore, properly speaking, no quail in this country, the author says:

"Four species of partridge are known to inhabit North America, but the California (*Ortyx californica*), the plumed (*Ortyx plumifera*) and welcome (*Ortyx neoxenus*), have only been found in the western part of the continent. The present (*Ortyx v.*) the only species found within the limits of the United States (sic) is very generally distributed throughout the Union, though more abundant in the interior. In the month of January I met it in great numbers in the States of Indiana and Ohio. In the Western States shotguns and pointer dogs are but little used [!!]. The hunters find sufficient employment for their rifles upon larger game, and consider the common American partridge too insignificant to waste their ammunition upon, while their tables are supplied with the savory flesh of the wild turkey and deer. Thus this species continues to multiply, having nothing to contend with except the severity of the weather, or an occasional descent made upon it with nets, though this unsportsmanlike method, particulary in the interior, is but little practiced. As its flesh is not so highly prized as by the fastidious palates of our city epicures, and being so plenty, and so far removed from the markets of the river towns, as a source of gain it would prove unprofitable."

"On Long Island it is quite abundant, notwithstanding this famous shooting ground is visited annually by a great number of sportsmen." * * * "Mr. Audubon states that in Texas, the Floridas, and as far east as the neighborhood of Charlestown, S. C., it breeds twice a year; first in May and again in September, and with us it is by many believed that it rears two broods. With those who are of this opinion, I am inclined to disagree. During the season of shooting, we notice quite a difference in the birds of the year, I admit. The younger of these, I am disposed to think, are the first offspring of their parents, which are later in hatching than those that have bred for several years, or it may occur when the nest has been broken up before the eggs were hatched; and in persisting to raise a brood the female may lay a second time, but in general, I am well persuaded that they do not, with us, rear more than one brood during the year. * * * The eggs of the partridge have frequently been hatched by the domestic hen; the birds have remained with her during the first season, but on the return of spring obeyed their native instinct and took to the fields—although it is the opinion of naturalists that with proper care they could be domesticated."

Of the ruffed grouse our author says: "On Long Island it is quite plentiful, inhabiting generally the middle portion of the island, particularly the chain of hills known as the 'Spine,' which from its formation is best adapted to its habits. I have procured a number in Duchess County on the rough lands adjacent to the Hudson River. In Orange county they are abundant, and are also found in large numbers in the mountainous country that borders the valley of the Delaware."

Here are two stories told by the writer anent ruffed grouse which certainly deserve a place in the column of "Remarkable Shots:"

"In the autumn of 1839 while two of my friends were in pursuit of the American partridge [quail], their dog put up a ruffed grouse. Both gentlemen fired at the same instant, and seeing the bird lodge in a tree both claimed the prize, each supposing that his shot had taken effect. On arriving at the spot they found the bird impaled on a small branch, without having received a single pellet. On another occasion a gentleman started a grouse near Weehawken, N. J.; before he could fire the bird dropped dead. On taking it up he found the skull broken, it having flown against the limb of a tree with such force as to produce instant death."

Speaking of the pinnated grouse, the writer deplores their extinction. "On Long Island the 'prairie hen' is very nearly, if not entirely, extinct. Thirty years ago it was quite abundant on the brushy plains in Suffolk county, which tract is well adapted to its habits; but being a favorite bird with sportsmen, as well as commanding a high price in the New York markets, it has been pursued as a matter of pleasure and profit, till now it is doubtful if a brace can be found on the island. * * * At Martha's Vineyard, I am informed, it is quite plentiful, and during the winter a few are exposed for sale in the New York market procured at that place."

The good people of New York had game laws even in those primitive days. "On the first of July the act which prohibits the shooting of woodcock expires." Further along Mr. Girand quotes from a city ordinance then in force: "No person shall bring into any market, or sell or offer or expose for sale any woodcock, in any market or other place in the city of New York, between the first day of February and the first day of July of any year, under the penalty of ten dollars for each offense."

One more quotation, and I leave the subject: "The brent geese" (brant) says Mr. G., "are very fond of sanding, and resort to bars for that purpose * * *. The bar known as Fire Island bar, on the south side of Long Island, is a celebrated place for procuring them. It is rented to two brothers by the name of Allibу at $120 per annum, and I am informed that these men send to the New York market annually several hundred dollars' worth of birds, the larger proportion of which is brent. * * * In 1838 a law was passed in this State prohibiting the use of batteries. For a short time it was respected, but the gunners who depended on water fowl shooting for a great part of their living considered it such an invasion of their rights that they defied it, at first shooting with masks, at the same time threatening to shoot the informer, should one be found. They finally laid aside their masks, and the law became a dead letter and has since been repealed."

"The Birds of Long Island," I presume, is long since out of print; but it certainly contains a great deal of matter quite as valuable to-day as when issued. J. B. B.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 27, 1885.

* The Birds of Long Island. By J. P. Giraud, Jr., Member of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York. Published by Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, 1844. Pp. 397.

HOW TO IDENTIFY BIRDS.

A FEW years since I made an offer in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to identify any specimens of North American birds sent to me for this purpose, either in the flesh or as skins, the same to be returned if desired. At frequent intervals I have received specimens and much interesting correspondence from widely separated localities, from the Canadian Dominion to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

I wish now to repeat this offer, and make a few suggestions in connection therewith.

Small birds may be preserved for several days, even in warm weather, by removing the intestines, wiping out the interior of body, mouth and throat with a swab of cotton or cloth so as to remove all blood, and thereafter placing gum camphor inside the mouth and body. A bird should be thus prepared as soon as possible after death, placed smoothly in a paper roll or cone, and sent by mail in a box or roll of pasteboard. Memoranda notes of date and locality of the capture of each specimen should be sent, either attached as a label, or by letter, as also any other information of possible value or interest.

Birds of considerable size can be sent in similar manner, if not badly mutilated.

Of course, in the greater number of instances, it would be best to send the skins of birds, especially if at a distance of more than two days' journey, by mail.

Small birds may be preserved for a day or more by merely placing crumbs of gum camphor in the mouth, and inclosing some with the body in its wrapper.

Students of ornithology will observe that in nearly all of the published writings of American ornithologists of the present time the descriptions of species are chiefly devoted to the coloration of the plumage.

Do not, however, regard coloration as of prime importance, lest you be frequently led astray; but refer to it only as of secondary importance, of value in corroboration of other characters.

Whenever desiring to identify a bird by observation of its external features, examine first the *form and proportions* of the bill, feet, wings and tail, *without regard to color of plumage.*

When, after this examination, attention is given to coloration, do not restrict it to the plumage, but note carefully the coloration of the eyes and eyelids, bill, mouth and tongue, and the feet and claws. When skinning birds, always note the sex and contents of stomach of each.

Objects of natural history may be sent by mail as fourth class matter, with written labels attached, at rate of one cent per ounce, each package not to exceed four pounds' weight. EVERETT SMITH.

PORTLAND, Me.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

8. *Galeoscoptes carolinensis* (Linn.) Cabanis—Catbird.

Just why this plainly-clad bird is so often an object of contempt and dislike is a point rather difficult to explain satisfactorily. The poor fellow is credited with committing all sorts of depredations, not the least of which is indiscriminate stealing and nest robbing, and people generally think him capable of the most atrocious deeds. The country urchin will inform you that the catbird is a "real mean, whining, nest-robbing thief," and he stones him whenever opportunity offers, and looks upon him as an interloper and ranks him lower than a skunk or a snake. This is all the result of vulgar prejudice.

The plain colors of the subject of this sketch is hardly a fair point upon which to found a prejudice against him.

The catbird rarely emerges into plain sight, as does the robin, and if he appears in view and sings for a few moments, the chances are that something will occur to cause him to plunge into the thicket; and then the whining, cat-like notes are heard issuing from the depths of the bramble patch and row of garden bushes, and we see no more of him, unless it is to catch a hasty glimpse of his active form as he scratches among the leaves on the ground and shyly eyes us askance.

Undoubtedly the skulking nature of the bird and its disagreeable call notes are the principal unfair counts against this, to me, pleasing, sprightly bird. It is unfortunate for the catbird that it cannot elevate itself to a dignified position. But fate evidently is against it, and the poor fellow is doomed to remain below the elevated sphere of bird life in the estimation of most of those who misjudge it; although, let us trust, that even with its plain colors and not winning ways, it endeavors to maintain its own standard in society and succeeds among its feathered associates.

Professor Coues says: "There is a dead level of bird life, as there is of humanity, and mediocrity is simply despicable," and therefore the poor catbird is relegated to the lower order of bird society.

The catbird comes to us so regularly during the latter part of April or early May that we are not at all surprised at hearing the vehement, jerky song issuing from the usual retreat, and upon closer inspection the songster will be found quite near to the last year's nest, where so many broods of young have been reared. This bird has a remarkable tendency to return to the same spot with the season, year in, year out. Perhaps no other bird, excepting the familiar robin, has the inclination to so repeatedly return to a favored nesting site.

The catbird arrives from April 20 to May 2, according to the season, and leisurely spreading over the entire civilized portion of the Lower Peninsula, his eccentric song is soon heard by all passers by, in thicket, orchard and hedgerow. The eggs are generally deposited by May 15, rarely earlier. About the last of the month is the time for collectors to secure a series of sets. The nests can generally be found in such numbers that one day's trip by a good collector is usually sufficient for a lifetime.

The nest is usually placed about five feet from the ground, but never, to my knowledge, upon the ground, and rarely over ten feet above it. In make-up the structure is principally composed of twigs—some of good size—occasionally considerable straw and plenty of strippings of weed stalks. It is nicely lined with fine roots and presents a compact appearance, although a bulky affair for the size of the bird.

The eggs, usually four in number, are of a bright greenish blue, and are remarkably handsome, though not generally considered so by oölogists because they are so common. Two broods are generally reared in a season.

By October 10 not a catbird is to be seen in Kalamazoo county, and the characteristic whine or call notes, which are all that the bird vouchsafes after the nesting season is over, are rarely heard later than September 20.

The song of this well-known bird is peculiar in the extreme, composed, as it is, of the snatches of other birds' songs, uttered in a desultory, jerky manner in combination with its natural notes.

But if one will take the time to carefully analyze the song, the notes will be found full of melody. Not so clear and full as the robin's, but nevertheless exceedingly musical and harmonious.

This bird is a great favorite with me, and the true lover of birds cannot fail to become possessed of a friendly feeling toward it if its habits are closely studied.

9. *Harporhynchus rufus* (Linn.) Caban.—Brown thrush, brown thrasher.

This species, the largest of the family, is conspicuous from its bright rufus upper parts and long tail. It is known to all, and is common with us from April 20 to Sept. 15. The first arrive in Kalamazoo county as early as April 12, and are often found in numbers by the 15th. The last to leave in the autumnal migration are seen until October.

The eggs are frequently found as early as May 15, and from this date to July 15, fresh eggs and young can be found plentifully. The nest, a bulky affair, is placed quite often on the ground or within a foot of it, and is rarely found ten feet up. Occasionally a nest may be seen all of fifteen feet from the ground, but such cases are rare exceptions. Brush piles, bushes and rail fences generally form nesting places for the homes of the thrasher in civilized sections, but occasionally a nest is placed in a peculiar situation, entirely different from locations usually selected. One nest that came under my observation was built in a hollow on the side of a stump, three feet from the ground.

The eggs, four in number—sometimes only three and rarely five—are so thickly dotted with fine markings of reddish brown as to almost obliterate the light greenish back ground,

Two broods are probably reared in a season, but to this I cannot positively attest. Those nests found late in season are undoubtedly second nests, but the birds may have been influenced in this second effort by a breaking up of the first one, through the evils of amateur egg collecting. The nests built well up from the ground are more often found in late June, and we may attribute the change in position from that usually chosen, to the destruction of the first nest by floods, or some other cause of which we are ignorant.

We connect this bird in our thoughts with the edges of fields and thickets, farms and pasture lots. We rarely find the brown thrush in the city, and in this respect it is unlike others of our favorites, the swallow, robin and oriole.

We expect to find the thrasher at some distance from farmhouses, at roadsides and along the fenced borders of fields, or in open woods where there are huge brush piles in clearings. We do not often learn of an instance where a nest is occupied in such proximity to a tenement as that frequently selected by the robin. It is a much more shy and wary bird, ever on the alert, liking the presence of man, but not familiar. It is best pleased when quite the width of a field from a house, where it can build its nest in a low, neglected apple tree, a hawthorn, or on the ground near a fence, often quite concealed beneath a log.

Here, mounting to the top of the tallest tree near its nest, it pours forth ecstatic melody, executing the most difficult strains with the same ease that it delivers the simplest notes. All noises are attempted; the schoolboy's whistle, the bark of a dog, or the bleating of a lamb are equally well executed and issue from its throat in a continuous, harmonious strain, frequently of an hour's duration. Occasionally a note is heard from this bird rarely heard by ears of our populace, the thrasher having learned it in other sections of the country.

I remember distinctly hearing one often repeating in its madcap song some notes new to my ear, which could not be ascribed to any Michigan bird of my acquaintance. After patiently waiting for some time in the glaring sun of a bright June day, I heard the notes so plainly that I was thoroughly convinced they were an imitation of the song of a southern bird—the "chuck-will's widow," so called, a species allied to our whippoorwill, and named—as in our familiar northern representative of the family—from the words so plainly uttered. This thrush learned, then, the notes of the chuck-will's widow at least five hundred, and probably quite a thousand miles from Michigan, and yet reproduced them so distinctly that one could easily distinguish them, and from mere descriptions in books at once tell the name of the bird imitated. What wonderful mimicry; what a contrast to the best attempts of ventriloquists and imitators, traveling through the country to reproduce before audiences a few mumbled sounds or attempted imitations of the sounds and notes uttered by birds and mammals.

While singing in the top of the tree the thrasher will, without warning and almost at the time of the utterance of its notes, often drop from its lofty perch, and with a few flirts of its long tail, suddenly enter a thicket, or alight on and run along the fence rails. If one passes by he may be seen coyly eyeing the stroller. Should the collector be too intrusive the parents become greatly alarmed, and, though keeping well out of the way—even if the nest is disturbed—show great uneasiness, and at such a time their lemon-colored eyes look actually fierce. The characteristic notes *tset, tset,* are often vigorously repeated as long as the intruder is near, but as soon as quiet is again restored the male quickly ascends to his former perch by a series of flapping of the wings and awkward plunges, and once more opens song as if the whole world was listening, and not alone his patient setting mate.

This exquisite singer is one of a few of our birds which sing during the hours of darkness just before dawn. It gets up so early in the morning as to cause one to doubt whether there is any sense in arguing that "the early bird catches the worm," for if all birds were to arise as early, some of them would have to sit up all night in order to secure a chance at breakfast. The thrasher is frequently heard singing at 3 A. M. during the months of May and June, and I have heard the song as early as 2 A. M., quite a half hour before any others of the diurnal birds had loosened their vocal chords and all of an hour before the general morning concert began. The song sounds out of place in the dark and often chilly night, while yet the owl is lurking for his prey and the whippoorwill still quavers forth its monotonous weird notes. At such a time it has often been my lot to travel over rough country in Montcalm county, and while driving over the mountain woodland logging roads, beset with stumps of all sizes and innumerable roots, and surrounded by stately dark pines, the distant song of this cheering singer in the dismal night is indeed pleasantly hailed as the horse picks his way through the sand and brush.

The thrasher appears to be restricted in its northern range within our State, and seems as yet to be confined to the Lower Peninsula. At least it is not recorded in any of the lists of Upper Peninsula birds. Kneeland fails to embrace it in his list, which gives 147 species. It is, however, undoubtedly found north of the straits. It is quite common near Petoskey. Throughout the counties in Central and Southern Michigan the brown thrush is an abundant species, and though not found so common in heavily timbered sections, is still known to nearly all of the settlers, and with the farmers it is familiar to all from its peculiar coloration. The species usually, if not always, follows civilization, and is undoubtedly little seen or entirely unknown in many quarters covered with pine. It is probably from the fact that the northern peninsula is so heavily wooded that it has not yet been recorded from that locality.

———With the conclusion of the thrasher's biography we complete the history for the present of the members of this family, and, therefore, a few remarks relative to the merits of the thrushes as promotors of good will not come amiss to the agricultural readers of this papers. It will be our custom to speak of a family collectively after describing each species in it, and to venture a few remarks as to relative merits of the birds in the family.

The thrush family comprises one of the most important groups of birds, and the nine species known to visit our State are generally considered by the farmers as their principal allies. It is, however, no more than proper to say that the value supposed to be derived from the thrushes is greatly overestimated, and careful dissections, made within the last few years, have fairly demonstrated that much accredited the members of this family is not their due.

Careful examination of the stomachs of hundreds of specimens of the different species of thrushes, made by prominent entomologists recently, have quite conclusively proven that myriads of predatory species of beetles are devoured by the various thrushes, which would—if they had not been destroyed—have been of great service in destroying other insects most prejudicial to the agriculturist's interest. Convincing proof may be had by reference to several articles published on this subject. A simple example will be appropriate as illustrating one peculiarity of the robin known to all. We are all familiar with our robin's preference for earth worms; still we learn that the earth worms are invaluable to the farmer in enriching and partially cultivating the soil. It has been repeatedly noticed by many that a robin never takes from a tree a cherry that contains a worm or grub. They have been frequently watched, with the invariable result that the pilferer is always seen to select the largest and most perfect cherries. It seems strange that a bird considered so beneficial to man, and generally known as almost entirely insectivorous, should reject a fat grub for a cherry. In this case the robin is at fault, and though many uphold them in their attacks on our fruit, it is a lamentable fact that to the fruit grower such inroads on the crops on which he depends are often a serious loss to him. If left to themselves, a neighborhood of robins will quickly strip a row of trees of their good fruit and leave only infected cherries to propagate the germs of disease in next season's crop. Such a condition is practically irremediable excepting by recourse to the gun, and even this mode of procedure will often fail unless followed severely from day to day. The robins are our favorites, but the enormity of their crimes is often quite glaring.

If careful comparison could be given, it could easily be proven that the robin is one of the least useful of our birds, and quite as destructive—in fact, to my view, more so, than that pest of the Nineteenth century—the English sparrow. But who would have the robin exterminated? Not I. It should not be understood that I am one to prefer the pertinacious sparrow to our robin. On the contrary, I do not wish to place on paper one traitorous thought, but in actual justice to the miserable interloper, I feel it no more than proper to say that while it feeds upon the garbage of our streets, the robin is living upon the fat of the land at least four months in year. The brown thrush is, to my view, the most beneficial member of the family; the wood thrush ranks next, while the catbird is next to the robin in point of destructiveness. I feel safe in saying that at least three families, the swallows, warblers and woodpeckers, are decidedly superior to the thrushes as destroyers of noxious insect life. After the completion of the biographies of our Michigan birds, we shall attempt partial statistics of the different families beneficial to man, relative to the food of various species. For the present such a table would be out of place.

The following table embraces dimensions of Michigan birds, the measurements being copied direct from my own observations as taken from freshly killed specimens.

NAME.	Average length.	Average wing.	Average extent.	Average tail.	Average tarsus.	Average Commisure.	Greatest length.	Longest wing.	Greatest extent.	Shortest Specimen.	Shortest wing.	Least extent.
Hylocichla mustelina.	7.81	4.30	13.16	3.03	1 30	1.03	8.25	4.51	14.50	7.44	4.11	11.88
Hylocichla fuscescens.	7.30	4.04	12.39	3.07			7.58	4.13	13.80	7.00	3.99	11.64
H. ustulata, swainsoni..	7.11	4.09	11.12	2.96	1.09	.87	7.51	4.25	13.50	6.75	3.69	9.74
H.unalascæ pallasi.....	6.99	3.67	10.97	2.94	1.23		7.24	3.88	12.00	3.65	3.50	10.34
Merula migratoria....	9 33	5.25	14.35		1.38	1.06	9.80	5.95	16.00	7.70	4.88	11.75
Galeoscoptes carolinensis	8.48	3.52	11.27	3.95			8.85	3.68	12.00	7.96	3.35	10.16
Harporhynchus rufus.	11.50	4.00		5.35	1.35	1.25						

HAVE IT IDENTIFIED.—Would you kindly inform me whether there is a species of gull on our coast called *Larus fuscus*, a specimen of a gull a little over half the size of *Larus marinus*, with the same coloration and general build, was taken by me on Feb. 2, 1882, at Bay Ridge, L. I. A fine male specimen of *L. marinus* was secured by me on Jan. 12, 1882, and mounted with the above mentioned by a Brooklyn taxidermist. I find no mention of *L. fuscus* in Dr. Coues's work.—A. L. T. (New York, Feb. 1). [*Larus fuscus* is not a North American species. If you will loan us your specimen, we will have it identified for you and return it.]

CAGED MOCKING BIRDS.—Columbus, O., Feb. 4.—In Tennessee I have seen young mocking birds confined in a cage within reach of the old birds. The old ones brought them food, and remained near them several days, trying to induce them to follow their parents, but when these efforts failed they were abandoned to their fate; no attempt being made, however, to poison them as related by "Doctor."—O. N. G.

ANOTHER BROWN THRUSH IN NEW JERSEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thursday, Jan. 31, I shot a brown thrush (*Turdus rufus*). This is the second one I have seen this year.—CHIP (Englewood, N. J., Feb. 6).

STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York, F. S. Winston, President, shows assets of about one hundred and four millions of dollars, invested in the very best securities in the world. During the year 1884 the company paid out to its members for death claims, endowments, annuities, dividends and surrendered policies nearly fourteen millions of dollars. The receipts during the year for premiums and interest were over nineteen million dollars. The surplus under the State laws exceeds twelve million dollars, and the condition of the company is most satisfactory to its policy-holders, and must be equally so to its managers. Mr. Charles H. Raymond, so well known to sportsmen generally, and especially to lovers of fine setters, is the General Agent for New York, and will, we are sure, be glad to furnish any information to applicants.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPIRITUAL SPECIFICS.—Mind in Medicine. Embracing two sermons, preached in the West Church, Boston, Mass., Oct. 5 and 12, 1884. By Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook.

THE TOBACCO REMEDY.—By Gen. T. L. Clingman, of North Carolina. Pamphlet. O. Judd Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

THE PEANUT PLANT, its cultivation and uses. By B. W. Jones, of Virginia. Pamphlet. O. Judd Co. Price 50 cents.

CRUISING AND BLOCKADING.—By W. H. Winslow, M.D., Ph.D. Pittsburgh, Pa.: J. R. Weston & Co., 1885.

SCIENCE ALMANAC, 1885.—Published by the Science Company, 4 Bond street, New York.

PRAIRIE EXPERIENCES in Handling Cattle and Sheep. By Major W Shepherd, R.E. Illustrated. O. Judd Co. Price $1.

Game Bag and Gun.

"I do not know how the inclosed will strike you, but if it does not strike you right, drop it and open the rest of your mail. It was written to kill time in a recent snow blockade."

A DEER HUNT IN KENTUCKY.

HAVING been frequently importuned to give a description of a day's hunt in Kentucky through the columns of your paper, which is always a welcome visitor, I comply, hoping thereby to give answer to such inquiries: "Who shot that deer you sent to the club? It was a tame one, wasn't it?" and many more of a kindred nature.

About the 1st of December found me on a business tour at Grayson Springs, the famous watering place of that name, in Grayson county, Kentucky. If space permitted I would give you a short sketch of its many attractions, but I must content myself with only a reference to the generosity and hospitality of my host, Captain Van Meter, his brother Charles, and very obliging brother-in-law, Mr. P. Clarkson, the clerk of the establishment, who I believe is the most thorough lover of the chase of any man I ever met.

In the office, to which I was escorted, there was a bright, cheerful wood fire, in an old-fashioned fire-place, around which were some half dozen Kentuckians, who courteously gave me a chair in the circle. This was a novelty to me; and when the landlord introduced me, and called one of these men, dressed in homespun, Mr. Boone, it was difficult to separate time and space and scene from the days and scenes of the elder and pioneer Boone of Kentucky.

During the evening, the Captain having learned that I had never seen a deer in a wild state, said if I could spare the time he would be pleased to give me a little taste of Kentucky sporting before I returned to New York. I gladly accepted the offer.

Thursday, Dec. 16, was set down as the day for a deer hunt. About 7 o'clock in the morning of that day, after having eaten a hearty breakfast, I went into the office and found Mr. Clarkson loading the guns and the Captain giving orders for the dogs and horses. We soon found ourselves on horseback (Clarkson's horse was a mule) en route to the field of our day's sport.

Our party consisted of the Captain, M. P. Clarkson, the writer, and John Haynes, a man who had charge of the hounds, and who usually cared for them. Each was armed with a double-barreled muzzleloading gun, loaded with buckshot. The one the writer carried was a small, short gun, which he thought rather light to kill a deer. It was loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. The other guns being larger were loaded with more shot. The dogs form an important part of a Kentucky hunt.

At the sound of the horns—large ox horns hung under the shoulder—the dogs, Old Rules, Munch, Dayton and Modoc, by their whining and low joyous barks showed their eagerness for the start. Old Rules, Munch and Dayton are among the first dogs in the State, and run very closely together, Rules giving the most "tongue," Munch the best trailer, and Dayton's exciting voice being enough to stir the heart of the most indifferent sportsman. Modoc was youug, long-legged, built on the greyhound order, and without reputation, but he showed such speed that the Captain feared, and it actually proved true during the day, that he would lose us some good sport. But Mr. Haynes said he was a good trailer, and as we had come a "right smart" way from the hotel, we concluded to keep Modoc in the pack and take our chances.

After leaving the hotel we rode along Rock Creek Bottom on what appeared to be a cow-path, in a northerly direction about three miles, passing two or three small clearings where tobacco had been raised the past season, and was now hung in large sheds prepared for that purpose. Here we came to a clearing, and a little in advance of us one or two men seemed to be building a log house. From this point to the northwest the forest had been blown down by the wind, and it was here Mr. Clarkson and the Captain said we should be sure to "jump" a deer. Mr. Clarkson and Haynes were to proceed leisurely along to the west and north for about a mile and a half, the country being very level where they were to commence the "drive." The Captain was to go with me directly north until we came to the north side of a cleared tobacco field, which lay on the right-hand side of us, and hitch our horses by the fence of this field.

This being done, the Captain showed me a strip of woods about forty rods wide, that intervened between the tobacco field already mentioned and another tobacco field still further north; away to the east of us, for fifteen miles, the forest extended to Nolin River. The Captain said that should a deer be started or "jumped" to the west of us, it would quite likely go through this narrow pass of forest into the big wood to the east, unless we should be lucky enough to put a stop to its further career. At an old oak, about ten rods north from where the horses stood, the Captain, after looking closely over the ground, said: "I think this a good stand. Keep well behind the tree, and if a deer should pass and neither of us should kill him, be sure to whip off the dogs, for if they pass here and go into the big woods we shall not be able to make another drive to-day." Upon saying which he walked on north over a little rise of ground some ten or fifteen rods away, just out of my sight, where he chose for himself a stand. This had all taken forty or fifty minutes, perhaps. I had scraped the leaves away from the roots of my tree, so that I could move noiselessly, when away to the west of us, but rather indistinctly, the voice of the hounds is heard. The wind is blowing from the west and the sound is driven along; now loud, now low, and two or three times our hearts sink as we feel sure that the deer has taken another direction than toward our stands, when all at once the woods within half a mile to the west of us seem just woke up by the exciting voice of Dayton and the loud cries of his companions.

One to enjoy this music and feel the excitement should stand where the writer did, expecting each moment to see a deer plunge out of the forest, hoping to get a shot as it passsed. But this enjoyment—which from one's impatience amounts to almost torture—is of short duration, for I had hardly drawn up the hammers to my gun when I heard a sharp crack, crack, among the leaves to the west of me, and peeking out from my stand I saw a fine buck jumping along at a rapid rate and coming almost toward me, perhaps twenty rods away. His motions were so graceful, and he carried his long horns so skillfully among the thick underbrush, that I forgot for a moment to take my head out of sight; but that moment had been sufficient to show the buck my whereabouts, for he changed his course so that he would pass me

at a point about ten rods north, going almost midway between the Captain and myself.

Just opposite me was an open space, about ten feet wide, with no underbrush. I brought my gun to my shoulder covering this opening, calculating as he passed to fire, and very quick work it was, for before one could count ten, from the moment he came in sight, I had a bead on him—right behind the fore shoulder, as they had told me—and pulled trigger. Seeing no effect from my shot, except a slight wheel northerly, I sent the other charge after him and had the mortification of seeing him keep his course for one hundred feet or more, when whang! whang! went the Captain's gun, and the deer, without showing signs of being hurt, within the next fifty feet, passed over a little ridge out of my sight. I now thought of what the Captain had said about whipping off the dogs, so that we might make another drive, but was so vexed at not getting the deer that I felt like winding my gun around the first convenient tree. To be sure, ten rods was a fair distance, but I had hoped that buckshot would carry that distance, and I had no apology for letting the deer pass. While choking down my chagrin and loading my gun, the Captain had busied himself in whipping off the dogs, Modoc first, he being only one hundred yards behind the deer, running with a sharp bark, and the balance of the pack coming up within ten or twenty seconds.

I had noticed that the dogs when they came up to where the deer first seemed to change his course, kept straight along. Upon seeing which the Captain immediately jumped before them and stopped them, when he called out to me to come up there. I walked along far enough to see over the rise of ground, when there at the Captain's feet lay the deer. In an instant I was at his side, and a glance showed me that my shot had taken effect at the point I aimed it, but fearful that the Captain's shot had had something to do with bringing down the deer, I said: "Captain, who killed him, you or I?" He said: "I don't know. You have hit him on your side, turn him over and see if I've left any marks." I immediately turned him over, but found not even a scratch; only three shots had hit him and these were from my gun. After this discovery was made the Captain and myself indulged in a hearty hand shake and I am sure he enjoyed my success more than if he had killed a dozen bucks.

About this moment Clarkson came plunging through the wood on his gray mule, and his first question was: "Who killed the deer?" After being told he hastily dismounted and asked for my knife, with which he proceeded to open a vein in the buck's neck, and then congratulated me on my success. We then followed back the trail by the blood and found that the blood began to flow after about two jumps from where the deer was when first shot. The Captain's charge of buckshot was found snugly buried in a sapling, so the question as to who had done the deed was settled

Haynes now came riding in, in response to the horn sounded by Clarkson, and we were all together again, hounds, horses and men. A sapling was quickly bent, and after his entrails had been removed the buck's head was placed in a crotch and the carcass was elevated beyond the danger of dogs, there to hang until our day's sport was over.

But before this was completed the voices of Munch and Modoc were heard to the east of us in the big wood, they having slipped away while we were busy. The other two dogs were tied. The Captain said to Mr. Clarkson that another deer must have passed here some time before, as the dogs kept straight along after this one had left the runway. The track was so fresh and the dogs so excited that the effect of the horn was lost on them, and they were making good time in an easterly direction. The word to mount was given, and like the wind the Captain's horse was off, I riding directly in the rear. And now the excited horses went at a sharp, running gait through the wood, now a cow path, now no path at all. "Anything to keep within hearing, and, if possible, head off the dogs," were the words of the Captain as he looked over his shoulder at the writer, who was using his best efforts to clear the saplings and overhanging branches as his horse, with the excitement of a race-horse, dashed in the direction of the hounds. I have never seen well-broken saddle-horses except in Kentucky. These horses are governed almost by a motion from their riders, the least movement of the bridle rein being sufficient to turn the course right or left, as the rider desires.

A ride of six miles brought us to a point where we were ahead of the dogs, and the Captain placed me at the edge of an old clearing in a clump or a thicket of bushes, and he himself put spurs to his horse and made for another stand, some six miles below where the deer would pass if they went by me.

But my stand proved to be a poor one in this instance, for when within one hundred rods of it, the dogs suddenly wheeled and their music soon told me that they had gone far to the west. Five minutes elapsed and I had lost sound of them entirely and found myself alone amid perfect solitude. After waiting some two hours I was gladdened by the appearance of Clarkson and Haynes, with the other two dogs, coming from an easterly direction through the thick undergrowth. They soon joined me and Clarkson directed Haynes to go and make a drive in the woods south and west of us while we would ride around to Skagg's runway and try another stand, if Haynes should succeed in jumping another deer. A fifty-minute gallop brought us to the point desired, and hastily hitching one horse in a thicket, Clarkson placed me behind an old oak, where, should a deer, approach from behind the hill to the north of us, he must pass within range of me, or of another point just west of me, where he took a stand himself.

We had not long to wait to hear from the dogs, as almost immediately away in the distance, Old Ruler's and Dayton's voices were plainly heard, and we knew they had jumped another deer. About this time the Captain rode up, having failed to get a shot, although reaching two stands ahead of Modoc and Munch, who were running a fine doe toward Nolin River. While sitting upon his horse listening to the dogs, the Captain exclaimed: "There comes a turkey!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, I saw a large turkey just lighting in the thicket, and immediately fired at her, when she went limping through the brush toward Clarkson's position. The next instant I heard a cap snap; Clarkson's gun had missed fire, and the turkey had escaped us, and his indignation can better be imagined than described.

But this little turn in affairs had finished our deer drive for that day, for the sound of our guns had changed the course of the deer, which was making its way to our runway, and the voices of the dogs were growing faint in an opposite direction.

As the day was far spent, we turned our horses' heads homeward. When we reached the place where our deer was left, Mr. Clarkson took it on his horse, resting its head and horns over his knee, and packed it back to the hotel, which we reached before sundown.

Many stories of deer hunts in that locality were recounted that evening around the huge log fire, and the writer was made the hero of the occasion. B. B. Seaman.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience has been confined to the Susquehanna Flats about Havre de Grace, and has extended over a period of nearly ten years, although I myself have only shot from a battery for the last four years, since I have been driven to that method of shooting by the purchase by a gentleman for his own use of a point some friends and I had previously rented. I confess that I do not like battery as well as point or bar-shooting. I cannot imagine any man preferring to be all day in a cold, narrow box, with the sun shining in his eyes and blistering his nose one hour, and the water trickling down his back the next, to sitting in a comfortable blind, where he can stretch his legs and stamp his feet. Nor can I see what pleasure there can be in having a snow squall pelt you in the face, nor do I enjoy the excitement of sitting upon the foot of the box and baling out the water, or of throwing the iron decoys overboard to keep afloat while the scow runs down before a squall to rescue you.

I am not as hardy as "Sinkbox," and have never attempted to "wind" more than a couple of dozen decoys, for I have always found that number quite enough to make my arm and back ache, and my fingers as stiff and cold as icicles. I must say that I like to have some one else put out and take up the box and the two or three hundred decoys, and I like to have a good supper and a hot cup of coffee, not to speak of anything stronger, as soon as I get out of the box. I suppose it is for that reason that I have found the amusement quite as expensive as the renting of a first-class point.

Sinkbox-shooting, as practiced at Havre de Grace, requires a considerable outlay of capital in the first instance, and a large expense to keep it going. In the first place you must have a sloop-rigged scow forty or fifty feet long, with accommodations for a crew of at least three men besides the shooters, a sinkbox and from three to five hundred decoys. Then you have wages and and running expenses; in fact, you are running a small yacht and keeping her in commission for a long season. If you hire you are obliged to pay exorbitant prices, and are often unable to hire a boat at any price in the beginning of the season when the best shooting is to be had.

On the broad waters of the Chesapeake it is not safe to trust yourself with anything less than a good sized and able boat as a tender to your box. I have many a time thrown a line to a bushwacker as he drifted by and hauled him aboard, when he was unable to row to windward, and when boarding some friendly scow seemed to be his only salvation. Besides all this expense I have mentioned you have to obtain a license for each sinkbox, which costs twenty dollars.

This large expense is a check to the increase of box boats about Havre de Grace, and there are now not more than fourteen sinkboxes in the neighborhood of Havre de Grace. Still there are too many, and I imagine if some of them were to strike upon snags and end their careers they would not get much sympathy from the remainder.

As far as my observation goes the box-shooting, and what to my mind is far worse, the bushwacking, have made very little impression upon the numbers of the ducks. They come to their feeding grounds in countless numbers, and when the feed is good, linger about them for weeks. And it seems to me that since big-gun shooting at night has been put a stop to by the energetic action of the Baltimore clubs, the ducks have increased in numbers.

I believe, however, the number of ducks at Havre de Grace depends upon the condition of the feed. When the celery grows thick on the bottom of the bay, ducks are plentiful and stick to their favorite feeding grounds in spite of boxes and bushwackers. When the celery crop fails, the ducks seek other fields and pastures new. This seems to me to be the principal reason for the varying numbers of the ducks from year to year, although doubtless favorable or unfavorable nesting seasons affect their numbers. I am sure that the amount of feed makes a great difference on the marshes of the West, where the ducks are not much disturbed, and I do not see why it should not have the same effect at other places.

I believe, however, that the gunners often think that ducks are scarce, although there are plenty of them about, when they are unable to kill many on account of the unfavorable weather.

I do not believe that box-shooting every other day on such a broad expanse of feeding ground as the upper Chesapeake drives the birds permanently away from their feeding grounds.

There are always places in the deep water where they can sit in safety unless it is very rough, and on calm days the ducks sit all day on the shallow spots where no boat can follow them, often within half a mile of a box without giving a shot. Then they have the close days, which they seem to know perfectly well, when they spread all over the flats and feed without molestation, and besides that, a sink box is such a tender thing, so dependent upon the weather, that nature adds many close days and parts of days taken from the lawful shooting days. For to have any success with a sinkbox you must have a moderate breeze, and yet if it blow a little harder you have to take up your box. Then late in the winter and spring, if the river is high and a strong current is running, there are only a few places where you can set out your box, for the current runs your head wings under and your box is apt to take a dive toward the bottom.

On other days the ice runs so that you have to be continually shoving it off with a boat hook, and it makes your box so conspicuous that the trained duck of the Chesapeake keeps at a safe distance.

Almost any day you can see "ricks" of ducks sitting in black masses on the flats, occasionally rising with a noise like thunder or bobbing up and down as they dive for the succulent celery. But you will find that for the most part you get but little shooting except in the early morning, and then the greater part of your bag will consist of blackheads (the local name for broadbills), while the lordly canvasbacks and even the foolish redheads sail high over your box and crook their necks to look down at you, or carefully skirt your decoys just out of gunshot.

For my part, I believe that bushwhacking does far more harm than shooting from sinkboxes. In the first place, there are five bushwhackers to one box, and then, unless ducks are flying in large numbers and very low, it is more deadly. As I believe it is a local method of duck shooting, I will describe it, although I trust I may not be the means of introducing it to other waters. The shooters row out in a small boat to the feeding grounds, and after putting out about fifty decoys, anchor their boat a quarter of a mile to windward of them. When the canvasbacks come flying by they are very apt, attracted by the decoys and the call of the gunner, to circle about and light among the decoys. Then the excitement is at its height, the man in the stern grasps his scull oar and works away for dear life, taking care to keep the boat steady and not to let her wobble. The man in the bow has a white cap on and peers through two holes in the canvas curtain on the bow of the boat, which hides him from the ducks. The boat comes nearer and nearer the decoys, and at last he can distinguish the live ducks swimming around or among the wooden decoys. When they are about to fly he gives them one barrel in the water and he and his mate, if the latter has breath enough left, each give them one as they get up. In this way the natives get from ten to twenty canvasbacks a day to a boat, and as this is about the only thing they can or will do in winter, and as canvasback ducks are often worth from two to three dollars a pair, the flats swarm with bushwackers. The bushwackers are a perfect nuisance to the box-gunners, are always in the way and are forever banging away just as some ducks are darting to your stool and you are counting on a brace more to the good.

The market gunners, who are out in their bushwhack boats every gunning day, and are able to shoot where no box can live, and go to places where no box can "set," kill ten times as many ducks and make forty times as much noise as all the batteries that ever floated on the waters of the Chesapeake, from the time they were first invented to this present writing.

I find on looking at my game book that the last nine days I shot at Havre de Grace, most of the time in a double battery, we killed to two guns 327 ducks, of which about two-thirds were blackheads and one-third redheads and canvasbacks; that the last nine days I shot on Lake Erie, from a point belonging to a club of which I am fortunate enough to be a member, I killed to my own gun 247 ducks, more than half of them large ducks—canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, etc.

The best day in the box was 150 birds—104 blackheads and 46 redheads; while the best day on a point was 55 redheads to my own gun. In the box I shot with a friend who is one of the best amateur shots in a box that I have ever seen; and the day we got 150 we would probably have had 200 had not at least 75 of our shells missed fire. Still, this does not seem to me to indicate that a battery is such a very deadly machine, for all the time I was shooting at Havre de Grace there were plenty of ducks about the bay. The fact is that a battery is only effective during the first week of the season. After that the ducks, although they are not driven away, become trained to it, and the great majority recognize it as soon as they see it, and keep at a safe distance.

I will venture to say that if the record of other boats at Havre de Grace were examined, few, if any, would be found to have killed many more ducks than we did, and it seems to me that the killing of three of four thousand ducks in a season can have very little effect upon their numbers, and the thousands and thousands of ducks that feed upon the Susquehanna flats and that can be seen there any day, show that the sneakboxes do not drive them away from their feeding grounds when the shooting is limited to three days in the week. Unless shooting from sinkboxes or bushwack boats were allowed there would be practically no shooting at Havre de Grace. There are not more than a dozen points about that part of the bay, and if there was nothing to stir up the ducks gunners would seldom have any shooting from those points except when it blew a gale. It is notorious that the shooting in Brush River and Gunpowder is better on the days when there is shooting upon the flats to move the birds. If there were no shooting on the flats the ducks would feed there all the season out of reach of everybody and only a few stragglers would be killed along the shore, so that it seems to me that it is to everybody's interest to have sinkbox-shooting prosper on the broad waters of the Chesapeake.

Ten-Bore.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Three weeks ago, Don S., the night operator at this place, accompanied by his two friends Hal and Nate, shouldered Flobert rifles and went down to the slaughter house to shoot rats. They had killed several of the varmints and were ready to start home, when Don thought he saw one looking out from under a hog pen. He motioned the others to keep silent and he crept up, took deliberate aim and fired. At the crack of the rifle a pig that had been lying on the other side of the pen jumped up with a snort, went squealing around, twisting his tail as though his life depended on it. The boys looked surprised and Don faintly asked "What ails that hog?" Hal said it was shot. On examination they saw it was true, and would have to be killed. Don called a butcher to dress it, and says he will give the boys anything if they will stop grunting every time they meet him.

Athens, Pa. Park.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The most remarkable shot I ever saw was made by a young fellow who was hunting geese. He crawled a hundred yards or more through the grass and fired both barrels of his gun into a bunch of decoys, thinking they were live geese. When he fired, the boys who were lying in the grass watching him gave a shout, and you could have knocked him down with a straw. It made him so nervous that he couldn't hit another goose that day, although he had at least a dozen good shots. A. W. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the remarkable shots which should have a place in the columns of your paper is a certain little episode interwoven with the account of a field day in England, as related in "Pickwick," where, after describing Mr. Winkle's interesting maneuvers with the gun, the author says: "Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than Mr. Winkle's. His process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the bystanders; obviously the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly and fire into the air. On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge

in the act of falling wounded to the ground. He was on the point of congratulating Mr. Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced toward him and grasped him warmly by the hand. 'Tupman,' said the old gentleman, 'you singled out that particular bird.' 'No,' said Mr. Tupman, 'no.' 'You did,' said Wardle. 'I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you as you raised your piece to take aim; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before.' It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as an evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge shooting."

SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

TROY, N. Y.

A GAME PROTECTOR'S SUGGESTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Below I offer a few suggestions as to the changes which should be made in our game laws in order to make them more intelligible, and to facilitate the work of the protectors.

In the first place the law for the protection of fish should be separated from that of game. If there is anything objectionable in an act prepared for the protection of fish, and it should not pass, as has often happened, then that with reference to game is lost and *vice versa*.

The menhaden fishing is of such vast importance that it is a question worthy of consideration whether it can in any, and if in any, in what, localities be restricted. As it is the fishing interests in food fish are very much injured by the menhaden fishing. Then, too, the pound is a very destructive engine, and is destroying the fish in many localities, yet it is legal in almost every part of the State. Again, would it be well for the State to interfere with the steamers off the south side of Long Island coast and keep them outside of the State limits? It has been stated these steamers catch no more good fish than what they use on their boats as food for their crews, but this is certainly not always the case. Besides these matters there are several others of importance which should be attended to, but whatever is done the act should be so explicit and definite that those whose duty it is to enforce it can be sure of their ground. There is also the question as to the time during which fish should be caught. A knowledge of the time of spawning of fish can only decide this.

On Long Island, thirty years ago, there were deer from the east end of the island into Queens county. After the railway was built, the deer opposite Patchogue and that district seemed to shift their quarters, and they were seldom seen on the south side of the railroad. Smith Town, Setauket, Port Jefferson, Miller's Place, Wading River, and from thence to Riverhead were well stocked with deer, and the region to the west of Smith Town, and from Riverhead to Good Ground was a favorite place for them. The hunting of deer with hounds for long periods in each year has almost been the means of their extinction, and there would not today be a single deer on Long Island but for the fact that about Islip a few were left over through the South Side Club preserves. Besides this, the South Side Club have been liberal and progressive enough to turn out some. What saved the deer to the present time, however, was the law obtained by that club forbidding the killing of deer for five years. There are now a good number of deer, but confined quite to a small territory, and they are increasing rapidly.

A very few deer are found as far to the east as Lakeland and some a little to the west of Islip. From an oversight, after restricting the law for five years nothing was done about protecting them any longer, and so this year the killing of deer came under the general law, and they could be killed from first of August to the first of December. Had the hunters known this there would hardly be a deer left now. The people of Long Island were under the impression that deer could be hunted only from the first to the fifteenth of November, and then with dogs. They of course were disappointed when they found they could not use dogs in November, and when they also ascertained afterward, that the season was open to the first of December instead of the fifteenth of November. It is well the deer escaped destruction by this misunderstanding, and it will be well to get such a law passed this year as will not leave the same chance of destruction open in the future. I would suggest as a general outline a law of this kind: That no deer be killed in Queens and Suffolk counties for three years from the passing of this act; that after the expiration of the said three years, deer may be killed for one week in October of each year; but no dogs should be used. Such a law would give every man a chance to obtain venison when the time comes, and the prohibiting the use of dogs of all kinds would protect the deer, so that they would not greatly diminish in number.

It is simply a question of time when there will be but few deer to the northwest of New York State. The population is increasing, and the rising generation are being taught that it is more healthful for the youth to use the gun and exercise than to lounge round the saloons in New York and elsewhere. Consequently, where there is one gun now there will soon be several; therefore, take the preservation of deer in time. Prohibit using dogs, and if not altogether, for a time; and shorten the period of killing deer, and the whole community will be benefitted. The open season for dogs (if any) should be when the weather is cool, and the deer can be transported to New York city or elsewhere, instead of being thrown away.

With reference to ducks, geese, etc. Battery-shooting should be at once put a stop to, and a law passed giving officers power to seize nets with ducks in them, and making the law very severe for fire-lighting ducks and geese: changing the law for commencing duck shooting to the first of September, instead of the first of October; limiting the shooting in the spring to the first of April. This would give the gunners an opportunity of killing teal and widgeon, which leave early in September, and the black duck and others a chance to breed in the spring, whereas now they are driven away, as they mate before the first of May.

The law as to woodcock, partridge, quail and rabbit, should be amended by restricting the killing of woodcock to the time when partridge shooting commences. Partridge shooting should commence at the same time as quail shooting, this would carry out the law to protect the game; and shooting should end not later than the 24th December so as to save birds from wholesale destruction which results from their being killed in the snow. As it now stands it gives parties an opportunity to violate the law by pretending to hunt for woodcock, and in reality hunting for woodcock, partridge and quail, and it makes it very difficult to detect such parties. That a person is seen with a dog and gun in the open air in the close season should be *prima facie* evidence to convict.

No birds of any kind should be allowed to be killed during the breeding season. The shooting of blackbirds gives the shooters a chance to killing songbirds. It is a question if blackbirds do not do more good than harm. In the spring they can be seen by hundreds following the plough, eating the worms that have of late years been so destructive to the crops.

Taxidermists should not be allowed to kill or have killed, during the breeding season, any birds for specimens. It was known that numbers of woodcock were killed on Long Island and Staten Island at such times as they had young, and some of them sent to a taxidermist, whether to eat or set up cannot be known. It is an outrage to kill birds when they have young, thus leaving them to starve.

The Supervisors have the power, in a great measure, to change the game laws. A law was passed April 25, 1884, enabling them to prohibit hunting or fishing in particular localities for limited periods.

The sportsmen's clubs should depute some one or more of their prominent members to meet the Supervisors of their county before applying to the Legislature for aid. If it is shown to the Supervisors that they can legally and fairly make such changes as will be beneficial, they are likely to do so.

Game protectors should have power to appoint deputies in special cases. This would enable them, whenever they learned of an infringement of the law, to appoint some person on the spot who could look after the case and get the evidence. It is apparent some such law is required; and they should also have power to inspect and open boxes on suspicion, to declare certain marks on birds as sufficient evidence of their having been snared, and to arrest hunters found hunting with a gun and dog out of season. This arrest can only take place if partridge, woodcock, quail and rabbit shooting commence and end at the same time.

The Supervisors, by Section 35, have power to raise by tax $1,000 in aid of the enforcement of the provisions of the game law. Then there is the dog tax, the surplus of which, after paying for the sheep destroyed, should be paid over for this purpose, and not carried to the commissioners' account of highways, as was done in the town of Southampton last year. There are still other ways of forming a fund to pay any deputies the game protector may appoint to perform particular acts, without in any way increasing the tax of the taxpayers of the county.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have only given some points that may be useful to parties framing the laws. Should some such power be given the game protector as above indicated, the game and fish laws can be enforced. It is now next to impossible to obtain evidence, as no one will come forward and give it.

G. W. W.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The petitions for non-hounding law should be sent to us immediately.

FROM the State Game Protectors' reports to Commissioner Richard U. Sherman, we take the following passages in reference to the deer of the Adirondacks. Peter A. Leonard, of the Seventh District, including St. Lawrence and Jefferson counties, says:

"The deer in my district have diminished in numbers since my term of office commenced. With the continuance of all the modes of destruction at any time hitherto practiced, it cannot be expected, truthfully, that deer have not diminished in numbers. To the limited extent to which restraint upon destruction has been retarded, and this, too, to a gratifying extent. But for the efforts made for protection, it is certain that St. Lawrence county would have been the scene of destruction to double or treble the extent actually the fact. Relatively to other counties, results of protection efforts in St. Lawrence are believed to be the most favorable. While it is certain that the early slaughter of deer—in May, June and July—is carried on beyond the possibility of detection to a large extent in the several forest districts of the Adirondacks, the prohibition of dogging deer in St. Lawrence has made protection in St. Lawrence possible to an extent impossible elsewhere.

"Organized bands with scores of dogs dare not commit depredations in St. Lawrence county. When we shall be able effectually to suppress dogging by local offenders, watching time and opportunity to violate the law with impunity, deer will multiply in St. Lawrence rapidly. I state this as the result of an experience of twenty-five years in our forests with rod and gun, in every season of the year.

"In the winter months, in St. Lawrence, I am not informed of crust-hunting having been practiced recently.

"In Franklin county the information that I receive is that crust-hunting is practiced to a considerable extent. In June and July hunting by 'jack light' is practiced in both counties, but most extensively in Franklin, for reasons which will suggest themselves.

"Hunting by jack-light in the open season may be permitted without danger of exterminating deer. Please observe that I repeat the words of your inquiry, 'open season.' While as a method it is objectionable, its results are not so much so. In the open season the facilities for destruction by 'jack' are comparatively limited and its success indifferent.

"Dogging deer, as a method and in its results, is a sure means of extermination. Its prohibition is essential to the protection of game, and, in my judgment, not a single reason can be given for its toleration that does not relate to personal indulgence in reckless, wanton and indiscriminate harm or destruction to the game. Where it is tolerated, in my judgment, game protection, in its true meaning, is impossible.

"In my judgment, having reference to game protection as a means of multiplication, I would prohibit every method of hunting except still-hunting and jacking—confining still-hunting to Aug. 15 to Dec. 1, and jacking to Aug. 15 to Sept. 15."

Game Protector N. C. Phelps, whose district includes Herkimer and portions of Lewis and Oneida counties, says:

"If there be no deer killed until Sept. 15, and then only by still-hunting, they would be so plenty that a person could easily get one in less than an hour by watching any runway. Venison thus obtained would be far superior to the flesh of the deer which has been pursued by dogs. In my opinion all the dogs should be taken from the Adirondack region, and the open season should be limited to the time from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15."

Southside Signal: We are heart and hand with this endeavor, but are clearly of the opinion that Suffolk county should be included in the scope of the act. Deer hounding is cruel, and ought to be suppressed.

LONG ISLAND.—Manorville.—I note with pleasure the remark of Mr. French that quail flourish everywhere, and in some sections are so abundant as to be a nuisance. I would like to know where a few of those places are. Quail have been quite plenty around here, with a goodly number left over. Partride not as plenty as in 1883, and thanks to a little exertion, but a few snared. Why should the open season on partridge begin on September 1? Far better be the same as for quail. On woodcock we are counted out, as we have no fall shooting.—C.

NEW GAME ASSOCIATION.—A party of gentlemen from this city, among them Abram Garside and Hugh McRoberts, have purchased some 17,000 acres of land near Port Jervis, on which they propose to erect six large cottages, a club house and stables, and otherwise improve the property, transforming it into a game preserve and a summer resort for the members. It is also proposed to improve the large pond which is included in the tract purchased and stock it with fish.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUTING ON THE BIGOSH.

IN THE WOODS.

A BRISK little stream ran across the trail and Jack proposed to follow it down to where it found its end, either in the lake where we fished last year, or in the Bigosh itself. The boy was full of all kinds of schemes to do unusual things, merely because they were out of the general routine, without regard to the labor or the discomfort involved. In this he was a true boy and often reminded me of a similar propensity in a boy of forty years ago, but I did not enter into these projects with the enthusiasm that he did, and preferred the beaten track to the tangled thickets and fallen logs, so I agreed to follow the stream for a little distance to see if a trout pool might lie in its course. The traveling was rather better than we expected, because the briers were few and so were the logs. In the wilderness the briers are only found where the fires have run through and killed the timber which shades the ground, and luckily we did not get into either a "fire slash" nor a "wind slash," therefore it is recorded above that the traveling was better than we expected.

It was near noon and over a mile down the stream had been made within an hour, by crossing and recrossing the water as one bank or the other promised better walking, when we came to a place where a big cedar log lay with its upper surface just above the water, which had scooped a passage beneath it in the soft earth. It was the place for a trout to lie if there was one in the stream, and if there were no impassable falls below it was certain that some fish would run up and stop in such an inviting place. A trout dearly loves the protection of a log, a bush, or a bridge, which protects it from enemies above, and from whence it can see without being seen and can dart out and seize anything coming down stream. I pointed out the hole to Jack and told him to step lightly so that any fish lying there would not be alarmed, and we would see what might be under the log. As might be expected, Jack immediately proposed to capture any trout that might occupy the fortress. All talk about our not needing trout and the sinfulness of taking life without the excuse of food supply was lost on Jack. He did not care anything about ethics; there might be a trout under that log, and if so he wanted him.

Just suppose for a moment that you are an angler near the meridian of life and in charge of a large-hearted impetuous boy of fifteen, and are trying to instil correct principles regarding the legitimate capture of game fish and of self-restraint when the temptation of an opportunity to kill more than you can use occurs. What can you say to the son of your friend when he says: "I don't care anything about that, but if there is a big trout under that log I want him." The chances are that you would be in stronger sympathy with the boy than with your own notions of angling propriety. Notwithstanding the fact that I had firm convictions on the subject of killing for the mere sake of killing, I liked Jack all the better for his opposition to my precepts. He saw that the overhanging bushes would not admit of fly-casting and started to find a grub under the loose bark of a pine log when I called him back and said: "Jack, if you are bound to kill that trout, if there is one, do it so that if the fish doesn't respect you for it, you will retain your own good opinion of yourself. Don't murder him with a beastly grub which tempts only his grosser appetite, kill him with a fly."

"But the bushes will not allow me to cast a fly here, there is no room for the line behind, and if there was, then the flies would get fast, hung up to dry in the bushes."

I insisted on his rigging up his leader with one fly, a coachman, and showed him how to drop it on the water by using only ten feet of line and how to keep the fly moving. After a trial or two he caught the trick and as he stood about four yards above the log, which was on his left, he was screened by the bushes. He let the fly drift down near the log and made it dance lightly on the water. A trout rose and missed, another rise and a strike. Jack allowed the fish to reel off some line and in a twinkling it ran under the log, the gut leader parted and the trout went off. He saw his error and vowed to do better next time. Another fly was tied on and another fish struck and led up stream by main force and the landing net did its duty. No place to play a fish there, with limbs of trees above and below and a narrow swift stream to help the trout in its downward rush. He took three from under that log, as nearly alike as trout can be, and each of about five ounces in weight. We found two similar places below and by carefully playing the fly on the water, without any attempt at casting, Jack took five more fish. He was reminded that the day was in its decline and that unless we hastened back to the trail and stepped out lively we would not reach Uncle Ben's before dark. He surprised me by a proposition to camp all night and go on in the morning. I argued in favor of a good supper and a bed at the house, and explained that we were not well prepared to camp.

"That's just the reason I want to camp," said he, "I often hear father and you talk about being caught out and want to know how you do it, so that I can take care of myself, if necessary."

Under these circumstances I gave in to the boy and we looked about for a good spot. We found a large log from one side of which the ground sloped enough to carry off any rain that might fall, we threw up a ridge of earth under it with our knives to stop the water from the hill above, and

made side ditches to carry it away. Spruce branches were cut, the coarse limbs separated, and a bed four feet wide made by beginning at the bottom and laying courses of spruce across it with the stems toward the head, covering the stems with the next layer, as shingles are laid. Poles were cut and laid from the top of the log over the bed and large slabs of loose bark were laid on light sticks crossing the poles. The bed was made and covered in about two hours, and promised protection from dampness below or rain from above. I also showed Jack how to make a simple shelter under a leaning tree when time did not permit such an elaborate edifice as ours.

The trout were cleaned and a fire built; for we had matches in a small vial, and supper was cooked. The fish had their heads on and were held over the coals on sticks stuck in their gills and planted in the ground. Hard tack, canned baked beans, bologna sausage, trout and spring water made our supper and left us the sardines in mustard and the remnants of beans, etc., and two trout for breakfast. These we placed in the creel, suspended by a cord to save it from squirrels, porcupines, and other night prowlers. It took Jack a long time to get to sleep in his novel situation, but when he did drop off he slept soundly. In the morning he said that he never felt better in his life, and as he finished the last thing that was eatable in camp he looked as if he could eat tins and all. We arrived at Uncle Ben's and found the kind old man splitting wood in the dooryard. He did not see us until we spoke and then dropping his axe and holding out both hands, he drew a huge breath and could only ejaculate: "Well, by gosh!" FRED MATHER.

VERMONT FISH TINKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our Legislature may have been actuated by the best intentions, but it certainly made some queer work in its biennial tinkering of the fish and game laws. For instance, the catching of pike-perch is now prohibited from Feb. 1 to June 15. Now, the spawning of these fish is all done long before the expiration of this close time, and they come into the tributaries of the lake in the latter half of May in fine condition, when for a few weeks they may be taken with worms, live bait and the trolling spoon, and often give the angler fine sport. The best of the fishing is near the first of it, and is generally pretty well gone by at the beginning of the open time as fixed by this new law. Did its framers know nothing of the habits of the fish for whose protection they were legislating, or were they working only for the benefit of fishermen at the north end of the lake? Again, it is now illegal to catch and keep a black bass of less than ten inches in length, under a penalty of $5 for every such fish caught and not immediately returned to the water. A bass of nine and a half or nine and three-quarter inches length will certainly weigh a pound, probably nearer a pound and a half, and is a fish not to be despised either on the hook or on the table, and why should he not be kept if caught?

The protection given to our native sparrows is no longer accorded the English sparrow, which is well; but why is the woodpecker thrust out into the cold along with this pest? Some slanderer must have been telling our lawmakers evil tales of the jolly woodpecker. Whatever harm may be done by some of the species, I am sure that the hairy and the downy woodpeckers should be reckoned among the best friends of the orchardist; and who has ever accused the beautiful yellow-hammer of wrong-doing? Or the greatest of our woodpeckers, the pileated, a shy, woods-haunting fellow, who is almost never seen out of the woods and rarely in them?

With all the tinkering, there was no more effective means provided for enforcing the fish and game laws. For the town fish wardens get nothing for time spent in looking after violators of the laws, and no pay at all unless a lawbreaker is convicted and a fine collected; therefore these officers do but little, though quite as much as could be expected. What we need are salaried State and game constables, but the sum necessary for compensating them for their time is a bugbear too frightful for the Vermont Legislature to face. AWAHSOOSE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

BLACK BASS TALK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much has been written about casting for trout and salmon and about trout flies. I would like to hear what our black bass anglers have to say about casting for bass, and what flies they use. There are many favored anglers who can afford to tell us how to catch the lordly salmon and the aristocratic trout. We bass fishermen read these articles religiously and enjoy them, though few among us will ever have the pleasure of catching a salmon, unless it be in the bye and bye, when we have reached the happy fishing grounds. I will venture something about black bass with the hope of starting conversation on bass fishing.

The black bass is an honest, hard-working fish, and seeks not high places or cold waters, but is content to plod his way in the lowland rivers, where he is "hail fellow well met" with all the big and little "catties" for miles around. He is democratic in principles and does not seek office, although at times he will bite at tempting offers. His meat is not so delictae as that of the salmon or trout. His shape is not beautiful, neither are his colors brilliant. He does not figure in poetry, or in sentimental novels. As for pet names such as "speckled beauty" and the like, he rejoices not in them. Such are his faults. For his virtues go to the beautiful mountain rivers of West Virginia, and commune with him there, you will find him an entertaining fellow with many admirable traits and surrounded by all the pomp and glory affected by his lordship, the salmon.

If bass fishermen are like trout fishermen, they catch their fish in many ways, and it will be very interesting to know how they cast and what flies they use. It seems that in angling, and in most of the fine arts, and even among fish, there are distinct schools. An artist paints a sunset, and it is to him and his admirers both beautiful and natural. To others it is hideous and impossible. The compositions of Wagner are to many musical ears little less than divine inspirations. To other musicians they are but a succession of harsh and monstrous noises. One fisherman tells us that the flies should be cast sharply on the water. There are many who agree with him, but on the other hand there are as many who think the flies should be cast lightly, and insist on delicacy. Thus say the trout fishermen.

In casting for bass I find, when fishing clear, unbroken water, a delicate cast is very necessary to my success, the majority of fish being caught just as the fly reaches the water. I try to make the fly remain in the air as long as possible, and then drop lightly on the water. In fishing pools and quiet stretches, I depend almost entirely upon the neatness of the cast, and as a rule use but one fly.

On riffles and broken water I use two, and occasionally three flies. I do not like small flies as I rarely catch large fish with them. When large flies are used I would recommend light bodies and hooks. When I say large flies I mean the standard size, as found in the best shops, and not the great fat-bodied ones, as these are very trying to a light rod. When the water is perfectly calm and clear I make an exception in favor of small flies, and use my finest leaders. Like most anglers, I have all kinds and conditions of flies. I will describe two of them which are my favorites. No. 1 has green (dyed mallard) wings, green hackle and yellow body. No. 2, light brown, turkey wings, red hackle and yellow body. My rods are of split bamboo, they weigh 4½ and 8 ounces. The best bass rod I ever owned was made for me by the late Thaddeus Norris, it was made of greenheart with split bamboo tips, and weighed 7½ ounces. After using it for some years it became warped and twisted, and was sadly put on the retired list. E. F.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.

THE RAGGED LAKE CLUB.

RAGGED LAKE is in the Northern Adirondacks, west of the Chateaugay lakes, and sixteen miles southeast from Malone, Franklin county, N. Y. A club composed of Syracuse gentlemen has bought sixty-five acres of land there which includes three handsome bodies of water, which are well filled with trout, and which they will protect. The Hon. James Geddes is now at the lake preparing to erect five cottages, which will be ready for occupants in May. The officers of the association elected November 19, are:

President, A. C. Belden; Vice-President, James Geddes; Secretary and Treasurer, George S. Hier; Executive Committee, A. C. Belden, James Geddes, H. S. Holden, Fred Frazer, John P. Hier; Trustees, George S. Hier, R. W. Jones, O. C. Potter; Auditor, F. B. Klock.

The list of members, twenty in number, includes the names of Fred Frazer, George S. Hier, Frank P. Denison, R. W. Jones, Geo. P. Hier, John P. Hier, Fred P. Hier, H. S. Holden, A. Ames Howlett, James Geddes, O. C. Potter, George S. Leonard, Frank B. Klock, A. C. Belden, Sylvester Piper, E. P. Bates, Geo. N. Kennedy, E. D. Dickenson and B. S. Aldrich, of Syracuse, and Lucius Moses, of Marcellus.

The following articles, selected from the neatly printed constitution of the club, show the principles upon which the club has its existence:

5. No person or persons, except such as are duly qualified as hereinafter provided, shall be allowed to stay at the club house, or shoot or fish on the property of the club.

10. No person who follows shooting or fishing for market or hire shall be admitted as a member of the club, nor shall any shooting or fishing for market or hire, on the part of members and guests, be permitted at any time.

21. Any member may make application for invitations for persons not members of the club to the President or Secretary-Treasurer, who shall refer such application to a committee of three, to be appointed by the President, and members of said committee to be known only by the President and Secretary-Treasurer. This committee to decide whether or not such invitation shall be allowed. Provided always, that members may invite members of their family, excepting males who have attained their majority.

8. Upon failure of any member to pay an assessment upon his share or shares for the term of four months, such share or shares shall be forfeited and become the property of the club, and be sold at auction at the next ensuing annual meeting, and any surplus arising from such sale shall be paid to the member in default.

VAGARIES OF FLY NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Holberton, in last FOREST AND STREAM, says that the coachman fly derives its name from its "fancied resemblance to the white rubber cape sometimes worn by coachmen." This, it strikes me, requires more vivid imagination than to simply accept the explanation of the late David Foster, given in the pages of his book, "The Scientific Angler," from which I copy:

"A thorough command of the rod and line is as essential and important as the wielding of the whip in the care of a tandem or four-in-hand drive. We are reminded by this analogy that the most skillful cast we ever knew wielded the whip. We refer to the famous royal coachman, Tom Bosworth. Old Tom had, in the early part of his life, driven three successive English sovereigns, viz., the fourth George, the fourth William, and finally, for a lengthened period, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. As a successful fisherman, Old Tom, when known to the writer, was unsurpassed. He would often fish in the wake of several rodsters, whose energy would exceed their skill, and would extract not infrequently three times over the weight of fish, by skillfully and carefully casting over the awkward and most unlikely looking spots, which the majority of anglers would rarely dream of trying. A favorite freak of his with the whip was to take the pipe from the teeth of a passing pedestrian by a carefully calculated whirl of the whip, and this aptitude was as remarkably exemplified, for a limited distance, in the use of the rod. Bosworth originated the coachman fly, so much appreciated for night fishing."

In copying the above I am reminded that quite recently a writer in an English fishing journal criticised the use of certain terms which he denominated "angling slang," and expressed gratification that such terms were being eliminated from American angling literature. "Rodster" was one of the objectionable expressions, and as I came across it in Mr. Foster's book, I wondered if it was coined in England or borrowed from his Yankee cousins. A. N. C.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that "White Hackle" calls me out on this question and credits me with flinging the first stone "into the camp of the fly-namers." I do not know that I can add anything to the articles already written on the subject except to acknowledge that there is cause of complaint that there is no system in classifying our flies and no standard that is accepted by all.

I have just gone over and compared the list of names only in Holberton's and Orvis's list without comparing the flies which are called by the same name, as "White Hackle" found great differences there. On Holberton's plate there are sixty-four named flies, and in Orvis's list there are seventy-eight, yet Holberton names thirty-seven which are not in Orvis's, the latter omitting the Montreal and alder flies, and naming forty which Holberton has not. Including hackles I find that only twenty-eight names are used in common by these two authorities. Orvis names brown coffin and also marsh brown, while Holberton gives both names to one fly which has a blue wing and is like the brown coffin of Orvis, the marsh brown of the latter has a brown wing.

I do not pretend to say which is generally the most correct, and write merely to show how the authorities disagree. Under these circumstances I do not wonder that there is confusion in the minds of anglers on the subject of fly nomenclature. "White Hackle" credits me with affecting ignorance of the name of a favorite grayling fly, of which I said that I did not know its name, "owing to a defective memory and the vagaries of fly nomenclature." The ignorance was real, although Mr. Cheney in editing my article kindly put a foot note saying that it was the oak fly, and I know it now.

I do not tie flies, and when I buy them merely pick them out by the combinations of color without attempting to master the fly-tier's entymology and nomenclature. Of course there are some names so well known that every angler recognizes them—such as the coachman, professor, queen of the water and scarlet ibis

If it was a possible thing to have a convention of fly-tiers who would agree on a standard, one name for one fly and one fly for one name, then possibly we could attempt to master the system. If any one has doubts about the confusion of names let him take some fly that is not too well known and ask his angling acquaintances what they call it, or send it to different dealers in fishing tackle for a name.

New flies are continually devised, but we have enough already. Last year Mr. Cheney did me the honor to invent a bass fly, and give it my name. It is not before me now, and I carefully keep it on the card with the name on it, for I have not learned to know it yet, and I may say that I have not heard that the supply of bass has been diminished to any alarming extent by my namesake. Reports say that a few are left for the coming summer. FRED MATHER.

SALT BATH FOR TROUT AND MINNOWS

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some one has said, "a wink is as good as a nod." In the early part of 1884 the nod was given through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, so I will use the same medium to return the wink, which may be of service to some angler in the same misfortune. Some one (I forget who) of your ichthyologist friends gave their experience and method of treating sickly fish fry to a salt bath, and the good results attained thereby.

For years it has been my custom every summer to put away a supply of minnows and shiners for fall and winter fishing. Last summer I utilized a brook, putting in a small dam and forming a pool two rods long by three feet wide. In the pool I placed three boxes, each end of the boxes covered with wire cloth, eight meshes to the inch. The upper box being in deepest water was intended for any trout too small for table use. The other two boxes were filled with minnows and shiners. Things went on swimmingly in the boxes and out, with a weekly increase to the trout. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men," etc. One of those old-fashioned rain storms we sometimes read about occurred in September, and sent the water rushing from the hills, kicked up Cain and my dam in the little brook, and made a general havoc. Two days later, when at dinner, a neighbor passing the door asked if I was aware that my dam had been carried away and my fish boxes were dry. Reaching the spot I felt faint on lifting the lids of the boxes. The water was about two inches deep, and what bait were not dead were covered with fungi. On raising the lid of the trout box I found that they were all safe, with six inches of water flowing through the box. I repaired the dam as hastily as possible, picked out five dozen dead fish from the two boxes, and was about to throw all out and fill up anew, when the thought of the salt bath occurred to me. I put into the upper end of each box one pound of table salt, so that the water would dissolve it and carry it through and out at the lower end. When I left them every fish was a white, downy mass with head stuck above water. On visiting my patients the next day at noon, I found two dead. The rest showed signs of improvement. I gave each box one pound and a half of salt. Next day at noon I found many of the fish free of fungi, and all improving; no dead fish. Another dose of a pound and a half to each box completed the cure, with no more dead fish. Wink No. 1, with thanks to FOREST AND STREAM. On the first day of October, 1884, I turned loose as nice a box of small trout as one would wish to see, all taken with the fly on barbed hooks. I lost but one trout through the season, and that one jumped out of the box when I had the cover off. Wink No. 2.

If your Paterson, N. J., correspondent of a few weeks ago wishes to save his trout alive when he lifts them from the water, let them lie on the grass until the fish stop flopping and become reconciled to their fate, wet the left hand in the brook, take hold of the fish gently, with the right hand extract the hook; then place the fish in a pail of water ready for the purpose. He will find he will not lose many fish from tooth pulling, if after-treatment is properly attended to, namely, frequent changes of water.

FEB. 2, 1885. THOMAS CHALMERS.

THE FIRST TROUT.—Bear Creek, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was a June afternoon long years ago, more than I care to mention, though I was then a "kid" of about thirteen, but with almost a man's strength, and more than most men's endurance. Our party of three men and another boy besides myself reached the lake an hour or so before dark and immediately commenced fishing. There were no boats on the lake and we did our fishing from rafts. It was my confounded good luck to catch the only fish of the evening. Of course it was a speckled trout. It was not a very large one, but it had the effect of increasing my stature and avoirdupois for that evening at least. The good luck attending our week or ten days' stay brought me down from the pinnacle I mounted that late afternoon when I discovered I had not caught the only trout in the lake, but the memory of it is a pleasant one, though the catching was done with a worm.—MILLARD.

THE BEST ROD VARNISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I, through your columns, ask Mr. H. P. Wells, and any others who know, how to make or where to buy a really good varnish for fishing rods? Some of the rod makers have the secret, but the varnish dealers do not seem to know it. I will be greatly obliged for the information.—M. (Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Feb. 6).

How Water Snakes Catch Fish.—Oswego, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following leaves no doubt as to whether the common water snake is destructive to fish: While angling for trout in a pond I saw a water snake chasing a fish about five inches in length. The fish, which was on its spawning ground, kept swimming around in a circle, but a little in advance of its pursuer. Finally the snake, with its mouth, caught the fish by the tail. The fish kept its body well ahead of the snake, for it had the use of its fins. After swimming about in this way for some time the snake made its way to the shore and drew the fish out of the water. I killed the snake and liberated the fish.—Doctor.

Black Bass Caught in Winter.—Swedesboro, N. J., Feb. 4.—Three years ago, in November, we put 250 black bass (4 to 6 inches long) in Washington Lake. Several bass have been caught there since. One taken on the 4th of July last weighed, on the scale, 2¼ pounds. Last Saturday, Jan. 28, the miller was fishing for pike through 6-inch ice, and caught a black bass weighing 3 pounds. Dr. Henshall claims that bass are not caught in mid-winter, and as we have all along considered him the authority on the subject, would like to inquire of your readers if it is a common thing to catch them through the ice, and whether Dr. Henshall is wrong.—C. D. L.

Tarpon Springs, Fla., Jan. 29.—Fishing is very good here, both salt and fresh water, sheepshead, channel bass, sea trout, ravallic, skipjack or indy fish, etc. Dr. Ferber and a number of your old subscribers are domiciled here with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have not lost their Homosassa reputation in the least in their manner of keeping a first-class sportsmen's resort. Skipjack and sea trout are taken in endless quantities with the fly, in fact, it is impossible to cast with more than one fly at a time, owing to the way the fish use up the flies. This is no Florida story but a fact.—C. B. T.

Substitute for Varnish.—New Haven, Conn.—If hard oil, such as painters use for natural wood finish, was tried in place of varnish, shellac, wax, etc., anglers would find it to their advantage. Also in finishing rods, it is far superior, as it does not crack or chip off, and it does most effectually shed water. It is very elastic, and gives as handsome a finish as could be desired. Any first-class wood filler will accomplish the same result.—Wig Wag.

Fishculture.

TROUT VERSUS CARP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by the number of Forest and Stream just received that my article on "Trout Brooks" in Forest and Stream for the 15th ult. was alluded to in a lecture on "Fishculture as a Pennsylvania Industry," delivered in Harrisburgh before the Pennsylvania Board of Agriculture and the Legislature. The lecturer, as reported in Forest and Stream, "remarked that 'Penn' had presented the only practical solution, which, when duly analyzed and condensed, was simply to leave the streams in a state of nature." He claimed that a strip of brush fifteen feet wide would be necessary for shade and shelter, and that on the stream which I described, this would, with the stream itself, occupy three and seven-elevenths acres. By actual trial this has been found to produce only ten pounds of trout. But if devoted to properly constructed carp ponds it would yield three and a half tons annually of fish second in quality only to trout.

Now as a matter of fact the stream which I alluded to is far from being in its natural condition, and through the greater part of its course has no shade whatever, except from its own banks and the water grass. Originally the stream wandered from side to side of a meadow. Now for the most part, it runs in a straight line in an artificial channel. Three-fourths of all the fish have been taken out of this open part, where is neither tree nor bush. Several of the springs are located in the woods, but the trout have never been found so far up. The stream does flow through a piece of wood just above its mouth, but the fish are all above this part long before the water is too warm for them. There is absolutely no ground occupied, except by the stream itself, which is reduced to the straightest and narrowest limits. The trout brook of the future for our region is far removed from a natural condition. It is almost wholly artificial. Yet the work to be put upon it is just what our farmers are putting upon their streams, with a view on their part solely to economy of land. They are already collecting the spring water in the swamps into underdrains, and leading these into deep ditches which run straight to the larger streams. If beyond this, they will allow the streams to shade themselves by their native grasses, and will keep them free from open ponds, and obstructing dams, the trout, if started, will live, and thrive, and multiply, and cost little, and occupy absolutely no ground.

I do not place much value upon hyhothetical cyphering. If, however, I were to try my hand at it, the result would be as follows: If there were but one such stream to the square mile over a part of our State 100 miles square, here would be produced, at ten pounds to the stream, the large aggregate of 50 tons of brook trout annually. I doubt if an equal amount of carp could be raised more easily or cheaply. Still the possible limit of trout would be soon reached, while the possible production of carp is really unlimited. I have nothing but encouragement to offer to the promoters of carp culture. Where it is undertaken thoroughly and carefully, the results may be all that is claimed for it. But the experience of our neighborhood has indicated that the carp have very little ability to take charge of themselves. They are eaten by other fish, and are easily washed out by freshets. They are also very liable to be stolen by poachers. In consequence of these results I believe that in my neighborhood up to the present time, the closing remarks of my former article are true.

I will add one paragraph upon restocking our depleted waters. Within the last few years, trout have been placed in many of our larger streams. These fish, when the spring came, ran up the smaller brooks, but in the early season there was nothing to tell the trout which stream would shelter him in midsummer and which would compel him to live, or rather die, in water at the temperature of 80 or 90 deg. In this way the greater part of the stocking trout must have perished. It would be much better in such cases to select only those brooks in which the fish have a fair chance of living, and place them in there in the spring, late enough for them to find the water of the larger streams so warm that they will keep to their cooler brook. They will then live and spawn there, and the young fry will surely return to their place of nativity. In this way all of the introduced fish will be effective in producing the new stock. From the original brooks they will slowly spread to other suitable streams.

Penn.

Men Have no Right to expose their families to the risk of being thrown helpless on the world, when they can prevent it at small cost by taking a policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

The American Kennel Register, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2113.**

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

General W. B. Shattuc, acting as secretary of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club at its meeting of January 24, has prepared for publication a report of the proceedings, which appears in this department. Presuming that the committee met at New York it was somewhat startling to notice the absence of the Westminster Kennel Club, one of the two prime movers in the establishment of the new association. This, coupled with the absence of delegates from the New Haven, New England and Philadelphia clubs led to inquiry being made when the surprising fact of the meeting being held at Cincinnati was elicited. Why Cincinnati was selected is not very apparent and still less can it be understood why the whereabouts of the meeting is kept so peculiarly hidden.

It is further stated that certain clubs were represented in person or by proxy, and it is left to the speculation of the reader as to which were the personal representations and which the proxy. Our speculation is as follows: Montreal by proxy, Baltimore by proxy, Cleveland by proxy, Illinois by proxy, Kentucky by Major Taylor, St. Louis by proxy, Cincinnati by General Shattuc. On this point we are open to correction, but pending the receipt of this information we exercise the common right of dealing with probabilities and assume that Major Taylor and General Shattuc met and with proxies formed a quorum.

Before looking at the business, it would be as well to cast a passing glance at the clubs represented and see what they have done in the way of promoting dog shows. The Montreal Club has held three shows, of which the last one, held in 1884, was the only one entitled to any consideration and may be rated as a second-class exhibition; Baltimore Club has neither held nor announced a show; Cleveland Club has held two shows, equal in caliber to Montreal; Illinois Club has never held a show, but announces one for next June; Kentucky Club has neither held nor announced a show; St. Louis Kennel Club is probably a mistake and the St. Louis Gun Club is meant. Their united effort of last year was a most indifferent one, still they have men of experience in the club. The last is the Cincinnati Club, which has yet to hold its first show in May. It is claimed that it is the second show, but it is well known that the show of 1884 was Mr. Lincoln's private venture, and he so stated to us. To summarize, the meeting was made up of three clubs which have held shows and four which have not, and the clubs not represented are the leading clubs in importance, either in point of number of members or as promoters of dog shows. Of the seven clubs represented, we have presumed, in view of the suppression of information on that point, that five were represented by proxies held by the representatives of the other two clubs, Messrs. Shattuc and Taylor.

There were no reports from committees, which is equivalent to saying that since the association was established in October last it has done nothing. No members were elected, that very necessary piece of business being postponed until *a full representation could be had.* This is a strange reason to give, in view of seven clubs being represented and the importance the election of clubs bears upon qualification for the champion classes. Notwithstanding the lack of representation, however, Major Taylor and General Shattuc proceeded to discuss, and "after a full discussion" decided that Major Taylor's interpretation of Rule 8 should stand. This interpretation is as unwarranted as it is surprising, for neither does the wording of the rule bear it out nor was it intended to read in any such way.

When Rule 8 was adopted last October, the gentlemen present knew well enough what the object and intent of the rule was, viz.: That after that date no dog should be permitted it the champion class unless he had won three first prizes at show held by members of the association. The rule says so, and in was meant by those who framed and passed it to say that and nothing else. For some reason not perfectly clear to us, Major Taylor announced, some time ago, that the rule was not meant to apply that way, but that any dog that had hitherto won one first prize should compete in the champion class. In future, we are told, "dogs will be advanced *strictly in accordance with Rules 8 and 9*;" but why the rules are not to be strictly interpreted and enforced right now is something Major Taylor has never explained. There can be but one reason for this breaking down of the rule, and that is, to admit into the champion class some dog or dogs which would be relegated once more to the open class and possibly remain there. If there is no specific object in view, why change the rule? is the question which naturally arises. It is either to benefit some dog, and is therefore special legislation for which there is no license, or else it is for no one's particular benefit, and therefore totally unnecessary, so it is wrong whichever way one looks at it.

That Forest and Stream is not alone in looking at the case in this light is evidenced by the complete repudiation of Major Taylor's rendering of the rule by the New Haven Kennel Club. Mr. E. S. Porter, who acts as secretary of that live organization, is also secretary of the American Kennel Club, and he knows as we do that the rule was meant to apply just as it reads, and further, that it will so apply at the New Haven show next month, which is the first to be held under the new rules. The New England Club has said nothing either way, but if they agree with Mr. Porter and Forest and Stream that the rule was passed with the object of carrying out what the words say shall be done, there is but one thing for them to do, and that is for them to support New Haven.

The American Kennel Club started out under bright auspices, with a mission of much good and benefit to fulfill, but so far the results have been eminently unsatisfactory. It is sincerely hoped that some of the clear heads of the Eastern clubs will come to the rescue and save the association from possible discomfiture.

THE A. K. R. PEDIGREE FEE is 50 cents. The fee must in every instance accompany the entry.

MEETING OF THE A. K. C.

The Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club met Jan. 24. The meeting was called to order by J. M. Taylor, President, and General W. B. Shattuc appointed Secretary.

The following clubs were represented in person or by proxy, viz.: Montreal Kennel Club, Baltimore Kennel Club, Cleveland Bench Show Association, Illinois Kennel Club, Kentucky Kennel Club, St. Louis Kennel Club, Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club and Bench Show Association. The New Haven Kennel Club having authorized the representative of the Westminster Club or in his absence the representative of the New England Kennel Club to cast its vote, neither being present, it was left without representation.

The minutes of the meeting of Oct. 22, 1884, at New York city, were read and approved. The regular order of business according to the by-laws was then taken up. There being no election of officers, the secretary's report and the treasurer's report were read and approved. No reports from committees. It was decided not to take up the election of members until the next meeting, when a full representation could be had. Under head of miscellaneous business, the proper construction of Rules 8 and 9 were then taken up for discussion. After a full consideration, the rules as interpreted by the president and published in the principal sportsmen's papers over his signature, viz.: "All dogs of whatsoever breed that have won a first prize in the open classes at the bench shows of any organization now recognized as a member of the American Kennel Club, should be entered in the Champion class, and all dogs that have won two first prizes in the champion class, regardless of former competition, should be entered in the Extra Champion class. In future winnings dogs will be advanced strictly in accordance with Rules 8 and 9, and no awards will be recognized except those made by members of the A. K. C.," were approved, with the following addition, viz.: that "previous winners of first prizes in the open class shall take advantage of their winning during the year 1885 by entering in the Champion class; if they do not before Jan. 1, 1886, they shall be continued in the open class until their winnings amount to three first prizes."

It was also the unanimous opinion of the meeting, that Rules 8 and 9 of the A. K. C. should only apply to coming shows given under the auspices of members of the association, with the understanding that clubs may avail themselves of the right of Section 33 of Rules and Regulations, in advertising extra champion class or not, as they think proper.

W. B. Shattuc, Acting Sec'y.

CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The Kennel Club's twenty-fourth exhibition of sporting and non-sporting dogs was held in the galleries of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Jan. 13, 14, 15 and 16. The total number of entries amounted to 1,624, which is the largest we have attended, although we believe at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in May, 1863, the entries exceeded this considerably. However, taking the number and quality of the exhibits, we consider this one of the best exhibitions of the kind ever held, if not the best. As we have already said, the show was held in the galleries of the Crystal Palace, and for an exhibition of the sort we consider a more undesirable place could not be selected. The judging was not finished until midday on Wednesday, the 14th. On the first day there were five judging rings. These rings were "here and there" all over the place, and as there was little available space left for the public to see what was going on, and yet so much was going on at the one time, that we, along with the public, had to put up with a private view on the bench in a great many instances. We also noticed a good deal of time lost by an insufficient supply of keepers, as in many cases when one class was judged there was considerable delay before all the dogs competing in the following class were brought into the ring. This was often caused by one dog being benched in one class and competing in another, which really cannot be well avoided so long as dogs are allowed to compete in two classes. The benching, as usual, was in the hands of Messrs. Spratts, whose manager, Mr. Crofts, could be no more attentive or obliging. The disinfectant of Messrs. Jeys was everything that could be desired. So, after taking everything into consideration, the management was a success, the only objectionable thing being the galleries as a place for holding a dog show.

BLOODHOUNDS.

In champion bloodhounds, Nestor, looking remarkably well, won easy. The corresponding bitch class was composed of four good ones, and almost either of them might have won without leaving much room for dissatisfaction. In open dogs, Mr. Nichols was once more in front with another good young hound, with good expression and possessing a good body, legs and feet. Maltravers, second, another good one not so well on his feet and legs as the winner. Duncan, third, had a good many admirers who thought he might have won. There were a pair of very promising puppies shown in this class by Mr. Foster, which no doubt will be heard of again, and we hope they will not suffer from their visit to the Crystal Palace. The winner in the bitch class we consider one of the best out. We did not admire the second prize on account of her white feet. Third prize went to Morgiana; her skull is not equal to the others placed over her.

MASTIFFS.

The class for champion mastiffs, dogs, was well supported, no less than seven entered and all turned up before the judge, whose decision we could not quite follow. Maximilian, the winner, is a good-bodied dog, but not quite large enough in skull for a dog of his size, when compared to others in the class. Orlando looked well; what a pity this dog did not stand up better on his legs; his body and head properties are really something extraordinary. We fancied Crown Prince or Cardinal for the pick, and the latter for choice. There were only two entries in the bitch class, and we quite indorse the decision and think the brindle Lilly II. won well. The open dogs were, as a collection, the worst lot we have seen at the Palace. Goth, the winner, is long in face and seems flat in rib. In fact we considered Prussian Prince as good as any in the class, and he is not of the first rank; nevertheless, he is really good in body and of good type. Ilford Caution is a good fronted dog, but falls off behind. The open bitch class was about the best we have seen, the winner, Cambrian Princess, is a good bitch, possessing both size and quality, yet we did not like the way she moved. Second prize, Queen Ann, is a good stamp but got more than she was entitled to here in our opinion. We fancied her kennel companion as much as her. Dr. Turner's pair, Lady Clare and Lady Isabel, we fancied very much; the former has her ears set on rather high, while the latter we think should either have been first or second. Vivien, hc., was looking well; she has often been reported upon. We could not follow the judge in the bitch puppy class, the second prize being a long way ahead of the first, whose ears were wrong and in face she was also inferior to her sister. Mr. Wade, all the way from Pittsburgh, Pa., we find represented by a daughter of his imported Dina, which in many respects resembles her dam, but possesses, if we recollect right, more bone and substance.

ST. BERNARDS.

In St. Bernard champion dogs, Valentine, still improving, was successful in defeating the well-known Bayard. Closter did not turn up in bitches and Elfrida won, we think looking better than we ever saw her. She was certainly greatly improved on her Edinburgh form. We find Mr. Smith again first in the open dog class with Merchant Prince, second to Valentine at Birmingham. He is a remarkable large young dog, possessing good coat and carries himself well; had he a

little more of Valentine's or Bayard's perfect head he would certainly be a grand dog. However, he is a most difficult dog to get away from and no doubt will be often heard of again. Grip, second prize, we think was lucky. His ears are wrong and consequently his expression is destroyed. Musgrave is a good stamp, but too small. Pilgrim, sire of the well-known Plinlimmon, might have been higher up, while Visp II., although out of form, we fancied very much. Hector IV. is another good dog. He wants a better blaze, and is too straight behind. The bitch class was remarkable for quality. Lady Eva won well, possessing a good head, with the best of feet and legs. Her body is all that could be wished for; had she a little more white up the face her general appearance would be much improved. The well-known brindle and white La Mascotte was a good second. This bitch has a wonderful good head, good body, legs and feet, but falls off a little behind. Maggiore, equal third, another brindle and white, is a good all round bitch. She was looking well. Crevasse II., also equal third, falls away a little before the eyes. Countess of Beaufort we thought did not look as well as when we saw her at Warwick last April. Mr. Thornton won first in smooth dogs with a very good red and white by Leonard, second prize going to a leggy, light-bodied specimen, weak before the eyes. The first and second-prize winners in smooth bitches were both good ones. There were very large entries in the puppy classes, but quality did not turn up accordingly.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

In champion Newfoundland dogs Nelson I. was all alone; he was looking well. In the open class for dogs, Mr. Nichols turned up first with what we consider the best we have seen, and evidently Mr. Nichols thought so to, for after being well tried, he still refused to offer him at a price. King Bruce, second, was reported upon at Birmingham. In bitches, Lady Teazle won. She is a good stamp, but we don't like the white on her chest and feet. Queen Zoe was unnoticed; rather hard lines, we think.

GREAT DANES.

In champion Great Danes, Sultan II., looking well won, with the black and white Harlequin Nero second. In open dogs, first went to Cedric the Saxon, the winner of the challenge cup last July; second and third prizes were awarded to two brindles. The three winners were grand, noble dogs, and a show in themselves; possessing bone and substance, yet as straight on their legs as greyhounds, with powerful jaws and what teeth! Voorwaarts,vhc., has a grand head with plenty of bone and substance, but not possessing the same amount of quality about the shoulders as those placed over him. The quality of the bitch class was quite equal to the dogs, and we think we can say no more. There was nothing in the dog puppy class that looks like coming to the front. The winning bitch puppy of a blue color promises well.

DEERHOUNDS.

Bevis I. won first in champion deerhounds, a decision we could not indorse. We fancied Chieftain an easy winner. In open dogs, Gunner was rightly placed at the head of the class. We would have put Clansman second with Robin Grey third. In bitches Beatrice won, and we think won well. She is full sister to Chieftain. Heather Belle is also a good specimen, with good color and coat. We noticed a lot of puppies in the deerhound class which, of course, cannot be compared with or stand any chance of winning against matured dogs.

POINTERS.

In champion pointer dogs Graphic again won, and, as usual, was looking well, he had no opponent this time. Glee won in bitches. We still have a great regard for Bow Bells and think her wonderful feet, legs, body, shoulders, and general character something not to be seen every day. However, she is not as light and airy as we have seen her, in which respect the winner beats her. In the open dog class Luck of Hessen, vhc., is leggy and light of body. Gunner, c., is a useful dog not showing enough quality. Duke IV. has his ears set on too high and is weak in muzzle; this dog had a nasty sore on his hindquarter. Paragon, a mere puppy, won; but we think he was fortunate, no doubt we shall see more of him when fully matured. Second went to Don IX., reported upon at Birmingham; in our opinion he should have won here. In bitches, 50 pounds and upward, Flounce of Braunfels, vhc. and reserve, is really a good bitch. Dapper, third, has a good head and neck, but is rather leggy and straight behind. Revel III. is a real good one, we have reported upon her before. Amber II. was very lucky to get so far up in the list, her ears are not properly carried and she was shown in bad form. Naso of Kipping was first in dogs under 55 pounds and we think properly so, he is a liver and white, shown in good condition, and possessing good feet, legs and body, with plenty of character. Third is leggy and light of bone. Second, a puppy, only 11 months, is full of promise. Vhc. Russell is a good, game-looking dog, full of go, he carries his tail too high. The winner in the small size bitch class was a lemon and white, possessing a deal of quality. Mr. Price coming second, with a very good liver and white, in fact a great many in this class were full of merit and had about the keenest competition of any of the pointer classes. The puppy class contained several good ones, the winner in open dogs had to put up with second here, nevertheless we fancied he had a clearer win here than he had in the open class.

SETTERS.

In English setters Sting and Plimsy won, the latter having only Rhona II. to beat, while Sting had no opponent. We could not follow the judge in the open classes. The first and second prize winners we have often reported upon, while the third prize dog was the winner at Birmingham. We fancied Laverack Chief and King Ned about the best in the class. The latter was only c., while Laverack Chief was unnoticed. Wild Rose won well in the bitch class, and Meg Merrilies made a good second. In dog puppies first and second were full brothers, by Sir Alister. There were only two entries in the bitch puppies. There was nothing striking in Gordons. We fail to see any such as old Duke now. The bitch class was the best, but evidently Gordon setters are not improving. In champion Irish setters Gannymede beat his kennel companion, Tyrone, and Geraldine had no opponent in bitches. In open dogs we think the second prize ought to have won. He is no doubt cheap at his catalogue price (£20), and was soon claimed. In bitches we fancied the reserved Nellie III. as about the best. In the puppy class the winner (Mate) in the open dogs only got vhc., which speaks well for the class. The winner here will be heard of again.

SHEEP DOGS.

In champion sheep dogs Eclipse was entered not for competition. First went to Rutland, who was looking well, but we certainly think Charlemagne should have held that position. We never saw him look better. The well-known red sable Peggie II. won in champion bitches, having no opponent. The open classes for collies were the best we have ever seen. Such a lot of good dogs that never got into the prize list we have never seen on any previous occasion. Lynn, hc., dark sable, with white breast, has a good head, well-carried ears, plenty of coat, good size, and stood on the best of feet and legs. Rockingham, third, is a true collie, and was considered by many the best in the class. We know the owner refused a large offer for him. Bounce, c., another good red sable, changed hands. Mr. Dockrell won second and fourth with a pair of good puppies by Eclipse. King of the Glen, another of Eclipse's stock, is a wonderful good dog, with good head and ears, capital coat, and in the pink of condition. The winner is a black and tan puppy by Rutland, with perfect coat, good feet and legs; he is rather short in body. He also won first in puppies. The bitches were another good class, the winner another of Rutland's puppies and full sister to the winner in the dog class; in color black, with a head all tan or red color. She is full of character and possesses a real good coat with good ears. She also won in bitch puppies, beating Matchless, that was claimed at £100 during the Birmingham show. We may sum up by saying there was scarcely any of the noticed, dogs, bitches or puppies, and a great many of the unnoticed, but were full of merit and fit to take leading honors; in fact we are sure that a great many of the unnoticed dogs will be heard of again, and be able to render a good account of themselves.

BASSET HOUNDS.

In champion basset hounds Mr. Blair won easy with Bourbon, who was looking well, while Mr. Krehl got the reserve. In open dogs we find M. Louis Kane at the head of affairs with a grand hound, and the same exhibitor first, second and third in bitches; also second in bitch puppies—not so bad for a stranger with only five entries. Surely he will never take them all back to France again; from what we heard there will be at least one remain in England.

DALMATIANS.

Treasure was once more first in Dalmatians.

POMERANIANS.

Charlie was again first. We missed him at Birmingham, where he could have easily won. Scoff, also well known, came second.

POODLES.

That grand black poodle, Mr. Lawrence's Lyris, was the only entry in the class for championship. He is the best we have seen, and goes on improving every day. The first and second in the open class were also good specimens, but still a long way behind Lyris.

BULLDOGS.

In large-size champion bulldogs there was only one entry—Taurus. In small-sized champions Grabber won, we think closely pressed by Cervantes, who is much the best bulldog, bar being too much out at elbows. In champion bitches under 50 pounds the well-known Britomartis won. In the open class for large-sized dogs and bitches the quality was good and the awards gave every satisfaction. The winner has been reported upon several times and was here looking well. In the next class Rustic King, the Birmingham winner, very much improved, won well. Royal George is commencing to show age and is not so good in head proportion, yet he possesses a good body and plenty of bone. In the over 35 pounds and under 50 pounds Lady Stewart was correctly placed first, while the second prize winner was only a puppy and lucky to get so far up. Her body is good but she is weak in head. We think the third and vhc. reserve might have been above her. In small dogs the awards did not meet with general approval. Many fancied the vhc. Dom Pedro to any in the class. Ossian, the third prize, was claimed at the catalogue price, £22 10s., and the second prize winner, catalogued at £12 12s., we believe remained unsold. Ridotto, the Birmingham winner, and sister to Rustic King, was once more first and yet never shown in proper condition.

SPANIELS.

Irish water spaniels, as usual, were a small class. The winning dog was looking better than we ever saw him, and won well, the second being coarse in head, Mr. Hockey's two bitches being again first and second in the bitch class. We still fancy Young Hilda very much, yet she is too strong in head for a bitch.

In Clumbers, champions, we thought Psycho best, the winner, Boss II., being too long in face for a clumber. In open dogs, Ramble, in bad form, won first, second going to Duke, who is not enough marked over the body to please me, and he has a wall eye, bar which, he is a most typical specimen.

We think Haratio won well in Sussex or liver-colored spaniels, but would have placed Guy second, Noble being too dark in color. Brida won easy in bitches. In other colored champions Solus again won first.

In black dogs the winner is plain in head; the second worse. The class was a bad one. Bitches had only four entries in the next class; the first and second were both good ones, the former lowest on leg while the later is rather the best in head. The following two classes were poor, except Easten's Bride, much improved and closely pressed by Zuess for first honors. Obo won once more in cocker dogs, with his son Keno coming next. There was only one of any merit in the cocker bitch class.

FOX-TERRIERS.

In fox-terrier champions, Result, still going on favorably, won, and correctly so. Spice was second. Bedlamite won in champion bitches. She is remarkably good in feet and legs, but was it not lucky that Sutton Veda was out of the way. We hear that Mr. Field's entries were late and returned. In this class we preferred Richmond Patchwork to the third prize Joyful. In open dogs the second prize is a good sort, but rather light in eye. Third and fourth both seem rather wide in front, but have good bone and substance. Reckoner, the winner, we think deserved his position, yet he has not a very taking expression. The winner in the next class turned up in Rosebloom, who beat Redamite, the winner, in the champion class for a special cup, and we heard no grumbling. She is certainly a very handsome one, and few faults can be found with her. Poppy II., reported upon at Dublin, is rather large in ear and fine before the eye, but withal a nice bitch, but lucky to get so far up. The puppy classes contained some very promising young ones, and the wire-hairs were well represented; but yet are deficient in coat so much so that you can with difficulty find one out of twenty with a real wire-haired coat.

TERRIERS.

In bull-terriers Mistress of the Robes won in the champion class, she was looking well. In large size dogs we would have placed Chancellor first, being better in shoulders, feet and legs than the winner. We also thought the second prize bitch in the following class should have won; however, she is only a puppy yet and we expect to see more of her. The winner has been previously reported upon, having won first here last July and second at Birmingham. In the small size dogs Florence, first at Birmingham, was only third here; the winner was thin and shelly.

Airedales are getting more even in type, all the winners are well known about York and Lancashire.

There were good classes of Bedlingtons, but the judging did not seem to give general satisfaction. In the open class we thought Hairdresser a long way the best, while in bitches we fancied Topsy and Domino most. A very good puppy won and was claimed at £10.

Irish terriers, as a collection, were poor.

In white English terriers Lucky Star, properly named, won, his kennel companion, Leading Star, being much the best. North Star, vhc., is well known.

Champion black and tans had five entries, and Burke was once more at the head. The winner in the open class was correctly placed yet we think Welch Rat, second, very lucky in getting so far in the prize list, he is a very nice little dog but very far behind first-class form. We preferred Debonnaire for second prize. In bitches, exceeding 16 pounds, we think the winner very lucky, being weak in face, we preferred Kenwood Queen and Duchess of Edinburgh. In small size black and tans Witch, second at Birmingham, won, and the winner at Birmingham was unnoticed, yet we still think highly of her but being uncropped she does not possess the sharp trig appearance of a cropped dog.

In Skye terriers Claret, not in the best of form, won. In drop-eared Skyes, all the winners were small, of good stamp, but short in coat, while Strathmore, vhc., the best we have ever seen, bar size, which is a little too large, was our fancy for first. This dog is particularly long and low and has a remarkably long, straight coat of the correct texture. In prick-eared Skyes we find Mr. King, all the way from Paisley, at the head of affairs, and no doubt deservedly so, the second being very moderate.

We have seen better classes of Scotch terriers. The winners are all well known and were much ahead of others, yet we know the Captain has several better in his kennels. Mr. Adamson exhibited a very good puppy and won first; had it shown as well in the open as in the puppy class, it possibly would have been third instead of hc.

PUGS.

Bradford Ruby won well in champion pugs. We have often reported on him; bar being a little large, he is about the best we know. Dowager won in champion bitches, closely pressed by Luna II. In open dogs the winner is new to us, and we were pleased to make his acquaintance, he is such a cobby, short little fellow, with good eye, skull, and small ears and beautifully curled tail. We did not quite admire the brownish shade of his nose, which we noticed also on the second, which is another handsome little dog. Master Tragedy came vhc. This dog possesses a good deal of pug character, and it is very difficult to find a better. Daniel, whose name we have seen pretty often in print, came third. He is another good sort; it is a pity that his ears are wrong. In the bitch class we thought it a very near thing between the winners; but as we did not see the class except in their pens, we cannot compare them enough to pass an opinion, but we find the judge has marked it a good class, and Mr. Sheffield is quite fit to form an opinion on that matter. In puppies we find no fewer than nineteen entries, and marked a very good class. We thought the second prize puppy quite too small in eye, yet we find, except three, all in the class got noticed.

TOY DOGS.

In Yorkshire terriers the two prizes were divided between Effie and Conqueror; we can't see the reason, as the latter in our opinion had a clean win.

As usual, Lady Gifford had no opponent in Maltese. That lady had four entries but only three turned up.

Of the two champion Blenheims, we preferred Flossie to Bowsie. Only four moderate specimens turned up in the open class; Prince Leopold being quite too small in skull. Alexander the Great added another win to his already long list. In the bitch class Gypsy II. is small. The second was in bad health and should have been turned out of the show. First to Jumbo II.; he was much the best. This dog also won at Birmingham last month.

There were only two Italian greyhounds, and we think they were wrong placed.

Mrs. Troughear won again with Conquerer in rough toys exceeding 6 pounds. Smooth toys were headed by a very nice little black and tan, the second prize winner being of the same variety but too dark in color. In rough toys, under 6 pounds, first and second went to Mr. Foster. After that the others were ordinary little ladies' pets evidently entered for sale.

LONDON, Jan. 19, 1885.

[For list of awards see last issue.]

ST. JOHN DOG SHOW.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 30.—This show which has just closed has been the best yet held in this city and has been pronounced by those competent to judge as good an exhibition as ever was held east of New York. There were two hundred and twenty-three entries and the dogs showed a great improvement over that of last year, particularly in the collie and sporting classes (excepting the pointers, which were a very indifferent class). In the collie classes Mr. Mortimer expressed himself as greatly surprised, as he had never met such good lot outside of New York. Everything passed off very smoothly and nicely, and if we may believe the expressions of those exhibitors who attended from the United States they will be sure and again visit St. John on the next similar occasion. At the close of the show, on Saturday evening, Lieut.-Colonel Blaine gathered the executive committee together and escorted the American exhibitors to the Princess street ferry. Before leaving the visitors were heartily cheered by the St. John men, a courtesy which was handsomely acknowledged by the departing exhibitors, who have frequently expresssed themselves greatly pleased, not only with the show and its management, but also with the courteous treatment they had received while in St. John.

Upon the return of the committee to the exhibition rooms Col. Blaine requested the attention of those present to the following tribute to Mr. H. W. Wilson, secretary of the association:

"St. John, N. B., Jan 30. To H. W. Wilson—Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, exhibitors in the fourth annual bench show of dogs held in this city, take the opportunity of expressing our acknowledgment of the courteous treatment and attention we have received at your hands. We feel that your performance of the onerous duties devolving upon you as secretary of the committee of management contributed largely to make the show the success it has proved. We trust that in the future your untiring energy and interest may be rewarded by even a greater measure of success than in the past. We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, Joseph Hayes, Boston; John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; F. H. Stanarth, Portland, Me.; Gould N. Brown, Halifax, and fifty others."

Mr. Wilson, in reply, thanked the gentlemen for the kindly sentiment expressed in the address and hoped that he would often meet them again. Later in the evening, at a private entertainment of the executive committee, the large amount of gratuitous labor performed by Mr. Wilson on behalf of the committee was referred to in the most complimentary terms by Col. Blaine and several others, and a resolution of thanks was passed, unanimously embodying similar sentiments to those expressed in the address.

Following is the official list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. M. Kay (Lyon).

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. W. Daniel (Grant). *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Raymond (Nigger).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Thos. R. Burchell (Goliath); 2d, W. F. Pepper (Nero). *Bitches:* 1st, Thos. Cullman (Jess); 2d, Wm. Agate (Pedro). PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, John Lennihan (Captain); 2d, Wm. Holman (Jack).

GREYHOUNDS—*Dogs:* 1st, A. M. K. Doull (Bran); 2d, A. S. Benn (Guard).

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer (Lance); 2d, Dr. John Bergman (Vaughn). *Bitches:* 1st, A. M. and T. W. Magee (Jess); 2d, John E. Thayer (Lorna II).

POINTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, John Stewart (Rab). *Bitches:* 2d, Dr. Bruce (Julia).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John Flemming (Rex); 2d, Wm. R. Carville (Danbury News). *Bitches:* 1st, Michael McGivern (Fan); 2d, R. Blackall (Minnie).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, John Mitchell (Danbury News, Jr.); 2d, S. Robertson (Mac). *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Thompson (Floss).

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer (Argus); 2d, J. C. Allison (Tony). *Bitches:* 1st, Thomas R. Bushell (Fanny); 2d, R. M. Gibson (Nell).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* John E. Thayer (Argus II.). *Bitches:* 1st, L. R. Thompson (Flora).

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jos. Hayes (Suil-a-Mor); 2d, R. M. Gibson (Romeo). *Bitches:* 1st, Jos. Hayes (Dido); 2d, Thos. J. Egan (Nellie).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Outram (Rosey); 2d, Jas. W. Manson (Stop). *Bitches:* 1st, Robt. Blackall (Maudie).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 2d, A. H. Campell (Ginger). *Bitches:* 2d, W. Blatchford (Rose).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Robert McLeod (Maxie); 2d, Chas. Morrisey (Spirit). *Bitches:* 1st, John McB Morrison (Jet); 2d, H. G. McLean (Veave).—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, James Devlin (Dash).

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Alex Wright (Spirit); 2d, W. F. Danahar (Jack).—PUPPIES *Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Carvell (Jack).

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer (Raby Tyrant); 2d, W. H. Thorne (Spot) *Bitches:* 2d, H. Rowan (Sally).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer (Grey). *Bitches:* 1st, John E. Thayer (Shame).

COLLIES.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Gilmore (Bonnie Laddie); 2d, A. C. Fairweather (Shep). *Bitches*: 1st, W. O. Purdy (Rose); 2d, F. W. Kaye (Marjory).—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, A. C. Fairweather (Robin); 2d, E. S. Kaye (Olinthus). *Bitches*: 1st, Joseph Hayes (Rosey); 2d, Robert Blackall (Phyllis).

DALMATIANS.—*Dogs*: 1st, R. H. Grimley (Nero); 2d, C. King (Spot).

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, John E. Thayer (Tippoo). *Bitches*: 1st, John E. Thayer (Bellissima).

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 2d, Col. A. Blaine (Crib). *Bitches*: 1st, Col. A. Blaine (Nellie); 2d, W. A. Pattison (Bones).—PUPPIES—*Bitches*: 1st, Col. A. Blaine (Nellie II.).

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, G. W. Campbell (Ginger). *Bitches*: 1st, John Collins (Mollie); 2d, J. Lennihan (Flora).

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, George Sanderson (Wattey); 2d, B. A. Weston (Twister). *Bitches*: 1st, S. Z. Dickson (Jessie).—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, A. Morrison (Sandy); 2d, F. Collins (Snap). *Bitches*: 1st, George Sanderson (Little Diffit).

PUGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, James Griffiths (Pug); 2d, W. O. Purdy (Sambo). *Bitches*, 1st, Douglass Troop (Judy); 2d, Forest City Kennels (Dolly). PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, E. Le Roi Wilson (Jack). *Bitches*: 1st, Forest City Kennels (Almale).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Col. A. Blaine (Dan); 2d, W. Ingham (Dex). *Bitches*: C. B. Morrison (Daisy); 2d, J. A. Ewing (Sylvia).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Chas. Buxton (Charlie); 2d, Chas. Buxton (Harry). *Bitches*: 1st, John Allen (Biddy); 2d, John Allen (——).

TOY TERRIERS.—*Bitches*: 1st, A. Magee (Jule); 2d, E. LeRoi Wilson (Tooth Ache).—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, C. A. McCulley (Strephon).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, J. Murray Kay's Lyon.
Best St. Bernard, F. W. Daniel's Grant.
Best Newfoundland, J. Lennihan's Captain.
Best greyhound, A. M. K. Doull's Bran.
Best deerhound, John E. Thayer's Lance.
Best pointer, John Stewart's Rob.
Best English setter, John Flemming's Rex.
Best Gordon setter, John E. Thayer's Argus.
Best Irish setter, J. S. Hager's Suil-a-Mor.
Best Clumber spaniel, G. N. Brown's Spot.
Best cocker spaniel, J. McB. Morrison's Jet.
Best field spaniel, Alex Wright's Sport.
Best fox-terrier, John E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant.
Best collie, John W. Gilman's Bonnie Laddie.
Best Dalmatian, R. H. Grimley's Leo.
Best bull, John E. Thayer's Bellissima
Best bull-terrier, Col. A. Blaine's Nellie.
Best Irish terrier, J. Collins's Mollie.
Best Skye terrier (prick-eared), Geo. Sanderson's Wattey.
Best Skye terrier (drop-eared), S. Z. Dickson's Jessie.
Best pug, Jas. Griffiths's Pug.
Best black and tan terrier, Col. A. Blaine's Dan.
Best Yorkshire terrier, J. Allen's Biddy.
Best toy terrier, C. A. McCulley's Strephon.
Best sporting dog, John E. Thayer's Argus.
Best dog or bitch, John E. Thayer's Bellissima.
Best dog in largest class, Col. A. Blaine's Nellie.
Best litter puppies, F. McCash's pugs.

NEW YORK FANCIERS' SHOW.

THE third annual exhibition of dogs, held under the auspices of the New York Fanciers' Club, opened at Madison Square Garden on the 4th inst. and closed on the 11th. There were only about 75 dogs all told, and the quality throughout was very inferior. Mr. Walton, of Boston, officiated as judge, but owing to the lack of competition in most of the classes his duties chiefly consisted in handing out the ribbons from his chair. The arrangements were of a very inferior order, and the catalogues were simply useless. In one pen, No. 986, was an Irish setter, in the next a Yorkshire terrier, followed by a fox-terrier puppy; then came a black and tan toy, after that two pugs, then a mastiff puppy, then a lady's address, and following that a French poodle.

In the fox-terrier dog class Scarsdale won from his kennel companion Spite. Age does not improve the son of Joker, whose faulty head grows coarser. Spite is leggy. Clover Belle, in the bitch class, showed the most character, but she is faulty of head and is too long-cast. Nellie is light of bone and plain of face. The Clovernook Kennels entries were all out of condition, and one of them, Clover Blossom, should be treated for the mange. In the puppy class the unnoticed Jip was our choice for second place, although he is leggy. The winner, a fair good puppy, is heavy of ears and is too long-cast: bone, legs and feet fairly good. The second prize winner is too full at the brow and has badly carried ears. In legs, feet, bone and coat it is pretty good. The third prize winner is faulty of head and coat.

Treasure was alone in the champion pug class and he won. We were not aware that he had won three first prizes, and he was shown in the open class at New York last October. But how did he manage to win the special prize for the best pug "that has not won three prizes at recognized American shows"? When there is a champion prize in view Treasure competes for it, whereas on other occasions he is a novice. A very useful dog, with a most appropriate name. He has a fair good head, but is too large, coarse of coat, and has no trace mark. The winner in the open dog class will never be heard of in good company. In the bitch class, Tra-la-la won easily. She is a bit apple-headed and small of eye. The puppy class failed to introduce us to anything likely to develop into winning form.

The Yorkshires were a very inferior lot; in fact, we failed to find one capable of winning a commended card in good company. The best was all off in color and coat. The first prize toy bull-terrier is a niceish little dog and was one of the best in the show. In the King Charles spaniel class, Mrs. Lucy took all the prizes, but her entries are a long way removed from first-class form. The winner, Duke, has a pretty good head, but he is too small and light of eye, besides being faulty of coat and short of ears. When will somebody exhibit a good King Charles? Our dogs are too small of eye, a very important point, and instead of having ears away down almost to the ground, we find a bit of leather about the size of the ears of a mongrel fox-terrier.

Mrs. Lucy also entered two red and white dogs in the class for Blenheims, but the judge said they were not Blenheims and therefore he transferred them into the class for tricolors, and other toy spaniels. We are of the opinion that red is essentially a Blenheim color, but if we are mistaken we fail to see how red and white dogs could compete in a class for tri-colored or reds. A tri-colored dog would be a dog of three colors, and a red and white dog most certainly would not be a red one. Mrs. Lucy was right and perhaps the management will take the hint and "read up." If they do this they won't make a class for Blenheims and another class for reds. The winner in the Italian greyhound class is a half-bred whippet, off in color and much too large. Mr. Chamberlain's poodles are fair specimens. They would be improved by length of ear and tightness of curl.

The first prize Skye has a fair, good head, but not coat enough for a good one. The winner in the Irish terrier and Dandie Dinmont class is neither one nor the other, and the prize should have been withheld. There was only one black and tan toy on view, and he is not a good one. He lacks color and is faulty in face and feet markings. The name of the Chinese crested dog did not appear in the catalogues, so-called, and we were not successful in getting the name of the owner either. The dog took a first prize and is not a bad specimen. His crest is not profuse and he has no tuft at the end of his tail; he is also too short on the legs. We liked his color and markings very much.

AWARDS.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Clovernook Kennels (Scarsdale). *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, Clovernook Kennels (Clover Belle and Priscilla); 2d, Charles Hyland (Nellie). *Puppies*: 1st, 2d and 3d, Clovernook Kennels.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Chequassett Kennels (Treasure).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, J. R. Gildersleeve (Dude). *Bitches*: 1st, Chequassett Kennels (Tralala); 2d, Anthony Henner (Gypsy); 3d, John T. Bladen (Fanny). *Puppies*: 1st, Anthony Henner (Dolly); 2d, Walter Scott (Snip).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—1st, J. R. Gildersleeve (Daisy).—UNDER 5LBS.—1st, John Yunker (Prince); 2d, J. R. Gildersleeve (Spider).

BULL TERRIERS.—UNDER 10LBS.—1st, William Scott (Jim); 2d, J. R. Gildersleeve (Boxer).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, 2d, and 3d, Mrs. A. W. Lucy (Duke, Belle of Bowery and Covent Garden Lady).

TRI-COLOR, RED AND OTHER TOY SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. A. W. Lucy (Rose and Baby Mine).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. R Gildersleeve (The Blanch).

POODLES.—1st, 2d and 3d, Mrs. J. E. Chamberlain (Major, Bonnie and Mignonette).

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, George Morley (Duke).

IRISH AND DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Alfred Bonny (Joco).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Henry Gravenstede (Tommy).

LITTERS OF PUPPIES.—1st, J. R. Gildersleeve (Irish setters).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best pug, Treasure.
Best display of pugs by one exhibitor, Chequassett Kennels.
Largest number of entries, Clovernook Kennels.
Finest litter of puppies, J. R. Gildersleeve's Irish setters.
Largest and best collection of Yorkshire terriers, J. R. Gildersleeve.
Largest and best collection of pugs, Chequassett Kennels.
Best King Charles spaniel, Duke.
Best King Charles spaniel with one or more of his progeny, Duke.
Best pug puppy, Dolly.
Second best litter of puppies, W. H. Jockel, Jr.'s berghunde.
Best poodle, Major.
Best Yorkshire terrier, Prince.
Smallest black and tan terrier over one year old, Tommy.
Best Mexican hairless dog, Mrs. L. D. Hurd's Pippo.

NEW HAVEN SHOW.

THE second annual show of the New Haven Kennel Club will be held in the Second Regiment armory, that city, March 18–20. The judges appointed are:

John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.—Pointers, foxhounds, beagles, dachshunde and collies.

Jas. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.—Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, and all other terrier classes, pugs, Italian greyhounds and poodles.

Jas. Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.—St. Bernards, field spaniels, cockers, King Charles, Blenheim, mastiffs and miscellaneous.

C. S. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.—English setters, Irish setters and Gordon setters.

Mr. James Mortimer consented to act as judge, and the Newfoundland, greyhound, deerhound, bulldog, bull-terrier, fox-terrier, and all other terrier classes, pugs, Italian greyhound and poodle classes were assigned to him, but he wrote the club that he was not satisfied with this arrangement and refused to act. Mr. James F. Kirk was at once requested to serve. Up to the time of our going to press his reply had not been received.

The premiums are in all the principal classes $10 and $5; other classes and puppies, $8 and $4. The specials aggregate $500. American Kennel Club rules will govern. Secretary, E. S. Porter, No. 781 Chapel street, New Haven.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

LA GRANGE, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The executive committee of the N. F. T. Club have adopted the following programme for their trials of 1885, run Dec. 7:

All-Aged purse, $750; $250 to first, $250 to second, and $250 to third. $15 forfeit and $15 additional to start. Entries to close Nov. 1.

Derby purse, $750; $250 to first, $250 to second, $250 to third. $10 forfeit and $10 additional to start. Entries to close April 1. B. M. STEPHENSON, Sec.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having lately heard reports of complaints made by the farmers of Delaware and Chester counties, Pa., against the several fox-hunting clubs of the sections named, your correspondent determined to make further inquiries on the subject, and selected the Farmers' Market of this city, whose stalls are in great measure rented by farmers of the counties mentioned. Taking the aisles of this market, a systematic interviewing of most of its occupants failed to find a single person who did not speak in the highest terms of the fox-hunting clubs, in fact every one stated to me that any damage inflicted in hunting over the farms, which very seldom occurred, was invariably remedied. The reports that have become circulated arose from the fact that some time since several half-grown puppies from one of the kennels got loose and killed an old hen or two.

Mr. Geo. Lewis and Mr. Geo. Hill led a party of hunters from the Rose Tree Hunt Saturday last, and started a fox on the Taylor farm, in Upper Providence. Reynard proved to be more than usually keen, and after running several miles in a circle, found refuge in the rocks of Blue Hill, from which he could not be dislodged. Mr. Hill then worked up Crum Creek, for several miles, and started another fox, which ran through a portion of Middletown and out by the Barrens in Edgemont, until late in the afternoon, when the hounds were taken off.

The Lima Hunt Club of Middletown had a splendid chase yesterday afternoon. This club claims some of the best huntsmen and dogs in Delaware county. The fox which gave them such a good run yesterday was "dropped" and given about a quarter of an hour start. Not knowing the neighborhood, which is full of safe refuges, he took a bee line through Upper Providence, Springfield, and then back of the Rose Tree. A portion of the dogs of the latter club were in their kennels, became wild with excitement, and a few of them jumped the six-foot board fence and joined in the chase. The Lima Club holed their fox at Howelville. HOMO.

THE COLLEY CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Even though they may contain some unnecessary personalities, "Lillioulero's" letters are always interesting and instructive. His strictures on myself in his letter dated Dec. 24, 1884, necessitates my asking you to allow me to make a few egotistical remarks.

I am not aware how "Lillibulero" could have read my letter to mean that I advocated the dividing of the colley classes on the show bench into the numerous strains of which I spoke. Indeed I was not thinking of that matter at all, but simply mentioned some of the colley strains (I never pretended that they were all the strains that exist, and therefore "Lillibulero" loses instead of makes a point over the Welsh strain he mentions). Neither do I say that I even am cognizant of all the various strains, but I simply pointed out that many of our so-called judges are not even aware that there are so many strains. I believe myself that the colley classes are the hardest to judge of any breed of dogs.

"Lillibulero" says: "He glibly prattled of the colley of the Cheviots, etc., etc., as if to the manner born." It so happens that he has hit the right nail on the head. "Lillibulero" further says that I depreciate book knowledge. I do nothing of the sort, but I say it is absurd to depend entirely upon book knowledge, and that we want practical judges and not booky ones. My own knowledge, which I readily allow is very small compared to the vastness of the subject, grew with me from boyhood, and the few characteristics that I casually mentioned of various strains were gathered by myself from personal observation. I defy any enthusiastic lover of dogs to travel much without almost unconsciously noticing and storing up knowledge, and I may say that I regret that I do not own a single book on dogs, although I have read all the chief ones. The last I read, and I consider it the best, was Vero Shaw's some two years ago, from which I copied Messrs. Shirely and Thomson's opinions.

I was obliged to "glibly prattle" (as he calls it) and "parade an imposing list of colley varieties" in order to let it be seen in one letter what I meant, for, having been a good deal in every country in Europe, and there being everywhere the colley with its characteristics peculiar to almost each separate country, it would take a good deal more space than I could ask you for to dilate fully upon each strain.

We are getting away from the original subject started by you, Mr. Editor, viz.: The judging of the colley classes, but I must reply to one more point in "Lillibulero's letter. He says: "Who cares whether that old Carlyle, with his enormous coat, comes from the Highlands, the Lowlands, or the Cheviot Hills." I reply: "The owners of the bitches bred to him, if they are not fools." You would not put a Suffolk Punch to a Clydesdale horse, would you, Mr. "Lillibulero?"

Your correspondent is welcome to rattle away his heedless darts at me if it amuses him, it don't hurt me; but I should say it is a pity if he wants to abuse me, he does not do it under his own name instead of behind a *nom de plume*.

Allow me to say a few words in answer to "A Roving Highlander." The dog he mentions I know well; but I never saw it otherwise than bobtailed. Moreover, I call it an English colley, as you will see ten of them in England to one in Scotland, and I spoke of it in my first letter.

I may say that I have always spelt the word "colley," *vide* my letters, and our "Colley Club," as I believe that to be the right spelling—your printer has invariably altered it—of course, in copying your heading of the subject, I have used your spelling.

This is the second time I have broken my rule by replying to anonymous correspondents, and I may say in conclusion, that I am not surprised that "Roving Highlander" is ashamed to put his name to his letter. C. GREVILLE HARSTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I should like to ask "Roving Highlander" a few questions about the Highland colley in particular, and colleys generally.

"Roving Highlander" says he has "known these dogs to discover sheep under huge wreaths of snow that would ultimately have perished had it not have been for the sagacity of this trusty servant."

A member of the English Legation at Washington told a friend of mine that the colley had no nose. Since then I have watched my colleys. They frequently throw their heads in the air and wind. I live in the country, but I have never had one follow me by trail, and I have seen them nose around for a piece of meat within three feet of them, and from close observation I am under the impression they depend far more on sight and hearing than on scent. I would be glad of the opinions of others with more experience than I have on this point.

"Roving Highlander" says these Highland colleys have coats seven and eight inches long. Does not this coat when filled with wet and frozen detract from the activity of the dog at times, particularly in heavy snow?

From "Roving Highlander's" own showing these Highland colleys must be scarce even in the Highlands. He only mentions having seen two positively—those that were with the shepherds of Mr. Gordon of Bevagalic. On this occasion had not "Roving Highlander" been in frequently to see the obliging Mr. Gow of the McDonald Arms Hotel, Kerinloch Bannoch, Perthshire, and didn't "Roving Highlander" mix up the dogs and sheep, and didn't the mixture make him think their coats so long, and wasn't the "hair of the dog" over his eyes, and not the poor Highland colley's? PERTHSHIRE.

LOCUST MOUNT, Va.

RANCOCAS KENNEL.—Mr. Percy C. Ohl, the general manager of the newly established Rancocas Kennel, of which Mr. Pierre Lorillard is the proprietor, has just returned from a purchasing tour, selecting the choicest stock to be obtained. It is Mr. Ohl's intention to profit by the experience of others, as we note his selection for breeding purposes form well-known bitches and his continuance of an established "nick." Among the purchases are Lavalette (Druid Princess Draco), the dam of Paul Gladstone and other grand dogs. She has always been bred to Gladstone, and is at present in whelp to him. Another purchase is Blue Belle (Rattler—Daisy), the dam in one litter of three pups (by Dashing Monarch) that won first the first time shown. As this breeding is like the foregoing, a "nick," it will in all probability be continued. Vannette (Count Dick—Petrel) is the same blood as Count Wind'em. Mr. John C. Higgins says Vinnette is the most vigorous, untiring bitch he ever saw, and while her pups have been unusually fine and well marked, they have been lost through carelessness. She has been bred to Dashing Monarch. The extra champion bench winner, Petrel II., is also among the purchases. Her winnings are more than any other bitch ever shown, having won three champion and one extra champion stakes, besides many firsts, specials and medals. Mr. Ohl intends breeding her to Count Noble or Gladstone. Besides the above, quite a number of young dogs of noted breeding have been secured; also Dashing Monarch (Dash II.—Countess Moll). Nine whelps of Monarch's begetting in one season's shows, while Plantagenet, Foreman, and many others of note in the field of his get need no comments. This line of dogs were only attainable by a large outlay of money, and the Rancocas Kennel today, though but yet one month established, contains the choicest blood in this country.

POINTER IMPORTATION.—Mr. Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass., has just imported from the kennel of Mr. J. H. Salter, Essex, Eng., a trio of well-bred pointers. Miss Romp, a white and black bitch, is litter sister to Mr. Dexter's Mainspring, winner of one-half of second prize in the Pointer Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club last November. She is in whelp to champion Graphic. The others are puppies about one year old; one of them is by Priam and out of Malt, a sister of Miss Kemp, and the other is by champion Graphic and out of Hope, also sister to Miss Kemp. They arrived in good condition and have been sent to the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, Charlottesville, Va. Mr. Dexter has purchased the bitch Hope, also of the same litter as Miss Kemp. She will be bred to Graphic or Beihus Hector before she is sent over.

GARRYOWEN'S NOSE.—Hulton, Pa., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that "Lillebulero" has tumbled into the pit over the "faking" of Garryowen's nose that I expected Englishmen would, and has attributed it to Mr. Graham. I wrote to the *Stock-Keeper* when they copied the original article, explaining that Mr. Graham was not the party struck at. As the charge of "faking" is evidently groundless, and therefore cannot injure the party aimed at, I suggest that in justice to Mr. Graham you should explain it. —W. WADE.

A BOOM IN PEDIGREES.—One hundred and twenty-five (125) entries will appear in the current number of the *American Kennel Register*. This brings the total number up to 2,113. The registry fee is 50 cents.

FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—A meeting of gentlemen interested in forming a fox-terrier club was appointed for last Tuesday evening. An early going to press rendered it necessary to defer report of their proceedings.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Phryne and Psyche. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitches, whelped Jan. 16, by President (A.K.R. 1208) out of Scarlet III. (Young Royal—Scarlet II.).

Peek a-Boo, Frolic, Lorna and Vera. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for pugs, two dogs and two bitches, whelped Jan. 3, by Napoleon out of Daisy II. (A.K.R. 1361).

Judge and Bessie. By George W. Hunt, Springfield, Mass., for black pointers, dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 23, 1884 (Peter Black—Bessie).

Ned and Gipsy. By C. F. Keys, Washington, D. C., for Gordon setters, dog and bitch, whelped July 31, 1884, by H. Malcolm's Black (Malcolm—Dream IV.) out of Jet (A.K.R. 960).

Fly. By E. Holley, Jr., Hudson, N. Y., for liver and white and ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 4, 1883, by Dr. Cattanach's Baby out of L. A. Ehler's Fido.

Golden Floss. By E. Holly, Jr., Hudson, N. Y., for orange and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1884, by Colonel Stubbs, (A.K.R. 302) out of Pet (A.K.R. 314).

American Daisy and Honest Best. By E. Holley, Jr., Hudson, N. Y., for orange and white and liver, with white breast, cocker spaniel bitches, whelped May 30, 1884, by Chance (Don—Flossy) out of Fly (Baby—Fido).

Yale. By Dr. Wm. W. Seymour, Troy, N. Y., for black and white English setter dog, whelped June 23, 1884, by Blue Dick (A.K.R. 936) out of Pilgrim (Black—Louise).

Foreman II. By Tobias Burke, Nayatt, R. I., for beagle dog, whelped May 30, 1884, by imported Foreman (A.K.R. 1120) out of champion Bush (A.K.R. 139).

Peg of Limavady. By W. T. R. Ogilby, New Brighton, S. I., for white and lemon pointer bitch, whelped May 11, 1883, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Duchess (Sensation—Whiskey).

Flasher. By F. D. Ogilby, New Brighton, S. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June 9, 1884, by Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Roxey (Rattler—True).

Gaylard. By Geo. B. Inches, Boston, Mass., for white, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1884, by Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.) out of Jaunty (Joker—Torment).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Daisy—Grand Duke. H. W. Holmes's bull-terrier bitch Daisy to champion Grand Duke (A.K.R. 524), Jan. 25.

Lassie—Grand Duke. Wm. Pretyman's bull-terrier bitch Lassie to champion Grand Duke (A.K.R. 524), Jan. 16.

Lady Mac—Joker, Jr. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude) to his Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph), Jan. 24.

Fannie Turner—Joker, Jr. G. A. Wynkoop's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen II.) to G. H. Nixon's Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph), Jan. 26.

Gipsey—Hero II. W. D. Cook's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Gipsey (Turk—Baby) to the Ashmont Kennels' champion Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Dec. 27, 1884.

Lorna Doone—Hero II. The Ashmont Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness) to their Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Dec. 7, 1884.

Lady Gladys—Hero II. C. H. Morgan's mastiff bitch Lady Gladys (Crown Prince—Rowena) to the Ashmont Kennels' champion Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Jan. 5.

Peg of Limavady—Scout. W. T. R. Ogilby's (New Brighton, S. I.) pointer bitch Peg of Limavady (Beaufort—Duchess) to D. G. Elliott's Scout (A.K.R. 216), Dec. 20, 1884.

St. Kilda—Beaufort. C. A. Chapman's (Nyack, N.Y.) pointer bitch St. Kilda (Ranger—White Lilly) to C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), Feb. 2.

Marchioness—Schoonhoven. The Alpine Kennels' (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Marchioness (A.K.R. 1268) to their Schoonhoven (A.K.R. 795), Jan. 26.

Virginia—Fritz. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357) to his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351), Jan. 31.

Leigh Doane—Chief. I. H. Roberts's (Philadelphia, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Leigh Doane (A.K.R. 58) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), Jan. 11.

Jill—Joker, Jr. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Jill (Doctor II.—Fannie Turner) to his Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph), Feb. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Scarlet III. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet III. (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), Jan. 16, two bitches, by President (A.K.R. 1208); both white.

Kitty Wells. The Maple Kennels' (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1043), Jan. 28, six (three dogs), by their Fritz (A.K.R. 260); one since dead.

Sheila. The Alpine Kennels' (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 796), Jan. 26, ten (five dogs), by their Carlo (A.K.R. 89).

Faustina. John Watkin's pointer bitch Faustina, Jan. 13, eleven, by C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Wallkill Blanche. Archibald Gordon's (Middletown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Wallkill Blanche (A.K.R. 1301), Jan. 17, seven (three dogs), by Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397).

Ursula. The Alpine Kennels' (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Ursula (A.K.R. 26), Jan. 31, four (one dog), by their Carlo (A.K.R. 89).

Eria. Frink Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Eria (Rake II.—Browny), Jan. 29, seven (four dogs), by champion Rush (A.K.R. 357); all lemon and white.

Althea. J. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 842), Feb. 3, six (four dogs), by the Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennels' Ober (A.K.R. 855).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dick Laverack. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 19, 1879 (Thunder—Peeress), by T. G. Davey, London, Ont., to S. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Anno. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1606), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

St. Kilda. Pointer bitch, age and color not given (Dilley's Ranger—White Lilly), by H. D. Towner, Nyack, N. Y., to C. A. Chapman, same place.

Venture. Dandie Dinmont terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1884, by Peel (A.K.R. 1407) out of Vixen (A.K.R. 434), by Thos. H. Bell, Troy, N. Y., to Hon. Erastus Corning, Albany, N. Y.

Dashing Monarch. White and black English setter dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1878, by Llewellin's Dash II. (Laverack's Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate) out of Countess Moll (Dan—Countess), by J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., to Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Vannette. English setter bitch, age not given (Count Dick—Petrel), by J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., to Pierre Lerillard, New York.

Petrel II. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 9, 1878 (Pride of the Border—Petrel), by E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Ilford Cromwell. Imported mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 23, 1883 (Cardinal—Cleopatra), by W. H. Lee, Boston, Mass., to Ashmont Kennels, same place.

Lady Emma. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1884 (Clipper—Countess Nelly, A.K.R. 913), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to James Thomas, Boston, Mass.

Casperinia. Black pointer bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to W. E. Johnson, Melrose, Mass.

Lizzie. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1851), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to O. F. Hill, Greenbush, N. Y.

Rose. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped 1882 (Ponto—Meg Merillies), by W. E. Johnson, Melrose, Mass., to Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me.

Idstein. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, age not given (Cæsar—Brunhild), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. W. Baun, La Crosse, Wis.

Treasure II. Pug dog, age not given (Treasure—Toodles), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass.

Anno. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1606), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Asphodel. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1607), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to F. H. Bates, Loring, Mass.

Dandy. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1936), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to D. V. Fuller, Belchertown, Mass.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHT.

WE have recently been shown the improved Lyman sight, or more correctly speaking, the improved sight base. The improvement in this base over the former style will be seen at once by reference to Fig. 1.

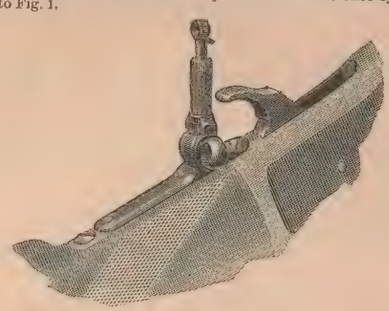
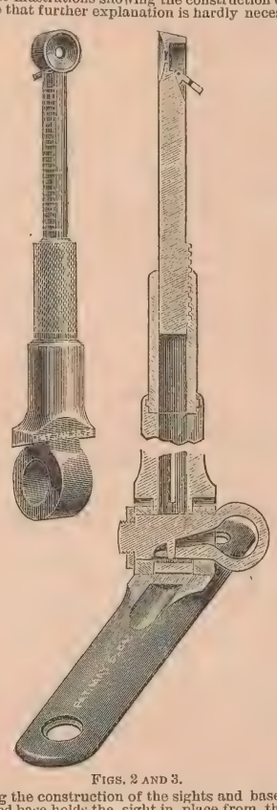


FIG. 1.

This patent base it will be noticed is very low, taking up but little room on the tang of the rifle, consequently enables the shooter to grasp the rifle with greater ease. This improvement also allows of greater elevation in shooting and all concede that it looks well on the gun. These bases are made of different lengths to adapt the sight to the different make of rifles, so that any one can screw them to the tang of a magazine rifle or to the Ballard, Sharps, Remington, and numberless other singleloaders, also a sight adapted to double express rifles and shotguns in which is used the auxiliary rifle barrel.

We give other illustrations showing the construction of the sight. It is all so simple that further explanation is hardly necessary.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.

Cuts showing the construction of the sights and base. The spring in this improved base holds the sight in place from the inside; this makes it all very compact and allows of having a thin and symmetrical base.

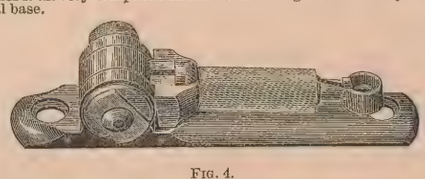


FIG. 4.

Showing sight folded down.



FIG. 5.

Showing short sight for shotguns, using the auxiliary rifle barrel and for double express rifles, folded down forward.

Mr. Lyman has received a great many letters from sportsmen who have used his sight. Among others came one from Dr. J. W. Wright, President of the New York Rifle Club. From this letter we take the following:

"From that time I have employed it exclusively on all of my hunting rifles, and am prepared to designate it as the very best thing of its kind in use. My experiences with it have involved almost every variety of shooting at the shorter ranges, *i. e.*, up to 500yds. It has been used for large and small game, in dark woods and bright sunlight, across water and overland, and I am convinced that for quick work it is unequaled. It gives the hunter all of the advantages of an abundance of light, together with a complete view of the surroundings of the object to be hit. With a running deer it not only enables the sportsman to see the whole of the animal's body at once, but to obtain a general idea of the 'lay of the land' over which the creature moves; in fact it reduces the use of the rifle to the simplicity of the shotgun, so far as the sights are concerned, and after one has used it for a week he is wholly unconscious of its presence, having really nothing to do but hold his front sight on the object.

"Last year I had one of them placed on a .32-caliber, and used it for shooting at the heads of partridges (grouse), after they had been treed by a water spaniel trained for that purpose. During the season I often brought to bag as many as eight to twelve or fifteen birds, and seldom missed more than one head out of a dozen shots.

"In shooting this gun at a reduced Creedmoor target, having a bullseye of 1¼in. in diameter, at 100ft., I have made very many full scores of 10 shots each, and upon one occasion made 192 out of a possible 200, in 40 shots, or an average of 48 out of 50 for four consecutive strings of 10 shots each, the score being as follows: 46, 50, 47, 49.

"With a .44-cal. having this sight, I last year shot, through the head, three loons and an otter, all of them in rapid motion at the time, besides making some of the best shots of my life at deer. One of the latter was killed with a bullet squarely in the back of the head, at a distance of 125yds. and across a river; a second at about the same distance, with a bullet in the ear, while a third was stopped with a broken neck, at 150yds., just as it was about to disappear in the thick woods, the shot being fired from a small boat under considerable headway.

"With this gun I have made many such scores as 48 out of 50, and 66, 68, 69 and 70 out of 75, at 200yds., Creedmoor target, and 94, 96 and 103 out of 120, at the Massachusetts target, using either the plain part of the Beach front sight or the ordinary Winchester sight smoked. Most of this work has been done in the Adirondack woods, in the presence of such reliable men and excellent guides as Sim Tarrence, Fitz Halleck, Ernest and Frank Johnson, Rob Nichols and others, many of whom are now using your sights, and who prefer them to all others where quick work is demanded."

STRING MEASUREMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in your issue of Jan. 22, the criticisms of Messrs. James Duane and A. B. Dodge. Thanking Mr. Duane for his complimentary opening, I will endeavor to more clearly define my position on the "dude" target, and string measurement questions. Mr. Duane says, in speaking of Dr. Tolles's target, "if, for instance, the center of the group of shots had been 4in. above the center of the bullseye and 4 in. to the right, I presume the target would have been classed as a 'dude' and treated with contempt accordingly." Most certainly not. In the case he supposes, a full sized diagram of the target would require a circle over 8in. in diameter to inclose the shots. That would not be a "dude" target. Or the circle could be dispensed with, and a cross placed in the proper position to show the center of the bullseye. That would not be a "dude" target. But if the group of shots should be presented with a circle drawn around it, whose center did not coincide with the center of the bullseye, and no mention be made of this important fact, it would be decidedly "dude;" a deception and a snare. If the shooting had been as bad as in the supposed case, a diagram of the target would never, I am sure, have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. I hope I am understood now. If not, get FOREST AND STREAM issue of Jan. 17, 1884. Turn to page 502, and you will find Maj. H. W. Merrill's article, which I indorsed in a former communication. I am not a convert to Mr. Duane's theory that a small group of shots far away from the center of the bullseye shows as much accuracy in the rifle and skill in the marksman as a group of the same size in or near the center of the bullseye. The object in rifle shooting is to hit something; therefore the correct test of the accuracy (including rifle, ammunition, and skill of shooter) is the string measure. If I shoot at 100yds. range, either for money, badge, or honors, I select the rifle with which I can make the shortest string. That selection in my case would not be a .32-cal., although I well know it has made its groups at both 100 and 200yds. If I was in need of a rifle for target shooting at 100yds. I would not purchase a weapon whose only recommendation was that it would make groups at that distance. Herein I differ from Mr. Duane and Mr. Dodge. I do not speak from a theoretical standpoint. I have made a speciality of 100yds. target shooting for the past three years. During that time I have made very many small groups. These groups were never copied in my score book, unless the string was a good one. A notation was however made, showing the position of the groups, weather conditions, etc. I have seen beginners in rifle shooting make small groups of five or six shots at 100yds., but never saw one make a good string. Mr. John Pennypacker, of Rogers Ford, Pa., put six consecutive shots through one hole at 100yds. several years ago, when he first commenced rifle practice. Each shot enlarged the hole somewhat; but it was very small after the six shots were fired. The rifle was a cheap muzzleloader, and round bullets were used. The rifle was never known to have made a good string. Supposing A and B go to Creedmoor and shoot for a prize. A puts all of his shots in the bullseye, and gets first prize, while B persists in putting his in the left wing of the target and gets "left" of course. And this is just, even though B makes the smallest group. The National Guardsman is classed in marksmanship according to his scores, the value of each shot being rated according to its distance from the center of the bullseye. The marksman (?) who makes a small group in the northeast corner of the target gets very little credit therefor, and this is right. If the prizes and honors were awarded for groups, real marksmen would become scarce in a few years. A mid-range rifle will make a small group at 1,000yds. yet I would not recommend it as being accurate at that distance. The .50-cal. muskets have long since been condemned on account of their lack of accuracy at five and six hundred yards, and yet they will make very small groups at these distance. I need not prove this latter assertion, as it is a fact well known to those who have handled these weapons to any great extent. To illustrate further, and pardon me for dragging into this discussion the much abused Springfield, which to my mind is not nearly as bad a weapon as some claim it to be. Several years ago I was shooting at 500yds. range, using a Springfield .50-cal. and a Burchardt military .45. The wind was strong at 8 o'clock. I had a large signalling disk with short handle. I set it up five feet to the left of the left edge of the target, and aimed at it. Fired the shots alternately, six shots in all, three with each gun. The Burchardt scored 14 points out of a possible 15. The Springfield scored nothing on the target, but made a beautiful group in the mud to the right of the target. I had no one to signal, or I could have done better with the Springfield; but I claim that the Burchardt is the more accurate gun at that distance. I have seen a .45-cal. musket using the regulation Government shell with 420 grain bullet make a group which could be enclosed in a 30in. circle at 1,225yds., but I would not recommend the gun as being accurate at that distance. If I was intending to enter a match at that distance, I would select a gun that I could depend on to put the shots somewhere near the target. I know the true inwardness of this group shooting from a to izzard. I have done much of it.

Five, six, and seven years ago I lived in the country, and had convenient ranges for target practice at all distances up to 500yds. on my father's farm. On neighboring farms I had a range of 800yds.; also all distances from 1,100 to 1,500yds. I had a number of rifles of different makes and calibers, and tested the accuracy of some of them thoroughly. A little Phœnix rifle, .40-50 with round barrel 26in. long, and weighing between 6 and 7 pounds, with plain open sights, would make a group 2ft. wide and 4ft. high at 800yds. At 1,125yds. it made a group 3ft. wide and 7ft. high. At 500yds. it would make a ten inch group, and if I had not shot it beyond that distance I would never have discovered its up and down tendency. I changed my ammunition and got better results, as the following extract from my score book will show: "Feb. 28, 1880, Phœnix rifle, 1,150yds. 5 shots, group in 46in. circle, a 3in. band horizontally across target covers last 4 shots. Last 3 shots in 5in. group. Witnesses Z. M. Savage and Evan Hallman." I shot the Maynard .40-60 mid-range rifle far beyond its accurate range with the following result: "March 2, 1880, Maynard .40-60, naked bullets, 1,200yds., 5 shots, group 32in." These groups were shot under favorable weather conditions. The accurate range of either of these guns is less than one-half of these distances. To show the performance of the latter gun under unfavorable conditions I quote as follows: "March 5, 1880, Maynard .40-60 rifle, 1,250yds. Wind blowing a gale at 4½ o'clock, 8 shots, group about 10ft. high by 14ft. wide. Distance from center of bullseye to center of group 77ft." In this instance the wind drifted the bullets 77ft. to the left of the point at which the rifle was aimed. The question naturally arises, what would have been the drift if the wind had been in the 3 o'clock quarter, instead of between 4 and 5. Referring to my military score book, I find the following: "April 29, 1879, Whitney musket, .45cal., Government ammunition, manufactured at Frankfort arsenal in 1873. 1,225yds., group 40in., 5 shots." "May 13, 1879, Whitney musket, .45cal., 1,300yds., 5 shots, group 34in., 80gr. powder and patched 420gr. bullet." It is a well known fact that special military rifles, using a heavy charge of powder and lead are now considered necessary for match shooting at distances beyond 600yds.

The foregoing examples are sufficient to illustrate my idea of the group question. As a general rule, I think that the distance at which a rifle is accurate enough for match shooting, either in the back position, or from a dead rest, is less than half the distance at which it will make a good group in good weather. Mr. Duane's 200yd. target is an excellent one, It is not a "dude." Its center is plainly marked. Its value as a performance in marksmanship is exactly indicated by its string. It does show the peculiarity claimed for it, none of the shot show any tendency to drop. This shows that the ammunition was carefully and accurately prepared, but does not enhance the value of the target over and above the value as indicated by the string measure. I do not desire to detract one iota from the merits of Mr. Duane's target, but have used it as a handy illustration of the perfect fairness of deciding the relative merits of all targets. The group with a false circle around it is a delusion and a snare, unless it is accompanied by an explanation showing just what it is. Otherwise the unwary will be deceived, and will naturally suppose that the center of the circle was the center of the bullseye, when as a matter of fact the rifle may lack the power to make fair average strings at the distance named. It may be said that my line of argument, if sound, would lead to the adoption of the long-range match rifle for 100yd. target shooting. This does not necessarily follow; inasmuch as the long-range rifle has its drawbacks also, the principal objections being its heavy recoil, which, in the case of many shooters, would affect the accuracy. The expense of the ammunition is an item of no mean importance. If the improved small bores will do the work, there are some marksmen who would

like to know about it. I believe there are many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who would like to know just what the .32cal. rifle will do when put to the severest test, viz., shot from a rest in competition with its bigger brothers. This question not only interests those who find pleasure in shooting at a board, but the game hunter as well. Mr. Dodge quotes me as saying something about the uselessness of group shooting. The words are in quotation marks, but they are not mine. The sentiments expressed are not mine. I believe that group shooting is useful, and quite interesting when done at a range far beyond the distance at which the rifle is known to be sufficiently accurate for match shooting. A marksman of ordinary skill cannot test the accuracy of a first-class rifle at its normal range, for the self-evident reason that the rifle is more accurate than the marksman. He must shoot it way beyond the range at which he wishes to do accurate work. For instance, let us take a short-range rifle, a .32-50, and shoot it at 800yds. in the back position, or from a dead rest. Select good weather for these tests. If there be a defect in rifle or ammunition affecting the accuracy, it will easily be discovered at the long range, as all minor causes which affect the accuracy very slightly at short range, are very much magnified at the long range. The long-range practice is also very beneficial to the short-range shooter. I will admit that a good group is an argument in favor of the accuracy of the gun, but, in my opinion, it is not a very strong or conclusive one. A good string is a stronger argument although not absolutely conclusive, as it might be the result of luck; but a number of consecutive scores made under different conditions of weather, and showing a good average, would, to my mind, absolutely prove the accuracy of the rifle. The scores given by Mr. Dodge are very interesting and instructive. Nothing "dude" or deceptive about them. They are good solid arguments and prove the rifle to be excellent for off-hand work. Mr. Dodge supposes a case in which after firing 10 shots from a rest at 100yds., it is found that the center of the group is ¾ of an inch from the center of the target, and after changing the sights and trying again, the group is found to be half an inch on the other side of the center of the bullseye. He said "the first string would probably measure about five inches. Counted from the center of the original bullseye this is not a fine string in either case," etc Herein I differ from Mr. Dodge. I would call both very fine strings. It may be claimed that this is only a matter of opinion, and this line of reasoning would indicate that Mr. Dodge has seen finer shooting at 100yds. than I have. This is, however, foreign to the question at issue. As to the propriety of drawing the circles around the shots, in one case ⅝ and in the other ¾ an inch from the true center of the bullseye, each reader will judge for himself. The former plan shows the cluster, the latter shows the same and more. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, PA., Jan. 26, 1885.

MISSING FIRE.

THE United States Cartridge Co., of Lowell, have recently had their attention called to this subject, and what they say on it will be of general interest:

Complaints are occasionally made by those who have adopted guns and cartridges upon this system, that they are liable to miss fire. Whenever such is found to be the case, the fault is almost invariably in the gun, and generally only in one apparently unimportant part of it, viz.: the striker, or small steel piston that conveys the blow of the hammer to the percussion cap. This striker or piston is often made too short, or without sufficient length of play, or too sharp, or too blunt where it strikes the cap. The end of the steel striker should be rather less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and well rounded, so that it may make a deep round indent in the percussion cap, and sufficiently long and free to strike one-eighth inch beyond the face of the false breech, so as to follow the cap and anvil to the bottom of the chamber of the cartridge and ignite it. There is no objection whatever to the striker being of this length.

The main spring need not be very strong, provided that the hammer falls freely upon the piston, but it must be strong enough to make a deep indent in the percussion cap.

The rebounding lock, which brings the hammer to half-cock after the gun is discharged, is liable to miss fire unless the springs are very carefully adjusted, as the blow of the hammer is checked and retarded just as it reaches the percussion cap.

Some guns are made with the striker or piston attached to the lock; this description of gun requires very great care, and at best is very liable to miss fire, the percussion powder receiving a pinch instead of a full blow.

It is very easy to make cartridges that will explode with a slight blow, by placing in them a sharp-pointed anvil resting in a sensitive percussion powder, but cartridges so constructed are extremely dangerous, and many accidents have occurred by such exploding while closing the gun or loading the cartridges. Those manufactured by us are as sensitive in their ignition as it is safe to make them, and if the gun is properly constructed, not one miss-fire will occur in 500 shots.

It is a common argument that because twenty cartridges will explode consecutively, and the twenty-first misses fire, that the fault must be in the cartridge (although probably many of the twenty may have exploded imperfectly). A trifling variation in cartridges made by the million, will occur, either in the chamber, the anvil, the percussion cap, or the flange, and it is easier to make the strikers of one gun the correct length and have hammers giving the necessary blow, than to insist upon an impossible nicety in 1,000 cartridges, coupled with a certain amount of danger to the sportsman.

When the cap has been once struck imperfectly and the copper partially indented, the percussion powder is disturbed and shaken loose; it will then generally fail to explode with many number of blows, and when the cap and anvils are taken out the cap will appear empty, the detonating powder having been pulverized and shaken out through the anvils and flash-hole of the chamber.

If the gun is right, not more than one or two miss-fires will occur in 1,000 shots, and we shall be happy to satisfy any gunmaker that this is the case by allowing him to fire as many cartridges as he may wish, in guns either with the direct or oblique action, that have the strikers and springs correct.

Bursting the metal base of the cartridge at the edge will frequently occur when the chamber of the gun is bored too large, as the metal base is not strong enough to bear the discharge unless supported by the chamber. The gunpowder expands the case until it fills the chamber; and if the space that it is required to fill is too great the case will burst at the edge. Another cause for cases bursting at the edge is in consequence of the gun wearing loose at the joint upon which the barrels are hinged, although the barrels may look close when the cartridge is shut in. The explosion causes the barrel to spring away from the breech, and consequently leaves too great a space for the metal head to expand in. When this is the case it can generally be repaired by the gunmaker making the joint and lever grip sound, so that the barrels are drawn and held firmly against the breech.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 5.—The scores made by members of the Worcester Rifle Association at Pine Grove Range to-day were as follows:

S Clark	11	11	11	12	11	10	12	10	11	10—109
	10	9	11	9	11	9	10	10	12	10—101
A L Rise	10	10	10	11	11	10	11	10	10	11—103
	11	10	11	7	12	11	8	11	10	10—101
Thomas Leighton	11	9	8	11	10	10	11	12	11	10—103
	10	9	10	9	11	10	11	10	8	11— 99

NEWARK, N. J.—The second gallery tournament for the present winter was held during the past fortnight. The scores made stood as follows:

Frelinghuysen Team.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
E O Chase	106	45
G D Weigman	110	46
A C Neumann	108	45
J K Walsh	110	47
J L Tobin	105—537	45—228

Celluloid Team.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
Cole	106	44
Batcheller	80	33
Parberry	90	41
Vreland	105	44
Jackson	100—476	44—206

Domestic Team.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
W Wadams	106	47
J Long	97	41
J Dainty	111	47
B Jeffreys	113	48
J Reynolds	104—531	43—226

Warren Club.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
G Freche	100	41
B Germayne	105	44
Wm Nunley	104	46
B Alexander	100	40
W Cheeseman	91—500	41—212

Essex—First Team.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
Snelling	110	46
E Neil	82	36
J McCullum	104	45
C Meisel	108	45
Coppersmith	107—511	46—218

Essex—Second Team.

	Zettler.	Creedmoor
A Welters	102	40
W Watts	107	45
Carter	97	41
J Bayer	102	43
J Howlett	100—508	41—210

DENVER, Col., Feb. 1.—The following scores were made by the Routt Rifle Team at the Jewell Park Range to-day. This is a commencement of the 500yds. shooting, the majority of the team having never fired at that distance:

200yds., 10 shots—P. M. Lessly 45, Thomas Stone 42, C. J. Kelly 40, Wm. Maguire 39, C. S. Robbins 36, C. H. Sawyer 32, H. A. Collar 23. Total 257.

500yds., 10 shots—Thomas Stone 43, C. J. Kelly 40, H. A. Collar 33, C. S. Robbins 22, P. M. Lessly 13, C. H. Sawyer 12. Total, 163.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was much better than the day, for a bad wind from the 11 o'clock quarter prevailed, and high scores were impossible. Very few scores were finished. During the afternoon a match was shot between two teams composed of the members present, and, all things considered, the scores were good. Following are the best scores:

Team Match.—First Team.

R Reed	7	10	7	8	5	0	7	7	6	7—73
C E Berry	5	7	8	6	5	9	10	9	6	4—69
W Charles	7	6	3	8	5	6	9	7	5	10—66
T P Miller	5	9	1	5	7	6	7	9	5	5—58
E S Gilmore	9	1	2	3	7	2	2	3	0	3—32—298

Second Team.

H Cushing	7	9	6	6	7	3	10	8	8	6—71
J Francis	10	3	7	5	9	10	6	9	5	6—70
R Davis	9	5	7	4	4	7	5	7	5	7—60
H E L Bent	5	8	7	6	5	0	4	5	6	7—48
N F Tufts	8	6	8	3	5	5	2	4	4	2—47—296

Creedmoor Practice Match.

E S Gilmore	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5—42
J E Darmody (mil)	3	3	3	4	4	5	4	5	4	4—39

Creedmoor Prize Match.

E B Souther	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5—46
N F Tuft	4	5	4	3	8	4	4	5	4	5—41

Victory Medal Match.

C E Berry	1	5	10	7	10	8	9	9	3	7—75

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	10	8	10	10	10	8	9	9	8—92

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 1.—There was a smaller attendance at the Shell Mound Range to-day than there has been for some time. The members of the Pacific Rifle Club were the only shooters who kept the marksmen busy. A few of the scores made in practice were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.
Vaughn	5544543134—41	5455555545—48—89
Moore	5544445444—43	5544453354—44—87
Kellogg	4555456444—45	4454434245—39—84
Diers	4454453444—41	5445545544—46—86
MacDonald	4445445544—42	4544444445—42—84

George W. Cowing of the Carson Guards, who was the guest of the club at the range, made the following score:

	200yds.	500yds.
George W Cowing	4444545454—43	5555455554—48—91

At 200yds. Kellogg and Hovey each made 45, Johnson made 44, and Moore and Cowing scored 43 each.

SARATOGA, Jan. 31.—The attendance at the range during the past week was fair. Wednesday we had snow and heavy wind all the afternoon, but on Saturday the conditions were good, and some excellent scores were put up. The Massachusetts target was used, the distance being 200yds., off-hand. Score:

T Davis	10	11	11	11	12	11	11	11	11	12—111
W B Gage	11	9	11	11	12	9	10	12	12	12—109
H Wellington	10	12	8	9	12	11	12	12	11	10—107
S F Corey	7	11	11	10	12	12	10	9	11	11—106
L R Rich	12	9	9	12	11	8	11	11	11	12—106
A C Richt	10	9	11	11	11	9	11	7	11	12—104
A F Michell	10	11	11	9	9	10	9	11	12	11—102
W H Gibbs	11	12	12	9	9	9	11	9	10	10—102
F A White	11	11	10	10	7	11	10	11	10	10—101

AVERAGE RIFLE SHOOTING.—What can be called good average rifle shooting at rest and off-hand, is a question that will sometimes puzzle an old shooter to give a definite reply. For the benefit of beginners, I will submit a few rules which practice will prove to be in the main nearly correct, and which, if well fixed in their minds will aid them greatly in arriving at a quick conclusion of what may be called average target shooting. These rules are based on the supposition that a string of 10in. in 10 shots at 100yds. is a fair average performance of a good rifle with improved sights, etc. Taking this as a standard, add one inch to a string for every additional 10yds. up to 200, which would be 15in. at 150yds. or 20in at 200, and for shorter distances deduct one inch for every ten shots, as 8in. for 80yds., 5in. for 50yds., 3in. for 30yds., etc., making an even number of inches for even number of yards. For off-hand work substitute feet for yards, and the same rule holds good thus for 20ft. 2in., 30ft. 3in., 50ft. 5in., 100ft. 10in., etc. Another equally easy way of calculating for off-hand shooting is to keep the centers of 10 successive shots inside of a 2in. ring at 20yds., a 3in. ring at 30yds., a 5in. ring at 50yds., etc. Mr. Cleveland, in his "Hints to Riflemen" says that a marksmen who at 100yds. can put 10 successive shots in a 6in. ring off-hand, need not be ashamed of his performance. Indeed he need not be ashamed but proud of it, for such shooting would make a "full score" possible quite often.—SKEPTIC.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Name.

THIS organization shall be known and designated by the name of "THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION."

ARTICLE II.

Capital Stock.

SEC. 1.—This organization shall be duly incorporated under the laws of one of the States of the United States, where there shall be no liability to the stockholder beyond the amount originally subscribed.

SEC. 2.—The capital stock shall be $5,000, divided into shares of $5 each.

SEC. 3.—Each share of stock subscribed, and upon which payment has been made as required under the laws of the State where this Association shall be incorporated, and according to the By-Laws, shall entitle the holder to one vote.

SEC. 4.—The transfer of stock may be made by any stockholder or his legal representative, subject to such restrictions as the Board of Directors shall from time to time make and establish.

ARTICLE III.

Objects.

SEC. 1.—The main objects of the Association shall be:

Firstly—To promote shotgun wing-shooting throughout the United States.

Secondly—To adopt national rules for all classes of shooting at the trap.

Thirdly—To organize annually an International Shooting Tournament.

Fourthly—To organize annually two or more Interstate Tournaments.

Fifthly—To organize gun clubs in various cities.

Sixthly—To publish reports, giving list of members, rules, reports of the years, principal shooting events, etc., announcements for the future, etc., and any matters pertaining to the Association.

Seventhly—To foster and assist tournaments organized by gun clubs, leagues, State or sectional organizations, which may be members of this National Organization.

Eighthly—To secure game preserves for the use of its members.

Ninthly—To promote kind feeling and good fellowship among its members.

Tenthly—And when the reserve treasury fund exceeds the capital stock, said reserve may be devoted to the subsidiary objects of this Association, which shall be hunting, coursing, yachting, fishing and other lawful sports; including the protection and preservation of birds, game and fish, as well as the collection and preservation of specimens of natural history.

ARTICLE IV.

Board of Directors.

SEC. 1.—The affairs of the Association shall be managed by a Board of not more than nine nor less than three Directors, who shall be shareholders, elected by the shareholders at the annual meeting, immediately after which the Board of Directors will meet for the election of officers. In case of vacancies occurring during the year or of non-acceptance of office, the other Directors shall have power to fill vacancies until the next regular annual meeting.

SEC. 2.—The Directors first elected shall divide themselves by lot in three classes of three members each. The first class shall hold their office until the second Tuesday of January, 1888; the second class shall hold office until the second Tuesday of January, 1887, and the third class shall hold office until the second Tuesday of January, 1886; and thereafter at each annual election, to be held on the second Tuesday in January of each year, there shall be elected by and from the Life Members of the Association three Directors, to hold office for three years, to supply the place of the class retiring and for such additional number as may be necessary to fill vacancies, to hold office during the remainder of the terms of the members whose places they fill.

SEC. 3.—Should it happen that, from any cause, the annual election of Directors should not take place in any year on the day herein before mentioned for that purpose, such election may be lawfully held on such other convenient day within six months thereafter as may for that purpose be fixed on by the President and Directors, they causing due notice of said election to be given.

ARTICLE V.

Officers.

SEC. 1.—The Board of Directors shall elect annually from among their members, by a majority vote, the officers of the Association, consisting of a President, three First Vice-Presidents, a General Manager, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are duly elected, though the duties of two or more of these officers may be combined in one person, excepting those of President and Secretary.

SEC. 2.—The Board of Directors shall also elect Second Vice-Presidents, one for each State and Territory in the U. S., selected from the shareholders of the Association (Article V., Sec. 3). The duties and powers of all officers shall be such as is conferred on them by the Constitution and By-Laws.

SEC. 3.—The Directors shall also have power and authority to appoint such other officers under them as shall be necessary for transacting the business of said institution, and may allow them and all actively employed officers such salaries as they may judge reasonable; to ordain and establish such laws and regulations as may appear to them necessary for regulating and conducting the concerns of said Association, and not being contrary to, or inconsistent with this Constitution and By-Laws and laws of the State where incorporated and of the United States; they shall keep full, fair and correct entries of their transactions, which shall at all times be open to the inspection of the stockholders.

SEC. 4.—No member shall be eligible to the office of President for more than two successive terms.

SEC. 5.—The Board of Directors shall appoint from among its members an Executive Committee of three, of whom the General Manager shall be one, to whom shall be delegated all the duties and powers of the Board of Directors when not in session, excepting as qualified in this Constitution and By-Laws.

SEC. 6.—At any tournament held under the auspices of this Association, all the Directors shall be ex-officio members of the Executive Committee for same.

ARTICLE VI.

Quorum of Directors.

SEC. 1.—At any regular or regularly-called meeting of the Board of Directors three shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VII.

Annual Meetings.

SEC. 1.—The members of this Association shall hold an annual meeting at the main office of the Association on the second Tuesday of January of each year, and such special meetings as may be called pursuant to the By-Laws. If the annual meeting shall not take place at the time fixed, it shall be held as soon after as convenient, and the officers and directors whose terms have expired shall hold over until their successors are appointed.

SEC. 2.—The President and Directors may call a general meeting of the stockholders for any purpose relative to the affairs of the Association.

SEC. 3.—At no meeting of the Association shall any subject be introduced or discussed which does not relate directly to its affairs.

ARTICLE VIII.

Quorum of Stockholders' Meeting.

SEC. 1.—At any meeting of the Association, holders of one-tenth of the capital stock present in person or by proxy shall constitute a quorum, and a majority of votes present only is necessary for the election of any Director, or the transaction of any business of the Association.

ARTICLE IX.

Membership.

SEC. 1.—Membership shall be divided into the following three distinct groups, embracing six different classes, viz.:

SEC. 2.—Honorary Members.—The Board of Directors, by unanimous vote, can confer Honorary Life Membership upon any one. The same shall be entitled to all privileges of Annual Members, with the exception of the right to vote or hold office, and they shall not have any interest in the property of the Association.

SEC. 3.—Life Members.—Every individual holder of five shares ($25) of stock shall be a Life Member of the Association, free from all other dues, entitled to all the privileges of Annual Members.

SEC. 4.—Annual Members.—Any reputable citizen can become an Annual Member of the Association (subject to the vote of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee). Initiation fee, $5; annual dues, $1, payable May 1. Any one holding an original share of the Association, viz., $5, need not pay any initiation fee to become a member; he becomes an Annual Member by paying $1 annually, though he does not lose his stock by failing to pay his annual dues, in which event he becomes an inactive stockholder merely. When the original shares are all subscribed the initiation fee of $5, required from subsequent members, is forfeited when the annual dues are not paid.

SEC. 5.—Club Membership.—Clubs and Associations already organized, or which may be organized without any assistance from National Association. Initiation fee, $3 per member; yearly dues, $1 per Annual Member.

SEC. 6.—Club Membership.—Clubs organized under auspices and aid of the National Association. Initiation fee, etc., same as Class 3.

SEC. 7.—State Association or any sectional organization Membership.—When organized and consisting of at least three clubs. Initiation fee, $2 per member; yearly dues, $1 per Annual Member.

SEC. 8.—Any person giving his name, age, address and the name of the organization (if any) with which he is connected, shall, upon paying to the Secretary the initiation fee and yearly dues, become a member of the Association, subject to above vote, and any club or association giving a statement of the time of its organization, the name of its present officers, the number of members, and paying the prescribed fees to the Secretary, shall become a member, subject to above vote.

SEC. 9.—The President of the United States, the General commanding the Army of the United States, the Governors of the States and Territories of the United States, the Adjutant General and Chief of Ordnance of the United States, and the Adjutant-General of the various States and Territories of the United States, shall be Honorary Life Members of this Association.

SEC. 10.—Whenever a gun club or association shall be formed in any of the States or Territories which shall join this Association as a body, the President thereof shall be an honorary Life Member of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

Rights of Members.

SEC. 1.—Annual members only shall be allowed to shoot at tournaments held under auspices of this Association.

SEC. 2.—Annual members will be allowed to shoot at any tournament held under the auspices of any club or association receiving any prize or assistance from this Association in managing said tournament.

SEC. 3.—Annual members will be allowed to shoot at any tournament held under the auspices of a club or association which has been founded under the auspices of this Association.

SEC. 4.—Annual members will be allowed full privileges of using the main office of this Association and of any club rooms, etc., which the latter may establish.

SEC. 5.—Annual members only will be allowed to wear the badge of this Association, which shall entitle the wearer to enter gratis the grounds where any tournament is in progress, under the auspices of this Association.

SEC. 6.—Annual members only shall be entitled to the printed reports of this Association gratis, which shall embody the Constitution and By-Laws of this Association; the national shooting rules; latest legal decisions, announcements, etc.

SEC. 7.—Annual members only will be allowed to appeal to the Committee on Grievances, on Rules and on Law, for the settlement of any and all controversies—thus obtaining the benefit of "a court of last resort," which shall interpret the shooting rules adopted by this Association and whose decision shall be final.

SEC. 8.—Owners of capital stock only shall be entitled to the annual dividends accruing from profits of tournaments, etc.

SEC. 9.—Owners of capital stock only shall be entitled to vote at election of directors and at annual meetings.

SEC. 10.—No member shall be allowed to transfer his rights of membership, excepting holders of capital stock.

SEC. 11.—All rights and interests of a member in the property and privileges of the Association shall cease with the termination of his membership, excepting interests in the property by the holders of capital stock.

SEC. 12.—Associations or clubs being members shall be entitled to have the names and addresses of their officers for that year, and the scores made during the year at its two principal matches, to be certified as correct by its secretary, published in each annual report of this Association; and also

SEC. 13.—To receive the bronze medal of this Association, for competition among its members, in such manner as it shall prescribe.

SEC. 14.—Any member having complaints or suggestions to make as to the management of the Association, must do so in writing to the Secretary, to be submitted to the Board of Directors.

SEC. 15.—No member shall take any property whatsoever belonging to the Association from its rooms or grounds, except on the authority of a resolution of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee.

SEC. 16.—Any member wishing to resign shall make his resignation in writing to the Secretary.

ARTICLE XI.

Penalties of Members.

SEC. 1.—Members in arrears for dues or fines, or any member who shall neglect to pay any indebtedness to the Association on demand, shall forfeit his or their membership (by majority vote of Board of Directors or Executive Committee) in the Association, and cannot be reinstated in such membership except by vote of Board of Directors and payment of all arrears.

SEC. 2.—Any member who shall have violated any of the rules of the Association may be fined, by majority vote of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee; or any member whose conduct shall be pronounced by vote of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee to have endangered, or to be likely to endanger, the welfare, interest or character of the Association, shall forfeit his membership; but such vote shall not be taken without giving two weeks' notice to the offender of the charges made against him, and affording him an opportunity to be heard in his defense. No per-on so removed shall be eligible for membership unless his disability is removed by a similar vote.

SEC. 3.—Any member of the Board of Directors who shall in its opinion conduct himself in a manner seriously prejudicial to the interests of the Association, may be removed from the Board of Directors at any stated meeting, provided the member accused shall have been at least ten days previously personally notified in writing of the charges against him, and a hearing given him thereon at a stated meeting to be therein specified. But such removal can only be effected by the affirmative vote of at least two-thirds of all the members of the Board.

ARTICLE XII.

Dividends.

SEC. 1.—The President and Directors shall declare such dividends of the profits of the business of the Association as shall not impair, nor in any way lessen the capital stock of the same. The dividends shall be made yearly, in January, and shall be paid to the stockholders within ten days thereafter, but no dividends shall be paid to any stockholder whose stock is delinquent.

ARTICLE XIII.

By-Laws, Rules, etc.

SEC. 1.—This Association shall have the power to make such By-Laws, rules and regulations, for its officers and members, describing their duties and limiting their powers, and take such action for the protection of its property and the promotion of its objects as may be deemed necessary and expedient.

SEC. 2.—The By-Laws may be altered at any regular meeting of the Association by a two-thirds v te, notice in writing of the intended change having been given at the preceding regular meeting, but the operation of any By-Law may be suspended during a meeting by the same vote without notice.

ARTICLE XIV.

Seal and Badge.

The Board of Directors shall adopt a corporate seal for the Association; they shall also adopt a badge to be worn by members of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

Altering Constitution.

This constitution shall be changed only at an annual meeting, notice in writing or by publication having been given of the intended change, or such alteration and a-endment may be made without previous notice by a unanimous vote of the stockholders present.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

Board of Directors.

SEC. 1.—Meeting of Directors shall be held quarterly at the office of the Association on the second Tuesday of January, April, July and October at 2 o'clock P. M. Special meetings may be called by the President or General Manager, such call specifying the object of the meeting.

SEC. 2.—In attending an annual meeting only, shall the necessary traveling expenses of the members of the Board of Directors be paid by the Treasurer. Any member of the Board of Directors shall be entitled to the same privilege and remuneration as is allowed the Second Vice-Presidents per Article VI. of these By-Laws.

SEC. 3.—In the absence of both President and Vice-Presidents from any meeting of the Association, any member present may be selected to preside.

SEC. 4.—The Board of Directors shall have charge of all the property, effects and assets of the Association, excepting as qualified in Constitution and By-Laws, and shall have the management and control of the same, and exercise a general superintendence of its interests and affairs; they shall make all necessary contracts and purchases in the name of the Association, which are necessary to carry out the provisions of this Constitution, excepting as qualified in Constitution and By-Laws, but shall have no power to make the Association liable for any debt beyond the amount of money which shall at the time of contracting such debt, be in the Treasurer's hands, and not needed for the discharge of prior debts or liabilities, or of those created by the Association. They shall have power generally to do all things which may be necessary for the proper management of the concerns of the Association.

ARTICLE II.

Subscriptions to Capital Stock.

SEC. 1.—The subscriptions to the stock shall be made payable as follows: 10 per cent. at time of subscription, and thereafter in monthly installments of 20 per cent., payable on the first of each ensuing month to the Secretary or Treasurer of the Association if one share only be subscribed, or 10 per cent. if more than one share is subscribed; scrip receipts shall be issued therefor, the shares not being issued until the full value is received.

SEC. 2.—Any stockholder neglecting or refusing to pay an installment in whole or in part when required, the President and Directors may sell or dispose of such stock, and after deducting the expenses of such procedure, shall pay over to such stockholder any excess which may remain.

ARTICLE III.

Duties of President.

SEC. 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Board of Directors, and to maintain order, enforce the rules and regulations, and to perform such other duties as usually pertain to the office of president of an association. He shall have the power, whenever he deems it necessary, to call special meetings of the Board of Directors. And he shall call special meetings of the Association whenever directed so to do by holders of one-tenth the stock thereof, and of the Board of Directors whenever directed by three of the members thereof, said notices to be in writing. He shall countersign all stock certificates, contracts, etc.

ARTICLE IV.

Duties of First Vice-Presidents.

The First Vice-Presidents shall act in the place of the President, in the absence of the latter from the meeting of the Association, in the order of seniority of election.

ARTICLE V.

Duties of Second Vice-Presidents.

The Second Vice-Presidents shall constitute a Committee on Organization for their respective States and Territories, whose duty it shall be to promote the interests of the Association in their respective States and sections; to canvass the same for members, a commission being allowed them of ten per cent. of the membership fee (payable when the latter has been paid in full), for each member they may induce to join the Association or to send their subscriptions through said Second Vice-President. Their traveling expenses incurred for the latter object or in the interest of the Association, having previously been authorized by the General Manager, shall be duly paid by the Treasurer. At any tournament given under the auspices of the Association, they shall be ex-officio members of the Executive Committee for same.

ARTICLE VI.

Duties of General Manager.

SEC. 1.—The General Manager shall be the Chief Executive Officer to carry out the objects of the Association. He shall execute the orders of the Board of Directors and Executive Committee, and in the absence of the specific instructions of the latter in carrying out the objects of the Association, he is authorized to proceed as he deems best, but he shall incur no expenditure exceeding $50, without the authority of the Executive Committee or the Board of Directors. He shall receive such salary as the Board of Directors may annually fix. He shall appoint such subordinate officers as he deems requisite in managing any tournament. He shall appoint such subordinate assistants as he may deem requisite to assist in conducting the business of the Association, subject, however, to the approval of a majority of the Executive Committee or of the Board of Directors

SEC. 2. All the duties and powers of the Executive Committee when not in session, or when not accessible within reasonable time, shall be exercised and discharged by the General Manager. He shall have power, whenever he deems it necessary, to call meetings of the Board of Directors. He shall also make all contracts subject to the approval of the Executive Committee. He shall make all purchases and report the same when made to the Secretary.

ARTICLE VII.

Duties of Secretary.

SEC. 1. The Secretary of the Association shall notify each member of the Board of Directors of all its meetings, and each member of the Association of every meeting of the Association; issue all other authorized notices to members; make and keep a true record of all meetings of the Directors, the Association and the Executive Committee; have custody of the books and papers and corporate seal of the Association, and conduct all correspondence, and give timely notice to the Directors at their regular meetings of all annual reports required to be made. He shall notify applicants for membership of their election, and perform such other duties as may appertain to the recording secretary of an association. He shall, in January of each year, make an inventory of the property of the Association, with the estimated value thereof. His books shall be open for inspection at both regular and special meetings of the Association.

SEC. 2.—He shall keep the books of the Association, including the books of the Treasurer, should the latter so elect, and balance the same up to the first days of June and December, and oftener, if required; shall lay before the Directors, at their quarterly meetings, and at other times when required, a full statement of the condition of the Association; shall receive and collect money, and deposit the same with the Treasurer to the credit of the Association, and shall perform such other duties as may be required of him.

SEC. 3.—The Secretary shall keep the accounts of the members, receive all moneys due the Association and pay the same over to the Treasurer, taking his receipts therefor. He shall draw orders on the Treasurer for all bills ordered to be paid by the General Manager, Executive Committee or Board of Directors; such orders, however, shall be countersigned by the President. He shall give notice to members in arrears, and shall make a special report of all members who are six months in arrears, that action may be taken thereon, as per Article XII of the By-Laws.

SEC 4. He shall charge 25 cents for each new certificate issued in making transfers of stock.

SEC. 5.—He shall sign all stock certificates and affix the corporate seal thereto, and shall receive such salary as the Board of Directors may fix.

ARTICLE VIII.

Duties of Treasurer.

SEC. 1.—The Treasurer shall receive from the Secretary all moneys, and pay them out only on an order of the Financial Secretary, countersigned by the President. In case any money is received by him direct, he shall notify the Secretary accordingly. He shall make a detailed report of his accounts at every regular meeting, or whenever required to do so by a vote of the Association or the Board of Directors. He shall also make an annual report to the Association at its annual meeting.

SEC. 2.—The Treasurer shall give bond in the penal sum of Five Thousand Dollars, with security to the Board of Directors, conditioned faithfully to account for and pay over all moneys which may come into his hands, and for the faithful performance of all the duties of his office. He shall receive such salary as the Board of Directors shall determine.

ARTICLE IX.

Duties of Executive Committee.

SEC. 1.—The Executive Committee shall have general supervision of the finances of the Association. They shall from time to time credit all bills, examine the accounts of the Treasurer, and keep themselves informed of the financial condition of the Association. To this Committee shall be referred the Treasurer's reports, and all questions and propositions relating to finances, and no obligations of the Association beyond those necessary for current wants shall be made until the Committee have considered and reported upon the necessity and propriety of the plan proposed.

SEC. 2.—The Executive Committee may fix periods for its regular meetings, and may be convened upon the written demand of any member.

SEC. 3.—All the powers and duties of the Board of Directors not herein delegated to the officers or to other committees shall be exercised and discharged during the recess of the Board by this committee.

SEC. 4.—Two members shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. 5.—They shall keep regular minutes of their proceedings, which shall be recorded in a book kept for that purpose in the office of the Association, which shall be reported to the Board of Directors after having previously been approved by the committee.

SEC. 6.—They shall take cognizance of all infractions of the By-Laws, Shooting Rules, conduct unbecoming a member, etc., in the intervals of Directors' meetings.

SEC. 7.—They shall select and procure the prizes offered by the Association.

SEC. 8.—All the acts of the Executive Committee shall be binding upon the Association, unless disapproved by the Board of Directors at a regular meeting.

ARTICLE X.

Membership.

SEC. 1.—Whenever any person shall be proposed for Annual Membership, written application must be made to the Board of Directors, through the Secretary, subscribed by him, setting forth the name and place of residence of the person proposed (the initiation fee paid to the Secretary), and upon their majority vote, favoring his admission, the Secretary shall notify him of his election.

SEC. 2.—Honorary members may be elected upon their names being proposed and acted upon in the mode prescribed for annual members, a unanimous vote being required. They shall not be required to pay an entrance fee, and shall be entitled to all the privileges of active members, with the exception of the right to vote or to hold office, or to have any pecuniary interest in the property of the Association.

SEC. 3.—Non-members may be allowed the privileges of annual members, under such restrictions as may be fixed by the Board of Directors, Executive Committee, or General Manager.

SEC. 4.—It shall be the duty of members of the Association to conform to all requirements of the Constitution and By-laws, Rules and Regulations.

SEC. 5.—Members shall notify the Secretary of any change of their residence or place of business.

ARTICLE XI.

Resignation.

Any member may resign from the Association by giving notice in writing to the Secretary, but no resignation shall be accepted if the member be in arrears for dues, or otherwise. Upon the acceptance of such resignation, all interest in the property of the Association of the member resigning, or in any manner ceasing to be a member, shall be vested in the Association, excepting as indicated in the Constitution.

ARTICLE XII.

Penalties.

SEC. 1.—Any member failing to pay his dues or fines shall be liable to expulsion, and when six months in arrears, his name shall be brought before the Executive Committee or Board of Directors for such action as they may direct.

SEC. 2.—Any member of the Association may be expelled, forfeiting all rights in the property of the Association, for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, at any meeting of the Executive Committee or Board of Directors upon a majority vote of the members present; provided any such member who may be charged with conduct deserving expulsion shall have fourteen days' previous notice of charges to be made against him at such meeting, together with a copy of the charges against him, at which meeting he may be present and meet the charges so preferred against him, and shall be entitled to be heard.

SEC. 3.—Any member causing any injury to the property of the Association shall have the same repaired, and should he neglect forthwith to do so, the Board of Directors or Executive Committee shall cause the same to be done, and direct the Secretary to charge the expense thereof to the offending member.

SEC. 4.—No game of any kind shall be played for money at any time in the Association rooms under penalty of expulsion by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 5.—No member shall take any book or other property of the Association without permission of the Executive Committee or General Manager.

SEC. 6.—No Director shall divulge to persons not members of the Association, any of its transactions.

SEC. 7.—All dues, fines and penalties shall be charged upon the books of the Secretary, and can only be remitted for cause shown; and at a meeting of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee.

SEC. 8.—Any active member in arrears for dues or fines shall not be entitled to vote at an annual election.

ARTICLE XIII.

Residuary Powers.

All matters not particularly provided for in the Constitution or By-Laws, shall be controlled by the Board of Directors or Executive Committee until specially passed upon by the Association at any meeting.

ARTICLE XIV.

Shooting Rules.

The Board of Directors shall appoint committees on shooting rules and adopt shooting rules for all classes of shooting at the trap, and for managements of tournaments, which shall be submitted for the approval of members at the first annual meeting thereafter; and which can subsequently be amended only at future annual or other members' meetings.

ARTICLE XV.

Upon the appearance of a quorum at the time appointed for any meeting of the Board or of the Association, the meeting shall be called to order, and proceed in the following

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Calling roll of members present.
2. Reading minutes of last meeting and of previous minutes not passed on.
3. Reports from officers, standing and select committees.
4. Motions and resolutions.
5. Election of members.
6. General business. Adjournment.

THE TRAP.

TIME-SHOOTING.—Meadville, Pa., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the old fair ground, Feb. 4, Otto Wilkins lowered the record in time shooting, with shotgun, 100 glass balls, breaking them in 2min. 27sec. It was a very disagreeable day for shooting. A cold rain set in about 2 o'clock and continued the rest of the afternoon. The balls were thrown into the air 30ft. from shooter. The score was 116 shots and 100 hits. First 25 broken in 34sec., second 25 in 37sec., third 25 in 37sec., fourth 25 in 36sec.—H. C. K. Cincinnati, Feb. 6.—Frank C. Mustin, a young man well-known here, and although the youngest shooter in our city, is an expert with the rifle. Thursday afternoon he broke 115 composition balls, thrown in the air, in 9min. and 15sec. He shot at 123, missing 8, using a .22 caliber single Stevens rifle, loading his own gun and cleaning once. The balls were thrown in the air at 12ft. rise. I am an old hand at the business, and never saw so many broken in that space of time.—JOHN SCOFIELD.

NARRAGANSETT GUN CLUB, Jan. 29, 1885. Match at clay-pigeons, 18yds.:

C O Gray	11111 00101 10101 10110 11111 01111		—22
W H Sheldon	11010 01101 11101 11001 01110 01111		—20
J Congdon	10010 00111 11101 10011 11101 11101		—20
E W Tinker	11011 10110 01110 10111 11001 011 0		—19
P Randall	10110 01001 11100 10110 01001 10010		—14
O G Harris	00030 10100 01101 00000 11011 01010		—14
C H Brown	10001 11101 11010 00110 00110 00000		—13
A W Rounds	00001 11001 10001 11000 01110 00101		—13
C F Harris	00000 10110 00000 11111 00010 01011		—12
M Parker	01010 10000 01000 00010 00111 11000		— 9
Geo. Cary	10010 11011 11001 w.		

Twenty-one yards: tie for second, Sheldon 11000—2, Congdon 01000—1. C. C. Gray won first prize, 1000 wads. W. H. Sheldon won second, 500 shells, and E. W. Tinker won third, one-half dozen napkin rings. The weather was so intensely cold that the shot froze together in a solid mass after leaving the guns. This will probably account for some of the many misses made, as I can think of no other good excuse.—W. H. S.

NORTHSIDE GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly shoot at Woodside, L. I., Feb. 4, 25yds., except Chevallier, who shot at 27:

Chevallier	1101111—6	Manning	1011100—4
Stocky	1100010—3	Tapken	1111001—5
Krumbeck	1110001—4	Lennon	0011001—3
Whalen	1011011—5	Lyon	1011111—6
Goetting	1101111—6	Skelton	0110001—3
Evers	1110111—6	Eberhardt	1110011—5
D Franz	1100101—4	Pfaender	1111111—7
Kroger	0110011—4		

NEPTUNE GUN CLUB.—Last Thursday, Feb. 5, a large number of the prominent citizens of Asbury Park were on the grounds of the Neptune Gun Club to witness the club's first pigeon match. The conditions were 21yds. rise, single birds, the prize a gold badge. The score:

C Borden	11101—4	S O Rogers	01111—4
M Boice	00111—3	W Kelsey	01111—4
J L Cliver	11101—4	B Heyman	01011—3
T Emmons	01010—2		

In shooting off the ties, miss and out, J. L. Cliver won the badge. C. Borden 5, J. L. Cliver 6, S. O. Rogers 1, W. Kelsey 1.

BARRETT VS. VON LENGERKE.—A match that has caused considerable excitement among the Jersey trap-shooters for some time has finally been arranged and definitely settled to come off on the 23d inst., at the grounds of the Short Hills Athletic Club, New Jersey, between Mr. Barrett, a noted field shooter of that vicinity, and Mr. J. Von Lengerke, of Jersey City. The match is for $300, at 50 live birds each, 25yds. rise, 5 ground traps; guns to be of less than 7½ pounds' weight. As both contestants have large local reputations and many friends, the interest continues to increase and considerable money will probably change hands.

BOGARDUS—MEADERS.—New Orleans, Feb. 8.—The first of two matches for $250 a side, between A. H. Bogardus and Andy Meaders, of Nashville, Tenn., was shot yesterday. The match was at single birds, 18yds. rise, and the score stood 85 for Bogardus and 92 for Meaders. Time, 1:20. To-day the contest was continued at double birds. Bogardus scored 91 and the latter 81. Last night's match left Meader 7 ahead, and to-day's shooting gives the $500 stakes to Bogardus by a score of 8.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 4.—The fortnightly shoots of the Manchester Shooting Club are constantly attracting more attention, and the interest in the competition for the club's gold medal intensifies. The weather conditions this afternoon were fairly good, and Messrs. Wadleigh and Durgin made a close race for the medal, the latter winning it by a single point. The scores made were as follows:

E A Durgin	1011101111111001111—16
M Wadleigh	1011011111111001111— 15
C B French	0111001011101001011—12
C E Gove	1010010110111100011—12
G Carver	0001111110000010111—11
H Gray	1101011010010010010— 8
M E Gerry	1100100100000100 w— 1

TORONTO, Feb. 5.—The pigeon match between J. Townsend, of Toronto, and George Rogers, of St. Catharines, came off at the Woodbine track this afternoon. The match was 50 birds a side, Toronto Gun Club rules to govern, 21yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. There was considerable interest taken in the contest, both men apparently being evenly matched. The birds were flyers without a doubt, and the scores were good considering the day, the cold wind blowing from the northwest, which made it anything but pleasant to the shooters. The following is the score, which will show how evenly both are matched:

J Townsend	0011001011011011111111111111111111111111111111—40
G Rogers	1011101111101011011111010111001101111111111111—40

It is not decided when the tie will be shot off, as birds are very scarce.

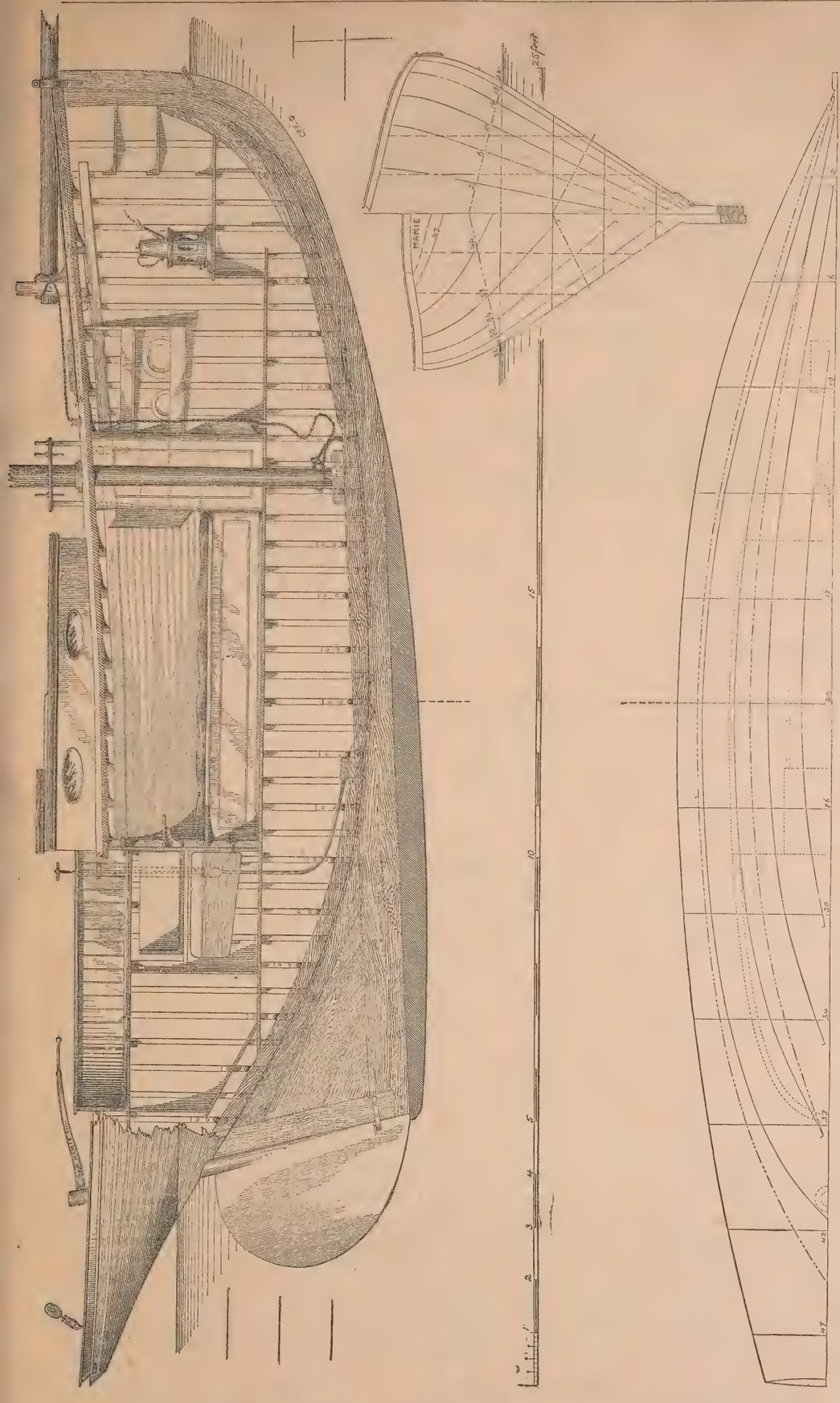
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 1.—There was a large crowd at the Wild West Park to-day, to see the clay-pigeon and bat sweepstakes shooting match for a silver cup offered by Capt. A. H. Bogardus. The following are the entries and scores made:

Clay pigeons.	Bats.	Clay-pigeons.	Bats.
Cousin	1010101011-6	1010111001-6	Chaudet	1011111110-8	1111111110-9
Cody	1010110011-6	0001111101-6	Ruble	1111001111-8	1100110100-5
Furentes	1011111010-7	0001010001-3	Hancock	1011101010-6	0110001101-5
Cook	1001101001-5	1111000111-7	Clocher	1111110010-7	0001110110-5
Memurdo	1110001011-6	1101110010-6	Boulder	0001111101-6	0001000000-1
Leche	0100011010-4	1101001111-7	Parker	1110001110-6	1101010000-4
Lovett	0001011111-6	1111101011-8	E Bog'dus	1101101111-8	1110110101-7
J Lovett	1111111111-10	0111101100-6	Mayronne	1110101111-8	1111100111-8
Tubiger	1011000011-5	1100011110-6			

The cup and first money was won by L. P. Chaudet. Second money won by William Mayronne. Third by Eugene Bogardus. It was quite late at the conclusion of this match, and Capt. Bogardus shot at twenty single pigeons and ten pair of double pigeons. His score was nineteen out of twenty singles and eighteen out of twenty double.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

One of our well-known New York seed firms have now on deposit in the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's vaults four hundred pounds of Henderson's snowball cauliflower seed, which at the selling price of one hundred dollars per pound, shows the value of this seed to be forty thousand dollars. Not only is this plan of depositing in vaults found to be cheaper than insurance, but what is of more importance is that if the seed should be destroyed by fire this quantity necessary for their trade could not be replaced at any price in time for the spring sales. When it is considered that four hundred pounds of cauliflower seed will, under favorable conditions, produce nearly thirteen million plants, which when headed for market and sold at even eight cents per head will produce the sum of three quarter of a million dollars, the value this vegetable has attained in this country, where twenty-five years ago it was almost unknow, becomes readily apparent.



Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 12—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.

TO DEFEND THE CUP.

COMMODORE James Gordon Bennett has cabled to Mr. W. P. Douglass to commence at once the building of a large centerboard sloop. Mr. A. Cary Smith is to furnish the design. Length on load-line 84ft., beam 23ft., draft 8ft.

A NEW REEFING GEAR.—We have received from Commodore A. J. Prime, of the Yonkers Y. C., a sketch of Mr. Fearon's new reefing gear for jibs, and will illustrate it shortly. This gear will be fitted to three new catamarans now building by Mr. Fearon.

FIRST OF HER KIND.

IT will be remembered that when the lines of the proposed Fendeur, originated by Mr. R. C. Hopkins, were first published in these columns in February, 1883, a great deal of comment ensued. Some of the opinions expressed were highly favorable, others took the opposite side and could not see how a boat of triangular section could stand up. Mr. Hopkins tried a model on his lines with considerable success, as reported at the time; but for private reasons the actual construction of the Fendeur was delayed for the time being. This left the question an untried venture, until taken up by Mr. E. L. Williams, of Lowell, Mass. As a builder of shell boats, Mr. Williams had met with much success in shaping his boats all from one and the same mould, simply turning it up higher and higher for successive frames. From the outset he took great interest in the Fendeur, which seemed to strike in a similar vein of thought. Last spring, he laid the keel for the first of the breed, tried her thoroughly during the season, and late last fall sold the boat to Mr. A. Wheelwright, of this city. A great deal of credit should be given to Mr. Williams for his enterprise and good judgment in a field not yet prospected. The Mamie, whose lines and interior are herewith illustrated by handsome cuts extracted from the new book on "Small Yachts," soon to appear, turned out so satisfactory, that Mr. Williams has since established himself as a yacht builder in South Boston, with the object of constructing similar boats.

It is now pretty well understood that successful yacht building should be divided into two great chapters, which have little in common with one another. First, the design. Second, the practical construction. Excellence in both is necessary to insure the best performance, and neglect in either division will be visited with corresponding shortcomings in the behavior of the boat. We are led to these remarks to save hasty critics overrunning their reckoning should they inspect the Mamie, now hauled out at Frank Bates's yard, South Brooklyn. This boat, being purely experimental, the builder could not afford to risk his funds in aiming at the most favorable build, but rather sought to confine outlay in cash to the narrowest limit possible, for this would all have been sunk had Mamie proved a failure. Hence, in the details of practical construction she falls short, and loses much which might have been drawn upon to her advantage. Of this the builder was aware, and his next promises to be superior in many ways.

In spite of these drawbacks the Mamie has shown herself a very likely craft at all times, justifying further similar undertakings. As an example, her keel consists simply of 4in. flitch and consequently but little outside ballast could be hung thereon. Had it been a 6in. balk, with the rabbet near the lower edge, the wood projecting inside instead of outside the garboards, nearly three times the weight of iron could have been bolted underneath and rig increased to correspond. Again, the ballast inside is composed of scrap. But if cast to fit would be much lower and afford 8in. or 1ft. more head room. We hear that lead may be substituted this spring and this alteration put into effect. In point of type Mamie is a straight framed cutter with the addition of a shoulder above water. Her bottom, though odd at first sight, differs in reality but little in the frames from a deep cutter. The slight hollow in the floor and the usual round of the bilge have simply been straightened out, a very trifling divergence in form from many an existing and successful cutter. In the forward and after frames, this difference is so small as to amount to scarcely more than an idea. Hence, we are right in looking for much the same performance as in ordinary boats of like general proportions. But the main distinction between the Mamie and regular cutters lies not in her bottom, but in the topsides. From loadline up the Mamie approximates the usual sloop form. She has very nearly a cutter's bottom and a sloop's topside. A compromise more truly than the so-called compromises which are only deep and heavy sloops and partake of sloop qualities all through.

For her performance the writer must draw upon report, not having had the chance to test her in person. Report speaks well of her, and in just the way the boat's form would lead one to expect. With the weight and fine lines of a cutter below, she is a steady boat of great ease, holding her way through a sea and also in light, variable winds, owing to great momentum and small resistance. With the low weight and flaring but easy roundish topsides, she is notably stiff after once heeling down to her "sticking point," which seems to be about plankshear-to in good sailing breeze. Beyond this angle she resists. Likewise does she rise to a head sea with much life, as plenty of bulk above water has been provided and the flare all round prevents her dropping deep into a hollow. She is specially dry, throwing no spray, but dipping a little harmless water over the lee bow when pressed in lumpy surroundings. Her motion is not hard and quick, but the reverse, rendering a long cruise an agreeable pastime in place of jerking athletics to preserve one's balance. She is light on the helm and certain in stays in rough water, also free from yawing when running wide. As to speed, her official trials have not so far been very exacting. Two matches were sailed in Eastern waters. One of them, under the flag of the Salem Bay Y. C., saw Mamie lift the ducats in good style, and the other failed for want of wind. Her builder tried her in scrub races and thinks her fast. After her advent in New York waters last fall she was under way only twice before going on the mud for the winter, but her present owner considers that, so far as he could judge without competitors alongside, the Mamie gave promise of very fair speed. Her exact status as a racer, when tried high, we may leave for the coming summer to determine. But it can be said with certainty that Mamie is not a slow boat, and at least up to the average. Allowing for a more advantageous stowage of weight, and there is reason to believe she or a similar boat will make her mark in the records.

No doubt the broad question will at once be asked: "What advantage is there in the style?" Leaving speed out as not fully settled, the answer would be that Mamie attempts to combine certain characteristics of the cutter in the general shaping of her underwater body with others of the sloop in her topside, and that is exactly the pith of the problem we are seeking to solve in the various compromises which have lately come into life. In the matter of draft the Mamie is no better off than an ordinary cutter. As to heeling, she will be stiffer at extreme angles, and the easy flare will make a drier, livelier boat, giving also more width across deck. Her rig will be snug; her motion will be measured; she will hold a steady course; display power and be close-winded in a sea; able in a breeze; probably fast, just in accordance as excellence in proportions and shaping are engrafted upon the design of her lines. She will have liberal headroom and length for accommodations, and besides she will be somewhat easier to set up and plank. It is not here proposed to sail off into ecstacy, just because Mamie is something new. Often old ideas are better than innovations. But an analysis of Mamie seems to justify further and fuller trial, for though she may never displace other types, she will be an addition to the circle from which to make choice. She may develop into a very acceptable kind, unless future experiment shows up some drawback not yet appreciated. The proportions of such boats may also admit considerable variation.

Mr. Williams is to lay the keel of another, in which the best method of construction is to be followed, and the advent of this new candidate may supply more accurate comparison.

The chief dimensions of Mamie are: Length over all, 25ft.; on load-line, 21ft. 8in.; beam across deck, 6ft.; at loadline, 5ft. to outside of plank; draft. extreme, 4ft. 8in.; least freeboard, 18in.; displacement, 4.4 short tons approximately.

The Mamie is built with a light, closely-spaced frame. Keel, 10×4in. Stem and post, 3in., sided. Frame sawed, moulded 2in. at heel, 1¾ at head, and sided 1⅜in. Spaced 6in. between centers. Iron floors on every other frame. Plank, ¾in. yellow pine. Clamps, 3×⅞in. Deck beams, 1¾in. moulded and 1¼ sided oak; spaced 8in. Deck, 1¾×1in. thick white pine, laid straight fore and aft. Galvanized iron fastings. Center of mast from fore side of stem, 7ft. 8in. Mast, 19ft. deck to cross trees; 5in. diameter at deck; topmast, 14ft., heel to truck; bowsprit, 10ft. outboard; boom, 22ft; gaff, 14ft. Full cutter rig, with running jib. Sails by McManns & Son, of Boston. Hoist of mainsail, 14ft.; foot of foresail, 7ft.; foot of jib, 10ft. Total ballast, 2¾ tons, 600 pounds of which is outside.

EXPLODING THE FABLES.

THE fond delusions to which the sloop men have clung for so long a time, delusions based partly on a knowledge of the defects of the centerboard sloops, but mostly on a complete ignorance of the cutter, are disappearing rapidly under the light of additional knowledge, and the hard logic of indisputable fact.

Speed has been conceded to the cutters for some time, but to offset this, they have been denounced as mere racing machines, beautiful pictures being drawn of them sailing under water, with only a paid crew on board, usually all lashed fast, while the owner watches the sport from a safe distance, on shore.

When the first rumors arrived here of these vessels sailing across next year, the ultra faithful at once sought comfort in the loud assertion that they would never venture on the Atlantic, and that no contest was possible as the challengers must cross under sail, and that they would not dare to do.

Many who knew better than this, however, were still highly delighted when the report came that Genesta and Galatea would cross under trysails. Knowing what a ship's trysail was and in what weather it was used, these experts at once pictured the huge cutters each under a small triangular rag, and on this assumption at once condemned both boats as unseaworthy and dangerous. It has been a labor of love with us to enlighten the ignorance of these self-appointed experts, and that it has not been altogether "lost" is shown in the fact that they now admit the propriety of the rig for passage, the large racing mainsail being kept for match racing. The last issue of the London *Field* has some remarks on the same subject, in which they corroborate on two very important points the views so long advanced by the FOREST AND STREAM, the seagoing abilities of modern cutters, and their accommodations for living on board. Both of these points we have strenuously insisted on from the first, and both have been denied and ridiculed.

"According to the New York *Herald*, the Genesta and Galatea are going to race across the Atlantic in April under trysails. Some of the New York papers make merry in consequence over the idea of the vaunted British racing cutter going to sea under a trysail, and declare that their owners dare not live on board. If the writers had an opportunity of seeing the owners on board such beautiful vessels, say, as Marjorie and Wendur, and the luxurious comforts they enjoy in the way of cabin accommodation, they would very much modify their opinions as to the British racing machines. It is forgotten that the America crossed the Atlantic in 1851 under a jury rig, and shipped her racing spars at Havre, they having been sent across on a steamer. It is true that the Cambria and Dauntless raced across the ocean with their big spars, and Cambria's boom was 64ft., mainmast deck to hounds 62ft., and bowsprit 41ft. outside. The Fleetwing, Henrietta and Vesta came across before the westerly gales in the winter of 1861 under big spars, and no doubt the British racing cutters could do the same, although they might often have to stow their booms, and would probably require a new sail to race with on arrival. Among other notions derogatory to the British cutters is one that their lead keels will drop off, and that if they get hit by a big sea they will crumble up like match wood. Of course a lead keel may drop, although, so far as our knowledge goes, it has only happened yet when fastened with iron bolts; and a yacht may be 'crumpled up' just as ships are; but let us hope that these anticipations are founded

rather on a lack of knowledge of what the British cutter is like than an intimate acquaintance with her."

The imagined contingency of a cutter dropping her keel has afforded much amusement to a certain clique, a mythical yarn concerning the Crusader being advanced in support of its likelihood; but as yet nothing of the kind has happened in practice except one or two unimportant cases like Crusader's, where a small weight patched on with iron bolts has been dropped by their corrosion. The securing of a lead keel of 60 to 70 tons is an engineering problem of no small magnitude, and should be done only by experienced men, but properly constructed there is no reason to anticipate any failure.

The discussion over the proposed races, even if they should not take place, is adding still more to the popular knowledge of our rival craft, and to it it is due that the quietus has been given to another long-cherished libel on the cutter. We quoted, two weeks since, an editorial from the *Herald* of a totally different tenor from all its previous utterances, and this week we note more to the same effect, as follows:

"Two challenges for the America's Cup were sent on Dec. 6 to the New York Yacht Club—the first on behalf of the yacht Genesta and the second on behalf of the new yacht building for Lieut. W. Henn, Royal Navy, which he has named the Galatea, after the well-known frigate in which he served for several years on the coast of Canada, etc. These two yachts propose starting for America about the 24th of May, and intend to compete in all races open to them in America. Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and a few friends will go out in the Genesta, while Mrs. Henn will, as usual, accompany her husband on board their new craft, and will be the first lady to cross the Atlantic in a racing yacht. After the racing is over in America the Galatea will most probably cruise to the West Indies, Mediterranean, etc. The Cythera is expected in New York about the 1st of July. Thus there will be three English yachts in America this year."

Not to go back to Julanar, of six beams, built expressly for Mediterranean cruising, and get a wonderfully fast boat, we can mention that Galatea, as we learn from private correspondence, while building expressly for the purpose of racing for the America Cup, "has been designed with a view to her being converted into a comfortable cruiser when her racing days are over, by the reduction of sticks and ballast." Lieut. Henn's former yacht, the yawl Gertrude, was similar in design and proportion to the Bedouin, and her reputation as a fast boat is undisputed, but in her Lieut. Henn and his wife have cruised nearly 50,000 miles, including a number of trips through the Bay of Biscay and cruises in the Mediterranean. Further, Lieut. Henn sails and navigates his boat himself, trusting to no sailing-master. Galatea, now building, will be of steel, and over 80ft. waterline, and will be launched in April, visiting us in June, as she will not race in England before coming here, and besides her we shall have another "fast cruiser," Cythera, now cruising in the Mediterranean, whence she will visit the St. Lawrence River, and, later, New York. These two, with Genesta, will give ocular demonstration of the seagoing abilities, cruising accommodations, and, we trust, speed as well, that will convince the most skeptical.

SOLID ON CUTTERS.

A RECENT editorial in the *Herald*, as well as some items in its personal columns, fell like bombshells in the camp of the ancients who still harp on racing cutters as unfit for cruising, and imagine narrow beam a piece of fanaticism on the part of the English. The editorial in question exhibited such an excellent understanding of the real merits of cutters and was so free from national prejudice that, as might have been expected, its origin was to be traced to one practically familiar with yachting abroad. The article was inspired by none other than Mr. J. G. Bennett himself who, to set his own journal straight in its record, cabled from England the essence of what appeared in the *Herald* next day. It is very agreeable to know that at this critical juncture there hovers over the columns of the *Herald* a directing hand, which really is equal to the business. At last it seems as though one of the New York dailies, at least, proposes to call a halt to rubbish of ignorant home manufacture, and give to us in America one daily of whose criticisms on yachting one need not be ashamed. So far from being "mere racing machines," both Genesta and Galatea are looked upon and treated as cruisers by their owners. They propose to cross over in their vessels with their families on board, and after racing in these waters, cruise for the West Indies and foreign ports in general. And upon this they look as a matter of course, a venture involving nothing out of the common to them, for it will not be the first time their vessels have been headed for the sea. We are also to have Cythera make her number with us this season. That adds still another of the same breed, and depend upon it, by the time they have taken their departure, the silly nonsense talked and written against such splendid cruising vessels will have dissolved into ether in face of bottom facts and the truth, of which these visiting yachts are evidence in the flesh. Properly enough, and quite to my liking, the *Herald* makes no bones in designating the stuff put forward against such cutters as "twaddle." Galatea will be much like the well tried Wendur, and a finer boat than the Scotch yawl Wendur would be hard to find. Her performance is on record in the English prints, and what she can do in a blow and sea the rest of the class can do just as well. The whole crusade against narrow boats proceeds from men who have never seen one or sailed in one, and talk blindly from their wild imagination. Hence my congratulations that the *Herald* is to have sense at its wheel, and that the New York Y. C. rejoices in a commodore who can counteract the drivel passed round among the landsmen who accomplish all manner of wonders in skimming dishes up in Madison Avenue but nowhere else.

Irreverently stated, "Jim" is solid on cutters. C. P. K.

A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.

YOUR editorial last week brings up a question which deserves the immediate attention of the New York Y. C. in some form or other. From private correspondence direct from headquarters, it appears that our English friends are under the impression that the form of a challenge for the America Cup has been sufficiently complied with and that the six months period will count from the date of Mr. Beavor Webb's letter, addressed to the club. At least this is the only interpretation which I can put upon the wording of the correspondence referred to. Now, if the conditions of the deed of gift were so clear and explicit as to admit of no doubts or questions upon the formalities to be gone through, the New York Y. C. might *legally* decline to interest itself at all in the matter, allowing the English to take the consequences of their own oversights or mistakes. But *morally*, even then, the club would hardly desire to spring any technicality upon the challenging parties, allowing them to come over under the mistaken idea that they are entitled to a race at a certain date, and then suddenly to inform them that owing to some technical irregularity in the outward form of their first notice of a challenge, the club must insist upon an additional postponement. Yet this is precisely the position of affairs at this moment, if I can judge from the private correspondence received. That is to say, while the English yacht owners appear to think that the official date of the challenge is already fully settled by Mr. Beavor Webb's letter and that any further documents in amplification can be forwarded at leisure and have no influence upon setting back the date, we, here in America, are laboring under a contrary notion, that the said letter from Mr. Webb is only in the nature of a "preliminary notice," and not at all intended as the document from which the six months' time is to be counted. This is a serious divergence of views which, in credit to itself and the spirit of the whole business, the New York Y. C. should take up without a moment's delay. Stated curtly, an understanding should be arrived at as to the present status of affairs. Either the N. Y. Y. C. does not propose to accept Mr. Webb's letter in the light Englishmen regard it, or else it will count the letter as definite in its proposition. If the former, then as a matter of good sporting spirit and common courtesy to gentlemen proposing to come three thousand miles in their yachts, the club should notify them at once that in its opinion no regular challenge has yet been received, and that the six months' interval can only be reckoned from the receipt of certain other documents stipulated for in the deed of gift according to the translation of its meaning by the N. Y. Y. C. Or, on the other hand, if Mr. Webb's letter be considered definite enough, as it certainly is in its spirit, then an authorized answer to the owners of Genesta and Galatea is due, to put the whole matter at rest. As the club has taken no official action, and has positively given out that it is still awaiting what it conceives to be the "regular challenge," we, on this side of the Atlantic, know exactly how the club stands on the question. It does not propose to view Mr. Webb's letter in any other light than a private note having no effective import.

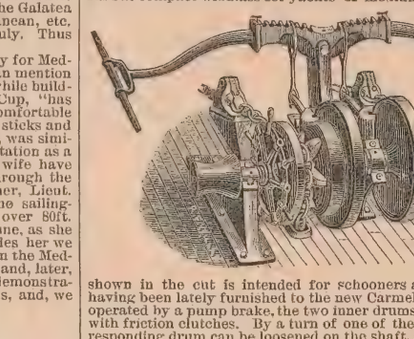
No one can say the club is not legally justified in refusing official action upon Mr. Webb's note, inasmuch as that note altogether fails to comply with the letter of the rules governing a challenge. But, I believe, the New York Y. C., in common with the American public, is much less concerned about the mere letter and more about the spirit animating both sides. Nothing could be further from the intentions of the club than to allow the English to go on with their preparations and delay further documents under a misconception luring them on into a sort of trap of technicalities which the English really have set themselves in not solving with sufficient good luck the muddle of words composing the conditions of the challenge. Consequently a few lines in explanation, requesting the challenge to be put in a shape corresponding to the conditions and announcing the impossibility of action before the receipt of such fresh and revised notification, would be an act of sporting equity and courtesy which I hope will be at once attended to either by the club or else by its secretary. In the event of the club declining to set the English yachtsmen right, this letter in your columns will serve to put them on their guard and hasten a full compliance with the most minute particulars of the conditions, so that the date of the races may not be put off, contrary to the intention with which Mr. Webb's original notice was sent.

In conclusion, it is to be greatly regretted that the "deed of gift" and its conditions were not properly "edited" by some capable person before being sent broadcast over the world a jumble of dubious English, permitting all sorts of speculation as to its real intent and inviting just such misapprehension as I have dealt with above.

C. P. Kunhardt.

THAYER'S YACHT WINDLASSES.

THE windlass illustrated below is one of several styles manufactured by Mr. B. F. Thayer, No. 155 South street, New York, and furnished by him to many large and small yachts. In all these windlasses the disagreeable clanking of the pawls is entirely done away with, their operation being noiseless, while the drums in the larger sizes are locked in any position. The smallest size, fitted for yachts of 30ft. or under, is very light and compact, setting down close to the deck. It can be made to fit any size bitts or sampson post from 5×3in. upward, and is operated by two handspikes in the ordinary manner. A larger size is operated by a double pump brake, carried on an iron bracket arm screwed to the bitts, and makes a very powerful but compact windlass for yachts of medium size. The windlass



shown in the cut is intended for schooners and steam yachts, one having been lately furnished to the new Carmelita. It is, as shown, operated by a pump brake, the two inner drums for chain being fitted with friction clutches. By a turn of one of the hand wheels the corresponding drum can be loosened on the shaft, allowing the cable to run out, and it may be checked by a turn in the opposite direction. By the same wheels the chain drums may both be entirely disconnected, turning freely on the shaft, so that the gipsy heads may be used for warping, hoisting sails, etc. Extra stoppers for the chains are also provided on deck. Mr. Thayer also manufacturess a neat and simple cathead stopper, to be screwed to the rail, the anchor being released by turning a small hand wheel.

YACHT BUILDING ABROAD.

THE variations in yacht building from year to year are well shown in the following table taken from the London *Field*. The conclusions to be drawn from it as to the present and future conditions of yacht racing are not particularly encouraging, but such periods of depression as the present are always followed by seasons of renewed activity. The increase in the number of yachts built each year that is so marked from 1871 to 1876 has fallen off during the last two seasons, and the tonnage, which reached its highest point in 1877, has declined still more, last season being far below the average. It is probably owing to the decadence of schooner racing that the average tonnage for the last half of the period is much less than for the first half. How much of the falling off is due to business depression is impossible to state, but in spite of the unsatisfactory figures for last year, there is no cause for alarm over any general decline in yachting. The *Field* says:

From an examination of Lloyd's Yacht Register, it would appear that there have been 1476 yachts built during the last fourteen years, of and above 5 tons, with an aggregate tonnage of 77,534 tons. Putting the cost per ton at £40, the cost would have been £3,101,300. No doubt many of the yachts built about the year 1871 have disappeared from the Register; on the other hand, no doubt, several small yachts built during 1884 have not been included. We have tabulated the yearly output of yachts since 1871, and it is satisfactory to note that the falling off in the gross yearly tonnage since 1880 is no worse than it was in 1878, the year which marks the break down of schooner racing. It is true that, at present, there is little to be satisfied with in the building or racing prospects for 1885, and we must wait for the turn of the tide, which will be sure to come, just as it did in 1880.

	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884
No. built.	71	94	97	109	105	132	113	125	120	110	130	116	100	54
Gross ton'ge.	4400	4443	5170	7200	5255	7000	7570	5008	4750	7080	6150	5900	5008	2600
Ave'ge ton'ge.	62	48	52	66	50	53	67	40	40	64	47	51	50	48

SPARS OF CLASS RACERS.

FOLLOWING are given the proportions of the spars of 5, 10, 20 and 40-ton racing cutters, which have been compiled from the dimensions of spars which have from time to time been published.

It will be seen that there is a great similarity between the spars of the various classes; slight differences, however, occur in yachts hailing from different designs and builders. Generally the proportions of the spars decrease as the tonnage increases, owing to the larger yachts not having as much depth and displacement in proportion to the smaller ones, consequently they are not able to carry such large sail spreads. Usually a cutter's mast is stepped 4 of the length of the counter, abaft the foreside of the stem, and the length of the main boom is thereby determined in conjunction with its projection beyond the taffrail. In the smaller classes it will be seen that the proportion for the length of the main boom is greater than in the larger classes, owing to larger yachts not having proportionately as long counters, nor as great a proportionate length of boom beyond the taffrail as smaller yacht. As a general rule, the counter of a racing cutter is equal to about .18 of the length on W. L., while the length of main boom beyond the taffrail is about .15 of the length on W. L. in 5-tonners, decreasing in proportion as the tonnage increases.

Generally the head of a cutter's mainsail makes an angle of 50° to 54° with the waterline, and the gafftopsail 70° to 76°. A working gafftopsail yard is generally slung with .64 of its total length on the aft side of the topmast. Spinnaker booms in cutters vary in length from .98 to 1.44 of the length of mainmast (deck to masthead cap), 1.22 being the mean. In the 40-ton class, the proportion for the length of topmast is not given, but is much the same as in the other classes.

Mastheads vary somewhat in length, the proportion being rather greater than it was a few years back, or about .22 of the length, deck to hounds. A cutter's working gafftopsail yard is equal to .95 of the whole length of gaff, while the balloon gafftopsail yard is equal to .95 of the length of main boom.

In calculating cruising spars for cutters from any of the proportions given, a deduction of .08 would be made from the length of every spar; that is, the length of every spar would be multipled by .08 and the product deducted from the length of the spar which was multiplied.

SPARS OF RACING 40-TON CUTTERS.

Mean length of mainmast (deck to hounds) is equal to beam multiplied by 3.52; mean length of bowsprit outboard is equal to length on waterline, multiplied by .448; mean length of main boom is equal to length on waterline, multiplied by .866; mean length of main gaff is equal to length of main boom, multiplied by .67.

SPARS OF RACING 20-TON CUTTERS.

Mean length of mainmast (deck to hounds) is equal to beam multiplied by 3.55; mean length of topmast (fid to sheave of topsail halliards) is equal to length of mainmast (deck to hounds), multiplied by .87; mean length of bowsprit outboard is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .48; mean length of main boom is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .872; mean length of main gaff is equal to length of main boom multiplied by .67.

SPARS OF RACING 10-TON CUTTERS.

Mean length of mainmast (deck to hounds) is equal to beam multiplied by 3.64; mean length of topmast (fid to hounds) is equal to length of mainmast (deck to hounds) multiplied by .898; mean length of bowsprit outboard is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .506; length of main boom is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .88 to .9; mean length of main gaff is equal to length of main boom multiplied by .72.

SPARS OF RACING 5-TON CUTTERS.

Mean length of mainmast (deck to hounds) is equal to beam multiplied by 3.58; mean length of topmast (fid to hounds) is equal to length of mainmast (deck to hounds) multiplied by .9; mean length of bowsprit outboard is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .502; mean length of main boom is equal to length on waterline multiplied by .892; mean length of main gaff is equal to length of main boom multiplied by .695.

It must be understood that the proportions of the spars given are of cutters having a length on W. L. equal to from 5 to 5.8 times the greatest beam. For cutters that have a length on W. L. less than 5 times the greatest beam, the proportion given for the length of mainmast (deck to hounds) in the various classes is too great.

Usually the length of mainmast (deck to hounds) in cutters having a length on W. L. less than 5 times the greatest beam, varies from 3 to 3.25 times the beam. In some cutters, in the classes of 10 tons and under, the length of mainmast (deck to hounds) is as much as 3.8 times the beam, but such a high ratio is uncommon, except in yachts having a length on waterline of 5.9 times the beam.

Mr. Hewett's famous 10-ton cutter Buttercup has a length of mainmast (deck to hounds) slightly over four times her greatest beam.—*Hunt's Yachting Magazine.*

YACHT PHOTOS.

THE great improvement in photography in the last few years has made it possible to obtain such pictures of yachts under sail as can be made in no other manner, as no handiwork, however skillful or artistic, can give the faithful reproduction of every fold and wrinkle of the canvas, and the exact form of every wave, that is found in a photograph. The best specimens of yacht photos we have yet seen, are those taken by Messrs. West & Son, of Gosport, England, who make a specialty of this class of work, Following the races in their own boat with the best of apparatus, they are enabled to catch instantly all the noticeable portions of a race, and to photograph the yachts when under full headway. Apart from their value as works of art or souvenirs, these photos are of value to the yachtsman, as by their aid he can study at leisure many important details, the set of sails and form of waves, that cannot be observed in the hurry of a race or at a distance.

One of the finest of Messrs. Wests' pictures is a broadside view of the schooner Miranda on the wind with topsails set. Every detail of the grand vessel is shown with the greatest minuteness.

A second view of Miranda shows her starboard side, with spinnaker set and crew standing on deck.

A view of Tara, the counterpart of Ileen, taken from a point on the starboard bow, shows her with scuppers awash closehauled under big topsail, but a look at a number of pictures of racers on the wind shows them at a much smaller angle of heel than they are commonly supposed by our yachtsmen to sail at.

An excellent view of Marguerite shows her head on, under spinnaker and jackyard topsail, while a second view shows her with boom flat in and big topsail still set, her crew seated comfortably on deck, without that frantic effort to hang on or life lines to lash themselves fast, that are supposed by many to be indispensable in cutters. The big topsail and loose-footed mainsail sit to perfection, and on their white surface are thrown the shadows of halliards, shrouds and even ratlines, outlined with perfect distinctness.

A view of the leeward sides of Buttercup and Ulidia, both tens, with jibtopsails set, shows the famous "clipper bow" of the former. The crew are seated on deck, spinnaker booms are dropped to starboard, and Buttercup, the leader, has her spinnaker ready forward to run up.

By far the finest photo we have yet seen of a yacht is that of the little three, Chittywee. She appears with boom almost amidships. Her helmsman is seated on deck, one hand on tiller, while a man lies forward on the weather side. A working topsail is set over a single reefed mainsail, and although a good breeze is evidently blowing, judging by the neighboring boats, she shows a high side above water. Astern the foam and crests of the waves are seen, giving life and activity to the entire scene.

The list of photos includes several hundred yachts and war vessels, the former including all the racing fleet.

THE KUNSTADTER STEERING PROPELLER.

THE despatch boat Nina has been lately fitted with the Kunstadter patent screw propelling and steering apparatus, and during the past two months a series of careful trials have been made by a special board composed of Com. Isherwood, Chief Engineer U. S. N.; Capt. Theodore Zeller, U. S. N.; Chief Engineers George W. Magee, George P. Hunt and three passed assistant engineers. Since Dec. 1 nearly 450 turns have been made on the Hudson River and New York Bay, many in rough weather and a heavy sea, in order to test the speed both ahead and astern, and the turning power. The boat was turned to port and starboard from seven to ten times each with the rudder at an angle of 10 degrees, similar tests being made for 15 degrees, 20 and other variations up to 45 degrees. All of these tests were made both ahead and astern. At an angle of 45 degrees the boat turned in a circle of 200ft. diameter, and at 10 degrees the greatest diameter of circle was between 900 and 1,000ft. During these tests the engine made from 20 to 75 revolutions. With the rudder at 45 degrees a full circle was described in less than three minutes, at a speed of 11½ knots. The Nina steered astern as easily as ahead, and on one occasion made 5 knots astern in a straight line. The dimensions of the Nina and the screws are as follows:

Length between perpendiculars	137ft.
Length over all	154ft.
Beam, moulded	26ft.
Depth, moulded	12ft. 6in.
Rudder surface, original	53¾sq. ft.
Rudder surface, with screw	30⅜sq. ft.
Indicated horse power	450
Diameter of large screw	10ft.
Diameter of small screw	6ft. 8in.

The vessel is fitted with a screw and shaft of the usual form. The rudder in the line of the shaft is enlarged in the form of a casing carrying a section of shaft, on which is hung a second and smaller screw directly astern of the rudder. The after shaft is connected with the main shaft by a universal joint, in such a manner that it turns freely at any angle at which rudder is placed.

This after screw not only increases the speed, but exerts a positive side pressure on the stern, in conjunction with the rudder. Last week the Nina was placed on the screw dock at New York and the after screw removed. The area of the rudder was also increased considerably, and she will now be tested in a similar manner to determine her powers with a larger rudder and only the ordinary screw, the result of which experiment we will give when completed. She has also been fitted with a new device of Com. Isherwood's, a wheel affixed to her side which registers her speed through the water.

NEW YORK Y. C.

ON Thursday last the New York Y. C. held their first general meeting of 1885, at the club house, the attendance being larger than usual. The officers elected were: Commodore, James Gordon Bennett; Vice Commodore, William P. Douglass; Rear Commodore, Francis C. Lawrence, Jr.; Secretary, Charles A. Minton; Treasurer, James O. Proudfit; Measurer, John M. Wilson; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch. Regatta Committee—J. Frederic Tams, Charles H. Stebbins and Jules A. Montant. House Committee—T. B. Asten, Elijah A. Houghton, B. C. Oleeman and Frank T. Robinson. Committee on Admissions—James D. Smith, John S. Dickerson, F. W. J. Hurst, William E. Iselin and Ogden Goelet.

Thirteen new members were also elected. A crayon portrait of the late Rear Commodore, Samuel R. Platt, and an engraved copy of the resolutions passed by the club on his death were presented to the club. Mr. Ogden Goelet offers again cups for schooners, cutters and sloops, in the following letter:

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1885.

DEAR SIR—Please express to the club my intention of presenting a one thousand dollar cup to be sailed for by schooners, and a five hundred dollar cup to be sailed for by sloops and cutters, the race to take place at Newport during the cruise of 1885, over the same triangular course as last year, both races to be sailed on the same day.

While the conditions under which said races are to be sailed will remain practically the same as last year, I desire to reserve the right of modifying the same if it should seem desirable for me to do so prior to the date of the cruise. Yours, etc., OGDEN GOELET.

No action was taken in regard to the Cup contest, as the club is still waiting for further communications from abroad.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.

Michigan Y. C.—Commodore, H. C. Hart; Vice-Commodore, O. W. Baker; Rear Commodore, Arthur J. Phelps; Secretary, Alexander I. McLeod; Treasurer, J. B. Badby; Measurer, E. S. Wendell,

BUFFALO Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with pleasure that I note the active preparations now being made here in Buffalo to make our next yachting season a lively one, and the increased appreciation which our yachtsmen seem to have of the sound principles advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to rig, model, etc., and its ideas of what a safe and comfortable seagoing boat should be. The schooner Mermaid has been changed from a light-draft centerboard to a deep keel, which will give over 6ft. head room in the cabin and increase her draft to 5ft. The sloop Ripple, recently from New York, has been undergoing extensive repairs. Sloop Turk is having a fantail put on her stern, and the owners are to try her as a cutter, with the exception of housing topmast and bowsprit. The old B. Y. C. now has a rival yacht club, which was organized last fall under the name of the Buffalo City Y. C., and although some effort has been made to consolidate the two clubs, it is generally understood they will remain separate. Perhaps the friendly rivalry may be the means of increasing our at present rather small fleet. Hope to give you particulars of some of our regattas this coming season.—CRESCENT.

NEWARK Y. C.—The first annual banquet of the Newark Y. C. was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 28. About 125 members and guests sat down to the dinner. Among the guests from out-of-town clubs were Commodores Graff and Thorpe, of the Harlem; Prime, of the Yonkers, and Pullman, of the Pavonia. Letters of regret were read from the commodores of the New Haven, New Jersey, Knickerbocker and East River clubs. The event, like all the past efforts of the club, was a decided success, the recurrence of which will be looked forward to with pleasure by all who participated. Among the things talked of during the flow of song and story was a series of open matches for boats under 35ft., under the auspices of the various clubs about New York, acting as a whole through a committee.

A NEW CRUISING SCHOONER.—Mr. C. H. Bliven is now building from his own designs a schooner yacht for Mr. J. J. Phelps, who proposes to make a cruise around the world in her, starting this spring. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 112ft.; on waterline, 102ft.; beam, 25ft.; depth of hold, 11ft. 3in.; draft, 11ft. Displacement, 265 tons. The yacht will have a flush deck and inside ballast of iron, and will be very strongly built. She is now in frame at Nyack, on the Hudson River.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE CARMELITA.—The Carmelita left Greenpoint on Friday last for a trial trip, but, owing to heavy ice, did not go out of the East River. She started off with two-reefed mainsail and single reef in foresail, a high wind blowing from the north and weather very cold. The reefs were soon shaken out, when she carried full sail through the heavy puffs in a way that fully proved her stiffness. She is now in excellent trim and all gear is working rightly, so that after a scrub on the screw dock he will start for San Francisco.

YONKERS Y. C.—This club will soon combine with the Vesper Y. A., of Yonkers. The house of the latter club has been badly damaged by the ice.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Feb. 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 3—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 31—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
July ——Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

LAKE ERIE MEET.

COMMODORE GARDNER deserves a vote of thanks from the A. C. A. for the vigorous and enthusiastic way in which he has worked to make the the proposed canoe meet at "Ballast Island" a certainty. There are about forty names of Western canoeists on the A. C. A. rolls, and yet but few have ever been able to be present at the annual meets since the days of the Cincinnati Club at Lake George.

It has been for several years a question of great interest and moment to many of the older A. C. A. members, as to what course to pursue to spread the Association westward, and to revive the interest therein in portions of the country far distant from the locality of the annual meet. The local meet idea has solved the question, and made possible the extension to all canoeists of the undoubted benefits gained through A. C. A. meets and membership. While it will be impossible for me to be at Ballast Island myself, as my summer vacation is absolutely limited to the two weeks of the Grindstone meet, I hope that some of the officers may be able to be present, and be of some service. If there is any way in which I can further the success of the meet officially or otherwise, I hope and trust that Commodore Gardner will not fail to command my services.

I would commend to him and his committee the A. C. A. programme of races for this year, or at least such portions of it as are best adapted to the canoes likely to be present and compete, and I feel certain that Captain Gibson, Chairman of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee, will be glad to do what he can to assist as to organization in camp. We found at our local meet last year that the selection of a camp commander by the canoeists present found much favor and worked well. This commander appointed the Regatta and other committees, the local canoe club making the necessary previous arrangements, and the various clubs participating furnishing the necessary prize flags, etc. The whole arrangement worked harmoniously and well. I hope that there may be a large number of A. C. A. men present at Lake Erie, and that a large delegation will be sent to Grindstone prepared to propose the name of the officer to be chosen from the Western section for the next year. Personally, I do not think that there should be any such distinctions as Eastern or Western. We are all American canoeists. Let us stick to that; but let the vice-commodores (three, as suggested in my last letter) be chosen from North, East and West, and let them specially look to the interests of the section of the country from which they come, and preside at the local meets, etc. I am for the American Canoe Association—one and undivided, all the time. ROBERT SHAW OLIVER.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 6. Com. A. C. A.

A CANOE CRUISE THROUGH LONG ISLAND SOUND.

IN the summer of 1882, I made my first canoe cruise in Long Island Sound. Equipped with an Everson shadow canoe, rigged with two lateen sails, and well supplied with necessary "shipstores," I left the little village of Eastchester at daybreak on June 10. Launching my small craft into the narrow creek I propelled quietly along between banks of high rushes and salt grass. Over the meadow hung a thin gray film of mist not thick enough to hide, but only to render things mysterious. The sleepy town of Eastchester with its picturesque church seemed to be floating on this sea of vapor.

After a paddle of three miles I passed under Pelham bridge and out into Pelham Bay. A gentle breeze from the southwest made the water gleam and sparkle in the morning sun. Here setting my sails, I soon reached City Island and found myself in Long Island Sound. The light mist through which I had been sailing had thickened into a regular fog bank, but as I had charts and compass aboard I got my course and entered it boldly, taking the regular ship course.

Sailing in a thick fog is an experience well worth trying; it is a curious sensation as if one were blindfolded, surrounded by a milky gray film which renders sight useless. In this way I sailed for an hour, running free at a rate of 3½ miles an hour. Suddenly a dark form loomed up, which resolved itself into a schooner; a specimen "down Easter" had the wheel, and as he spied my small craft he saluted me with, "Gosh! what do you call that craft?"

"The Alice," I replied.

"Got lost, haint yer?"

"No, I have a compass."

"Whar yer bound?"

"Connecticut River."

"Thunder! glad 'taint me."

By this time the schooner had vanished, and soon after I heard the order of "draw 'way" as she came about. The fog gradually lifted and at 10 o'clock I was off Captain's Island, with a spanking breeze and making at least six miles an hour. The water had changed from gray to a deep blue with here and there a white cap. Until now I had been running with the tide, but as it changed I made for the shore to take advantage of the "slack."

At noon I passed Stamford and Darien and soon reached the mouth of the Norwalk River. Here among the cluster of islands which form a natural harbor I took my first meal afloat. Canned goods eaten off wooden plates are certainly not all an epicure could desire, but when seasoned with a good appetite and such surroundings I found it fit for a king. Then I had the assurance that after dinner there would be no dishes to wash—only a wooden plate or two to throw away. As all one's lazy propensities crop out while canoeing, so I heartily recommend cruising canoeists to supply themselves with a dozen or two wooden plates, and thus save much unnecessary trouble. Dinner disposed of, I again got under way and sailed through the several miles of sheltered water inside Norwalk islands and out again into the open Sound. By this time the wind had raised quite a sea, and I found it quite exciting work, at times poised on the crest of a wave, and then sliding down into an abyss with much the same sensations one has, sliding down a steep hill.

Westport, Southport and Black Rock are passed in succession, and just as the sun is setting I find myself off Bridgeport. The western sky is a blaze of gold, scarlet and purple, while the sea beneath is of an intense blue gray. As the wind holds strong I decide to risk getting shelter further on and head directly for Stratford Point Light, which glows with a pale rose color in the east. By the time I reach the point it is nearly dark. The keeper of the light is within hail, and to my request for a night's lodging replies that he is not allowed to take any one, but directs me up the Housatonic River, which here empties into the Sound. Much against my will I head for the river, but as I know nothing of the water, and it is now too dark to see anything but the glow of the western sky, I soon find myself aground among tall reeds and salt grass. The mosquitoes, which here attain a size which it would be dangerous for my reputation to try to describe, attacked me in force, and it assumed the proportions of a struggle for life. By dint of pushing with the paddle I forced my way over the shoals, and at last spied a light in the distance. Keeping this in view, and not knowing what I might run into, I finally found myself ashore on tolerably firm ground. Hauling my craft up, I made for the house through tall grass and pools of water. I found a young man and his mother, both of whom looked very much alarmed when I asked if they could lodge me, and said across the river I would find a good hotel. Alas! is there no rest for the weary?

The young man went with me to the shore and pointed out a light which I steered for blindly, and at last found myself ashore with the cheerful light of a hotel blazing in front of me. With the help of several people who appeared, I lodged my craft for the night high and dry on the beach, and was soon doing justice to a good supper.

The next morning was fair and warm. Long Island Sound lay like a mirror under a pale blue sky. To the southward, Long Island lay, a faint line of purple, scarcely discernible from the sea and sky. Numerous craft drifted quietly along, their sails hanging idly from the masts. As the tide was against me, I decided to wait for high water slack. At 9 o'clock I launched again, and as there was not a breath of wind, I took the paddle and settled into the regular swing which one learns to take when there is a prospect of a long pull ahead.

As I had six hours of favorable tide before me, I made at once out into the Sound to take advantage of the full strength of it. The tide runs faster and longer off shore, and I found it as near as I could calculate to be running at least three miles an hour during its strength. After two or three miles of paddling and when well off shore, I saw along the eastern horizon a faint blue line which indicated a breeze. Yes, the craft off Long Island shore have it and are bowling along at a merry pace. As it reaches me I see it is from the S. E., a head wind; but as the Alice is particularly smart on the wind, I do not mind. After taking one tack to the south, I then am able to lay my course down Sound. The breeze holds well until I am off New Haven harbor, when it suddenly dies out. I take advantage of the quiet and lunch. (Canned goods and wooden plates again.) Before the lunch is fairly disposed of a gentle breeze spring up from the S. W., which gradually settles into a steady wind. The water deepens into the familiar greenish-blue, and wing and wing I go rapidly on my way. New Haven lights are passed, and then Branford. At 2:30 I pass Pine Orchard and find myself among the Thimble Islands.

These islands, some thirty in number, are clustered within the radius of a mile, they vary in size from an acre to small rocks scarcely awash at high tide. On most of the larger ones summer cottages have been built, and as the fishing and sailing is unsurpassed in that vicinity, it is no wonder that they have long been a favorite resort for people who like a quiet place.

Out into open water again, Sachem's Head looms up in the east, and is soon passed; off shore Faulkner's Island rises dim and gray in the distance.

After passing Guilford Harbor the shore is low and sandy for many miles, terminating in Hammonasset Point. This is passed and also the quiet town of Clinton. A few miles further on several islands are passed, and just as the sun is setting Cornfield Point is reached. From here Saybrook light is plainly seen, and before the daylight has faded I pass over the bar and into the Connecticut River. What a contrast! As I pass the breakwater the rush and tumble of the Sound gives place to the quiet of a river. I head directly for the Pease House, where boatmen are always sure of a welcome.

I lay up my craft for the night, and as I look out on the waters of the Sound, now dark and gray under the evening sky, I feel mingled pleasure and regret that my first sea cruise in a canoe is over.

D. W. TRYON.

THE FLAGSHIP.

THE Marion B. has arrived, and the crew being jubilant is impelled to write and describe her for the benefit of the brethren and for his own personal gratification. It seems to be the fashion, and the "commodore" hates to "get left." Seriously, it is the finest piece of work that I have ever seen turned out by Rushton, and that is saying much. The model is to be known as Mohican No. 2. Dimensions: 15ft., 31in. beam, 11in. amidships, 19in. bow, 17½in. at stern, with deckrise of about 2in. Cockpit is 6ft. long by 17in. wide, pointed forward, and the coamings parallel. Mainmast tube 15in. from bow, dandy tube 86in. from stern. Cockpit is placed very far aft, giving a great spread of clear flush deck forward. There are light brass airtights forward and aft, and a large brass tank with airtight lid for day stowage forward of cockpit and under the flush deck. The brass work, tank, lid and all, weighs less than 13 pounds, and absolutely solves the question of dry bedding and clothing at all times. The deck tiller and foot stearing gear are the same as generally used by the club last season. The Stoddard drop rudder modified somewhat is also used. A broad Mohican deck seat is arranged so as to slide forward or aft on the coaming 12in, or more to enable the crew to change the balance of the canoe according to the wind. Lastly, a Child's centerboard is attached, the trunk exactly flush with the floor. Of this board, however, I have as yet had no personal experience; but have great faith. Whether the Marion B. will be fast or not remains to be seen; but that she is a most perfect piece of work, and most perfectly arranged to suit the exact wants as to comfort and convenience of her rather exacting crew, there can be no doubt. I have a large Mohican sail for her with all the usual trimmings; main 70, dandy 25, and am now engaged in rigging up the same in a high room to my own satisfaction, and the general edification of the Turtles. As compared with the Sunbeam model, the Marion B. is not so fine forward, has a much flatter floor, amidships especially, and is undoubtedly a much stiffer boat. I am afraid the Sunbeam will get away with her in a light breeze; but give her plenty of wind, and I believe she will do handsomely long after the Sunbeam has been obliged to take in every rag. We'll see. COMMODORE.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE PADDLES.

ABOUT a year ago I succeeded in bracing up "Nessmuk's" belief in the double paddle for speed. At the same time I mentioned that the then approaching meet would, to a certain extent, settle the question. I do not think, however, that any one was prepared to see such a sweeping victory for the double. It may of course be said that Weller can be beaten by other men using the single. That may be quite true, but it will also apply to Johnson. If Dr. Heighway turns up this year, it is quite possible that Johnson may more than find his equal.

I think all canoeists who have looked into this question closely, must admit that, everything else being equal, the double must win. Given equal canoes and equal men, the greatest speed will be attained by the man using the double.

When the double paddle first came into competition with the single it was quite natural for the users of the latter to consider it the best. The double paddle men sat too low, and used blades not adapted for speed. Their canoes were shorter, broader and heavier, and in every way not fit to compete with the craft paddled by the single men. This has all been changed and the natural result follows.

The single paddle has many advantages. It is cheaper, lighter and shorter. There is no drip from it, and for hunting purposes there can be no question to its superiority. The double is superior for speed, and is better for decked canoes.

Johnson says that he was not pushed in his races at the '84 meet, except when Weller used the double. I see that Weller admits that after several trials he considers the double the speediest, and there was a race at Peterboro last fall, in which both men used the double.

BOREAS.

"CANOE BUILDING FOR AMATEURS" *is now ready, and can be had at the office of the Forest and Stream, or will be sent by mail on receipt of* $1.50.

SEND ON THE CRUISES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following remark was made to me a short time since, "The paddle appears to be gaining universal popularity."

My canoe experience is two years old, during which time I have seen but four canoes afloat. The first one was sufficient to convince me that I had found "a long felt want" for pleasure and recreation. Field sport is getting to be all hunt and no shoot; angling, all water and no fish. Something must take their place, and nothing can so well do it as the canoe. Of course I take the greatest pleasure in keeping my shooting and fishing tackle in good shape, as I might move West some day, and again have use for it.

I am an amateur canoeist in the full meaning of the term, yet I have never been so completely carried away with any kind of sport as I have with this. My canoe Idlewild is a member of my family, and is petted as a trusted friend.

You in the East are more giving to racing and the trials of finding what improbabilities a little 14×28 is capable of performing. The periodicals devoted to this branch of sport teem with articles on models, best makers, this or that sail, ballast or no ballast, with or without centerboards, etc. We hear little from actual cruises by amateurs, cruising outfits, etc. We are more given to cruising, and experience in that line—not intended to advertise a certain boat or fittings—would interest us. I reside forty miles from sailing waters and paddling surface is scarce; consequently I would like to read a description of the different cruising outfits. Such articles would interest more than me. I respectfully suggest to my brother paddlers that they give the outfit of their canoes ready for a cruise. In this manner many will gain new ideas for comfort, etc.

My next anticipated cruise will be in June, from Logansport, Ind., via Wabash River to the Ohio. If any of your readers can give me any pointers for the trip they will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

If my suggestion is acceptable, I will give the Idlewild kit and duffle description shortly. WILLIS D. MAIER.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

MOHICAN C. C. held their monthly meeting Feb. 4. Commodore Oliver offered for the club races of 1885 prizes to be distributed at the end of the season, according to the record made by each canoe. They are (1) a cup for highest total in paddling and sailing races, (2) a flag for the same in sailing and (3) a flag for the same in paddling races. Highest average attainable in any one race 10, lowest 1. The Commodore has received his Marion B., a new Mohican No. 2. Turtle Mather's first canoe of the same build if fairly under way, and Secretary Fernow has followed suit by ordering also a new Mohican No. 2. —FERNOW.

RUSHTON'S CANOES.—We have received from Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., his new catalogue of boats and canoes. Since the last edition was issued, two years ago, many changes have been made in canoes and sails, as well as in rowboats, and the present book is much larger than any of its predecessors. It contains a description of Mr. Rushton's well known method of building, and also of the numerous varieties of boats and canoes built by him, and will be interesting to all boating men, while to canoeists it is specially valuable as a hand-book of their favorite craft.

A CRUISING CANOE WANTED.—After fifteen years' absence from salt water I have returned to the seaside, and am anxious to take up canoeing again. I want a good and safe sailing cruiser and will feel obliged if some correspondent will advise me as to the best dimensions of canoe for cruising, and its probable cost, also some particulars about the sneakbox which I have vainly sought for in Canada. Can they beat to windward, are they suitable for cruising, and where can one get a sneakbox built?—KANUCK.

CHICAGO C. C.—The first anniversary of the Chicago C. C. was held last week at the Matteson House, Chicago, the club and a number of guests sitting down to a dinner. The walls and table were handsomely decorated with flags, canoes and flowers. Speeches were made by the members and guests in praise of their favorite sport. The Commodore, Mr. G. M. Munger, spoke of the programme for this season, which will probably include a cruise on Eagle Waters, a chain of small lakes in Wisconsin.

BROOKLYN CANOE AND SAILING CLUB.—The officers of this club are: President, J. J. Hull; Vice-President, J. F. Newman; Commodore, R. J. Wilkin; Secretary, M. V. Brokaw.

"CANOE BUILDING FOR AMATEURS" *is now ready, and can be had at the office of the Forest and Stream, or will be sent by mail on receipt of* $1.50.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. W. F., Batavia, O.—I expect to do some duck shooting this spring, and wish to preserve some wings and parts of duck skins to be used for decorating ladies' bonnets. Please tell me the easiest and simplest method of doing this away from home and drug stores? Would like to know as soon as possible. Ans. The simplest way is to make a longitudinal incision on the inside of the wing, remove the flesh, powder well with arsenic, and sew together the skin with two or three stitches. Then fasten the wing with pins upon a board to dry, in the shape that you wish it to take. Parts of the breast and shoulders should be skinned away, the fat all removed, arsenic applied liberally, and the pieces of skin then be pinned to a board to dry.

TRAP SHOT.—The Ligowsky "Walking Match" conditions are: "Five traps screened to be placed at irregular points in front of the score, which must be placed 30yds. from furthest trap. The trap judge will prepare 13 folded slips of paper, containing each a number from 3 to 15 respectively, from which the shooter will draw one slip, which the judge will privately examine, and allow the puller only to see. The shooter is to walk in a general right line from the score toward the traps upon receiving the reply 'yes' from the puller to the query, 'Are you ready?' When the shooter is under way, the number of steps indicated on the drawn slip, the puller will pull any two traps, one after the other."

L. S. C., Palmerston, Ontario.—I have a pond of water about 100yds. long and 30yds. wide, and about 4ft. deep when full. I would like to have it stocked with carp if it is possible. For nine months of the year it has a strong stream of water flowing through it; for the other three months it has only about 18in. of almost stagnant water in it. Would carp thrive in the pond? I have been reading with great interest the remarks on the subject from your different correspondents in your valued paper. Could you put me in communication with any one who could furnish me with the necessary stock of carp? Ans. Write Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

W. W. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—The center of lateral resistance is the center of gravity of the immersed vertical longitudinal section, not the curved surface. The rudder should be included. The area can be calculated by dividing into triangles, or by Simpson's rule.

M. L. V., Savannah, Ga.—Steam vessels, however small, are under the same laws as the largest steamers, and must carry licensed engineer and pilot.

CUTTER.—Brockville, Canada.—The cutter will handle as easily as the centerboard boat as long as there is depth of water.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

State conservancy of the pine forests, now rapidly disappearing, will protect a profitable industry within our borders; will secure ample revenue for the State Government, and will be largely contributory to the preservation of our important water courses. There is, certainly, no subject of greater importance for the consideration of the Legislature.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

The Brunswick (Ga.) *Appeal* recently printed the following: "A party consisting of Dr. Blain, Messrs. William and Arthur Blain, Captain and Miss Prout, went out last Thursday for a grand deer hunt in the neighborhood of Mr. John Lamb's place. The party left early and had a big day of it. Some eight or ten deer were 'jumped' but only three killed, and, strange to relate, all of them by one person, W. S. Blain, and of them two were killed at a single shot."

The *Times* recently recorded the capture of a five-pound trout in Square Pond, Ellington, by a man fishing through the ice with tip-ups and live bait. The taking of trout through the ice is not uncommon in the Maine lakes, but in this section is of very rare occurrence. However, it appears that Connecticut trout have taken a sudden fancy to the skeleton like tip-up with its little scarlet flag and wriggling minnow. Mr. Warren Rowley, of North Main street, tried ice fishing Monday, on the Wapping pond, and among his catches was a speckled brook trout weighing three-quarters of a pound.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times Jan.* 28.

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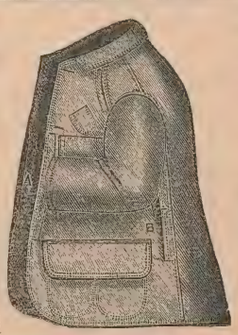
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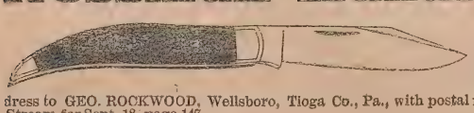
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Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jacknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the FOREST AND STREAM will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

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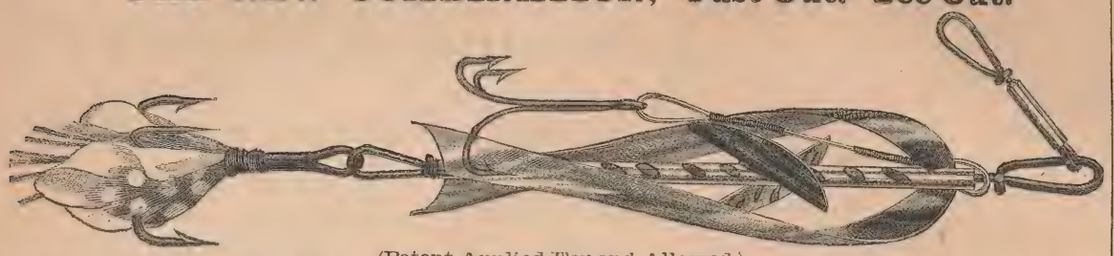
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W. D. Chapman & Son, Theresa, N. Y.:

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It is very attractive, as the record of catches in Wisconsin last fall will show. I consider it the best bait in its different sizes made, and predict for it the largest sale of any bait ever made.

Yours truly, A. G. RYTHER.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 4. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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PLEASANT FOR NORTH CAROLINIANS.

IN another column will be found a notice of a proposed change in the North Carolina game law. The proposition to throw open the waters of Currituck and Albemarle sounds to the battery-shooters from here, there and everywhere, will be something of a surprise to the residents of the old North State. Whether it will be a pleasant surprise or not we leave to them to say. The project having originated with Mr. Forbes, who, we may presume, is a resident of that State, is hailed with delight by the Northern gunners and marketmen, who have hitherto been kept out of these waters by the non-resident law, which we explained in our issue of Dec. 18, 1884. To these people such a change means, for a while, plenty of fowl. They do not realize that the greater number of birds sent to market means also lower prices for them. They imagine that for a time they are going to make a great deal of money, and they do not look very far ahead.

The residents of the seaboard counties of North Carolina will not feel very grateful to Mr. Forbes for his proposal to change the law. To them it is a much more serious matter than to any other class. Most of them are poor men who, during spring and fall, earn their living by fishing, and in winter depend on their guns. They sell the canvasbacks which they kill, and the sale of a few pairs of these birds helps them greatly at the season when there is no other work. If the law is altered as is proposed, there will be little chance for these men to earn their few dollars by killing fowl. Northern gunners will descend on Currituck Sound in hordes, and its waters will be covered with batteries. The birds, which of late years have been diminishing in numbers, will be fairly driven away to seek other homes, we know not where.

The naïve remarks on the proposed modification of the law, which we print elsewhere, are a suggestive commentary upon it which we commend to the careful consideration of those of our readers whom the alteration would most affect.

Will the members of the clubs on Currituck Sound find the proposed change a pleasant one? We think not. It is true that such a law would enable them to shoot out of batteries, but in a very short time after such a change there would be little object in lying in a battery, for the birds would all be gone. While the matter is one which touches nearly the various clubs who own large, and at present, valuable properties on Currituck Sound, their members would at least be able to move to other localities in different parts of the country, where shooting can still be had. Their pockets would suffer and their feelings would be hurt, but they would not have to endure any real hardship. To the residents of these shores, on the other hand, the passage of such a law would mean serious pecuniary loss. They would be absolutely deprived of the chance of earning a few dollars at a season when work and dollars are scarce with them.

These native gunners would be the most serious sufferers by such a modification of the laws, and our sympathies are altogether with them, but the middlemen and traders who buy and sell fowl along the Sound would also be considerable losers since the Northern gunners, hired by the marketmen, would ship their fowl direct to their employers.

Besides this, when the clubs had moved away, as they certainly would do, should the waters be opened to non-resident shooters, the State would be deprived of a large sum in taxes, and the various tradespeople would lose a large and constantly increasing winter custom, which at present forms a very considerable item in their yearly business. These points should be considered by the residents of the counties which such a change would affect.

We do not know how far this bill is advanced, nor what prospect there is of its passage, but it would seem that if the consequences to the State and its inhabitants were clearly set forth in the Legislature the bill would be at once thrown out.

It is reported that money is to be used to attempt to secure its passage, and on the whole it seems quite clear that there is need of energetic work among the dwellers along the Sound shore and throughout the State, to prevent the passage of so ruinous a bill.

It is difficult to understand the motive which has actuated Mr. Forbes in setting on foot such a mischievous piece of legislation. He professes sympathy with the club members and yet takes a course which would, if carried through, render their properties valueless, and at the same time he is doing something which will bring serious loss on and will be a real hardship to a large class of the residents of his own State.

THE NEW HAVEN SHOW.

THE first important dog show of the year will open at New Haven, March 18. That given last spring by the New Haven Kennel Club, and managed by Mr. E. S. Porter, its secretary, was in many respects one of the best shows ever held in this country. There is every reason to believe that the coming one will be even more creditable.

In the selection of their judges the New Haven Kennel Club has shown good judgment. Mr. Davidson—better known as "Honest John Davidson"—has had a long experience with pointers and setters, and Messrs. Mason and Watson are recognized as very high authorities on the different breeds which have been assigned to them. Mr. Westcott has imported and bred setters which have taken highest honors on the show bench, but he is comparatively untried in the judging ring. What is of even more importance than their experience is the fact that the judges are men of independence, about whom it may be asserted that no motive of favor or fear can influence their decisions. It may be confidently predicted that the dogs will be judged on their merits as they appear in the ring, not upon what they have been or upon what it is hoped they may become.

Upon several of the gentlemen selected to judge at New Haven savage attacks by insinuation and innuendo have been made. The abuse which has been showered upon them was not of akind to do any one great harm. There was a great deal of noise about it, but nothing more injurious than wind. *Vox et præterea nihil.* We have always known there was not the slightest foundation for these bitter assaults upon the character of gentlemen of unblemished reputation, and their appearance in the judging ring at so important a show as New Haven, proves conclusively that now the public knows it too. This is a most encouraging state of things and one which will give great satisfaction to those who have at heart the bestinterest of our dogs.

The New Haven Kennel Club has shown in this matter as in others, that it is managed by cool, clear-headed men, whose judgment, independence and firmness are a sufficient guarantee of their success. Such men, knowing the right and determined to perform it, may be relied on to raise dog shows above the level on which they stand at present. Events still fresh in the memory of all, indicate the need of some such elevation. It is to be hoped that American sportsmen and breeders may not again be humiliated by occurrences such as have taken place within the past twelve months.

The New Haven Kennel Club is further to be congratulated upon having had the independence to hold to the three championship rule, ignoring the most recent "construction" of Rule 8 of the A. K. C., as well as the ridiculous extra champion class. On this subject we have already expressed our views, and it is unnecessary to expand them further. It is to be hoped that the New England and other kennel clubs may follow in the path so clearly marked out, and that all quibbles and jugglery of the rules may be sternly frowned down. If this is done, and an open and fair course pursued, the American Kennel Club may do a good work for our dogs and dog shows. But if trickery and unfair dealing get the upper hand, nothing is more certain than that it will be necessary before long to write the obituary record of that association.

THE PARK BILL IN CONGRESS.

THE amended bill for the enlargement and better protection of the Yellowstone National Park has passed the House of Representatives and now comes up before the Senate.

No one in that body knows better than Senator Vest the importance of bringing the bill to a vote at once, so that it can be passed this session and receive the signature of President Arthur who, having been in the Park, realizes something of its needs. It is believed that this can be done. The bill is short and simple, and during the debate in the Senate a year ago it was very fully discussed, so that the Senators may be presumed to know what it contains.

The changes that have been made in it in the House are unimportant as affecting the main purpose of the bill, that is, the better protection of the Park. These changes consist in making the Yellowstone River and the East Fork of that stream the northern boundary of the Park, in part, and in transferring the jurisdiction over the reservation from Montana to Wyoming, within which Territory it is located. The first named change cuts off from the reservation an unimportant corner, which contains no special features of interest, but does include a part of Clark's Fork mines, in which a considerable number of people are pecuniarily interested, while the transfer of jurisdiction to Wyoming seems on all accounts eminently proper.

There is no opposition to the bill on any hand. It is generally acknowledged to be a measure which ought to be passsed. If it should fail, it will be only because of the very short time between this and the close of the session.

The bill is now in the hands of a conference committee of the House and the Senate.

Those who are interested in the Park have worked now for several years in the hope of obtaining some law which should serve to give the reservation the care that so important a region deserves. At last they see success almost within their reach.

A few days will determine whether the bill is to become a law. We think that it will.

THE A. K. C. RULES.

A CRITICISM of the rules of the American Kennel Club by the editor of the *Register*, will be found in another column. The remarks upon them will be read with interest, for the matter is one which is interesting to all who own good dogs.

The most curious thing about these rules is the apparent carelessness with which they were drawn up. They seem, in fact, to be little more than the show rules of local clubs, and the principles which should govern dog shows are curiously mixed up with attempted formulæ concerning various minor and special details.

Such crude and imperfect rules having been submitted by the committee, and not repudiated by the club, it is not very surprising that Major Taylor should have taken it for granted that his construction of Rule 8, which has suddenly become so famous, would be accepted. The assumption indicates that he places a very low estimate on the intelligence of his fellow members, and we have sufficient confidence in the common sense of the clubs which compose the American Kennel Club to believe that a majority of them will cut loose from this interpretation of the rules.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE bill introduced into the Assembly by Gen. N. M. Curtis provides for the abolition of deer hounding in this State at all seasons. The full text of the bill is as follows:

Section 1. No person shall hunt or pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch. If any dog or bitch shall be found so hunting or pursuing in the State, it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the foregoing provision of this section by the owners of, or person or persons having or harboring such dog or bitch. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each and every such violation, to be sued for and recovered as provided by chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, as amended, for the recovery of the penalties thereby imposed.

Sec. 2. No person shall be excused from giving evidence upon an investigation before a grand jury, or before any officer or officers authorized to conduct an investigation or examination as to the commission of any offense under this act, or under any of the provisions of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, as amended, or upon any prosecution therefor, or in any action to recover any of the fines or penalties in either of said acts mentioned, on the ground that the evidence might implicate, or tend to implicate, or convict, or tend to convict him or her of a crime or misdemeanor; but such evidence shall not be received against him or her in any civil or criminal action or proceeding.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

This bill has been referred back from the Committee on Game Laws, and it is hoped, will soon be brought up for a vote before the Assembly. It should receive prompt attention and hearty support. The residents of the Adirondacks and the intelligent visitors to that region are urgent in demanding such a law as that proposed by Gen. Curtis. Among all the game bills at Albany this is the one that should without any hesitation or needless delay be sent to the Governor for his signature.

All possible outside influence should be brought to bear in favor of the passage of the Curtis bill. Let it be made known to the members that while on other points of game legislation there may be diversity of opinion, on this one subject, the abolition of deer hounding, there is practical unanimity.

The Curtis bill ought to become a law.

DOGS, DEER AND FAWNS.

LOOKED at in almost any aspect, the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks is abominable; but in one particular light it is peculiarly atrocious. This is in its effect upon the natural increase of the game.

Guides and old visitors to the North Woods say that the proportion of barren does to those with fawns is constantly increasing. To-day the relative number is very greatly in excess of what it was ten years ago. This is due to hounding. Hounding is practiced in the breeding season. The does are in a state of constant excitement and fear of the hounds. Under such conditions, according to a principle well-known to all physiologists, and familiar to all stockmen, the does will not conceive. There is no speculation about this. The facts are well established, and are recognized by breeders of horses and cattle. Gen. N. M. Curtis, who was, we believe, the first person to recognize that this law holds good with respect to deer, is himself a successful stock raiser. When his attention was first called to the practice of Adirondack deer hounding, he at once saw here the application of the principles governing a stock farm. Somewhat extended investigation has since proved the correctness of his views. It is beyond cavil that the barren does are increasing, and equally beyond question that the practice of hounding is responsible for it.

Common sense demands that hounding should be forbidden by law.

THE GAME DEALERS' BILL.

THE game dealers have huge refrigerators in which they can store game and keep it indefinitely. They are very anxious now to have license to cram these warehouses with all the game they can secure in the open season and then to sell it in the close season.

They are also anxious to arrange the laws so that the cold-storage warehouses can be utilized to cloak the traffic in game killed out of season.

When they gain the right to load up their refrigerators with the spoils secured by the market-hunters in the open season, and the opportunity to receive and dispose of game killed wherever it can be killed by the market-hunters in the close season, they will be satisfied.

They set out to do this some years ago. The services of a New York lawyer were secured. He was ostensibly an ardent game protector; and under his engineering the famous, or infamous, refrigerator amendment was put forward as if coming from the Long Island sportsmen. This was a cunning scheme, but we exposed the nature of the bill, and it was killed. The next year a like bill was presented, and this was also killed.

The other day the game dealers, apparently distrusting their "sportsmen" allies, formed a society of their own, and in a half-horse and half-alligator title for it announced that it was for the protection of game and game dealers. The game protection part was rank hypocrisy. The game dealer protection part was sincere. They subscribed a fund of money, hired a lawyer, and have prepared a bill which was introduced by Mr. Church, of Queens, last Tuesday. This makes it allowable to sell game all the year around, provided it be killed outside of the State. The latter clause is intended to blind the public. With such a law the game of this State will be sold whenever it can be captured. The Adirondack deer, the Long Island woodcock, the grouse and the quail will be given no rest until exterminated. The Church bill is iniquitous. It ought never to come back from the committee.

A Forestry Convention will be held at Utica, N. Y., next Saturday. It is called by a number of well known gentlemen, who are awake to the urgent necessity of some action for securing forestry reform. President White of Cornell will preside, and a number of gentlemen will speak. The secretary of the committee is Mr. B. E. Fernow, 13 Burling Slip, New York city. All who are interested in the subject are invited to be present at Utica.

Dr. Arnold's Gibe at Walton for having fished through the turmoils of his time might be applied to our correspondent "Wawayanda," who forsook the battle ground last year and went off to fish in the backwoods of Canada.

Long Island.—A bill has been introduced at Albany, by Mr. Otis, prohibiting non-residents in Queens and Suffolk counties, not owning lands therein, from shooting game there except by permit of a justice of the peace and $10 license.

Thunder Before Rain.—Messrs. Carver and Bogardus have been having a tremendous newspaper war. They have been lavish of thunder, so that the rain (of shekels into their pockets) may be bounteous.

Death of B. B. Hotchkiss.—A cable dispatch from Paris on Saturday last announced the death in that city, of Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, well known in connection with fire-arm invention.

Notices sent to the A. K. R., if intended for the Forest and Stream, should be sent to the latter on separate sheets of paper. The two publications are separate and distinct.

National Gun Association.—As will be seen by reference to our Trap columns, the National Gun Association was organized at New Orleans last week.

The Michigan Association Meeting was erroneously announced in our last issue to have been held Feb. 10. Instead, it was postponed to Feb. 17.

Don't Roll Manuscript. Fold it.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

IV.—HOT SPRINGS AND PAINT POTS.

OUR first camp on the lake was to be the headquarters, from which various minor excursions into the surrounding country were to be made. The longest and most important of these was to be undertaken by Mr. Hague, who proposed to cross the Continental Divide to the Pacific slope, follow down one of the forks of Snake River to Jackson's Hole, and then return by an unexplored route over Two-Ocean Pass to the lake. With this party I was to go. Our first camp after leaving headquarters was to be at the hot springs at the head of the West Arm, about eighteen miles further on. The wagon road ends at Topping's cabin, but there is a good trail leading along the shore of the lake, the general direction being southward and westward.

About four miles from the main camp is a natural bridge spanning a brook, insignificant in summer, but which in spring carries considerable water. The stream has burrowed its way beneath a dyke of lava (rhyolite) at right angles to its course, and is bridged by a nearly perfect arch of this rock, which is about six feet thick above the keystone. From the top of the bridge to the stream bed on the lower side is about sixty feet. The bridge is perhaps twenty-five feet long and the arch fifteen in width. The lava stands in vertical layers from one to four feet in thickness, having apparently separated in cooling into these thin plates. Beyond the bridge the trail led for the most part through the pleasant green timber.

During the day's march we saw a practical illustration of the importance of forest preservation, which was no less striking than instructive. About midday we passed over several hogbacks from which the timber had been burned off. This had taken place long ago, for almost all the tree-trunks had mouldered away and only a few charred fragments of the resinous and almost indestructible roots remained on the ground. For some reason no young growth had sprung up to replace the old, and the ground was bare of timber. And not of timber alone. Exposed for years to the full force of the weather, the rains and melting snows had swept away all the humus, or soil, leaving only the coarse rhyolitic sand, composed wholly of inorganic matter, and so affording no support for any vegetation. These hogbacks, dry and desolate, resembled, therefore, some of the arid wastes of thirsty Nevada. The tract was a little desert in the midst of the pine forest. This is what may be expected if the fires, easily kindled and so common in this region, are allowed to destroy the timber. The forest gone, it follows that the waters sweep from the surface of the ground, first the forest floor and at length every particle of soil, without which neither tree nor shrub nor grass nor weed can grow. The land becomes barren. Springs and brooks first, and then lakes and rivers grow smaller, and at length disappear, and the great farming regions on either side of the mountains which are largely dependent on irrigation, by means of the streams which flow from them, become valueless to the settler.

About eight miles beyond the natural bridge we turned off from the main trail to the left, and followed a little stream down to the lake shore. From the top of a high sandbluff above the beach we looked out upon a most lovely view. To the left was a quiet lagoon, scarcely ruffled by the fresh wind, while without its bar the whitening waves dashed themselves against the beach with a tumultuous roar. Beyond, the waters were deep, dark blue, like those of the ocean beyond soundings. To the east, southeast and south were the mountains; the Sierra Shoshone, the nearest and most clearly seen, heavily patched with snow and rough with ragged, saw-toothed ridges. Next came the mountains of the Upper Yellowstone, then Sheridan superbly white, and far away to the southward, just visible through a notch in the mountains, a portion of the huge mass of the Teton Range, with one of the Grand Needles in sight. Far to the right could be seen the white jet of steam from the boiling springs, toward which we were journeying. Everywhere over the lower land, and often creeping up adventurously to the very feet of the snowdrifts, was the smooth, dark green of the pines. On the blue water to the left, a snowy pelican was gliding along smoothly and majestically, while nearer still, and just without the line of white surf, floated a flock of redhead ducks. Above in the blue sky three ospreys swung to and fro in broad circles, and screamed to one another in plaintive tones.

Over the most of this trail travel is very good, and it needs little more than cutting out to make a good wagon road About four miles from the springs, however, there is a high and steep hill which is rather hard for the horses, but about which a good road might be made.

The hot springs at the head of the West Arm of Yellowstone Lake are an interesting and very considerable group. These resemble in all their essentials those of the Geyser Basins, but there are not, so far as known, any considerable geysers among them. The number of the active springs, however, is very great, and the area covered by them is large. This group once evidently extended much further into the lake than it now does, and the beach and lake bottom near the shore is composed wholly of fragments of shining white geyserite. Against this white bottom, as we rode toward camp, we could see many trout, each a foot or more in length, lying at rest. In some places the waves have worn away the shore line so that frequently the bluffs of geyserite ten to twelve feet in height are scalloped thus ~~~~~~~~~~ and eaten away at their base to a depth of four or five feet. Quite a number of the springs are situated on points of rock which extend some little distance out into the lake, and such points, that is those where active hot springs exist, do not seem to be at all affected by the action of the waves of the lake, as is the rock where the springs have become extinct

In one of these springs, which is sometimes known as the Fishpot Spring, and which has been figured in all the guide books of the region, one of our company performed the often described act of catching a trout from the lake, lifting it out of the water, and without removing it from the hook, dropping it into the spring, where it was to cook. After being in the water for a few moments, the head had boiled away and the skin split, and when it was then removed, it was found to be thoroughly cooked for more than one-quarter of an inch in from the skin. We all agreed that it was an experiment not to be repeated, for the fish seemed to suffer for a minute or two before it died, and for a little while longer there were occasional convulsive struggles or quiverings as if the creature were still alive. These were probably mere muscular contractions, however, for the temperature of the water was 165° Fahr.

A part of the next day was devoted to an examination of the hot springs. Most of them are within a few hundred yards of the lake shore, and the openings of several are out in the lake under water. They are various in character, some of them being merely large, quiet pools of heated water, while others, usually smaller, boil vigorously at irregular intervals. There is also a group of mud puffs not far from the lake shore.

The temperature of the different springs varies greatly. Of those extending out into the lake, the largest to the east has a temperature of 130° to 133° Fahr. A very small boiling spring to the west of this with a double orifice formed by a bar of geyserite stretching across its mouth, gave a temperature of 195°. This spring boils almost constantly, and the water is usually above the bar, but sometimes sinks three or four inches below it, and then rises suddenly, throwing out jets to a height of two feet or more. It thus seems quite like a tiny geyser, and in its operation reminds one of the Fountain of the Lower Basin, though on so much smaller a scale. During one ebullition the water was sent up constantly to a height of 15 or 18 inches, with occasional jets twice as high. The force appeared to be central, and the water spread out in the shape of an umbrella. This display

lasted 14 minutes, when the water suddenly receded to about 6 inches below the top of the partition. Another spring, a quiet, deep, green pool, also on the margin of the lake, and indeed, projecting out into it, gives off a little steam at 9 A. M., and has a temperature of 158°. This is the one next west of the "Fish Pot." West of that is another still green pool, giving 159°. The temperature of the lake water is quite uniformly 57° to 58°, except in the immediate vicinity of outlets from the various springs, where, of course, it is higher, sometimes being 70° to 71°.

Back from the lake shore are the larger springs, both quiet and pulsating. They are of lovely colors, usually of the purest palest blue, but sometimes green and yellow, and with their borders beautifully beaded and scalloped with delicate margins of geyserite, and their outlets red and brown with the curious viandite. The highest temperature of any of them was found to be 199° at a moderately large geyser-like spring, to the right of the trail, with a raised crater ten inches high and eighteen in thickness. In this the water boils with great violence at its western side at frequent intervals. Its closely adjacent pool is agitated sympathetically on its eastern side. A number of the springs back from the lake shore were examined and gave temperatures from 178° to 192°. There are others in which it is by no means so high; these being apparently dying.

An attractive group of mud puffs or paint pots lie a short distance back from the lake, and just east of a number of large hot springs on the upper or southwest side of the deposit of geyserite. The basin in which these mud puffs are situated is about fifty feet in diameter, and contains, perhaps, forty mud springs, most of which have built up for themselves considerable cones. Besides this there are about the border of the basin several small steam vents from which the colorless super-heated steam is constantly discharged with a sharp, hissing sound.

The mud of these "paint pots" is exceedingly smooth, finely divided and free from grit. It has two principal colors and varies from a dark slate gray to the palest possible lilac, and from a deep pink—almost an orange—to a pale salmon color, and so on to white. In the largest pot of all the clay is extremely stiff, almost like putty, and the puffing of the steam through it is therefore very slow and labored. There are many cones two or three feet in height, which now contain in the hard dry crater a single tiny orifice, in which the mud is still soft and boiling, and others in which even this action has ceased. In some of the smaller pots the mud is shot up at frequent intervals four or five feet into the air, and sometimes much higher.

To the west of the camp there is a considerable area which has in the past been the scene of vigorous hot spring action. Almost all of these springs are now extinct. The pine forest has grown up over the deposit of geyserite, the craters of the springs are dry, moss-covered, and often partially filled with the debris from the forest, over which grow delicate pale green ferns and grasses. The extent and thickness of this deposit is very great.

At the border of the lake and overlaid by eight or ten feet of the laminated geyserite we found a curiosity which is well worthy of mention. This is a round hole six or eight inches in diameter, leading back from the lake into the bluff, further than we could reach with a nine-foot pole. It resembled the orifice of a drain pipe more than anything else, and for a few moments its origin and reason were very puzzling. A little examination, however, showed that it was the perfect cast of a tree trunk. The grain of the barkless stem could be seen and felt on the walls of the hole, and in one place there was a small side tunnel leading off from the main one, where a branch of the tree had put off. Long, long ago, when the top of the bluff was scarcely higher than the present lake level, a pine tree had fallen on the surface of the deposit, and, before it had decayed, had been covered up by the accumulation of geyserite. In time the wood had rotted away, and the waters of the lake, which in every storm are hurled against this shore with great violence, had washed away every particle of organic matter, leaving in the hard rock the perfect cast of the ancient forest tree.

At the head of the West Arm the fishing is much better than nearer the outlet, and enormous quantities of trout can be caught without difficulty either with fly or bait. Several of the men were very fond of fishing, and as they used stout spruce poles with strong lines and grasshopper bait, they readily caught all the fish that could be used. It was impossible, even if it had been desirable, with a nine-ounce rod to drag from the water these fine large fish, which averaged a pound or two in weight, and my catches never compared in numbers with those of the men, though I presume I derived as much satisfaction from the capture of my six or seven fish as they did from their fifteen or twenty. The water here was quite deep close to the shore, and it was therefore a very convenient place for casting.

The fish too were larger and seemed much healthier, stronger and more vigorous than those near our first camp on the lake. They took the fly with a rush, and made a fine struggle for their freedom. With one of them I had a curious experience. I had put on a new dropper, and as the gut was dry, and I feared somewhat brittle, I did not at once draw up the loop close to the leader, but left it somewhat loose, thinking that after it had become a little softened by the water, I would draw it tight. I had only made one or two casts when a pound trout took the dropper. He was a vigorous fish, and made an unusually strong resistance. When at length, nearly exhausted, he came to the surface of the water, his tail was the first part that showed. This was repeated several times, and I supposed that I had in some way fouled him. On landing him I found the dropper firmly fixed in his jaw, while the tail fly was fast in the skin of the back just behind the soft adipose dorsal fin. The dropper had slipped down to the end of the leader during the struggles of the fish, and then in some way the tail fly had become fixed in his back.

The evening before our departure from the lake an accident happened to Mr. Hague which came very near having a fatal termination. With a companion he was returning to the camp, and to avoid the fallen timber of the forest rode down to the lake shore, coming out on the beach two or three miles east of camp. The beach was in most places hard, and there was a trail along it, over which a dozen or fifteen horses had passed within a day or two. The two rode along very quietly until they came to a narrow bar, which separated the lake from a quiet lagoon just under the bank. Dandy, Mr. Hague's horse, was young and nervous, and becoming alarmed by the white waves that rippled up on the bar, insisted upon edging over to its shoreward side, and, getting too far in that direction, sank suddenly into a soft quicksand nearly up to his back. The rider at once relieved the animal of his weight by springing off him, and in a few seconds the horse had floundered off into the deep water, and was swimming across the lagoon toward the shore. Mr. Hague now found himself imprisoned in the clinging sands, which held him so firmly that all his efforts to free himself were fruitless. The horrible quicksands had closed about his legs with an unyielding grip and held them as in a vise, and he could move only the upper part of his body. All the time he was gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the sand. The water at first reaching only to his waist, crept slowly to his breast and then toward his shoulders. He called to his comrade to throw him a rope, by means of which he might free himself; but he, after having had a great deal of trouble with his mule, had finally lost her, and she was running for the shore as fast as she could go, so that the peril of the imprisoned man was not at once noticed nor understood. Meanwhile the water was rising, and now he could only keep his face above it by bending back his neck so that the back of his head was in the water. Little need be said of what passed through his mind. It is given to but few to know how a brave man feels when he looks his certain death squarely in the face and never flinches.

The man who finds himself in such a desperate strait as this is sometimes gifted with a strength far beyond that which he ordinarily possesses. The exigency of the occasion calls forth all the latent power within him; he becomes for the moment a giant, capable of efforts which under other circumstances would be impossible. So it was now. The energy born of the comprehension that this was his last opportunity gave him an unnatural strength, and a final desperate struggle freed one leg. The other yielded more readily, and a moment later Mr. Hague found himself swimming toward the bar, on which he soon found a secure resting place. It had been a narrow escape.

Returning to the shore as they had come, the two walked toward camp, finding the mule on the way. The horse had disappeared in the timber. The next day, except for a general lameness where he had wrenched himself in his efforts to get free, Mr. Hague found himself none the worse for his terrible experience.

The Military Target.—The change decided upon in the subdivisions of the target to be used by the soldiers of the regular army may be a good one if it is followed up by vigorous practice on the part of the men, with competent supervision by properly educated officers. It is a factor of no moment whatever in making good shots. A properly trained marksman does not need this or that form of target to make him such. The idea that men may be trained into good "line" shots while they may be neglectful of points of elevation is a very curious one. If the scheme is to give the soldiers something after the form of a man to shoot at, why not carry it out to its logical end and have the diagram of a human form, with a gradation of value in shots from heart to toe hits. A soldier must be taught to know his weapon thoroughly, and no legerdemain nor jugglery of scoring or target marking can make him a marksman when he is not such. There is a plausible explanation of this recent change in the suggestion which comes from some quarters that it is intended to make such a difference between the records of the army and outside scoring, that those unfortunate comparisons will not be cropping up every now and then in the papers, to the annoyance and humiliation of those who hide a great deal of ignorance behind a great deal of gold lace.

With Profound Regret we observe that the grave apprehensions so long entertained by a Western editor's friends are at length shown to have been well founded. The spectacle of an intellect broken loose from its moorings and drifting, we know not whither, is always most melancholy, and in the present instance it is doubly distressing because of its exposure to public gaze. Until those whose duty it is shall have provided for the unfortunate man's seclusion, we bespeak for him and for the wildest freaks of his unbalanced mind the most unstinted charity.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XIV.—"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

THE few days which were left to Truthful James were busy ones indeed, and there was little leisure after his fishing. From early morning until nightfall the white mask haunted the lonely shores and dodged in and out of the coves bent on wringing all that could be had of sport out of the fast flitting August days. Once with his guide he made his way over into Fishing Lake, a considerable body of water a mile to the northward, to and from which the boat was dragged on a lumberman's sled. In this El Dorado he took seven or eight fair-sized bass, and shot a porcupine which he discovered in a tree on the shore. The rest of his time was devoted to the home waters. The bay, which had been the scene of the editor's triumphs, was fished daily and yielded good returns. Here we sat through the forenoons, entertaining each other between bites, and careless, meanwhile, of the ways and means of landing our fish, by which each once put his prized Mitchell rod in jeopardy. The warning to be more careful first came to us. We were fishing in quite a depth of water, and had reeled up a large fishing bass to within three or four feet of the tip, when suddenly it made a dash and went under the boat. So little attentive were we to the state of affairs that, before we thought of a counter movement or giving line, we felt and heard the upper part of the rod strike against the keel of the boat. The rod was literally wrapped about it, but stood the strain like a piece of whalebone. Before the day was over, Truthful James had the same experience. Another day at Cady's Bay with grand success and then one among the islands followed, and Truthful James had made the last cast of his vacation. Many were the projects for next summer bruited and discussed during these latter days. On one of them we encountered a resident from Rice Lake, fifty miles to the west, and were captivated with his tales of muscalonge and black bass. Other lakes within a radius of twenty miles were discussed, and it was finally determined that the tents should be stored and left in the Dominion in readiness for another campaign on Canadian waters.

Without a sigh or a word of regret the embodiment of abstract truth turned his back upon the camp, set his face borderward and we were alone. With the exception of Sabattis no keel save our own ploughed the lake or cruised among the islands and over the long stretch of waters. However indispensable good fellowship may be to a camp, there is a certain charm in the assurance that all the melody of nature in some far off nook, the gleam of sunlit waters, the leap of the fish, and the mellow haze upon the hills are for your eyes and ears alone. That the golden track of the moonbeams and the dark shadows of the darker pines across the water, the dusky radiance of island channels and the ghostly forms in the darkened coves fall only upon your vision, breed in your brain the fantasy that you are but a light or a shadow among all the rest. *Vanitas vanitatum;* no wonder that En Gaddi, Carmel and the desert had their hermits, nor would it be difficult to breed one here.

Our first day alone in camp began with a drizzle and rain. We awoke with its beating on the roof, but were content to lie and drowse half the forenoon away. At last we arose, put the camp stove in place and prepared breakfast in the tent. We had a day of loafing before us, but fortunately by the time the meal was over the Indian boys were on hand for a visit. They had long since parted with their taciturnity and a genuine attachment had sprung up between us. The elder, a young man, amused us with tales of his forest life in the Adirondack country, where he was born, and in Canada, and parted freely with his wood lore. He was honest and trustworthy and we could leave the camp without fear of having a single article disturbed during our absence. Among the regrets over our coming departure, the separation from our Indian friends was far from the least. On this occasion they brought us a chicken and a supply of green corn and we gave David a pocket lantern, a lot of bass flies and some leaders.

Shortly after noon the sun broke through the clouds, and David, taking his gun, went back into the woods on the island. During his absence an event occurred which was new in our experience. A great splashing was heard in the water below the tents, and on going out to learn the cause, we found Sabattis's dog standing up to his body in the water, and thrusting his head now and then beneath the surface and holding it there for two or three seconds. The younger of the Indians, who had remained in camp, at once said that the dog had been attacking a porcupine, and called him in. When the poor beast came to us he dropped at our feet and rolled on the ground in agony. His throat and muzzle up to his eyes were studded with quills as close together as the hair on his back, and we found that the inside of his mouth and his tongue were in the same condition. The boy said that he would have to be killed, but we insisted that David should first be called. This was done, and as soon as he arrived he caught and examined the dog. We had a pair of small pliers in our kit, and with these, while David held the dog upon the ground, with one of his jaws firmly grasped in each hand and his mouth forced wide open, the long and tedious operation of extracting the quills was begun. At the end of two hours it was dark and the work was not half through. The poor animal seemed to understand what was being done for him, and endured it with a steady moaning, varied occasionally by a sharp cry of pain and a fierce struggle as a quill more deeply fixed than the rest in his tongue was drawn out. As it grew dark the dog was brought up to the tents, and under the light from the lanterns the work was resumed. At last it was finished, and the patient, relieved from his affliction, stretched himself out exhausted. Strange as it may seem, this was his third encounter with a porcupine; usually the first experience of a dog with one of these animals is his last, and he avoids them ever after, but David assured us that his dog would attack another on sight.

The liability of a favorite dog to meet with such a misadventure made us anxious to learn a remedy less barbarous and bloody than the one applied. The Indians knew of none, but some days after the incident above mentioned, we obtained the following crude receipt from a backwoods hunter who assured us of its efficacy. To extract the quills by force, in his opinion rendered the dog worthless from that time forward. This was the remedy: As soon after the encounter as may be, while one holds the jaws of the dog wide apart, let another throw into his open mouth two double handsful of dry, cold wood ashes fresh from the fire. Then let about a pint of water be poured upon the ashes, and the animal allowed to go at large. The effect of the application will be to cause the quills to shrink and drop out instead of work-

ing in deeper, as they will do if left alone. Twenty-four hours, it is said, is sufficient to free the dog from the quills. The same application upon the inside, if the quills are fastened in the flesh, should be used.

On the day before breaking camp, Sabattis put in at the landing and proposed another visit to Cady's Bay and the bridge. As to the matter of fishing we were a little indifferent, but there was a certain pleasure in listening to the old man's talk, and we had not yet been out with him, so we took a place in the stern of his skiff, and under his lusty strokes were soon skirting the shore of Griffin Island. All sorts of vagaries and legends fell from his lips that day; reminiscences of Long Lake, the Raquette and the St. Regis, and trapping and hunting adventures were poured into our ears mingled with his own wild superstitions. On a small island he pointed out the spot where a pot of gold was buried and watched over by some infernal thing which sometimes showed itself at night in "the shape of a bag of flour hanging just above the ground;" then on a point he showed us the ruins of a cabin where a squaw was murdered by her lover, and told of the wraith that on moonlight nights had been seen about the place, and again more realistic, pointed out the hiding place where a counterfeiter, who had escaped from a prison in the States, took refuge, and from which he was taken by the detectives and hurried back to his cell.

There was more of entertainment in his conversation than in fishing, and we reached the bridge without having wet a line. As we passed under the low timbers on its southern end and emerged on the upper side we came upon the edge of a sort of quicksand and moss bed, which ran out a hundred feet from shore. The water was too shallow for the boat and we were soon aground. While trying to get off we discovered a colony of large green frogs, tremendous fellows, scattered about upon the moss but out of our reach, some fifteen or twenty feet away. Anxious for some saddles we tried to force our way through the sand and moss, but found it beyond our efforts. As we were about to give it up we happened to think of the flies. The first cast of a red ibis fell upon the moss within a foot of one, and there was an angry squeak from three or four as they each made a single jump toward it. The next cast landed the fly just at the nose of another; he made one snap and we had him. As we dragged him to the boat a second followed him half way, and this one we took with the next cast. We took in every frog within twenty-five feet, and on counting up found we had sixteen saddles. The last frog refused the bait when dropped before him, and gazed in astonishment at the rapid passage which his neighbors had made to the boat. Finally we dropped the fly just behind him, and with a quick strike hooked him in the leg. For a minute or two he was as lively as a bass, but soon came in and contributed his saddle with the others. It was something new in the way of frogging to Sabattis, and he enjoyed the sport immensely.

Then on his old fishing ground we had our last bout with the bass for the season. In a couple of hours we had a fine lot of twenty or more small-mouths, and then, while Sabattis was raising anchor and getting under way, we took off the hook and leader, reeled in the line and unjointed the rod. That act was symbolic of the fact that our outing was over, that we would no more cruise along those shores, or dream day dreams among haunted islands, clustering with memories too young to be romantic, yet memories to whose charm naught would be added did they come down from the days of Frontenac, Jacques Cartier, or a thousand years before. It was a symbol, too, as significant as was ever foreshadowed in orgy or mystery, by brazen serpents lifted by prophet hands or rent veils of temples, that an old dispensation had passed away and a new had come, a symbol like that of the lost Persephonê, that days of toil, of darkness and of winter must be lived before we could again greet our mother with outstretched arms and bask once more in the smiles of her summer. We almost envied the swarthy Sabattis, to whom, with all his poverty, life was a holiday, lived with no thought of the morrow, among the rocks and trees and flowers, the song of birds, and by waters where the deer roams and men seldom come. All these we were to leave, while he would remain. Unfretted by care, he would drift among the islands, live his half indolent life and win a sustenance; what more would we? We would depart, burdened with aspirations and laden with mighty grains of sand, which "waste the heart and wear the body," and he, with none of these, would be moving on in the most absolute equality with us toward the same *hic jacet*. And he was content. Could we say as much?

With face to the stern, we sat looking backward, watching the scenes of our summer glory as they went gliding by. Swiftly the headland on our left drifted out and shut off the bay, the Two Brothers soon hid the headland, and then themselves sailed around a point to be seen no more. The expanse of waters behind us grew longer, and island after island passed by and became indistinguishable from each other against the further shore. We watched the green monument by the grave of Griffin until it faded against the background of forest, and then with a sigh for a farewell turned to face the camp, which was now in sight on the larboard. What a picture it was; the two tents on the bluff overhung with pines, with a background on which already the frost had begun to trace faint characters in red and gold. The smoke was lazily floating over the treetops, and between the tents we could see the blaze of the fire, now dim in the glare of the afternoon sun, which was that night to burn its farewell.

The next morning by 10 o'clock the tents had disappeared from the slope and were in barrels at the landing. The tables alone remained to mark the site of the camp. From the staff our flag was still floating, and at its foot a disconsolate chicken—the last of the flock—was tied, awaiting its final hour. At high noon the flag was lowered, the island evacuated, and we made for Battersea, where we passed the night at Van Alstyne's and the Queen's Own, and were once more beneath the roofs of men.

And now we bring the long record of our long outing to a close. If we have written aught that may be useful to the camper, if we have contributed a mite to the lore of the outer, if there be that in our journal which has helped a brother to live over again, in memory, his forest life or brought to one who is deprived of all this, a glimpse of its glories, we are more than repaid. For our work has been a labor of love and a task not altogether unselfish. Through winter days we have lived over a life thronged with visions of rock-bound waters, forest-girdled lakes, golden sunsets, and a wilderness wampum dyed with the frosts of early autumn. While the sleet was rattling against the windows we have cast through fragrant mornings and drowsed under the weather-stained canvas through summer noon days. In winter nights, while gathering our flotsam, we have heard the cry of the loon from far off Loughborough and sat again in the radiance of the camp-fire with companions of the summer and the race of Sabattis gathered around.

Where our next camp-fire shall gleam or who will throng about it we know not. Long ago we suggested to FOREST AND STREAM the project of a camp made up from its staff of contributors. But their wide dispersion seemed to its chief an obstacle which would be found unsurmountable. We dissented and still believe that half a dozen at least can be mustered at some point on the St. Lawrence, Delaware or Susquehanna, or on the Muskoka Lakes, or in Michigan. It is worth the attempt, who indorses the suggestion? If no one, then from the staff aforesaid, we will beat up a single recruit or two and build our camp where we can pass a royal summer with our rods.

On the morning of the 2d of September, from a hilltop three miles away, we bade farewell to Loughborough, and at dusk on the same day we stepped ashore at Alexandria Bay and our feet were on the land of the Mugwump.

WAWAYANDA.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

FROM A SPORTSMAN'S STANDPOINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Amid the splendid displays of vegetable and mineral productions, and the triumphs of American science and art, to be seen at New Orleans, which so eloquently speak of the grandeur and wonderful wealth of America, none were more attractive to me than the magnificent collections of her living and fossil fauna there exhibited. At no other time nor place in this country probably, has there been such a number and variety of beautifully stuffed specimens of birds and animals to be seen; many so handsomely and skillfully mounted, and poised so naturally and gracefully, that one never tires of looking and admiring.

Idaho has a splendid collection, embracing the heads and necks of the larger animals, such as the several kinds of deer, bear, buffalo, elk, moose and mountain sheep; and the entire skins of the smaller animals, such as foxes, wolves, rabbits, beaver, lynxes, etc. Among her birds are eagles, hawks, grouse, sage hens, ducks, etc. Among the curiosities here seen is a deer's horn which is embedded in a tree. It had caught and been broken off in a crotch of a tree, and the wood had grown over it. Another still greater curiosity is the head and horns of a mountain sheep imbedded in a pine tree, completely encased in the wood up to the roots of the horns, the forehead merely visible, and found thus imprisoned in the tree eighteen feet from the ground. Still another is the antlers of a deer with a horny excrescence a foot long, pending from the right antler.

From Washington Territory there are specimens of the panther, elk, mountain sheep, etc.

Montana makes a handsome display of deer, elk, antelope, moose, mountain sheep, buffalo, beaver, etc., as does Wyoming; and the latter exhibits a fine collection of birds, and Indian curiosities in the way of clothing, skins, ornaments, etc. The contribution of birds and animals from the Yellowstone Park is peculiarly attractive, and adds zest to the universally expressed hope that FOREST AND STREAM and Senator Vest may succeed in preserving the Park for the nation's benefit.

In the Dakota department is a beautiful grassy circle, in the center of which is a mountain pony, bridled and saddled, and appropriately arranged around among the trees and rocks are antelope, black-tail deer, mountain sheep, elk, wolves, rabbits, a large grizzly bear, a panther and a large white buffalo. Also eagles, hawks and other birds, and three live Sioux Indians, a man, a squaw and a girl. This Territory exhibits in a room near by, an Indian wigwam, and everything usually found therein, and on the roof of a model house is an enormous snowy owl. In another room are beautiful specimens of skins, and the heads and necks of the larger animals, and the entire forms of many of the smaller animals. It is difficult to communicate the beauty and value of this collection. Overhead is a canopy of dressed robes, on each side are mounted specimens, and the floor is carpeted with dressed skins and Indian relics. On the right a large black eagle with outspread wings and a horned owl, are most conspicious; and on the left an immense bear is the central figure.

Minnesota's display is exceedingly attractive. The lynx, beaver, raccoon, badger, mink, otter, marten and other fur-bearing animals, are exhibited and arranged with excellent judgment; and here is to be seen one of the very best collections of water fowls. On the left is a case filled with specimens of her other native birds, embracing several splendid bald and black eagles, etc; and the pyramid of her agricultural products is surmounted by a beautiful and life-like white deer. Just over the way is a lovely miniature of the Minnehaha Falls, and near it are birch bark canoes, and other implements of Indian navigation.

The display of stuffed animals and birds in the Government department is very fine, but it is inferior to many others; so much so, in fact, as to excite comment. Nevertheless, its elk, moose, buffalo, deer, bears, mountain goat and mountain sheep, etc., are splendid.

Texas makes a most creditable display in every respect. When it is remembered that Texas possesses rich lands and a salubrious climate; that she is larger than Great Britain and Ireland, or the Austrian or German Empires, or France, some idea is gained of her immense capabilities. Her citizens have taken pride in exhibiting her wealth. The display of animals, birds and reptiles from the collection of one gentleman alone, living in San Antonio, and of insects from the collection of a gentleman residing in Bastrop, is magnificent. She also displays a splendid collection of eggs, and the largest ox and mountain sheep horns. Many cases are filled with curious Indian relics found in this State.

Arkansas, amid her grand display of mineral, agricultural and vegetable wealth, exhibits a fine collection of her birds prettily arranged in two compartments, one surmounted by a swan, and the other by an opossum of extraordinary size; and near by are huge specimens of potatoes, suggestive of the palatable dish which caused Senator Garland to ride the fence on the question of the superiority of "possum hot" over "possum cold."

In the Mississippi department, which in many respects is an astonishing indication of her wealth and prosperity, are a white raccoon and a white squirrel. Her display of birds, congregated around the deathbed of Cock Robin, is one of the most exquisitely beautiful displays in design, execution and effect that I have ever seen. Around it invariably lingered all the children who saw it.

Guatemala makes a beautiful display of birds, and among the handsomest is a male and female quetzal, the trogan, etc.

In the Mexican exhibit are many fine specimens of animals and birds, stuffed and mounted, and tastefully grouped in pairs on twigs and boughs. Among them the wild turkey of Mexico, strikingly different from our own, and said to be the progenitor of our domestic turkey.

Maryland, in proportion to her size, makes the most creditable display of birds, animals and fish, the latter preserved in alcohol. Her collection of birds alone embraces about six hundred specimens.

In the Mexican department is an exquisite picture of a male and female bird of brilliant plumage, sitting upon the fallen trunk of a tree, with a lovely forest background. At a little distance it appears to be a painting, but close inspection shows that it is made entirely of small bits of different colored feathers, varying in size as in hue, and betokening marvelous taste and skill, and patient painstaking.

Ward's Natural Science Establishment, of Rochester, contributes its choicest treasures. Its fossil remains are said to be the finest in the country. Here we see the largest specimens of the moose, from Nova Scotia, the caribou, and other animals of North America, the largest gorillas, ourang-outangs, and other tropical animals; the walrus, sea-lious, otter, and other arctic animals; and birds, reptiles and fishes. There is the skeleton of a whale fifty-two feet long, and a representation of the large mammoth, the skeleton of which is in the Royal Museum at Stuttgart. Some conception of the size of the mammoth may be gathered from the skeleton of a large elephant standing in close proximity, which looks as a dwarf beside a giant. Here is to be seen the fossil remains of the Irish elk, as well as remains of other extinct animals; and also handsome specimens of existing birds and beasts from every quarter of the globe, as well as fish and reptiles.

And last, though by no means the least, is the display made by the Society of American Taxidermists. In beauty of execution and artistic design these excel. Notably is the wild turkey, male and female, of the United States, and our noblest bird, and peculiar to our own country. Like Dr. Franklin, as our national bird, I like it far more than the eagle.

Among the most attractive features of their display are the following: "Coming to the point." A beautiful white setter, with liver-colored patches, suddenly points. His motions are arrested just as he has raised his right front foot. Concealed from him by a small patch of bushes and grass is a bevy of partridges (Bob White partridges, which some people belittle by calling quail) in the various attitudes they invariably assume when startled by the near approach of an enemy. It is beautiful beyond description; and I could not forbear asking myself whether it was possible that this beautiful dog had been killed, in order to contribute his part to the lovely picture.

Another touching picture is "The wounded heron." Behind glass, transfixed by an arrow, which has penetrated its vitals, and tinged its snowy plumage with the red life-blood, is a beautiful white heron. It falls with its back downward, its bill is open as a cry of anguish escapes its breast, and one foot clamps the cruel arrow as if in a vain endeavor to draw it from the quivering flesh. It was mounted by Mr. F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C.

Another, scarcely less beautiful, but far less painful, is a snow-white heron, standing on one foot, with the other drawn up under its feathers. It might be aptly styled "meditation."

Another charming group is a prairie hen and her young brood. But the little innocents excite your compassion.

"Does your mother know you are out?" is a pleasing picture. A young alligator has just emerged from the egg shell, on the banks of one of the lovely streams or lakes of Florida; and a scarlet ibis is stretching forward its neck in the act of gobbling him up.

Still another is "A wintry day." The leafless trees, snow-covered earth and somber sky betoken winter; and a group of six beautiful snow buntings are in flight.

While all this is so beautiful, in looking on one can scarcely forbear the feeling of pity for the innocent and beautiful creatures, to whom the pleasure of existence is doubtless as great as that in men, whose lives have been cruelly taken that their skins may form a pretty picture. The words of Burns on seeing a wounded hare came to my mind:

> "Inhuman man; curse on thy barb'rous art,
> And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
> May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
> Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart."

I do not propose, however, to be more humane than my brother sportsmen; but I endeavor to follow old "Nessmuk's" noble example, and never wantonly destroy life.

There are also to be seen beautiful specimens of the inhabitants of our rivers, lakes and seas, from the red snapper of the South to the largest salmon from Columbia River; trout from the cold streams of the Rockies, and tarpon from the inlets of Florida. All who can should visit the exposition. It tends to unify the country. It inspires in the breasts of ardent Confederates pride in and love for the Union as it is. It removes from the minds of Northerners prejudices against the South. It kindles afresh in the hearts of all fraternal feelings and sentiments of patriotism.

A. K. L.

VIRGINIA.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Boston, Feb. 14.—One of the most pleasant and well attended meetings the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has held for a long time occurred last Friday night, at the Parker House, President E. A. Samuels presiding. After some discussion in regard to the game bill to be presented to the Legislature, the proposal for membership of the names of a number of gentlemen and other routine business, the president introduced Mr. Edw. E Small, who addressed the association upon the subject of the "Mackerel Fishery." The gentleman gave a very entertaining lecture, describing the habits, migrations, and causes of the migrations of the mackerel, and the various methods of capturing them from the infancy of the fishing industry of the country up to the present time, and in closing offered the following resolutions, which were adopted by the association: *Whereas*, The fishing industry of the United States has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin by the "treaty of Washington;" *Resolved*, That in the opinion of the members of this association that treaty should not be renewed; *Resolved*, That a duty of one cent per pound should be put upon all fish coming from any foreign country; and lastly, *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our Senators and representatives in Congress. Later in the evening the Hon. Chas. L. Woodbury spoke upon the subject of "The Condition of our Fishermen on the Abrogation of the Existing English-American Treaty."—BOSTON.

Natural History.

THE SONG OF THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

DR. M. L. LEACH.

IN some of the newer parts of Michigan, the song of the white-throated sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis* Bonap.) is interpreted as a prayer to St. Theresa. It is heard sometimes in the natural groves bordering the outskirts of the newer villages, but generally only in the wilder and more desolate depths of the forest. The notes are inimitably clear, sweet and plaintive, and it requires only a moderate play of the imagination to convert the song into the petition, "O, hear me, Theresa, Theresa, Theresa!" It is not easy to express bird songs by musical notation. In this case we may approximate success by using the flute stop of a cabinet organ, giving in the first three measures one whole note each on C, G and E of the second octave of the treble clef, following lightly by three measures in E, each consisting of three-quarter notes and a quarter rest, as follows:



The first three measures correspond to the words, "O, hear me," and the last three to the name of the saint, "Theresa," three times pronounced, with the accent on the first syllable.

The arrangement of musical sounds indicated above, appears to constitute the most perfect and complete form of the song; but it is varied in different localities and by different performers, as if among birds of the same species there were different degrees of musical talent and different fashions in musical education. In one place, where I had excellent opportunities to listen, the trill of the last three measures was seldom heard, each measure consisting of a whole note. In another locality, not many miles away, the trill was the rule, with scarcely an exception. Sometimes one or another of the first three notes is omitted, sometimes "Theresa" is pronounced only once or twice, and sometimes, though rarely, the trilling is continued through more than three measures. The song is sometimes heard in the night.

I suspect this interesting bird is an accomplished ventriloquist. On one occasion I listened for some time to what seemed to be two birds, in different directions and not far off, but hidden from view. The C note was omitted. One would sing two notes in G, which would be followed in perfect time by two in E by the other bird. I was strongly impressed at the time with the idea that there was only one singer present, and that the song, beautiful beyond description, was a skillful display of ventriloquism:

Deep in the gloom of the wild wood,
List to a sorrowful plaint—
A penitent sparrow's petition,
Addressed to the beautiful saint.

"Hear me, O Theresa, Theresa!"
Sweetly, in silver-toned notes,
Sad as the wail of a lost soul,
The prayer on the atmosphere floats.

Why from the gentle saints presence
Has the sweet bird been banished so long?
Or why in the gloom of the wild wood
Must he warble such sorrowful song?

Deep in the gloom of the wild wood,
List to the sorrowful plaint,
And take him again to thy favor—
The sweet bird—O beautiful saint.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

10. *Sialia sialis* (Linn.) Haldem.—Eastern bluebid, red-breasted bluebird.

The first arrivals usually appear in the State from Feb. 15 to 20. The earliest note of arrival in my books is (Kalamazoo county) Feb. 8. Birds have occasionally been observed in January in the State, and as specimens are often seen in December, it may prove that the bluebird is sometimes with us throughout the winter months in mild seasons. In some severe winters they do not arrive until March, and the little fellows are rarely common before March 10. I have seen them very abundant by the 20th of the month in Montcalm county. The birds evidently migrate slowly, and are certainly more abundant during the height of the migrating season, proving that a portion of them are certainly only transients and are passing through to the north.

The preparations for nesting rarely begin before April 12. In advanced seasons a few nests can be found containing eggs by April 15. I have met with eggs only one season at an early date. On April 18, 1878, I found several nests with complete sets of eggs, but it was an unusually early season. The height of the nesting season may be placed at May 20. We may deem such late preparations the result of tardy mating, some young male having had a difficult time in securing a mate. In all communities of birds there are some individuals, more commonly males, which have failed to secure partners for the season.

Frequently a male of this species, as in the case of many species, after being apparently assured of success as an appreciated swain, is routed by another of brighter blue and redder breast. With birds generally the mating occurs, to all appearances, every season. Many species of hawks and other large birds are constant to one mate, and the union is continued till the death of one of the pair; but by the smaller birds new mates are frequently chosen, and some species are proverbially polygamous. In the case of bluebirds the same demonstrations may occur each year during mating season, between well-mated birds which have been consorting for years, that are seen in cases where birds are mated for the first time. I have repeatedly observed the endearments of a pair of robins, which to my knowledge had been mated for several years, the attachment growing stronger apparently each year.

The mating season with the bluebird begins soon after their arrival in any numbers, and generally lasts until April 20 to May 1, during which period the little fellows are in a nervous state often bordering on frenzy. The battles between the males are generally tame affairs, and although occasionally quite s severe contest occurs on the top of a dead stub, or even in the air, as a rule little ill-feeling appears to exist. One can often witness a pursuit in which both pursued and pursuer are warbling forth the delightful notes so familiar to persons acquainted with this sweet songster's melody.

The site chosen for a nest is variable, the birds in their selection of a suitable spot being largely influenced by surroundings. The situation usually preferred is a cavity in a dead stub or tree, in a knot hole in the body or limb. The excavations by woodpeckers are frequently occupied. Bird houses in dooryards are also used, and even the spaces in the cornices of buildings are taken possession of. Since the invasion of the English sparrow, many battles have occured regarding the occupancy of some favored site formerly under bluebird rule, and it must be told, with ill-favor toward the interloper, that in pugnacity and strategy the sparrow is the superior.

The nest, a rude, illy-constructed affair, composed of grass, occasionally a few small twigs, roots and a few a feathers, is placed loosely in the cavity selected, and contains four or five light-blue eggs. The number of eggs is occasionally six, but more than five eggs is an uncommon occurrence. In an article that recently appeared, collectors mentioned the finding of seven and eight eggs in sets. The cowbunting frequently selects the nest of this species in which to deposit her eggs, and I once found a nest containing five eggs of the rightful owner and three spotted alien eggs. Such a set when hatched would make a nest full of young.

An addled egg is often found in a nest of young, and in one cavity I found three more or less complete sets, in all twelve eggs. Such an occurrence can only be accounted for in one way; the cavity was first occupied by a pair of birds, which were driven out after the eggs were deposited, or perhaps the birds were frightened or destroyed. A new set of eggs was then laid by pair number two in a new nest built over the first, and a second time the eggs were left by the parents. Let us hope that the first pair rallied and again took possession of the cavity. The hole in question contained three nests, occupying a space from the bottom upward of eight inches. The lower set of four had lain cold and deserted at least a month; the second set was all of two weeks old, while the upper set was being incubated at the time. A few instances have met my observation where the rightful owners of a nest had attempted a riddance from the cowbird's eggs by building a new nest over the polygamist's eggs, and had even sacrificed their own eggs, two in number, in one instance.

Average length	6.58	Wing	3 12	Extent	10.11
Greatest length	6.80	"	3.61	"	11.43
Shortest specimen length	6 36	"	2.64	"	8.80

11. *Sialia artica* Swains.—Arctic bluebird, Rocky Mountain bluebird.

A single authority embraces this species in the State, a list of birds of the Upper Peninsula, by Dr. S. Kneeland, Jr., entitled "On the Birds of Keweenaw Point, Lake Superior." The list embraces 147 species, and was published by the Natural History Society of Boston in their proceedings 1857.

The bluebirds known to me are very advantageous to the agriculturist, and from April to September are eminently beneficial in our State. The food consists principally of grasshoppers, spiders and larvæ during the summer months. In point of merit the bluebird ranks higher than the thrasher. Fruit is only occasionally eaten as a relish by our familiar friend.

12. *Polioptila cærulea* (Linn.) Scl.—Blue-gray gnatcatcher.

This dainty, airy, woodland bird arrives in the latter part of April as a rule, but occasionally not till May day has passed. The earliest arrival recorded in my experience is April 18.

Soon after arriving the pairing season begins, and from May 10 to 20 the restless, active creatures are constantly on the move from daylight to dark. The species is pre-eminently active from the time of its arrival to its departure in September, but during the few weeks occupied in mating and nest building it is even more on the move. Incessantly skipping from branch to branch, spreading its tail or flirting it from side to side, up and down, dashing into the air with the impetuosity of a hawk, wheeling and returning to its perch, where the tiny insect disappears with a snap of its captor's bill. Now chivalrously flying about its mate or pursuing some imprudent bird that has ventured on its domain; again twittering and chattering along a delicate twig, in evident attempts to attract its inamorata's attention.

During all these varied movements our sprightly friend has been as noisy as it is possible for so small a creature to be, and though there is no evidence of a regular song, the sprightly notes are nevertheless very pleasing. The song, if it can be called one, is a feeble effort; only a few chirping notes issuing from its delicate throat. The call notes are few and resemble the song.

The nest, generally completed by May 25, is a very artistic affair, and excels in beauty and neatness of construction all other nests of Michigan birds, not excepting the humming birds. Formed in its framework of various fibrous materials and lined internally with soft substances, it at once suggests quite a substantial structure, as well as an inviting habitation. Its elegance, however, consists in its grace of form and external lining, and though the interior is perfect, the finish of the outside is really a marvelous piece of work. The size of the nest is in accordance with that of the bird, but appears much too deep. The structure, situated on a limb from two to ten inches in diameter and looking like a lichen-covered knot, is about two inches high externally, one and a half inches deep inside, nearly two inches across the top, while the cup is but little over one inch and a quarter across at its orifice. Many nests that I have examined were smaller than the one described and many are also larger. Some nests are quite shallow, and again one is found very high in proportion to the size.

The bird while on the nest—or, as we may say, literally, in this instance, in the nest—sinks so deep into the cup that only a bill and the end of a tail are to be seen projecting above the brim. Some birds, in fact, are so completely hidden that they cannot possibly be distinguished from the ground.

The outside of the nest, with us, is covered with small pieces of lichens, mostly greenish, but some of a brown and yellow color are also used, the whole exterior presenting a very pleasing appearance. So far as I know, the only Michigan birds besides the gnatcatcher which cover their nests with lichens are the hummer and yellow-throated vireo. The lichens are attached to the framework of the nest, in the case of the gnatcatcher, by spider's webs and the silken fibers from the common milk weed pod *asclepias*. The saliva of the bird, perhaps of a glutinous nature, may be used, but to this I cannot attest. The framework of the nest is, although of delicate materials, quite durable in its makeup, and the fragments of lichens are detached only by the use of some force, so carefully are the ragged edges of the little pieces interwoven with the fibers composing the body of the structure.

I once discovered a nest nearly completed on May 12, which is an unusually early date. Eggs are rarely found in the nest of our little ashy blue friend before May 20. In complete sets they are most abundant from May 25 to June 10. I am quite well satisfied that only one brood is reared in a season, and consider those cases where eggs are taken in July, as instances of tardy nesting, or, perhaps, the first set of eggs had been destroyed by some small mammal, or even by an urchin, although a nest would rarely be found by a school boy and could be taken by no tyro in climbing. The red squirrel is a predatory scamp and does much damage to birds' nests. Few nests of this bird are found by collectors, unless the old birds are watched while building or feeding the young. The nest, placed as it is on the upper side of a limb, and much resembling a knot or excrescence, is very difficult of discovery even when the tree in which it is built is known.

The nests are more common in woods composed of the white oak, *Quercus alba*, in fact, I have met with only one instance in which a nest has been discovered in any other species of tree. The nest alluded to was found in a hickory, but in an oak woods. The birds are often heard in timbered lands, and the nests are undoubtedly built there, but are so high up that they are not easily found. The nests in oak trees are generally placed on nearly horizontal limbs, of a size not exceeding four inches, and are frequently quite fifteen feet from the body of the tree. Nests situated on small limbs, and quite forty feet from the ground, are not easily secured, and the devices of enthusiastic collectors often go for naught.

The usual method for securing the eggs from a nest placed on a small limb is to go out to it from a larger limb above, trusting to the weight of the body to bend the upper limb down so that the eggs may be reached. The return journey is more difficult; the nest having been torn from the limb, and the eggs placed in the mouth, the work of reaching the trunk of the tree is the next most important point in this hazardous undertaking. The limb has bent with your weight, and you must go up hand over hand to the trunk before considering yourself safe. Provided the set of eggs is secured complete, such an adventure is not looked on with dread by an enthusiastic collector, and the pretty brown-spotted eggs are generally considered as good pay for all trouble incurred.

The nests are usually placed from twenty to twenty-five feet from the ground.

The blue-gray gnatcatcher is rather restricted in its northern range, and is only common south of latitude 43° north. During four years' observations in Montcalm county, I failed to note its occurrence, while only thirty miles to the south it is comparatively common. Kneeland fails to record it in the Northern Peninsula. I have never seen it north of 44° north latitude.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW ENGLAND GAME INTERESTS.

AS previously suggested, the chances are that the attempt to open September for the shooting of moose, caribou and deer in Maine will blow over. At a well-attended legislative hearing before the Committee on Fisheries and Game, at Augusta last week, a large number of petitioners were represented—over 400 from one section, including Phillips and Rangeley. Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Camp Bemis and Mooselucmaguntic steamboat fame, and one of the hotel keepers at Phillips, led in the argument for the petitioners. They attempted to prove to the committee the value of the deer in the Maine woods to the guides and hotel keepers, representing that with September an open month each deer would be worth from $75 to $100, whereas now they are of no value. The people of Maine cannot hunt deer in October, November and December, the weather being too cold. One of the gentlemen argued, however, that September might be opened without harm to the deer, since the foliage is then so thick that nobody could ever catch them; but he did not say how long he thought visiting sportsmen could be fooled into paying from $75 to $100 for the privilege of trying.

The arguments for the petitioners were ably answered by Dr. Hunter, of Machias, one of the most sensible and earnest friends of game protection in the country, followed by ex-Governor Selden Connor, himself a renowned deer hunter—in open season—although a cripple from wounds received in the service of his country. Their arguments were strong and to the point, and at the close the petitioners were given "leave to withdraw." This effectually settles the question for two years more, unless the friends of open September try the desperate chances of a minority report, or can present their measure in some new form.

But the war is not ended in Boston. In fact, the worst enemies of game protection are pretty thoroughly fortified just now. Notice was promulgated, the other day, of a hearing on the game question before the Committee on Agriculture of the Massachusetts Legislature, on Tuesday of this week. Immediately the game dealers took alarm, and a meeting of the Produce Exchange was called to take action. The term Produce Exchange is high-sounding, when not more than twenty game dealers are interested. But they are wealthy and influential, and the whole Produce Exchange Association, including over 500 members, many of them good friends of game protection, allows its name and influence to go with the game dealers—either by default or neglect. These game dealers have coined money by buying for almost nothing and selling for high prices, game when out of season and unlawful in other States, hence their extreme sensitiveness whenever the term game protection happens to be broached before the Massachusetts Legislature.

A good deal of bitterness cropped out, as it usually does, at the Produce Exchange meeting on Saturday, though the meeting was composed almost entirely of game dealers and those interested in refrigerators. The proposed legislative hearing was styled "The Annual Onslaught," and some bitter talk was made. A committee of ten was appointed to attend the hearing and oppose any legislation which should look toward hindering Boston from being the plague-spot which will work the extinction of the game birds and animals over a wide district of the United States, provided this Produce Exchange committee can have its way and full sway a few years longer. But, thanks to the Fish and Game

Protective Association and their labors, public opinion is growing, and the day is not far off when the people of Massachusetts will decide whether they will permit the utter extinction of grouse and quail and moose, deer and caribou in New England and the West, just to please the pockets of a score of the members of the Boston Produce Exchange.

It is stated that the chairman of the committee of ten, after the meeting, said that "the produce dealers of Boston do not object to any wholesome legislation which shall protect our own game, and we will welcome any perfecting of present statutes which will render them efficient, but the attempt to prevent the game dealers of Boston from selling grouse, quail, etc., after Jan. 1 is uncalled for and wrong. It is opposed to the interests of the people, and such legislation ought to be opposed. We do not need to go into the business of protecting Western game here in Boston. Under the present law we can sell grouse and quail until May 1, and that is well enough. Here in Boston is an association of wealthy gentlemen of leisure who want the game protected until they get ready to shoot it. We favor all reasonable protection of our own game, but at great cost these refrigerators have been constructed for the preservation of foreign game, and we do not feel it to be just that restrictive legislation should be continually threatened when no good is to come from it."

The gentleman showed his hand better than he meant, even if he did make some misstatements. Boston is not obliged to protect Western game, it is true, but "the interests of the people" are broader than the profits of twenty marketmen and the stock in half a dozen refrigerators, which were never built for storing game, but butter, cheese and poultry. The thrust at the Fish and Game Protective Association was as uncalled for as it was untrue. Its members are not gentlemen of leisure in any sense of the word, but earnest, hardworking merchants and tradesmen. Many of them are members of the Produce Exchange and have their places of business in the Boston markets. They do very little shooting themselves. "We favor all reasonable protection of our game." Alas! *our* game is about done for in this world. As for "all reasonable protection," if these marketmen are to decide upon reasonableness or unreasonableness, God pity the little game there is left in other States!

One of these very game dealers has frequently boasted that he knew every statute for the protection of either fish or game in any State of the Union to be unconstitutional, and, if he had the time, he could easily raise the money, and could break down any one of these laws, and catch, shoot, buy or sell either fish or game anywhere in the country as he pleased. The remedy for such boasters is a quiet dose of the will of the public, which is gravitating very fast toward saving a wholesome seed at least, of our game birds and animals from the grip of the avaricious marketman. The reasons why this committee does not object to, and so magnanimously would "help to support our present game laws," is that they actually do permit the produce dealer to buy and sell game just as he pleases, after a few months of hot weather protection are over. BOSTON.

NORTH CAROLINA BATTERIES.

A MOVEMENT has been inaugurated to repeal that law of North Carolina which forbids non-residents of the State or county to shoot out of batteries. The change originates with and is advocated by Mr. A. J. Forbes, of Jarvisburgh, N. C. This gentleman's idea is that non-residents of the State should be allowed the same privileges of shooting on the water as are enjoyed by residents. Mr. Forbes is reported to have spoken as follows:

"The fact is that most of the ducking shores of North Carolina are now owned by shooting organizations composed by Northern gentlemen. These club men visit us every season. They pay taxes to the State on the property they own, which, with the money they spend while there, amounts to about $40,000 a year. I believe these gentlemen should have the same privileges accorded to them as if they were residents. The residents for the most part are a very poor class of men, few of whom ever paid a dollar tax in their lives. I also would like to see other non-resident sportsmen than the club men have the same privileges accorded to them. At present the law permits the non-residents to shoot only from the shores of the Sound, while the resident can anchor his battery anywhere or stick his bush-blind in any locality he pleases. This is all wrong and extremely aggravating to the gentleman sportsman, who, after he has set out his decoys and made his blind on the bank, sees some selfish resident market-gunner come along and put out his rig right in front the club member and deprive him of all the shooting. I shall try my best to have the old law repealed, my sympathy being with non-resident gunners, whether they are shooting club men or not."

The market-gunners of the North are, as might be expected, very much interested in the proposal to throw open the waters of Currituck Sound, and do not hesitate to say that they are ready and willing to contribute money to help to pass any such bill. One of them recently said: "The fowl are gunned so much here in Great South Bay, that there is no money in shooting for the market any more. I want to get among them down in Currituck Sound, and we will make it warm for the ducks, the natives and the club men. What do we care for the club men and the natives. What we want is the ducks, and you bet we'll have 'em, too, if this law is changed." Another old South Bay gunner, who visits Currituck every winter in his sloop, said: "I hope the bill will pass. No gunner on the shore can compete with the men in the battery. Give me a battery and I'll spoil any shore gunner's shooting. The club men are a lot of stuck up dudes, and I am glad to break them up every time. The law, of course, won't let me use a battery, but that is no reason why a resident cannot hire one to shoot for him. In that way we beat the law every year. But this costs money and I want to see the shooting free for every one. There is a lot of money in killing fowl for the market, and if the 'Down Easters' can only get an even chance with the Carolina gunners we can give them points and beat them at their own game. I'll chip in handsomely to see the non-resident law repealed."

A prominent individual, interested in the sale of game, who requested that his name should not be used, said, when applied to for his views on this subject, "Yes, I have heard of the bill, and for the sake of the business I hope it may pass. As things are now, canvasbacks cost, when purchased from the native gunners, from $1 to $2 a pair; then they have to pass through three or four hands, which adds to the cost, with the freight, a dollar or more. I buy several thousand pairs in a season, and by rigging up a boat and sending down four or five shooters, I can get them much cheaper than by buying them. Perhaps the first year the birds will cost me as much as they do now, because the boat and the batteries will have to come out of the profits, but the next year these will have been paid for, and instead of my canvasbacks costing me $2.50 or $3 a pair they will cost less than a dollar. Gunners can be hired pretty cheap, and ammunition and provisions won't come to very much. It will be a good thing for my business. What effect will it have on the supply of fowl? Oh, well, for a while it will make them plenty in market, but they will soon get scarce again, as they are now. We need something to make the business better than it has been lately. Game is not as plenty as it used to be, and profits are not as large."

The effect of the proposed change will of course be to ruin the business of the residents of the seaboard counties of North Carolina, who depend on gunning for a living during the winter. No doubt the movement will be bitterly opposed by the residents of the State, and if it is passed, it will only be by the liberal use of money by the Northern marketmen and gunners.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE Curtis bill is the bill to pass. It provides that deer shall not be hounded at any season. The text of the bill is given in our editorial columns. The petitions must be sent in to us at once, or they cannot be used.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When in your edition of October 2, 1884, I opened the discussion of game law violations in the Adirondacks, which has since taken so wide and interesting a range in your columns, Commissioner R. U. Sherman made haste over his signature to assail my statements as to summer deer shooting, proclaiming my accusation "a gross, and I believe, wanton libel on a class of men [meaning the guides, on whose testimony I largely relied for what I wrote] which, as a class, is as honorable and law-abiding as any engaged in trade or professional life." All of my statements have been amply confirmed by several of your correspondents who have since discussed the subject. But I cannot refrain from calling attention to the official confirmation which I received in the report made to this same Commissioner Sherman by his subordinate "Peter A. Leonard, Seventh District," quoted in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12, 1885. Mr. Leonard says: "It is certain that the early slaughter of deer—in May, June and July—is carried on beyond the possibility of detection to a large extent in the several forest districts of the Adirondacks."

The "ignorance of 'L.'," on which this State officer dilated with so much vim and satisfaction, may now be contrasted with the ignorance of General Sherman, who knows (to accept his own statement) less about what is going on in the forest than does one of his subordinates.

It is hardly necessary for me to point out that this "early slaughter of deer * * * to a large extent in the several forest districts of the Adirondacks" could not be practiced without the assistance and contrivance of a great many guides.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1885. L.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest and amusement the relations of the many and varied "remarkable shots" in your columns, and I have been overhauling my own career, and ransacking my memory to find something remarkable in my own long record of commonplace hits and misses (the latter largely predominating). I have at last unearthed a reminiscence from memory's dusty storehouse, in which there occur a whole batch of remarkable shots, all made at one time.

In 1873 I was engaged in some engineering work on the Mississippi River, not far below Vicksburg, and was stopping at the hospitable house of old Mr. Sim Crow, a planter, and, by the way, the Mrs. Partington of that locality. When I showed him some pebbles I had picked up on the river bank, he observed sententiously, "There's a heap o' them putrified rocks about here. You find 'em in stratagems of sand and blue clay." The old fellow was very fond of a game of euchre, which we indulged in every night. Being at his house on Sunday he proposed a game. I demurred somewhat to the proposal, on the ground that my education and former associations gave me a prejudice against that kind of indulgence on Sunday. He looked very much hurt, and said, "Well, I like to see moralization going on myself, but I didn't think there was any harm in playin' a game of euchre." But, I am wandering sadly away from my "remarkable shots."

Mr. Crow's plantation was at the lower end of Davis's Bend Lake, a former bend of the Mississippi River, seventy-five miles long, which had been converted into a lake by a recent "cut off." Upon the inclosed island are the plantations of Mr. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the defunct Confederacy. This lake was then, and is now, the resort of countless numbers of ducks and geese. They were "conking" and quacking and swarming about, day and night. I determined one night to try my hand on some of them the next morning. The lower end of the lake, for a quarter of a mile of its extent, was partially filled up with mud and sand, with some water in the depressions. This was the roosting place of vast numbers of the wildfowl.

I got out early in the morning, having in one hand a double-barreled shotgun heavily loaded with buckshot, and in the other a repeating rifle. I had only to walk about two hundred yards from the house to reach the bank of the lake. Here I saw in the depression below me, in the pools and on the mud, an immense congregation of ducks and geese, which had not yet taken flight for their morning's meal. The nearest ones were about one hundred yards from my position. I leaned the repeater against a stump, and raising the shotgun I lumbered away with both barrels into the thickest of the throng. Then quickly seizing the rifle I poured shot after shot into the retreating mass, until they were out of sight. Between my fusillade and the racket made by the fowl there was a terrible din for a minute or two. When silence was restored I descended to the battle-field, where I expected to find that the "peace of Warsaw" reigned, intending to remove the dead and wounded. My search was rewarded by finding one dead baldpate. I could discover no shot or bullet wound on him, and concluded that he was scared to death. COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About the year 1855 Van Ess Russell, on the beach of Lake Pleasant, Hamilton county, N. Y., shot a deer running directly from him. The deer fell dead, but upon going up to it no wound was discoverable. Upon dressing the deer, however, it was found that the ball had entered the vent and passed lengthwise of the body, lodging in the heart.

C. N. C.

PALATINE BRIDGE, N. Y.

OHIO GAME PROSPECTS.—Toledo, O., Feb. 10.—Yesterday a storm of rain and sleet left the snow (already nearly two feet deep) with a crust of two inches upon it, and to-day the thermometer is again below zero. This will prove extremely trying if not fatal to a great deal of the wild game of Northern Ohio, especially as the winter has been one of the coldest known here for a generation. In some cases the quail have to come into the barnyard, only to meet the sneaking, murderous house cat, and to be picked up one by one. Feed the birds and strangle the miserable cat.—B.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 14.—Charles Hubbard, New Jersey's famous colored hunter, trapper and guide, died yesterday of hasty consumption, aged forty-five years. Hubbard was a favorite with Princeton College students, and was well known to many old graduates now living in different parts of the country. He was a Union soldier in the late war, and was well known in the West and South. He was a crack shot, a taxidermist and a snake trainer. He had few equals in his line of business. For a long time he was West with Prof. Scott, of the College of New Jersey.

EUROPEAN GAME BIRDS.—The trade in live European game birds is only in its infancy. Messrs. Chas. Reiche & Bro., of Chatham street, this city, have at different times imported several hundred European partridges and English pheasants. It will be seen elsewhere they now have a consignment on hand, and clubs desiring these birds for stocking purposes will do well to communicate with them.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Kittrell, Feb. 14.—The quail shooting has been good this year. Thirty to fifty a day to two guns is not unusual. Woodcocks are going north, a few being brought in every day.—D.

Sea and River Fishing.

HINTS ON TOOLS AND TACKLE.

CLICKS AND DRAGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of your journal "Petra" wishes to know why both a click and a drag are used in the same reel. I think I can shed a little light on the matter.

As they now exist, in some reels, the combination might be termed a "mechanical tautology." But this condition is the perverted outgrowth of what was originally a valid and useful arrangement. The manufacture of the now famous Kentucky reel was first begun some thirty-five years ago. They were, and are still, made with a drag and an "alarm," both being operated by flat, sliding buttons. The use of the drag is obvious in such a free-running reel. The alarm consists of a piece of thin watch spring bent back upon itself somewhat in the form of an elongated "U," one end being attached to the sliding block, the other end free, to engage in the small steel pinion on the end of the shaft of the spool. This reel was originally made for bait-fishing only, and the "alarm" was not intended in any sense to represent, or subserve the functions of a "click" proper, the spring not being stiff enough to retard the action of the reel. It was invented to meet the requirements of still-fishing, where the butt of the cane rod was frequently stuck in the bank (often by a spike provided for that purpose), thus relieving the lazy angler from the necessity of holding the rod or watching his float while waiting for a "bite," until the singing of the "alarm" announced that welcome contingency.

Now a "click" proper is a very different affair from the "alarm" of the Kentucky reel. The former is a pall engaging, constantly and permanently, with the shaft pinion, and operated by a strong spring, so as to materially retard the action of the reel, and is used only in reels intended for fly-fishing. Originally all such reels were the single-action "click reels," but now many multiplying reels are made to subserve the same purpose by an "adjustable click," that is, a click which can be readily thrown in or out of gear. This is a very good arrangement, and all expensive multiplying reels should be constructed in this way, so as to admit of their being used for either bait or fly-fishing. In this case the adjustable click answers also all the purposes of a "drag," rendering the latter superfluous.

And now for the reason why the click and drag exist in combination in some reels. Of late years the popularity and excellence of the "Kentucky" multiplying reel induced Eastern manufacturers to imitate it. This would be all well enough if they produced an exact imitation; but not realizing the proper function of the "alarm," they substituted for it the well-known "click," and also retained the "drag," so as to conform to the outward appearance and ostensible construction of the Kentucky reel. As Mr. Wells says: "This combination reel was made to sell."

I have always advised those ordering the Kentucky reel either to have the alarm spring made stiff enough to act as a click, and to discard the drag; or to discard the alarm altogether, and have the drag spring made light enough to subserve the purposes of fly-fishing. I like the latter plan the best.

SNELLS AND GIMP.

In the snelling of hooks, any of the plans recommended by your correspondent will answer; I use wax and shellac varnish. The most important features to be observed in the operation are, when seizing the gut or gimp to the shank of the hook, to wind the silk closely and tightly, and to varnish it thoroughly with shellac. For hooks and flies for black bass, salmon or large trout, the best plan is that recommended by "Californian" of seizing a small loop of gut or line to the hook or fly, and providing a loop in each end of the snell. This is far superior to the old method of attaching the snell directly to the shank, for the reasons given; but for the smallest trout flies, or very small hooks, the latter plan may still be followed.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FLY.

Since the day of Charles Cotton "the most successful fly" has been a mooted question, and never has been and never will be answered satisfactorily to the craft generally, for while one particular fly may be eminently successful in some

waters, it must yield the palm of supremacy in others. Why this should be so will never be known. It is a question that can only be solved, after practical demonstration, by the fishes themselves in their particular waters, and anglers will never be able to reduce the matter to the certainty of a mathematical problem. This is another of the "glorious uncertainties" of angling that constitutes, to my mind, its greatest charm. Angling is an experimental art, and from the very nature of it must ever be so, for we can never hope to possess a thorough knowledge of the emotions, appetites, idiosyncrasies and "true inwardness" of the fishes themselves. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Feb. 10, 1885.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It requires more courage than I possess to name the trout fly that, at all times and on all waters, is the most killing. The best day's sport that ever I had with *Salvelinus fontinalis* was when I used an unknown fly that has brought me small returns since that day, nearly twenty years ago. I have had this fly duplicated by several fly-tiers, but none knew its history, if it had one. I could never recall how or where I got the half dozen that I found in my book; but the trout came for no other when it was placed before them on that memorable day. The best day's brook trout fishing I had last season was with the "green drake." The fish rose to this fly with such unanimity that I spent some time testing other flies on the same cast, but whatever the position of the green drake on the leader, it took almost all the fish. The gray drake, which is not greatly unlike it to the ordinary observer, was of no avail. A few days later the friend who was with me again fished the same water and the green drake was useless, while the coachman and fin-fly did the business.

The late Reuben Wood—peace to his ashes—in telling me of the origin of the fly that bears his name, said he was fishing certain waters where the trout were rising freely, but he exhausted his fly-book without a rise to his flies, and he had all the flies generally known to the fly-fisher as standards. He then put down his rod and caught some of the natural flies upon which the fish were feeding, and tied an imitation which the trout took readily. This imitation of a natural fly is now known as the "Reuben Wood." I could easily multiply instances where the well-known flies of the fly-book were unnoticed and some nondescript taken with avidity by the fish; but I should be loath to call any one of them the most killing fly, for a fly that will kill on one day in one stream may not kill on another day in another stream. If the most killing trout fly should be discovered, it would mar the kaleidoscopic appearance of our fly-books and do away with many a pleasant hour of uncertainty when the angler is engaged in fitting the proper fly to new waters.

It was of bass flies, however, that I sat down to write, and of the most tempting color for black bass rather than of the most killing fly in its entirety. Mr. Orvis says in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM that I will probably defend the fly that bears my name. I will, certainly, defend it for what it has done for me and my faith in it remains unshaken, but dealing in "futures" is risky—so a cotton-dealing friend tells me. One does not have to tax his memory severely to remember when the fly for black bass was a scarlet ibis or a fly with red the predominating color. I could go back of the ibis to the time when another fly was the fly, but after the ibis era claimants for bass favors sprang up rapidly, and the bass fly became obsolete. This was owing, undoubtedly, to the fact that as black bass fishing was recognized as one of the higher branches of the gentle art, anglers were not satisfied to use the tools that had been considered "good enough for bass" when *S. fontinalis* was king, but set about experiments to devise something fit for a royal table, as investigation had shown that the bass was not of plebian origin. Instead of the fly this game fish was offered a *menu* beginning with *huitres* and ending with *café*, and even then it declined many invitations to dine with its old and its new friends. As one of its old friends I—after I found by a trial of several weeks that it had little fondness for the red ibis on my leaders—spent most of three months, one summer, trying various colors and combination of colors to find which the bass liked best in a fly dressing. The result was that I concluded they liked any color if it was yellow, but did not object to other colors in combination with yellow. The fly looks as though it was ordered out for dress parade, but it is simply made for actual service. I have tried it on various waters and I have no cause to regret the time spent in consulting the taste of the black bass in regard to the proper hue of an artificial fly.

I looked over my fly-book this afternoon to see how many different bass-flies were contained therein having yellow in their composition. The "Ferguson," an excellent fly, has yellow body and yellow in wings and tail. Major Ferguson, of U. S. Fish Commission, tells me he originated the fly for Potomac river bass, but has found it attractive in all waters, and some of his friends have found it killing for Rangeley trout. Not long ago a gentleman writing from Pennsylvania described in print a fly that was famous for bass where he lived. It is called the "Sunbury," and it has a yellow body. The "Oriole," a very taking fly, invented by Dr. Henshall, has yellow wings. The "Oconomowoc"—a former pet name of Dr. Henshall's, and I judge that the fly was invented by him—has a pale or lemon yellow body. The "Mather," another good fly, has a yellowish green body and tail. The "Jungle Cock" has yellow body, wings, hackle and tail; in fact, nearly all yellow, but I have not found it as good as the "Black and Gold," having only yellow body and a slip of yellow in wings. The "Botts" has one-half of its body yellow. The "McLeod" has yellow hackle and tag. The "No Name" has yellow body. Prof. Mayer's "Lord Baltimore" has an orange body, with the yellow "eye" of the jungle cock showing in its wings. I speak of this fly as a bass-fly, and it has proven itself an excellent one, but Prof. Mayer made it in imitation of a natural insect upon which he had seen trout feeding, so that it won fame as a trout fly before it was offered to the black bass. Mr. Henry P. Wells designed the "Parmachenee Belle" for the large Rangeley trout of Maine, and for these fish it has proven a first-class fly. Mr. Wells fashioned the fly to resemble somewhat the belly fin of a trout, but it has a body of yellow mohair, and I have found it a very good black bass fly. Willson's "Professor" has a yellow body, and the bass like it, but I have named a sufficient number to show that yellow enters largely into the colors comprising a good bass-fly.

I do not think any of the inventors or designers of the excellent flies I have named would claim that his particular fly was *the* most killing. I remember reading that President Arthur had the greatest success with Florida black bass when using a yellow hackle, and in looking over some old letters from Miss McBride, who succeeded her father, John McBride, of Mumford, I find she says: "A yellow butterfly is the best fly for black bass in July, as a small yellow ephemera makes its appearance in June on streams that flow into lakes and ponds, or if the season is particularly advanced it appears the last of May." Miss McBride was not only considered by many anglers the best fly-tier of her day, but she was a close student of entomology as well.

It is a good rule to offer the black bass of ponds and lakes a large gaudy fly, either in casting or trolling, and the black bass of rivers and rapid streams a smaller and more somber fly. But I am no nearer the most killing fly than when I began this letter. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Millard's red flannel-fly, as he tells it in your issue of the 5th, reminds me of my own experience in catching the wary trout with bait that was not a red ibis. Some years ago I was fishing on the outlet of Silver Lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water to be found in the State. By some mishap I lost my fly-book and found that all I had to fasten on my line was a single snell and hook which I had fortunately left wound around my hat. I had no bait; it was difficult to find worms and hard to tear up the sod with only my hand for a hoe. A happy thought struck me. From the red morocco lining of my pocket book I cut a strip the shape and size of a small willow leaf. Through the wider end I put the hook and then two of the white petals of a daisy for the wings of this new kind of fly. My very first cast brought a nice trout and when night came my creel was nearly full. The body of my fly stood the hard usage well, but I had to furnish new wings with every catch. It was a matter of great wonderment to me that this improvised bait should be so "taking" when we think so much care must be taken in the make up of the flies we use to make the deception complete.

Another experience, although of a different kind, I would like to relate. Perhaps some brother sportsman can give me the "why" of it. I have never been able to explain it. I was fishing on Broadhead's Creek. After my day's work, which I had shortened that I might reach Oakland station in time for the night train, I put my tackle up, and with my companion started on our tramp. A few hundred rods from the main stream we crossed a little run, and as I stepped over it my foot slipped back into the water which seemed almost ice cold. I was sure that if there was some pool where the trout could lie we would find them and have some sport in this cool spring water. We laid down our traps and followed it some ways. When near its junction with the creek it spread out and became a little pond perhaps ten feet wide and three times as long. Peering through the brush I noticed this and told my companion to follow me along, but keeping some ways from the water, while I carefully crept up to the place. On my hands and knees I crawled along until near the overhanging bank, when I carefully opened the brush and looked in. Such a sight I had never seen before. There on the white gravelly bottom were perhaps a hundred beautiful trout lying quietly, hardly moving, save the gentle motion of their fins. I backed out as quietly as I came and told my companion of my "rich find." We knew that the only way to catch them in this clear, open place, was to keep entirely out of sight. I fixed my line and flies, and crawling up behind a bushy birch, inch by inch, I pushed my rod ahead until the line was clear of the bank, let the flies drop gently on the water. Before they fairly touched it, a splash and I had two hooked. Without rising I threw them back to my companion; after taking them off the hooks he drew the rod back, then pushed it toward me that I might again get my line out as I had done at first. This continued until I had landed thirty-two. But now the strange part of this adventure: After this I could not get a single rise. I whispered to my companion and one by one he changed the flies until we had tried every one in our books, but not a bite; then a hook with a worm, then a white grub, but no use; there they lay by the dozens and there they stayed until I called my friend and we both rose up. With a rush that fairly made the water boil, they went through the riff into the deep water of the large stream. We gathered up our trout—all measuring within half an inch of seven inches in length—and took the trail for the station. We were well paid for our hurried walk and the disappointment in missing the train by almost an hour. Will some one give me the "why?" SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa., Feb. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that your correspondent who first propounded the query as to the best fly did it with reference to Colorado waters. In my experience there the coachman stood first, the grizzly king being next, while a brown hackle with green body, and gray hackle with green body, stood third on the list. With these four flies, adding perhaps a queen of the waters, one may fish successfully there in all months during the entire season. M.

SIZE AND WEIGHT OF BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In common with "Woodcock," I have often wondered at the reports of the lengths and weights of black bass, as reported in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Have caught a great many black bass during the last eighteen years, and find my weights and measurements agree with "Woodcock's" table as given in your issue of Feb. 5. The fish measured were small-mouth black bass, fat and well conditioned. The largest caught last summer measured 21 inches in length and weighed 3 pounds 14 ounces, weighed two hours after it was caught. Now according to published accounts, a black bass caught in Lake George of 21 inches would weigh from 6 to 8 pounds. Now, brother anglers, let us hear from you. N.

ESPERANCE, N. Y., Feb. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed list of measurements of small-mouthed black bass, taken in the month of May (at the Bass Islands, Lake Erie), when they are in prime condition, are in every respect correct:

Length.	Girth.	Weight.
12 inches.....	8 inches.....	..1 pound, 6 ounces.
14 "	11 "	2 " 6 "
15 "	11½ "	2 " 14 "
20 "	13 "	4 " 5 "
20 "	14½ "	5 " ..
21½ "	16½ "	6 " 8 "

I have plaster casts of each fish, with measure and weight marked on them when taken.

My impression is that "Woodcock's" bass were not well fed, for certainly a fish of this kind fifteen inches long and weighing only one pound and eight ounces, must have presented a very gaunt appearance. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 7, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commenting upon the difference in the weight of black bass of the same length, as set down in a table by himself and "Poke-o'-Moonshine," your correspondent "Woodcock" says: "If they were small-mouthed I don't see how a table can be at all accurate in different sections of the country." In this statement he is correct; a table good for one section is useless in another.

Last summer I kept a record of some of the bass I took; they were small-mouthed, taken in Saratoga Lake. The measures are from tip of nose to ends of caudal fin: 17 inches long, 3 pounds; 14½ inches long, 1 pound 12 ounces; 13½ inches long, 1 pound 8 ounces. A table of the length and weight of brook trout good for Pennsylvania or New York is not accurate for Colorado or California. M.

VAGARIES OF FLY NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 12, 1885, I am somewhat puzzled by the following from the pen of Mr. Fred Mather:

"I have gone over and compared the list of names only in Holberton's and Orvis's list, without comparing the flies which are called by the same name, as 'White Hackle' found great differences there. On Holberton's plate there are sixty-four named flies, and in Orvis's list there are seventy-eight, yet Holberton names thirty-seven which are not in Orvis's, the latter omitting the Montreal and Alder flies, and naming forty which Holberton has not. Including hackles, I find that only twenty-eight names are used in common by these two authorities Orvis names brown coffin and also marsh brown, while Holberton gives both names to one fly which has a blue wing and is like the brown coffin of Orvis; the marsh brown of the latter has a brown wing."

I do not desire to enter into any controversy in regard to trout flies, or any of the implements used in fishing. Fear of this has many times restrained me from giving my opinions. It is always a pleasure to me to read the views of others, and it has sometimes been hard for me to keep still. In my recent letter I yielded to the temptation to "join in," hoping it might interest some of your readers to learn something more of the flies mentioned by other correspondents. I wrote only in the desire to exchange information and define my position as one who sought not to create confusion, but to ascertain a correct standard and steadfastly adhere to the same. I do not wish to assert myself in opposition to any one. I only give the conclusions drawn from personal investigations, hoping they may be of service to the angling fraternity.

To return to the paragraph quoted from Mr. Mather's recent communication. I say I am puzzled by his statement that "Orvis omits the Montreal and alder flies," for the Montreal is represented among the flies for Maine or lake trout fishing, in plate No. 3, fly No. 3. It was included among flies for larger trout, being so much of a favorite among fly-fishers for those fish, and it seemed unnecessary to duplicate the pattern among the smaller flies, as the only difference would be that caused by the size of the hook. In my previous letter I gave a brief account of my researches in regard to the Montreal fly.

The alder is third in the list of flies; it can be found on page opposite 171, plate No. 7, fly No. 37. It is an old English fly, and I could give authority for its general appearance from numberless writers. One finds mention of it in nearly every work on trout flies. Alfred Ronalds in "The Fly-Fisher's Entomology," classes the natural insect as follows:

Alder fly (orl fly, in Wales called the humpback). Order, *Neuroptera;* family, *Sialidæ;* genus, *Sialis;* species, *Lutarius.*

He says of it: "This fly comes from a water nympha. It is earlier on some waters than on others. It lays its eggs upon the leaves of trees which overhang the water, and delights to skim the brook, but it may also be found at some distance from it. Imitation:

Body—Dark mulberry floss silk, or peacock herl, tied with black silk.

Wings—From a feather of a brown hen's or peahen's wing.

Legs—Dark umber-stained hackle, or in case of need a black cock's hackle will answer tolerably well."

In "Superior Fishing" Mr. Robert Roosevelt, in speaking of artificial flies, says:

"I am indebted to Mr. J. James Hyde, a gentleman, who, though an amateur, is one of the most finished anglers and neatest dressers of a well imitated trout-fly in the United States, for the following directions for tying trout flies with the feathers of American birds." Among these directions are those for tying the alder, viz.:

Body—Peacock herl, tied with black silk.

Wings—From a feather of a brown hen, made large and full.

Legs—Black cock's hackle.

In "Game Fish of the North," by the same author, we find: "The fly-fisher, however, relies for his pleasures mainly upon his imitations of the *neuroptera* and *diptera*. The *neuroptera*, or net-winged insects, *florfliegen*, gauze flies, as they are called by the Germans, include the principal pets of the fly-fisher. Their bodies are long, tapering and delicate; their wings (four) almost transparent and marked with netlike veins. They keep in continual motion for the purpose of catching smaller insects, on which they mainly feed, and generally deposit their eggs in the water, where the grubs live from one to two years on plants or other insects."

Mr. Francis Francis, in his "Book on Angling," declares: "The alder or orl fly is one of the best flies that comes upon the water, and was a great favorite of the late Canon Kingsley." Mr. Francis Francis gives the same directions for dressing the imitation as does Mr. Ronalds.

Michael Theakston in his remarkable and exhaustive work classifying flies and their imitations writes of the "light dun" in a note explaining that it is "the alder fly of other writers," and says of the natural insect: "Wings better than half an inch; the top ones wear the shade of the outer skin of a dried onion, with faint mottles and crossings a shade darker. Is altogether of a dim ambery tinge and dim transparency."

Frank Forester in "Fish and Fishing" gives Ronald's formula for the imitation of the alder fly. Thaddeus Norris in Mr. Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" gives the alder as "clout body, black hackle, slate-colored wing." In the "American Angler's Guide," published many years ago by

Appleton & Co., Hofland is quoted as advising "a speckled mallard feather for the wing of the alder." So from the above and many other sources, and from samples from many fly-tiers, we are led to conclude that the peacock's herl for body, amber-colored hackle for legs, and wings of some slightly mottled semi-transparent feather to resemble the delicately veined wings of the natural insect are the requisites for imitating the alder fly.

I presume Mr. Mather refers to the old universally known "March brown" which by errror he speaks of as the "marsh brown."

In 1676 Charles Cotton wrote of this fly, placing it in his list of flies for the month of March, and calling it the "bright brown."

Mr. Francis M. Walbran, years later, says, "In speaking about the 'March brown' it is always well to ascertain which fly is really meant, the 'brown drake' as it is styled by Michael Theakston, or the 'red brown' which I have previously stated is called the 'March brown' in some districts. Mr. Aldam distinguishes them by calling the 'red brown' (a February fly) the local 'March brown,' and the 'brown drake' the 'March brown of Great Britain;' Jackson names it the 'great brown,' and some Yorkshire anglers the 'dun drake,' while in Wales it is called the 'cob fly.' This fly is a great favorite with the fish while it is on the water, in fact I have seen fish killed with it until the end of June; the female is a lighter fly of a more olive tinge than the male, and during its season I have generally found it answer well to use one of each pattern at the same time. The following is Mr. Ronalds's pattern for the female fly, which he has observed come upon the water a few days later than the males: 'Body pale olive green wool, ribbed with fine gold twist, legs a honey dun hackle, that is less bright than a golden dun, wings upright, from the quill feather out of the middle of a hen pheasant's wing.'"

Mr. Ronalds, in the "Entomology," further states that "the male has a chocolate hue and the female a green brown; it generally appears in great numbers upon the streams where it is found toward the latter end of March, and is very eagerly devoured by the trout. The fly lives three days in this state and then changes into the great red spinner." Also "The March brown is a great killer on the Dove. In Wales they make it as a hackle, with a brown mottled feather of a partridge and rib with pale green silk."

Mr. Theakston says: "The brown drake commences hatching the latter end of March, if the weather be favorable. She is a favorite leader with her craft through the spring; next in size and importance to the head of her class, the fairy queen or queen drake, to whom she resigns her supremacy; she casts the brown badge and becomes the brilliant amber drake, or the largest of the red drakes, erroneously called spinners."

Mr. Roosevelt, in "Superior Fishing," quotes Mr. Ronalds in regard to the fly, and recommends: "Body, sandy mohair, ribbed over with olive silk; tail, two fibers of a brown hen's feather; wings, from the mottled wing feather of a brown hen, which may be found of the exact shade; legs, a brown hen's hackle."

Mr. Thaddeus Norris gives the following: "March Brown—Brown body, ribbed with yellow silk, brown hackle, turkey wing." The fly-tiers of this country have seemed to unite on a morphadite representative, by making the wing of a chocolate brown, well represented by the wild turkey feather, and a body of olive-brown hue, ribbed with gold. I have never seen the March brown made with a blue wing, nor can I find any authority for so doing.

The brown coughlin, caughlin, coffin, as it is variously called, is a fly with a slate-colored wing, and is probably the one Mr. Mather has in mind when he speaks of the brown coffin. I should not like to be responsible to the originators of this fly for this last innovation in the name which has had a more cheerful sound heretofore. I will not write of the attributes of this fly, fearing to add to what may already seem wearisome. I will here apologize to Mr. Mather for my neglect in not stating more clearly in my note regarding the fly which he speaks of in the "Grayling" article—that I was the one suggesting name of the fly he describes. I recognized it by his description, and so gave name in note, not thinking of the propriety that I should sign the same.

Some one may question giving English writers as of authority in this country; but if we take their old well-known flies—named for many, many years, illustrated and discussed in their books—is it justice not to follow their models as far as possible and retain their names? What benefit can there be in further deviations and consequent confusion. As we make new combinations or imitations and find new materials to perfect the same, let us not deviate from the main idea; that is, if it be a combination merely, to adhere to the original; if it be an imitation, seek only to copy the natural insect by the most ingenious methods possible, with due regard to the trials and success of other people who have attempted the same task. Let us not be hasty in questioning their manner of imitation, lest we pass unnoticed some good reasons for the same. Consideration must always be given to the appearance of a fly in the water as well as when fresh and dry in our hands.

I believe that by a little careful study, patience and considerable reading in regard to artificial flies, relating to which there is a most charming literature, we shall in time unite upon what is most desirable.

I will here predict that the imitative theory will be more and more acted upon; flies with outspread wings; flies with double wings and elongated bodies, like the familiar dragon fly, and with a closer application of natural colorings are constantly being sought for, and proving themselves useful.

CHARLES F. ORVIS.

MANCHESTER, Vt., Feb. 12, 1885.

[Those who have the first edition of Mr. Orvis's book will find the Montreal fly figured on the plate opposite page 79, and the alder fly on the plate opposite page 157].

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thanks for calling my attention to the above communication from Mr. Orvis in time to append my explanation to his article. In my previous communication I had not the second edition of "Fishing with the Fly" before me, although I have it in my library. I took the first edition of that book, and entirely overlooking the list of "lake flies," compared the plates of "trout flies" with the sheet of "Standard Trout Flies," published by Mr. Holberton. Hence I did not find the Montreal in Mr. Orvis's plates, and the omission of the alder fly was one of those oversights which happen to a busy man at times. A second search shows that the fly is there, and I acknowledge the error. My object was merely to show how our authorities differ, and not to set myself up as one. The substitution of marsh brown for March brown was merely a typographical error.

A closer inspection of Mr. Orvis's plates shows that he duplicates seven of his eighteen "lake flies" in his plates of "trout flies," but the Montreal is not so duplicated. Concerning the "March brown and brown coffin," I merely stated that Holberton gave both names to one fly, and here again is an error in spelling, for the latter gives the name as brown coflin, and not coffin. I do not pretend to know the derivation of the name, but Mr. Orvis seems to have worked it out, or at least to have given the spelling of English authorities. I agree with him that we should follow the English nomenclature for flies which we have derived from English anglers, any other course creates the confusion of which several of your correspondents justly complain.

Leaving out all American angling works which describe flies and illustrate them with wood cuts, the only two who have published finely colored plates of flies which present them to the eye as they are made, and appear, are Mr. Holberton and Mr. Orvis. They leave nothing to the imagination as do Norris, Roosevelt, Scott, Frank Forester, *et al*, and therefore we can compare their flies to better advantage. I called attention to their differences and erred in omitting one fly from the list of Mr. Orvis, while the types made me mis-spell two other names. It seems to me that if there are any points to be settled, and differences to be reconciled, they are between the two gentlemen whom I have quoted as authorities.

FRED MATHER.

GAMENESS OF THE BLACK BASSES.

IN the last FOREST AND STREAM, under the title of "Camp Flotsam," and the sub-head of "The Elysium of Perennial Bass," your correspondent, and my old friend, "Wawayanda," knocks a chip off my shoulder in the hope of taking a rise out of me. In school-boy days, when any of us lighter ones thought the other fellow was too big for us, and that discretion was the better part of valor, the standard suggestion was that he should "take some one of his size." "Wawayanda" is a bass fisher by nature, taste and experience. I fish for bass only when trout are not accessible, and am not of those who think the bass the peer of the trout, even if he weighs pounds where the trout weighs ounces. Therefore instinct bids to beware of breaking a lance with so formidable an adversary. Falstaff says: "Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during life, I for a valiant lion and thou for a true prince."

Here is the chip which he knocks off, and which the instinct of a Falstaff forbids to be picked up: "This leads us to assert another fact sustained by our experience, viz., that the small-mouth is a more vigorous fighter in waters where it is not a native; transplanting seems to infuse a new vigor and to add several degrees to their gameness. What says he of the Bigosh to this?"

I have said in print that there was little or no difference in the game qualities of the large and small-mouth black bass. I have argued this with "Wawayanda" across the mahogany, in the boat, and under a bark shanty. He still thirsts for gore. "Instinct" forbids, Macbeth says: "I dare do all that may become a man," and in this spirit will remark: My fishing for black bass, and by this generic term I mean both species, for I do not follow the nomenclature of Western New York and Greenwood Lake in classing the small-mouth as "black bass" and the big-mouth as "Oswego bass," has been limited to the Hudson River, from Albany to Hudson, in boyhood, when the catch was accidental while fishing for perch, etc.; the Delaware River from Lambertville to the Delaware Water Gap, in both of which rivers the fish are not native; among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence; around Kelly's Island in Lake Erie; on the St. Clair Flats, near Detroit; the New Jersey lakes (fish not native); the Mississippi River between Dubuque and Prairie Du Chien; the James River, Virginia; and on the Tangipahoa and Notalbany rivers in Louisiana. This, I believe, comprises all the waters in which I have captured black bass, if we except certain Canadian, Western New York and Adirondack waters, where they have been accidentally taken while trout fishing. On this limited experience I do not feel like putting on the gloves with "Wawayanda," unless they are very soft ones and Captain Williams stands by to see that I do not get it too hard. Still I will venture to say that the big-mouth, inappropiately called "Oswego bass," has been underrated by anglers generally. My old friend Alexander Mosely, in life the editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*, called him a *vulgarian* when we took him in the James River, and I often challenged him to nominate his fish before landing, but he always hedged.

If necessary I can refer to my published opinions on this subject between 1870 and 1879, which express the same sentiment herein given, that the big-mouth has been underrated. Dr. Henshall, in his "Book of the Black Bass" (1881) does not make the least distinction between the species in the matter of gameness, and I agree with him to this extent: Under a pound weight the small-mouth may be a trifle the gamest; from a pound to two pounds there is little difference, while both species after reaching three pounds weight degenerate in fighting qualities, and are not equal in staying powers to the light weights. I am aware that this is not the popular belief, but it is my own, and with King Henry VI. can say:

> "So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
> And next his throat unto the butcher's knife."

Therefore my scalp is ready for the knife of either "Wawayanda," A. N. Cheney, or any black bass fisher who may be after hair.

I do not seek a controversy in this, and only write in answer to a challenge. If wrong, as I often am, then it must be ascribed to a desire to defend a fish that I believe to have been slandered and maligned. The motto of our country might be changed from *E pluribus unum* to *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, a free translation of which might be rendered "the best or nothing." We must be made to believe that a prima donna is the very greatest that the world has ever heard or we would not listen to her, the circus must be the "greatest show on the planet," and the angler must have the gamiest fish or none. Having never killed a salmon I think that fly-fishing for trout and grayling is the highest form of angling, and rank the black bass next. If near waters that do not contain these fish I will fish for what may come to hand, and have enjoyed bobbing for eels at night when that was all that could be had in the way of fishing. Not "sport," of course, but fun, and a thing to put in an evening when nothing better offered.

In this spirit I fish for black bass with a fly, if their ever-changing humor will permit it, and if they utterly refuse it then bait is resorted to. If it can be proved that the small-mouth is, at a certain weight, gamier than the big-mouth, then I will still claim that the latter is a noble game fish and well worth angling for. We can only speak from our own experience, and mine has been that the differences between these fish are trifling when at their gamiest weights, but that both fall off in staying qualities when large. I will not admit that the big-mouth is deserving of the epithets bestowed on him, which it seems fashionable to echo.

"Wawayanda" claims that the small-mouth is gamier in waters to which it has been transplanted, a claim that I cannot affirm or deny, as I do not consider that I am as good a bass fisher as he, nor have I had the experience, but would ask, how does transplanting affect the bottom dog in this fight, the derided big-mouth?

FRED MATHER.

CANADIAN SALMON RIVERS.

THE regular auction sale of Canadian salmon rivers is thus reported in the Montreal *Gazette:* About a hundred persons attended this sale to-day at the office of the Commissioner of Crown Lands in the government buildings. The audience was composed chiefly of salmon anglers and their representatives from England and the United States. Judging from the numerous diagrams and accurate descriptions furnished it would appear that the Commissioner and his aids have made good use of the time during which those privileges have fallen to the disposal of the provincial officers. The upset prices were, as is probably the case with many other things known only to the disciples of old Izaak, somewhat fanciful; and the bidding was therefore no criterion to the value of the property or the estimate which each angler might attach to his particular fancy. Still the bidding on the whole was brisk, and the prices procured were satisfactory to the department. Nearly $4,000 were realized from this sale. This amount will be the rental for the current year, and will continue to form part of the provincial receipts for other four years of the leases. There were 32 salmon rivers offered, 2 trout streams, and 3 nondescripts, said to be fit for pickerel and winnish. The latter were not bid for, and three or four of the so called salmon rivers failed to draw a starting offer or to go off at the upset figure. First on the list was the Metapedia River, with its tributaries the Casupscal and Amqui. These rivers have been for above twenty years in the occupancy of Mr. George Stephen, who is said to have purchased all of the riparian rights and to have spent considerable sums in guarding and improving the salmon fishing thereon.

After some lively bidding these streams and all others connected with the main river were adjudged to Mr. Whitcher, of Ottawa, for $260, who was supposed to be acting for Mr. Stephen. The next sold were two divisions of the Restigouche, which were bought by Dr. F. W. Campbell, of Montreal, and Sir Roderick W. Cameron, of New York, the former paying $200 and the latter $170. The Quebec side of Petapedia was awarded to the Restigouche Salmon Club at $100, to form with the New Brunswick half opposite a breeding reserve. A barren stream, the Little Cascapedia, was bought by Mr. Riopel, M. P., for $60. The river Bonaventure was divided into three sections, which were let to Mr. Thorne, of New York, for $285. Nobody would take the Grand Pabos, but the Little Pabos was let to Mr. Louis Cabot, of New York, for $150. Its neighbor, the Grand River, was bid for $50 by Col. Walker, of London, who has puchased the other riparian rights from the settlers. Three Gaspe rivers sold at high prices. They were bought for Bostonians by Mr. R. N. Hall, M. P.; the St. John was for Mr. Cooper, at $240; the York was for Mr. Barnes, at $340, and the Dartmouth for Mr. Lane, at $520. With the exception of this last one, the Gaspe rivers were controlled by purchasers of private grants along their banks. Mr. Hogan, of the St. Lawrence Hall, secured the Ste. Ann des Moutos River at $230. There was not much competition for it, but the upset price was unaccountably high. Mr. D. C. Thomson, of Quebec, took the Murray River at its upset value. The Escoumain was knocked down at $25, which was dear for an empty river. Sir Roderick Cameron bought the Laval River for $75. The Trinity fell to Mr. Gilmour for $105. The Moisic was adjudged to Mr. A. Fraser for the same price. Mr. A. P. Rogers bought the Little Saguenay for $345. This stream was offered at an upset price quite inconsistent with the balance of rights on it disposable by the department. The same might be said of the St. John, which was purchased for Mr. E. Price at $150. The river Mars, on which nearly all of the pools are in private property, was bid up by a stranger to $235, at which figure it also fell to Mr. Price. The famous St. Margaret was sold to Mr. Russell and Mr. Brackett respectively, the northwest branch at $310 and the northeast at $120. These prices were out of all proportion to the rights conveyed, as nearly all of the pools belong already to Mr. Willis Russell and his associates, who have built eight or ten cottages along the river and secured the lands bordering on the adjacent pools.

In addition to the rental paid in each instance, the lessee will be taxed with the cost of private guardianship, as the lessor does not assume any of the cost or responsibility of protection. The sums paid for rent are therefore about one-third of the cost to the several holders. It is very improbable that the federal government will spend any more of the public moneys to protect and improve properties used and controlled by private individuals. If the revenues are thus appropriated by the province and the usufruct enjoyed by tenants of an authority which does not contribute one cent toward their maintenance, the probability is that in a very few years the federal authorities will abandon them altogether. There was among the intelligent and enterprising persons assembled on this occasion, a pretty forcible expression of dissatisfaction with the prospect which existing circumstances present. They foresee decline and ultimate desertion of the salmon angling privileges which the official organization adopted at the time of confederation had done so much to cultivate and enhance. They all seemed to think that there has been a fatal want of foresight, enterprise and liberality in the administration of the salmon fishery interest by the present fisheries department, as otherwise the official control and uniform development of the whole salmon fishery would have been maintained. The short-sighted and illiberal policy which has displaced the provident and vigorous management of the salmon fishery interest was discussed in terms not by any means complimentary to the Minister of Fisheries.

It is worthy of notice that a subject which could at this time of the year attract together at Quebec so many intelligent and experienced business men implies something more lasting and valuable than the mere gratification of a passion for the sport of salmon angling. It evinces a much stronger appreciation of the recreative value of such facilities for reasonable but exhilarating enjoyments as the holiday visit

to a salmon stream among the wild woods and peaceful valleys of Canada invariably afford. A looker on at Mr. Lynch's auction room in Quebec this afternoon, who could almost fancy that he saw the salmon leaping in the angler's eyes, and fancied that each one felt as he secured his bid that he had gaffed his salmon and was wreathing the shiny captive in delighted smiles, would never believe that the instinct of sporting could have such a potent influence on the railway, commercial and legislative "operators" of the busy world, unless it was supplemented by hygienic gains that dollars and cents cannot buy in all the apothecary shops of the universe.

AN OLD MILLPOND.

A MAN is always learning something new in trout fishing, and last spring I had a new experience, and as this is the time for learning new wrinkles to put in practice next spring, I am going to tell it, hoping it may be of service at some time to some of my brother anglers. I will tell about my trip in full, as I think it will be interesting.

At 4 P. M. one day in early May, last spring, T. and the writer boarded a north-bound train with various bundles, in the way of valises, creels, rods, etc. A ride of an hour and a half brought us to our stopping place, and we were soon asking the station agent if he could direct us to a place where we could stay that night.

There was no hotel in the little village, but a hospitable farmer took us in, and supper was promised in an hour. It looked at this time very much as if a tremendous thunder storm was coming up, but as we had the fever strong upon us, we took our rods and rubber coats, and passed quickly down the village street and over the hill to a grove of darksome pines to explore an old mill dam which T. had fished before, and which he averred contained trout. A sharp walk of a mile brought us to the spot, and under some trees we put our rods together and I looped on a white-winged coachman and a ginger hackle, as it was growing toward dusk. I had made a few casts and had had a faint rise, when I suddenly became aware that a great darkness had fallen upon us, and as I looked up to see the cause, a scene of surpassing grandeur met my eye.

We were standing on the mountain side and could look down and up the beautiful valley through which rolled the river F——. Field upon field stretched the rich bottomlands, with here a patch of woodland and there a white farmhouse, while over all the landscape showed the tender green of early spring. In the distance across the vale rose the rock-wall ridges and pine crests of the opposite mountains. In the north and west dense legions of black clouds were rising deeper and deeper and hurrying southward attended by flankers of flying scud. A haze filled the air, and through it the sun shone blood red. Everywhere the air was full of a lurid yellow light. It was a weird scene. Even as we gazed the sun disappeared and a dense gloom settled over all, while the air was filled with dried leaves, whirled into the air by the storm wind of the coming tempest. A few heavy drops of rain fell. Evidently no time was to be lost if we would escape a ducking. Leaving the problem of the trout, we hurried into our rubber coats, undid our rods and struck down the hill for home. We made it, but after all it proved to be more wind than rain. The yellow look of the sky was explained by forest fires to the northward.

Next morning the rising sun found us preparing for the fray. A brisk walk of a few miles brought us to our stream, but to our dismay we found notices not to fish every two hundred yards of its entire length. Being law-abiding citizens, there was no angling for us, and with heavy hearts we turned our heads homeward. As we walked we agreed to go and try the old mill pond we had looked at the night before. We did not anticipate much sport, but we had come to go fishing, and go fishing we would, even if the gates of our Mecca had been closed to us.

So back we tramped two miles over the hill and through the woods, where ever and anon we heard the scream of the bluejay or the morning greeting of the robin, and once we were greeted by a rabbit, which sat under a bush, calmly regarding us with great round wondering eyes.

About 9 o'clock we arrived at the mill and commenced work. It was a peculiar place and merits a description. A little stream comes murmuring under brush heaps down the mountain, and suddenly rushes into the pond. This lies on a hillside and is really a trench about forty feet wide, three deep, and from four to five hundred yards long, lying at right angles to the stream. It is bordered everywhere, save in one spot, by a grove of tall hemlocks, which shade it deeply even at mid-day. Between these trees the banks were bordered by a young thicket. It was filled with clear, cold water, and the bottom was thick with dead leaves and pine needles, under which the trout hid themselves. A wood road ran along one bank under the towering pines. One end of the pond backed into a sawmill yard, whence came the screech of the log under the teeth of the saw, and the voices of the men as they rolled the huge logs toward the mill. Steam was the motive power here, and the little pond yielded its tithe of water only to fill the boilers. This same end of the pond was really in the farmyard of the mill house, which was only a short distance away behind a clump of evergreens. From this the pond ran through the grove into the woods beyond. It was a very pretty place.

We walked up the road a little way, the mill hands smiling good-naturedly at us and asking us if we were going to catch minnows. We put our rods together and I put a good lively worm on the hook, as it was impossible to cast a fly on the pond save at one spot. An instant dart, a trembling of the rod and I drew to land a 10-inch trout. The problem was solved; there were trout here and we set to work to get them. We each took one end, T. going to the upper while I took the mill end. Industriously I worked and finally caught a little fellow and nothing more. I grew discouraged and finally wandered down the little stream, and from one or two holes where the water swirled drew a fine trout. Under the bridge I took several, and so I worked on down through the meadows, just clothed in vernal green, while the mild, warm air was filled with the music of a thousand bird throats.

After fishing through several meadows I came to the railroad culvert, and here I determined to stop and see what T. had been doing, and help him investigate the lunch he carried in his creel. I tramped back, but T. was not in sight and not to be found, so I must wait. I sat down and looked over the contents of my creel, in which reposed a dozen trout, with several big fellows on top, lighted my pipe and gave myself up to reverie and the enjoyment of a mild spring day.

I tired of this after a while and went out and made friends with the sawyer's dog and talked to one of the workmen. "What luck?" "Oh, fair. Anything to be caught in this pond?" "Wal, there was trout here onct, but they're gone now, and when I goes a fishing I goes to the river." "What do you get there?" said I. "Oh, I get pickerel." As he spoke I saw several fine rises up the pond to gnats dropping in the water. I determined to investigate, and as I walked I prayed that every one would think like the wood sawyer and fish only in the river. Soon I saw more trout rising. I caught a fly on the water; he was a red spinner. I had his duplicate in my fly-book, but that did no good, for I could not throw it here. I sat and watched the trout for some time, and then an idea struck me. I put a six-foot leader of the finest drawn gossamer gut on my line, a tiny hook tied on the same, and then I chose a small, lively worm which I looped on. This I did away from the bank, and then crawling carefully till near the edge, without raising up I poked the rod tip through a gap in the bush fringe, and taking the hook in one hand drew down on the rod point till it was well bent, and then let go. The worm shot out over the water till the line straightened and then fell softly and sank. I remained lying flat down for several minutes, and then felt a jerk. Raising up I drew to me a fine trout. The secret was solved. There were plenty of trout, but they were disturbed so much by people passing that they hid under the leaves at the bottom and only came out sometimes when the coast was clear. If they got the slightest idea of any one's presence they would not bite. Then I changed my place, repeated the same tactics and hooked a large trout which I was compelled to play very carefully, owing to the delicate leader. In this manner I worked carefully over the pond, and in two hours had secured a couple of dozen, rejecting the little fellows. Then the interest waned, and I began to wonder what had become of T. Soon my shouts received an answer and he appeared. Then we discussed luncheon and told our luck while we ate. He had tried the upper end of the pool, but having no luck had gone up the stream, fishing both ways, and had taken forty, all rather small. When I told him to look in my creel, he was astonished at their size and determined to try my tactics, but he got nothing.

At length I persuaded him to desist and we then went down the road, T. catching his last under the bridge. We took the train for home tired, but happy with our luck and pleasant day, and I am firmly convinced that rules are worth nothing in trout fishing, but experience and ingenuity everything.

PERCYVAL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 5, 1885.

BASS FISHING IN THE OZARKS.

THE heat of July of 1883, and strict attention to office work during the dog days had resulted in its natural consequence of weariness and lassitude, when my soul was thrilled by a proposition from "Frater" to "take a trip down the James." Now, our Southwestern James, gentle reader, does not follow a tame and prosaic course, like its more celebrated namesake of old Virginia, but it is a swift and dashing stream flowing down the southern slope of the Ozark Mountains. It is clear as crystal, full of rocks and rapids and winds in a very crooked channel among the hills and overhanging bluffs of the roughest portion of Southwest Missouri. On the maps it is put down as the "James Fork of White River." It is also, and this is its chief attraction to us, moderately well stocked with that king of game fish, the small-mouth black bass.

The cars carry us twenty mile southwest to the little town of Billiings where we find a carriage waiting, and going due south for thirty miles, we strike the James at Webster, where we are to make our headquarters. Webster's farmhouse is just at one heel of an irregularly shaped "horseshoe bend" of the river, which after describing many a zig-zag curve for twenty-five miles, brings the other heel of the shoe only a mile and a half distant over the stony hills.

Here we have a comfortable log camp, and here for a week we tempt the gamy bass from the clear depths and draw in vigor with every breath of the crisp mountain air. Let me describe one day's sport of several we had.

It was a peerless morning with a gentle south wind just rustling the leaves, and not a cloud in the skies, that we started to run around the big bend. Our boat was an ungainly home-made affair, which would have required steam power at least to force her up stream, but as our trip is all down hill her size only adds to her steadiness and cargo's comfort. There were seven of us in all, including ladies and children. At the stern with a long paddle in hand stands old Bill Webster, a veteran of the stream, who has taken hundreds of flat boats and rafts down this swift course, and who knows every rock and eddy to be encountered.

On the little deck at the bow, "Rusticus" takes the first chance with rod and line, while just behind him "Frater" stands with boathook ready to fend off from dangerous rocks as we shoot the rapids, while the ladies and children occupy the waist of the boat. So we cast off, and instantly the old tub of a boat begins to toss her head and dance over the waters "like a thing of life," as the gusher hath it.

Meanwhile I am whipping the dashing waters as best I may, sending my Abbey & Imbrie spinner flashing here and there, and receiving occasional electric shocks as a swift flash of bronzed sides and a desperate tug and struggle proclaim the presence of the king of the waters.

No light, fancy tackle will do here. The boat is shooting along like a race horse, and when a bass strikes the hooks there is no chance to skillfully play him or bring him slowly to hand. Our tackle comprises a jointed sixteen-foot cane pole, with reel and silk line strong enough to stand the strain of both fish and boat; and while some of our enthusiastic brethren, who always—on paper, at least—catch their fish "according to Hoyle," with just the orthodox amount of playing and reeling, may sneer at our rough style; my word for it, if they had been of our party that day they would own that there was enjoyment and science, yes, absolutely science, in capturing a good bass in our way as well as theirs.

But I must not take your space to tell a tithe of the incidents of that day. The blood-stirring dash down the long rapids under the thousand-foot Virgin Bluffs; the repeated thrill of joy when, like a flash of lightning, a bass takes the hook and fights to get back under his native rock, like a water hen, as he is; the bivouac on a gravelly beach at noon, and the marvellous disappearance of substantials thereat; the thousand beautiful views of river, hills and forests, changing at every turn, until we sight the mouth of the Jackson Hollow and find the boys waiting with the wagon and saddle horses, which convey us, boat and all, with our string of twenty-four beautiful fish, back to Webster and sweet repose.

As I write the sleet taps at my windows and the north winds rattle the blinds, but I mentally vow that when the leaves bud again I will be found with rod and line breathing in strength and vigor, and, perchance, taking a few bass meanwhile. And may all the brethren of the FOREST AND STREAM family be permitted to "go and do likewise" is the wish of

RUSTICUS II.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, Mo.

THE VERMONT FISH LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is not "Awahsoose" in error as to a black bass measuring 9½ or 9¾ inches long weighing a pound? The evidence of "Stanstead," who corroborated his testimony with table for FOREST AND STREAM, before the legislative committee, was that a bass of that length would not weigh a half pound. I thought as "Awahsoose" does, and got the committee to make the length six inches, but on the showing made by "Stanstead" and others it was restored to ten inches, and I believe they were right. The objections he makes as to the close season for pike-perch were also presented before the committee, and the time shortened to June 1, but it was demonstrated to the committee that to make the law effective to stop net fishing it must be June 15, and that date was restored in the House. The thus far very profitable pound net and seine fishing at the north end of the lake is very fast depleting these waters of fish, and especially of pike-perch. Heretofore the seizure and destruction of the nets, with the fining of the fishermen, if caught, have been the penalities. Now the seizure and confiscation of the fish is added, and to make that effective, to take them in any way is made illegal to June. 15. This shuts off all pretense that any fish that may be seized were taken with hook and line, and hence not liable to seizure. If something had not been done to make the statutes against net fishing more effective, neither "Awahsoose" nor anybody else would have been able to take pike-perch with the hook and line at any season of the year, because there would be none to take. I have enjoyed the early fishing for many years, and should be glad to continue to enjoy it, but if "Awahsoose" could hear the testimony and know the facts he would commend instead of condemn the Legislature of 1884. It took decided steps in advance, and did provide funds to pay for enforcing the law forbidding net fishing.

H. A.

THAT DUCK CAPTURE.—Louisville, Ky., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Washington *Star* there is a reported capture by Senator Hampton of a wild duck while fly-fishing. This is a very good fish or duck story, but will it bear analysis? The correspondent says the Senator first cast the fly at a distance of sixty feet. He does not state the distance at the second cast, but I presume the distance was about the same as at the first, inasmuch as he says at the first cast the duck was struck on the back with the fly. Now the question is, is there a fly-fisher in this country or any other country who can cast a fly sixty or fifty or forty feet without retrieving at least once before attaining even the minimum distance here mentioned? Such being the case, would not the act of retrieving frighten the duck so that it would not be taken?—X. Y. Z.

BASS OFTEN TAKEN IN WINTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Say to your Swedesboro (N. J.) correspondent that black bass have frequently been taken while pike fishing through the ice in the stocked ponds of his county during the past five winters.—M. P. P.

MR. THOS. MALLESON, late with Mr. T. J. Conroy, this city, is now connected with Mr. Fred. Malleson, South Sixth street, Brooklyn, New York, where he will welcome any of his many old friends who may call.

Fishculture.

SHELLFISHERIES OF CONNECTICUT.

WE have the fourth report of the Shellfish Commissioners of Connecticut to the General Assembly, January session, 1885. The rapid growth of the oyster industry has brought a variety of novel questions such as the arbitration and adjustment of disputes between adjoining owners of oyster grounds, conferences with oystermen to fix a just valuation in order to secure a satisfactory basis of taxation, negotiations to secure grounds for signal stations upon the shore, making maps of the oyster grounds within the State, etc.

Since June 1, 1881, the total number of applications received is 576, covering an area of 88,964 15-100 acres; of which area 45,045 58-100 acres have been designated; and they have netted to the State the sum of $49,560.03. If to the foregoing designations, made by the Commissioners, you add the designations previously made by the towns, the total area designated in State jurisdiction will be found to be 79,018 9-10 acres, of which 14,066 acres are cultivated, and 64,962 9-10 are uncultivated. The total number of taxpaying cultivators in 1882 was 216; in 1883 it was 280; in 1884 it was 385, of whom 16 own each 5 acres and under; 53 own each between 5 and 20 acres; and 332 own each 20 acres and more.

That there is a steady growth in the oyster industry of the State is obvious in many ways. One of the most striking proofs is the rapid increase in the number of steamers employed. There are already in the business forty steamers, with an aggregate carrying capacity of 36,720 bushels.

Another proof of the growth of the business is the great increase of shipments of seed and grown stock to neighboring States. The quantity of seed shipped is increasing annually, although the price per bushel is considerably less than formerly. Still, this is probably the largest and most profitable branch of the oyster industry of this State to-day. The distributing of oysters in the shell and in kegs and cans to all parts of the United States is carried on all the year round. With increased freighting facilities and improved preserving appliances, the trade is constantly growing. Probably no stock is produced on the Atlantic coast that reaches the consumer in better condition, after a long journey, than that shipped from Connecticut at any season of the year, even in the hottest summer months.

The plague of starfish has increased in some waters, while in other beds there have been none. In reply to the question put by the Commissioners, where do they most abound? the answers were various; but a fair deduction from them shows that they are found at all seasons of the year in all salt waters of the Sound; that they remain on the natural beds and other grounds where the young seed oysters are as long as they find food abundant, and then they attack the neighboring cultivated beds. They are quiet in July and August, when they form into large bunches or rolls for spawning. They are most destructive in the fall, winter and early spring months. They are rarely found on mud bottoms; they seem to prefer hard clay or rocky bottoms, and they gather about the headlands and on lines running off from the headlands into the Sound. The depth of the water seems to make no difference

to them. Many insist that it is on natural beds where they most abound; others, with equal positiveness, say that they are no more abundant here than elsewhere. As efforts are continually made by cultivators to keep their own grounds clear, and as no such efforts are made on the natural beds, it would not be strange if they were abundant there. It is also asserted that they breed on neglected grounds, of which there are many hundred acres scattered among cultivated beds. They also breed among inaccessible reefs and rocks, and when large enough begin their depredations upon the nearest beds.

In reply to the Commissioners' question, what would you recommend that the State should do toward their extermination? the answers were various. The principal ones were in substance:

"The State should pay a bounty on every bushel caught on the natural beds." "Steamers should be permitted to dredge on the public beds where the stars abound the most, especially in breeding time." "The time is not far off when the oystermen will reduce them so that they will be little trouble, especially when they get the grounds all planted; but cannot see clearly how the State can do anything without heavy expense, which will finally come back on the oystermen again in the way of taxes." "Let every man keep a good look out for his own grounds; as fast as they gather work on them and clean them out, and let the State clean the natural beds, and all will be well." "Enforce the law against throwing the stars back into the water when once caught." "Let the steamers dredge for oysters on the beds and catch the stars at the same time." "The oystermen should catch all they can." "Let each and every man take care of his own plantation and look out for his own interests." "Leave the work with the Shellfish Commissioners." "Let the State pay half the expense of cathing them." "Let the State employ steam oyster boats, when they are not busy, and catch them when they are bunched." "Let the State keep two or three steamers to render aid to those who have no steamers." "Sell all the natural beds in small lots to the highest bidder, or else put a high bounty on the stars." "Appoint a special committee of inquiry and report to the Shellfish Commission or to the Legislature before February 1, 1885." "Pass a law compelling, under heavy penalties, all parties to catch off the vermin from their unoccupied ground; steamers on the natural beds would not do any good; the stars must be exterminated some other way." "Offer a bounty, make the stars into a fertilizer and sell it to the farmers; it will pay a part, if not all the expense." "The State should do nothing."

In view of these differences of opinion, it is difficult to come to any satisfactory conclusion as to what, if anything, ought to be done by the State.

The Commissioners have discussed the subject in their previous reports—and they have but little to add. Certainly any attempt to introduce steamers on the natural beds would only result in the repetition of those conflicts between the oyster cultivators and the "natural growers" (as they are commonly called) which were so prolonged and so bitter, and which occupied so much of the time and attention of the Legislature a few years ago, to no good result. The Commissioners believe any attempt to introduce steam would be opposed strenuously by a large majority of respectable citizens.

LOCHLEVEN TROUT.

SHORTLY after the arrival of the Lochleven eggs sent to Prof. Baird from Sir James Gibson Maitland, Bart., we republished a note from the London *Fishing Gazette*, in which it was claimed that the fish was identical with the common brown trout of Europe, *S. fario*. Although not personally familiar with the fish, we expressed surprise at the statement, because it was not in accord with the authorities in ichthyology. As a matter of public interest we are permitted to publish the following letter on this subject:

"I am very glad to hear the Lochleven eggs arrived safely. The Lochleven trout can only be included under *S. fario* in the sense that a bull trout (*S. eriox*) or the sea trout (*S. trutta*) are included. Lochleven is a lake of between three and four thousand acres, fully one-half of which averages a depth of 12 feet. The lower end and center of the lake vary from 40 feet to 80 feet in depth. The summer temperature is between 50 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit; the winter probably not below 40 degrees; the deeper parts probably above 46 degrees.

Until the beginning of the present century there was free access to the sea, and probably a few centuries ago the Lochleven trout was thoroughly migratory. About fifty years ago the loch was reduced to its present size, 1,000 acres being drained, the surface lowered six feet, and sluices constructed at the outlet for the accommodation of mills on the River Leven below. The *S. levenensis* is found in the River Forth, in Loch Lomond, and other lakes of the west coast of Scotland and also those of the northwest of England. It crosses readily with *S. trutta* (sea trout) and *S. fario* (common trout); the offspring are fertile. It hybridizes with *S. salar*. The offspring of *S. levenensis* (female) and *S. salar* (male) have hitherto been sterile, those I have are now in their fourth year. The offspring of *S. salar* (female) and *S. levenensis* (male) which I have are as yet too young to determine sterility, but this cross is much easier made and the ova more prolific than in the former.

The Lochleven trout still retains many characteristics of a sea-going salmonoid, such as the parr marks, the silvery smolt livery, the forked-tail grilse stage, with its small proportion of spawners, diminutive eggs (40,000 to a gallon) and tender, delicate embryos; and its mature state, with a square tail, strongly developed hook on the under jaw of the males, large eggs (27,000 to a gallon), producing strong, well-formed, vigorous embryos. The practical difference between *S. levenensis* and *S. fario* is that the former has a much larger number of cœcal appendages and a stronger stomach, enabling it to crush the *Limnia pereger*, on which it largely feeds.

Day in his "Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland" only makes four species of Salmo, viz.: two of Salmones and two of Salvilini, including fontinalis, I suppose, temporarily as a species under the latter, the fish not having been sufficiently long established here for exhaustive study. Crossed with *Salmo alpinus*, variety *S. willughbii*, local variety *S. struanensis*, the progeny are fertile.

Of the two species of Salmones one is the true salmon *S. salar*, and 2, *S. trutta;* while he ranks *S. levenensis* as 2 A, and *S. fario* as 2 B. The varieties of *S. fario* are numerous, and if *levenensis* retains its rank as a sub-species, one at least of these, *S. estuarius*, should probably be transferred to it. I inclose a synopsis of species arranged from Day, which I hope will make the position of *levenensis* intelligible.

SALMONIDÆ.

SALMO.

Sub-genera A.

Deciduous vomerine teeth—Salmones.

a. About eleven rows of scales in an oblique line from adipose dorsal fin to the lateral line.

1. Salmo salar.....The salmon.

b. Fourteen or more rows of scales in an oblique line from adipose dorsal fin to the lateral line.

2. Salmo trutta.....The sea trout.

VARIETIES.

(*a*) Salmo albus, under which Day includes S. eriox or S. brachypoma, in other words, bull trout.
(*b*) Salmo cambricus, commonly called the sewen.

2 A. Salmo levenensis.....The Lochleven trout.
2 B. Salmo fario.....The common trout.

VARIETIES

(*a*) Salmo orcadensis.....The Loch Stennis trout.
(*b*) Salmo ferox.....The ferox.
(*c*) Salmo cornubiensis.....The Cornwall trout.
(*d*) Salmo nigripinnis.....The black-finned trout.
(*e*) Salmo estuarius.....The Galway sea trout.
(*f*) Salmo stomachicus....The gillaroo.
(*g*) Swaledale trout.
(*h*) Ciassapuill trout.

Sub-genera B.

Vomerine teeth restricted to near the head of that bone—Salvilini.

3. Salmo alpinus.....The alpine char.

VARIETIES.

(*a*) Salmo perisii.....The Welsh char.
(*b*) Salmo willughbii.....The Windermere char.
(*c*) Salmo killinensis.....The Loch Killin char.
(*d*) Salmo gravii.....The Lough Melvin char.
(*e*) Salmo colii.....The Lough Eske char.

4. Salmo fontinalis.....The American char.

All British char he places as varieties of 3, *S. alpinus*. Your American brook trout he ranks as *S. fontinalis*. Talking of brook trout, in Europe it would be safer to call them brown trout, otherwise they are apt to be confused with *S. fontinalis*.

I have not yet completed my investigation into the Schoodic salmon, the specimens being too young.

J. G. MAITLAND.

HOWIETOUN FISHERY, STERLING.

CARP VERSUS TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of to-day I note "Penn's" second article explaining what seemed to him a practical method of trout culture. I admire his enthusiasm, his earnest desire to retain in its native waters this peerless fish, and it seems to me that almost every possible plan that can be suggested was, during a term of ten or twelve years, tested by myself personally or by others under my personal direction. I have in my mind's eye several places where "Penn's" identical plan has been tested and for a number of years, but nothing akin to success has been attained by any method whatever. In quite a number of instances I have visited places where success had been reported, sometimes traveling long distances. In every instance I have found that the experiments had resulted in total failure. One of the best trout streams I ever saw was within two miles of the spot where I was born; in the Green Mountain range in Massachusetts. It was a small stream heading in the virgin forest, passing down a succession of little falls over the rocks, and then taking a zigzag course through a long meadow, both sides of the stream being lined with full-growth alders. Some twenty-five years ago this meadow changed hands, and the new owner, commencing at the lower part, cut off the alders and straightened the stream from year to year until he had transformed it according to "Penn's" ideas. I visit there every year or two and have been perfectly familiar with the results. Parties going there in the trouting season would commence in the best "holes" in the forest and then pass down the line of alders. When they emerged from the alders and dropped their lines in the grass-covered ditch their catches at once fell off, and ceased altogether a short distance below the limit of the alders.

I will repeat, perhaps for the fiftieth time, that the only practical way to keep up even a limited supply of trout in our native trout streams is to keep them in a state of nature, and then if they are subjected to a satisfactory amount of angling they must be restocked annually by artificial hatching. I believe this will be found true for all coming time, as it has been for many years past.

And now a word for carp. I clip from a paper now being circulated by Pennsylvania farmers, proposing legislation:

"Carp culture is becoming a remarkable industry in this country. It is essentially a farm industry. It can be carried on with great profit, upon a large majority of the farms in this State, with practically no risk, with small outlay, with trifling attention, and without interfering in the least with any other branch of farm industry. It is believed that about 3,000 persons in the State have commenced the business, mostly in a small way, and in the entire country 35,000 persons have made a commencement. Wherever the business is started systematically, in simple but properly constructed ponds, the results are successful to a degree far surpassing any other branch of farm industry hitherto attempted. The simple placing of a few carp into such waters as you chance to have will result in nothing practical. Most beginners are doing this, and will thereby bring even systematic work, for a time, into disrepute, and greatly retard its general success. Carp culture is totally unlike any other branch of fishculture, and special experience is required to place it promptly upon proper footing; without this years of time and hundreds of thousands of dollars will be wasted in this State. The loss from misdirected efforts is already heavy. In order to understand the misapprehension which exists among thoroughly intelligent men regarding this industry, the reader is advised to obtain from their member of the Legislature, or local agricultural society, a copy of the State Agricultural Report for 1884, just issued, and in the middle of the book, State Agricultural Society Report, read pages 17 to 25, and then turn back to Board of Agriculture Report, page 229, and read that paper.

"According to the best of our information and belief, the principal impediments in the way of universal success are a want of the simple, practical knowledge for the proper construction of ponds, upon different and ever-varying sites, together with some slight but absolutely necessary instructions from time to time, during the first two years, as to management."

M. P. P.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1885.

THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—The biennial report of the Fish Commissioner of Nevada for 1883-84, is at hand. At the time of appointing the Commissioner, the waters contained only two or three native species of fish, and these were becoming scarce. It is now nearly eight years since the first fish were transplanted to Nevada waters. The McCloud River salmon planted in the Owyhee and Colorado rivers, the only ones that discharge into the ocean, have grown, but it is not known that they have spawned. The land-locked salmon, furnished by the U. S. F. C., have been caught in the Truckee and the Carson, which have given numerous good catches. The Eastern brook trout have been planted in the Carson, Walker, Truckee and Humboldt rivers, with what result is not yet known. White bass, from Lake George, N. Y., grown wonderfully in Washoe Lake, some weighing three pounds, while the catfish from the Schuylkill, Pa., have bred freely, and the Carson and Virginia markets have been to a great degree supplied with this fish.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. A. E.—See answer to M. G. O.

C. K.—Short Hills, N. J., is on the D. L. & W. Railroad.

D. L. D.—We can send you the map of Northern Maine, by Steele, Price, $1.

S. J. C., Ottawa, N. J.—For birds' eggs write to Southwick & Jenks, Providence, R. I.

A. J. T.—1. Two men tie; A bets B that the third man will beat them, the third man ties them. Does A win or is it a draw? 2. Two men tie. A wants to shoot off tie, B refuses. Must he comply? Ans 1. A loses. 2. Without knowing the rules under which the match was shot, we cannot decide.

W. S. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—See the articles entitled "Podgers's Inland Cruise," Oct. 2 and 9, 1884.

W. B., Harrisburg, N. J.—For pheasants apply to Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.

W. B. H.—Clean the gun thoroughly, and see that it is perfectly dry before it is oiled and put away in a dry place.

D. E.—The arm you name should be efficient at deer at close range, but is rather small. A larger caliber would be preferred for hunting in an open country.

M. G. O., Meriden, Conn.—The book on angling appurtenances, by Mr. Henry P. Wells, is not yet issued from the press. We believe it will be out in the spring.

R. C. R., Westfield, Mass.—You might get a live deer from Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York; or from some of the zoological gardens, Cincinnati, or Philadelphia.

C. C. M., Simcoe, Ontario.—We can supply the numbers containing Chapters VII and X of "Training vs. Breaking," at 25 cents each. Cheaper for you to buy the book at $1.

W., Wyalusing, Pa.—Write to Dr. C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La., inclosing $2 for initiation fee and dues for current year. We know of no reliable chart of the Susquehanna River.

G. R., Henrietta, Wis.—The best work on trout culture is by Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H., price $2.50. We can furnish "Practical Trout Culture," by J. H. Slack, price $1.

W.—To enter dog in the A. K. R., send stamped and addressed envelope to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 39 Park Row, for a blank form, on which the details of the entry are to be written. The registration fee is 50 cents.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary. 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2113.**

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you inclosed a report of what was effected at the meeting on the 10th inst., for the purpose of forming or taking steps toward the organization of an American Fox-terrier Club. The meeting was called for 8 o'clock, but was first postponed till 8:30 o'clock, and then till 10 o'clock, on account of a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Association (?) at which a number of gentlemen present were equally desirous of attending.

At a few minutes before 10 o'clock the meeting was called to order. Fourteen gentlemen were present. These gentlemen organized themselves into a temporary organization for the purpose of forming an American Fox-terrier Club. Mr. Edward Kelly was appointed temporary chairman, and Mr. A. E. Godeffroy temporary secretary.

On a motion of Mr. Hitchcock that a committee be appointed to draft by-laws and a constitution, and to prepare suggestions for a standard to be adopted by the club, also to obtain from England as soon as possible a copy of the by-laws, constitution and standard of the English Fox-terrier Club, all of which to be submitted at the next meeting.

The chair appointed the following committee: L. Rutherfurd, J. E. I. Grainger and E. Kelly (*ex-officio*). The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the chair.

About thirty gentlemen have designated their willingness to join a definite organization.

It is intended to have the club fully organized for the New Haven show, or at least for the New York, to give valuable prizes for dogs belonging to members, and to push this specific breed of dogs to a more uniform standard of perfection.

A. E. GODEFFROY, Secretary pro tem.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.

SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

According to promise, I will give my opinion on the proper size of beagles for work. These ideas are not theoretical nor whimsical, but are practical and formed by close observations.

After much thought and experience, I have come to the conclusion that 14 inches is the proper size of beagles for work. The bitches should not be under 13 inches and the dogs not over 15 inches; for when you get above that height, just as well call them foxhounds at once. I have tried the 10-inch beagle, and after several years of great trouble and disappointment, have become thoroughly disgusted with them, and can say from experience they are no good.

Now, don't understand me to say that a beagle under 13 inches is worth nothing, for there are exceptions to all rules. I speak of them as a class. They may answer all purposes for the park hunting of England, but when they come to beating their way through weeds, brush, briers, and in swamps, they haven't the vitality to stand it; they may get through all right one day, but the next morning you will find them looking hollow, their feet will be sore, and they will be out of time altogether. But the 14-inch beagle will follow the rabbits through thickets, swamps, briers and brush, and be as fresh at night apparently as when starting in the morning.

He should have a good, strong neck and shoulders, good breast, but not too broad, short, strong back, well arched at loins, hindquarters reasonably far under him, good feet, not so small that he wil get foot-sore, and my word for it, he will make a dog for six days in a week hunting.

A prominent breeder wrote me a few days ago that some breeders who advocated the ten-inch beagles are changing a little more time and the most of them will change to the fourteen-inch ones. These little ones may do well for pets, and not very well for that, for when you get a case of distemper or mange they haven't the constitution to pull through and you have a dead dog, or, what is worse, a loathsome nuisance. What we Americans want is a dog large and strong enough to stand hard work, for when we get a day or two off we can't afford to have a dog to run himself out and take his place at our heels. Another disadvantage is their weak tongue. My chief pleasure is to listen to the cry of the

pack, and breeders ought to breed for tongue as much as for other desirable qualities. A clear, round note is the beauty of the beagle, not the little squeal we so often hear.

I have one old warrior in my pack whose note is as clear and loud as a "bugle blast." In fact, I won't have one that does not have a good, round note.

Now, I have treated this subject as briefly as possible—in fact, too much so; and I hope no one whose ideal is the ten-inch beagle will think hard of the abrupt manner in which I have spoken of his pets, but let him put his theories in practice and he will come to the fourteen-inch beagle.

WOUNDRY.

PINE VIEW, Va.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXIV.

EVERYBODY'S opinion of the Crystal Palace exhibition of dogs, "The best show ever held and the worst judged." In merit and numbers it was an unequalled gathering, and never have I heard a more universal and unanimous condemnation of the awards. It is well, indeed, that the press do not insert complaints from disappointed exhibitors, and the contractors for the contents of the editor's waste-paper baskets should have good weight this week.

There was a comical side to the anguish of those who had expected much and received little as they ran from friend to friend culling sweet drops of sad consolation. "But what does Doyle know about setters, oh, my?" "Where did Byron get his information about sheepdogs, oh, Lor'?" "Who elected them to judge; where's the joke, great goodness?" The replies to these frantic queries were vague and insincere. Some said, "You know it before; why did you show?" Others hinted that the judges were chosen at a sparse meeting of the committee when nobody was there who "knew." There is probably some foundation for this last suggestion, but though it may exculpate the committee, for ignorance is a sound excuse, it does not clear those whose weak-minded vanity prompted them to accept offices for which they must have been aware they totally lacked capacity. This belongs to the same class of moral offense as willfully perverting the truth to one's own glory. It is acting a dishonest white lie to the confiding exhibitors.

As I have before said, the entries were benefited by this ruse. When a competent man is advertised to judge, the owner of a third-rate dog says to himself, "It's no good my sending Tray, he'd stand no chance with Brown;" but when Mr. Noodle is elected, he reasons, "True, Tray is no flyer, but Noodle doesn't know a good 'un from a bad 'un, so I'll speculate a sovereign." And Tray's owner was right, for the first were last and the last were first, and judges dropped on the winners like dipping in a lucky bag.

And so I roamed round the Palace hearing and listening with sardonic and unruffled good humor. "We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others," said the French cynic.

One hears a good deal of the "leveling influences of the hunting field." I think the dog show might be added. The drinking bars were doing unusually well and the corks popped a merry accompaniment to the canine chorus. Those who should have won and were disappointed, sought comfort in the flowing S. & B., others who expected nothing and got everything, joyfully celebrated their success in the wine of Champagne. They were seized with "Johnston's jolly," as described by Bret Harte, which

> "—was a wild desire to treat
> Every able male white citizen he met upon the street;
> And there being several thousand—but this subject why pursue?"

Fortunately, as Mrs. Prig told her friend Mrs. Gamp, "the drinks is all good."

Printed on the first page of the catalogue was this salutary innovation that will now probably be the rule at the London shows: "Mr. A. J. Sewell, M. R. C. V. S., will make a veterinary examination of each dog before entering the show." This is the wholesome outcome of the Lochinvar correspondence. It is greatly to the credit of the chief actor in that scene that his persistive blows aimed at high and low should have forced upon the Kennel Club a step so important and needful. The labor of critically looking over each dog at the entrance of a show of 1,600 dogs must be enormous, but so is the confidence and ease of mind it inspires in the exhibitors. I heard of several doggy Peris who stood disconsolate at the Crystal Palace gates. The majority of the rejected I believe were suffering from distemper, others were covered with dog lice, etc., etc. The Kennel Club should publish a list of them in the *Gazette*, and in cases where the veterinary surgeon had reason to believe that dogs suffering from infectious diseases were wilfully sent I think the owners' names should also be published "to encourage the others," as they say in France.

On the fourth day, Friday evening, after the show had closed, a cowardly outrage was perpetrated by some scoundrels who mutilated the champion blue Bedlington terrier dog Stonehouse Bob, by cutting off one of his ears. It is hardly possible that one man could have done this alone as it is said the wound was cauterized. I cannot resist inferring from the facts that the author of this deed had for his accomplice one of the show's keepers. The Kennel Club has, with commendable promptness, offered a liberal reward, £20, for information that will lead to a conviction of the actual offender. The whole kennel world would rejoice at the discovery of the pusillanimous brute who seems to have wreaked his personal wrong on a dumb and defenseless animal. The victim, Stonehouse Bob, whose show career this must close, is the winner of several first prizes and only just in his prime, so the pecuniary loss to his owner is also of some consequence.

From dog to dog the show was a dreadful length; only a postman in good training could have enjoyed it. The judging was all behindhand as usual. Some of the judges were punctually at their posts ready to commence at 9 A. M. sharp, but there were neither ring-stewards nor keepers present to fetch the dogs off their benches into the ring. It got so late that several classes had to be put off till the following day. The Dandie judge was unable to attend on Wednesday, so the Rev. Mr. Mellor reigned in his stead.

At former shows the Kennel Club allowed no readmission without repayment. That was an uncivilized regulation and provoked the boundless contempt of every decent person. This time they granted readmission tickets to gentlemen between 1 and 3 P. M., and the ladies all day. I should be glad to know to whom this meanly conceived indulgence is due; what was formerly scornful he has made ridiculous. Before, visitors despised the huckstering littleness of the club, now they are laughing at its cautious favor. Under the heading of "The Kennel Club vs. Nature," the *Stock Keeper* publishes a censorious protest from an indignant visitor, who suggestively signs himself "Gulliver." The editor in a footnote appears to agree with his correspondent, that it is hard lines he should have to wait till the Palace takes fire.

To peruse the different reports through our kennel press is an amusing form of self-torture. The introductory remarks are comical in their diversity. The *Stock Keeper* does it in a few lines, appearing to hold that the least said the soonest mended. Mr. Fred. Gresham, in the *Live Stock Journal*, spreads out his lick-spittle "congratulations to the club" that consistently ignores his fawning praise or impotent blame. The *Shooting Times* gentleman must have been unusually well "treated," and cuddles everybody in return from Spratt's biscuits to Jeyes's purifier. By the bye, I think it is carrying sanitary precaution too far to put the disinfecting fluid into the dogs' drinking dishes. Mr. Gresham would not have been so grateful to Messrs. Jeyes if they had added to his drink a dash of disinfectant. Mr. Rawdon Lee, in the *Field*, is the author of the truthfullest and most accurate account of the show. I am not referring to the dogs; that is another matter. His remarks are worth digesting. Mr. Stephens has improved as manager, and I was pleased to hear high encomium passed upon his civility and attention.

The St. Bernard men got their little share of excitement when Mr. Wyatt put the grand old Bayard behind Valentine in the champion class. I know what a splendid specimen of type Mr. Macdona's dog is, but as I had not the opportunity to see Valentine "down," *i. e.*, off the bench, I hesitate to write in decided tones on the decision. I can only place on record the fact that I did not hear one St. Bernard man express approval; but I must also acknowledge that I did not ask the owner of Valentine what he thought. Bayard is old, and he is not rough but "broken-coated;" still, his benevolent expression and perfect head, markings, and rich orange-tawny color, count for a lot of points. Valentine's coat is no longer, and it is an unsightly Esquimaux color. Merchant Prince made up the ground I foretold he would when I wrote of him at Birmingham; next to him I preferred Laudgrave. All little Smith's "merchants are princes."

Mr. Nicholls added to his reputation as a breeder when he brought forward his noble young dog Lord Nelson, and knocked the breath out of the old winners' bodies; but Newfoundlands are out of fashion. The St. Bernards flirted their admirers away, and just as the fickle fancier began to weary of the monastic fad, the German mastiff poked his nose in, and the life-saving interest continues to remain in the background.

Both Mr. Portier, who bought him at the auction, and the lady who paid a profit on the purchase, must have experienced a glow of satisfaction when Colonel Garnier handed Maximilian the champion prize. I cannot help considering Crown Prince the better mastiff, but I think the curious and secret dealings in connection with his mock sale by auction have richly deserved bad luck. The sour-looking brindle Cardinal I never cared for.

The judge, Col. Garnier, had his own ideas of the nature of those points that constitute perfection in a mastiff. He is probably a good representative of the "old school," but in these days of specialist clubs, it would give more satisfaction to breeders if their dogs were judged by men whose knowledge has been brought "up to date."

The Great Danes made a gaudy show and were unfortunately benched in a dark passage. They are a hot-tempered breed, and I thought several of them might have been chained a few inches shorter. It is not just from a bench inspection to quarrel with the award that put the brindle Sultan II. over Harlequin Nero, but personally I would sooner own the latter and breed from him. The yellow-red Cedric the Saxon literally, almost, walked over his opponents in the open class. It was said in the Palace that he would change hands after the show and the price spoken of was £300. He is well worth it for show purposes. The best bitch of the breed is still Mr. Petrzwalski's huge Mirza, but a prodigious pup named Linda is creeping up to her.

Scotland is looking to her native breeds, and sent along a worthy show of Sir Walter Scott's favorite deerhounds. As coursing is going on all over the country a large entry of greyhounds was not to be expected.

Graphic took his accustomed post of honor; his owner must mean selling when he prices him at £250. A good youngster by him named Paragon was first in the open class, though several pointer men preferred the less fashionably bred Don IX. Revel III. brought her sire's name again to the front; she is beautiful. All through I noticed an exceptional excellence in those classes.

Mr. Doyle is apparently quite impervious to criticism, so it won't hurt his feelings to repeat that his awards were derisively received by those who knew better. The lucky Young Rock III. has been pulled to pieces by his good-natured friends. Both Birket Foster and Prince Fred can beat him. The judge gave least displeasure when he selected the sweet Tam o' Shanter bitch Wild Rose for honors.

The Irish setter puppy class contained an unusually nice lot of pups. There are three breeders, the Rev. R. O'Callaghan, R.N. (who is the best of winners and the worst of losers), Mr. A. Taylor and Mr. C. J. Wade, who ought to, between them, be able to keep this handsome breed of setters prominently before the public. Mr. S. E. Shirley always wins all the money in the wavy-coated retriever classes. I made a note of a grand puppy named Ivy, with such a corkscrew coat.

The collie judge's award kept his confrères in face. The dreadful news soon traversed the show when poor, much-to-be-commiserated Mr. Byron put Rutland, the child of luck, over the magnificent Charlemagne. Cross times indeed when the old champion goes down before the dog of commerce. The judge did not see it but Rockingham was the best in the open class, and behind him were a string of beauties. Matchless, the £100 Birmingham claim, was absurdly passed over in favor of Dahlia, on whom Mr. Byron proceeded to lavish prize after prize. When these bitches come before a proper authority the tale will be less flattering and more truthful. The puppy class was an awful jumble. I got lost in the double numbers and profusion of notices.

I listened a while at the benches of the crooked-legged canines and heard discontented growls over the prizes. The Basset men were complaining that the wrong type had won, but looking at them with an uninitiated eye, I should say if these hounds were meant for work the judging was not so far out.

Taurus had nothing to beat, so he received the £4 for best champion bulldog over 50 pounds. He was catalogued at £45 and has since been sold for £5 less.

Britomartis beat champions Ida and Wheel of Fortune. She was last week purchased by the American fancier, Mr. Livington, for £80. She is a bargain; it is less than she cost Mr. Benjamin before she had won a prize. Rustic King followed up his Birmingham success and won handsomely.

The day was getting drowsy before Mr. Doyle started to pick out his idea of a good fox-terrier. This breed was benched down a narrow gangway, and it was nothing but "Move on, please," whenever one stopped to make notes. Mr. Langdale, in his exhaustive report (*Shooting Times*), speaking of the fox-terrier judges, Messrs. Doyle and Percy Reid, says: "We do not for a moment say that either of these gentlemen, as we heard it said, 'got to the wrong end of the chain,' for we believe that both honestly gave the prizes to the best in their judgment. Others affirm that as both club men and non-club men pay the same fees, etc., they should both be represented in the ring." I can't fathom the meaning of the second sentence; it looks as if the reporter had something weighty to disclose, and has so coated it over that the pill can neither be tasted nor seen. This is a half-hearted way of giving medicine; it should be administered with a firm hand. The wonderful Result vigorously maintains his pride of position, and galloped away with money and cups.

An odd little incident happened in the Dandie classes that I have not seen referred to in the papers. The judge on the first day made an attempt to perform his duty, and got as far as awarding one first prize. He was then interfered with and went home. The following day his work was assigned to Mr. Mellor, who gaily reversed the only decision the advertised judge had been able to make. Now I wonder what does the owner think?

The dear old *Field* generally gets her foot well into it whenever she drops into "leaders." She lately in big periods told the quaking honorary secretaries that they should stand fast by their rules, the rules and nothing but rules. About a week after one of the reporters is permitted to castigate an exhibitor, who acting within his rights, lodged an objection against a successful opponent's dog, on the ground that it "wore a paper collar," I mean a fancy collar, whereas that show's regulation ran that the dogs should be provided with plain collars bearing no signs of identification. The owner of the dog is Mr. Harding Cox, part proprietor of the *Field*, therefore it was in execrable taste to eat their own words on b half of one of themselves. Mr. Cox has written that it is a ridiculous and obsolete rule. So far he and I are of accord, but then he should induce his fellow committeemen of the Kennel Club to insist that those shows which adopt their rules should also accept their regulations. The Kennel Club have long since abandoned that trumpery restriction. Advocates of plain collars can only advance the insulting plea that it prevents the judge seeing to whom the dog belongs. In the first place, is it likely that a man is going down on his knees in the ring to peer out the address, and then so long as exhibitors are allowed to lead in their own dogs, which is the case at all shows, except Birmingham, why should he try to ferret out the address when he can see the proprietor himself at the other end of the chain? Against this we have the fact that the address being on the collar has over and over again been the means of recovering dogs that have escaped from the show or en route. When the champion question was intrusted to a man of such ability as Mr. Percy Reid there was no difficulty in foretelling that it would end in a bungling braggart business; Mr. Reid has not disappointed his friends. His arrangement scores one for the Kennel Club and one for himself.

This is the mousey deformity dame Kennel Club mountain has produced from her connection with the "bruised reed." "In future a dog must win four first prizes before he is eligible to compete in a champion class, which henceforth shall be called the 'challenge class;' to obtain the title of champion he must then win three prizes in the challenge class, one at least of these three being at the Kennel Club's own show."

This selfish, commercial, and partial scheme is similar in design to a biscuit firm offering a prize to the best dog fed on "our biscuits."

A querist writes to the *Stock-Keeper* asking the editor "who appoints the Kennel Club's judges?" Come now, that is not a pertinent inquiry! One should as soon ask a man who appoints his washerwoman, surely he has a right to give it out where he expects to get it best and cheapest done.

At Mr. Harding Cox's fox-terrier sale I am informed that the majority of the lots was withdrawn. This method is getting too frequent and savors of a trick. It seems as if famous dogs are only put up as "a draw." There is nothing dishonorable about it but it is not absolutely straightforward.

The price that Mr. J. F. Smith, the owner of Save and Leonard, paid the Rev. Arthur Carter for his toweringly grand young dog Plinlimmon has not yet transpired, but it is currently reported that the cash was there, and about £400. The priests of the day have found a more profitable employment for their heavy time than their shorn ancestors, who passed it in severe and secluded meditation, gravely calculating how many angels could stand upon the point of a needle. We should have lost that poetic figure if Goldsmith's lovable village parson, who was

> "passing rich with forty pounds a year,"

had bred the holy dogs of St. Bernard.

There is an unworthy rumor afloat that "Birmingham has caved in to the Kennel Club." I cannot believe it. If this be true, Brum, haul down your colors, turn your facings, muffle your drums, reverse your arms, and march out of the good opinion of LILLIBULERO.

JAN. 27, 1885.

THE NEW DOG SHOW RULES.

[The following criticism was prepared for the *American Kennel Register* by the editor of that publication. Having been crowded out of the *Register*, it is, by request, given place here.—ED. F. AND S.]

WHEN the American Kennel Club was first put in a fair way of being established, those interested in seeing a radical improvement in the method of conducting dog shows were hopeful of the result. If it had not been advisable to make some improvement there was no necessity for a kennel club, and if we are to judge by the improvements outlined in the new code of rules we can only say that with such a meagre result to put before the public the necessity for the club's establishment does not seem very apparent.

The constitution and by-laws are matters concerning the club alone and not the great body of exhibitors, but the latter after a perusal of them cannot fail to note the extremely onerous duties of the treasurer, who according to Clause 3 Article VI. "shall receive the funds of the Association and disburse the same under the direction of the Executive Committee." We have carefully read the copy of the constitution and by-laws, but fail to find that the Association can collect any funds from its members. It is the show rules and regulations that are of the main importance to all supporters of dog shows and we will now proceed to criticise them *a seriatim*.

1. The term dog where used in these rules is general in its application, and includes bitches unless they are otherwise mentioned.

The rule should stop at the comma, as the word "bitch" never occurs in the rules.

2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition only shall be entered in the name of the *bona fide* owner. Such entries must be identified by name of dog, its age, and, if known, the names of its sire and dam; if the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at the time of winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, as well as its present name, must be given. If the names of the sire and dam are not known, it may be entered "pedigree unknown."

Instead of "such entries" the rule should read "such entry.' The words "if known" are not necessary, as the final clause covers unknown pedigrees. The word "first" before "prize" had better have been omitted. At the close of the same sentence the words "as well as its present name" are quite unnecessary, as the name is of necessity given in making the entry. In the concluding sentence it is of the utmost necessity that no halfway measures should be permitted in the case of unknown pedigrees, therefore the rule should beyond all doubt read "*must* be entered 'pedigree unknown.'"

2. If a dog shall be entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition.

This would read better if it was "If a dog *is* entered." The rule is a salutory one, and we would suggest that an officer of each club be instructed to make every objection of this nature just as Mr. S. E. Shirley, of the English Kennel Club is understood to do. To some exhibitors it is very obnoxious to make objections, and it would not unlikely happen that at one and the same show a dog in one class would be disqualified, while another would escape because of the want of an objection.

4. Puppies may compete in grown classes, except in classes where they are specially excluded, and will be judged as if matured.

This should either be cancelled or come to a stop at the first comma. The second division of the rule is unnecessary, because, if a class is made from which they are specially excluded, that of itself settles the business without any rule. The concluding portion of the rule is an absurdity. The meaning of it is that the judge is not to be allowed to exercise his judgment as to the probable development of the puppy. The dog in front of him, whether five months or two years old, is to be supposed by him to have completed its growth. It savors also of instructions to judges on a matter entirely within their province.

5. A dog which has, when a puppy, won a first prize in a puppy class, is not thereby disqualified from competition in a class where first-prize winners are excluded.

A good rule, laboriously worded. "A prize won in a puppy class does not count as a win under the champion rule," is a much simpler and clearer way of putting it.

6. Dogs can be entered for the special prizes when eligible, but they must in all cases be previously entered in their regular class.

Entirely unnecessary. If a rule had been made to the effect that no dog which was eligible could be withdrawn from a special prize competition unless so stated on the entry blank

there would have been some good done. What is requisite just now is to put a stop to an owner with say two first prize winners withdrawing one to let the other get the special. This has been done too much of late. The object of a special is to get the best dog and the A. K. C. should prevent owners setting that desirable object at naught.

7. No dog can be entered for competition in more than one regular class.

The history of this rule is that Mr. Lincoln objected to having to bring a dog from any kennel except the one his entry number called for. He said it would lead to endless confusion at New York. Yet last May the Robins Island Field Trials Club benched their dogs together and not in the regular class order, and when he held his own shows at Washington, Cincinnati and elsewhere he abrogated the rule. It means that if any one has a good puppy he must take his choice between the puppy class and open class, but cannot enter in both. Now there is every reason in the world why it should be just the other way about, and a puppy be entered for both classes if the owner so desires. It is decidedly better for the show, as it means a double fee with no extra expense, and if the puppy is good enough to win in both classes, why deprive the owner of the right to show and the puppy of the credit of winning. It is probable that the delegates who passed this rule supposed there was some merit in it, but there is none, and it should be stricken out.

8. A dog to compete in the champion class must have won three first prizes in open classes at bench shows given under the auspices of clubs, members of this Association. And a dog having won three first prizes at above shows cannot compete in an open class when there is a champion class for its kind, but must compete in such champion class.

9. A dog to compete in the extra champion class must have won two first prizes in the champion classes at shows recognized in Rule 9, but it must have at least two competitors to advance its standing, otherwise it wins the prize alone. A dog having won two first prizes cannot compete in a champion class when there is an extra champion class for its kind, but must compete in such extra champion class.

Much has been written and said about these rules since Major Taylor issued his strange explanation of how they were to be interpreted. Rule 8 may be called the A. K. R. rule because we started the three-first-prize cry and kept it up till it was accepted as definitely settled just as the rule now reads. With regard to Rule 9 it is singular to conceive how any persons possessed of ordinary intelligence could propose or vote for such an anomalous thing as an extra champion. You cannot go above a champion. Rule 9 is a sporting absurdity to begin with and even if other names were substituted for champion and extra champion the rule wants altering altogether. For instance, a dog must win three first prizes before he can get into the champion class, and when there he must wait till another dog qualifies and is shown against him to enable him to get any credit for another win. In other words we must have at least seven shows before a dog can be called a champion, the three he wins and the three his opponent wins, and the one they come together at. We are taking it for granted that the words "but it must have at least two competitors" means "but the winner in a champion class must have at least one opponent to advance its standing." The framer of the rules has apparently got opponents and competitors slightly mixed. In speaking of a competition one says, "How many opponents have you?" or, "How many competitors are there?" The quickest way to amend the rule is to strike it out and stick to the old-fashioned champion. The new English rule is to call the class a challenge class, and after a dog has won so many firsts in that class he is entitled to be called a "champion."

10. A dog affected with mange or other contagious disease shall be disqualified from competition, and *may, at the discretion of the Managers or Superintendent*, be removed from the show. A competent person shall be appointed by the Managers to pass judgment as to the disease of dogs.

There should be no discretion about permitting a dog suffering from any contagious disease to remain in the show. Out with him as soon as the vet. says "mange" or "distemper." In place of the italicised words the single one "must" should be used.

11. In any class where there is one or more dogs entered, the judge shall award the prizes only according to merit, withholding such as his judgment dictates.

What is the judge going to do in a class where there is less than one or more dogs entered? If all in front of the first comma shall be stricken out, and the rule begin with "The jugde shall," that would be exactly what the dog parliament meant, and would make a very neat and proper rule.

12. The decision of the judges will be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation or collusion can be shown. In any such case the Managers, or such referee as they may appoint, must decide all cases, and the dog may be rejudged.

13. All disputed questions, except those of merit, in any way connected with the judging, will be referred to and be decided by, the Managers.

14. No question involving the merit of a dog to receive a prize can be brought before, or be determined by, the Managers.

These rules might be classified as the reiteration section. In 12 we read that disputed questions, except merit are to be decided by the Managers or their appointed referee; Rule 13 says that all except those of merit must be decided by the Managers, and Rule 14 says questions of merit cannot be decided by the Managers. Rules 13 and 14 are utterly useless, every point in them being covered by Rule 12.

15. All protests and charges must be made in writing, and be delivered to the Managers or Superintendent as soon as possible after awards are made.

15. The Managers will meet daily to receive complaints, and must decide the same as soon as practicable thereafter during the show.

As has been shown by the "pointer controversy," the rule governing protests is very vague. Taken in conjunction with Rule 16, it would now seem that no decision can be rendered by a club's Managers on any case of fraud, misrepresentation or collusion, unless it is made during the show. This is wrong. A charge of such a nature should be the subject of investigation at any time. Considering that at New York the judging has been kept up till dark on the last day of the show, little time is left for framing, presenting and deciding a protest at that show

17. Any person who misconducts himself or herself, or has misconducted himself or herself in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows, or field trials may, in the discretion of the Managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at these shows. Such disqualification shall be recognized by all the members of this Association, and such person can only be reinstated by the club or association disqualifying him or her. The person disqualified may appeal to the Executive Committee

This rule reads like a bill pushed through at the closing session of the Legislature only to meet with the gubernatorial veto. If we start off and say "any person found guilty of misconduct in connection with dogs, dog shows, or field trials, shall be disqualified from exhibition at shows held under these rules" we will get a little nearer what is meant and how it should be said. Where the Governor's veto should come in is over the concluding sections. "Such person can only be reinstated by the club or association disqualifying him or her. The person disqualified may appeal to the Executive Committee." What is the use of his appealing to the executive Committee if the appellate or reinstating court is the one which originally passed sentence; and what is to make the club which passed sentence of expulsion obey the Executive Committee which has no authority in the premises. Some correspondents have supposed that if a club expelled an exhibitor he could get relief from the American Kennel Club, but such is not the case, as each club is autocratic in its rulings on expulsions. It was evidently meant to make the Executive Committee an appellate court, but this has not been done.

18. The Managers or Superintendent shall have the right to exclude or remove any dog from the show for any cause appearing to them to be sufficient.

A necessary rule, intended to prohibit the admission of vicious dogs. It is well to note that this does not apply to declining the entry of an owner, the reason for excluding or removing being apparently retricted to the dog when he is brought to or is in the show.

19. The Managers or Superintendent will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited. Watchmen will be kept on duty day and night, but it must be distinctly understood by all exhibitors that the management will not be responsible for loss or damage to any dog exhibited, whether the result of accident or other cause.

This rule is quite out of place, being a local or individual regulation only.

20. It is desired that with each entry the exhibitor will state the price for which he will sell his dog. A prohibitory price will be permitted. All transactions must be between the owner or his representative and the purchaser. The Managers or Superintendent, unless requested, will not interfere nor assume any responsibility in the matter.

Here we must go into the reason for this being worded as it is. At the Westminster K. C. dog show of 1882, Mr. Jester led a setter dog into the ring and as soon as Mr. Mason saw him he asked for the catalogue number. On referring to the catalogue he saw the dog was entered to be sold for $100 and immediately sought Mr. Lincoln, to whom he handed the money and said he claimed No. ——. It transpired, however, that a member of the club had also set covetous eyes on the dog, but made no direct overtures for his purchase till later in the day. On learning that Mr. Lincoln had accepted Mr. Mason's purchase money the club managers ordered Mr. Lincoln to refund the cash, and later on Mr. Jester was handed a check for the amount. Mr. Mason at one time threatened to invoke the law to protect his rights, but a subsequent closer inspection of the dog decided him to relinquish his claim. To prevent future difficulty, in place of saying that bids or claims must be made through the Superintendent, we now have no responsible person. There can be no question that the dogs are under the control of the Managers, indeed the Westminster Club at one show (if we mistake not it was the very one at which the setter trouble took place) defied the sheriff's right to attach and take away some dogs then on exhibition until the closing hour on the fourth day. There is no reason why all clubs in the country should be restricted in this manner simply because the Westminster Kennel Club made the rule read that way. It is a matter of equity which each club may well be left to settle for itself.

21. An entry fee of.....will be charged for each dog entered, and it must in all cases accompany the entry. It includes care and feed for dogs during the exhibition.

22. All entries must be made on blanks furnished by the Superintendent, and can be had on application at his office.

23. The entries close on .....and as soon thereafter as practicable each exhibitor will receive a ticket of identification, and a numbered tag corresponding with the stall number of his dog. When the dog is brought to the exhibition hall the tag must be attached to the collar, and the person accompanying the dog must show his ticket of identification before the animal will be received. Therefore, exhibitors are requested not to lose their tags, nor to put them on the dogs, when practicable, until just before presenting them at the door. In case of dogs coming by express, the tags must be firmly nailed to the crates.

24. Each exhibitor will receive a ticket of identification for all dogs entered, which must be carefully preserved, as no dog will be permitted to pass out of the building at night until his owner shall deposit $5 and surrender this ticket to the check clerk, both of which will be returned on the return of the dog next morning before 9 o'clock. If prize winners are taken and not returned, the prizes awarded them will be forfeited.

25. No dog will be received unless supplied with a suitable collar and chain.

26. The show will be open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. each day.

27. The judging will commence promptly each morning at 10 o'clock, or sooner if practicable, and continue until 1 o'clock, and also from 2 P. M. until 6 P. M. During these hours no dog shall be taken from its stall, not even by its owner, and if any dog is not found in its stall when called for by the judge, the judging will proceed without it. This rule will be rigidly enforced that the judging may not be retarded. Owners are requested to be near their dogs, and when the class is called to bring their animals into the judging ring. In the absence of the owner, attendants will take the dog into the ring.

28. Notice of the awards will be attached to the stalls of the prize winners as soon as practicable after the awards are made.

29. Exhibitors will be furnished with a season ticket free.

30. No dog can be permanently removed from the building except by the consent of the Managers or Superintendent.

31. Dogs shipped by express must be prepaid and have a label stating from whom shipped, and the name of station and express company, that they may be properly returned.

32. Previous prize winnings, pedigrees or other mention, shall not be posted in kennels of prize winning dogs until after their respective classes have been judged.

33. Each member of the Association shall appoint their judges, arrange prize lists, form of catalogues, assume their own financial responsibility and arrange such other details as may properly come under its individual management.

34. Other rules and regulations not inconsistent with the constitution and by-laws may be adopted by the members of this Association.

Every one of these should be under the head of local regulations. Take, for instance, Rule 21. Suppose Boston chose to impose a tax of $1 on each dog sent to the show in addition to $2 for entry, so as not to be heavy on people entering who might not be able to send their dogs. Why should Boston not do that? Rules 23, 24 and 25 are particularly out of place as rules of an association; the latter is also indefinite. Rule 26 is purely a matter of local convenience. Rule 27 has already been altered by New Haven. Why? Because it was the old Westminster Club rule to have an hour's intermission at 1 o'clock. Must every show be called upon to stop the judging then? New Haven has taken the common-sense view of its being a purely local regulation and *illegally* altered it.

Why are exhibitors to be furnished a season ticket free? Because New York has always done so. Suppose Montreal should say we will adopt the Birmingham method of giving so many admission tickets in place of one season, why should they not be allowed to do so? All of the rules from 21 to 32 are those which should be left alone by the American Kennel Club, as they are of the kind contemplated by Rule 33. "Each member of the Association shall * * * arrange such other details as may properly come under its individual management." They are of no concern to the associate clubs, are not of the class in which there should be perfect uniformity, and are solely matters of individual management.

If the American Kennel Club committee will take up these rules and knock half of them out and supplant them with rules relative to the breeder, the limit of the time of judging, the necessity of a catalogue and what shall be put in it, they will do some good, but so far the club has only brought itself into ridicule, and its own members are taking the law into their own hands.

THE GREYHOUND CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Dr. Van Hummel's very fair offer of a few issues ago, I will state that I have already offered the special for the best greyhound to the New England Kennel Club, and that they have accepted it, and that I will not show in Cincinnati because of the impossibility of my being there, and because of the difficulty there would be in deciding on a judge. Neither will I go to Denver and run my dogs against his on account of the time needed, and also because my dogs are not used to the country or the hares.

In conclusion will say that I shall show at New Haven, Boston and New York, and if Dr. Van Hummel will take the trouble to send his dog on, I will offer a cup at either show he may choose in order that it may be proved who has the best greyhound. H. W. Smith.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 15.

LIVERPOOL DOG SHOW.

[From our regular correspondent.]

The fifth annual Liverpool dog show was held on Jan. 28 and 29, as usual, in the North Haymarket, Liverpool, Eng., with a total entry of about 900, which is the largest the committee have had, and they deserve to be congratulated for having obtained such a large entry, with, we may say, no support from any of the specialist clubs, having, we understand, declined to accept any specials which were not offered for public competition. We wish every committee would act accordingly, we would then either have the specialist clubs working for the improvement of their respective breeds or else we would have no specialist clubs at all. This year, for the first time the show was held under Kennel Club rules. The judges were Messrs. A. B. Bailey, W. W. Thompson, I. S. Skidmore, I. Mawdsley, E. M. Southwell, H. N. Watson and P. Eden.

The first class was the champion St. Bernards with two entries, but only one put in an appearance, Bayard, who also won the cup. Landgrave, vhc., is a good-bodied, upstanding, red and white with a short, square face. Duke, hc., by Bayard, almost white, is small and smooth-coated. Heber, hc., is good in body but deficient in head. First, Nero III., was reported upon here last year, when he was vhc. reserve. As we expected then, he has greatly improved and was shown in the best of condition. He is a very fine upstanding dog, with good color and coat, he carries his tail rather high, and although he has a fair good head it is not the noble head of Bayard. Peter the Great, hc., full brother of a younger litter to Plinlimmon, is a remarkably fine dog and one we prefer to his celebrated brother, were he good in quarter, but we are sorry to say he is almost a cripple behind. Storm King, second, and Pilgrim, third, are well-known and have often been reported upon. Thetis, the winner in the bitch class, is a fine large bitch of good color; she stands well on her legs and is of a good type but too curly in coat. Blanca is small in size and large in ear. Moira, smooth-coated, shows plenty of character. The winning puppy was long and dished in face, also large in ear, but a good, large, well-grown youngster; we preferred second to first as being the most typical of the two, both being out of one litter and by Cadwallader.

Champion mastiffs showed only one, The Prince, who also won a special cup. He was looking well, and has improved much since we saw him at Edinburgh. In the open dog class the quality was not really good; the winner is a fair, good, typical dog. He was not shown in the condition he might be; he was second here last year. Chloe, second in bitches, is small, but typical; she shows age, her daughter, Lady Blanche, by Crown Prince, winning first.

In Newfoundlands, Black Prince won, although he was shedding his coat, and not in the bloom we have seen him. Second and third were too curly. We preferred Leo V. only for his weak pasterns.

In Great Danes the winner is small but full of quality, while the second was large and coarse.

In deerhounds, Chieftain, well known, won by a long way; he also won the special cup.

In curly retrievers we think Jet II. pressed the winner very closely.

In wavy-coated retrievers, Ruth, looking well, but not carrying as good a coat as the winner, only got second, yet we preferred her, as the winner, in our opinion, was too fine, and weak in head and muzzle.

In pointer dogs, Ponto, wearing well, won, with a very good one second, except that he is rather light in muzzle. Third has rather large ears, which are set on high; this takes away from his general character. The winner in the bitch class was small but typical, and showed quality.

Irish setters were a fair good class, we fancied it a close run between Nellie and Count, both looking well, Mate, the Palace winner, coming third. The English setters were a strong class, Young Rock winning, and as he is leggy and light about his kidneys, we consider him very lucky. Tycoon is rather large in ear, and Laverack Chief looked seedy. We think Slap Bang, vhc., very lucky to get so much in the company he was in, Emperor Ned, hc., being in our opinion much better in every respect. In bitches, Wild Rose won first and cup, and correctly so. She is a setter proper, and in our opinion the best setter in the show; however, she could have done on this occasion with a little more coat.

Spaniels were small classes, and the majority of them we have often reported upon; as usual, Solus winning first and cup.

In champion collies first went to Eclipse, well known, and looking as fit as we have seen him for some time. In open dogs first and cup went to Young Cocksie, a black and white whose ears might be better; his tail is carried too high, and his hindlegs quite too straight. However, he was in grand form, carrying plenty of coat and showing lots of quality. Rockingham, second, is much better in ear, better in quarters, yet neither so good in body or coat. Northampton, a good black and tan, with plenty of coat and good bone, yet not quite up to the present ideas of collie character. The Palace winner was entered but did not turn up. Langley, hc., we fancied much; he is good in head and ears, with plenty of coat of the correct texture, but he is rather fine in bone. Our old favorite Sandy was only hc., and his condition was such that we consider him fortunate to get noticed at all. In the bitch class first, second and third were taken by three young ones, Matchless, Dahlia and Peerless, who held the same position in the bitch puppy class. Matchless was rather improved here upon her Palace form, and won easily, while Dahlia, the Palace winner, was pretty closely pressed by Peerless. In dog puppies first and third were in the dog class; second and reserve are both from the same kennel, and although not of the same litter resemble each other much, both being good in coat with good collie head; also much the same yellow color, the reserved number being the lighter of the two.

In champion fox-terriers first went to the wire-haired Pulborough Jumbo, whose pedigree is unknown, while his age is one year and eight months. He is a very nice typical terrier, with black and tan head and a better coat than the majority of the present so-called wire-haired fox-terriers. In champion bitches first went to Pegotty. We preferred Richmond Patchwork, but we must admit it is only a matter of opinion, both being really good ones. In open dogs Hampton Toby, third, is a good, well-made little dog, rather dish-faced. Hardy Joe, vhc., is rather strong in head. Raby Cornet, second, is a good young one not furnished. First and cup went to Fullwood Spark; he has good bone and is well made, with good coat and character, but he might be finer in skull. In bitches Winsome Nell, third, is a good sort, with heavy dark markings. Douglas Tickle, vhc., is another good one. Lytham Gem, first, is about the best we have seen for a long while, and as wicked as handsome. Richmond Myrtle, second, is another good sort; if anything she is too fine before the eye. Green Sage, fourth, is too fine in coat.

Irish terriers had two classes containing good quality. Buster, first, is rather small in face. Playboy, second, ought to have been first; he has good feet, legs and shoulders and lots of style. Third went to Gripper. Were it not for his color commencing to go, he is, we think, better than ever. In bitches, we thought the first and cup winner should only have been about vhc., certainly not more. Poppy, second prize, and Gail, third, are both well known; the former was here out of coat, while the latter had all her coat and is just commencing to shed it. Norah Tatters, vhc.; we saw here for the first time; we preferred her to the winner.

The bulldogs were a very moderate collection, first and second being a long way ahead.

Mr Howarth won first and second in bull-terriers, with Max Marx and Silvio. They are both well-known. In Dandie Dinmonts, first went to Jennie Deans, well known. Tiger II. pressed the winner very closely; he was shown in good coat,

not like the majority, half in and half out, which always impress one with an idea of trimming. In Bedlingtons, the first is small, of good type, but deficient in coat. The second is also good of size and style, while the third, the well-known Bishop, is too large. We think Choker should have been mentioned. Airedales were a good class and correctly judged. We always fancied Fritz, owing to his size, as the best Airedale dog we have ever seen. Venus III., second prize, is another good one, but on the large side for a bitch. Dundee was a long way ahead of anything in Scotch terriers. In Skye terriers, first went to a good specimen of the prick-eared variety, while second fell to a rather small-faced, but good-coated drop-ear.

In pugs Mrs. Booth won first and special cup with Boffin who we never saw look better.

In toy terriers first and second went to Mrs. Troughear's two Yorkshires. There was a small class of black and tans, Burke winning and Robin Hood a good second. Gilda, third, is too large.

In the any other variety class, over 7 and under 30 pounds, first went to the white English terrier North Star, and second to the Blenheim Earl of Chester, reported on at Birmingham; third to an old-fashioned wire-haired terrier. In the variety class over 30 pounds, first went to a bloodhound, second to a German mastiff, while third went to a black curly poodle.

The sporting puppy class had thirty-three entries and the whole class received be. First went to a very promising deerhound puppy by Chieftain, second to a small, but promising English setter bitch, third to a wavy retriever, too fine in muzzle. The non-sporting puppies had twenty-two entries, but the quality was not equal to the sporting division. Following is a list of the principal

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—1st and cup, C. Macdona (Bayard).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. B. Wood (Nero III.); 2d, W. J. Orwin (Storm King); 3d, W. G. Marshall (Pilgrim). *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. W. T. Sheppard (Thetis); 2d and cup, J. Woodward (Blanca); 3d, J. C. Colam (Moira). *Puppies:* 1st, Misses Pepper (Cervin); 2d, G. N. Hallewell (Queen Jura); 3d, J. W. Waterhouse (Betona).

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—1st, J. Royle (The Prince).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Waddington (Baron of Rossendale); 2d, D. L. Buchanan (Spartacus); 3d, E. D. Tyrer (Surajah). *Bitches:* 1st, C. R. Leach (Lady Blanch); 2d, R. H. Leach (Chloe); 3d, R. Alston (Dignity).

NEWFOUNDLANDS—1st, Miss A. Mansfield (The Black Prince); 2d, M. Steele (Sea King); 3d, C. Wilkinson (Leo).

GREAT DANES OR BOARHOUNDS.—1st, A. Keizer (Fraulein Lena); 2d, K. Hughes (Bosco).

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, H. C. Joplin (Chieftain); 2d, R. H. Wright (Old Bevis); 3d. Lord A. Cecil (Bruce).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. F. de Trafford (Telephone); 2d, R. C. Howorth (Duchess of Albany); 3d, H. C. Joplin (County Member).

RETRIEVERS.—CURLY-COATED—1st, J. Freme (Young King Koffee); 2d, G. Culley (Jet II.); 3d, Capt. R. A. Herbert (Gyp).—WAVY-COATED—1st, Lieut.-Col. H. Platt (Pride); 2d, O. Silcock (Ruth); 3d, Rev. W. Sergeantson (Chelmer).

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Crofts (Ponto); 2d, H. F. de Trafford (Don Pedro); 3d, R. S. Aslin and H. Bowman (Duke X). *Bitches:* 1st, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Legh (Devon Doll); 2d, J. E. Crofts (Princess Roseleaf); 3d, R. F. Smith (Sparkle).

SETTERS.—IRISH—1st and 3d, H. M. Wilson (Nellie and Mate); 2d, E. S. Snow (Count). ANY OTHER VARIETY.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Freme (Young Rock); 2d and 3d, Lieut.-Col. H. Platt (Tycoon and Laverack Chief). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Lieut.-Col. H. Platt (Wild Rose and Belle of Ravensbarrow); 3d, R. Chapman (Heather Beauty).

SPANIELS.—BLACK—1st, J. Royle (Solus); 2d, J. Freme (Kaffir); 3d, W. R. Bryden (Negro). SUSSEX OR OTHER LIVER—1st, J. G. Gamon (Lady Bess); 2d, G. T. Miller (Lord Randolph); 3d, J. Hargreaves (Vita). ANY OTHER VARIETY.—1st, Capt. S. M. Thomas (Lass o' Devon); 2d, J. Royle (Zuess); 3d, H. H. Holmes (Tower). SPORTING.—J. G. Gamon (Lo La); 2d, T. Prescott (Billy); 3d, Mrs. J. Stevenson (Kaffir King).

BASSET HOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st and cup, F. W. Blain (Bourbon).—OPEN CLASSES.—*Dogs:* 1st, cup and third, F. W. Blain (Bertrand and Bavard); 2d, H. Jones (Judge). *Bitches:* 1st, G. R. Krehl (Artemis); 2d and 3d, F. W. Blain (Bertille and Bretonne).

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Walker (Maximus); 2d, W. E. Litt (Olympian); 3d, H. Jones (Jocza). *Bitches:* 1st, H. Jones (Dina); 2d, J. Henderson-Bulcock (Daphne); 3d, W. A. Benson (Rosa).

COLLIES.—CHAMPIONS—1st and cup, G. R. Krehl (Eclipse).—OPEN—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, T. P. Lyon (Young Cockie); 2d, S. Boddington (Rockingham); 3d, S. Osborn (Romulus). *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, J. Pirie (Matchless and Peerless); 2d, S. Boddington (Dahlia).—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, G. Raper (Rector); 2d, W. H. Beach (Baronet); 3d, C. Reeling (Buttercup).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Boddington (Rockingham); 2d, J. J. Stewart (Clifton Hero); 3d, T. H. Stretch (Northampton, late Byron). *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, J. Pirie (Matchless and Peerless); 2d, S. Boddington (Dahlia).—LOCAL CLASSES—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and cup, J. J. Stewart (Clifton Hero and Noble); 2d, T. H. Stretch (Northampton, late Byron). *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, R. Wright (Orrell Lass and Holly); 2d, J. J. Stewart (Pansy).

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, G. F. Nutt (Pulborough Jumbo). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, J. J Stott (Pegotty).—OPEN—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, J. J. Stott (Fulwood Spark); 2d, G. Raper (Raby Cornet); 3d, I. Everitt (Hapton Toby): 4th, Court & Johnstone (Denman Spot). *Bitches:* 1st, D. Hedges (Lytham Gem); 2d, G. Raper (Richmond Myrtle); 3d, A. Jordan (Winsome Nell); 4th, J. & W. Birch (Greengage).—WIRE-HAIRED—1st and 3d, W. Wilson (Tim Turpin and The Luck); 2d, W. A. Dixon (Finish); 4th, D. H. Owen (Hawthorn).—SMOOTH OR WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Wilson (Tim Turpin); 2d, L. P. C. Astley (Nero); 3d, J. J. Pim (Paradox); 4th, C. H. Mathews (Mack). *Bitches:* 1st, G. Raper (Richmond Thimble); 2d, W. Wilson (Lorna Doone); 3d, P. Guy (Smithdown Daisy); 4th, A. Ford (Dreadful Girl).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Raper (Raby Cornet); 2d, J. J. Pim (Paradox); 3d, A. Lawton (Edgehill Tom); 4th, J. O. Kay (Dane Rebel). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, H. H. Beaumont (Lady Mask); 2d, J. J. Pim (Poem); 3d, G. Raper (Richmond Thimble); 4th, P. P. B. Taylor (Lancashire Lass).—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, A. B. Vines (Swinton Spot); 2d, H. King (Lytham Member); 3d, J. Moorcraft (Aughton Lad); 4th, J. Anderson (Gripper III.). *Bitches:* 1st, A. Jordan (Winsome Nell); 2d, F. G. Middleton (Fun III.); 3d, P. Guy (Smithdown Daisy); 4th, J. Smith (Miss Dot). *Puppies:* 1st, H. H. Beaumont (Lady Mask); 2d, Bellin & Bland (Rustic Flash); 3d, G. Gorst (Turpin); 4th, A. Lawton (Edgehill Tom).

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Backhouse (Buster); 2d, H. A. Graves (Playboy); 3d, W. Milne, Jr. (Gripper). *Bitches:* 1st, cup and 2d, C. M. Nicholson (Poppy II. and Poppy); 3d, H. A. Graves (Gaily).

BULLDOGS.—1st, R. C. Haworth (Julius Cæsar); 2d, J. Peace (Nero); 3d, Capt. W. W. Mackie (Jem Mace).

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, cup and 2d, R. C. Haworth (Max Marx and Silvio); 3d, Mrs. M. J. Langton (Demon).

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st and 3d, H. F. de Trafford (Jennie Deans and Roderick); equal 2d, T. F. Slater (Tiger II.); S. W. Doyle (Beadigo).

TERRIERS.—BEDLINGTON—1st, D. Ross (Statesman); 2d, J. A. Baty (The Heiress); 3d, J. A. Baty (The Bishop). AIREDALE.—1st and 3d, W. Tatham (Fritz and Spriggs); 2d, Walker (Venus III.). SCOTCH.—1st and cup, Capt. W. W. Mackie (Dundee); 2d, H. F. de Trafford (Vixen); 3d, Lord A. Cecil (Janet). SKYE.—1st, J. Campbell (Pearl); 2d, J. H. Railton (Ike); 3d, E. Goas (Brandy). TOY.—1st and 2d, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (Conqueror and Belle of Bury); 3d, Miss H. Crowley (Gipsy.)

PUGS.—1st and cup, Mrs. L. Booth (Boffin); 2d, C. Houlker (Loris); 3d, J. W. Wood (Lord Nelson).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and cup, J. Royle (Burke); 2d, W. Joyner (Robin Hood); 3d, J. R. Greaves (Gilda, late Nelly).

ANY OTHER VARIETY.—ABOVE 7LBS. AND NOT EXCEEDING 30LBS.—1st, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (North Star); 2d, Mrs. L. Booth (Earl of Chester); 3d, J. T. Preece (Old Adam). ABOVE 30LBS.—1st, R. H. Wright (Hector); 2d, J. Peace (Bob); 3d, W. H. Carruthers (Little Sam).

PUPPIES.—SPORTING—1st and cup, H. C. Joplin (Caledonia); 2d, G. Potter (Queen Elsie); 3d, H. F. De Trafford (Zero). NON-SPORTING.—L. R. C. Haworth (Marshbrook Ruby); 2d, H. F. De Trafford (Sir Walter Scott); 3d, C. Houlker (Loris);

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club have written to Mr. Hugh Dalziel to act as judge. It will be remembered that Mr. Dalziel very acceptably filled the position at the W. K. C. show of 1880, and it is to be hoped that the club will be so fortunate as to again secure his services. We know him to be an excellent judge and that his integrity is above suspicion.

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since printing the premium list we have completed our list of judges, which we give below:

John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.—Pointers, foxhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds and beagles.

Charles H. Mason, New York.—Mastiffs, dachshunde, bullterriers, fox-terriers and all other terrier classes, collies, Italian greyhounds, pugs and poodles.

James Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.—Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, bulldogs, field spaniels, cockers, King Charles, Blenheim, toy terriers and miscellaneous.

C. S. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.—English setters, Irish setters, and black and tan setters.

Special prizes to the value of $500 will be offered either in cash or otherwise.

Please be so good as to correct the words in our premium list "8 P. M." to "8 A. M." on Tuesday, March 17, for the reception of dogs at the New Haven show.

The management state with pleasure that Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, the well-known veterinary, will look after the health and condition of all dogs exhibited.

E. S. PORTER, Secretary.

NEW HAVEN, 781 Chapel Street, Feb. 14, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I should like to say a few words in explanation of the changes in the list of judges as originally announced in the premium list of the New Haven show. The committee having the selection of the judges in charge received many suggestions from prominent exhibitors and breeders as to who would fill the positions with ability and fairness. Prominent among the names mentioned were those of Mr. Chas. H. Mason, Mr. Jas. Watson, Mr. Jas. Mortimer, Mr. C. S. Westcott, Mr. J. F. Kirk and Mr. John Davidson. Mr. Davidson being in Hazen, Ark., on a hunting trip, it was some time before he could be communicated with, but at length he was heard from and his acceptance of the position received. Messrs. Watson and Westcott being in Philadelphia were easily reached, and promptly accepted.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason (who by the way was the first gentleman thought of in connection with judging by the committee) would have been asked first had it not been for the fact that he was intending to show his dogs, and these the club were most anxious to have exhibited. Mr. Mortimer was assigned certain classes and was communicated with by telegraph, but misunderstood the necessity of a reply by the same mode of communication, and wrote that he could not act as the classes did not suit him. In the mean time, no reply being received from him to the dispatch, which stated that silence on his part would be taken as consent, slips were inserted in the premium list having his name as one of the judges. When Mr. Mortimer's letter was received Mr. Kirk was thought of and asked, but he replied that owing to his inability to attend he would be obliged to decline. The committee then asked Mr. Mason to act, which this gentleman has kindly consented to do, giving up entering his dogs for competition and placing his services to the club. The classes as now finally arranged the club feel sure will prove satisfactory to exhibitors and breeders. Since Mr. Mason's appointment the club has received many congratulations on the wisdom of its course.

The cause of the delay in getting out premium lists, etc., and in having to make all preliminary arrangements for the show in haste was the difficulty in securing the lease of the Armory. This has been arranged at last, and everything points to a most successful show, if the number of entries received at this early date and the number of applications for blanks amount to anything. There seems to be a mistaken idea of the club's relations with Mr. Mortimer. Mr. Mortimer's action was perfectly right if the classes were unsatisfactory to him, and the only cause of his announcement as judge was that he did not reply by telegraph.

J. B. ROBERTSON, JR., President N. H. K. C.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Matters are progressing splendidly with us, in fact the outlook both for the club and our bench show is very flattering. This is our first year, but it seems as though we had been in the business all our lives, everything is running so smoothly. I had a letter from one of the prominent clubs to-day saying, "Don't be downhearted if you don't receive twenty-five entries till the week before the show." This makes me smile, for I have received application for space for 150 dogs, and our premium list is still in the printer's hands, so that I feel in my bones that we shall have a splendid show. One thing alone troubles me, and that is owners of the best stock delay entries; and in case we should have to refuse entries, it might throw out dogs which would be missed at the show; our rule is first come first served. Our entries close March 21. Our judges are: C. S. Westcott, setters; G. N. Appold, pointers; J. R. Pierson, greyhounds and deerhounds; J. F. Kirk, spaniels and some terrier classes; Jas. Watson, foxhounds, beagles and Basset hounds; R. H. Barlow, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and pugs; E. Dudley, mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands; A. S. Apgar, collies.

Next week I will send you an authentic list of judges and their classes. I cannot do so to-day, for the reason that the classes assigned to Messrs. Kirk and Watson are not yet arranged. J. A. NICKERSON, Secretary.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 13.

WHAT TREASURE DID.—Lancaster, Mass., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your reporter's comments upon Treasure at the Fanciers' show, I beg to state that he was not entered in the champion class, but in the open, where he belonged. By "recognized" American shows, I supposed large and important ones were meant, as distinguished from small and local. Hence Treasure had a right to compete for the special, never having had the good fortune to win three prizes at large important shows during the year of his bench show career. He has always been entered according to the requirements of the rules and regulations of the various clubs and societies, as can readily be proved by documentary evidence if desired. Hence the slur, "When there is a champion prize in view Treasure competes for it; whereas, on other occasions, he is a novice," is undeserved. Criticism, *per se*, no matter how severe, is valuable to breeders. Comments suggesting imputations upon the honesty of their entries can hardly fail to lead them in their turn to doubt the honesty or knowledge of the critic. Permit me to give Treasure's record for the information of your reporter: January, 1884, at Meriden, puppy class, first and special; at Taunton, puppy class, first and special, with Young Toby; March, at Toronto (where he was overlooked and not shown until after the pugs had been judged, and the reporters gone with their notes), vhc.; April, at Cleveland, open class, first and special; September, at Manchester, New England Fair, champion; October, at Stafford, champion and special; at Philadelphia, National Breeders' show, hc.; at New York, hc.; December, at Taunton, champion and special. In regard to the October shows, it is interesting to note that at the Philadelphia Kennel Club show, Nig won first and Tu-Tu third; at the National Breeders' show, Nig won second, and at New York was considered worth c. only, while Tu-Tu came in for first finally. Treasure was absent from the Philadelphia Kennel Club show, and had to be content with hc. at the National Breeders' show. At New York, great was his astonishment to receive the same award, and find Nig one letter behind him, while little Tu-Tu headed the list of victors. *Quot judices, tot sententiæ!* Your reporter calls Treasure too large; may his size excuse him for occupying so much of your valuable space.—CHEQUASSET.

[Our correspondent incloses to us the following communication from the secretary of the New York Fanciers' Club: "New York, Feb. 13, 1885. In reply to your favor of 12th inst. will say that your pugs were entered in Class H., one for bitches, the other for dogs. Yours, &c., CHAS. R. HARKER." From this it appears that Treasure, under no circumstances, could have been entitled to the champion prize, not being entered for it. Rule 5 of those governing the judgments of dogs in this show reads, "A dog that has won three first prizes in shows that have a record of 350 entries, may compete in the champion class and is excluded from the open class." In the judge's book for champion Class (class G.) No. 1,001 is marked first, and in the catalogue we find under the heading Chequasset Kennels: "1,001, pug dog named Treasure, for sale, $200." Treasure, therefore, did take the champion prize for best pug. To this he was not entitled. He did not win in the open class, for Gildersleeve's dog Dude, 1,032, took first in that class. As Treasure did not compete in Class H, the open class for pugs, as the record shows, it is difficult to see how he could have won the prize offered for the best dog in that class. His having the prize awarded him in Class G, as was done by the judge, and Class G being for dogs that had won three first prizes at shows having a record of 350 entries, Treasure was barred from competing for a prize offered for the best pug that had not won three prizes at recognized American shows. We presume three first prizes was intended, for as is seen above Treasure has won more than three prizes. The facts thus detailed all go to show the importance of exercising the greatest care in matters pertaining to entries.]

THE POISON FIEND.—Westfield, N. J., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My good old setter dog Dash was stricken down by the hand of the poison fiend Sunday evening. He was not a field trial winner, no bench show winnings could be boast of; but an honest, noble fellow, whom I've had many a pleasant day's shoot over, and it was hard to have him die like this. It would be some satisfaction could I bring sufficient evidence to prove my suspicions of who his murderer was, but unfortunately this cannot be done, so the guilty wretch must go unpunished. This is not the first instance of the kind in this town, many of our local sportsmen have had their dogs poisoned, and suspicions point strongly to one crabbed old wretch, who some day will be made to answer for his dastardly deeds.—WM. H. R. DUBOIS.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—A special dispatch from New Orleans, Feb. 16, says: "The dog show to be held here commencing March 5, will continue five days only. The American, Southern and Texas Express Companies will return dogs that have passed over their routes free. The judges appointed are Major J. M. Taylor for setters and pointers, Col. Skinner for deerhounds, greyhounds and foxhounds, Mr. J. F. Kirk for the remaining classes. There will be a fine list of special prizes.—G. Y. JOHNSON, Sup't Dep't Agriculture."

MR. MASON'S CHECK.—Several weeks since Mr. C. H. Mason concluded a reply to "Saxon" with the statement that he inclosed a check for $100. Through inadvertence we omitted at the time to speak of this matter. We may say now that we have returned this check to Mr. Mason, with the statement that the FOREST AND STREAM is not in the habit of holding stakes or forfeit money, and cannot do so for any one.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Illinois Kennel Club have decided on the dates June 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1885, for their bench show.—JOHN H. NAYLOR, Sec'y (3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.).

MISS ROMP AND HOPS.—In notice (Feb. 5) of pointer importations by Mr. Edward Dexter, for Miss Kemp read Miss Romp, and for Hope read Hops.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ross and Rem. By Charles S. Davol, Warren, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dogs, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Thorn (Victor—Lucy).

Jem Wind'em. By O. D. Thees, New York, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1884 (Count Noble—Lady May).

Pius. By C. N. Ransom, Buffalo, N. Y., for orange and white, with black markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped November, 1884 (Courage II.—Bellina).

Punch. By R. S. Iredell, Akron, O., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 13, 1884, by Brag out of Rosa Bonheur.

Lady Nevison. By Harry L. Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped March 4, 1884, by champion Nevison (Gurth—Juno) out of Brenda (A.K.R. 1139).

Gaylad. By Geo. B. Inches, Boston, Mass., for white, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1884, by Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.) out of Jaunty (Joker—Torment).

Daisy Bird. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepney, Conn., for liver pointer bitch, whelped July 18, 1884, by Shot (Shot—Bell) out of Bird (Harry—Nell).

Bessie B. By Ravenswood Kennels, Boston, Mass., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped July 24, 1884 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

Bradford. By Charles H. Mason, New York, for white and liver pointer dog, litter brother to Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Garryowen Kennel. By Joseph Hayes, Boston, Mass., for his kennel of red Irish setters.

Mina—Antic. John Gould's (Trenton, N. J.) English setter bitch Mina (Calibar—Beauty) to Prof. H. J. Rice's Antic (Prince—Pebble, A.K.R. 43).

Gipsy—Hero II. W. D. Cook's (Milton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Gipsy (Lee's Turk—Baby) to Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Dec. 27, 1884.

Lioness—Hero II. John Capen's (Dorchester, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lioness to Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Jan. 1.

May—Fritz. Prof. W. C. Sparry's (Hartford, Conn.) pointer bitch May (Sam—Vision) to A. C. Collins's Fritz (A.K.R. 1249), Feb. 9.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Regie—Surry. E. S. Porter's (New Haven, Conn.) mastiff bitch Regie (A.K.R. 1149) to Wm. North's imported Surry, Jan. 21.

Jule—Chalkley D. J. O. Roberts's (West Chester, Pa.) English setter bitch Jule (A.K.R. 2059) to E. K. Bispham's Chalkley D. (A.K.R. 1456), Jan. 2.

Tramp—President. F. Harris's bull-terrier bitch Tramp to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208), Jan. 31.

Abbess—Katerfelto. The St. Bernard Kennels' St. Bernard bitch Abbess (A.K.R. 783) to Katerfelto (A.K.R. 784), Dec. 3, 1884.

Clover Fidget—Raby Nailer. The Clovernook Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Clover Fidget (A.K.R. 2100) to Raby Nailer (Corinthian—Plumber), Dec. 3, 1884.

Surrey Clove—Flippant. The Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Clove (A.K.R. 1899) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 538), Dec. 29, 1884.

Little Nellie—President. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nellie to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1205), Feb 5.

Lill II.—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Lill II. to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Feb. 2.

Gipsey Queen—Bannerman. C. F. Kent's beagle bitch Gipsey Queen to Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Dec. 24, 1884.

Fanny—Watty. Geo. Sanderson's (Moncton, N. B.) imported Sky terrier bitch Fanny to his imported Watty, Feb. 3.

Belle Boyd—Count Noble. Dr. R. I. Hampton's (Athens, Ga.) English setter bitch Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1237) to Count Noble, Jan. 26.

Lola S.—Joe P. W. L. Steele, Jr.'s (Rockingham, N. C.) English setter bitch Lola S. to T. C. Leak's Gordon setter Joe P.

Phiz—Dutch, Jr. F. B. Rice's (Worcester, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Phiz to T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887).

Babette—Waldmann II. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Babette (Bock—Waldina) to his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), Jan. 10.

Crawl—Waldmann II. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Crawl (Waldmann—Waldina) to his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), Feb. 3.

Diana—Bergmann. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Diana (Waldmann II.—Babette) to his imported Bergmann, Jan. 30.

Lina L.—Waldmann II. Chas. Klocke's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) dachshund bitch Lina L. (Bergmann—Gretchen) to Wm. Loeffler's Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), Jan. 31.

Toodles—Joe. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) imported pug bitch Toodles to champion Joe (A.K.R. 925), Feb. 10.

Lady Clyde—Montrose. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), December, 1884.

Highland Mary—Montrose. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Highland Mary (A.K.R. 1572) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), Feb. 1.

Dinah II.—Knickerbocker. John Pierrepont's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Dinah II. (Speck—Dinah) to champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19), Feb. 4.

Fly—Dean. Mr. Sweet's pointer bitch Fly (Dixie—Fan) to Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean), Jan. 22.

Flora—Sam. Locust Grove Kennels' (Manton, R. I.) native setter bitch Flora (Dick—Gipsy) to their Sam (Sam—Smut II.), Jan. 24.

Smut II.—Duke. Locust Grove Kennels' (Manton, R. I.) native setter bitch Smut II. to their Duke (Pete—Fan), Feb. 6.

——*—Dean.* Mr. Heald's pointer bitch —— to Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean, Feb. 14.

Grace—Beaufort. R. E. Westlake's pointer bitch Grace (A.K.R. 1250) to C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 634), Feb. 8.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rusk. O. M. Hammond's (Lakeville, Cal.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rusk (A.K.R. 144), Nov. 1, 1884, number and sex not stated, by C. P. Curtis's Foam (Albert—Rose).

Mistletoe. J. W. Houston's pointer bitch Mistletoe (A.K.R. 1254), Jan. 5, nine (four dogs), by his Bruce II. (A.K.R. 695); all liver and whi e.

Mona. R. J. Sawyer's (Menominee, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Mona (A.K.R. 1270), Jan. 8, fourteen, two bitches living, by Cantoni (A.K.R. 1362).

Forest Ida. R. McMillan's (Galt, Ont.) English setter bitch Forest Ida (A.K.R. 2054), Dec. 25, 1884, seven (three dogs), by Paris III.

Curley. E. L. Bailey's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Skye terrier Curley (A.K.R. 1907), Jan. 1, four (two dogs), by J. McEnany's Fido.

Bridget. E. S. Porter's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Birdt, Feb. 4, Mir (one dog), by his President (A.K.R. 1508).

Pigeon. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Pigeon (A.K.R. 1725), Feb. 3, six (two dogs), by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Floss. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Floss (A.K.R. 1720), Feb. 11, five (two dogs), by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Alma II. Hermitage Kennels' (Passaic, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Alma II. (A.K.R. 276), Dec. 10, 1884, twelve (five dogs), by Don II. (The Shah—Dewdrop); seven since dead.

Gertie. Hermitage Kennels' (Passaic, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Gertie (A.K.R. 788), Nov. 28, 1884, four (three dogs), by Bonivard (A.K.R. 361); three since dead.

Madam Juno. Chas. S. Davol's (Warren, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Madam Juno (A.K.R. 1853), Feb. 12, nine (six dogs), by his Rutledge (A.K.R. 1860); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

Ruby. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Dorchester, Mass.) imported collie bitch Ruby, Feb. 7, nine (five dogs), by champion Rutledge (Wolf—Madge).

Ursula. The Alpine Kennels' (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Ursula (A.K.R. 26), Jan. 31, four (one dog), by their Carlo (A.K.R. 89).

Zoe. B. M. Stephenson's (La Grange, Tenn.) English setter bitch Zoe (Gladstone—Faun), Feb. 2, seven, by Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby); five black, white and tan, and two lemon and white.

Gipsy Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gipsy, Feb. —, four (three dogs), by Ober (A.K.R. 855).

Lady Clyde. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883), Feb. 2, seven (three dogs), by their Montrose (A.K.R. 891).

Nellie Dale. Ravenswood Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie Dale, Jan. 25, nine (three dogs, by Dash III.; all black and white.

May. J. E. Decker's (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch May, Feb. 7, seven (four dogs), by Dr. A. McCollom's Bon Ton (A.K.R. 1436).

Abbess. The St. Bernard Kennels' St. Bernard bitch Abbess (A.K.R. 783), Feb. 10, eighteen (eleven dogs), by Katerfelto (A.K.R. 789); ten since dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bruce. Mastiff dog (A.K.R. 1763), by John Clay & Son, Westfield, Mass., to F. G. Grimes, Hillsboro, N. H.

Viola. Pointer bitch (A.K.R. 703), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Norah. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 790), by Geo. V. Skal, New York, to St. Bernard Kennels, Clifton, S. I.

Captain II. Cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 1807), by H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Fred Bollett, same place.

Lavalette. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3½yrs. old (Druid—Princess Draco), by Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., to Pierre Lorillard, New York. Price, $1,500.

Lilac. Collie bitch (A.K.R. 885), by Thos. H. Terry, New York, to E. Levergne, Highland, N. Y.

Criterion. Bull-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1886), by R. & W. Livingston, New York, to Wm. Russel, same place.

Belvoir Jack. Fox-terrier dog (A.K.R. 527), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to G. H. Stausbury, Franklin, Pa.

Surrey Sam. Fox-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1489), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to E. Linthicum, same place.

Trix. Fox-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 743), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md. to Dr. J. W. Hebb.

Dandy. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1936), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to D. V. Fuller, Belchertown, Mass.

Lill. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age not given (Warren—Rosey), by Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, O., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Blue Cap—Lill whelp. Beagle dog puppy, by Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, O., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., and resold by him to H. B. Beidler, same place.

Blue Cap. Beagle dog, age and color not given (Blue Cap—Blue Bell), by Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, O., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Lill II. Beagle bitch, age and color not given (Boxer II.—Lill), by Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, O., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Maud. Beagle bitch, age and color not given (Racer—Sora), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to F. W. Wheaton, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Rex Rab. Collie dog (A.K.R. 1752), by the Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to Wm. A. Stewar , New York.

Frou Frou. Pug bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to S. S. McClure, New Orleans, La.

Gold Coin. Pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by H. L. Goodman, Auburn Junction, Ill., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Rum. Prick-eared Skye terrier dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1884 (Watty—Fanny), by Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., to C. E. Taylor, same place

Mull. Prick-eared Skye terrier dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1884 (Watty—Fanny), by Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., to Thos. Fyshe, Halifax, N. S.

Skye. Prick-eared Skye terrier dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1884 (Watty—Fanny), by Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., to J. S. Mactean, Halifax, N. S.

Count Dan (A.K.R. 1283)—Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277) whelps. English setter dogs, whelped Aug. 20, 1884, by Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., one to Wm. Nightingale and two to Albin Oneberg, Rome, Ga.

Young Baroness. Bull-terrier bitch, age not given (Baron—Lurline), by Wm. Hinks, Birmingham, Eng., to T. R. Varick, Worcester, Mass.; she is in whelp to Dutch.

Prince. Mastiff dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1884 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Pride, A.K.R. 1516), by Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., to O. F. Vedder, Schenectady, N. Y.

Grace. Mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1884 (Duke of Kent, A.K.R. 1507—Duchess, A.K.R. 260), by Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., to Chas. Altmanuspeiger, Minden, Ia.

Oscar Wild. Pug dog, age not given (Treasure—Trouble), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Frank Meuller, same place.

Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19)—Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461) whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1884, by Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Geo. H. Piercy, same place.

Sambo. Imported pug dog (A.K.R. 572), by Clapp & Bailey, Boston, Mass., to Samuel S. McClure, New Orleans, La.

Flora D. Italian greyhound bitch, formerly Chic (Duke—Naughty), by R. C. Prout, Newark, O., to Samuel S. McClure, New Orleans, La.

Sylph. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1884, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Chas. S. Fitch, New York.

Ashmont Prince. Mastiff dog, whelped Oct. 3, 1884 (Hero II.—Dolly Varden), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Miss Mary Bullard, Dedham, Mass.

Diavolo. Mastiff dog (A.K.R. 543), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to J. H. Child, East Milton, Mass.

Don Pedro. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 1670), by A. K. Johnston, Clifton, N. Y., to St. Bernard Kennels, same place.

Jim and Parker. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped Aug. 23, 1884 (Sancho—Betty Plunkett), by H. C. Hoff, Trenton, N. J., to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Mary Dell. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped January, 1883 (Dash III.—Jessie), by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Chas. Neal, Trenton, N. J.

Darby. Black and white English setter dog, whelped June, 1883 (Jester—Kathleen), by Chas. Neal, Trenton, N. J., to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rusk. Chesapeake Bay bitch (A.K.R. 144), by G. G. Hammond, New London, Conn., to C. M. Hammond, Lakeville, Cal.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Don Carlos. Black and tan collie dog (A.K.R. 1741), owned by John W. Eckel, Bridgeport, Conn., from distemper.

Rebel Monarch. English setter dog (A.K.R. 1544), owned by Geo. Jarvis, New York, Feb. 17, from distemper.

EVERY ONE interested in dogs should secure a copy of "Our Friend, the Dog," a pamphlet on the care or dogs in health and sickness, with a list of canine diseases alphabetically arranged, and the symptoms and prescriptions for their cure. Mailed for 2-cent stamp. Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE NEW ARMY TARGET.

AT a meeting of the directors of the National Rifle Association, held on the 10th inst., Gen. Robbins, Col. Bodine and Capt. De Forest reported on their recent trip to Washington anent the recent changes in the army targets. At present the regulars use a target similar to that of the militia, a circular bullseye and rings. Under the new regulations the army will use an elliptical bullseye, whose height will be one-quarter more than its width. Gen. Sheridan referred the committee to Capt. S. E. Blunt, of the Ordnance Corps, who appeared before the Association, and pointed out the fact that men in the field should be taught to hit the enemy, not to make fancy scores. The armies of England, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland, he said, use a long target, and he thought that the United States would profit by training its soldiers to its use.

He said that the chief object of training a soldier how to shoot was not that he might make big target records, but that he might hit his man and wound him or kill him. In the army men were wanted who could make good line shots; a shot that would hit a man somewhere. The question of how best to gain this object was submitted to a large number of officers in active service throughout the United States, particularly in the West, and 94 per cent. were in favor of the elliptical target. A soldier who could make a true line shot, would be effective, because he would be sure to hit his man somewhere, and to hit him anywhere was to disable him in action.

The Association decided that the matter being irrevocably settled, nothing was to be gained by discussing it. A vote of thanks was given to General Sheridan for his courtesy. The militia of Maine has decided to adopt the new mode of practice.

The new target will be supplemented by figures representing groups of men standing, kneeling, etc., for skirmishing practice, and by groups of sixteen for short and middle-range file-firing.

This outcome of modern rifle progress in this country moves the *Graphic* to comment and to the bestowal of a bit of well-merited praise on the past work of the National Rifle Association. The *Graphic* says: "It should not be forgotten that to the National Rifle Association belongs the credit of elevating the use of the rifle to the dignity of an exact science; of directing popular attention to its importance as a part of the national military training; of stimulating American patriotism through the international matches; and finally, by public example, causing a revolution in army target-practice, which, based on flint-lock and smooth-bore principles, had become an obsolete exercise. A few years since the War Department, thus reminded, introduced the needed reform, and seconded by Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock in their respective commands, availed itself of the benefits of Creedmoor, until the regulars began to show the effects of competition by winning some important prizes. Military marksmanship was at a low ebb when the National Rifle Association was at the height of its importance as an authority. But the fable of the hen and her adopted duckling is represented in the denouement. The army has adopted the elliptical form of target, instead of that prescribed at Creedmoor, which is circular. The National Rifle Association protest, and are told that the target preferred is similar in outline to the living mark which soldiers must learn to hit somewhere. Having learned all the hen can teach it, the duckling swims off on its own hook, leaving its astonished stepmother fluttering on the bank."

REVOLVER TALK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not agree with ".32-Short" about the penetration of the long and short cartridges. If he will take the pains to try them at pine boards, I feel confident he will find the long shoot much harder than the short. The best .38-cal. pistols I've found yet for accuracy are the Smith & Wesson and the Merwin & Hulbert new styles of .38 double action, with say half to one pound of lead attached underneath the barrel by tying a small rubber band around the lead so as to hold it tightly to the barrel of pistol. It is easily attached or detached, and prevents the upward throw of the arm, so common to all revolvers. A bar of lead bent double is sufficient and is about the right length, costs nothing, and adds greatly to the steadiness. The .22 seven-shot, made by Mr. Marlin, is a fine piece for accuracy. The new .32, 16-inch barrel, made by Smith & Wesson, can't be beat. F Troop had great sport last summer and fall in the Blue Mountains hunting, rounded up there by frosts in July and August. We killed 4,000 rabbits at Rio Deloro (River of Gold) and Piute Springs while camped there.

We have target practice in quarters now with reduced ammunition, 5 to 8 grains powder and a round .45-caliber ball. Such charges always shoot too high, while the same charge in the cavalry pistol, Colt's .45, shoots too low, even with as much as 25 and 30 grains of powder, round ball. Now why is this? The only solution I can see is the different rifling in the two arms, Springfield and Colt's pistol. The latter has a deep wire rifle, the Springfield scarcely any, consequently the ball in the Springfield does not follow the grooves, but goes straight through the barrel, same as a smooth bore, while it takes the grooves in the pistol, consequently has a rotary motion. Am I right or wrong? GEO. H. COOPER, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

FORT LEWIS, Col., Jan. 29.

SAFE RIFLE CARTRIDGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I took much pleasure in reading the discussion last year in regard to "The Choice of Hunting Rifles," and noted that several writers objected to the repeating rifle, for other reasons, and because the cartridges in the magazine were sometimes compressed, *i. e.*, the bullets crowded back into the shells, and that occasionally the whole load went off at once. The shortened cartridges, of course, blocked the mechanism of the rifle and rendered it useless for the time being. The following will overcome these dangers and add some conveniences. Instead of the ordinary cartridge use a shell long enough to contain the powder and bullet within itself, and then, since the bullet does not project beyond the shell, it cannot be pushed back into the shell by the base of the shell in front of it, *i. e.*, the shell receives all the pressure, the bullet and the powder none. Hence no jamming or exploding in the magazine. As the edge of the shell might catch on the breech of the barrel at the moment of entering, it would probably be best to bend in or crimp the edge.

As to the conveniences, when a man is hunting squirrels or other small game which are shot at short range, he does not care to use the same charge as he uses for deer, bear, moose, etc. In the new shell he may vary the charge to suit himself, so long as the charge is kept wholly within the shell.

Any repeating rifle may be changed so as to take this shell, by boring out the breech of the barrel just as you would for an extra large shell. It may be made bottle neck or taper also, but in that case the power of varying the load is limited. The ballseater may be so constructed as to the crimping and ballseating at the same time. When a small charge is used the bullet can be seated with a loading rod and a mallet, the shell crimped afterward in the ballseater. The only objection to this shell is that an absent-minded man may fill his magazine with empty shells. That man would make a mistake anyhow, and I should be afraid to go hunting with him for fear he might forget me and shoot me for a bear. C. JULIUS CÆSAR.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Feb. 14.—There was an unusually large attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to day, the increased attendance owing to the fact that team matches between members of the association were to be shot. The weather conditions proved good, the wind, however, blowing rather hard from 3 o'clock. During the afternoon an overcast sky increased the favorable shooting conditions. The range will be open on Saturday next as usual, and also on the following Monday, Feb. 23. The directors have put on the following matches for competition: Victory medal match, to be shot on a decimal target, open one year, distance 200yds, position off-hand, rounds 10, any rifle under the rules. First prize, a victory gold medal to any competitor who scores 10 86s during the year; second prize, a victory silver medal to the competitor who scores 10 80s during the year; third prize, a bronze victory medal to any competitor who scores 10 75s during the year; fourth prize, a silver membership badge to any competitor who scores 10 70s during the year; fifth prize, a bronze membership badge to any competitor who scores 10 65s during the year. No competitor can win more than one medal of a kind, but winners of the medals of lower rank will be eligible to continue in the match and compete for the higher rank medals, but only with scores made subsequent to the 10 scores winning medals.

It is also proposed to have an all-comers' military match, open to all comers, distance 200yds., position standing, any military rifle with a six-pound trigger pull, rounds 5, Creedmoor target. entries unlimited, four scores to count. First prize, a trophy of the value of 30 per cent. of the entrance fees. The scores of to-day are appended:

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	8	10	9	8	8	8	9	8	9—88
P Sylvester	9	9	9	9	10	10	9	9	8	6—88
J Short	10	9	7	8	9	9	10	9	10	5—87

Victory Medal.

C E Berry	9	6	10	6	9	9	9	7	8	9—82
R Reed	9	6	9	7	8	5	6	9	9	9—77
W H Oler	9	4	7	10	9	6	10	7	3	9—74
J Smith	9	8	8	5	6	9	4	8	10	6—73
J Lemons	8	2	5	6	10	10	8	9	7	6—71

Creedmoor Practice Match.

A Johnson	4545455455—46	E S Gilmore	4344455453—41
S J Short	5455434444—44	C W Hodgdon	5454444434—41
Albert Miller	5443544445—42	J Brown	3563444442—37

Creedmoor Prize Match.

H Cushing	5455545544—46	John Smith	5554445444—44
J P Bates	4555544454—45	N F Tufts	4444454545—43
D T Bryden	5444554454—44	W H Oler	4454454444—42
S H Stagg	4454455544—44	H E L Bent	4444445444—41

Team Match—First Team.

W Charles	10	3	10	6	7	10	6	9	8	9—78
C E Berry	7	10	10	10	6	8	8	6	4	8—77
C A Hunt	8	4	6	9	8	5	9	10	5	6—70
D F Bryden	6	8	7	9	4	10	8	7	7	3—69
R Reed	7	8	4	6	5	3	7	6	10	9—65
J Brown	5	2	4	3	5	2	3	3	4	9—40—399

Second Team.

J Francis	8	9	6	8	8	8	9	8	8	6—78
Albert Miller	1	3	6	8	5	7	4	10	7	9—61
H E L Bent	6	7	4	6	4	5	4	0	6	5—53
N F Tufts	4	6	6	3	3	7	5	3	4	*6—47
John Swift	3	2	3	5	10	3	8	5	6	2—46
A J Kempton	2	2	2	4	4	2	5	1	3	2—31—311

HIP SHOOTING.—Manchester, N. H., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of Dr. Carver's six-day shoot at New Haven, you comment on his making some hip or luch shots at ink bittles. This excited my curiosity, as I had never seen such shooting with the rifle. As a boy I used to handle the bow and arrow pretty well, and thought it might be possible that sufficient practice would enable me to do reasonable work with the rifle without the necessity of raising it to my shoulder and eye. As a trial experiment I tacked up a square of paper with a bullseye patch pasted on it for an object to shoot at. This was done in the house, with distance limited to to about 15ft.; Flobert rifle. I inclose a target shot in this way, with the shots numbered in the order in which they were made. Although none strike the bullseye, still several of the shots are fairly grouped and a 12-inch target made, and with practice the wild ones might be controlled. In the two strings shot previous to the one enclosed two and three shots respectively struck the bullseye. It would seem as though practice might enable one to make quick shots at game at short range, with a reasonable degree of accuracy, without raising the rifle to the shoulder.—A. B. DODGE.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Feb. 7.—These scores were made at Oak Grove range by the Brattleboro Rifle Club on the Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand:

Cobb	12	11	10	11	12	12	11	10	11	11—111
Nichols	10	11	11	11	12	8	12	12	12	11—110
French	11	12	12	9	12	12	8	12	12	10—110
Taft	12	11	10	11	11	10	9	12	11	12—109
Knight	12	10	10	10	12	10	10	11	10	12—107
Wood	11	11	12	12	7	11	8	12	12	11—107
McClure	11	9	10	12	12	10	11	10	10	9—106
Cooley	12	9	11	12	9	11	10	10	10	10—104
Hannon	12	10	12	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—103
Parker	11	10	11	8	11	10	11	10	10	10—102

THE NEW COLT ARM.—The new Colt magazine rifle has been placed on the market. This is the weapon to make way for which the previous Colt magazine rifle was withdrawn. The new weapon belongs to that class of magazine rifle where the breech action is worked by the left hand on the trombone motion in this respect similar to the new Spencer arm.

SPHINX.—Thos. Davis, one of the Canadians, engaged for the Egyptian campaign, fired a rifle ball at the eye of the Sphinx and captured a month's imprisonment.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In pursuance to an informal call, the sportsmen in attendance at the Second International Clay-Pigeon Tournament, assembled at the office of Richard Rhodes (gun store), 55 St. Charles street, at 8 P. M., for the purpose of organizing a National Association. The meeting was formally organized by the election of Capt. A. M. Aucoin, of New Orleans, La., as chairman *pro tem.*, and J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati, O., secretary *pro tem.* There were present Capt. A. M. Aucoin, Wm. Mayronne, A. Cardona, Jr., of New Orleans, La.; C. M. Stark, North Dunbarton, N. H.; John S. Snedeker, Brooklyn, L. I.; F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; Messrs. A. Bandle, H. E. Peters, H. McMurchy, J. E. Bloom, T. Gastright, B. Teipel, of Cincinnati; John A. Ruble, Ellendale, Dak.; Geo. Essig, Plattsburg, Mo.; Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn.; O. R. Dickey, D. Kirkwood, W. S. Perry, of Boston, Mass.; H. L. Baker, Natchez, Miss.; H. A. Penrose, San Angelo, Tex.; Jos. Dits, A. W. West, Parkersburg, W. Va.; W. C. Lefell, Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O.; W. B. Ralston, Blue Ball, O.; W. L. Colville, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Capt. E. E. Stubbs, Gainesville, Ark.; W. F. Summerson, Staunton, Va.; W. Ackerman, Lima, O.; Mr. Bradley, Bradford, Pa.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O.; J. A. R. Elliott, J. W. Campbell, of Grenola, Kan.; M. F. Cook, Hartford, Conn.; J. N. Frye, Boston, Mass.; Albert Erichson, Houston, Tex.; H. W. Eager, Marlborough, Mass.; Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Elkhardt, Ill.; L. Good, New York; C. H. Boulter, Cheyenne, Wy. Ter.; John C. Curry, Cincinnati; C. N. Brown, Fenton, Mich.; L. Rainey, Scott, Strong and Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill.; Chas. Hallock, of New York, and Messrs. Sawyer and Davis, of Boston, Mass.

Upon motion of J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati, seconded by Dr. Russell, of Springfield, O., the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.:

Resolved, first, that the sportsmen here assembled do hereby organize themselves into a National Gun Association and invite sportsmen throughout the country to join them in this movement; secondly, that this organization be duly incorporated according to law in the State of Kentucky, according to the general plan outlined in the prospectus heretofore issued by J. M. Barbour, of Louisville, Ky., and J. E. Bloom and John Whetstone, of Cincinnati, with such modifications as may be adopted at this meeting or any adjournment thereof; and, thirdly, that the secretary *pro tem.* be and is hereby instructed to take the necessary legal steps to file and duly complete the requisite corporation papers and all other papers, books, proceedings, etc., required by law to duly carry out the foregoing clauses.

Upon motion of J. E. Bloom, seconded by Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O., the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.:

Resolved, first, that the Constitution and By-Laws be and are

hereby adopted by the National Gun Association; secondly, that the same be referred to a committee of five on constitution and by-laws for revision and report at the next meeting. The chair then appointed for said committee of five the following: J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati; R. B. Organ, of Chicago; J. K. Renaud, of New Orleans; Jas. N. Frye, of Boston, and Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O.

Upon motion duly made and seconded and unanimously carried, a committee of twenty on rules for all kinds of shooting at the trap was appointed by the chairman, as follows: Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O., Chairman; C. M. Stark, North Dunbarton, N. H.; D. Kirkwood, Boston, Mass.; R. Borgan, Chicago, Ill.; A. Meaders, Nashville, Tenn.; Capt. A. M. Aucoin, New Orleans; Capt. A. W. West, Parkersburg, W. Va.; F. A. Cousin, New Orleans, La.; W. Ackerman, Lima, O.; Mr. Chaudet, New Orleans, La.; A. Randle, Cincinnati, O.; H. W. Eager, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Stice, Jacksonville, Ill.; Mr. Perry, Worcester, Mass.; A. Hunter, New York; Alf Erickson, Houston, Tex.; John Whetstone, Cincinnati, O.; J. N. Frye, Boston, Mass.; Captain A. H. Bogardus and Mr Bradley, of Bradford, Pa.

Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, the chairman appointed the following committee of three on national badge: H. W. Eager, of Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Collville, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati, O.

Upon motion of J. E. Bloom, seconded by H. W. Eager, the following motion was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the secretary pro tem. be requested to now duly open the subscription books for the capital stock of the Association, and that he shall act as treasurer pro tem., receipting for the 10 per cent. or more of the original subscriptions now made.

The secretary then formally opened the subscription books and reported that together with subscriptions previously ordered the total subscriptions already amounted to $900. Upon motion duly made and seconded and adopted, it was: Resolved, first, that a vote of thanks be hereby extended to A. Cardona, Jr., of New Orleans, for his generous and voluntary labors in behalf of the visiting sportsmen It was further unanimously Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to R. Rhodes and Leon Marthe for their courtesy and hospitality. Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, it was Resolved, That when this meeting adjourn it shall adjourn to meet again at this office at 8 P. M. next Saturday, Feb. 14, and secondly, that subscribers to the capital stock alone be then and thereafter allowed to voteon any questions which may be submitted, and thirdly that when we finally adjourn from New Orlans, we adjourn to meet again at Cincinnati, O., May 5 to 10. Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, it was resolved that the minutes of this meeting be duly included in the minutes of the Association when incorporated. Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried the following modifications of the shooting rules for the ensuing tournament were adopted, viz:

First—That all handicap of winners be abolished.

Second—That all handicap of 10-bore guns as compared to 12-bore be abolished.

Third—That in 5-trap shooting all the traps be "shot out" before any are reloaded, and that in 7-bird matches the first and fifth traps shall be sprung for the last two.

Fourth—That the use of the pool bottle or dice be abolished, and that the pulling of the traps be left to the discretion of the puller.

Fifth—That if a bird be a "no bird," and the shooter accepts it by shooting at a fragment, he must abide by the result whether he hit or miss.

Upon motion of Captain A. H. Bogardus, duly seconded and carried, it was resolved that traps No. 2 and 4 be changed to throw left half quartering and right half quartering respectively, instead of the reverse as heretofore. The Secretary announced that this week's issue of (Feb. 12) FOREST AND STREAM would contain the constitution and by-laws of the National Association, of which 500 would be on sale at this office and on the grounds on next Saturday. There being no further business before the meeting it adjourned to meet again same place next Saturday evening, Feb. 14, 8 P. M.

J. R. BLOOM, Secretary *pro tem.*

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 10.

STAPLETON VS. AQUEHONGA.—The match between four picked members of the above clubs drew an unusual large number of sportsmen to Sea View Park, S. I., on the 12th inst. Both are young clubs, one barely a yearling, yet they show good shooting material for future results. The match was between Chas. Warneke and M. Cahill of the Stapleton Gun Club against Capt. P. Polworth and Vincent Weir of the Aquehonga. (Great fish hooks, where did they capture that name?) While there was considerable betting on the general result, most of the excitement seemed to center on the scores of Messrs. Cahill and Polworth, and deservedly so, as the closeness of the result proves Cahill winning by but two birds in the 100 shot at. Fish Commissioner Col. Endicott was grand master of ceremonies, most ably assisted by Constable Bob Goggin, who kept the crowd in good humor, if he could not always keep it back. A. Waudle acted as judge for the Stapletons, and P. Silvia in like capacity for the Indians, with J. J. Maher of the J. C. H. G. C. as referee and your humble servant as official scorer; and right here let your reporter say that he wishes to extend his thanks to Messrs. Endicott, Fuller, Foley, J. B. Elsworth and others of both clubs for courtesies promptly extended. They are all good fellows down there and while at times the excitement grew rather intense, the best of good nature prevailed throughout the lengthy ordeal. There was a good deal of loud talk in the evening about another match between the same parties on the same terms, to be shot at Foley's Grove, the club grounds of the Stapletons at Stapleton, a much more desirable place to reach (being near ferry) we should judge, as one don't have to depend on trains two or three hours apart. Mr. Foley is a young ardent member of the Stapleton club, and proprietor of the grove of that name, and he assures trap shooters that they will be well taken care of should they give him a trial at any time. The following is the match and score: 50 live birds each man, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, both barrels, gun below armpit until called pull, 2 traps, second barrel anywhere (a large proportion of them on the ground as the result showed and entirely unnecessary). Figure 2 denotes killed with second barrel.

Stapleton.

C Warneke...2102101020101101212020202021122111021111120212010—36
M Cahill.....1021210112120002110010101210221210121112111210102—37—73

Aquehonga

Winant Weir.0202102221102102000002000002120212221010121002211—29
P Polworth...1211221100102020102101211000211022221211201001202l—35—64

JACOBSTAFF.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 16.—The Elizabeth Gun Club held their first shoot on their grounds Feb. 12. The weather was cold and very unfavorable for good scores. First match, 5 black birds, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, second barrel count ½:

Randolph	01100—2	Dolbeer	10111—4
Chetwood	01100—2	Carter	01001—2
Harsell	00110—2	Dackerman	01000—1
Haskard	½1110—3½	Astfalk	01111—4
McBride	00000—0	Jersey	½11½—4

Ties of 4, miss and out: Dolbeer 0, Astfalk 0, Jersey 1. Ties on 2: Randolph 0, Chetwood 0, Harsell 1, Carter 0.

Second Match—5 blackbirds, 18yds. rise, single barrel:

Chetwood	10111—4	Haskard	11110—4
Harsell	11011—4	Dackerman	01100—2
McBride	01000—1	Astfalk	01001—2
Dolbeer	10110—3	W Parker	00101—2
Carter	00011—2		

Ties on 4, miss and out: Harsell 111011—5; Haskard 111011—5, divided first money. Ties on 3: Chetwood 10—1; Dolbeer 11—2, won. Ties on 2: Carter 111—3; Dackerman 0; Astfalk 10—1; W. Harker 110—2, won.

Third match, same conditions:

Chetwood	01111—4	Haskard	11011—4
Harsell	11000—2	Dackerman	00001—1
McBride	00011—2	Astfalk	00010—1
Carter	00000—0	W Parker	11011—4
Martin	11111—5	Richardson	10110—3

Ties on 4: Chetwood 110—2. Haskard 11111—5. W. Parker 11110—4

Forth match, same conditions.

Chetwood	11011—4	Carter	01100—2
Astfalk	10100—2	Dackerman	00111—3
W Parker	11111—5	Haskard	01110—3

Dackerman and Haskard divided third.

Fifth match, some conditions.

Chetwood	11011—4	Astfalk	00100—1
W. Parker	01101—3	Carter	11011—4
Dackerman	00100—1	Haskard	11111—5

Chetwood and Carter divided.

NARRAGANSETT GUN CLUB.—Regular weekly shoot for merchandise prizes; 30 birds, class shooting, 1 trap, 5 angles., 18yds. rise:

W H Sheldon	111111101101001110011111111111—24		
C M Sheldon	001101111111111111100011111111—24		
E S Luther	111111111001010110110110111101—22		
E W Tinker	110001010011101111011101111011—20		
C C Gray	100111000111101101010101101101—18		
C B Potter	011000111011100111011000011011—18		
F O Wehasky	101111101101100001100101111001—18		
B Lynde	010111110100011001010010001111—14		
O G Hains	101000111001111100000000001111—14		
M Parker	000000101001101011100010011—12		

W. H. and C. M. Sheldon divide the first. E. S. Luther wins second. E. W. Tinker wins third.

Second Event.—Sweep, 5 clay quail:

J B Valentine	11111—5	E W Tinker	11100—3
W H Sheldon	11011—4	E S Luther	11010—3
C B Potter	10111—4	O G Harris	00101—1
C C Gray	11101—4	B Lynde	10000—1
C M Sheldon	11001—1		

J. B. Valentine first, Gray and Potter second, Luther third.

Third event—10 clay quail:

E S Luther	1111111111—10	C C Gray	1001100001—5
W H Sheldon	1111111110— 9	C B Porter	0110001110—5
J B Valentine	1101011101— 7	E W Tinker	1100010100—4
C M Sheldon	0011011111— 7		

E. S. Luther first, W. H. Sheldon second, C. M. Sheldon and J. B. Valentine third.

Fourth event—10 clay-quail:

C M Sheldon	1111111110—9	J B Valentine	1110110110—7
E W Tinker	1111011101—8	E S Luther	0010101101—5
C B Potter	1111011110—7	W H Sheldon	1010011100—5
C C Gray	1111011010—7		

C. M. Sheldon, first money; E. W. Tinker, second money; C. C. Gray, third money.

Fifth event—10 birds.

W H Sheldon	1111111111—10	E S Luther	1101101101— 7
E W Tinker	1101111101— 8	C B Potter	1100011110— 6
C M Sheldon	0011111111— 8	C C Gray	1010101001— 6

W. H. Sheldon first, C. M. Sheldon and E. W. Tinker second, E. S. Luther third.

Sixth event—5 birds:

C M Sheldon	11111—5	C C Gray	00111—3
Geo J Crandall	11111—5	E W Tinker	10100—2
E S Luther	1111M15	F O Wehosky	00100—1
W H Sheldon	10101—3	C B Potter	00101—2

C. M. Sheldon and E. S. Luther first, W. H. Sheldon second, C. B. Potter third.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, Feb. 7.—At the annual meeting of the Washington Heights Gun Club officers were chosen: C. R. Terwilleger, President; W. E. Stillings, Vice-President; E. A. Fountain, Captain; R. B. Saul, Treasurer; J. R. Terhune, Secretary. Monthly glass ball shoot to-day.

C R Terwilleger	1110001010100011110100011—13
Disbrow	1101111111111111111111111—24
J H Terwilleger	1111010001111010101100011—16
Fountain	1111001101110111101101—20
Roe	1010121111001011110111—18
Harrison	1111101111011110111011111—21

J. R. T.

BOGARDUS—MEADERS.—The clay-pigeon match between Capts. Bogardus and Meaders, at New Orleans, resulted as follows: 100 singles, Bogardus 85, Meaders 82; 50 pairs doubles, Bogardus 91, Meaders 81; total, Bogardus 176, Meaders 173.

DANIEL CURRY, of Centralia, Pa., and William Curry, of Shenandoah, will have a pigeon shooting match on Monday next for $100 a side.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

NO further news concerning the challenge has yet been received from England, but Mr. A. Cary Smith will go ahead at once with the design for a sloop to meet the challenger, as Com. Bennett has directed the club to begin work on her as soon as possible. The new boat will be about 85ft. waterline, and nearly four beams in length. It is not yet decided whether she will be built of wood or steel.

THE MEET ON LAKE ERIE.

WE publish in our Canoeing columns this week a portion of a circular about to be issued by the yachtsmen and canoeists of Cleveland, inviting all sailors to a water carnival to be held in July on Lake Erie. The object of the meeting is to bring together all lovers of water sports for a couple of weeks of sailing, racing and camping, and while there plans will be discussed for permanent organizations. The canoeists will probably form a union of some sort, and an excellent opportunity offers for the yachtsmen to do the same. If any proof of the advantages of such an organization were needed, the growth of the Canoe Association, and also of canoeing, since its formation less than five years ago is sufficient, and there is very reason to expect a similar prosperity from a union of yachtsmen. Last year the Lake Yacht Racing Association was formed by the clubs on Lake Ontario, open to all clubs on the lakes, but we believe none but those on Lake Ontario have yet joined it. Last year the fleet of the Association made the round of the lake and cruised on the St. Lawrence, holding a number of successful races, and elevating yachting on Lake Ontario to something more than a few local races every year. The uniform system of measurement, and also of racing rules and general government, tends to obliterate to a great extent local ideas and prejudices, and to foster an *esprit de corps* as well as a spirit of competition among the different clubs composing the Association that will exert a powerful and beneficial influence.

We commend to the yachtsmen of Lake Erie the example of their brothers, in the hope that they will imitate it and join with them in the Lake Yacht Racing Association. There is no reason why all the clubs on the lakes should not belong to one large and powerful organization, as their interests are in all respects identical. The ends in view can be better gained by one body composed of representatives of the various localities than by a number of small and insignificant clubs, and the tendency of all sports now is toward centralization of this kind. It may be that local considerations, for a time at least, will make it desirable that each of the lakes shall have its own cruise and series of races, but even in this case it will be best to have all under one management, so that those who chose could make the round from lake to lake, with rules and dates that would allow it. The first and most difficult step, the arrangemnt of preliminaries, has been undertaken by the Cleveland Y. C. They provide courses and prizes, and only ask a full attendance on the part of yachtsmen. The second step, the details of organization, either as an independent body or as members of the L. Y. R. A. must be taken when all are assembled at Ballast Island. In the mean time there is an opportunity to discuss the subject thoroughly, so that when all do meet, no time may be lost over useless preliminaries. The concluding portion of the circular alluded to relates to yachting as follows:

At a joint meeting of the Cleveland Yachting Association and Cleveland Canoe Club held on Jan. 17, 1885, it was proposed to have a meet at Put-In-Bay Islands, Lake Erie, from the 20th to 25th, inclusive, of July next, to which an invitation will be extended to all yacht and canoe clubs of the lakes and western rivers. During the meet there will be a regatta given by the Cleveland Yachting Association open to all yachts of the first, second and third classes, in which silk championship flags will be given to the winning yachts of each class; also sailing, capsize and paddling races given by the various canoe clubs, and a grand banquet and ball. In order that yachts wishing to participate in the annual regatta of the Cleveland Yachting Association, formerly held on the Fourth of July, the former has been postponed until the 16th day of the same month, after which the yachts will sail in squadron from Cleveland to the islands.

The ultimate object of this meet is for the formation, if possible, of a Lake Erie Yachting Association, comprising all yachts on Lake Erie including those of Detroit. With a view to this the Cleveland Yachting Association at its meeting elected the following named officers and committees who should hold office until such other officers from the various associations should be elected at the general meet: President, George W. Gardner; First Vice-President, R. R. Rhodes; Second Vice-President, I. V. Harkness; Corresponding Secretary, J. George Downie; Recording Secretary, J. S. Williams; Treasurer, Percy W. Rice; Measurer, Henry Gerlach; Assistant Measurer, B. Lyman; Surveyor of Course, W. P. Francis; Regatta Committee, H. D. Coffinberry, W. Scott Robison, R. E. Mix, Frank Brewster, H. G. Phelps; Reception Committee, James Gibbons, Wm. Winch, L. H. Ware, J. M. Raleigh, F. H. Smead, C. W. Kelly, J. George Downie, Henry Gerlach, J. S. Williams, G. W. Gardner, Dan P. Ello, I. V. Harkness; Committee on Banquet, W. H. Eckman, G. Harry Gardner, N. P. McKean, James Gibbons; Finance Committee, Percy W. Rice, Chairman, (to be filled later).

Classes and prizes governing the regatta to be held at the islands:

First Class.—Entrance Fee $10.—For yachts measuring over 35ft. on waterline. First prize, silk championship flag and one-third of the entrance money. Second prize, the remaining two-thirds of the entrance money.

Second Class.—Entrance Fee $5.—For yachts measuring between 22 and 35ft. on the waterline. First prize, silk championship flag and one third of the entrance money. Second prize, two-thirds of the remaining amount of the entrance money. Third prize, the remaining amount of the entrance money.

Third Class.—Entrance Fee $3.—For yachts measuring under 22ft. waterline. Entrance money to be divided the same as for first, second and third prizes.

We would be pleased to hear from you at as early a day as possible, whether the above meets with your approval and whether you would be willing to take part in the same. Communications should be addressed to J. George Downie, Secretary Cleveland Yachting Association, Public Square, Cleveland, O.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.

Eastern Y. C.—Feb. 10.—Commodore, Henry S. Hovey: Vice-Commodore, J. Malcolm Forbes; Rear Commodore, William F. Weld; Secretary, Edward Burgess; Treasurer, Patrick T. Jackson, Jr.; Measurer, Edward Burgess. Regatta Committee—George A. Goddard, Daniel Appleton, Edward B. Haven, Henry B. Jackson and Frank E. Peabody. Members of the Council at Large—C. O. Foster and G. F. Upham, Jr. Committee on Admissions—J. Malcolm Forbes, F. B. Cunningham, O. W. Peabody, W. G. Saltonstall, C. P. Horton, B. W. Crowninshield, Percival L. Everett, Augustus T. Perkins, Alanson Tucker, F. L. Higginson and R. S. Russell. House Committee—John A. Burnham, P. L. Everett, B. W. Crowninshield and Edward Burgess.

Quaker City Y. C.—At the annual meeting held on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., at the club house, West Jersey Ferry, Camden, the following list of officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Robert P. Thompson; Vice-Commodore, Benjamin F. Murphy; Rear Commodore, M. H. Lindsey. President, Wm. J. Thorman; Secretary, Samuel B. S. Barth; Assistant Secretary, William S. Hoffman; Treasurer, Samuel P. Wright; Measurer, Rufus G. Wilkins. Board of Trustees—George W. Fite, William H. Vallette, Samuel A. Wood, Charles E. Ellis. Regatta Committee—David C. Walker, Richard W. Kerswell, Robert M. Fitch, Jr., Charles L. Wilson, Lemuel S. Roberts.

Larchmont Y. C.—Commodore, Augustin Munroe; Vice-Commodore, A. Bryan Alley; Rear Commodore, Oliver Adams; Secretary, W. Harris Roome; Treasurer, Thos. B. Brown; Measurer, Frank E. Towle; Trustees, Thos. R. Fisher, E. L. Bushe, J. B. Miley.

THE LENGTH AND TONNAGE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter signed by "C. P. K.," in your issue of the 15th inst., bearing on proportion of beam and length, I think should be read with qualifications. One has to be cautious in adopting extreme length with correspondingly reduced breadth in any case, but more especially for a vessel intended for an all-round successful prize taker.

The British racer has about attained the extreme proportion advisable in all classes for the present tonnage racing. The great question of the day is the best all-round proportion for a pure length class, and this opens up a wide field of inquiry and speculation, for here we have conflicting evidence. For instance, the example taken by "C. P. K.," of Eclipse and Currytush, generally speaking, the one of the very broadest, and the other of the very narrowest of the whole fleet, and the two most wonderfully successful boats ever built in their respective classes. But comparing Isa with Eclipse, both new boats of the same length, and the former of medium proportions, we find Isa not in it with Eclipse. Other examples of a similar nature might be cited.

Currytush did what might have been expected of her, and what was really predicted of her under the conditions of wind and sea in the two races in question. In a good breeze and sea, the 3-tonner could tackle and outsail Eclipse "by the wind" but not so "off the wind." There is not the slightest doubt that the little one would be the best under a tonnage rule, and would be the most comfortable in a breeze of wind out in the open channel, and in the latter respect she has made her regatta port when many an abler (cruising) boat than Eclipse "could not be kept at it."

It was not the extreme beam of Eclipse made her the successful 30ft. racer, but the more moderate beam of Isa made that vessel a failure in this respect, nor the extreme proportions of Currytush made her the cock of the walk in the "Punch and Judy" class. There is no doubt that Currytush could be improved as an all-round vessel by increasing her beam somewhat; but then she would not be a 3-tonner.

What the best proportion of length and breadth for a length class boat is has yet to be solved by experience. FIVE-TONNER.

CRUISE OF THE MOLLY.

THE Molly is a 5-tonner, yawl rigged, pole mast, carrying only jib, mainsail and jigger, with iron shoe of 4,700lbs. and 3,700lbs. lead in hold, and drawing 4ft. 9in. Everything being ready as to provisions, with two oil stoves made fast in forecastle, we made a start, as we had to call at the Beach, where my family were spending the summer, and at which our lake voyage began. Crew consists of myself, the owner, James Doyle, professional sailor and boat keeper commonly called "Jim," and the useless cook known as "Dob." Object of trip, to try the yacht and visit Brockville, my native place.

Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1884.—Left Burlington Beach 5 P. M.; wind very light; sighted Toronto at daylight.

Thursday, 14th.—Made Toronto at 10 A. M.; purchased compass and chart; left port at 2:30 P. M.; bound down the lake: wind S. W. and very light.

Friday, 15th.—Frenchman's Bay Light in sight; passed light at 1:30 A. M.; off Whitby Light at 9 A. M.; wind light, S. W.; wind freshening; off Oshawa at 11 A. M.; wind S. W.; a schooner followed us from Toronto and has gone off to the S. W.; noon, wind all gone, a slight roll, dingy towing badly; Port Darlington sighted at 12:20 P. M.; sun very hot, looks like a thunder storm; 2 P. M., abreast Darlington Light, Newcastle in sight; 4 P. M. abreast Newcastle; no wind, a dead sea rolling, very hot and the flies troublesome; we have sighted no vessels to-day; as the wind is light we propose to keep at work; last night Jim stood watch till 4 A. M., when I took her till 4:30 A. M.; 7 P. M. steamer Corinthian passed us on her down trip five miles below Newcastle; the schooner which left Toronto with us is abreast, ten miles out; we have decided to try for anchorage; 7 P. M. anchored in six fathoms; took dinner and turned in; the day has been a scorcher.

Saturday, 16th.—1:20 A. M. Wind N. and puffy. Port Hope Light in view, up anchor and off, yacht doing well and sailing fast; 5:20 A. M., off Port Hope, wind more easterly, every prospect of a warm day, sun rising very red, full light now on our weather bow, distance 3 miles; 8 A. M., wind all gone, steamer Norseman passed bound for Port Hope; 11:30 A. M., Cobourg harbor, provisioned and left port at 1 P. M., light wind from the east, stood out about 5 miles in the lake when wind left us, wind light and variable afternoon and evening, I stood watch until 11:30 P. M., when Jim took her, mail boat passed down about 9 P. M. 8 miles to the north of us.

Sunday, 17th.—Wind E. and very light, sighted Presque Isle Light at 3 A. M. and abreast of it at 6 A. M.. Scotch Bonnet sighted at 7 A. M., light airs from S. W.; 11 A. M., abreast Scotch Bonnet, wind S. W. and light, passed between Nicolas Island and the Bonnet, course E. S. ½ S., sun not so hot as we have had it for two days; 1:30 P. M., abreast Big Sandy Bay, Long Point Light in view, wind moderate, S. W. accompanied with a long roll and sea from the E.; a large three master to the S. W., distance about 5 miles, yacht behaving well in the sea; coffee pot on the stove which the pitching does not seem to affect; 3 P. M., off Salmon Point Light, wind still light and sea gone down, the three master has fallen behind, and at 6:15 P. M., abreast Long Point Light, all hands badly burnt with sun; every prospect of wind to-night; our coal oil stoves are doing splendidly; anchored in three fathoms of water, when sounding for anchorage lead fouled a net, out of which Jim took the largest fish I ever saw in these waters, I think it a sturgeon (we put a line through its mouth and gills, towing it the first day 70 miles to Kingston and next day 50 to Brockville, all which time it fought us, and was quite lively; when Brockville was reached on Tuesday, we gave it 30ft. of line and had it on view until Thursday, when we killed it by chopping of its head, and distributing the steaks among friends).

Monday, 18th, 2 A. M.—Wind S. and light, got under way with our big fish towing at the stern; 5 A. M., very hazy and supposed to be within a few miles of the False Ducks. These ducks are distant from Long Point 22 miles and 32 from Kingston; 9 A. M., off Point Traverse Light; 9:30 A. M., passing between Timber Island and False Ducks' Light, sails wing and wing, course N. E. The three-master is in sight again to-day, and is losing ground. This is our first wind of any consequence, and the Molly is behaving well. No boat could steer better, and every one satisfied: 12 M., off Amherst Island; 2:30 P. M., off Simcoe or Nine Mile Light, wind about gone. We have decided to pass Kingston and enter the river; 4 P. M., left Kingston to port; at 6:30 P. M., drop anchor at the head of St. John's Island, well satisfied with the day's run.

Tuesday, 19th, 4:30 A. M.—Got under way, wind S.; have decided to go by the middle channel and the inside of Grenadier Island. Arrived in Brockville at 12 M.

RETURN VOYAGE.

Friday, Aug. 22, 9 A. M.—Wind W., cloudy, with prospects of rain. Ran to the American shore, when the wind changed to the S. dead in

our eyes. Worked up the Narrows on the American side, wind freshening and puffy; 1:30 P. M., off Chippewa Point, starboard shroud parted; ran back to Blind Bay for anchorage. On examination have decided that a new mast must be put in before crossing the lake; spliced old shroud, and put up a heavy topmast shroud. Jim thinks it may stand till we get home—we will try it; 6 P. M., have decided to spend the night where we are.

Saturday, 23d.—2 A. M., wind N., but too dark to move; 6 A. M., got under way, wind W., made a good run to Sister Light, when the wind hauled round to the S, dead in our eyes; 8 A. M., steamers Rothesay and Corinthian passed down; 10 A. M., abreast Alexandria Bay, wind puffy and disagreeable, Molly working well against wind and current; 2 P. M., dropped anchor for dinner; any number of steamers and steam yachts have passed to-day—too numerous to mention; 3 P. M., the sky looks like a thunder storm; dinner over we reefed the mainsail, and at the beating again; 4 P. M., a thunder storm coming on, secured and tied up at the Limburger cheese factory docks, having beat sixteen miles since morning; I think Molly worked best under easy canvas, mainsail reefed; night fine, very high wind.

Sunday, 24th.—5 A. M., wind N. W., very puffy; took her out with all sail, but soon had to reef; 6:30 A. M., opposite Clayton, a very high sea running from the N. W., took in jib and jigger to save our masthead, yacht laboring hard; have decided to run to the lee of Long Island; breakfast and bath; 10 A. M., reef mainsail, got under way; 4 P. M., we have had variable winds all day, and are now off the Battery abreast of Kingston, and our cook wants to go home, as he thinks the craft is too small to cross the lake; have decided to keep on our course, and stand up the inside of Amherst Island; 11 P. M., abreast Upper Gap Light; considering the variable winds we have had, we have done pretty well to-day.

Monday, 25th.—Wind N.E., sea running very high; we have decided to make shelter under Timber Island; 3 A. M., anchored in 10ft. of water. 5:30 A. M. wind has hauled round to S. and we have run to South or Prince Edward's Bay, where we are lying with comparatively little motion. Cook no use, but has decided to make an effort to procure tobacco for himself. 9 A. M. a yawl yacht passed, running before the storm (I have since found that the storm signals were hoisted for this day and the next); we think it is from Toronto, and we saw it enter the Gap; 10 A. M. wind S. and very heavy, we are in good shelter. Cook went foraging without a basket and brought back two loaves of bread, one dozen eggs, supply of tobacco, for himself, and a tin pail which he said a kind peddler had presented him with.

Tuesday, 26th.—1 A. M. everything looks bad, heavy black clouds cover the sky; a very dirty night with prospects of a change of wind; we got on the mainsail, hoisted anchor and made for open water, where we encountered a tremendous storm of wind and rain, and blinded with the lightning; 4 A. M, daylight began to come, and we saw the shore on three sides of us, when we decided to run back through the Gap to Macdonald's Cove in the Bay of Quinte, which we reached at 8 A. M.; wind S.W.; we found a schooner had gone ashore at the Gap in the storm, also one steamer, and other vessels there in shelter, also the yawl yacht, which proved to be the Escape of Toronto; 11 A. M., wind still very high; we find ourselves none the worse of last night's adventure; 3:30 P. M., I have just returned from the village of Primuier, where I found a telegraph office and telegraphed to the friends, "Storm bound likely to be here some time; answer me here" (which telegram never reached its destination). The gentleman on the Escape has his wife accompanying him; 8 P. M., change of wind W.; 9 P. M. turned in and slept till 1:30 A.M.

Wednesday, 27th.—3 A. M., wind N.; got under way and passed out of the Gap at 4 A. M., a heavy sea running; ran between Timber Island and Traverse Light; passed light at 6 A. M.; reefed mainsail, but found it did not work running before the sea, so we had to shake out the reef and take in jigger; in this rig we found she steered steadier; 9 A. M., cooked breakfast, sea going down; 9:45 A. M., abreast Tongue Point Light, the dread of the lake; 11 A. M., abreast Salmon Point Light, wind and sea falling fast; 4 P. M., abreast Scotch Bonnet Light, no wind, but very like a thunder storm; prepared our usual meal—broiled ham, potatoes, onions and tomatoes, bread and butter, tea; 5:30 P. M., change of wind, S., heading for Cobourg, distant 30 miles; 6:30 P. M., abreast Presqu'Isle Light, wind now began to fall and a drifting match commenced.

Thursday, 28th.—Reached Cobourg at 3 A. M., came to anchor in harbor, turned in, having been on deck twenty-four hours; 3 A. M., cook paid off and sent ashore; Jim and I have decided to take the Molly home ourselves, as he thinks he can do all the cooking we require; 8 A. M., went to the Arlington for breakfast, telegraphed home, bought papers and got under way; 10:30 A. M., Gull Light on starboard bow; abreast Port Hope at 11:30 A. M., wind light and variable, rolling about in an old sea; off Newcastle at 6 P. M.; anchored in Darlington Harbor at 7 P. M. A heavy squall came on from the west and suddenly chopped round to the east. We remained in port visiting friends till next day.

Friday, 29th.—Darlington Harbor, 9 A. M.; rain; wind E., a big sea running outside; 4 P. M., wind changed to N. W., so we put out; 5:30 P. M., opposite Oshawa, wind very light; 7:30 P. M., change of wind, S. W., Whitby on our lee bow, distant three miles; we are going to try for Pickering Light, as there is not much prospect of wind, and an old sea running from the S. W.; the light we could not find, and as the wind left us, the sea was driving us toward shore, we dropped anchor at 11:30 P. M.

Saturday, 30th.—No wind, heavy fog; 7:30 A. M. Scarboro Heights supposed to be visible; 10 A. M., heavy wind from the S. W. and with it the fog lifted; when the yacht Escape, which we left in Macdonald's Cove on Wednesday morning, appeared about a mile to leeward of us. Now a heavy day's beating commenced, wind and sea being dead in our eyes; we kept her to it and reached Toronto at 4 P. M.; the large yacht which we took in the morning for the Escape, was no where to be seen; as we had enough to do attending to our own business all day we had not time to keep an eye on her movements. As it was Saturday and I had not heard from home for a week, I proposed to Jim to get a man to help him to bring the yacht to Hamilton, and I would take steamer for home, which I did. On my arrival I found all friends anxious as my telegrams had miscarried.

Sunday, 31st.—3 P. M. the Molly was at her home buoy, Jim having brought her from Toronto alone; wind N., very squally, so much so that she had been close reefed and shaken out three times in the forty miles run.

AROUND THE HORN.

THE coming voyage of the little schooner Carmelita from New York to San Francisco, calls to mind other yachts that have made the same trip in some way, most of them, however, not on their own bottoms. Long and dangerous as the voyage is, it was made when the gold fever was at its height, by some curious craft, several small steamboats reaching San Francisco in safety, and it is even told that two canal boats were fitted up and sailed around, though, unfortunately, no proof is given. Of yachts the first to attempt the voyage was, we believe, the yawl Chimera, which was wrecked on the passage in 1849. In 1850 a small schooner, the Mist, was brought out on the ship Loochoo, and in the same year a Newport catboat, the Swallow, was brought out on the brig Swiss Boy, but was lost on her first trip outside the Heads. About 1852 the Eureka, a Mystic sloop, was brought out on the Star of the Union, and in 1858 the Restless, also a sloop, on the ship Andrew Jackson. The George Steers, about 30ft. long, came on a ship about 1856, and was turned into a steam yacht, being burned up finally, and the sloop Templar, catboats Fisherman, Snakedigger, pertiauger Victor (of Nantucket), were all brought out on ships about 1858-61.

The sloop yacht Clara was brought from New York on the ship Young America, but did not prove a success in San Francisco waters, and her owner, Mr. Jabez Howes, brought out on the deck of the famous Three Brothers, the sloop Annie, 45ft. long, built by Robert Fish in 1861. Her spars were reduced, and we believe she was partly rebuilt and strengthened, and she is now the flagship of the Pacific Y. C. In 1865 a schooner, the Petrel, sailed out, and after being used for a time as a yacht, was sold for a trader; and the same fate befel the Chelsea Smith, a Mystic sloop, brought from New York to San Carlos on a ship, and sailed from there to San Francisco. In 1865 also the Howadji, a catboat, came out by ship; in 1861 the sloop Flyaway with an iron keel, in 1869 the Amelia Platt, a steam yacht, and the Skimmer, a catboat from Philadelphia. The first catamaran was sent by rail in 1869. Perhaps the best known boat of all is the little yawl Frolic, brought by ship from England in 1851 or 52. The largest yacht yet sent from the East to San Francisco is the Ariel, 69ft. on waterline, a centerboard schooner built by Poillon Bros. in 1873. Many of these yachts are still afloat—Ariel, Annie, Clara, Eureka, Restless, Snakedigger, Hattie, Skimmer, Petrel, Chelsea Smith, though some have changed names, or have been sold for trading purposes.

The vessels against which Carmelita will try conclusions next season have nearly all been built in San Francisco, and differ greatly from her in type, being principally wide centerboard boats with inside ballast. Of the keel boats there are Lurline and Halcyon, each 72ft. waterline, and Casca 85ft., and all three of 21ft. beam. The centerboards are Nellie, 57x19ft.; Aggie, 70x23ft.; Fleur de Lis, 60x18ft; White Wing, 50x18; Virginia, 56x18½ft; Chispa, 57x19ft.; Ariel, 69x18½ft., drawing from 8 to 9ft. In rig they are inferior to the new vessel, while none enjoy the advantage of so large a proportion of ballast low down. In build they are heavier and more clumsy than Eastern yachts, and being, as a rule, built for rougher water and stronger winds, their sail areas are small. The Eastern boats that have been tried there have all been strengthened, and their sail spread cut down, in which condition they have hardly proved equal to the homebuilt boats.

Carmelita's voyage out will test pretty thoroughly her sea-going powers, and on her arrival we shall look to see her demonstrate the superiority of depth and ballast, coupled with moderate beam and good form, over the wider and shallower models now preferred there.

THE MAMIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was delighted with your handsome and comprehensive illustration of the new yacht Mamie, and hope you will follow up with a plan of her rig, as I have serious thoughts of building such a boat for my use on the lakes. A. R.

[The rig and cross section of Mamie will be found illustrated in detail in the new book "Small Yachts," which will appear next month through the office of this paper.]

SAIL AREA AND THE NEW SLOOP.

FROM the dimensions of the new sloop to be designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, for the international contest, the general inference is that she will be long, rather moderate in beam and also in displacement. Hence a proper sail area will be correspondingly moderate. Without having exact figures concerning the rig of this new sloop or of Genesta, no positive comparison can be made. But I think it is safe to say the sloop will carry less sail in proportion to her length than the cutter Genesta, and consequently the length and sail area rule of the New York Y. C. will operate in favor of the sloop and against the foreign cutter. That is diametrically opposite to the stand taken by the blundering bigots who have been seeking to forestall a possible cutter victory in their attempts to mislead and befog the public in the matter of measurement. The Genesta, having been built under a very different sort of rule, is not designed to evade or even to fit the N. Y. Y. C. rule. But our representative will now be got out with especial reference toward conciliating the exactions of the rule. The advantage clearly is on our side. This is all proper and fair enough. It is one of the eventualities the English had to consider when issuing their challenge under the deed of gift. Considering the foregoing, I trust that even the campaign committee of so august a body as the Pugwugs, who meet once a month for the manufacture of slanderous diatribe in one of the marble palaces which line that stately thoroughfare yclept Boulevard de Varrique, will now double bit on their measurement claptrap, and try some other tack. C. P. K.

CUTTERS AS CRUISING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old Latin fable, learned in my schoolboy days (now more years ago than I care to think about) was forcibly brought back to me by reading some remarks in the *Spirit of the Times*, called up by a report in the New York *Herald* to the effect that Genesta and Galatea were to race across the Atlantic, using trysails instead of mainsails, and without their topmasts. The fable was, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, for anything more completely wide of the mark than the inferences deduced from conditions of this reported match by the writer in the *Spirit* cannot well be, and shows very clearly that he hasn't the faintest elementary knowledge of the type of vessel that he is criticising. He may be, and doubtless is, a reliable authority on the merits or otherwise of the wide, shallow centerboard; but of the qualities and characteristics of the English cutter of the present day he is evidently in total ignorance.

Now, assuming that the *Herald*'s report is correct and that the conditions of the race are that trysails alone shall be used and no topmasts pointed, what more does that prove than that a racing outfit is not adapted for cruising, and it has as little bearing on the merits of the hulls as has the color of the paint on their sides. Possibly, also, there is an idea that after a drilling across the Atlantic the mainsails might not be altogether improved and not quite in a condition to sail the races for America's cup.

What yachtsman in his senses would spar and rig his vessel for all-round cruising all weathers in the same fashion that he would for match sailing alone; and yet, forsooth, on the strength of this doubtful rumor the writer in the *Spirit* runs amuck at the seagoing qualities both of the yachts and their owners. With regard to one of the latter, at all events, he is singularly unhappy—the owner of Galatea, who is his own skipper and navigator, and who, when he had Gertrude (a 30-ton yawl), made her his home and lived on board with his wife for fifteen months at a spell. Talking of Gertrude, I should have liked the writer of the article to have been alongside of her in any of his centerboards on the occasion of her (Gertrude's) beating out over the bar of the Tagus in something like half a gale of wind, engaging in an ocean race from Lisbon to a port in the Mediterranean. That would have opened his eyes to the value of depth and lead, and he would have written in a far different strain for the future, that is, if the centerboard he was in had brought him safely out of the hurley burley (for there is a hurley burley there to some tune on a weather-going spring ebb and half a gale singing in the rigging). The critic would show more discretion perhaps if he refrained from prophesying until he knew, and confined his critical remarks to subjects with which he was thoroughly conversant, and not like the cobbler in the fable, go beyond his last. Henry E. Bayly.

Exmouth, Devon, Jan. 26, 1885.

[The foolish and ignorant attempt to cry down cutters as cruising boats, to which Captain Bayly alludes, has failed entirely; the critic having been informed of his blunder, and now coming out on the other tack with the announcement that such a rig is eminently proper. It is a pity, for the credit of American yachtsmen, that such rubbish should find its way abroad as an expression of honest opinion, as those ignorant of the source whence it emanates might imagine that American yachtsmen were green enough to believe such stuff. Captain Bayly's letter corroborates the views we have always expressed concerning British yachtsmen and their boats; views which the craft themselves will fully justify before the season is over.]

EASTERN Y. C.

THE Eastern Y. C., of Boston, held their annual meeting on Feb. 10, at which the following officers were elected: Commodore, Henry S. Hovey; Vice-Commodore, J. Malcolm Forbes; Rear Commodore, Wm. F. Weld; Secretary, Edward Burgess; Treasurer, P. T. Jackson, Jr.

The committee on measurement and sailing regulations lately appointed, Messrs. J. Malcolm Forbes, Chas. J. Paine, Wm. Gray, Jr., F. C. Peabody and Edward Burgess, reported in favor of adopting the rule of measurement in use by the New York Y. C., or twice the waterline length, plus the square root of the sail area. The effect of the rule will be to increase the measurements of the smaller boats more than of the larger, as the sail area of the former is proportionately much greater; and in consequence, the smaller boats would receive less time from the larger than formerly. To remedy this it was decided to grade the time allowance according to the speed over the course, increasing it one third if the speed of the first and second classes is over 6½ miles per hour, and the speed of the third class over 5 miles. This will be fairer to all, as an allowance which is equable enough in light weather becomes entirely too small in a blow. The full changes made in the rules are as follows:

3—Classification.

Yachts shall be divided according to their racing measurement, as follows:

Schooners—

First class, measuring 70ft. or over.

Second class, measuring 50ft, or over, but under 70ft.

Third class, measuring under 50ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—

First class, measuring 50ft. or over.

Second class, measuring 40ft. or over, but under 50ft.

Third class, measuring under 40ft.

Yawls shall receive time allowance at seven-eighths of the measurement. Any yacht may enter races with yachts of a higher class than that in which she belongs by assuming the minimum measurement of the class she enters.

Should there be only one starting yacht in either the first or second class sloops, these classes shall sail together, without special notice, forming one class.

4—Measurement and Allowances.

Yachts shall be rated for time allowance according to the following measurement: To the square root of the sail area add twice the waterline length and divide this sum by three.

These measurements shall be obtained as follows:

A base line to be taken from the bee-hole or point of contact of the jibstay on the bowsprit, or flying jibstay on the jibboom, in a straight line to the end of the mainboom, with one-quarter the length of the gaff, measured from afterside of the mast to the end, added thereto.

A perpendicular to be taken along the afterside of the mainmast from the under side of the gafftopsail block or sheave on topmast to the upper side of boom when the latter is resting on the saddle, the distance of such point from the main deck to be recorded by the measurer, together with all other points used in measurements.

To obtain the estimated sail area from these figures multiply the base by the perpendicular and divide by two.

The length shall be measured from the forward side of the stem, at the waterline to the end of the waterline at stern wherever found, exclusive of any part of the rudder or rudderpost. This measurement shall be taken when the yacht is afloat and in her ordinary trim, and with the crew stationed amidships.

Allowances shall be figured according to the table adopted by the club. Measurement to be in feet and half feet. In case of the sloop, cutter or yawl classes, when any yacht of the third class sails the course over the actual rate of five knots; when any yacht of the second class exceeds the same rate, the allowances for such classes shall be increased by one-third the amount given by the table.

12—Boats, etc.

Every yacht measuring less than 70ft. and more then 50ft., shall carry a serviceable boat not less than 10ft. in length.

13—Crew. Third Class Yachts

shall not carry more than one man for every four feet racing measurement.

14—Starting.

All starts shall be flying, and the yachts shall start in the following order: First, first class schooners; second, second class schooners; third, first and second class sloops, cutters and yawls and third class schooners.

HULL Y. C.

THE Hull Y. C. held a special meeting at the Parker House on Feb. 14, with Vice-Commodore Forbush presiding, to consider the proposed amendments to the by-laws and sailing regulations, and the following amendments were adopted:

I.—Amendments to the by-laws, proposed by the treasurer, Chas. C. Hutchinson.

a. Article IV.—Duties of the treasurer: To eliminate words in the first sentence to read as amended, "The treasurer shall collect all rents, assessments and dues."

b. Article IV.—Duties of measurer: To add words to the article, to read as amended: "The measurer shall measure all the yachts enrolled in the club, and report their measurements to the secretary. He shall also collect fees for the same."

II.—Amendments to the sailing regulations;

a. Rule 2.—Measurements: Amendment as proposed by the treasurer, Charles C. Hutchinson: To eliminate words of last clause, to read as amended, "The measurer shall receive for measuring yachts enrolled in the club his necessary traveling expenses and fees as follows: For yachts 38ft. long and over, sailing length, $3; for yachts 26ft. and less than 38ft., sailing length, $2; for yachts under 26ft., sailing length, $1.

b. Rule 5.—Amendment as proposed by the regatta committee: To eliminate the whole of first clause in regard to Corinthian prizes, and to substitute, "There shall be sailed each year at least one race under the full Corinthian rules;" and to eliminate that part of the second clause that refers to first prizes, rule to read as amended: "No second prize shall be awarded in any class unless three yachts start, except in the case of a postponed race, where the requisite number shall have originally started in the class in question. No prize will be awarded any yacht failing to make the race within the limit of time."

c. Championship pennant regatta—Amendment as proposed by the secretary, Peleg Aborn: To eliminate the word championship.

LENGTH AND SAIL AREA RULE IN BOSTON.

THE adoption by the Eastern Y. C. of the length and sail area rule of the New York Y. C. is another milestone on the road to a common system of measurement, and coming at this time is a forcible and practical contradiction of the rubbish uttered for some time past in regard to the New York Y. C. and their rule.

The members of the Eastern Y. C. have never been classed among the "feather-brained advocates of the English cutter," nor have they at present any races with that class of boat in prospect, and yet they have, after careful deliberation, accepted the report of their committee and adopted the rule. By this action they fall into line with the New York, Seawanhaka and Knickerbocker clubs, besides those comprising the Lake Yacht Racing Association, in the adoption of a common system of measurement that so far as can be foretold now promises to answer better than any that has preceded it. The committee on whose recommendation the rule was adopted are all experienced and practical yachtsmen, and uninfluenced by any consideration other than the advancement of yachting, and an endorsement from such a source more than offsets the illogical and false statements thrown out to manufacture public opinion over the forthcoming international races.

Now that it is common for the cutters at least, of the New York Y. C. to spend a portion of the season in Eastern waters, and to take part in the spring and fall matches of the Eastern Y. C., while both fleets join at Newport for the races there in regatta week, the value of a common system of measurement has become apparent. When yachting, both in New York and Boston, was merely a local sport, and boats seldom or never left their home waters, it made little difference what rules prevailed at either place, but now that the sport is each year becoming more national and less local the necessity for one system of rules and measurement is very evident, and it is not too much to hope that at some distant day, though we fear not very soon, local prejudices may give way to the general good, and American yachting may be conducted in the same thorough manner that even now characterizes some of the minor sports.

There is a general movement on the part of yacht clubs to examine their rules of measurement with a view to changing for something better, and we call their attention to the fact that the sail area and length rule has been adopted by three out of the four largest American yacht clubs, by the Knickerbocker Y. C. and by the Lake Yacht Racing Association, while abroad it has been adopted as an alternative rule by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, and is strongly favored by many in place of the present tonnage rule.

We have shown at various times in the Forest and Stream that instead of being greatly favorable to the cutters, in some cases it penalizes them more, and bears less heavily on the sloop, than older rules, and its general effect is only to lessen the rig in cases of gross oversparring, the measurement differing but little from waterline length in any boat of moderate type. It is extremely probable that during the season several more of the smaller clubs will be called on to consider this same rule, in which case we advise them to weigh well the practical indorsement given by the principal clubs against the wild and unsupported statements made in some quarters against it.

A NEW WINDLASS FOR FISHING BOATS.—The American Ship Windlass Company, Providence, R. I., have just introduced a new patent pump brake windlass especially designed for fishing vessels. The starboard side is fitted with the regular wild cat to take an inch chain (the same as in ordinary coasters), but the port side is provided with a solid barrel or drum for the rope cable, which all fishermen carry for deep-water anchorage on the Grand Banks. The advantages to be gained by adopting this new windlass are, that the anchor can be dropped almost instantly and can be hove up in nearly half the time now taken by the old style wooden windlass. It can be brought up from the bottom with far less labor than before. When the anchor is let go the barrel of the windlass revolves with the hawser as it runs out, thereby reducing the friction upon the ropes to a minimum. With the "Providence Fishermen's Windlass," the 500 fathoms of hawser, costing a dollar per fathom, will last twice as long as it now does in the ancient windlass, which has never been improved since it was first introduced half a century ago. The average life of a tarred manilla cable as now used on a fishing vessel is a year, but the American Ship Windlass Company's apparatus will extend its use from eighteen months to two years. Messrs. John James & Co., of Essex, Mass., have secured the agency for the State of Massachusetts. The "Fisherman's Windlass" was designed by Mr. G. Foster Howell, of New York, but it is owned and controlled by the manufacturers of the "Providence" windlass.—*Exchange.*

ULERIN.—It is stated in the London papers that this famous 10-ton cutter has been bought for shipment to America. She is the smartest of her class. We also hear of a little 3-ton beauty to be brought out next spring. Should the races this season turn in favor of the expected cutters, it would give great impetus to the importation of English-built yachts. Good vessels, ex-racers of two or three years' age, can be purchased abroad for one-third the cost of building here. Adding expense of shipment and duty, usually only upon nominal valuation, also 10 per cent. for depreciation due to age, and the cost of an imported cutter will still remain less than two-thirds the figure at which she could be duplicated here. The presence of numerous yachts of foreign construction would inspire fresh and superior methods in our own practice and stimulate the trade to adapt themselves to a lower range of prices, thereby increasing their market. The present custom of tackling one little job all the year round and trying to make a living by an extravagant price is all wrong. Less profit and more sales should become the yacht builder's motto.

SOME KINKS.—When tailing to a "rode" one way of saving chafe between the line and bobstay or in the hawsepipe is to slip a short piece of ordinary garden hose over the line, and after letting go shove it up on the rope in wake of the chafe. A good fender can be made out of any rubber hose. Cut length to suit, stuff with fine sand, after reeving a lanyard through. Seize up the bottom and top by hitching the ends of the lanyard about the hose, or close in any other manner. Both these handy arrangements have been brought into use by Mr. Arthur Edwards of Chicago, who is now having a yacht built on the Windward's lines by Powell & Douglas, Waukegan, Ill.

BOSTON.—Mr. Geo. M. Winslow of Boston (owner of the sloop Aswell, lately the Henry Butler), is now having built by James & Son of Essex, a centerboard schooner which will be enrolled in the Boston Y. C. Her length over all is 65ft., waterline 58ft. 6in. Her mainmast will be 49ft. deck to hounds, foremast 47ft., mastheads 6ft., maintopmast 31ft., bowsprit outboard 17ft., flying jibboom, cap to stay, 14ft. Her sails, by McManus of Boston, will measure 5,800 sq. ft.... The catboat Awilda, built by Crosby in 1883, and owned by Captain Stevens, of Onset, has been sold to Messrs. Farrell and Rich of Boston, and will be sailed under the flag of the South Boston Y. C. The Awilda is 25ft. long and 11ft. 6in. beam.... Nebula, the cruising cutter now building at Lawley & Son's north yard, City Point, for Mr. C. W. Jones, of the Boston Yacht Club, is rapidly approaching completion. She appears to be an able sea-going craft, with fine lines which would indicate speed. Her waterline measurement is 35ft.; over all, 43ft. 6in. Spars—Bowsprit outboard 22ft., stem to center of mast 14ft. 6in.; mast, deck to hounds 33ft. 6in., masthead 6ft.; topmast, fid to truck 32ft. 6in., mainboom 38ft., maingaff 28ft., gaff topsail yard 28 ft. She will spread 2,000 sq. ft. in her working sails, 2,500 sq. ft. in light kites. McManus & Son, of Boston, are to furnish the "dinity."

NEW BOATS IN BOSTON.—Messrs. Wood Bros., of Jeffries Point, South Boston, have in hand two new yachts, one a centerboard sloop for New York parties, 27ft. long, 10ft. beam, 3ft. 4in. depth of hold, and 2ft. 4in. draft, with a board 10ft. long. Her spars are as follows: Mast, deck to hounds, 24ft. 6in., boom 25ft., gaff 20ft., bowsprit outboard 10ft., topmast 20ft. The area of her lower sails will be 660 sq. ft. The topmast will be fitted to house. The frame is of white oak, plank of cedar, and deck of narrow pine, laid with the sideline. Her lead keel weighs 2,560 pounds, and is fastened with copper bolts. The cabin, cockpit and companion will be finished with hard wood. Under the cockpit, which is watertight, air tanks are fitted. The other yacht, a keel sloop, the firm are building as stock. She is 28ft. on deck, 32ft. 3in. on waterline, 12ft. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth, and 7ft. draft, with an iron keel of 8,800 pounds. Her frame is also of oak, with yellow pine planking without butts. The spars are: Mast, deck to hounds, 31ft., boom 34ft., gaff 26ft., bowsprit outboard 14ft., topmast 28ft., topsail yard 31ft. 6in., club 27ft., area 1,150 sq. ft. She will have double head rig. The headroom in cabin will be 6ft. 3in. Wood Brothers are turning out both boats in excellent style.

ORIVA.—We regret to hear that Mr. C. S. Lee intends to be absent this season in Europe, thereby depriving the famous Oriva of a skipper who knew so well how to tool a craft to victory. Oriva will in consequence change hands and for her sake we hope she may come into the possession of one who will prove a worthy successor at her helm. Oriva is cock of the walk in her class and the smartest of her loadline afloat in American waters. As a "comfortable" cruising craft she is unexcelled, with more liberal accommodations and arrangements for shipboard life than centerboard sloops of much greater size. The safety and great ability of Oriva are also considerations in her favor as a vessel well suited for family cruising.

DEATH OF A NEW YORK YACHTSMAN.—Mr. R. S. Elliott, the owner of the schooner Fleetwing, died suddenly at his residence in New York on Feb. 13. Mr. Elliott had been a member of the New York Y. C. for the past ten years. He had intended to sail on a cruise to the West Indies in a short time, and the Fleetwing was to have been in New York next week to make the final preparations for her cruise.

SMALL CRUISING YACHTS.—Pittsburgh, Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will Mr. W. P. Chadwick, or some one who knows, give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the points for a boat for coast and between island cruising that will be comfortable, handy and safe for a summer cruise for three or four persons, and greatly oblige others and W. H. WINSLOW.

OCEAN QUEEN.—Messrs. Poillon are now laying down Mr. Bush's new schooner, from the model furnished by Messrs. Smith & Terry, of Greenport, L. I., and will stretch the keel as soon as the steam yacht Cora is launched, which will be early in March.

A NEW YACHT CLUB IN CHICAGO.—The Phœnix Y. C., of Chicago, was organized on Jan. 23, with Mr. J. M. Bradley as commodore.

"AHOI!"—We have received the first quarterly number for 1885 of the *Ahoi!* a German yachting magazine, published in Potsdam.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 3—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 31—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
July —Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

THE WESTERN MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chautauqua Lake has been suggested as a suitable place for a canoe meet, and I think if its location could be declared satisfactory as a compromise by Eastern and Western canoeists, the lake would be found about all that is desirable for the purpose. It is eighteen miles in length, extending in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction. Its breadth is three miles in the widest places. At the middle it narrows to one-fourth of a mile in width. Philologists have claimed that the original meaning of the word Chautauqua is "a bag-tied-in-the-middle," which is a very good illustration of the shape of the lake. It is indented by picturesque points, and bordered by fine scenery. The shores abound in good camping places. The lake is very popular as a summer resort. It is situated in extreme Western New York and may be reached at Mayville, at its head, by the B. W. Y. & P. Railroad, and at Jamestown and Lakewood, near the foot, by the N. Y. P. & O. Canoeists who have visited this lake seem to be favorably impressed. J. M. E.

SINCLAIRVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 14.

[The Cleveland C. C., who have the matter in hand, have decided on Put-in-Bay Islands as the location of the meet, being accessible to yachts as well as canoes, and a more central location, as the other is too far from Chicago, Minneapolis and other Western cities. Chautauqua Lake has been proposed as a lcation for a local meet. Why will not J. M. E. and others near by push the matter?]

THE BROOKLYN "ALLIGATORS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to accept your invitation to report the proceedings of our club, "The Brooklyn," and take pleasure in informing you of the steps we have thus far taken and of our policy. The Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club by its constitution and by-laws provides that gentlemen over twenty years of age are eligible to membership, and on a vote being taken and the payment of ten dollars initiation fee and a quarter's dues, viz., three dollars, are constituted such. The officers of our club consist of a president, vice-president, a commodore and secretary, and two standing committees of three members each, known as the house and the regatta committees. The first of these is appointed by the president, the second by the commodore, and these two officers are ex-officio members of the committees. We intend during the winter months to have entertainments and meetings of a social nature, but of course always in the interest of canoeing or single-handed cruising, and in this way we expect to keep up the interest of our present members and recruit many others. In the open season we will endeavor to have cruises arranged so that every Saturday or perhaps every other Saturday a fleet will go on a short two days' cruise either up the Kills into Newark Bay, down to Sheepshead Bay, or around Staten Island. On other days we hope to have races among the members or with our neighboring clubs, but this we think will be second in thought to the cruising. We are young yet, only having seen light first on January 13 of this year, but we hope to have six men at the Newburgh camp and a representation at Grindstone. It is being arranged to cruise in fleet home from the A. C. A. camp, and in this way we expect to pass an enjoyable summer.

Our boat house, which we anticipate locating on the Bay Bidge shore, will provide accommodations for perhaps thirty members, and at present we are not desirous of increasing to a larger number although we feel we would have no trouble in doing so if we felt so disposed. Our present membership is ten and we are to consider at our next meeting the application of four others. In an excellent article by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt a few weeks ago, you showed the advantages to be gained by joining with the sneakbox and other single-handed cruising men, so it will not be necessary for me to touch on that. Our burgee is of course pointed 12x18 inches and has three longitudinal stripes red, white and blue converging to the point. This we feel is appropriate and as Brooklyn is a Dutch city, the merchant flag of Holland is proper for our signal, besides we also work in our national colors. Our fleet at present consists of nine Class B boats, among which is the Sunbeam, of which much is expected, the Guenn, known favorably, the Whim, Minx, and Pilgrim, and we have one sloop, Mr. Averill's Hilda. Our full board of officers and committees for 1885 is as follows: President, J. H. Hull; Vice-President, J. F. Newman; Commodore, R. J. Wilkins; Secretary, M. V. Brokaw. House Committee, Wm. J. Root, Thomas J. Budington and Charles Gould, and Regatta Committee, H. R. Averill, Frederick Read and Thomas G. Budington. We have decided upon an alligator as our totum, and a gilded one attends every meeting. With these prospects and plans the Brooklyn Club slides off the ways into deep water, and fully launched, its designers, builders, promoters, captain and crew anticipate for it a prosperous voyage for many years.

TIP TOP.

CANOEING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 29, appeared an article on the scarcity of canoe clubs in Brooklyn.

A like conundrum has often puzzled me. "Why has not Philadelphia a good canoe club?" We have plenty of boat clubs of all kinds, yacht clubs, rowing clubs, and all kinds of boating clubs, but no canoe club. I think Philadelphia has just as good canoeing waters as the best canoe clubs in the United States; the Delaware is seldom without a breeze (as I found to my sorrow in the past season) and affords good sailing ground; and the Schuylkill will satisfy the most unreasonable lover of a quiet paddling stream, yet we have no canoe club. At least, not yet; but another canoeist and myself have been talking the matter over among our friends, and four or five of us will probably help to fill the ranks of any canoe club that may be started here. I respectfully invite correspondence on this subject from any canoeist residing in or near Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14, 1885. THOS. W. BLUETT.

[There is already a canoe club in Philadelphia, the purser of which is Mr. T. W. Westcott, 2129 Spring Garden street, but we hear little of their work. Perhaps there is room for another club and any desiring to join in forming one can address our correspondent.]

A CRUISING BOAT FOR "KANUCK."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Kanuck" inquires in your last issue for a good and safe sailing cruiser. As he is on the seashore, where he will have no carries to make, let me advise him by all means to get that safest, most comfortable and home-like craft for one or two cruisers, the sneakbox. The sneakbox is practically uncapsizable, beats to windward like a catboat, has room enough to allow a frequent change of position, can be slept in by two persons with more comfort than one will enjoy in a canoe, can easily be fitted with a roomy waterproof canvas cabin, and will stand severe usage that would ruin a canoe instanter.

Captain George Bogart, of Manahawkin, Ocean county, N. J., builds an improved sneakbox for cruising purposes that is better suited for rough waters than the gunning sneakbox. He makes a 14ft. box with all improvements for $35, I believe, or a 12ft. box for one person, for $65. J. F. Kilpatrick, of Barnegat, N. J., makes the gunning sneakbox for a little less money, and J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., makes a gunning box of a lighter build and finer lines than the original kind, for a trifle more money than Bogart charges. "Kanuck" can get full information about sneakboxes by writing to N. H. Bishop, Lake George, Warren county, N. Y. SENECA.

THE LAKE ERIE MEET.

THE Cleveland canoe and yacht clubs have united in the management of the meet at Put-in-Bay Islands, and will undertake all the arrangements. They have prepared the following circular, which will be sent to all canoeists in the United States and Canada. Their desire is to bring together as many canoeists, yachtsmen, and other boating men from parts of the country, as is possible, for two weeks of pleasant camping and sailing, and all are invited, whether members of any club or association or whether unattached. At the meeting some schemes for a permanent organization may be discussed, but as yet nothing has been done in the matter. To the end that all who come may be free to enjoy every moment of his or her stay, the Cleveland Club has determined to take upon itself all the preparation for the comfort and pleasure of those who come, and as there are veteran cruisers and campers in the club, no fears need be entertained on that score. But what has seemed of more importance to canoeing interests, it has been decided to extend the invitations to individual canoers, without any reference whatever to their association or club affiliation, and the Cleveland Club does not wish even remotely to forestall any action which may be taken on the occasion, especially not with reference to the formation of any association, either independent or as a branch of the A. C. A.

To American Canoers:

For some months past the Cleveland C. C. has had under consideration the practicability of a canoe meet at the Lake Erie Islands, located sixty miles west of this city.

It was first the intent to call together none but Western and Southern canoers, with the view to a formation of a Western association; but after a careful and conservative consideration of the situation, and with a desire to cultivate rather than disturb the amenities which do now and should continue to exist between all canoers, without reference to locality or other conditions, it has been determined to extend the invitation to be present to every canoer in North America, whether he be a member of the American Association or of a local club, or entirely unaffiliated. The invitation will be extended also to all lady canoers, and special arrangements conducive to their pleasure and comfort will be made.

The project was brought before the club at a special meeting called for that purpose held on Jan. 17. The proposition was unanimously acceded to, and temporary officers and committees were selected.

The Cleveland Club, after mature deliberation, deemed it the wiser course to assume the entire direction and responsibility than to undertake to name officers or committee men from other organizations, and thus become involved in an interminable correspondence. The local committees will make all arrangements for the meet, prepare a schedule of races, provide prizes, select the camp, survey a course, arrange an order of business for a business meeting, secure the best attainable rates of transportation, secure hotel and cottage accommodations for such as want them, and in fact do everything possible for the success of the occasion.

The programme of races will be made subject to the approval of an assembly meeting to be held on the first day of the meet, when such other action as may be deemed desirable may be had.

The question of a permanent organization will be presented at the first assembly and considered at subsequent meetings, if necessary, until disposed of. Canoers are especially requested to come prepared to express their views on this subject, and letters and communications directed to the president or secretary in advance will receive attention.

Every effort will be made to secure advantageous rates and safe and quick carriage of canoes to and from the meet. In order to do this the secretary should be notified promptly by all who expect to attend. This is an important matter and the notification should not be postponed too long.

The canoers' camp will be located on Ballast Island. Suitable docks and landing places will be provided and abundant boat-house accommodation furnished. Fuel, straw and ice will be on the grounds. The superintendent of camp will employ a day and night watchman to guard the camp against fire or accident.

The grounds are delightfully located on a high bluff in the midst of a shady grove, nicely kept and overlooking the landing.

Arrangements will be made for providing meals at a low rate for those who do not care to do their own cooking. The Club House, located on Ballast Island, or the Beebe House on Put-in-Bay Island, two miles distant, will afford those desiring to live *en regale* the best in the land.

Special arrangements will be made for such as may apply to the secretary for hotel accommodations either on Ballast or Put-in-Bay Islands, or for the occupancy of club cottages.

Regular lines of steamers ply between the Islands, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit, and numberless excursions will be made to and from the Islands to the lake ports. A number of steam yachts and launches pass hourly to and from the various points of interest in and about the Islands.

A semi-daily mail departs and arrives. Telegraphic communication is had by cable with the outside world.

The evening's hops and parties at Beebe's and at Wehrle's, on Middle Bass Island will afford ample opportunities for those desiring such recreation.

Every necessity and luxury for the mess chest can be purchased on the ground.

For short cruising trips the waters around about the Islands are all that could possibly be desired.

The Cleveland Yachting Association has prepared and will issue a circular invitation to all yacht clubs on the chain of lakes to meet at the Islands on the dates fixed for the canoe meet, there to form a Lake Yachting Association. Steam and sailing yacht regattas will be sailed for the championship of the lakes and other prizes.

Arrangements are also being instituted for rowing races.

A pound boat sailing race, row boat races and tub races will also be arranged. It is, in fact, the aim of the local committees to make of this the greatest aquatic carnival ever held in the West.

The committees of the several organizations are working in harmony, and the entire programme will be arranged to avoid interference, one with the other.

The committee has in process of preparation a bulletin, which will contain the entire programme for the meet, railway time tables, steamboat schedules and other information which, when printed, will be furnished on application.

The date of the island meet will be fixed with particular reference to the accommodation of those who wish to attend the meeting of the American Canoe Association, and arrangements will be made to carry members and their canoes by water at reduced rates directly from the islands to the St. Lawrence. Parties expecting to go to the A. C. A. meet direct from the islands should inform the committee of such intention in order that the arrangements may be made.

It is intended that this circular shall reach every canoer in the United States and Canada, and the committee will be under obligation to any one who will furnish the address of canoers who are not members of the A. C. A. All communication should be addressed to G. Harry Gardner, secretary, 472 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

Officers and committees of the canoe club appointed for the meet of 1885: President, Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Presidents, W. Scott Robison, Charles H. Comstock; Secretary, G. Harry Gardner; Treasurer, Robert F. Jones; Surveyor, Fred Keith; Superintendent of Camp, W. H. Eckman; Regatta Committee—Fred Keith, Ed. S. Wright, C. H. Comstock; Reception Committee—Will E. Lewis, G. Harry Gardner, Geo. Johnson, C. H. Comstock. Ed. S. Wright, Fred Keith, W. H. Eckman, R. F. Jones, W. S. Robison; Banquet Committee—W. H. Eckman, G. Harry Gardner, N. P. McKean, Jas. Gibbons.

Further information will be found in our yachting columns.

HOMEWARD FROM STONY LAKE.

IT was late in August and the meet of '83 was ended when we started on our homeward voyage, with the good wishes of our jovial Canadian brethren, who gathered on the shore of Juniper Isle to bid us bon-voyage. Thinking it best for camping purposes, we paired off as follows: Bob and Charley, Wad and O. L., Mac and Petie, Doc and Friday. Doc, by universal consent, was elected commander of the fleet, all other distinctions being dropped.

Starting with a stiff breeze on the beam, we had a glorious run to Young's Point, accompanied part of the way by Commodore Edwards, who, ever genial and courteous, wished to see us well started on our cruise. Contrary to our resolution not to "cruise in hotels," we dined at the only hotel in Young's Point, and thence proceeded under paddle to Lakefield, where we spent the night in a hotel. After portaging by rail to Peterborough, and performing several social and gastronomic duties, we launched our canoes from the float of the P. B. C. house and started down the Otonobee River with a good spruce breeze of our own, varying the monotony of paddling by fighting a log-jam or two.

Our first camp was situated twelve miles from Peterborough, in a little wood close by the river. No tents were pitched. After supper and one or two short yarns, each man rolled himself up in his blanket and took the most comfortable position he could find. Sleep did not immediately follow, however, as some wretched cow persisted in tramping around the camp, and the dingle, dingle of the bell strung round her neck was not soothing to the nerves of the eight tired voyagers, who finally managed to drive her off.

We had barely gone three miles the next morning when we found we must go ashore and set up a hospital for one of the force, who was ill. After resting in the shade for a while and eating some lunch, the plucky fellow determined not to detain the fleet any longer. Setting sail we glided onward around the twists and turns of the beautiful river toward its mouth, where, as we had expected, we passed the camp of the Mohican Club. Running out into Rice Lake our canoes created quite a sensation among the crew of a cutter, who changed her course and ran close up to us to see what these fancy little craft were like. Going ashore on Sheep Island, we pitched our camp on the top of quite a hill and prepared to pass a cool night.

Paddling three miles through the crisp morning air to Harwood, we shipped Bob, Charley and their two canoes off by rail, wishing them good-bye with three rousing cheers. After buying some provisions we continued our voyage, spending a delightful summer's day alternately sailing and paddling, there being just wind enough in the afternoon to warrant keeping the canvas spread and just not enough to allow each of us to literally keep our watch below and doze away the time.

Entering the Trent River at about 5 P. M., we began to look about for a camp ground, and finally pitched on a spot about four miles above Hastings, where we proposed to take the railroad and portage around the Nine Miles Rapids.

We reached Hastings the next morning just as the train for Belleville, on Bay of Quinte, was about to start. Doc's glib tongue, however, obtained a delay of ten minutes. We went to work, and in eight minutes we had gone ashore, dragged the canoes out of water, carried them over a steep embankment, and placed them in the car under lock and key.

Reaching Belleville at about midday, we had the first, and with one exception, only experience of the fact that a very few Canadians could be rude. We nevertheless, enjoyed a good table d'hote dinner at the best hotel in the place for the moderate sum of fifty cents. After buying some provisions, we went down to the railroad wharf, where we all launched our canoes except Mac and Petie, whose vacations were nearly finished, and consequently they had to go home by a quicker route. Bidding them good-bye, we started to paddle through a drizzling rain, against a chop sea and head wind, to a point about two miles distant. We arrived soaking wet (except the man who had oil skins) and pitched our tents. Then, ah! the warm, grateful feeling of being in dry clothing again after a good rub down with a rough towel. But our cup of bliss was full to overflowing when, after a warm supper and hot coffee, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and prepared to read an hour or so before "turning in."

"Well, Friday, what do you say to starting?" quoth Doc, at 9 A. M. next morning.

"I say if there is anything I dislike it is paddling through a cold, drizzling rain," was the sleepy answer.

"Correct," came from the other side of the tent, followed by a snore.

"Thank goodness! we are to stay in camp all day," thought Friday, with a sigh of relief as he rolled over.

Obtaining a good, though rather late start the next morning, we had a beautiful run through the bay, passing by two wrecks, which plainly showed that the then placid waters could become stormy when Old Boreas wished to make himself felt. Reaching Deseronto about 4 P. M., we were received with open arms by the Rathbuns. After parting with "O. L.," who wished to go ahead, stowing our canoes in the freight house of the steamboat company and taking our traps to the village inn, we proceeded to enjoy the royal hospitality for which our hosts had become so noted while at the meet. Before leaving our "better halves" we agreed with the steamboat agent to be on hand the next morning at 7 o'clock to load our canoes on the steamer for Kingston.

Seven A. M. found us "all thar," but the canoes were gone! After diligent inquiry we found that the steamer, which ran further up the bay to Belleville, had stopped during the night for freight, and as such our canoes had been put aboard.

Seven-ten saw us quiet, 7:15 saw us impatient, 7:20 saw us quietly angry, 7:25 saw us furious, and 7:30 saw the sidewheel steamer Hero come puffing up to the dock half an hour behind hand.

The first thing that met our horrified gaze on jumping aboard was the three precious canoes all piled up in a heap, with a couple of dozen window frames by way of covering! At first we stood aghast, all sorts of doleful thoughts passing through our several minds. Then our anger and indignation arose, and under the leadership of the valiant Doc we proceeded to "blow up" the deckhands, whose impudence increased in the same ratio as our indignation. We finally appealed to the captain, who ordered the deckhands to remove the window frames and we stowed away the canoes to our satisfaction, and the damages, although less than we had anticipated, were more than we wanted.

Before reaching Kingston we decided to continue our trip on the steamboat to Clayton, where we had the pleasure of meeting two jovial members of the fraternity also on their way home from the meet but, alas, by another route. They, however, had time to expatiate on the beauties of the Thousand Islands, and in consequence we were anxious to get well in among them.

After buying some provisions and bidding farewell to our friends, we set sail and had a very pleasant ten mile run through the islands. Heading our canoes into a beautiful little cove, we landed on the rocks, which were low and almost perpendicular, thus forming an excellent wharf, and prepared for an early supper. That night Friday was awakened by sounds of distress coming from the outside of the tent, and on reconnoitering found poor Doc suffering from the effects of lead-poisoning, which had probably been caused by eating canned corned beef. Some medicine having been administered with apparent good effect, Friday returned to his blankets and was soon sound asleep. Here a word about canned meats. The writer personally knew two men who were made ill by eating them. If you must eat this kind of "grub," let the parts that have been near the tin alone. The next morning dawned bright and cheerful, but it was decided not to break camp that day in order that the sick man might be allowed to regain his strength.

Turning out early on the day following, our "Sunday," as we termed it, we determined to make a good run to compensate for lost time, so starting under full sail, with a slight breeze, we half drifted to the Thousand Island House, where we mailed our letters and Wad and Friday bought some very bad and strictly American candy.

Starting well out in Alexandria Bay we soon found that the wind was steadily increasing, and when we started again after lunch, from a point at the lower end of Alexandria Bay, we had nearly if not quite half a gale blowing directly over the sterns of our canoes, which

with sails spread wing and wing, seemed to jump from the top of one wave to the crest of another, as if playing leap-frog, the smaller canoes often varying the sport by poking their noses under in the most disagreeable way.

Although the sailing was exciting and accidents seemed imminent we managed to reach an island two miles above Brockville, where we pitched our tents in great glee at our good run and at having beaten a rainstorm by about five minutes.

After a good night's rest we paddled to Brockville, twelve miles from Ogdensburg, which we wished to reach early in the afternoon so as to take the train to Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain. The wind being nearly dead ahead we continued paddling until within two miles of Ogdensburg, when setting sail and keeping close-hauled we made port without tacking, and an exciting time we had of it too, one of the squadron preferring the paddle after getting out from under the lee of the shore. The wind having changed a little, blew nearly across current and was altogether "too fresh," being both cold and strong and making a nasty sea of which the crews of the two smaller canoes received full benefit, their little craft being at times almost lost in the cold spray.

Landing in Ogdensburg we freighted the canoes and bought tickets for Rouse's Point, after Friday, who claimed that he was too wet for comfort, had changed his clothing. Passing through the many dangers of traveling on *terra firma* we reached Rouse's Point at 8 P. M., and stowing away the canoes in a freight house, proceeded to enjoy the hospitalities of the Massachusetts House.

"Come Friday and Wad, turn out, we have plenty of hard work before us to-day," cried Doc, the next morning at 7 A. M., but as a prophet he was a failure, for the hardest work done that day was to oversee the carting of the canoes from the freight house to the beach of Lake Champlain. As a strong head wind was blowing we decided to remain in town and enjoy ourselves in the mild dissipation of having our photographs taken and reading novels.

Starting next morning with our mainsails bellied out by a stiff westerly breeze we had a lively time of it for a while, but after going some three miles it was unanimously decided to set mizzens as mainsails, and even then crossing the mouths of the numerous deep bays was rather rough sailing, not rendered over-enjoyable by the cold, cutting wind. As usual, however, the old cruiser soon had his oil-skins on, and sarcastically asked if it wasn't a pretty good scheme to have a canoe large enough to accommodate a suit of waterproofs besides the usual duffle for summer cruising. Camp was pitched that night about three miles above Plattsburg, after having made nearly twenty-five miles under mizzens.

After breakfast the next day we launched our canoes into a short angry sea from off a ledge of rocks upon which grew a small green plant that made them so slippery it was almost impossible to stand, to say nothing of wrestling with the canoes with the miniature breakers trying to knock us over. Paddling to Plattsburg against the sea and wind was sharp work while it lasted, and was the last "paddle" of the cruise for poor Wad, whose vacation had expired.

After making arrangements for the Nettie and seeing her safely started on her journey, we enjoyed the kind hospitality of a friend of Doc's. Parting with Wad on the pier with many mutual promises to meet again at no distant date, the fleet, now reduced to Doc and Friday, paddled away from Plattsburg. Stopping about three miles from town, Doc put forth his ingenuity and successfully repaired one of Friday's spars. Continuing to paddle for a couple of miles, camp was pitched opposite Valcour Light and supper eaten without certain piscatorial additions which Doc had promised Friday, and which he had vainly endeavored to obtain by trolling over some celebrated fishing grounds.

Next morning we paddled and sailed to Port Kent, where, as Doc was in a hurry and Friday refused to cruise alone, arrangements were made to take the steamer Vermont for old Ticonderoga. As we had some thirty-six hours to wait in Port Kent with nothing to do, it was decided to visit the Ausable Chasm, at whose beauties and wonders we greatly marvelled.

September 8, at 8 A. M., found us on the Vermont, which duly landed us at Ticonderoga at 12:30 P. M. Launching the canoes we sailed up the creek to the village, where we in vain sought old "Peanuts," who used to portage canoes between Lakes George and Champlain. Consoling ourselves with some dinner, we hired another man and carried our craft over to Lake George, on whose waters we were soon floating.

After passing a cold night we broke camp and paddled and sailed through a nasty chop sea to the Harbor Islands, where we camped early in the afternoon, not caring to continue on against the cold headwind and sea. For the second time during the cruise we camped without pitching the tent, sleeping instead in a shanty we found on one of the islands.

The last day of the cruise was a beautiful one, not a breath of wind ruffling the waters of the lake, the gale having completely blown itself out. Paddling onward, Doc showed Friday that pretty little cove so well named Paradise Bay, and pointed out all the other places of interest until Canoe Islands were reached. Here we had our farewell dinner, and of course it was extra fine. After "washing up" for the last time, the canoes were again started after being thoroughly overhauled, and mementos of the cruise exchanged. Paddling to Hillview, we each found some mail, after reading which it was arranged that Doc should leave his canoe with a friend living on the shore of the lake, and walk around to Caldwell to meet Friday, who should go on and ship his canoe home. The programme was carried out in every respect, Doc accompanying Friday a short way on the railroad journey, both agreeing before parting that they had had "a first rate time all around." FRIDAY.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE BLADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Boreas" claims that the double blade has proved superior to the single blade for speed, which I deny, as the races of the Association do not prove it. In 1880, at the first meet, the user of a single blade distanced all the others, and a list of the races since will, I think, show that the majority of paddling races were won with a single paddle.

Notwithstanding the difference in their boats, the two paddlers with the single blades pushed Mr. Johnson sharply last year at times. For cruising purposes the single blade is also superior, as it is lighter and more easily handled in a wind, does not tire the arms so much, and is used in a more graceful manner than the awkward windmill swing of the double. For work in rapids and currents it is also superior, as the canoe is under more perfect control. Perhaps "Boreas," like others who condemn it, has never tried a light, elastic and well-shaped SINGLE BLADE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the hunt after novelties and improvements for sailing, such as drop rudders, reefing gear, centerboards and similar fittings, the canoeist's first and best friend, the paddle, is apt to be overlooked and be relegated to a back seat. Some improvements have been made in increasing the length, which has grown from 7 to 11ft., the average being perhaps 9½ft., and also in the raised seat now used; but there is little doubt that we have not yet learned all about the paddle and its use. Mr. Farnham has made a new departure in his 11ft. paddle with 4in. blades, which is worth trying thoroughly; besides which the proper position of seat (its distance from the bow) and the best height are yet undecided. There is still a large field unexplored in this direction. Why do not some of the clubs which are situated on small streams, and consequently do little sailing, take up the question in the same manner that the Mohican and New York clubs have done with sails and rigs. The tests should be made with a 30in. boat, as the size mostly used. Different lengths might be tested by making a handle about 3ft. long, with a ferrule joint in each end. Blades of various sizes and shapes could be fitted in this handle, making the length to vary from 7 to 12ft. Two Canadian single blades could be fitted, as Mr. Farnham did, and spoon blades, narrow and wide blades, short or long, could easily be tried. Seats of various heights could also be used, as the best heights for racing and cruising are yet undetermined. The average prizes will stimulate the interest in paddling, but this is not enough, as the growth and prosperity of canoeing lies in the double-bladed paddle. REX.

AN AMERICAN CANOEIST ABROAD.—In a letter from Berlin Prussia, dated Jan. 11, Mr. M. C. Smith, Commodore of the Irriwadd C. C., writes: "The capital of Prussia is not the home of canoeists, although the River Spree, with its many branches, offers many inducements to the lovers of the paddle. * * * I have paddled, with Mrs. Smith's assistance, on the Thames from Oxford to Caversham, on the beautiful Moselle from Trier to Koblenz, 150 miles, and on the Neckar from Eberbach to Heidelberg, besides short spurts on English and Scotch lakes. While in England I saw no canoe superior to our American make, and the cost was about the same. In fact I was surprised to find numerous Canadian canoes in British waters."

A SPRING MEET IN CANADA.—The success of the local meets of last year has brought them into general notice, and now Canada is falling into line. A meeting of the Ottawa C. C. was held on Jan. 27 to discuss the question of building a new club house, and also that of a local meet in May or June, in the vicinity of Ottawa. A committee was appointed to procure plans and estimates for a house. Dechene Lake was suggested as a camp site, and the Toronto, Peterboro and other Canadian canoe clubs will be invited to coöperate. Such a camp will undoubtedly tend to unite Canadian canoeists, and to bring in many new converts.

FLORIDA.—Mr. and Mrs. Munroe are now located at Arlington, five miles below Jacksonville, and Psyche is running regularly as mail boat to Jacksonville and back every afternoon, conveying letters and supplies for the settlement. Dot arrived on Feb. 2.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.—Com. Foote has ordered a new canoe, St. Lawrence model, and Messrs. Nickerson and Shedd will order new boats soon. Mr. Joyner has been at Springfield and will build a new craft for one of the club.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The canoeists at Oakland are enjoying their season, cruising, sailing and camping out. Their numbers are increasing, and canoeing promises to become as much a fixture on the Pacific as it is in the East.

A CRUISING COMPANION WANTED.—Mr. E. G. Rand, Mohican C. C., wishes a companion for a cruise among the Bermudas about March 15. His address is 175 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN C. C.—This club are discussing a meet in May or June at Lake Chatauqua, in connection with Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh.

CANOE FOR SALE.—We call attention to the canoe advertised for sale in another column, by Mr. C. W. Shedd.

OVER SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MEN were paid cash benefits in 1883 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., for losses by accidental death and disabling injury.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For the Cure of all diseases of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep

DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.

Used successfully for 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R.R., &c.

Endorsed & used by the U.S. Governm't.

Pamphlets & Charts sent free.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,

109 Fulton St., New York.

Humphreys' Homeopathic

Specific No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

TO FLORIDA ANGLERS.

TRADE MARK.

Keeping fully abreast with the times, we have the last few seasons given particular attention to the manufacture and introduction of a large variety of tackle specially adapted to the needs of Florida anglers. The difficulty of obtaining natural bait at some of the best fishing grounds renders it very desirable for anglers to provide themselves with proper artificial baits. We have an unusually fine assortment of the following goods, used and recommended by expert Florida anglers:

Pearl Florida Spinners, Mottled Pearl Spoons, Pearl Squids, Pearl Mullet, Florida Bass Flies, Tackle for Channel Bass, Red Snappers, Sheepshead, Salt Water Trout, Etc., Etc. Also a New and Special Hook for Tarpum.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 Vesey Street (Fourth door from Astor House), New York City.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK.)



LATEST IMPROVED MACHINE-MADE GUNS.

SIDE SNAPS.—Fine Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore End, Double Bolt, not Extended Rib, Iron Heel Plate, right barrel cylinder-bored, left barrel choke-bored.
12-gauge, 30 or 32 inches, 8 to 9 pounds weight, - } PRICE, $30 00
10 " 32 inches, 9 to 10½ pounds weight, - - }

TOP SNAPS.—(As per cut). Fine Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore End, Double Bolt, Extended Rib, Handsome Rubber Heel Plate, both barrels choke-bored.
12-gauge, 30 or 32 inches, 8 to 9 pounds weight, - } PRICE, $36 00
10 " 32 inches, 9 to 10½ pounds weight, - - }

Every component part of these guns is *made by gauge.* They are *handsome, safe and very durable, shooting qualities excellent,* and are superior in every way to any ever before offered such prices. FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

HERMANN BOKER & CO., 101 & 103 Duane St., N. Y., Manufacturers' Sole Agents,

Also Sole Agents for PIFFARD'S ELASTIC RUBBER HEEL PLATES and KYNOCH'S BRASS SHELLS.

Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jacknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

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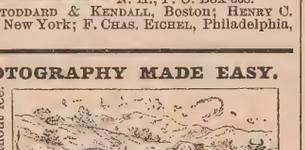
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 5. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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FLY-FISHING LONG AGO.

THE early history of fly-fishing is as obscure as the early history of man. No doubt it was practiced long before it was written about or thought worthy of an allusion in so important a thing as a book was held to be several centuries ago. Dame Berners describes a dozen flies, Oppian, Ælian and other authors allude to them, but until Cotton wrote, 1676, there was no treatise on fly-fishing worth the name. In the rare old book referred to in the fishcultural columns, "L. M." also gives us "twelve kindes of flies to angle for the trout in Sommer with other fishe." These flies are all winged ones, "to angle withall on top of the water," and of the twelve names two survive, viz., the dun and stone flies. Our correspondents who have been discussing the vagaries of fly nomenclature should read the reprint of Mascall's book. Before he comes to his list of flies he commends the stone fly for trout, but whether the natural insect or its counterfeit he does not say.

We have no means of knowing how the flies used by Cotton would compare with those made to-day, in points of neatness and serviceability, but we know that the rods he used would be considered unwieldly now, and neither he nor Walton knew the use of a reel. As near as we can find out the line was tied to the tip of the rod—the old plates indicate this—and Cotton tells us to use a line a yard and a half or two yards longer than the rod, and the extreme length of the latter was sixteen feet. The reel existed in the time of Walton and Cotton, for they had heard of its use in salmon fishing. Walton says: "Note also, that many use to fish for a salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful when he is hooked. And to that end some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand." To which he adds, "which is to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words." Evidently the reel was used in salmon fishing only, of which Walton had no experience.

Of the work of Mascall there may not be half a dozen copies of the original left, and these are beyond price, being owned by the great libraries and accessible to those only who are within reach of the collection. Collectors of angling books who are abundantly able to pay princely prices for original editions of rare works seldom find them offered for sale, and content themselves, perforce, with the low-priced reprint. A copy of "The Compleat Angler," of 1653, published at the modest price of eighteen pence, would now bring five hundred dollars or more, while copies of some of the ninety odd editions of this famous work can be bought for a slight advance on their value as paper stock.

A reader of these older fishing books cannot help noticing how boldly the writers stole from each other. There were no great collections of angling books and they had no idea of ever being found out, for it was a mere chance, as they no doubt thought, that any person who read the new book would ever see the old one to which they had access. In some cases they did not hesitate to quote bodily, without credit or mention that any other writer on angling ever lived, and in others they changed the phraseology slightly. We moderns are more adept at this and do not steal in such a bungling manner, "convey, the wise call it," but we often find ideas warmed over and so served that, while the flavoring may taste new at first, before digestion is complete we recognize an old *piece de resistance*. Notwithstanding this very human failing, there is a charm about these old writers that lay partly in their credulity concerning natural history, partly in their acceptance of the statements of their predecessors, but mainly in their simple and quaint style.

THIS IS NUMBER FOUR.

AND now marches forward the New England Kennel Club, and solemnly presents a fourth construction of Rule 8. At this rate we shall have fifteen different rules and constructions ground out to us during the year. We begin to feel tired in advance.

The New England version of Rule 8 is different from all the others, and admits into the champion class all dogs that have won a first prize in the open classes at the bench shows of any organization now recognized as a member of the A. K. C. Nothing is said about an extra champion class. This rule is an attempted interpretation of Major Taylor's construction; but it really goes back to first principles, as any one can see by referring to a premium list of a show held a few years ago. It is an endeavor to keep within A. K. C. rules, but what a failure. The interpretation of Rule 8 is justified neither by obedience to A. K. C. rules, nor by common sense, nor by public sentiment. In trying to follow out Major Taylor's directions, the club has succeeded in exposing itself to ridicule.

The further we get along the more comical it all is. The A. K. C., under the leadership of Major Taylor, flounders about most hopelessly, and shows no prospect of ever reaching firm ground.

We had hoped for better things from New England. Instead of using their own judgment, they try to follow orders. That they have not succeeded is clearly not their fault, for no man has yet been found who knows what Major Taylor meant when he "constructed" Rule 8.

The New England Kennel Club through a mistaken sense of duty have taken a course which is much to be regretted, and we should not suppose that they would feel very kindly toward Major Taylor for having placed them in so unpleasant a position.

GUN-SHY SHOOTERS.

FROM a Canadian correspondent comes an inquiry for a method to cure flinching. He says, "I have a friend who dodges back when shooting; he gives the trigger a tug, jerks the gun away from the mark, and shuts his eyes." Almost every one can recall cases of a similar nature. Gun shyness may be inherent, or it may have resulted from the use of unnecessarily heavy loads of powder and shot. If inherent it is usually much harder to overcome than when caused in the other way.

There is but one course to pursue, and that is, to persistently practice with a gun loaded with very light charges. Use powder without shot. Let the charge be so light that the gun may be discharged without a tremor. The charge may then be very gradually increased, and in the end the shooter will probably find that he can use the ordinary charges without difficulty. But whenever, with an increased charge, the nervousness returns, that charge should at once be abandoned and a lighter one substituted.

Sometimes the flinching is due to what may be termed 'bird-shyness," being due very largely to the nervous condition induced by the starting up of the game. We have known shooters who at pigeon matches killed their seven or eight birds out of every ten, and shot without flinching, but who in the field, where a quail or a grouse or a woodcock rose, invariably acted in just the manner described by our correspondent. One such flincher was completely cured in this manner. When quail hunting one day, a friend suggested that the charges of shot be withdrawn from his shells; and then the gun-shy man took deliberate aim at each bird as it rose within range, blazed away with his powder charges, never flinched, and was in each instance sure that he "could have killed that bird." Finally a shot-charged cartridge having been surreptitiously inserted, sure enough he did kill a bird; and after that found no more difficulty in shooting the usual charges.

THE DEER BILL.

MOST of the petitions for the passage of the bill forbidding deer hounding have been returned to us and forwarded to Albany. Those who still have blanks are notified that unless sent to us immediately they cannot be used.

The number of signatures and the very general representation of all classes, as shown by the names, should be sufficient proof to those at Albany that the passage of the bill is desired by the public.

Much has been done by individual effort to secure the interest and support of members of the Assembly and Senate, and much more can still be accomplished in this direction. It is individual effort that counts.

Whatever else is done or left undone in the way of New York game legislation this year, let the Curtis bill against deer hounding be made a law.

A NEW FORESTRY ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held in Utica last Saturday, a New York State Forestry Association was formed. The new society will fill an important office if it will take charge of forestry legislation and aid the cause by disseminating information about the forests and instruct the public in forest economy. The following officers were elected: President, Andrew D. White; Vice-Presidents, Clinton L. Merriam, of Locust Grove; H. R. Lowe, of Middletown; Patrick H. Agan, of Syracuse; Patrick Barry, of Rochester; Morris K. Jessup, of New York, and John F. Seymour, of Utica; Recording Secretary, E. B. Southwick, of New York; Corresponding Secretary, S. W. Powell, of New York; Treasurer, Thomas Denoy, of New York; Executive Committee, Robert Lenox Bank, of Albany; Charles E. Whitehead, Egbert L. Viele, and T. B. Coddington, of New York; R. U. Sherman, of New Hartford; C. W. Hutchinson, of Utica; Dudley Miller, of Oswego; Roselle H. Hall, of Watertown, and Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION met last week and adopted a bill to be introduced into the Legislature providing for the appointment of a State game warden. Sportsmen who are residents of that State and others would be glad to see such an officer appointed. It is high time that the burden of game protection in Michigan be assumed by the State. The lawmakers at Lansing are behind the age. Every State that fails to make due provision for enforcing the game laws is behind the age. Other natural resources are appreciated, but the Solons of the day appear oblivious of the fact that large game in a State like Michigan is of any account; so it is given over to the pot-hunters, who slaughter it when and how they please, and ship it to the Chicago and St. Louis and New York markets.

A VALUED GIFT.—We have received from Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, O., a copy of the late Dr. Theodatus Garlick's "Treatise on the Artifical Propagation of Certain Kinds of Fish," being a presentation from Dr. Garlick to Dr. Sterling. Facing the title page is a photograph of Dr. Garlick, taken in 1858; and interleaved are some of the printed papers written by Dr. Garlick in defense of his claim to having been the first person on this continent to breed fish by artificial fecundation.

A. K. R.—Two thousand one hundred and thirteen dogs have the right to the designation A. K. R. and a number after their names. The *Register* has been issued every month, is issued every month, and will be issued every month. It is doing a most excellent service, because it provides a current, reliable, and more and more complete chronicle of just the records that dog owners want to have at their elbows.

The Cincinnati Zoological Gardens.—We learn with great regret that Mr. Frank J. Thompson has resigned his position as superintendent of the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati. Mr. Thompson's great interest in zoology, his experience, covering a long period of years and many lands, and his habits of close observation have made him invaluable in the position he has so long occupied. The gardens at Cincinnati being deprived of his services, suffer a loss which is most serious to them. Our regret at his giving up this position is at the loss which his resignation will be to science. Mr. Thompson's observations on the habits of wild animals in confinement have been of very great value. Many of our readers will remember his interesting paper on the birth of the young sea lion at the Cincinnati Gardens, which appeared some years ago in Forest and Stream and was afterward quoted by Mr. J. A. Allen in his monograph of the *Pinnepedia*, as the only authentic information on the subject. This was but one of many valuable papers which have been contributed by Mr. Thompson to the scanty literature of this most interesting subject. It is a serious misfortune that one who has done so much for science and is abundantly qualified to do so much more, should feel obliged to withdraw from a position where his opportunities for observation are so great.

The Cuvier Club's Bill of Fare, on the occasion of the annual reception the other evening embraced, according to a Cincinnati paper, "Rocky Mountain black-tailed deer—one hundred and fifty pounds of saddle and loin. This delicacy was procured through a little subterfuge from Denver. On account of the growing scarcity of this species of deer, a Colorado State law prohibits its exportation. In Denver the ordinary venison costs six cents a pound and 'black-tail' thirty." We indulge the hope that this report may prove to be erroneous. It would be in exceedingly bad taste for a society like the Cuvier Club to make a jest of the Colorado game laws in this way.

Columbia County, N. Y., has a wide-awake game club with headquarters at Hudson. It does not confine its activity to telling what ought to be done, but sets out and does it. There ought to be a hundred more clubs just like it in this State, and an equal number in every State in the Union.

President Arthur proposes to make an extended angling tour next summer.

Never Roll Manuscript. Always Fold It.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

V.—THE PACK TRAIN.

THE little company of five individuals which left the lake had with them thirteen animals. Of these five were horses and the remainder mules. Each one of these animals had its own peculiar characteristics, and as on these depended in no small degree the comfort of the travelers whose journeyings are to be the subject of this narrative, it seems but fair that they should be introduced to the reader. Courtesy to the higher race demands that the horses should come first, though the mules are really the more interesting beasts.

Dandy, Mr. Hague's mount, was a bright bay American horse, and a fine free animal, easy-gaited, and rather remarkable for the swiftness of his trot. He had been brought from the East only a year before, and being new to the country, was somewhat clumsy about climbing among the rocks and going through the down timber. For the same reason he was apt to do rather stupid things, and often got tangled up in his picket rope, or stepped on and broke his bridle rein, when it was thrown over his head, and he was left to graze without being fastened, things which a plains-bred horse never does.

Something has already been said about Pinto. He was a broncho, about fourteen and a half hands high, well put together and strong. His gaits were easy, his walk a fast one, and his endurance great. If he had a fault, it was a habit of stopping, putting down his head and arching his back, when he was urged to go where he did not want to, which made one imagine that he was, in the vernacular, "goin' to start in to buck." Moreover, his roached mane and white eyes gave him a wild and startled expression, which would not have been particularly reassuring to a timid rider. He never misconducted himself in any way while I rode him, except on one occasion, and then for a cause which was undoubtedly good and sufficient.

Rocket was a white-eyed buckskin ridden by Stewart, the chief packer. A great strong broncho, careful in picking his way through the down timber or among the miry places, and excellent in the lead. He was also well broken and would stand where he was left, when, as frequently happened, his rider had to jump off and run back to tighten up some pack which required attention.

Sadlemeyer's mount was an ancient white broncho called Prickly Pear, an alliterative name which fitted him admirably, for he was certainly difficult to handle, and was never so well pleased as when he was doing something to make trouble for his rider. Sometimes he would even buck, when the flank cinch was drawn more tightly than he liked, though his efforts in this direction were feeble nnd abortive, and were no less amusing to his rider than to the lookers on.

The bell mare was remarkable only for her deep-rooted aversion to the caresses which some of the mules liked to shower upon her. Most pack trains have with them a mare who carries a bell, for mules readily attach themselves to horses and mares, and seem never so well pleased as when near one of these animals. On the march they will often fight for the position next the bell, and when feeding will never wander far from it. When the herd is out at pasture the sound of the bell notifies the man, who is looking for the stock, of the position of the central figure of the herd, and the other animals will usually be found near her.

Each of the mules in our train had its own name, just as each had its own "rigging," that is, its aparejo, set of blankets and lash rope. Their eight titles were Mollie, Granny, Rooster, Belle, Star, Scissors, Hell and Little Nell. Mollie may be dismissed with the remark that she was a saddle animal ridden by the cook, who always led the bell mare. Granny was a tall, aged black mule, well intentioned, and, like many other well-meaning animals, human and brute, rather stupid. She would sometimes buck for a little after her rigging had been put on, but her pitching, like that of old Prickly, and for the same reason—because of old age—was always without result. She had an unhappy faculty for getting into trouble, was given to falling into mud holes, and was likely to attempt to go between two trees so close together that the pack would not pass between them. When once in such a position she would never back out, but would push and twist and strain in her efforts to go forward until something at length gave way. Usually one of the trees would be a small one, and her struggles would either push it to one side or bend it down, so that the pack would slip by or over the obstacle. Every one used to feel sorry for Granny when she got into any difficulty, and I really think that notwithstanding all the trouble she gave, she received almost as little cursing as any of the animals in the train.

Rooster was the jewel of the train, the animal of the most individuality of them all, and to me a delight from the first day of the trip to the last. He was a tremendously stout, well-built black animal, and was of such an independent and energetic spirit combined with so much vitality and power that he was never contented except when in action. As soon as he was saddled in the morning the spirit of rebellion broke out, and unless he was at once tied up somewhere by himself he would spend his whole time in endeavoring to rub off his rigging against the trees or the other animals. After the pack was put on him it was even worse. When the blind was taken off, the jaquimo stem tied up and he was turned loose, he would walk away for a few swift steps, and then paw the ground vigorously for a few moments, first with his left foot and then with his right. He would then walk rapidly toward the nearest group of animals and charge through the midst of them, knocking them right and left by the impetuosity of his rush and the weight of his heavy pack. If the other mules saw him coming they would usually make way for him very respectfully, but often he came upon them unawares, and then, especially if there were horses in the group, there would be sometimes seen a swiftly moving panorama of teeth gleaming, ears laid back and heels flying. Of course these charges never served to stir his well-packed load, and so, after making as much disturbance as possible among the animals, Rooster would go close to some tree against which he would rub his pack with great energy and persistency, until the train started. From these idiosyncrasies it resulted that the Rooster was greatly admired by all the bipeds of our company, even though he made more trouble than all the rest of the mules put together. He was ambitious and was always anxious to be near the bell, and to accomplish this was continually getting out of the trail and trying to pass the animals ahead of him. If, however, they kept so close to one another that he could not push in between them, he would sometimes give up the attempt, and wandering off to one side, begin to feed. This made little difference when we were traveling in an open country, where he could be easily driven back to his place by the man who brought up the rear, but it often took place in the thick timber, where there was every probability that he might be "hung up" between two trees, and so make trouble, or worse still, on a steep hillside. In fact the latter was his favorite place for an excursion of this kind. He would climb briskly up a steep slope, and when twenty or thirty yards above the trail, stop and browse. Pretty soon, the whole train having passed, Sadlemeyer would come riding along, and seeing the truant would shout, "Hi, Rooster," cracking his quirt in the hope that the mule would come down of his own accord. Rooster would placidly feed on, or perhaps climb up a little higher to reach some tempting tuft of grass above him. Then Sadlemeyer, with a few pungent remarks aimed at mules in general, but especially at this particular one, would lash old Prickly and start him up the hill at a lope a little to one side, in order to head the Rooster back to the trail. But Rooster could climb as fast as Prickly, and usually instead of turning down, as he should do, would keep on straight up the hill until he got tired, when he would stop, let Sadlemeyer get beyond him, and then walk swiftly down the slope and hurry along the trail until he overtook the train.

Belle was a pretty little brown mule, one of whose eyes had been knocked out. She was gentle and willing, and was regarded with much affection by everybody, and her load was always made as light and easy as possible. Stewart used often to say encouragingly as he led her up to be packed, and slipped the *tapojos* over her eyes, "Come up, Belle; the good mules have the good loads."

About Scissors the most interesting point was his supposed great age. He took his name from a brand on his hip which resembled a partly-opened pair of scissors. It was reported in camp that Scissors had come into the country before any of its present white inhabitants, and Stewart even went so far as to aver that the animal had formed a part of Lewis and Clark's outfit, which crossed the mountains in 1804, and in proof of his statement called attention to the hip brand, which looked quite as much like a pair of crossed dragoon sabres, which he stated was the brand of this expedition, as it did like a pair of scissors. I do not profess to know anything about the matter myself, but can testify that the mule had a very venerable appearence, and was at the same time one of the strongest and best animals in the train.

Where or how Hell came by her profane name I do not know, and I will not hazard a conjecture. She was certainly the least popular of our mules—that is putting it mildly—and her name was not often mentioned without some qualifying adjective. My private belief is that her intentions were good, but her intense nervousness and timidity made her a great nuisance, and she was forever in trouble of one kind or another. She was possessed of a frantic affection for the bell mare, and manifested it by running up to her on all occasions and standing as near to her as she dared. This fondness the bell by no means reciprocated, and she never lost the opportunity to kick and bite the unfortunate Hell, who, driven to despair by this ill usage, would retreat to the side of some other animal, there to be met with a like reception. If there was the least opportunity to get into a mud hole, to fall into a narrow slough or to get tangled up in timber, it was Hell's fate to take advantage of this opportunity, and get into some scrape when it would be necessary to take off the pack and by main strength drag her out of her difficulty. It was impossible not to feel sorry for her, for she was literally without a friend in the camp, and equally impossible not to get angry at her when, through pure carelessness or bad judgment, she did something that necessitated the stopping of the whole train for twenty minutes or half an hour while she was being released and repacked. So much of an introduction to some of the four-footed members of the party may indicate that, as individuals, they were not without their points of interest, and that the daily occupation of catching and saddling was by no means a monotonous task.

On reaching camp at night the packs were taken off and the mules turned loose to graze, the horses being confined to hobbles, so that it was difficult for them to go fast or to wander far. The six aparejos were set up like so many little A-tents, side by side on the ground, with the lash rope of each tied up and placed under it, and the blankets, if the night was pleasant, spread upside down to dry over the tops, or if it was wet or snowy, beneath, where they would be protected from the weather. Then the ordinary business of the camp—putting up tents, chopping wood, bringing water, and so on—was attended to,

In the morning, at or just before daylight, the men would get up, and taking two or three sling ropes, would tie them to four or five conveniently placed trees, about four feet from the ground, so as to form a rope corral or inclosure, leaving a narrow opening through which the stock could enter.

Usually the bell would at once guide the men to where the herd was feeding, but if its sound could not be heard, they would start off in different directions and the tracks made in the snow or on the dewy or frosty grass, would soon point out the direction taken by the animals. When these had been found it was an easy matter to drive them to camp and into the corral, and then, by tying up the opening by which they had gone in, they were secured. One man would now take half a dozen jaquimos, and passing under the rope, would quietly, and without making any sudden movements to alarm them, catch the mules one after another and tie them either to the trees or to the rope which formed the sides of the corral.

Sometimes the mules would decidedly object to being caught, and would crowd away from the man who was within the corral, pressing against the ropes so as to stretch them so much that when the pressure was removed, they would sag down and be only a foot or two above the ground. Then unless they were at once driven back by some one on the outside, the nearest mules would jump over the rope and make a dash for freedom. Usually they would not go far, being loath to leave the bell and the other horses, and so were easily brought back. Occasionally, too, a small mule, standing with his head low down, would get it under the rope, and then by raising his head and scraping out beneath the barrier, he could readily escape. So there was often much hurrying about and a good deal of running backward and forward before all the animals had been secured. The turning loose of the stock was necessary to their well-being, because of the character of the country through which we were traveling. Had we been passing through a level, open prairie, it might have been practicable to picket each animal so that all could have been caught up in the morning at a less expense of time and trouble. An animal on a picket rope, however, does not get nearly so much to eat as one that is roaming unconfined, and, if its work is hard, is likely to loose flesh and to fall away rapidly. In a rough and timbered country, however, where the grass is scanty and grows among rocks and trees it is quite impossible to confine stock in this way, for they at once get

their ropes caught on sticks, brush and trees, and soon are tied up so short that they cannot feed at all. The only way, therefore, if there are many head of stock in the band, is to turn them all loose, hobbling the horses and trusting to the bell to keep them together.

After all had been caught, their hobbles were taken off the horses, and they were led away, tied up and saddled. By this time breakfast was usually ready. After it had been eaten the mules were led out, one by one, and their aparejos put on, and were then tied up again while the packs were being made ready.

The process of packing need not be described here, but the essential point of it all is to so arrange and fasten the load that it shall neither injure the animal which is to carry it, nor come off either through the usual vicissitudes of a day's march nor through any extraordinary efforts of the pack animal. A pack that is well put on is much less likely to hurt a mule's back than one which is badly fastened or loose, and one which hurts the animal is more likely to come off than if it rides easily, since the mule is constantly trying to get rid of it. It is important, therefore, that the side packs shall just balance each other so that the saddle shall not bear more heavily on one side than the other. Stewart and Sadlemeyer were two admirable packers, really masters of their difficult craft, and during the whole trip no pack ever came off nor was a single mule's back made sore. In saddling and packing, a broad blind, brought together behind by a thong, was used. The thong was slipped over the mule's long ears which held it in place, and the blind fell down in front over the eyes, completely shutting out the light. With this over its face no mule would move a step.

As soon as the mule was packed the blind was taken off, the stem of his jaquimo passed over his head, in front of one ear and behind the other, and about his neck and tied, and he was turned loose. After all had been packed, the men mounted and the train started off in single file. Usually Mr. Hague rode in the lead, I followed, and behind me came Stewart, just in front of the cook, who led the bell mare. Then came the mules strung out one after another, and Sadlemeyer, on old Prickly Pear, brought up the rear.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

IX.

ONE February night when the crusted snow on the ridges and drifts shone brighter than burnished silver in the slanting rays of the newly risen moon, Lisha's friends arriving in force found the old man studying his almanac by the light of his little candle. His spectacles were brought to bear on the page headed with the gray wood cut of ten men breaking and swingling flax, and in the background a prancing horse hitched to a sleigh that he never could break, was being swingled by his driver with a club of a whip. Lisha's forefinger went down the columns of the days of the weeks and month as slowly as ran the cautious weather prophecy:

	Now expect
	cold weather
	and good
	sleighing for
	some
(Sexeg. Sunday)	time.
(© low in South).	
	Cloudy
	cold weather and
	likely
	for snow,
	rain
	and
	hail.
	High winds
	and
(G. Washington b. 1732).	
	cold.
	Snow.

till it stopped at "26, Sat.," and underscored the date with a deep nailmark. "Good airth an' seas!" he shouted. "Boys, did ye know 't this was the twenty-sixt' of Febewary? This is the day 't the ole bear comes aout! He's seen his shadder, 'n' he won't poke his nose int' the daylight agin for forty days. We sh'll hev' a col' March, 'n' like 'nough the wind 'll be north when the sun crosses the line, 'n' then we'll hev' a back'ard spring 'n' a poor corn year."

"Bah gosh! Onc' Lasha, ef dat de way you goin' mek wedder, Ah ant want it you mek 'im for me more as a week!"

"Arghem!" Solon Briggs began, clearing his throat and sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, "I hev my daoubts consarnin' the paower of human mortality to foretell the comin' futur' weather, which it bein' the case, it haint no way phillysophycable that beasts an' annymills, which human man is sot above 'em, has that segashiousness gin 'em. Haow is wild geese a goin' to know more 'n we do when winter 's a comin', or mushrats to perpare their inhabitations—when they build haousen—for a more 'n oncommonly tough winter, or bears an' woo'chucks know whether the spring 'll be back'ard or for'ad? Haowever notwithstandin', I du not deny there bein' signs gi'n whereby an' by which we can tell suthin' more or less haow the weather 's a goin' to be, sech f'r instance as hawg's melt an' the hus's o' corn, the haighth o' weeds an' et cetery."

"Wal, Solon," said Sam, "your idees an' mine don't jibe egzackly. You 'low 't a man can tell if it's goin' to be a hard or open winter by lookin' 't a hawg's melt 'n' corn hus's an' so on—but annymills can't tell by nothin'. Naow, I don't b'lieve there's any tellin' by a hawg's melt nor corn hus's, for you'll find dif'fent shaped melts in dif'fent hawgs killed the same day—an' what awdds does 't make to an ear o' corn whether the hus's is thick or thin 's long 's they'll be loosened off 'fore winter anyway? An' the weeds grows tall 'cause it's a growin' season, not 'cause the snow 's goin' to be deep. But 'sposen a man can tell by signs 't he sees. Why can't annymills, 'at can see things, an' hear things, an' smell things 't we can't begin tew? A turkey 'll see a hen hawk 'fore it begins to be a speck in the sky to you an' me, an' by seein' or smellin' a crow 'll find carri'n milds off; a fox 'll smell a maouse, or hear him squeak or rustle the grass furder 'n we c'ld see one on the snow, an' he can smell the tech o' yer finger on a bait for a week arter. Swallers know when it's goin' to rain or blow. Mebby they can smell weather. I d'know. An' dumb crecturs has got senses 't we ha'n't got, besides hevin' aourn a good deal sharper 'n we hev. Haow does a haoun' dog strike a bee line for hum when he's done a huntin', or a cat 'at's ben kerried in a bag thre mild find her way back, or birds find their way thaousan's o' miles back an' tew year arter year, or foxes know runways 't they never seen? For my part, I'd a good deal druther trust to dumb creeturs forctellin' the weather 'n seasons 'n I would to what I c'ld find aout by studyin' melts an' hus's. I'd druther take a wild goose's or a mushrat's actions 'an I would even your word for 't, Solon."

"You can b'lieve what y'r min' tew, Sammywell, but I b'lieve 'at there is sartin signs gi'n for aour guidancin', which, f'r instance, I wouldn't kill my hawgs or my beef-crutter in the old o' the moon onless I wanted the meat to shrink in the cookin', ner sow my peas in the waning' o' that lunimary 'f I wanted 'em to grow luxuberant."

"Wal, wal, boys," said Lisha, who had hung the almanac on its nail by the window and got some work in hand, "nev' mind 'baout the signs, an' 'never mind the weather when the wind don't blow.' I'm achin' to hear what luck ye hed arter 'coons that day. I hearn 't ye most all went."

"Ast Joe," some one said, and Lisha asked, glaring at Joe between his shaggy eyebrows and the top of his spectacles, "Haow is 't, Jozeff? Be you cock o' the walk this time?"

"Wal, I d' know but what I be, 'f ye caount walkin' an' choppin'. I da' say I done 's much o' that 's any on 'em. I 'spose 'f I don't give a full 'caount on 't, some on 'em 'll give a fuller one. Wal, I went, an' Peltier he went along with me, 'n' he didn't kerry no axe; said 't he'd got a lame shoulder 'n' couldn't chop 'thaout mos' killin' on 'im. It got well to rights, though, for I seen 'im choppin' cord wood nex' day. We started aout 'baout eight 'clock er half-past—mebby 't wa'n't more 'n eight—I d' know, quarter arter, mebby, 'n' struck a track where three 'coons d.ben 'long daown in the beav' medder swamp in the night. The tracks went a saunderin' 'raound hither an' yon, 'n' fin'ly went off up on 't hill east, 'n' then north—no 't wa'n't, 't was saouth—'n' then east agin 'n' then north 'n' then east, an' s' I to Peltier, s' I, they've went int' the laidges 'n' 't a' no use in us follerin' on 'em; but Peltier, s' he, le's us foller 'n' see where they hev gone. Like 'nough we c'n trap 'm aout, s' he. So we follered an' follered, snow knee deep, till bimeby, arter they'd went all raound Robin Hood's barn, they went towwards the beav' medder agin, an' into 't, an' stopped t' the all-tummuttablest gret big elum in the hull swamp—the tracks did. We sarched all 'raound, 'n' couldn't find 't they'd went any furder, 'n' so I off wi' my cut an' begin to chop. An' I chopped an' chopped, 'n' Peltier he stood 'raound encouragin' on me 'n' chawin' gum, an' gruntin'—every time I swatled the ole axe int' the tree, he'd grunt—I tell ye, he grunted like a good feller, 'nough to chop a cord 'n' a half o' wood. That ere ole elum was jes' 's solid as ole pork clean to the middle, 'n' 'twas all o' three foot through, I d' know but three foot 'n' a half—mebby 't wa'n't but three foot through—any way, 't was tougher 'n' a biled aowl, 'n' the' wa'n't no holler in the butt, 'n' I tol' Peltier, I did, 'at I'd bate a cookey the' wa'n't a dum 'coon in the pleggid ole clum. Wal, I chopped an' chopped, till I sweat like a man a mowin', an' I tell ye I was glad when I see the ole tree begin to tottle an' then come daown kersmash! An' I'll be dummed if it didn't lodge in another elum half as big! An' I hed to chop that daown tew, Peltier helpin' on me, chawin' gum an' gruntin'. Wal sir, when we got it cud daown, 'baout noon, I guess 't was—mebby arter—mebby not more'n ha' past 'leven—the' was a hole most 't the top big 'nough to hold a dozen 'coons, an' the' wa'n't a dummed a one in it! I' hed froze jest a leetle towwards mornin', 'n' they'd come aout an' gone off on the crust. But we hed us a heap o' fun, didn't we, Peltier?"

"Houh!" Pelatiah snorted, "I do' know but what you did."

"Wal, Samwell," said Lisha, "It's your turn naow."

"O, I didn't dew nuthin muh. Follered tew int' an old basswood stubb 't I could mos' push over, an' got them an' one 't was in there afore."

"Julluk your luck, Samwell," said Lisha.

"I faound a cur'us kind of a thing in the stub, sort of a 'coon plaything, I reckon it is. I brung it along to show ye," said Sam, taking out of his pocket a knot or gnarl about the size of a man's fist, and worn quite smooth with much handling (or footing) by the raccoons.

"Wal," said Lisha, after this had been passed around and examined by all, Pelatiah chipping a side of it with his knife and smelling it, "Wal, wha' 'd you dew, Solon?"

"I did not precipitate in the sports and aversions of the day."

"Onc' Lasha, what for you ant ask it me?" cried Antoine, "Bah gosh! 'f Ah 'll git all a 'coon what Ah 'll see dat tam, Ah 'll tole so big story you mos' can' b'lieve him, sah."

"Wal, Ann Twine, 'sposen you tell us what ye seen. I ha' no daoubt that 'll be all 't we c'n swaller to onct."

"Wal, sah, Ah 'm 's go'n' tole you de trute, jes sem always Ah do. Ah 'll go 'lone, 'cause all what Ah git Ah want 'im masef, jes lak Sam, ant it, Sam? Ef t'ant for dat Ah 'll have it somebody for what you call im—m—wisnit? Fus ting Ah say, Ah 'll want you rembler Ah don't goin' tole you where Ah see what Ah 'll see 'cause Ah 'm 's goin' git 'im some tam, me.

"Wal, sah, Ah go fin' track one chat sauvage, folla him leetly way Ah fin' nudder come wid it, bamby nudder, den nudder, den nudder. Ah see so much track Ah mos' can' co'nt it—ten, fifteen, twentee, prob'ly more as tree four tree full Ah guess so. Wal, Ah folla, folla, folla ver' long way. Bamby Ah hear it nowse, mos' lak big hammer ov' dar in de forge, ony he ant go so fas'—*Boom! Boom!*—so, 'baout fas' you breeze you bress. More furder Ah go, more was be dat nowse louder, an Ah begin mos' be 'fraid, me, but Ah don' care, Ah'll folla dem track till Ah come close to big laidge, an' dat track all go in leetly hole jes' mos' too small 'nough for one 'coon sauvage. Den Ah see what mek it dat nowse. *Yes*, sah, you b'lieve it me, de whole top dat laidge, big, big rock, more bigger dis shawp, he lif up 'baout two ninches *ver-y* slow—so—den come daown *boom!* den lif' up, den come *boom!* Bamby Ah'll hear it more leetly nowse when rock lif' up—*Squon-n-n-h!* lak Onc' Lasha mek it when he be sleep, ony not so louder. Bamby putty soon Ah begin be not so 'fraid, an' den Ah'll peeck in hole. Evry tam rock lif' up lit shine in so Ah can see; an' what you tink Ah see? More as tree—honded—tausen chat r-r-raccoon—all fas' sleep! Yes, sah! Evry tam he pull his bref he swell up full of breeze an lif' up rock. Wen he let 'im go his bref, den rock come daown—*boom!* Ah'll see it; he so far in off Ah can' git it. No, *sah*, Ah ant gat not one of it! Das *too* bad. Oh *too* bad, too bad!"

"Wal, I swan to man!" said Solon, exhaling a long breath. "I dew declar, Antwine, you're wus 'n Annynias an' Sophier for onvoracity."

"I move," said Lisha, pitching away his hammer and tumbling his lapstone on to the floor, "I move 'at this 'ere meetin' dew a-journ afore it gits so mad 'at it up an' kills 'at 'ere dummed 'tarnal lyin' Canuck! An' I seeont the motion an' it's kerried unamous."

"Dew you ra-ly 'spose," the questioner whispered in Joseph Hill's ear as they went out into the moonlight, "'at Antwine *was* a lyin'?"

A HAIL FROM THE GREAT ANTILLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The three-masted schooner Etta M. Barton, Joel Barton, master, will, I am informed by our Consul, leave this pleasant harbor to-morrow, fully laden with coffee, hides, honey, cocoa, logwood, and other products of this island, to be delivered in good order and condition in Boston on or about the fifth of next month, providing that, favored by the early morning land breeze, she safely threads her way through the narrow channels between coral reefs which now inclose her, and escapes equally unscathed the inhospitable reception by northeasters with fogs, and northwesters with snow, with which Cape Cod and Cape Ann welcome in midwinter the return of their natives—to say nothing of the intermediate perils so beautifully poetized—

> "If [Bermuda] lets you pass,
> Then look out for Hatterass."

She's a taunt and seaworthy-looking craft, and I will take chances on her safe arrival by committing to her my mail, most of it gotten up with such difficulty in the way of chirography in a rough sea way, that writing now without having to hold on to self, ink, paper and desk is a luxury. It's well I am using a pad, though, instead of loose sheets, for although, thanks to the coral circlet which prevents the seas rolling in and joggling, the fresh sea breeze adds to the strength of the trades, and, with my doors and windows open (for, untempered by the wind, 80° is rather a sharp contrast to the 30° I left but ten days ago), loose papers go flying and candles go out with most provoking irregular regularity.

Ten days ago we left Norfolk. Nine days ago we took a gale in the Gulf Stream; eight days and that gale had the best of us and brought us to the standstill, technically called "lying to." Then it sobered down with a headwind so fresh and with such a tumbling sea, that for five days life was a burden, not to be even temporarily laid down in sound sleep. But on the seventh morning, land ho! right ahead; and soon after we were in smooth water under the lee of Turks Island and Salt Cay, and a dozen or so smaller islets with reefs innumerable. Through the channels between, in places over two thousand fathoms in depth, we steamed into the Caribbean Sea. It has always been a wonder to me why the coral insect, capable of retaining life and paying attention to business until his structures grow nearly to the surface, should so generally select the deepest pot-holes he can find to start from.

As we have approached the Bahamas our history has freshened up, and several of us, looking at it from different points of view, have proved beyond question that Columbus did discover and land at first—take your choice of the islands, San Salvador, Wattlings, Cat Island and others. One thing I know, my respect for that brave old Genoese is much increased as I go over his track. On this great, comfortable, well-found in every respect steamer, with good charts, instruments of precision, and plenty of men capable of using them, with full knowledge as to the bearing and distance of our destination, and of all of the dangers of reefs and currents that lie before us; while he, in his little dugout, was plodding along, with no chart, no chronometer, no certainty even that he had a destination nearer than Purgatory.

We would have gladly stopped at Turks Island and witnessed the manufacture of salt; still more to have stopped at Salt Cay, in the village of which, composed of perhaps fifty weather-beaten and sunburned buildings, many of great size, devoted doubtless to the storage of salt, and used as homes, stood the most prominent of all, an immense snow white structure surmounted by a flagstaff, on which floated our flag, it was evidently our Consul's; and as we neared and passed it, we all agreed that an evening with him on one of those verandahs with suitable accompaniments would be far preferable to a trip leeward to St. Domingo. Our patriotism responded to the sublime and exceptional fact that the house of the United States Consul, at Salt Cay, at least was the best one in town. I have seen an U. S. Counsulate sold and made servants' quarters for that of the English Consul—this in Yokohoma; and I've dined with an U. S. Consul, a venerable man and relative of the historian Prescott, with his family in what he called his bungalow, but what was generally well-known to be an ex-stable which he had fitted up—this in Colombo, Ceylon—and lots of our Consuls live almost on charity, but that is none of my business.

The trade winds sweep fiercely over these islands, and had I a friend deeply infected with malaria I would advise him to get board for the winter in, if possible, the Consul's establishment. But we couldn't stop; it wasn't in the orders, and hurried on. The next morning found us off Porto Plata, a quite important town in a commercial point of view, but so illy provided with safe harbors that our stay was but a short one. The harbor is but a *cul-de-sac*, guarded by coral reefs, and with an entrance between them of but little over a cable's length, and in depth but three or four. In a bright, clear sunlight, with a fresh trade wind driving the blue waves over these barriers, and transforming them into masses of snow white surf picked out with green, with a good steamer well in hand, and certainty as to position, these coral reefs have a wonderful beauty; but in dark nights and storms they are terrible, and already, though we have been among them three days, twice as many wrecked vessels, that have met their fate since the last summer (for a single hurricane would have swept away every vestige of them), have been passed.

I have feasted on fresh oranges, bananas, and, greatest treat of all, alligator pears, and to-morrow I'll have fresh flying fish to change my *menu*, and perhaps a turtle. There are rumors of birds in the forest waiting to be shot; great flocks of doves of two varieties—one kind no bigger than a sparrow, of quail and wild goats; and on some of the reefs the fisherman can enjoy himself. Some day I hope I'll learn something about some of these things. Until then, *au revoir*. PISECO.

CAPE HAYTIAN, Hayti, Jan. 19.

Natural History.

THE PRAIRIE DOG AS A WATER WITCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent at Palestine, Texas, inquires about the drinking habits of the prairie dog. It is very well known that the prairie-dog towns are generally located upon elevated plateaus, sometimes as far as thirty or fifty miles from open water, and it is not possible that they could travel this distance for water and return to their towns in such hordes as exist; nor is there dew or moisture enough in the grass to supply them with fluid. The prairie-dog towns rise and fall like other empires, and when a prairie-dog town is worn out the inhabitants move west, like other people, first sending prospectors ahead to spy out the land and make a location.

In crossing Northern Texas once I overtook a gang of prairie-dog prospectors on the road, and alighting from the coach gave chase for about a mile, when one of the prospectors, who had been tripped up several times with a whiplash, turned up his toes and surrendered. As I knew his teeth were strong enough to nip a finger off, the driver brought my Scotch shawl which I threw over him and wrapped him up like a baby, and the first thing was a copious micturition on my shawl—just like a baby, too. He was quite full of water, and must have laid in a supply for the journey.

Prairie-dog towns are frequently seven or eight miles in extent, and must contain several thousand animals. The country in the vicinity is denuded of grass for eight or ten miles, and the immediate vicinity of the towns is dangerous to ride over on account of the ground being honeycombed, and on account of rattlesnakes which abound there and feed on the puppies. The large owl frequents the vicinity for the same purpose, and they all make a "happy family." The prairie dogs have an excellent police system and set up a great yelping at the mouth of their little towers on the approach of danger. When shot, they generally fall in their holes and are hard to get out. They are of a dun or brown color, but in some towns I have seen a considerable sprinkling of white ones.

They are easily domesticated and make pretty pets, but look out for their teeth. Domesticated prairie dogs drink water like rats, and scarcely burrow at all. They are commonly kept under the floors of houses in Colorado and Kansas, and serve to destroy or keep away vermin. They thrive well in a humid climate. A friend in the south of England had domesticated some prairie dogs from Colorado, and as they were well supplied with water in their cage on the ground, they were not known to burrow at all, but spent most of the time on a platform seeking their native sunshine.

I conclude from observation and information that the prairie dog burrows for water from necessity and possibly to great depths, and that where a dog burrows man can bore. Consequently, that water can be found in the center or vicinity of any prairie-dog town, with the ground already cleared for cultivation and prepared for percolation.

If you catch a prairie dog be sure to put him in a metal cage, as he will soon burrow through a wooden box. They are generally fat and juicy, and make a remarkably good roast or broil. C. D. P.

Nogales, Arizona.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your paper of Feb. 5, 1885, which has just come to hand, contains a very interesting account, by Mr. J. C. Hughes, regarding the white or Rocky Mountain goat, the *Aplocerus columbianus* (Coues) of naturalists, commenting on an article published in the December number of the *Century Magazine*, under the heading of "Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat," and written by William A. Baillie-Grohman.

My only object in writing this is to corroborate some of Mr. Hughes's statements, but principally to place on record certain facts regarding the distribution of this animal not heretofore published, which came under my personal observation, and which I should have done long ago. It is not written to criticise Mr. Baillie-Grohman's article, as I am well aware that the habits of certain species of animals may for various reasons differ considerably in different localities, and this may be one of these cases. If I remember rightly, the readers of your paper were favored a year or so ago with some very interesting articles about this very goat, from the able pen of one of your correspondents who signs himself "Yo." Perhaps we could learn something further about the life history of the Rocky Mountain goat from him. To begin, however, Mr. Baillie-Grohman, speaking about the known range of the Rocky Mountain goat, states:

"It is only found in Western Montana, the northernmost portions of Idaho and Oregon, in Washington Territory, and especially in British Columbia. No authentic instance is known to me of its appearing south of 45° north latitude."

Shortly after the termination of our late unpleasantness the writer's regiment was ordered to return to the Pacific coast, where it had been stationed before the war, and the troop to which I belonged was sent to Camp Independence, California.

This post (now abandoned) is situated on Oak Creek, in Owens River Valley, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, three miles west of Owens River, in Inyo county, California; latitude 36° 55′ north, longitude 41° 7′ west, at an altitude of 4,958 feet. And right here is where I saw more or less of the Rocky Mountain goats during the winters of 1866, '67 and '68. One of the local names by which this animal was known throughout this region of country was "ibex." At that time Owens River Valley was but sparsely settled, and game of all kinds was plenty. The Sierra Nevada Mountains in this vicinity reach a higher altitude than at any other point of this extensive ragne, and Mount Whitney, some thirty miles south of Independence, is, I believe, considered now the highest peak in the United States. On the western slope the mountains are densely timbered to an altitude of about 10,000 feet, while the eastern slope is more or less barren, and timber is met with only in patches here and there. The mountain sides are also much steeper and rougher. Here, on the bare, rocky crags, the Rocky Mountain goat find a secure and congenial summer home, where it can rear its young almost undisturbed, and where the crack of the hunter's rifle is but seldom heard. The mountain sheep or bighorn (*Ovis montana*, Cuv.) is also found here, as well as on the Inyo or Monache range, on the eastern side of the valley; but this latter is, as far as I know, not frequented by he goats. It is only some 8,000 feet high, while the Sierra Nevada Mountains opposite tower to a height of 14,000 to 15,000 feet.

The snow lies the year around on all the higher points of these mountains, and in winter the goats, which at that time were by no means rare, are unquestionably compelled, by want of food, to visit the lower foothills, and here at an altitude of some 6,000 feet I killed my first goat, where I have several times known others to be killed. I remember one very successful hunt in particular, and a very one-sided one it was, too, in which a friend of mine, one of the best hunters and surest shots I have seen, killed not less than five of these goats in less than that many minutes with a Winchester rifle, before the flock, consisting of some twenty, were able to get out of range. We carried the game out on pack mules next day, and the leader of the herd, which was among the slain, gave us considerable trouble to get him aboard of a mule. If my memory serves me right he weighed over 250 pounds dressed. I think, however, that the average weight is little if any over 125 pounds, as stated by Mr. Hughes.

I distinctly remember one occasion when I saw some fifteen of these goats almost in the valley proper, certainly not over 5,200 feet above sea level. I got quite near to them, had no idea of seeing any, and as usual in such a case, had no gun along.

Only a few years ago the Rocky Mountain goat was quite plenty in Central Idaho, in the mountains on each side of the South Fork of Salmon River, also in the range bordering Snake River, called "The Seven Devils," and particularly so in the Sawtooth range, near Atlanta in Southern Idaho. On the northern end of this range there is a small lake called Goat Lake, where you could almost always find some.

At all the above mentioned places I know the Rocky Mountain goat could be found, and by no means so very rare, and I presume they can be found there yet in limited numbers, but a person must expect to work hard and will not find hunting them a picnic.

They are also said to occur in Colorado and Wyoming, and I have no doubt of it. Mr. J. Mortimer Murphy, in his "Sporting Adventures in the Far West," I see mentions it also as having been found in Southern California. At any rate its southern limit can safely be set down to the 36° north latitude, if not lower. Seeing is believing.

To the eastward it would appear that in the good old days of the early part of this century the Rocky Mountain goat ranged as far as the Missouri River to near the present site of Bismark, Dakota. See history of the expedition under command of Captains Lewis and Clarke, 1804, 5 and 6, by Paul Allen, Esq., and revised by Archibald M. Vickar (Harper Brothers, 1874, pages 116 and 127). On the latter page the account says, "Nov. 5. The Indians are all out on their hunting parties, a camp of Mandans caught within two days one hundred goats a short distance below us," etc., etc. As this account speaks about antelope, deer, mountain sheep as well, it is but reasonable to presume that there is no mistake here. Chas. Bendire, U. S. A.

Fort Custer, Montana, Feb. 11, 1885.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

13. *Regulus calendula* (Linn.) Licht. — Ruby-crowned kinglet.

This sprightly interesting species often braves our raw March weather and is occasionally found with us both spring and fall, during the most rigorous snowstorms. As a rule the rubycrown reaches us in early April, and is not common before the middle of the month.

The song of this delicate dainty bird is a sweet warble, and so ecstatic in the clear rippling melody, that one who hears it must pause and listen for its repetition. The ear of the true musician, or lover of birds, is from necessity attracted by the quavering, varied notes as often as repeated by the vivacious singer. The song, as with the notes of most birds, is difficult to describe, but if once heard is ever to be remembered. It begins with a few low, half articulate notes, soft and melodious, and rises to quite a pitch, again dropping to a lisping, subdued warble, in cadence similar to the softer notes of the robin, but not nearly so loud. The song is finely executed, exquisitely modulated, and is essentially an *allegro* bordering on *agitato*. Nothing can surpass the harmony of the song, heard, as it occasionally is, in early spring, when the chilling winds of March are still rushing through the leafless boughs of the cheerless woods, or mournfully sighing in the evergreens in the city.

The rubycrowns remain some time in the State before passing northward to their summer haunts, and a few may spend the season in the State. It is to be doubted if any remain to breed within our boundaries. During the autumnal migrations, the birds do not all leave us until November. While deer hunting in Lake county, we found this kinglet quite common Oct. 12 to 16, and after two extremely cold nights, many were singing cheerily in the woods regardless of a severe storm of sleet and rain. While crouched behind a log or tree, drenched with water from the pine boughs and anxiously waiting for the appearance of game on the runway, the song of the rubycrown was doubly welcome to me in the deep and silent forest.

14. *Regulus satrapa* Licht.—Golden-crowned kinglet.

This species undoubtedly remains in the State throughout the winter, in mild seasons, but the fact has not been conclusively proven as yet. The goldencrown was observed here on Christmas, 1884, although much severe weather occurred in December. In February, 1879, the species was common in this (Kalamazoo) county, and under conditions going to show that the birds migh have remained all winter in a thick tamarack swamp in which they were found.

The subject of this sketch usually appears in the latter part of March, and becomes quite numerous within the next few days, both in cities, where they congregate among the evergreens, and at the edges of wooded tracts.

The song of this species, if it has one, I have never heard. I have observed only a few chirping, complaining notes, somewhat like those of the creeper (*C. familiaris rufa*), and in no way like the notes of the decisive rubycrown.

Mr. A. H. Boies, of Hudson, in his "Birds of Southern Michigan," gives this species as a summer resident. During seventeen years' observations I have not observed it during the nesting season, and rather doubt if it ever breeds south of 45° north latitude in this State, if at all. The species is recorded from the Northern Peninsula, and is well known by collectors generally in the State.

The food of the gnatcatcher, which is the only species of the three last mentioned that I have had ample opportunity of studying in the summer, is composed principally of minute insects of the order *Diptera*, including mosquitoes, gnats and small flies. During June and July the blue-gray lives largely on caterpillars and other larvæ of small insects, and it, like the two kinglets, is highly beneficial to the farmer and general utilitarian.

FAMILY PARIDÆ.

15. *Lophophanes bicolor* (Linn.) Bp.—Tufted titmouse.

This is one of our more southern species, and has, therefore, not been observed in abundance in the State. Jerome Trombley, Esq., of Petersburg, Monroe county, informs me that it was quite common twenty years ago, and thinks they still breed in the county. He observed three specimens during the months of May and June, 1878.

A specimen was secured by J. E. Nichols near Lansing. We may fairly consider 43° its northern limit in our State. Dr. Atkins, of Locke, has observed a few in Ingham county, always in April. He remarks a peculiar whistle uttered by them, plainly heard at forty rods. Mr. A. H. Boies, the ornithologist of Hudson, failed to embrace it in his list of the "Birds of Southern Michigan," published 1875, but recorded it in 1878.

The information concerning the tufted chickadee in Kalamazoo county is meager. Mr. Benjamin F. Syke, a collector of merit to whom I shall often have occasion to refer, has observed the species here, and thinks it will prove more common than is generally supposed. I know nothing concerning the breeding habits of the species.

MOCKING BIRDS POISONING YOUNG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lived in Louisiana and Mississippi the greater part of my life, and have frequently raised young mocking birds.

It is a fact that if the young ones are placed in a cage where the old ones can feed them they will do so for a while, visiting the cage with something to eat every ten or fifteen minutes, and the birds thrive. But after continuing this for a day or two, the old birds, probably recognizing that the young ones are captives suddenly cease to feed them. Two or three hours without food is sufficient to cause them to droop and no amount of care or feeding will restore them. They invariably die. I have often been told that the old ones would poison those I was raising, but I never lost any, because I did not trust the old ones to feed them without watching to find out if they failed. When they did so, I continued to feed them myself, and I am fully convinced that the old ones do not poison their young.

Issaquena.

Livingston, Ala., Feb. 13, 1885.

I have had a personal experience which effectually removed my skepticism. In June I took a nest of young bluebirds and placed it in a cage, gradually moving the cage from tree to tree for many rods until I brought it within our own grounds. The parent birds followed and fed the little things unremittingly and with apparent content for about two weeks, when the young began fluttering their wings and were ready to fly. The old ones then made every effort to induce them to come out by flying to and away from the cage, and calling them for several hours or through the entire day. Finally becoming convinced, as events proved, of the futility of their efforts, they came with berries, which the poor innocents took confidingly from the loved parents, but in a very short time every one of the little beauties was dead. They were in perfect condition and in full plumage, lovely little creatures, when they were so cruelly destroyed.

Amateur.

South Woodstock, Conn.

The Same Bird.—Referring to "A. H. G.'s" communication in your issue of Feb. 5, I call attention to the following circumstance in regard to winter birds returning to the same winter quarters year after year. He states that he thinks the same bird has returned to his house for three successive winters, and gives his reasons for so thinking. I believe it the same bird, and these are my reasons for believing so. In the fall of 1883 there came to my house, as is usually the case every winter, a number of white-throated sparrows, and among the rest was one that had lost a foot by some means. My family first observed it as it was feeding on the bank, and noticed that it seemed to hop upon only one foot, and upon calling my attention to the fact I took some pains to watch and examine it. The foot had been taken off low down, and the stump of the tarsus looked as though it had been shot off or caught in something like a steel trap. The bird stayed around all winter, and went away at last, as we supposed, forever. But last fall (1884), he turned up again with a number of others. Or I believe it to be the same one, as the one this year has lost a foot in the same shape and on the same leg, and the hop and action of bird are the same as the one of last year. Now I have not in my mind the least shadow of a doubt but that this is the same bird, and I think the above conclusions will bear me out in it. I had thought of writing the circumstance to Forest and Stream a number of times, but did not do so for fear some one would take me to task and pick me all in pieces for trying to establish a fact from what might be a mere coincidence; but as the ball is rolling who will give it the next push?—Armonk (Glenville, Conn., Feb. 9).

About Larus Fuscus.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If your correspondent "A. L. T." will refer to "Birds of the Northwest, Coues, 1874," pages 604 and 625, he will find *Larus fuscus* given as a synonym as follows: The skua—*Buphagus skua* (Brünn) Coues; *Larus fuscus*, Briss., Orn. VI., 1760, *et al.* The herring gull—*Larus argentatus*, Brünn; *Larus fuscus*, Penn., Brit. Zool. II., 1768, *et al.* The writer having been appointed a member of the Committee on Migration of the American Ornithologists' Union and superintendent of the district of Long Island, N. Y., holds himself in readiness at all times to identify birds sent him from Long Island, and to answer any questions regarding them, as far as lies in his power. He also takes this opportunity of stating that observers are very much needed on Long Island. If any resident of the island will furnish observations regarding its birds, blanks for recording them, also circulars giving full information regarding the work will be forwarded on receipt of name and address.—Wm. Dutcher (mail address, 231 West 128th street, New York; express address, 17 Nassau street, New York). [*Larus fuscus* has been employed as a synonym for a number of North American gulls, as *L. occidentalis*, *L. affinis*, *L. argentatus* and *Buphagus skua*, but this has no bearing on "A. L. T.'s" question. *Larus fuscus* is the European little black-back gull, and we cannot recall the fact of its ever having been taken on this continent.]

Winter Birds on the Hudson.—Annandale, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Feb. 19.—The winter here this year has been quite severe. The Hudson River has been closed several weeks and nearly two feet of snow covers the ground. The cold weather has been the means of driving away many birds that generally remain with us more or less through this season of the year. For some time the only birds I have seen have been the following: *Picus pubescens* (downy woodpecker), *Sitta carolinensis* (nuthatch), *Parus atricapillus* (chickadee), *Junco hyemalis* (snowbird), *Cyanocitta cristata* (bluejay), *Corvus frugivorus* (common crow), *Chrysomitris tristis* (yellowbird), and I might add the *Tinnunculus sparverius* (sparrow hawk). These, with the exception of the crow, yellowbird and sparrow hawk, come daily to my window for food.—A. T. Gesner.

Turkeys and Rabbits.—Cortland.—A friend of mine relates the following: Last fall his attention was called to the strange actions of his flock of turkeys concentrated at one place in an adjoining field. Their craning necks and peculiar notes suggested an intruder. My friend arriving himself with a stick, thinking perhaps, the enemy might be a snake, made his way to the field. The turkeys had formed a hollow square about their prisoner, which proved to be nothing more formidable than a gray rabbit, frightened to such a degree it dared not move and was easily captured. The guard then broke ranks to forage the fields for smaller game. It seems strange so timid an animal would allow itself to be made a prisoner in that manner, when in the beginning its freedom might have been gained by a retreat in any direction.—Mig.

A Tame Ruffed Grouse.—New Hamburg, N. Y., Feb. 10.—It has generally been supposed that the ruffed grouse cannot be tamed. Usually the birds, being so wild, refuse food and die of starvation, or dash themselves against the side of the cage on the approach of any person. I have had, however, a ruffed grouse under my observation for the past two years, a hen bird, so tame that it comes when called and eats out of its owner's hand. It is a fair-sized, handsome bird, in full plumage, and has always been healthy. Any one can see this bird by calling on Mr. Leonard Carpenter, on Main street, Poughkeepsie. He is a sportsman and naturalist, who has a fine collection of hawks, owls, crows, raccoons, prairie dogs, squirrels, and four California quail and six Bob Whites, all alive.—W.

Quebec, Feb, 5.—Some members of the *Turdus canadensis* family, familiarly known as the Canadian robin, were heard yesterday singing among what in season are designated by a local poet "the green woods of St. Foye," two miles southwest of this city. Although harbingers of spring they will have to hold a second meeting, as another snow squall has set in from the eastward and the weather is intolerably cold; the mercury being apparently under contract not to rise above zero Fahrenheit.—H. H. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

EFFECTS OF DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading your editorials, and the numerous communications from correspondents which have appeared in late issues of your journal, on the subject of hounding deer, and while I am and have been for thirty-five years a deer hounder in practice, and have killed a great many before the dogs, yet I am constrained to say that I indorse every word you have said in opposition to the custom. I shall not undertake to justify myself on any higher ground than that everybody does it in our country. What I purpose in this communication, is not to excuse my own deer hounding for doing what I do not approve of, but to give you facts in regard to my observation and experience in the matter, and the conclusions which I think these facts warrant me in coming to.

I reside in what is known as the Shenandoah Valley. The western boundary of this beautiful valley is a range of mountains known as the North Mountains. Just west of this is another parallel range known as the Shenandoah Mountains, and so on, with range after range, running parallel to each other, until you reach the main Alleghany range. These ranges extend, under different names, all the way from Pennsylvania to Alabama.

The ranges which are covered by my experience are the North and the Shenandoah. In these mountains, just before the war, there were many localities in which deer were very abundant, when a still-hunter, on a good day, could easily kill from one to five deer. The population was sparse and there were thousands of acres of virgin forest, undisturbed save by the stealthy tread of the hunter or the more vigorous bound of the timid deer. The most prolific section in point of game was one about twenty-five miles in a straight line northwest of this city, and commonly known as White Oak Lick. This was a large area of country drained by the waters of the North Fork of the Shenandoah River, one of the loveliest and most fruitful trout streams (when I first knew it) that I ever saw or heard of. In this vast basin of several thousand acres there lived, in 1860, but one family of people. The father, James Todd, I have years ago given you a biography of. He was the greatest hunter I ever knew, or ever read of, besides being a man of many marked peculiarities. Here on this beautiful stream, ten miles from his nearest neighbor, this man lived, and supported his family of seven or eight children almost entirely by his rifle. When I first visited this part of these mountains, it was to fish for trout. It was in the pleasant June days of 1862, during the "late unpleasantness." It was apparent that the deer were abundant then because their tracks could be seen all along the margin of the stream in great profusion, and it was not an infrequent thing to see a deer in the cool pools standing listlessly there, up to his neck in the water, as a protection against the excessive heat and the annoying flies.

Immediately after the war a company or club of gentlemen from Eastern Virginia got a foothold in this region by purchasing several hundred acres of this wild land; and another family moved into it. Every fall these gentlemen, to the number of twenty or thirty, would come, with from forty to sixty foxhounds, and remain from ten days to a fortnight, and during that time kill from twenty-five to forty deer. But the number secured was hardly equal to the number wounded, caught by the dogs and eaten, and those run out into the settlements and caught or killed by the farmers. But this was not all, the deer were broken up in their haunts and driven off, many of them never to return, and so, in eight or ten years of this sort of warfare, from being a country in which deer were abundant, it has become a hard matter for the last year or two, to make a start of one after hours of hard driving.

Old Mr. Todd protested against the invasion of the hounders, and finally lost his life at the hands of the dog men in a quarrel growing out of an accusation made against him by one of them of killing their dogs. Whether guilty or innocent I do not know, but I know that if he had been protected by law against the hounding of deer, he would have been spared much longer as a useful citizen, and the country in which he lived would to-day be full of that noble game.

With these facts fresh in my own knowledge, what is the correct conclusion? The country is the same, the surroundings are just as they were twenty years ago, but the deer are gone, and there is but one cause to assign, viz.: hounding.

In many States a premium is offered for the killing of wolves, because of the destructiveness of these animals to sheep and deer, and yet the hound, which is but the educated wolf, is protected and encouraged to commit slaughter upon the deer. I remember once to have shot a fine buck in front of a noted hound belonging to a friend of mine. The deer had hardly fallen until this dog was upon him. When I went up to the deer, the dog with his hair turned on end assaulted me, and I had to knock him over the head with the butt of my gun before I could approach the game. I never saw such ferocity exhibited by a dog in my life. The wolf in his native element could not have been more so, and my experience has been that a thoroughbred foxhound, when aroused, is one of the most ferocious beasts in the world; they will attack anything, and woe to the deer that is pursued by them. For if the hunter does not kill him on the "stand," the dogs certainly will. I have grown too old to still-hunt, and I do not expect the Legislature of my own State to prohibit hounding by statute, but if my voice could be heard, it would do so, and if there is the slightest chance for it to be done in your State I wish you God speed in the enterprise you have embarked in.

The section I have given the history of is no exception. There were many other points in these ranges of mountains that were full of deer twenty years ago and the same thing has happened there; the deer have been hounded out until one is now a rarity. There are none left for private hunters or dog men, while the range and the forest remains just as they were. Last fall I went to a range further west than the Shenandoah range, with a party of friends. We had about ten dogs and killed about ten deer in three days. In the immediate vicinity of where we hunted were three gentlemen who kept packs of hounds, and I was informed at the close of the season by one of them, that not less than an average of forty deer had been killed before each pack this past fall. This did not include many wounded and destroyed that the hunters never heard of.

Is it any wonder that the hardy mountaineers whose sport and in many cases living depends upon the game around them, should resort to the rifle and to poison, to rid themselves of the hound pest? I do not approve of such methods. I think a determined effort on their part to have the law interpose to protect them is much the better plan; but one can hardly blame these people for taking matters in their own hands as long as the law does not protect them. Many dogs are poisoned and shot in our State and West Virginia by the still-hunters, but the doing of this is attended with much danger, and has brought death to several men who have resorted to it. Still, I believe if it were systematically and persistently done for four or five years, it would effectually break up the habit of hounding, and the deer would soon recover the waste which hounding has occasioned. Keep on in the good work; and if you can't stop hounding by law, at least legalize the shooting or poisoning of the hound by the guides and natives, and I will guarantee that they will stop it. Whack.

Staunton, Va.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 12th inst. you call for sinkbox experience. Five or six years ago a friend, with whom I have had many a good day in the stubble, wanted me to join him in a day's shoot on the Susquehanna Flats. Now as to an enthusiastic sportsman. I am of the kind of whom you wrote some time since: "Give me gun and day, and I will make the weather." I well remember saying to my friend on the way down that I felt pretty certain that I could stop an incomer, even if I had never been in a box. I could drop a quail reasonably well, and concluded it would be almost inexcusable to miss so much larger a mark. In fact I got quite confident, too much so, as the sequel will show. My friend gave a quiet assent to all my convictions, and waited.

There were four of us in the party, shooting from a double box. The captain of our craft told us he would put us on canvasback bottom, and as the flight was good we would likely have a good day's shoot. We lay about midway between Furnace Creek and the mouth of North East, and the day was all that could be desired; just enough wind to occasionally put a little spray over us, without giving us too much of a ducking. My friend arranged that I should go in the box with him on the first lay. We crossed the line then at 8 o'clock, not as now at 5, which is entirely too late, particularly in the spring.

I shall never forget the morning, as I have never since seen so glorious an opening day. From the first dawning until near sunrise the heavens seemed aglow; at one period attaining almost a scarlet, gradually fading as the sun neared the horizon. We lay facing the east nearly, giving us a full view of the glorious display. Imagine the conditions; lying prone on the back, the body below the surface of the water, head raised just enough to bring the eyes on a level with the same, the muzzle of the gun just over the edge of the box, barrel clasped with left hand, right hand lying loosely over trigger guard, your box rising and falling with the lightly disturbed waters, your three to four hundred decoys dancing, prancing, and you can almost imagine, making love motions to each other. The faint light in the east makes it just possible to discern the long lines of early risers that have come up off of the bay, or across Spesutia Island, from the Bush or Gunpowder rivers, for a feast that is nectar; and a banqueting hall containing such an abundance as they know not of elsewhere in all their wanderings. Oh! they are right royal feeders, and wild celery is the champagne of the feast. I have frequently heard men say, "it is a wonder they come," with all the pounding and hammering they get from the earliest day till night from batteries, and oh, pestilence! the innumerable bushwhackers, it is a wonder that they return, not only on shooting days, but even on off days. But they do return, they have been to the feast, and they like it. They do return, but they return wiser if not better birds. And this is the head and front of the defense of battery-shooting; without this it would mean extermination, swift and sure, and no lover of the sport would uphold it for a moment.

On such a morning as I have described they came at any rate, and we lay scanning the heavens above and the waters below. Now look in any direction as far as the eye can reach, the whole heavens seems alive with innumerable lines and bunches of ducks, flying to and from every point of the compass. You see none on the water yet, they are taking an airing and surveying the feeding grounds. This lasts but a few minutes, when my companion calls, "Mark front." I forget the flight above and the beautifully painted horizon in an instant.

Looking as directed, I see approaching, with neck extended, head low, wings spread and perfectly motionless, three birds, apparently going to strike us fairly in the face. They are surely ours now, I think; there can be no possible escape. I rise, so do the birds, in fact, I thought afterward they got up before I did. I am sure they got up too soon for me that morning. I held on fairly with each barrel; they did not drop a feather. I then gave attention to my companion. To my surprise he had not risen. I thought, "Well, old boy, you have it on me now, but you won't catch me again." "Those were cans," he said, and that was all he said. I was hardly down when "mark front" came from my neighbor again. This time I am well settled in my determination to show him I know something. On they come just as the others, only a pair of them this time. It is a beautiful dart, but I am getting anxious; they are surely near enough—yes, I am certain of it, and I defy them to get away this time. I can't help it; I must surely have them now; and I had—but it was the same way I had the others.

It was too bad, but I had learned the lesson my friend had set me in his mind last evening. Like many others, I was killing my ducks on the way to the shooting ground. I asked him very humbly if he would please tell me why I missed the last shots, for I was still in doubt as to all the facts. This was his answer: "When you got up the birds were at least a hundred yards off, and never were nearer eighty yards. It is the old story of a beginner at box-shooting, but you shot so well on the train down last evening, I thought you might kill at least one in four. I will tell you when to get up next time."

Well, when the next pair came in I thought he might never give the word. On and on they came, long after I thought them close in. He said as he rose, "You take the right and I will attend to the left." By this time they were fairly over the decoys, flight stopped, feet extended, breast and whole front thrown fairly up, making a mark that does not require an expert to hit. The result was a pair of canvasbacks. I did not need further coaching for that kind of darting. But, although I have shot every fall and spring since, I cannot always judge the distance of quartering birds not darting.

We occupied the box on this first lay a little more than an hour and a half, boating 28 birds, 19 of which were canvasbacks. The day's shoot was near 60, 37 of which were canvasbacks. I have never since killed anywhere near so many "cans" on a single trip, although last fall I shot four days. Three years ago I was with the same party. On a first day's shoot we boated 91 birds, mostly redheads. We killed many more, losing them to poachers, who were out in numbers. Laws passed since then have broken this up pretty thoroughly, and very few ducks are lost. I was on the grounds last fall for the first day's shoot. The day opened as favorably as could be desired, but we got but few ducks. This was not for lack of numbers, as they were there in tens of thousands, but they did not dart to decoys.

My experience from first to last is that they are less and less easily decoyed. The reason is apparent. As between box-shooting and bushwhacking, the latter is doing much the greater amount of harm, owing, perhaps mainly, to excess in numbers. I say let there be less of both, that we may have better results. Either let the number be less or fewer days, say one or two days in a week. D. B.

SMALL-BORE SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed an article in a late number of Forest and Stream advocating the use of small-bore shotguns in preference to larger bores, and I am pleased to see that this subject is being discussed, for I, like the writer of the article I refer to, am a strong believer in small-bores.

Until recently I thought there was nothing equal to a heavy 10-gauge gun for duck shooting and have owned two first-class guns of that bore, made by W. W. Greener of Birmingham, England, both of which did excellent work.

Within the last two years, however, my opinion has changed, and I am now a strong advocate of small-bores. The gun I use is a hammerless 20-gauge, thirty-inch barrels, full choke, weight eight pounds. This gun is chambered to take a three-inch metal shell, and is built entirely after my own idea of what a small-bore should be, and although I say it myself, it comes up to my expectations in every way.

My reason for having it built so heavy and chambered especially for a three-inch metal shell is as follows: By using a 16-gauge wadding which fits the shell snug, I can burn more powder than can be burnt in an ordinary 20-bore of lighter weight, and the gun is heavy enough to overcome any extra recoil. I can get both better penetration and pattern in proportion with about half the load required for 10-gauge guns, and I have no headache or sore shoulder after a heavy day's shooting.

The loads I generally use are as follows: 3½ drams powder with ¾ ounce No. 7 Chicago chilled shot, and 2½ drams powder with 1⅛ ounces No. 4 shot. With the former charge in the barrel fired first, ducks can be shot clean at from 45 to 50 yards, and with the latter load it is the shooter's own fault if he does not bring the game to bag at 60 yards, or even a longer distance. Doubtless some believers in large-bores will say that 3½ drams of powder cannot be burnt in a 20-gauge gun without spoiling the pattern. I will grant that this charge of "fine-grain powder" cannot be used without scattering too much at 40 yards, but I overcome the difficulty in this way: I first put in 2½ drams of coarse powder, then 1 dram of best quality fine-grain powder, with one card wad, one pink edge, one thick felt, and one leather wad (punched out of harness leather) between powder and shot, and a thin, stiff card wad over the shot. I use 16-gauge wadding altogether, with the exception of the leather wad immediately under the shot, which is the same gauge as the diameter of the bore of gun at the muzzle. I have found that unless the wad next to the shot fits the muzzle of

gun exactly that it will, by the pressure of the charge when fired, bulge up in the center, thereby scattering the load; but by using a proper size wad, as above mentioned, I obtain an even distribution of the charge, and the 16-gauge wads prevent any escape of gas. As regards penetration nothing better could be desired, and when No. 4 shot is used with the reduced charge of powder, namely 2¾ drams, I have yet to see the 10-gauge that will beat it, even when loaded with 5 drams of powder. When I desire a scattering charge for rabbits or cover shooting of any kind, by reducing the amount of wadding and using fine-grain powder with a smaller load of say No. 8 shot, any desired spread can be obtained.

I feel convinced that if sportsmen will but give the small-bore a fair trial, they will be more than satisfied with the results; and surely it is more creditable to make a good score with a small bore than with a large one, when we take into consideration the fact that a good 10-gauge gun will, if properly loaded, give a killing circle of 40 inches at 40 yards, whereas the 20-gauge, when loaded for penetration and long range, will barely give a killing circle of 28 inches at the same distance.

I can predict disappointment and discomfiture to the large-bore shooter upon his first trial with a 20-bore. The first time I tried it on ducks after shooting for many seasons with nothing smaller than a 12-gauge, I missed nearly every fair shot, occasionally cutting down birds at a greater distance stone dead; my fault was not holding close enough. I have fired many shots at targets to get the correct charge for the 20-bore, and at some future time, should the small-bore fraternity (which at the present time I am afraid are few in number) increase, I shall be pleased to give an account in detail, of trials with small and large shot, showing the pattern and average, at distances from 40 to 60 yards.

SYNTAX.

EMERSON, Manitoba, Feb. 4, 1885.

MAJOR J. VERITY'S REMARKABLE SHOT

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the accounts of remarkable shots which have of late appeared in your columns, I have occasionally been reminded of the skill exhibited on different occasions by my old friend Major Joseph Verity, U.S.H.M., not for the purpose of inspiring in the beholders feelings of wonder and admiration, but quite as a matter of course.

One of the most peculiar sights I ever witnessed occurred during a reconnoissance made by the Major and myself, attended only by our orderlies, the day after we passed the Walla Walla, and were trying to look up some signs of the whereabouts of old Kamaiakan. The shot was good, of course—that was to be expected; but it was the peculiar result of it which rendered the affair at all noticeable.

As I was saying, we were riding quietly along, with our eyes bent on the ground, and had just entered a small cañon, about as wide at the bottom as a wagon-track. The favorite weapon of the Major in those days was the 10-inch flintlock pistol, of which he carried in his holsters a pair by old Kuchenreüter. On a sudden a clatter of hoofs behind caused us to turn in our saddles, and I set in the spurs as I recognized the war paint of the chief we were seeking, his tall form bending over his saddle-bow and his lance-point quivering above his pony's ears. Close behind, and striving to pass him on either side, came his two brothers-in-law, Humgudgeon and Gumfudgeon, evidently bent on mischief; and behind was a miscellaneous assortment of bucks, squaws, dogs, tepees and lodge-poles. They were moving camp, had seen us, and thought to bag us without more ado. But the Major's pistol was in his hand as the lance was poising for the fatal thrust, the priming flashed, and the deadly missile sped forth on its mission of destruction.

The Major always sighted for the bridge of the nose, and the accuracy of his aim was in this instance the salvation of his intended victim, for the point of Kamaiakan's lance chanced at the instant of the explosion to be precisely in front of his nasal organ, and the ball, striking fairly upon the keen edge of the steel, was split, and the two parts, flying onward toward either side, struck the two right and left hand supporters, Humgudgeon and Gumfudgeon, the one in the right eye and the other in the left, and they were "meat" at once. Dumbfounded, Kamaiakan called a halt. The Major's other pistol was in his hand, but he was never bloodthirsty, and did not fire. The object of our reconnoissance was accomplished, and we returned to camp.

Such things were at that time hardly matter of remark, and I should not have called to mind the occurrence, had it not been for some of the shots made by your correspondents which they seem to think remarkable.

I could tell much stranger things than this. So could "Verity." J. P. SQUIBOB.

ELK RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 10, 1885.

MAINE GAME.

THE Committee on Fish and Game in the Maine Legislature has about finished its work for this term, since it was understood that it would adjourn finally this week. A number of petitions have been presented asking for special privileges under the present stringent fish and game laws of that State, but in almost every case, as on the question of opening September for deer, caribou and moose hunting, the petitioners have been given "leave to withdraw." The privilege of fishing through the ice for trout with one or two set lines during February and March was asked for, but the committee respectfully declined. Some provision for getting more than three deer, two caribou and one moose out of the State, when killed in open season, was demanded, but the committee declined to recommend legislation. The Legislature was also asked to legalize transportation of game over the railroads when accompanied by the owner, but no satisfaction to the market-hunters or the marketmen was obtained. The Legislature was importuned to legalize the sending home of "a few trout," while the owner stayed to catch some more, but the friends of fish and game protection in the Pine Tree State were awake. They answered: "Once legalize the forwarding of a moose or a deer accompanied by the owner, and every returning Boston runner will be the owner of some venison, and it will go straight to Boston markets. Allow a few fish to be sent home, and every marketman in Boston will have a few sent home to his stall. No, no changes here."

But singularly enough this same Legislature has been exceedingly prolific of special laws for the greater protection of fish and game in specified localities. Nearly a dozen special laws of this class have been passed, either closing absolutely for a specified number of years or better protecting by a longer close time certain ponds and streams. The visitor to Maine the coming summer may find his favorite pond or stream closed. Even the taking of pickerel it is proposed to regulate in some ponds. A special law has been passed for the protection of trout and landlocked salmon in Rangeley, Southbog, Bemis, Cupsuptic and Kennebago streams. The Commissioners believe that these streams are the great nurseries of trout in the Androscoggin waters, and that to protect the little fellows there will keep up the future supply of giant trout for which these waters are noted. I will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM all these special laws as soon as copies of the bills can be obtained.

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From your issue of Feb. 19, and under the heading "New England Game Interests," I quote the following: "They attempted to prove to the committee the value of the deer in the Maine woods to the guides and hotel keepers, representing that with September an open month each deer would be worth from $75 to $100, whereas now they are of no value. The people of Maine cannot hunt deer in October, November and December, the weather being too cold. One of the gentlemen argued, however, that September might be opened without harm to the deer, since the foliage is then so thick that nobody could ever catch them." Now, to make a long story short and to come right to the point, your correspondent, "Boston," has either been very incorrectly informed as to our argument before that committee, or else he is an intentional and unscrupulous falsifier. There were two of the petitioners present instead of 402, as he gives it, and instead of two that opposed the petition there were three, Mr. Taylor, of Machias, besides the two he named.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

RANGELEY LAKES, Maine.

SOUTHERN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have recently returned from my annual trip to North Carolina. I found birds only fairly plentiful, by no means as numerous as in former years. The nesting season was not propitious—too much rain in June and July. There are other and more destructive agencies at work, however, than a wet summer. Countless numbers of sportsmen and others from the North are spending the entire winter in the South, and are making quail shooting a duty rather than a pastime. Many of these gentlemen can boast of records of from none to twenty birds daily for the season; and will proudly produce their diaries showing their score.

I am sorry to state that the popular idea heretofore existing among sportsmen, that the negro would never become a successful wing-shot is exploded. I learned of three negroes in the county recently visited by me, who regularly shoot quail on the wing with breechloader and setter dog accompaniments, one of them an unerring shot and a keen sportsman, who would regard an offer to buy his game a deadly affront. While out one day with a friend we were joined by a strapping young fellow, who volunteered to take us to every "gang of pattiges" on the plantation. He informed us that he and another negro had only a short while before bagged twenty-three quail out of twenty-five shots. Doubting his ability to repeat the performance, I offered to lend him my gun, as I should be delighted to see the best record wiped out with my Harrington & Richardson. He declined on the ground that he didn't understand "dem new-fangled guns widout no hammers." CHES-A-PEAKE.

BALTIMORE, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The early part of the past hunting season in Virginia was so dry and hot that dogs could only work at great disadvantage. Quail were hard to find, being in the branches and thick cover. Our first hunts were therefore anything but successful. In November, one cool bright day after two days' rain, the first for two months, Tom and myself taking advantage of the more promising prospect for a successful hunt, found ourselves at the depot with guns, dogs, and baggage, waiting for the 3 P. M. train to take us to where we had heard was a veritable sportsman's paradise. After twelve miles by rail, we drove ten miles back into the country near the headwaters of the Buffalo River. Most of our drive being after dark, though the moon was shining, we could judge but little of the country. After crossing one row of mountains we found ourselves surrounded by them on all sides, the valleys being mostly in stubble. With hearts as light as school boys' on a long-looked for holiday and expectations great as boys ever felt the day before 4th of July, when they had the house full of powder and fireworks, we arrived at our stopping place, cold and hungry. The people we were to stop with were strangers to us, but had sent frequent invitations to us through mutual friends. "Come and hupt, game plenty, only needs some one with good guns and dogs, who knows how to use them, to get dead loads of partridges." We found our host a most hospitable gentleman, *the* man of that country, farmer, miller, and general authority. A real Col. Sellers, only more so. Millions almost ripe enough to pick, but he wasn't quite ready to shake the tree. He showed us the tree and its fruit. I was only prevented (being a Yankee) from getting ahead of him by my sense of honor to one who entertained me so kindly. It was a sore temptation to give one or two shakes, and bring home enough to enable me to give the poor people of Brooklyn an elevated road or two. We also found our host to be the possessor of a new breechloading gun and a pointer, "the best dog ever known." After supper my pointer, a grandson of Sensation, came in for a little notice and was thought to look "something like" our host's dog, who was to show us next day what he could do. When we inquired about game we got rather unfavorable reports, our host studiously avoiding exciting us by anything like exaggeration. Still, we heard of "the covey that usually stays in the garden," and of somebody going out "Wednesday for a little brush and bagging forty-two quail," not much of a day either.

Next morning everything was covered with a heavy frost, the weeds and grass were very wet, so we did not take a very early start; but got into the field about 9 o'clock, our host with his famous pointer, a friend of his with a little native, rough and ready setter bitch, worth all the other dogs in the party, owing to her experience and knowledge of the country; Tom and myself with a dog each. We were not long finding the first covey, which immediately took to a dense pine thicket. Tom had all the shooting at this covey, as we were separated some distance by a stream which was difficult to cross. Our shooting during the day was confined to a narrow strip of bottom land about 800 yards wide, lying on both sides of the river. Two of us with two dogs were on each side. Occasionally one party would get lively shooting in sight of the others who could not cross the river in time to participate. Once each party had separate coveys up at the same time on opposite sides of the stream, and we made it lively for them for a little while. This bottom land was walled in on each side by steep cliffs of rock covered with a thick growth of ivy. After the rise we had to do our shooting in these thickets, and strange as it seems, we bagged most of our birds in the cliffs. During the first part of the day we made many beautiful misses in the open, killing finely in the thick. Until we "caught on" to the fact that from the time the birds were flushed until they lit they were rising to reach the top of the cliff, and we had been undershooting. After realizing this we shot very much better. Our country friends not being as hard workers as ourselves, killed very few birds. With varying luck during the day Tom and I bagged 30 quail and lost 12 dead birds.

We were kept in the house next day by a severe storm. The day following was very windy and cold. Tom and I hunted by ourselves, with only one dog. That night we had sixty-four quail strung and hung up ready to take home the next morning. We were obliged to hunt but one dog owing to a very peculiar accident which occurred to our best dog, a red setter, the first day. Our pointer stood a single bird in the open within twenty-five yards of some scattering pines with branches growing close to the ground. The bird, when flushed, took a very uncertain and erratic flight, made a dart, attempting to fly under one of the pine trees, about a foot above the ground, where he was killed very neatly by Tom, when to our horror, at that instant, we saw the setter make his appearance out of a red gully, where he doubtlessly was pointing when the shot was fired, in direct line of shot, not more than thirty yards from the gun. He did not make the least complaint, and on examination we could not see that he was shot. He hunted most faithfully for three hours afterward, when, to our surprise, he seemed to be tired out. He followed along and hunted, however, to the best of his ability, for an hour more, when we discovered that he was very weak and bleeding terribly. His hind leg was swollen twice its natural size, and had turned black. We found it full of shot from the knee up, on the inside. Several pellets had cut his belly, but fortunately did not penetrate the intestines. We naturally considered him as good as a dead dog, but carried him home and nursed him tenderly and carefully, and reaped our reward by again having him in the field as good as new two weeks from the day he was shot. During all his pain and suffering not even a whine escaped him, and when his wounds were dressed he would quietly lick our hands, the only thanks he could offer, as he was too weak to wag his tail.

On our way home we stopped at the station for dinner, where we were met with the usual interrogation concerning our luck, etc. The local sportsmen wondering at our show of game, notwithstanding the individual who was said to have bagged forty-two alone a few days before, happened to be one of our questioners. They estimated our bag to be from 100 to 150 birds when it was only 64. We thought, therefore, if we were to be seen carrying so many birds, and every one exaggerated the number, we would be the means of sending a crowd of shooters to kill off all that were left; so I immediately expressed home to my wife half of them. When we got back and met our friends, we only told them that we had enjoyed ourselves a little, made some new friends, and spotted some ground for next year's hunting. Since shooters have taken to telling fish stories, I always answer when asked how many birds I killed, "I have not time yet to dress up my lie in good shape, come around tomorrow before sun-up." BEDFORD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the morning of the 5th instant, accompanied by my sporting companions, Teccel, Mud and Dit, I left my home with a view to visit some friends who live about twenty miles west of Danville, Va., and immediately upon the border of that State and North Carolina. Knowing, from the representations of some gentlemen who reside in that locality, and the testimony of Dit, who was born and raised there, that the country was a beautiful one and generally well stocked with Bob White, we took our guns and enough loaded shells to kill all the game which we expected to find. We reached Danville at 11 o'clock at night, while the heavens were emptying their liquid contents upon the earth, and sought as early as possible the accommodations of the National Hotel, where we found comfortable quarters and the most intelligent clerk whom it has been my fortune to meet. I recorded the names of each member of our party, and this clerk was able to read them off without that stupid hesitation exhibited by most people who are brought in contact with my chirography. After that performance, if any one impeaches his higher education, I have only to say—Q. E. D.

The train of the Danville & New River Railroad leaves Danville at 8 A. M. In consequence of the early hour we could not enjoy the beds so long as we wished, and were roused from our slumbers a few minutes after six. Having left our baggage at the station, we were obliged to depend upon the comb and brush of the hotel in order to complete our toilet, and Mud was exceedingly out of humor because he could not get access to his trunk for his *robe de chambre*, —or in plain English, his night shirt—which he regards as absolutely necessary to lulling him to sweet repose. However, he managed to get a few "cat naps" during the night, and was unusually prompt in making his appearance in the office, preparatory to that artistic brushing of his "ambrosial curls," which always precedes his meals. In the absence of bear's oil, balm of a thousand flowers, or other hair grease, he was forced to use a little water and then betake himself to the common brush and comb, which adorn a corner near the wash basins. He took a broken goblet which was placed near the cooler, and in vain tried to get his supply of the liquid from that source. It was dry. Teccel suggested the cask near one of the bowls. Thinking it was a trick to put him on the wrong track, he refused to resort to it until a stranger informed him it was the right place. This is not an uncommon weakness—for too many persons accept the statements of those who are unknown and reject those of their friends. Being thus assured, he unhesitatingly placed his goblet under the faucet, gave a quick turn of the lever, and was supplied with far more than he wished, for the force of the stream was so great that the water was thrown all over him. This mishap we regretted, of course. He managed to get passably dry before breakfast was announced, and as usual, did full justice to all the eatables in the menu.

While sitting in the coach waiting for the whistle of departure, we noticed several heavy-looking trunks on the carts of porters approaching the baggage car, and on the opposite side of the street two individuals with a couple of setters each. In a short time they waded through the mud.

and came across. Their dogs looked as bedraggled as the cock in the barnyard in Irving's "Wet Sunday at a Country Inn." While the baggage was passing the window where I sat, I saw on a box the name of one of the parties, and calling the attention of my friend Dit to it, he stated that the name was borne by a Philadelphian who had made a visit to the house of his brother Joe, who lives on the border of "the Meadows" for the past several years during the hunting season, and indulged himself in the earnest effort to bag the birds which were generally quite abundant in that neighborhood. Sure enough, when they entered the coach it was seen that they were respectively Mr. J. C. W., of Philadelphia, and Mr. H. G., of Wilmington, Delaware, and that they were going to the same place which we were seeking, and we soon became somewhat acquainted.

After leaving Danville, the route of the railway, for some seven or eight miles, after leaving the track of the Richmond & Danville road, is in North Carolina, and then it gets into Virginia. A branch of it leaves the main stem, just as the road goes back into North Carolina, and at present extends to Leaksville. The other turns to the right, enters Virginia, and is completed to Patrick Court House. We were on the Virginia train, and after passing through a lonely country, especially inviting to those who are fond of wing-shooting, we reached Byrdsville, the place of our destination. It rained all night when we were at Danville, and was still raining when we left the cars at the station, and were conveyed to the house of our friends. Joe and Bud, the hospitable gentleman whom we were to visit, came with the vehicles, and gave us all a cordial welcome, the reception we felt sure we would meet. In about a half hour Teceel and I were seated before a crackling fire in the parlor of Bud, while the others, no doubt, were warming themselves around the capacious ingle in the library room of Joe. So soon as her household duties would permit, Mrs. Bud made her appearance and greeted us with that genuine hospitality which a true womam soon exhibits to the friends of her husband. Our entire stay was brightened by acts of unaffected kindness, on the part of the families of both of these gentlemen. The only fault I had to find with the treatment was that the good woman gave us too much to eat, in both variety and quality of food, which rather severely taxed my digestive powers. All of us, except Teceel, paid the hostesses the highest of all compliments—the free stowage of the victuals which were so generously provided. I shall cherish the few days passed under their hospitable roofs as very green spots in the journey of my life.

The afternoon of the first day was rather unpropitious for field sports, and we deferred the effort until the following day. Bud's gun was broken beyond any power to remedy—for I had my tools and tried it—and Joe's had been patched up so as to make it possible to use it. It failed entirely, however, before we left, and my mechanical genius was successfully applied so that it may perhaps last during the balance of the season, provided he does not stumble into a ditch nor meet with a mishap similar to the one which caused the disaster.

As a sporting region, this country was not in its holiday attire. A prettier one for bird shooting I never saw; but the valley had been so parched by the droughts of the preceding summer that not a drop of water was in any of the small streams, and the birds were forced to go to where it could be found. Besides this it is a favorite place for the sportsmen and others of Danville, and the few birds which remained have,fallen victims to their almost incessant fusilade during the months of November and December. In one of our rambles outside of the most inviting fields, we found quite a number of coveys of fair size, but such was their fear of us that they took refuge in so dense cover that it was folly to pursue them. Dr. E., the owner of the estate where we hunted, was with us and showed us all proper courtesy. He was simply a spectator, for gunning is not his profession. This was the most successful day we had, and we bagged, I think, thirty-four birds. My score was, as I expected, the smallest of the three, for Teceel and Bud are among the most expert shooters I know.

Joe, Dit and Mud went in a different direction and got more birds than we did. Of course they found more and in better places, for I know I can, at least, equal either of them in skillfulness. The gentlemen from the North met with less success than we did. Both of them have high-grade Westley Richards guns—one a 12-bore hammer gun, with that ugly break which that gunmaker sometimes uses (I have one of them), and the other a pretty little hammerless, by the same maker, 16-bore and weighing 6½ pounds. It is choked. I was astonished to see that both of these guns are loose in the joints. Mine, which has been used much more, is as tight as when it came from the shop. Their dogs are of the patrician blood, and have had, as I learn, full education in the highest canine curriculum; but, so far as I saw or was told, they were in no respect superior to our unpretending, common-blooded mongrels, without any pedigree, and who got all their learning in "old field schools."

This reminds me of a story which Mr. G., one of the gentlemen, told, illustrating the very sensible ideas which some men entertain. A believer in fine blood was the owner of a dog of "high degree," whose ancestors were known for many generations and held a prominent place in the "Stud Book." He had a market value, because of his lineage, equal to that of a first-class roadster. On one occasion he hunted with a brother sportsman, whose setter was of peasant stock—

"His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung ower his hurdies wi' a swirl,"

like Luath in "The Twa Dogs." It so turned out that the red blood found all the birds, set them stanchly and retrieved them nicely. The blue blood did nothing but exhibit "style" in his movements. When the facts were stated by him to his friends, he admitted that the other dog beat his badly in the field, but he had no blood, and, therefore, was valueless. His dog, to be sure, found no birds, but then he had blood and "style!" Was this fellow a fool? Let the story answer the question.

By some unaccountable association of ideas I am led to relate one of the many peculiarities of our friend Mud, the man who is the hero of the "Gun Swab." On his way to "the Meadows" he found it convenient to get a pair of canvas breeches in Charlotte. Going into a store he made inquiry for the needed article. He was told that the merchant had but one pair on hand which he had purchased for himself, but which were too small, and he could not use them. If they would fit he could take them at cost. "What size are they, Mr. O'Dowell?" inquired Mud. "Thirty-two in the waist and thirty-four in the leg." Mud, though a voracious eater, has apparently but little stowage capacity, and measures at the belt only twenty-seven inches. He replied, "They are too large, I want only twenty-nine. They will not do." He was urged by Teceel to try them on, and they might answer his purposes. To this he consented, and was soon inside of them. The fit was perfect. He told his friend and companion that they were exactly right, "but they will not do, for they are thirty-two and I wear twenty-nine." "Still they fit, don't they?" "Why, yes, but they are thirty-two and I wear twenty-nine. So they will not answer; if they were twenty-nine I would take them." Isn't he a queer one? But he is a good fellow with all his eccentricities, and always manages, through sympathy, I suppose, or flattery, to get on the good side of all the wearers of crinoline whence he goes.

Notwithstanding we had a pleasant time socially, our success in the sporting line was rather a failure. So when Monday afternoon came, after a most excellent late dinner, we bade our kind friends farewell, receiving from then an invitation to come again, when, they hoped, the birds would be more abundant. Teceel, Mud and I took the train for Danville, and reached home the following day, finding our families well and glad to see us. We left Dit on the soil of his birth. He expected to remain several days longer, with his brothers, Jim, Joe and Bud and his daughter, who recently married a most estimable gentleman, an ardent sportsman, who has a beautiful residence on a fine estate, adjoining the possessions of the parties whose special guests we were. To those and others whom I have not named, as well as the visitors from the North, we extend our thanks for the courtesies shown us, and express the hope that we may meet again, and enjoy ourselves abundantly in the house and field. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Jan. 19, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Four weeks of the hunting season last autumn were passed in Milford, Va. As yet the place is little known to the sportsman. It is on the R. F. & P. R. R., seventy miles south of Washington, and only twelve hours' ride from New York. One of the best features of the country there for a sportsman is that it is well watered for both man and dog. Only a sportsman who has hunted in a region where this is not the case can understand the full meaning of this. To carry water for the dogs, or to be obliged to leave the shooting and wander about in search of it, as was the case this fall in the majority of the hunting grounds, will try the zest of even the most enthusiastic sportsman. The hotel is right on the hunting grounds, you step from the cars into the hotel door, where you will find Capt. J. W. Gill, the proprietor, and a thorough sportsman. The Captain keeps two fine specimens of the Gordon setter. We went there to shoot and we did shoot. Never was a month more pleasantly passed. We killed about six hundred quail, a good many woodcock, and a few wild turkeys; and yet if I was to say what constituted the chief pleasure of the trip I should not say it was the abundance of birds, but rather the nature of the shooting ground. The country is open and game easily found. As Mr. S., from Baltimore, said, "I would rather shoot twenty birds a day at the Captain's, than fifty birds elsewhere."

STAFFORD.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In boyhood in old Maryland, one fine morning when hickory nuts were ripe, Gus and I betook ourselves to the field for a quail hunt. On our way home we ventured into what was known as "Shoemaker's Bottom," noted for being the best squirrel ground in the country. Mr. Shoemaker also prohibited any hunting there. Nevertheless Gus took one side of the woods and I the other. In a few minutes I heard Gus fire four shots as fast as he could load his singlebarrel. I hurried to him and saw a large gray squirrel high up in the end of a hollow limb. Gus said he could not even make him wink, much less kill him. I tried two shots with no better success. A fire in the tree would smoke him out, Gus suggested, and in a minute the tree was smoking, and seemed inclined to burn down, as it was partly dead and dry. It struck me just then that the squirrel might be dead, though in such a position as to look alive; also that Shoemaker would have us brought before the Squire for burning his tree. There was no time to think more—we dashed to a spring close by—I off with my boots—Gus took one, I the other—and after a half hour's work packing water in my boots we extinguished the flame. Then I ascended the tree, to find the squirrel dead, killed by the first shot. H. A. S.

BUTTE CITY, Montana.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One day last fall while hunting ducks among a group of small lakes where there was little or no cover, I rested my gun on a fence and fired, killing three and wounding a fourth. On measuring the distance found it to be 102 yards to the shore, and the ducks were about three yards out in the water. I used at the time a 12-gauge gun, 8 pounds weight, 30-inch barrels, loaded with 1⅛ ounces No. 4 shot and 3½ drams powder. During the winter while hunting jack rabbits, I fired at a jack sitting in the mouth of his hole, and on going up found two dead rabbits instead of one. They had been lying side by side. I used a Sharps military rifle at the time.

M. L. H.

DENVER, Col.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over my diary I find one remarkable shot to my lot. While looking up into a large tree, I saw a crow alight in the top. I pulled on him and three crows came tumbling down. I thought the top of the tree was coming. The friend at whose house I was staying said it was the best shot I ever made, as the crows had been stealing his young chickens all summer. R. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A remarkable shot—remarkably disgusting to the shooter—was that fired by my friend Eustis in the gray of an early morning. He turned out of camp before any of the rest of us, sneaked off alone and discharged a fusilade at what he thought was a duck on the shore, but which proved to be only an oval-shaped stone I had placed there for anchoring a captive turtle. SCATTER-GUN.

IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No person who has been in the habit of using a gun can read your column of remarkable shots without being reminded of similar occurrences in which he was either a principal or witness. That pulling a trigger is sometimes attended with such surprising and not unpleasant results, adds materially to the sport of hunting. There are, of course, surprises that are not quite so agreeable, but they seem to be decidedly in the minority.

Once in my earliest hunting days, when I was first permitted to go alone to the woods, armed with a real gun, a venerable single barreled muzzleloader, I espied a black squirrel seated on an ant hill devouring an ear of corn. I crept up to within fifteen yards of the squirrel, and resting my gun on a rail of the fence, took as deliberate aim as my somewhat excited nerves would allow, and fired. When the smoke had cleared I was considerably surprised that neither hide nor hair of that squirrel was to be seen. A glance at the nearest tree was just in time to reveal a black tail being withdrawn from view. I reloaded and soon discovered the owner of the tail, but he was very active and ran from treetop to treetop, giving me a long, exciting chase, till finally he escaped. On my way home in the afternoon, I thought I would review the scene of the action and ascertain if possible where the charge of shot went that missed the squirrel. My chagrin was changed to delight, when on going to inspect the ant hill I found behind it the lifeless squirrel.

I once saw a mallard drake in the edge of some reeds on the opposite side of a small pond to me, and as the distance was a long one I was speculating as to the chance of killing him if I were to shoot. He raised himself in the water and flapped his wings, presenting his whole body to view. This decided the queston and I fired, knocking him over. Going round I waded out through the reeds to retrieve him, and in so doing discovered two other mallards that had been killed by the same discharge.

A friend says he felt decidedly cheap when he aimed, as he thought, well ahead of the leader of a flock of four ducks flying in single file, and the fourth one fell to his fire.

Another friend, who does not claim to be a wing-shot, had been endeavoring for some time to kill partridge on the wing, but without success, till one day a bird started so near him that his nerves were completely upset. Without raising his gun he convulsively pulled trigger. Strange to say instead of riddling his companion or the dog he killed the grouse. J. M. E.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many years ago, when a chunk of a boy, I was returning from the swamps after a rather unsuccessful duck hunt, afoot and alone. I was armed with a little, old, long, slender, light, single-barrel shotgun, a 16-bore, I think. It was heavily charged with, I think, No. 3 or 4 shot. I wished to fire it off before reaching the house. There was a bunch of wild geese sitting near the center of a forty acre field on my right, 200 to 225 yards away. I pointed the gun in their direction with an elevation of perhaps twenty to thirty degrees above them and let go. The geese all flew but one. it could not fly. I dropped the gun, boy like, and started for it. It could nearly fly, but not quite; the ground was freshly plowed, and the goose, with the help of its wings, could run as fast as I could. A race followed that was long and doubtful. When I thought I could run no longer I stopped and shed my boots, then, after another long exhausting tug I captured the goose. I found that I had placed a shot in the last joint of its wing, just under the skin, but not out of sight.

In later years, one day riding up a gentle slope in my buggy I saw a covey of quail in the road ahead of me, they ran into the hedge at the side of the road. Having a .22 Ballard rifle with me I stepped forward to see if I could get a chance to nip one of their heads off. Following carefully along, directly I saw one hop up on the edge of a square stick of timber lying end to me beside the road. Dropping on one knee, which brought my rifle about on a line with the log, I fired from the other knee as a rest, very carefully so as to clip off the quail's head; it was 20 yards away. I did it nicely as I could see by the way it bounced around. No quail flying I slipped in another cartridge to try for another. After some time by careful strategy I got another shot and a bird; I then went back to gather the bird, found it, and then for some reason or other stepped to the log where I had shot, when to my great surprise I found three other quail dead beside it in a row, all shot square through the body. The strange thing about it to me was how these three other quail could jump on the log while I was sighting and I not see them, which they evidently did. Five quail in two shots with a .22 rifle is certainly good pot-luck.

BYRNE.

LACON, Ill.

REYNARD'S WAYS.

OF sleeping foxes, a Swanton, Vt., correspondent writes: "One morning after a heavy fall of snow, myself and friend on a fox hunt, were riding through land grown up to bushes and small timber. Old Reliable, our hound, was following behind the sleigh, when suddenly he was missing. Going back, we found he had left the road evidently in a hurry. The wind was blowing strong from direction he went. We followed his track, but soon met the hound, seeming well satisfied with his short hunt. We found fully eighty rods from where the dog had left the road at the bottom of a narrow ravine about fifteen feet deep, as fine a specimen of red fox as I ever saw, which the dog had evidently caught asleep and killed, as we found where he had been lying on top of a stump a few feet below the edge of ravine. The fox only made one jump from his bed when the hound lit on him. The hound must have scented the fox from the road where we were driving, as there was no fox track in that direction. I see an Allegany county man makes a business of hunting sleeping foxes. Well, all right, if they are too much for him when awake, who can blame him for hunting to catch them asleep. Wonder if this is the way he has to kill all his game. I, however, yet prefer to kill my foxes when they are wide awake."

"Park" reports from Athens, Pa., that Nick Nasboro of that town recently discovered a fox asleep and shot it.

A Middletown, Conn., correspondent, "J. W. T." tells of finding a gray fox in a tree. The animal was killed and its skin presented to Dr. J. W. Alsop, president of the Middlesex Game Association. The gray fox of the South (*Urocyon cinereo-argentatus*) is well known as a tree climber.

A New York correspondent, "A. H. H.," says: "An uncle of mine, living in Vermont, on his way for the cows one day about sunset, discovered a fox asleep on a stone pile. He approached the fox very cautiously, and grabbing him suddenly by the back of the neck, had him secure. It so happened that another gentleman had been running a fox all day. At night, tired and hungry, he returned home with his dogs, but without his fox. Hearing of my uncle's captive, he came up the next morning to demand the fox, claiming that this was the identical fox which his dogs had run and tired out the day before. However, my uncle refused to relinquish his claim, and so the other brought suit to obtain this fox.

"A young man who had just been admitted to the bar (now one of the most prominent lawyers in New York State) and,

spoiling for a case, bought the fox of my uncle. Then the other man brought suit against the lawyer. A long and interesting trial resulted, which lasted over a week, but the lawyer still retained the fox. Whatever became of reynard I do not know, but if my friend the lawyer sees this, possibly he will tell us. Another case: Two young men from my native town were crossing Lake Champlain; they discovered a fox and a dog in close pursuit just coming on to the ice from the further shore and making directly toward them. They saw a fine race for over two miles across the lake. Evidently the fox was very tired and the dog fresh, for the dog overtook the fox about ten rods from the men. Unable to escape the fox turned about and sat down very defiantly facing the dog. The dog stopped and did not dare to attack the fox, neither did the fox dare turn tail and run. So they sat and eyed each other until one of the men crept up and slew the fox with a club."

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

There is a great deal of floating ice in the Delaware River and duck shooters who are fond of paddling upon the fowl in white skiffs are having good sport below Port Penn. The use of huge guns loaded with at least a quarter of a pound of shot in this sort of shooting savors very much of pot-hunting, and approaches as near as possible to the illegal slaughter which was carried on by the night-shooters with their swivel guns near Havre de Grace a year or two ago. A flock of ducks can be approached with an ice-screened skiff manned by a good paddler, and the greater portion of the bunch killed or crippled by a single discharge from a big-gun. I plead guilty of having once participated in this sort of sport and know whereof I speak, but nothing now could tempt me to repeat my experience. At the present time, the ducks in our bay are in poor condition, the marsh feeding grounds and shoaler places being frozen up, the fowl find it difficult to obtain a proper amount of sustenance. When the marshes are open and food is abundant, which will be the case next month no doubt, good shooting can be had over decoys placed upon the mud and in the pools, the sportsman being hid in a box-blind sunk in the marsh, or from a skiff hauled upon the marsh and well screened with trash or dead reeds. The marshes next month will be taken possession of by the sprigtails and baldpates, and many a point can be selected where good sport can be had, but the ice shooting which is being carried on now, to say the least, is not what a rational sportsman should indulge in. All the ducks I have examined which have come from down the river are as poor as snakes.

Very many prairie chickens and sharp-tailed grouse are being offered for sale in our markets. Advantage being taken of the cold weather, quantities of both species have been shipped to this city in a frozen state. I overheard a game dealer a few days since state that he had just filled an order for twenty dozen quail, and that he could at any moment lay his hands on one hundred dozen. After all, this winter has proven a disastrous one to the game of the Middle States. The earlier portion of the season was an open one, and it was confidently expected it would continue so, but January and February have been intensely cold, and the snows that have fallen have crusted and continued in this condition, so that food for both quail and grouse have been difficult to obtain.

I learn from the interior of our State that wild turkeys, owing to the scarcity of food and the severity of the weather, have been forced from the mountains, and approach the settled sections so close, that many have been killed in the poorest condition, unfit for the table.

I am glad to learn that a number of gentlemen of this city are individually wintering quail, which are to be liberated in the spring. Virginia and Maryland birds having been procured in preference to quail from more southern sections.

HOMO.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME.

The Legislative Committee on Agriculture at Boston, Feb. 17, considered various orders relative to amending the game laws. Dr. Harvey, of Westboro, was the first witness. He wanted the law changed in the interest of the farmers and hunters, so as to prevent the hunting of woodcock in August, since it is not a suitable month for hunting and would also allow the partride to get better growth without being driven off by the woodcock hunters in August. The woodcock do not migrate until October, so that there would be as many to be had if the law is changed. The close season for woodcock and partridge would then coincide. Mr. Wm. Brewster favored the change and thought it best to make all close seasons correspond as nearly as possible. But few woodcock breed here now; not one in fifty to what used to thirty or forty years ago. They have been killed off and driven away. The laws now tend to their increase, but the proposed change would be an improvement. The birds will have to be carefully protected to regain their former numbers. Any legislation tending to protect the breeding grounds of birds would be beneficial. It might be well to have some parts of the State where game could not be killed at any season of the year. There must be much more protection or game will be exterminated. It would be well if the various States had harmonious legislation on this subject. Mr. Brewster is president of the Nuttall Club of Cambridge. The great breeding grounds now of the woodcock and other migratory birds are in Nova Scotia.

President Samuels of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association said it had prepared a bill which met its views and, he thought, protected the interests of all parties. He called on ex-President Fottler of the association, who submitted the bill, which is substantially the same as that reported by the Committee on Agriculture last year. He said the identical bill reported last year would be fully satisfactory. The proposed bill, however, does not close the present open season for quail, partridge and woodcock. The section relating to the dealers does not make any change from the present law, although the association think some change should be made. No change is made in the section relating to the payment for game brought in from other States. The open season for black duck, wood duck and teal is left as at present, closing April 1. The section of last year's bill prohibited the hunting of wild duck or wild geese on their feeding or roosting grounds in the inland waters. The association does not want to change the present law, but to strengthen it, especially in regard to the partridge. The law in regard to that bird is to apply "whenever" it is taken as well as "wherever." Representative Davis of Tisbury said his district wanted the close season for black duck from March 15 to Oct. 15. Mr. Fottler said the association would be glad to have all the protection possible. The present law does not exempt from protection the shore birds, although pretending to.

After Mr. Fottler had read the proposed bill it was opened for discussion. Mr. J. M. Brown, of Taunton, thought there should be some time in November when deer could be taken. Hon. F. A. Nye, of Falmouth, who has deer on his own farm, urged that they should be protected, even more stringently than at present. He objected to hunting deer with dogs as cruel and inhuman. They are often driven into the water and drowned. The law is not enforced because there is no one to enforce it. There is illegal hunting, but a law prevents the great crowds coming down from New York and Boston. He was satisfied with the law as it is. The deer are not plenty now and should be given more time for increase. Ex-representative Gifford, of Falmouth, urged that these large tracts of wood in Barnstable and Plymouth counties be kept as a deer park. The present close law has been in force since 1883, and the deer are now increasing and have become somewhat plenty. He would have more stringent legislation, and have the Fish Commissioners act as Game Commissioners, and prosecute violations of the law to the bitter end.

Major S. B. Phinney of Barnstable opposed making the law less stringent. Mr. Lowell of Barnstable thought the deer should be protected as a fancy animal. The Cape people and their summer visitors have as much right to have their wishes protected as well as those of the sportsmen. The penalty against trespassing amounts to nothing. Mr. B. C. Cahoon of Falmouth said that to-day the deer are hunted more than during the years when there was an open season. Then they hunted during the open season only; now they hunt right through. If November was an open month it would be better for the deer. The present law is not enforced. He would have November an open month and allow hunting with dogs. He knew no reason why the deer should be preserved, as they are rarely seen unless by hunters. Mr. Shevelin, a Selectman from Sandwich, wanted the open season, if there was one, to include September, so that the people there could hunt as well as strangers. Mr. Abbe of Bourne agreed with Mr. Cahoon. The hearing was adjourned subject to the call of the chair.

MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

The Michigan Sportsmen's Association met at the Supreme Court rooms, at Lansing, Mich., on the evening of Feb. 17, 1885. Delegates were present from the Central City Sportsman's Club of Jackson, Lake St. Clair Shooting and Fishing Club, Kent County Sportsman's Club, Kalamazoo County Game and Fish Protection Association, and Battle Creek Sportsman's Club. There were also several individual members present, not representing organized associations. Owing to the fact that the meeting had been twice adjourned, and because of the blockade of the railroads by the severe weather, the attendance was much smaller than was anticipated. Those present were, however, enthusiastic and diligent in business.

The special committee appointed at the December meeting to draft a bill for the appointment of a State game and fish warden, and amendments to the game laws, made their reports, with drafts of bills. These bills were discussed at length and compared with like bills already before the Legislature. A committee of one was appointed to present the bills to the Legislature, with instructions to devote most of his attention to the game warden bill, and if necessary, to abandon all others.

The president's address on the general objects of the association and the necessity for the appointment of a game warden was then read and ordered printed for the purpose of being laid before the Legislature, together with an address to be prepared by the president and secretary. An article on the nomenclature of the Michigan Limicolæ, by Dr. Morris Gibbs, of Kalamazoo, was then read, followed by a paper by Dr. J. C. Parker, of Grand Rapids, on Shooting vs. Fishing. An interesting poem on Bob White by Mrs. H. S. Brown, of Chicago, was then read by the president.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:
President, Dr. E. S. Holmes, of Grand Rapids.
Secretary, Mark Norris, of the same place.
Treasurer, N. A. Osgood, of Battle Creek.
Director for three years, T. S. Cobb, of Kalamazoo; Director for four years, E. C. Nichols, of Battle Creek.

Kalamazoo was selected as the place of holding the next annual meeting on the second Tuesday in February, 1886.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

M. Norris, Sec'y.

Loading.—Colebrook, N. H.—I use a 10-bore, of no matter whose make, right barrel cylinder, left choke. The buckshot chamber four in the choke, and the layers are divided in the shell by thin wads; I use 5½ drams of good powder and 12 shot. For duck shooting at long distances, the same powder and one ounce of No. 7 shot inclosed in case, except in front, which remains open and even full of shot, all held in shell by wad, as in ordinary loading. For case I use a No. 1, 14 paper shell, with brass cut away and shell cut to hold one ounce, using the reinforced base only to avoid danger. The appearance of case after you find it 50 yards away from you will be warning enough. I shoot with this last to kill at 75 yards, and with successive shots drew four chickens at 82 yards.—Ned Norton.

Apropos of Camp Tins.—Near the top of each have a small "strap" or flattened loop riveted, have a piece of round steel about three inches long turned up at one end about an inch and flattened so as to fit the loop, the other end cut with a coarse wood thread sharp at the point; this screwed into the end of any suitable stick forms a perfect handle for moving tins about when on the fire, lifting covers when cooking or kettles with hot bales. A simple addition, but having used them for some years wouldn't be without them. The loops need not interfere with the tins nesting and the weight is insignificant.—A. J. H. R.

A Game Score.—A Jackson county, Mo., correspondent reports the following as his score of of game killed during the last three years: Rabbits (common cotton tail), 265; rabbit (mule or jack), 1; squirrel, 53; blackbird, 30; chicken (or grouse), 1; crow, 4; dove, 117; duck, 49; lark, 18; plover, 15; pigeon, 33; quail, 161; robin, 8; snipe, 41; turkey, 1; number of shots fired, 1,021; number of times out, 33. This was without the assistance of a dog. I don't believe there are two dogs in our town that are worth the food they eat.

The Cuvier Club Reception of 1885 was a very pleasant affair. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives this history of what has grown to be a very influential society: "A few gentlemen fond of field sports gathered together in 1871 and determined to form a sportsman's society, the object of which was to elevate the tone of field sports and enforce the game laws. Meetings at long intervals were of a desultory nature, but the membership increased. Subsequently the idea of a sportsman's club was abandoned, and it was resolved to enlarge their scope so as to include game preservation. Out of this resolution sprang the Ohio State Society for the Preservation of Game and Fish, for such was the title adopted by the new society. It began its errand weak in numbers and poor in purse. To-day it owns the magnificent club house No. 34 Longworth street, containing one of the most valuable collections of ornithological and ichthyological specimens west of New York. The subject of fish and game preservation is one which is engaging the attention of many of the eminent naturalists and most practical philanthropists of the United States. In Europe it has long since been settled that the fish and game must be preserved for food, and the governments there make the necessary laws and enforce them rigidly. In this country it has been rather customary to regard the fishculturists and game preservers as public enemies instead of public benefactors, and to consider all laws made in their interest as arbitrary oppressions. Game has been ruthlessly and wantonly slaughtered without forbearance in any season; the fish have been taken in incredible quantities, in all periods of gestation and immaturity, until the fields, the forests and the waters have become nearly depopulated. The Cuvier Club has exercised a salutary influence in this regard. It has maintained the principle that the indiscriminate destruction of game and fish is an inexcusable waste of human food, and besides an evil and a crime fraught with many serious consequences. It has molded public opinion to the proper form of belief. In our own vicinity it has enforced the laws, and by persons in authority in several sister States. Again, an attempt to abolish the law by which the present Fish Commissioners of the State of Ohio were created was defeated by the club, and in lieu thereof an act was passed giving them a fund to enable them to carry on their work. Had the Fish Commissioners been abolished it would have been a reproach to the State. The Cuvier Club in the next place, by insisting upon a due regard for the rights of the land-owner, and a just observance of all property rights, has convinced the owners of the soil that the difference between a legitimate sportsman and a pot-hunter is a substantial difference; and far beyond the limit of its own circle it has taught the maxim that to pursue or capture game by any but legitimate means is wholly disgraceful. But the club has not stopped at this. It has united in the movement, not alone to procure needed legislation, but to procure co-operative legislation, securing laws having uniform operation throughout the country within given isothermal lines."

New York.—Obi.—We have more rabbits here to the acre than we can shake a stick at, and can count the snares by the dozen. Grouse are very scarce. One may tramp through the woods for half a day and not see a bird. Quail are all gone the way of the buffalo, we never hear of any in this part of Allegany county.—Obi.

Issaquena.—In an excellent article written by "Steele's Bayou," and published in your paper last year, he mentions Issaquena as meaning "Queen of the Deer." I know that it sounds well, but in the Choctaw language *issa* means deer and *quena* a path or walk.—Issaquena.

Indiana.—Fairland, Feb. 16.—It is snowing hard this morning, mercury standing at zero at 7 o'clock. A good many quail left over, but they are having a hard time of it. Snow not deep, but giving the hawks a good chance to prey on them.—C. W. W.

Sea and River Fishing.

BLACK BASS TALK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sympathize with "E. F." in his desire to gain information in regard to fly-fishing for black bass; and, as out of comparisons of experience may come enlightment, I am willing to "chip in" a little for the benefit of the "pot," hoping to get out of it at least as much and as good as I give. I am not an expert angler, theoretically or practically; still, I have dropped a fly, after a fashion, in a good many and widely separated waters, and have had at times pretty fair luck.

As with trout, so I find with bass, that rules and lures which are all right in one place or at one time are not good for much in or at another. Fish, of a given variety, are like people of the same nation. They are all the same, scientifically, and in a general way; but their tastes and habits vary greatly, according to locality and the circumstances by which they are surrounded. At least that is the way it seems to me; and I have come to the conclusion that the only way to find out wherein and to what extent these differences exist is by actual experiment and close observation. I have never found a royal road to success in angling, any more than in other pursuits where tact, industry and patience are requisites.

As with trout, also, so I have found in the long run, and in the greatest number of instances, the scarlet ibis, or a red fly of some sort, the most reliable stand-by for bass, yet at times I have made good catches with other colors, when that particular hue was of no account whatever. The best single afternoon's sport I ever had with bass was one day when I had tried in vain nearly every kind of fly in my book, and half in despair and half in a spirit of bravado, concluded to put on a white and an orange colored hackle, both of pretty good size. With these two flies alone, I took fifty-two bass, varying in weight from half a pound to over three pounds, and at sundown lost a bigger one than any I had landed, owing to the amount of sawing the snell had suffered during the exercises. Still, as I say, I have generally found a fly of red or other gay colors best as a rule, and, so far as my experience goes, they should be considerably larger than those generally used for trout.

Ordinarily, I have found the best bass fishing ground to be over and among rocks, or along the edge of a line of water grass or reeds, near shore, where the "bronze beauties" are pretty sure to lie in wait for minnows or other passing food. A fly well located in these neighborhoods is pretty

certain to get attention, if the fish are in the mood; for, as all anglers know, there are times when no persuasive agency is of any avail whatever. I agree with "E. F." that a lightly cast fly is best; but there are times when a pretty heavy splash doesn't seem to scare them. Then again, I have found it necessary—this when the water is a little muddy or "milky"—to sink the flies a little, by the use of a light split shot at the head of the hook. With this expedient I have sometimes made a good catch when the wary or lazy fellows would not rise to a fly on the surface. I have not found very light tackle or flies of special advantage at any time or place with bass; and, in a general way, I would say to beginners in bass fishing that a good fly-fishing outfit for trout will generally be found a good outfit for bass, with such modifications or variations as experience may suggest or circumstances require, according to locality, season and the disposition, for the time being, of the fish themselves.

S. H. K.

Washington, Feb. 12, 1885.

THE TROUT OF BEAR RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The caption and date of "Millard's" letter in a late Forest and Stream turns my thoughts backward nearly a score of years and prompts me to ask a question. The first Western trout that I ever caught in its native waters, I took from Bear River, Wyoming Territory; at least it was then considered that Bear River, rising in the Uintah Mountains, flowed through the southwestern corner of Wyoming before it again reached Utah, but I find upon consulting a map that it is located entirely in Utah and Idaho, leaving Wyoming out in its windings. Where it does flow I will not attempt to tell, but I know it does not flow across the head of Echo Cañon, as this map seems to make it.

At the time referred to I had been fishing Clark's Fork and was relating my unsuccess to a friend when he suggested that I try Bear River, as "speckled trout" were plenty and grew large in that stream. I was rather more of a "tenderfoot" than he and asked him to go with me. The first fish was a vigorous fighter and afforded all the sport I could desire, but when I laid him on the bank and called my friend I asked: "Do you call that thing a 'speckled trout?" "Yes." "Well, I don't. He, she or it is evidently a trout, but not such as we get in New York State." "No, nor such as we get in Massachusetts, but they are good, as you will find." And I did find them good, on the hook and on the table. And now I would like to know what kind of trout these were, whether *Salmo spilurus* or *S. purpuratus?*

As I try to remember their appearance my memory fails me except as to the black spots which were such a surprise. My thoughts reverted to these fishes recently when President Jordan, of Indiana University, in writing me about Western trout, said he would like to see the *S. purpuratus* (Lake Tahoe trout) get a fair trial in Eastern waters.

I presume some of your readers will be able to tell the kind of trout found in Bear River. In asking whether it is *spilurus* or *purpuratus* that is found in this river, I mean the Rio Grande trout by the former, and by the latter the Rocky Mountain brook trout or Yellowstone trout (*S. virginalis* of Günther and Girard). Jordan's synopsis of N. A. fishes states that the characteristic red blotch on the lower fin of the *S. purpuratus* Pallas, is "very constant," but too many years have elapsed for me to recollect whether the fish I caught had it. I made note at the time, of the, to me, new trout, but my diary was burned soon after. The fact that they were very gamy on the hook, and very excellent on the table, requires no pen and ink memoranda to recall.

A. N. Cheney.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

OTSEGO LAKE.

ITS FISH, FISHING AND FISHCULTURE.

THE natural attractions of Cooperstown and the Lake region of which it is the center, are in many respects so like those of the English lakes, that no observant tourist can have failed to note the resemblance.

The general topography of the country is, in fact, nearly the same, save that the mountains about Otsego Lake are somewhat less majestic and imposing.

About two miles northeast of the village, and well up the mountain side, stands Natty Bumppo's Cave. This wild crag, now so famous, is distinctly visible and with a good opera glass may be quite satisfactorily examined from the deck of the steamer Natty Bumppo, as she furrows the placid waters below, or, with screaming whistle, challenges old Natty himself to the echo.

Still further on, from a point nearly midway of the Fernleigh Farm, just northeast of the Fenimore Cooper "Chalet," so-called, and about two hundred and fifty feet from the water, there bursts upon our view a most magnificent panorama of the lake, with all its jutting headlands, the charmingly diversified meadow and woodland of the opposite shore; the blue-tinted range of the Mohawk, and the sweet Susquehanna winding gracefully out of view in the far away southern valley.

Indeed, under the mellow light of a calm June evening, with "Glimmerglass" in perfect repose, its mirror-like bosom absolutely unflecked, save here and there perchance by the salmon's wanton plashes, which, "like scars on the face of a warrior, make it all the more attractive," imagination itself could scarcely conceive a picture of more consummate loveliness. Only he who has stood on the battlements of Stirling Castle, and had his soul ravished with the scene there spread out before him, or from the summit of Redwing has looked down upon sweet Grasmere, dreaming in the vale below, can, even by comparison, form any adequate conception of its beauty.

Still further on we reach the Dugway, a favorite haunt of the salmon trout, where the mountain, four hundred feet in height, sheers precipitately down into ice cold water, nearly two hundred feet in depth. Near this spot the mountain is virtually bisected by what is called the Hog's Back, a most extraordinary freak of nature, not sufficiently familiar to visitors, but which will never be forgotten by those who have taken the pains to climb its lofty ridges.

Indeed, the entire eastern shore is somewhat Alpine in character, and with its terraced ledges, flood-washed gorges, virgin forest and sequestered haunts, must ever afford

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms,"

inexhaustible sources of delight.

Having thus adverted to some of the points of interest which have made Otsego Lake so irresistibly attractive, we proceed to describe in detail the water itself, with its fish, its fishing, and its fishculture.

Otsego Lake is nine miles long by about one in width, running nearly north and south. The water, averaging about fifty feet, attains in some places a depth of two hundred, and is chiefly supplied from cold bottom springs. Its only constant tributaries are two small streams, whose entire volume is not half that of its outlet, the Susquehanna River. The upper and lower portions of the lake, being shallow and weedy, afford ample pickerel grounds, while the middle portion and whole eastern shore are admirably adapted, by deep water and a soft marl bottom, to the coregoni and salmon trout, and nearer shore, by rocky bottom and sharp ledges, to the rock bass, black bass and yellow perch. After further stating that the food supply is abundant, especially of the "lake shiner," an exquisitely beautiful creature and most dainty morsel, about four inches long, not found elsewhere, it will be readily seen that in no other water of the State could the conditions be more favorable for the artificial propagation of fish. Without irrelevant particulars we append a record of the actual plantings made in Otsego Lake:

1872—Otsego bass (*Coregonus albus*)	74,000
1872—Salmon trout	8,000
1873—Salmon trout	150,000
1874—Salmon trout	65,000
1874—Otsego bass	94,000
1874—Black bass	95
1874—Rock bass	1,000
1875—Salmon trout	100,000
1875—Black bass	105
1876—Salmon trout	76,000
1877—Whitefish (from Caledonia)	200,000
1878—Landlocked salmon	5,000
1878—Salmon trout	100,000
1879—Salmon trout	100,000
1880—Salmon trout	100,000
1880—Smelt (from Hackensack, N. J.)	800
1882—Salmon trout	55,000
1882—California mountain trout	30,000
1884—Salmon trout	100,000
Total	1,359,000

RECAPITULATION.

Salmon trout	854,000
Otsego bass	168,000
Whitefish	300,000
California mountain trout	30,000
Landlocked salmon	5,000
Rock bass	1,000
Black bass	200
Smelt	800
Total	1,359,000

The operations during 1871, 2, 3 and 4 on our own account and at our expense, were conducted in a small domestic hatchery, and in the most economical manner, by Capt. P. P. Cooper. The total outlay, however, was about fifteen hundred dollars.

Subsequently all young fry were obtained from the State hatchery at Caledonia, at the mere cost of transportation, which was about $40 for 100,000 fish. This beneficent policy of the State our people fully appreciate, and it must eventually produce grand results.

On a general review of our work we have to speak first of the salmon trout. So rapidly did this fish increase, that in 1878 they were more numerous than at any time within the preceding thirty years. During the spring of 1880, in one forenoon, with a companion, at a single anchorage, in water 55 feet deep, and near the "Sunken Island," the writer took forty-four fish weighing 86 pounds. Thirteen others were hooked, but escaped, two of them large fish, making 57 strikes in less than five hours. A day or two later twenty-nine were taken weighing 50 pounds. During the same week 300 pounds were taken in a single day.

All this was done still-fishing.

In the following summer, the writer, trolling one morning with a Seth Green gang of O'Shaughnessy 8s, had twenty-seven strikes, losing two gangs, and taking nine fish weighing twenty-seven pounds. About the same time, Seth Green, who first introduced the trolling gang into our lake, took eighteen or twenty fish in a single afternoon. For the last two years, however, these fish have gradually ceased to bite until the catch has become so small as to excite serious apprehension and widespread discussion. Among the various theories some contend with great pertinacity that the trout are all dead, destroyed by some epidemic, which seems impossible, as all dead fish at some stage of decomposition, either before or after sinking, having become surcharged with noxious gases, bloat and float. Now if floating, they would surely be seen in large numbers, and if sunken they would either be dragged up by seines or washed ashore. Neither condition having occurred, this theory must certainly be discarded. Others maintain that the scarcity is wholly due to the illegal use of that most deadly and abominable of all devices, the gill-net, one of which was accidentally hooked up through the ice filled with our choicest fish. Others still insist that the trout are as numerous as ever, but are either gorged with superabundant food, or else, like some handsome flirts who keep their adorers dangling by the gills for months before pronouncing the fatal "yes," have simply taken a capricious whim not to bite until they get ready.

On a careful review of the whole case we come to share the opinion expressed by Judge Potter, of Toledo, and now concurred in by Seth Green, "that all the salmon trout originally planted in Otsego Lake, excepting only such as have either been taken out by fishermen or devoured by other fish, are there now." It is but just to Mr. Green to add that his late theory of an "epidemic" was advocated by him simply in consequence of our own statement and belief that there was little if any gill-netting going on in Otsego Lake. Subsequent events, already adverted to, have, however, forced us both to another and very different conclusion. The prediction is therefore made with confidence that if netting of all kinds can be strictly prohibited, the trolling and still-fishing for salmon trout will ere long be as satisfactory here as it ever was, and as it is now on Lake George, where, only a few years ago, the fishing was if possible worse than in our own. Now, after artificial plantings almost precisely like those which we have made, it is said to be a common occurrence for a single fisherman to take with hook and line in one day fifty or seventy-five pounds of trout, averaging five pounds each.

Of rock bass (the original plant being 1,000) the lake is full. It is regarded as an excellent panfish, and being both a bold biter and a hard puller, affords good sport to the angler of moderate desires.

The result of the smelt experiment remains still undetermined, but as the fish, chiefly gravid females, were delivered here in an exhausted state, and from actual necessity deposited at the foot of the lake, where it was impossible for them to deposit their spawn in the natural way, very slight hope is entertained of its success.

These fish too, it will be remembered, were transferred from salt to fresh water, which possibly may throw some light upon the matter. All expenses were defrayed by Edward Clark, Esq., of Cooperstown, lately deceased. Hon. Samuel Webber, late New Hampshire State Fish Commissioner (to whom, as to other gentlemen who have politely responded to my troublesome inquiries, I desire thus publicly to make my acknowledgments) is of the opinion that the native smelt of Lake Champlain would be certain to thrive in Otsego Lake, and we are not without hope that this interesting experiment may yet be undertaken.

The landlocked salmon deposited in June, 1878, were procured with much difficulty by the joint courtesy of Prof. Spencer F. Baird and Fred Mather, Esq., both of the U. S. Fish Commission, Mr. A. W. Thayer superintending their transportation, and Mr. Edward Clark defraying the entire expense. From this plant, most unfortunately, nothing has ever been heard, save in one or two untrustworthy instances, and the experiment must therefore be regarded, like many similar ones in our own State, as a complete failure, the causes of which remain unexplained. From the black bass plant of two hundred in all, an immense product has been realized, hundreds of this noble fish having been seen at a time disporting themselves about the Sunken Island. Despite, however, the most enticing lures, and the most persevering effort, very few have been captured. The finest and largest are thus far taken in deep water with the shiner gang, when trolling for salmon trout. How shall these wily old patriarchs be seduced from the lake into the frying-pan? A liberal reward and high sport await the man who shall solve the mystery.

Of the 30,000 California mountain trout (deposited in June 1881) 20,000 were placed by Seth Green and the writer at the head of the lake, near the steamboat landing, and the balance in a cold stream running through Mud Lake and discharging into Otsego Lake. Although nearly three years have now elapsed not one of these fish has been taken or seen, and the question whether they will appear at all is growing to be serious. If not, it will prove a bitter disappointment, as the experiment was made under the most favorable auspices, its entire cost being defrayed by James B. Jermain, Esq., of Albany. Lastly, we take up the Lavaret or Otsego bass, falsely so-called, beyond all peradventure the very finest fresh-water fish that swims.

Ranked by many as only a highly honored member of the great *Coregonus* family, with which by recent intermarriage, Seth Green himself presiding at the nuptials, it has now become so irretrievably amalgamated as to prevent any possibility of future scientific distinction, this truly noble fish is, we firmly believe, what that sagacious scientist, Governor De Witt Clinton, long years ago pronounced it to be—a "nondescript, and not the whitefish of the upper lakes."

At a still later day Prof. Louis Agassiz, certainly the very highest authority of his time, after careful analysis, pronounced it to be "in its organic structure, a distinct fish, not found in any other waters of the world." But, apart from these high sanctions, which might well be conclusive, the *Coregonus albus* and the Otsego bass present even to the most superficial observer striking points of difference.

The whitefish has, universally, along the spinal column, a gross fatty secretion, which, in the process of either cleansing or cooking, emits a pungent and somewhat disagreeable odor. The Otsego bass, on the contrary, has always a pure, wholesome smell, precisely like that of a fresh cucumber, and is wholly free from the fatty substance above alluded to. The flesh is also of a much more delicate texture and marked by a peculiar racy flavor, imparted undoubtedly by the tiny "bass fly," so-called, upon which in its prime, during April and May, it chiefly feeds, and of which, by the aid of a microscope, literal thousands may be discovered in a single fish.

As the Otsego bass has rarely been taken except with the seine or gill-net, and as all netting of every description has been lately prohibited for three years by our Board of Supervisors, it become a question of grave moment whether this very delicious fish can be taken freely with hook and line, and we have, therefore, undertaken to investigate it thoroughly. The following opinions of the most intelligent and experienced anglers and fishculturists of the United States, and with which this article will conclude, must, we are confident, be read with lively interest, especially as they all agree, in direct opposition to the popular belief, that the *Coregonus albus* can be certainly and freely taken with hook and line.

Seth Green says: "The Otsego bass (*Coregonus albus*) can be taken with small minnows or red angle worms. I think if your tackle is very fine, and you do not twitch when they bite, they will swallow the bait. Put five or ten hooks (O'Shaugnessy 8s, forged) on fine snell, and loop them five feet apart, with small sinker at the end. Bait some with small minnows (one inch or so in length) and some with worms. Cast out as far as you can from the boat, and let it lie half or three-quarters of an hour on the bottom, feeling now and then to see if you have one on. The best way is to let them hook themselves. The angle worm, if used for bait, should be strung on to the hook with both ends left dangling. When I had the whitefish bites in your lake, I had a salmon trout rig on the same line, and when I felt the bite, made the same hard stroke that I would for the salmon trout and tore the hook out. A light stroke must be made and the fish handled very carefully."

Charles Carpenter, Kelly's Island, Ohio, says: "Many years ago when whitefish were much more abundant than now in the lake, seeing large schools of them, I tried various baits and succeeded in catching a few with cockroaches drawn rapidly through the water. Many more were taken by the hook sticking in their gills or sides outside of the mouth. Some further account of this experiment will be found in the first Ohio Commissioners' Report, pages 33-4."

The lamented Dr. Theodatus Garlick says: "I was once storm-bound at Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, and tried bottom-fishing at night, baiting with small pieces of fresh beef, and caught several large whitefish. A friend of mine, seeing me take these fish on board, soon rigged a line with baited hook, and he caught several also. We were fishing from a steamer, with hand lines, in water about twenty-five feet deep.

"I cut the bait quite small, and handled the fish very carefully, lifting them on board with a landing net. I also caught a few with rod and fly at the Sault Ste. Marie, in the rapidly running water at and about the locks of the canal company there. But I think in deep water the fly would be of no use. I have no doubt you can take the Otsego bass or whitefish in your lake as I took them at Copper Harbor. I would use several kinds of bait, putting on my line several small hooks and letting it lie on the bottom. These fish bite very gently, with no dash, like the trout or other game fish. You will barely feel a slight movement of the line in your fingers. Then with a light strike, you bring them slowly to the surface, and take them out with a landing net. I presume they will take a bait as well in the day time as at night.

I wish I could see the so-called Otsego bass. That fish has always been a mystery to me. Of course, it is not a bass. It is strange how long a name will stick to a fish, no matter how improper it may be. You will never get a hybrid from that fish and the black bass, but you may with the whitefish."

Hon. Emery D. Potter, Toledo, Ohio, late Superintendent of Fisheries in that State, and one of the most successful practical anglers in this country, says: "I have seen a great many whitefish taken at Sault Ste. Marie of Lake Superior with a hook baited with a June or soldier fly. I saw a man take eleven in one hour in that way just before sunset. The fishing was done in a deep, still pool, adjoining the rapids, the bait resting on the bottom, where the whitefish invariably feeds. On opening I have found the stomach crammed full of these flies and their larvæ.

"When taken from their spawning grounds in November there is no organic matter perceptible in their stomachs; nothing but perhaps a teaspoonful of a yellowish gastric liquid. It is very certain that at no time do they consume a very large quantity of food, but what they do eat is of the most nutritious kind, for they are always fat and plump.

"The crustaceans found in greatest abundance in the deep waters of the great Western lakes, are their principal food. The cycops are the most numerous, and I presume they are found in equal numbers in Otsego Lake. They are microscopic entomostracans, and it is estimated that a cubic inch will contain over ten million of them. There has also been found in their stomachs a small shelly mollusk that abounds in deep lake waters. The ordinary shrimp is too large a bait, and in my opinion would prove a failure.

"The soldier fly, the June fly, or a small cockroach would be my bait for all *Coregoni*. If they got anything larger in their mouths it would be an accident. With these I would fish in the deepest waters, with my bait on or within four to six inches of the bottom. A friend told me that he had taken them near Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, with a small cockroach, but with no other bait. They are gregarious fish, going in herds, like the buffalo on the prairies, inhabiting the deep, cold water in summer and in cold weather approaching the shore, where the water is colder than in the deeper parts of the lake. Do not try to take the Otsego bass with a grub, snail, crab or shrimp, for you will certainly lose your labor.

"The one taken with a shiner in your (Otsego) lake (a splendid specimen weighing seven pounds) must have been afflicted with a terrible disease of the brain or stomach. I would have been afraid to eat him. At the Sault Ste. Marie I have often seen these fish brought in by the half-breeds, who said they took them with a 'soger fly.' It is a very common thing, known to boys, who are said to take a great many in that way in water from twenty to thirty feet deep. It was here, too, that, sitting on the bank near by with a friend, we saw a man haul them in, baiting with a June fly. This June or soldier fly is very soft and delicate, and may be compressed into a small compass, being almost as delicate as when in the larvæ, on which the whitefish feeds. The common house fly might do, but it would be a pity to exterminate him for the sake of a few fish." Elihu Phinney.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

SOME REMARKABLE CATCHES.

By all means let us have some more reports of remarkable catches. Here is a sample cast:

A season or two ago the writer was fishing for trout at the dam across the south branch of the Muskoka River at Baysville, Province of Ontario. I had stationed myself on the apron on the lower side of the dam where the water rushed swiftly over an outcropping ledge of rock, and forming a small whirlpool of some twenty yards in diameter, rushed through the rapids below. I had already taken one or two fine trout, and had suspended these in the water below me by a string, having at one end a steel stringing needle which was stuck perpendicularly into a crevice in the rock. Having occasion to speak to a friend I laid my rod on the timbers of the dam above me with the tip pointing up stream. The rod was, however, scarcely balanced, and the instant my back was turned, the weight of the butt and the reel drew it downward, and it fell into the current only to be instantly swept out of sight and into the pool below. Returning a few minutes later, I could at first find no trace of my tackle, but a careful examination showed that as the rod had been carried swiftly by, the line had caught over the needle which still remained firmly upright in the crevice. Taking the line in my fingers I found that it rendered freely—all too freely indeed—for it came from between the well-oiled pivots of my quadruplex multiplying reel. There were a hundred yards of braided silk, and every inch of it ran from the reel before the rod consented to show itself from the foaming waters at the bottom of the pool. Then drawing in the other end of the line I was not a little surprised to find on one of the flies a handsome pound trout, which had hooked itself in the general disturbance. The rod and reel proved to be entirely uninjured and did gallant service over the pools of that magnificent trout river for the next four days.

The only moral to be deduced is: Never neglect to tie your line securely to your reel or you may be sorry for it. B.

Toledo, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several of us went to Irondequoit Bay for a day's fishing. One of my companions hooked a fish and lost it by the breaking of his line, losing some six feet with a snell hook. We all thought and expressed ourselves that it must have been a whale to have broken that sea grass fishline. Several hours afterward, and at least a quarter of a mile distant in the open bay, I pulled in a half-pound rock bass with the identical piece of line and hook still fastened in his mouth. I was thankful for the fish, and that I should not have to tell father that I had lost part of his fishing tackle.

Strange, is it not, with fishermen, that a fish hooked and lost is always so much larger than when in the landing net.

Irondequoit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was fishing in the Black Cañon of the Gunnison. My cast consisted of a No. 12 drab gnat for the top fly, a No. 10 shoemaker next and a No. 8 brown hackle for stretcher. I had been fishing for some time without success, when I at last had a rise, and struck a large fellow on the shoemaker only to lose both lower flies and half of the leader.

Tying on a new leader and duplicating my cast, I hooked another and saved him. Found him hooked in the head with the hackle. The next, missing the shoemaker, was hooked in the tail by the hackle. If you don't think a two-pound trout can pull, hook one by the tail in swift water and report result. My next also tried for the shoemaker and was likewise hooked in the tail by the hackle. Would have lost him but for the net, as the hold broke when close to shore. A third was hooked in the tail and landed. This was getting monotonous and was straining my rod, and I was about to put the shoemaker on the end when a huge fellow made a lunge at it and was also hooked in the tail, but by going into the rapids, and the reel failing to let out line fast enough, he departed with my entire cast, whereupon I reeled in and quit. Thus I caught four trout without hooking one in the mouth. What were their tails doing in the vicinity of where their mouths should be? Who can say? They were all hooked at the first rise. Kokomo.

Salida, Col.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The incident related by a correspondent of having several times caught the same bass, reminds me of an enjoyable day's fishing for black bass in the Oswego River at the head of Battle Island, made memorable by James Fenimore Cooper in "The Pathfinder." My companion and I with rod and line had been capturing large gamy black bass at satisfactory intervals, when through my awkwardness I allowed a bass to run under our boat, which disabled my rod, allowing the fish to escape, and carrying with him a portion of my tackle. We went ashore, had our lunch, repaired damages, and returned to the same spot to renew hostilities. During that afternoon in taking in a large bass I was surprised to find my lost tackle firmly hooked in his mouth. Doctor.

Oswego, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Levison's remarkable catch reminds me of several that I have made or known of. One is as follows: About thirty years ago I was fishing for crappies, or croppies as they spell it now, among the islands of the Mississippi River below Dubuque. I had caught two or three, and had strung them on a string and hung them overboard beside the boat. Noticing a heavy pull on this string, I felt of it and found it gave more resistance than the small fish should, and throwing it suddenly into the boat I landed an eight-pound catfish, which had swallowed one of the fish and so was taken without a hook. Fred Mather.

NEWLIGHT, OR SOUTHERN CROPPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In compliance with the request of "Little Sandy," in Forest and Stream of Jan. 29, I desire to say a few words about the "newlight" (*Pomoxis annularis*) as a game fish. This fish is often confounded with the Northern croppie (*Pomoxis sparoides*), and it may be well to notice a few distinguishing points as between the two species. Both forms may be easily distinguished from all other fresh-water percoid, or spiny-rayed fishes, by having the anal fin as large or larger than the dorsal fin, and the presence of about six spines in each of these fins. (The newlight has six, and the Northern croppie seven, spines in the dorsal fin, normally.) If the angler will keep these facts in mind he will have no difficulty in identifying the genus. As regards the two species, they are very closely allied, though they may be easily distinguished by certain constant differences in form and coloration. These fishes are scarcely mentioned in any work on angling, and then only in a confused and unsatisfactory manner.

The Northern croppie (*Pomoxis sparoides*) is known also in various localities as black croppie, lake croppie, calico bass, strawberry bass, grass bass, silver bass, big fin bass, butter bass, spotted bass, chincapin perch, razor-back, barfish, bitter-head, goggle-eye, etc. Its body is oblong in outline, quite deep—its depth being half its length—and is quite thin, or strongly compressed, especially along the dorsal curve, hence "razor back." The mouth and eye are large, though the head is shorter and mouth smaller than the Southern croppie or "newlight." It has seven spines and fifteen soft rays in the dorsal fin, and six spines and eighteen rays in the anal. The color is bright, silvery and metallic, olive along the back, mottled with green, with many large purplish-black blotches (as if made by the ends of one's fingers, hence "chincapin perch") on the body, in no regular order, but covering nearly the entire surface. The fins are also thickly sprinkled by smaller blotches, and their presence on the anal fin is characteristic of this species. It grows to a foot or more in length, and to three pounds in weight. The Northern croppie, as its name suggests, has a northerly range. It is very abundant in the Great Lake region and Upper Mississippi Valley and the northern portions of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri. It exists also in some streams along the Atlantic coast from Pennsylvania to Florida. It agrees in a great measure with the common yellow perch in its geographical distribution.

The Southern croppie (*Pomoxis annularis*) is otherwise known as newlight, Campbellite, tin-mouth, bridge perch, bachelor, sand perch, white croppie, timber croppie, speckled perch, silver perch, spotted perch, goggle-eye, white perch, sac-a-lai, etc. In comparison with the Northern croppie this species has a rather more elongated body, being a little more than twice as long as deep, and is also as much or more compressed. Its head is somewhat longer, and mouth larger and thinner, the membrane or skin about the mouth being semi-transparent, hence "tin-mouth." The snout projects and curves upward, and there is a deep incurve near the eyes, as in the Northern croppie, but the outward curve or arch between the head and dorsal fin is more prominent. In coloration it is more silvery and paler, being olivaceous and light green along the back, and very white and silvery beneath. The markings are much smaller and not so numerous, while the anal fin is scarcely, or not at all, marked, which is a distinguishing characteristic. In some localities this fish is quite pale and seemingly semi-transparent. It has six spines and fifteen soft rays in the dorsal, and six spines and eighteen rays in the anal fin. It grows a little larger and somewhat heavier than its Northern congener. This species takes the place of the Northern croppie in the Lower Mississippi Valley and southern portions of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It is quite abundant in Kentucky, Tennessee and the Southwest generally. In central Ohio, Indiana and Illinois both species co-exist.

The croppies of both species are very handsome fishes, and are of similar habits, frequenting deep, still waters, and lurking in schools about weeds, brush, fallen trees, logs, under dams, etc. There are no fish so suitable for small ponds, with deep holes in them, as the croppies, as they multiply amazingly. Though not possessing game qualities in any degree, they are, nevertheless, great favorites with Western and Southern anglers on account of their excellence as panfish, and the readiness with which they bite. Their food consists principally of insects and their larvæ and small minnows.

For bait-fishing the lightest tackle should be employed. As croppies congregate usually in schools and are not very shy, a suitable rod is one of natural cane, ten feet long, and weighing from four to six ounces. The line should not be larger than No. 1 sea grass, or No. 1 twisted silk, and the hook not greater than a No. 4 Sproat tied on very fine gut. As they give little or no play, a reel is not essential. However, where a cast of more than twenty feet is required to reach their haunts, a seven-ounce Henshall rod and a reel may be used, with an "H" braided silk line. Small minnows, especially shiners, are the best bait, which they take very gently, and like the Arabs, "as silently steal away."

This is no percoid fish that rises to the fly so readily and certainly as the "newlight," and herein consists the only real sport in croppie fishing, which is very fair on a light fly-rod of five or six ounces. Trout flies of neutral or subdued tints are the most successful, as the brown, gray and ginger hackles, the various duns, the gnats, the stone fly, gray drake, queen of the waters, cinnamon fly, etc. About sunset and later is the most favorable time for fly-fishing for croppies, though they frequently rise well during the early morning hours, and sometimes, especially if cloudy, at almost every hour of the day.

"Jay," in Forest and Stream of Jan. 15, writes enthusiastically and affectionately of the "newlight," and gives the approved mode of cooking it. He also mentions an opinion that is very current in Central Kentucky, that this fish first made its appearance in that section about the time of the rise of the religious denomination known there as the "Campbellites" and "New-lights:" hence these local names. However this may be for the Elkhorn and other small streams of Central Kentucky, the "newlight" always existed in the larger streams of the State, under several other local names, as "bachelor," "bridge-perch," "tin-mouth," etc., and was first described by Rafinesque in 1820 from specimens taken at the Falls of the Ohio River at Louisville.

James A. Henshall.

Cynthiana, Ky., February, 1885.

VARNISH FOR RODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 12, "M." inquires how to make or where to buy a really good varnish for fishing rods. He can buy it of the rod makers. At least, B. F. Nichols, the well-known rod manufacturer of Boston, advertises in his catalogue to send small bottles of varnish by mail. I have tried it and found it good. Probably other rod makers would sell varnish.

It is essential that the varnish be applied in a warm room, and that the rods remain in a warm place for at least two days. W. G.

Springfield, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been employed since 1869 among varnishes and paints of all kinds. Some anglers use English durable body varnish and give their rods a coat every season, others use brown shellac, light hard oil finish and No. 1 preservative, but the best thing to stand the water and rough use of a rod exposed to camp life is spar composition. Any varnish for a rod must dry hard. A varnish made from soft gum don't dry hard and will scratch. Many anglers use too much of such stuff on their rods. A small quantity is better than a lot. No kind of inside varnish such as No. 1 furniture or No. 1 coach should be used, but many do use them because they are cheap. Light hard oil finish will dry hard and although we use it for "inside" work it will stand on rods in good shape, as nearly any good carriage varnish will. If it has too much gloss a little flour pumice stone will help it, or rub it with a little oil and rotten stone, as the less gloss you have the less it will scratch, and a light coat is always better than a heavy one. If any one wants to keep a rod in good shape a light coat of spar composition, light hard oil finish, or any good carriage varnish such as we call body varnish will do; and when you have to give the rod another coat, rub off part of the old one with the fine pumice known as flour pumice and a little water, or use fine sandpaper.

W. A. N.

Springfield, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "M." will try what is called spar composition, I think he will find it fills the bill pretty well. I have used it; and although it is rather thick, I have had no trouble from chipping or cracking. I used a rod finished with it all last summer. It gives the rod a finish like glass and water has no effect on it.

Would not the rubber cement that a correspondent mentioned last week be good for fastening ferrules in a rod? I have used gutta percha in solution, whiting and several other things, but never have found anything perfectly satisfactory. O. T. C.

Pawtucket, R. I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"M." asks me by name to inform him what is the *best* varnish for fly-rods.

This I cannot do, I am inclined to think the Japanese lacker would be better than anything we have for this purpose, though I have had no opportunity to try it.

Still I can suggest *good* varnishes, those which, if properly applied, will so protect a fly-rod that it may be exposed a week to the weather, and be none the worse for neglect.

As far as the angler is concerned varnishes may be divided into two classes—those in which alcohol, and those in which turpentine and linseed oil are the solvents. In the former the alcohol evaporates completely in drying, leaving the body to which it has been applied coated with the gum in almost, if not quite, its natural state. Such durability as the gum has it retains; but nothing is added thereto. Therefore gum has it retains; but nothing is added thereto. Therefore gum has it retains; but nothing is added thereto. Therefore

teased about, the resultant coat will be uneven in thickness' and more or less filled with air bubbles, to the ruin of the job. The varnish should be flowed, rather than scrubbed on. Effort should be made to cover each given part of the surface with a single sweep of the brush, without passing over it a second time. The wood should be free from oil, since then the varnish penetrates into the pores, adheres much more tenaciously, and is far less likely to become mealy or chip off. I consider the varnish above named quite good enough for any wooden rod which is to receive the slightest approximation to decent care.

But the oil-varnishes, those in which linseed oil and turpentine are the solvents, are far tougher and much more durable than any spirit-varnish. Unlike alcohol, these fluids modify the gums combined with them, greatly to the advantage of the compound. African copal is here, as well, the best obtainable gum, and is the basis of the so-called coach-body varnishes if made by a respectable manufacturer. Good coach-body varnish is readily to be had almost anywhere. Since the trouble so often experienced by amateurs in its use is almost invariably due to a faulty method of applying it, a few words on this subject may not be amiss.

The surface to be coated should be free from oil for the reasons before stated. The varnish should be quite warm, say 90° of Fahrenheit; and the wood, brush, and room in which it is to be used, should be as hot as conveniently possible. This makes the varnish to flow better, and the brush-marks coalesce almost immediately and disappear, leaving a perfectly smooth surface so that little rubbing down and fewer coats are required. Besides the warmth makes the varnish much more fluid, and thus a thinner coat may be given. This is one of the secrets of success—as thin a coat as possible. The next step is to coax the varnish to dry. Here the wind is the potent element. A coat of varnish which will remain "tacky" for a week, if kept in a close room, will be perfectly hard in twenty-four hours if exposed to the wind.

This is all there is to it—apply the varnish while warm, in as thin a coat as possible, and expose it to the wind. In a city where the atmosphere is always dust-laden, it will be necessary to allow the varnish to dry indoors until the sticky stage has passed before it is exposed outside. It must not be forgotten that there is a wide difference between dry varnish and hard varnish; and that every coat should be perfectly hard before the next is applied. A rather stiff brush should be used; and though it is better to work rapidly, still the care required in laying spirit-varnish is not necessary. In varnishing wrappings be sure to introduce a little varnish under each ring, or water may penetrate and turn the wrapping white.

Though I use Valentine's "Quick-levelling Varnish," still there are plenty of others just as good. Perhaps practically the best course, all things considered, is to buy at a carriage or car shop some of the varnish they use for the final coats in finishing their work, and at the same time consult their varnisher about its use. Anything which will stand with impunity the exposure to which a car or coach is subject, must answer for a fly-rod. HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1885.

TROUT FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject of the nomenclature of flies is one that I am glad to see has been brought up. If a genuine standard can be adopted, probably the number of varieties can be reduced one-half or more. There are a great many differences which are so minute that they are absolute nonsense, and which still have "a local habitation and a name." The remedy for this lies in the hands of the National Rod and Reel Association. Let them appoint a committee of experts to weigh and sift, to retain and reject, and embody in their report a scheme for a national standard which will be hailed with gratitude and joy by dealer, maker and angler alike. The readiness with which the standard reel-plate has been adopted shows this. This is part of the work for which the Association was gotten up, and they should put their hands to the plough. PERCYVAL.

BLACK BASS IN WINTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can answer neighbor "C. D. L.," of Swedesboro, that black bass are caught in winter. Dr. Henshall is mistaken in his generalization from his own observations.

About six years ago fifteen small bass were put in the Tumbling Dam Pond within the city limits. Within the past two years about twenty have been taken, all, with the exception of one four-pound fish which I caught last summer with a spinner, by pickerel fishermen through the ice in mid-winter. Ten were taken last week. F. S. J. C.

BRIDGETON, N. J., Feb. 14, 1885.

THE VERMONT FISH LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue a letter from your Ferrisburgh, Vt., correspondent, who finds fault with recent amendments made to the Vermont fish laws. I have neither time nor inclination to enter into a newspaper controversy on this subject beyond this, that it would have been far more creditable for that class of fault-finders, as sportsmen and persons interested in fish protection, if instead of standing aloof and now grumbling "Why didn't you do so and so," they had come forward during the last session of the Vermont Legislature and assisted in amending those laws. Had they done so the laws would undoubtedly have been made more perfect than they now are. The gentlemen, however, who performed this work claim to know something about the habits of pike-perch and black bass. These gentlemen went to Montpelier at their own expense, and found there among the members of the Legislature a strong party who were determined to repeal the existing laws against net-fishing, etc., but after a hard fight this effort was defeated and several important amendments were passed and made laws. One amendment doubled the amount of appropriation granted to the Fish Commissioners, another amendment makes it compulsatory for the Selectmen in each town to appoint a fish warden, another amendment enlarges the powers of the wardens, etc., and as there was no law to prevent pike-perch and black bass being taken with hook and line, or troll at any season of the year, a law was passed making a close season for these fish from Feb. 1 to June 15, which dates protect these fish during their spawning season, and allows them to recuperate so as to be fit for food. As bass and pike-perch are taken on the same grounds, it was deemed necessary to have the close season for both these fish to expire at the same date, otherwise the close season for pike-perch would not have extended beyond June 1.

Regarding the weight of a 10-inch black bass if measured accurately, 8 ounces is more than the average weight of that length bass. My tables say 6¾ ounces for a 10-inch bass.

Regarding what a fish warden can do, I will tell your readers what one of them, Mr. Atherton, of Waterbury, has done. Last year he seized nearly thirty large traps, nets and seines, and the State's share of the fines imposed on the owners of the nets amounted to five hundred dollars or thereabouts.

In conclusion I would say that every intelligent person knows that our game and fish laws must be made more and more stringent each year, but in Vermont we must creep before we can walk. We have done something toward improving the laws during the past session of our Legislature, and hope to do more next session. When pike-perch come into the tributaries of Lake Champlain in the spring of the year, they come into those streams for the purpose of spawning, and if not caught out or frightened out by nets, a portion of these fish will remain in the deep pools and in the rocky rapids during the entire season. The Missisquoi River is the great natural spawning grounds for these fish, and the writer every season takes them with black bass out of the same pools. STANSTEAD.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Feb. 11.—At the annual meeting of the Forest and Stream Club, held Feb. 5, the following officers were elected: President, C. Shufelt; Vice-President, C. H. Bell; Treasurer, F. S. Ford; Secretary, C. M. Harmon. Ken, during the past year won all the prizes, catching the largest bass and trout. Owing to one of the by-laws of the club, no member can take more than one prize the same year, therefore, T. R. and Call get two of them. Ken's largest small-mouth bass weighed six pounds six ounces. Call's trout turned the scales at fourteen ounces. This is a good-sized trout for our streams, as there are five fishermen to one fish. Ken has given up his favorite way of fishing for perch, which we call "belly-fishing," he calls it "pugg-ling." I think the Dominie and Call gave it this title. The reason of his giving it up is because one of his pupils has gone to fishing in the same way. The style is a peculiar one. They cut a hole through the ice, bait their hook, and then stretch out full length on their belly and drop the hook through the hole and watch for a bite. Old Bean says that is the way boys fish. I have seen Ken fish this way for hours and catch three or four small perch. This coming season we expect to have a grand good time, as part of the club are going to the North Woods to spend two or three weeks in hunting and fishing, and when we return you may hear from us. We shall start from here and drive there with teams, taking our provisions and everything we shall need for our camp, making numerous stops on the way.—C. M. H.

LIGHT ON THE BIG TROUT QUESTION.—An angler's journal is publishing a series of letters to prove that a brook trout weighing twenty-four pounds was caught in Maine in 1849. There is nothing very remarkable about it. As a trout generally increases in weight at the rate of one pound an hour after being taken from the water by an angler, the Maine fish of 1849 should now weigh about 300,000 pounds. —*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

THE BIG PIKE.—North Middletown, Ky., Feb. 5.—"Will Montgomery," in his article on large catfish and pike in your issue of 29th ult., is in error when he states the big pike I mentioned some time ago was caught by a party from Pittsburgh. The pike I referred to was caught by a party from Bourbon county in Red River, Ky., and the gentlemen who composed the party are living in the county now.—LITTLE SANDY.

BLACK BASS PRESERVE.—In our advertising columns will be found an announcement of a black bass preserve in Orange county, N. Y., which is for lease. The gentleman whose name is appended to the card is an adept at taking bass in out of the wet, and his statements are to be relied on.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

WE have the third biennial report of Mr. S. G. Worth, Superintendent of Fish and Fisheries of North Carolina. Mr. Worth has for years been laboring to show the people of the State how great their fishery interests are and to induce them to preserve and increase them. By his energy in this line he has awakened much interest in the fisheries and has accomplished a great deal with the limited means at his command. He says:

"No argument could more emphatically prove the importance of fish diet to the consumer than the statement that more than 2,000 private fish ponds have been built in North Carolina within five years—ponds being built in ninety-one counties, including not only the midland but also nearly every Blue Ridge county."

Referring to the splendid exhibit of North Carolina fisheries at the New Orleans Exposition he calls attention to a card there displayed, which shows the income of the State's fisheries at a million dollars per year. "The most important species which make the great aggregate are the shad, herring (or alewives), bluefish, mullets, menhaden or fatbacks, gray and spotted trout [weakfish], spots and oysters. The first named species above, the shad, is extremely valuable. Occurring in January in our principal rivers, it ascends to the headwaters for spawning, and while scarce in the beginning of the run, gradually becomes more abundant in February, and most abundant in March and April. It is sought by all classes of fishermen with seines, pound-nets, gilling and dip-nets on account of its appearance at the most favorable market season. Prices as high as two dollars or more each prevail at first, and decline gradually to five and ten cents each about the end of April, while the average price throughout the four months for the entire catch is ten cents a pound. This is a high price, considering the abundant catch in Chesapeake Bay, between us and the markets. Taking the census, we find that no other State realizes more than eight cents a pound. Although this species occurs in the tributaries of the Albemarle and Pamlico Sound in company with immense schools of herring, which form a large money resource, it forms the important item the net profit of many large herring fisheries, and its ready sale to consumers in Northern cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is draining heavily the natural supply."

Great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining ripe shad eggs, because the bulk of the fish are captured near the mouths of the rivers before they have been in fresh water long enough to ripen the ova. Beside this, the spawning shad must be captured after sundown, and the owner of a large fishery, where spawning fish might be obtained, forbids the men employed by the State to use their gill-nets there. In 1883 4,427,000 shad fry were planted and 2,065,000 in 1884.

Of oysters we read: "Our oyster industry, which is now small, has a golden opportunity of becoming great if we will but seize the occasion. The annual income from this fishery is now about $200,000 and can be increased to several million dollars a year if wise and liberal legislation is immediately secured. Eighty per cent. of the oyster trade of the United States is dependent upon Chesapeake Bay. The supply there is decreasing rapidly, and in a short time that eight million dollars' supply must come from another source, and where must it come from? Why not largely from North Carolina? So it can if we will attend to the matter now, but we cannot delay. Oysters are declining in all of the waters to the north of us except in Rhode Island and Connecticut. In all the other States the bottom is held as common property, but in these it is owned and controlled by individuals. While the oyster is deteriorating in all the other States and disappearing, it is improving and increasing in those States."

The report concludes with valuable papers on the oyster industry, which were read before the Fishermen's Convention, held in Raleigh, Oct. 16, by Lieut. Francis Winslow, U.S.N., and Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

FISHCULTURE IN YE OLDEN TIME.

A QUAINT old black-letter volume of which all who are familiar with angling literature have heard, and of which but few copies are extant in the great libraries, has been reproduced by that indefatiguable delver in angling lore, Mr. Thomas Satchell. It is entitled "A Booke of Fishing with Hook and Line," made by L.[eonard] M.[ascall], 1590.

The book is full of the quaint angling conceits of its time, and gives many instructions concerning the keeping of fish in ponds and of gathering spawn, although there is no hint of artificial fecundation. It says:

"A chiefe way to saue spawne of fish, in March, Aprill, and May, is thus, ye shall make fagots of wheate, or rie straw, all whole straw not bruised, or of reede, bind these faggots together with three bondes, and all about thereon sticke of young branches of willow. Then cast them into the water among the weedes, or by the bankes, and put in each faggot two good long stakes, driven fast to the ground, and let your faggots lie couered in the water halfe a yeard or more. So the fish will come and shed their spawne thereon, and then it will quicken therein, so that no other fish can come to destroy or eate it, and as they waxe quicke they will come forth and saue themselves. Thus much for preseruing of spawne in the spring and spawning time: this is a good practice to preserue the spawne of all scaled fish. These faggots ye may make and lay in all riuers, poundes, or standing waters. Your faggots had neede to be a yeard and a halfe long, and bound with three bandes not hard, two bandes a foot from the endes, and an other band in the middest, and lay them as I have afore declared. Also some do vse to hedge in corners in riuers and ponds with willow, and thereon fish doe cast their spawne and so breedes."

Other articles on fishculture are given, such as: "Here shall follow the knowledge how to replenish your fish pondes," "Of clensing your pondes from weeds, "Here shall be shewed a care of lauing your pondes in sauing the water where it is scant for to saue your fish alive," "There is a care alwayes to maintaine your pits and stuis with fish," "How to nourish your fish in pooles, mayers and standing waters," "To breede millars—thumbs and Loches in shallow brookes or rivers," with illustration, "The breeding of Creuis" (crayfish), and "How to breede and increase yeeles in riuers." We have enjoyed this quaint book and have been surprised, as other fish-culturists will be, at how much attention was paid to cultivating fish at that time, and how much the author knew of the matter nearly three centuries ago.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.

THE report of Oyster Commissioner E. G. Blackford has just been presented to the Legislature. The oyster investigation was authorized at the session of the Legislature last winter, and has been conducted over a good portion of the oyster ground of the State during the past season. The report shows that the natural oyster beds have not only decreased in size, but also in productiveness in the portion of the territory examined, within a few years. Various causes are assigned for this, among them the dumping of garbage from the city, the unscrupulous working of them by some classes of oystermen, and the natural enemies of the oyster. To counterbalance the decrease of natural beds, there has been a decided increase in the number of beds cultivated by private parties, and this has kept the supply from falling off. The Commissioner does not think that the investigation has been carried on long enough to thoroughly decide what legislation should be recommended, and he therefore does not attempt to cover the whole ground. The recommendations which he does make are for the temporary protection of the natural beds, and for the continuance of the work now in progress until some final judicious regulations can be formulated.

He recommends that the work which has already been done be continued and completed by visits to the remaining portions of the oyster regions of the State. That the researches into the conditions which promote the growth and affect the flavor of the oyster, and as to the best methods for increasing the supply, which have also been in progress during the year, be continued. That a complete survey be made of all oyster lands within the limits of the State, so that there may be some authentic record of the amount of our oyster territory as a whole, as well as the size and character of each individual plot or bed. This will also serve as a basis to work upon in case the State should in future take charge of the lands, and deed or lease them for planting purposes. That a codification or compilation be made of all the State, county and town laws regarding oyster beds or oyster cultivation, which are in force within the limits of the State at the present time. That a legal decision be obtained, if possible, with especial reference to the rights acquired by virtue of old patents issued to individuals as representatives of various townships, to lands situated under water which are in unobstructed connection with the high seas and open to public traffic. That a series of laws be drafted for presentation at the next Legislature which shall be as uniform in character as possible, taking into consideration the varying conditions of the different sections of our oyster territory, and which shall be designed to regulate and control the oyster industry and oyster traffic of our State waters. That, during the continuance of the investigation, and from the first day of February, 1885, until these laws are presented to the Legislature and are acted upon by it, no changes whereby the new territory shall be occupied for the purpose of oyster culture, will be recognized as valid.

The report is not yet published, but is expected soon. There will be a great demand for it in the regions where the oyster grows, and many will anxiously look to see what the Commissioner has recommended.

THE VERMONT COMMISSION.—The biennial report of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont for 1883-'84, is at hand. It opens with a history of the German carp, and quotes from the United States Commission as to their character and qualities, and gives a list of persons in Vermont to whom the fish have been distributed. The black bass receives attention, and directions for its capture are quoted from Mr. H. F. Norris, of New Hampshire. The Commission has aroused public sentiment, and aided the protection of fish already planted, and reports of fish wardens are given. In the work of F. H. Atherton and J. L. Tuttle we find a record of the seizure of seventeen pound nets, six fykes and five seines, and the arrest of eight men, between March 26 and July 28, 1884. An appendix gives the laws for the preservation and propagation of fish, game and birds.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club, John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc, (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2113.**

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Feb. 10. The treasurer's report showed that the receipts last year were $3,010.40 and the expenditures $2,590.-73, leaving a balance on hand of $419.67. The names of Messrs. Pierre Lorillard and Henry B. Livingston, New York, were proposed for membership. The resignation of Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., was accepted. It was voted that the president appoint one or more members to constitute a committee with himself to revise the running rules. It was voted that the Derby of 1885 should be under the same conditions and with the same prizes as last year. The purse is $500, with $250 to first, $150 to second and $100 to third, entries close May 1, with $5 forfeit and $10 additional to starters. The following additional conditions were adopted and the secretary was instructed to advertise them with the notice of the closing of the entries:

For the protection of breeders and owners of thoroughbred dogs no entry will be accepted unless accompanied by a certificate signed by the owner of the sire of the entry, stating the date when the dam was served and a like certificate from the owner of the dam, stating date of whelping. The secretary was instructed to communicate with the agent of the Associated Press and learn if arrangements could be made for a daily report of the trials.

N. A. K. C. RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The now most worshipful A. K. C. came into being in response to a restiveness at absurd, contradictory and sometimes suspicious actions of dog show managers and judges. It was felt that there must be somebody to pass on such cases, and exercise a controlling influence. In their infancy dog shows did well enough with Charlie Lincoln as everything, but we have got past that. The exhibitor has come to feel that he has some rights that even their majesties "The Committee" should respect, and the "pointer protest" and "mastiff puppy" cases showed plainly that if these rights were disregarded "The Committee" would hear of it.

Unfortunately the above cases and the W. K. C.'s reply to Mr. Mason, wherein they shirked a duty by dodging behind Rule 12, shows that the managerial mind has not yet taken in this idea. In the last case Mr. Mason was performing a duty to dog showing by pointing out flagrant violations of the rules for government of the show. The W. K. C. probably thought, "Mr. Mason, you sadly disturb our peace by bringing disagreeable matters to our notice. Will you please go to—China?" But why in the world didn't they say so? And not decline to investigate an alleged wrong entry, etc., because they had a rule to protect them from having to pay a prize twice.

One of the chief evils of shows has been absurd decisions on rules. What has the A. K. C. done to remedy this? Honestly, not an iota. They have issued a lot of show rules, jumbled to excess, about the common premium list rules, with the childish "extra" idea, and the knavish Rule 17. I suppose the editor of *A. K. R.* feels constrained to be dignified and courtly in expression, or he would never have dealt with the rules in such kid-glove style. They are simply a string of half-digested rot, full of omissions, and with no new features except the "extra" and Rule 17 kinks. The ordinary course pursued in such cases is to appoint a committee to revise or report rules, and then consider, amend or approve them. In this case the practice seems to have been to patch and tinker at the old rules, and then swallow them blind. I suspect that the real secret was that the inspiring minds were so intent on rigging up Rule 17, so as to suppress Mr. Mason, that they had no time for anything else. If I mistake not, the "extra" idea is a maggot of the "constructing" president's own hatching. But not content with doing nothing to cure the evils of hap-hazard rulings, we are treated to a refinement of them, now famous as "construction." I challenge your readers to quote another instance of such preposterous overturning of a rule as Major Taylor's "construction" of Rules 8 and 9. In effect he said that he repealed an old rule and enacted a new one. The editor of the *A. K. R.* may say as much as he pleases about the rule being intended to operate just as it reads. All the exhibitor cares for is how it does read, and that and its meaning is plain as day.

However, to improve on perfection of stupidity, our "constructor" calls a meeting of the Executive Committee at three days' notice. The "committee" (?) undertakes a proper "construction," and succeeds in making soot very much blacker. The secretary reports the meeting, and does not say where it was held nor who were present; so I am quite sure your idea that it was held in Cincinnati and that the representation was by proxy is all wrong. Such "construction" could only have proceeded from a meeting in the moon.

Now, in behalf of the public, I would inquire of the A. K. C. what is at the bottom of "construction"? Is your president so lacking in comprehension of common English that he cannot understand the wording of Rule 8? If so, he is evidently unfitted for his position, and should be relegated to judging setters. Does he think his wishes of more weight than the express rule of the club? Another reason for the same relegation. Or, worst of all, was this "construction" for the purpose of favoring some particular dog or dogs? Ah! if this is the case, the usefulness of your president, both as president and as a judge, is wrecked forever. Understand me, I bring no charges, as I have no evidence; but, gentlemen of the A. K. C., you must take this matter up. If you wish your club or yourselves to retain the confidence and respect of the canine world, you must lift your club out of the slough "construction" has dumped you into. You cannot afford to lie under the suspicion of condoning your president in either of the alternatives. It might also be well to inquire by what authority the Executive Committee presume to interpret rules. A rule derives its force from its promulgation by the association, and the province of an executive committee is sufficiently defined by its name. Most of us are chock full of suggestious for remedying existing evils, for promoting shows and their usefulness; but what is the use of submitting our cherished bantlings to a club that allows its president to publicly announce that b-l-a-c-k spells white?

As all who know him look to Mr. E. S. Porter, the secretary of the A. K. C., for plain common sense, I intended to put him on the stand and inquire what the New Haven Kennel Club propose to do with "construction," Rule 17, etc.; but their prompt display of anti-"construction," and their refreshing independence in appointing Messrs. Mason, Davidson and Watson as judges, gives them no uncertain sound. The N. E. K. C. have done well in their selection of Messrs. Watson, Apgar and Barlow, but their dallying with "construction" has a suspicious look, and unless they take warning from the signs of the times, Mr. Nickerson may find a reason for "owners of the best stock" delaying their entries. W. Wade.

Hulton, Pa., Feb. 21, 1885.

A GRATEFUL DOG OWNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The instances of a man's, whose pet dog has been picked up when lost, or wandering, being imposed upon in the way of expected or demanded reward, are so common that when a case occurs where the boot pinches on the other leg, it seems to me worth recording. I was standing on the rear platform of a Cambridge horse car to-day with my dog following. After the conductor (a bright and smart looking young man) had collected his fares, he addressed me as follows: "I see you watch your dog very closely, sir." I replied that I should be very sorry to lose him. "I suppose," said he "if you should do so and somebody brought him back to you, you would thank them." To this remark I answered that under such circumstances in the past I had so often had to give something more substantial in addition to thanks, that I was very careful not to let my dog get out of my sight, and as I saw that he evidently had something to tell, I drew from him (with very little difficulty) the following statement.

"A day or two ago," said he, "on my outward trip, when my car was just about where we are now, I noticed a very handsome Irish setter following the car. I had not seen his owner get on, but supposed that he must have done so, until we got to the Square, and the passengers all having left, I saw that the dog was alone. He was a well bred dog, well groomed, and had a very nice collar on, and as I noticed that the hostlers and switch tenders had dropped to the fact of a nice dog being lost, I got a piece of string and tied him up in the office, leaving him there during my next round trip.

When I got back I bought some meat, took him home and fed him, as he was very hungry and dry, and when I got through my day's work, as I found his owner's address on the collar [giving the name and one of our most expensive and fashionable hotels as the residence], I thought they would be worried, and that it would be a kindness to take him home rather than put them to the expense and trouble of paying for an advertisement and sending for him. So I took him to the hotel, asked for Mr. So-and-So, and would you believe that, although they were very glad to see the dog, they never even said that they were obliged to me for the trouble I had taken?"

Now, that gentleman has not only accepted the gift of a few cents from a man who has to support a family on $1.75 or $2 a day, and taken a couple of hours of his time out of the very small proportion of the twenty-four that they have for rest and enjoying the society of their wives and children, but he has done me and every man who owns a dog a positive injury, as my friend the conductor and all his friends will think twice in the future before putting themselves out to return a stray dog to its owner. Of course there are two sides to every story, but I do not see what the other version of this one can be. McMac.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 15.

POINTER BREEDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Jan. 29 contains a communication from Chas. H. Mason entitled "Pointer Breeding," which is a reply to mine of earlier date. Mr. Mason cannot beg the question nor escape the bench show and field trial record of 1884.

I did not mean to say of Chancellor, field trial champion. I used the word with an interrogation point, which the printer inadvertently omitted.

Mr. Mason says I insinuated his dogs were not pointers. Well, sir, I had my doubts, never having heard of their distinguishing themselves by doing a pointer's work.

Mr. Mason denies that he spoke disparagingly of American sportsmen, and challenges me to produce the record. Here it is. In an article published May 12, 1883, he says: "I speak but the truth when I say I have not seen a judge of pointers since my arrival in America, two years ago. There are, I believe, a few practical men to be found, but the majority are upstarts," etc., "who *cannot distinguish the difference between a pointer and a foxhound*" (italics mine).

Let us hold to the point; and the record proves I am right. When Mr. Mason attacked Croxteth in 1883, he denounced him as worthless and unfit to breed to: even questioned his pedigree, and predicted ruin and disaster to the pointer interest, from which it would take years and years to recover.

Now I assert, and the press has said in substance, that the pointers shown during the past year were, as a whole, the best ever seen in this country. And the record proves that Croxteth has contributed a large share toward improving and raising the quality and standard of our pointers.

Mr. Mason begs the question when he says: "Jilt and Lady Croxteth are not first-rate bitches, and that there was not a first-rate pointer bitch at the New York show." Then he cites Water Lily as an illustration, and to prove what a poor lot the large pointer bitches of this country are, he tells us she was only commended at the Birmingham show: "There being seven others ahead of her, and *she got all she deserved*" (italics mine). The language implies that her position in the class was due to her individual imperfections. If Water Lily got all she deserved, she would, according to Mr. Mason's statement, be only sixth-rate, and does not score over 75 points out of a possible 100.

When Mr. Mason made the above statement he uttered a libel against the large pointer bitches of this country, and the gentlemen who have judged those classes at bench shows, by implying that they gave first and champion honors to an animal scarcely worth mentioning. The fact is an animal need not be perfect to be first-rate, provided the faults are of the negative kind. What Mr. Mason expected to prove against Croxteth's get by bringing in Water Lily is not apparent, as she did not beat Jilt. Vanity won the special prize for best pointer bitch in the New York show; so it follows that Water Lily was beaten. As before stated, Mr. Mason declared Jilt to be the best bitch in show, and now says, "So far Croxteth is the sire of two good-looking bitches—Jilt and Lady Croxteth—but they cannot win over such bitches as Mr. Lloyd Price's Bow Bells." Will Mr. Mason tell us how many bitches he knows of that can win over that famous champion? When it is remembered that Bow Bells is the best bitch ever got by old champion Bang, and that she has never been beaten, but has held the championship of England for years against all comers, and is in fact perfection, but for a little throatiness, it becomes apparent what really magnificent beauties Jilt and Lady Croxteth are. Mr. Godeffroy may well be proud of his favorite when he gets such stock.

Mr. Mason says, "Croxteth almost invariably stamps his structural faults on his get." I deny that. As Mr. Mason is not a practical sportsman, but a dog fancier and a showman, he occupies a position from which he may legitimately criticise the "beauty points" of dogs. But when he attempts to discuss the structural form of the pointing dog he leaves that vantage ground and enters a field on which every practical sportsman is at home; and there Mr. Mason's experience does not warrant him to speak authoritatively. Mr. Mason thinks I was joking when I wrote that not one of Beaufort's get had been considered good enough to start in a field trial, and gives as a reason why they have not shown up there, that the dog has not been long enough in the stud. But just previously he said Beaufort sired the first, second, third and he winners at the Washington show, also the winning bitch and pup at the New Haven show, also Fritz, first at New York. As Beaufort will be six years old in April, and Fritz four years in May, and as these shows were all held in the spring of 1884, it is apparent that the dog has been in use, and has been bred from for the last four years. Try another argument, Mr. Mason, after awhile you may blunder on to the true reason why Beaufort's get has not showed up at field trials.

Mr. Mason charges certain structural defects to Croxteth's get, which if present to the extent he says they are would seriously handicap those dogs in a field trial. I will now give Mr. Mason an opportunity to demonstrate what he says, or I will prove that he is not only a false prophet, but one who has not the courage of his alleged convictions.

Mr. Mason writes: "How many of Croxteth's get had run in a field trial twelve months after Mr. Macdona landed with him in America? Try again, 'Saxon.' Unfortunately I [Mason] do not own any of Beaufort's get that are old enough to compete against Croxteth's; but I know where to find them. * * * I will show two young dogs by him against anything 'Saxon' can produce, either for money or a handsome piece of plate, $100 forfeit, * * * or I [Mason] shall be glad to entertain any reasonable proposal 'Saxon' may make."

Very well; here is my proposal: I will match one, two or three brace of Croxteth's get against an equal number of Beaufort's in a field trial race for $1,000 a side, $250 forfeit; the race to be run as early as convenient, under the Eastern Field Trials Club rules. To save valuable time and facilitate matters (as I am a thousand miles or more away from New York) I will nominate a New York pointer owner, who will act for me in arranging all the details as to time, place, judges, referee, etc. Saxon.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXV.

THE result of the Liverpool show is gleefully claimed by the Kennel Club as a point in their favor, because the show was for the first time held under their rules. Their rules or anybody else's rules, it is all the same, if you have good men to apply them. It was again a case of men, not measures; the success is due to the energetic executive, not the rules.

The arrangements of the first day were well planned and calmly carried out. In particular we, who had reporting work to do, were gratified with the intelligent celerity shown in posting up the awards; the pass-out scheme almost solves the re-admission difficulty.

The show was well patronized by the public, but the kennel world was not strongly represented. Among others I missed Mr. Langdale, but I see his editor found a hack to do his work.

Mr. C. Martin showed in the St. Bernard open dog class a litter brother to Plinlimmon. He is a grand young dog, but I doubt if he will ever be first-rate behind; he appears to have outgrown himself. With time and care it is possible that Peter the Great will win some prizes. Thetis, a noble daughter of Bayard, is framed to breed grand stock. Hers was a popular win.

Chieftain took the prize in a small class of deerhounds, and thus soothed his owner's Crystal Palace disappointment.

The knights of the slips had a good collection of their beauties to inspect; the judging though was very indifferent. The Palace winner was out of it. A bitch named Dorset received the admiration of the coursing men.

Collies, a very large entry, had the advantage of being judged by a man who knows his work. The consequence was a reversal or two faulty C. P. decisions. Young Cockie made his appearance again, but though he is not still quite the dog that won so many prizes at a Palace show, he was good enough to beat Rockingham and the rest. Matchless easily avenged her late defeat. Dahlia got her deserts, second prize. I thought the local class was unusually brilliant.

The variety classes were more than habitually interesting. The spectators were bewildered and bewondered at such curious creatures as the antediluvian terrier, Old Adam, who has seen a great deal of the world; Rallie, the rough French hound, and Piston, a rare specimen of some foreign breed.

Good fortune and zeal have combined to rescue the Liverpool show from impending oblivion, and this year's visitors will look forward to another merry meeting with the cheerful circle of officials.

The Dachshund Club (how do you like darxhoond for the pronunciation?) have published their entries for the 1885 produce stakes. Twenty-three bitches can be called a fair total, though it oddly represents thirteen breeders. The largest entry is made by the stately and fair exhibitor Mrs. Merrick-Hoare. I am inclined to believe that the value of produce stakes is somewhat over-rated, for there are generally some better youngsters bred outside the stakes.

Our dead-alive, I mean *Live Stock Journal*, says that the effervescent Irish chaplain, Mr. O'Callaghan, has sold some of his stock in high quarters, at prices of similar altitude. The parsons are "coming it" fairly strong in the dog line. Now then ye Vanderbilts, Kaisers, Kings, and other personages, what d'ye lack? Rough or smooth, old or young, dog or bitch, come take your choice and pay your money, disestablishment is on the way. I wonder why the Emperor of all the Russias did not complete that talked of purchase, did the fluttering canon startle up a buyer nearer home for the Rev. A. Carter's Plinlimmon. 'Ware decoy ducks, Mr. Smith!

Mr. Vero Shaw, in his new article on the Scotch terrier, rather unkindly confesses that "it would be a useless task to try and convince his detractors that Scottie is a handsome dog." If one had only the illustration that accompanies his paper to go by it would be hard to contradict him. A very every-street couple they look, just big enough to kill a rat or feed a cat.

Mr. Ashwin's bad luck on the show bench put him in danger of being forgotten, he has averted that misfortune by issuing a circular to the members of the Collie Club soliciting their support in dividing the over large classes by colors. He draws attention to the fact that in January, 1884, a meeting of the club passed this resolution, "That the collie classes, having become so large, it is desirable at the principal shows the collies should be divided into two classes according to their color, viz.: black and tan, black, white and tan, black and white, and black, into one class, and sables, and any other color, into another class." The Kennel Club wisely declined to accept the suggestion and instead added several extra prizes. Mr. Ashwin would be glad if his proposal had the object of ridding us entirely of dogs with coats of an undecided color. I don't agree with him, as no points are given for color, a judge should hold that a good collie, like a good horse, can't be a bad color. Mr. Ashwin, when he insinuates that judges are generally influenced in favor of black and tans, is unsupported by most exhibitors who are strongly of opinion that at present there is a marked partiality, due to a passing fashion, for sables, and "pretty" dogs generally. He acts squarely up to the sapient advice of not prophesying until you know in saying he "expects the time is not far distant when three judges will be appointed." That step was resolved upon, I under-

stand, at a meeting of the club in the Palace for their specialist show to be held some time this year.

Mr. Ashwin makes an unlucky hit in choosing setters to illustrate his argument. Though the colors of setters are often mentioned, it is the difference of breeds that makes them distinct. I think this proposal is doomed, for though the fox-terrier classes have long exceeded collies and all other breeds in numbers, no such fantastic division has ever been hinted.

Lastly, I will compliment Mr. Ashwin upon one accurate deduction embodied in his statement, that the present high position (though very far from perfect) of dog shows is greatly due to the "disappointed exhibitor."

Now that the "Roving Highlander" has in your columns come to his rescue, I begin to pity Mr. Harston. "A plague upon such backing!" This unsettled child of Haggisland is surely the same restless soul that formerly wandered through columns of our papers over the fitting appellation of the "Raving, no "Roving, Scot." We had lost sight of the erratic wight who would ever clash and argue with anybody on a Scotch breed, because:

"It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue."

But it's all right, "R. H.," Caledonia is nae that fou that. She requires your support, and the politics you know, well they are as out of date as those of the people who in 1688 sang that they had

—"taken a sware,
Lillibulero, bullenalah.
Dat dey would have no protestant heir,
Lero, lero, bullenalah!

"Roving Highlander" gives you a description of his Highland or Glenlivet (I know an excellent whisky of that name, d'ye ken it G. M.?) sheepdog which must be a most fearful and gruesome beast, the sort of thing I should like to buy to shoot at.

There is something very touching in his complaint, "I have been one of the best-abused men living," but he quickly takes heart and concludes gamely, threatening to "show you some Scotch dogs on the American benches." Oh! you're in for it now. In my broad compassion I can forgive your Bunker Hill and even the Alabama claims.

I see Mr. Harston thanks the Scot for his support and wants Mr. Davidson to let him "call him a friend." Why not, certainly—"call him early," call him whatever you like but don't mislead American breeders upon the question of collies. And you, "Roving Highlander," cease your "wanderings," return to your stand outside the shop where in the good old-fashioned days you stood in national costume with wooden mien to advertise not your own poor vapors, but the pungent rappee inside. Good Highlander, get thee to a tobacconist's!

"Corsincon," in his "Things in General" and nothing in particular, has written a bright and friendly notice of "Lillibulero," whom he imagines to have seen with the aid of a medium at a séance. Put not your trust in séances oh, Hugh! It "gars me greet" (I have turned on the Scotch this time) to insinuate that the spirits have played an alcoholic prank upon the doggy "Paladin of the Fen," and I am compelled to deny the phantasm. I have not "a charming mustache," my hand is not "natty" nor "little"—but I will own to the "self-complaisant air" which I have cultivated to study the mazy efforts of a busy crowd to solve what is after all, no riddle. Praise me and I will smile, discuss and denounce, but leave my identity alone. I am not a conundrum. What matters it who prepares the pickles, the sauce would taste as sharp by any other name.

The latest *on dit*, that however to the best of my belief is a fact, is that Mr. J. Bissell has raised the fee of his stud collie champion Charlemagne from ten to twenty guineas, and limited the number of services to thirty for the current year, and *mirabile dictu*, I am told the list is full. £600 a year from one collie! Verily, but if the dog be an unclean animal, unprofitable is he not, nor stale at his age.

There is much eccentricity mixed with an Englishman's charity. The last thing I have been asked to subscribe my hard-earned mites to, is "The Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society on the Rivièra." Can't the Italians look after their own brutes? Where is their erst famed champion, the authoress of Puck and That Dog of Flanders!

The Dandie Dinmont Club shows signs of returning animation. They have captured a right honorable lord for their patron and an earl for president. That's the way to do it; there's nothing like a good figurehead, it's purely ornamental, it does not assist the ship's motion, but it gives the crew a swagger. In looking for lords you must be sure you get the right sort, those of worldly wealth, for a poor lord is no use, he is a great expense—in fact, only the richest societies and individuals can afford to keep a tame lord. This Dandie Dinmont Club particularly calls itself, I notice, the "Southern Branch." Why, whence? "No scandal about King Corsincon, I hope!" Anyhow, they have an influential list of members and are busy in holding meetings.

There is a talk of resuscitating the Spaniel Club. Mr. Cowell, late honorary secretary of the York show, has taken it up, so there is a good chance of its success. It is a pity that Mr. Bowers, whose name is so familiar in the breed, should have made himself so impossible by his offensive conduct toward that hardworking, underpaid and overkicked gentleman, Mr. Holford, who was honorary secretary to the former Spaniel Club.

Looking through the Hanley schedule of prizes I have come across the last outward and visible sign of Mr. Fred Gresham's imbecility. He has positively persuaded the easy-going proprietors of the *Live Stock Journal* to offer a free subscription to their paper as a prize. It is incredible that a respectable organ should descend to an act so mean, so little, for the sake of advertisement. Where was the inert tact of the able editor-in-chief, Mr. James Macdonald, when this ridiculous and contemptible idea was proposed to him? The thought is worthy of Mr. Fred Gresham, and of nobody else in the whole doggy world.

"Wildfowler" has been quick to expose the ridicule of the scheme and this week gravely offers to every show two subscriptions to his paper, one to be awarded to the worst sporting and the other to the worst non-sporting dog in the show. It is unlikely that any decent judge will lend himself for such undignified and clap-trap purposes. "Wildfowler" makes the offer with his tongue in his cheek, Mr. Fred Gresham makes the offer in shame-faced earnest.

The *Stock Keeper* has closed the correspondence and summed up the Crown Prince paternity case. It is dead against the club. Though there has been more wool and less cry it has not saved the cook a roasting. I think there are two far-fetched jokes in that sentence.

A letter from Mr. Joplin in the *Sporting Times* appears to have (purposely, probably) escaped notice over here. He affirms and gives his witness that while the deerhound awards were being made, at the late Crystal Palace show, two other persons were in the ring and assisted the judge in his decisions. "One of the men who was praising the merits of the first-prize dog turns out to be the owner." Bevis was the winner, but I can scarcely credit that Mr. H. Stephen would so far forget his position as secretary and manager as to behave in the manner indicated. "Wildfowler" is a good hand at "feeding" a correspondence, why was this allowed to drop? I have to thank "Wildfowler" for taking my hint, he now gives "Lillibulero" the credit when he does him the honor to quote his remarks.

On cutting the leaves of my *Stock Keeper* to find a letter I had written on the "no re-admission without fine" question at the Kennel Club shows, I was overwhelmed with modest confusion to find that in the gossip, the correspondence and the leader columns, the topic of the week was the old song, transformed to a peanism, to the tune of LILLIBULERO.

FEB. 9, 1885.

THE SCOTCH COLLIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have observed in one or two recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM some letters incident to the Highland variety of the Scotch collie. On some points those letters were reliable and calculated to give Americans a correct knowledge of the Scotch collie and its dissimilitudes; on other points they were entirely unreliable.

I do not know who "A Roving Highlander" may be, but one thing I am certain of, he has been roving so long that he has forgotten how to spell the word collie. I never saw nor heard of the word being spelt colley. I was born and have always lived in the Highlands. I have devoted a deal of time and money in the breeding and perfecting of collies. I have reached high eminence in the pursuit, as the different prize lists demonstrate, and never have I heard the word spelt colley.

Now, I should like to touch on another point, also in "A Roving Highlander's" letter. The Highland collie, as described by him, is not the Highland collie, but the English bobtail. The Highland or north country collie differs from the Lowland or south country collie only in a few respects, the chief of which are as follows:

Smaller all over and lighter in the bone. Shorter and more wiry-coated. The color is almost invariably black and tan. The head should be finely moulded and must not show the least heaviness in the nose, as that at once smells of the Gordon setter. The ears should be small and set on as like the fox's as possible.

I have only lately arrived in this country and I imported a typical specimen of the pedigree Highland collie. She has all the points that I speak of, and received general admiration at the recent Fanciers' show.

Before closing I should like to touch on one other point.

When visiting the kennels of one of your most famous collie breeders a few days ago, I was surprised to see one or two of his best dogs with heather claws. When I spoke of them the breeder did not even know what they were. In case some of my readers may be in the same predicament, I will describe them. They are common claws, situated about two and a half inches from the foot, on the inside of the hindlegs. Now, in our country, the presence of "heather" claws lessens the chance of a dog obtaining a prize. I myself at a recent dog show in Scotland had a collie bitch which lost first place simply because it had those deformities. I may state that she was bred by a man who knows little about collies. Now, the way to remedy this fault is to cut the heather claws off when the pups are quite young. In cutting care should be taken to use charp scissors, and to cut smooth with the leg.

As far as I can judge during my short stay on this side, you have some capital dogs, but the selection of collie judges has been most unsatisfactory. Now, this is a thing that should be seen to and remedied, as if not it is apt to discourage collie breeders. From reports I understand that the selection of judge for the New Haven show has given general satisfaction.

Hoping that the foregoing remarks may be interesting to collie breeders in this country, I remain, etc., SCOTSMAN.

THE IRISH TERRIER GARRYOWEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Jan. 22 is just to hand. I notice that your correspondent "Lillibulero" mentions my name saying that I have been spoken of in one of your journals as the "great faker." A friend of mine some time ago sent me a copy of one of your contemporaries, in which he spoke of some person—who had the Irish terrier Garryowen returned to him because the paint had worn off his nose—as the "great faker." As I never had Garryowen returned to me by any person for the reason stated, I clearly cannot be the person referred to. I bred Garryowen, also his father and granddam, and from a puppy to the day I parted with him, his nose was black, and furthermore, I never bred an Irish terrier with a white nose. The present owner of the dog (Dr. Niven) saw the dog at my place here before he ever went to America, and his nose was then black. Garryowen is sire of Garryford, for whom I was offered £50 by a gentleman here acting on behalf of a gentleman in Canada, and Garryford in turn is sire of Gilford, who is about seventeen months old and has won eight first and two special prizes, the only times shown, and he never was shown twice under the same judge. I inclose $5 for the Lincoln fund.

WM. GRAHAM.

NEWTOWNBREDA, Belfast, Feb. 3, 1885.

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New Haven Kennel Club has established a class for greyhound puppies, and has decided that in all other puppy classes when ten or more entries are received they will be divided, dogs and bitches.

E. S. PORTER, Secretary N. H. K. C.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 23.

VETERINARIES IN ENGLAND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has just been called to a rather flattering notice of myself by your correspondent "Lillibulero," in his report of Dr. Forbes Winslow's sale, but he has made a misstatement that is likely to do me an injury. As your paper is read by a large number of both horsy and doggy men who have known me for a long time as a veterinary surgeon, and some of them may not know that I have a right to the title, given me by the Council of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, England. "Lillibulero" is in error with regard to anybody over here being allowed to call himself a veterinary surgeon. Any one so doing, whose name cannot be found upon the register, is liable to a fine of £20. I feel sure from the jocular style of your correspondent's letter that he is a good sort of a fellow, and trust that he and I will be none the less friends through my endeavor to put him and myself right in this matter. Now, sir, I will just ask you and your correspondent a question that I think you will both, as just and honorable men, answer in the negative. Do you think it right to publish in a widely circulated journal a probability about a man without first assuring yourselves that it is a reality? With regard to breeding fox-terriers, I have kept and bred them for more than twenty-five years, and have had a long list of winners on the show bench. I have still a good kennel, containing one champion dog, a winner of seventeen first and extra prizes, including four championships. I have also kept and exhibited with success bloodhounds, greyhounds, dachshunde and spaniels, some of which I have given and obtained very high prices for. Trusting to have the pleasure of your better acquaintance, I beg to subscribe myself with the title your correspondent thinks I have no right to use.—J. R. WHITTLE, V. S. (Hayes, Middlesex, England, Jan. 17).

A WHOPPER.—Portland, Oregon.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I clip the following from the New York *Sun* of Jan. 24: "A $3,000 Dog. Hurleyville, N. Y., Jan. 23.—Daniel Lonsberry has purchased the old and celebrated dog Trailer of S. Applebee for $3,000. Trailer is 40 inches high, stands on his legs as straight as a terrier, and carries his 215½ pounds of bone and muscle with surprising ease and activity." Will you be kind enough—if the facts are known to you—to tell me what breed of dog this is, and whether dogs of any breed 40 inches at the shoulder are often seen? The largest dogs I have ever seen or heard of are the rough-coated St. Bernards, and I never saw one of these that was more than 32 inches high. I am told that the celebrated St. Bernard Rector now owned by Joseph Emmet, of Albany, N. Y., is 35 inches high at the shoulder, and is, without doubt, the largest dog now living. If this dog Trailer is 40 inches high and weighs more than 200 pounds, I think Rector will have to look to his laurels. My particular "hobby" is a gigantic dog, and so I wish to know of this new wonder.—ALPHA. [If a dog 40 inches high at the shoulder has lived to old age without notoriety, it is more wonderful than the fact itself would be.]

A CARD FROM MR. MORTIMER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you favor me by kindly inserting the following explanation why I refused to accept the classes assigned me by the New Haven Kennel Club? About three weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Porter asking me if I would judge at their forthcoming show, and plainly intimating that I should choose my own classes. To this I replied that I should like to judge at New Haven, but that I thought the Westminster Kennel Club intended making an exhibit there, in the event of which I should not feel at liberty to do so. Judge then of my surprise when week before last I received a telegrom Mr. Porter saying that deerhounds, greyhounds, etc., were assigned to me. This without the slightest consultation with me as to the classes I would prefer to judge, or as to associate judges. I at once replied by letter, declining the proffered honor. Mr. Porter will bear me out in what I here state, and contradict the statement made in a contemporary that I attempted to dictate to him or to the association he represents.—JAMES MORTIMER, Supt. Westminster Kennel Club (Feb. 17).

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—Philadelphia, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club held Feb. 17, 1885, the following resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, That Wm. H. Pierce, Glencho Kennels, Peekskill, N. Y., be disqualified from exhibiting any dog or dogs at any bench show held under the auspices of this club until Jan. 1, 1887." This action was owing to the entry by Mr. P. of the red Irish setter bitch Reeta, the property of Mr. James T. Walker, Troy, N. Y., as one of his kennel, which was awarded the kennel prize.—WM. H. CHILDS, Acting Secretary Philadelphia Kennel Club.

AMERICAN ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.—The following is the result of the late election for officers of the A. E. B. C.: President, W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Secretary and Treasurer (by appointment of the Executive Committee), F. W. Wheaton, Wilkes Barre, Pa. Executive Committee—F. D. Hallett, Winsted, Ct.; Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md.; J. M. Bergold, Canal Fulton, O. On account of the declinature of the nominee for the office of secretary and treasurer, that office was filled by appointment of the executive committee, according to Article IV. of our constitution.—A. C. KRUEGER, Ex-Secretary and Treasurer (Wrightsville, Pa., Feb. 18, 1885).

DOGS LOST.—Dr. G. A. Williams has lost his white setter dog, he had on an alligator collar with Mr. Williams's name engraved on metal. This dog has three lemon spots about the size of a nickel and in the form of a clover on the top of his head, also a lemon spot at the root of tail. Any further information gladly received.—FLICK FLICK....Mr. Raleigh C. Thomas, 82 Chase street. Baltimore, Md., lost, on the 14th of December last, his blue belton English setter dog. One side of his head is black and the other side bluish gray, he has a black mark at root of tail. A reward of $25 will be paid for his return.

"WILDFOWLER."—Monticello, Jan. 10, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In February, 1884, I bargained with Lewis Clement ("Wildfowler") editor of the *Shooting Times*, London, England, for a beagle dog, which he agreed to send me on receipt of $80, delivered in New York port. I sent him the money by draft, which was paid to Clement on the 4th day of March, 1884. He kept both the dog and the money, $80, and will not reply to several letters which I have written him.—C. F. KENT.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller,
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Honest Bert. By E. Holley, Jr., Hudson, N. Y., for liver, with white on breast, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 30, 1884, by Chance (Don—Flossy) out of Fly (Baby—Fido).

Ferryman, Roiter, Fidget and Flighty. By Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., for Byron foxhounds, whelped Jan. 23, 1885, by Rouse (Racket—Trouble) out of Fanny (Watchman—Nelly Hardy).

Blaze. By Jas. F. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1884, by Ober (A.K.R. 855) out of Bessie (Captain—Toss).

Glen Ada, Glen Ola, Glen Elly, Glen Lass and Fairy Glen. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for three lemon belton and two blue belton English setter bitches, whelped Nov. 22, 1884, by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of his Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99).

Lady Ellen. By Geo. A. Rose, Schenectady, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 10, 1884, by Mike (Decimal Dash—Donner's Bessie) out of Fanny (Count Noble—Whitman's Flirt).

Keen Scent, Quail B., Romping Peggy, May Dale, Daisy C., Elfie and Hinda. By Ravenswood Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black and white English setters, two dogs and five bitches, whelped Jan. 25, 1885, by Dash III. out of Nellie Dale.

Brigadier. By N. Palmer, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 29, 1883, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Coulson's Lillie.

Wonder. By Jas. A. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of his Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Diamond Gladstone. By Chas. York, Bangor, Me., for English setter dog, whelped July 19, 1884, by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of his Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542).

Forest Hill Kennels. By Chas. York, Bangor, Me., for his kennel of Llewellyn setters.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Brier—Royal Blue. Dr. F. B. Greenough's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Brier (A.K.R. 101) to A. Flagg's Royal Blue (Gladstone—Mersey), Feb. 1.

Pearl Blue—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538), Dec. 8, 1884.

Zelpha—Puck. Henry C. Burdick's (Springfield, Mass.) Italian greyhound bitch Zelpha to E. W. Jester's Puck (Silk Socks—Naughty), Jan. 22.

Fannie—Rob Roy. J. K. Yore's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported collie bitch Fannie to J. A. Long's Rob Roy (A.K.R. 334), Feb. 13.

Fly—Colonel Stubbs. E. Holley, Jr.'s (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fly (Baby—Fido) to Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 303), Feb. 1.

Dolly D.—Sambo. Samuel S. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch Dolly D. (A.K.R. 1445) to his Sambo (A.K.R. 572), Feb. 14.

Miss Georgie D.—Sambo. Samuel S. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch Miss Georgie D. (Little Boffin—Jennie) to his Sambo (A.K.R. 572), Feb. 1.

Spider—Skye. Samuel S. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) Skye terrier bitch Spider (Smut—Topsy) to his Skye, Feb. 11.

Birdie II.—Duke. J. W. Stairley's (Butte City, Mont.) English setter bitch Birdie II. (Sam—Birdie) to Dr. B. Robinson's Duke, Nov. 3, 1884.

Hornell Ruby—Obo II. Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Ruby (A.K.R. 67) to champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Jan. 28.

Dinah W.—Black Pedro. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Dinah W. to his Black Pedro (A.K.R. 1474), Jan. 25.

Blackie III.—Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428) to his champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Feb. 17.

Kitty—President. Geo. Vaughn's bull-terrier bitch Kitty to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208), Feb. 21.

Abbess II.—Bonivard. Geo. H. Hill's (Cincinnati, O.) St. Bernard bitch Abbess II. (A.K.R. 275) to champion Bonivard (A.K.R. 361), Feb. 16.

Morning Star—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538), Feb. 23.

Black Pearl—Obo, Jr. G. W. Leavitt's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Pearl (A.K.R. 647) to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Feb. 18.

Darkie—Obo, Jr. John Daly's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkie (A.K.R. 250) to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Jan. 30.

Prep—Tom. John Kidston's (Chicago, Ill.) collie bitch Prep (A.K.R. 1574) to Peter Bradley's Tom, Feb. 21.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Smut. H. C. Bronsdon's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Smut (A.K.R. 868), Feb. 17, five (four dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Zelpha. Henry C. Burdick's (Springfield, Mass.) Italian greyhound bitch Zelpha, Sept. 4, 1884, five (two dogs), by Silk Socks (Sport—Pearl).

Fanny. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byrou fox-hound bitch Fanny (Watchman—Nelly Hardy), Jan. 23, five, by Rouse (Racket—Trouble).

Onyx. John Clary & Son's (Westfield, Mass.) mastiff bitch Onyx (A.K.R. 1769), Feb. 2, twelve (five dogs), by their Keno (A.K.R. 1766).

Nettie. W. H. Cookson's fox-terrier bitch Nettie (A.K.R. 1704), Feb. 15, six (two dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.).

Pearl Blue. Charles York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542), Feb. 9, six (three dogs), by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538).

Nelly. Julius Fehr's (Hoboken, N. J.) black spaniel bitch Nelly, Jan. 1, five (three dogs), by Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); three black and two liver.

Ruby. The Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) imported collie bitch Ruby (champion Carlyle—Westmoreland Lassie), Feb. 7, nine (five dogs), by champion Rutland (champion Wolf—champion Madge).

Birdie II. J. W. Stairley's (Butte City, Mont.) English setter bitch Birdie II. (Sam—Birdie), Jan. 2, eight (two dogs), by Dr. B. Robinson's Duke; four since dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Peek-a-Boo. Pug dog (A.K.R. 2038), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Miss J. F. Breckenridge, same place.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped July 19, 1884, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., a dog to Dr. S. E. Green, Newport, R. I., and a spayed bitch to E. A. Haynes, Glenbur, Me.

Jester. Maltese and white Italian greyhound dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1884 (Silk Socks—Zelpha), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Mrs. Chas. H. Colburn, Nashua, N. H.

Italic and Tottie. Italian greyhound bitches, whelped Sept. 4, 1884 (Silk Socks—Zelpha), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to W. H. Cook, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Glen Elly. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1884, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Elly R. Watrous, Dayton, O.

Shaugraun. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 640), by F. E. Draper, Lansingburg, N. Y., to Lee Chamberlin, Troy, N. Y.

Royal Sultan. English setter dog (A.K.R. 119), by Hugh Hill, New York, to Mr. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Queen Bess. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 372), by Hugh Hill, New York, to Mr. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fleet O. Italian greyhound bitch, whelped July 19, 1884 (Snap—Pearl), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to C. W. DePauw, New Albany, Ind.

Dashing Dido. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1537), by W. W. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

Meg Merrilies. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped August, 1881, by Elcho (A.K.R. 295) out of Peg Woffington (Tippo—Ruby), by Dr. A. S. McLean, Springfield, Mass., to Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me.

Lady Ellen. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 20, 1884 (Mike—Fanny), by G. H. Larry, Newburyport, Mass., to Geo. A. Rosa, Schenectady, N. Y.

Young Venom. Bull-terrier bitch, age not given (Prince—Venom), by F. Hinks, Birmingham, Eng., to E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa.; she s in whelp to Dutch.

May Dale. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 25 Dash III.—Nellie Dale), by Ravenswood Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Jas. T. Bruce, same place.

Duke—Birdie II. whelps. English setters, whelped Jan. 3, 1885, by J. W. Stairley, Butte City, Mont., a dog to Mrs. Julian Smith and a bitch to R. Isom, same place.

Rob Roy (A.K.R. 334)—Prep (A.K.R. 1574) whelp. Collie dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by John Kidston, Chicago, Ill., to L. H. Clark, East Saginaw, Mich.

Barry. Imported rough-coated St. Bernard dog, 18mos. old, pedigree not received, by Rodney Benson, New York, to St. Bernard Kennels, Clifton, S. I., N. Y.

Jumbo. Mastiff dog, whelped July, 1884 (Turk—Countess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Gen. Wm. T. Withers, Lexington, Ky.

Viola. Mastiff bitch, whelped July, 1884 (Turk—Countess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Dr. J. N. Snyder, Montpelier, O.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Crib. English setter dog, whelped March 20, 1884, color and pedigree not given, by N. J. McConnell, Butte City, Mont., to J. W. Stairley, same place.

Duke—Birdie II. whelp. Liver and white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1885, by J. W. Stairley, Butte City, Mont., to Dr. Benj. Robinson, same place.

Brigadier. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 23, 1883 (Beaufort—Lillie), by N. Palmer, Baltimore, Md., to N. J. Rouse, Kinston, N. C.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Belle's Pride. Blue belton English setter bitch, 5yrs. old (Paris—Belle), owned by Hugh Hill, New York, Feb. 18.

EVERY ONE interested in dogs should secure a copy of "Our Friend the Dog," a pamphlet on the care of dogs in health and sickness, with a list of canine diseases alphabetically arranged, and the symptoms and prescriptions for their cure. Mailed for 2-cent stamp. Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

MISSING FIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above caption you print an explanation from the U. S. C. Co. The following is a passage from it: "The striker should be sufficiently long, and free to strike one-eighth of an inch beyond the face of the false breech, *so as to follow the cap and anvil to the bottom of the chamber of the cartridge, and so ignite it.*" The italics are supplied.

Let me modestly and with becoming diffidence suggest to manufacturers and to sportsmen, whether the seating of the anvil fairly down upon a solid support—the bottom of the chamber, in the case supposed—is not essential to the prevention of misfires? And is not the precise result warned against by the company, to wit, the "disturbing and shaking loose" of the percussion powder, absolutely insured by the method of explosion stated in the above extract?

The striker first makes "a deep, round indent in the percussion cap," says the company. But there is no explosion yet, remember, for the cap and anvil have not yet reached the bottom of the chamber, where they are "followed" by the striker. Until the bottom of the chamber be reached—and the anvil has a firm support there, as seems to be conceded—there can be no ignition. But this indent in the cap has, necessarily, "disturbed and shaken loose" the percussion powder, has it not, incapable in that condition of being ignited "by any number of blows," says the company. While actual results do not justify so extreme a conclusion, perhaps, have we not in such conditions, an explanation of such misfires as actually occur?

Now, a word of practical experience. The shells I use in my rifle come to me primed from the manufacturer. Assuring myself of the perfect construction of the gun in all the essentials of striker, lock and mainspring, I set about discovering the cause of at least one misfire in every ten shells.

Examining the cap, I find anvil crowded into it below a flush with the rim of the cap, and so that when the cap is crowded down into the chamber by the capper, the rim of the cap fetches up and rests upon the circumference of the concave bottom of the chamber, thus leaving between the anvil and the chamber bottom a space of, say one-sixteenth of an inch. Conceiving the remedy to be the seating of the anvil firmly down upon a solid support, I caused to be made a capper of such power as to force the cap so into the chamber that its rim, forced into the concave bottom of the chamber, is contracted or crimped around the anvil at its edges, and holds it firmly in its place, to receive the impact produced by the striker. With this method I have not had a single misfire.

Would it not be an improved condition to have the anvil used in the cap so project above the rim that when the capper does its work the anvil will rest fairly down on the bottom of the chamber, and find there a solid support? FORBS.

FEBRUARY, 18, 1885.

MILITARY RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article on military rifle sights, by James Duane, in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan 29, I have read more times than any one article for a long time, and I heartily indorse all of his five conditions of backsight, except the second, viz.: to be so simple of construction that its use can be readily understood by men of ordinary intelligence, already familiar with the use of the Springfield or similar rear sight. [This would preclude the use of verniers.] The last clause is what I object to, why would it preclude the use of verniers? Is there anything so complicated or mysterious about a vernier that men of ordinary intelligence cannot grasp it, if so they would not understand elevating their crossbar or moving the wind gauge by the power of thumb, any better than by power of screw. It is placing the intelligence of our national guard or regular army at a pretty low degree to assume that they cannot fathom the mysteries of the vernier, especially when instructed by officers. If any reasonably good shooting is ever to be done at extreme distances, the rear sight will have to be adjusted with screws and the spirit level used also.

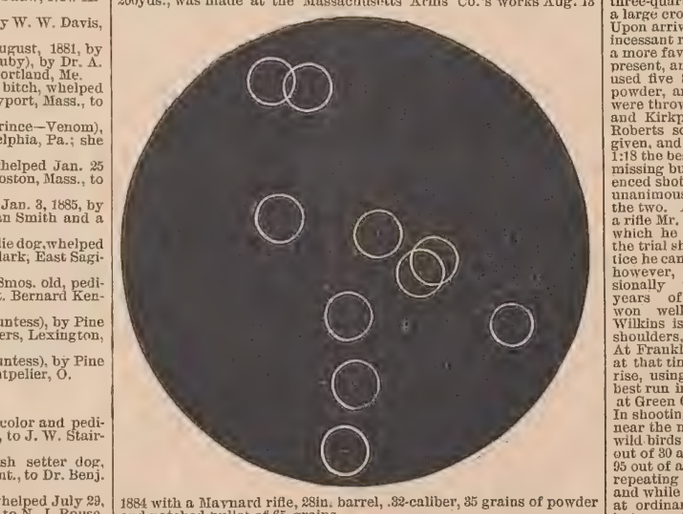
The third condition, "to be so easy of manipulation as to admit of rapid adjustment both of elevation and wind gauge," etc., is not so clear to my mind where the screw is used. The wind gauge would never get so far from zero but what a turn or two would bring it back, and in the case of sharpshooters firing at 1,000 to 1,200yds. and be attacked by skirmishers at 100 or 200yds. the vernier could be thrown down, bringing an open sight into view elevated for 150yds., the same as on the Springfield or Winchester .45-75, or Borchardt rifles, only the spirit level as it is on the Remington will have to be placed somewhere else.

With my old Remington sight, *i. e.*, the one before the vernier and spirit level came out, I made a little level and placed it squarely between the uprights, resting it on the top of the crossbar, it was out of the way, much plainer seen than their latest edition; the veriner would lie down in any position of the crossbar and the notch across the upper end of the uprights always be plainly in view. Now, if that sight had only screws to adjust with I would like it much better than their new one, which is very far from perfect, as far as the level is concerned, whose greatest objection is, I can't see the bubble plain and the sight can't be used at 200yds., till I have taken a screw driver and taken out the level. It seems to me all that is necessary to make their last sight perfection is to place the level squarely between the uprights on the top of the crossbar, where it can be seen much plainer; have it set high enough from the top of the crossbar to admit of a notch on the upper side of the bar and the peep hole below the notch, and so the uprights can be turned down even when elevated to the very top and bring into view instantly the open sight notch, at the upper end of the vernier. My mind is not perfectly clear about all the details of this sight, but I am satisfied I will work it out yet with my lead models, and have what to my mind is a perfect military sight. C. M. SKINNER.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 14, 1885.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CHICOPEE FALLS, Mass.—This target of 10 consecutive shots 200yds., was made at the Massachusetts Arms Co.'s works Aug. 13



1884 with a Maynard rifle, 28in. barrel, .32-caliber, 35 grains of powder and patched bullet of 65 grains.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 10.—Members of the South End Gun Club were at their range to-day. The result of the number of balls broken is the totals of the handicap and score, strings of ten balls were thrown. The totals were as follows: H. W. Webber, handicap 8, score 2, broken 10; E. S. Poore, handicap 6, score 4, broken 10; W. R. Dion, handicap 5, score 3, broken 8; W. N. Hayes, handicap 6, score 1, broken 7; C. Doon, handicap 7, score 2, broken 9; V. D. Kennerson, handicap 7, score 2, broken 9.

Feb. 12.—Members of the Worcester Rifle Association went out to Pine Grove Range to-day. The Massachusetts target was used with a possible total of 120. The individual work of each man was as follows:

C Allen	9 11 11 11 9 12 10 11 10 11—105 10 9 11 10 11 11 10 10 12 9—103	
M G Fuller	12 11 11 11 10 6 11 11 9 9—104 10 11 10 9 9 10 10 11 12 11—103	
S Clark	11 11 8 11 12 9 10 12 9 10—102 9 11 12 10 9 9 11 9 12 9—101	
A L Rice	12 10 9 11 8 10 10 9 10 10— 99 9 10 9 11 11 9 10 8 12 9— 98	

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 21.—A team of seven men of Company F, Third Regiment, came from Taunton to-day to have a friendly shoot with a team of the New Bedford City Guards, Company E. They shot two strings, one of ten shots and one of seven. Possible 350 and 245. The result was as follows:

New Bedford Team.			Taunton Team.	
Sgt A P Pope	37	29	Sgt B E Walcott	30	19
Sgt E F Dahill	36	28	Corp James Cornell	37	16
Sgt A T Howland	23	30	Priv W H Hewitt	36	27
Corp J E Barnum	38	23	Priv S J Fowler	20	24
Priv T H Bradley	38	25	Priv P H Booth	26	19
Priv E F Jennings	32	25	Priv J M Anderson	24	16
Priv E T Gibbs	35	20	Priv B H Lawton	16	15
	239	170		189	136

MILFORD, N. H., Feb. 23.—The following were the successful competitors for the prizes offered by C. W. Parsons, decimal target reduced, possible 400:

A B Earls	100	100	100	100—400	E D Huntley	99	99	99	99—396
J Seaton	100	100	100	100—400	J Hamerson	96	96	96	97—385

Ties on 400:

Earls	10	10	9	10	9—48	Seaton	10	10	8	10	9—47

Earls took gold badge, Seaton gold-lined cup, Huntley silver napkin ring, Hamerson pocket knife.

RICHMOND, Ind., Feb. 21.—The Richmond Rifle Team have their first big shoot Friday, Feb, 27, for a gold medal. Their range is not finished, but they are so anxious to get to work that they will shoot on that date. They expect to shoot for the championship of Indiana later in the season. Their range, when completed, will be the finest in the State. Their shooters are above the average and will soon be hard to defeat. A house will be built and the venerable item gatherer of the *Palladium* (Cal Johnson) will reside on the range and interest the boys with some of his by-gone exploits with the rifle.—C. A. J.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The annual Washington's Birthday shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club, at Lake Lookout, Saturday, was well attended and great interest was shown in the matches. The first, for the Washington's hatchet, a handsome trophy, presented by H. K. Cooley, was won by T. B. Wilson, over fifteen competitors with a score of 109 and a better record than W. M. Farrow and S. K. Hindley with like scores. The first place in the Merchants' prizes match was won by Z. C. Talbot over twenty-one competitors, by a score of 111.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 12.—At the Pine Grove Rifle Range this afternoon, these scores were made, Massachusetts target:

C A Allen	9 11 11 11 9 12 10 11 10 11—105
M G Fuller	12 11 11 11 10 9 11 11 9 9—104
S Clark	11 11 8 11 12 9 10 12 9 10—102
A L Rice	12 10 9 11 8 10 10 9 10 10— 99

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB, Feb. 13.—Twelve-ring target, possible 120; G. Zimmermann 116, V. Steinback 116, C. Rein 114, M. Dorrler 114, S. F. C. Weber 110, J. Schrarder 110, B. Wragge 107, J. Jordan 107, H. Gunther 107, J. Shaw 104, D. Louitzki 103, J. Wettje 97, D. Holland 96, H. Lindlinger 96, H. Wasmuth 95, H. Miller 91, H. Heiser 90.—A. LOBER, Sec'y.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—It was a beautiful day for rifle shooting and a large number of gentlemen took advantage of it at Walnut Hill today. The wind was not very troublesome, blowing from 11 o'clock all day. A team match was shot by teams of six men, and resulted in a victory for the team captained by Mr. Cushing by a score of 376 to 349. Following are the scores:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

H Withington	5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—42
A J Teal	3 8 5 3 4 3 4 5 5 4—41
D P Dodge	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 5 5—40
W H Oler	4 4 5 4 5 3 3 3 4 4—40

Creedmoor Prize Match.

W Gardner	4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—46
H Cushing	4 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—46
J B Fellows	4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 4—46
H C Norton	5 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4—46
D F Boyden	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5—45
B G Warren	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45
E B Souther	3 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 4—45
F B Jones	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4—44

Victoria Medal Match.

R Davis	9 9 8 10 8 8 8 8 7 4—79
C E Berry	8 8 9 8 10 10 7 5 6 7—78
R Reed	7 8 10 6 8 10 8 7 5 8—77
E A Barnes	5 9 9 9 8 7 9 9 0 8—73
W H Oler	8 5 9 8 7 4 7 6 10 7—71
J Lemons	4 10 5 8 7 5 6 10 10 7—70
H Cushing	8 4 8 9 9 2 8 9 4 8—69

Rest Match.

S Wilder	9 8 8 9 9 9 9 9 10 10—90
P Sylvester	9 9 9 5 10 7 10 10 8 10—87

Team match, 10 shots, possible 100.

First Team.		Second Team.	
H Cushing, captain	71	W Gardner, captain	76
J St John	67	J B Fellows	66
T Everett	64	C E Berry	64
R Davis	63	A J Teel	55
E Bush	59	J Swift	50
H Withington	52—376	J B Low	38—349

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

RAPID SHOOTING.—Meadville, Pa., Feb. 9.—The announcement made that Mr. Otto C. Wilkins, Meadville's phenomenal rifle shot, would on Wednesday, Feb. 4, attempt a trial shoot at 100 glass balls against the best time on record, being that of Dr. Carver, three and three-quarter minutes, notwithstanding the inclement weather, drew a large crowd of spectators to the Crawford County Fair Grounds. Upon arriving at the grounds, many of his friends, on account of the incessant rain, tried to prevail upon him to postpone the trial until a more favoraole day; but Mr. Wilkins rather than disappoint those present, and with his usual pluck determined to make the trial. He used five Spencer repeating shotguns, loaded with 2¾ drams of powder, and ⅞ of an ounce of No. 9 shot, distance 30ft. The balls were thrown into the air by Mr. John Raesch, Messrs. Trowbridge and Kirkpatrick loaded the guns, Messrs. Harry Jones and Frank Roberts scorers, and W. H. Keifer official timer. The word was given, and in 2:27 the scorers called the 100th ball broken, which is by 1:18 the best time ever made. During this time he shot at 116 balls, missing but 16. His shooting is perfectly wonderful. Many experienced shots that were present, and have also witnessed Carver, were unanimous in saying that Mr. Wilkins is quicker and the finer shot of the two. At various times, for the amusement of his friends, with a rifle Mr. Wilkins will shoot pennies, chestnuts, leadpencils and dice, which he seldom misses. During the first twenty-six seconds of the trial shoot he broke 26 balls, and feels confident that with practice he can break a hundred balls inside of two minutes. His forte, however, is with the rifle, and he only shoots occasionally with the shotgun. He began shooting when nine years of age, and since he was sixteen years old has won well-contested matches against men much his seniors. Wilkins is 25 years of age, 5ft. 9½in. high, light built with broad shoulders, straight as an arrow and very graceful in his movement. At Franklin, Pa., May 4, 1880, Wilkins beat the best score on record at that time with a rifle at glass balls out of a Bogardus trap, 6yds. rise, using a .44 Kenedy magazine rifle, and broke 476 out of 500, his best run in this match was 107 straight. In 1879 at an exhibition shoot at Green Castle, Pa., he broke 985 out of 1,000 and made a run of 272. In shooting he extends his left arm straight out, grasping the barrel near the muzzle and shoots with both eyes open. Shooting at live wild birds from a ground trap 21, 26 and 31yds., rise he has killed 29 out of 30 and 39 out of 40. His average at clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise is 95 out of a possible 100. Mr. Wilkins is enthusiastic over the Spencer repeating shotgun. Mr. Wilkins is extremely modest in his manner, and while he does not as yet claim to be equal to Carver or Bogardus at ordinary shooting, hopes with practice to attain that point, but on quick shooting at 100 balls, he justly claims the championship of the world and is ever ready to defend the same, but is now desirous of making go as-you-please matches.—A. H. KEIFER.

VON LENGERKE VS. BARHYTE.—A great crowd of friendly spectators met on Monday last at the grounds of the gun club at Short Hills, N. J., to witness the match for $500 between Justus von Lengerke, of Hoboken, and Peter Barhyte, Fishkill Landing. The match was for $250 a side, guns to be under 7½lbs. in weight; 30yds. rise, both barrels, at 50 birds each, 5 traps. The guns to be held below the elbow and birds to be shot with the second barrel only when on the wing. Mr. R. Heber Breintnall was elected referee, and Mr. Chas. DeRonge judge for Lengerke and W. Bent for Barhyte. The birds were the pick of a very fine lot. There was little or no wind, but the light was very dazzling, owing to the heavy fall of snow on the ground. Von Lengerke won the toss and on the fortieth round Barhyte was shot out, thereby losing the match, as the appended scores will show:

J von Lengerke	10111111010111101111101111111111111111—35
P Barhyte	00110111111100100100101100101011111000—22

Prior to the match a sweepstake of $5 entry, at 5 birds was shot, there being 22 subscribers. The first money was divided between Stewart, Holcomb, Ziegler and Lever; the second between Castle and Heritage, Jr., and the third between Hughes and Van Schaick.

NEW JERSEY.—The members of the Carteret Gun Club participated in their annual Washington's Birthday shoot at Bergen Point, N. J., on the 23d. There were eleven competitors, as follows:

Milner, 27yds	9	James, 27yds	5
Murray, 26yds	8	Hunter, 26yds	4
Lee, 27yps	8	Robinson, 26yds	4
Taylor, 27yds	8	Campbell, 25yds	2
Kent, 27yds	7	Stone, 26yds	1
Duane, 26yds	5		

Ties for second: Taylor 7, Lee 6, Murray 3.

The Newark Gun Club celebrated the holiday with a clay-pigeon and glass ball shoot, on their grounds on South Broad street.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 21.—The following events took place at the range of the Malden Gun Club to-day: 1. Five blackbirds—Parkhurst first. 2. Five clay-pigeons—Loring, Kimball and Sanborn divided first. 3. Five clay-pigeons—Loring and Parkhurst divided first. 4. Five blackbirds—Shumway first. 5. Three pair blackbirds—Nye and Scott divided first. 6. Ten blackbirds—Parkhurst first. 7. Five blackbirds—Nye and Shumway divided first. 8. Five blackbirds—Loring and Sanborn divided first. 9. Three pair blackbirds—Kimball first. 10. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Adams and Sanborn divided first. 11. Ten clay-pigeons—Loring first.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—Regular monthly shoot of the Knoxville Gun Club, Feb. 17:

Hebbard	0000000101101111— 6	Mead	1100010001011110— 7
Ross	1000010111111111—10	Worsham	0010111010100001— 6
Misser	0001000000100000— 2	Deadrick	0101000010100011— 6
Slocum	0001111100111011— 9	Woods	0001011111011110— 9
Jacques	1001111101111100—10	Duncan	0111100101111111—11
Newman	0010000000000011— 3	Jenkins	0101001001010001— 6
Eldridge	1100100010101011— 7	Armstrong	0100111011111101—10

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 11.—The second international clay-pigeon tournament opened with bitter cold weather to-day. The crowd was large and the shooting incessant. The result of the day's matches were: No. 1. C. R. Dickey, of Boston, and B. Tiefel, of Cincinnati, divided first. No. 2. B. Tiefel won first. No. 3. H. Bandle, of Cincinnati, first. No. 4. A. Cardona, Jr., first. There were many sweepstakes besides the main matches.

Feb. 12.—A heavy rain compelled the suspension of the regular matches, but there was an abundance of sweepstake shooting. Dickey, of Boston, and Capt. Stubbs had a special match at 25 birds, the former breaking 23 and the latter 16.

Feb. 13.—Exciting sport was the order to-day. In the international team championship match, Boston Gun Club No. 1, took first place with a score of 40 in the possible 60. No. 6. Sweepstakes, Linnemann, of Bradford, Pa., dividing first with Eager and Virgis. No. 8. Miss and out sweep, first divided by Watkins, of Nashville, and Penrose.

Feb. 14.—Shooting still on and challenges by the score floating about. No. 13. Team match, Cincinnati Gun Club first, 48 birds in 50. No. 14. Five singles, Downey first. No. 9. Interstate twin team match, Eager and Stark, Boston Club, first. No. 16. Five singles, Dickey first, full score.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of the 5th prox., a full and accurate official score of the tournament will be given, also the outcome, if such a thing is possible, of the many challenges for the championship which have been the outcome of the tournament.

One of the most important prizes offered for the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Tournament at New Orleans, is a handsome gold medal presented by the Merino Elastic Felt Wad Company of Baltimore. It is of 15 carat gold and weighs 17 pennyweight. Upon its face it bears a view of a shooting match, representing a sportsman in the act of firing, while kneeling behind him is an attendant who has just pulled the trigger of the trap. Seated to the left is the scorer with his open book before him. Upon the reverse side the words: "Presented by the Baltimore Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Company," running nearly around the edge of the medal, and in the center the words "To," with a space for the name of the winner, "at the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Tournament, New Orleans, 1885." Above the medal are two guns crossed, surmounted with a plain bar, with the letters "M. E. F. G. W. C."

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1885.—A match at glass balls took place here to-day between a team from the Lakeside Gun Club of Geneva, N. Y., and one from this place. Conditions, 25 balls per man, 18yds. rise, Card's revolving trap, the losing side to pay for the balls. The following is the score:

Ithaca Team.		Lakeside Team.	
H White	23	D W Parshall	20
J H McCormick	21	J G Stacey	23
A White	24	J Dixon	23
D Norton	23—91	H B Whitney	25—91

The tie was shot off at 21yds. rise: Ithaca Team—H. White 5, McCormick 2, A. White 4, Norton 5—total 17. Lakeside Team—Parshall 5, Stacey 5, Dixon 4, Whitney 4—total 18. This result gave the victory to the Lakeside Gun Club by one ball. A closer contest with such excellent shooting has seldom taken place, and never was a visiting team better entertained than the Lakeside Gun Club team was by their opponents—S.

BOGARDUS VS. CARVER.—The match shoot between Capt. Bogardus and Dr. Carver—200 double bats, Louisiana Gun Club rules, and 300 singles, go-as-you-please, against time—was begun on the 22d, but the lateness of the hour prevented its completion. One hundred doubles were shot, resulting in favor of Dr. Carver, who killed 106 to Capt. Bogardus's 102. The match was concluded on the 24th with the shooting of the singles.

CLEVELAND.—A match between the Kirtland Shooting Club and the Cleveland Gun Club has been arranged, and will be shot in a short time. Both teams are busy at practice.

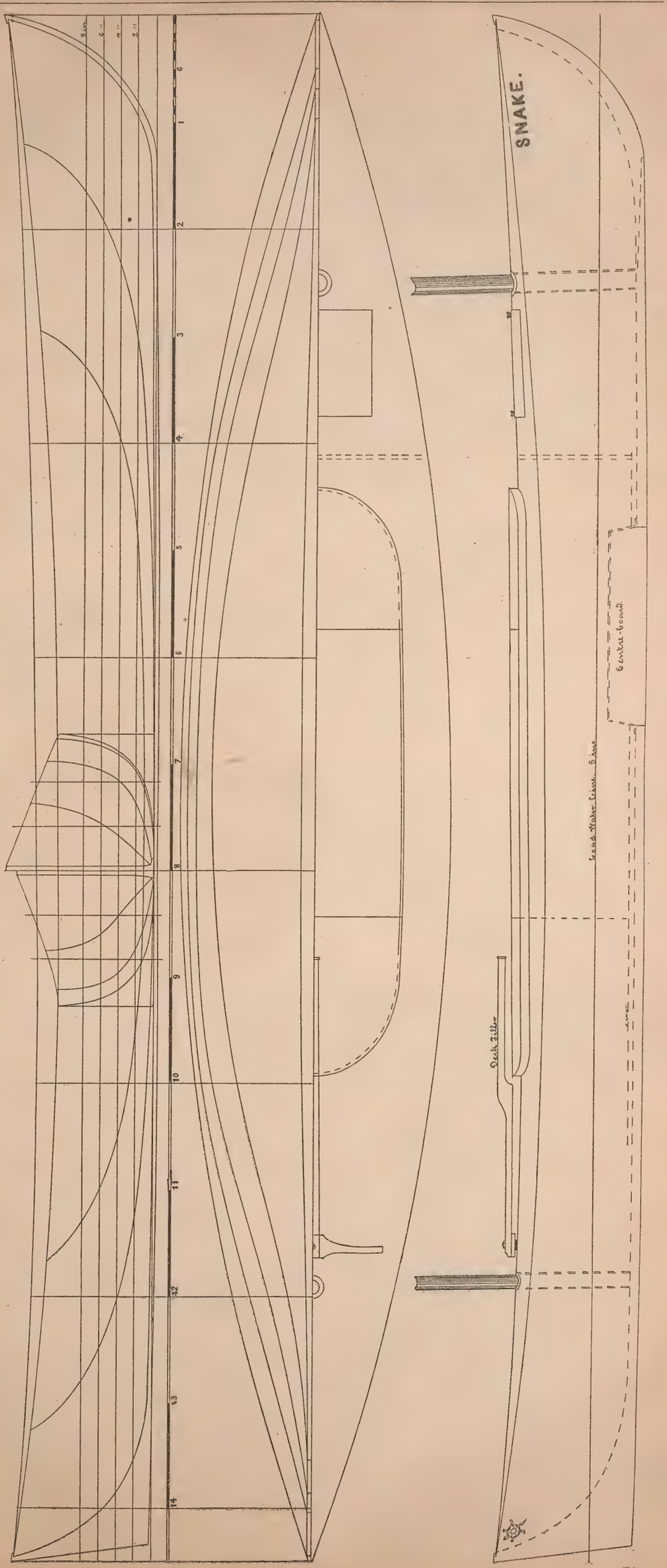
Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 3—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 31—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
July ——Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

THE SNAKE.

THOSE who have seen the Snake at the last two meets, or who have read her history in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 22, will study with interest the lines here given of the well-known craft. Her dimensions are, length 14ft. 6in., beam 30½in., depth amidships 10½in., at bow 18in., stern 16½in. She has always carried an Atwood board, and for some time past has been fitted with a drop rudder. Her sail plan will appear next week.



PADDLES AND OUTFIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading an account of "Sis" in the FOREST AND STREAM. He speaks of crossing Ipswich Bay in his canoe in pretty rough weather, the bow man using a double paddle and the stern man a single one.

Now, I am an ardent canoeist, and want to get all the points I can. "I am only two seasons old with the paddle," and I would like to know the kind of canoe "Sis" uses.

I have a birch bark 15×36, and it is rather hard to use a double paddle in her. That is, one man double and one single. What I would like to read in some accounts of cruises, would be a description of the canoe used and also some of the outfit. Ours as yet consists of one kettle, two tincups, knife, fork and some pitch for patches, so you see we get along with very little, but hope to improve a great deal the coming season.

Can you tell me where I can get some birch gum or something that will stop a leak in a birch canoe. YLMOC.

PHILADELPHIA.

[Several receipts for stopping leaks in birch bark canoes were given in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 8, 15, 22 and 29, 1884. We have published at various times descriptions of canoe outfits; but they are improving all the time, and canoeists who have anything new are requested to send a description of it for the benefit of all.]

"CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS."—Mr. Stephens is far too modest in giving a title to his book. It is, indeed, a manual of canoe and boat building for amateurs, since it describes the process so clearly that any person with a little experience in handling tools could build a satisfactory canoe by following Mr. Stephens's instructions. It is, however, a good deal more than this, since it is the most complete and exhaustive treatise on the rigging, fitting and handling of canoes that has yet appeared. Precisely such a book has been longed for by every canoeist, and its appearance will be gladly welcomed. It covers a field which no other book has attempted to cover, and contains the very latest results arrived at by the best builders, riggers and sailers of canoes. The author is not only a practical canoeist, but he is a thoroughly trained boat builder, and to the enterprise and enthusiasm of the amateur he adds the technical knowledge of a professional expert.—*New York Times, Feb. 15.*

ANOTHER CANOE CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dubuque is to have a canoe club this summer, the boys are taking quite an interest in the subject and I think part the credit is due the FOREST AND STREAM. Dr. Guilbert (Camarada) should be here to take part and help the club along.—W. P. COUCH. [This year, 1885, promises to be for the West, what 1880 was for Eastern canoeists, the date of their organization and first meet. We hope the canoeists of Dubuque will organize at once and take hold in time to have a big representation at Ballast Island.]

PERSONAL.—Mr. S. D. Smith is now cruising about Bermuda in a light-wight open canoe. Hiawatha and her owner, Mr. Seavey, leave for Florida this week and will join Psyche on a cruise. The Hiawatha has been fitted with a rudder and larger sail, and her crew will swing a ten-foot double in place of a single blade. "Nessmuk" is enjoying himself in the company of Captain Kendall (the "Barnacle" of Dr. Neidé's new book). Mrs. Kendall has become quite expert in paddling the little Bucktail.

THE ASSOCIATION BOOK.—Dr. Neidé is now busy with the "A. C. A. Book" for 1885, and members will please send him notice of changes in address or in names of boats. Those who are in arrears with their dues are also requested to forward them as soon as possible, in order that their names may appear in the list.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. CAMP-FIRE.—The K. C. C. held their second camp-fire on Feb. 17, at 106 West Forty-third street. Prof. Fowler read a carefully prepared paper on canoe models. The next meeting will be on March 3.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Oakland canoeists were to cruise to Sancelito and Racoon straits on Washington's Birthday. Several of the Alaska skin canoes are in use about San Francisco.

CANOE YAWLS AND CRUISING.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 4, 1884, appeared the lines of a little canoe yawl, the Cassy, designed and used by Mr. Geo. F. Holmes, of Hull, England, and the following extracts from a letter of Mr. Holmes, give some further particulars of the boat and her rig:

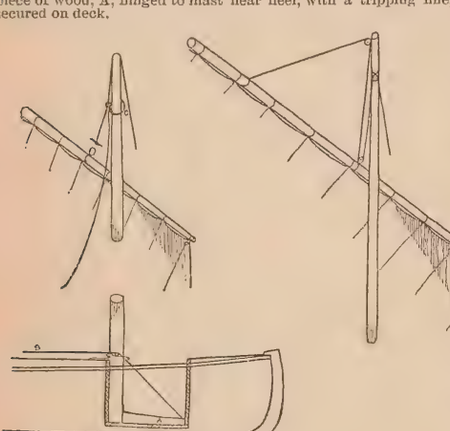
I can, after another season's experience of the boat, thoroughly indorse all I have said in her favor. In company with another boat of similar build I had a very successful cruise last summer. I first brought my boat by rully and by train to Hull, the expense and trouble in transit being hardly any more than for a Rob Roy canoe. In Hull both our boats were put on board steamer and conveyed to Port Yarmouth, where we got them into the water and loaded stores. As we lived on board, cooking, etc., in the boats, our stores were necessarily somewhat numerous. The broads and rivers of that district being pretty well sheltered, we each had our racing sails, and to economize space in the boat, used lead ballast under floor boards. The boats row easily, in fact, I would rather row my boat with her 3ft. 4in. beam, than paddle a Mersey canoe 2ft. 3in. broad.

"The two boats being very equal in sailing qualities, our cruise was a perpetual regatta on a small scale. The Cassy proved herself the faster boat to windward, especially in very narrow waters and strong breezes, while the Alice, with nearly fifty per cent. more ballast, rise of floor (and straighter keel) and one inch more draft, ran faster especially in light breezes, and would squeeze round a point better. The Cassy rows also considerably more lightly. We both used tents of undressed material of the *d'aori* kind and simple construction.

"On a former cruise (1882) in Denmark with a smaller canoe yawl (no centerplate), the same friend accompanying me in a 12ft. R. C. C. first class canoe, we used a shore tent, but I am bound to say that for comfort, both in sleeping and cooking, the shore tent isn't a patch on the boat tent.

"My usual cruising ground is the open sea off a sandy beach and I have to launch through the surf, which is sometimes rather heavy. With an oilskin coat on one can generally get out pretty dry, as the well is small and in case of a breaker coming on board the long fore deck is a great advantage. The boat is quite steady enough for one to stand on the deck even when the water is not quite smooth. The boat alone weighs 224 pounds, centerplate 70 pounds (lead ballast only used for racing rig, 90 pounds). With my wheels I can launch the boat alone at low water (200 yards) but I don't do so if I can help it as you may suppose. The boat's worst fault is her tendency to yaw when running in troubled water. She is, however, so delightfully easy on her helm when close-hauled, and so quick in stays for narrow waters that I am willing to part with a little steadiness. In addition to the Mersey kind of a yoke (for steering) which I now connect with a hollow brass rod with ends screwed in. I often use the boathook as a Norwegian tiller, which is handy, especially when there are two in the boat, as either can then steer. A sculling crutch on the quarter is often useful.

"To remove strain from forestay when racing mast is in use, I used a piece of wood, A, hinged to mast near heel, with a tripping line, B, secured on deck.



"The best form of connection of lug yard to mast is shown here. A double halliard sets the large lug sail well. I used it on my canoe this year and was fairly satisfied with it. A downhaul is necessary. I have used your uphaul for centerboard and found it work very well.

"I am glad to hear of canoeing prospering so well in your country, it seems to be in rather a poor condition in some parts of England. Our little club is threatened with dissolution in consequence of the boat house on the Humber side being required for shipbuilding purposes, and only last summer two races fell through in consequence of the apathy of the members. GEO. F. HOLMES."

HULL, England.

Yachting.

THE FIRST CUTTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ST. IGNACE, July 2, 1883.—Everything was put aboard the Iolanthe by 4 P. M. of a beautiful July day in '83, and at 5 a sailor whom I had engaged to pilot me out of the Straits of Mackinac reported for duty. After eating our supper in the forecastle, in which our little oil stove did its duty by making us a warm cup of tea, we cleaned up everything and prepared the Iolanthe for her maiden race with a 24-foot sloop and a number of Mackinac boats which were waiting about, anxious to show the inhabitants how easily they could get away with the "cutter." The builder of my boat assured me of success, but the well-known reputation of the Mackinac boats made me somewhat incredulous as to our ability to beat them. It was my first experience aboard a cutter with metal outside, having always sailed a genuine skimming dish.

We weighed our anchor and were soon under way with all lower sail set. The Iolanthe is 28ft. over all, 22½ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft. This part of the Straits of Mackinac is about eight miles wide, and the beautiful Mackinac Isle about five miles south. We headed for the Isle. Rigging and sails being new and untried were very troublesome. Ronald, the builder, had the tiller, and having built and sailed a boat of the same dimensions in Scotland, knew how to get the best out of her. The wind being on our starboard quarter, we held the main sheet well in, to practice a little deception on the boys, and as they began to draw away from us their spirits rose with the freshening breeze, and the "heavy-ballasted, too-much draft" cutter was fast lowering in their esteem. We let them get a good start, and as they drew away they kindly offered to tow us, and exhibited rope for that purpose, though we were ungenerous enough to refuse their kindness. After they thought they had it all their own way we quietly paid out the mainsheet and began to draw on them. It was amusing to see their confusion, but we couldn't help it. And when we got down to real sailing in the lively thrash to windward, they were the most disgusted, unwilling converts one can well imagine. Suffice to say, when they got back we were smoking our "prime Durham in a brier bowl," with sails furled ready for congratulations which, strange to say, we didn't get.

An early start being contemplated in the morning, we turned in at 8 P. M., and tucked ourselves away on the "just too comfortable for anything" berths in the cosy cabin, and were soon vieing with each other in the art of snoring. The faint light of early dawn was but just piercing the dense fog when I stuck my head out of the cabin. The water like a millpond, not a breath of air, a sixty-mile outside run before us, and no good anchorage till the end was reached, flashed through my sleepy head. But Louis awoke, we washed in the cold, reviving water peculiar to this region, and downing a hasty lunch stretched our mainsail to just a breath of air, hoisted the anchor, and with jib set moved slowly away, as though Iolanthe was loath to go abroad from the land of her birth.

But slowly we moved out until away from the land, the fog disolving before the united action of wind and sun. We caught the breeze from Lake Huron and soon were driving along under a fine topsail breeze to grand old Lake Michigan. At 9:30 A.M. sighted Wagushance Lighthouse, and at 11:30 were abreast of it. The wind now shifted to the S. W., and necessitated beating. A short, choppy sea soon followed the freshening breeze, and it did my heart good to see the yacht go through it. Not a drop came aboard except the wind-blown spray from her clipper bow.

At 3 P. M. we were off Little Traverse Bay. The wind had been constantly and so steadily increasing that we hardly noticed it until an unusual line of combers in the distance warned us of much greater wind. We hove to, and having lowered the jib and foresail, attempted to reef the mainsail, when we found the unwieldy proportion of 10ft. of boom over the stern. No foot line or proper reefing tackle, and no time to rig one. So we had to down the sail, which was hardly done ere the gale was upon us. Setting the foresail we stood on for a time, going to windward in a gale under foresail only. Where would our shallow draft have been there? The gale kept increasing in fury, and as the harbor for which we were bound (Charlevoix) was not very safe to enter in a gale, we put about and made for Harbor Point.

Oh, ye deluded flatboatmen! had your hand been upon the tiller when she was heading up to those big combers, and felt the ease with which she cushioned into the sea, imparting no vibration to the yacht, throwing the sparkling waters to the right and left, keeping her deck as dry as a parlor floor, and felt how stately she seemed to stand up to the tempest of wind; having a decided will of her own, and that to mind the dictates of that deep and narrow rudder, unmindful of the vicious temptings of the sea to throw herself into the trough of the waves, you would think as I do, there is but one yacht and that a cutter.

The fifteen or more miles to Harbor Point were soon covered, and we glided from the turbulent and angry waters into the finest harbor on Lake Michigan, whose wonderfully clear and sparkling waters, completely land-locked on three sides, afford shelter to many a storm-beaten craft. We dropped the anchor in three fathoms, and after putting everything in shape and changing our rain-drenched clothing for warm, dry, shore clothes, we launched the punt and went ashore.

Harbor Springs (more commonly known as Little Traverse), is situated just behind the point, and boasts of a fine hotel for the accommodation of summer visitors who teem by the hundreds this season of the year in this health-giving location. To the hotel we steered, and being the first to supper and the last to leave, I rather think they took us for well dressed tramps. On returning to the yacht we noticed a little black schooner which had run in out of the storm anchored near us. It proved on closer inspection to be Little Frank, a description of which might interest some aspirant to single-hand yachting on a large scale: Little Frank (so named because of his very diminutive size) is known all over the lake as a little Portuguese sailor, who for about twenty years has sailed singly and alone a 55ft. schooner which carries topsails. He makes long runs without making port, and how he manages in a storm is a mystery to every one but himself.

Feeling very sleepy we turned in at 9 P. M.

The early boom of cannon next morning announced the glorious Fourth of July, which to us was very uneventful, as we were all day making the twenty miles to our destination; our only celebration being made by frequent blasts on the fog horn because of the dense fog existing. The last straggling firecracker had about had its say when Iolanthe was ushered into the beautiful harbor of Charlevoix, where for a time, at least, she was at home.

In conclusion, permit me to add my feeble testimony to the comfort and peace of mind and thorough contentment which comes from a clear conscience in having a yacht in which you at all times feel safe, and on which dependence is placed in times of emergency to the utter exclusion of fear. And, further, the cutter is the boat for the great lakes without a doubt. For the violent, choppy sea which an ordinarily heavy wind invites, on such short notice, too, is best guarded against by the deep and heavy keel yacht. And as for the rig, from my experience with the double head sail its extreme handiness in all weathers and thoroughly shipshape appearance commends itself to me above any others. G. H. WINANS.

KALAMAZOO, Feb. 10, 1885.

"BLOW YE WINDS HEIGH O!"

THIS is the title of a most welcome little volume which has just made its appearance. It is welcome because obviously from the pen of an adept who is more than a mere chronicler of passing events. From first to last the author gives evidence of his own live interest in yachting affairs which he views and interprets from the standpoint of a thorough sailorman in wholesome sympathy with the manly and ennobling side of the sport. To him a rough and tumble bout to windward in a wild looking sky, with the sea running furious and the vessel plunging in up to the bits, is not so much a fright-inspiring task to be shirked, as a job to be undertaken as a contest with nature in dead earnest with a view to winning reward in the satisfaction derived from success in the issue and the scope afforded to personal prowess. Moreover, the yarn retails the actual doings of a famous ten-ton racer, aboard of which we are induced to feel perfectly at home, thanks to the author's own familiarity with the vessel and his naive way of interweaving many a pointed little passage hinging upon the domestic economy and the social surroundings of jovial companionship in the snug cabin of the bright little flyer.

To Americans this book is more than welcome. It is highly instructive. For its spirited pages and handsome illustrations reflect the all-round experiences of life aboard a representative English racing cutter of such small tonnage and cost, coupled with the utmost return possible in the way of intense yachting life that the near future should see many like vessels in our own waters. The book offers pages of evidence of the tremendous gulf which still exists between the childish methods of following the sport in small boats on this side of the Atlantic, and the incomparably superior attack of the bold, dashing, advanced ideas enterprise, the robust bodily and mental vigor of the British style of buccaneering the high seas in a way which puts to shame the nursery toys to which we still cling in ignorance, and our puny counterfeit efforts at yachting, the merest fringe about the real article. And when we read how the gallant little Nereid, Lilly, and a whole bunch of similar vessels got embayed in Bangor Roads, and how they successfully cleared out of a touch and go scrape, then we can appreciate at one bound how superlative the qualities of British yachts must be to accomplish what one of our centerboards could no more do than fly to the moon. Read this passage and let each answer for himself what would have become of our light draft traps in a like situation. Fancy a centerboard with that lubberly execration, a "bobbed" jib tied down to bowsprit end, suddenly slipping, paying broad off down on the reef before gathering way, and then at the critical instant, fancy putting round the light-weight trap against the steep sea piling in! Our sloops, indeed! They would have cut the usual contemptible figure the moment downright work and worth is demanded, for they are but the froth of the shipbuilder's art, and far from being the substance. Let me quote the book:

"As the anchor touched the ground we were hailed by a friend on board the Sunshine, but could not make out what he said, though we wondered much the reason which kept our friend out of his warm berth at this hour of the morning, and also the cause of the animation visible on board the several other yachts in our neighborhood, each having a few hands on deck. But tired after our passage, we were too fagged to trouble ourselves much, and having helped the crew, who had been roused up to stow canvas, we sought our well-deserved rest, heedless of the threatening look of the dawn and the heavy swell which was rolling right into our anchorage, which, as we learnt afterwards, was the cause of the wakeful state on board our brethren. The fact was, having but just come out of a heavy sea, the comparative change was so great as to lull us into fancied security. Meanwhile, the Lily had ranged alongside and also let go about twenty yards inshore of us, and hailing them a good night, we went below. Any of my readers who were riding in Bangor Bay that eventful night will not easily forget the squandering which took place at break of day. We had slept our hardest for but an hour, when the ever-watchful skipper, who had kept on the alert, aroused us at five o'clock with the information that we had best get out of the bay as soon as possible, and on slipping our things and coming on deck, we found the need of an immediate flight only too necessary, for oh! such confusion met our half-awakened gaze!

"The wind had piped up to the strength of a gale, which blew straight in from the open sea. We were diving bows under to the butt's end, shoveling masses of solid water along the decks until everything was awash. Around us the fleet were in various stages of confused endeavors to spread canvas and get underway, while two or three lucky ones were already disappearing under just a shred of canvas around the point, for the shelter of Carrickfergus. On board our neighbors the anxious-looking crews were in a state of excited animation and struggling with spars and sails which had broken adrift, the sea continually drenching over them. On board Britannia on our quarter, and nearer the shore, a solitary figure was clinging with terror-stricken face to the mast, and the yacht had already dragged so near the breakers that we expected every moment to see her go ashore. We could not get underway ourselves on either tack, as we had the Lily to starboard and a cruising yawl to port, which barred our passage, so we were compelled to look on until one or the other had cleared out, which the former was preparing to do with all speed. . . . Meanwhile it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to get the storm jib on the outhaul [Imagine a sloop bobbing her jib at bowsprit end.—C. P. K.] as it took us all we knew occasionally to hold on and prevent ourselves being washed overboard. But at last we managed this and to get the trysail close reefed and ready for hoisting. . . . The Lily was now on the point of making a start, and we watched her anxiously as she filled away for a short board toward the rocks, which were but twenty or thirty yards under her lee. No centerboard would have dared a like task. She would have driven bodily down upon the danger before gathering enough way to come about with certainty in such a sea.—C. P. K.] When as close as she about with certainty in such a sea.—C. P. K.] When as close as she could venture, her helm was put down and with just enough way to bring her round she came up to the wind, when at a critical moment a sea struck her and threw her off again toward the rocks, and we thought for a moment she was gone; but recovering from the shock she came up again, and shaking for a moment in the wind, gradually paid off again and filled on the other tack, and after a narrow squeak hung up to windward out of danger; another board and she was making good way, and at last weathered the point and was away after the others for the shelter of Carrickfergus. [Now how much would a little centerboard sloop recover and come up again after being cuffed off by a sea with scarce way enough in the first place to come round at all?—C. P. K.]

"It was our turn now, and, careful of every inch of water, we sailed her well up to the spring which we had attached to the cable, intending to slip it, let go, and hold on a few yards toward the rocks over the same course as Lily had taken. [How much way would a light sloop have on, with only a few yards' sea room, after having paid way off on her center before coming unter control of the wheel at all?—C. P. K.]

"When within a few yards of the breakers, with just enough way to bring us well round, we put the helm down, and with our hearts in our mouths waited to see the good little ship shoot up into the wind for the pinch; but there was doubt only for a moment longer, and we fell away on the other tack and were safe, as we could weather the yawl easily, and the way the Nereid then clawed out to windward through the heavy seas was truly a marvel." [How much would a sloop be likely to claw with bobbed jib tied down beyond any one's control, and say the peak of mainsail? I rather think she would have clawed like a crab, sideways and ashore.—C. P. K.]

"Two or three short boards enabled us to weather the point, and with the water drenching over us in smothering showers we reached away after Lily. Another hour found us riding in welcome shelter at last, and after a good breakfast we felt none the worse for our hardship." [It should be remembered that Nereid was about 36ft. loadline, and Bangor Bay exposed to the full sweep of the North Channel and Firth of Clyde.—C. P. K.]

After studying this and many similar passages in the book, the American reader will no longer wonder why the British have developed their narrow beams and given our flat featherweight traps the go by. The time is now at hand when we are beginning to yacht about the coast in small craft much after the fashion prevailing abroad. The work we are asking from our yachts is far more exacting than the trivial bumming about the Sound with a chance of getting out to wade ashore and hunt up a native to walk out to the trap and reef her down for you. A corresponding change in our small yachts, at least in those intended for service and not for counterfeit play, is a demand of these times, and in no way can we obtain a clearer understanding of the superior power and reliability of the small British cutter than through the pages of books in which actual life on board is so faithfully, gracefully and trenchantly portrayed as in the volume under review. As the Governor of North Carolina said to the other of South Carolina, "It is a long time between drinks." I wish there were less intervals between the appearance of the charming yachting logs hailing periodically from abroad. I thirst for their advent like a man parched in the desert for water, and there are others beside myself with the same longings. Not the least commendable feature of the book are the illustrations. Autotypes, photographed from original paintings in India ink, are scattered through the volume, contributing greatly to an elucidation of life afloat in a ten-tonner. In the latter portion, exciting events transfer the scene to the decks of a sixty-ton cruising yawl, which, being too large for Corinthian management, is given over to a regular crew, and the immediate interest in the vessel becoming proportionately less, the author helps himself out with a liberal introduction of flirting and love-making. Though written with facile sketchy pen, often humorous to a degree, and exhibiting keen insight into human nature, the chapters devoted to the Hesperus's doings scarce equal the leaves from Nereid's log. I should have preferred following Dick Porter round the coast in the ten-tonner, for the love business, nice enough in its way, is after all terribly evanescent in this world, whereas a passion for yachting, once it has a hold upon the devotee, grips firmer day by day, never letting go its hold this side of the river Styx, where Charon stands ready to pole us across in his dugout. While the first half of the book deals with fact, a suspicion is raised that the spooning on Hesperus's deck derives its interest from drawing pleasantly on fiction.

Published by Hunt & Co., 119 Church street, Edgware Road, London, England. Price probably a dollar and a half. C. P. K.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF CABIN TOPS.

IT would be hard to conceive any method of construction that would be weaker and less mechanical than that of the centerboard sloop, in which, besides the keel being further weakened materially by an opening in its weakest part, the strength that a deck affords is also destroyed by cutting off all the deck beams in the center of the vessel. These weak points, inherent to the centerboard, are usually made still worse by the construction of the cabin house, which adds nothing to the general strength, and is apt to leak on the least provocation. Any one who has watched the canvas on top of a sloop's house when under full sail, has seen the way in which the whole structure twists and wriggles, and the canvas rises and falls in swells.

In place of the ordinary construction of heavy carlins and one thickness of matched boards, a better method in many cases is similar to that employed in double skin boats. The top is composed of three layers of wood, the first, say of one-quarter inch thick, being laid diagonally across the carlins, and the second also lying diagonally over it, crossing about at right angles. The top is now painted, or better still, coated with marine glue, over which, while wet, canvas is laid and drawn tightly. The canvas is next painted on top, and a third layer of thin stuff, teak or mahogany three-eighths inch thick, is laid. The three layers are now riveted together with copper nails spaced closely together. This roof, especially if well crowned, will be very strong without the aid of carlins, and the latter may be lighter and spaced further apart than usual. In building the top several moulds may be put in to keep the shape until it is completed. The same method is also available in the construction of hatches and other parts which must be strong, light, and not liable to warp.

THE NEWARK Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading Mr. Kunhardt's remarks on "Headquarters and a Policy," I am tempted to say a word for the Newark Y. C., as in several ways we as a club would meet his approval.

This club has been in existence but a little more than two years, and during that time we have had a most satisfactory and healthy growth, not only in members, boats and finances, but in an increased interest in all that pertains to a manly pursuit of the sport. We are of a necessity restricted to the centerboard boat, owing to the shallowness of our bay and river, but while we are thus limited in our choice we try to have the best of the kind.

Our boats generally leave of a Saturday afternoon for a cruise in company and return by Monday morning. We have a commodious and comfortable club house 60x30, two stories and attic, which is divided into a meeting room, locker room and bath room on the second floor, the first floor is a spar and work room, and the attic makes a most excellent sail loft. We keep the house open the year round, and being well lighted and warmed and well supplied with books and papers, and only about fifteen minutes' walk from the center of the city, it is the favorite resort for all of our members, day and evening.

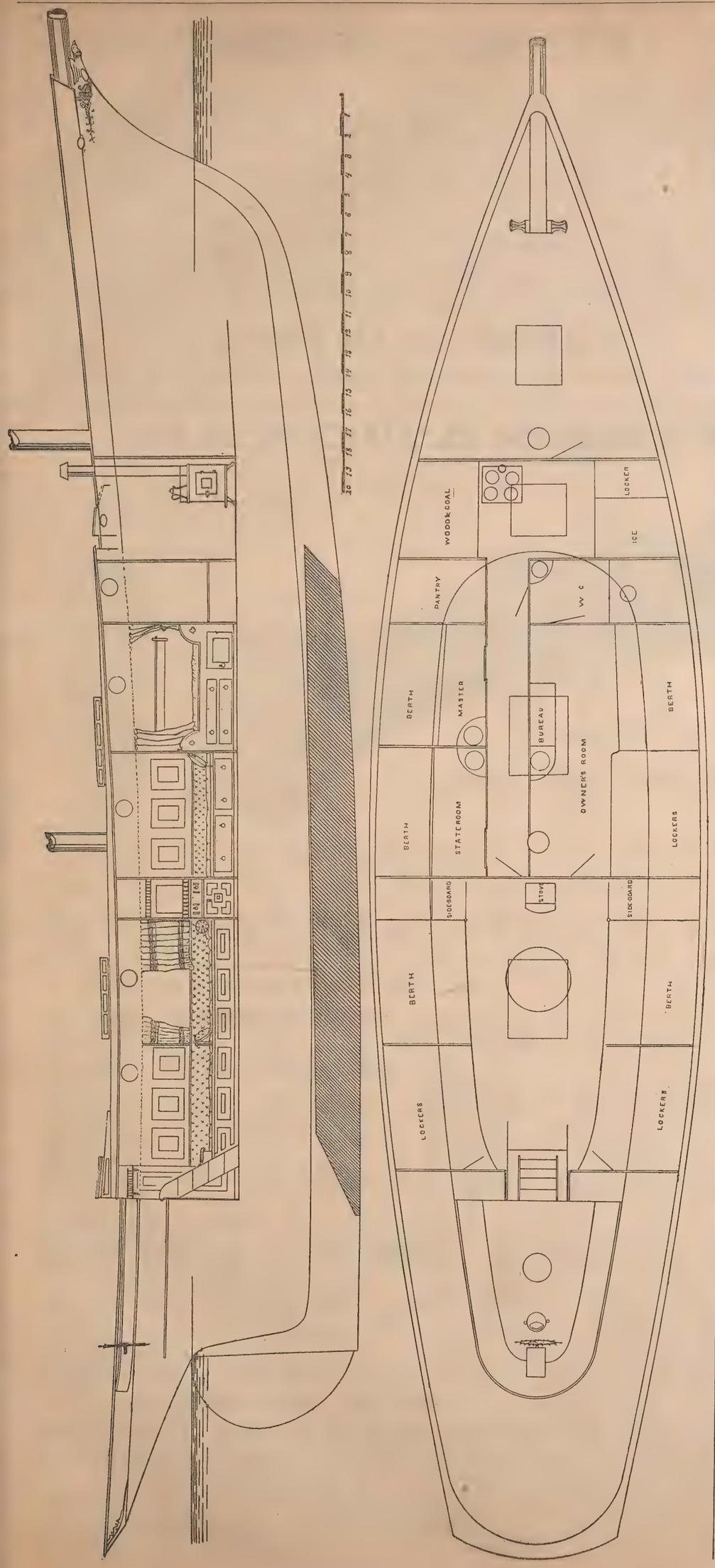
Our boats with one exception are all under 35ft., and are manned and sailed entirely by club members. We are now making preparations for our next season's work afloat. Our regular spring club regatta will take place on Decoration Day, and our second annual open regatta early in June, to which we will invite one and all, guaranteeing to all a fair race and no favors, and competitors and prizes worthy of the best efforts of all our Corinthian yachtsmen. PAS-SE-AC.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 10, 1885.

A BOOK ON SMALL YACHTS.

AS an answer to numerous inquiries we state that a new volume on "Small Yachts" is now in preparation. It will appear in April. Further notice will be given as to exact date of publication. This volume is intended to cover the field of small yachts, including under that term all classes of boats which can be officially sailed and supervised by their owners and friends with perhaps one paid hand for the larger vessels. Well-known examples covering the entire range of type will be illustrated in their lines, rig plans and accommodations with greater detail and finish than heretofore attempted in similar publications. The body of the work will consist of more than seventy handsome plates, 11 by 13 inches, with full description, as guides from which to select or to use as a basis for introducing modifications according to individual preference. This portion will comprise centerboard catboats, keel catboats, light displacement centerboard sloops, heavy centerboard sloops, light draft keels, deep draft keels, beamy cutters, medium cutters, narrow cutters and schooners. Also sporting boats, such as the sharpie and buckeye. All the varieties of rig will be represented. These examples are from models and designs of the best authorities in America and abroad. The cabin and deck plans, in great detail and fully shaded, will constitute an especial feature. There will also be chapters devoted to the care of such yachts and much other information having a direct interest and value to the owners of small boats. The author is Mr. C. P. Kunhardt.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has now in hand the plans and model of a sloop, which will be considered by the New York Y. C. at their meeting to-night, at which Commodore Bennett will be present. Proposals for estimates have been sent to the leading builders, so that if it be decided to build from the plans, work may be commenced at once. The work will be contracted for under penalties for delay, which will insure an early completion of the contract.



INTERIOR PLANS OF SCHOONER YACHT.

MR. EDWARD BURGESS, of the Eastern Yacht Agency, has lately designed a small schooner of a type well adapted for cruising on our coast, the interior plans of which we publish herewith. The leading dimensions of this boat are, length over all 72ft. 6in., waterline 60ft., beam 17ft., draft 8ft. 6in., displacement 60 tons, area of midship section 65sq. ft. The draft has been limited by the location of her home moorings, but is enough to give safety in connection with the lead keel shown and to take her to windward, while it will allow her to enter most ports without regard to tide. A cabin trunk is necessary to obtain the head room, 6ft. 3in. The main saloon, 14ft. 9in. long, is fitted with four sofas, back of which on each side is a berth with curtains. Aft of each berth is a space for lockers, and forward of each is a sideboard or bookcase. A stove is placed against the forward bulkhead, and a table below the skylight. On the starboard side of cabin is a door opening into the owner's room, 12ft. 9in. long. This is fitted up with sofas, lockers and berths similar to the main cabin, while against the center bulkhead is a bureau and washstand. The mainmast, being well forward, is out of the main cabin. On the port side is a gangway, on which open two staterooms fitted with berths and washstands for a guest and the sailing master. Forward of the latter is a galley with convenient lockers for fuel, ice and stores, with a door opening into a roomy forecastle. The w.c. is arranged just forward of the owner's room, with which it communicates, while a second door opens on the passageway. The handsome overhang gives a large roomy deck aft, while the gangways are 2ft. 9in. wide between house and bulwark. The cockpit rail incloses a portion of the deck, making a convenient seat, and keeping out all water, while from the cockpit is an easy entrance into cabin. A hatch in the cockpit floor gives access to the sail locker. In this class of yacht the cost both of construction and maintenance is moderate, a small crew is required, while the accommodations, which may be varied somewhat according to the desire of the owner, are ample for a small party. On such a boat the summer could be spent in a pleasant and healthful manner and with no lack of amusement at a tithe of the cost of a sojourn at any fashionable watering place.

SOUTHERN YACHTING WATERS.—Painesville, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a three months' cruise of southwest coast of Florida, including an extended tour up the Myaka and Caloosahatchie rivers, and desire to say through the medium of your paper that should any of my brother yachtsmen and lovers of gun and rod wish to get any pointers of nature of game and country, I would be happy to hear from them at above address. In return will you inform me what kind of a yachting country the coast of North Carolina is along in Currituck and Pamlico Sounds in winter and fall months, as it is then I have to do my yachting. Would it be too cold to cruise all winter, and what game does one find there? Kindly inform me, if possible, about this coast, and if not, please ask some of our friends to post me. If I have suitable reports of this locality I shall have a little cruiser built this coming summer for the purpose, probably in New York. Having seen a good deal of Florida this past winter I am led to ask you to publish this in the hope that I can be of some assistance to some one.—GEO. E. ANDREWS. [The waters of Currituck and Pamlico Sounds are quite shoal and not well fitted for cruising. Weather is usually mild with occasional cold snaps which freeze the Sounds over. Game consists of ducks, geese and swans on the water, deer, snipe and quail on the land. The shores are largely owned by private parties who do not allow gunning. Non-residents are forbidden by law to shoot on the water.]

BUFFALO Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Buffalo Y. C. held its annual election of officers Wednesday, February 18, resulting as follows: Commodore, Harry N. Vedder; Vice-Commodore, L. G. Northrop; Secretary, E. P. Field; Treasurer, Fred S. Bennett; Measurer, M. C. Provoost; House Committee, H. N. Vedder, chairman; H. D. Williams and William Watts; Regatta Committee, Henry B. Doyle, chairman; John F. Ellsworth, C. Lee Abell; 15 new members were admitted. This club will have to do some sharp work, as its younger competitor, the Buffalo City Y. C. has some of the best yachts now sailing in Buffalo waters, and, being a strong offshoot of the original B. Y. C., will make it very warm for them. However, this pleasant rivalry will give yachting just what we've long looked for here, and that is a thorough waking up. Lake Erie is frozen over as far as the eye can reach, and you can see about 12 miles up the lake, and present indications are not very encouraging for an early season. I trust in my next to give you the name of all yachts in both clubs, and, from what I can find out, there are going to be several new boats in each club, and all deep drafts. No more flopovers, but good safe yachts.—PENNANT.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—Camden, N. J., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the club incorporated, a site for a club house purchased, a more equitable rule of measurement adopted, a board of examiners for captaincies appointed, papers catering to manly sports found in the club room and other progressive measures adopted, the Quaker City Y. C. will enter on a new era. Several new cabin yachts have been enrolled in the club, and others now building will follow suit. A new cutter will make her debut in the third class at the annual regatta. The Sunbeam, centerboard sloop, first class, is undergoing alterations and will have iron on keel. The Nahma, third class, will be lengthened aft with a long fantail, and other yachts of the fleet are being improved. The secretary has sent you a list of officers for the ensuing year, they are men of ability, and the club is a unit.—C. R.

A LIGHT DRAFT SLOOP.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has just completed the design for a sloop for use in Florida waters. She will be 44ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 14ft. beam, and will draw but 2ft. She is sloop rigged, the mast being stepped well aft. The cabin house is necessarily quite high to gain headroom in so shoal a boat. The top of the house will be made of three thicknesses of thin wood, crossing each other and tightly riveted together, a layer of canvas being laid between two of the layers of wood, making a very stiff top. The boat will be built in Florida.

READY IN SEASON.—Mr. Winslow's new schooner will be completely finished and canvas bent before launching, and when she leaves the ways she will need only extra ballast before hoisting sails for her trial trip.

A NEW STEERING GEAR.—Laughlin & Son, of Portland, Me., have lately put on the market a strong and simple steerer, which they offer at a low price. The wheel is geared so as to work the reverse of a tiller.

HAMILTON, ONT.—Molly will enter some of the races on Lake Ontario next season. A new 10-tonner is being built for Mr. Jarvis, a deep cutter, and another ten, with a centerboard, for Mr. Webster.

BOSTON.—Messrs. Burgess Bros. are now finishing the two *Herald* launches built for them by Lawleys. They have just completed a design for a deep centerboard catboat.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. R. H.—Write to the Ligowsky Company.

N. E. W.—There is no bend in the bore of a gun.

E. H., Chicago.—For receipt for whitening sails see the FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 13, 1883.

R. C. R., Westfield, Mass.—Write to J. L. Smith, P. O. Box 104, Hackettstown, New Jersey.

C. C., City.—Go to the Adirondacks. You will find no game in June, that is a close month.

E. N., Kingston, Ontario.—See yachting columns for announcement of the forthcoming book on Small Yachts.

W. T. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your question can only be intelligently answered after an inspection of the arm. Take it to a gunsmith.

THE COOK.—It is not unusual to see the white ptarmigan in the New York markets. A few barrels of them are received nearly every winter.

L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to know of location for camping in Adirondacks on lake accessible from North Creek, where guide is not necessary.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—There is no book exclusively devoted to building canvas boats. The subject is treated in "Canoe and Boat Building," for sale at this office. For dimensions of canoes see "Canoe and Boat Building."

S. A. C., New Haven, Conn.—Can you tell me where I can dispose of some stuffed owls and ducks, having more than I care for? Ans. Write to J. Wallace, 16 North William street, or Fred Sauter, William street, New York. Almost all taxidermists will buy owls.

C. G. M., Andover, Mass.—The lead shoe will cost about four cents per pound for lead and one and a half cents for casting. A wooden pattern will be needed, costing about $3 to $6. Any iron foundry possessing a large iron pot can cast it. Cruiser was built by E. A. Willis, of Port Washington, Long Island. She is probably at Larchmont at present.

C. B. W., East Haddam, Conn.—The Mamie is much narrower and deeper than the ordinary skipjack, and has not the bilge of the latter. She bears the same relation to a keel sloop or cutter that the skipjack does to the shoal centerboard boat. The loose-footed mainsail can be stretched or slacked off according to the state of the weather, the tack can be triced up, reducing the area quickly and easily, and the gaff is held in closer to the line of the keel.

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9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains....	.25
16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	**Catarrh,** acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
24	**General Debility,** Phys'l Weakness	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**.....	.50
28	**Nervous Debility**.....	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00

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Having been the pioneers in the manufacture and introduction of Section Bamboo Rods, we have always taken great pride in securing and perfecting every improvement in order to maintain our position as the makers of the very best rods. Knowing not only theoretically, but also by long experience, that a properly made round rod is the only absolutely perfect rod, we have invariably refused, and still do refuse, to put our name on any but our "Best" round section rods. Our prices for these round rods average only about 40 per cent. more than the prices asked by any other makers, while the rods are widely known to be *incomparably superior.* While no hexagonal or any angular) rod can be perfect, we long believed that with proper workmanship and material a *really good* angular rod could be made. Being much easier and cheaper to make than round rods, we hoped to be able to offer to those anglers who can not afford to pay the price of our "Best" round rods, a hexagonal rod that would be good and serviceable at a moderate price. We are more than satisfied with the success which has attended our efforts, for we are now able to furnish a hexagonal rod that is really worth having, and at a price which is only a trifle in advance of that asked by other makers.

In addition to the many styles of round and hexagonal Section Bamboo Rods, we wish to call the attention of anglers to our large variety of fine Ash and Lancewood and Greenheart rods. *Every rod guaranteed absolutely hand made.*

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SIDE SNAPS.—Fine Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore End, Double Bolt, not Extended Rib, Iron Heel Plate, right barrel cylinder-bored, left barrel choke-bored.
12-gauge, 30 or 32 inches, 8 to 9 pounds weight, - -
10 " 32 inches, 9 to 10½ pounds weight, - -
PRICE, $30 00

TOP SNAPS.—(As per cut). Fine Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore End, Double Bolt, Extended Rib, Handsome Rubber Heel Plate, both barrels choke-bored.
12-gauge, 30 or 32 inches, 8 to 9 pounds weight, - -
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Every component part of these guns is *made by gauge.* They are *handsome, safe and very durable, shooting qualities excellent,* and are superior in every way to any ever before offered such prices. FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

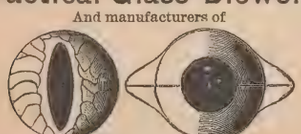
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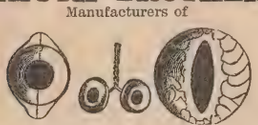
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OF

squirrels. The farmer should read it because it tells him all about his enemies, the shrews and field mice who devour his crops, and about their enemies whom he would like to protect.

NEW YORK.

This interesting work is published in two volumes, the first taking the reader from the *Carnivora* (flesheaters) to the *Cervidæ* (deer), and the second concluding the subject.

BY

C. H. MERRIAM, M.D.

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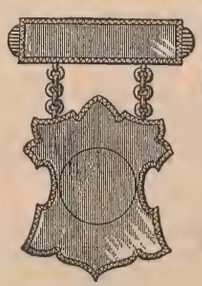
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Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jacknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the FOREST AND STREAM will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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AMATEURS.

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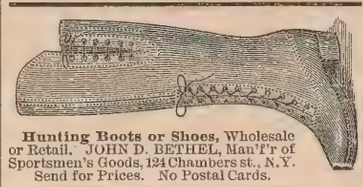
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 6. Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, yachting, canoeing, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

LET THE BEST BE CHAMPION.

DOG show managers are just now in a tremendous muddle about champions. This condition of affairs is all the more ridiculous because the nature of a championship is something about which there can properly be no sort of dispute. In all other branches of competition where championships are awarded, the term is perfectly well understood to signify that the individual bearing it is an acknowledged superior over all others. Thus, a champion oarsman is one who excels all others in rowing, and a champion runner is one who excels all others in running. Common sense and common usage agree that there can be but one such individual superior to all others, that is, but one champion. Common sense also declares that when dogs are awarded merit according to their relative excellence, there can be but one among them whose excellence exceeds that of every competitor, that is to say, there can be but one champion. But by absurd usage in kennel affairs it is the custom of giving the title of champion to some dozen or more dogs, and thus to declare that each one is the superior over all other dogs, and over each one of the eleven of the twelve. As a natural result, the title of champion, when applied to dogs, does not have a meaning similar to the title champion when applied to oarsmen or runners, it signifies, if anything, that one champion dog is a pretty good sort of a dog, as good, at least, as other champion dogs. Little credit attaches to the title, and that little is growing thinner and thinner as it is spread out to cover new accessions to the ranks.

This has gone as far as it ought to go. The time has come for a change. It must be a radical change. Champion means nothing. The first thing is to give it a meaning. It should mean when applied to a dog just what it means when used elsewhere. It should mean the best, the superior over all others. The title should be given only to the best. Select the best dog of a given class, and declare him the champion. Let him remain champion until some better dog is found. Then give the title to the new comer. That is all there is to it. There is no opportunity of muddle about it.

The rule requiring a dog to have won three firsts in open classes before competing in a champion class is excellent. After winning these three firsts, he should be debarred from the open classes, but not allowed to assume the title of champion until he has actually won it by a demonstration of his superiority. Having won the title, he should be allowed to keep it as long as he can maintain it, but no longer.

Two or more of the important shows each year should be designated at which the champion should be compelled to appear to contest the claim against all comers entitled to compete. Failure to appear should be equivalent to defeat, and the title of champion would then be forfeited by him and awarded to the best dog shown. It is sincerely to be hoped that the American Kennel Club at its next meeting will consider this matter and unanimously adopt a rule embodying these provisions.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

THE bill introduced into the Assembly by Gen. N. M. Curtis came up on a third reading last Monday and was passed by a vote of 66 to 15. It has gone to the Senate where Mr. Fassett has charge of it; and there is every reason to hope that it will be passed and sent to the Governor.

The bill forbids the hounding of deer in this State at any season, and the single locality excepted is Suffolk county. Of course this exception is a singularly foolish one. The deer on Long Island are very few; there would be none there at all but for the long term of protection, which expired last season. It will be only a very short time before they will all be gone. But the Long Islanders are inordinately bent on having full license to make the most of the deer while they do last, and since the Suffolk county member presumably represented the wishes of his constituents, Gen. Curtis did very wisely in yielding. It would not have been worth while to hazard the progress of the bill by any other course. The Adirondack deer are more important than those of Long Island. Now that so much has already been done, every influence should be exerted to induce the Senate to favor the measure.

Deer hounding in the Adirondacks must be stopped, and stopped before another summer.

A FLOWER SHOW.—An exhibition of flowers will be held at 247 Fifth avenue, March 9, 10 and 11, which will, no doubt, surpass in beauty anything of the kind yet seen in America. The proceeds will go to the German Hospital and the Orthopædic Hospital, and the show is to be held under the auspices of Mrs. George Bliss, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and other ladies. Mr. C. F. Klunder will manage it, and those who remember the beauty of the similar exhibition which he gave a year or two ago will anticipate great pleasure from the one which is to come. The object of the show is to tell what is now being done in growing flowers in this city, as well as to point out some of the possibilities of flower culture. Preparations for the show have been going on for some time, and a great number of rare and beautiful plants have been got together. The orchids, it is promised, will make an unusually fine show, as will also the azaleas and hyacinths. We may feel sure, from Mr. Klunder's previous success, that the exhibition will be remarkable for its beauty and good taste.

ON THE BORDER.—A correspondent recently called a tention to the great destruction of game by the French Canadians employed in Maine lumber camps, and by others who crossed over from Canada on purpose to hunt. The truth of the statements of this writer were subsequently called into question by other correspondents; but there appears to be no good reason for supposing the case to be other than as stated by him. The facts probably are that we shall never know how extensive the game killing by these French Canadians actually is. Their pot-hunting grounds are usually remote from the settlements, and the men who could tell us about the ways of the Canucks refuse to do so because they do not wish to incur their enmity; at least, such is the excuse given to us by well-informed men whom we have asked to write about this subject.

BIRD LIME is the sort of ammunition most in favor with the New Jersey fellows who go in for a wholesale song bird slaughter. New Jersey needs a stringent law to cut off this bird destruction.

THE DIMINUTION OF TROUT STREAMS.—No person, among whose memories of a quarter of a century ago is that of the trout streams in which his lines were cast, and who re-visits to-day those waters, can fail to note the shrinking of the stream, the narrowing of its flow, and the gradual drawing closer together of the two banks; nor it is without a certain sentiment of regret that one thus sees the dashing, white foaming trout brooks giving place to shallow streams, deserted by the fish, and having no charms for the angler; and often with this regret come impatient exclamations against the so-called necessities of civilization which have wrought the change, or if the angler be in philosophic mood, regret gives way to speculation as to the natural agencies in league with man to accomplish the drying up of the streams; such a speculation is printed in our angling columns to-day, its author calling attention to a factor not hitherto fully recognized.

ARKANSAS PROGRESS.—In another column will be found the text of the new Arkansas game law. The law is by no means all that could be desired, but when it is taken into consideration that the sportsmen of that State have been begging, imploring, scheming and working for the past eight years to secure some sort of a game law, however short of perfection, there is every reason to be pleased with the act approved Feb. 28. We understand that a fish law is to be the next thing undertaken; and doubtless when the people are educated to a proper appreciation of protection, the game law will be made more stringent. That Arkansas has a game law is to be taken as one of the encouraging signs of the times.

TEACHING BY PICTURES.—No one who does not visit the Adirondacks to see with his own eyes what has been done there can realize the magnitude of the evil wrought by the lumbermen. The newly-formed State Forestry Association have adopted the very sensible plan of arranging a series of lectures to be given in the principal cities and towns, with stereoscopic views of typical Adirondack scenes. Such a presentation of the Adirondack forestry question cannot fail to prove effective.

THE ADIRONDACK STATE LANDS.—And now it appears that the so-called State lands in the Adirondacks are not State lands, the State having no valid title to them. These lands were bought in by the State at tax sales, but because of the shiftlessness of county supervisors the taxes were levied in an illegal manner and the tax sales were irregular. The lumber thieves can have full swing unless the law be so changed as to perfect the State's land titles.

THE GAME DEALERS should be so squarely sat down upon at Albany that they can make no mistake about the way the public regards their greedy designs. We are told that the gentleman who consented to introduce their bill is not very ardent in its support. The size and frigidity of the game dealers' refrigerators ought to cool the ardor of every sensible and honest man who is approached for a vote.

BATTERY-SHOOTING is a subject of very direct interest to wildfowl shooters. The discussion in our columns is throwing much light on all sides of the question, and before it is concluded the experience and opinion of the advocates of each side will be pretty clearly understood.

"THE PATENT COFFEE MILL."—Having received many applications for the issue containing "The Patent Coffee Mill," and being unable to supply any more copies, we reprint the article. It is just as timely now as it ever was, for the grinding has not ceased.

BARN BURNERS.—One good and sufficient reason why some men who know about game law violations keep as mum as a mummy is that if they do anything else their barns will be burned.

THE CAST OF THE HEAD OF THE MASTIFF ORLANDO is now on exhibition at this office, where it will remain until the New Haven show.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is preparing a book descriptive of his hunting experiences in the West last fall.

ALWAYS FOLD MANUSCRIPT. NEVER ROLL IT.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

VI.—OVER THE DIVIDE.

To my mind there is no way of traveling so delightful as with a pack train. To be sure one cannot carry quite so much baggage in this way as with wagons, yet this is not a valid objection, for after all if your animals are sufficiently numerous you need not limit yourself in the matter of baggage. Did not a mule in the President's train a year ago carry a gigantic cast-iron cooking stove for over three hundred miles, and have we not seen billiard tables packed across the mountains in Mexico, on the backs of burros?

The advantages of this mode of travel are many. First and most important is its perfect freedom and independence. You are limited by no metes or bounds, but can go precisely where you please. Rugged mountains and tangled forests oppose no barriers that can keep you back. You are free to go and come as may suit your fancy. It is a pretty sight too, to see the white packs winding in and out among the timber, or following one another along a narrow ridge, or zigzaging up and down a steep hillside, each animal stepping carefully in the footsteps of his predecessor, until, when the worst part of the trail is passed, they all hurry along in the struggle for the place of pride near the bell-mare. It is true that with a pack-train progress is a little slower than with wagons, and more time is spent in loading and unloading, but this, I think, is quite compensated for by the directness with which one can travel from place to place.

The intelligence manifested by an experienced pack mule when passing over rough and difficult country or through bad timber, is very surprising, and they display remarkable judgment in selecting a trail through the forest, which will just permit them to pass. The pack usually projects a foot or eighteen inches above the animal's back and almost as much from each side, and as the branches are often low and the trees often grow so close together that an object of this kind will not pass between them, the path winds about a good deal, seldom going straight forward in the direction to be pursued. Usually the chief packer or some other competent man rides at the head of the train to select the path to be followed, and after him come the animals, nose to tail in single file. Often, however, some mule eager to march nearer the head of the procession, will leave its place and attempt to make a cut-off through the forest and will then come back to the trail in advance of its own place and try to crowd into the path close behind the leader. In doing this it is very likely to have to pass through thick timber, yet it is quite unusual to see one "hung up" between two trees. Sometimes, to be sure, this happens, and the animal pushes and strains and twists in its efforts to advance, never thinking apparently of retreating and going around the obstacle. When a mule is caught in this fix, it is necessary to ride round in front of it and by threatening gestures cause it to back out from its position.

"Down timber" is one of the greatest obstacles to rapid travel with a pack train in the mountains. It is not an easy matter to travel through a forest where the trees stand close together, and the ground is rough and rocky and covered sometimes four or six feet deep with dead trees, from which the branches project in every direction. The history of a patch of down timber is usually something like this: A fire has passed over the forest and has killed, but has not consumed the trees. They have stood perhaps for twenty years, and in the meantime a vigorous growth of young timber has sprung up and flourishes. At length, however, the smaller roots of the dead trees, which have been rotting ever since the sap left them, become so weak as to no longer support the tall trunks, and then it happens that with every gale of wind the dead trees come crashing to the ground. Often in its fall some tall trunk may carry with it half a dozen others, and this dead timber lies piled upon the ground in inextricable confusion. It is not always pleasant to ride during a high wind through a forest of dead standing timber where such conditions prevail. The green pines rustle and sigh complainingly, and toss their branches wildly to and fro; the trunks and branches of the dead trees give forth discordant screams and creakings as they are rubbed against each other, and all the while the gale hisses among the bare stems and twigs with the same sound that you hear at sea when the blasts whistle through the ship's rigging. The whole forest is full of a loud but inarticulate moaning that is unspeakably depressing. You can see the trees swaying with every gust of the wind, and at short intervals, from near and from far, comes the rattle and crash of the falling trees, as their roots give way and they are hurled to the ground. You know that the chances are 10,000 to 1 against a tree falling near you, yet you are always just a little bit nervous, for there is always a possibility that some one of those beneath which you are riding may yield and either crush you or give you a shock which will send your heart into your mouth. Once on a windy day, as our train was proceeding down Lewis Fork of Snake River, a large tree fell near the trail, its top striking the ground within twenty feet of the Rooster, and throwing dirt and splinters in all directions. It took Rooster but a very small fraction of a second to make up his mind that this was no place for him, and with head and tail up he simply fled through the woods and ran a long distance before he could be overtaken and driven back. In the Rocky Mountains it is usually possible to pass through the down timber, but on the Pacific coast, in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia I have seen the tree trunks piled thirty feet high, and utterly impassable except for a cat or a bear.

As mules vary in size, and there are small ones as well as great, it will sometimes happen that a log which can be stepped or jumped over by a tall mule will prove a barrier to a small one, so that after a part of the train have surmounted an obstacle, some little mule may doubt its ability to get over the logs and may seek an easier place to cross. Then those behind it strike out for themselves, each selecting his own spot for jumping the logs. The use of mules in down timber has an advantage over pack horses. In going through bad places they will usually follow the bell as far as they can, while horses will often get tired of stepping over logs, and will stop and stand still, refusing to advance unless each one is driven separately over the obstacles before it. The care with which a mule scrutinizes each side of a log before it steps over it is very funny, and when it does make up its mind to cross it, it places its forefoot almost exactly in the print of the hoof of the preceding animal, and you can often see, where a numerous train has passed along, a hole as large as a dinner plate and half a foot deep on the further side of a log, which all the mules in the train have done something to excavate. Some of the old trails made by large government pack trains are worn down eight or ten inches below the surface of the surrounding soil, and thus remind one of the old buffalo roads along the Smoky Hill and Solomon rivers in Kansas. The pack train presented a new phase, and the individuals composing it manifested new characteristics every day.

It was afternoon when the train started from the camp on the lake to cross the Continental Divide. The search for Mr. Hague's horse, lost the night before after getting into the quicksands, had occupied all the morning, and by the time the last lash rope was fastened, and the last jaquimo stem tied up, the sun had passed the zenith. The first day's march was to be a short one, only twelve miles, to the shores of Lewis Lake, which pours out its mighty tribute to form one of the principal forks of Snake River, and after crossing the wind-swept plains of Idaho and Washington, mingles with the Columbia and hurries down past desolate prairies and by rugged mountains, between black walls of basalt and through cool, green forests of redwood, to unite with the maëlstrom of waters ever heaving over the bar at the river's mouth.

The way, for there was no trail, led up a narrow grassy valley, and the slopes on either side were clothed with the dark green forest. As we slowly climbed the hills, a glance backward showed the beautiful lake with its wonderful setting of mountain and forest, a picture so lovely that I think we were all loath to leave it behind us. Then again we entered the forest, and rode quietly along beneath the shadow of the whispering pines. The course by the sun was a little east of south, but before long a considerable body of down timber was encountered, and the train began to wind and twist about, seeking always the spot where the obstructions were lowest. For some time all went very well, and there was no difficulty in finding places where the animals could readily pass. Little by little, however, matters became worse, and at length, in trying to ride the Pinto over a high pile of logs, he caught his foot and almost fell. We dismounted, and by lifting the larger sticks and breaking the smaller ones, soon made a way practicable for the mules. This was the worst place we met with, and just beyond here the down timber ended and an easy ascent soon brought us to the divide. This is very low, only 160 feet above the Yellowstone Lake by aneroid measurement, and is also very flat, being spread out in long park-like meadows, inclosed on either hand by low wooded hills. There is no water here in the late summer, but the drainage from the hills in spring has worn out little gullies, now dry. From either end of these meadows, when the snows are melting, mimic torrents pour down the opposite sides of the mountain, some toward the east to find their way by the Yellowstone and the Missouri into the Atlantic, and others through Snake River and the Columbia to reach the Pacific. In the dry stream beds and water holes were many tracks of elk, all of them made when the ground was soft, showing that in spring this is a feeding ground for these animals. Following the general direction of one of these watercourses, we soon began to descend, and before long were following down the dry bed of one much larger, whose sandy bottom was dotted with great blocks of the black lava everywhere exposed in its high bank, and so characteristic of this region. In many places it had been beautifully glaciated, the ice polishing being remarkably fine. The valley of this dry stream is a beautiful park, the country gently rolling, with timbered knolls and open grassy intervales. Some of the trees were unusually large, the firs and spruces being two feet in diameter at the butt, and some of the pines almost as large. Marching down the valley, we came on to the deeply worn trail made by President Arthur's large party during the summer of 1883, and following it, an hour or two before sunset, reached the lake. Camp was made near the shore in a wide, green meadow, dotted here and there with groups of graceful pines, at the edge of one of which the tents were pitched. Just behind them was a low, wet place, where the grass and reeds grew waist high, and hither the hungry animals repaired, and luxuriated among the abundant pasture.

Lewis Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, three or four miles in diameter and almost circular in form. It is surrounded by bold hills, of which the Red Mountain range to the east are the highest. In many places the waters lap the feet of bold high bluffs, and where the banks are not so steep, the dense forest comes down to the very shore. At its northern end, near our camp, the land was lowest, and here was a wide bay, with a circular sweep and a broad sand beach, on the edge of which grew a fringe of wind-swept spindling pines, the whole reminding one quite vividly of a tropical bay fringed with cocoanut trees. Just back of this beach, which is in fact rather a bar, is an extensive marsh, with many open ponds, large and small, in and about which grow yellow water lilies and high reeds and grasses. It must be a great resort for fowl during the migrations, and there is abundant reason to believe that large game is quite plenty here.

It was blowing hard when we made camp, a fresh, dry, wholesome breeze from the west, which raised quite a sea on the lake, and the big waves tumbled up on the beach after one another so fast that it was not an easy matter to get a bucket of water without at the same time getting a wet foot. Most of us who have lived upon the seashore have seen a little sandpiper feeding along the water's edge upon the matter cast up by the waves; as one of these retreats, the bird rushes after it, wading knee deep in the ebbing foam, and hastily seizing each morsel of food within its reach, and then, as the following surge comes tumbling in, the tiny forager runs as fast as its legs will carry it up the beach to avoid being buried in the white smother. So, backward and forward the bird follows the waves. Somewhat in the same way we followed the water in our efforts to get a pailful that was clear and free from floating particles of wood and other *debris* that was being cast up on this lee shore.

After dinner and as the sun was setting, Mr. Hague and I took a stroll along the shore. It seemed very like a walk by the seaside; the fresh breeze, the dancing white-capped waves, the roar of the surf pounding upon the beach, and the glancing moonlight on the water all brought back memories of evenings spent on the ocean beach, and it was hard to appreciate that we were 7,800 feet above the sea and 2,000 miles from its shores, amid the solemn mountains of the Great Divide.

All along the beach there is worn a path where the elk pass back and forth, from the valley where we are camped to the great marsh, and here and there upon the smooth sand were seen places where two bulls in a fury had charged upon each other, and meeting head to head had pushed and strained against each other until one had yielded and turned to fly. In other places some bull had turned aside from the trail and thrown himself on his knees in the sand and rolled in it. For at this season the bulls are just beginning to feel like war.

The pines which grow along the beach are small and ill-nourished, but are worthy of notice in one respect, for on the side toward the west they are almost without branches, and the few that grow are bent and twisted so that their ends pointed to the east, showing the great force and prevalence of the westerly winds.

Through a gap in the hills we had a glimpse of some peaks of the Teton Range, shadowy and distant to be sure, but superbly grand.

NATIONAL PARK SUPERINTENDENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial of Jan. 29 on the new bill concerning the Yellowstone National Park, you speak of its guardians in a way that most of your readers would suppose that they were possessed of powers enabling them to make arrests and bring to justice all persons found violating the laws governing said Park. Now if we are supplied with any such powers, I ask you why the Secretary of the Interior in his report to Congress last year should have said that the superintendent and his assistants were powerless to enforce the laws through lack of power to make arrests, and to remedy it why did he petition the Legislature of the Territory of Wyoming to come to his aid?

Our presence has been the only restraint we were able to use for the defense of the Park against the enemies of law and order therein, until the Territory of Wyoming came to the rescue and appointed justices and constables in the Park; and to-day if an assistant superintendent finds a man violating the laws he has to go to the justice, sometimes forty miles away, and enter a complaint, and place it in the hands of one of the two constables in the Park, thereby giving the criminal plenty of time to get out of the way.

I have felt chagrined and disgusted at the thought that the great and potent government of the United States should be unable to govern and protect the Yellowstone National Park reservation and maintain its laws, but must call upon the poor Territory of Wyoming for help, thereby creating a two-headed government. I am confident that the Territory could do it alone without the help of the Interior Department. It is further mortifying that Congress should be so niggardly in its appropriations for the improvement of the roads, trails and the building of bridges in the Park. I contend that the present generation is as much entitled to the benefits of comfortable travel as those will be in the next, and if the State of New York is able to lay out one million a year for the improvement of her pleasure grounds, the whole United States should be able and willing to appropriate half that amount to the opening to travel the curiosities and wonders of this the greatest and most beautiful pleasure ground in the world.

The idea that the Yellowstone National Park is a source of pride to the whole people of the United States, and that our law-makers are too penurious to open it up to the eyes of the world. The petty appropriations thus far have been inadequate (I mean the last two) to make those routes already opened reasonably passable, and in a year or two more it would be barely enough to keep those made in repair. We, the assistant superintendents of the Park, have been very wrongfully accused of inefficiency, and mostly by men who know nothing except by hearsay, like Gov. Crosby, who, because he knew that game had been brought into the Park took it for granted that it was killed on the reservation, when at that time it was almost impossible to find the haunts of

elk or buffalo in the Park, for the reason that their summer range was beyond its present limits.

I am pleased to hear that there is a prospect of the passage of the amended Vest bill, for unless the territory of the Park is extended at least twenty miles on the east, the summer range of the majority of elk that would winter in the Park would be left open to the hunter, who could stand between them and their refuge and slaughter them so fast that it would take but a very few years to make their protection unnecessary. Let me further state that our inefficiency is caused many times more through lack of legal power than incapacity in us.

Excuse me for making this letter so long, but when I think how we have been slandered and abused it would "stir a fever in the blood of age." ICHTHUS.

[Our correspondent has misunderstood our language in the editorial referred to. We have have always known that the assistant superintendents are without the power to make arrests, and it is for precisely this reason that we have so continuously urged the passage of the Vest bill. The utter absurdity of having protectors without power to make arrests is painfully apparent. The Vest bill, however, in Section 7, provides that the superintendent and his assistants shall "have all the powers and duties conferred by law upon the sheriffs and constables" of the Territory under whose jurisdiction it is. The prime reason for the passage of the bill is that the curiosities, the forests and the game may be protected. This cannot be done unless the officers whose duty it is to look after these shall have the power to arrest those who violate the law. We need not assure our correspondent of our hearty sympathy with him in most of what he says. It is a shame and a disgrace that this grand region should have been so long neglected.]

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

X.

THE first warm days of spring had come, when for all the chill of the frosty nights, the sky and the white clouds drifting across it looked soft and hazy as in summer. The voice of the crow had become a familiar sound again; the first robin had been reported; more than one bluebird had sung its short sweet song in the valley; and Lisha had seen a phebe perched on a dry sunflower stalk in his garden, and making thence her unerring swoops upon the flies that, thawed to life again, buzzed about the sunny side of the feuce. The snow was deep in the woods yet, but it had grown coarse-grained, and all the winter litter of branches and twigs and latest fallen leaves seemed to be upon its surface, and it was gray in patches with myriads of ever-moving snow fleas. In the open whole southward-sloping fields were bare and brown except their borders of drifts, and here and there bits of the road were dry and firm, most pleasant to feet long accustomed to the uncertain and slippery footing of winter ways. Here and there at a homestead a man or boy in shirt sleeves was working up the great pile of sled-length wood into fuel, but most of the "men folks" were away in the sap works gathering their great harvest of the year.

Among the tall maples that grew on some hillside of every farm the smoke of the sugar camp drifted upward, and the daily and nightly labors there of all Lisha's friends had for some time prevented their customary visits to the shop. Lisha having, as he said, "got too ol' an' short-winded to waller 'raound in the snow, an' never could git the heng o' snow-shoein'," had hired Pelatiah to do his sugar making, while he attended to his shoemaking and mending. But getting very lonely with his solitary labors, during a slack run of sap he sent his henchman out among his friends with a verbal "invite" to a sugaring-off at his camp on a certain evening. Accordingly at "airly candle-ligh'in'," the guests came straggling in, and were loudly and warmly welcomed by their host. "I'm dreffle glad to see ye, boys! I haint sot eyes on ye for a month o' Sundays, seems 'ough. Make yerselves to hum, an' I'll sweeten ye up to rights." The little open-fronted shanty faced a rude fireplace, a low wall of rough stones inclosing on three sides a square yard wherein burned a rousing fire that shed a comfortable warmth into the furthest corner of the shanty, and lighted up the trees for rods about. To one side stood the "store trough," a huge log hollowed out to hold the sap as gathered. The great potash kettle slung by a log-chain to its monstrous crane, a tree trunk balanced on a stump, was swung off the fire, and the syrup was bubbling in a smaller kettle, carefully tended by Lisha and Pelatiah.

"Wal, boys," the old man said, after testing the syrup for the twentieth time by pouring it slowly out of his dipper, "it begins to luther-apron an' I guess it's 'baout ready. Peltier, you put aout an' git tew three buckets o' clean snow; Samwill ketch a holt o' that 'ere stick an' help me histe this 'ere kittle off. Naow, then, fetch up some seats, the' is sap tubs 'nough layin' 'raound. Samwill, Jozeff, Solon, some o' ye, the' 's a baskit of biscuit in back there under my cut, an' a bowl o' pickles; won't ye jest fetch 'em aout?"

So bustling about, he at last got his guests seated around the kettle of hot sugar and the buckets of snow, and they fell to, each in turn, dipping out some syrup, and pouring it in dabs upon the snow, when it presently cooled into waxy clots ready for eating.

"Pass 'raound them 'ere biscuits, Peltier—ta' keer, don't tip the kittle over wi' yer dummed hommils! Mos' 's good 's wild honey, haint it, Samwill?" Lisha asked, smacking his lips after disposing of a big mouthful.

"I d' know but what it's jist as good t' eat," said Sam, "but the' haint much fun agittin' on it."

"Naow, dew you r'ally think the' is much fun in bee-huntin', Samwill?" Lisha asked.

"Sartinly I dew. 'Tain't so excitin' as fox huntin' an' sech, but it takes a feller int' the woods in a pleasant time o' year, an' it's interestin' seein' the bees aworkin' an' seein' haow clust you c'n line 'em aud cross-line 'em, an' a feller's got to hev' some gumption, an'—wal, I'd a good deal druther hunt bees 'an to lug sap."

"By gol! so 'ld I," said Pelatiah. "My shoulders is nigh abaout numb kerryin' the gosh darned ol' neck-yoke."

"It mus' be tough on that 'ere lame shoulder o' yourn, Peltier," Joe Hill remarked, withholding a paddleful of sugar from his open jaws, while he bestowed a general wink upon the party.

"Honh! I haint got no lame shoulder in p'tic'lar—not naow, I haint."

"Wal naow, boys," Lisha said, after all had plied their paddles silently but diligently for some time, "this is what I call bein' kinder sosherble agin. 'Tain't quite so cozy as the shop, but we've got all aou'doors for room."

"Not inside on us, we haint—leastways I haint"—said Joe Hill, "this 'ere maple sweet is turrible fillin'."

"Take a pickle if y'r cl'yed, Jozeff, an' begin agin," Lisha urged, on hospitable deeds intent, but Joe declined, and soon all but Pelatiah desisted and tossed into the fire the little wooden paddles which had served as spoons.

"This is what I call raal comfort," said Sam Lovel, after lighting his pipe with a coal and stretching himself on the evergreen twigs in the shanty. "The' haint nothin' like an aou'door fire an' a shanty like this an' a bed o' browse for raal genywine restin' comfort!"

"Wal, it haint bad for onct 'n a while in pleasant weather; but for a steady thing, I'd a leetle druther hev a good ruff over my head, an' plarstered walls 'raound me, an' a fireplace or a stove," said Lisha, and then to avoid unprofitable discussion—"Samwill, I s'pose ye don't get much huntin' naow-a-days. Tew late for huntin' foxes an' tew much bare graound for trackin' 'coons. Git a patridge onct 'n a while, though, I s'pose, don't ye?"

"No, sir," said Sam, with emphasis; "haint shot a patridge in a month. I want tho' should be some next year. I killed a fisher, though, t'other day."

"I wanter know! Shoot him? 'Taint often 't a feller gits a chance to shoot one o' them critters. Awfle hard to git a shot at, they be, I s'pose?"

"Yes, and hard to kill when ye du git a shot at 'em. Drive treed this one, an' he went a skivin' through the tree-tops 'baout as spry 's a squirrel. I let 'im heve it on the run—hed in buckshot an' three Bs—an' disenabled him so 's 't he couldn't jump; but I hed to shoot him twict more 'fore he come daown, an' then hommered his head a spell 'fore he'd quit a kickin'. Then I tied his hind laigs together an' slung him on my back an' started for hum."

"Wha'd ye wanter lug his carkiss for? Why didn't ye skin 'im?"

"Oh! I—ah," said Sam, stammering and blushing, "I wanted to show him to—to—some o' my folks 'at hedn't never seen the hull critter; nothin' but the skins."

"H-m. Some o' my folkses' names begins with H-u-l-d-y P-u-r—"

"'N' 's I was a tellin' on ye," Sam broke in hurriedly, "I hed him on my shoulder slung ont' my gun berril, an' hed kerried him much 's half a mild, an' goin' 'long through some little thick secont growth, suthin' ketched an' most pulled the gun off 'm my shoulder, and I'll be shot if 't wa'n't that 'ere cussed fisher come to agin an' ketchin' holt of a saplin' wi' one of his fore paws!"

"Wal, I say for 't," said Solon, "be they so termintious o' life as that?"

"What for you ant tole him he dead, Sam? Dat all what was de matter wid it, he ant know when he dead!"

"Wal, I hed to go to work an' kill him agin, an' then I made aout to git him hum 'thaout any more of his fluruppin' 'raound."

"I haint never hed no chance o' studyin' the nat'ral hist'ry on 'em," Solon observed, "but from what I've larnt 'oraclar, I jedge the name of fisher an' black cat don't no ways imply to 'em. They don't ketch fish, an' consequentially they haint fishers, an' though they be toll'able black, they don't resemblace the cat speshy no more 'n nothin' in the world. Haint I right, Sammywell?"

"Sartinly you be," said Sam. "They don't never ketch fish—as I knows on—as mink an' auter does, but lives on squirrels an' mice an' birds an' rabbits, an' stealin' bait aouten saple traps; they're the beaters for that. An' excep' for their handiness in climbin' an' their hardness in dyin' the' haiu't no cat abaout 'em. They're a overgrowed weasel or saple."

"They're putty scase nowerdays," Lisha said, "do' know 's they ever was plenty. Saple 's gittin' scase tew, but twenty, thirty year ago, they was thicker 'n spatter. A man 'at onderstood it c'ld make his dollar a day easy trappin' on 'em. Ol' Uncle Steve Hamlin uster hev his lines o' saple traps sot for milds through the woods every fall, clear'n to the foot o' the Hump sometimes. Every little ways he'd hev a steel trap sot for fisher that come along stealin' the bait aouten his deadfalls, an' he'd git consid'able many on 'em every year. But game 's a gittin' scaser 'n' scaser. Samwell," he resumed after some moments of meditative smoking, "if I luffted to hunt an' fish as well as you du, I'd go daown to the lake some fall 'long baout the fust o' September, to Leetle Auter Crik an' hunt ducks an' ketch pick'ril."

"I s'pose it's a turrible place for ducks," Sam said.

"Ducks!" cried Lisha, "good airth an' seas! I sh'ld think it was! Why, when I uster be daown that way a whippin' the cat, an' I was consid'arble ten year ago, they was thicker in the marshes—wild oats grows there, ye know—thicker in the fall 'n ever ye seen skeeters in a swamp in July. The' 's a lawyer daown there name o' Pairpint uster go a shootin' on 'em with a feller to paddle his boat, 'n' he'd git a heapin' bushel baskit full on 'em in a day! 'N' they said 't he shot all on 'em a flyin'! Never shot none on 'em a sittin'!"

"Like anough," Sam assented, "I've hearn tell o' folks 'at shot partridges a flyin', but I never was bleeged tu. I c'ld allers git shots at 'em a sittin'."

"An' pickril!" continued Lisha, "I never seen the beat on 'em. I uster go trollin' arter 'em wi' some on 'em, 'n' we'd hev each on us a big hook with a pork rind an' a piece o' red flannel on 't for bait, an' a toll'able long line an' a short pole, 'n' we'd paddle 'long kinder easy on the aidge o' the channel, an' I tell ye we'd yarn 'em aout! Ol' sollakers, tew; four, five, six paounds, an' one 't I seen weighed ten paound 'n' a half."

"By gol!" exclaimed Pelatiah, wide-eyed and wide-mouthed with wonder, "ten paoun' an' a half? He must ha' ben mos' 's big as one o' them 'ere whale fish 't they git lamp ile aouten on!"

"An' mushrats," said Lisha, continuing the relation of the wonders of the lowlands, "I've seen their haousen on the marshes in fall an' winter thick as ever ye seen hay cocks in a medder, most, an' hunderds of acres o' marsh with 'em sot jes' so thick. The' was Benham an' 'mongst 'em uster git as high as three hunderd mushrat apiece, most every spring. These 'ere teamsters 'at hauls ore up here to the forge says 'at ducks an' mushrat an' fish is jest as thick there naow. That 'ould be the place for ye, Samwill! Ducks an' fish for fun, an' mushrat for profit."

"Probly dey bullpawt an' eel dah, ant it Onc' Lasha? Ah wish Ah be dah too, me!"

"Eels! I guess the' is. Why Ann Twine, you c'ld ketch as many o' the dum snakes in a night as you c'ld eat the nex' day, an' that 's a puttin' on it high. Yes, an' the' 's pike an' bass, an' a gret fish 'ats got a bill like a shellduck on'y longer, but they haint good for nothin'. An' the' 's sheepheads an' shad, 'n' more pa'ch an' punkinseeds 'n' you could shake a stick at in a fortnight, but nobody don't make no caount o' them, on'y boys for the fun o' ketchin on 'em. An' the' 's bowfins an' suckers 'n' I d'know what all. They hes gret times a shootin' pickril airly in the spring, an' a spearin' on 'em, tew."

"Wal sah, Onc' Lasha, Ah can shoot it dat moosrat wid spear in winter w'en he'll live in haouse."

"Ketch mushrat with a spear! Oh, naow you go to grass, Ann Twine. You'd ort to hed a spear to git them 'coons."

"You ant b'lieve it dat? You as' Injin if he ant git it moosrat dot way. Bah gosh! Yas! W'en ice all be frozed up, have it spear got on'y but one laig baout so long as two foot, ver' sharp, wid toof on him an' woodle handlin' tree foot, four foot prob'ly long. Den walk slow, slow, ant mak it no nowse, to moosrat haouse. Den push him dat spear in quick! hard! raght in middly of it. You feel it spear shake, you got dat moosrat, mebby one of it, two of it, sometam three of it, prob'ly. Den chawp in wid axe, tek it off, go nudder one jus' de same. Sometam git feefty, seexty all day."

"Wal, I do' know but what ye haint a lyin' for onct, Ann Twine; it saounds kinder reas'nable. You want to git ye thirty forty traps, Samwill, an' go daown there with Ann Twine an' his spear. Then ye'd hev a French cook an' live high-duck, pea soup, an' roast mushrat three times a day."

"Bah gosh! Onc' Lasha, you ant steek you nose up dat moosrat! He pooty good for eat, Ah tole you!"

"Yes, yes; anybody 't eats snakes needn't spleen agin rats, sartin."

"Oh, Onc' Lasha," said the Canadian reproachfully, "eel don't snake, more as you was mud turkey."

"If I hed me a boat an' traps anough," Sam said, after some silent and thoughtful smoking, "I'd jest like to go daown there a trappin' an' huntin' an' fishin'. An' then, arter I got a good shanty built, an' well to goin', hev all on ye come daown a visitin'."

"You jes' du it an' see 'f we don't, hey, boys?" And there was general assent. "Yes, Samwill, we'll tackle up a two-hoss waggin an' all go. We'll go tuckernuck, kerry aour own pervision; on'y mushrat an' fish we'll expeck you to furnish, Samwill. Wal," Lisha continued, hoisting out his porringer of a watch and consulting it by the waning firelight, "it's a gittin' late. Why, good airth an' seas! If 't ain't mos' 9 o'clock! Peltier, 'f you've got that 'ere kittle licked aout, you c'n slick up a little raound an' we'll go hum. No need o' bilin' to-night, the' haint sap 'nough in the store trough to draound a chipmunk. Git the baskit an' Jurushy's bowl an' come along."

Then they filed out of the sugar camp on their homeward way, while far above them in the black growth of the mountain side the hoot of an owl and the gasping bark of a fox voiced the solemnity and wildness of the ancient woods.

Natural History.

GROUND SNAKES OR WORM SNAKES.

IF not too late, and while much regretting such delay, I venture a few words in allusion to Mr. B. Horsford's exceedingly interesting speculations of July 24 last, on the "Worm Snake." His description of its form and habits seemed on first reading to point to a relationship with our little English "blind worm" or "slow worm" (*Anguis fragilis*), as also with the burrowing snakes generally. There appear to be at least two small snakes known as "ground worms" in the United States, viz., the *Rhineüra floridana*, which Dr. Yarrow pronounces the one sent him by "Red Wing" to be, and another the *Celuta amœna*, described by Baird and Girard in their Check List of 1853. Both have short tails ending in a horny point; but while "Red Wing" says the color of the Florida snake is dull gray on the back and white beneath, Prof. Baird describes the more northern species as being of a bright chestnut brown above, and salmon color beneath, which more nearly approaches the color of Mr. Horsford's specimens. "Small head, body very glossy, sub-cylindrical, tail short, tapering into a point," is Baird's further description of *Celuta*, which, he says, is the *Brachyorrhos amœnus* of Holbrooke (1842), but among the many synonyms and apparent varieties it is hardly safe to pronounce upon a specimen without reference to the description alluded to by Dr. Yarrow. Holbrook states that the *Brachyorrhos* is found under the bark of old trees and under rocks in all the Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to Florida, and in Louisiana, while the *Rhineüra*, according to Cope, belongs only to the Floridan district. Still another of the little burrowing snakes, *Carphophiops*, is known as the "worm snake," and its name would imply a stick-like body; but of this I have no description. In their Check List of the specimens at the National Museum at Washington, both Cope and Yarrow name three species of *Carphophiops*, one of which, *C. vermis*, must, from its name, be worm-like.

As among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM there may be many, who, like myself, have not ready access to the published descriptions of these various worm snakes, as given by the American herpetologists, and which would enable us to decide between them with better certainty, I may, pending further accounts of them, offer a word on two on the burrowing snakes generally, in the hope of inducing further observations of these curious little reptiles; and indeed they present many features of peculiar interest. First, the ground snakes proper, as distinguished from tree snakes and water snakes, form one very large group, and the burrowing snakes form another distinct group, notwithstanding some of the latter may bear the vernacular name of "ground snake", or "ground worm", as do those under consideration. As Mr. Horsford observes: "Running under the ground is a very different matter from running upon it;" but the burrowing snakes are especially adapted for their worm-like life. They have for the most part a round compact body, covered with hard, close-set, smooth scales, which form a capital armor against soft earth, sand and dust. Their eyes are usually small; in some families inconspicuous, or only rudimentary. The *Typhlopidæ* or blind snakes are in this latter condition, but the deficiency is compensated by an extremely keen sense of touch and probably of hearing also, for the little reptiles are exceedingly active. A peculiarity of tail is another feature of the burrowing snakes. A great many terminate in a hard point, more or less acute according to the size and form of the snake, but always strong, for they make constant use of their tail as a propeller, or a fulcrum or a support.

The names of some of the snakes are descriptive of their tail, as for instance, *Brachyorrhos* or *Brachyurus*, short tail; *Rhineüra*, horny or pointed snout; (the *rhi* is occasionally used for either word); *Uropeltis*, tail with a shield, etc. This

latter belongs to a remarkable family, the *Uropeltidæ*, which have the appearance of being chopped clean in halves, so abruptly does the body terminate. But the truncated end is protected by the round dish or shield, which probably is of use to the snake to press against the earth in burrowing. This is one of the smooth, cylindrical forms as is also the *Cylindrophis* in a remarkable degree.

The pointed tails of some of the burrowing snakes turn strongly downward, and must also be a useful agent in supporting and steadying them in their underground work. These horny tips are the offending "stings" of ignorant ages, supposed to inflict injuries both to animals and vegetables. There are those, even at the present day, who believe that feeble little snakes can kill trees with these terrific weapons, and few persons will have the courage to handle one with a supposed "sting." The timid reptiles, with their smooth, polished scales, are unable to cling, as can the larger snakes which have ventral plates, and they instinctively press their tails against any surface to assist their movements. The quickness of their actions may have the appearance of anger, but they have neither power nor intention to injure, and use their tails in their own service only.

Most of the burrowing snakes progress with equality facility both forward and backward, an ability which, as in the *Amphisbæna* (going both ways) and some others, with the cylindrical form, and blunt, inconspicuous head, has gained them the name of "double-headed" snakes. Certainly it is somewhat difficult to distinguish head from tail in some of them. But in all these singular features we see an adaptation of form to habit. Large eyes, rough scales, angular bodies, and long, feeble tails, would ill serve burrowers that in their narrow path, or when peeping forth only to espy an enemy above ground, must in self-preservation retreat precipitately while unable to turn. And swiftly they do recede in their subterranean labyrinths, notwithstanding.

Prof. Cope places *Rhineura floridana* under the head of *Lacertilia* as one of the *Ophiosaurians*, snake-lizards, and akin to the *Amphisbænas*, which proves it without doubt to be a relative of our English "blind worm." But unlike the true blind worms (*Typhlopidæ*), *Anguis fragilis* possesses bright little eyes of which it makes excellent use when above ground, as it often is. How its reputed blindness gained belief it is hard to surmise, unless from the fact that "slow worms" are often found hybernating in great numbers, with their eyes tightly closed and the places of them barely distinguishable. This ability to close the eyes, which the true snakes can never do, and the possession of eyelids, is one of the means of distinguishing the lizard-snakes from the true ophidians. They have also a small, non-extensible mouth, no palate teeth, and scales alike all round, instead of ventral scutæ. When Mr. Horsford gives us the result of those more minute investigations, which he was intending to make, he will be able to tell us if he ever discovered any vestige of sternum in the skeleton; for that his "ground worm" was not without ribs and vertebræ we may confidently decide. The progression of these little burrowing snakes is one of the most marvelous and mysterious of serpentine achievements. That they use their ribs in progression, as the true snakes do, we need not doubt. But we cannot distinguish the action of the extremely fine ribs under the skin as we can in snakes, moving in a succession of waves, like the feet of centipedes, and carrying with them the ventral scale to which each pair of ribs is attached. In the smooth lizard-snakes (truly limbless lizards) the progression is a *glissant*, gliding, graceful movement, without any apparent agent. The numbers of pairs of ribs in snakes are easily counted, and are always counted in classification one pair to each ventral plate; but I am not aware that the ribs of a slow worm have ever been counted, or that it and its congeners have received any very flattering attention from snake observers. They are not unworthy objects of study nevertheless.

On first reading of the American ground worm in FOREST AND STREAM, I repaired to the zoological gardens to see if its representatives were in our herpetarium. The smallest snake then living in the collection was an *Ungalia maculata*, from the Bahamas, eight or nine inches long, and a true ophidian. It had not been there long enough for the keeper to know much about it, and it soon died. But there is now another and much larger snake, known in India as the "worm snake." It is *Gongylophis conicus*, the conical snake, the generic name signifying cylindrical, but with a blunt and somewhat pointed or conical head. Singularly, this is not only a burrower but a constrictor, thus uniting two very opposite characters. The head keeper, who may be relied upon as an intelligent observer, says that it remains buried in the shingle with only its head peeping out, watching for prey, and that when a mouse runs by the snake in an instant darts from its lair and has the little quadruped in its coils. It there retains it firmly until dead, when it is eaten exactly as other constrictors swallow their food. At present I have been unable to watch the process, and can see only the head constantly peeping up; but when bright skies again permit of observations, I shall hope to verify this extraordinary habit.

Most resembling the description of your worm snakes is a small *Amphisbæna* with a very worm-like aspect indeed, and about seven inches long. This is a true burrower, and while in my hand it displayed its natural instincts by restlessly endeavoring to push its way through my glove or between the fingers and get out of sight. It has been sharing a cage with some green tree frogs, and the other day it was missing and could nowhere be found. The earth, moss, sand, and every corner of the cage was ransacked in vain, and the melancholy conclusion was arrived at that one of the frogs had made a meal of it. Resolved to "leave no stone unturned," a literal act in this case, the keeper carefully examined the mould in a pot containing an evergreen for the accommodation of the tree frogs. The pot was sunk in a well to the level of the floor of the cage, and there, at the very bottom of the pot, little *Amphisbæna* had hidden itself. After this insight into "its tricks and its manners," the keeper placed it by itself in a box of earth—the stiff clay of the locality—and in a few days, when he was transferring it to a better box and some softer mould, he saw that a great engineering work had been accomplished in that short time. The little creature no bigger than a worm, and apparently with no more backbone than a worm, had tunneled through the stiff clay and made long serpentine subterranean paths in various directions, through which it could glide forward or backward at will. In an eight-inch box there was at least two feet of tunneling. Now we see the meaning of "running under-ground;" and probably if the haunts of the little American "worm snakes" could be carefully examined, other engineering feats would be revealed, and I would earnestly invite such observations, as also such information as may be obtained thereby.

Naturally the chief food of these reptiles is to be found underground; worms, grubs, the larvæ of insects, ant's eggs, etc. Some of the burrowing snakes subsist wholly on ant's eggs, and lay their own eggs in the nest of the ant, their cuirass of hard, polished, close-set scales protecting them from the insects, while the young ones are hatched in the midst of plenty. Harmless and useful little reptiles, doing their part in clearing the ground of injurious insects; let us hear more about them.

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LONDON, England.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

16. *Parus atricapillus* Linn. Black-capped chickadee; titmouse.

This well-known bird is familiar to all. Almost every child is acquainted with its interesting movements and the characteristic notes, which uttered so plainly, give it its name. From the Sault Ste. Marie to our southern boundary the chickadee is recorded by collectors. Abundant throughout the year, hardy and of pleasing address, the black-capped titmouse, as it is often called, is welcome everywhere and is a favorite with all.

I have yet to visit a locality in summer or winter, where the little fellows were not present. Often in severe weather they withdraw to the deepest recesses of dense forests or conceal themselves in the thick hedges and evergreens of the city, but a careful search will almost invariably reveal the presence of the sharp-eyed midgets. It is quite probable that the birds of this species which appear so tame and to all appearance much at home in our dooryards during winter are from the north, while the summer residents of the past season are in Indiana and Ohio or even further south. The question regarding the so-called residents, winter residents, and migrants remains in many cases yet to be solved, and it may be perhaps doubted if there are over ten permanent residents in any one county in our own State.

As our knowledge of the various species increases, it will be found I do not hesitate to assert that but few birds are actually permanently located. There is also reason to believe that very few of the so-called Michigan transients pass entirely through the State, and many species generally thought to nest in the far north, in all probability remain in our northern counties during the summer months. It is hardly in place to consider the problem of migration as a general theme while writing of the chickadee, but as there will perhaps be no better opportunity in this series of articles, a few lines may not come amiss on the subject. It is our opinion founded on close observation, that but very few species will be found to come within the category of actual residents. Many species there are; as the chickadee, nuthatchers, downy and hairy woodpecker and others usually counted as residents, which are, however, not so. The birds, although found in our State throughout the year generally, are absolutely migrants nevertheless, and few, if any, of those breeding south of 44° lat. winter within our boundaries. The turkey, ruffed grouse, great horned owl and a few others are our only actual residents, and even these are often extremely erratic in movement.

We may safely say that at best the migration of all of our birds is but little understood, and as regards the movements of the so-called residents we are almost absolutely ignorant. However, to return to the subject, the chickadees are found throughout the year in many parts of the Lower Peninsula and appear always at home.

The habits of this species are extremely interesting, and to those interested in our birds the peculiarities of this lively titmouse are an unending source of pleasure and study. Our friend is a veritable acrobat. He will hang head downward while in search of food or inspecting our movements, and will return to an upright posture by apparently the slightest effort. He rolls and circles around a limb much more easily than the most accomplished performer on the horizontal bar, and infinitely quicker. The blackcap's movements are vivacious and erratic. It is impossible for us to tell what our agile friend will do next as we watch his movements; skipping from twig to twig, now clinging to the bark of the trunk of a tree, again dangling head downward at the extremity of a swaying branch, flitting from tree to tree, now high in air, again among the bushes or on the ground at our feet. In its gambols it is ever uttering its simple call notes of two kinds, or giving us its name in clear, decisive tone, *chick-a-dee* or *chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee*.

It also has a faint but agreeable whistle, which, though not of the nature of a song, is nevertheless very musical. This whistle is rarely uttered earlier than March 15 or later than Oct. 1 in my experience, and is most constant during the nesting season. It is evidently its love song. The notes may be variously described as *pee-weeeeeeee* or *tee-heeeeee*, the first note being about one-third or one-fourth as long as the second, and pitched in a higher key, about three or four notes in the scale. The song, if it may be called so, is quite long drawn out, and is sometimes varied somewhat. It is decidedly mournful in sound and causes one to regret the departure of the summer when heard in the quiet woods in September.

There is also a note or notes only uttered during the time of nest building and rearing of young, and at the time of a gathering of a group of these little birds. The notes *tee tle tee tle* or *teetle teetle teetle*, are uttered in a half whining tone, and are the first adopted by the young in their efforts at mimicry of parental example.

The nest and eggs are so well known that observations would be out of place. A few remarks will be offered on certain peculiarities in arrangement, mode of building, etc. One nest found was placed in an excavation on the under side of a fallen limb in a small oak woods. This was on June 29, 1872, a late date for the eggs of this species. One nest was placed two feet from the ground in an old stump; excavation eight inches deep. Six or seven eggs is the usual number, but one nest contained eight fresh eggs. The species rarely places its nest more than four feet from the ground, and I have yet to meet with an excavation less than eighteen inches above ground.

In two instances I have had to remove the female by cutting into the excavation and forcing her from the nest, blows on the side of stump or the introduction of the finger into the orifice being of no avail. In some cases I have met with nests built in wood so soft that the surroundings could be pulverized in the hands; and again, nests are found in very hard wood, so hard that it is quite surprising that such small birds could bore into it. Often nests are left when half finished; in these instances, as a rule, the birds desert the excavation because of the extreme hardness of the wood, which they probably did not expect when first boring into the soft exterior of the dead limb or stump. Many nests are built in a very shallow excavation just within the bark, and in several instances I have opened them, and not finding the complement of eggs, have replaced the bark and bound it on with vines or string, and later on have secured the full set. I have yet to meet with a nest built in live wood.

17. *Parus atricapillus septentrionalis* (Harris) Allen—Long-tailed chickadee. Entered on the authority of Dr. H. A. Atkins, of Locke, who writes me that he captured it in Ingham county, Mich. Not given by any other authority in the State.

18. *Parus carolinensis* Aud.—Carolina chickadee. Embraced by Dr. Miles, 1860; also by Dr. Atkins. A Southern form rarely seen in the State.

19. *Parus hudsonicus* Forst.—Hudsonian chickadee. Embraced in Cabot's list of "Birds of Lake Superior," 1850.

This completes the members of the family *Paridæ*. The food of the chickadee is principally of an insect nature, and though much vegetable matter is consumed by the birds in the winter, as in the case of the brown creeper and nuthatches, still the food during the warmer months is composed chiefly of insects. My judgment of the habits of the birds in regard to food is not to be fully relied on, as my observations extend no further than the observations of the black-capped chickadee, the other species being too rare to observe during the various seasons.

20. *Sitta carolinensis*. Gmel. White-bellied nuthatch.

This quaint, ever cheerful species is a resident in Michigan. In our cities and villages south of 43° the birds are seen in greater abundance during winter than in summer, plainly indicating that the most of the whitebellies are from the north and not from the immediate vicinity. The species is much more common during March, April, October and November, which leads me to think that a large portion migrate each season, and the fact that during June few specimens are seen in our southern counties is quite conclusive evidence that many are transients as regards Southern Michigan. Some winters very few birds are seen, again the woods are full of them.

Our little friend is an excellent weather prognosticator as regards changes of temperature in winter. If severe weather appears it is rare to see the nuthatch around in any numbers, and they show their good sense in getting in out of the cold as soon as a storm threatens. Where the little fellows go to is as much a mystery as it is in the case of the other species found with us in the winter. On two occasions I have seen the whitebelly emerge from a hole in a dead limb in winter, and in one instance the space between the clapboards and lath in a house was occupied. It is reasonable to suppose that such situations are frequently occupied by many of the smaller species of birds which are found with us in winter. During a light flurry of snow, when the temperature is not below 20°, many nuthatches remain in sight and feed unconcernedly with the creepers, but if a severe storm comes on, not one is to be found. I feel confident from my own observations, and the fact has been mentioned by several authorities, that the whitebelly stores up its little supply of provisions for a snowy day. A bird may frequently be seen working around a dead tree in which is concealed quite a stock of nuthatch provender, and in one small stub which I crushed to the ground, there were found large quantities of small seeds and some acorns, undoubtedly *cached* there by the colony of the little fellows which infested the place.

If a thaw is about to take place, the birds report it in advance, generally from one to two days before it occurs, but often quite a week before it fairly sets in. The thaw is prophesied by them in an unusual effort in chattering. The species is far from being gifted in a musical point of view, but the notes, of three kinds, are always interesting to the listener. The birds make a special effort in anticipation of a thaw, and are quite noisy at times. That the species occasionally errs in its judgment regarding the expected thaw is certain; which, however, is not to be wondered at, when we consider that our best so-called weather prophets are often, even generally, mistaken in their prognostications. But such mistakes seldom occur with the nuthatches, and in the large majority of the cases when their notes are heard repeatedly during the day, a thaw may be looked for with absolute certainty.

During December last I noticed a number of birds actively engaged in exploring the crevices in the bark of some city trees, gables of houses, roofs of sheds, fences, etc., and all were uttering their notes in the agreeable manner usual to them. A thaw was little to be expected during such cold weather, the mercury indicating 0, and during the week had been as low as —15°. Upon intimating to an acquaintance that a thaw was about to occur, I was offered great odds to the contrary, on this, to him, preposterous assertion. My friend laughed and said that the chances for a thaw were never as poor, considering the extreme, severe weather. It continued cold for three days, and my belief in the prophesies of the nuthatches was somewhat shaken, when rain began to fall, and in seven days from the time the birds began to get noisy, we had lost our two feet of snow entirely, and the ground was as bare as in summer.

The nuthatches are very interesting birds, and with their quaint ways are extremely attractive to those who delight in the study of our feathered friends. In many respects they differ from all other families, and are perhaps more nearly allied to the titmice and creepers of any of our birds. A pair of whitebellies can give no end of amusement to an observer, and are incomparably superior as an attraction to the poor caged parrot, around whose gilded house people will stand in order to gaze on its absurd movements and listen to its discordant articulations in imitation of a few words. The antics of our active little friend are something surprising, yet all of the peculiarities and comical actions are presented evidently with the greatest gravity, and in no way during his actions does he evidence his knowledge of our presence, excepting by an occasional side glance at the observer and a few decisive notes, not, however, of alarm. We pause in our walk in the city and watch a pair of these birds, and within five minutes they have assumed every conceivable position possible for a bird to take; now on the trunk of a tree head downward, the next moment on the ground or the gate post, in another instant exploring the shingles of the roof or the eaves, and creeping or flying to the gable. It is safe to say that a nuthatch, when foraging for food, is upside down quite one-quarter of the time, and is rarely level in his perch, excepting when feeding on the ground, which is not a rare occurrence. However, although flying about in an apparently aimless manner, the erratic little fellow is doing his best at filling his crop. Like all other birds, he is nearly always hungry, and continues his search for food no matter what the condition of his stomach. If insects are scarce he searches perhaps more dili-

gently; if plentiful he still shows his inclination to feed. From early morning to twilight hour the nuthatches are ever on the move, and I do not remember ever having seen one quiet for thirty seconds at a time. Our most restless family of birds with the exception of the warbler, and many species of warblers are not nearly so lively as the white-bellied nuthatch.

The nuthatch differs from the creeper in its manner of covering ground in its search for food, otherwise they are much alike in habits and nature of food. The creeper will almost invariably begin at the base of a tree and work upward spirally until, reaching a limb (it generally selects the largest), it follows it almost to its extremity and then drops to the base of a neighboring tree, or, as is frequently the case, begins again on the same trunk over which it has just traveled. The white-bellied nuthatch, on the contrary, is quite as likely to begin on one of the limbs and work toward the trunk, and I have seen them searching on the trunk head downward from the top, that is, from the fork down to the base of the tree. This is a peculiarity not often observed, but occasionally seen in deep woods. The nuthatches do not use the tail in the manner of the creeper and woodpeckers, but when pressed for want of proper support, frequently use it as a supporter. In clinging to brick walls the tail is used when the delicate claws are not strong enough. In one instance in which I shot a specimen, it flew to an adjoining tree, and clinging to the bark braced itself with its tail, and died in this position with its head dropped. It required another shot to dislodge it.

The notes of the whitebelly are *ko at, ko at, ko at* or *no at, no at, no at.* This is their song if they have one, uttered in a sharp decisive manner, the syllables being repeated a dozen times or more, occasionally twenty times, and sometimes only once or twice. These notes are uttered generally when the bird pauses from its search, but are sometimes heard while it is actively engaged in looking for food. The call notes are *tow it, tow it, tow it,* in a much lower key. Both the song and call notes are very agreeable, and heard, as they usually are in March or October, when few birds are present, are quite cheering. There are other notes also which I fail to remember at this writing, and so cannot describe. The song is more often heard in March and April during migration, but is heard occasionally during summer and autumn, and often during the winter months, when warmer weather may be expected.

The nest of this species is invariably, so far as I have heard, placed in an excavation of some kind. One nest that I discovered was all of sixty feet from the ground, and was placed in an excavation in a dead limb of a live tree. Several nests have come to my notice placed in the gables and cornices of houses. One was not over two feet from the ground, placed between the clapboards and lathing of a house, and was reached by the old birds through a knothole two feet above the nest. The birds are like the house wren in their selection of a nesting site, and the size of the interior is not regarded provided it is reached through a small orifice. Sometimes a peck of rubbish is carried in to fill or partially fill a too roomy home. The nest is composed of a large variety of material, when built in the cities where a large excavation is chosen, and the body of the structure is warm and compact. The lining does not differ materially from rubbish chosen for other parts of the nest, and the old bird's aim is evidently to secure as much warmth as possible, regardless of appearances. The nests found in woods differ from those taken nearer civilization, in that they are not composed of so many varieties of rubbish.

The eggs are usually six in number, occasionally only five, sometimes seven and rarely eight, are white and finely dotted with pink spots, distributed generally over almost the entire surface. The eggs are very pretty and easily distinguished from all other birds' eggs.

The white-bellied nuthatch is well distributed in Michigan and is reported in all lists. It is common in all localities that I have visited, and may be considered as one of our most generally distributed species in the State.

VIRGINIA RAIL WINTERING ON LONG ISLAND.—The very remarkable fact of five Virginia rails being shot on Long Island during February appears to be well established by the following notes which Mr. Robert B. Lawrence has kindly placed at our disposal. At least two of the birds were sent to Wallace's shop to be mounted, and are reported by the assistant who did the work to have been fresh killed. The birds were taken by Adam Geipel of this city, and in a reply to a request for particulars by Mr. Lawrence, his son gives the following details: "He [Adam Geipel] went out gunning on Friday, Feb. 6, 1885, in the swamp called Traine's Meadows, in Astoria. On that day he shot three of the birds, but he did not know what they were. When he got home our family doctor was there, and he asked my father what he had there. He replied that he did not know what kind of birds they were, and the doctor, on seeing them, said those are what are called Virginian rails. On the 13th of February, he [the father] went out gunning again, and shot two more of the Virginian rails near the same place where he shot the others.—PAUL GEIPEL, JR. (919 Second avenue, New York)." The rails are generally regarded as quite sensitive to cold, and disposed to retire southward early in the fall. The occurrence of these specimens on Long Island in the middle of winter, and especially of such a winter as this one has been, is a very interesting occurrence. It is not without parallel, however, for if we mistake not, there is in the National Museum a specimen of *Rallus virginianus* secured at Walla Walla, W. T., in January, 1879, by Capt. Chas. Bendire. It may be said, however, that the climate of Walla Walla is much less severe than that of New York. Although the specimens were not identified by any ornithologist, the testimony brought forward as to the identity of the species and the time of capture seems to establish the facts as given beyond any reasonable doubt.

ALBINO QUAIL.—Vicksburg, Miss., Feb. 25, 1885.—A darkey last week killed and brought to the city a white quail, the only perceptible dark on it anywhere being a small clouded place on the left side of the upper beak, the rest of it being purely white. Its legs were a very pale pink to the ends of the "toes," and its size and shape the same as in other birds of its species. The darkey said the covey contained four birds, the three others being also white. My brother and I will try and capture them, as they are located only about a mile from the city. This one has been mounted by a local taxidermist.—BURR H. POLK.

AN AGED REDBIRD.—Columbus, O., Feb. 4.—A redbird, kept in the family of a friend, recently died at the age of fifteen years. Is this not an unusual age?—O. N. G.

CARIBOU HORNS.—Colebrook, N. H.—I find the female caribou of this State not carrying horns in as large a proportion as those of the Provinces. But the males' horns contain more material here than those killed further north. I have on hand six taken near Valcartier, P. Q., and comparison with specimens taken in Aroostook, Me., shows a like difference of weight; color of hair very light in the Canada specimens. Horns of females taken in Canada are larger than any I have ever seen here.—NED NORTON.

SNOWSHOEING.—Hackensack, Feb. 24.—The Oritani Snow Shoe Club held its third annual meeting Feb. 25, after their regular tramp. The following officers were elected: Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr., President; Norman R. J. Neilson, of Three Rivers, Canada, Vice-President; Wakeman Holberton, Secretary; Hon. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, Canada, was unanimously elected an honorary member.—W. HOLBERTON, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A sense of duty impels me to contribute what I may to the cause your paper is so ably advocating, viz., the suppression of a great wrong in the Adirondacks, in the outrageous slaughter of deer, the extermination of trout, and devastation of the forest. I have read with amazement the declarations of some of your correspondents that, while they have frequently visited that magnificent and picturesque region, they have never seen deer killed wantonly or out of season. If they were the sportsmen they claim to be, they were either blind or in a somnambulic condition; for no frequenter of the Adirondacks in the close season could have failed often to hear of, and taste if he pleased, "lamb" or "mutton" to his entire content, unless his visits were so early in the season that skin and bones alone constituted the deer even then to be often seen and too frequently slain. No honest man acquainted with the practices in the forest will attempt to deny that deer are killed as soon as there is flesh enough on their haunches to part the skin from the bones, or that the slaughter is continued from that time almost until the next season opens. This is when multitudes of fawns are destroyed by the death of does—a cruel as well as great sacrifice, only second in its consequences to the barbarous and very unsportsmanlike practice of running dogs.

I am of those who would provide a heavy penalty for the killing of a doe before the 15th of August, for night shooting or "floating," and a heavier one for the use of dogs in any month of the year. More than this, I would provide a penalty for the taking into or the keeping of a hound in the woods, and offer a reward for the killing of any so found. It is summer shooting and hound-hunting that is surely exterminating the deer, to the regret of guides as well as true sportsmen. There are few guides that cannot be prevailed upon by their employers to hunt out of season; but their defense is—and there is human nature in it—that all do it. There are still fewer guides who will not hunt with hounds, and yet there is scarcely one in fifty of them who would not gladly see dogs banished from the forest.

What is required is a stringent and impartial law, with ample provision for its enforcement, to effect a much needed reform which would be received even by the guides most cordially. Let them understand that it would be universally enforced, that all would share and share alike in the results of such legislation, and there would be no resistance.

How enforce such a law? Let the Legislature authorize the appointment of a chief game keeper, with headquarters in a central locality of the forest and be aided by as many assistants as might be required, each one to give bonds for a faithful performance of his duty and receive the compensation of a faithful servant. The regulations to govern them could hardly be made too rigid, or proofs of their dereliction of duty too well rewarded. They should be appointed by and be under the direction of a commission of three citizens of ability and high character, who should serve without compensation. Some of the drippings from the wastefulness of every Legislature would amply provide for the compensation of the protectors; but the State owes it to itself to make annually a liberal appropriation for such a purpose, not only the deer of the forest, but also the fish and the timberlands from devastation. It is possible and not difficult to effect a reform in this respect which the entire people of the State would hail with joy, for they cannot afford to have their magnificent forest prostituted by the hands of vandals.

With reasonable protection the great forest can be made to teem with deer and trout, enough for all and easily obtained. If it be said that money so expended would be for the benefit only of the thousands of people who now annually spend vacations in the forests, I answer that the amount of money required is much below the amount the same number of people pay as taxes for objects and purposes in which they are not personally or directly interested, but which taxation is for the benefit of all and the common welfare. But all the people of the State are interested in the preservation of the forest, its timber, waters, game and fishes.

It is a fact too apparent to every observant frequenter of the forest who has a taste for hunting and fishing, that deer and trout are rapidly decreasing, and that the time is not far off, unless the State stays the wanton killing of both, when deer will be quite as scarce as the moose is now, and when lakes and streams will no longer respond to the lines which the angler would drop to them. As already stated, the guides would be among the strongest supporters of a practical movement to preserve the deer, fish and forest, which means the preservation of their occupation also. Many hours have I spent with many of them in different places in discussing this subject, and in making the above declaration I know whereof I affirm.

Lest it may be inferred that this communication favors legislation so stringent as to prohibit even the killing of a buck for camp purposes in the month of July, the opinion is expressed that nobody would carry protection to such an extent. But even in such cases as at all times, a camp cook should be banished who does not know how to save and make palatable not only the saddle, but every part of a deer. It is wanton killing and waste, and unseasonable marketing with the aid of hounds, that works such terrible destruction. With a sufficient number of protectors properly discharging their respective duties, every camp would be under a wholesome code of regulations, especially if the protectors could have the assistance of informers working for share in penalties.

D. H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 1, 1885.

THE PATENT COFFEE MILL.

[From the Forest and Stream, April 19, 1883.]

THERE is a certain ingenious little contrivance sometimes employed in grocery stores which is known to the initiated as the patent coffee mill. The machine is fastened to a partition of the wall, and into it is poured for grinding the coffee just purchased by the customer. The clerk turns the crank and the buyer sees, or thinks he sees, his pure Old Government Java or Mocha coming out of the mill again. The product which he beholds is, however, only one-half or one-third pure coffee. The rest is browned beans, parched peas, burnt bread crusts, or whatever else the economical merchant may have put into the concealed compartment of the mill, on the other side of the wall. The genius who devised this mill is said to have reaped a rich reward as the fruit of his ingenuity, and is reputed to be worth as much as the Connecticut quarry owner who ships his stone to manufacturers of granulated sugar.

Unfortunately the principle of the patent coffee mill is not confined to the humble cross-roads grocery. Its workings on a more magnificent scale may be studied at the respective capitals of the several States, when the wise heads there assembled come to the annual grinding of the game laws. That which ostensibly goes into the mill as pure and honest game protection is, when ground out again, only one-sixteenth protection and the rest destruction.

The mill under the big dome at Boston some years ago gave out such an adulterated product; and Boston markets have since then been receivers of what is equivalent to stolen goods, namely, Maine game illegally killed and shipped out of season. The process of grinding is now in active operation at Harrisburg, where the Philadelphia marketmen are attempting to open their stalls for the same ill-gotten merchandise. At Springfield, Ill., the crank has of late been vigorously turned by the Chicago game dealers, chief among them a professed sportsman game dealer, whom we recently showed knowingly to be a receiver of contraband goods in the form of Minnesota geme illegally killed and shipped out of season. Neither at Albany do "the grinders cease because they are few;" nor yet is "the sound of the grinding low." Quite the contrary; the grinders are many, and the grinding is loud.

Among the bills, amendatory of the present statute, introduced this year at Albany, is one known as the O'Connor bill. This provides for summer shooting and (by opening the game market) for winter shooting up to Feb. 1. In other words, the public is given to understand that the result of the passage of this bill will be game protection, whereas, in truth, it will be game destruction. Mr. O'Connor, we understand, does not occupy a position corresponding to the proprietor of the grocery store; he simply acts the part of the clerk, and turns the crank of the mill "by request." He doubtless means well enough. The public, however, will not consent to be duped by such a shoveling in of burnt crusts from the other side of the wall as this is.

Another piece of legislation on the patent coffee mill principle bears the name of Mr. Grady. Whether he is the responsible party, or, like Mr. O'Connor, merely the clerk, we are at present uninformed. Neither position is an enviable one, for in this Grady bill, which was introduced into the Senate week before last, is embodied a heterogeneous combination of preposterous abominations. The responsibility for this would be a grievous burden to be borne by one pair of shoulders. The Grady bill, like the O'Connor bill, permits summer shooting, and by extending the selling season to Feb. 1, insures the destruction of game in this State and at the West for two months after the legal killing season has expired.

The radical trouble with much of the attempted game legislation of the country is that those who dabble in it are, like the framers of the Grady bill, either so lamentably selfish or so blissfully ignorant that it would be far better for the public did they let the matter entirely alone. It is an unfortunate fact that ninety-nine out of every one hundred in the community care little or nothing about the game law, and the hundredth man is apt to be imbued with the overpowering conviction that the first, last and only thing needful to protect the game is to amend the law so far as it concerns his own particular little duck pond. Selfishness all too often rules the day; game protection means the bringing of the game lawfully within reach of one special gun just when the owner of the gun wants it there.

The mills are grinding on; and the grinding is said, in a small way, to be profitable to some one.

A NIGHT SHOT AT EPHRAIM.

LAST November, when on a surveying trip in Northwestern Wyoming at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, I was stopping at a cattle ranch where we slept in a log house sixteen feet square. The logs for a similar house had been laid up adjoining this one, endwise, as nearly as the projecting logs of the roofs would allow. We killed a steer for beef, quartered it, and hung the quarters up between the two houses. One morning the cook discovered that a forequarter was gone. Bear tracks were discovered, and were followed 300 yards, where the remains of the quarter were found buried. Although we looked carefully over the bare ground, there was no sign of the bear having allowed the beef to touch the ground while in transit.

The next night we put our dog outside the house for a guard and retired after the usual evening game of casino. Between 12 and 1 o'clock I was awakened by a slight noise between the houses. Of course I thought of the bear, arose very quietly, put on a pair of old slippers, took down my rifle from its hooks, took two cartridges from the belt hanging on one of the hooks, and gently opened the door. The wooden hinges creaked a little, and as I stepped outside I saw an unusually large bear backing out from between the houses just ten feet from me. My gun was unloaded—fortunately—and the bear deliberately ambled off to the further corner of the new house, just forty-five feet from where I stood; and as he turned to go around the corner stopped, with his left side toward me, and quartering a little from me, and turned his head to take a good look at me standing there in the chilly night air clad in my briefest costume.

By this time I was ready for him, quickly bringing my sights in line against the sky I dropped the gun upon him and blazed away. The roar of that old Sharps, in the perfect stillness of the night, was terrific, but the bawl that the old bear gave discounted it. For an instant I was "scared silly," but the next I saw the bear headed my way, and in about one second I was inside the house and had the door barred. Glancing out of the window, beside the door, I saw the bear go on around the house. By this time the boys were all up and we cautiously went out, but could see no

bear, and in fact we didn't go very from the house. I was chaffed a little by the cowboys about shooting steers, and having nightmares, and so on, but I was content to wait for daylight for my vindication. I had used a .45-75 Sharps, the shells loaded by myself with 80 grains of powder and 420 grains of lead; and in a pretty lively experience of fifteen years on the plains and in the mountains I had never heard any animal make a noise such as the bear had made, except when mortally wounded.

At daylight we went out, and just 150 yards from the house found my game dead—a very large male grizzly, shot clean through, the ball having hit him center on the left side, and on account of his position, having passed out just behind the foreleg. His weight was not less than 1,000 pounds. His coat was perfect, and we carefully skinned him, leaving the claws on. I brought the skin home with me, and had it tanned and lined, and the head half-mounted, and it makes an unusually fine robe or mat, which, of coure, is highly prized.

I will just add that if my gun had been loaded when I stepped out of the door, I would have fired at once, and being so close could not have retreated inside nor anywhere else before the bear would have caught me, in which case I think it would have been my hide instead of his that ornamented the fence. As it was I call it a lucky shot.

Our dog got back after daylight the next morning, and the bare sight of the bear skin sent him yelping into the sage brush again. W. A. R.

Colorado Springs, Col.

FRENCH POACHERS AND MAINE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A letter of "Stanstead's" in one of your late issues brings up in my mind the peculiarities of the back-country French Canadian. The average French Canadian is lazy when any work is to be done; but let him know of a chance to kill a few head of game, in or out of season, his laziness disappears, the love of the chase, which he inherits from his ancestors, comes to the fore, and he is in his element. You may go into the backwoods of Canada wherever you will, and when least expecting to see a habitation of man, there a cabin will be found, occupied by a French Canadian and his numerous family. I have found them in places where it would be impossible for the average poor man to live upon the products of the soil, no matter how economical he might be, yet they seem to thrive and are happy. He is a natural born woodsman, lumberman, raftsman, trapper, pot-hunter and fisherman. He has studied and understands the habits of all our game, and when and how to get it easiest and cheapest. Moose, caribou and deer are trapped, crusted, or shot at salt licks. Ruffed grouse, hares, etc., are snared. Ducks and geese are netted and shot. Fur-bearing animals are trapped or artistically poisoned. He could give many a knowing one a lesson in the ways that are dark in fishing. In short he has all the knowledge an experienced woodsman can acquire, and this combined with disregard of all game laws makes him dangerous.

He is hardy and strong and can endure cold, hunger and fatigue better than most men, and is patient and persevering in pursuit of game. He is a ruthless destroyer as long as the occupation puts a few cents into his pocket. No pity is shown the poor doe heavy with young, nor the mangled moose or buck chased through the crust. Notwithstanding his love of hunting which I admit he possesses, the prevailing and in fact only inducement to engage in these pursuits, is the love of money, and he finds this the easiest way for him to obtain it, when game is plentiful enough. As soon as hunting or fishing ceases to be remunerative he stops. This applies to a greater or less extent wherever he is found.

This is written to show that the despised *habitant* is an element not to be overlooked in the attempt to enforce game laws, and the Game Commissioners of Maine have their work cut out, if they mean to prevent lawlessness, as the whole northern frontier of Maine is lined with these people, to say nothing of the number employed in the lumbering districts of the State. I do not mean to cast a slur upon the French Canadian, as I do not think he is any more unscrupulous than the average back-country settler of any nationality, but he is certainly more dangerous, from his knowledge of woodcraft and his adaptability to the pursuit of game. In our settled districts the game has been driven off through the non-observance of the law. I speak now more particularly of wildfowl, etc., and we of the Province of Quebec must wake up to a sense of our duty and find some other occupation for the hundreds of families who now eke out a precarious living from our streams and marshes.

I have spent many days among these people and found them honest and hospitable, but their innate love of indolence makes them undesirable neighbors in any locality where it is necessary to protect game, as with the *habitant* to see is to kill, if he can. One example made of these skin-hunters along the Maine border would be reported far and near, and a wholesome respect engendered for a State that would and could enforce its laws. We are endeavoring as far as we can to punish offenders, but not one in a hundred is caught. We have no men whose business it is to catch the fellows who go skin-hunting in the early spring, so game is being slaughtered at a rate that threatens extermination.

Our Fish and Game Protection Club is doing a good work but its efforts are to a great extent rendered futile by the senseless tinkering of the game laws by our Legislature. Instance the fact, that a law was passed practically prohibiting spring shooting, but owing to some petty local influences this was repealed the following year, and the spring slaughter was continued. What a pity that all States and Provinces cannot agree to pass laws preventing spring shooting. Another instance of our progressiveness. The law was actually amended so as to permit of ruffed grouse being snared. You see our *habitant* is a powerful factor, and cannot be ignored when he can give such an account of himself and his influence. Sportsmen of the United States growl about their game laws, but have you a State that permits snaring of ruffed grouse?

I hope your crusade against hounding of deer in New York State may be successful. I remember years ago when game was plentiful in the Adirondacks, but have not hunted there for years, but even then hounding was killing them off wholesale. Caribou.

Quebec, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I know the country all along from the Megalloway, on the border, to Calais. It is a fact that hundreds of moose are slaughtered crusting by the Canucks, Indians and New Brunswickers, and some by Maine residents. It is in those far-back camps where the meat is mostly used, although not 10 per cent, of that killed is utilized, being so far from camps. Two men near Patten butchered over twenty moose a year ago last spring on the east branch of the Penobscot. Warden McLain got evidence, had them indicted, and then let them off on their promising not to do so again. About that time he intercepted Indians at Musardis with a raft loaded with moose pelts, yet allowed them to go scott free. Is this the way to stop slaughter? Ask men who worked in the camps on the Upper Penobscot and at the headwaters of the Aroostook and they will tell you they had moose meat plenty. Why, freight is $25 per ton from Hamilton to the nearest of these camps, and more from Mattawamkeag to Upper Penobscot. Thus there is a market for meat that doesn't pay freight. It is no use for Mr. Hardy to deny it. Men do hunt Sundays from the camps. Last spring some moose were killed not twelve miles from here by the choppers one Sunday, and the hides were carried out in plain sight as they went out to their homes in New Brunswick. In the Rangeley country there was always to be had plenty of evidence of the Canucks coming over on the Maine side skin-hunting. They made their brags they would clean out the Maine side. These fellows will make wonderful long tramps, lie out nights, almost starve, even, to find a moose yard. Any of our folks would die under such strain.

Now our commissioners and warden know all about this; but they are content to stop at the spiggot and waste at the bunghole. The Maine men who hunt and trap know all about this thing, and they probably will not deny that once in a while they themselves get some meat out of season when it is really needed, but as a class the hunters despise above all things those who kill for hides alone.

It is against their interest to have this done. It may be asked why the hunters and right-thinking lumbermen don't expose the guilty ones. There are obvious reasons that apply to this or to other affairs of like kind. But we have men appointed whose business it is, and for which they are paid, yet they do not enforce the law except as against some outsider of means and respectability, men who seldom kill more than one and leave a big lot of money. The cost of travel is as nothing to what they spend otherwise. I don't allow that this is right; but would ask the commissioners to do their duty elsewhere and where it would count most. I would give this to the public and very much more, but it would not avail. Such men as Mr. Hardy, whose business is involved, would contradict me. If you want to get at the truth, come up here and go out where I send you and you can have it if you go the right way about it.

One Who Knows.

Portland, Maine.

A "DEER HUNT" ON THE OSAGE.

About the middle of November a party of four of us started for the Osage River and a deer hunt. None of us had ever killed a deer, but there was not one in the party who didn't consider himself buck-fever proof and competent to knock over any deer that should come within fifty yards of his stand. Each was armed with his favorite breech-loading shotgun, and there were shells enough in the party to load a pack mule.

We got an early start, intending to make Riffle's Hotel by night. Slippery Tom was "met up with" about 10 o'clock and consented to bear us company as far as Riffle's. Time passed merrily with song and joke. Dining at Rocky Mount, we reached the beautiful limpid Gravoix late in the afternoon, and soon pulled up at our stopping place, having made the Riffle nicely. The host, Old Riffle, was a character—Pennsylvania German, big and fat, ample "bay window," dark as an Indian, and swore like a trooper. "Oldt man" and "oldt 'oman" were a good talking team and talked a race for our benefit during supper. Frank bet on the "oldt 'oman" and Bill on "oldt man," but when we finished supper the race was declared a dead heat. After listening to some of Riffle's yarns and Chuck's songs we retired.

We got a daylight start the next morning, and bidding Tom farewell, were soon out of hearing of the old man: "Oh, yes, but I likes dem poys!" About ten o'clock we overhauled a darky blacksmith, who was known to Frank, who stated that Arnholtz's, which was our objective point, was overrun with hunters, who had been hounding deer for three weeks, and that he would advise going in toward Lew and Henry Smith's, where there had been no hunting. Frank and Elmer, fortunately, were well acquainted with the Smiths and being sure of a welcome, it was decided to take Blacky's advice and head for Smith's, and we arrived at Uncle Lew's, as he is called, in time for dinner. Uncle Lew and his wife gave the party a hearty welcome. "So boys, ye came down to git a deer, did ye?" said Uncle Lew, "Well, I'm dad busted if I aint been a workin' too hard, lately; an' I'll jest lay off a spell an' go with ye, an' if we don't git a deer—well by gum, we'll call the gals in an' have a dance anyhow!"

As there wasn't time to go over to Henry's for the dogs and have a drive that afternoon, all hands started for the "marsh pond" after ducks, but the water was so low that although there were plenty of ducks in sight on the open water near the center of the marsh, we were unable to get within shot of them. It soon commenced raining as though for a second flood, and before we got back to the house we were soaked; but we were soon in humor to listen to Uncle Lew's fiddle, while we wiped our wet guns and got ready for the morrow's deer.

Uncle Lew fiddled the boys to sleep, and came into the room the next morning before we were awake to give Frank a tune that he had forgotten to play the evening before. He finally fiddled us to breakfast, and then consented to leave his fiddle for a few minutes while he made an attack on the ham and eggs. After breakfast we started for Uncle Henry's, where we arrived just in time to escape another soaking. The rain continued to pour down, and soon drove Uncle Henry's boys from the coal prospect they were developing. When all were assembled there was a "gut scraping" such as I never again expect to hear.

Uncle Henry had six boys and each boy had a fiddle, besides which there reclined against the wall a bass viol and an accordeon. The boys, all put together, couldn't play one good tune; but what mattered that? Uncle Lew was in his element as leader and instructor, and the boys hadn't so goodly an audience for a 'coon's age. So everything was ripe for a grand concert, and they had it. The catgut screeched and shrieked until dinner time, shortly after which the rain ceased and we prepared to have a drive. Unfortunately the hounds were out of kelter; one had gone off with Wells's pack and Old Jack had a friend of the gentler sex visiting him whom he could not be prevailed upon to leave; so we decided to have a short drive with the old yellow cur. But we jumped nothing except one skunk and a bunch of wild turkeys, which Bill shot at but failed to score.

Upon returning to the house one of the boys was dispatched to secure Wells and his pack of hounds and another was sent after a second pack, so as to guard against disappointment on the morrow. Directly after supper the fiddling was again in full blast, and we were soon glad to escape by going to bed.

We were up betimes in the morning, and eight bold hunters were soon stationed on the runways, anxiously awaiting the music of the hounds. Again we were disappointed. The reinforcements sent for failed to put in an appearance. So the drivers again used the "yaller cur," but failed to jump a deer. We then went back to Uncle Lew's and as we drew near the house Frank says: "Well, Uncle Lew, if you can't get any other kind of deer we must have woolly deer," and with that he blazed away at a sheep running past and killed it. So we had fresh mutton for supper. In the afternoon we all went squirrel hunting, and secured a nice bunch of gray and fox squirrels. Runners were sent out to secure hounds for the next day's drive, but returned without success.

After being fiddled to sleep, as usual, we arose in the morning with the thought that this was our last day, and no prospect of a deer. Frank and Bill rode the mules to Linn Creek, and brought back Wells, the "king of Osage fiddlers;" and the rest of us secured a fine bag of squirrels. While after squirrels we saw where a deer had been feeding in the cornfield, and tracked him to the river's edge, where he probably swam across. That was as close as we came to getting a deer. The afternoon was put in fiddling and shooting targets. Invitations had been sent to the "gals" and boys for the dance Uncle Lew had promised us, and by six o'clock the dancers began to arrive.

By seven the dance was in full blast, and as Jack Crabtree remarked, "The way Wells and Uncle Lew shook up them 'ere fiddles was a caution ter 'coons." We enjoyed the dance immensely, and kept it up until the early morning hours. Frank made a conquest of the girl in the velvet dress, and from a few remarks I overheard between two girls, I judged Bill was "a great feller fer kissen."

Next morning we bid Uncle Lew and household good-bye and headed for home, with a week's fun to our credit but no deer. Osage.

High Point, Missouri.

ARKANSAS GAME LAWS.

The new Arkansas game law, approved Feb. 23, 1885, provides: Section 1. That it shall be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, or to pursue or chase with dogs, without such intent, any wild buck deer, doe or fawn in this State between the first day of February and the first day of September in any year; and it shall also be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, any wild turkey, between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year, and it shall also be unlawful to catch, kill or injure, or pursue with intent to catch, kill or injure, any pinnated grouse (commonly called prairie chicken), between the first day of February and the first day of September in each year; or any quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge), between the first day of March and the first day of October in each year.

Sec 2. It shall be unlawful at any and all seasons of the year to take, catch or kill, by means of any partridge-net, or other net, or by traps, pens, pits, or other devices of any kind, any pinnated grouse (commonly called prairie chicken) or any quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge), or any wild turkey; provided that nothing in this section shall be construed to prohibit any person, or the minor children of any person, from netting, trapping or otherwise killing or catching any of the birds aforesaid, on his or her own premises, in the open or unprohibited season; nor shall it prohibit any person from killing, on his own premises, any of the birds aforesaid, in the act of destroying fruit or grapes.

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful to destroy, disturb or rob the nests of any wild birds whatsoever, except those of crows, blackbirds, hawks, owls, eagles and birds of prey.

Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person to purchase, have in possession, or expose for sale, any of the birds or game mentioned in Section 1 of this Act during the season when the catching, killing or injuring thereof is by this Act prohibited.

Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company, steamboat company or other company or corporation, or private person, to have in possession, or receive for transportation or carriage, or for any other purpose whatsoever, any of the game or birds mentioned in Section 1 of this Act during the season when the killing, catching or injuring the same is hereby prohibited.

Sec. 6. Any person violating any of the provisions of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than three nor more than ten dollars for each bird killed, caught or injured, or had in possession; and not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars for eack buck deer, doe or fawn caught, killed or injured, or chased, or had in possession; and not less than three dollars nor more than ten for each nest of eggs destroyed as aforesaid, together with the costs of prosecution.

Sec. 7. Any violation of this Act may be prosecuted before any officer or court having jurisdiction to try cases of misdemeanor, in like manner as in other cases of misdemeanor; and it is hereby made the duty of all sheriffs, constables, coroners, marshals, market masters and police officers to arrest all persons found violating any of the provisions of this Act.

Sec. 8. That this Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Doctor took his .32-caliber rifle, went out on the lawn, found a bottle and stuck it up fifty yards from the house, came back to the piazza, carefully raised the rifle and fired. A puff of dust was the only result. Again and again he tried it with no better success. At last, probably to stop my laughter and sarcastic remarks, he invited me to try it. This didn't suit my views in the least, as my skill with the rifle is not of the first order. However, there was no help for it. I took the rifle from him, determined to do my best, but I had hardly leveled when puff! bang! away she went. My first impulse was to claim another trial, but happening to glance in the direction of the bottle I saw that the ball had struck it; so I quickly handed the gun back, and said, "Pretty good gun, Doc." Chip.

Englewood, N. J.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much interest your criticism on my article on the above subject, also the remarks of "Sagamore" and "Ten-Bore." In replying to your criticism I will first say that you mistake me when you say that I attribute your opposition to battery-shooting to a selfish motive. This is not the case with you, for, in the first place, the FOREST AND STREAM has always shown the utmost fairness in all discussions, regardless of the views advocated by itself; and, in the second place, the surroundings are different when batteries are used in your local waters. I suppose the bays and sounds along Long Island are similar in character to those of New Jersey, that is, surrounded by large bodies of marsh lands, the points and bars of which are open to those who rise earliest in the morning. If this be the case, and I know it is along the New Jersey coast, you could not be accused of selfish motives in advocating the abolition of battery-shooting. In regard to what you say (and the same reply will answer "Sagamore") about stopping battery-shooting "because it is the most successful way of killing wildfowl," you might request, with equal justice, that all the best shots should give up shooting, or only shoot once a week or once a month, as they kill more ducks than the poor shots.

Now in reply to "Sagamore." In the first place, one might suppose from his description of batteries (as well as yours) that they were some terrible instrument of destruction, something in the nature of a gatling gun that only had to be put out in the water to slay poor fowl by tens of thousands, being wound up to run a certain time, killing and driving off all game where used. "Sagamore's" description of the tender is also very amusing. Although drawing almost entirely on his imagination for his points, he has done well in the story line; but as he says of my suggestion of having "all shooting put a stop to except battery-shooting," he is of course joking, as in the first place it is not the habit to "tend" the battery with a sailboat, the use of which would prevent many fowl coming near the battery while the crew were picking up the "thousands" of birds killed by these "infernal machines." Often, indeed, when the best shooting is to be had, there is not wind enough to sail to advantage, consequently row-boats are used almost universally to pick up the dead fowl. The yacht or scow, as the case may be, is occasionally sailed round to break up the large beds of ducks when they form too near the box, or in the line of flight, and this does no harm when the fowl are not shot at from the yacht, nor is the abuse of this practice of sailing up the ducks necessary to the use of sinkboats, indeed I have never seen really good shooting result from it, and I know it is only practiced in this section when the fowl will not fly, which is often the case on fine days. It is accusing the box-shooters of lacking the commonest kind of common sense to accuse them of keeping the fowl so continually harassed as to drive them entirely off the feeding ground.

Finally, in regard to this matter, let me tell you what took place no later than last week. One of our most invetcrate point-shooters was in the "narrows" I spoke of in my last letter, with a man in a canoe, sailing up the ducks in the river so that they might show him shooting in the narrows. I suppose, though, that a boat sent out by a point-shooter does not scare the ducks away. How different would it have been if it had been a box-shooter's boat. The ducks would doubtless have flown entirely out of the river never to return.

"Sagamore's" statement that the single ducks fly over the points, and the flocks go to the boxes is so diametrically opposed to not alone my experience, but that of every box and point shooter with whom I have conversed on the subject, that I am inclined to think he must be joking on this subject, as he accuses me of doing, in regard to confining the shooting to batteries alone. It is so rare for large flocks of ducks, except early in the fall, to come to the box, as to be a matter of surprise when they do come. I do not mean to say they never do, but that it is the rare exception, whereas, in flying by a point, or over a bar, if the wind is blowing hard enough to set the single ducks on the point, it does the same for the flocks.

"Sagamore" makes a general statement of the destructiveness of box-shooting, while I have shown that in this vicinity at least no bad results have followed the use of boxes. In the cases I cited shooting from the shore was almost entirely abandoned, and this, remember, when there were no boxes in our waters, it being unlawful to use them. It was a case of trying some other way of shooting or giving it up altogether. The law was repealed and boxes came into use. We have been using them here now some eight or ten years, and have now and have had for the last three or four years more ducks in our waters than we had before the boxes came into use. Knowing these to be facts, I deny "Sagamore's" statement that if I have been shooting for thirty-five years I must know "that the use of boxes drives away the fowl." It seems to me that the decrying of box-shooting as destroying the greatest number of ducks is simply nonsense. Taking the whole number of shooters, those who use boxes are in a very small minority, and while it is true that out of a given number of shooters those using batteries doubtless kill more fowl than a like number who do not, yet out of the whole number of fowl destroyed comparatively few can be charged to the box-shooter, on the principle of why do white sheep eat more than black ones? the answer to which is obvious.

"Sagamore" was unfortunate in his illustration of the shooting in Sandusky Bay, if his real object is, as he would have us to suppose, the protection of wildfowl, as, after the boxes had reduced the number of birds killed to 1,200, I should have supposed he ought to have encouraged them to continue. But what does he do? Stop the boxes and then kill 9,000 But this doesn't injure shooting, I suppose he thinks, as they were killed from the shore. If the facts are as he states about the number of ducks thrown away at Norfolk and on the canal from Currituck, it was a sinful waste of game; but it seems to me to argue that the shooting commences too early in that locality. But it can hardly be used as an argument against box-shooting, as the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use; and is he sure that none of the aforesaid thousands were killed by other means than by the use of boxes? "Sagamore" asks me if I have ever heard of "riparian rights." I ought to know something about them, as I have all my life been interested in property in the water and now own about a mile of water-front. His allusion to riparian rights is amusing when spoken of in connection with sinkboat-shooting. I wish he would explain himself. If he means that any property owner has any control of where a shooter may anchor his box in waters where it is lawful to use them, I would like to see his authorities.



ON THE RUNWAY.

From a Sketch by R. H. S.

"WELL, I HEAR THE DOGS AT LAST, BUT THEY ARE A GOOD WAY OFF YET."

It is evident to me that "Sagamore's" knowledge is like that of many men who write against battery-shooting, not derived from practical experience but only from hearsay. His description of the discomforts incident to the use of boxes, as well as "Ten-Bore's," might lead one to think that they had been using boxes as the most industrious market gunners do. A doleful picture can be drawn of any kind of wildfowl shooting. What can be more uncomfortable, for instance, than a northwest point on a cold winter's day with a gale of wind going, spray flying all over the blind, and making ice as fast it touches one? Or a muddy point on a rainy day? I think my box a paradise by comparison.

The whole truth about box-shooting I think is this, that boxes, as a rule, are used by those who shoot for market, and the amateur sportsman can see no good in them for this reason, but imagines everything evil of the boxes and of those who use them, and, in respect to the latter, I am afraid too often with truth; but we must remember that all game laws to be successful must meet with the support of a majority of the community. In framing game laws it seems to me that we ought to consult those who live in the cities and who are fond of eating game, but have no chance to kill it, and if the chance were offered, have not the desire. These people as members of the community have a right to their share of game, and admitting, for the sake of argument, all you bring against battery-shooting, it, even you will admit, is a far better way of supplying the market than the use of swivel guns, night, light shooting, netting and such abominable practices. That was why I said in my former letter that the fact that a man sold his game should not be used against him so long as he got it in a legitimate way.

The over-killing of ducks from boxes is an evil that soon corrects itself, as instead of falling into the trap, as you seem to think they do, the fowl soon learn to take good care of themselves, and an old canvasback or redhead can tell a "layout" as soon as you could. Boxes are only used when other means fail. Where fowl can successfully be killed from the shore no one would wish to shoot out of a box for amusement. This is true here. We have no other way to kill fowl; boxes have been introduced here, remember, after other means have failed, and shore-shooting did fail here before boxes were used. Now if it be necessary for the good of the fowl to limit the number of shooting days, treat all alike, and say that no manner of shooting shall take place on the off days. Advocate this and you will see how the shore-shooters will oppose it. "Sagamore" shows how sensitive he is on the subject when he talks about communism in connection with what I said about throwing the points open if box-shooting is to be stopped, and which I repeat he ought in all fairness to consent to before he can claim to be disinterested in his opposition to battery-shooting. While I have admitted that a majority of boxes are used by market-shooters, such is not the case in this vicinity, for out of the fifteen or twenty boxes owned in this and the two adjoining counties, not one is used by market-shooters. We do not "lie in water, snow and ice," nor with the "rain and snow beating in our faces." This is, no doubt, what those do who shoot for a living, and who, if they were in a point or bar, would lie out in the rain and snow and have the cold water freeze on them, exposing them to "pneumonia, consumption and rheumatism," as they do in the box. As we shoot for amusement, when it storms too hard up goes the gun, held across the head, soon the yacht is alongside, and in a comfortable cabin with pleasant companions, a nice hot punch or some similar comfort, we manage to wait until the storm is over.

On this point I said before: "Of course, where good shooting can be had from the shore over decoys, as is the case, I am told, in the Rush, Gunpowder and other rivers in that vicinity, it is very well not to use boxes, as there is no comparison between sitting in a comfortable blind on the shore and the hard work necessary in setting and taking up your box on a cold day. But here the case is entirely different, and I would and do much prefer all the work and discomfort necessary to box-shooting, to sitting in ever so comfortable a blind on the shore and getting nothing. As to point and bar-shooting, as compared to decoy-shooting, to my taste (and of course it is all a matter of taste) there is just the difference between going into the field with dogs and being without them. In other words, a great deal of the pleasure, to me, consists in seeing and working the ducks up to the decoys."

In regard to what you say about the proposed move to open the waters of North Carolina to non-residents, I have only this to say, that in any law allowing the use of boxes, there ought to be a clause preventing their being anchored so as to interfere with the shooting points. This can easily be done by specifying that they shall not be used, say, within a quarter or half mile of any known shooting point; but I imagine that the North Carolinians will take care of themselves in this matter.

In conclusion, if I am only to kill a certain amount of game during the year, I prefer to have a few days of good sport to going out every day during the season and killing two, three or half a dozen ducks each day, as the case may be. For this reason I advocate box-shooting, and there are many like me in this locality. I will add that to write disinterestedly on this subject one ought not to advocate the abolishing of all ways of shooting but his own, and that not to be interfered with.

SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Philadelphia, March 2.—Open violation of the game law is being carried on here without fear or restraint, the dealers evidently knowing there is no active organization to interfere with them. The bays on the Jersey coast have been frozen up since the middle of January, and the black ducks which remain with us all winter have had a hard time of it. They are extremely poor and unfit to be shot, but notwithstanding this they are killed by the baymen who send them to market. There is no species of game that has not suffered greatly this winter. A duck shooting friend of mine received a dispatch to-day from Franklin City, Va., as follows: "The flats are covered with ducks and geese, come." Thus it may be seen the fowl are beginning to move north. Their stay in southern waters had better be delayed, as in many of our rivers in places, it is said, the water is frozen solid to the bottom. We are all hoping for a gradual thaw, which at this writing is taking place.—HOMO.

VERMONT DEER—Colebrook, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Snow is three and one half feet deep in the north of this State and the crust-hunters have begun as usual up there. Last year at least seventy-five deer were killed by crust-hunters in the North, and the prospect is fair for another spring as favorable for the skin-hunters. Vermont law makers would delay the date of the extermination of deer in that State and aid New Hampshire in the enforcement of game laws if some one is sent to look after the game on the broad waters of the Nalheghan River. Venison found in New Hampshire that is killed in Vermont is not considered bad eating, as their law now reads.—NED NORTON.

MISSISSIPPI DUCK SHOOTING.

DUCK shooting in the harbor here at Vicksburg has been very poor this season. Last winter it was exceptionally fine. It was then an easy matter for a couple of gentlemen in a half day's shoot or less to bag forty ducks. One morning, just in front of the wharf boat and within gunshot of the landing, my young nephew and I bagged seventy-five by 10 o'clock, and quit the sport because we ran out of ammunition. The afternoon of the next day Mr. E. H. Raworth and I got sixty-five after three o'clock, the intervals between our shots being barely sufficient to allow our guns to cool. Others had about as good success. It appeared that the active little greenwings rather enjoyed the sport themselves, as no amount of pounding, even in their roost as they came in to rest for the night, would drive them away.

When I came down here from Nebraska early in December, I expected much pleasure during the winter among the ducks. I have been greatly disappointed. There were comparatively no ducks in the harbor. In the first place, the river was quite low, leaving large bare places between the water and the willows, and offering no shelter for the fowls. In the next place, the high water of last summer continued so far into the season that, when it finally declined, it was too late for the grass to grow and mature its seeds on the lower flats, so that this fall there was nothing upon which the ducks could feed until the river reached a point some twenty-five feet above low-water mark. When this did occur the rise was so rapid and so great that all these lands were submerged in a twinkling, as it were; the swamps filled up where the acorns lie in great abundance, and where the ducks hied to quack and quack and stuff themselves to their heart's content without much danger from the sportsman. During the period I have mentioned, W. L. P. and I went out four times with all the paraphernalia necessary to a successful pursuit of the ducks, and during those four trips bagged only five, so distributed that we were not able to secure a mess at any time.

On December 31 this brother and I, having concluded to try some of the lakes tributary to Steele's Bayou, loaded our skiff, tent, bedding, two dozen of the decoys, and other necessary traps upon the steamboat Tributary, and that night at 11 o'clock, were landed alongside a big raft at the mouth of the bayou, our skiff being lowered into the river, and our half wagon load of plunder placed therein, when we laid to the oars and by moonlight, against a crisp north wind, pulled four miles up to the right fork, then one mile to the mouth of Goose Lake, and thence into that about a mile, where we turned into shore, unloaded, pitched our tent, built a rousing fire, made down the bed and at half past two laid down to rest for an hour. At the end of an hour we got up, and after a hearty breakfast of fresh bread, jam, canned tongue and hot tea, we pulled across the lake to a point where we had aroused great numbers of ducks on coming in, and putting out our decoys in water six or eight inches deep, built a temporary blind by moonlight in time for the morning flight.

The location proved a bad one, no ducks to speak of coming our way, so we towed our decoys by the line to which they were tied to a new place, and built another blind, where during the day we killed twenty-six ducks. The next morning we scored a failure, and after rowing to the upper end of Goose Lake and back, we pulled out into the right fork of Steele's and up that four miles to Burge's Lake, where we found ducks in great numbers lingering in their old feeding grounds, the grass on the flats just being covered by the back water from the Mississippi. Here we located, but again getting in the wrong place, and having to make a change. We got the second blind built and decoys out by half-past 2 o'clock, and from that till sundown had fine shooting, bagging fifty-one ducks. Leaving our decoys out we pulled the five miles back to camp through the narrow and crooked channel, overhung with forest trees, that made the way as dark as a stack of black cats.

Went next day back to Burge's and got left, the ducks having sought other quarters, the water having risen nearly three feet since our arrival there the day before. On returning to camp early in the forenoon, and finding Goose Lake deserted, except by flocks of hooded mergansers, and being fearful that our game would spoil on account of increasing warm weather, we concluded to turn our faces toward home. After a hearty dinner we broke camp, loaded up, and set out on our journey, one mile out to the right fork, one mile down the right fork, four miles down Steele's to the Yazoo River, two miles down the Yazoo to Old River, thence two miles to the head of McKee's Pocket, where we unloaded, pulled the skiff over the bar into the Pocket rather than take the two-mile row around the foot of the tow-head, and carried the plunder to the only small patch of high and safe ground in that vicinity for camp that night. Before making camp we located in the big willows with our skiff, and the decoys in open water in front of us, for the night shoot. Just before dark ducks trooped in there by the thousand but passed out of range and settled down in open water two hundred yards in front of us. A few straggled in near the decoys and we managed to knock down seven of them. After this shoot we set up our tent, had supper and early to bed, it being our hardest day's work, including twenty-one miles of solid travel.

We had left out the decoys and the next morning took position over them as the evening before, and before the flight was over bagged five. We then packed up and again turned our faces homeward, there being fifteen miles yet before us. At noon we reached the mouth of Old River and saw what we thought an elegant place for a successful shoot and unloading most of our plunder on the mainland, again set out the decoys and ran the skiff into thick willows near them, where we staid till near dark, scoring only six ducks. On our return to the luggage we found some thief had relieved each of us of a coat and besides had the queer fancy to steal our can of coal oil. We both felt he had dealt gently with us in not walking off with more.

The pull down to the city of Vicksburg was an easy one, but wind and current being in our favor. On passing the elevator at the lower landing we ran alongside the Government gauge, struck a match, and looking at the mark, found that the rise during our absence had been eleven and a half feet. Up to the present time the entire rise from the lowest stage in December has been over thirty-four feet, the gauge now reading over thirty-nine feet above low-water mark. It may readily be understood how, in a low and level country, a rapid rise of that extent destroys all successful duck hunting.

The bag we made during the trip just narrated consisted of ninety-five ducks, all large ones, except one stray greenwing teal, in fact, mostly mallards, the greenhead males largely predominating. Under the circumstances we regarded it as rather a successful hunt, and as the weather was dry and cold, we certainly enjoyed it. It is in all probability our last this season, as duck hunting hereabouts is practically over. If we were required to go out and kill a mess, we do not know where we could go to do it.

BURR H. POLK.

VICKSBURG, Miss.

TO HOLD WADS IN PLACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a device of my own to prevent the loosening of wads in a shell, particularly in metal shells over the shot, where the trouble most frequently occurs.

It is simply to use a good, firm, stiff pasteboard wad, under which place a circular disc of cotton cloth large enough to come up over the edge of the wad and project above the same, say from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch.

The manner of using this and the principle upon which it operates is precisely similar to that produced in the loading of an old-fashioned muzzleloading rifle with a patched bullet. You first lay the disc of cotton centrally over the mouth of the shell or loading tube, a good stiff pasteboard wad exactly on top in the center and drive it home. My word for it, you have it secure against any reasonable amount of jostling. For like a tightly-patched bullet in the muzzleloader, you can drive it down, but the instant you attempt to move it in the opposite direction it meets the resistance of the thicker part of the material or patching, so to term it, above which, operating as an inverted wedge, only forces itself the tighter.

This may seem a little troublesome, but it is ten times more troublesome and vexatious to have your wads slipping off of shot, either causing an entire loss of the charge or having the same rattling around loose in your pockets, contributing to the loosening of still others, which I have had happen many a time, until I by accident fell upon the device here described, since which I have had no trouble.

A still better way to manage this arrangement is to fasten your cardboard wad centrally to the larger cotton or thin cloth disc, with a touch of good flour paste. Having thus prepared a lot of them, should you prefer a lubricant, take an even roll of them, dip the projecting cloth edges in a little melted tallow, you then have a lubricant exactly where you want it, in advance of the charge of shot.

I have used this home-made contrivance for some time, and put it to the severest tests, and have yet to see one of them slip.

Any of our wad manufacturers could manufacture them at a very small percentage above the cost of ordinary cardboard wads.

BACKWOODS.

DEER IN CONNECTICUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short time since I heard that a deer had been killed near Stony Creek in this State. Determined to hunt the matter up, I wrote to Capt. W. F. Davis of Stony Creek, and received the following in reply:

"The animal you speak of had been seen and chased several times during the past winter, but had managed to elude its pursuers until the last occasion. A hound started him and three boys followed. He took to the water at a point between Stony Creek and Pine Orchard, swimming first to Roger's Island. Here the boys, joined by several others, fired at him and drove him into the water again; he swam near Flying Point, as if intending to land, but changed his course on seeing some children at play, and describing a right angle made for Gove Island, but the tide being strong he drifted by, and the boys overtook him near Crib Rock. They put a rope around his neck and attempted to haul him in, but one of the boys got nervous and shot him. On the following evening they took him to Branford, where he was kept on exhibition several days. He was finally served up at the Island View House in Stony Creek at a supper shared by the hunters and their friends.

"This deer was a three year old buck. He has been about here in a large timber tract and swamp between here and Guilford since last summer. It is reported that a doe and two fawns have been seen in that vicinity, and there are other wild animals there, as otters, raccoons, minks and foxes. Three theories exist as to the appearance of deer in this locality. First, that they have been driven from the north by dogs, but this is improbable. Second, that they are descended from some four liberated some time ago by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray. This is possible. Third, that they have come from a pair let loose by the Hon. S. B. Chittenden, of Guilford, some time last summer. This is very probable.

"This one was in good condition, and I believe they would thrive here if protected. Several thousand acres of timber and uncultivated land lie north of here, abounding in grassy swamps, springs and streams."

This letter of Capt. Davis is so complete that I have nothing to add, save that even if his last conjecture is the right one, it is remarkable a deer should remain six months at large in Southern Connecticut.

PERCYVAL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 21, 1885.

SNOW IN A GUN MUZZLE.—Milbury, Mass. Feb. 26.—Mr. John W. White of this town had a narrow escape to-day and his experience should be a lesson to sportsmen. He was on the trail of a fox when he stepped into a hole and pitched forward, his gun slipped from his hand and stuck up in the snow. White had hardly recovered himself and his gun before he saw Mr. Fox within easy range and he fired, discharging both barrels in quick succession. He knew that his gun recoiled more than usual, but that he did not notice as much as the fact that the fox was unhurt. Mr. White, a crack shot, had hardly recovered from his first surprise before he discovered that about six inches of his gun barrels had disappeared. The snow was damp and had packed the end of the gun so solid that the explosion, such as occurred, was the inevitable result. The gun was a double barrel twist gun, made by Parker Bros. of Meriden, Conn. Mr. White was so well pleased with the results of his adventure that he has ordered two new guns of the same make.

GAME EXPORTED FROM CONNECTICUT.—Center Brook, Conn., Feb. 28.—Game of all kinds has been fairly abundant and some very good bags have been made. Ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, and numerous wildfowl are shipped from this vicinity to the New York markets by way of the Hartford boats. Center Brook is situated within one mile of Essex, the greatest locality for rail in the State. Hundreds are sometimes shot in a day throughout the open season.—YELLOW LEG.

ANOTHER JERSEY HUNTER GONE.—Princeton, Feb. 16.—At Rocky Hill, a little village in Somerset county, noted as one of Washington's stopping places during the Revolution, Vandyke Cruser died yesterday. He was ninety-one years of age. He was noted for his skill in shooting and fishing, and was often in demand to guide parties in the woods and mountains.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.—We have the New York game laws compiled under the supervision of the Commissioners of Fisheries. They will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Sea and River Fishing.

DECREASING FLOW OF TROUT STREAMS

IN the year 1857 we spent a few days with a friend on our first trouting trip to one of the larger streams in the Catskills. The season was one of prolonged drought, and it was in the middle of August, and yet there was an abundant flood of water, and novices as we were, we had good sport and filled our creels.

With very few exceptions, we have visited the same stream every year since, and have observed that under similar conditions, as to rainfall and drought, the flow of water in this stream has uniformly become less and less every year.

This gradual decrease in the waterflow of this stream is not an isolated case, but every trout stream in the same region has been similarly affected.

In other wooded sections the greatest fears as to the near future have been expressed for some years, not only by anglers, but by those who have large pecuniary interests at stake, unless some means can be devised by which the constant diminution of the water in the streams can be checked.

The note of alarm has been sounded in our Legislature, where it has been proposed to acquire for the State, as far as possible, the Adirondack forests, and the public-spirited citizens who are now earnestly engaged in endeavoring to ascertain the cause of, and devise a remedy for, the evil.

In all discussions of the subject which we have seen, especially those in the Legislature, it seems to have been conceded that the running down of the streams heading in the North Woods, and in fact everywhere, has been caused solely by local influences.

Attention has constantly been called to the gradual destruction of the forests by absolute owners of the land; by those who have acquired a temporary possession as purchasers at tax sales; by squatters, who have robbed the woods of much of the best timber, and by fire. The drainage of swamps and natural reservoirs of water, which, if left untouched, would more slowly discharge their waters into the streams, has been alluded to as one of the principal causes of the evil.

These causes, which are purely local, it is alleged, produce the following results:

First—By the drainage of the swamps the waters supplied by every rainfall are immediately precipitated into the streams.

Second—Through the destruction of the timber the springs and rivulets, which feed the larger streams, are permanently dried up.

Now if these, which no doubt have their effect, are the sole, or even the main cause of the evil, then it would follow, first, that the total amount of surface water flowing into and through the streams would in every case be in precise proportion to the amount of rainfall; the discharge into the streams being more or less rapid in proportion to the artificial drainage of the land.

But is this true in fact? Do not the drained swamps and lowlands become dry from causes other than drainage, and so absorb a large portion of the water precipitated in every rainfall? Is it a fact that the aggregate amount of water, annually discharged through the streams during the last few years, is equal to that discharge through them twenty-five or thirty years ago, the rainfall of course being the same?

Second—It would also follow that if the destruction of the timber causes the springs to dry up, then the failure of water supply from this source would be in precise proportion to the amount of land cleared or timber cut. That is, if the forest remains untouched, the sources of water would remain unaffected. If the land is cleared in part the sources will be ratably affected. But is this true in fact?

Is it not a fact that the water supply from springs, rivulets and streams, in the woods and mountains which remain in their original condition, is diminishing steadily and uniformly every year? These questions are perhaps best answered by giving a few facts.

In the State of New York there are two great water sheds. The Adirondacks or North Woods constitute the upper water shed. In the mountains in this region are many of the main fountains of the streams which flow into the Hudson River.

The Catskill, or Blue Mountain Range, constitutes the lower watershed. The heart of this watershed lies in the county of Ulster; Slide Mountain, its highest peak, being 4,205 feet in height. Clustering around this mountain are many of nearly equal height, all covered with only hard wood and absolutely untouched by the axe.

Way up in the very heart of this range, many of them beyond every trace of civilization, are the source of the following noted trout streams, whose names are familiar to every angler: The Rondout, which lies about thirty miles west of the Hudson, into which it empties. The Neversink, which lies about ten miles to the west. The Willewemoc, ten miles further west, and still further west, the Beaverkill, and further north Mill Brook and Dry Brook, all of which unite with the Delaware and Esopus Creek, or Big Indian, which empties into the Hudson. The sources of several of these streams are singularly close to each other, and are in the most inaccessible parts of this nest of mountains, where the original forest is for miles and miles absolutely unbroken.

No timber has been cut for many miles from the sources of the Rondout, Neversink, Beaverkill, or Esopus. On the other hand, the lands along the Willewemoc, Mill Brook, and Dry Book, have been more or less cleared far up toward their sources; and the land along the lower portion of the Esopus has been thoroughly cleared and cultivated.

The waterflow in all these streams has been steadily diminishing during the whole of the twenty-five years that we have known them. To what causes is this diminution to be attributed? If they are purely local, or in other words, if the diminution is the result of the cutting of the timber, and the clearing of the land, then the streams would first be affected at the point where the causes originated, and they

would be affected in proportion to the amount of the timber cut, or land cleared.

But this is just the reverse of the fact. The decrease in the waterflow has been substantially uniform in all of these streams.

It has been as marked and uniform between the sources, and the points where the adjacent lands have been cleared, as below. The Beaverkill, for instance, has suffered as much in its first few miles of unbroken forest as below.

The decrease in the streams where the land is but partially cleared, is precisely the same as that in those where the land is fully cleared. It has not been hastened by any unusual cutting of timber or clearing; nor has it been retarded by the absence of cutting or clearing. And the most marked feature in this respect is this, that the annual decrease of the waterflow in these streams has been uniform with that of streams of the same size and character in the adjacent counties, where the land has been fully cleared, and under full cultivation for years.

If it is desirable to know the condition of any of these streams at any time, it is only necessary to look at any stream in the cultivated portion of Dutchess or Orange counties, and you will see its counterpart.

If we have stated the facts correctly, and we think that every angler will corroborate them, to what cause is this change in our streams to be ascribed? Can it be wholly, or even principally local? Is there a subtle connection between the springs and fountains in mountain and valley, scores of miles apart, or must we look elsewhere for the real cause?

We suggest (it is only a suggestion) that the cause is purely atmospheric. Commencing at the western slope of this watershed, the land has been gradually cleared and drained westward for hundreds, almost thousands of miles. The prevailing winds are from the west. Before the forests were destroyed the atmosphere was supplied by natural evaporation, with sufficient humidity to keep it in its normal condition.

The reverse is now the case. The cleared land, and even the lowlands and swamps, which, through ditch and drain, have sent into the streams the water which they should have retained, become parched and dried by the sun; and instead of supplying moisture to the air, rather draw from it that which it already contains; and thus the air from its increased affinity and capacity for moisture, takes it up with all the greater force and rapidity, from every stream, lake, swamp, spring and forest over which it passes.

Thus the region of which we have spoken is robbed, by unnatural and excessive evaporation, of the moisture which would otherwise find its way through spring and streamlet into the larger streams, which, after all, are only aggregations of springs and rivulets.

If the streams in the upper watershed have been affected in a manner similar to those in the lower one, as to which, however, we are not sufficiently informed to make any positive statement, then that fact lends strength to the above suggestion as to the cause.

If this theory is the true one, we fail to see any remedy for the evil. Looking at the streams from an angler's standpoint, we fear that some are ruined forever; and that as to many of the rest "their days are numbered."

J. S. Van Cleef.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 18.

VARNISH FOR RODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wig Wag," Feb. 12, speaks of hard oil for rods. I think he must mean hard oil finish. I have a very fine rod of lancewood that is as good, if not better, to-day than when it came from the maker. When I put my tackle in working shape about this time of year I take the rod and clean all the metal parts with rottenstone and sweet oil, but never touch the male ferrules. Then with a piece of old fine felt, a little extra fine pumice-stone and raw linseed oil I rub it down thoroughly, being careful in the wiping not to chafe the silk; wipe off very clean and let it stand for a day or two to get dry. Then take a fine-haired flat brush and with hard oil finish give one coat, suspend the rod by strings for one or two days and give the second coat, and suspend again for five days or more and let it get hard. Now take old felt, raw oil and rotten-stone and rub it lightly but thoroughly; wipe off with an old rag and you will have the handsomest finished rod you ever saw. Water will not affect it. You may (as I have done and hope to do again) stand out from morning till night, in rain and sunshine, no matter, it will still have that beautiful dead gloss. Again, when you quit fishing wipe the rod dry, and when you get home or to camp rub it well with raw oil on a rag and oil the male ferrules with a drop of good gun oil, polish your mountings, place in a partition bag and hang up in a cool place. If you tie the bag tie it very loosely. I have always done this to the letter with my rods, for I know it is best. No shellac for me. W. S. S.

Lake Linden, Feb. 16.

BASS FLIES AND GAME BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to express my appreciation of the very valuable series of articles now appearing in your journal on the subject of flies, fly-tying and the most killing flies, and to contribute a little from my own experience. I wish to speak only with reference to fishing for bass.

Years ago when first beginning, the dealers recommended only gaudy flies, like the scarlet ibis. Experience taught me, however, that the best results in this section of Central New York were uniformly obtained by darker and more sober flies. Early in June, when the water is still high and discolored, the Reuben Wood is an excellent fly, as it is during the season on cloudy days, or when the water is not clear. But the only bright, gaudy fly, which is uniformly good throughout the season, is the silver doctor. Bass take it at all seasons, and it is a favorite with pike as well. Many fly-casters in Syracuse have caught pike in Onondaga Lake within the past two seasons on this fly.

The brown turkey feather for wings of flies, dressed with orange, yellow, red, green or peacock hurl body, is a very killing fly at almost all seasons. But upon our local waters the most successful fly with all anglers throughout the season is the magpie, made with wings and tail of the white-tipped black tail of turkey, black silk body and black hackle, or black and white coch-y bon-dhu. The bass constantly rise to this fly when no other will tempt them, not only during the day, but long after sundown, when it is too dark to see the flies drop.

I have recently forwarded patterns of this fly to Mr. Chas. N. Orvis, who has tied me some samples, which are all that can be desired. At my suggestion he tied them upon short double-twisted loops, which I believe to be the only correct manner of tying flies for bass fishing.

And now one word as to the almost worn out subject of the relative merits of large and small-mouth bass. Dr. Henshall and Mr. Mather have had wide experience on many waters, and both seem firm in the conviction that the large-mouth is as gamy as the small-mouth. No one who has ever cast a fly in Central New York could hold such an opinion for an instant. The habits of the two fish here are utterly unlike. One lives in sluggish water on mud bottom, the other in deep, clear water, on sand or gravel bottom, or on rapids with rocky bottom. The large-mouth rarely rises to the surface to meet the fly, but generally takes it under water as it is trailing, and when caught he sulks near the bottom until he finds that won't do, when he comes just to the surface and gives an ugly shake like a bulldog with a cat in his mouth. He never makes bold leaps for freedom nor desperate runs. The small-mouth, on the contrary, is all game. The instant he strikes he goes for deep water to enjoy his morsel in peace, but when he feels the sharp sting of the hook, as though suddenly realizing his danger, he makes a grand leap for life and freedom, frequently rising three, four and five feet clear of the water. If that fails, he rushes for deep water with an energy and power that thrills and delights the fly-caster. And he gives up only after a desperate struggle. I have known small-mouth bass to leap clear of the water five or six times before submitting to be netted. Did any large-mouth ever do as much? The small-mouth, again, fights with his mouth shut, while the large-mouth comes to the net with jaws gaping like a pickerel on a trolling line.

Anglers in sluggish Florida waters are welcome to the joys of fishing for the large-mouth, but give us the royal black bass, pure and simple. Rob Roy.

Syracuse, N. Y.

COMMUNICATION AMONG FISHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having derived much pleasure from your paper for a number of years, I feel in duty bound to relate a little incident in regard to trout fishing that as yet I have never seen noted. For a number of years with a fellow medico, we have belonged to the family of outers, and when we can get away from our patients long enough to let them get well, we hie away to the woods and lakes of Maine, and oh, what a relief to be able to get away from poor suffering humanity and to go where all is abounding in health. I know from experience that my life has been prolonged by the month that I take in these glorious wilds—but to my story.

We belong, I am glad to say, to the class of fishermen that do not kill any more trout than we can eat; but sometimes we cannot forego the pleasure of casting a fly for the sake of the extreme pleasure of playing a good fish, and we frequently have gone to a favorite pool, and for, say the space of half an hour, had a rise for every cast we would make. We always landed our fish gently and with care returned them to the pool, but after half an hour of fun we are never able to get another rise in this particular spot, although we know that the fish are still there, as they will rise, but not to our flies, no matter what fly we may offer them. The only explanation we can give is that perhaps those fish we catch and let go tell the others.

We have had built a new camp this winter in the Dead River region, and perhaps, if agreeable, may at some time or other drop you a taking fly or line if it would be acceptable. Medico.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIZE AND WEIGHT OF BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It very often happens that correspondents differ on questions because they do not fairly understand each other. This was lately exemplified in your columns by the discussion on barbless hooks, where one writer meant a hook without a barb, a needle-pointed hook, and the other referred to a patent contrivance with a "snap and catch 'em" attachment. I do not pretend to say that such a misunderstanding exists between the gentlemen who have been writing on the comparative size and weight of black bass, and giving their tables of weights and measurements, but it seems possible, and I will show how it is possible, and also probable, before I close this letter.

In your issue of July 24 last, Vol. XXII., p. 510, I gave a table of weights from half a pound to 3 lbs. 8 oz., of fish measuring from 8 to 15 inches. This was followed, Feb. 5, Vol. XXIII., p. 32, by "Woodcock" whose fish were much lighter than mine of the same length, his 15-inch fish weighing only 1 lb. 8 oz., or just 2 lbs. less than mine. In your issue of Feb. 19, "N." agrees with "Woodcock," and "M." comes nearly to him, his 14½ inch fish weighing 1 lb. 12 oz., while Dr. Sterling's list is nearer to my table; his 15-inch fish scaling 2 lbs. 14 oz.

Now for the possible cause of the differences which appear so great. I stated that my fish were measured from the nose to the end of the caudal fin, and so say "M." and "N." On looking over my memoranda again I find that I did not so measure my fish, but from the nose to the end of the tail proper, which does not include the fin. This is the usual mode of measurement adopted by the naturalists, of which Dr. Sterling is one, and would make our 15-inch fish full 3 inches longer, according to the measurements of the others. Really the tail fin should not be included in the length any more than the dorsal and anal fins should be included in the depth or girth. Anglers often speak of the caudal fin as the tail of the fish, but I believe the ichthyologists call the muscular part of the body between the anal fin and the caudal fin the tail, or technically, the caudal peduncle.

To give a hard and fast rule for weight by measurement is impossible, because of the different conditions of depth and thickness in individuals. Doubtless a cubic inch of the flesh of one black bass will weigh the same as that from another, but a large fish with a 4-oz. chub in it will weigh just so much more than if the stomach be empty, still we would all like to be able to approximately tell the weight of a fish by its length.

Even though we measured our fish differently, I cannot help thinking that "Woodcock's" fish were light in weight for their length, and agree with Dr. Sterling in saying that "my impression is that they were not well fed." "Woodcock's" bass weighing 2 lbs. 6 oz., measured 17 inches (to end of caudal fin) while one of that weight in Dr. Sterling's table measured only 14 inches. If the Doctor followed the rule of leaving out the caudal fin in the measurement the fish would agree very well in length.

Poke-o'-Moonshine.

[The stuffed black bass in our office caught by Chas. Gilchrist at Rice Lake, Ont., which weighed 6 lbs. (see Forest and Stream of Aug. 18, 1881) measures 17 inches without the caudal fin, or 20 inches including it.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 19, "U.," of Esperance, N. Y., asks to hear from us in regard to weight and size of black bass, he agreeing with "Woodcock." Like Dr. Sterling, of Cleveland, O., I think "Wookcock's" fish were very gaunt. I only measured one last spring, it measured nineteen inches and weighed four pounds one ounce. Jay.

St. Joseph, Mo.

NOMENCLATURE OF ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

THIS subject, which has occupied the attention of some of our correspondents of late, is in a somewhat confused state in this country, owing to the fact that fly-tiers do not always follow patterns exactly, and also to the constant introduction of new forms to which new names are given, only few of which ever attain popularity. Practically the combinations of wings, bodies, hackles, tails, etc., are almost endless. It is easy for any person to take a standard fly and slightly change it by the introduction of shade of color somewhere and christen it anew. This has been done to such an extent as to have become a source of bewilderment, if not an evil, and to have given rise to all the articles lately published under the head of "Vagaries of Fly Nomenclature." These articles have done much good, not only in attracting attention to this subject, but in throwing some light on the origin of some of the flies and their names.

We do not think that in England, which is the country where fly-fishing had its greatest growth, if not its origin, there exists the confusion in nomenclature which we have here. Ronald's "Fly-Fisher's Entymology," published first in 1836 and running through eight editions to 1877 is, with its nineteen copper plates of the natural fly and its imitation side by side, still used as a standard, notwithstanding it is known to contain a few errors. Other writers, among whom are Bainbridge (1812), Clark (1839), Fletcher (1851), Blacker (1855), Froggott (1861), and Ogden (1879), have also added to the literature, but they appear to have consulted and followed those who have gone before, and thus have avoided confusion

We learn that Mr. Charles F. Imbrie, of the well-known fishing tackle house of Abbey & Imbrie, is preparing an illustrated work on this subject, which will include not only every standard trout, bass and salmon fly, but also their variations. Mr. Wakeman Holberton, the celebrated fish artist and fly-tier, who can probably name more flies at sight than nine dealers out of ten, has carefully drawn and colored over two hundred and eighty flies for this work in his careful manner. These flies will represent over twenty variations of the well-known "jungle cock," as called for in different parts of the country, with their differently colored bodies, and some five or six variations of the black palmer, etc., therefore they will not all be radically different flies. The work will be a very expensive one and will not be published this year.

No doubt there is a great deal of nonsense in the multiplication of flies with but slight differences in their coloration, but it serves to make our fly-books bright, while if we try to follow their numerous names it will work an opposite effect on our brains. It serves the dealer's purpose in offering a great variety, and this is about all. We hope to see a good, authoritative work on the subject, which will be so complete and exhaustive that it will be accepted by all as a standard, and then, should Congress pass a law making it a felony to add a new combination of wing, body and hackle and burden us with a new name, we will bow to the majesty of the law and say so mote it be.

THE VERMONT FISH LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have no disposition to take up the cudgels in defense of my position against one who has done the State such good service as "H. A." has in the cause of fish protection, and I confess that I have no figures to support my statement that a bass weighs a pound whose length is under ten inches. I only wrote of them as I remembered them, and I must confess, too, that I am not a scientific, or greatly experienced, or lucky angler. But "convinced against my will, I am of the opinion still." That whatever he may weigh, a bass whose length is a half inch more than the width of these columns of this paper (and may they never be narrower, nor shorter, nor fewer), will give the not too ambitious angler excellent sport, and has "lots of good meat in him."

If it can be enforced, the law as it now stands will doubtless tend greatly to the increase of bass and pike-perch, but the trouble with it is that in these features it is unpopular with the majority of those who have been friendly to and active in the enforcement of the fish laws; and though very few such will violate the laws themselves, they will not be very forward in prosecuting a neighbor who catches with hook and line a few pike-perch in May or the first half of June, or fails to let go a bass falling a portion of an inch short of the legal standard. And so in my humble opinion, the last fall's tinkering of the fish laws will result in very little good.

I have no more inclination to engage in a controversy concerning the Vermont fish laws than "Stanstead" has, but if, as "one of that class of fault-finders," I said nothing in reply to his communication, it might be thought that I admitted his charge of standing aloof and doing nothing but grumble.

When "Stanstead" asked in your columns that Vermonters should give him their views respecting the changes that should be made in our fish and game laws, I gave him mine and those of my friends here who are interested in protection. Early in the session of our Legislature a meeting of our club was held and a gentleman was chosen to draft a petition asking for the amendments that we thought desirable, but he failed to perform his allotted duty, and when it became evident that he was not likely to do so, I wrote, as secretary of the club, to the chairman of the Fish and Game Committe, stating the action of our club and the instructions given the gentleman who was appointed to draft the petition. I have never heard that the slightest attention was paid to it, and I have no reason to suppose that any more attention would have been given to the suggestions had we made them in person, for none of us have any political influence whatever. Yet we claim to know a little of the habits of pike-perch and bass in the streams where we fish We know that pike perch do not come into Great and Little Otter and Lewis creeks to spawn, whatever may be their habits at the north end of the lake, and that their spawning

time is long past when they visit these streams, and that then they are as fit for food as ever they are.

Certainly bass and pike-perch do frequent the same grounds at certain seasons, and so do almost all the food fish of Lake Champlain.

Pike-perch are frequently taken in the streams named during the spawning time of the bass; but they are there in quest of food, not a spawning ground. The season given by "H. A." for making the close time for both fish the same is much better than "Stanstead's."

I very freely acknowledge that I was probably in error as to the weight of a ten-inch bass, as I wrote only from memory.

"The Selectmen of each town shall appoint and remove at pleasure a person to be fish warden," and then what? Is the person so appointed likely to spend much time in looking after violators of the law without a better prospect of remuneration than lies in the uncertainties of arrest and conviction, and the more uncertain collection of a fine? Some time I will give the last season's experience of the Vergennes fish warden.

In my humble opinion, which I have the honor to share with some intelligent persons who are zealous supporters of protection, our fish laws do not need to be made more stringent. They need to be made as liberal as is consistent with the object in view, and as plain as possible, and then, to be enforced. AWAHSOOSE.

Addison County, Vt.

THANKS FOR "CAMP FLOTSAM."

MY promised letter, telling of some bass fishing in the Taskio, easy of access, with good accommodations at reasonable charge, that was to create a furore among the fishermen of our State lies all untouched. I can do nothing but read and read "Camp Flotsam." Who is he that goes a-fishing, catches fish, and tells of it so charmingly? So charmingly indeed, that it rivals the trip of the White Wings around Colonsay, Ornasay and Islay, so tender and touching that it reads like him who gave us Leonard Fairfield leading sweet Helen Digby up to London, resting by the Brent, a beautiful clear running trout stream, where big-hearted John Builey was fishing, ever fishing for his one-eyed perch, so feelingly, that it carries one back to his boyhood days, to the Saturday fishing in the deep pool below the mill, were the bass and the red-eye were caught; then up past the mill and around the bend where, in the swift water below the dam, the chubs were found; then above the dam in the still water under the big sycamore where the croppie lived, and then on through green fields and grassy meadows to the old home, to a fond mother, rejoiced at the safe return of her boy. The Forest and Stream is now omnipresent in our home, it covers up and hides from view the "Littell," "Harper," "Tommy Upmore," etc., and as our good friend Mrs. M. enters, the madam begs her to excuse the room as the "Major can do nothing now but read those old fishing papers." "Hold on, madam," I say, "let me read you some short extracts from "Camp Flotsam;" and then I read them several, closing with this:

That day we lived over again our youth. The shadows drifted as of old across the water, which mirrored back the ghostly forms of birches and the somber pines; a muskrat was angling along the shore below, and a pair of squirrels were chattering in the trees above. The blue and green dragon fly poised in air and settled on our tips and floats with all his olden persistency, the wild bee hummed about us, while now and then the festive mosquito piped his song in our ears. We sat the long afternoon through, and until the croak of the frogs in the coves warned us of the supper hour, called back the memory of the homeward tramp across the pasture, through the swale and the open meadow to the farmhouse, with its cheery light gleaming through the open door, called up the vision of boyish hands holding aloft the string to new sainted mothers; of the welcome kiss, the royal supper, and—we lifted anchor and moved campward, a couple of graybeards, two boys once more. The fountain of youth is no vagary, though Ponce de Leon found it not.

She admits that it is most charming; and then I tell her how lovers of the gentle art have always been considered the best and most honorable of men, have always been first in devotion to and admiration of her noble sex. This conquers her and she avers that when her "French Spoliation" claim is allowed the Major shall have a good outing; we will go, taking the children, and with headquarters at Cape Vincent or Ogdensburg, we will find some lovely lake, perhaps pay Sabattis a visit, establish Camp Jetsam, and, with Cæsar to cook for us, the fishing exploits of "Camp Flotsam" shall surely be eclipsed, but never, never the telling of it. If Senator Beck only knew how much was depending upon that claim, he would call in the services of Senator Vest and Professor Baird and search every strong box, vault and deposit company in Washington City for our long lost papers, said to have been left with the Great Commoner many years ago.

But this letter is simply a missive of thanks to "Wawayanda" for his history of "Camp Flotsom," thanks that while still locked in the icy embrace of a vigorous winter we can read of so pleasant a trip, that while seated before a cheerful fire smoking and dreaming of outings past and outings to come, we see "Wawayanda" emerge from his tent, Sabattis stand silently by—symbolical of his race, George ready with the coffee, the fish, the eggs, etc. Breakfast over, with good-bye to the Madam, "W." steps into his boat, and under a sky as soft and blue as ever hung over Capri's enchanted shore, he is off to the moss beds, the big logs, or to Sabattis's fishing ground; can hear the welkin ring with the Editor's joyous shout as he reels in bass after bass, all the bitterness of political strife gone from his heart, as he stands there over the blue waters and under the blue skies exclaiming, "Here is peace, here is contentment, here is happiness."

I have not seen one letter of last summer's fishing in the Maine lakes nor in the Adirondacks; can't some one in the fall write up their trip, so those of us who cannot get out can read them in the Forest and Stream next winter?

Now, as I was closing my letter, comes the Forest and Stream of the 19th with the last of "Camp Flotsam," no, not the last by any means for me, for it has been transferred in its entirety to my scrap book, and its myriad beauties and sweet thought "will enable many of us to live over again, in memory, our forest life," and for you, "Wawayanda," may many such pleasant trips come to you before the soft green leaves of spring or the crisp red ones of autumn are blown across your silent tent in the happy camping ground of the blest. JAY.

St. Joe, Mo.

The Theresa (N. Y.) Fish and Game Club is giving its attention to the care of Indian River, and calls for contributions from those interested in the fishing of that neighborhood. The secretary is Mr. B. W. Chapman.

TROUT FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I know something about fly-tying, having begun to tie flies about the year 1828 or before, under the directions of my father, who was an expert fisherman and when a boy had fished the famous streams of Devonshire. There was another gentleman, Mr. Penwarne, who fished in Cornwall and Hampshire. We made all the then known flies, even to gut and India rubber bodies. In 1829 I went with my father to Devonshire, and once we went to the moors from which the Dart and Plym have their rise. In fishing in the Plym, the trout would only take one fly out of our lot of some six or seven dozen; that was on a No. 5, like a round bend carlisle; it had a yellow silk body with about three turns of a light-red hackle. When we lost them it was difficult to get a rise, so we gave up and returned. I afterward went into Plymouth and found the same fly for sale. Now from that and after experience I cannot agree with some of your writers that trout when on the feed will take almost any fly.

In the spring of 1840 I came to the Eastern Townships of Canada, about twelve miles north of what is called Derby Line on the Vermont side and Stanstead on the Canada side. I found the streams full of trout, and there was a Scotchman who lived on the next farm who used the Scotch flies and did pretty well with them; but I found that the flies I brought from England did not seem just the thing, so I tried brighter colors. All the book I had read was "Walton's Angler," and that did not help me. I first used different shades of scarlet for the bodies and the brightest red hackles; then I dyed them scarlet, orange, yellow and green, and also the wings; but the three best flies that I made were drake wings made with two feathers, and I think I invented the reversed wings in 1841—scarlet body with gold tinsel (they call it Lama now), scarlet hackle and tail. It had no name then, but since I came to Milwaukee I have named it C. Simonds, after a renowned fisherman here, who took a great fancy to it. The next was same pattern but all yellow; the next was darker scarlet body with tinsel, red hackle, and wings from the shoulder of a red cock; named it Gen. Hamilton. I have used these feathers dyed in various colors; they make a very pretty wing, and I have never seen a fly made by anybody else that had them. The hooks that I used then were Nos. 5, 4 and 3, but when we fished the Magog they were as large as 1 and 0. I have caught trout there as heavy as 4 pounds, and I saw one that was caught there that weighed over 5 pounds. In 1849 I commenced making flies for sale, and supplied the fishermen and the stores of the surrounding country with them; latterly I sold them in Montreal. In 1852 or '53 there was a fair at Sherbrooke. I showed a box of flies, about twelve dozen and about eighteen varieties, and took the first prize, against some Scotch flies which were some of the best used there.

What are called Montreal and Canada I made from my own fancy, never having seen anything like them. In that part of Canada there are very few ducks, and I had to get the feathers off tame drakes, the wood duck used to leave before it moulted, so I never saw the feathers until I came to Milwaukee. I think they are a better feather than the drake for small flies, especially the grizzly king and C. Simonds, the spoonbill has a very nice feather for a darker wing, as also the brown fish duck.

In 1856 I came here, but not until 1869 did I make any flies for sale. It happened thus: I was asked to go with Gen. Hamilton (I gave the flies that I brought from Canada to Gen. Hamilton, and they will show the reversed wings) and Mr. Easton, P. M., of Chicago, and their wives to catch brook trout somewhere in the northwest of the State, and I made three dozen flies—Simonds, Hamilton and grizzly king (or green drake)—but when I saw the place where the trout were I said, "You can do all the fishing." You had to push the brush away with your foot to get the worm down to the water. There were plenty of trout there and one half day in another creek, and a day at a brook running into Beef Slough, and another half day at another creek they caught over 250, some of which Mr. Alexander Mitchell had for breakfast the next morning. As I had my dog and gun I went shooting, but although it was the 22d of August the pintail grouse were fully grown and I only found one covey that would lie to the dog, of which I shot six, and I picked up three stragglers. They have a feather something like the jungle cock, but not quite as glossy. Of course I brought the three dozen flies and asked our gunsmith to sell them for me. Some party took them all, and two years afterward I started the fly-making again. W. J. C. F.

Rock Bass and Black Bass.—Philadelphia, March 2.—The movement to stock the Schuylkill and its tributaries with rock bass, or the red eye as it is sometimes called, is a commendable one. There is no reason why every stream not too much affected by dye water should not be stocked. The Wissahickon Creek should be attended to as I believe now the mills situated above the streams have arranged it so that their refuse dye stuff does not flow into it. It is very strange that the black bass placed in Black's Pond, Swedesboro, N. J., fifteen years ago, came to naught, while in other ponds within five miles, where the fish were put, they have thriven and are now taken by pike fishermen through the ice. Will the correspondent who wrote of bass taken in Washington Pond write you what he knows of the Black Pond fish? A number of anglers took advantage of the fine day yesterday and went pike fishing to the near Jersey ponds. —Homo.

Blackford's Trout Opening.—Mr. E. G. Blackford, with his usual taste, has issued a handsome invitation to anglers to inspect the many species, varieties, and forms of trout from all parts of the country on his slabs in Fulton Market, New York, on April 1, the legal opening of the trout season in the State. The outside of the cover is a sketch by Gillam, of *Puck*, of an angler swinging up a trout which another is vainly trying to induce to come into the landing net. We infer from the scene that Gillam does not handle the rod. Inside is the invitation, with a glimpse of a lake, a leaping trout, and a kingfisher, but opposite this is a gem. It is an elegant reproduction of one of Kilbourne's trout, a small one with the parr marks showing and resplendent in rich color. This plate is perhaps the finest of the many to which Mr. Blackford has treated the lovers of trout.

A 10½ pound salmon was landed a few days ago by Mrs. Judge Rice. The fish had ascended a small stream that runs through her chicken yard. She saw, caught him with thumb and fingers in gills, and fresh fish for the family was the result.—*Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.*

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION

THE executive committee held a meeting on Monday last, at the office of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, to determine the time and place of the next meeting, Mr. Geo. Shepard Page in the chair. Mr Mather raised the question whether the committee met as the executive committee of the American Fishcultural Association, or the American Fisheries Society. Mr. Blackford thought that notice of the change of name should be given, inasmuch as several members think that the meeting on board the steamer last year, after adjournment, where the name was changed, was somewhat irregular, and that the next meeting should be called under the old name and then action could be taken by the Association in regular session on the proceedings of the meeting on the steamer. It was decided to issue the call under the name of the American Fishcultural Association. Letters of regret were read from Hon. Theodore Lyman, president of the Association, Prof. G. Brown Goode, and Dr. W. M. Hudson, but none expressed their views as to the time or place of the future meeting. Mr. Blackford referred to the success of the last meeting at Washington in attendance and the character of papers read and thought that the U. S. Fish Commission would be glad to have the meeting held there again. It was decided to hold the meeting in Washington, and May 5 and 6 temporarily appointed as the time, subject to the approval of the officers and members resident in Washington. The secretary was instructed to correspond with them and report at the meeting of the committee on March 16, at Fulton Market. Col. M. McDonald, chairman; Prof. G. Brown Goode and Mr. R. E. Earl were appointed a committee of arrangements.

THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

WE have the nineteenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1884. A full page view of the fishway on the river Sire, Norway, is the frontispiece, and is described in an appendix. Shad hatching was continued, but not many spawning fish were captured, only twenty ripe females being secured. Carp from the U. S. F. C. were distributed, and 125,000 trout eggs from Plymouth, N. H., were hatched. Lake trout eggs from Lake Superior to the amount of 100,000 were also hatched and sent out.

The distribution of young salmon is detailed in a report by Mr. E. B. Hodge, Commissioner of New Hampshire and superintendent of the works at Plymouth, carried on jointly by the two States.

The effort to stock the Merrimac with California salmon, mainly on account of the cheapness of the spawn and the more rapid growth of that fish, was a failure. This, with the large number of breeding fish unlawfully destroyed by the fishermen below Lawrence, four years ago, retarded the stocking of the river for several years. This has now been bridged over, and a much more rapid increase of salmon may be expected hereafter. There have been three seasons of remarkably low water in the river, which has greatly interfered with the salmon reaching their spawning grounds. According to records kept at Lowell, it is probable that this drought will be followed by three or four years of abundance.

The fall run of salmon last year was unusually large, indicating an increased run for next season. The works at Plymouth are being extended and greatly improved.

Much attention is given to the lobster question, and quotations from reports of Mr. Venning, of New Brunswick; Mr. Rogers, of Nova Scotia, and the U. S. Fish Commission are given, showing that in the Provinces the close season does not cover the best part of the spawning season, and other facts.

The importance of specific knowledge of the salmon and trout of the country, in connection with the many questions that arise in relation to the determination of the several species and varieties in the New England States, have led the Commissioners to request Mr. Samuel Garman to prepare a paper on the subject for publication in this report. Mr. Garman is an assistant in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and has charge of the collection of fishes belonging to the museum, and thus has been able, in his studies, to use the large amount of material in the museum. He has been aided also by specimens sent him by the Commissioners of New Hampshire, and from the hatching houses at Plymouth. His paper is given in the appendix, under the title of "Notes and Descriptions of the Salmon and Trout of North America," with notices of the introduced species. The eighteen full-page illustrations accompanying the paper were made under his personal supervision by Mr. Denton, and are considered to be accurate delineations of the several species and varieties native to or introduced into New England waters.

In the appendices we find the address of Hon. Theodore Lyman to the American Fishcultural Association, which has appeared in our columns, an article on the black bass from the Philadelphia *Ledger*, credited to a paper which copied it, the laws relating to fish, and much more of interest.

FISH PRESERVATION IN LAKE ERIE.—A convention of fishermen and others interested in the protection of the fish in Lake Erie, will be held in Cleveland on March 15, and Mr. John Kingeborough, of that city, will furnish further information regarding it, if desired, and he will be pleased to receive names of those who will attend the meeting. Some of the questions to be discussed will be State legislation: propagation and its results; best mode of protecting whitefish. Pound nets, how to fish and the seasons, comparison with Canadian fish laws, gill nets, decrease of whitefish and black bass, summer fishing. Rights in setting nets encroached on others, discrimination between east and west ends of Lake Erie, spawning seasons, hook and line fishing, salt fish interests, c. o. d. customs evils, protection to shippers. Whether this meeting is supplementary to, or in accord with the recent inter-state meeting of Fish Commissioners and others, held in Detroit, we do not know. The Cleveland *Sun* says: "The subject of protecting the fish of Lake Erie and the streams of Ohio from the devastating inroads that are constantly being made upon them by unscrupulous fishermen, is one that deserves the earnest attention of all classes. It is not generally realized to what extent pound, seine, gill-net, and other styles of fishing are carried on in Lake Erie and the streams leading to it, nor how rapidly fish of all kinds are being exterminated from the lake and streams. Laws governing the taking of fish have been made from time to time, and still adorn the statute books, but, in the main, they are so poorly constructed as to be easily evaded or so negligently enforced as to become almost inoperative, and hence the work of extermination is allowed to proceed. At the islands of Lake Erie tons and tons of fish are yearly killed to no purpose. Kelly Island, for example, is surrounded by a perfect spider web of pounds, extending miles from its shores, so that few fish escape their meshes. These are managed by men who pay no heed to the preservation of fish. Those taken out of season, or when the demand is light, are not thrown back into the lake as they should be, because this would involve a little labor, but they are dumped into the pound boats where they soon die, and then they are taken to the shore, where such as are desirable are taken out and the others, by the thousand, are thrown into the lake to float about till decomposition takes place. It is no uncommon sight, when out of season, to see thousands of dead herring piled on Kelly Island dock waiting to be thrown overboard."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE DOG SHOW RULES.

IT is satisfactory to observe that the common sense way of looking at the championship rules of the A. K. C. is prevailing. The Westminster Kennel Club have had the good judgment to adopt the rule as originally advanced, ignoring the Cincinnati construction. With the influence of two such important shows as New York and New Haven on the right side, it may be taken for granted that the others will adopt the same ruling, and that we shall have no more blundering about this rule and no further attempts to follow the absurdities of the supposed Cincinnati meeting.

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE entries for this show will close next Saturday, March 7. We understand that the entries already received are sufficient to insure an exhibition of high character. Many of the cracks will be there. A large number of valuable special prizes have been offered, and nearly every class will receive one or more of them. Many of the specials are cash, and range in value from $5 to $25.

The secretary's address is Mr. E. S. Porter, P. O. Box 657, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the ninth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club is now ready for distribution. The premiums offered are the same as last year. There have been some changes in the classification; the berghund classes have wisely been omitted, the black and tan setter puppies have but one class instead of two. A class has been added for English retrievers, and the champion Irish water spaniel class is omitted. The second prize for wire-haired fox-terriers is a medal instead of $5, and in the two fox-terrier puppy classes there are two prizes, $10 and medal, instead of only a medal. The same change is also made in collie puppy classes. There is a class for champion bull bitches added and one for bull puppies, with medal for prize. The bull-terriers have two more classes than last year, a champion and open class for bitches over 25 pounds. The Bedlington and Skye terriers have separate classes for bitches. The poodles have two classes for black and one class for other than black. The total number of classes is 123, against 119 last year. The show will be held under the rules of the A. K. C., which have been added to, modified and altered to suit the occasion. The club has shown good sense in omitting the extra champion class and ignoring the "construction" of the champion rule.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As we have no miscellaneous classes in our premium lists, we have decided that when we receive two or more entries of dogs of a recognized breed not provided for in our premium list, we will make a separate class for them.

In addition to our regular prizes, we shall give special prizes to the value of at least $1,000. These special prizes are being donated by friends of the club, and as soon as the list is completed, probably next week, will advise you. Entries are coming in, and judging from letters received from many exhibitors, our selection of judges has proved a lucky hit. With the permission of Mr. J. F. Kirk, we have transferred the black and tan terrier and Chesapeake Bay classes to Mr. James Watson. Judges will be appointed for classes not provided for when the entries are all in.

The dies for our medals are in the hands of the engraver, and we feel safe in saying that these medals will be the finest ever given in this country, both in design and workmanship. Our diplomas will stand on a par with the medals, the design being unique, and the engraving being done by one of the best artists.

I would particularly request exhibitors when making entries, to state their preference for money prize or medal; in the event of their dogs winning, this will enable us to promptly settle with exhibitors, and will prevent faultfinding at the prizes awarded. J. A. NICKERSON, Sec'y.

THE SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Assuming that all hounds, whether fox, harrier, basset or beagle, are strictly dogs of the chase. That those who do their special work in the most satisfactory manner are the ones we seek. That the purpose and object of this discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM is to show which dog is best suited for the work, *i. e.* rabbit hunting, and that the question is one to be considered solely from the hunting standpoint. All sentiment, hobby or fancy bench show attributes being an outside issue.

Having thus stated the case, I am in full accord with "Houndry" in his last article on "Size of Beagles." After a patient trial of the small beagles, extending through several years, I have given him up as being entirely unfit for hunting our American hare or rabbit. Their first defect is that they are not true runners as a rule, have too many checks, and when they make a loss, are too much inclined to puzzle and tongue in the same spot. Even if they make the run straight away, they do not drive fast enough for our extensive covers, causing the sport to become tedious, affording few shots, or if hunted without the gun, rarely running in on their game.

Another drawback is their want of stamina both in field and kennel. In distemper the whelps seem to have no powers of resistance, and fade away and die apparently from sheer inanition. I have come to the conclusion that for rabbit hunting in our extensive woods and branches with all the natural difficulties of hills, rocks, brambles, bushes and what not, our American beagle (?), a dog of harrier appearance and of dubious origin, but with a strong suspicion of foxhound in his ancestry (judging from his size and other departures from beagle character) is the dog after all. Many are the times I have seen such a dog pick up a trail when the little beagles were hopelessly out on a loss, hit it off full cry, leaving the pack in the lurch, and driving the hare to a double, bring it back to the gun.

Dwarf beagles look very pretty in a pack and make nice pets, but there their mission ends. Sportsmen can respect and love the dog that meets all the requirements of the hunting field, even if only ordinary in looks, but the pretty, useless one is a nuisance and a disappointment. If, like "Houndry," our hound men would tell us through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM of their honest experience on the beagle question without fear of treading on the toes of beagle breeders and speculators (many of whom never hunted a hound in their lives), they would truly serve the interests of sportsmen.

SEDGE.

DELAWARE COUNTY, Pa.

JUDGING AT NEW HAVEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sorry that I cannot bear Mr. Mortimer out in his assertion in your issue of last week. On the 20th of January I wrote Mr. Mortimer, asking if he would continue judging, and intimating, as he states, that he probably could select his own classes, but the letter was not an official one in any sense, and I had no idea but that the classes eventually assigned him would be his choice. In answer, Mr. Mortimer wrote that, "In regard to judging, of course, I shall not judge again at New York, but will superintend shows given by the W. K. C. At the same time, there is nothing that I know of to prevent my judging at other shows outside of New York." Not a word about the Westminster dogs. I telegraphed Mr. Mortimer, asking if he would take the deerhounds, greyhounds, terriers, etc., when we had the lease of the Armory assured. Mr. Mortimer replied by letter declining the classes, and stating in this letter that the "W. K. C. intended showing, in which case he would prefer not to judge at all." A little further on in the same letter he says, "In judging at shows like yours when there would be other judges, I would only undertake the following classes: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers, bull-terriers, had I these classes, I would be willing to take greyhounds or any other classes the committee might wish."

Since Mr. Mortimer has asked me to explain I have done so.

E. S. PORTER, Secretary N. H. K. C.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 26.

BENCH SHOW RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The bench show committee of the New England Kennel Club, while willing to credit you with all kindly feeling toward the club and good wishes for the success of the coming show, feel that you have strangely misrepresented them in your remarks about Rule 8.

In the first place, the committee have made no construction of the rule, but have simply inserted the rule, verbatim, as adopted at the Cincinnati meeting. At the same meeting it was decided that a club might use its own judgment about having an extra champion class; the committee decided not to. You will therefore see that all your remarks about the New England version, construction, interpretation, etc., were not only uncalled for, but decidedly at fault.

The committee have no sympathy whatever with the so called Major Taylor construction of Rule 8, nor can they see how any man or body of men in their senses could so construe it, or for a moment doubt as to the original intention of the adopters of that rule, but believing in the majority rule, and having no evidence that the meeting at Cincinnati was not legally held, and all the parties represented at that meeting who were claimed to have been, could not see any other course for them to pursue than to insert the rule as it appears in the premium list, and have seen no reason thus far for making any change.

If the FOREST AND STREAM can prove to the committee that there was anything done at the above meeting which was not strictly legal or regular, the proper alteration will be only too gladly made. T. C. FAXON,

For the Bench Show Committee, New England K. C.

BOSTON, March 2.

[Rule 8 of the New England Kennel Club rules as published is a portion of Rule 8 as constructed by Major Taylor, but it is not the rule verbatim at all. A part cannot be the whole. It is not the business of FOREST AND STREAM to hunt up evidence for the New England Committee. They must manage their own affairs, and we must comment on matters as we find them. The committee of the New England show will have seen by this time that they stand quite alone in their following out of Major Taylor's interpretation of Rule 8, and feeling as they do about this "construction," we do not quite see why they should cling to it longer. We think that they had much better even now fall in line with the other clubs and repudiate the Cincinnati meeting. The New Haven Club and the Westminster Kennel Club have come practically to the conclusion which we recommend. We know that the New England Club is made up of gentlemen who are enthusiastic lovers of the dog, and who are anxious to do everything within power to raise dog shows to their proper place in the minds of the public. That they have made an error of judgment seems clear, and we are convinced that if they believe this, they will have no hesitancy about acknowledging it and doing what they can to repair it. It scarcely seems necessary to allude to the committee's remarks about our feelings toward them and our wishes for the coming show. If they have as good a show as we hope for, then there will be no complaints at 159 Tremont street the week after the exhibition closes.]

CLUBS AND SHOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Look at the men who constitute the W. K. C.; do they not represent wealth, influence and honor? If we cannot place confidence in these people, then in the name of common sense whom can we trust? Perfect institutions and perfect people (except in their own estimation) are scarce, if not entirely absent in this world. And to show Mr. Mason that even he is not free from inconsistency, I will here relate some facts. The first time I ever saw the now most familiar signature of C. H. Mason, was under a criticism of "Dogs at the New York Show," in FOREST AND STREAM about four years ago. Talking of the pointers shown there, he said: "A weedier, seedier lot it was never my misfortune to behold;" and Gregory's Belle, unplaced (I bred her), was one of that same lot. Since this opinion of Mr. Mason's was published, he gave that same Belle first prize. I believe it was at Washington; and from his letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 29, 1885, I quote as follows: "Vision (Croxteth—Vinnie), though by no means a bad bitch, did not deserve second, and was clearly beaten by Gregory's Belle."

There is nothing improper in criticising the rules of any show, and I know the managers of the New York dog show are anxious to get their rules as near perfection as possible; but I hate abuse or slander, particularly when personally applied, and I fail to see the absurdity of Rule 12 of the W. K. C. If charges cannot be brought forward during the show, how can the managers, who are all professional and business men, be expected to be forever ready to devote time and attention to the settling of real or imaginary troubles? The well-known rule adopted by all the clubs in the country, which excludes from running or showing dogs, all persons who have been proved to have acted dishonorably in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, I think should suffice to meet all difficulties as far as can be expected, that might originate from fraudulent entries, etc. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are tired of hearing charges and insinuations against the W. K. C., and as one of your readers, I respectfully ask for an editorial comment on the subject. I think such is due your readers, due to the members of the much-abused club, and due to justice.

If Mr. Mason has been badly treated, is there not a paper in the country fearless enough to defend him in an editorial? If he has not been unfairly dealt with, then why allow so much abuse and such serious insinuations against not only the W. K. C., but against private individuals, to pass through your columns without a comment? Does the FOREST AND STREAM by its silence indorse all that Mr. Mason has advanced? This question has occurred to my mind forcibly, as it probably has to many others, and there is no doubt but an editorial remark from the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject will be of interest to all its readers. I have no personal dislike to Mr. Mason nor prejudice against his dog Beaufort, and am sorry that he has made it impossible for me to remain silent by his persistent and unjustifiable attacks on those whom I know to be honorable and above board. LUKE W. WHITE.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., February, 1885.

[Mr. White is evidently sincere and his inquiries therefore merit attention. 1. No insinuations against the private character of any members of the Westminster Kennel Club have ever been made in these columns. When persons have been mentioned by name it has only been when reference was made to them in their official capacity. 2. The actions of the club and of its officers in connection with public shows have been criticised; and these are perfectly legitimate and proper subjects of criticism, no matter how dazzling the wealth, prodigious the influence and exalted the honor of the individuals who compose the club. 3. In regard to Rule 12—no persons have any business to voluntarily incur responsibilities that they cannot afford to discharge. In the particular case in question it is charged that at a public dog show a certain fraud was perpetrated. Having provided the occasion for such alleged fraud, the club managers are bound to inquire into it and determine justice. They can decently shirk this responsibility neither on the business and professional plea made for them by Mr. White, nor by such an Owleglass stratagem as was the club secretary's written reply to the individual who charged the fraud and called for the investigation. 4. The FOREST AND STREAM has not editorially defended Mr. Mason because it has not presumed him to be in need of any defense. He is not the defendant in the case, he is the plaintiff.]

WHO IS "LILLIBULERO"?—Time is a mighty breeder of mysteries; she is constantly giving birth to "burning questions," and still in embryo she hides her dread children of the future that make us rather bear the ills we have, etc. No, dear reader, I have not made a mistake in gender. It is not Old Father Time I refer to, "the ill-natured loon," as the song calls him, but Mrs. Time, still more meddlesome, mischievous, and provoking. "Were things never sae rightly, she'll not let them be," and with her confounded clack is always proposing fresh conundrums to poor humanity, and giving the world new nuts to crack, which, after crippling curiosity's jaws, are left in the mouth like Dead Sea apples. Just think how our grandfathers racked their brains, and our grandams wagged their tireless tongues, to answer the simple question, "Who was Junius?" Compare—nay, contrast—such a trifling, paltry, insignificant issue as that question raises with the pregnant one: Who is "Lillibulero"? Verily, when I have answered for you, oh reader, you will see and feel the full significance of it. All sorts of guesses have been made as to who "Lillibulero" is and who he is not; and I feel it is quite time the mystery was unraveled, so here goes. I have been informed on high authority that the "Lillibulero" letters are the joint efforts of "W. K. T.," "Franco-American," and "F. G.," the diction touched up by "Sprint." High authorities are so generally wrong, I cannot accept the above opinion. Far nearer the mark was the quidnunc who suggested the Rev. Charles Spurgeon; but that cannot be right, for "Lillibulero" does not make weekly collections, and was never known to have the gout. From the pithiness and lucidity of style, the sparkling piquancy of expression, the marvellous causticity of his wit, the biting bitterness of his sarcasm, and the dogged, determined way in which he "blocks" nincompoops who pretend to know, it has been with a show of reason assumed that Mr. Warton, M.P. for Bridport, is the true and only genuine "Lillibulero." "Porcupine," in the American *Sporting Life*, says Dalziel is not "Lillibulero," for the latter cannot write Scotch. Bah! Mr. "Porcupine," can you say Auchtumuchty, giving it the true Scotch flavor? I know you, Mr. "Porcupine," although you use the strange oaths of your adopted country, and they tell me you are now "bearded like the Pard." At a séance I attended the medium declared for the spirit of "Lillibulero," and a well-known voice from the vasty deep replied, "I am the man." "Get out," said I, "you are too modest to be 'Lillibulero,'" and the spirit that killed nineteen lurcher dogs at one shot vanished, and from the dim unknown we could hear a chorus of laughter, and I—divinely favored—caught a glimpse of a natty little hand twirling the end of a charming mustache with a remarkably self-complaisant air which I remember to have seen before. "Lillibulero" is not a "chucker out," he is a "knocker down." He knocks down lies set up by doggy men; he does not knock them down auctioneer fashion, he knocks them down and squelches them; and it is fortunate he is a Hercules, for the cleansing of the Augean stable was nothing to the present task he has undertaken—more power to him.

So give each knave the whipping your wit well affords,
Lillibulero, bullen, a la!
And in place of smooth phrases, the truth in man's words;
Lero, lero, bulleu, a la!
Make each dotard and dastard beware of your sword,
Lillibulero, bullen, a la!
Whether sneak from the alley or malapert lord,
Lero, lero, bulleu, a la!

But who *is* "Lillibulero"? you ask impatiently. We are just coming to it. He is——Oh, confound that P. D., who has come to tell me, "Please, sir, clicker says he can't take no more o' your stuff this week."—*Corsincon in Stock-Keeper.*

"Corsincon" has been making guesses in the *Stock-Keeper* as to who "Lillibulero" may be. No, Mr. "Corsincon," it won't do. *You* know quite well who he is and so do I, so don't put any one on the wrong track.—*Scottish Fancier.*

MALICIOUS FABRICATIONS.—As an example of the extraordinary and baseless slanders which are being used against several of the judges at New Haven is the following, which alludes to the "pointer protest" lodged last spring by Mr. Mason. The individual who has attempted to "break down" Mr. Davidson, Mr. Watson and Mr. Mason, wrote: "The club [New Haven], in the press, publicly repudiated Mr. Mason's use of its name, and stated that he had signed its name without authority." When the pointer protest was printed Mr. Porter, secretary of the New Haven Kennel Club, was in Europe, and the assistant manager, Mr. G. E. Osborne, sent a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM, in which he said: "By Mr. Mason's explaining how and where he obtained the signature of the club he would greatly oblige." The reply from Mr. Mason to Mr. Osborne's request was as follows: "Mr. E. S. Porter, secretary of the New Haven Kennel Club, told me that he would, in the name of his club, sign a protest against the judging, which he said was infamous. I did not think it necessary to send the protest on to New Haven for indorsement after getting the word of a gentlemen in Mr Porter's position." This explanation was neither questioned by the N. H. C. nor contradicted by Mr. Porter. We have within a day or two seen a letter from Mr. Porter, in which he says: "I never did deny having given the use of my name to the protest, or that I thought the judging anything but 'way off.'" In view of this, the question may be fairly asked, Whither are we drifting?

A CARD FROM MR. PIERCE.—Peekskill, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice resolutions passed by the Philadelphia Kennel Club, published in your issue of this week. With your kind permission I will reply to the same through your columns in your issue of March 12.—W. H. PIERCE.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There will be a meeting of the board of governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening, March 10. A full attendance is desired.

DOG LOST.—A liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy, seven months old, disappeared at West New Brighton, Staten Island. It is feared that she may have been stolen. Any one knowing of this animal will confer a favor by addressing Chas. H. Mason, 255 West Twenty-second street, New York.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Black Knight. By Patrick Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250).

Black Bess. By Patrick Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250).

Trudo. By P. Moeller, Nyack, N. Y., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 166) out of Nellie.

Dulier Boy. By Albert Wylly, Savannah, Ga., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 16, 1882 (Druid—Princess Draco).

Alpina. By C. P. Emory, Loveland, O., for rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1884, by Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535) out of Abbess II.

Ollie Obo. By I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381).

Garry. By Wm. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 4, 1884, by Garryowen out of Aileen.

Judy. By Wm. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for red Irish terrier bitch, whelped April 3, 1884, by Pluck (A.K.R. 197) out of Sheila (A.K.R. 137).

Rex. By Robert H. Strader, Washington, N. J., for Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by Duke (Tom—Chloe) out of Maud (Clite—Lou).

Solo. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for pug dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Patience (Maudle—Daisy).

Chestnut Rock Kennel. By Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York, for his private kennel.

Monmouth Kennels. By Messrs. Wallach & Hoey, West End, Long Branch, N. J., for their kennel of fox-terriers.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Yanna to Yarra. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Hornell Rattler—Tiny), owned by David W. Blanchard, Boston, Mass.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Flora—Black Prince. H. Reiche's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Flora (Flake—Lady) to A. C. Wilderming's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), Feb. 24.

Roxie—Don Gladstone. Highland Kennels' English setter bitch Roxie (Leicester—Nellie) to Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno), Feb. 2.

Lou—Harry S. J. W. Chaffee's setter bitch Lou (A.K.R. 1286) to Harry S. (A.K.R. 523), Feb. 18.

Dolly—Doctor. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) pug bitch Dolly (A.K.R. 170) to their Doctor, Feb. 12.

Victoria Dale—Fleet. Messrs. Wheaton, Tuck & Beck's (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) English setter bitch Victoria Dale to B. F. Dorrance's Fleet, Feb. 3.

Victory—Lexington. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Victory (Count Rapier, A.K.R. 498—Reign, A.K.R. 178) to their Lexington (Nixey, A.K.R. 177—Princess Louise, A.K.R. 117).

Belle II.—Lexington. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Belle II. (Nixey, A.K.R. 177—Belle, A.K.R. 97) to their Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise).

Sue—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindo—Princess Bow) to their King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Bow Queen—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Bow Queen (A.K.R. 558) to their King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Foxey—Don Juan. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) imported pug bitch Foxey to Bradley's Don Juan (Bogie—Judy III.).

Nan—Don Juan. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) imported pug bitch Nan to Bradley's Don Juan (Bogie—Judy III.).

Rhea—Don Juan. Mr. Patterson's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Rhea to Bradley's Don Juan (Bogie—Judy III.).

Vision—Tammany. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Vision (A.K.R. 778) to his Tammany (Tory—Moonstone). Feb. 7.

Countess—Nemours. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) basset hound bitch Countess to imported Nemours (A.K.R. 870), Feb. 11.

Maud S.—Donizette. John Gross's (Junction City, Kan.) cocker spaniel bitch Maud S. (A.K.R. 999) to Donizette (A.K.R. 1477), Feb. 21.

Early Dawn—Druid. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Early Dawn (Nixey—Princess Louise) to Druid.

Toby—Mingo. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Toby to Bradley's Mingo.

Victory—Treasure. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Victory (A.K.R. 1265) to their Treasure (A.K.R. 472), Feb. 13.

Theon—Cæsar. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Theon (A.K.R. 94) to Cæsar (A.K.R. 22), Feb. 20.

Sombre—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Sombre (A.R.R. 798) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Feb. 28.

Irma—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Irma (A.K.R. 1051) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Feb. 9.

Daisy—Young Toby. C. S. Keith's (Fitchburg, Mass.) pug bitch Daisy to Young Toby (A.K.R. 473), Feb. 9.

Alma—Alp II. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alma (A.K.R. 27) to Alp II. (A.K.R. 705), Feb. 12.

Minnie—Pete, Jr. Geo. H. Walton's (Peabody, Mass.) pointer bitch Minnie to E. C. Alden's Pete, Jr., Feb. 19.

Nell—Dashwood. John Webb's (Middletown, Del.) English setter bitch Nell to Dashwood (A.K.R. 2049), Feb. 26.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Kitty Mac. The Houghton Farm's (Mountainville, N. Y.) collie bitch Kitty Mac (A.K.R. 539), Jan. 8, nine (four dogs), by champion Rex (A.K.R. 149).

Kate. Geo. Snyder's (Pataha City, W. T.) red Irish setter bitch Kate (A.K.R. 1849), Feb. 13, nine (four dogs), by Ralph H. (A.K.R. 630); one bitch since dead.

Bettie W. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Bettie W., Feb. 27, six, by Brodnax's Speck.

Dashing Jest. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614), Feb. 25, six (three dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Pearl. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) imported Italian greyhound bitch Pearl (A.K.R. 758), Feb. 26, four (two dogs), by his Puck (Silk Socks—Naughty).

Bessie. A. Weeks's (Locust Valley, L. I.) Gordon setter bitch Bessie (A.K.R. 1464), Feb. 24, eleven (six dogs), by Tilley's Bang; all black and tan.

Liddy M. Henry May's (Augusta, Ga.) English setter bitch Liddy M. (A.K.R. 1235), Feb. 19, nine (six dogs), by Harry S. (A.K.R. 223); four black, white and tan, three lemon and white, and two red.

Nettie. William H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettie (A.K.R. 1704), Feb. 15, six (two dogs), by champion Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.).

Dashing Belle. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), Feb. 20, eight (three dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Famous. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Famous, Feb. 27, six, by Brodnax's Speck.

Daisy Queen. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (Rock—Meg), Feb. 21, five (three dogs), by his champion Royal Ranger (Royal IV.—Novel).

Josie. Henry May's (Augusta, Ga.) English setter bitch Josie (A.K.R. 590), Feb. 11, seven (three dog-), by Harry S. (A.K.R. 223); two dogs lemon and white, the rest black, white and tan.

Topsey. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) imported pug bitch Topsey, Feb. 1, five dogs, by Bradley's Mingo; one since dead.

Fawn. H. Drain's (Baltimore, Md.) red Irish setter bitch Fawn (Elcho—Noreen), Feb. 14, nine (four dogs), by Galliard (Snap—Vic).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Tom. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz, A.K.R. 268—Bird, A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to H. A. Burton, Charlestown, W. Va.

Max. Black, tan and white collie dog, by Brack (A.K.R. 3) out of Beauty (A.K.R. 531), by Martin Dennis, Newark, N. J., to G. R. Sherman, Port Henry, N. Y.

Alpina. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1884 (Duke of Leeds—Abbess II.), by Geo. H. Hill, Cincinnati, O., to C. P. Emory, Loveland, O.

Gay Gladstone. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 26, 1884, by Gladstone out of Florence (Druid—Ruby), by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to B. P. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.

Index. English setter dog, whelped July 10, 1883 (Gladstone—Countess Druid), by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to A. A. Aldridge, St. Louis, Mo.

Gladbuss. English setter dog, whelped Oct. 5, 1883 (Gladstone—Bessie), by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to F. C. Zacharie, New Orleans, La.

Annie Morgan. English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 5, 1883 (Gladstone—Bessie A.), by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to F. C. Zacharie, New Orleans, La.

Lady Bessie. English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 5, 1883 (Gladstone—Bessie A.), by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to G. W. Done, New York.

Gladstone—Bessie A. whelp. English setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1884, by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to C. B. Faxon, Boston, Mass.

Lightning—Kate whelp. English setter dog, 10 months old, by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to F. R. King, Leighton, Ala.

Kitty Clyde. Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1884 (Silk Socks—Zelpha), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Geo. W. Atwood, Hartford, Conn.

Nellie. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1882 (Rebel—Kitt II.), by Col. Alex. Blaine, St. John, N. B., to E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn.

Don II.—Alma II. (A.K.R 276) whelps. Two smooth-coated St. Bernard bitches, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by Hermitage Kennels, Passaic, N. J., to H. J. Clapham, Owego, N. Y.

Jerry. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz, A.K.R. 268—Bird, A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sprightly. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz, A.K.R. 268—Bird, A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to E. R. Taylor, Chester, Pa.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381) whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., a dog to Wm. Dunphy, Peekskill, N. Y., and a bitch to J. E. Rothwell, Boston, Mass.

Clio. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 429), by I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., to C. A. Hazeltine, Haverhill, Mass.

Duke—Maud whelps Gordon setters, whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by J. A. Creveling, Washington, N. J., one to H. K. Johnes, Princeton, N. J., and one to C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rusco. Italian greyhound dog (A.K.R. 1583), owned by Geo. E. Numsen, Baltimore, Md., from distemper.

Clio. Pug bitch (A.K.R. 1591), owned by Geo. E. Numsen, Baltimore, Md., from distemper.

Ruby. Gordon setter bitch (A.K.R. 1635), owned by Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York, March 1, in parturition.

Duke. Gordon setter dog, age not given (Doane's Tom—Doane's Chloe), owned by J. A. Creveling, Washington, N. J.

EVERY ONE interested in dogs should secure a copy of "Our Friend the Dog," a pamphlet on the care of dogs in health and sickness, with a list of canine diseases alphabetically arranged, and the symptoms and prescriptions for their cure. Mailed for 2-cent stamp. Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 26.—There have been two meets at Pine Grove Range this week, under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association. The Massachusetts target was used with a possible 120. The results of each meet were as follows:

February 23.

A C White	11 11 11 10 12 12 12 10 11 11—111 12 12 11 11 12 10 10 10 12 9—109	220
S Clark	11 11 11 11 12 9 10 12 10 12—107 11 9 8 12 11 11 10 10 11 10—103	210
I C B Smith	12 9 12 8 11 11 11 10 10 11—105 9 11 11 12 7 11 12 11 11 9—104	209
M Ferguson	9 11 11 11 9 12 10 11 10 11—105 9 11 10 12 11 9 7 10 11 10—100	205
T Leighton	10 11 11 8 10 11 10 11 11 10—103 11 12 8 11 10 11 11 9 11 9—103	206
A L Rice	10 11 9 8 12 11 12 11 9 10—103 10 11 11 12 6 10 10 11 12 10—102	205
C Allen	10 11 11 10 10 10 11 9 11 9—103	103

February 26.

B Smith	11 12 10 10 11 10 11 11 12 11—109 11 9 11 9 12 10 10 12 10 10—104	213
M G Fuller	10 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 9 12—105 11 12 10 11 10 11 11 12 11 9—106	211
A L Rice	7 10 10 11 10 10 11 12 12 11—104 11 11 10 9 10 9 9 11 11 11—102	206

BRATTLEBORO, Feb. 28.—There was a small attendance at Oak Grove Range, but some very good scores were made by the local club, the shooting being 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts target:

Cobb	11 11 11 12 12 10 12 10 11 12—112
Re-entry	12 11 11 11 12 11 11 11 10—111
French	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 12—110
Re-entry	11 12 12 10 12 9 10 10 12 11—105
Hone	12 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 12 12—110
Re-entry	12 9 11 10 12 11 11 11 10 9—106
Hannon	11 10 11 11 12 11 10 11 11 11—108
Nichols	11 10 11 11 10 10 10 7 10 12—102

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the great clay-pigeon tournament ought to have afforded a grand opportunity for the attendance of Southern sportsmen, comparatively few turned up. The Eastern and Western representatives, however, being numerous. The weather was generally unfortunate, only two good days appearing during the entire shoot. The scores below will show that the shooters were far from being idle. The great achievement of the whole meeting was the formation of the National Gun Association, in which all seemed to vie with the best of feeling to help toward a successful organization.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11.

Match No. 1. Seven single clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 18yds.:

H W Eager	1101100—4	A Erichson	1001001—3
O R Dickey	0101111—5	H McMurchy	0101101—4
W S Perry	0111011—5	T Gastright	0110110—4
Wm Mayronne	1111000—4	A Bandle	1010101—4
W L Davis	0111010—4	H A Penrose	0110001—3
DeFuentis	1000111—4	J R Stice	1101101—5
C M Stark	1010011—4	F A Cousen	1001011—4
E Voris	0110100—3	Scott	0011011—4
W W Holland	0000000—0	B Tiepel	0111101—5
F L Chamberlin	1001101—4	L E Russell	1110110—5

Ties of 5: Dickey and Tiepel 3 and divided, Perry 1, Russell 1, Stice 0. Ties of 4: McMurchy and Cousen 3 and divided, Mayronne, Stark and Gastright 2, Eager and Bandle 1, others 0. Ties of 3: Penrose and Erichson 2, Voris 1; second tie, Penrose 2, Erichson 1.

Match No. 2.—The Von Lengerke Sweepstake, 7 single clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 21yds. rise, break with second barrel to count ½:

Dickey	½ 0 1 0 ½ 1 1—4	Stark	1 0 1 1 0 1 1—5
Eager	½ 0 1 1 0 1 1—4½	Cousen	1 0 1 0 1 0 ½—3½
Perry	0 0 1 1 ½ 1 ½—4	Parmelee	1 0 1 1 0 0 1—4
Bandle	1 0 0 0 1 1 1—4	Folsom	1 1 ½ 1 0 1 1—5½
Gastright	0 1 1 1 0 1 0—4	Stice	0 ½ 1 0 1 1 0—3½
McMurchy	1 1 0 0 0 1 ½—3½	Tiepel	1 ½ 1 1 1 1 1—6½
Meaders	1 ½ 0 1 ½ 0 1—4	Penrose	0 ½ 1 1 1 1 1—5½
Russell	1 1 1 ½ 1 0 0—4½	Erichson	0 1 1 1 1 0 1—6

Vergis, 3½; Harcourt, Scott, Holland and Davis 2; West and Watkins, 1½; Voris, w. Tiepel first, Penrose and Folsom divided second, Stark third, Eager and Russell divided fourth.

Match No. 3.—The Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Match—5 singles and 2 pair double clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 traps, all shells to be loaded with the merino elastic felt gun wad, shooters using wood powder to be allowed the privilege of using a thin card board wad next the powder. The special prize in this match was a magnificent gold medal, presented by the Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Company for best score:

Dickey	10 11—7	Davis	01010 10 10—4
Perry	01101 11 11—4	McMurchy	10110 10 10—5
Eager	11011 11 00—6	Tiepel	10011 00 10—4
Stice	11110 11 10—7	Bandle	11111 00 11—7
Scott	10010 11 01—5	Gastright	10010 11 11—6
Penrose	01111 10 00—5	A White	10011 00 11—5

Stark, Vergis and Russell 3. Ackerman and Dils 1. Ties on 7 at 8 singles and 1 pair; Bandle 5, Dickey 4, Perry 2, Stice 0. Gastright and Eager divided second. Ties of 5: White 3 the others 2.

Extra Matches.—No. 1—8 pair doubles, 16yds., 2 fixed traps: Eager 5, Tiepel 2, Stice 2, Cousin 3, Bandle 4. McMurchy 1, Stark 6, Perry 3, Davis 3, Watkins 4, Vergis 1, Gastright 4. Stark first, Eager and Watkins second, Bandle and Gastright third.

No. 2—5 straightaway, 18yds.: J. Nichols 1, Mayronne 2, H. L. Baker 3, J. S. Sawyer 1, Davis 4, DeFuentis 3, W. B. Ralston 3, Dils 4, Bandle 5, Chamberlin 5, Stark 3, Russel 3, West 2, Erickson 2, Eager 2. Bandle and Chamberlin divided first, Davis and Dils divided second. Ties on 3: Stark 3, Russel 1, rest 0.

No. 3—5 singles, 5 traps, 18yds.: Stark 3, Meader 4, McMurchy 4, Eager 2, Perry 2, Parmalee 2, Watkins 3, Folsom 3, Foote 3, Tiepel 5, Penrose 4, J. M. Auter 1, Voris 2, Vergis 1, Dickey 4, D. M. Hebron 1, Stice 5, G. W. Bookout 1, Gastright 5, Russell 4, Bandle 3, Chamberlin 4, Holland 3, Erichson 4. Tiepel, Gastright and Stice divided first. Ties on 4: Meaders, McMurchy, Penrose and Dickey, 2 each and divided; others 1. Ties on 3: Stark and Folsom 1. Watkins, Foote, Bandle and Holland tied on 2. Second tie: Holland 3, Bandle 2, Watkins 1, Foote 0.

No. 4—5 singles, 21yds. rise: Eager 4, E. T. Owens 2, Bandle 3, Meaders 3, Perry 5, Stark 3, Dickey 4, McMurchy 3, Stice 3, Gastright 1, Tiepel 3, Watkins 3. Chamberlin 3, Verges 4, Penrose 0, Elliot 3 Erichson 3, Holland 2. Ties on 4: Verges 1, Eager 1, Dickey 1. Ties, on 3: Meaders, Bandle, Stark, McMurchy, Stice, Tiepel, Chamberlin and Elliott tied on 2; second tie: Tiepel won with 3.

No. 5—5 singles, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Tiepel 5, F. Erb 3, Essig 2, W. T. Den 2, Parmalee 3, Perry 5, Dickey 3, Chamberlin 3, Davis 2, Bandle 4, Stark 5, Eager 5, Watkins 2, Meaders 5, Elliott 4, Dils 1, Vergis 2, Baker 0, Brown 3, Wakely 3, West 1, Voris 3, Nichols 3, Gastright 3, Erichson 3, Mayronne 3, Holland 1. Perry and Eager 3 and divided. Elliott and Bandle divided second. Tie on 3: Chamberlin, Brown, Voris and Gastright tied again on 3, and Chamberlain won shoot off with 3.

No. 6—5 singles, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Sawyer 3, Brown 3, Vergis 4, Bandle 4, Tiepel 3, West 3, Davis 3, Stubbs 3, Penrose 4, Stark 4, Hascourt 1. Dils 4, De Fuentes 3, Wakely 5, Baker 1, Strong 4, Stice 4, Watkins 3, Essig 2, Mayronne 4, Chamberlin 5, Erb 2, Leach 2, Meaders 4, McMurchy 3, Elliot 4, Clover 3, Den 3, Snedeker 3, Ralston 3, Parmalee 5, Folsom 3, Mitchell 3. Eager 2, White 2, Perry 4, Nichols 4, Voris 3, Muller 2, Erickson 4. Ties of 5: Chamberlin and Parmalee tied on 2 and divided. Ties of 4: Vergis, Meaders, Perry and Erichson tied on 3; Perry and Meaders again on 3 and divided. Ties of 3: Ralston and Folsom tied on 3 and divided.

No. 7—3 pair double bats, 18yds.:

Parmalee	11 00 11—4	Erb	11 10 11—5
Perry	11 11 10—5	Gastright	11 01 01—4
Penrose	11 11 10—5	Custer	10 11 01—4
Stice	01 11 01—4	A Jumel	00 10 w
Voris	01 11 10—4	Foote	01 10 11—4
Den	11 10 01—4	Cardona	11 11 11—6
Holland	11 11 11—6	Davis	11 11 10—5
Dickey	10 10 11—4	Miller	10 11 10—4
		Dils	01 10 11—4

Watkins, DeFuentis, Vergis, Eager, Erichson, Chamberlin, Scott, Cousen, Tiepel, Strong, Bookout, Elliott and McMurchy 3; Essig, Mayronne, Snedeker, Bandle, Hebron and West 2, Stark and Baker 1, White 0. Ties on 6: Cardona won. Ties on 5: Perry and Penrose divided. Ties on 4: Den and Auter divided. No. 8—3 pair double clay-pigeons, 16yds.: Stark and Chamberlin first; Eager, Meaders and Verges second; Dickey third. No. 9—3 pair doubles, 16yds. rise: Voris first, Stark second, Baker and Erichson third. No. 10—3 pair doubles, 16yds. rise: Davis first, Stark and Dickey second, Stice third. No. 11—3 pair doubles, 16yds. rise: Eager first, Perry and Stice second, Gastright third. No. 12—Miss and out at doubles: Voris and Penrose divided. No. 13—5 single, 18yds. rise, 2 traps: Stice and Chamberlin first; Gastright, Dickey and Bandle second; Perry, Tiepel and Meaders third.

THIRD DAY. PROGRAMME MATCHES.

Match No. 5. International Team Championship Match.—Teams of 3 men belonging to any organized club, 10 singles and 5 dair double clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 18yds., for singles, 16yds. for doubles.

Boston Gun Club, Team No. 1.

H W Eager	1110011010— 6	10 10 10 10 10—5—11	
W S Perry	1011001110— 6	10 11 10 11 11—8—14	
O R Dickey	1110111101— 8	11 01 01 10 11—7—15	
	20		20 40

Cincinnati Gun Club.

B Tiepel	1111110111— 9	10 10 10 10 11—6—15	
A Bandle	1101000111— 6	00 10 10 10 10—4—10	
H McMurchy	1011111011— 8	10 11 11 01 10—7—15	
	23		17 40

Boston Gun Club, Team No. 2.

W L Davis	1111010010— 6	01 10 10 10 01—5—11	
C M Stark	1101101110— 7	11 10 11 11 11—8—15	
J S Sawyer	1111111111—10	10 00 10 11 00—4—15	
	23		17 40

Central Ohio Shooting Association of Springfield.

T Gastright	1011101010— 6	10 11 10 10 10—7—13	
C E Vergis	0101101011— 6	10 10 11 10 10—6—12	
L E Russell	0111100001— 5	11 01 11 11 10—8—13	
	17		21 38

Houston Gun Club, of Houston, Texas.

A Erichson	0000111100— 4	10 10 10 10 11—6—10	
W W Holland	1110011100— 6	11 00 10 11 01—6—12	
H A Penrose	1111001011— 7	11 10 10 11 11—8—15	
	17		20 37

Kansas City Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo.

Riley	0000101111— 4	11 10 01 10 00—5—9	
F Erb	1101000111— 5	10 01 10 10 11—6—11	
Elliott	1001010011— 5	11 10 00 01 01—5—10	
	14		16 30

Ties on 40 at 5 singles and 2 pair doubles:

Boston Gun Club, Team No. 1.

Eager	11110	00 11—6	
Perry	01110	10 11—6	
Dickey	11011	01 11—7—19	

Cincinnati Gun Club. Boston Gun Club, No. 2.

Tiepel	11101	11 11—7	Davis	10011	00 10—4
Bandle	01101	00 00—3	Stark	10101	01 11—6
McMurchy	10001	11 11—6—16	Sawyer	11011	10 10—6—16

Boston Gun Club Team No. 1 won first money.

Second tie on 16:

Cincinnati Gun Club. Boston Gun Club, Team No. 2.

Tiepel	01111	10 11—7	Davis	11011	00 10—5
Bandle	11011	10 11—7	Stark	11111	00 w
McMurchy	11110	11 00—6—20	Sawyer	11011	w

Cincinnati Gun Club second, Boston Gun Club's Team No. 2 third, Central Ohio Shooting Association fourth.

Ties of 15 (individual scores) for special prize, Spencer gun: McMurchy 3 w, Dickey 7, Stark 3, Tiepels, Penrose 3 w. B. Tiepel of Cincinnati won Spencer repeating shotgun.

Match No. 6.—7 single clay-pigeons, 21yds. rise, 5 traps:

Eager	0111111—6	Vergis	1111011—6
Stice	1010101—4	Judd	0110101—4
Penrose	1111100—5	McMurchy	1010011—4
Voris	0110111—5	Gastright	1100011—4
Meaders	1010011—4	Linneman	1111011—6
Holland	0111101—5	Riley	0100111—4
Perry	0111011—5	Elliot	1010111—5
Ackerman	1110001—4	Russell	1110100—4
Dickey	1010011—4		

Bandle, Watkins, Tiepel, Bookout, Seeligson and McGraw 3, Chamberlin, Shirley, Ralston and White 2, Welsh 0. Eager, Vergis and Linneman divided first. Ties on 5: Elliot 3, Perry and Stark 2, Holland 1, Penrose and Voris 0. Ties on 4: Stice, Judd and Russell 0, Dickey, Gastright and Riley 3. Second tie: Dickey 3, Meaders 2, others 1.

Match No. 7.—Open to any team of two, 5 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, and 2 pair doubles, 16yds.:

Dickey	10111	10 10—6	Tiepel	01111	11 11—8
Perry	00111	11 10—6—12	McMurchy	11100	11 11—7—15
Eager	11101	10 11—7	Voris	11111	11 11—9
Stark	10111	10 10—6—13	Chamberlin	11101	11 10—7—16
Linneman	01111	11 00—6	Penrose	10111	00 11—6
Vergis	11011	11 10—7—13	White	00111	01 11—6—12
Gastright	11111	10 11—8	Russell	11101	10 01—6
Bandle	10011	10 11—6—14	Davis	10111	11 11—8—14
Stice	10110	11 11—7	Holland	01110	01 10—5
Watkins	10011	00 11—5—12	Curry	00111	10 10—5—10

Downey and Erichson 9, Den and Essig, and Lawrence and Clover 7, Griffin and Bookout, Nelson and Foote, Cardona and Stubbs withdrew.

Match No. 8.—Miss and out, 21yds., 3 traps: Penrose and Watkins

divided on 7, Bonnie, Nelson and Tiepel 6, Bandle 4, Shirley 3, Vergis, Foote, Tuttle 2, Eager, Chamberlin, Cody, Lesche, Jordan, Brown, White, Perry, Mayer 0.

Extra.—No. 14—5 singles, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Gastright 4, Shirley 3, Davis 3, Griffin 2, Erb 3, Penrose 4, Owens 3, McDowell 4, Meaders 4, Brown 4, Tuttle 2, Tiepel 5, Perry 5, Welsh 3, Essig 4, Folsom 3, Vergis 4, Light 2, Dickey 4, Stice 4, Leavens 3, J. F. Beard 1, Bandle 5, Watkins 5, Auter 3, Foote 4, Seeligson 1, Ackerman 3, Bradley 1, Erichson 4, Chamberlin 4, Eager 4, Russell 2, Cook 2, Hebron 1, McMurchy 5, Linneman 2, Dortio 2, Stark 5, Riley 5, Bardwell 4, Elliot 3, Stubbs 4, Voris 3. Ties on 5: Watkins and McMurchy led again on 3 and divided. Ties on 4: Essig and Chamberlin tied on 3 and divided. Ties on 3: Shirley, Davis, Erb and Voris tied again on 3, Erb and Voris again on 2; Voris won finally with 2, Erb 0.

No. 15—5 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Eager 3, Russell 4, Sawyer 1, Watkins 4, Vergis 3, Penrose 3, Davis 3, Holland 3, Gastright 2, Dickey 4, Welch 2, Erichson 2, Folsom 1, Downing 3, Lucas 2, Ackerman 5, Chamberlain 4, Erb 3, Shirley 3, Mayronne 3, Ralston 1, Bardwell 1, Owens 1, Hebron 5, Toote 3, Griffin 2, Baker 2, Voris 3, Perry 5, McGraw 2, Light 4, Gore 3, Strong 3, Cook 5, Miller 2, "Buck" Taylor 0, Leaveas 1, Brown 1, E Bogardus 4, Wakely 3, Stice 2, Elliott 4, Judd 2, Clover 2, Essig 5, Dortic 0, T. G. Brown 2, Bookout 0, Auter 2. Tieple 5, Bandle 3, Stark 4, Leach 2, Meaders 4, Den 1, Tuttle 5, Beard 0, White 3, Linneman 4, Nichols 3, McMurchy 4, Seeligson 3, Riley 4, Stubbs 4. Ties on 5: Hebron and Tiepel tied on 3 and divided. Ties on 4: Dickey, Chamberlin, Bogardus, Elliott and Linneman tied again on 3, Bogardus won shoot off. Ties on 3: Eager, Vergis, Downing, Strong, Erb and Gore tied again on 3, Downing won shoot off.

No. 16—5 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Leavens 5, Strong 4, Callahan 3, Bandle 3, McMurchy 3, Owens 0, Smith 1, Peters 2, E. Bogardus 5, Scott 2, Bookout 5, Meaders 4, Gastright 4, Foote 5, W. F. Cody 3, Watkins 3, Dickey 3, Brown 4, Wakely 2, Hebron 2, Sawyer 5, Tiepel 5, Dils 2, Perry 3, Auter 5, Stubbs 2, Chamberlin 2, Stark 3, Nichols 5, Eager 4, Shirley 2, Cook 2. Leavens, E. Bogardus, Bookout, Sawyer, Tiepel, Auter and Nichols divided first. Strong, Meaders, Gastright, Brown and Eager divided second. Callahan, McMurchy, Cody, Watkins, Dickey, Perry and Stark divided.

FOURTH DAY, FEB. 14.

Match No. 9.—Inter-State Twin Team Match, open to teams of two (both being residents of the same State) 5 singles, 2 pair doubles, clay-pigeons, 2 traps, singles 21yds. rise, doubles 18yds. rise:

Eager	11100	01 11—6	McMurchy	11101	11 10—7
Stark	11111	11 10—8—14	Bandle	11000	10 01—4—11
Gastright	01001	11 11—6	Stice	11101	11 10—7
Tiepel	01110	11 11—7—13	Bogardus	10101	00 10—4—11
Russell	01010	10 10—4	Watkins	11000	10 00—3
Chamberlin	11111	10 11—8—12	Meaders	01010	01 10—4— 7
Perry	10111	00 11—6	Linneman	11001	00 11—5
Dickey	11100	10 10—5—11	Vergis	10111	11 00—6—11
White	00110	01 10—4	Riley	01001	10 01—4
Penrose	11110	00 11—6—10	Erb	11101	11 01—7—11

Parmalee and Cody scored 6 Voris and Judd withdrew.

Match No. 18—Inter-State Team Championship Match open to club teams of five; 7 singles at 18yds. rise, 3 pair doubles at 15yds. rise, class shooting:

Cincinnati Gun Club Team.

Tiepel	1101011—5	11	11	11—6
Bandle	1011111—6	10	11	11—5
McGraw	1100000—2	10	10	10—3
Gastright	1111101—6	11	10	10—4
McMurchy	1111101—6—25	11	11	10—5—23—48

Boston Gun Club.

Eager	1110010—4	01	10	10—3
Davis	1101100—4	11	11	10—5
Stark	1111111—7	10	10	10—3
Dickey	1101111—6	01	01	11—4
Perry	1011111—6—27	11	11	10—5—20—47

Central Ohio Shooting Association.

Voris	1111011—6	10	00	10—2
Vergis	1011011—5	11	00	10—3
Chamberlin	0011010—3	11	11	11—6
Russell	0011000—2	10	10	11—4
Linneman	1101111—6—22	10	10	11—4—19—41

Individual ties of 11 shot off for special Matt Morgan Art Co. prize, 3 singles, 2 pairs: Perry and Bandle 6, Tiepel 5, McMurchy w. Perry refusing to shoot, the prize was awarded to Bandle.

Match No. 14—7 single clay-pigeons, 21yds. rise:

Tiepel	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—6½	Brown	1 1 1 0 0 1 0—4
Eager	0 1 1 1 1 0 0—4	Meaders	1 1 1½½ 1 1—5½
Vergis	1 1 0 1 0 1 0—4	Erichson	1 0 1 1 1½ 0—4
Perry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	Stice	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6
Dickey	1 0 1 1 1 0 1—5	Bardwell	1 0 1 1 1½ 1 1—5½
McMurchy	1 1 1 1 1 0 1½0—4½		

Gastright, Chamberlin and White 3½, Bandle and Beard 3, Downey 2½, Stark and Linneman 2, Myers 1, A. T. White w.

Match No. 15.—Non-winners' sweepstake, open to any who have not won in any programme match, 5 singles and two pair doubles, clay pigeons. Singles 18yds. rise, doubles 15yds. rise:

Bardwell	00000 11 10—3	Leavens	01101 01 10—5
Erb	01010 10 11—5	Callahan	00100 11 00—3
Holland	01100 11 01—5	Nichols	10100 10 10—4
Downey	01100 10 01—4	Davis	11001 11 00—5
Penrose	11110 00 11—6	Sawyer	10011 10 11—6

Sawyer and Penrose divided first. Ties of 5 for second, shot off at 3 singles and 1 pair:

Erb	111 10—4	Leavens	011 11—4
Holland	011 10—3	Davis	111 11—5

Nichols and Downey divided third.

Extra.—No. 17—5 pair double clay-pigeons, 16yds. rise, 2 fixed traps: Voris 6, Judd 3, Eager 3, Stice 3, Cody 6, Jordan 5, Perry 5, Stark 5, Dickey 6, Tiepel 3, Chamberlin 7, Linneman 8, Watkins 3, Vergis 8, Gastright 7, Leicht 3, McMurchy 9. Ties on 8: Stice, Tiepel and Vergis tied again on 4 and divided; Gastright and Chamberlin divided third.

No. 18—3 singles, 21yds., 3 traps: White 2, Eager 2, Chamberlin 3, Davis 2, Essig 2, Dickey 2, Judd 3, Perry 2, Watkins 2, Brush 2, McMurchy 1, Den 0, Voris 1, Holland 1, Bandle 3, A. T. White 2, Stark 3, Stubbs 1, Miller 0. Ties on 3 for first, miss and out; Chamberlin and Bandle led on 2 and divided. Ties on 2: Perry and Bush tied on 5 and divided.

No. 19—Non-winners' sweepstake, 5 singles, 3 traps, open to any one who has not won in programme matches: Myers 2, T. G. Brown 5, Newell 2, Bradley 3, Downing 5, Bardwell 4, Holland 4, Peters 4, Lucas 3, Seeligson 3, Wakely 2, Colville 2, Owens 3, A. T. White 3, Bookout 3, Nichols 4, Clover 3, Callahan 3, Tuttle 3, Auter 4, Leach 4, Bush 0, Lawrence 3, Jordan 2, Erb 5, Mitchell 4, Cook 4, Leavens 2, Nimberly 1, Brown 3, Riley 2, Fontaine 4, Light 4. Ties on 5 for first won by Downey with 3. Ties on 4 for second won by Auter with 3. Ties on 3 for third divided by Bookout and Seeligson on 3.

No. 20—7 singles, 3 traps, 18yds.: T. G. Brown 8, Perry 6, Auter 5, Dickey 4, Vergis 5, Owen 3, Stice 6, Downey 5, Ralston 3, Meaders 5, Eager 6, Hebron 3, Bookout 5, Foote 6, Stark 6, Davis 5, Judd 6, C. N. Brown 1, Wakely 5, Callahan 5, Bradley 3, Chamberlin 6, McGraw 5, Tiepel 6, McMurchy 1, Voris 7, Linneman 4, Erb 6, Leavens 6, Light 6, Erichson 6, Myer 0, Carver 3, Folsom 5, Watkins 7, Bandle 4, Gastright 6, Stubbs 5. Watkins and Voris divided first. Ties on 6: Foote, Erichson and Gastright tied again on 6 and divided. Ties on 5 won by Vergis with 6.

No. 21—3 pair doubles, 2 traps, 16yds. rise: Stice 4, Stark 4, Bookout 2, Dickey 3, Gastright 4, Bandle 2, Watkins 5, Chamberlin 4, Perry 3, Eager 6, Tiepel 5, Ranlett 2, Mitchell 5, Vergis 4, Davis 3, Sawyer 5. Ties on 5: Tiepel and Sawyer tied again on 2 and divided. Ties on 3: Stark and Gastright tied again on 4 and divided.

No. 22—5 singles, 3 traps, 18yds. rise: Dickey 4, Penrose 3, Davis 2, Watkins 4, Chaudet 3, Perry 4, Stark 0, Eager 5, Bandle 2, Meaders 5, Cody 4, Bookout 4, Tiepel 4, Foote 2, Gastright 5, Miles 2, Carver 3, Stice 4, Chamberlin 4. On shoot off Perry and Bookout divided second, Penrose won third.

No. 23—5 singles, 3 traps, 18yds. rise: Dickey 4, Bush 3, Brown 0, Penrose 4, Perry 5, Elliott 4, Tiepel 4, Stark 4, Davis 1, Meaders 4, Judd 2, Bardwell 3, Linneman 3, Riley 2, Vergis w., Chamberlin 3, Stice 4, Watkins 3, Wakely 4, Jordan 3, Essig 3, Den 3, Bandle 4, Clover 4, Cody 2, Sawyer 3, Holland 3. McMurchy 2, Ralston 4, Gastright 0, Eager 3, Parmalee 2, Nichols 4, Voris 5. Perry and Voris divided first. On shoot-off Tiepel and Stark divided second, and Eager won third.

No. 24—5 singles, 18yds., 5 traps: Bandle 4, Eager 4, Dickey 5, Tiepel 4, Perry 4, Watkins 3, Meaders 4, Gastright 4, Chamberlin 4, Linneman 3, Stice 2, Vergis 3, Stark w. Ties of 4 divided by Perry and Eager with 3. Ties of 3 won by Watkins.

FIFTH DAY, FEB. 15.

Extra Matches.—No. 25—5 singles, 5 traps, 18yds. rise: Dickey 4, Bookout 4, Chaudet 4, Tuttle 5, Cousin 4, Linneman 5, Carver 4, Erb 3, Vergis 5, Meaders 3, Stanwood 5, Stark 4, Folsom 3, Bandle 4, Tiepel 5, McMurchy 5, Penrose 3, Eager, Ackerman and Stubbs 2, Curry 0. Ties of 5: Linneman and Tiepel divided on 3. Ties of 4: Carver and Chaudet divided on 3. Meaders and Penrose divided on 3.

No. 26—5 pairs bats, 18yds. rise: Mayronne 1, Cousin 2, Chaudet 8, Watkins 5, Eager 2, Stanwood 1, Carver 2, Dickey 5, Essig 4, Holland 6, Penrose 5, Cody w, Erb 4, Brandle 4, Dugan 2, Vergis 2, Black 2, Den 5, Linneman 5, Gastright 6, Morss 4, McDonough 1, Cardona 3, Bookout 3. Ties of 6 won by Den, of 5 by Watkins.

No. 27—Miss and out, 3 traps, 21yds., clay-pigeons: Eager and Linneman divided on 5.

No. 28—7 single clay-pigeons, 3 traps, 18yds.: Vergis 4, Eager 7, White 4, Watkins 5, Chaudet 3, Dickey 5, McMurchy 7, Bandle 5, Meaders 6, Stark 5, Tiepel 7, Bookout 4, Penrose 5, Seeligson 3, Gastright 6, Cousin 6, Carver 5. Eager, McMurchy and Tiepel divided first. Cousin, Gastright and Meaders divided second. Ties on 5 for third was won by Dickey with 7.

No. 29—7 singles, 3 traps, 18yds.: Stark 6, Meaders 5, Bandle 5, Cousin 4, Eager 5, Watkins 6, Bookout 3, McMurchy 6, Chaudet 4, Carver 5, Vercis 5, Cardona 4, Dickey 5, Gastright 5, Tiepel 7, Callihan 3. Tiepel won first, Stark won shoot off for second, Gastright shoot off for third.

No. 30—Two-man team match, 5 singles each man, 3 traps, 18yds.:

Eager	10111—4	Cousin	10101—3
Stanwood	11101—4— 8	Chaudet	11111—5— 8
Tiepel	10101—3	Watkins	01100—2
Bandle	10111—4— 7	Meaders	01110—3— 5
McMurchy	11111—5	Harkins	11100—3
Gastright	01000—1— 6	Dickey	01100—2— 5
Linneman	11111—5	W L Brown	10011—3
Vergis	11111—5—10	Carver	11110—4— 7
Bookout	11100—3	Holland	010 1—2
Seeligson	01110—3— 6	Penrose	11011—4— 6

Linneman and Vergis won first.

No. 31—5 singles, 3 traps, 18yds.: Dickey 1, Watkins 4, Bookout 3, Stark 3, Vergis 5, Eager 5, Bandle 4, Carver 4, McMurchy 5, Gastright 3, Tiepel 4. Ties on 5 for first won by Vergis. Ties on 4 for second divided by Watkins and Carver with 3 each.

SIXTH DAY, FEB. 16.

Match No. 18—International Individual Championship Match, open to the world, single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 pair doubles, 15yds. rise. First prize the diamond championship badge (guaranteed by the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company) won by C. M. Stark, of Exeter (N. H.) club at the first international clay-piegon tournament at Chicago, May, 1884, and returned by him:

Watkins	1111011011—8	10 11 11 10 01—	7—15
Linneman	1111101110—8	11 01 11 10 01—	7—15
Essig	1000101000—3	10 00 01 10 00—	3— 6
McMurchy	1001111111—8	10 11 11 10 11—	8—16
Bandle	1001110011—6	10 10 11 11 11—	8—14
Meaders	1111011110—8	01 11 01 11 11—	8—16
Chamberlin	0101111110—7	11 11 10 10 01—	6—13
Stark	1100101100—5	11 11 11 11 11—	10—15
Perry	1111000000—5	10 10 01 10 10—	5—10
Eager	1101111111—9	00 10 01 10 10—	4—13
Tiepel	1111011111—8	11 11 11 10 10—	8—16
Stice	1111101111—8	10 11 10 10 00—	5—13
Voris	1111011011—8	11 10 10 00 10—	5—13
Vergis	0110000111—5	01 10 11 10 11—	7—12
Dickey	1101101111—8	10 11 11 11 10—	8—16
Lawrence	1001000001—3	11 11 11 10 00—	7—10
Tuttle	0111101011—7	10 10 01 00 10—	3—10
Judd	0111010001—5	11 10 10 11 11—	8—13
A H Bogardus	1101001111—7	01 10 11 10 10—	6—13
W F Carver	1111011111—9	10 11 10 10 11—	7—16
Erb	0111111010—7	10 10 10 00 11—	5—12
Den	0100011101—5	00 00 00 01 11—	3— 8
Cody	1110101100—6	11 10 01 11 11—	8—14
Bookout	1010001111—6	11 01 10 11 01—	7—13
Gastright	1011011011—7	10 10 10 10 11—	6—13
Kirkwood	1101110101—7	01 00 01 10 10—	4—11
Elliott	0111010101—7	10 11 11 11 11—	9—16

Ties of 10, shot off at 5 singles, 2 pair:

McMurchy	00111 11 11—7	Dickey	00111 01 10—5
Meaders	10011 11 01—6	Carver	00111 10 11—5
Tiepel	11111 10 10—7	Elliott	00010 10 w—

Second tie: McMurchy, 00111 11 11—7; Tiepel, 11111 11 00—7.

Third tie: McMurchy, 01111 11 11—8; Tiepel, 11011 11 11—8.

Fourth tie: McMurchy, 10101 00 w.; Tiepel, 11100 11 10—6. Tiepel won first and medal. McMurchy second, Meaders third. Tie for fourth and fifth: Carver, 11111 10 10—7; Dickey, 01110 01 w. Carver fourth, Dickey fifth.

Match No. 19.—Von Lengerke team match, open to any team of two men, 5 singles, 18yds. rise, break with second barrel to count ½:

Meaders	½½½½11—3½	Bandle	1 0 ½ 0 0—1½
Stice	1 1 1 ½—4½—8	Gastright	0 1 1 1 0—3 —4½
Eager	½ 1 1 0—3½	Watkins	1 1 1 1 1—5
Dickey	0 1 1 ½ 1—2½—6	Stubbs	0 0 1 1 ½—2½—7½
Tiepel	1½½1½0—3	Perry	1 0 1 1—3
McMurchy	1 1 1 1 1—5 —8	Bookout	½ 1 1 1 1—4½—7½
Linneman	1 1 ½ 1 1—4½	Cody	0 0 ½ 1 1—2½
Voris	½ 1 1 1 0—3½—8	Bogardus	1 ½ 1 1 1—4½—7

Carver 00100—1 and Stark 10100—2—3. Ties on 8: Meaders 1½1—2½ Stice ½11—2½—5 and took first. Voris 101—2, Linneman 0w, Tiepel 0w., McMurchy 00w. Ties of 7½ divided second, Cody and Bogardus third.

Extra.—No. 32—5 singles, 18yds. rise, 3 traps: Eager 4, Vergis 4, Bogardus 3, Gastright 4, Linneman 4, Dickey 4, Bradley 5, Davis 2, Elliot 5, Chamberlin 1, Perry 4, Judd 4, Stark 4, Erb 4. Ties on 5 for first won by Stice with 3. Ties on 4 for second won by Gastright with 6.

No. 33—5 singles, 18yds., 3 traps: Sawyer 3, Eager 3, Bogardus 4, Cody 1, Nichols 3, Davis 1, Stark 3, Gastright 2, Bandle 5, Meaders 4, Tuttle 3, Leavens 4, White 4, Dickey 1, Chamberlin 4, Stice 5. Watkins 4, McMurchy 5, Vergis 4, Linnemann 5, Elliott 3, Tiepel 4, Erichson 4, Downey 2, Judd 5, Carver 5, Cook 2, Callahan 1, Cardona 2, Ackerman 3, Penrose 4, Bradley 3, Perry 3. Ties of 5: Bandle, Linneman and Carver divided on 3. Ties of 4: Out of 14 Tiepel broke 13, Meaders 11. Ties on 3 won by Perry.

No. 34—7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds: Eager 6, Gastright 7, Vergis 5, Stark 7, Perry 5, Linneman 5, Dickey 3, Judd 5, Stice 6, Bradley 5, Davis 2, Bandle 5, Chamberlin 3, Erichson 4, Downey 4, McMurchy 5, Elliot 5, Tiepel 6, Bogardus 7, Cody 4, Essig 5, Meaders 7, Watkins 5, Carver 5. Shoot off: Bogardus won on ties of 7, Eager, Stice and Tiepel on ties of 6, Linneman and Watkins on ties of 5.

No. 35—5 singles, 18yds., 3 traps: Meaders 3, Shirley 5, Bandle 4, Eager 5, Watkins 3, Tiepel 4, McMurchy 4, Bookout 5, Dickey 3, Perry 2, Stark 5, Stice 5, Vergis 4, Sawyer 2, Light 3, Elliot 4, Chamberlin 3, Carver w, Gastright 3. Ties on 5 for first won by Stark and Shirley. Ties on 4 for second won by Bandle, McMurchy, Tiepel and Elliot. Ties on 3 for third won by Chamberlin.

Extra Event, Feb. 12—Match for $50 between O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., and Capt. E. E. Stubbs, of Gainesville, Ark., at 25 single clay-pigeons:

Stubbs	0011011111000111001011111—16
Dickey	1111111101111111111101110—22

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the second meeting at New Orleans the following were appointed a Committee on Organization, one from each State and Territory, who shall be Second Vice-Presidents of the Association: Maine, Col Farrington, of Portland; New Hampshire, Dr. C. H. Gerrish, Exeter; Massachusetts, C. M. Stark, Winchester; Connecticut, C. M. Spencer, Windsor; Rhode Island, E. W. Tinker, Providence; New York, J. Fisher, Buffalo; Pennsylvania, W. H. Bradley, Bradford; New Jersey, Al. Hertzog, Jersey City; Delaware, E. Von Culin, Delaware City; Ohio, Al. Bandle, Cincinnati; Illinois, B. B. Organ, Chicago; Indiana, Ed. Voris, Crawfordsville; Missouri, R. W. Main, Fulton; Michigan, E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids; Wisconsin, Mr. Phillipps, Chippewa Falls; Texas, C. Erichson, Houston; Louisiana, J. K. Renaud, New Orleans; Tennessee, A. Meaders, Nashville; Kentucky, J. Barbour, Louisville; Mississippi, D. N. Hebron, Vicksburg; Arkansas, Geo. Read, Sunnyside; Florida, E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee; Alabama, Judge Randolph, Montgomery; Georgia, Wm. G. Cooper, Savannah; South Carolina, E. Gibbes, Columbia; North Carolina, J. W. Jordan, Asheville; Virginia, S. R. White, Norfolk; West Virginia, Capt. West, Parkersburg; Minnesota, W. H. Skinner, Waseca; Nebraska, F. S. Parmele, Omaha; Kansas, F. A. White, Topeka; California, J. K. Orr, San Francisco; Colorado, Geo. B. Dougan, Leadville; Dakota Territory, Mr. Rublen, Ellendale; Utah, W. D. Howe, Ogden; New Mexico, J. W. Virgin, San Marcial; Washington, D. C., W. Wagner; Wyoming Territory, Paul Bergerson, Cheyenne; Iowa, Walter Chambers, Davenport; Maryland, Ed. Colston, Baltimore.

From the Committee (of 21) on Rules, Dr. Russell, of Springfield, O., reported the following rules, which were duly adopted, to take effect from date, with the exception that for the balance of this tournament the 10 per cent. from purse rule shall govern

RULES FOR TRAP-SHOOTING.

Rule 1. Referees and Judges—The shooters shall choose two judges, whose duty it shall be to elect a referee. The referee's decision shall only be required in case of the disagreement of the judges, and his decision shall be final. There shall be no appeal from the referee's decision. If, however, the referee does not see the shot, or, from any other cause, is in doubt as to what his decision should be, he shall consult the judges, or such other competent persons as he may select, not being less than two in number, and having no pecuniary or other interests of any kind whatsoever in the referee's decision, either in regard to bets, stakes or shooting score. This proviso applies equally to the judges. The referee may allow a contestant another bird in case the latter shall have been interfered with, or may, for any reason satisfactory to the referee, be entitled to it.

Time at Score.—Each participant in a shooting match shall hold himself in readiness, and come to the score prepared to shoot when his name is called by the scorer. If he be longer than three minutes it shall be discretionary with the referee whether to allow him to shoot or not in the match.

Scoring.—The judges shall each be provided with a red and white flag or guidon. They shall raise the red flag to indicate a broken or killed bird, and they shall raise the white flag to indicate "lost" bird; they shall raise both flags to indicate a "no" bird or an "imperfect" bird. The scorer shall promptly repeat his score in a loud tone of voice.

Rule 2. Cartridges—It shall be the duty of the referee to examine cartridges, to ascertain the amount of shot used by each shooter at any time during a tournament, when requested to do so by a contestant.

Rule 3. Traps—Five shall be used, set in an arc of a circle, level with the ground, five yards apart, numbered from left to right; the fourth notch, or a velocity equivalent thereto, shall be used (excepting for trap No. 3, where the third notch shall be used) with the projecting arm of the trap not elevated over 15 degrees.

Rule 4. Traps Nos. 1 and 5 shall throw across the line drawn from the shooter to trap No. 3, the crossing point being not over 25 yards from the shooter; trap No. 2 shall throw left-half quartering; trap No. 4 shall throw right-half quartering; trap No. 3 shall throw straight away.

Rule 5. Double birds shall be thrown from traps Nos. 2 and 3; ties from traps Nos. 3 and 4. Trap No. 3 shall be set at about 15 degrees elevation; traps Nos. 2 and 4 at about 20 degrees elevation.

Rule 6. Double Birds—1. In case one be a fair bird and the other an imperfect one or no bird, he must shoot at a new pair; both birds must be sprung at once, otherwise they shall be "no birds." 2. A shooter firing both barrels at one bird, in succession, shall be scored lost birds. 3. If both birds are "killed" by the first shot or barrel, they shall be scored "no birds;" if by the second barrel, they shall be scored first "lost," second "dead."

Rule 7. Ties on single birds shall be thrown from traps Nos. 1, 3 and 5.

Rule 8. Screens—No screens or netting shall be used; "back stops" may be provided for trappers, not to exceed ten yards from the end traps, and not to exceed three feet in height.

Rule 9. Broken Birds—No clay-pigeons shall be examined for shot marks; birds shall be scored lost unless broken distinctly in the air.

Rule 10. Imperfect or no Birds—If a bird be broken by the trap, it shall be optional with the shooter to accept the same; if accepted, the result shall be scored. Birds—The shooter shall be allowed another bird under either of the following contingencies. 1. In single bird shooting, if two or more birds are sprung instead of one, and the shooter does not fire (but if he fires he shall be scored). 2. If the bird is sprung before or at any noticeable interval after the shooter calls "pull," and he does not fire at it (but if he fires the bird shall be scored). 3. If the bird does not fly 30 yards from its trap, passing over a line (imaginary) at a distance of 10 yards from the traps and 4 feet high, and the shooter does not fire (but if he fires the bird shall be scored). 4. If in the judgment of the referee the shooter is baulked by accident or otherwise. 5. If the shooter's gun, being properly loaded and cocked, does not go off at any cause whatever, excepting through the fault of the shooter.

Rule 11. Pulling—When shooter calls "pull" the trap shall be instantly sprung, or the bird may be refused. If pulled without notice, or more than one bird loosed, if the shooter fires he must abide the consequences. If he fails to shoot when trap is properly pulled it must be scored a lost bird. The trap puller shall stand from four to six feet behind the shooter, and shall use his own discretion in regard to which trap shall be sprung to each shooter.

Rule 12. Purses—To be divided in fifty, thirty and twenty per cent., unless otherwise agreed upon.

Rule 13. Bribing Trappers or Pullers—Any shooter convicted of an attempt to bribe, or in any manner influence the trappers or pullers, to be barred from all further contest during the tournament.

Rule 14. Rise—Shall be 18 yards for singles and 15 yards for doubles; ties at 3 yards additional up to the limit of handicap.

Rule 15. Handicap—All winners or dividers of first money shall be handicapped two yards; winners (or dividers) of second money shall be handicapped one yard; maximum handicap 22 yards. If a shooter shall win at the maximum handicap, all others handicapped shall step in one yard.

Rule 16. Ties shall be shot on singles at three birds each; on doubles at one pair.

Rule 17. Position of Gun—The gun shall be held below the armpit until the shooter calls "pull;" otherwise, if challenged, it shall be declared a "lost" bird, whether hit or missed.

Rule 18. Loading of Gun—Charge of powder unlimited; charge of shot not to exceed 1¼ oz. Dixon's standard measure, No. 1106 or 1107, struck off. Any one using a larger quantity of shot shall forfeit all entrance money and rights in the match, and shall be subject to further action by the management, as provided in the Constitution and By-Laws.

Rule 19. Handicap of Gun—No guns larger than 10 bore shall be allowed. Guns of 12-gauge, weighing 8 pounds or under, shall be allowed two yards.

Rule 20. Misfire—In case of misfire through no fault of the shooter another bird shall be allowed.

Rule 21. Entries—All entries shall close at the firing of the first gun. In large international or interstate tournaments, all entries shall be made before 6 P. M. of the day preceding the shoot, by depositing 10 per cent. of the entrance fee, which shall be forfeited to the management if the entry is not completed before the firing of the first gun.

Rule 22. Challenging—None but contestants in a match shall be allowed the right of challenging.

Rule 23. Danger—If the bird is thrown so that to shoot in proper time it would endanger life or property, the referee shall allow another bird.

Rule 24. Closing a loaded gun before going to the score, or failing to remove a loaded cartridge before leaving the score, shall subject shooter to fine of $1. On single birds one barrel only shall be loaded; should more than one barrel be loaded in single bird shooting, the bird shall be scored lost.

Rule 25. Class Shooting—All sweepstakes shall be class shooting, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 26. In all tournaments conducted by the Association 5 per cent. shall be deducted from all purses for the benefit of the Association; clubs shall deduct 2 per cent. in club matches should the club so elect.

Rule 27. Fines—A fine of one dollar to be added to the pool, shall be rigidly enacted for any of the following acts of negligence: A. Pointing a gun at any one under any circumstances. B. Firing off a gun, except when the shooter has been called to shoot and is at the mark. C. Closing a gun with cartridge in before arriving at the mark, or when in the act of closing it pointing it toward the shooter or spectators. D. Quitting the mark without extracting a loaded cartridge unfired. E. Having a loaded gun anywhere on the ground except when at the mark. F. Should any contestant attempt to take any undue advantage of a shooter when at the score, in order to confuse him to lose a bird, or should any contestant create or participate in any disturbance, or loud, boisterous wrangling during a shoot, he shall be fined $5 or expelled from the Association in the manner provided for in the constitution and by-laws.

Rule 28. Paying for Birds—The price of birds shall be deducted from the amount of each separate pool or sweepstakes, unless otherwise specially agreed beforehand.

Rule 29. Live Birds.—All birds shall be shot from ground traps, which shall be set 5yds. apart. Rise 25yds. Use of one barrel. Boundary unlimited. In case of challenged bird the shooter shall be allowed three minutes to gather the bird.

Rule 30. Birds on the Wing—In double bird shooting, the birds shall be on the wing when shot at. A bird shot on the ground shall be scored lost. Double birds to be shot at 21yds. rise, boundary unlimited; 3 minutes allowed to gather birds if challenged.

Rule 31. Ties—On single birds, 25yds. rise; doubles at 21yds.

Rule 32. If a bird is shot at by any person except the man at the score, the judges and referee shall decide whether it shall be scored lost or the shooter allowed another bird. When traps are sprung, should bird refuse to fly after a reasonable time, the shooter may call "no bird."

Rule 33. Gathering Birds—It shall be optional with the shooter to gather his own birds or appoint a person to do so for him. In all cases the birds must be gathered by hand, without any forcible means, within 3 minutes of the time it alights, or be scored a lost bird. All birds must show shot marks if challenged.

Rule 34. Team Shooting—The teams, in team shoots, will be called to the "score" in the order designated by the Executive Committee; said order will be determined by the dates of original entry, teams being allowed to choose accordingly; the members of the team will be called to the "score" in the order designated by their respective captains, each man shooting at singles 5 birds in succession, and then (when all teams have finished shooting at single birds) the members will, in a similar manner, finish their scores at the double birds.

Rule 35. Teams—In team championship matches teams of four must be residents of the same State, and in twin-team championship matches both must be residents of the same county or parish. Any State or county can enter as many teams as they see fit.

It was voted that the Association accept the celebrated Bogardus cup, offered to the National Gun Association to be shot for as an individual championship cup at all tournaments given by the National Association in the next two years. Conditions, 50 singles, 25 doubles, National Gun Association rules to govern. The winner the greatest number of times during the ensuing two years to keep it permanently.

Articles of incorporation of the above Association were duly filed in Covington, Ky., Feb. 28, said incorporation to date from March 4, 1885. The requisite papers were drawn by T. H. Mackoy of this city, counsellor at law, at the suggestion of the well known sportsman "Gloan." The committee on organization, on rules, and on constitution

are requested to send their acceptance or declination, also their opinions and suggestions as to changes in rules, etc., at an early date to the undersigned. Dr. Carver suggests the following important modification of Rule 25, viz.: "In handicap sweepstakes there shall be no class shooting. In championship matches there shall be class shooting and no handicap of previous winners."

Suggestions are invited as to the best places for holding a series of twelve inter-state tournaments—guaranteed purses—under the auspice, of the National Gun Association, beginning at Cincinnati, May 5, with wild pigeons and clay-pigeons, guaranteed purses $500. Stock certificates will be ready for delivery March 15.

Subscriptions should now be sent to me, either by payment in full, of $5 per share, or 10 per cent. ($0 cents per share), and the balance in monthly installments of $1 or 10 per cent. when more than one share is taken, beginning April 1 next. Annual dues of $1 are payable May 1, 1885. The first inter-state tournament will be given by the Association May 6 to 10 in this city. Total subscriptions, thus far, 210 shares, $1,050. Full prospectus will be published about April 1 next. When incorporated, the treasurer must furnish a $5,000 bond.

J. E. Bloom, Treasurer pro tem.

Box 1292, Cincinnati, O.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS VS. KNICKERBOCKERS.—Match between the Washington Heights and Knickerbocker Gun Clubs. Teams of 11, 10 live birds, 5 traps, 16yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. The day being fine there was a good attendance.

Washington Heights.		Knickerbockers.	
J Glasser	1111001111—8	Lichtenhein	0100011111—6
J Dunseath	1111111010—8	Raynor	1111011110—8
E Roe	0100111111—7	Pilkington	1111101001—7
B Gregg	0011010111—6	Elliot	1010111101—7
L Brenner	1111001111—8	Bassford	0101111111—8
I P Martin, Jr	1101011111—8	Russell	0011111110—7
W W Disbrow	1110011110—7	A W Mott	0111111001—7
D Cassibeer	1100111111—8	Baker	1111011111—9
T Moore	1100011111—8	Newkirk	1111010111—8
J Male	1111111111—10	Ilsley	1100001101—5
H Harrison	0111111111—9—87	Onderdonk	1011011110—7—79

Mr. Smith, of the Knickerbocker Club, shot a match of 10 birds with Mr. C. R. Terwilleger, of the Washington Heights Club, Smith 9, Terwilleger 8.—J. R. T.

STAUNTON, Va., Feb. 24.—Score made by the Staunton Gun Club to day in a match at 10 clay-birds, shot from the fourth notch—no bird broken under 50yds. All guns used were 12-bore:

Dr Wayman	1111111111—10	H G Herring	0101001111—6
T Bissell	0111111111—9	W F Summerson	0110101110—6
C L Cooke	1111110111—9	W M Allen	0101011001—5
E Berkeley	1011111111—9	J F Wayman	0100011101—5
C Whittle	1111111100—8	J A Cochran	0011100000—3
W E Coons	1011111100—7	W A Cushing	0010010000—2
T F West	0011110111—7		

Wayman winning silver medal, and Cushing winning leather medal.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—Feb. 19, 1884.—At New Dorp, S. I.

Fisher, 21yds	0111001101—6	N Measel, 21yds	1111111111—10
Sidley, 25yds	0111011110—7	Glaccun, 25yds	1110010011— 6
Regan, 21yds	1110001110—6	Veidt, 21yds	1011110011— 7
J P Connor, 21yds	0010100111—5	Hudson, 30yds	0010010110— 4
Murphy, 21yds	1110101111—8	J Measel, 21yds	1001101110— 6
Otten, 25yds	1111111100—8	Cody, 25yds	0111000000— 4
McMahon, 21yds	1001001010—4	Schermerhorn, 21yds	1110110110— 7
G Connor, 21yds	1101010010—5	Turner, 21yds	0010000111— 4
Godfrey, 25yds	0111011111—7	Schrader, 21yds	1110111100— 7
Buiz, 21yds	0111100101—5		

Second prize won by Herman Otten. Ties for third prize: Sidley 0, Veidt 10, Godfrey 0, Schermerhorn 11, Schrader 0.

FORT WORTH, Texas.—Dr. Carver has made a match with H. A. Penrose, of San Angelo, Tex. The match will be shot in this city, March 8, at 100 live pigeons, for $250 a side. Penrose has put up $100 forfeit.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May	30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race. Dorchester Bay.
May	30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June	11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June	15—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June	17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June	20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July	11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July	18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July	25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug.	1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug.	15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Sept.	5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept.	19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.

THE AMERICA CUP.

THE long-expected challenges from Genesta and Galatea have at length been received and accepted, and it is now a certainty that there will be one if not more contests for the Cup next September. As the challenges did not arrive on the Aurania with Com. Bennett, he had cabled to London, and in return received the challenges given below. At the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., on Thursday, Feb. 26, Com. Bennett presided, a large number of members being present. The challenges were read and Genesta's was accepted, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Philip Schuyler, J. F. Tams, Jules Montant, C. H. Stebbins and J. R. Busk, were appointed to attend to all the business of the race. Galatea's challenge was also accepted and referred to the same committee, so that if Genesta fails to win the Cup a race or races will be made at once with Galatea, the six months' notice being waived.

Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, the only survivor of the original owners of the America and donors of the Cup, spoke of the fair treatment that the America had received when in England, and gave some incidents of her races there, expressing a wish that their representatives might meet with a similar reception here.

The full text of the challenges was as follows:

18 Cranby Gardens, S. W., London, Feb. 26.

To Charles Minton, Secretary of the New York Y. C.:

Dear Sir—Referring to my letter of the 6th of December last, I now beg to challenge on behalf of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., for the America Cup in accordance with Mr. Schuyler's letter of Jan. 4, 1883, embodied in your letter of Feb. 15, 1882. Sir Richard Sutton challenges on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he is a member, and Lieut. Henn on behalf of the Royal Northern Y. C., of which he is a member. The regatta courses of both these clubs are on the sea or upon the arms of the sea, and are practicable for yachts of 330 tons. I inclose letters from the secretaries of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Northern Y. C., authorizing Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., to challenge as representing these clubs.

Sir Richard Sutton's Genesta is cutter rigged, and her dimensions are, length on load waterline, 81ft; beam, 15ft.; depth moulded, 11.75. Her tonnage, according to the Yacht Racing Association rules, is 80 tons. It is not possible to comply literally with paragraph 11 of the conditions, as there is no such thing in this country as a Custom House certificate of measurement, but I inclose a certified extract from the ship's register in which her dimensions and tonnage are stated. The register itself, being the title to the vessel, obviously cannot be sent. The Genesta's dimensions are also given in Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1884, which register is deemed official.

Lieut. Henn's yacht, the Galatea, is to be cutter-rigged. Her dimensions are: Length on the load waterline, 86.80ft.; beam, 15ft.; draft extreme, 13,50ft.; depth moulded blank in copy. A certified copy of her dimensions is inclosed. It is intended that Sir Richard Sutton's challenge shall take priority of Lieut. Henn's challenge. Therefore if Sir Richard Sutton's yacht is fortunate enough to win the Cup, Lieut. Henn's challenge, under the conditions of the contest paragraph, necessarily falls to the ground; but should Sir Richard Sutton's cutter yacht be beaten, it is proposed that the match with Lieut. Henn's vessel shall take place as soon as practicable after those with Sir Richard Sutton's vessel. It is further proposed that the matches with the Genesta shall be sailed between Aug. 20 and Sept. 1, and those with the Galatea before Sept. 16, the latter date being within seven months of the date of this letter, as required by the eighth paragraph of the conditions. It is also proposed that each match shall consist of three races over the same course on different days, with at least one intervening day, either yacht winning two out of the three races to be the winner. As it was the intention of the donors of the Cup, as expressed in Mr. Schuyler's letter of Jan. 4, 1882, that the contest for its possession should be sailed over an open sea course, it is the wish of the challengers that an ocean course should be selected free, so far as practicable, from all complications as to tides and shallow water. The challengers further suggest that the time allowance between the competing yachts should be the mean of the time ascertained by the New York Y. C. and the Y. R. A. rule of measurement and time allowances.

It is very important that the details of the races should be settled under the ninth paragraph of the conditions, because in the following paragraphs there is a condition which might give advantage to the holders of the Cup, namely, the condition which would enable them to name their representative at the time of the start, and then to select their vessel according to the weather. The challengers themselves do not attach much importance to this condition, but it is obviously desirable to avoid anything in such contests which might have the appearance of giving the advantage to one side. The challengers therefore respectfully suggest, for the purpose of settling the details referred to in paragraph nine, that each party should name a representative with a referee mutually chosen. The challengers think that Mr. G. L. Schuyler, the surviving donor of the Cup, would be the most appropriate person, if he would undertake the office, to act as referee; and if this suggestion meets with the concurrence of the members of the New York Y. C., the challengers name J. M. Woodbury, Fleet Surgeon of the Seawanhaka Y. C., as their representative.

In conclusion, I am to add that the challengers, desiring that these contests should be a true test between the American and English types of yacht, will do everything in their power to insure that result, and they feel satisfied that their views will be fully appreciated and re-procated by the members of the New York Y. C.

I shall be happy to furnish any information that may be required. I remain, dear sir, for Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn., R. N., yours faithfully, J. Beavor Webb.

Mr. A. Cary Smith was present with the model of a new sloop which he had prepared at the request of the flag officers, and from which they proposed to build. The dimensions of this boat are: Length on waterline 25ft., beam extreme 22ft. 5in., draft 7ft. 9in. She is, of course, a centerboard boat, the handsomest model Mr. Smith has yet designed. She has the plumb stem and sternpost of Mischief, but a longer and lighter counter, and it will be noticed that her proportion of length to beam is very nearly four to one. Her rig will be by courtesy a sloop, but with mast well aft and double head sails. The details of her construction have not yet been decided on, but she will probably be of iron. The plans and specifications are ready, and the work can be commenced at once. The New York Y. C. has shown every disposition to meet the visitors in a fair and sportsmanlike manner, and to accord them every opportunity for a fair race. It is possible that other sloops may be built by members to compete for the Cup, and Boston also is anxious to take a hand in the fight. Should other boats be ready in time, a series of trial races would probably decide who shall defend the Cup, but the chances now are that Mr. Smith's boat will have that honor.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in yesterday's *Commercial Advertiser* that Cary Smith has got out the design of a cutter-rigged boat of four beams to be used to defend the America's Cup. Great heavens! Can yachting in America have come to this? What can the New York Y. C. be about?

We don't want any such boat, or any new-fangled foreign rig. Cutter rig forsooth! Give me a good, wholesome jib and mainsail, such as the old Maria had, and a boat that will sail on top of the waves instead of dragging fathoms of useless bottom through the water, and above all let her have plenty of beam And just think of it! Victory by chance in such a boat as Mr. Cary Smith's would mean defeat; for would we not have taken a leaf out of the foreigner's book? Go to!

New York, March 3. Punchbowl.

THE CRUISE OF THE TAME GOOSE.

THE hay seed, which sailors claim sticks a long time in a landsman's hair, was pretty thick in mine when I undertook a cruise in the Tame Goose, and it was natural that it was so, for I left the hay field where with the men I had harvested a big crop, and with two stout, middle-aged friends went off for a few days' cruise. My friends the Politician and the Legal Luminary, were entirely inexperienced in the art of sailing, so in blissful ignorance trusted implicitly in me, and were unsuspicious of danger. They expected a jolly good time, free from care, and full of lazy enjoyment. They pictured bright summer skies, gentle, favoring breezes and smiling waters, and as we jogged along over the miles of road that led to the bay in a wagon loaded with our outfit, many a bright picture did they conjure up in their fertile imaginations of the delights of open-air life, and a cruise on the water in the lovely summer weather.

The sight of the bay reminded me of an occurrence I had seen there a few weeks previous. Two gentlemen, one a lawyer from a large city, the other a professor in a school, obtained permission of a friend to sail his yacht, a sloop-rigged craft some twenty eight feet long. I suppose they deemed themselves sailors in theory, at least, if they were not in practice, for they relied entirely on themselves in their operations. In fact, they were rather distant in manner. They got the boat from its moorings to the wharf, and set all sail. There was a fair sailing breeze blowing, but a little puffy as it dipped down from the bluffs to the water. The wind was from the west, and the two professionals headed the yacht due east. As they sailed away, the trim of those sails was a sight to behold. The port jib sheet was trimmed down and the mainboom hung over the starboard quarter and held there by the main sheet firmly fastened to a cleat. The gods smiled on them for a while, for they went safely straight across the bay about a mile. There the shore stood in the way and they must needs turn. They choose to go north, and shifting the helm without touching the sheets, brought the entire surface of the large sails square to the wind. A wandering puff came along just then, and over they went. At this the boys on the wharf who had been watching the performance without much comment, as if under a kind of restraint, awoke to the ludicrous view of the situation, and indulged in a hearty burst of merriment.

"Oh Lordy," said a kind, looking old lady, "them men are upset and they'll drown, why don't you hurry out and save 'em."

A good-natured captain of a tug steamed leisurely out and towed the craft in, with the two amateurs, who were really not wet above the knees.

My boat was of the same type. Built for use on rather contracted and landlocked waters; built for smooth waters and puffy winds; broad, flat, low, unballasted and air-chambered, whichever side up she wouldn't drown one in such waters. She was 16ft. long, 6ft. beam, 2ft. deep, had centerboard and jib and mainsail. But now we were to take her out for a cruise on the great lakes, and—well, if I had misgivings I didn't share them with my companions.

We completed our preparations on the first day, but the morning of the second found us on a sandy beach at the mouth of the bay. Our course down the great lake was nearly due east, and we intended to hug the shore pretty close. It is a bluffy shore with deep water close up, and no shelter from an incoming storm, except in the harbors where ships go in. The wind was off shore on our starboard quarter and a fine, strong morning breeze. All sail, and the way we skipped down that shore for two or three hours was exhilarating. The bluffs moved behind us in a steady, solemn procession. My crew lounged forward in high spirits, then they lit their pipes and smoked, and finally, as the sun got higher, took a nap. But the wind strengthened with the sun, and pressed the outspread wings of the Tame Goose hard. She began to show her distress by efforts, when hardest pressed, to turn and face her tormentor. Once or twice she ran her lee rail down, and my crew were uncommonly quick in placing their heavy weights on the weather side. It was a clear case of shifting ballast.

"Look here, captain," cried R. from his perch on the weather rail, "can't you take a tuck in this canvas? It draws powerful, and it's most too far to swim ashore."

"I guess I can," I answered, and let up on the tiller, and she came round until her head was square in the wind, the sails shaking and she bobbing up and down and spanking as if mad on the choppy waves.

"Now," said I, "you fellows lay along that boom and tie down the reef points lively," and I started to slacken the halliards.

I've held the opinion ever since that time that the Tame Goose saw a good opportunity to shake some of the afore-mentioned hay seed out of my hairs. And she did it too. The crew scrambled into the cockpit to tackle the boom, but the boom met and tackled the crew. A heavy puff caught the jib with her sheet fast, causing the yacht to pay off on the port tack, the mainsail filled, and the boom went over to starboard with the swing of a sledge hammer. I ducked and escaped with the loss of my hat, R. got a blow on his ear that made him think night had come and the stars were out, and the Luminary's shoulders and head were pressed down on the starboard rail as the swinging boom went over him. Before he recovered position a wave struck the boat with a vicious thud, and sent about a barrel of water square into his face. When I recovered the tiller we were tearing along square before the wind, heading straight for Canada 80 miles distant across the lake. The Luminary was snorting and sputtering, and I caught a side look from him with an expression such as I have seen him bestow on an adversary in a court room.

"By the life," said R., using a favorite expression of his, "that was a stunner. It appears to me we are run away with, and we'll bring up in Canada if you can't halter break this critter we are riding."

"We'll halter her yet," I answered, "if you'll obey orders; but if you two stout fellows are going to act a light pine stick, that you could walk off with on one shoulder, beat you, why, I think the sooner we run ashore the better."

You see I didn't propose to give my reputation as a sailor away to that crew.

On the deck forward lay snugly coiled a light line thirty-five or forty feet long. One end was securely fastened to the knightheads and to the others was attached, by three cords of equal length, a hoop of round iron two feet in diameter. When shaken out a strong canvas bag, four feet long and terminating in a point, depended from the hoop, and there was a lighter line somewhat longer than the first, fastened to the point of the bag. It was a drag or water anchor.

I explained the use of this to R., and sent him forward to handle it. Then I directed the Luminary to let go the jib sheet. His eyes turned aloft as he stooped in the cockpit out of respect to the mainboom, and scanning the canvas he ejaculated: "If you mean me to let go any of those sheets up there I'd respectfully inform you I haven't got 'em to let go."

Proper explanation at last induced him to cast off the jib sheet close to his hand, and bringing the Tame Goose once more to the wind R. let go the drag, the mainboom was lashed amidships, and we put reefs in the sails without further trouble.

We got the drag and stood on our course again and made very fair weather of it, though the wind strengthened till past noon. Then it grew fitful and shifting. Now we would rush along at a tremendous rate for a few minutes, then the sails would flap and the boat toss without way on her. We had run by a couple of harbors and none were within several miles of us; we were hungry and the heating of the hot July sun was fierce. Down on the shore a strip of sandy beach in front of a few cool-looking trees caught the eyes of the crew and they were bent on landing there for dinner. My proposal to take the oars, as it had become dead calm, and row a few miles to a harbor where we could anchor for the night, was rebelliously rejected. They didn't propose to work on this trip. If the wind blew we could sail, if it didn't we could lie still. That beach was a good-looking place for a picnic, and they had been in the boat long enough for one time.

We made a landing easily enough, for, with the centerboard up, we drew only one foot of water and there was nearly a dead calm, and set about getting dinner. It proved a genius at camp cookery, and by the aid of a small, snug fire, made of driftwood, of which there was plenty, we had a dinner that we dubbed good enough for anybody. There is a charm about this open-air cookery and eating that forms one of the finest pleasures of a trip. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate it. It is of too subtle a nature to be conveyed by description to one who has no experience in camping, and he who has, doubtless would rather remember his own good times than read of others'. The Luminary summed up a logical discourse on the subject with this conclusion: "The pleasure," said he, sententiously, "arises from a sense of manly independence. In addition to what we could do before, we are conscious of having conquered the domain of the kitchen." Lucky for his peace that his wife didn't hear that.

We determined to camp for the night. There was no wind on the lake, the high bluff behind us cast a cool shadow on the beach, and a spot of the smooth sand was picked out on which to pitch our wall tent. To my suggestion that there was no shelter for the boat in case an incoming storm should arise, the reply was that such a storm was not likely to arise in this pleasant summer weather. They were tired, and here was delicious rest to be had and no mosquitoes. But "it is the unexpected that happens." Observing my anxiety about the boat, R. offered to draw it on to the beach, and we set to work under his direction. Among the driftwood near by were some smooth, round sticks, and we took three of these for rollers to be put under the boat as she came up on the sand. Stretching a line from the knightheads to a tree a hundred feet distant, R. took another round stick four feet long and about three inches in diameter. At about the middle of the line he got two or three turns of it around the stick and wet and sanded the coils to keep them from slipping. Then a couple of handles were lashed to the ends of the stick at right angles with it, and R. had a really powerful windlass, by which two men could easily draw the boat on to the beach if it was kept on the rollers and on an even keel. This was the work of the Luminary, and we soon had the boat up where it was thought safe in any event.

The Luminary selected the spot whereon to set the tent. The sand, he observed, would be soft to lie on; it had the proper slope to slightly elevate the head; it was an easy spot to drive the tent pins in; it was close to the water and a gentle air even would fan the mosquitoes away. The pipes were smoked out, the blankets spread, and three tired men sought rest. But the Luminary tossed and moaned. "Dum this sand," he broke out, "I can't make it fit my body any way. I thought it a soft bed to lie on, but I believe I could rest better on a rock. There's no give to it." He learned for the first what old campers know, that a bed of sand is about the worst one can spread a blanket on.

As the Luminary afterward expressed it, "Somnus must have roosted with us that night and shadowed us with his wings till the storm god drove him away."

It was about half an hour before daybreak when I awoke. There was a sullen roar of surf in the air. Surges of rain beat on the tent, which was flapping and swaying to the strong gusts of wind. A tremendous northeaster had sprung on us out of the stillness of the night, and our camp was exposed to its full fury. It happened that I had thrown myself across the rear end of the tent, and consequently occupied higher ground than the other two, who lay up and down the slope of sand with their feet to the lake. So when a monster wave, that had gathered its strength out on the lake, rolled on the beach, it rose to the front of the tent, glided under, and with soft but chilling embrace engulfed to the hips the half-awakened R. and Luminary. What might have been said by them the reader must imagine, for another catastrophe choked their speech. With the powerful wave came a gust of equal strength, and in a twinkling the tent lay flat on the sand, burying us all under its folds. A few seconds later three scantily dressed men stood on the beach, in the gray daybreak, exposed to the pelting storm, two of them perhaps querying where the fun of a cruise was to come in.

But our uncomfortable plight was soon reversed. The tent was speedily pitched again on a spot where some bushes and rocks afforded shelter to windward: the leeward end was thrown open, and a rousing fire of driftwood cast its genial warmth and cheer inside. We made a pot of coffee, boiled some fresh eggs, and warmed some rolls in an oven consisting of a tin pail turned down to the coals, and once more warm, dry and comfortable, feasted and smoked, and looked on our situation with composure.

The northeaster lasted all that day, but on the morning of the next the heavens were filled with sunshine, a balmy land breeze was playing over the bluffs, and the level surface of the lake covered with flashing ripples. We were soon under sail, standing down the lake. It was a day long to be remembered by us for the pleasure it afforded. The wind just right, off shore, the water smooth, and the air, the finest tonic that ever braced and soothed tired nerves. The storm had washed and purified it. At noon we made a landing on a shaded beach and got dinner, then set sail again. A couple of hours after we ran into the port of the city at the mouth of the river. Our stay there was brief.

As I watched the boat while the crew were away for supplies I saw a life saved by prompt action and the presence of mind of a tug captain. Seventy-five or eighty yards below me a rowboat was moored close to the wharf by a short line, and a boy seven or eight years old playing near by took it in his head to get into the boat, and going to the stern began a gymnastic performance which terminated in his pitching overboard twenty or twenty-five feet from the wharf. I observed his maneuvers, and though I did not feel that it was my duty to exercise paternal care over all the youngsters that reckless natural guardians choose to let peril their lives on the wharf, I started toward him just before he tumbled overboard. He went down and came up, struggled and again went down. I am no swimmer, and I knew that a plunge for him by me was out of the question, and it was doubtful if I could avail myself of the rowboat in time. But a tug was approaching the wharf obliquely, and the wheelsman took in the situation. A sharp scream of the whistle, a quick word to a man, who threw off his hat and boots and stepped to the bow of the tug, the throttle was thrown open, and the boat seemed to spring toward the drowning boy. Within a few feet from where he had gone down probably for the last time, the tug sheered and the boatman plunged. The tug swung round in a circle and headed again for the spot, and the diver broke the surface of the water and grasped the rowboat with the rescued boy in his arms. The boy was unconscious, but soon recovered. It was neatly done. In the crowd that quickly collected no one claimed the boy. The tug left directly, and it is doubtful if the rescuers received even a "thank you" for their deed.

A crowded port did not please us at all, we seemed to be in everybody's way when we were coming in and going out. I guess the hay seed in the captain's hair showed plainly. He couldn't exactly tell when he had the right of way and when he hadn't. On the whole, he tried to dodge every craft he met. Once he was stubborn and the crew were scared, and a mutiny was imminent. We had cleared the harbor outward bound, and were on our course. But the wind was light and there was just way on the boat. A large steamer was coming in, and we were precisely in her path. She advanced straight on us with a majesty and power that threatened our destruction.

"What are you going to do, Captain?" cried R., as he watched the monster advancing straight on our port side.

"Do?" I answered, "what can I do? The wind won't send us out of his way: we are on our course; we've a right here; we can't get out of the way, sue can; let her, then. That's common sense, and I guess it's law. We won't touch a line or move the tiller a jot; we'll try bluffing. R. you know how that works sometimes."

"By the life," said R., "our hand is too plain for that game, and it ain't good enough."

"If she runs us down," remarked the Luminary, "we'll sue her; it will be a fine case to take before a jury."

The steamer drew nearer, and my crew stood up and were about to begin very vigorous speeches, when I observed the huge, oncoming

mass deviate from her direct line. Gracefully she swerved to starboard and passed us without comment at a safe distance.

I see I must reel this yarn in a little faster, or its length will bear no just proportion to that of the cruise of the Tame Goose.

Our further cruise eastward was of that nature which is extremely enjoyable to those interested, but nothing occurred worth description. We were favored with fair land breezes, smooth water, bright days, could easily make landings for midday meals, and found comfortable camps for the nights. It was a rare bit of out-door life.

But our road had to be retraced. Our boat was too large to be shipped by rail with convenience, and it was too small to venture across the lake to sail up the opposite shore. Besides we liked the mixture of tent and boat life, we were not travelers in search of the new and marvelous but leisurely strollers enjoying the commonplace by the way as we met it. One way was as good as another for us, and who ever looked nature steadily in the face but saw a new expression there. So we turned and sailed for home, but we speedily met a new experience. The westerly winds were no longer fair for us but the most obstinate head winds. They seemed to spite us, too, for they hauled square to the west and tumbled up a little sea. We tried beating, we sailed and sailed and sailed, stretched out into the lake and tacked down to the land. The Tame Goose went through water enough to have made half the circuit of the lake, yet the identical bluffs we looked on in the morning would disgust us with their sight at noon, and at night, as the Luminary remarked, they still put in an appearance. The Tame Goose wouldn't go to windward, her grip on the water was too light, the choppy waves beat her to leeward.

Once we ran several miles out in the lake, thinking we could make by long stretches. We intended to run in and make a landing for dinner, but got becalmed and lay there, taking the fierce blaze of the July sun. The crew became tired gazing at the waste of water and the distant shore glaring in the hot, bright sunshine, and took a nap. I nodded and dozed, too, but with not quite the childlike confidence which the others displayed. I opened a weather eye now and then, and in one of these glances I caught a view to the westward which brought me to my feet, wide awake in an instant. "Tumble up, men, tumble up lively and make things snug; there's a roaring lion coming down on us from the windward," I shouted to the sleepers. It was a July squall, short but fierce, sweeping down from the west, blackening the water as if the shadow of night had fallen on it, and rolling in front a light line of foam that indicated at once its power and speed. A deep, powerful boat might not have humored it with more than a reef or two; but the small, corklike craft we were in needed careful handling. The sails were lowered and snugly stowed, the main boom lashed firmly amidships, and the drag dropped overboard. The first movement of the wind swung the boat head to the storm and fast to the drag, and she rode out the squall, which lasted about half an hour, without shipping a pint of water or turning a single hair of the crew white. We took advantage of a light wind which lingered behind the squall and ran down to the shore and camped.

These persistent headwinds were annoying. Besides, they took time which we could ill afford. We observed that a land breeze usually set in at night, which would be for us a favoring beam wind, and at last we concluded to take advantage of this and sail by night. It was rather pleasant. The temperature was about right for comfort. The sky was mostly clear and the moon fairly bright. We jogged along at the rate of four or five miles an hour, without starting the sheet, though we kept drawing off from land. I thought after a time I would make a short leg and stand down to the shore. My crew were inveterate sleepers and by midnight they were snoring. Soon after the moon set I could hardly trace the bluffy shore in the dim light. The wind drew more ahead, broke into baffling puffs and died away. It was still and gloomy. The canvas hung at rest. Now and then a fish broke the surface of the water. My pipe went out and I nodded and dreamed, and the boat was without a watch.

Something awoke me. Perhaps it was the boom, for it swung idly over my head. May be it was the pitching of the boat, for though there was no wind, there was a long, smooth swell on the lake.

R. awoke and hailed with, "Well, Captain, how are we getting along? Got wind enough, I guess, by the way we're pitching."

"Get up," I answered, "and see what you think about it."

"By the life," said he after a brief pause, "this looks nasty. There ain't a breath of air stirring yet. If my eyes don't deceive me she's poking the end of the jibboom into the wet pretty often."

"It looks dark to the westward," said I, "though there's so much fog on the lake that I can't distinguish a cloud. Look!"

A flash gleamed in the west as I spoke, and revealed for an instant a mass of black clouds, and we heard the low, prolonged roll of distant thunder.

"Captain," said R., "this is the worst scrape we've got into yet. I'd give something handsome to be set down on the shore yonder before this storm breaks on us; I would be willing to pay for the boat if we couldn't save it."

"We couldn't row to the shore in two hours with this swell on," I replied. We've got to fight it out on the lake."

It was very dark and the air so still and dense with fog as to be oppressive. Thunder and lightning rolled and gleamed over a wide stretch of the western horizon, and indicated that the storm would be one of broad sweep. It was decidedly an unpleasant outlook for us. The treacherous lake had lured us three land-men to its bosom only to pour out its fiercest wrath on our heads. It would toss and fill our cork-like boat like a feather. If our boat were only 10ft. longer, flush decked, deep, and weighted low down, we might even laugh at this, bad as it looks. I made an inward vow if ever I sailed the great lake again, it would be in a lighter boat and close along shore, or in one built to brave its worst fury with safety, and make a comfortable home in besides.

The Luminary held the lantern, and R. and I put things in shape. I rejected the plan of holding to the drag, for I judged the storm might not be a brief one and that it might set us shoreward, and I had no taste for a plunge in the breakers on that rocky, bluffy coast. Once to the drag and we could not cut loose and run. We furled the mainsail and lashed the boom over the quarter out of the way of the tiller. The jibboom was short and the jib was set up on its luff, not running on a stay. I went out and cut the lashing at the tack, and the sail swung inboard to the mast. We then close-reefed the jib and passed a lashing through the clew and around the mast, untied the jib sheets and fastened them to the tack. Thus wehad rigged in a short time a snug storm sail to scud under. Lines were coiled down and all made snug on board.

We had not long to wait in suspense. A heavy peal of thunder was followed by a down pour of rain. For twenty minutes it was a falling sheet of water and not a puff of air with it. The storm sail hung dripping from the mast. But I noticed that the dead swell did not subside; somewhere there was a force that kept it heaving. It was getting near time to break, and had the sky been clear we might then have seen the first flush of morning in the east. The rain slackened and it seemed to brighten to the westward.

"I hope," said R., "this is the worst of it. The storm slackens and there's no wind yet."

While he spoke another sound came over the water. It was like the rain beating on the leaves of a forest or on a thousand roofs. A puff struck us and the storm sail filled, and the boat gathered way and turned her prow to the eastward. The roar of the oncoming wind deepened and up to the westward I saw a patch of clear sky with a star set in it, and beneath a waste of water white with foam.

The first blow of the tempest was tremendous. It seemed to press the boat into the water as though it would force it under. Foam seethed around us and over us. The boat quivered and strained, but at length she felt the tug of the little storm sail and rose on the surges and fled away before the wind light and buoyant. Lucky it was for us, then, that we had no main boom swinging over the waves. It would surely have brought disaster to our low craft. The sea rose fast. The gale came from a little north of west, and was one of those summer storms that last but for a few hours, but are very strong. Daybreak was at hand and we welcomed the light. It showed a wild scene to us; the shore, five or six miles distant, white with breakers, and the lake a waste of foam-capped waves rapidly increasing in height. The wisdom of scudding instead of hanging to the drag was apparent. With the wind as it was, we should have been in the breakers off a dangerous headland in two hours if we had drifted, but with steerage way we could keep off enough to run the whole shore down if we could live.

About a dozen miles away was a harbor, two piers running from the outlet of a bay into the lake. We steered for that and directly sighted the lighthouse. Coming down from the windward I thought we could make it. If we missed the channel we would run on the sandbar under the lee of the piers. But we rounded the lighthouse in fine style, stood up the bay and got a good camp, and if ever three men enjoyed a day of rest in a snug camp we did.

After the storm we had a fair wind home, and though a good sailor will find plenty of hay seed in my hair yet, a good deal was blown out in that cruise in the Tame Goose. RED TOP.

SILVIE.—Com. Chas. V. Whitten, Hull Y. C., has just bought the old Silvie, from Mr. Jerome Cartey. The Silvie was originally built as a sloop in 1851, by Geo. Steers, of New York. In 1857 she was altered to a centerboard schooner and again rebuilt in 1868. In 1883 she was thoroughly overhauled and rebuilt at Provincetown, being made keel at that time. Her dimensions are 82ft. 9in. over all, 74ft. 7in. waterline, 24ft. 3in. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth, and 8ft. draft Old tonnage 106.2 tons, and new 52.19. In 1883 the Silvie, then fitted with two centerboards, crossed to England and back. Com. Whitten will probably refit her inside and increase her hoist.

EARLY VOYAGES AROUND THE HORN.

OUR list of yachts that have gone to San Francisco, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 19, has brought to light another one, as will be seen by the following letter. One of her crew, we believe, was the late Capt. L. F. Zimmerman. Perhaps some of our older readers can supplement Mr. Stevens's letter with further details of the Bettie Bliss, or other vessels that have made the passage. Mr. Stevens writes: "In your article on American yachts that have rounded the Horn you have not mentioned the one which I believe claims to be the first to have attained that honor. I refer to the schooner Bettie Bliss. She was owned by Mr. Geo. B. Rollins, the first corresponding secretary of the Y. C. I understand that Mr. Rollins was ordered to the Pacific for his health. Whether Bettie Bliss was built for that voyage I cannot say. She was a narrow, deep keel vessel, well suited to the purpose. I do not know the date of her leaving New York. She was at San Francisco at the time of a great fire. I do not know the date of this event, but merely that it happened early in the history of California. After a long, exciting cruise in the Pacific, Bettie Bliss was lost in Valparaiso in a norther. Can any of your readers remember any of the incidents of her career? I have heard some of her adventures told, and they made a most exciting and interesting tale. I wish I could recall them with sufficient clearness to give you an outline of them, but I fear I cannot. Cannot some one give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM an account of this vessel, which deserves a more illustrious place than has been given her?

FEB. 21, 1884. E. A. STEVENS."

LECTURES ON YACHTING.

LAST winter the Knickerbocker Y. C. held several meetings at which Mr. John Hyslop lectured on yacht designing, and not only members of the club, but a fair number of outsiders attended them. This winter the Harlem Y. C. have undertaken a similar series of lectures, two of which have been delivered by Mr. Chas. J. Fagan, an honorary member of the club. In his first lecture, delivered on Feb. 16, Mr. Fagan spoke to a goodly assemblage of yachtsmen, on "Cutter and Sloop," explaining the radical differences in the types, with diagrams showing a comparison of their stability, and the positions of centers in the different types. He also mentioned the various systems of measurement and their effect on both types, and compared the sloop and cutter rig to the advantage of the latter. Mr Fagan's conclusions were in favor of a bulk rule in preference to length.

On Feb. 26 Mr. Fagan delivered a second lecture on yacht designing. Mr. Fagan in speaking of the difference between modelers and designers of yachts gave great credit to the very few successful members of the model school who, unfortunately, when they die, take with them to the grave whatever knowledge they possessed on the subject, if, indeed, that knowledge has not sought a resting place before them; while on the other hand the designer after thoroughly investigating the laws of gravity and buoyancy proceeds to examine and compare the successful and unsuccessful yachts and taking notes of the location of the various centers he is at once in a position to point out the cause of success or failure, while the modeler, still in darkness, is only able to "guess" the reason why. After explaining Simpson's rule for measuring irregular areas and solids, the speaker applied it to the measurement of areas of a plan for a 30ft. yacht. He also explained the various curves of areas in use quoting such eminent authorities as Chapman, Scott Russell, Nystrom, Colin Archer, Griffiths and others.

A NEW CUTTER ON LAKE ERIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By looking over the map you will see we have a fine bay one and one-half miles wide by about seven long, of variable depth. Vessels can enter drawing fifteen to sixteen feet of water, yet I can safely say we have scarcely a safe cruising yacht in the bay. There are some very good open catboats (as such craft go), but I can and do cross the bay in all weather in my 12ft. sneak or duck boat, as quickly and as safely as they do. At last, however, we are to have a veritable modern yacht in our harbor, the first, I hope, of a fleet of staunch little ships, as you will see by the following from the Erie *Evening Herald* of the 23d inst.:

"Erie is to have another sailing yacht, and perhaps in time there may be enough persons interested in the sport to organize a yacht club. With our pleasant harbor and facilities for sailing, a yacht club would be an appropriate addition to the organizations here. The new yacht will be a novelty in Erie, and is being built by John Fairbairn, Jr., of this city. She will be constructed after an English model, and will be 35ft. over all, 7½ft. beam, and will draw 8ft. of water. She will be copper fastened and fitted with an iron keel of 4 tons weight, with flush deck and cabin below."

We already have cats, sloops, ketch yawl, gafftopsail sharpies, any and everything but the cutter, and I never saw but one in the bay, her name was Verve, and she came from Scotland last season, on her way up the lakes. But it is safe to say Mr. Fairbairn will have the full rig, as he never does things by halves. He already owns and sails a fine catamaran of about 25ft. in length, very wide, but not wide enough to venture outside the harbor in, and a good sneakbox would drown her; and as all wide seems not to be good in our short jumpy water, Mr. F. is going to try depth with outside ballast. I sincerely hope that more of our wealthy young men may follow in his wake, and that we may see the day when our beautiful waters may be covered with good, sensible pleasure yachts as plentifully as they now are with sturdy fishing craft. HEADLIGHT.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. MEETING.

A MEETING of the S. C. Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on March 2, at which Com. Rogers presided. Mr. D. B. Fearing, Jr., was elected a member. The annual report of the sailing committee was read and accepted. The question of rig allowance, introduced at the previous meeting, was brought up by Mr. Lee, in the absence of Mr. A. Cary Smith, who made the calculations. Montauk had been taken as the standard, and her times over various courses had been compared with those of the sloop, under the usual allowance for size. In England, where mixed rig races have long been known, the allowance that a schooner receives from a cutter of the same tonnage, is two-fifths of her tonnage, or the schooner is rated at three-fifths of her tonnage, and time allowed on that rating. The measurement of the S. C. Y. C. being linear and not cubical, it was necessary to change the form of the expression, and as similar bodies vary as the cubes of their similar dimensions, the sailing length is first cubed, three-fifths of the result is taken, and the cube root is extracted, or expressed algebraically, the formula is $3\sqrt{4.5}\ L3$. For yawls the allowance would be four-fifths in place of three-fifths. Mr. Hyslop spoke of the present method of measuring the sail area of schooners, pointing out that a large portion of the sail area was not measured at present, which amount was in itself an allowance, when competing with single stick yachts. Mr. Elton called attention to the measurement of yawls, which is not provided for in the rules.

The motion was carried to appoint a committee to consider the measurement of schooners and yawls, which, with committee on rig allowance, will report at the next meeting. The date of the June regatta was discussed, and June 13 suggested. Some discussion occurred over the question of a time limit for races, following a motion of Mr. Tams to strike out Rule 32, removing the time limit from all races, but no action was taken. Mr. Tams also presented a motion to add to the rules the clause, "In all races yachts are amenable to rules from the time the preparatory signal is given. The motion to change the classification to a basis of actual length on waterline, instead of sailing length, will come up for action at the next meeting. The secretary read the report of the trustees, in which they recommend that the club keep in commission a yacht of 50ft. length for the use of non-owners, which was referred to the trustees with power to act. Mr. Tams introduced the subject of a squadron cruise, moving that a date be set in advance, but no action was taken.

YACHTBUIDING AT BAY RIDGE.

IN spite of dull times Mr. Mumm has been busy this winter at his yard at Bay Ridge with new work and repairs. Last fall he commenced a sloop yacht which is now nearly completed and has lately been sold to Mr. Thos. Howe, of New York. This yacht measures 46ft. on deck, 41ft. waterline, 15ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth, 5ft. draft, with a good rise to her floor, and shows in many points a marked improvement on the centerboard sloops of a few years since. She will be rigged with jib and staysail, but fixed bowsprit. Her frame is of oak and hackmatack, sided 2½in., moulded 5 and 3½in., spaced 18in., with planking of 1½in. yellow pine. She is well fastened throughout, and shows excellent workmanship. The deck is of 2in. square white pine laid with sideline. The cockpit is finished in mahogany and is of good size. The cabin house gives standing height below over a roomy cabin, out of which opens on starboard side of the trunk, the owner's stateroom, while to port is the pantry and galley. This arrangement leaves the forecastle, which is necessarily very small in this type of boat, entirely to the men, while it gives ample room for cooking in comfort, the ventilation being provided for by a hatch over the galley. All below is finished in pine, varnished. The top of the house is constructed in the manner described last week, of three thicknesses of wood, a method followed by Mr. Mumm in a number of his boats, the upper and lower layers run fore and aft and the middle one thwartships, there being no carlins. The three are well screwed together, with canvas between the two upper layers while the seams of the top are caulked. The absence of carlins is very noticeable inside, adding to the headroom materially, and also to the apparent height.

The frame is now ready for a similar but larger boat for Mr. J. R. Maxwell, owner of the schooner Crusader, to be called Daphire. This yacht is 51ft. on deck, 46ft. waterline, 6ft. 9in. deep, and 5ft. 6in. draft. Her stem and sternpost are sided 6in. Keel 13×13in., frames sided 3in., moulded 5 and 3½in., spaced 18in., with 1¾ planking of yellow pine, and deck of white pine 2×2in. She will be sloop rigged.

The sloop Ideran has also been altered, being raised 8in. in bow, 12in. midships, and 6in. aft, with new deck and topsides, cabin and interior fittings, the latter of mahogany and ash.

The alterations on the schooner Republic are nearly completed. She has been cut in two and lengthened amidships, her board removed and a keel 2ft. 6in. deep substituted, and refitted inside, making really a new keel boat. Side by side with her lies the little cutter Daisy, as well as a number of the Atlantic Y. C. boats.

Mr. Mumm has begun work on a new set of ways just north of the Basin, on the property he has purchased, and will move his yard there shortly. He will have a basin with a good depth of water, which will be a great convenience to New York yachtsmen.

THE STEAM YACHT CORA.

IN the steam yacht now building at Poillon's yard in Brooklyn for Mr. John A. Morris, her modeler, Mr. Phillip Elsworth, starts out in a new direction, as his former yachts have all been sailing vessels. The requirements of this boat are hardly compatible with the best all-around qualities, her draft being limited, while it was desired to secure large accommodations. Mr. Elsworth has turned out a boat resembling very much his yachts, with the straight stem and long wedge-shaped bow; but aft is a notable exception, as being hampered by no rule of measurement, the stern is not sawed off, but finishes in a long and graceful counter. The midship section is well aft, making a short after body. The sheer is quite straight, and the effect is increased by the absence of a bowsprit, there being nothing outside of the plumb stem. Dimensions are: Length over all, 137ft. 6in.; length on waterline, 122ft.; beam, 23ft.; depth, 11ft. 2in.; draft, 7ft.; displacement, 220 tons. The keel is of white oak, 12×12in., with bilge keels and engine keelsons of yellow pine. The frames are double sawn, sided 4in., moulded 8in. at heels and 6in. at head, and spaced 16in. They are of oak, chestnut and hackmatack, with floor knees of the latter wood. The planking is of yellow pine, 2½ and 3in. thick, with ceiling of the same, and treenails are used throughout, with Muntz metal below the waterline. Two pieces of yellow pine, each 4×6in. are worked to form a shelf 4×12in., being bent in and through fastened. The deck beams, also of yellow pine, are 6×6in., with a white pine deck 3×3. The stanchions are of Long Island locust, with rail of oak, the bulwarks at bow and stern being solid, with netting amidships.

On the deck, which is flush, will be a pilot house and smoking room, all of mahogany to match the companions and skylights. Below there will be a collision bulkhead in the bow, and two others, forward and aft of the engine room, making four compartments. The cabins will include a ladies' saloon 13×16ft., quarters for owner and guests, with lavatory, etc., officers' cabins, and forward a forecastle for crew. The headroom below will be 7ft. 6in.

Her engines are double compound, similar to those put in the Sentinel by the same builders, Messrs. L. Wright and Son, of Newark, N. J. There will be two high and two low pressure cylinders, 15 and 28 by 16in. mounted on 8 tapering wrought-iron columns. These columns are nearer at their tops than at the bases, thus acting as braces, while they allow free access to all parts. The crank shaft and screw shaft are of hammered steel, and all working parts are also of steel. The propeller will be 7ft. in diameter. A Gannon's patent surface condenser and a Knowles's pump will be used, the feed and air pumps being attached to the engines. The two upright tubular boilers will be of ⅛in. steel, tested to 125 pounds to the inch. They will be placed side to side athwartships, and so arranged that one or both of them may be used. Her bunkers will carry sixty tons of coal.

The Cora will be rigged as a schooner, with pole masts, and will be enrolled in the Southern Y. C. She will be launched in a short time and will go to Newark for her engines. She will carry a steam launch and three boats.

CRUISES OF SMALL CUTTERS.—Mr. Rose, who has command of the Whydah, 26 tons, which left England on Jan. 12 and arrived at Gibraltar on Jan. 28, was the skipper of the famous little 5-tonner Alowette, on her voyage from England to Oran, Africa, and also took out the Zingara yawl, 18 tons, to Marseilles; the Fatima, 5 tons, to Bordeaux; the Sandfly, 14 tons, to Cadiz. He sailed one of the five torpedo boats sent from England to Brazil. The Whydah is a cutter 45ft. long and 11ft. 9in. beam. Her master makes the following report of the run from Dartmouth to Gibraltar: "Left Dartmouth at 4 P. M. on Jan. 12, with a fine breze N. E., got past Ushant the next night, wind freshening from N. E. until it blew a gale with very heavy sea. On the night of the third day out, I hove to, there being too much sea to run, having shipped a sea over the bows when hove to, which made a rush aft washing the grating overboard. The weather moderated the next morning so that I filled on again, and sighted land near Coruna, which was a very fair passage, four days. From the time of getting in with the land I have had nothing but head winds, and frequent gales from the south, on the Portuguese coast, where we usually get the winds from the opposite direction." The Whydah is bound for Cette.

AN ANCHOR FOR SMALL YACHTS.—The folding anchor described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 1, is now for sale by H. C. Squires, No. 178 Broadway, New York. We have inspected these anchors, of which several sizes, from a small canoe anchor up to one of 16 pounds weight are kept in stock, while they can be furnished up to 25 pounds, and can recommend them to the attention of canoeists, fishermen and yachtsmen. Their compact form when closed allows them to be laid anywhere out of the way, without danger of fouling lines or being knocked overboard. It is claimed that they will hold much more than an ordinary anchor of greater weight. Its holding powers have been tested by a board of naval officers, and has been adopted by the Navy Department and Fish Commission.

IRON BOLTS IN LEAD KEELS.—The danger incurred by fastening lead keels with iron bolts is well shown by the state of the iron bolts lately taken from a small yacht in this vicinity. After three or four years' use the iron, where it passed through the wood keel, was so corroded that it could almost be cut away with a knife, its texture being entirely destroyed. The corrosion seemed worse in the wood keel than in the lead itself. This state of affairs was only discovered in taking out the bolts to add more lead. How many more keels, through ignorance or bad workmanship of the builder, are in the same condition. Under no circumstances should iron be used in contact with lead, but copper or Muntz metal can be always relied on.

A FINE LITTLE CRUISER.—Mirimichi, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with great interest the articles in your paper about cutter vs. sloop as well as many other things in it that are to my taste very much. I have always owned a yacht of the sloop or centerboard pattern, which are in vogue about here, but am now going in for a regular cutter for cruising, small size, 22ft. L. W. L. 6ft. 8in. beam, 4½ft. draft, with lead, two tons all on keel. As our local boatbuilders know nothing about the cutter, I have designed my lines and made the model myself, I will not venture to say anything more about it, till I see how she works.—M.

FROM LARGE TO SMALL CRAFT.—The schooner Crusader is advertised for sale, and her owner, Mr. J. R. Maxwell, is building a sloop of moderate size to take her place. Although boats of large tonnage are decreasing in popularity to a great extent there is no reason to mourn over the decline of yachting, as their places are taken by half a dozen small craft for each big one laid up.

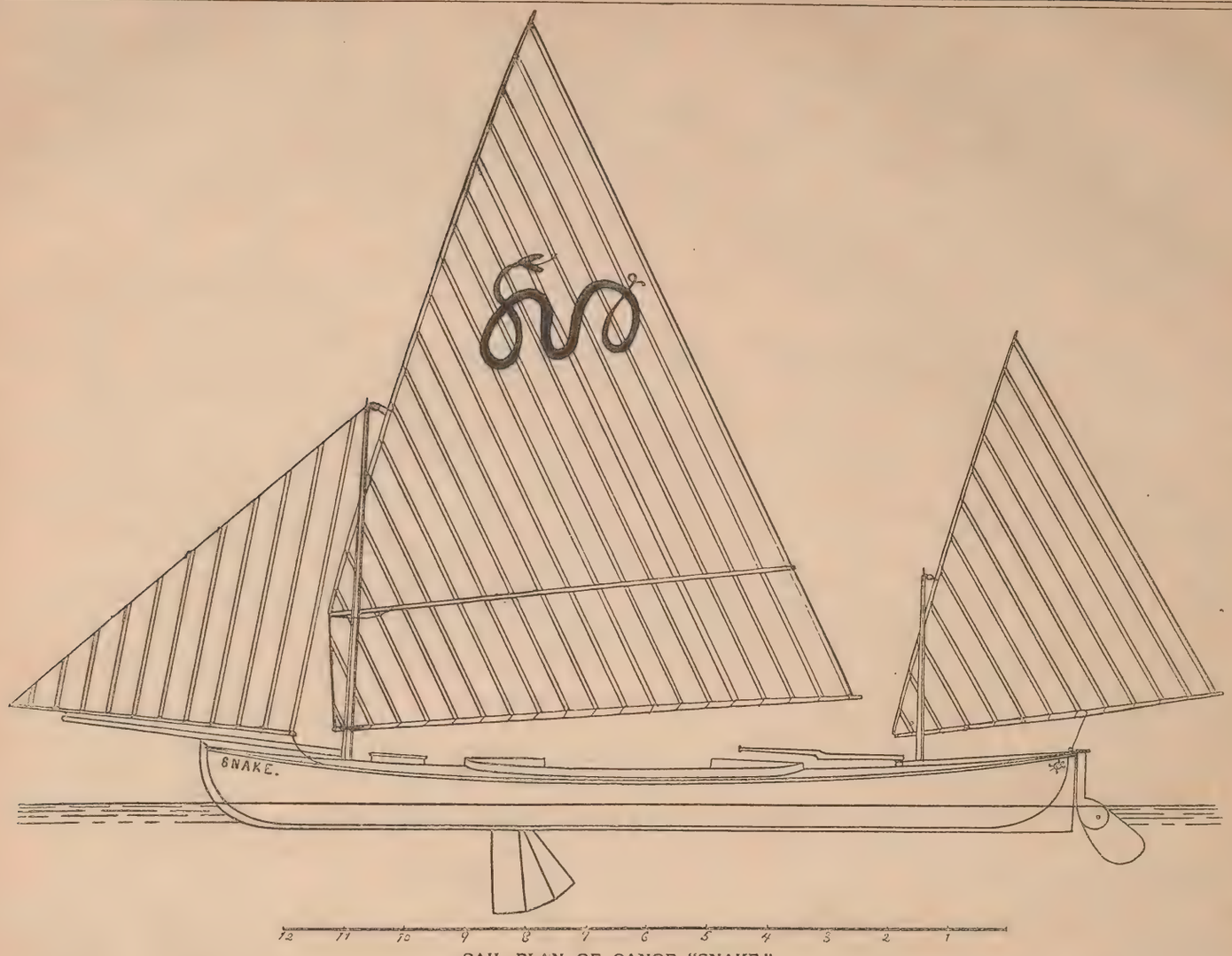
BOSTON.—Straurare is the name of Mr. Geo. C. Broome's new cutter yacht now being fitted out at Charlestown, Mass. She is to be 24ft. long, 8ft. wide and 4½ft. deep. McManus & Son are to furnish her sails. Capt. Fred Clayton, of Chelsea, Mass., is to give his sloop yacht Mabel a complete new outfit this season. New mast and spars, and a new suit of sails also by McManus & Son.

CARMELITA.—In spite of mud and snow there was a goodly number of visitors present on last Friday at the screw dock to inspect the Carmelita. Her bottom has been scraped and painted, and she is now ready to start. She is commanded by Captain W. G. Snow, an experienced sailor, and will probably reach San Francisco about the end of June.

FALL RIVER Y. C.—Fall River, Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Fall River Y. C. will hold their regatta for cat-rigged boats and sloops under 50ft. waterline, on May 30, 1885. It is to be an open race, the course from 18 to 20 miles over the club course on Mount Hope Bay. Will send sailing rules and particulars later.—S.

BEVERLY Y. C.—At the annual meeting held on Feb. 28, officers for 1885 were elected as follows: Commodore, Gordon Dexter; Vice-Commodore, Howard Stockton; Secretary, W. L. Jeffries; Measurer, F. Elliot Cabot; Regatta Committee, G. H. Richards, W. L. Jeffries, John Dane, Walter Abbot and C. F. Adams.

A VISITOR NEXT SEASON.—Mr. Barlow Moore, the English marine artist, whose yachting sketches are so well known, will visit this country next summer to witness the Cup race.



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE "SNAKE."

PHŒNIX Y. C.—A new yacht club was organized in Chicago, Ill., Jan. 28, under the name of the Phœnix Y. C. The following officers were elected: Commodore, T. M. Bradley; Vice-Commodore, Oscar Krause; Rear-Commodore, Edward Hennessey: Secretary, J. J. Wilson; Treasurer, Chas. E. Brown; Measurer, Isaac Canney. The following yachts were represented: Ina, J. M. Bradley; Zephyr, Hennessey Bros.; O. K., Oscar Krause; Clara B., Chas. E. Brown; Frolic, McCarty & Larson; Peri, R. P. McDonald; Clio, Martin & Sonnewend; Wasp and the cutter Verve imported from England last season.

ULERIN.—Mr. E. M. Padleford, of the S. C. Y. C., former owner of the Mona, 10-tonner, has lately purchased the famous 10-tonner Ulerin. She will be shipped across on a steamer.

SCHOONERS FOR SALE.—Besides Crusader, both Montauk and Fleetwing are for sale through the deaths of their owners, Rear-Commodore Platt and Mr. R. S. Elliott.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H., Columbus, Miss.—There are no collies registered in the "National American Kennel Club Stud Book."

H. B. W.—We doubt if you can purchase a bark canoe in Philadelphia. For other canoes see our advertising columns.

L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—What preparation can I use to preserve landing nets? Ans. Nets are often tanned with hemlock bark; take them to a tannery. Do not use tar as it makes them too stiff. Mr. W. A. Wilcox, of the American Fish Bureau, Gloucester, Mass., has some preparation for waterproofing nets; write him.

REX, Volusia Co., Fla.—What specimen of bass are the inland lakes of this country stocked with? We take them from three pounds to twenty pounds in size. They are light on the belly and dark green on the back, very large mouth and very gamy. Some call them black bass, some Oswego bass, and "Crackers" call them trout. To me they are identical with the Oswego bass. Please enlighten me. Ans. The fish are black bass of the big-mouth species, which is miscalled Oswego bass in some places.

J. S. R., Philadelphia.—It is impossible to fix upon any one pattern as a standard by which to gauge the shooting qualities of individual guns, because of so wide a diversity in the degree of choke. We have therefore selected the two extremes, a cylinder bore and a very full chokebore, and give below such patterns as good guns of each class (12 and 10-bore) should make. Between the limits of 110 for cylinder and 240 for extreme choke most of our readers will probably find their records to accord with the divergence of their guns from these two bore. A cylinder bore gun loaded with 1¼oz. No. 7 shot should put 110 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. An extreme chokebore gun, loaded with 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot should put 240 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. A good chokebore, for general shooting, should put between 180 and 200 pellets into the same circle under the same conditions. The patterns given above are with the following charges of powder:

Twelve-Bore.	Ten-Bore.
6½ lbs. to 7 lbs. ...2½ dr. to 3 dr.	7¾ lbs. to 8 lbs.....3½ dr.
7 lbs. to 7½ lbs.....3 dr. to 3½ dr.	8 lbs. to 8½ lbs.....3½ dr. to 4 dr.
7¼ lbs. to 8½ lbs...3½ dr. to 4 dr.	8½ lbs. to 9 lbs.....4 dr.
	9 lbs. to 10½ lbs. ...4 dr. to 5 dr.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

CRUISING AND BLOCKADING. By W. H. Winslow. Pittsburgh, Pa.: J. R. Weldon & Co. This is a story of life at the Naval Academy and of experiences on a man-of-war during the Rebellion. The hero, who achieves a lieutenancy for meritorious conduct, is, we take it, the author himself. The chapters are capitally well written, giving very graphic pictures of how officers and crew acquitted themselves in engagements and in uneventful weeks of blockading. There is a refreshing quality of truthfulness and honesty about the book; it is written because the author had something worth writing, and he keeps up the interest to the end. This is a volume to be cordially recommended to boys (old and young). There is none of the demoralizing "Oliver Optic" nonsense about it. Much of the time was spent on the west coast of Florida, and several of the chapters contain descriptions of shooting and fishing there.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 31—K. C. C. Camp fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
July ——Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

SAIL PLAN OF THE SNAKE.

AFTER being used from the days of Macgregor on canoes of all models, the jib practically disappeared from use about 1879. The newer rigs of lugs and lateen were all used without it, and when, in 1883, the Snake first sailed under a yawl rig, and made a high record with it, some surprise was created among canoeists at the apparently retrograde movement. In order to carry any area of sail on the Snake it was necessary to use a jib, as her mast tube was so far aft. With this rig Snake has raced successfully for two seasons.

The mainsail, of 50ft., is a Mohican settee, rigged as described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13, 1884. The dandy is a lateen of 12ft. and the jib contains 18ft., making 80ft. in all. Mr. Gibson has decided to abandon the jib this season, as it is useless before the wind, and will use a Mohican settee of 60lt., mast 19in. from bow, and a lateen dandy of 15ft., both being fitted with bonnets to lace on for light winds. As he has sailed the Snake so long as to know her perfectly, Mr. Gibson will be able this season to compare closely her performances with and without a jib, and to add some valuable facts to our knowledge of sails and rigs.

A SCHEME FOR CANOE PILOTAGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Frequently we read of complaints that all A. C. A'ers are thinking of racing and that little is thought of the cruiser. Now I want to ask you to give me a little space in the interest of cruisers.

I think that there are very few who will question the statement that a knowledge as to trains, condition of rivers, cruisable or not, best season of year to cruise, distance of station or train depot from river, etc., etc., are important to every canoeist contemplating a trip and also that few people, except canoers, really know much about small streams which may be canoeable or the reverse. For some time plans have been suggested and tried to provide for the gathering of this information in the publication of cruises, etc., but nothing of practical utility has thus far been devised.

As suggested in a note to you in June last I feel that I have a plan which will systematize the gathering and dispensing of this information and be a boon to all cruisers.

My idea is that at the next annual meeting of the A. C. A. to have an officer elected to be known as chief canoe pilot or some similar title, whose duties might be to have charge of the pilot bureau of the A. C. A. After this was done, or before at the camp, let the different clubs hold State meetings, the Hartford, New Haven, etc., clubs for Connecticut, the Rochester, Albany, New York, Knickerbocker, etc., clubs for New York State, and so on, and each of these State meetings elect a State pilot, whose duties would be to have charge of the pilots of the State, and also he would appoint in certain districts in different parts of the State district pilots.

Now this may seem to be a great trouble but I am sure such a supposition is a mistake, for in New York State where there would be more districts and pilots than anywhere else, the total number need not be more than twenty. In a rough way I send you herewith a list of canoe pilots in New York State as an example. The use of the names is unauthorized, but I have taken the liberty to put them in as they are mostly well known in canoeing circles, and by so doing better illustrates the system.

Now, in conclusion, Mr. Editor, I want to say that such a system as I here have formulated if applied to a united American Canoe Association, there would be very few places either in Canada or the United States that all particulars could not be gotten by letter in a few days.

I have only one point to add and that is in States where there were no representatives present at the A. C. A. general or local camps I would have the chief canoe pilot appoint a State pilot who would then serve as any other State pilot duly elected.

To the cruising canoeists I wish to present this simple method to assist them and I am anxious to hear the views of others more competent than I, on this subject, in criticism. ROBERT J. WILKIN.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25, 1885.

LIST OF CANOE PILOTS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, WITH THEIR DISTRICTS AND ADDRESSES.

Town.	County.	Pilot.	District Streams.
Amsterdam	Montgomery	Chas. E. Bell	Mohawk R., Schoharie Creek.
Albany	Albany	B. Fernow	Hudson R., Mohawk R., Erie Canal, etc.
Clayton	Jefferson	Rev. O. P. Meeks	St. Lawrence R., Black R., 1000 Islands, etc.
Chateaugay	Franklin	S. L. Hushion	St. Lawrence R., Oswegatchie R., Raquette R., etc.
Glens Falls	Warren	E. W. Hyde	Hudson R., Champlain Canal, Lake George.
Hamilton	Madison	R. K. West	Chenango R., Chenango Canal, Lake George.
Keene Valley	Essex	J. W. Parker	Au Sable R., Adirondack Lakes.
Long Island	Queens Suffolk Kings	J. F. Newman	All the waters of Long Island.
Lake George	Warren Washington	F. A. Wilson	Lake George.
Malone	Franklin	F. S. Cooley	Salmon R., Trout R.
N. Y. City	New York	L. L. Coudert	N. Y. Bay, Hudson R., etc.
Newburgh	Orange	H. R. Knight	Hudson R.
Oswego	Oswego	C. K. Pious	Oswego Canal and R., Onondaga L. and L. Ontario.
Port Jefferson	Suffolk	H. Chickman	Hudson R.
Rondout	Ulster	H. S. Chickman	Wallkill, Rondout, Hudson R., D. & H. Canal.
Rochester	Monroe	F. F. Andrews	Genessee R., Irondequoit L., Canandaigua L., etc.
Sing Sing	Westchester	J. K. Hand	Hudson R., Croton R. and Lake.
Schuylerville	Saratoga	Rev. G. A. Neild	Hudson R., D. & H. Canal, Battan Kills, etc.
Staten Island	Richmond	W. P. Stephens	N. Y. and Newark Bays, Kills, S. I. Sound, Raritan R.
Willard	Yates	Dr. W. E. Sylvester	Seneka L., Cayuga L., Keuka L.
Watertown	Jefferson	J. C. Wilson	Black R.

N. Y. C. C. AFLOAT AGAIN.—The heavy ice in the Bay and Kills has prevented the Marmalade Lodgers from paddling this winter, except one or two trips, but the warm weather of last week cleared the Kills of ice. The season of 1885 was fairly opened on Saturday night, by Dot and Siren in the Jessica, and Jersey Blue in the Lark, who started from the Lodge between 11 and 12 P. M., and enjoyed an hour's paddle by moonlight up the Kills. The new See Bee will come out with a suit of balance lugs of a novel shape, new steering gear devised by her owner, and several other new features. She will be paddled down as soon as the Bay is free from ice, and will be rigged at Marmalade Lodge. The Tramp has a new suit of balance lugs, 105 and 40, the latter a roller mizzen. She will probably have an after centerboard added, as well as airtight tanks. The Mime, late Mosquito, will be practically a new boat, and Guenn, besides being made smaller, has been changed inside, her floor being raised about 6in. above garboards, another air tank added, and a suit of Mohican sails.

THE A. C. A. IN THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me second the Commodore's idea as to the A. C. A. in the West. I believe that more is to be gained for the paddlers of the East and West, individually and collectively, by forming one unbroken association, than by dividing up into the Western Canoe Association, the Order of Cruising Canoeists, etc. "In union is strength" applies here. There might be twenty separate clubs in as many different cities, and the railroad companies would perhaps never know it or respect them; but when these separate parts coalesce and form an amalgamated body, this body has a weight and an influence. By all means, Western men, come into the association. The advantages are many. I do not know what the objections are that cannot be overcome. I am heartily in favor of the plan proposed, and second the motion.

I also approve of the plan of officering the A. C. A., a commodore and three vice-commodores for the West, Canada and East, and possibly later on another one for the South.

The great advantages to be gained number among them, of course, first in importance, unity of action on any subject of interest to our sport, and with a united association, a power can be given by such action which will carry all respect with it. Another point would be the excellent opportunity of working out a thoroughly practical system of "canoe pilots," and thus solve the problem so long discussed.

I shall endeavor to go to Put-in-Bay this summer, and for one would like to hear any objection, if any may exist, to the carrying out of this excellent idea of Commodore Oliver. ROBERT J. WILKIN.

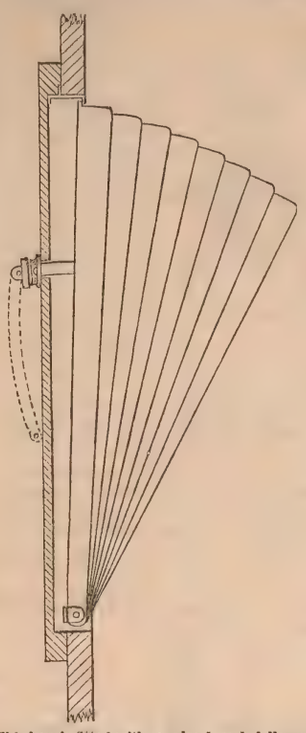
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1885.

THE CHILDS FOLDING CENTERBOARD.

THE first attempt to sail a canoe to windward brought out the fact that some radical addition was needed to prevent her sliding off rapidly to leeward. The requirements of cruising, light draft, a floor on which the boat could rest upright when ashore, made a deep keel objectionable, while on the other hand, the center of the boat, near which a centerboard must be placed to be of advantage, was required for sleeping purposes and also to give room when seated. An ordinary trunk in the proper position entirely filled the well, and left no room for the crew. To obviate this has long been a study with canoeists, and many plans have been tried. The centerboard has been moved forward, in some cases a dagger board being used, but this has affected the sailing power of the canoe. Two boards have been used, one forward and one aft, with space between for crew, at the expense of extra weight and complication, besides increased first cost, and finally fan boards of various degrees of merit have been tried.

The board here shown, made by Childs & Co., 114 Water street, New York, has within two years come largely into favor with canoeists, as it enables them to have a thoroughly efficient board for sailing without any interference with the room in the boat, either amidships or forward.

In construction, the board itself is composed of eight leaves, like a fan, all hung on a pivot at the forward end. The lowest leaf is of a single thickness, and to it is hinged a flat rod, ¾x5-16in., by which it is raised and lowered. The other leaves are in pairs, the first pair being above and outside of the lower leaf, and the second pair outside of them in turn, so that when raised they fold together closely. Each pair is united at the after end by a piece of brass, which causes them to descend together, and also keeps out dirt. When raised, the depth of the board is but 2ins., which will allow it to house entirely in the keel, or in a canoe with a keel of but 1in., a trunk is placed inside. This is simply a piece of oak, about 3in. wide, 1¼in. thick, and a little longer than the board. The ends are riveted with copper, to prevent splitting, and a wide groove is cut in the bottom by a circular saw, in which the board houses. This trunk is firmly riveted to the keel, serving the double purpose of stiffening it where weakened by the slot, as well as making a covering for the board. On top of the trunk, at its after end, is a stuffing box through which the lifting



rod runs. This box is fitted with a gland and follower, in which is packed cotton wick, making a perfectly watertight joint, through which the rod works easily. The latter is jointed close to the box, and folds down on the floor when the board is raised. In most canoes as now built, the floor is not only above the top of trunk, but above the rod and stuffing box as well, leaving an unobstructed space for sleeping. The entire board is made of brass, thus avoiding the rusting and clogging inevitable with an iron board. The usual weight is but nine pounds for a board of 1¾ft. area, or sufficient for any ordinary canoe. Larger boards have been made for special boats, and the idea is applicable to sailboats and skiffs as well as canoes.

For several seasons past it has been the custon to build the larger canoes with flat keels from 3 to 4in. wide, and these are excellently adapted for the Child's board, but for the older boats with outside keels, a special form is made which may be fitted entirely outside of the boat, projecting 3in. below garboards. This form of board will be admitted by the A. C. A. to the races, although not technically within the limits. Messrs. Childs & Co. have furnished boards to many of the leading canoeists, and this season a large number are being put into boats of all makes. They seem to have solved perfectly the problem that has so long vexed canoeists, and they have made it possible to combine a high degree of excellence as a sailing boat, with the qualities essential to all cruisers.

The workmanship of the board is noticeably excellent, the mechanism being simple, strong and well designed. Besides centerboards, Childs & Co. are dealers in canoe rigs and fittings of all kinds, and purpose to furnish everything required by canoeists.

PITTSBURGH C. C.—On Feb. 27 was held the annual meeting of the Pittsburgh C. C. and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, Reade W. Bailey; Mate, W. Howard Nimick, Purser, William P. Lawrence. Committees were appointed to select a new design for a burgee, to select a club uniform and to arrange for the annual dinner. A trophy was offered by Messrs. Howe and Nimick to the canoe making the best record this season in certain contests, the details of which are to be decided upon later. Other business was transacted not of general interest. This club is looking forward to a lively season, and its interest in canoeing is as strong as ever. Several new canoes will be put in commission and it is probable that the club will be represented at all the local meets in this section as well as at the A. C. A. meet.

CRUISING OUTFITS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some of your readers are no doubt wondering why "Senorita" does not practice what he preaches, and send his promised cruise, but in the meantime I send a list of the outfit taken by a party of seven. Seven canoes, 3 rifles, 1 shotgun, 3 revolvers, a stove (a piece of sheet iron 12×24in., with 3 holes, to be laid on a few stones), 3 tin pails, 2 kettles, 2 frying pans, 1 coffee pot, 8 knives and forks, one dozen each tin plates, tin cups, large spoons and small spoons. We also carried about 100 pounds of provisions, mostly canned goods. The cruise cost us $105, or $15 each. Our outfit next year will be better, as some useless articles will be left behind. Our ridge pole for the large tent was jointed and could be lengthened.—SENORITA.

COASTING CANOES.—Mr. F. Joyner, of Glens Falls, New York, has given this name to a large boat, which he builds for two or more persons, of canoe model, but outside of the Association rules, being 16×36. This boat is similar to Mr. Stoddard's Atlanta, but is smaller. One of these boats, the Rambler, has been owned for some time by Mr. L. R. Ingraham, of the Hartford C. C., and has proved herself very speedy, having made a number of trips on the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound. She is fitted with a centerboard and drop rudder, and rigged with two of Joyner's settee sails and rowlocks, as she is too large to paddle comfortably. She also has deck hatches fore and aft.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas. Penrose, R. C. C., writes us from Sydney, N. S. W., under date of Jan. 24. He says that the waters there are suitable for canoeing, but that little is done, open boat sailing being more popular. Mr. Penrose may return to England by way of San Francisco and take a look at American canoeing by the way.

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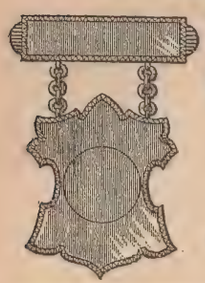
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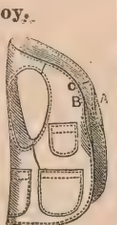
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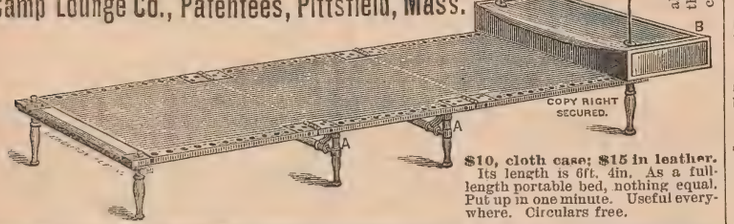
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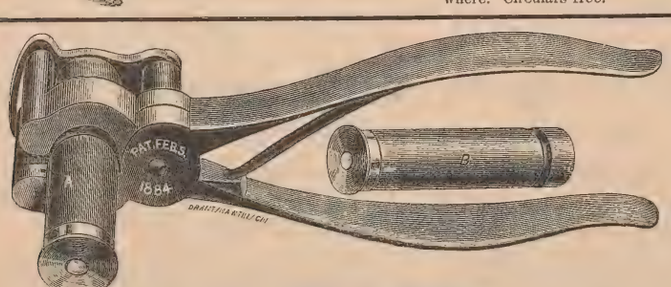
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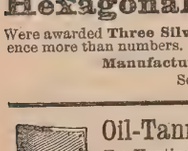
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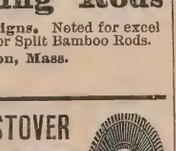
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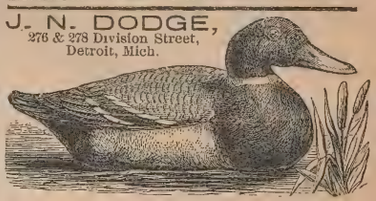
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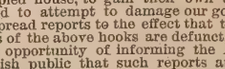
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Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jacknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

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One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM'S field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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AMATEURS.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 7. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, Loudon, Eng.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT FAILED TO PASS.

THE Yellowstone Park bill, from which so much was hoped, failed of becoming a law. After being amended in the House of Representatives, it went back to the Senate, and a conference committee of both Houses was appointed to agree upon the form it should finally take. This was necessary partly on account of a blunder which occurred in amending the bill in the House. The amendment of Section 1, making the Yellowstone River the boundary on the northeast, was to have been inserted after the words "thence due east to a point," but the words "on said meridian within ten miles of the eastern boundary of the Park as now established, thence due south five miles" were not stricken out. The section, therefore, so far as the northeast boundary of the Park is concerned, was meaningless. The conference committee had several meetings, the last being on Tuesday, the last day of the session, but no agreement was reached, and the bill consequently lapsed.

This is a great disappointment to those who have worked so hard to secure for the Park a law which should efficiently protect it. It leaves the reservation to be neglected for another year. The delay will cost the Government something in money, and the people who visit the Park something in enjoyment. It is a shortsighted piece of neglect on the part of Congress, which is on all accounts to be regretted.

But we have not done with the matter as yet. At the next session of Congress we hope to see another and a better bill for the protection of this region introduced and passed. The people are in earnest about the matter, and are not willing that the Park should be longer neglected. There is reason to believe that the National Park Improvement Company has only been scotched, not killed, and that by devious ways and underhand methods it is trying to regain its hold on the public domain. Although we have had little to say recently about this company we have not altogether forgotten it, and shall watch its doings with a good deal of interest.

The new Superintendent of the Park will have an opportunity during the season that is coming to show what stuff he is made of. He may be sure that his actions will be scrutinized closely. If he does his duty he will be applauded, but if he fails it will soon be known.

It is a satisfaction to know that the public interest in the Yellowstone National Park is now greater than it has ever been, and we believe that the efforts to be made for its protection will have the support of all the best classes of the community.

We intend before long to outline a plan for protection, which we hope may commend itself to those who are especially interested in the Park. If this plan meets their approval it will serve as a basis for future work—work which we are sure will not be without results.

THE SPRINGFIELD ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WE regret to learn that the Rod and Gun Club of Springfield, Mass., has practically committed *felo-de-see*, by an application to the Legislature for authority to change its corporate name to the Winthrop Club. When we first learned of this fact we refused to believe it; but it appears that the club, having grown rich and luxurious, with largely augmented membership, has lapsed into a social club, and the new element has now drowned its original purpose and objects.

The Rod and Gun Club of Springfield has, from its organization, occupied an original and most enviable place in the history of such organizations, and has had a high reputation, not only in this country, but in Europe. It has been second to none as an organization and in the *personnel* of its members. Unique in name, ambitious, with its performances in all it undertook equal to its ambitions, it has stood at the head and has carried itself most honorably and well through all its history.

Started, we believe, in 1872, by such men as the late B. F. Bowles, with Wm. Patton, E. H. Lathrop, S. T. Hammond, R. O. Morris, Wm. M. Williams and others, it has never faltered until now. It has been copied in name and character, but never excelled. Its pledge has always been equalled and surpassed by performance. When it held bench shows, none were better managed, and to none did kennel owners resort with so much genuine pleasure and good will. Attendants upon its exhibitions always relied upon its prospectuses and upon its splendid receptions and entertainments. Exhibitors always felt as if they were leaving home when they left Springfield, carrying with them vivid remembrances of royal care; and leaving, clamored for a "show next year." A genial good fellowship has always clung to it, and its treatment of its patrons has never degenerated into commercial interests. It was always known that a good time awaited visitors at Springfield, and they never felt that their entrance money was what was being reached for. We only wish that some of the kennel clubs who now manage shows would emulate the old-time courtesy and animate their social atmosphere with a measure of the good fellowship that has always prevailed at Springfield.

Lost in these reminiscences, we had almost forgotten our regret, our impatience even, at the great mistake which the club is making. Is it too late to recall this fatal error? The club has made history. Even if it chooses to abandon its activity in a field formerly occupied by it so well, it could live and be honored by its past. Why abandon its history and its achievements by plunging its earned position and reputation into a meaningless name, justified by nothing except newness?

Don't do it, gentlemen.

PENNSYLVANIA is talking about imposing very heavy fines for game law misdemeanors. This would be a mistake. With a heavy fine it will be found almost impossible to secure a conviction; the sympathy is with the culprit if the punishment appears out of all proportion to the gravity of the offense. This is not theory but practical experience; we know of an instance where with heavy fines it was almost impossible to secure conviction, but when the penalty was reduced, arrested persons were convicted and punished, and the law proved effectual.

ON A RUNWAY.—By inadvertence we omitted to give credit for the illustration in our last issue, "On a Runway," to Dr. E. Sterling, who sent the sketch with a pleasant personal reminiscence of an incident in his experience, which suggested the drawing.

WILD RICE.—Of the numerous plantings of wild rice, some have been attended with success and others have come to nothing. The Springfield (Mass.) Rod and Gun Club some years ago sowed wild rice seed in the Connecticut River, just below Springfield, and now there are acres and acres of the cereal lining the river banks clear down to the Sound. The club had greatest success with the seed that was sown in the fall, though that put out in the spring did well. The rice should be sown in shallow water. The experiment of raising the rice has failed in many instances, sometimes because tried on an insufficient scale. We would advise both spring and fall planting, and a liberal sowing of the seed. Care should be taken to secure fresh seed. The results of wild rice culture are so well known, and so many ducking waters have been improved by the introduction of the food, that the enterprise has passed the experimental stage.

HOW TO EXTERMINATE THE STARFISH.—Fish Commissioner Blackford has prepared a bill for the protection of oysters, and it has been introduced at Albany. One section provides for paying a reward of twenty-five cents per bushel for starfishes taken from the oyster beds. The starfish is the greatest enemy of the oyster, and if the fishermen can be induced to gather these marine vermin for twenty-five cents a bushel, the proposed law will do much to keep the supply of oysters up and the price down. But there is a better, surer, speedier and wholly inexpensive way to get rid of the starfish. Let feminine fashion decree that a starfish or a band of starfishes on the hat shall be the style. That will accomplish the desired end. The starfish will follow the song birds.

THE AMERICA CUP.—In spite of the many rumors of new boats to meet the challengers, no orders have yet been given to go on with the work. The plans and specifications are all ready for Mr. Smith's new sloop, but the contract has not yet been awarded. As all the details have been settled, it is expected that the boat can be built very quickly, and that when the hull is ready, the spars, sails and gear will also be complete, so no time will be lost. It is now the middle of March, and over two weeks of the half-year have elapsed without any work being done. To build, rig and test a new boat, even under the most favorable circumstances, requires time, and six months is little enough, without losing part of it in preliminaries.

LET THE BEST BE CHAMPION.—In all other branches of competition where the title champion is used, it signifies the best, the one that excels over all others. When applied to a dog, the term has no such meaning. Usage should be changed so that the champion dog will be known as the best dog, and no dog but the best one known as champion. Last week we gave the outline of a simple method to award the title to the dog that deserves it and to let him wear it only so long as he can maintain his claim against all comers. The plan there mentioned is commended to the attention of all who support dog shows and trials and to the special consideration of the American Kennel Club.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION propose to send out to the newspapers of the State notes on natural history, game birds and animals, and shooting and fishing, with the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the community and diffusing information about the subjects in which the Association is interested. This is a practical and sensible way of increasing respect for the game laws. Such efforts are sure to be attended with good results. There is no more powerful lever than the "country newspaper." An editor whose sympathies are with game protection is a host in himself.

THE DEER-HOUNDING BILL is in the Senate in charge of Mr. Fassett, and the probabilities are that the tourist who contemplates braining a buck on some Adirondack lake next summer will find himself denied that "sport." The exception noted last week provides that in Suffolk and Queens counties deer may be hounded for the first ten days (exclusive of Sundays) in October.

THE MAINE GAME LAW AMENDMENTS are printed elsewhere in this issue. As will be seen several changes have been made, but they have all been in the direction of greater stringency, and a most important amendment is the measure putting jurisdiction into the hands of police and municipal judges.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

VII.—DOWN LEWIS FORK.

ALL night long the wind howled over the lake and among the trees, and when we turned out next morning it was still blowing a gale and the lake was in a turmoil. A few drops of rain had fallen during the night, but not enough to seriously wet anything. Now, however, it was quite cold, and to wash was a serious mortification of the flesh. The train moved out about 8 o'clock and a little later we followed. The trail led south through an attractive open country, full of streams and springs and dotted with clumps of thick willow brush, while upon the higher land appeared the ever present pines. On the left was the lofty ridge of the Red Mountain range, down which half a hundred beautiful cascades hurry toward the river. To the right, beyond the stream, was the steep face of the Pitchstone Plateau—so called from the black, glossy fragments of the decomposed rhyolite of which its soil is largely made up. In the early summer it would seem that this trail must be almost impassable, for it is so low and wet that, except at the dry season, it must be very miry and difficult.

About six miles from our camp is the ford, where Lewis Fork of Snake River is to be crossed, and just before reaching this we had a glimpse of some beautiful falls but a short distance below the lake, and about forty feet in height, as we estimated. The ford was a long one and rather deep, the water coming more than half way up the horses' bodies. We therefore tucked our feet up behind us on the saddle, and rode along with some anxiety lest a false step on the horses' part, or a stumble over some great boulder, should throw one of the animals on his knees, and so wet either the pack or the rider. On the right bank of the river, just above where the ford came out, is a high precipice, partly broken down and its base obscured by a talus of huge fragments of lava, among which old Granny turned off and wandered about for a few moments to the great peril of her legs.

At this point the trail left the river and ascending the hill entered the green timber, and continued for a long distance over the ridges and away from the stream, though at times glimpses of its dark water or of a stretch of foaming rapids were seen from some hilltop. There was considerable fallen timber across the trail, but nothing that gave any trouble. Here, as almost everywhere in these mountains, the fire has destroyed previous forests and their debris now lies thickly strewn amid the living tree-trunks. It is quite curious to observe the different courses taken by the trunks of certain trees. Most of the pines are straight as an arrow, but there are some which are curiously bent. The commonest form is that where the trunk is sharply bent at right angles to the vertical, and then again a foot further on changes once more to an upright course. Or the curve may be less than a right angle, and the trunk from vertical may turn toward the earth, and then by another sharp curve again take a vertical direction, thus forming a rough letter S lying on its side. These curious curves in trees which are in habit so straight as the pines, require an explanation, which it is not easy to give unless the circumstances for observation are favorable. The manner in which they are formed is, however, very simple. They are always found in forests which have been burned over, and there is nearly always an intimate connection between this burning and the bent trunks. As has been said before, the fire which passes over the forest kills but does not consume the trees, and among their dead but standing trunks a young growth of pines springs up. After a while the trees begin to fall, and as they fall they strike more or less of the young trees, which have not yet become stiff and brittle, but are still very springy and readily bent. A certain proportion of the young growth thus overwhelmed is crushed and destroyed, but there are some young and vigorous plants which are caught beneath the tops or branches within a foot or two of the ground and not materially injured, but merely held down. Such trees are sometimes pressed flat to the ground, in which case they usually die before long; but more often they are bent at right angles a few inches above the ground and held there. As time passes, the top of the tree so held tends constantly to grow toward the light above it, and in the course of a few years, if the injury to the plant is not sufficient to kill it or materially retard its growth, all of it which is above the portion imprisoned by the dead tree, will be found to be growing vertically like its neighbors. After a while the dead stick which holds the young tree becomes rotten and finally moulders away. The injured plant increases in size, and there is then nothing to explain how the great forest tree, perhaps a foot or more in diameter, should have grown in such a curious fashion.

The wind still swept over the mountain side in furious blasts, and the forest was still vocal with its strange, weird complainings, an inarticulate murmur of sighs and moans and wild screams, that seemed to be all about us but that we could not trace. At frequent intervals we could hear on the Red Mountain Range, on the other side of the river, the loud snapping and crackling of roots and branches, and then the final thundering crash which told of some ancient tree overthrown by Æolian power.

At length, after a descent of seven or eight hundred feet in about twelve miles, we passed out of the forest into an open park-like country of great beauty. On the broad level meadows the grass grew thick and rank, and on the rolling uplands, though less luxuriant, it was not less nutritious. The trees were beautifully grouped, and the view, though limited by the high hills on either hand and by the turns of the valley to the southward, was very charming and picturesque. But while so attractive to the eye at this season, there were many signs that this was the best time of the year for visiting this valley. In winter the snow falls deep and the weather is severe.

Springs and marshy places are numerous, and in the early summer travel would no doubt be difficult. During the afternoon we passed two lakes—Beulah and Herring—on which great flocks of ducks and geese were seen. Numerous tracks of elk were observed, but they had all been made earlier in the season, at a time when the ground was soft, so that the hoofmarks were deeply imprinted in the soil. As we advanced down the valley the mass of the Teton Range began to appear, and before we had reached camp numerous lofty and snow-covered peaks were in sight. They are wonderfully majestic and imposing, more from their massiveness and abruptness than from any other characteristics, for the needle-like sky-reaching pinnacles of the principal peaks of the range were still concealed from our view by the extremity of the Red Mountain Range. Even at this distance the glacial carvings were beautifully shown, and in many of the ravines on the northern slopes of the mountain, there are still ice masses, which, when examined through the field glass, appear to have all the characteristics of true glaciers.

Camp was made on the west bank of Snake River, in a little clump of pines close to the water's edge. On the west was the broad valley from which rose beautifully terraced hills finally crowned with the stately pine forest, into the depths of which glimpses were given by little glades and openings running back into it. To the south, where the great river makes its turn to run parallel to the Teton Range, the hills draw nearer together, and, at first low and then higher cones and ridges, all sculptured and eroded into curious and sightly shapes, and set off by the dark green of the pines, rise one after another as if to prepare one for the mighty mass of the mountains beyond them. This preparation is, however, in vain, for as the eye rose above the tops of these lower hills, it was still unprepared for the height and grandeur of those beyond.

At this point Snake River is already an important stream and carries the drainage of a very large area. It abounds in trout of great size and beauty, and of superb energy and fire. Enough were caught by the anglers of the party to furnish several meals, and among these was one giant, secured by Saddlemeyer, which I estimated to weigh between three and one-half and four pounds. While I was earnestly occupied in endeavoring to capture a similar one, two great shadows passed over the water near me, and on looking up I saw within a few yards of my head a pair of huge sandhill cranes They manifested not the slightest fear, and alighted on the meadow only a few hundred yards from the camp, where they remained, stalking about for an hour or two in the dignified manner peculiar to their kind.

The wind still blew furiously, and sweeping down from the summit of the Teton range, was laden with the chilling breath of the snow drifts that we saw so far above us. It was very cold, and although we built a roaring fire after dinner was over, this helped us but little, for it was almost at once scattered by the blast. By rigging a canvas manta over the line of aparejos, we made a wind-break, between which and the fire we shivered for an hour or two, and at length turned in.

The next morning while the train was being packed, I took my rifle and started on ahead to see if I could not kill a deer or an elk, for, although the trout were very delicious, it was thought that some good fat ribs would be an agreeable variety to our fare. The trail crossed the river just below camp, and following down the bottom for two or three miles passed over some low hills, and then turned south into Jackson's Hole, always skirting the river valley. On the riffle where the ford crossed, the water was scarcely above the Pinto's knees, and I rode on through the wide willowy bottom and entered the timber, pushing directly up the hill so as to cross the extremity of the Red Mountain Range. Down-timber and marshy spots made progress rather slow and difficult, and everywhere the vegetation showed the greater precipitation of the western slope of the main range.

The mountain side among the green timbers is covered with a thick, tangled undergrowth of plants, from three to ten feet high. Willows grow along every little creek and on each depression or ravine.

Often it was difficult to force one's horse through the underbrush and at the same time retain a seat in the saddle, for the willows and alders made a vigorous resistance. Neither the Pinto nor I liked it much; but at length, after some hard climbing, most of which was done on foot, dragging after me the unhappy horse, the upper edge of the timber was reached. This was perhaps half a mile from the summit of the mountain, though the forest had once extended quite to the crest of the ridge, as was shown by the great charred and rotting tree trunks, long ago killed by the fire, which now covered the ground. By zigzagging my horse up the steep ascent, and winding about among the low ridges that run out from it, I at length reached the summit of the highest peak to the west. Two or three great pines crown the summit, and dismounting here, I paused to survey the country through which we had come, and that toward which we were going.

To the eastward the Red Mountain Range cut off the view, but to the northeast was the valley of Snake River, broad at my feet, but narrowing a few miles further off, until the mountains, closing in, concealed the silver ribbon of the stream's course. To the west was the sombre gray and white mass of the Teton Range, low and rounded toward its northwestern end, with long easy ridges of moderate steepness, and crowned with tremendous fields of snow. The mountains became more and more abrupt to the southward, till the peaks culminated in the Grand Teton and then gradually sank away again, becoming lower and lower in the blue and misty distance. East of the range and directly to the south of my perch on the mountain top, was Jackson's Hole, for many years a spot unknown to white men and one about which fabulous stories were told; by miners of rivers paved with nuggets of gold; by trappers of streams and forests abounding in fur; by hunters of game so abundant and tame that it could be secured without effort. The white man came. The miner washed the sands of the rivers, but they did not "pay"; the trapper caught the beaver and the martin, but did not find the supply inexhaustible; the hunter found that it did not take long to drive away the game. But as it is to-day Jackson's Hole is a lovely spot. At its upper end lies the lake shining like a sheet of silver in the sunlight and dotted with low pine-clad islands. On the west its waters kiss the feet of the frowning mountains which form its shores, but on the other three sides a belt of forest encircles the water, and then back of this belt lie broad meadow lands with groups of trees and low rounded clumps of willows—a veritable park. Still further to the eastward lie low bare ridges, the foothills of the main range, over which the fire has swept, and now rough and difficult with fallen timber. Further still to the east and southeast rises the massive range of mountains, which seems low only by comparison with the stupendous altitude of the Tetons, and in which lies the Continental Divide. Looking down from where I sat on the lake with the tremendous snow-clad mountains rising directly above it, I was forcibly reminded of some of the Inlet scenery in British Columbia, where, as on Jervis Inlet, similar conditions prevail.

The rock of the mountain which I had climbed is a brownish-red rhyolite, which weathers down with a square fracture, forming broken precipices on the sides of all the higher hills. Crossing the ridge and starting down the south side of the mountain, great quantities of drift pebbles of red and white quartzite were noticed within two or three hundred feet of the summit. In descending toward the lake I kept along the mountain side where it was quite steep. Below and to the left was a wide valley, at the head of which was a considerable body of green timber, and a good deal more that was dead. I was riding along slowly, letting the Pinto pick his way among the loose rock, when I caught sight of an animal standing tail toward me, in a little opening among the trees. For a second I thought it was a "buckskin" horse, and the idea flashed through my mind that there was a camp down there, but almost before this thought had taken form, the animal moved its head, and I saw that it was an elk. To slip off my horse on the side furthest from the animal and lead the Pinto out of sight behind a clump of pines was the work of a very few seconds. Then divesting myself of my spurs I crept back to the ridge. In the opening were a bull and two or three cow elk, and further off, moving among the dead timber, could be seen a number of others. Those in the opening were within one hundred yards of the muzzle of my rifle, and I could readily have killed one or two of them. I considered, however, that as I had probably twenty-five miles further to go before reaching camp, it was scarcely worth while to kill a full-grown elk. If I did that, I should either have to load my horse down with meat and walk to camp leading him, or else leave the carcase where it fell, taking only the sirloins. I did not care to do either, and so waited about in the hope that a calf might show itself, for the meat of a calf I could pack behind the saddle and still ride. For ten or fifteen minutes I watched the animals without seeing the one I wished to shoot at. The band were not at ease, but moved about in a nervous fashion, as if they had been recently alarmed at something and had not yet recovered from their fright. They did not feed, but wandered about among the timber, and sometimes two or three of them would take fright and trot a few yards and then stop and stare in all directions. Notwithstanding all this restlessness the band did not move much and still remained within easy range, several of them being always in the open, though most were seen indistinctly through the trees. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, the elk all threw up their heads, seemed to listen and look for a moment, and then plunged into the dense timber. I could hear them for quite a long time as they trotted through the forest, making the dead sticks crack and rattle in their reckless haste, and at length saw them climb the steep ascent near the head of the ravine and pause huddled together on the bare hillside. There were about twenty-five of them, the bull, half a dozen yearlings, as many calves, and the rest old cows. Most of the calves still wore the spotted coat. After standing for a while, looking about to ascertain the cause of their alarm, they turned away again, and slowly clambering up the slope disappeared over the ridge. I was content to have them go. Life—even though it be only that of a beast or bird—is too sacred a thing to be taken except for some good reason. There are enough who are ready to kill; too few who are willing to hold their hands.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

XI.

IT WAS fairly spring; almost summer as the months go. Some patches and jagged lines of snow yet gleamed among the black growth on the northward steeps and in the gullies of the mountains, but the lower deciduous trees were in a green mist of young leaves, the woodside shade was dappled with the white moose-flowers, and the grass was green in the valley fields. The evenings had grown so short that to make anything of a visit before bedtime, Lisha's friends were obliged to come while daylight lasted. By that light, when the hylas were beginning to ring their shrill curfew, the old man was mitigating some customer's prospective torture by rasping the pegs on the inside of a boot, but to see the contortions of his face, turned aside as he bent over his hidden field of labor, one would think that he was inflicting self-torture, and that every scrape of the float was tearing the shoemaker's own tough hide. He made such a noise with his rasping that he first became aware of visitors when the forms of Joe Hill and Antoine darkened the open doorway. Then came Pelatiah and the Questioner, followed by Solon Briggs, and last of all Sam Lovel came across lots from Beaver Meadow Brook, bringing a dozen fine trout strung upon a birchen twig.

"Wal, Samwill, ben a traoutin', hey?" said Lisha, emptying the scrapings out of the boot, and making an examination of the interior with his hand while he looked admiringly on the handsome fish. "Wal, they 're neat ones, I swan! Ketched 'em in Beav' Medder Brook, did ye?" Yes, Sam caught them there. "Wal, they du say 't fishin' 's oncommon good this year; most everybody 't goes gits a good string on 'em. O, dear me suz! n' I haint ben yit, nor tasted no fish but salt ones son last summer."

"Bah gosh! Ah wish Ah ketch some bullpout or eel, bosc of it, Ah don' care which, me," cried Antoine.

"Wal, Uncle Lisha, you shan't say that to-morrer night," said Sam, seating himself on the cold stove and filling his pipe, "for I'm goin' to take these in to Aunt Jerushy, an' you c'n hev your sheer on 'em for breakfus. Ben to supper, I s'pose?"

"Why, Samwill, I'm a thaousan' times 'bleeged tu ye, but you'd orter keep half on 'em. You'se a robbin' yerself."



No, Sam was "cl'yed wi' traout, an' ketched these a puppus for Aunt Jerushy 'n' you."

"Wal, thank ye a thaousan' times. Yes, I ben to supper. I was makin' gardin to-day, an' the smell o' the airth made me hungrier 'n a bear, so Jerushy got supper airly."

"Yes, Lisha," Solon remarked, "for a pusson of your sedimentary ockypations tho' haint nothin' more beneficient 'an a gittin' aou'door," and then, turning to Sam, "Did ye ever ketch traout with a fly, Sammywell?"

"No, I didn't never, but I hev wi' bumble bees."

"Not a ra-al fly I don't mean," Solon explained. "That 'ere artist feller 't was raound here summer 'fore last—boarded to Joel Bartlett's a spell 'n' fixed up a paintin' shop in his barn, 'stewed Joe,' he called it—he, uster go traoutin' with a whipstock of a pole 'at took to pieces, an' hed a little brass windlass onto it to wind up his line, an' a mess o' feathers stuck on a hook for bait, 'at he called a arterfishual fly. He'd skitter it top of the water, an' onct in a while the' 'd be a traout fool 'nough to grab it. Then he'd wind him up, an' then he'd let him scoot, 'n' then wind him up agin, an' so continner on till he got him all fattygued aout."

"O, yes! I seen him at it," said Sam. "I went a fishin' with him tew three times. 'N' he was toll'able lucky tew; ketched half as many 's I did. He'd tost them little feather contraptions turrible handy when the brush wa'n't tew thick. I sh'ld like to try it if hed the rig. He hed a hull wallet full on 'em, all on 'em named, 'green ducks,' an 'hatchels,' an' I d'know what all. It uster tickle me tu see him when he come tu a still-pond hole, or a place where the brook tumbled over the rocks, or suthin' n'uther 't he liked the looks on. He'd lay daown his pole, an' back off, an' get fust one side o' the brook an' then t'other, or like 'nough on a stun right in the middle on 't, an' then aout with a lead pencil an' a little blank 'caount book like, 'n' begin to draw it off. He'd squint an' mark an' whistle an' mark a spell, 'n' then into his pocket with book an' pencil an' go to fishin' agin. A clever little creetur he was, an' took lots o' comfort bein' in the woods, an' a fishin'. He tol' me 'at they ketched gret big salmon up Canady way wi' them feather flies."

"Bah gosh!" cried Antoine, pricking up his ears at the mention of his native province. "Yas, Ah'll see Anglish officy ketch dat so! O, big, big big!"

"O, yes, sartinly," said Lisha, as he tied the straps of the completed boots together with a thong of leather, "I 'xpected you hed. Seen 'em ketched 't 'ould weigh a hunderd paound, haint ye, Ann Twine?"

"Wal sah, Onc' Lasha, not quat so big dat. Ah don' goin' tol' lie 'f you want it Ah do. De bigges' one Ah'll see ketch dat way he'll weigh jes' 'zackly nanty-nan paoun' an' fiftin ninches, dat's all."

"Hmph! A minny, wa'n't he?" said Lisha. "Wal, we're gittin' all of a color, white folks an' Canucks, 'n' I guess we'd better hev a light," whereupon he lit the candle, which sputtered for some minutes before it made itself visible in the twilight.

"Wal, folks," said Sam, breaking the silence that prevailed while the company watched the struggles of the feeble light, "the's suthin' in these woods 'at I never seen in 'em afore."

"Why, what on airth is it, Samwill," Lisha asked.

"'Taint a wolf, cause you seen one time o' the big hunt four year ago. 'Taint a painter?"

"No, 'taint a wolf nor a painter—I seen both—'n' 'taint no four-legged critter—it's Injins!"

"Good airth an' seas, you don't say so!" cried Lisha, "hev ye got the' skelps in yer pockit, Samwill?"

"No," said Sam, laughing, "they've got 'em on their heads, an' hats a top on 'em, tu, for they haint wild ones, but c'n talk English as well as Antwine here, but not ekal to Solon quite. Raal clever, candid sort o' fellers they be, an' c'nsid'able sosherble arter you git 'quainted with 'em."

"Haow many on 'em be they? A hull tribe on 'em? He ones an' she ones, an' poppooses on boards? Where be they, an' what they drivin' on?" so Lisha strung out his questions without waiting for an answer till he finished with the demand, "Tell us all baout 'em."

"Wal," said Sam, "ter begin 't the beginnin', I was fishin' Beav' Medder Brook 't other day an' come acrost a mocker-sin track in the sand, 'n' think, sez I to myself, Antwine 's a fishin' ahead on me, 'n' then thinks, sez I, he don't wear 'em sen he got to be such a Yankee, 'n' a little furder long I seen tracks o' tew wearin' mockersins, an' putty soon I smelt smoke, an' then come slap on to tew dark complected fellers settin' by a fire a smoking an' watchin' a woo'chuck roastin' on a stick stuck through end ways an' int' the graound, an' behind of 'em was a gret roll o' suthin' 't I thought fust sight was luther, 'n' 't they'd ben a stealin' from you, er less was goin' to give ye a job. Then I seen 't was birch bark. I says haow de du, 'n' so 'd they, but they didn't talk none till I soddaown an' loaded my pipe an' giv' 'em some terbarkar. Then one on 'em says, 'ketch um plenty fish,' lookin' at my string, an' 't was a putty good un, 'n' I gin 'em a dozen to piece aout their supper. Then they begin to git toll'able sosherble, an' we hed quite a visit."

"Wal, I'll be dum'd! Samwill Lovel visitin' 'long with Injins!" cried Lisha, holding up his hands.

"Wal, he was," said Sam, "an' got c'nsid'able thick with 'em, 'n' I don't deny it. They said haow 't they 'd come clearn up from Gret Auter Crik on to Hawg's Back to git bark 'at suited 'em to make a canew, an' was going right back nex' day. I wanted turribly to see 'em make a canew, 'n' tried to coax 'em to du it here, 'n' I'd git some o' the teamsters to kerry it daown to Vergeens for 'em when they was goin'. But they thought their fam'lies 'at was camped daown there would be wonderin' if they stayed away so long. I tol' 'em 't we'd send word by the teamsters to their folks, 'n' it come inter my head what you was tellin' 'baout huntin' an' trappin' daown there, 'n' 't this was a gret chance for me to git a boat made. So I dickered with 'em to make me a canew, an' they talked an' talked together—I tell ye, their'n 's the language to talk in the woods. It don't make no more noise 'n a little brook a runnin', 'n' I don't b'lieve 't 'ould skeer a fox. Wal, fin'ly they 'greed to, an' nex' day they went at my canew."

"Shaw!" said Lisha. "Why, Samwill, them Injin canews is tottlisher 'n a board sot up aidgeways! You can't du nothin' in one on 'em, only tip over. You haint uster no kinder boat, say nothin' baout them aigshell consarns. 'D ye ever see one? I hev, but never ondertook ridin' one on 'em."

"No, I never did, but I'm goin' tu in a few days. I guess I c'n navoygate it. I 've crossed the Notch Pond stan'in' up on a saw lawg with my gun, more 'n onct, 'n I guess a canew haint much tottlisher 'n a rollin' lawg. Wal, I've hed a good time watchin' on 'em make it for three days, 'n' I tell ye its curous to see 'em. Furst thing they made a frame the len'th an' shape the canew 's goin' to be on top—jes tew strips of ash fastened together to the ends, an' bars acrost, so"—illustrating his description with a diagram drawn on the floor with a bit of coal while all gathered about him. "Then they laid it daown on a level place they'd fixed an' drove stakes clus to it agin the ends o' the cross bars all 'raound, an' one to each end o' the frame. Then they pulled up the stakes an' took the frame away, keepin' the stake holes clear of dirt very car'f'l, an' spread the bark daown on the place, an' then sot the frame back on jest ezackly where it was afore, an' put some cedar strips on 't, an' big stuns top o' them. Then they slit the bark from the aidge up to the frame every onct in a little ways, so, all raound' an' bent up the bark an' sot the stakes back in the holes, an' tied a bark cord acrost from top to top. Then they sewed up the slits, lappin' the bark over, ye see, an' sewin' it wi' black spruce ruts peeled an' split intew, 'n' they're jest as tough as rawhide; luther-wood bark haint no tougher. That's as fur as they've got yit, but nex' thing, 's nigh 's I c'n make aout, they cal'late to raise the frame to the top 'an put some raves on aoutside and fasten 'em together an' then line the hull consarn wi' flat strips o' cedar drove in tight. 'N' then when they git the seams all daubed wi' spruce gum an' taller melted together it 'll be all ready for me to——"

"tip over," said Lisha, completing the sentence for him.

"Waal, now, I guess not," Sam drawled, "but 'baout the fust o' next week you c'n all come over to the Forge Pond an' see."

"Wal sah, Sam, Ah tol' you," said Antoine, "you wan' git good big lawg, an' Ah'll mek it you a canoe was good for sometings, me. Dat was damn sight gre' deal better for you as dot negg shell Injin mek it."

Lisha snorted a contemptuous "Hmph! 'T would be a putty-lookin' thing, Ann Twine. Guess 't 'ould look 's much like a stun boat 's anything. But 't 'ould be comp'ny for ye, Samwill, for I ha' no daoubt 't 'ould laugh and talk."

"Wal sah, he look lak stun boat, he look good deal lak de boot you mek it, Onc' Lasha. Den prob'ly you call it ver' han'some, don't it?"

"O, shet up, you——" cried Lisha, shaking his hammer at the grinning Canadian. "I could make a gre't sight better boat aouten luther 'n you can aouten wood, I'll bate ye. I've hearn tell 't the Injins way aout West makes boats aouten luther, er bufflo hides anyway."

"Uncle Lisher," said Joe Hill suddenly, "is the' anything o' this story 't I hearn 'em talkin' over 't the store t'other day? Lemme see, was 't Wednesday or Thursday last week, or was 't Friday? Yes 'twas Friday, I know, 'cause M'ri sent by me for a codfish, an' they hedn't got none, 'n' so we didn't hev' none for dinner Sat'day, 'n' hed t' eat traout. Wal, they was tellin', some on 'em, haow 't you was a talkin' o' sellin' aout 'n' goin' t' the 'Hio."

"Hey?" cried Lisha, giving a great start. "O, sho! Ye can't tell nothin' by what ye hear over to that 'ere dum store. When they haint talkin' 'baout hosses, 'n' when they be, they're a lyin' an' gossipin' wus 'n a passel o' women to a quiltin'."

"Onc' Lasha, if you goin' on 'Hio, Ah wan' you show me de way Ah'll fin' dat Conchety Point you tol' me good whal 'go. Ah wan' go dar den."

"When yer time comes you'll go there, Ann Twine, 'thaout me showin', jist the same as spirits finds their way to heaven an' t'other place. Say, Samwill, where d' ye keep yer Injin show? Der ye 'low anybody to see it?"

"O, yes," said Sam, "you c'n see 'm for nothin'; but I wouldn't go all to onct, if I was you fellers. I kinder guess they don't like bein' gawped at no better 'n we du. They're camped daown on Beav' Medder Brook, a little ways 'bove the swamp. They'se a makin' a few baskits, an' bow-arrers for boys, evenin's, an' most likely they be raound peddlin'on 'em 'fore long." Then, going over to light his pipe at the candle, he whispered, "I'll come over in the mornin' an' you 'n' I'll go an' see 'em, if you're a min' tu." Then aloud, "Wal, boys, I'm a goin' hum. Any on ye wanter ride 'long wi' me?"

By this time the candle had burned down until the wick fell over the edge of the holder, and it flickered and left the shop in darkness before the rumble of Sam's wagon had died away.

CAMPING IN CALIFORNIA.

FEW residents of the Eastern States would care to go as far as California for sport, the trip being quite a long one and the expense very considerable. But for any one who contemplates such a trip and who is fond of sport, it would be well to select that season which will permit the use of the rod and gun in addition to the pleasures of mere sight-seeing. Winter is the time usually chosen, but unless upon the score of ill-health, it is by no means the best season. The only attraction the winter months offer the sportsman is ducking, a sport affording much excitement, but accompanied by so many discomforts, that it is not to be compared with upland and mountain shooting either in its benefits or its pleasures.

The season for ducks closes March 15, and from that time until July there is no shooting of any sort. With the opening of summer the valleys and mountains are opened to those who wish to ramble amid nature's most charming scenes with gun in hand. Indeed, it is during the summer months that one sees by far the most attractive feature of California life. During that season the mountains are filled with campers of both sexes. The Yosemite Valley presents the appearance of a great camp ground, while all through the Sierras and the Coast Range campers wander in great numbers, pitching their tents near some crystal spring, or upon the banks of the wild streams that rush down from the snow-capped Sierras.

Our Eastern mountains can in no way compare with the Sierras in beauty or grandeur. They seem but ridges and hills, and their forests appear stunted in growth when contrasted with the mountains of the far West. One who has wandered through the mighty forests of the Sierras and gazed in awe upon the giant trees that are clad in deepest green, can never again find that charm in the Eastern mountains which they once possessed for him. Whether we are climbing the steep trail up the sides of the vast cañon, standing by the torrent that is lashed into foam in its mad descent, or wandering amid the deep solitude of the forest, it is ever the same, nature greets us in her grandest and most sublime forms, and we may commune for a time with something higher and nobler than the frivolous world we have left behind.

Added to the charms of scenery, which no pen can paint, the Sierras possess a climate exactly suited to outdoor life. The air is salubrious and fragrant with the grateful odor of the pine. Rain storms are exceedingly rare in summer, and it is in this particular that the climate is so much superior to that of the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, where thunder storms are of daily occurrence. In the Sierras one may camp out for weeks without fear of rain or dampness.

But the sportsman demands something more than all this; he must have game. The writings of Van Dyke have made us familiar with the beautiful quail of California. Though not so desirable as our own species, he is much handsomer and affords fair sport. Grouse and deer are abundant, and should the camper wish to interview a grizzly he will be able to do so. I may say to such a one that all the old hunters I talked with seemed to be very unanimous in the sentiment that grizzlies were very unpleasant customers to meet with. As for myself, I had not lost any bears and, therefore, did not look for any. Trout streams are numerous and well stocked.

The most charming mountain resort it was my fortune to

visit was the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. The trip from San Francisco is a very pleasant one, including a stage ride of thirty miles from Milton to the grove. This route crosses the Salt Spring Valley, famous as the scene of San Joaquin's operations in gold dust. The lookout of this daring robber is still pointed out. Fifteen miles from Milton is Murphy's Camp, once a thriving mining town and still bearing some evidence of thrift. Fifteen miles up the slope from Murphy's and the grove is reached.

Passing by the great natural beauties of this region, and also the very tempting theme of the Big Trees, I will say a few words in regard to the special attractions for the camper. Grouse are quite abundant, as are also blacktail deer. Grizzlies are not very numerous, but are sometimes met with most unexpectedly. A party of ladies who were fishing within a few miles of the hotel a few summers ago, were startled by a grizzly stepping into the stream for a drink. It is needless to say that it was scared nearly to death by the screams which greeted his appearance.

There is a very pretty little trout stream only a mile from the hotel, but it is constantly fished by the Indians. Three miles off is Beaver Creek, and one mile further is the Stanislaus River, both affording fine sport. The Stanislaus is one of the most rugged streams in the Sierras. It is narrow at this point and its descent is very rapid. Over the huge boulders which obstruct its course, the waters rush with a deafening roar, and are lashed into foam. From many points on the trail leading down, its snow-white track is visible for miles. Above this point there is excellent fishing for trout. From one to two hundred trout have been taken in a day by a single rod, some of them weighing three pounds.

There can be no better camping ground in the world than upon the banks of this beautiful river. At a distance of ten miles from the grove game could be found in great abundance. Add to this a glorious atmosphere and nature's grandest scenery. What more could the sportsman want? Nothing but the services of the genial old guide, trapper Smith, who makes his home at the Grove. The trapper is a '49 man and looks it every inch. He comes nearer to Cooper's ideal backwoodsmen than any mortal I have met with. SYCAMORE.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

ONE year ago, while suffering from severe trouble with respiratory organs, I said that another winter must find me south of the snow belt, or I might as well throw up the sponge. I hated to do that. The world, even the northern world, seemed so bright and green (in the summer time), there were so many thousands of bright lakes, ponds and rivers to cruise, such sweet, cold springs and lovely camping grounds to take in, so much fauna and flora to look after, that—well, I felt like asking the Grim Rider to let his pale gnaw-post go a little slow on the track for a few years, until I could finish up some cruising, and get into line for a final adjustment, and I turned my thoughts to Southern California, and the gulf thereof. But my favorite style of cruising would hardly be possible there.

The Bucktail turns her beautiful nose up—more in fear than anger—at broad waters and crested waves. Like Barkis, she "is willin'," but her skipper thinks too much of her to swamp her in rough water, miles from land, and the wind off shore, how could she make the beach? (To say nothing of the skipper.)

From June till October I cruised and camped, mildly, on the upper waters of the Susquehanna, getting such benefit as I might from out-door life in a piny, hemlocky region. When the sharp November frosts set in I had certainly gained a good deal in health, but hardly enough to tide me through the slushy, snowy, thawy and freezing season from the middle of January to the middle of May. That is the trying time for Northern invalids. More people meet sickness and death during those four months than in the other eight months of the year; at least in Northern Pennsylvania, and in fact in most of the Northern and Eastern States. Note it and see if I am not right.

Just when I was undecided where to go I received a letter from "Tarpon" (Capt. S. D. Kendall), whom I knew by reputation as the man who had cruised the Solid Comfort from St. Johnsbury, Vt., to the Anclote River, in Southern Florida, only making one carry by rail, *i. e.*, from Buffalo to Olean, to reach the upper waters of the Allegheny. The letter contained a cordial invitation to Tarpon Springs, and to his house as long as I liked to make it my home. Such a letter from such a man is worth something, and I wrote at once, briefly asking of game, fish, possibilities of cruising, and, more than all, health. The answer was such as to settle me down to bearings for Florida. When the chest was finally locked and lashed, the shanty-tent and the little frying pan were left out.

Then December came and a cold snap with sleighing, and the thermometer at 22° below zero. I had spoken of passing Christmas with the Captain, but delay succeeded delay, until the New Year was past, and the cold snap had changed to rain and slush, with the mercury at 50°. It was not until Jan. 14 that I climbed the stairs to the office of FOREST AND STREAM, and was taken charge of by Mr. H., on the part of the paper. From that time on, barring some difficulty in locating the camps in Park row, my lines were cast in pleasant places so long as I stayed in the city. It was not for long. On the Tallahassee, at ten minutes before midnight of the 15th, I was off for Florida.

On Friday night the gale came on, and we rounded Cape Hatteras in it at 5½ o'clock the next morning. I will add that Capt. Fisher said it was the heaviest weather he had experienced in two years, and he thought the breakers on Hatteras were uglier than he had ever seen them. Of course the passengers were thinned out some. I think there were only five who had appetites for a hearty meal, and about a dozen who tried to make a brave show of it, but soon went in for a reconsideration. From Friday forenoon until we reached smooth water at Savannah they were mostly conspicuous by their absence. As for myself—have not been so hungry in ten years. A thrash outside seemed to be the very thing I needed. Arrived at the wharf in Savannah the crew commenced unloading at once, and as I was in my berth asleep, the canoe was "transferred," as they put it, without my having seen her since the morning we passed Hatteras. And she was gone from the wharf, no one could say where. My ticket called for passage to Fernandina by water. But the connecting steamer was "knocked out" by the gale, and the Bucktail had disappeared, no one could tell where. I spent two days trying to hunt her up, and then went to the office of the Ocean Steamship Company. They thought she had gone on to Cedar Keys, and offered to send me to that place by rail, which was fair, and I closed with the offer.

But I had not got through with delays. At Callahan there was a lay-over of nearly a day, and worse yet, the canoe was not at Cedar Keys. As I would go no further without her, I lost the steamer down the coast; but the next day, blessed sight, there lay the Bucktail in her loveliness, as sound as the day she left Wellsboro. And the schooner Sunrise lay at the wharf, to sail that very day for the Anclote. I engaged passage, and at once placed the canoe and big chest in the hold of the little 11-ton schooner. She did not sail that day, nor the next; but on Sunday, the 25th, at 3½ P.M., the Sunrise went off to the southward with flowing sheet and a stiff northerly breeze. She was a boat of the broad, shallow type, 32ft. over all, 11½ft. beam, and a powerful centerboard. I mention these facts because between 8 and 9 P. M., as she was running ten knots an hour under mainsail, foresail and jib, she was struck by the worst squall I ever saw at sea. It was like striking a rock, and in two seconds she was nearly on her beam ends. Luckily the jib took care of itself by carrying away the sheet, and the young wrecker at the helm sprang to the main sheet and eased it off in an instant, catching the helm and putting it hard down without losing a second. And sooner than I would have thought possible the captain and mate had the foresail down by the run. Then came the mainsail, and in no time we were flying before the squall under bare poles. There are no quicker or better small-craft sailors than the coasters and wreckers of the western coast. And, with considerable experience of dangerous weather at sea, I think that knock down on the little Sunrise the worst racket I ever saw on salt water. Only that the sea was comparatively smooth we should have been fairly capsized.

When we were running before the wind with just the head of the foresail up, the captain began to heave the lead; and when we shoaled to ten feet both anchors were let go and we rounded-to handsomely, in shoal water it is true, but out of sight of land. Then the wind went down and a heavy fog came on which held us till 9 o'clock the next morning, for these coasters will not run in a fog.

And so, with a light wind, we came at last to the Anclote Keys, where more than thirty spongers were lying at anchor, waiting for better weather; but the captain, instead of making the wharf, as he should have done, anchored two miles off and sent his boat in with five passengers and the Bucktail in tow. The mate in charge of the boat contrived to ground her half a mile from land, and I got into the canoe, put the double blade in form, and made for shore on my personal curve. The rest managed to get within forty rods of shore, but had to get out and wade at last. I ran the canoe to the beach, asked a few directions of a native, and started up the Anclote for Tarpon Springs.

I had started from Wellsborn on the 13th, and should have made the trip in five days. It was late on the 26th when I entered the mouth of the Anclote and started up stream for Tarpon Springs. I could have reached California in half the time, and the chest, with two guns, two rods, and all my clothes and camp duffle, was left on board, with a solemn promise from the captain that it should be landed the next day, which it wasn't, as the sequel will show.

They are not particularly hurried in this region.

It happened that I paddled up to a point within eighty rods of the landing I wanted, and then, seeing neither bridge, house nor landing, turned back. It was uncertain cruising. We can usually tell down stream by the current, but it happens that there is a strong tide which backs up the water for some ten miles, and the Anclote is so tortuous that you take nearly all points of the compass in cruising either way, whereby it happened that, by the dim moonlight, I was liable to get fogged. And I was tired; it was getting along in the evening, and time to make camp. In coming up the river I had passed a fine grove of pines, and about midway of the grove a motherly cow was tinkling a bell of fine tone and far-reaching volume. I recollected that I left the bell over the port quarter coming up, and made for it at once. When opposite the music I took it on the starboard quarter and worked away from it in the direction of a red sunset glow that still lingered in the west, and soon sighted a sawmill that I had passed an hour or two before. A small schooner and several small boats were moored near the mill, and beyond, among the ever-present pines, dusky forms were flitting about bright lightwood fires. I landed the canoe and made for the fires on a bee-line. It was the quarters of the mill hands, who were all colored, and they were busy cooking rations for the next day. One muscular young fellow who was baking biscuit had a check book protruding from the pocket of his blue shirt, and I judged him to be a sort of foreman, which was correct. He was clad with good nature as with a garment (and he was clad with little else), and was friendly and communicative, with little of the negro idiom in his speech. He said the canoe was perfectly safe at the mill, and it was only a hundred rods to a good hotel, two of them for that matter. And he left his cooking to put me on the right path. In five minutes I was seated by a good fire in the Tropical House. And a very welcome thing was a good fire in Florida all through January. There was no time after reaching the Georgia line that I did not need all the winter clothing I wore at home with the thermometer below zero. People here do not prepare for cold weather, and a long, stormy norther strikes them hard.

There were fires at the Tropical, however, with warm, dry rooms and comfort and quiet. The fare was good and prices moderate. Another and larger house, the Tarpon Springs Hotel, is a fine large building, with excellent fare and attendance, built by "the company" in anticipation of what the town is to be rather than to supply present wants. For the white population of Tarpon Springs is less than one hundred, and two years ago there was no such town. Now there are two very fair country stores, a post-office and two good hotels. More of the Springs in the long, leisurely days to come. When they found at the hotel that I had come a long distance to visit and cruise with the canoeist who had paddled and sailed from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, to Tarpon Springs in Florida, they insisted on treating me as a vistor; and it was pleasant to know, after a long, vexatious journey, that somebody had been wishing and waiting for me.

It was pleasant, almost touching, to be met at the little wharf by a sailor-like man with a hearty grip of both hands and a "God bless you, 'Nessmuk,' we've been looking down river for you the last two months; come right up to the house. Or, hold on, I must have a ride in the Bucktail first if it's only to beat Mrs. K."

So the Captain deftly stepped into her with his 170 pounds avoirdupois and found her quite as capable of his weight as for mine, while he sent her along much faster than her skipper can.

Mrs. K. was almost vexed at not being first in the small canoe, as she rather prides herself on canoeing. But she made amends after dinner by paddling the Bucktail down to the springs and back. (*En passant*, she once made a cruise of 1,000 miles with the captain, from Olean to Cincinnati.) She trims my canoe better and sends it along faster than I do myself.

I was glad that Capt. K., like myself, had the use of both hands. He had a 24ft. sharpie ready for her sails, and he has another of 38ft. in length and 8½ft. beam, ready for sea. She is able for outside work, and will cruise the Gulf coast under the name of Nessmuk, which is about as neat a compliment as has ever been paid me—though several of my friends have named their offspring in my honor; and I am proud to say that said namesakes have mostly turned out finely, proving apt scholars of the Boone and Walton type, while one or two of them have learned to read and write very fairly. (This goes to show that reading and writing need not necessarily interfere with the more manly branches of a boy's education.)

The Captain, Mrs. K. and the writer formed rather a sociable trio until two bells of the morning watch. Then the captain led the way to the little stand-up bunk that had been waiting for me nearly two months. It was a berth to please a canoeist. The southwest corner of a loft 22ft. long by 16ft. wide. One large unfinished skiff occupied the middle of the room, another smaller one on one side of the room, a big work-bench on the other, and my corner, the southwest one, snugly curtained off with a home-made writing stand beside the bunk, and the latter neatly upholstered with clean sheets and plenty of soft woolen blankets. It was a cold night, for Florida, and I crept under all the blankets I could master, bade the Captain a sleepy good night, and slept the sleep of the tired canoeist.

Running over shoals between Anclote and Kendall's landing I had seen large schools of mullet and redfish, some of the latter more than a yard long, and I promised myself some good sport with them in the near future. But, on that 27th night of January I was too tired and sleepy to care for anything, but sleep. NESSMUK.

P. S.—It is due the weather clerk of Florida to say that the beastly weather of this present January is quite unprecedented, so far as the oldest inhabitant may be credited with truth and memory. True, January is the rough, stormy month of the year on the Gulf Coast. But they say that a constant succession of cold northers is quite exceptional. Some bad weather may occasionally be expected at this season, but the fine, clear days usually have the majority. And I have already seen two or three of them—days when the mercury reached 82° in the shade. Bright blue skies, birds, flowers, and all the blandishments of a Northern summer; an earnest of what is to be when the wind shifts to the southward. A promise of long, sunny days in the woods and on the waters, and of bright, starry nights by the campfire in the land of flowers. *Alabama.* N——K.

P. S. 2.—A letter has just reached me from Pennsylvania containing some hair and fur from a red bear that was killed within a few miles of my Pennsylvania home. An account of the same bear appears in your issue of Jan. 22, in which the writer says, "Eureka! here is 'Nessmuk's' cranberry bear." Well, perhaps so, to a great extent, but not entirely. The light weight, the color and the fox-like nose are all in line with the cranberry bears I have seen. But the latter had a mixture of white hairs, and the fur was not fine. Making allowance for difference in location, temperature and food, however, I rather incline that the animal was a genuine cranberry bear. And he was much more than two years old. A bear's teeth do not commence to get blunt and square on the ends until he is past his sixth year. Has any man seen a black bear six years old with a fox-like nose and weighing only ninety pounds? Albinoism and rufusism will not account for these features. I send you the letter and red fur. "Logic is logic." NESSMUK.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

21. *Sitta canadensis*, Linn.—Red-bellied nuthatch.

We may consider this more completely a migrant than the last-named species, but as yet comparatively little has been learned concerning its movements. This arises, I think, from the fact that the migrations are very irregular. Both species of nuthatch are reported from the Upper Peninsula, but while the white-belly is frequently found with us in winter, the red-belly has yet to be reported south of 43° within our boundaries during January, although found to the north throughout the year. A few notes will give a good idea of the peculiarities of this species in its peregrinations. The following observations, selected at random, were taken in Kalamazoo county: 1873—April 1, "Shot a good specimen;" May 13, "Still here, shot two;" 1878—Aug. 15, "Saw one to-day in an oak woods; this is the first specimen I have ever seen here in summer;" May 11, 1884—"Heard one to-day in woods." The following notes, taken in Montcalm county, will be of interest as compared to those taken further south: Feb. 8, 1881—"Common in pine trees;" May 16, 1882—"Heard the first of the spring migrants, although they remain in some numbers throughout the winter, I think;" April 27, 1883—"Heard several in deep pine woods;" May 18, 1883—"Still common, undoubtedly remain to breed, as I have frequently observed them here in July and August. In Wexford county I observed a number of specimens in June, 1882."

From these notes we can draw but one conclusion as regards the migration of the red-belly; as a rule, he migrates probably in early September, lingering within our boundaries until November or even December; appearing again from the south in later March he loiters in the lower counties until nearly June, and then goes well to the north to breed. But many remain within the State during quite severe winters, and the date (Feb 8) given above clearly indicates that the birds were residents of the county for that winter, for certainly migration from the south was not then in order, as the snow lay two feet deep on the ground.

I am positive that the species does not nest in Kalamazoo county, 42° 20', and I am equally positive that they breed in abundance in Montcalm county, eighty miles north. The species prefers pine lands, and is most at home apparently in pine forests, where it may be found undoubtedly at all times of the year, excepting perhaps in severe winters.

The red-belly, as a rule, keeps well in the tops of the trees, and is more strictly arboreal in its habits than the last. I have never seen one on the ground, nor perched on a fence or building. It is a retiring species, and seldom seen near

the habitation of man, and only during migration is its presence known to the ordinary collector. In its accustomed haunts it is found to be very tame and unsuspicious, and can be readily approached to within a very few yards. During migration it is also extremely tame. When a boy I used to kill specimens with a sling shot made of rubber, fastened to a crotch, and I distinctly remember securing two specimens perched on a cone of an evergreen at one shot, being then less than ten feet from the birds, and using three buckshot in my deadly weapon. Of the breeding habits of this species I know nothing, and I fail to find any information on this point in any of the lists at hand. The species undoubtedly nests abundantly in the dark pine forests of Central and Northern Michigan, but from the retiring nature of the birds it is a difficult matter to find the nests.

The notes of this species are very curious, and consist of the syllables *quaint, quaint,* but generally more drawn out, *q-u a-a-i-n-n-t.* Very pleasing and readily remembered. They are easily distinguished from the notes of all other birds. Only one other note, a soft, low call note has reached my ears. The note *quaint* appears to be their best effort at song, and repeated from six to eight times, as it usually is, is quite agreeable.

The nuthatches are faithful workers in their efforts at keeping the various orders of insects within bounds. They are excellent citizens, and though rather inclined to be set in their ways, and possessed of many peculiarities, are still extremely serviceable as insect destroyers, and rank high in this respect as compared with other families of birds.

It has not been my fortune to secure many fresh specimens of the redbelly during the active season of insect life, and so I have but little to offer on the subject. Enough has been seen, however, to convince me that the species is highly beneficial in its capacity as an insect eater. The whitebelly is probably not far removed from the redbelly in the nature of its food. As it is quite abundant with us during eight months of the year, a favorable opportunity has been offered to study its habits in this respect. I find that the food of *carolinensis* is chiefly of insects of the orders *Coleoptera* and *Diptera* during the warmer months, and that there is a decrease in its insect food during the colder months. During at least three of these, the species feeds largely, if not almost entirely, on vegetable matter. The nature of the vegetable food I have been unable to fully determine, but it appears to me much like young buds. Blossoms are often eaten in the spring. I have seen them eating the petals of the apple blossoms. The species also frequently feeds on a variety of lichen, which I have examined, as I did the blossoms, with the expectation of finding insects concealed, but failed in every case.

When obtainable, however, insects are preferred, and the crops are more often found filled with insects of the various orders, principally in the larval stage, than of any other kind of food. It is very interesting to observe a nuthatch feeding from a large piece of fungus upon the insects contained therein. The bird flies to the tree with joyous chirps, and with almost constant twittering which usually calls a friend to share in the repast, it dives at once into the crevices and perforations in the toadstool, and drags forth the insects, usually beetles. If the fungus is old and has become hard, only those larvæ or imagos are secured which lie near the surface; but if the fungus is young and still soft, the spot is rarely left until it is completely destroyed and all of the insects eaten. When the birds finish, the toadstool is totally demolished, and broken down fungi found attached to trees in the woods are frequently the work of these birds, I have no doubt.

The following dimensions are taken from Michigan specimens: White-bellied nuthatch—Average length, 5.84; average extent, 10.63; average wing, 3.53; average tail, 2.01; avarage tarsus, .79; average commissure, .90; longest specimen, 6.00; longest wing, 3.77; greatest extent, 11.50; shortest specimen, 5.60; shortest wing, 3.10; least extent, 9.80. Red-bellied nuthatch—Average length, 4.45; average extent, 8.24; average wing, 2.54; average tail, 1.60.

22. *Sitta pusilla* Lath.—Brown-headed nuthatch.

Dr. Atkins writes me that he is acquainted with this bird as a Michigan species, and I therefore enter it in this list. As to its validity as a Michigan bird I have nothing to offer. It is embraced by no other authority in the State.

CAPTURE OF A WHITE SHARK.

FROM reports by different scientific leaders in England, as well as in this country, it appears that previous to 1883 the great "man-eater," white shark (*Carcharodon carcharias*), was represented in natural history collections by the jaws alone of one of the species preserved in the Smithsonian Institution. The specimen from which this significant portion was saved, and which had been taken at Monterey Bay, California, measured thirty-two feet in length.

By a fortunate chance a smaller, but very fine, specimen was secured about two miles off Great Point Lighthouse, Nantucket, Mass., somewhat over a year ago. This was taken on Aug. 4, 1883, by C. B. Herrick, Esq., and Dr. W. G. Stevenson, of Poughkeepsie, and subsequently presented by the latter gentleman to the Vassar Brothers' Institute, where it is exhibited. As its identity is now well determined from expert examination, it is unhesitatingly spoken of as a prize; and it may be concluded that a luckier cast never marked the pastime of angling as engaged in by scientific men. So rare is the species that its existence in Atlantic waters has been hitherto next to unknown to experienced fishermen, as well as to the best informed ichthyologists. The statement has appeared in the Boston *Transcript* that, while the fins of the "man-eater" shark surpass those of all other varieties in an epicurean estimate, the kind does not exist in our waters. It was, therefore, a complete surprise to the holiday party when the present specimen tugged mightily at the line, tearing loose some timbers within the bottom of the boat around which the end was passed. When stunned by being beaten on the head, and with life next extinguished by means favorable to a perfect condition of the specimen, the fish became a safe and precious cargo. It was not of maximum size, being but ten feet in length from the snout to the end of the caudal fin, and with the greatest circumference of fifty-eight inches.

What renders the discovery of most importance is the fact that early descriptions of the species were radically imperfect, even to the extent of confounding this with a different genus. As stated in a letter by Prof. D. S. Jordan to Dr. Stevenson, "There is no good description of the animal extant. The earlier writers spoke of it without knowing it, and all had more or less confusion between it and *C. lamia.*"

From careful examination it is distinguished as the *Carcharodon carcharias* of Jordan and Gilbert. Through confused previous diagnoses, as observed by Dr. Stevenson, it has also been described as *Squalus carcharias* (Linnæus), *Carcharias lamia* (Cuvier), *Carcharias verus* (Agassiz), *Carcharodon rondeletti* (Müller and Heule), *Carcharias rondelettii* (Gunther), *Carcharodon capensis* (Smith), *Carcharias atwoodi* (Storer), and *Carcharodon atwoodi* (Gill).

In his diagnosis of this specimen, its discoverer has followed the general analysis of Professors Jordan and Gilbert in their "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution in 1882. According to the adopted classification, the three genera of the family *Lamnidæ—Isurus, Lamia, Carcharodon*—are distinguished from each other by the form and construction of the teeth, and this newly-studied specimen is excluded by the dentition from the first two genera, the teeth in both jaws having "the form of an isosceles triangle, compressed, with the inner surface slightly convex, and the margins rectilinear and markedly serrated. They have no basal cusps and stand a little obliquely inward. The upper are larger than the lower teeth, and in both jaws the largest teeth are in front. In the upper jaw the teeth measure seven-eighths of an inch at the base, and one and one-quarter inches on each side,



and in the lower jaw five-eighths of an inch at the base and seven-eighths of an inch on each side." The specimen is regarded as the *Carcharodon carcharias* chiefly from this characteristic; Dr. Stevenson's view is confirmed by the opinion of Prof. Wm. B. Dwight, of Vassar College, and by that of Prof. Jordan, to whom was sent a description accompanied by photographs. The following letter, suggesting the importance of the discovery, has also been received from the distinguished naturalist, Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum:

CROMWELL ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S. W., May 15, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I am truly obliged to you for your kindness in sending me the photographs of the shark, which, with your description, leave no doubt that you have had the extraordinary good fortune of obtaining a *Carcharias rondeletii*. It is one of the most interesting discoveries in Atlantic ichthyology. Although I have been endeavoring for years to get a specimen, I have been unsuccessful hitherto.

Believe me, yours very truly,

Dr. W. G. Stevenson. A. GUNTHER.

It is hoped by Dr. Stevenson and others acquainted with the facts in connection, that this new possession may aid in rendering distinctions more clear regarding the lamnoid sharks, although discrepancies are recognized in even this instance. In the precise description prepared by Dr. Stevenson, it is pointed out that the caudal pit which authorities represent as belonging to all lamnoid sharks is, absent in the present specimen, and that in this also the last branchial partly overlap the front of the pectorals which, to correspond with authoritative descriptions, should have a position entirely in front of the pectorals. Prof. Jordan, however, conceives that these differences may be such as change with age. The remaining difficulty is connected with the expression "five rows" contained in the description of the teeth, published by Storer, and quoted by other writers. It is concluded by Dr. Stevenson that this is simply an unhappy term as intended to comprehend the idea of the "non-functional or rudimentary teeth, which are partly or wholly concealed in the groove of the jaws, and which can only be seen when the inclosing tissues are cut away."

At the same time of the capture of this shark a specimen was taken of the *Odontaspis littoralis* or sand shark, which, although the species is not uncommon in American waters, was found worthy of attention from its unusually large size and perfect skin, and it was given to the same institution receiving the "man-eater." The species is described by Jordan and Gilbert as from four to six feet in length, while this specimen measures eight feet seven inches. Its name is significant of a peculiarity of the surface of the body which is covered with tubercle-like scales or papillæ, giving it the appearance of being thickly sprinkled with sand. E. T. H.

WINTER RANGE OF THE ROBIN.

THE following notes were sent me by Mr. Alex. Scougal, of Sioux City, Ia. It may be well to state here that the northern limit of the ordinary range of the robin in winter lies two hundred and twenty-five miles south of Sioux City, though single birds have been known, in Minnesota and Wisconsin, to remain much further north. Robins were also seen at Vermillion, Dak., a few miles northwest of Sioux City, on Feb. 7, and many of them on Feb. 10. The letter reads as follows:

"Among our winter birds there is one in particular which I wish to mention. It is the male robin (*M. migratoria*). Hardly a person will believe that there is a robin in the State during the winter, but a year ago the 23d of last December, I shot a male robin, but took no particular notice of it except to skin it. Last December during the holidays I took my gun and started for a dense thicket almost impenetrable by man or dog. There I saw a number of robins and shot three. One of them was wing-tipped, and when caught began to call, and immediately there were thirty-four robins sitting around me, making noise enough to deafen one. I held the one in my hand for a long time, so that I could look at the rest, and all of them were male birds; not a female could be seen. I found a house in the woods and asked the man about them. He informed me that they had been there all winter, but he was not able to distinguish the males from the females. I cannot say positively that the female does not stay here in winter, but I have never seen one nor heard of one here during that season; so that I think it must at least be rarely if ever seen. The day I saw the birds was December 27, and the temperature was twenty-three degrees below zero. Again on January 2, 1885, I was there, and saw the robins a second time. It was then seventeen degrees below. I found in them wild grapes and seeds from a small bush [probably *Symphoricarpus*]; they were in good condition. The trees, in that part of the woods, were covered to their tops with grape vines, and many other vines grew underneath. The birds were in good condition, and seemed as lively as in mid-summer. Hence it would seem that these old birds, being the last to migrate, do not go so far south as the rest of their species, but get into these dense thickets and are unnoticed by most people until, with the first warm weather, they fly out in the open fields. The first day or two of February were warm, the mercury rising to forty-six above. These robins were seen by a good many in the city, and quite a cry went around, 'spring is coming, we have seen a robin.' But Feb. 5 froze the woodchuck that came out on the 2d and now (the 16th) it ranges eight to fourteen below zero. The people wonder where the robins have gone, but if they would go on the Nebraska side of the river to the dense thickets of Walker's Island, they could find the same robins as lively as ever." W. W. COOKE.

MOORHEAD, Minn., Feb. 22.

RANGE OF THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be of interest to several of your correspondents to know of a recent appearance of the Rocky Mountain goat, *Aplocerus*, in Wyoming Territory.

Early in the season of 1882 there was a small band on Freeze-Out Mountain, near the Medicine Bow River. One that was killed we estimated without the scales to weigh rather more than 150 pounds.

While out hunting and prospecting with one of my men, we came upon a large specimen that had been killed. Arranging to come back and secure it we pushed on after game not far away. Subsequent captures and trouble with our stock prevented return. This was on the crest of one of the spurs from Freeze-Out toward Shirley Basin. Having the idea—from the stories of the hunters—that the mountain goats were found even further south in the ranges around the Parks, I paid no further attention to the occurrence, beyond mentioning it to Prof. Allen on my return east.

S. GARMAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your edition of Feb. 26 I observe that Major Bendire contributes an article on the Rocky Mountain goat, in which he gives that animal a much wider and more southerly range than has generally been credited to it. This recalls a statement made to me last fall by Mr. Egbert Johnson, of this city, who, because of bad health, has to spend much of his time living in camp. He is a good hunter and kills much large game. About forty-five miles southwest by west from Denver there is an extensive but detached group of snowy mountain peaks, about 14,300 feet high, of which Mount Rosa is the central figure. In the latter part of the summer Mr. Johnson was encamped among these mountains at about timber line, or in the neighborhood of 11,000 feet above sea level. One evening just at dusk, while walking leisurely along a game trail near his camp, and just above the limit of timber growth, he met a large white goat, which he shot and killed. He believed it to be a Rocky Mountain goat. He has not seen any others, nor do I remember hearing of any. The locality where this animal was killed is very wild and rugged, many miles from any settlement and seldom visited by man. W. N. B.

DENVER, Col.

[The above notes are very interesting. Hunters' stories of the occurrence of the white goat in Wyoming are sometimes told, but authentic cases of the capture of this species have not hitherto, we think, been recorded. We have heard that a goat was once killed on Elk Mountain about fifty miles from the spot about which Mr. Garman writes, and once saw a scalp in Colorado which was said to have been taken in North Park. But it appears to be quite certain that in the Central Rocky Mountains this species is rare.]

SOUTHERN NEW YORK WINTER BIRDS.

THIS winter has been an unusually mild and open one, and consequently more birds than usual have been with us through the whole winter. Below I give a full list of the birds I saw or heard of on good authority:

American robin (*Turdus migratorius*).—I met with only two specimens of this bird during the past winter. I do not think it is usual for it to spend the whole year with us. These two instances of its occurrence here are all that I know of at this season of the year.

Bluebird (*Sialia sialis*).—I met with two flocks of this bird through the winter; one I met with on Dec. 20 containing about fifteen birds, and the other during the first week in January with three birds. I think it is a rare and occasional winter visitant here.

Black-capped chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*).—This and the next species are the two commonest winter birds we have, excepting *Passer domesticus.* One cannot walk in the woods without meeting numbers of these little birds.

White-bellied nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*).—The same remarks apply to this bird as to the last, except that, if anything, this is a little the more common of the two.

English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*).—This little pest occurs in overwhelming numbers during the whole year. They keep together in large flock and are found only in the vicinity of barns and stables, where they feed on the grain laid out for the chickens.

Chipping sparrow (*Spizella socialis*).—A rare bird during the winter months. I only observed two or three during the whole winter.

White-throated sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*).—A rather rare winter visitant. Only met with a very few during the whole winter.

American goldfinch (*Chrysomitris tristis*).—A very rare bird at this season of the year. Only saw one.

Snowbird (*Junco hyemalis*).—A common winter bird. They keep together in large flocks and inhabit the open pastures, etc., rarely going into the woods.

Song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*).—A fairly common winter bird. Generally saw two or three a day.

Meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*).—Before the first fall of snow this bird was very abundant, but almost all left at the first snow. I met with but one when the ground was covered.

Common crow (*Corvus americanus*).—This is one of the most abundant of our winter birds. It occurs much more plentiful during the winter months than at any other season. They associate together in large flocks, and stay mostly in the woods.

Bluejay (*Cyanurus cristatus*).—From some cause or other I did not meet a single one of these birds during the past winter, and so, perhaps, I ought not put it down on the list. But as it generally occurs so plentiful, I do not think that it ought to be passed over.

Downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*).—This bird is a fairly common winter visitor here. I only met with a couple of specimens, however, during the whole winter.

Yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus varius*.—I think that this bird is a rare, occasional visitor in these parts. I met with but one this winter, which I shot and now have mounted. I procured this specimen during the first part of January.

Yellow-shafted flicker (*Colaptes auratus*).—This is another somewhat rare winter bird, although it is common in summer. I met with one specimen during the first week in January.

Belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*).—I have never before this winter known this bird to stay with us through the year. While out walking one day during the last week of December, I was greatly surprised at hearing the rattling note of one of these birds. I thought it so remarkable to see one at that time of year that I shot the bird and now have it mounted in my collection. This is the only one I saw.

Barred owl (*Strix nebulosum*).—This is, I think, our commonest winter owl. I myself shot two this winter, and heard of a couple more being killed. I shot both of mine in the daytime. They are much hated around here on account of their great fondness for young chickens.

Great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).—This is a rare winter visitant here. One was shot last winter, and I was informed that one had been seen this winter, but have not met with any myself.

Red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*).—This is our commonest winter hawk. It is a constant visitor to the chicken yards, and many are killed.

Red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*).—This is another rather common hawk during the winter. It is also a great destroyer of poultry.

American quail, Bob White (*Ortyx virginianus*).—The quail has been rapidly decreasing in numbers for the past few years in this place. A few wild birds were let loose last spring and seem to have flourished, as there is a covey of about fifteen or twenty birds now in the vicinity.

I close the list here without going into the subject of water birds. There is so much difficulty in properly identifying the different ducks, gulls, etc., at a distance, that I have not included them in the list. W. T. E.

WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—Toledo, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine has a female ruffed grouse that has been in his possession some months and is quite tame. He says he has known several cases of female ruffed grouse thriving in confinement, but never of male grouse. Occasionally he has heard of men who claim at some time in the past to have had tame male grouse in their possession, but insists that I cannot point to a single case where such bird is actually in hand at present. I confess that I know of no such case. If what he holds is true, it is certainly a very interesting illustration of the indomitable character of this game bird. Perhaps some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM can cite existing facts which will upset this gentleman's theory.—B. B.

SNOW BUNTINGS.—Perth Amboy, N. J., March 1.—Last week, for the first time in several years, the rare and beautiful snow bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*) was seen here in considerable numbers, searching for food in the middle of the principal streets in company with the ubiquitous English sparrows. The latter, by the way, is less numerous than usual at this season, hundreds of young birds having been drowned by a terrific thunderstorm last summer.—J. L. K.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN GOSHEN'S HOLE.

GRAHAM, Griff, Tuck and Doc were lingering over an unusually late breakfast one December morning, loth to make any movement even to aid digestion, for the air without was full of frosty sharpness and accompanied by one of Wyoming's famous zephyrs. There being no out of doors duties requiring their presence or attention, the genial warmth of the dining-room or kitchen held them down. This sort of thing had been so for a couple of weeks and had commenced to grow the least bit monotonous for four big hulking fellows accustomed to active outdoor life in the saddle.

Puff-puff-puff—"What say to loading—puff-puff—the wagon to-day and pulling—puff-puff—over to Goshen's Hole in the morning—puff-puff-puff—for a few days' hunt?" says Graham.

"It's a good idea," answers Griff. "There's something in it, as the fat girl said when she put her foot in the stocking. It means sport, plenty of fresh meat, and a varying to some purpose of the slow quiet days in the bunk-house where all one hears is 'I beg, fifteen two, that's a go, make it next,' and like nonsense. Yes, let's go."

Puff-puff-puff—"Would you like to go, Tuck?"

"Y-e-s," came from somewhere in Tuck's œsophagus, but to one who knew Tuck it meant, notwithstanding his deliberate pronunciation, a most emphatic yes, which, so far as he was concerned, settled the business, and Doc having neither the courage nor inclination to assert his independence by disputing so decisive a majority, mildly acquiesced, and the bill was passed without a dissenting voice.

"Now, Tuck, if you and Doc will see to get the mules and saddle horses up, Griff and I will have the wagon loaded and everything ready for an early start in the morning."

"Then there was hurrying to and fro,"

and ere

"The shades of night were falling fast"

everything we needed was stowed away in the wagon and sheeted down, and by my saddle girth, good friend, ere the morning sun begins to gild the eastern edge of Boughton Hill we'll be well into the sand cañon, popping the buckskin into the mules, else my name is Dennis."

Bean Belly, Crook, Bodie and Lida, the mule power, were early in their traces and not one of them appearing as though they relished the prospect before them. Crook, the off leader, persisted in putting his crooked hindlegs outside the traces, while his side partner, Bodie, a cunning rascal, was eyeing the proceedings, doubtful whether to put his neck in the collar and do good, honest work, or kick himself loose and join the bunch on the divide. Bean Belly, as mild a mannered mule as ever kicked a lung out of a hostler, was temporarily on his good behavior, due no doubt to the good behavior of the gentle Lida, who kept the off whiffletree straight, but old Beans will bear watching.

A half hour's hard and steady pull brought us through the sand cañon and on top of the flat between Bear and Fox creeks. Four miles to the east was Phillip's Hill, just enough of a hill to form a landmark amid the surrounding flatness. Half a mile to the west of our road rose Boughton Hill, with its ups and downs, its grassy sides and rocky points, and fifty miles northwest, looming up in rugged grandeur and dwarfing its scores of neighbors, was Laramie Peak, its dark, intense purple rendered more so by contrast with the light, fleecy banks of clouds that were passing over it.

All around us was the great waving sea of grass, dotted here and there by little drifts of snow which the wind had packed away into hollow and washout. Over in the direction of Fox Creek Gap an occasional pine tree relieved the monotony of the scene, and on the roadside were scattered at irregular intervals those well-known markers of the pathway of civilization, tin cans and empty bottles.

Now, with a good road before us, and with liberal applications of the buckskin, to which the mules tardily and unwillingly responded, we go bowling along over the prairie, the saddle horses under their lighter loads being hardly able to restrain their impatience at the slow-going mules. However, the middle of the afternoon found us among the breaks and timbered country, at the head of the road entering Goshen's Hole, and by sundown we were at Sturgis's cabin on Box Elder.

Goshen's Hole lies between fifty and sixty miles east of north from Cheyenne. It is really an enormous hole in the earth, the western and southern sides abounding in magnificent cañons, many of them independent of each other, well wooded and watered, and rising abruptly in walls of some hundreds of feet to the level of the prairie above. These walls, under the action of storm and sunshine, of frost and heat, have assumed many fantastic shapes—cathedrals with their towering minarets and steeples, long lines of fortifications, castles and monuments. In one place is a steam engine which looks as though it might have been the handiwork of man, and on another point a bath tub that might have been built for a giant among the Brobdingnags, and altogether, these miles and miles of rock would look to a magnified and distorted imagination like the Alhambra, the Pyramids, the Washington Monument, Windsor Castle, Sebastopol and the ruins of Moscow shaken up in a bag and emptied between Lone Tree and Box Elder, while the addition of a little native Wyoming scenery gave it a home-like and natural appearance.

Out from the cañon the land is gently rolling as far as the eye can reach, and furnishing an abundance of feed for the many thousand cattle and horses which range there. Many of these cañons are the fountain heads of springs, forming little creeks running out toward the open, and well wooded with box elder and cottonwood. In August they usually go dry at the lower end for a few hours in the afternoon, but at all other times they furnish an abundance of water for man and beast. Box Elder, our present headquarters, is one of the largest of these creeks. Near its head is one of the cabins of the Union Cattle Company. We pitched our tent a mile above, and "we'll all go a-hunting to-morrow." At sun-up we were at breakfast, when below us we heard the bang, bang of rifles. Running up out of the creek bottom we saw four deer putting up the cañon. Griff fired and brought down one of them, while the others disappeared around the hillside. In less than ten minutes we had our victim in camp. We finished our breakfast and prepared to trail the others, a very easy matter to do in the inch or two of snow which had fallen during the night.

Striking the trail where Griff had killed the one we followed slowly for perhaps a half mile, when the leaps commenced to grow shorter, showing that the deer had slowed up. A few minutes more and there appeared before us a grand specimen of a black-tailed buck. Graham and Doc immediately opened hostilities and continued rapidly firing until he was out of sight, but never a hair on him was touched. In the meantime Griff had fired a couple of shots close by, and said, as Graham and Doc were about to move forward after the big buck, "Hold on a minute until I bleed these two here," when sure enough on the side of the cañon, a hundred feet higher up, were two more of our early morning visitors which had fallen in answer to the two shots of Griff's. It was quite a surprise party to Graham and Doc, for though they had heard the shots they supposed they were made at the same deer at which they were firing. The big buck traveled but a little way further on when he lay down under a low pine tree, when Griff dispatched him with a bullet through the head.

"Well, Griff, the honors are all yours, and I imagine mainly due to your seeing qualities. That's the great secret of deer stalking."

"No, it's not altogether due to my quick eyesight, for you all saw the first and last deer as soon as I did, but I reckon it is partly due to the sights on my rifle. To be sure, it's an antiquated old Henry, but its sights are better than yours and admit of no mistake. Now, your Sharps and Winchesters and Remingtons, when you bought them were all right, but you must needs have some patent sights recommended as specially adapted to the country put on them, and sights such as no old practical hunter would take to a dog fight. I have heard hunters who depended on their rifle for a living say that you could not run fast enough to give them those kind of sights. Do you pretend to tell me that Remington and sharp and makers of that class do not know the proper ones to use? Why, man, if those you use are so superior, you would find them used the world over. As it is, none but a few dude hunters and men who shoot but once or twice a year ever use them. I had as soon have a palm leaf fan for my front sight, and a step ladder for my rear sight, as those things you have. What's that big hole in the bottom of your rear sight for? To see your game through? Why, man, half the time you are sighting through it when you ought to be looking above it. There's where you make your misses. It reminds me of an old clock I heard of. The owner of it replied to a question, saying, 'It is a little queer, but one gets used to it. For instance, when the hands indicate quarter past seven it strikes four, and then I know it wants twenty-three minutes of twelve.' Those sights require as much figuring on as the old clock, and in the meantime away goes your game while you make a clean miss, and my advice would be to plug the hole up temporarily, and at the first opportunity, have them removed and the original ones replaced. Don't throw them away, for they are mighty good to have in a family that's out of milk, that's all."

With our four deer suspended on stout poles resting on the limbs of the box elder trees, the clean, white tent among the trees, and a roaring and cheerful camp-fire, around which the hunters were busily engaged in cleaning rifles, keeping warm and preparing supper, made a pretty picture of camp life. The gray of evening grows quickly at this season into darkness, and to the barking of the coyotes and the hooting of the horned owl, we roll our blankets about us and "lie down to pleasant dreams." MILLARD.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL IN ALABAMA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Looking over an old issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, March 10, 1881, my eye encountered the letter of an Ogdensburg, N. Y., correspondent, on "The Oregon Quail." He alluded to an importation of birds brought across by the Hon. D. Magone, from Oregon, in the early part of 1880, and which the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM identified from the description as being *Oreortyx pictus*. In the letter mentioned the writer declares that serious thoughts of these birds passing through one of the New York winters were out of the question, and accordingly these mountain rangers were sent, he tells us, to the care of a sporting club at Montgomery, Ala., to be liberated in localities supposed to be favorable to their increase.

This was just four years ago. What became of these adventurous emigrants to Southern climes? Quite an interest was felt in their fate, but though the editor asked for further reports regarding them, no word has come back to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM (so far as I am aware) to tell us whether they lived or died. Having felt a little more than passing curiosity on the subject, in January I wrote to Gen. Henry Semple at Montgomery, and had in reply a very courteous letter under date of Feb. 4. Let me quote what he says:

"I handed the quail over to our gun club, and they were divided into several bunches of six or seven each and placed in the best positions. One part had a house assigned them and were fed in it regularly. They afterward had the run of a stubble field when they had become quite tame and gentle, but after four weeks of liberty they failed to come up one night, and were heard of more than nine miles off the next day. One of this lot was killed by a negro when twenty miles away. It was full of eggs, which were very near maturity. The other lots were simply let loose in favorable localities. In one instance they bred, and some dozen or so were found the next fall with a bevy of the Virginia quail, or 'partridge', as we were taught to call it in Virginia. There is no doubt that these were the progeny of those sent to that vicinity, as they were too numerous to have been the original birds. Three of them were bagged by a man who brought one of them to Montgomery to show it. None of the others have ever since been heard of. I regret that I did not keep one or two pair in my garden, as we could in that way have tested the question of their adaptability to our climate."

In a private letter from Hon. D. Magone, who imported these birds, he expresses the opinion that they are not identical with the California quail, but are "both larger and handsomer." It is possible that he has in mind the valley quail of California, *Lophortyx c.* If I might venture a guess, it would be that these birds would have done better in the mountainous portions of New York than in Alabama. My Arizona quail have flourished entirely in the open air through the severest winter known in Northern Ohio for thirty years, and "smile" complacently on a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. J. B. B.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

The Tacoma *News* reports: "The Mongolian pheasants brought from China to this country by Judge Denny, late Consul to China, and committed to the care of the Portland Rod and Gun Club, are to be colonized on Protection Island, in Puget Sound. Mr. Powers owns the island and will take charge of the birds until they are old enough to be turned loose on the main land."

COMMON SENSE ABOUT IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A lady while reading a daily paper recently, saw notice of the death of a well-known "sporting man" by the name of Johnson. She very innocently asked if he was not a friend of mine, knowing that I had a friend named Johnson who sometimes went fishing and shooting. The terms sportsman and sporting man seem to many people to be synonymous. Webster's definition of sportsman is "One who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts fishes and fowls. One skilled in the sports of the field." He defines a sporting man as "One who practices field sports; also a horse racer, a pugilist and the like." When spoken of as a sportsman, I acknowledge the title as readily as I would any name; but to be called a sporting man, to be classed with pugilists and the like, makes one's blood boil, and we experience an irresistible inclination to have the game as well as the name, by knocking down the person so calling us. Shooter, gunner, hunter or huntsman are all inappropriate. What shall we be called? I see but one way; that is, to educate the ear and understanding of people to know that a sportsman is not a sporting man. A little discussion on this subject would enlighten many.

Without going into sentimental rhapsodies over the ideal sportsman, I will simply try to set the ball rolling by showing him as he appears to me. Rough and ready, or of gentle birth or fortune, rich or poor, honest or dishonest, business man, farmer or preacher, is a sportsman if he is fortunate enough to have the love of dog and gun, or rod and line, born in him. Unless he has the gift, art will not make a man a sportsman. He kills his game not in mercy and kindness, but from an instinct in his nature to prey, implanted from the first of creation, and a desire to overcome difficulties by his superior skill and judgment. A sportsman is not of necessity a gentleman, any more than all members of any profession or occupation in life are necessarily gentlemen. Yet the sport of shooting and fishing is in itself ennobling. It cultivates and develops nerve and coolness in emergencies, quick thought and action.

It is folly to excuse cruelty of taking life of fish or fowl, if cruelty there be, on the score of procuring food. Rarely if ever is a sportsman driven to it by hunger, or a desire for a particular kind of food. Nor does he consider, while in the field and game is plenty, the exact amount he requires for food. In fact his mind is not likely to dwell on that subject until his shooting or fishing is over for the day, when he is prepared to do it ample justice in the most practical way. A sportsman cannot be a pot-hunter, for when there is slaughter sport ceases. Shooting and fishing have become so expensive that if food were the impelling motive we would go to the market rather than the field. If our markets had

to be supplied only with game killed in a sportsmanlike way the value would be proportioned to the cost, and but few could afford to eat game until it became so plenty in forest, field and stream that rich or poor, sportsman or market-hunter, would be able to obtain fair value for time and capital invested. The genuine sportsman, the man impelled by love of sport, whose motive was pleasure and recreation, would not only obtain the attainment of his object, but value as well, while the man who worked for dollars and cents would get full compensation.

A man may not be a good shot nor expert in use of rod and line, yet may be a thorough sportsman. His sportsmanship cannot be measured by the number of birds he kills or of fish he catches; only by his enthusiastic and persevering pursuit of his favorite amusement.

One who shoots only at the trap, or fly-casts at tournaments, is not a sportsman, and knows not the thrill of excitement enjoyed by one who has worked all day with poor success, when he finds a covey of quail just before sundown, and sees them scatter beautifully in brown straw or sedge, then proceeds to deliberately pick them up one by one over a faithful and steady dog's points. BEDFORD.

BROOKLYN.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Sinkboat" endeavors once more to defend his favorite pursuit of battery-shooting, and also tries to reply to my statements of facts already given on this subject. It is not his fault that this method of destroying fowl is indefensible, save for the reason that the birds can in this way be slaughtered in large numbers, and he does the best he can for a poor cause, but after all he brings forward in advocacy of the practice, it still remains as objectionable as ever. In reply to him I propose to consider some of his assertions, and show by his own language that he establishes the very statements which he disputes. "Sinkboat" says that I have "drawn almost entirely on my imagination for my points," and that my "knowledge is not derived from practical experience, but from hearsay." This is a confident assumption on the writer's part which would no doubt be very satisfactory to him if he could prove it, but which appears only amusing to me, when I look back over the years that are gone, and recall the many days I have lain in batteries shooting fowl. "Sinkboat" also says that "it is not the habit to tend the battery with a sailboat, and from my description it would be supposed batteries were terrible instruments of destruction, which, in fact, they really are." Now the chief reason that causes "Sinkboat" to think I have "drawn upon my imagination for my points" is because they do not agree with his experience! Very likely, for "Sinkboat" has stated he is only conversant with battery-shooting as practiced in his own locality, while I wrote generally of the custom of battery-shooters from Currituck Sound to the Mississippi River, wherever these or similar engines were used. Does it seem probable then, that with twenty years' experience over so large an extent of our country, it would be necessary for me to "draw upon my imagination" in order to reply to one whose limited knowledge of the subject was obtained from a single locality only, and where, very possibly, not every one of the evils attending on battery-shooting was practiced.

But let us examine this a little as it appears in "Sinkboat's" statements. That, as a general thing, a battery is attended by a sailboat is so well known by all those whose knowledge of the subject is not confined to one locality, that it is unnecessary for me to do more than reiterate that it is a fact. Where "Sinkboat" is accustomed to shoot, the batteries are probably altogether too numerous for each to have an attendant sailboat lest they interfere with each other, but nevertheless he says the "yacht is occasionally sailed round to break up the large beds of ducks," etc.; and again: "I know it [the sailboat] is only practiced in this section when the fowl will not fly." E-x-a-c-t-l-y. The sailboat is only required when the fowl will not fly; and therefore, even in his own locality, "Sinkboat" confesses that this pernicious habit is indulged in, and thereby corroborates my statements. In Currituck Sound it is the universal practice of the gunners to employ sailboats, and other places also suffer from this system. The sailboats, if possible, are more hurtful than the batteries, as I have already shown. That more fowl are killed by the means of batteries, and that they are an evil, "Sinkboat" acknowledges in his article, for he says, "it is true that out of a given number of shooters, those using batteries doubtless kill more fowl than a like number who do not," and "the over-killing of ducks from boxes is an evil that soon corrects itself." The wherefore of this correction may very properly be doubted, and it cannot certainly be substantiated in many places, but the fact of the evil and the over-killing, as I asserted, is confessed. I do not think "Sinboat" can point to any sentence of mine wherein I advocate the slaughter of ducks, either from the shore or from the box. I condemn both. The gratification that a true sportsman derives fram a day's shooting is by no means solely confined to the quantity of game he may have bagged. Therefore my illustration of Sandusky Bay was not so unfortunate as he thinks. It proved beyond question that in a locality where fowl were naturally abundant they gradually disappeared on the introduction of batteries, and when these were suppressed the fowl returned to their original haunt in undiminished numbers. The quantity then killed in one year was excessive, the same as was 3,000 or 4,000 killed in one day, as has been done in former years from batteries on the Susquehanna Flats at the opening of the season. Neither of these facts are likely to meet the approval of any one who desires the protection of our game. But the fact is no less forcibly presented to us that in Sandusky Bay the batteries were the cause of the diminished number of fowl.

A word as to riparian rights. It by no means follows that because one owns a mile of water front, or is interested in water property, as "Sinkboat" says he is, that he knows all about, or indeed anything at all, of riparian rights. "Sinkboat" asserted in his first article that no one "could commit a trespass in the water," and again, that the "water is free to all." This does not sound as if he were fully conversant with riparian rights. I would refer him to two issues of this journal in April and May, 1883, where he will find the Fox River question and a decision in Ohio on this subject that will enlighten him considerably.

This discussion should be confined to the subject matter, viz., the injury that batteries do to fowl shooting, and certain, if persisted in, to drive the birds from their usual haunts, and therefore nothing that I have written should be construed, as "Sinkboat" would seek to show, as aimed against those who shoot for market. Such gunners will kill game where and how they can, careless of the consequences or the means employed, but it is not necessary at all to bring them into the subject matter, for batteries are equally destructive and objectionable for the reasons given, whether used by professionals or amateurs.

"Sinkboat" further says that in his locality, except by means of boxes, there is no other way to kill fowl. (He evidently forgets sneakboats). And yet fowl were killed there before the introduction of either of these objectionable methods, and probably could be still if batteries were forbidden, but not by any means in the same numbers, and just here, I expect, lies the whole secret of the matter, and is the chief reason why the use of boxes is defended. The Bush, Gunpowder and other rivers as cited "where good shooting can be had over decoys from the shore;" yet point-shooting has been practiced in those localities as long as it has where "Sinkboat" shoots, and ducks are still bagged in large numbers, though I will acknowledge that if batteries were permitted in those rivers, the daily bag for a time would be enormously increased. The owners of the shores of those rivers, however, are too sensible to permit the introduction of these engines.

One more point to notice in "Sinkboat's" article and I have done. He says that I am sensitive about his remark of throwing the points open if box-shooting is stopped. This is merely the fancied result of "Sinkboat's" delicate analysis of my feelings, but as in most of his assertions, he is mistaken. I simply gave his proposition the consideration it deserved. If it could by proved, however, that point-shooting was as destructive to fowl, and caused them to leave their haunts, as is the fact with battery-shooting, then all would agree that there should be lay-days for both alike; but since the points keep the sportsman where he cannot reach the fowl, and as the marsh cannot be moved, batteries must be resorted to, for these can be carried to any spot, and the fowl being constantly pursued everywhere on the waters, are unable to escape this persecution. Thus no comparison can be made between points and batteries in their respective destructive properties, and because one should be condemned for the evil it does, that is no reason that the other, much less culpable, should be called upon to incur a like penalty. In conclusion, I think that "Sinkboat" does probably desire that fowl should be protected, and that every legitimate means should be employed to increase their numbers, and I cannot but believe, in spite of my "vivid imagination", that when, by an experience equal to that which has convinced me, he shall have acquired a full knowledge of the evils wrought by battery-shooting, he will then become one of the foremost advocates for the suppression of these destructive engines.

SAGAMORE.

MAINE GAME LAWS.

THE Maine Legislature, which adjourned Friday, made but few changes in the fish and game laws of that State, so far as the primary points of those laws are concerned. The attempt was made by a part of the hotel, summer boarding house, transportation and guide interests to add September to the open months for hunting moose, caribou and deer, but the petitioners, after a full hearing, were given leave to withdraw. Hence the close time remains as formerly—beginning Jan. 1 and ending the last day of September. The attempt to repeal the transportation laws so as to allow any person, corporation or company to have in their possession more than three deer, two caribou or one moose during the open season also failed.

Sec. 31, Chapter 30, of the Revised Statutes is amended so as to include plover with woodcock and grouse as game birds which cannot be transported, and reads as follows: "Whoever kills or has in his possession, except alive, any wood duck, dusty duck, commonly called black duck, or other sea duck, between the first days of May and September; or kills, sells or has in possession, except alive, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or woodcock, between the first days of December and September following, or kills, sells or has in possession, except alive, any quail or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first days of January and September, or plover between the first days of May and August, forfeits not less than $5 nor more than $10 for each bird so killed, had in possession or exposed for sale. And no person shall kill, expose for sale or have in possession, except alive, any woodcock or ruffed grouse or partridge during August, September, October or November, except for consumption as food, within the State under the same penalty."

The law providing against the transportation of more than fifty pounds of trout or landlocked salmon has also been amended so as to include togue, and otherwise strengthened, so as to read as follows: "No person shall take, catch, kill or have in possession at any one time, for the purpose of transportion, more than fifty pounds of land locked salmon, trout or togue, in all, nor shall any such be transported except in the possession of the owner thereof, under a penalty of $50 for the offense and $5 for every pound of landlocked salmon, trout or togue, in all so taken, caught, killed, in possession or transportation, in excess of fifty pounds, and all such fish transported in violation of this section may be seized on complaint and shall be forfeited to the prosecutor. Whoever has in possession more than fifty pounds in all of such fish shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of this section."

The Commissioners and friends of fish protection have for a long time regarded certain streams emptying into the Androscoggin and Moosehead lakes as the nurseries of trout and they have asked the Legislature for further protection of these streams, with the following results: "No person shall take, catch, kill, fish for or destroy any trout or landlocked salmon in the Rangeley stream, between the mouth of the Kennebago stream and the head of the island at the eddy, so called, in said Rangeley stream, from the first day of July to the first day of May; nor in that portion of said stream from the head of said island to the Rangeley dam at any time; nor in the South Bog stream, which empties into Rangeley Lake, above the dead water at the mouth of said stream, from the first day of July to the first day of May; nor in the Bemis stream, which empties into Mooselucmaguntic Lake, above the blue water, so called, at the mouth of said stream, from the first day of July to the first day of May; nor in the Cupsuptic stream, which empties into the Cupsuptic Lake, between the foot of the first falls toward its mouth and its source, from the first day of July to the first day of May; nor in the Kennebago stream, between the foot of the first falls toward its mouth and the upper falls at the outlet of Kennebago Lake, from the first day of September to the first day of May. No person shall take, catch, kill, fish for or destroy any trout, landlocked salmon or other fish in the Misery and Saccatien or Socatian rivers, which empty into Moosehead Lake, from the tenth day of September to the first day of May."

A large number of private bills have been passed, prohibiting the public from fishing in ponds and streams which are private property, and the Legislature has made special provisions for posting notices on the borders of such waters as follows: It shall be the duty of all persons that may be benefited by legislation, other than the general statutes for the protection of fish in any waters of this State, to publish such protection by posting and maintaining notices as hereinafter provided. Said notices shall be placed on the banks or shores of such protected waters, not more than ten feet and not less than six feet above the ground, in a conspicuous position; and if on running water, such notices shall be not more than one-half mile apart on the banks of such water; and if on a pond or lake, not more than one mile apart on the shores of such pond or lake.

Sec. 2. Said notices shall be painted on wood in black Roman letters not less than two inches in length and not less than one-half inch in breadth, so that such letters shall be plainly legible; and such notices shall state the number of the act and the date of same, giving the said protection to such waters.

Sec. 3. Any one mutilating or destroying such notices, shall be subject to the same penalties as set forth in Section 20, Chapter 127 of the Revised Statutes.

Sec. 4. In case no notices as herein provided are posted and maintained on waters that are protected by special laws, then no one violating such laws shall be liable thereunder to any penalties set forth in such laws.

The old law regarding prosecutions for violations of the fish and game laws has also been amended so that municipal and police judges and trial justices within their counties now have jurisdiction, by complaint original and concurrent, with supreme judicial courts; so that now offenders against the game law of Maine can be brought to trial at once without waiting for indictments before grand juries.—*Boston Herald.*

COL. MENDACITY'S REMARKABLE SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Against Major Verity's remarkable shot (see FOREST AND STREAM of 26th ult.), you will, I am sure, be glad to offset Col. Jack Mendacity's far more wonderful performance at Blue Springs, near Palatka, on the St. John's River.

Having received the statement from his own lips direct, it must be taken without a single grain of allowance.

The Colonel was out for a day's sport, when suddenly a spooky and very cadaverous looking quadruped came to a dead standstill directly in front of him. The stranger proved to be a wild Florida pig, which like thousands of its kind, had undertaken to run from Jacksonville to Tallahasse without stopping for food or water. The trip, however, proved too much for the little Floridian, reducing him, by simple emaciation, to the shadow of a shingle. While eyeing the Colonel sharply, with a view perhaps to some new departure, the latter leveled his Remington and "let fly." Apparently he might as well have aimed at a sheet of isinglass set up edgewise, but the charge struck the unfortunate quadruped's razor-like spine with such precision as to exactly split the bullet, one-half passing off to the right, perforating the body of a noble buck, and lodging afterward in the breast of a wild turkey weighing sixteen pounds; while the other half sped through the well-armored carcase of an alligator fourteen feet in length, and finally spent itself by killing a pair of fox squirrels that were frolicking up a gum tree in the neighborhood.

Not only was all the game bagged, but both segments of the bullet were recovered, and naturally enough, have been carefully treasured as mementos of this truly "remarkable shot." The pig, so far as powder and ball were concerned, escaped without a scratch, but the poor little fellow's nervous system was so shocked by the fright and spinal concussion, that he died of paralysis within a week thereafter. Besides throwing considerable light upon the natural history of the Florida pig, the incident above shows that notwithstanding the onward march of Northern civilization, the Everglades are still literally swarming with game of every description. "I could tell much stranger things than these." So could "Mendacity." The Major must try again.

ELIHU PHINNEY.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

REYNARD'S WAYS.

I WAS gunning for grouse in Southern New Hampshire early in September, and as I was going through a thick growth of low bushes, I saw some fifteen to twenty yards ahead, on a small mound among the pines, a fox curled up and apparently asleep. The growth surrounding me being nearly as high as my head, I had a fine chance for observation, and cautiously advanced. The fox lay with his head partly turned from me, so that I could just see one side of his face, and that he appeared to partially open his eyes at intervals in a very sleepy way.

I advanced very cautiously to within twelve paces and was intently watching him, when he suddenly changed position by lying on his other side, which brought us face to face, but he did not open his eyes enough to see me, and I stood quietly awaiting further developments, with not very much cover between us. In two or three minutes he opened his eyes wide and took in the situation. In a twinkling he had put a pine tree between himself and me, and if I had wished to take a parting shot it would have been useless. I paced the distance to where he had lain and it was twelve paces. I have never been sorry that I did not shoot him, for his sleep and his awakening were well worth the sight, and though he might be "vermin" to the farmer, he was not game for me so early in the season. Several weeks later I heard the music of foxhounds, and the report of a foxhunter's gun in that same wood, and I fancied reynard came to grief as surely as though I had taken him off on the occasion of our meeting.

Your Pennsylvania correspondent writes of still-hunting foxes with a rifle. I have an uncle living in Essex county who followed still-hunting successfully for several years in his younger days. On one occasion he discovered reynard asleep and attempted to approach him, but the ground was frozen and the hunter's boots were too noisy, and when he had got in sight of the fox's bed it was unoccupied. Straightway the man became a statue, and soon saw a fox come in sight around a knoll to take observations. The fox, after looking for a while at the statue, trotted off behind the knoll again, to appear for another observation. Later on the fox went on to a hill overlooking the statue, and lay down for a long time, keeping an eye on the statue, trying to settle in his mind whether a bar-post had strayed out into the open

pasture or a stump had grown up while he was trying to get asleep. Finally he trotted off around the hill out of sight, and still our statue kept his position, for he had not hunted foxes all those years without learning some fox trikes, and pretty soon he saw the animal come around the hill and stop for another observation. This seemed to satisfy reynard, and forthwith he started off to find another resting place where he could take his nap in peace. Not till then did our statue begin to move, and knowing the ground thoroughly, he followed leisurely. After a while he saw him on the top of a small boulder in the midst of a bunch of low bushes which were too thick to shoot through, when he should get near enough; but within gunshot of the fox and between the fox and himself was a rock, gaining the top of which he could shoot over the top of the bushes without obstruction. This time he took off his boots, and working his way carefully to the rock he climbed to the top of it, and was just raising himself erect to bring his gun to shoulder, when suddenly reynard stood up too; but too late, the gun came to shoulder and Mr. Fox got down the other side, shot through the neck. ESSEX.

A. F. Y., of Escanaba, Mich., says: "In the past eight years I have seen not far from a dozen foxes asleep on the bluff back of my house. I saw three at one time. Foxes are very numerous about here. Rabbits were plenty near my house until the past two years. This winter I have not seen a track."

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your column of "remarkable shots" recalls a circumstance under this head which, while not as fatal as some of those mentioned, was the cause probably of as much surprise as the best of them. Two gentlemen while approaching camp on one of the clear Adirondack lakes, noticed a half dozen ducks on the river below. The only possible chance of obtaining a shot was to land and climb the bluff overhanging the river. This one of the gentlemen did, and as he cautiously looked over the edge of the rock he discovered that something had startled the birds, and they were then flying directly past him up the stream. Jumping to his feet he sent one and then another charge among them. He was well armed and a good shot, and actually expected to bag the whole brood, but in his haste he fell an easy victim to the deception.

The reader may try to imagine our friend's feelings when he saw his ducks all safe overhead, but he had riddled the images reflected in water below. FACT.

MERIDEN, Conn.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

VAST flocks of both geese and ducks are now congregated in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay below Chincoteague Sound, waiting, it would seem, for the disappearance of ice in the shoaler sounds before moving northward. The Sinnepuxent is still frozen over, as are also many other arms of the Chesapeake Bay.

I have learned from a friend who has just returned from a duck shooting trip not far from Franklin City, which is situated, I believe, in North Hampton county, Va., that illegal battery-shooting is carried on there without molestation, and what is far worse, fire-lighting ducks at night with a big-gun is practiced every night, and he cited an instance of eighty ducks being killed at one discharge, by a fellow who paddled on the flock with a jack-light in the bow of his boat. Each night while he was there several such shots were made at the fowl while on the feeding grounds, and the engineer of a locomotive which laid over on the siding at Franklin City offered to loan my friend the headlight of his engine if he would accept it, and try a shot with a big-gun. Is it a wonder that the ducks, when they reach more northern grounds, are wild and shy?

Many sprigtail ducks are reported down the bay on the Delaware shores, and not a few are being killed and sent to our market; but they are in wretched condition. Since the late pleasant weather has set in, the fowl have worked further up the river; but the marshes still remain frozen tight, so there can be little food found.

We have never before had so much ice in our rivers, and until yesterday, when one of the Philadelphia ice boats opened a channel north of the city as far as Florence. The Delaware for two weeks has been frozen solid from shore to shore clear up to Trenton, N. J. All this ice will have to be moved and advantage will be taken of it by duck shooters who will use it as a blind for their skiffs while paddling on to the fowl, and it is safe to say we shall have plenty of it in our river for a fortnight to come and the ducks have already commenced to come up the stream from down the bay.

No mention has been made to me of the presence of the snow geese below Bombay Hook, although they have doubtless not arrived yet. They may be confidently expected as soon as the meadows where they feed have become thawed out and the grass begins to shoot up under cover of last year's growth.

Some spring birds have already made their appearance in our rural sections. A day or two since purple grackles, robins, and bluebirds showed themselves, and the genial weather of the 3d, 4th and 5th of the month shows that the backbone of the cold season has been broken. HOMO.

MARCH 7.

WISCONSIN GAME.—Menomonie, Wis., March 4.—We have had a very severe winter, the longest season of very cold weather known for years, and it would seem that all the game in the country would die from the effects of it. Such is, however, not the case. On riding through the country great flocks of grouse will occasionally be seen, and about as often as ever. Our sportsmen are expecting their usual term of good shooting next fall. Some of the members of the Menomonie Gun Club are already anticipating the sport in the field next season by getting their guns ready to open the practice season before the traps. Our club prefers clay-pigeons to all other flying targets. Some of our rifle wing-shots expect to try the clays with a rifle; of course they will make the conditions proportionately easier than they are in shotgun shooting.—WING SHOT.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 26.—A club was organized in this city on the 24th inst. for the protection of game birds and fishes, called the Rod and Gun Club of Central Pennsylvania, with Walter L. Powell as President, Dr. John M. Peddicord, John B. Nichols and Geo. W. Boyd, Vice-Presidents; Albert J. Fager, Secretary; Dr. John Vallerchamp, Treasurer. About fifty gentlemen have joined. The membership will be over 100 before the 1st of April. Much good is expected to result from this organization.—A. J. F.

THAT CUVIER CLUB VENISON.—Denver, Col., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think it was in your paper of Feb. 19 that I observed a paragraph stating that some distinguished gentleman had shortly before given an extravagant game dinner at either St. Louis or Cincinnati—I believe at the latter city. This fact in itself was not remarkable, but special emphasis was given to the statement that the great feature of the feast was a saddle of blacktail, procured in Denver at thirty cents per pound. If this latter was a fact somebody "got stuck." I am sorry to say that blacktail venison has been "hog plenty" and "dirt cheap" in Denver all through the past winter, and I believe abundance of it can be procured yet from game dealers and commission men. I know it was plentiful but a few days ago. Saddles have sold all winter at from six to ten cents a pound; forequarters hardly marketable at any price. For instance, the consignor of fourteen large deer, received here in January, told me one day last week that he had just got returns from the sale of same and the proceeds were $40.50 after paying freight and commission. He said the forequarters were nearly all thrown away; or at least brought nothing in the account. It is a shame to destroy deer for such returns.—W. N. B.

FLINCHING.—In your issue of Feb. 26 I notice on the editorial page an article on "flinching" or gun shyness in sportsmen. Your remedy is no doubt a good one. The following simple plan has also been tried with complete success in several cases to my knowledge. The cure is to simply have your gunlocks taken off and the "tumblers" or "dogs" filed or ground down so that the gun will go off with a very slight touch of the trigger. Then there will be no "tugging" and shutting the eyes; the gun goes off almost before the shooter knows it.—RED WING (Glencoe, Fla.).

QUAIL IN INDIANA.—Newport, Ind.—I have made extensive inquiries, and all the reports confirm the fact that in this part of the State there are but few quail left for next season's sport. The continued cold weather, with the heavy snow that this part of the country has been subjected to this winter, has starved and frozen them by the hundreds, and the majority of those left owe their lives to warm shelter and feed around the farmers' barns and feed lots. The prospects for quail shooting next fall are very poor indeed.—R. E. S.

WORCESTER, March 2.—With the end of February came the end of the fox-hunting season. The company of gentlemen in this city who hunt together have found it a hard winter for the sport on account of the cold and the crusts. Their score is as follows: A. B. F. Kenney and John M. White 10, Leonard Rome 5, John A. Slocum and J. Henry Lark 3 each, Horace Adams 2, N. S. Harrington, A. H. Perry and J. F. Sargent 1 each.—E.

BEHIND OR IN FRONT OF A TREE?—I notice B. B. Seaman in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12, in "A Deer Hunt in Kentucky," says he was told to "keep well behind the tree." I have had a good many years' experience with deer (since 1850), and I will take my stand in front of a tree every time. The deer will not notice one if he stands still. In front one has a much better chance to see his game and be ready.—A. F. Y.

LONG ISLAND.—A bill proposed by ex-Senator Wagstaff and introduced into the Senate by Mr. Otes, prohibits killing of partridges, robins, starlings and squirrels in Queens and Suffolk counties from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1; shorebirds, Jan. 1 to July 10, and rail, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1.

MICHIGAN DEER HOUNDING.—Lansing, Mich., March 6.—Both houses of the Legislature have passed a bill forbidding hunting deer with hounds. The measure is aimed at a practice that has grown to considerable proportions in this State.

Sea and River Fishing.

CASTS IN MANY POOLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I intended long since to answer Mr. Ufford's inquiry in regard to gimping hooks, but an unfortunate accident incapacitated me from writing for some time, and in the meanwhile Mr. Cheney gave him the answer so exactly as I should have done, that it left nothing more to be said, except to answer another point in regard to the silk to be used for the purpose. Here I will advice him from my own experience and practice. I always use scarlet saddlers' silk. If the gut is well softened by a few moments' soaking in tepid, not hot, water, you can tie a hook that will never give out, and the bright red of the gimping helps to disguise the hook and cover any deficiencies in the bait, for I suppose it to be for bait-fishing that Mr. Ufford inquires, as very few people attempt to tie their own flies. When I was younger, with keener eyes and more nimble fingers, I always bought my gut and hooks and tied all my own; but of late years I have got lazy and bought ready-tied hooks, and the result has been that I have lost a good many good trout in consequence, by the hook pulling off from the gut, until I have come to the conclusion to go back to my old habit and tie my own hooks again for bait-fishing, which, for many of the heavily-wooded brooks of New England, is the only practicable method.

Laid up as I have been for two months and unable to write, I have had plenty of time to read, and have been catching up with all the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, which had been laid aside for me during an absence at the South of about four months last autumn, and have been interested in the various opinions in regard to popular flies, and am inclined to fall in with the majority of the anglers who give preference to the scarlet ibis first, then coachman or royal coachman, professor and Montreal, though for our clear and shallow waters in many parts of New England, a black gnat or midge is the best of all on a bright day. The green drake and queen of the waters are also excellent, as well as the brown and red hackles, and a very killing fly for twilight is a white hackle with a red body lined with gold twist.

I like the plan of the short double loop very much, as when hooks are well tied, the first place to give out is the gut where chafed by the end of the shank of the hook.

I have just been reading Mr. Van Cleef's letter in this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM, and am inclined to think that there is a good deal of common sense in the theory he advances, as I have noticed the diminution of streams where the main part of the forest about their sources had been cleared long since; but the greater part of the changes which I see are due to the actual stripping of the woods from the heads of the brooks, and the clearing up of the alders along their margins, letting in the full blaze of the sun, and leaving no place for shelter for the trout. Brooks where I was sure of a good basket when a boy, have not a trout left in them now, and not water enough in the summer to float one.

Among other amusing anecdotes in your columns have been the "remarkable shots," but I do not remember that I ever had the fortune to do much in that way myself. I think the only time I was ever astonished in that way was on entering a piece of oak woods a dozen or more years since, when I saw a gray squirrel run up an oak tree near at hand and stop for an instant at an open place on the trunk, when I sent him a message from my right barrel. He did not come down, however, but went up and disappeared behind a thick clump of leaves, appearing, as I supposed, in the next minute above them.

I fired the left barrel and down came Mr. Squirrel, and I went to the foot of the tree to pick him up, when, as I stooped over to do so, down came another dead squirrel, striking me fairly between the shoulders, and announcing to me that I had made an unexpected "double."

Still another point which has interested me has been the discussion on "dowels" on rod joints, and here, as a practical mechanic, I desire to indorse Mr. Wells in toto, that dowels are delusions and a weakness. I have an old bamboo rod (of the old style, five joints of four feet each) made by my order twenty-five years since, without them, which is in perfect order yet, while I broke the lower joint of a new split bamboo rod in trying to release my hook from a sunken log, where a black bass had maliciously left it, without apparently putting much strain on the rod, and I found it to have given way in the dowel hole at the lower end of the ferrule. With proper ferrules the dowels do more harm than good.

Let me join "Jay" in his thanks to "Wawayanda" for "Camp Flotsam." That and last winter's account of the "Cruise of the Kingfishers" ought to be republished in FOREST AND STREAM's library, and when it is finished, which I hope will not be soon, "Uncle Lisha's Shop" should form another volume. I have known them all in my boyhood—Uncle Lisha, Solon, Pelatiah and Samwill, though my Uncle Lisha was a blacksmith instead of a shoemaker.

The "Kanuck," Antoine, I have got acquainted with since, for he had not crossed the border much forty years ago. But whoever the author of "Uncle Lisha" may be, he understands the "lingo" of the French Canadian, trying to talk English, to a hair. I shall watch for the return of that pickerel-catching and muskrat-spearing party with anxiety.

VON W.

VAGARIES OF FISH NOMENCLATURE.

NOW that the vagaries of fly nomenclature have received some attention from the contributors to your columns, I trust that another and perhaps greater evil will have a hearing by representation. Whether or no it is a greater evil, it is not so difficult to overcome, and the remedy lies in the rod hand of the contributors themselves. I refer to the use of local common names when writing of various fishes, as well as the use of manifestly improper names. I am aware that it is asking much of an angler to pronounce the scientific names of all fishes, but there are some few scientific names attached to our game fishes that it would not be too fatiguing to write, if the contributor should feel that his meaning would not otherwise be clear to his readers. I may be more stupid than the average angler, but I must confess that it was not entirely clear to my mind that "black spots" meant landlocked salmon, and "red spots" meant brook trout, until Fish Commissioner Stilwell assured me that such was a fact—in Maine. I presume there could be not the slightest objection to the use of "black spot" and "red spot" in a communication to a Maine newspaper, but the FOREST AND STREAM is not confined in its circulation to one State, nor to the United States.

An English friend once wrote asking what fish was meant that a contributor to your journal called "lunge." I wrote him that it referred to our lake trout, *S. namaycush*; but if he should happen to read another letter in a Western paper that I saw recently, he would think that I did not know much about the names of our fishes. The writer of the article speaks of a certain monster "lunge" that proves, just before the curtain drops, to be a mascalonge, or to adopt his spelling, muskalunge. Years ago I made a mental memoranda of the fact that "lunge" and "togue" meant, in certain New England States, lake trout; but now that "lunge" has slipped from my grasp, I shall not be surprised if "togue" turns out to be a weakfish.

A writer, in describing his catch, speaks of "a splendid specimen of the square-tailed trout," and later gives it the scientific name of *S. namaycush*. If "square-tailed trout" means any of the trout family it means the *S. fontinalis*, and by that name I know it well. Another writer was undecided what kind of fish had taken his bait until "in one of his rushes his broad forked tail was thrown above the surface of the water, proclaiming him a brook trout." Still another writer, in quite a long article, gives a very interesting account of some salmon fishing that he had in some waters that I know, and also know that they do not now, and never did, contain salmon. I knew at once that he meant salmon trout, but I will warrant that many of his readers were not as wise, for not once did he mention the fish by any other name than salmon. Had he suffixed the word trout to his salmon his meaning would have been clear, but still he would have been out of line, for Prof. Jordan says *S. namaycush* is simply lake trout, as the title salmon trout belongs by priority of claim to an English fish.

A few years ago while spending the summer at a well-known resort, I discovered one day at dinner that there was salmon on the bill of fare, but before ordering I sent the waiter to get the pedigree of the fish and such incidents of its journey across the border as the steward might furnish, as I did not wish to have a tourist or the canned article rung in on me. The waiter returned with a smile and the intelligence that "You need not be afraid of this salmon for it is some you caught yourself this morning." I had been fishing that morning with Monroe Greece, and we had caught some lake trout, and they were the nearest like salmon of any fish in the lake, but what a gulf there is between the royal *Salmo salar* and the *S. namaycush*.

The following story, which has the merit of absolute truth, illustrates an extreme case of the abuse of fish names: Within a few miles of this place stands a road house, which, before its glory departed, was presided over by Uncle George, as he was familiarly known, who made glad the hearts and digestive organs of his guests by little suppers of fish and game. One evening I drove out to the place with a few friends, to partake of Uncle George's hospitality, and

during the consultation which followed our arrival, he informed us that he had no trout to place before us, but had birds in plenty. A few moments later another party of two from a neighboring summer hotel drove to the door, and before they alighted I heard Uncle George inform them that he could give them trout. I called him aside and demanded an explanation, which he gave as follows: "I haven't any trout for you, but I have a few for these two gentlemen, although I am afraid if they were placed on your table you would call them bullheads (he referred to the fish); still, I insist that they are trout, at least for this evening." I told him that they would detect the fraud at once, but he said, "Oh, no, for I have tried them once before and it worked like a charm."

A common error, particularly in this State, is the calling of a pike (*E. lucius*) a pickerel. This winter for the first time I discovered that the Hudson River at this place contained pickerel (*E. reticulatus*). Where they came from no one seems to know; but I noticed one among some pike at a fish market, and attempted to instruct a few people present as to the identity and name of each fish exhibited. "That," I said, pointing to a specimen of *E. lucius*, "is a pike." "No," said one of the gentlemen, pointing to a *Stizos tethium vitreum*, "this is the pike." I explained that although it was locally known as a pike, it was really a pike-perch, and belonged to the perches instead of the pikes. This was finally accepted as correct, because the pike-perch was a Lake Champlain fish, and "it did not make any difference what he was called," but when I said the only pickerel in the lot was the specimen of *Esox reticulatus*, and what they called pickerel was in reality a pike, there was mutiny, and the meeting broke up in a row.

The various names by which the black bass is known in different sections of the country have been so frequently paraded and explained that at least we know a Southern "trout" means a black bass. Personally I have come to understand a Southern man to mean yellow perch when he says "sun perch," but when he says "bob" I have to think a moment before I can grapple with the fact that he does not mean a float, and does mean a bunch of deer's hair tied to the shank of a treble hook. That, however, is wandering from the fish question, and I return to it by referring to the latest alleged misnomer. During the past season readers of the angling papers have been regaled with glowing descriptions of the excellent fishing in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. I will not even venture a guess at the number of mascalonge that have been reported as adding to the scores of anglers from all parts of the country; but I now see that a Western writer claims that these fish are not mascalonge, but large pike (*E. lucius*). In this case, however, I imagine that investigation will prove that the writer is wrong, for it does not seem possible that so many anglers as have been reported as catching mascalonge could all be mistaken. The fact that any doubt is expressed about the identity of the fish in question shows that the ichthyological schoolmaster must have been taking his vacation when some one was fishing the Gogebic waters. In looking back over a few communications from this region I do not find any mention of pike in the fish scores, but do find pickerel reported as weighing about ten pounds each. These must be *E. lucius*, so the mascalonge cannot sit on that stool; and the Western writer will, it strikes me, be invited to take the floor and make another report with affidavit attached. There is no need of citing other cases of misnamed fishes, but it remains with the anglers of the country to take up their pens against these evils, that lead only to confusion, "and by opposing end them."

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

CLICK AND DRAG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite likely that "Petra" will receive other and better reasons than I may furnish supporting the click and drag attachments to the reel, and yet I cannot refrain from using a little space to describe methods in using these appliances, where they have proved to be very important and satisfactory adjuncts in managing the line as well as necessary weapons in successful encounters.

My tackle consists of a ten-ounce split bamboo rod, a number three reel and sixty yards enameled silk line size H. The click of the reel is set sufficiently light, so that together with the friction of the line through the guides a two-ounce pull will start the reel. The drag is adjusted to double this strain, standing at a four-ounce pull, and the click and drag combined furnish a six-ounce strain for a fighting weight, and the rod is kept up strong near this point after a fish is hooked. With live bait I keep the click on at all times while fishing and set the drag when the fighting comes.

Many ancient anglers will experience a surprise if they will apply the scale test to their favorite tackle, as in many instances ounces will be shown where pounds even were supposed to indicate the fighting strain. Very few light rods will stand a working strain of more than ten ounces, and with many of them half that is the limit of safety, and hence the click and drag become very important appendages in fixing the limit of safety to a certainty. The angler who depends on holding the reel cannot under the varying conditions of exciting contests regulate this strain with the unvarying measure that the click and drag properly adjusted automatically furnish. Besides this the angler learns to judge the situation at the front intelligently from the sounds that come over the line, as a sensitive click not only heralds the movements of the game, but intones the style and vigor of the effort, and the nature and disposition of the victim. The drag steadily holds up to the prescribed limit all advantage gained, and as readily yields line when safety claims it. So closely will such an adjustment yield results that in numerous instances I have attached the scale to the line to test the strain that the hooks, as fastened, would bear and have made many fine captures that an eight-ounce pull would have cleared the hooks from the fish.

The click and drag together afford the means of graduating the rod to any fishing and fighting strain desirable, and I see no way that the conditions can be so perfectly secured if either is omitted. The click is primarily necessary on light-running reels to prevent over-running and vexatious snarls that come to all at times if reel is worked free, and it further signals the least strain on the line without encumbering it but slightly. The drag being tenacious in its hold and unvarying in its movements furnishes the killing strain to the rod, and this necessary strength if applied to the click would not only destroy its sensitiveness and delicacy, but impair the serviceableness of the reel. This graduated adjustment furnishes automatically three rates of resistance that are readily applied and instantly changed to meet emergencies. Tackle can thus be graduated to whatever point the ambitious angler aspires to, in "fishing fine and far off," always remembering that the lightest effective strain lands the most game.

The six-ounce pull seems light and yet it is no effeminate strain even when applied to the monarchs of the deep, as I have seldom joined issue in a case where the defendant was able to carry off straight away more than ten or fifteen yards of line under these difficulties, and I record among my captives trout of four and a half pounds, bass of six and three quarter pounds, muscalonge of twenty-eight pounds, and a large and satisfactory score in the lighter notches.

In an experience extending over many eventful years of an angling existence, I vividly recall the reel music of many close and exciting contests that were fought to a successful finish. These notes from the front have so much enhanced the pleasures of angling that I venture to offer "Petra" these disjointed fragments from accumulated tackle with every assurance that pleasant memories will cluster around a singing reel, long after our favorite streams have run dry and the skillful hand has lost its cunning.

TRIANGLE.

CHANNEL-BASS FISHING IN FLORIDA.

Sciænops Ocellata.—"Called red drum on the Virginia coast; spotted bass or spot in South Carolina, red bass or channel bass in Georgia and Florida, redfish in New Orleans.—*S. C. Clarke, in "Fishing off the East Atlantic Coast."*

FAIR, semi-tropic land, where gentle breezes blow
And flowers perennial in wild gardens grow;
In this bleak northern realm I dreamful muse
Of the rose colors that thy skies suffuse.
Fain would forget that here the frosty air
Inclement sweeps o'er hills and meadows bare;
Here spear-point icicles depend from wall,
Frost pictures dim the casements of the hall,
The river mute in pulseless slumber sleeps,
A ghastly pallor o'er its surface creeps.
The crystal waterfall that erewhile tost
Its volumed sheet, is now enchain'd with frost;
A filmy veil is drawn across the sky,
Thick down the air the gem-like snowflakes fly.
The fields, the uplands stretch a frozen waste.
And all the summer landscape is effac'd.

But bright, O, Florida, the waning year
Smiles o'er thy waters and thy cloud-lands clear:
The fowler comes thy swarming flocks to thin,
The angler comes the luring spoon to spin,
To take by sandy beach or marshy grass
The tarpum, grouper, or the channel bass.

The noble bass with scales intensely dy'd
At bay and inlet drift in with the tide,
A roving fish, deep channels it explores,
Mudflats and oyster-beds and shelly shores;
Where slimy wreck lies buried in the deeps
It finds its chosen haunt, its harvest reaps.
A fish omnivorous, it seeks its prey
Wherever mollusks hide or mullets play,
A fish voracious, it is brave in bite,
Persistent, strong, 'tis valorous in fight,
As game fish the red bass has no peer,
No rival champion in the currents clear.

Warm-weather fish, in summer's sunny time
It swarms the shores of genial Southern clime;
There, off the sandflat, anchor'd in his boat
The angler sees them fearless round him float;
They circle near in heedless leap and play,
And fall to trolling line an easy prey.
But when the north winds smite Floridian coast,
By beach, by island vanishes their host;
In the deep holes, dark recesses of tide,
Sulking in castle, they delight to hide.

In soft May season, when the seas are warm,
Around the sandy beach they love to swarm;
The angler then thro' crested surf may press
And cast his mullet bait with sure success,
Cast it in sloughs, inside the surf that flow,
And gain a prize with every vigorous throw.

GREENPOINT, L. I. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

LARGE-MOUTH BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue a well-known correspondent takes the part of "the under dog in the fight," otherwise the "large-mouth" black bass. These dogs are very evenly matched, and I think the fight should be called a "draw." This would at least be a fashionable way of settling the contest. I agree with your correspondent in saying that the black bass loses a great deal of its activity when it attains a weight of over three pounds. I saw a friend kill a six-pound bass in about five minutes, the fish was caught in the Potomac River, the fight was a tame affair, and from the first there seemed to be no doubt about the safe landing of the fish, the tackle used was light trout tackle.

I have fished for bass in some of the Northern lakes, the Delaware, Susquehanna, Alleghany, Potomac, Shenandoah and some smaller streams, also in Florida and other Southern States.

I believe that the large-mouth black bass of the North is a more shapely fish and has more game qualities than the large-mouth bass of the South, the latter has an enormous belly, which I think is not conducive to wind or staying power. I made a drawing of a Florida bass on the lid of my camp box, the drawing was carefully made by passing a pencil close around the fish. I looked at this drawing a few days ago, and was surprised to see the marked difference between this fish and the large-mouth bass I caught last summer in the small lakes near Chicago. It is obvious that black bass when caught in rivers, fight harder than those caught in the still waters of lakes.

As I have never caught a large-mouth bass in running water, I cannot give an opinion as to the relative gameness of the two fish. I will say one thing in favor of the large-mouth fish which, to me, covers a multitude of sins, and that is, he is a splendid riser, frequently throwing himself completely out of water as he takes the fly, and always showing a good part of his body. The small-mouth fish rises in a sluggish manner, and often sucks in the fly after the manner of the plebian sunfish. The large-mouth bass caught with the fly have been as large as those caught with live bait.

In ten years fly-fishing for small-mouth bass I have caught very few large fish. During these years I have spent three months each season by the river side, and have fished at least two days each week. A large fish has occasionally been caught, but I have looked upon them as lucky accidents. These fish, when young, are very fond of the fly. When they become old, they either grow wiser or change their appetites. It is possible that they are too stiff and lazy for the rush they know to be necessary in the capture of the restless fly. To those who want to catch large fish, and fish that will rise grandly to the occasion, I recommend the large-mouth black bass.

For my part I love the river as much as I do the fish, and long for the clear, shady streams of the East.

E. F.

CHICAGO, Ill.

PLEASANT HOURS WITH THE TROUT.

WHEN business does not call him to the city, my friend A. lives with his family in one of the healthiest counties in the State of Pennsylvania. Here he has a large tract of land to look after, and if he could do so, he would spend his whole time in that pleasant locality.

Through the center of his property for two miles or more runs a brook. This supplies water to a sawmill on the place, and the pond that feeds it might well be called a fish pound for pickerel. But it is the brook that gives us the most interest. A. had often told me about this, and said that there were trout in the brook. He had also asked me if I would not come to his house and try the stream for him, as he was no fisherman himself and did not care for the sport. At the same time saying he could not promise me much fun, for in his opinion I would find but few fish. But I knew what I would find at A.'s, and that was a hearty welcome. I also knew that if there was anything that I loved in the way of pleasure, it was to fish for trout in a stream where they were scarce and where some skill was required if any one hoped to secure them. I had fished for them ever since I was a boy, and considered myself quite an adept in "trouting," as we called it.

So it was agreed that the first week in June Mrs. Stillaboy and myself should start for A.'s house, and very fortunately, in more ways than one, we arrived there just before a succession of thunder showers that lasted until nearly sundown. This, I knew, was in every way favorable to my visit, and that if there were any trout in the stream I would most certainly catch some of them. Of this I was confident, and when good "grandma" told me of what used to be in former days, and how one of the farm hands would go and catch trout for her, and that there was no one to go now, or that they had not the skill to get them, and how fond she was of a trout. When she told me this I felt that I would have one for her, even if I had to swim for it. So I said, "Grandma, I will promise you a trout for your breakfast to-morrow morning." I can remember how she looked at me, as much as to say, "Mr. Stillaboy, your intentions are good, but I'm afraid you are making a rash promise." However, I continued, "You just let one of the boys show me where the stream is and you will see." With this Will jumped up and said, "O, grandma, I will go with him. I know the good holes and I will learn to fish, too." So it was agreed that Will should go with me. He was a very good fellow, too, full of enthusiasm and life, and when I proposed to him that we would have to go early if we wanted to get fish, and even leave the house at daylight, he said, "That just suits me." But now poor grandma was in trouble. "Why," said she, breaking in on our plans, "Why surely, Mr. Stillaboy, you will not start so early. Do you know how soon daylight comes in June?" And it was with the utmost difficulty that I could convince the good lady that I was really in earnest, and wanted to go at that, to her, unreasonable hour.

It was arranged at last that I should arouse Will at half-past three, or, as I told him, "when the whippoorwill began to sing." His last charge to me was, "Now remember, don't forget to wake me, while I thought within myself, "There is little danger of that, I am too dependent upon your guidance and too anxious to go." Will was told that he would find a pitcher of milk in the ice box, and ham and bread and butter in the dining-room closet. As I expected, the first whippoorwill sang under my window at half-past three. And soon I heard several of them calling, one from the rocks at the left of the house, another from the stone fence in front, and a third from the pine trees in the rear. When I got up to look out a bow of light was arched over the eastern horizon, and just above it, to the south, Venus was shining down in full splendor. I could see dim traces of mist in the Delaware Valley, while high on the hill where we were the air seemed clear and pure.

The first thing to be done was to call Will as quickly as possible. He was sleeping soundly when I went in his room and I almost hesitated to disturb him. As I laid my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Will, it is time for us to be getting off," (I had to shake him a little) he replied, in a kind of sleepy way, "Wha'?" "Will," I repeated, "do you think that it is worth while for us to go for fish?" Whether it was the word fish that aroused him or from the fact that I still had my hand on his shoulder I could not tell, but a change came over him at once. He now raised himself in the bed, rubbed his eyes and then said, in a bright and cheerful way, "O, yes, let us go."

Just as we came out of the house the birds were beginning their full morning song. There was still half an hour or more remaining, though, before sunrise, and we hoped to be at Bog Meadow before that time. Venus was shining as brightly as ever, while away to the west one of the fixed stars twinkled dimly in the morning light. We had to walk about half a mile on the highway and then through an old wood road for about the same distance. How delicious everything smelt in that clear morning air; pines, ferns, grasses, everything seeming to exhale its fragrance and freshness as we passed along. And I could not help thinking how much men lose who know nothing of a fresh June morning in the country before the sun is up. The first thing we saw of animated nature on our way was, as we came through the gate, four crows in the cornfield that seemed to have no regard for straw men nor strings. I found a way to drive them off, though, without going to them. I simply clapped my hands as though a gun cap had exploded, while Will remarked, "I'll fix those fellows one of these mornings." The next thing that greeted us was the sharp chirp of a chipmunk as his tail disappeared in the stone wall. A bluejay flies over us, and as he does so turns his head to look at us in a way that seemed to inquire, "Why, where are you fellows going so early in the morning?" And now a brown thrasher mounts the top of a small beech tree and pours forth a volume of song and a field sparrow gives his plaintive strain from a fence stake, and a dove is heard moaning his distant bell-like note. We cross the brook that we are to fish in on the way to Bog Meadow, and consider it just right, and the water is falling. We will see it again, I trust, in three hours or more and feel my basket heavier

than it is now, I hope. As we are about to enter the wood road an oven bird greets us with his song and several Wilson's thrushes are singing all around, and a partridge startles us as he rises at our sight, and the air is sweeter than ever.

But we are at the meadow now and I have no time to notice those red wings that are "kon-ka-re-ing" on that dead alder bush, nor that robin that is singing so near me, nor that miserable hawk that is whistling his shrill call over my head. I have no time now to notice these things. I must get my line in and some oil on my face, for these mosquitoes are beginning to be troublesome.

Keep back from the stream, Will, and tread softly so as not to shake its loose banks. Here goes. Why, I have one the first thing. A nice one, too, nine inches, grandma will have one at any rate. What, no more? I will try around that bend there. Ah, I have another. And here comes his mate. Nice ones for this stream, eight inches each. What! Did I see one break water there in that little pool? I know what you want. You won't take bait. You want a fly, and I would a great deal sooner give you one. Stop a moment. Here is a coachman, and a nondescript, and a black gnat. Oh, you want the coachman, do you? Well, try again. I have you. But I will fall directly. This lame leg is hard to manage among these bog-heads. And now I have another. And here comes a little one. Go back, baby fish, and come to me next year. And you are too small, too. None under six inches need apply. But Will shouts, and I know he has got one. He is holding it up. It is a large one, larger than any of mine. But the meadow is not going to be in the shade much longer, for the moment the sun gets over those trees on that hill at the lower end the fun here will cease. You cannot catch trout here when the sun is shining on the water, nor as for that matter, in any other place.

But stop now, I have another, and just as I am about to take him off I tumble down over a bog-head, and my trout disappears. The meadow is overflowed with water near the edge of the brook, so I am standing in it six inches deep, and the stream that is usually four feet wide is seven or eight now. But never mind, I have another fish and Will has one too; he would not shout in that way had he not caught one. And now I have a little one and he goes back, and as he touches the water disappears in an instant. I wait now for some time, no more rises, no more bites, I am nearly at the foot of the meadow. I have time now to look around. A swamp sparrow with his dark-brown plumage is rising up from the coarse grass near me, and flitting from place to place, and as he alights spreads his wings and pours forth his song. And there is a partridge drumming in that patch of woods on the other side of the stream, and another behind me near the fence we got over. And three crows away off there on that old dead tree are making an awful racket, and I see a red-wing watching me from that bush near the bank. I suppose he has a nest there; and I hear thrushes and ovenbirds and a robin singing away most merrily. But what is that? a bite? Try again. Ah, very fine. You are a good one too. I am glad I came down here.

But now I go back and try the ground over again. I have to make a circuit to avoid the bog-heads. Only one fish large enough to keep rewards me, and as the sun is now shining on the meadow, we determine to take to the woods. To do this we are obliged to return to the road by which we came in. We could not follow the stream at the lower end of the meadow. It was too muddy and tangled with alder bushes and brush. I called it the breeding place for trout, for a little brook comes in there that no doubt kept up a slender supply in this larger stream.

But we retrace our steps a short distance, and after working through undergrowth and alders, at length find ourselves by the stream again. Of course everything is changed now. We are in the woods, where the stream is overshadowed and where the securing of a fish depends very much upon the fact of whether you can get your line in and the fish out. For some distance we have to poke along, occasionally getting a trout and then losing one. But at length we come to a taller growth of trees, and where the stream spreads out and contracts every few rods. What a lovely place this is where it issues from the alders and low growth. This gravelly point, that high birch there, those hemlocks, and above all, that mossy bank with the water running under it and then coming out in that smooth pool. There must be fish there. O, but see that snake gliding away and I cannot kill him. I suppose he lives on the fish here when the water is low. But cast carefully, or you will get your line caught on the tree behind you. A rise and—ah, plague take it, there is the leader fast on that branch. I work patiently and soon the line is freed. Now go carefully and stand further over there. This time I have him, and then another larger sized. But what is this light-colored mark scraping off those pretty spots on one side just below the back fin? I see you have been in a snake's jaw once. May be that miserable fellow that I saw crawling away. I wish I could have crushed his ugly head. And yet, as I kill the fish before putting it in my basket, something within me whispers how much better are you than the snake you despise? He wanted the fish to eat and you want it too. But we are not moralizing now; we have no time. There is another rise. A little fellow. I have him. Put him back by all means. And now another small one, and still another little one. I will go on. Try in that pool in front of that log. And go carefully behind the bush on the bank. I see a wake as though something under water were coming toward my hook. I know what it is. Yes, and you are lauded without a net. And there goes a partridge, and a bluejay is calling behind me, and a squirrel chippering up-side down, or as Merriam describes him, sticking against that tree.

But I am ready for another cast. No more? Go on. O, there must be a good place under that rock. How can I get there? I see. Here goes. Whew! what a rise. And there is that line caught again away up there. There is no getting that down. Good-bye, leader. Snap. Never mind, I have two more in my book, all dampened and ready to put on. But hi! ho! I have lost my balance and am in the brook, and the cold water is finding its way to my skin nearly half way up my back. I hope I have not lost any fish. No. "No, Will, I am not hurt my boy; but didn't I go over." Yes, I will try there again; but it is no use to-day. It was no use. And now we go down further, and come to a little fall where all the water of the stream passes between two rocks and then rushes over. Now don't let the end of your rod appear over the pool, but drop in your bait (for I am fishing with bait now), so that the stream will carry it down and let it float out. I have a fine fish, and I try the same tactics and secure another one. Then I go on and get another, and Will has another. He has been fishing after me through the woods so as not to scare the fish, while I have been leaving him any desirable pools that he expresses a wish to try in. The fact of it is Will is so elated to think that there are fish in the stream, and that he has caught four, that he just wants to see how I catch them.

Now we are through the woods and coming out on some meadow land near the bridge we crossed so early. What a relief it is to get where a fellow can straighten his back and not be afraid of catching his line at every cast. This meadow is still somewhat in the shade, the trees standing on the opposite side from me and the stream running quite near them. Before I reach the first pool I see a fish break water. I know what that means—a coachman and red hackle. They are on and now a fish is on too. I take five here while Will leaves me and goes down to a favorite hole of his near the bridge. He shouts soon after reaching it, and I know he has another fish. I am fishing meanwhile without success. And I have just seen the tail of another snake as he crawled away among the stones, and a sparrow has started up almost from my feet, and there, in a tiny birch bush, is a little nest with three speckled eggs in it. A bird sings as I come away from the nest. But there, by the fence, must be the "good place" that Will told me of. I will go carefully and see how I had better fish in it. Yes, I see. Stand back by the fence and cast over. I do so. My, what a rise! And I have him now. No, not yet, he drops from the line just as he is over the fence, and I have to cast myself upon him to keep him from flopping into the water; and my coachman is in his mouth, the gut is broken just at the shank of the hook. He is my largest fish, though, eleven inches. And now another coachman is on, and I have another fish, and then another and another, and then two little ones that I had to throw back.

But the sun is beginning to shine on the stream now, and we promised to be home by 8 o'clock, and now it was half past 7. And all at once I seem to recognize that my basket is heavy, and I feel a little tired, and would not object to something to eat. We will go home.

Will was at the bridge waiting for me, and he came to the basket again, and as he opened it to put in his last fish, exclaimed, "O, where did you get those? Won't grandma and father be astonished? There are some trout in the stream yet, aint there?" Our walk home was very pleasant. Will told me all about catching his largest; how he felt a tug and thought his line was caught, and then the fish came out.

We were met at the gate by the younger members of the family, all calling out, "What did you catch?" to which Will replied, "O, lots of fine ones." This brought out several of the farm hands, and they all looked with astonishment in the basket. And now grandma with friend A. approach. "O, my," said grandma, "Why, you did get some nice ones. Did you really catch them in our brook?" "Yes, grandma," said Will, "and there are more there, and I know how to catch them now." Friend A. and his good wife were equally astonished. A. said that I was the best fisherman that had ever been at his house. Grandma told us the fish must be weighed. There were thirty-two of them, and their weight was eight and three-quarter pounds. Half of them were dressed at once, for breakfast, and the rest put in the ice box for tea.

I soon had on dry clothes, and as we all sat down to a comfortable breakfast, and grandma looked so pleased, there was a double satisfaction as I thought of the morning's sport. Friend A. told me that he was satisfied, now that he had a trout stream on his place, and that he felt that his property was more valuable than ever. My good wife seemed reconciled too, and did not complain much of her husband's getting up and disturbing her. Had he not succeeded in catching plenty of fish though, he might have caught something else not so agreeable. It must suffice any that have found pleasure in perusing this account, that for two days at least grandma had all the trout she wanted, and every member of the family also, though at no one time did we have the same success that attended us on this pleasant morning.

Stillaboy.

THE MOST KILLING FLIES.

I WOULD like to add my mite to the fund of information on flies, although my experience in trout fishing has been confined to one section of the country, viz., Franklin county, N. Y., and principally around Meacham Lake and the outlying ponds and streams. I regret to say that my statistics cannot be perfectly exact, as I have not kept an accurate account of the flies my fish were caught with; but I can say with great certainty that I have found the red ibis, brown hackle and coachman, in the order named, the best all-around flies. Many trout were taken out of Meacham Lake last summar (about 300 in one July day, I remember) by trolling flies, and I am sure that even on the sunniest days the red ibis was generally the favorite. Of course there are exceptions, individual days when some fly like the white miller or black gnat will be the favorite, and the flies we ordinarily consider most alluring will be hardly noticed.

The first day of last July stands out as a golden one in my calendar, and often I "fight my battles o'er again," and wonder if I shall ever have such another delightful experience. Perhaps the pleasure of it all was enhanced by the fact that I had just returned to my native land from a three years' cruise around the world; but I think the most phlegmatic landsman would have felt his nerves tingle had he been in my place. Taking an early breakfast and an early start, my guide (the doughty Andrew Rogers) and myself found ourselves at our fishing ground about 10:30 A. M. This was down the outlet of Meacham Lake, about five miles from that beautiful sheet of water, where two small cold brooks contribute their quota to the main stream. Sitting in the bow of our boat as we drew near to our destination, it appeared to me that my prospects were anything but flattering. There was very little wind, the sky was very clear, and it was very hot, the thermometer at Meacham Lake House standing at 89 degrees, a most unusual occurrence. I was discouraged, and after I had made three or four casts with never a rise, I was more so. Andrew commenced to bewail the situation, and pointing to numerous tracks on the banks, proceeded to explain to me that Paul Smith's people had gotten ahead of us.

Having no luck I directed him to pull across the stream and drop a little lower down, which he did, and then the fun began. The first cast brought me in two trout, and I did not lack employment for the rest of the day. To make a long story short, from 11 A. M. till 4 P. M., with an hour out for lunch and a smoke, I caught trout to my heart's content, often two at a cast. About 4 o'clock a heavy rain came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and after that, though I tried various flies, and even descended to bait, I caught but one trout. So I was fain to knock off fishing, reel up, unjoint my rod and make the best of my way to the house, where I was received with much enthusiasm when it was found that on such an unpromising day, not only was my creel filled but I had a large string besides. Not counting the small fry, which I returned to their native element, I had 189 trout, from a pound down, all taken with flies. A most satisfactory day's sport.

What I started to say was that on this particular day, the fly I generally swear by—the red ibis—was no use whatever. The fish greatly preferred the black gnat, though the brown hackle and coachman did some little execution. On these same grounds, late in July, 1881, I remember catching a 1½-pound trout on a black fly, and this past summer, toward the last of the same month, a 1½-pound trout was caught by Mr. R. Glover, of New York, and a remarkable fine mess, including one of 1¾ pounds, one of 1½ pounds, and two of 1¼ pounds, was taken by that veteran angler, Mr. Daniel Morrell, of Hartford.

Lest some of your readers may find fault with me for being so greedy, let me state that when brought to the house my fish were put on ice and in two days our hungry circle had disposed of them all. My advice to a beginner would be to try the most popular flies first, and if they do not succeed not to be discouraged, but keep on changing until every fly in his book has been tried. Then, if he has not some bait, let him reel up and plod along home. I use three flies at a cast, but I think two would answer about as well. I never but once caught three trout at a cast, and I am quite sure it is exceptional with any one, though three flies offer a greater variety to the fish. I have taken up too much of your valuable space, but my yarn would spin itself out. Perhaps if your readers do not find this a bore I will contribute another mite one of these days.

Sous Bois.

Washington, D. C.

PROTECTING SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Because it is apparent that many forms of animal life require protection in order to save them from extermination, some persons not versed in the habits of animals, and their influence on other forms of life, conclude that all animal life should be protected. Before the coming of civilized man to this continent, the balance of life was undisturbed. The fish bred in immense numbers, and the seals did their part in thinning out the mature ones to give place to the growing fry. The imprint of the foot of Columbus on the beach at San Salvador was the introduction of the disturbing element that was to add to the foes of the fish one mightier than all others; one who kills not only for his personal wants but for the needs of others far removed from the sea. There was no longer need of the services of the shark, the seal, and the sea-lion, in thinning the schools of salmon, cod and mackerel.

For some years the sea-lions in San Francisco Bay have been protected at the expense of the salmon to amuse sightseers, but we have fed sea-lions in confinement and know that their appetites for fish are enormous. "Old Dick," the largest one in captivity, who is well known to all the circus men in the country, spent a year in the New York Aquarium, and his allowance of one hundred herring per day merely kept him in life, but did not allow him to get fat; he could have consumed twice or thrice the number, and was always howling for food. The young seals in the Aquarium often killed live fish for sport after their appetites were appeased, just as kittens play with their prey.

In Maine the committee on fisheries and game have been considering petitions for a repeal of the law which protects seals in Casco Bay. A Maine paper says: "Judge Goddard appeared in behalf of the seals and of the prosperous Portland folks who have built villas along Falmouth foreside. He explained to the committee that the seals are a great attraction; that they are hunted only by a set of semi-barbarians who make fifty cents a day trying out the oil when they could earn two dollars by sawing wood; and the constant shooting in the neighborhood of these summer establishments disturbs the quiet and endangers life. Major Richards, of Gardiner, confirmed Judge Goddard's statement as to the danger of such indiscriminate shooting. But no sooner had the judge retired from the room than a member of the committee, who appeared to know the capacity of a hungry seal for fish, arose and in an impassioned speech denounced the seal as a 'miserable, low-lived critter,' who was harder than a caribou to shoot, and so fiendishly cunning as to put to naught the most ingeniously contrived traps. In short he was of the opinion that the seals (and probably also Judge Goddard and the nabobs of Portland) could take care of themselves. The committee voted to report a bill repealing the law which has for some years prohibited the shooting of these animals in Casco Bay."

It does not seem to be widely known that the harbor seal does not furnish the valuable fur now so much worn. That comes from the so-called fur-seal of the Pacific coast. The skins of sea lions and of harbor seals have coarse stiff hair and are of little value. It is true that these animals are intelligent and when grouped on rocks are picturesque, but their great destructiveness renders them an injurious competitor to man in the matter of food. Man can, and does, keep all valuable food fish within a proper limit as to numbers, and often exceeds that point, and in justice to himself should assist to exterminate such animals as sharks and seals which destroy his food and of one of little value in themselves. If the people of any locality wish to enjoy the luxury of seeing seals disporting on the rocks they should fence them in and feed them with such cheap fish as they can afford, but not allow them to devour cod and mackerel, not to speak of the salmon, which are said to have been thinned by the sea-lions of San Francisco harbor. X. Y. Z.

SOME REMARKABLE CATCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fishing one day near Barnegat Inlet for striped bass with light rod and a single hook with gut leader, at one cast I landed two sea bass each weighing about three-quarters of a pound. One was securely hooked, the other dropped from the line into the boat. This story is true, but I never did quite understand how the second fish was caught.

J. H. S.

Maine Fishing.—Bangor, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Legislature of Maine has been asked for an appropriation to build a road from Shirley Mills to the forks of the Kennebec. This will open a fine country for sportsmen, and the road will pass along the northern end of the beautiful lake called Moxie Pond, which is at least ten miles long and well stocked with fish. Other smaller lakes and ponds will be within easy reach of this road, and anglers will have new waters to wet their lines in if the road is made.—Poke-o'-Moonshine.

THE SCARCITY OF STRIPED BASS.—Westport Harbor, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been a great deal said about the disappearance of striped bass from our shores. There are yet large quantities of these fish that migrate through Vineyard Sound northward annually as far as the Strait of Canso, and possibly around North Cape, Cape Brenton's Island, then westerly across the Gulf of St. Lawrence till they reach Shiloah Bay and vicinity, and here during the summer months they flourish on the fry of the mackerel, the best known spawning ground on the North Atlantic coast for the mackerel. A thorough investigation would prove that the striped bass was unknown in these waters until after the menhaden were all caught up or driven from our shores. Since the diminishing of striped bass and other kinds of food fish, the fishermen who have supplied the markets with them have been constantly harassed by parties in the Legislature working against the present method of fishing. These parties will be found to be largely interested in summer resorts and sporting circles, and this class will neither catch fish for the public nor let any one else if they can help it. If we stop the present method of taking food fish the public could not be supplied. If my suggestions, published in your valuable paper on Jan. 10, 1884, were carried out there would be no scarcity of food fish, and with the present way of taking them, three days out of seven would supply the public wants of fish. It is my opinion that when every acre of available land in the United States is cultivated to supply the wants of the people, the fish of the ocean, if properly protected with their food, will be the last to fail the public demand.—FISHERMAN.

BLACK BASS FOR STOCKING WATERS.—There is a constant demand for black bass to place in new waters, and no one seems inclined to supply it. We have two inquires this week for them, and only a short time ago Mr. E. G. Blackford asked us where he could get five hundred small bass about four inches long. We occasionally get letters from persons who say they have them, but an order for fifty exhausts their stock. Mr. Livingston Stone sometimes offers large fish for sale, but he is distant and his prices are high. There is a good opening here for some one who has suitable water, to stock it well and sell fish of all sizes at a reasonable rate, say double the market value for adult fish, and about twenty-five cents each for yearlings of three or four inches. The demand has existed for the past ten years and is increasing. Many persons in New York derive quite a revenue from growing goldfish in small ponds, and we believe that with a pond of a quarter of a mile in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty feet deep a thriving trade could be done with black bass, especially if they were advertised in FOREST AND STREAM. There is hardly a week in the year that we do not tell inquirers that if they want black bass alive they must catch them for themselves. Here is a chance for some enterprising pond owner.

THANKS FOR THE VARNISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you be so good as to allow me, through your columns, to thank very heartily all your correspondents who have so kindly responded to my question about varnish for fishing rods. To Mr. Wells I am specially indebted, not only for names of various varnishes, but also for the manner of applying them. From each answer I learned something. These ready answers to my own and other inquiries prove beyond a doubt the willingness of all true anglers to communicate any knowledge they may possess upon their favorite recreation. And not only so, but they prove the possession of knowledge, which I remember one of your correspondents was some time ago disposed to deny. I think your correspondent who suggested the asking of questions, hit upon a most excellent plan for developing angling love, and I trust it will be pursued. Will you allow me to compliment you upon the very greatly increased interest of your Sea and River Fishing columns. I know of no paper that contains so much that is useful to anglers as does yours, Each week it brings something new, instructive, helpful. May its shadow never grow less.—M (March 7, 1885).

AMERICAN TROUT IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Thos Andrews, of Guilford, writes to the London *Fishing Gazette* as follows: "I send you a *fontinalis* just to show you how we grow them in my water. She got stranded and I had to kill her. She weighs one pound six ounces and is two years old. Just see the color of her flesh. Eat her and report on her flavor. The *furio*, out of the same water, are equally good." The editor of the *Gazette*, who, by the way, does not think favorably of *fontinalis* for English streams says: "We got the *chef* at the George Hotel, Strand, to grill the fish for us, and we can assure Mr. Andrews that his char was simply charming—flesh a deep pink, flavor like that of a Loch Leven trout." As a change from "speckled beauty" we chant the chaste and "charming char."

MESSRS. ABBEY & IMBRIE, the well-known firm of fishing tackle dealers, have removed from their old quarters and are now installed in very cosy quarters at No. 18 Vesey street, near the Astor House. The change was made necessary by the demand for more room. One entire floor of the four is devoted to the retail trade, and this has been fitted up in a most tasteful and generous manner for the entertainment of their customers-and-friends (note the hyphens). There is plenty of room to swing a rod, and so by practical test select just the one out of the bewildering variety on display. In their more convenient location and such added opportunities, the firm of Abbey & Imbrie will keep up their old fame and add to their present reputation.

THE TROUT OF BEAR RIVER.—Your Glens Falls correspondent, Mr. Cheney, questions you in regard to the trout of Bear River. My identification of specimens taken near the Salt Lake refers them to *Salmo virginalis* End., a variety of *S. clarkii* Rich., *S. purpuratus* of Günther and others. You will see by the publication sent you to-day that I do not feel quite justified in following those who consider the North American freckled trout of the same species as the Kamtchatkan, *S. purpuratus* of Pallas.—S. W. GARMAN.

AT THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT, held at New Orleans, La., Feb. 16, the first prize and diamond badge in the international individual championship match, open to the world, was won with a Parker gun. The first prize for the best individual score in both the international three-men team match and the interstate five-men team match was won with a Parker gun. In the inter-state team match four of the five members of the winning team shot Parker guns. The two first prizes and one second prize in the Von Lengerke sweep, 2½ yds., use of both barrels, break with second barrel to count, were won with Parker guns. The winner breaking seven straight with first barrel and second man six with first barrel and one with second barrel, scoring 6½ out of possible 7. The first prize in the Merino Elastic Felt Gun Wad match was won with a Parker gun. With less representatives, more prizes were won with Parker guns than with those of any other makers.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

REPORT OF THE NEBRASKA COMMISSION.

THE report of the Fish Commissioners of Nebraska for 1884 is before us. The board feels highly gratified with the results of the year's business. A marked and increasing interest is manifested by the people of the State over any former year since the Commission was organized in 1879. Between one and two million of pike-perch have been hatched and planted. The eggs were obtained from Saginaw Bay, Mich. Eastern brook trout eggs were obtained from the U. S. F. C. and by purchase from private parties, as well as a few obtained from the adult fish in the State ponds, to the extent of about 150,000, and were hatched and distributed. Carp were also obtained from Washington. The superintendent, Mr. Martin E. O'Brien, makes a report of his operations, in which he recommends a more extended cultivation of pike-perch as one of the most profitable of food fishes. Letters are added showing success with German carp.

REPORT OF THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the nineteenth report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut to the January session of the General Assembly, 1885. The subject of the pollution of streams receives attention. The mill owners ask what they can do with their refuse if they do not empty them into the streams, and the Commissioners reply that "facts show that in many cases their deleterious materials may be saved and utilized by the farmer or the manufacturer," and a case is cited where the proprietor of a woolen mill in Scotland utilized all the waste liquor from his works, which was converted into various articles of commercial value.

The work of the Commission during the past year has been confined to the hatching of shad and the distribution of trout. Of shad there was hatched and turned into the Farmington River 686,000, and in the Housatonic 3,420,000. Brook trout to the number of 600,000 were divided among one hundred and fifty applicants, giving 4,000 to each.

In the matter of a fishway on the Housatonic River at the Birmingham dam, the report says that while the dam was in process of erection, Mr. Foster, then the best authority on fishways, planned one, which was erected but was not successful and was modified, and afterward swept away by a flood. Afterward Mr. H. H. Buck, of Maine, prepared a plan, but did not feel confident that shad would pass through it. In the meantime Col. McDonald had invented a fishway on a new plan, which he claimed would be successful for shad as well as other fish. Last May one of the Commissioners met Col. McDonald, who advised waiting until the completion of the new fishway of his designing for the Great Falls of the Potomac, and the result known whether shad will pass over it or not. This seems to the Board to be a wise course.

Tables of the catch of salt-water fish are given, and an appendix giving the fish laws of the State passed last year.

CARELESSNESS.—The Lancaster, Wis., Fish and Game Association, recently obtained 40,000 brook trout fry from the State hatchery to stock the streams of Grant county. They report that the fish were frozen on arrival. Whether they were in charge of a messenger or not is not stated.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2113.**

THE DEBARMENT OF WM. H. PIERCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in your issue of Feb. 20, a copy of a resolution passed by the members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, disqualifying me from exhibiting at any show held under the auspices of their club till Jan. 1, 1887. This action is stated to be owing to my entry of Mr. Jas. T. Walker's Reeta as one of the Glencho Kennel at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show held last September.

Rule 2 of the premium list of said show reads as follows: "Every person who enters a dog for exhibition must be the *bona fide* owner [or the duly authorized agent of the owner] at the time of closing the entries."

Reeta being purchased for, and an inmate and a member of the Glencho Kennel, I, acting as Mr. Walker's duly authorized agent, entered her as one of the Glencho Kennel at said show, and her entry in their catalogue reads as follows: "No. 320, Wm. H. Pierce, Glencho Kennel, Peekskill, N. Y. Reeta, dark red, 4 years (Elcho—Fire Fly)."

A special being offered for best kennel of Irish setters, I asked Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent and Manager, if I could show Reeta with the others as the Glencho Kennel for special. He immediately looked over the Glencho Kennel entries, and in reply said, "Certainly."

Now as I competed for special on the strength of Rule 2 and Superintendent Lincoln's approval, I demand that the club shall reconsider their action. WM. H. PIERCE.

PEEKSKILL, March 7.

[We publish that portion of Mr. Pierce's letter which has to do with the facts of this case. A much larger portion, alluding to the supposed motive for the club's action, we omit, as being at the present time irrelevant.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the matter of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, Mr. Pierce and Reeta, I desire simply at this time to say that Reeta, at the time of the P. K. C. show, was an inmate of the Glencho Kennels, and Mr. Pierce her owner's duly authorized agent; that not the slightest concealment of her ownership was practiced, and that she was not entered for the kennel special until Mr. Lincoln had ruled it proper she should be. I shall have more to say next week, with your permission, when I hope to make it appear that in this matter the Philadelphia Kennel Club are liable to discipline by A. K. C.

JAMES T. WALKER.

TROY, N. Y., March 9.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE entries for the New Haven Dog Show, to be held next week, amount to 485, just 100 more than last year. The mastiff, pointer, setter and spaniel classes are very well represented. Many noted dogs will be present, and the quality in all classes as well as the number, will be a great improvement upon last year. Mr. Porter wishes us to request all exhibitors to have their dogs at the Armory on Tuesday evening, if possible, in order to facilitate the benching. The secretary announces that all dogs sent by express must be fully prepaid or they will not be received.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

AT a meeting of the New England Kennel Club, on Tuesday evening, it was decided that Rule 8 in their premium list be changed to conform exactly with that of the New Haven Kennel Club, which is as follows:

"8. A dog to compete in the champion class must have won three first prizes in classes at bench shows given under the auspices of clubs, members of this Association. And a dog having won three first prizes at above shows cannot compete in an open class when there is a champion class for its kind, but must compete in such champion class. (Every winning, either in champion or open class, will be recognized as one win)."

The sensible action of the New England Club in this matter, we believe, will be very favorably received by exhibitors.

W. WADE'S AMENDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two years since Mr. C. H. Mason handed me a piece of paper to give to Mr. Mortimer, in the judging ring at Pittsburgh, just as Creole and Nevison were to be judged for the $50 special.

At the time, and frequently since then, I have charged that this was a request to Mr. Mortimer to divide the prize.

I have recently learned, on the most unquestionable authority, that the contents of this note were Mr. Mason's notes on the black and tan terrier class.

I have, therefore, been guilty of a great wrong toward Mr. Mason and hasten to repair it, as far as I can, and ask Mr. Mason's pardon for the great injustice I have done him.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., March 9, 1885.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, last Tuesday evening. Pierre Lorillard and Henry B. Livingston, New York, were elected members. The committee on revision of the running rules made a partial report, which was adopted. Rule 24 was changed and the maximum points of merit were changed to read: Pointing, including nose, 25, staunchness 10, and style in pointing 5, total 40. Pace 8, range 12, quartering 5, and style 5; total 30. Obedience 10, retrieving 10, and backing 10, making a total of 100. Other changes were discussed which the committe will act upon and report at the next meeting. Among the proposed changes is that of the rule governing a bye, and it will probably be changed to conform with that of the National. It was voted that dogs to be eligible for the Derby of 1886 must be whelped on or after May 1, 1885.

THE SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the articles in your paper in regard to the size of beagles with considerable interest. Inasmuch as game birds are fast disappearing from covers that used to contain them, I have been compelled with others to fall back upon rabbit chasing for outdoor sport. I have used hounds of the beagle variety for a number of years, and have found those about fourteen or fifteen inches in height, weighing about thirty pounds, the best. The small dogs are of little value for reasons already stated in your valuable paper.

Too many of these dogs are timid and gunshy. They lack courage and intelligence.

A very queer mixture of hound, perhaps, to a breeder, was a strain of a cross between a beagle and a dachshund. And yet they were the best dogs I ever saw, and had all the good hunting qualifications any one could ask.

Three or four of these dogs ran together for a number of years, and the music of that pack and their sure, steady and good work, gave one who appreciates such things an untold amount of pleasure. They were tri-colored, mostly white, with tan and some with black and tan spots on.

Attention to the breeding of these dogs would give, it seems to me, a more even size and hunting qualities. And as they will be used more and more in the future, care ought to be taken toward securing perfection all around.

GEORGE R. PECK.

AUBURN, N. Y.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXVI.

I HEAR that the Hanley Dog Show, in point of numbers, is not likely to be the success that the committee had a right to expect for their generous schedule of prizes. I hope my information may not be confirmed, as I can see from the printing and advertising, the show is likely to have a large account to meet for expenses.

The Warwick authorities have just issued their schedule, and it bears the impression of success on every page. This show is now a good third to the Kennel Club and Birmingham in the race for position. I shall not be surprised to see Warwick close with a thousand entries.

Among the judges I am astonished to see the name of Mr. F. Gresham—not for St. Bernards, about which everybody admits he knows more than others require to, but for Scotch terriers, Airedales, Bedlingtons, Skyes, Dalmatians and Blenheim spaniels! "How did he do it?" is the inquiry on all sides. The exhibitors of these varieties, whose indignation has been aroused by the news, have a right to inquire how he contrived to secure the appointment, by what back-staire, kitchen influence he has managed to saddle a respectable committee with his compromising services? Was it for this he cajoled the proprietors of the *Live Stock Journal* into giving free subscriptions as prizes, an ignoble generosity, forsooth! This is a trumpery form of bribery unworthy of Mr. Gresham's abilities. With regard to his knowledge of the breeds he, for the sake of advertisement, has undertaken to judge, it is positively *nil*. The only connection that I can imagine between these varieties and Mr. Gresham, would take the form of those illicit and irregular favors that not infrequently pass betwixt some exhibitors and some reporters. There is already a protest against the appointment in the *Shooting Times* from an Airedale and Bedlington man, who accuses Mr. Gresham of making a "fiasco at Paisley." I would forward what I have said on this subject to the *Shooting Times* direct, but I hesitate to burden the editor with the batch of impertinent inquiries that would follow the publica-

tion of anything from my pen. I fear I already owe another London editor apologies on this head.

Among the list of donors to the Warwick prize fund, I notice Mr. W. K. Taunton's name. He is the gentleman who some two years ago misguided the fortunes of a mongrel body yclept the British Kennel Association. In fact he also founded this curiously compounded society, the object of which was to hold a show or two in the year, hire a keeper for the members' use and support the Kennel Club. It is strange but true that several conspicuous men of doggy society were wheedled into the fold. They hired a room in the Strand (London) where they held meetings and gave birth to the ill-fated Aston show. It was drowned with too much water. There were the society's own water trials, then the water trials of the elements and lastly the cold water trials thrown on the undertaking by the public. Afterward the funds got into low water and the members swam away leaving the poor secretary to mournfully sing:

"The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!"

I have by me a catalogue of the show and I can ungrudgingly credit the society with much inventive and ingenious ability. The challenge classes they instituted have undoubtedly supplied the Kennel Club with their latest idea. The intelligent energy exhibited by Mr. Taunton made him at one time a warm favorite for the Kennel Club secretaryship, though it may be said that we have seen since he would not have cared for the position, it also brought him under Mr. Morrell's (bloodhounds) notice when he was chairman of the Association, and thus led to a closer association, for I hear that Mr. Taunton has become a partner in Morrell's government black ink firm. I congratulate Mr. Taunton upon attaining a position fully merited by his spirited business capabilities.

Mr. Taunton has taken the lead, ably assisted by his trusty lieutenant, Mr. Emil Portier, of the movement for re-establishing in public estimation brindle-colored mastiffs. I neither think, nor hope, they will succeed. I have only seen one mastiff of that color that I should be proud to sell, and that was Wolsey in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." I am inclined to consider that the finest picture in the work.

All the champion prizes at Warwick will be gold medals; the entrance fee in these classes is a stiff one—twenty shillings for each dog.

Mr. Langdale, who was a spaniel breeder of reputo when many of us were in our green-as-grass days, buying St. Bernard pups ("that will make champions") of Mr. Gresham, is now interesting himself in the resuscitation of the Spaniel Club. "The witty captain," as a dunderheaded Scotchman was lately inspired to call him, has got his shoulder to the wheel, and I hope he will drive the car right over the Toy Spaniel Club project. What do they want of clubs, are they not satisfied? They are combed by fair women to sleep in their laps—what more do you want?

I see that the Capting is among the puzzlists, and has not forgotten the surroundings of his youth. Among the "quaint sayings of parish clerks" sent up to the society paper *Truth* this week (Feb. 19), is this one: "You should come to our church, man, when me and the parson does the cursing of a Hash Wednesday. Lor, 'ow we does give it 'em.—Langdale."

Our sporting press has been indulging in sickening pæans over a sensational run of the Bicester foxhounds. The run was one of the longest on record and terminated by the fox expiring in front of the pack. Two horses dropped dead from exhaustion, one of them, I am sorry to relate, ridden by a lady. This act, so far from exciting disgust for its brutality, has even been celebrated by the artist's pencil in our *Graphic*. The whole business is foreign to my instincts as a sportsman. The death of these two noble, high-couraged brutes fills my mind with the greatest abhorrence of their riders' merciless bid for newspaper fame, and strengthens the foundation of my contempt for that rotten society which is supposed to exist for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We have had an unusual number of disputes over best dogs lately. In one case a dog followed a man to his house. The dog was taken in and hospitably treated, and the finder even advertised for the owner, who promptly turned up, removed his property and refused compensation to even defray disbursements. The finder brought an action against him for twenty-five shillings. He was nonsuited, the judge telling him that the action he had taken was entirely a voluntary one. In another case a workingman applied to a magistrate to know if he could retain possession of a dog he had found and that he would like to keep. The magistrate replied that he could keep the dog until the owner found him out. I am under the impression that this magistrate's decision was faulty, and that the finder could never get into trouble by keeping the dog. I have inquired into the law on this subject and gather the instructions to the police are that they shall arrest all stray and ownerless dogs and conduct them to the police station. This is obviously a regulation framed rather for the protection of the public than in the interests of the dog-owner. The dogs so procured are daily collected from the stations and conveyed to the Home for Lost Dogs. They are kept there for three days, during which period they can be claimed and removed by their rightful owners. At the expiration of that time they become, according to their rules, the Home's property, to do with as they think fit, which means that if they are worthless curs they are destroyed, but if they have a marketable value they are kept on the chance of finding a purchaser. The proceeds of such sales are devoted to the funds of the Home, which is otherwise well supported by voluntary subscriptions. I am not accurately informed upon the Home's legal status in this particular, nor do I know how they would act supposing an owner saw his dog in their kennels and claimed it after the three days. I am quite certain that were it my dog I should claim it and sue the Home for its retention should they refuse to give it up, offering of course, and fully expecting, to pay all expenses of keep, etc. It seems to me that it would be too hard upon a man to expect him to purchase his own property. The Home could put itself right upon this point by advertising their finds, and if this failed to discover the owners, the latter would, as in other similar legal cases, forfeit their claims. The institution of the Home has been a great boon to Londoners, for it has served to clear the streets of the wandering wretches that, diseased from filth and savage from hunger, had become a danger to respectable dogs and the public itself.

Though I cannot help feeling that Mr. Sheffield has been snobbishly treated by the Bristol committee over his objection to the pug with the ornamental collar, yet I am heartily glad that the "Cox on collars" question has terminated in favor of the part proprietor of the *Field* and Kennel Club committeeman. As the Bristol schedule distinctly insisted upon "plain collars," Mr. Sheffield's objection was a valid one, but this is a case where the end justifies the means, and the little act of injustice on the part of the Bristol people, performed to please Mr. Cox, will be overlooked for its good effect, if the result of it is to expunge forever a meaningless and insulting regulation. The Kennel Club having itself long ago relinquished the thought that a judge could be influenced in his decisions by recognizing a dog's collar should have at the same time insisted that their altered regulation be adopted by all shows that use their rules. Even at Hanley I read that "All dogs must be forwarded with a suitable strong chain and plain collar." The new and sensible wording of the regulation omits the description "plain."

The Bulldog Club is going to hold a show early in the year, and the London Aquarium is mentioned as the locale. Will the very particular manager of this establishment prudishly restrict the entries to the male sex? It is unofficially mentioned that "Mr. Benjamin is likely to be the judge." If another roubriquet is required for this pushing young fancier, I would suggest "The Compleat Angler," though seriously I do not think the club's choice could fall upon a more efficient and upright judge.

The queen of watering places is bustling itself about holding a dog show. They have already taken the first step by making "circular" application to the Specialist Clubs' honorary secretaries for extra prizes, which they are unlikely to get until they inform exhibitors upon the classes they intend to give. The last Brighton show was a financial failure. They held it some way out of the town in an open field called Preston Park. It was too far to walk, and the public's interest in dogs did not run to cabs. It was a Kennel Club show, and they lost a couple of hundred pounds over it. The townspeople who are organizing the present meeting will do well to profit by the experience and find a suitable spot within reach of the railway station and "Mutton's."

I hear that they are likely to get the Corn Exchange, than which no place could be more suitable. The Exchange contains accommodation for at least a thousand dogs. As the business men are certain to require it on a Thursday, the show will have to open on Saturday and close Wednesday night. The intervening Sunday would be objectionable but unavoidable. Those who know Brighton on a Saturday can appreciate the gain to the receipts that will accrue through opening on the half holiday. If the committee are smart and lucky they will hire the Pavilion grounds and have a band to play in the evening. The Exchange has an entrance into the gardens. That would tempt the London fanciers.

The "Dead-Alive Journal," otherwise known as the *Live Stock*, publishes another dog picture this week. The subject is the black and tan collie Rutland. The artist's name is withheld, out of consideration for his friends and relations, I presume. Without any fear of recognition by the public, I should be quite willing to trust him (to copy for publication) with a portrait of LILLIBULERO.

FEB. 22, 1885.

MOUSSE.—Montreal, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This story is true. It is vouched for by reliable persons who have knowledge of the circumstances related. We have lots of just such people up here: "Mousse was a big, hulking, yellow dog, one of those indescribable mongrels that are called hounds, look like wolves, and appear to make up the larger part of an Indian village. Poor Mousse. He was never given a good meal from one end of the year to the other; kicks and blows and no end of rushing after cattle and barking at sheep was his portion, but withal he kept up a good heart, did Mousse. He curled his tail in spite of the kicks, cocked his ears in spite of the blows, wailed out at the moon and played with the three small children of his master without letting the young villains know that he had fangs—not even when they tried to scoop his eyes out. Mousse and the people that owned and abused him lived on Ile Perrot, and quite close to the little old stone cottage, runs fiercely a rapid, as ugly and nasty a bit of broken water as can well be found. One day last fall the mistress of the house sent her children, the youngest a baby of a year, out into the sunshine, attended only by old yellow Mousse. Down to the river strayed the older children, taking the baby with them, and as the others played aimlessly around, the little one toddled into the waters of the rapid. A little mite of humanity adrift there amid foaming waves and cruel jutting rock edges as sharp as knives, and the man who would, even to rescue a precious life, throw himself among them, would be bold, aye and foolhardy. But Mousse is not a man. He is only a dog. With one wild spring he follows the baby into the foam. The water lashes him and throws him on the rocks, it leaps on him like a tiger, but with his yellow eyes all shining, Mousse arches himself to meet the shock, and springs for life. The current is swift, but the dog is swifter, and safely dog and child reach the solid ground at last. But who shall tell of the struggle? When a man risks his life for another's on the battle field they give him the cross of his sovereign. What will Mousse get for saving a life in a rapid? No dinner. Everybody is too busy taking care of the baby to think of that. The next morning Mousse is hungry, and he wants a little fun too, so he chases down a hen and kills it before the very eyes of his mistress, the mother of the child he saved, the owner of that hen. She, outraged at such a sacrifice to whet the hungry appetite of her infant's rescuer, catches up an axe, runs out and calls to her the child-saver, the hero-dog, and splits his head open."

WORMS IN THE CAVITY OF A DOG'S HEART.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My dog was taken sick. I noticed at first that his urine was black and bloody; in two days he had a short breath and would take no food. The third day, when I gave him barley water, he coughed twice very hard, and was dead in no time. Upon dissection everything inside looked healthy and in good condition, but in his heart I found a bunch of long worms about the size of a goose egg, and in one of the lobes another smaller bunch. There was very little blood in the heart and that very much discolored. How did the worms come there, and could he have been cured?—G. A. W. (Pattersonville, La.). [Our correspondent's statement seems definite, and this is not the first time that we have heard of what appeared to be bunches of white worms in the cavities of a dog's heart. We know of no authentic instance of worms in the heart cavities of a dog. We are forced to conclude that what seemed to be worms was either post mortem fibrinous clots, or what is more likely, the muscular fibres of the auricles or ventricles called *musculi pectinati*, which in the auricles exactly resemble a bunch of worms. Can any of our correspondents, medical or lay, throw any light on the subject? If any of our readers who notice anything like this would put some of the worms in a small bottle of alcohol and forward it to us, the matter could be determined at once.]

THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND.—South Norwalk, Conn., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you be kind enough to agitate the quesiton of having our native foxhounds recognized as a class at the bench shows. I think from what I hear among owners of hounds that they would be glad to exhibit them if there was a possibility of getting a fair chance. As it is now, if they enter their hounds they will go into the class with English hounds and be judged by the English standard, which is far from all good points in our natives. I am sure there are a great many native hounds in the Eastern States that are considered first-class in the chase, and I, for one, would like to see them brought out in full force at the bench show, where we could compare notes and do something toward improving them more. Give our natives a chance in the shows and we will guarantee them in the chase, hence they will become the more sought after and will be still more improved in their qualities by careful breeding, and ere long will take the lead of all others in our rough, rugged New England States. Come, boys, lend your hands to the cause and let us boom it up until we have our dogs recognized. Will the Westminster Kennel Club start the ball by giving us a separate class? They take the lead of all others in everything—good shows, good judges, good dogs, etc.—NATIVE.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the New England Kennel Club held March 7, the following members were elected to serve one year: Arthur W. Pope, President; T. C. Faxon, Vice-President; Lowell T. Field, Treasurer; J. A. Nickerson, Secretary. Executive Committee: Arthur W. Pope, T. C. Faxon, Lowell T. Field, Jean Grosvenor, J. A. Nickerson. Finance Committee: J. Frank Perry, Chas. H. Baker, Arthur W. Pope. Standing committee on membership, John E. Thayer, F. H. Cunningham, F. M. Curtis.—J. A. NICKERSON, Sec'y.

"TRAINING vs. BREAKING."—Canal Fulton, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have thought for some time it was my duty to write you and thank you for your great favor conferred on sportsmen by publishing "Training vs. Breaking." I have for a number of years been an enthusiastic wing-shooter and have had to train my own dogs, and as soon as Mr. Hammond's work was published I procured a copy and bought a pointer bitch, Queen Bow (King Bow ex Bow Queen), from the Detroit Kennel Club, and I have trained her by Mr. Hammond's method and it has worked to my entire satisfaction. I have heretofore used the instructions of Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson to break my dogs, but I never had as well-trained dogs as I now have by Mr. Hammond's method, nor dogs that were half so affectionate. I made one mistake in training Queen Bow that I found out when I commenced to hunt quail with her last fall. I used to make her point her food or bits of food. She wood point nicely, but I found when she came to point birds I had not held her long enough on the point on her food, for she would hold her birds about as long as she was used to point, and then she would break her point. I have now trained her longer on her point and she is all right. I give this to show that your principle is all right, but that mistakes may be made. One-half the pleasure of a true sportsman is in the working and training of his dogs. The sportsman who will buy "Training vs. Breaking" and train a puppy by Mr. Hammond's method, will find greater pleasure hunting with that dog than if he uses an equally well-broken dog of some other man's breaking.—GEO. HOOVER.

CLUBS AND SHOWS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Luke W. White writes in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week as follows: "And to show Mr. Mason that even he is not free from inconsistency, I will here relate some facts. The first time that I ever saw the now most familiar signature of C. H. Mason, was under a criticism of 'Dogs at the New York Show,' in FOREST AND STREAM about four years ago. Talking of the pointers there, he said: 'A weedier, seedier lot it was never my misfortune to behold;' and Gregory's Belle, unplaced (I bred her), was one of that same lot. Since this opinion of Mr. Mason's was published, he gave that same Belle first prize, I believe it was at Washington." Mr. White also informs your readers that he hates "abuse." Does he also hate the truth? If he is not a hater of that virtue why don't he give the date of the paper in which the alleged critique appeared? I am a constant and careful reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, but fail to discover that Mr. Mason ever stated what Mr. White attributes to him, and as Mr. W. likes to have things "above board," perhaps he won't mind giving the date when the critique appeared, also the date of the Washington show. It really appears to me that Mr. White in attempting to make black look white, has succeeded in making white look black. I don't propose to fight Mr. Mason's battles, but I hate—WHITEWASH.

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—There is every probability that the Philadelphia Kennel Club will give a bench show of dogs during the month of May, and strong efforts are being made to pefrect the plans. It was first intended to hold an exhibition in conjunction with the Philadelphia State Agricultural Society, in September or October next, but this is met with considerable disfavor among the members. The Philadelphia *Morning Record* of March 7 makes an announcement as above, and the matter is therefore a secret no longer. Although perhaps premature in its announcement that the Philadelphia Kennel Club will hold a show this spring, it is almost settled that such an exhibition will be given, and a meeting called for March 10 will conclude the preliminaries. At a meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club held March 3, at the rooms of the association, the following officers were elected. Vice-President, Col. Ridgway; Secretary, Mr. E. Comfort; Treasurer, Mr. L. Shuster, Jr.—HOMO.

A BIG ONE.—Buffalo, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of an item on large dogs which appeared in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 26, I inclose the following clipping from the Rochester *Union*, Feb. 18: "Hon. Charles W. Voshall of this city, brought to the *Union* sanctum to-day the largest English mastiff in the world. The canine is the property of Mr. G. L. Thomas of Albany. He answers to the name of Senator, is thirteen months old, and weighs 160 pounds. Senator is out of the celebrated English bitch Nina by Dido, the great English dog whose dam was Buff. Both father and mother have taken the first prizes at the bench shows in New York for the last three years. His height is 35¼ inches over the withers, extreme length, tip of nose to end of tail, 7 feet 8 inches. He is valued at $1,500."—CRICKET. [If Senator's measurements are no more accurate than the names and winnings of his ancestors, he will hardly be able to sustain his claim as the "largest mastiff in the world."]

THE CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the Cincinnati dog show to be held May 5, 6, 7 and 8. The prize in each champion class is $10 with $10 and $5 in the open classes and a ribbon in the puppy classes. The show will be held under the rules of the American Kennel Club with the exception that to Rule 8, which requires three first prizes to enter the champion class, the following note is added: "Note.—Rule 8 applies to American Kennel Club shows, beginning at the New Brunswick show of 1885. Dogs that have won a first prize prior to that date in open classes at the bench shows of any organization now a member of the American Kennel Club, should be entered in the champion class also." Entries close April 24, Washington A. Coster, Superintendent, Box 48, Cincinnati, O.

THE PORCUPINE has been credited in popular belief with the uncanny power of darting his quills and piercing his enemies at a distance; and there is one particular "Porcupine" (he of the Philadelphia *Sporting Life*), who actually does possess this quill-darting gift. His point-blank range from Philadelphia is long, 87 deg. 37 min. 30 sec. W., lat. 41 deg. 53 min. 3 sec. N. There is no dodging the quills, and the hapless victims are having a truly agonizing time of it.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club have received a cablegram from Mr. Hugh Dalziel accepting the position of judge at their show next month.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. F., Haverhill, Mass.—A Newfoundland dog has partially lost the use of his legs. He reels as one intoxicated when he starts to walk. He eats all right but drinks more than usual. Ans. Look to the bowels and general condition of your dog. How old is he? Give him ten drops of the tinct. nux vomica night and morning in sweetened water. You do not give enough particulars.

H. A. B., Charleston, W. Va.—My cocker pup has had diarrhœa for nine months. I have tried Grover's diarrhœa cure and it does him no good. I finally gave him two doses of worm medicine and he passed six tape worms from four to six feet in length. Ans. Tape worms are not uncommon in dogs. The treatment is to limit the diet for some days and to give some worm medicine, such as oil of worm seed, santonine or male fern, and then to physic. For simple diarrhœa a castor oil laxative followed by bismuth and opium powders is sufficient.

V. E. S., Colorado.—A pointer pup 10 months old is troubled with canker of the ear. I have had it cut from one ear, but evidently did not cut deep enough, and now the other ear is affected. I dislike to cut his ears again. Ans. You may use the bromo chloralium and laudanum, so often recommended by us, or Goulard's extract of lead,

or the glycerite of tannin of the strength of fifteen grains to the ounce. A little powdered opium, one grain to the ounce, may be added to the latter. Always wash the ears carefully with warm water and castile soap before making the application.

P. P., Burlington, Vt.—1. A young pointer dog is troubled with sore eyes. Every morning the ball of the eye is completely covered with a thick gravish discharge, and when removed a film sometimes gathers over the eye so as to obstruct the light. When the eyes are turned to the light it can be seen that the whites are swollen and entirely of a reddish or pinkish hue. The first trouble came from a hard cold which seemed to settle in the eyes. I have used a wash of warm water and vinegar, and lately have dropped a solution of sulphate of zinc two or three times a day. The solution immediately clears away the discharge, but it returns in the night. What shall I use? 2. A cocker pup, about eight months old, is troubled with a profuse yellowish scurf over the whole body, but chiefly on the head, if combed or brushed off it returns. The pup has been kept in a clean, cool place; his bedding, shavings, has been changed every week; he has never had any meat to speak of, but has been fed on oatmeal, Indian meal and milk. Does the scurf indicate any disease of the blood, and what should be used to remove it? Ans. 1. You had better supplement your local treatment of your pointer's eyes with measures toward the general condition. Do not feed too highly. Mush and milk with occasional bits of cooked meat stirred in is an excellent diet. Keep the bowels free. Satisfy yourself that your dog has not contracted the distemper. This disease is characterized by discharges from all the mucous membranes, eyes, nose, mouth. Also loss of flesh, appetite capricous, hot nose, and fever. It is contagious. Give him also ten drops of the tincture of the chloride of iron in sweetened water night and morning. You may try alum solution; ten grains to the ounce of water, for the eyes. 2. The cocker pup should get five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in food night and morning, increased after two weeks to eight drops.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Echo. By Seymour Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Sampson's Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly).

Mark Twain. By O. O. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1881, by Cash Boy (Cashier—Flake) out of Katydid II. (Dash III.—Katydid).

Seth A. By Geo. P. Allender, San Francisco, Cal., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Madam Llewellin (Rake—Roxy).

Frolic. By John Wiedemer, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Fairy King, Franklin, Frolic and Fern. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for orange belton and blue belton English setter dogs and blue belton and white and lemon bitches, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by champion Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake).

Farmer and Folly. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for orange belton English setter dog and blue belton bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Nettie B. (Mark—Rose).

Blackstone. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 5, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Grace B. (London—Dawn)

Chloe. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 12, 1884 (champion Foreman—Cliny Carter).

Paragon and Pansy. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for white English setter dog and orange and white bitch, whelped Feb. 2, 1885, by champion Plantagenet out of Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake).

Belva. By F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1884, by champion Foreman out of Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake).

PRIOR CLAIM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 5 I see that Mr. C. P. Emory, of Loveland, O., has claimed the name of Alpina for his St. Bernard bitch. That name belongs to me, as I claimed it in your paper a year ago, and Alpina is registered in A. K. R. of March, 1883, No. 928. She is now the property of Dr. J. H. Hinton, of New York city.—ESSEX KENNELS (Andover, Mass., March 9).

Jem Wind'em. By O. D. Thees, New York, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1884, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Lady May (A.K.R. 1371).

East Lake Pug Kennels. By Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., for his kennel of pugs.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nellie C.—Mentor II. Garret Roach's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Nellie C. (A.K.R. 415) to Mill Brook Kennels' Mentor II. (Mentor—The Nun), Feb. 24.

Wanda—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (New York) St. Bernard bitch Wanda (A.K.R. 194) to their Verone (A.K.R. 418), Feb. 16.

Shelloch—Dunrobin. Geo. Shepard Page's (New York) imported deerhound bitch Shelloch (Ossian—Brenda) to his imported Dunrobin (A.K.R. 1236), March 7.

Biddy Berkley—Paddy. W. R. Faribault's (St. Louis, Mo.) red Irish setter bitch Biddy Berkley (Berkley—Biddy) to Dr. Bruce Carson's Paddy (Thorstein—Lou II.), March 3.

Nell Ranger—Monarch. W. R. Faribault's (St. Louis, Mo.) pointer bitch Nell Ranger (Ranger Croxteth—Fanny Faust) to J. B. C. Lucas's Monarch (Bow—Keswick), Feb. 15.

Lola—Count Fritz. H. C. Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Lola (Rake—Fanny) to his Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny), March 4.

Peg—American Dan. Thos. F. Russell's (Calvert, Tex.) English setter bitch Peg (A.K.R. 2062) to American Dan (Lincoln—Daisy Dean), Feb. 14.

Grace B.—Foreman. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Grace B. (London—Dawn) to their champion Foreman, Nov. 3, 1884.

Jessie—Plantagenet. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake) to their champion Plantagenet, Nov. 29, 1884.

Nellie II.—Foreman. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosalind) to their champion Foreman, Jan. 24.

Forest Dora—Foreman. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Forest Dora (Dick Laverack—Forest Fly) to their champion Foreman, Feb. 21.

Jennie III.—Plantagenet. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Jennie III. (Foreman—Jennie) to their champion Plantagenet, Feb 21.

Kaydid—Plantagenet. Dr. J. W. Hayward's (Taunton, Mass.) English setter bitch Katydid (Guy Mannering—Whirlwind) to champion Plantagenet, Jan. 4.

Pet Berwyn—Foreman. W. B. Peck's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Druid) to champion Foreman, Jan. 19.

Dorcas—Arlington. W. B. Peck's (Central Falls, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II.) to Blackstone Kennels' Arlington (Dan—Ruby), Jan. 11.

Daphne—Arlington. John D. Ide's (Pawtucket, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 835) to Blackstone Kennels' Arlington (Dan—Ruby), Jan. 16.

Syren II.—Arlington. T. McAlpine's (North Attleboro, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Syren II. (Elcho III.—Meg) to Blackstone Kennels' Arlington (Dan—Ruby), Feb. 11.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Honor Bright. H. W. Clark's (Providence, R. I.) greyhound bitch Honor Bright (A.K.R. 902), Feb. 13, seven, by champion Friday Night (A.K.R. 2012); all black.

Myrtle. John A. Doolittle's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Myrtle (Col. Stubbs—Gypsie), March 2, seven (four dogs), by Bragg (Wildair—Little Buttercup); five since dead.

Gypsy Queen. Chas. F. Kent's (Monticello, N. Y.) beagle bitch Gypsy Queen (Briar—Bush), Feb. 20, six (three dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A.K.R. 1703).

Grace B. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Grace B. (London—Dawn), Jan. 5, three (two dogs), by their champion Foreman.

Jessie. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake), Feb. 2, seven (five dogs), by their champion Plantagenet.

Beauty. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1360), March 4, six (three dogs), by their Napoleon (A.K.R. 2037).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Robin Adair (A.K.R. 2030)—Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698) whelps. Lemon and white pointers, whelped Nov. 15, 1884, by Clifton Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., a dog to J. A. Dyson, Washington, Ga., and a bitch to E. H. Snip, Troy, N. Y.

Honor Bright, Black greyhound bitch (A.K.R. 902) by H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to R. W. Clark, Providence, R. I.

Tom. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1058), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to H. A. Burton, Charlestown, W. Va.

Echo. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1884 (Glencho—Nora), by A. A. Sampson, Troy, N. Y., to Seymour Van Santvoord, same place.

Gus (A.K.R. 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 19, 1884, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., to J. W. Hamer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rex G. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 1971), by W. A. Gordon, Grand Forks, Dak., to Messrs. Quackenbush & Baldwin, Arvilla, Dak.

Vera G. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1973), by W. A. Gordon, Grand Forks, Dak., to Messrs. Quackenbush & Baldwin, Arvilla, Dak.

Bruce, Liver and white English setter dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1884 (Dash III.—Katydid), by E. H. Fisher, New Bedford, Mass., to Geo. Jarvis, New York.

Peck's Bad Girl. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 6, 1884 (Mack B.—Chica), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to Everett F. Boyd, North Attleboro, Mass.

Blue Bird. English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1884 (Mack B.—Maude), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to John Kerr, Salisbury, N. C.

Foreman—Nettie B. whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to C. F. Bole, Cleveland, O.

Cash Boy—Katydid II. whelp. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1884, by E. H. Fisher, Jr., New Bedford, Mass., to O. O. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y.

Fairy King. Orange belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 3, 1884 (Foreman—Jessie), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Belva. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1884 (Foreman—Jessie), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Foreman—Nettie B. whelps. Lemon and white English setter bitches, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., one to E. L. Sylvester, Old Town, Mass., and one to C. E. Mills, Salisbury, N. C.

Lill II. White, black and tan beagle bitch, 3yrs. old (Boxer II.—Lill), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Messrs. Shaner & Richardson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Black Crook. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Critic (A.K.R. 303), by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., to J. F. Knight, Worcester, Mass.

Carlo II. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 22, 1885 (Carlo, A.K.R. 89—Sheila, A.K.R. 796), by Alpine Kennels, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to John V. Hecker, Darien, Conn.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Critic (A.K.R. 303) whelps. Black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped Jan. 16, 1885, by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., one to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., and one to W. Johnson, Boston, Mass.

Regina. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 31, 1885 (Carlo, A.K.R. 89—Ursula, A.K.R. 26), by Alpine Kennels, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to John V. Hecker, Darien, Conn.

Clarence. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 22, 1885 (Carlo, A.K.R. 89—Sheila, A.K.R. 796), by Alpine Kennels, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Dr. Fred A. Lyons, New York.

Bianca. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 31, 1885 (Carlo, A.K.R. 89—Ursula, A.K.R. 26), by Alpine Kennels, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Dr. Fred A. Lyons, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Shelloch. Deerhound bitch, age not given (Ossian—Brenda), by the Duke of Sutherland, Dunrobin Castle, Scotland, to Geo. Shepard Page, New York.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Chetowaik. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 11, 1884, by Glencho out of Sampson's Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly), owned by Seymour Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 13.

Blue Dick—Blonde whelp. English setter dog, age not given, owned by Jas. K. Boyd, Hempstead, L. I., from distemper.

Britton—Bonnie whelp. English setter bitch, age not given, owned by Jas. K. Boyd, Hempstead, L. I., from distemper.

Countess. Imported beagle bitch (A.K.R. 1713), owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., from rupture.

Rory O'More. Red Irish terrier (A.K.R. 744), owned by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y.

Dianne. Basset hound bitch (A.K.R. 1988), owned by Maizeland Kennels, Red Hook, N. Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK, N. J.—The third tournament of the Newark Rifle Association commenced on the Essex Range, Monday, March 2, and closed Tuesday, March 5. The shooting was very fair, and some of the old-time scores were made. We give scores of ring target (possible 120) and Creedmoor target (possible 50):

Warren Club.	Ring.	Creedmoor	Essex Team, No. 1	Ring.	Creedmoor
Nunley	109	48	Suellen	115	50
Wolf	107	45	Cooper	115	50
Freche	104	45	Waits	113	48
Alexander	102	43	Coppersmith	112	48
Cheeseman	94—516	42—223	Lake	111—566	48—244
Essex Team, No. 2.			Essex Team, No. 3.		
Miesel	109	48	Felts	104	45
Hagel	108	48	Helms	102	44
Deathrick	106	45	Dutcher	100	44
Welter	105	44	Huegel	100	43
Hatfield	104—532	44—229	Winckhoffer	93—499	40—216
Freilinghuysen Club.			Domestic Club.		
Chase	112	49	Dainty	110	47
Walsh	111	48	Jeffreys	107	45
Weigman	110	48	Reynolds	103	45
Zimmer	109	46	Wadams	103	43
Lynn	104—546	45—236	Leitz	100—523	45—225

The Essex Club will shoot a match with the Sull's Head Club, of New York, on March 21, on the range of the latter club, Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—At Shell Mound Shooting Range this afternoon, Captain J. E. Klein, who brought over 15 men of companies C and G to practice for the regular company contest, which comes off next Sunday, chose a team of seven besides himself, and shot against an equal number similarly selected by J. Johnson, with the following result, the shooting being done at the 200-yd. range, military rifles:

Klein	4555455444—45	Johnson	4445551545—45
Diers	4454344444—40	Simpson	5544434404—37
Sherman	4444434343—37	Ruddock	4444444444—40
Lochbaum	5444445444—42	Knock	3334452043—30
Dupuy	4443434354—39	Morel	4333434334—34
Sloan	4244020233—24	Behre	0334342234—26
McDonough	3324234345—33	Smith	0020202300— 9
	260		234

Mr. Pierce of the Fifth Regiment made the following practice score:

200yds	5455444445—44 5455445544—45—89
500yds	5554455454—46 3455555455—46—92

Pierce and Kellogg will, on the 15th inst. shoot for rank in the Fifth Regiment team, the two holding at present, first and second places respectively.

Colonel Ranlett and Messrs. Diers, Maginnis and Johnston of the Pacific Club practiced at the 200yds. range with the following result:

Ranlett	34443455 5—42 Maginnis 4454454555—45
Diers	4544444444—41 Johnson 5544454555—46

At the 500yds. target only Diers and Johnson shot, their scores being:

Diers	4355455543—43 Johnson 5555555544—47

At the 200yds. range Sergeant Ed. Hovey obtained the following figures:

Hovey	44 47 44 45 43—223

REVOLVER SHOOTING.—Providence, R. I., Feb. 27.—I have noted with interest the discussion in your paper of revolver shooting, and fully appreciate the annoyance of "kicking" and "throwing up" incident to heavy charges. I use the extra short .32 rim-fire cartridge, which gives perfect satisfaction. It will not penetrate thirteen inches into a pile of pine boards, but this does not affect my peace of mind. It will go through a rabbit at thirty yards, and is powerful enough for anything ordinary. With this cartridge revolver shooting becomes a pleasant pastime without the bang and kick of the heavier charge. —PADDLE.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—The Lawrence Rifle Club has much excellent material, and it is likely to make a prominent name for itself. The following matches were opened March 7, to continue each week until closed by the directors. *Creedmoor Handicap Match.*—Open to all comers, 200yds. Position standing, rounds 10, any rifle within the rules. Prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's four best scores, to count as one continuous score. Military rifles allowed two points on each score to be shot without cleaning during each score. *Creedmoor Practice Match.*—Open to all. Will be continued throughout the season; distance, 200yds. Any number of continuous shots. *Military Match.*—Open to the members of the local militia only. Same conditions as the Creedmoor Handicap Match, except that five shots constitute a score, four best scores to win. Springfield military rifle only allowable. Three prizes are offered, as follows: First prize gold badge; second prize, silver badge; third prize, silver badge. Rules.—Creedmoor rules will govern, and the decision of the executive officer will be final. A challenged shot will cost 25 cents, if the competitor is sustained the money will be refunded.

IN THE target description, issue Feb. 26, the powder charge should have been stated as 165 grains.

BOSTON, March 7.—There was a first-rate attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill to-day, and the 2 o'clock wind was not very troublesome. The Creedmoor prize match closed, and H. Cushing, who has worked very hard, secured first prize. As usual there was a team shoot, and the winning team led by 29 points. The result of the day's work, including the team match, is appended, all at 200yds.:

Victory Match.

W Charles	10 10 6 9 9 10 6 9 8 9—86		
H Cushing	9 6 8 5 8 9 9 8 10 10—81		
A C Adams	6 9 10 10 8 5 6 9 6 10—79		
R Reed	3 9 8 6 8 8 9 8 10 8 9—78		
J N Frye	7 9 5 9 6 10 8 10 8 6—78		
B G Warren	2 10 9 9 6 8 10 10 6 7—77		
J B Low	9 7 7 9 5 9 10 7 7 6—76		
J B Fellows	6 8 6 8 9 5 10 9 6 8—75		
A L Brackett	9 8 9 2 6 7 10 5 5 6—68		

Creedmoor Match.

E F Richardson	5445455545—46	N F Tufts	5145554445—45
E B Smith	4455545545—46	J P Bates	4555454444—44

Practice Match.

J Halsey	4445554555—46	H A Lewis	4553553483—40
H A Newman	4445445555—45	H Williams	5443434434—39
F Stetson	5545534554—45		

Rest Match.

A J Kempton	9 8 9 10 10 10 9 10 10 8—94
S Wilder	9 9 10 10 9 9 10 9 6 8—89

Team Match—First Team.

R Reed	6	10	8	9	10	7	9	10	6	5—80
J B Fellows	5	10	9	6	8	8	7	10	6	9—78
C E Berry	9	4	6	5	10	8	7	5	9	8—71
G Warren	5	7	3	9	10	7	8	4	4	7—64
A L Brackett	3	9	6	5	9	5	8	3	6	9—60
J N Frye	4	0	5	0	9	6	6	8	7	5—50—403

Second Team.

W Charles	5	5	8	9	10	9	7	6	6	10—75
R Davis	4	5	9	9	9	9	8	5	5	4—67
E Brush	6	3	7	7	6	6	8	6	9	3—61
A Low	0	5	8	10	6	10	6	5	4	6—60
A L Burt	5	9	8	5	4	9	10	8	6	4—59
E F Richardson	0	5	6	7	6	4	4	7	8	4—52—374

Prize Winners in Creedmoor Match.

H Cushing	47	47	50	47—191+	8—199
F W Perkins	47	49	48	46—190+	7—196
W Charles	49	48	49	49	—195
E B Souther	46	46	46	47—185+	10—195
U F Tufts	43	44	45	44—176+	16—192
J Francis	48	47	48	48	—191
C B Edwards	47	46	48	47—189+	3—191
B G Warren	45	45	46	46—182+	6—188
D F Boyden	44	45	46	45—180+	8—188
R Reed	46	45	45	46—182+	5—187
O M Jewell	47	47	46	46	—186
J P Bates	45	44	44	44—177+	9—186
R Davis	45	45	45	45—180+	5—185

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—The following are the highest scores made by each man for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 28. The Massachusetts target was used, the distance being 200yds. off hand:

W H Gago	11	12	10	12	12	9	12	12	12	12—114	
A G Hull	11	9	10	12	11	12	11	10	12	12—110	
A F Mitchell	11	12	10	12	11	11	9	10	12	12—110	
I Davis	12	11	12	11	12	8	11	10	10	10—108	
A C Rich	11	9	12	12	10	9	12	9	10	12—106	
W H Gibbs	11	11	11	7	12	8	12	11	12	11—106	
S F Corey	12	10	12	8	9	9	12	11	10	12—105	
F A White	9	11	12	10	12	11	10	11	9	8—103	
L R Rich	12	8	9	10	9	11	12	9	11	12—103	
H Wellington	10	11	10	11	8	9	12	10	11	9—101	

WORCESTER, Mass., March 5.—There was an unusually large attendance at the meet to-day of the Worcester Rifle Association, at Pine Grove Range. The Massachusetts target was used with the following result:

A C White	11	9	11	11	11	11	12	11	11	11—109
M G Fuller	12	11	12	10	12	10	9	10	12	11—109
Thos Leighton	9	10	12	11	10	12	12	11	11	11—109
J A Morse, Jr.	9	12	10	12	9	12	10	8	11	11—104
L Rice	9	12	10	10	11	12	7	12	11	10—103
I C B Smith	11	10	11	12	10	9	2	10	11	10—102
S Barton	11	11	10	9	9	10	10	10	6	9— 99
C A Mills	8	9	10	10	9	10	7	10	12	9— 94

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The new office of the N. R. A. is Room 55, Temple Court, No. 5 Beekman street.

THE TRAP.

HOTEL TRAP-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While traveling last summer in the West, I found a summer resort hotel in Michigan which afforded its guests a new and seemingly popular amusement in the shape of trap-shooting at clay-pigeons. At the suggestion of some of the boarders, the hotel porter was induced to buy a trap and a few pigeons, and hire one gun, which he let the guests use at a certain price per shot. He soon found it so profitable that he bought several guns and more traps, finding it a paying investment during the whole season, shooters coming from all the neighboring hotels to participate. Is it not surprising that many of our summer resorts have not added glass-ball and clay-pigeon shooting to their old worn out list of amusements? The investment would not be large. Say two guns at $35 each, two traps at $7.50 each, clay-pigeons at from two to two and a half cents a piece. At a charge of five cents per shot or ten shots for forty cents, I have no doubt a paying business could be done, to say nothing of amusement, which would be very attractive. The increasing interest shown in trap-shooting and field sports among gentlemen of the present day would soon make popular any hotel offering such amusement. Many a weary day have I spent on the seashore where snipe were said to frequent, waiting for the wind to blow "sou'west." Something in the way of trap-shooting would have been a godsend. Let some of the humbugs advertising "good shooting and fishing" as an inducement for people to come to their places, provide clay-pigeon shooting for "off days," when the wind don't blow from the right quarter, and they will find their patrons much happier and their own pockets better filled by the experiment.

BEDFORD.
BROOKLYN.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following synopsis of the articles of incorporation of the above association, was published in *The Daily Commonwealth*, of Covington, Ky., March 2, and will explain itself:

"Jacob E. Bloom, Walter Irvine Jeeries and Henry Franklin have adopted, signed, acknowledged and filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Kenton county, Ky., at Covington, in accordance with the General Statutes of the State of Kentucky, articles of incorporation of the National Gun Association, and have associated themselves and become a body corporate under that name. The principal place of transacting the business of the corporation is Covington, Ky., and the general nature of the business to be transacted by the corporation is to organize shooting tournaments, to establish gun clubs throughout the United States, to promote shotgun wing shooting, to adopt rules for all classes of shooting at the trap, to secure and manage game preserves, to protect and preserve birds, game and fish, to collect and preserve specimens or natural history, to publish reports of all matters of interest in connection with the objects of this corporation, and to promote and foster an interest in all lawful sports subsidiary to the main objects and business of the corporations The corporation is to begin March 1, 1885, to continue for 25 year, thereafter, and it may be extended as provided by law. The amount of

its capital stock is $5,000, divided into shares of $5 each, five per cent. of which is to be paid in cash prior to the first election of Directors, and the remainder to be paid at such times and in such installments as may be called for by the board of directors. The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by a board of directors, composed of nine of its stockholders, who shall elect from their number a president, vice-president, general manager, secretary and treasurer, any one or more of which offices may be held by the same person, excepting the office of president and vice-president, and excepting also that neither the president nor vice-president shall be secretary. The first election of directors is to take place March 4, 1885, the next election upon the second Tuesday of January, 1886, and annually thereafter upon the second Tuesday of January of each and every year during the existence of the corporation. Vacancies in the board of directors may be filled by the remaining directors until the next regular election. Directors shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified. The treasurer shall give bond in the sum of $5,000, and the directors may appoint other agents, not stockholders, and may require bonds of its officers and agents. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation is at any time to subject itself is not to exceed two-thirds of its capital stock, and the private property of the stockholders is to be exempt from the corporate debts." J. E. BLOOM, Gen. Man. Nat. Gun Ass'n.

RIFLE WING-SHOOTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26 appears a communication from Meadville, Pa., which says, referring to Mr. Otto C. Wilkins's rifle shooting at glass balls thrown in air: 'At Franklin, Pa., May 4, 1880, Wilkins beat the best score on record at that time, with a rifle at glass balls out of a Bogardus trap, 6yds. rise, using a .44 Kennedy magazine rifle, and broke 476 out of 500; his best run in this match was 107 straight. In 1879, at an exhibition shoot at Green Castle, Pa., he broke 985 out of 1000, and made a run of 273." For the sake of sporting literature and suffering humanity, I would beg permission to ask did he use a single bullet? were the balls the ordinary size glass balls? and did the trap throw like a Bogardus trap should throw—from the shooter? I have read of hitting with a rifle needles and bumble bees in the air. I have read of hitting a stone in the air with a repeating rifle, and loading and breaking one of the fragments before it reached the ground. I have read of letting go five quails at once, and with a repeating rifle killing all of them, one by one, while on the wing—and I heard of a man who said he knew a man that read of such rapid shooting with a Winchester that the second bullet overtook and hit the first one, but the news from Meadville knocks all these accounts out in the first round. There are a number of shots here who shoot the rifle at flying objects, and who have broken at twenty feet rise, twenty out of twenty-five, twenty-eight out of thirty, etc., balls being thrown by hand or by a trap, straight up in the air, and for their sakes I hope that some one who has seen this wonderful shooting from a Bogardus trap will kindly and charitably answer the above questions.—WING SHOT.

BROWN'S DRIVING CLUB.—Long Island, March 6.—Pigeon match between Messrs. Nichols, Trevor and Livingston. Mr. Nichols holds the Kings and Queens county cups, the Riverside Club plate, and the Sheldon and Langley cups, besides other nameless trophies won on hard fought fields. The match of to-day concludes his performances before the traps. His retirement will cause general regret among the lovers of the trap and trigger. Mr. Trevor, of London and New York, is a rapid, graceful and accurate shot, whose name is well up on the prize lists of Hurlingham. He has followed the big game in many parts of the world. In the Gordon-Nichols-Livingston-Renwick match of a year ago, Mr. Livingston shot next to Mr. Nichols, with a total of 87 birds out of 100. His score in to-day's shoot is the same as in the match of last year. Mr. W. Sanford was referee. American rules, handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, 100 birds each: Nichols, 30yds., missed 7th, 27th and 35th, birds here killed to 67th, which was missed, as was also the 71st, and the 72d fell out of bounds, here killed to 84th, which was the last bird that got away. Total killed, 93. Trevor, 26yds., missed 9th, 12th, 20th and 35th, here killed to 68th, which he missed, also missed 66th and 69th, killed to 81st, missed 89th and 91st, here killed to finish. Total killed, 90. Livingston, 28yds., 2d bird missed, here killed to 9th, missed 9th and 10th, here killed to 23d, which fell out of bounds, then killed to 34th, missed 34th and 38th, here killed to 51st, which was missed, then killed to 78th, which was missed, also missed 82d, 88th, 94th, 97th and 100th. Total killed, 87.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, March 7.—Regular monthly shoot of the Washington Heights Gun Club, there being a blinding snow the score was not up to the standard:

C R Terwilleger	0010100000101010111110110—12
Fountain	0111111111010010110101101—17
Roe	1011101110010101110111101—17
J H Terwilleger	1111111111101111111111001—22
Romeline	0010000010011000100100101— 8

Ties for second—Fountain and Roe shot off at 5 balls each. Fountain, 11111—5; Roe, 11011—4. The finish of six shoots for medals, Mr. J H Terwilleger making the highest average score winning first, Mr. C. R. Terwilleger second.

NEW ORLEANS.—Dr. Carver, writing under date of March 2 touching a recent offer of the Spencer Arms Company, says: "I have accepted the proposition made me by the agent of the Spencer Arms Company to shoot 1,000 bats in less than seventy-one minutes and 1,000 bats in less than one hour, having 1,000 bats in less time than one hour is an unheard-of feat, and I question my own ability to succeed; but one thing is sure, the word fail has never been displayed on my banner, and let me assure the people of New Orleans that if they wager their money on the result of this contest of time versus bats, which is a fearful question of skill and endurance, that I will win if possible to do so. Those who wager their money must remember that the second and not the first thousand must be killed in less than one hour, and should I kill the first thousand in fifty minutes I would only win the $150 offered to kill 1,000 in less than seventy-one minutes. But to make this exhibition doubly interesting, I will will attempt to kill 2,000 bats in less time than 140 minutes from the firing of the first shot. The best record of bat shooting is 1,000 killed last year in seventy-one minutes." The match excited no small amount of interest, and wagers were freely made at 100 to 60 against his performance of the severe task. The Doctor started in upon his work with his old time vigor, doing good work for a period and proving himself a very remarkable marksman; but the cartridges provided were a bad lot and did not work well in the Spencer arm in use, and after killing 890 bats in ninety minutes he was compelled to give up the match.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 7.—The shotgun fraternity were out in full force to-day at the grounds of the Malden Club, participating in 11 events, with following results: 1. Five blackbirds—Snow and Leroy divided first. 2. Seven pigeons—White first. 3. Three pairs blackbirds—Field first 4. Seven blackbirds—Schaefer, Sanborn and Loring divided first. 5. Seven pigeons—Souther and Schaefer divided first. 6. Three pairs blackbirds—Field and Warren divided first. 7. Five pigeons straightaway—Charles, Manson and Field divided first. 8. Five pigeons—Charles first. 9. Miss and out—Divided by Short and Schaefer. 10. Seven blackbirds—Leroy and Snow divided first. 11. Merchandise match, 5 pigeons—Buffum first.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., March 2.—The Solomon Gun Club had a glass ball shoot Monday, March 2, and entertained one of our old members, John Krum:

John Krum	0100010011—4 Thos Robertson 0110111111—8
H B Aldrich	1111110101—8 T J Edworthy 1101101111w—7

Robertson and Aldrich shot 9 each and withdrew for want of ammunition.—SEC.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 2.—The Worcester Sportsman's Club held its annual meeting this evening, and the following officers were elected: L. G. White, President; William S. Perry and A. B. F. Kinney, Vice-Presidents; William L. Davis, Secretary; O. L. Taft, Treasurer; Gilbert J. Rugg, M. D. Gilman, Charles A. Allen, Alba Houghton, Executive Committee. The club have decided to have a two day's tournament, April 2 and 3, open to all comers.

THORALD, Toronto, Feb. 26.—A shooting match between Capt. Ritter, of Welland, and George Rogers, of St. Catharines, for $100 a side, at 100 glass balls each, came off here to-day, and was won by Capt. Ritter, he having broken 87 balls and Rogers 77.

TRAP AND FIELD SHOOTING.—Collinsville, Conn., Feb. 9, 1885. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of Jan. 18 contained an article by "S. H.," who says he thinks trap-shooting of no benefit to the beginner after one season as a means of developing the skill for shooting in the brush. Why not? All trap shooters will admit, I think, that a beginner can learn at the trap the proper way in which the gun should be brought to the shoulder, and that by continued practice at the trap he will learn to quickly sight a moving object, whether it be a bird in or out of the bush. Why, then, should not the beginner keep in practice at the trap. "S. H." says the brush is in the way. I say never mind the brush. When a bird is flushed, note the direction he is about to take as quick as possible, move your gun in the direction he is going, and let him have it when passing an opening. Let "S. H." imagine himself at the trap. The trap is sprung, throwing a clay-pigeon at his right quarter. Does it not present a one mark whereby one can improve the opportunity offered, to estimate the speed and make the necessary calculations that would be required if shooting at a grouse or quail, or any other bird under the same circumstance? A year ago this coming March, a gun club was organized in this place. It has now ten or more active members, several of whom went out last fall and stopped more than one wary grouse after only six months' practice at the trap, this being their first attempt at shooting in the brush. Now why should they not keep practicing at the trap, in order that they may be ready for the birds again by the first of October next. "S. H." says he has a friend that is a good shot at the trap but who misses the easiest of shots when shooting in the field. There are, I think, many reasons for this. May it not be the case that his friend is a little nervous when a bird is flushed in front of him, and consequently shoots too quick, or if a quartering shot is presented, perhaps he overestimates the distance and holds too far ahead, or is it not possible that in his endeavors to watch the flight of the bird he only sights across the muzzle of the gun. In other words, let his friend take particular notice as to whether in his hurry he gets his eye down on to the rib of the gun. On the other hand, if he has none of these faults, I do not see why he should fail to put into practice in the field that which he has learned at the trap. In conclusion let me say to "S. H.," that I am a beginner and also one of the above-mentioned number, and that I have a four-footed friend that accompanied me on my tramps last fall, who is also a beginner, and that for the sake of example to him I did not dare miss all of the easy shots.—F. R. H.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May	25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May	30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May	30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May	30—Newark Y. C. Regatta.
May	30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May	30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June	11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June	15—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June	17—Pentucket Y. C.
June	17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June	20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July	4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July	8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July	11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July	16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July	17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July	18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July	18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July	25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July	25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July	25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
Aug.	1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug.	5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug.	8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug.	15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug.	25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug.	29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept.	5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept.	9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept.	19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept.	19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept.	28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

CLUB YACHTS FOR NON YACHT OWNERS.

IN pursuance of their policy of encouraging Corinthian sailing the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have now under consideration a scheme for extending the benefits of the club to the non-yacht owners, of which class there are a number. In nearly all yacht clubs there are many who take a deep interest in the sport, and who are valuable members, but who own no boats themselves. Their active participation in the sport depends then on the hospitality of the yacht owners, and usually when they sail it is as guests rather than crew. It is frequently the case that this class, the non-owners, contains some of the best blood of the club, as its members are the younger and more enthusiastic yachtsmen, ready to work, taking a deep interest in all discussion, but without the wealth of older members of the club. They are the recruits whence the club, in future years, must draw its strength, and everything done for their advantage is a direct benefit to it.

We have before suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM the desirability of having a yacht of suitable size provided by the club for the use of the non-members, and the trustees of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. are now deliberating on the application of the idea to their club. The scheme was introduced by them in their report at the last meeting and was left by the club in their hands with power to act on it. A sloop yacht of 50ft. waterline has been placed at their disposal, and it is proposed to keep her in commission with a man aboard, and to allow her to be used by club members, under such conditions as may be found necessary. It is probable that the details will soon be arranged and the yacht in commission by the opening of the season.

It is within the power of nearly all clubs to furnish a boat for the same purpose; even in the smaller clubs where less money is available, a small yacht of the type most popular with each, could be provided, and placed in the hands of one or more regularly organized amateur crews. No boatkeeper would be necessary, but a crew should be selected, consisting of captain, mate, and as many hands as can be conveniently accommodated, who shall have the entire care of the yacht. The discipline of such a crew, as far as obeying orders is concerned, must be the same as with a paid crew, the captain having entire control assisted by the mate. The boat, once furnished by the club, she must be kept in order by her crew. Hauling out, scrubbing, painting, overhauling gear, and other accomplishments that stand high on the Corinthian list, will be done by them, and the boat should be a model for the members' yachts. For racing the crew would be trained as carefully as amateur crews of oarsmen; in fact the details of management would be similar to those governing the use of club boats in rowing clubs, where the authority is usually vested in a captain, who is to a certain extent responsible for the care of the boat. The expenses of maintaining such a boat would be but small when once in commission, as the work could be done by her crew or crews, from the fitting out in spring to the final stowing away of sails in winter. If more than one crew could be recruited, a second or even third could be formed to use the boat in turn, each assuming a portion of the labor of maintenance. The positions of captain and mate might be held in turn by the members, a captain being chosen every month, if desirable, in a small boat, but if any racing is done, or the yacht is large enough for cruising and more than an open sailboat, it would be better to elect a captain for the season.

When the club can afford it the club yacht should be a cabin boat, large enough to accommodate a captain, mate and crew of four or five, besides a boatkeeper. The latter, whom the club should employ, should be an old sailor, versed in all the mysteries of knotting, splicing, rigging, sailmaking, and practical sailing. He would live on board, and to him would be intrusted the general care of the yacht. Such work as was needed would be done by the crew under his supervision. Many would be glad to learn how to splice wire rope, strap a block, reeve off new halliards, set up rigging, bend sails, rig a jury mast, or to set and take in spinaker or topsail, under a careful instructor. The drilling that falls to the lot of most amateur crews preparing for a race amounts to simply nothing, and the only wonder is they do so well. Here there would be time to practice deliberately, instead of leaving all to a sail or two before the race, and the two or three crews that would in turn drill on the club yacht, would turn out twenty or thirty fairly expert hands to be distributed among the fleet at each cruise or regatta, instead of a number of willing but untrained "bag-tossers."

The conditions under which the yacht could be used must be laid down by the club. The boatkeeper should keep all in order and ready for use at any reasonable time, and the times when each crew could use her would have to be definitely settled. The captain in charge should have both a full command over his crew and the responsibility for the care of the boat. When used for short sails it might be necessary to provide for some way of getting back promptly in order not to disappoint other crews. Each week in turn, one crew would take the yacht for a short cruise, starting Saturday afternoon, and returning in time for business on Monday. On race days, if not entered, the club sloop, manned by one crew, would save the expense of an extra stakeboat, while the other crews would be distributed among the competing yachts. If entered, the crew in charge would be supplemented by extra men from the other crews, making up her full complement. Such a boat should be a model, in condition, for the entire fleet. Whoever used her should strive to make and keep her as neat and shipshape as possible, bright brass and copper, clean paint, bright spars, white sails, rigging all taut, the pride of every member of her crews, and with many hands the labor would be light.

In organizing a crew those who propose to join should select one of themselves as captain, agreeing to obey him in all matters. The captain should of course be a sailor, capable of handling the yacht under all circumstances, earnest and enthusiastic in yachting matters, and able to enforce the necessary discipline. Unlike other crews, each member of this one, except the boatkeeper, would have a voice in the command as far as choosing the direction of a cruise or a day's sail which would be done as all club business is arranged, by a meeting; but such points once decided on, the captain's authority would be absolute. He should select a mate to assist him, and also a steward, and should allot to each of the others some specific duty about the yacht. While the handling of the boat would rest with the captain, he could give up his place at the wheel to any competent member of the crew, or could vacate his command for a time in order to give each a chance at all the various duties. The mate, of course would assist the captain and relieve him as in a regular crew.

A most important office, if any cruising is to be done, is the steward. To him would be intrusted the entire charge of the commissary department. On receiving notice from the captain to provision for a cruise, the probable duration and number of hands being given, he would lay in ice, meat, potatoes, bread, groceries, canned goods in sufficient quantity; he should be able to cook a fairly good meal, with an assistant detailed to help him, and he should be responsible to the captain for order and cleanliness in the galley, one or two of the crew assisting to wash dishes and clean up. Among a party of boating men who spend Saturday and Sunday together the following scheme has been found to work well. When the party assemble on Saturday evening a schedule is made out by the skipper, giving the bill of fare for supper, breakfast and dinner, and allotting the work for each meal. Two or three are sent out to forage, and when all are present they are told off in pairs, two for fire and water, two to set and clear the table, two to cook, two to wash dishes, and two to sweep out afterward. The labor of each one is light, all is done quickly and without confusion, and each has an equal share. One of the more experienced is detailed as cook, a novice assisting him, so it is, in a way, a training school. One of the party keeps an account of all expenditures, and before separating the expense, which is always very small, is divided equally among the members present. This plan, with some modifications to adapt it to the work on a yacht, would work well in a crew such as we are speaking of. Another similar plan, in a canoe club, makes the poorest sailor in the Saturday races cook for the time, the larder being replenished by fines, in the form of eatables, for bad seamanship. Catering and cooking are very important factors in Corinthian yachting, and a little practice in this way is often of immense service.

A part of the outfit of such a club yacht should consist of a good library of yachting works, with a suitable collection of charts, and there would be no difficulty, when a new crew once interested, in securing these by contributions on the part of the crews. Of course the lead line, log and instruments would be found aboard, to be used by the crew under the instructions of the boatkeeper or captain. With an energetic and capable captain there need never be any lack of variety when on board. The ordinary routine work possesses a charm for the true Corinthian who is not afraid of a little tar on his hands, and in this case the labor, being divided among a number, would be light. When under way the crew should take the same pride in handling the boat properly and especially in setting the racing kites, that a militia man does in his drill, and with as good results. The sail every week would give an excellent opportunity for such a careful and systematic drill over topsails, jibtopsails and spinakers as amateurs seldom get. A boat of 40ft. waterline, if kept in proper condition and under a capable boatkeeper, should prove of infinite benefit to the club in one season as a training school for members, while further it would bring many sailors into the club, men who are not yacht owners and do not care to join a club on the chances of an occasional invitation to sail, but who would gladly avail themselves of such a chance for a season's yachting at a nominal expense. Many yacht clubs have laid aside sums for improvement when needed, and this is a way in which money may be expended that will bring a direct return to the treasury.

The uses of the club yacht need not stop in winter. Laid up by some accessible dock in the city, a superannuated old tar in charge, a little stove in a snug cabin with flags and photos on the bulkheads, wide lockers to lounge on, a few easy chairs, and books and papers on the table, what cosier place could be found for a meeting, or to lounge away an hour talking over old cruises and races, planning new, while one or two evenings each week could be devoted to a debate of some interesting point in sailing, or to similar pursuits. The plan is now in good hands and under the active management of the S. C. Y. C. will, no doubt, have a fair trial, and yachtsmen will all be interested in its success. Without waiting for a season, however, we hope that some of the other clubs will try the same measure with such success as will secure its adoption as a permanent feature.

A NEW CRAFT ON THE SOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About eighteen months ago I addressed a communication to your journal asking for information in regard to the best type of small sailing boat, adapted to the use of a man who desires occasionally to venture across Long Island Sound with his wife. I referred to the risk attending a trip of this kind in a small catboat, and inquired whether this type of boat might not be modified in character, so as to render it not only uncapsizable and unsinkable, but also capable of reaching its destination in a rough sea. This communication, which was published soon afterward in the columns of your journal, brought out several replies, all of which agreed in this, that a small deep-keel boat is safer than one of equal length which draws only a few inches of water, but is perhaps of much greater beam. In regard to the question of sail plan, the testimony furnished was not so conclusive, and I was unable to decide in my own mind at that time whether it would be better to have the contemplated small boat rigged as a catboat, or as either a sloop or a cutter. I finally decided to adopt the jib and mainsail rig, and have recently given the order for the designing and construction of this substitute for a small catboat to Thomas Webber of New Rochelle, in whose shop this little ship, already in frame, may be seen by anybody who is interested in such matters. The measurements, as nearly as I can state from memory, are as follows:

Length over all	18ft.
Length on waterline	14ft
Greatest beam	47in.
Greatest draft	4in.
Least freeboard	13in.
From deck at bow to waterline	27in.
Length of cockpit	6ft.
Breadth of cockpit	32in.
Depth (from floor to top of coaming)	26in
Weight of iron shoe	1018lbs.
Confined air space, chiefly in zinc or galvanized iron tanks, about	16 cu ft.

The question will naturally suggest itself, in what respects shall I be the loser by giving this narrow 18ft. keel boat the preference over an 18ft. catboat? In the first place the latter will easily accommodate six or eight passengers, while the former will carry comfortably not more than three adults. I believe, however, that these three may be much more comfortably seated in the deep well of the keel boat than in the more roomy but very shallow cockpit of the centerboard craft. In the second place, the deep draft of the keel boat will generally compel me to come to anchor in comparatively deep water and go ashore in a rowing boat, while in the catboat I might readily land at almost any spot along the shore, if the sea were sufficiently quiet. Finally, the difference in cost will be in the proportion of nearly two to one in favor of the catboat.

The first disadvantage, the lack of room, is a material one and not to be underrated. The second is of much less importance, as I expect to carry with me, stowed away under the deck, a 10ft. Osborn or Stranahan sectional canvas boat, by means of which I can reach land in even very shallow water. In regard to the increased cost, I can only say that the difference is well worth paying, if a decided gain in safety is thereby acquired, and unless I have studied the teachings of FOREST AND STREAM during the past three years in vain, the question of gain in safety is indisputable. PATERFAMILIAS.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1885.

A SWINGING CENTERBOARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season is opening for yachting, I would wish to call your attention to the advantage to be gained by fitting swinging keels to small yachts instead of the centerboard. In the first place the latter inclines with the vessel, and therefore does not take that hold in the water that the swinging keel would. The mode of fitting it I will endeavor to explain. We will suppose that the vessel will draw no more aft than forward, but the swinging keel would supply the loss of heel by being made deep at the after end. I would propose to fit a shoe on the main keel, hollowed in the middle and chamfered on the two outer edges, so as to allow the swinging keel to be triced up, for running into shoal water. The connection between the two keels would be made by what is known as the "rule joint," and secured to the main keel by straps confining it to the groove. One of the advantages to be gained by this keel arises from the fact that when the vessel heels over, the keel can be braced to any required angle by the guys which would be connected with the lower edge of it, while the other ends, after passing through suitable chocks, would be secured to cleats on the covering board—there should be two on each side, of wire rope. It is proposed to allow the gripe to extend about two or more feet abaft its usual place, to cover the fore end of the joint. The swinging keel would there begin and gradually increase in depth to suit the requirement. This keel would have to be loaded at the lower edge, and would require stiffening with suitable round iron bolts at every two feet, according to circumstances. The upper edge has a piece of thick stuff wrought on each side to form the "barrel," and is bolted well through and through.

It may be as well to remark that to make vessels weatherly we must

strive to create all the lateral resistance possible, and bear in mind that water on the surface is easily displaced, while that at a depth more nearly resembles a solid.

The hold in vessels fitted with this invention is not cut up, as with the sliding keel arrangement, and for vessels of small dimensions would doubtless be found very advantageous.

P. A. SCOTT, Captain R. N.

[Captain Scott's idea is similar to that embodied in the Goodrich board, patented in the United States, and described in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 19, 1883. These boards have been tried, but have never come into general use.]

SMALL STEAM LAUNCHES.

ALTHOUGH the steam launch has become a prime necessity to all who are dependent on transit by water, the sportsman, fisherman, yachtsman, tourist, and other pleasure seekers, as well as to many whose business is on the water, it is still far from perfection, and capable of much improvement. In the larger sizes excellent boats can be had, but there are many places where a small boat of good build, that could be had for a reasonable price, is greatly in demand. Usually the builder of a steam launch is either a boat builder who buys an engine and boiler for his boat or conversely an engine builder who buys the boat for the engine, in either case the chances being that boat and engine are unsuited to each other. To meet the demands for a small, well-constructed boat, Mr. E. E. Roberts, well known as an engineer and steam yacht builder, has determined to build a special boat, as mentioned in the following letter, and desires suggestions from yachtsmen and others as to the details. Mr. Roberts is a practical engineer, with a large experience in building and running steam yachts, and he will no doubt turn out a boat in which hull, engine and boiler are fitted to each other. Many of our readers have had experience with similar boats, and can give valuable suggestions as to details of model, dimensions, build, engine, etc., which may aid Mr. Roberts in producing a desirable boat, and we shall be glad to receive and publish their ideas. The size proposed would probably be as convenient as any for the majority of purposes, hunting, fishing, carrying supplies to camp, and also as a convenient adjunct to water-side villas. As a tender for small yachts a smaller size, 16ft. long or under, would be very desirable, as it could be used as a rowboat, the change being quickly made; while in a calm it would tow the yacht, though of course but slowly, and enable one to come to moorings or to get somewhere. We hope to hear more on the subject, and to publish shortly the plans of boat and engine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a result of my advertisement in your paper, I have received numerous inquiries for very small steam launches, which I have not as yet built. I have some thoughts, in consequence, of getting up a boat of light but strong construction and light draft, about 21ft. long over all by 5½ft. beam, and say 30in. depth of hold. In this boat I propose to put about a two-horse (actual) reversing engine and one of my sectional safety boilers, both on one base-plate, so that they can be lifted out of the boat easily as a complete machine; the shaft and wheel to be arranged so as to be readily disconnected, and, by removing the rudder, drawn entirely out of the boat for transportation; the boiler to be arranged so as to burn kerosene oil, or, by an almost instantaneous change, converted into a coal or wood burner, so that for use as a shooting boat dead branches of trees or similar fuel could be used to generate steam. Steam could be raised in this boiler in about ten minutes from cold water, and the engine would be arranged so as to exhaust either into the stack or overboard under water to prevent noise in shooting.

I would, of course, make a special advertisement of this boat if I was already building it; but it would be well, before getting up expensive patterns and moulds for both machinery and boat, to consult the public through your paper and get their ideas in regard to the various uses to which such a boat could be put both for fishing, shooting and transportation.

The boat could probably be sold complete for about $400 if made in quantities. The boiler is approved by the United States Steamboat Inspection, so that it could be used in navigable waters.

Would you kindly place this matter before your readers and endeavor to draw out their opinions, in regard to points of construction, comfort, draft, etc.?

E. E. ROBERTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1885.

THE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

AT a meeting on Feb. 4, in London, the Council of the Y. R. A. adopted unanimously the scheme proposed at the previous meeting for classifying yachts according to the areas of their mainsails, into racers, ex-racers, and cruisers. These classes would be known as A, B and C respectively, and would be allowed to race together under a certain allowance from one class to another. In class A there would be no limit to size of mainsail, but the limits for classes B and C, with sizes of existing mainsails, are given in the table.

The report of the committee was as follows:

The practical difference between a cruising and a racing yacht, or an ex-racing yacht whose spars have not been reduced, is that either of the latter has a much larger sail spread than the cruiser. The difference is so considerable that neither the tonnage rule nor the sail area × length rating will bring the three classes together with the ordinary time allowance. Beyond this the practice of having races for "bona fide cruisers" has always existed, but has not been very general, owing to the want of a practical rule for distinguishing the cruiser from the racer. The proposal here made is that, as there is such a considerable difference in the sail spread of the two classes of yachts, the sail spread can be made the basis of classification. The relative efficiency of cutters, yawls, and schooners' sails is governed by the mainsail, and this sail will therefore properly afford the principal basis for classification. In the tables which follow a maximum limit of mainsail has been assigned to yachts of the cruiser and ex-racer classes; actual examples of each class, including the racer, being also given. It was found that the mainsails of yachts varied pretty regularly as the 1·8 roots of their Y. R. A. tonnage, and that, therefore, a standard mainsail of a cruiser being chosen, the mainsail for any other could be found from the formula—

$$\text{Mainsail} = \sqrt[1.8]{\text{Tonnage}} \times \text{Constant}.$$

The maximum area of mainsail for the B classs, ex-racer, and C class, cruiser, in the tables has been calculated from this formula. The constants used in calculating the tables were as follows:

Schooners	B Class 172	C Class 150
Yawls	B Class 200	C Class 175
Cutters	B Class 235	C Class 205

As in progress of time there would be, should the classification be adopted, attempts to gain an advantage by an increased area of topsail and decreased area of mainsail, the council propose that the area of topsail should not exceed ·4 of the area of mainsail for cutters and yawls, and ·3 for schooners.

The council think it undesirable to prohibit the use of jackyards, seeing that, area for area, a topsail which has a jackyard according to the prevailing fashion, would have a much shorter upper yard, and there would be probably, on the whole, less weight for the crew to hoist.

In the case of schooners, their foresails should not exceed ·6 of the area of mainsail.

The council do not consider it desirable to recommend that the A, B, and C classes should be grouped together in one match; but, if sailing committees desire to so group them, a suitable allowance would be for yachts in A class to be rated at four times their tonnage, and yachts in B class at twice their tonnage.

SCHOONERS.

Y. R. A. Tons.	Maximum Area of Mainsail for Cruisers. C class.	Actual Area of Mainsail of existing Cruisers.	R.	Maximum Area of Mainsail for Ex-Racers. B class.	Actual Area of Mainsail of existing Ex-Racers and Racers.	R.
14	649	Avoset.. 650	.52	745		
16	1456	Pandora 1053	.60	1670		
107	2010	Nina ...1916	.52	2306		
121	2137	.....	..	2473	Miranda.....3075	.40
139	2328	.....	..	2670	Fiona.....2800	.45
142	2355	.....	..	2700	Egeria.....3033	.45
148	2410	Corinne 2420	.47	2762	Waterwitch.....2868	.47
154	2463	Medora .2348	.52	2824		
179	2688	.....	..	3082	Gwendolin.....3426	.47
184	2730	.....	..	3130	Cetonia.....3300	.50
191	2782	.....	..	3190	Aline.....3150	.50
200	3513	.....	..	4028	Guinevere.....4080	.50
312	3645	.....	..	4180	Elmina.....4200	.52
331	3756	Lyra.... 3520	.50	4306		
362	3942	.....	..	4520	Boadicea.....5214	.44

The decimal fractions in the "R" column show the ratio of foresail to mainsail.

The racing mainsails of Egeria and Gwendolin are given, and not the sails they have cruised with. The mainsails of Boadicea and Elmina are those they were originally supplied with. Boadicea's has been much reduced.

YAWLS.

Tons.	Class C. Maximum Area of Mainsail for Cruisers.	Actual Area of Mainsail of existing Cruisers.	Class B. Maximum Area of Mainsail for Ex-Racers.	Actual Area of Mainsail of existing Ex-Racers and Racers.
23	998	Coventina... 860	1140	
29	1136	Thistle.....1040	1298	
32	1214	Fleur-de-Lys 1186	1466	
36	1283	Vega.....1225	1466	
		Stephanotis..1241	——	Britannia....1370
40	1360	Thalia.....1357	1544	Christine....1540
				Silver Star ..1676
41	1379	——	1576	Latona.....1414
44	1433	——	1638	Hypatia.....1619
46	1468	——	1678	Neptune.....1778
49	1521	Irene.....1447	1738	
51	1556	——	1778	Opal.....1658
54	1605	——	1834	Arethusa....1705
56	1636	Milly 1643	1870	
57	1652	Satellite.....1287	1888	Raven.....1885
74	1911	——	2240	Nixie.....2057
78	1967	——	2310	Gudrun.....2167
126	2578	——	2946	Florinda....2750 (as she was in 1878, and 2925 as she was 1881).
132	2643	——	3020	Jullanar.....2944
155	2884	Pearl.....2487	3296	

CUTTERS.

3	377	Minnie 386	432	Mascotte 521
				Chittywee... 550
				Currytush... 530
				Lorelei..... 550
5	502	Vril..... 500	576	Olga..... 637
				Delvin..... 605
9	695	Kismet 622	797	
				Little Nell... 771
				Florence ... 860
10	736	Spinaway.... 763	844	Lily..... 740
				Quirang..... 870
				Katie..... 1120
				Ulerin 1040
14	888	Ildegonda.... 801	1018	Marguerite.. 997
19	1052	Magnolia ... 997	1205	Sarabond....1090
				Vanessa.....1149
20	1076	——	1234	Euterpe.....1380
				Freda.....1450
23	1169	Chough..... 986	1340	Quickstep...1175
24	1107	Alpha Beta..1120	1372	
25	1224	Œnanthe 1158	1405	
		Nora.....1221		
30	1357	Waterwitch..1338	1556	
		Dandelion....1350		
37	1525	Wraith 1587	1748	Niobe..... 1746
39	1570	Terpsichore..1498	1800	
40	1593	——	1826	Annasona....2104
44	1679	Psyche..... 1777	1925	Tara.....2275
47	1740	——	1995	Dolphin.....1819
51	1822	Beluga 1727	2089	
68	2138	Bianca..... 1906	2451	Marjorie.. ..2928
88	2458	——	2829	Samæna.....3300
95	2575	——	2952	Kremhilda ..3849
99	2682	——	3017	Arrow.....2853

The Council also recommend a limit to size of topsail in Classes B and C to ·4 the area of the mainsail, jack yards being allowed. It also recommended an alteration in the Y. R. A. time scale, decreasing the allowance between yachts over 40 tons, and increasing it in the smaller classes. The annual general meeting of the Y. R. A. was held on Feb. 25, at which the following proposals were adopted:

1. That the sail area rule be continued in the Appendix as heretofore.

2. That the words in italics be omitted from the following sentence in Section 2 of the Appendix: "Schooners and yawls shall not be allowed to enter *in classes of 40 tons and under* at the reduced tonnage."

3. That the words in italics be inserted in the following sentence in Rule 1: "No member of the Sailing Committee or Council shall take part in the *discussion or decision* upon any disputed question in which he is directly interested."

4. That in Rule 14, before the commencement of the second sentence, the words which follow be inserted: "The following shall apply to all yachts."

5. That a scheme for the classification of yachts by area of mainsail and topsail be adopted, and to be termed the A, B and C classes, but that there shall be no restriction in the sails of the A class.

6. That the Time Scale be altered so as to decrease the allowance somewhat between large yachts, and increase the allowance between small yachts.

The condition of yacht racing in England has long been a subject of complaint by those whose boats are outclassed, or who do not care to spend much money on racing crews and sails, and many efforts have been made by them to secure a change of the measurement rule; but vested interests have been too powerful, and the rule practically is the same to-day as it was years ago, as it encourages the same type. The length and sailll area rule was adopted a short time since as an alternative rule, but has not yet come into general use. The present rule is intended to provide races in which the cruisers and ex-racers can enter on fair terms with the racers, thus increasing the interest in the sport. It will give a show to the moderately rigged boat, it is true, but it will not change the principle that maintains in all sports, that money wins prizes, that lead keels, new and perfect canvas, large and well-drilled crews, will still be ahead of cruising rig and gear, iron ballast and small crews. Many will be able to enter under this classification who could not do so before, and some will no doubt take prizes; but these, in the main, will go to the most perfect boat, which will in most cases be the one on which the most money is spent. The tables given will show the sails carried on many boats whose names are familiar to our yachtsmen.

CARMELITA.—The Carmelita, after lying at anchor for several days last week off Tompkinsville, got under way on Sunday, March 9, at 10 A. M., and left with a fresh northerly wind. It is expected she will make the voyage in 105 to 120 days. Captain Snow was accompanied by several New York pilots on the trip from New York to Staten Island. Although Carmelita is a four-beam boat the pilots pronounced her too stiff, and in accordance with their views Captain Snow sent up her foretopmast and raised some of the ballast up to the floor, besides stowing some in the lockers. The pilots say that the Carmelita can go to any part of the world, and will carry any sail that can be put on her.

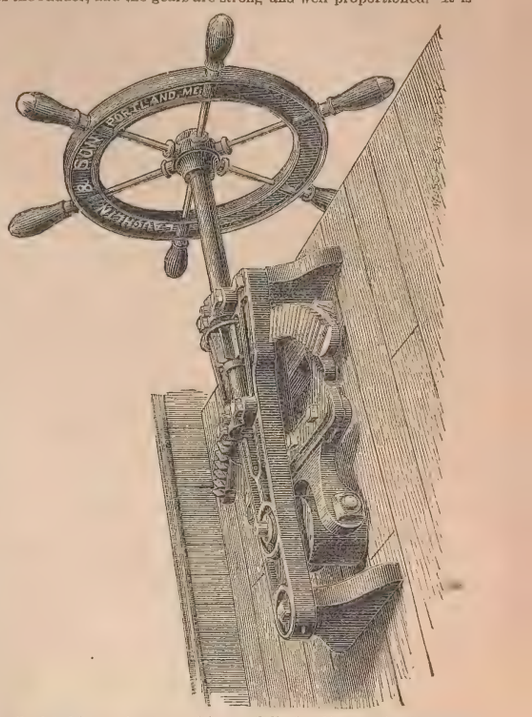
PENTUCKET Y. C.—The old Haverhill Y. C. has disbanded and a new one has been formed under the name of the Pentucket Y. C., composed partly of the old club. The club now has 11 keel yachts, 4 cutters and 10 centerboards, with two cutters 34ft. long now building. They also have a snug and comfortable club house. The officers are: Commodore, Chas. W. Gline; Vice-Commodore, Louis Willett; Fleet Captain, Frank Quimby; Secretary and Treasurer, John Goodell (Box 41, Bradford, Mass.); Measurer, John Goodell; Board of Trustees—Jas. A. Dreuer, C. H. Stacy, John Goodell; Regatta Committe—N. G. Knowles, John A. Crossin, Frank F. Drew.

A NEW SLOOP.—Mr. Desmond, of Hoboken, is now building a centerboard sloop for a member of the New Jersey Y. C. Her length on deck is 25ft. 8in., waterline 23ft. 4in., beam 11ft., draft 3ft. 10in., with board 9ft. 10in. The mast is 27ft. deck to hounds, masthead 3ft.; mainboom 30ft., gaff 17ft. 6in., topmast 10ft., bowsprit 19ft. Her frame is of oak and hackmatack, with cedar plank and white pine deck. Her cockpit is finished in yellow pine with rail and companion of mahogany. There will be four berths in the cabin, which will be finished in hard wood in Queen Anne style. Her iron keel will weigh 1,800 lbs., and her inside ballast 3,700lbs.

HUDSON RIVER CORINTHIAN ICE Y. C.—Hyde Park, N. Y., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to inform you of the formation of the above ice yacht club. Commodore, Jas A. Roosevelt; Vice-Commodore, Dr. J. C. Barron; Treasurer, Archibald Rogers; Secretary, E. P. Rogers. Twenty-five members were elected at first meeting. Challenges have been issued to the Poughkeepsie Ice Y. C. for the Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America and the Poughkeepsie Challenge Pennant.—E. P. ROGERS.

DEATH OF A NEW YORK YACHTSMAN.—Mr. James Scott, an old member of the N. Y. Y. C., died on Saturday last of pneumonia.

LAUGHLIN'S ADJUSTABLE STEERER.—The steering gear illustrated, is a new pattern lately made by Thos. Laughlin & Son, of Portland, Me. It is adjustable, so as not to be affected by the motion of the rudder, and the gears are strong and well proportioned. It is



easily fitted to any boat, requiring no delicate adjustment. This gear is made in two sizes, one with wheel 21 or 23in. to fit a rudder head of 1¼ to 3in.; and one with 25in. wheel for rudder head of 4 to 6in. The shafts are brass-covered, and the entire gear is well made.

YACHTING NOTES.—Mr. Frank Towle's centerboard sloop Polly was launched on Saturday. She was built by Wallin & Gorman, and will sail under the Larchmont Y. C. flag... Thetis has had 8in. added to her forefoot. Wilson & Gurney will make her a new suit of racing sails. They are also busy on canvas for the Addie E. and Wood Bro.s' new cutter, and also a new boat for Bibber, for Mr. Tyler.... Namouna leaves this week for Charleston, S. C., where Com. Bennett will join her for a cruise in the West Indies, on which Vice-Commodore Douglas and Rear-Commodore Lawrence, with their families, will accompany him. Com. Bennett will probably visit the Mediterranean in June, returning in good time for the August races.... The Wanderer, Mr. G. W. Weld, is off for a cruise in the West Indies.... The Mohegan, Mr. H. D. Burnham, was at Havana when last heard from, and intended to leave on Feb. 28 for New Orleans. She left Boston on Jan. 5, and arrived at Bermuda on Jan. 11, experiencing a severe gale in which she lost jibboom. On the 15th she left for St. Kitts, arriving on the 20th, and leaving on the 23d.... Last season the Yonkers Y. C., on their cruise up the Hudson, were handsomely entertained by the Albany Y. C., and in return they have lately presented to the latter a handsome challenge cup of oxidized silver, lined with gold, 14in. high. The pedestal is of silver and gold, resting on the backs of four turtles. The cup, proper, is surmounted by a rudder, rope and anchor. On the front is engraved "Champion Cup of the Upper Hudson." On the back, "Presented to the Albany Y. C. by the Yonkers Y. C.... The signal of the Harlem Y. C. has lately been changed to pointed burgee, blue ground with white stripes.

A HANDY STOVE.—The owner of a small singlehander has lately devised a very convenient little stove for a yacht. Two alcohol lamps (flamme forcé) are placed in a box of galvanized iron, which is 18in. long, 9in. wide, and 7in. deep. The top of the box is hinged to lift up, and one side is hinged to open downward. Just above the burners of the lamps a wire grating is placed on which the can and kettles rest. By closing either top, side, or both, the heat is confined, and cooking may be done very quickly. By using alcohol the smell and dirt inseparable from kerosene are avoided.

PRESERVING CANVAS.—We have inquiries constantly from all quarters for some method of preserving canvas from mildew, and have published various receipts for the purpose. A new preparation has lately been brought to our notice by Mr. Chresten Nelson, of Gloucester, Mass., who has patented it. This preparation is intended to be used on sails and cordage, as well as on all cloth or canvas fabrics exposed to the weather, and it is claimed that it will protect them perfectly from mildew and decay.

NEW BEDFORD Y. C.—Officers for 1885: Commodore, Francis Hathaway; Vice-Commodore, John G. Rhodes; Rear-Commodore, George W. Parker; Secretary, John H. Barrows; Treasurer, E. Stanley Willis; Directors—Edward S. Brown, Willard Nye, Jr., David L. Parker, Horace Wood, Frank E. Sawin, Arthur E. Perry, George M. Crapo, Richard H. Morgan, Richard S. Taber, Gilbert D. Kingman and William R. Sherman.

"OLSEN'S."—We learn from Mr. Olsen that he is receiving more information from yacht owners than in any previous year. "Olsen's" is now recognized by American yachtsmen as a permanent institution, and they also understand the importance of making it as accurate as possible. The list for 1885 will appear in May, and details of yachts should be sent in at once.

HILMA.—Mr. John Driscoll, of Greenpoint, is now building a very handsome little sloop for Mr. E. J. Hazzard of New York. She will be 22ft. over all, 18ft. on waterline, 8ft. beam, and 1ft. draft, with board down she will draw 8ft. Her ballast will be iron, 800lbs. being cast to fit floors. The fittings will be of mahogany, and she will carry four airtanks of galvanized iron. The design is by Mr. A. Cary Smith.

GANNET.—This little yacht has proved faster since changed from yawl to sloop rig. This year her centerboard trunk will be removed and an iron shoe 1ft. deep and weighing 2,300lbs. will be added below her present iron keel. She will still hail from Larchmont, and will be used chiefly for cruising on the Sound.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The officers elected for 1885 are: Commodore, H. C. Roome: Vice-Commodore, F. C. B. Aucher; Treasurer, Geo. Hawes; Secretary, P. W. Figueira; Measurer, Geo. L. Winn.

ROWING AND SAILING BOAT.—We advertise this week a fine little boat for pleasure rowing and sailing. She is lightly built and handsomely finished like a canoe, with cat rig and oars.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 17—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 103 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
March 24—Toledo C. C. Camp fire. Subject, "Cruising and Camping."
March 31—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 103 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
April 7—Toledo C. C. Camp-fire, "Racing and Rules."
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

THE OAKLAND MOSQUITO FLEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have built up the canoeing columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, so that now we look to it as the organ of the fraternity, I thought it might interest you to receive an account of our little fleet here, and perhaps publish it, to the end that an impetus might be given to the sport on this coast. The "Mosquito Fleet" here had its origin about a year ago. The first boats were the canoes Midge, Capt. Moody, and Zephyr, W. W. Blow, with the Nellie, 12ft. yawl, Mr. Yale, and the Ripple, a similar boat, Mr. Evans. From this small

beginning the fleet has grown until at present it numbers the following boats:

Sailing canoes—The Talisman, Frank Pixley; Sunbeam, Edgar S. Fisher; Undine, E. R. Cooper; Hattie Bell, W. H. Byrnes; Two Sisters, Dr. J. M. Willey; Mystic, W. W. Blow; Zephyr, W. W. Blow, besides skin canoes, kyacks and other paddling craft. Yawls—The Nettie, Charles G Yale; Ripple and Chiquita, Taliesin Evans; Burrito, H. A. Powell; Ella, Capt. J. P. Montague; Emerald, W. L. Oliver. Skiffs—The Mosquito, W. A. Byrnes; Outing, Mead; Dolphin, Alfred Blow. Besides these are skiffs and sailing boats that join the fleet at times. The fleet has a good cruising ground and good accommodations for housing along the Beach. The canoeists are active and enthusiastic, and have lately added two new sailing canoes and several paddling ones to the fleet. They have a great advantage over Eastern canoeists, as the season never closes but it is warm enough for canoeing all the year around. Besides their home waters, there are creeks and rivers in the vicinity yet to be explored, and they hope to make a number of cruises in the coming spring. ZEPHYR.

CRUISING OUTFITS.

TWO letters have appeared lately in your columns asking for information as to outfit for cruising. The outfit of my craft may be of interest to beginners:

First, then, the Boreas is so roomy that her captain is able to keep a perfectly clear cockpit. Forward of the cockpit the stowage room is divided into two parts by the centerboard box. On the port side is a box containing everything required for cooking, viz., a flamme force spirit lamp (will carry two this season) a quart can of spirit and cans for coffee, sugar, tea, hominy, etc., pepper and salt are carried in glass dishes with perforated tops. In the lid of the box—which is nearly two inches deep—are fastened a granite dinner plate, a tablespoon, teaspoons, fork, knife, can opener, etc. In the box are two small tin pails nested, a tea infuser, a granite mug and a small frying pan. There is still plenty of room for bread, canned provisions, etc. Butter is carried in a small glass jar with a tin screw top.

This season the Boreas will be fitted with a much higher seat than at present, and the provision box will be carried under it. This will leave the space the box now occupies clear for a shore tent if it is decided to carry one.

On the starboard side is the canoe tent and a box containing a 5×8 Rochester Optical Co.'s best camera and two or three holders. The tripod is also carried here.

In the locker behind the seat is a waterproof bag containing a pair and a half of heavy blankets, a rubber blanket, a rubber bed or cushion, an air pillow and a piece of mosquito netting. A smaller bag contains spare clothing. These bags are made of oleoid and cost seventy cents each. They are perfectly waterproof, except possibly when kept under water for a long time during an upset, and the Boreas is not that kind of a canoe.

The rubber pillow weighs ten ounces. If kept inflated and a cord tied around it, a good life preserver is always at hand. The bed is 2ft. wide and 3ft. 9in. in length. It weighs two pounds and a half. Some canoeists have an idea that a bellows is required to blow up an air bed. This can be inflated, ready for sleeping on, in just one minute, by any person possessing a sound pair of lungs. This is the bed for canoeists. If a new one was required each season it would be got, but with care it should last a life time. I cannot give cost, but rubber dealers here seem to think a similar article could be made for about eight dollars.

In the after airtight locker is carried a small brass hurricane lamp. Filled half full of oil it will not spill even when lying on its side, and that quantity will last me a week. Use the finest water white oil. In the locker are also carried two canvas rolls. One, the toilet, contains towel, soap, comb, tooth brush, and small mirror; the other has tools, beeswax, whipcord, screws, nails, spare cord, cleats, etc.

The Boreas will cruise this season in her former racing rig, the mainsail being cut down to about 90ft., two reefs to be taken in at any time from deck, the first leaving up about 65ft., the second about 40ft., and when the Boreas can't carry that, it's time to go home.

The foregoing will be of little interest to old canoeists, but beginners may find something in it worth remembering. BOREAS.

A POTOMAC CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While "Seneca," my companion on many a delightful cruise down our beautiful Potomac, is busying himself with a dissertation on his favorite craft, the sneakbox, in reply to "Kanuck's" inquiries in FOREST AND STREAM of the 12th instant, I will respond to the appeal of the Idlewild's owner in the same issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by giving a detailed description of the Tonic, fully equipped for a week's cruise.

Although only a yearling in the sport of canoeing, I am into it up to my eyes and the lion's share of my leisure is devoted to tinkering and experimenting on my own little craft and her outfit, and in reading everything I can get hold of in regard to the doings of my brother canoeists. Should they derive any pleasure or profit from anything I can say here, I shall feel that a portion at least of the enjoyment received at their hands has been reciprocated.

The hull of my canoe as far as the gunwales (I decked and rigged her myself) was built after plans of my own designing, by Passeno, one of our crack Washington boat builders, and this, his first attempt at canoe work, was fully up to the mark. Though somewhat wider on deck at bow and stern than the Shadow, and without her objectionable tumble home, she follows very closely the lines of that most excellent model of a cruising canoe. Her dimensions are: Length, 15ft. 8in.; beam, 32¼in.; depth amidships, 10½in.; at bow, 7¾in.; and stern, 17½in., with 2½in. round to the deck. They fall outside the A. C. A. racing limits, but as I am an out and out cruising man, and care nothing for racing, that fact doesn't keep me awake o' nights. I find her none too large for work on our wide river, and being a married man I frequently use her *à la* tandem, which I can do without discomfort.

The forward bulkhead is 2ft. 8in. from the foreside of stem, the after one 3ft. 4in. from the sternpost, which is straight and nearly plumb. The compartments are entered by deck hatches, which have thus far proved watertight, being well packed with sheet rubber.

The well, placed a trifle further aft than usual, is 4ft. by 20in., with a coaming coaming 8in. high forward and pointed. An oilskin apron is buttoned over it in rough or rainy weather.

The sails are two lateens of 51 and 20ft. (rather less canvas than she could carry if rigged for racing), the mainsail is hoisted by halliards, while the mizzen is fitted with the (for small areas) very handy ring and pin attachment. The mainmast is stepped 14in. from bow, the mizzen 86in. from stern. With an extra storm mizzen of 14ft. to be set up in very strong winds, and using the 20ft. mizzen as a mainsail, I get along very well without having to bother with reefing gear.

Like my good friend "Seneca" I go in for simplicity, and make it a point to have everything conform to that creed as far as possible without sacrificing comfort, yet he laughs at my foot steering gear, terming it a nuisance like all the rest of such fixings. Perhaps he would whistle a different tune could he be induced to try it just once. It consists simply of two pedals hinged to the foot brace or stretcher with a line from the upper end of each passing over the coaming on each side and toggled, just abaft the cockpit, to the endless rudder line running around the well on deck, where it is never in the way when stowing sails or cargo below decks. By throwing off the loops from the toggles, the whole affair may quickly be removed from the canoe.

Having tried A tents, with the ridge placed both athwartships and fore and aft, and found them lacking in head room unless made very high, I am now rigging one after the pattern of those used by the Mohicans of Albany, which I think by far the best tent for cruising yet devised.

A cushion 5ft. long, 15in. wide and 1in. thick is carried for a mattress, being folded into a square during the day for a seat.

The sleeping bag is made of two light blankets folded once and sewn up the sides and across one end so I can have from one to four thicknesses over me as required, and on my last day out, Nov. 26, I found it none too warm, even after piling on all my extra clothing. Rolled tightly it is encased in another bag of oiled muslin and stowed in the forward compartment with the other clothes bag, also of oiled muslin. I also carry a rubber blanket to be used when sleeping ashore or in case the canoe floor is wet from leaks or spray. It is stowed in the forward compartment.

Just aft of the forward bulkhead under the deck is stowed the most valuable piece of cargo, to wit: the "grub box" or camp kit. It is made of ¼in. white pine, well varnished inside and out, dimensions 18×12×7½in., and contains bread, crackers, cheese, sugar, coffee, tea, butter, salt and pepper, bacon, syrup, condensed milk, rice, pickles, sardines, canned salmon, eggs, a bottle of alcohol, and two small tin pails, and a tin cup. Fastened on the under side of the lid is a small frying-pan, without a handle, a tin plate, two pocket alcohol stoves, knife, fork, and spoons, and last but not least, a small pair of pliers for handling hot utensils. I have only to draw out this box, rest the lid, which fits on without hinges, across the well for a table, and set the little stoves going underneath, to get a meal at any time, and have even boiled eggs and brewed a cup of coffee while under sail. Of course the quantity of provisions carried in this box is only sufficient for three or four meals, the remainder, with potatoes, beans, onions, etc., being stowed in a waterproof bag in the after compartment, where I also carry another and larger tin pail containing meal, flour, baking powder and an extra tin cup. In the same compartment are stowed my fishing rod and tackle, rubber boots for wading ashore when the water is cold, and a small brass lantern.

The oilskin apron and a waterproof jacket of the same material are stowed under the forward deck on the port side of the camp kit, with the storm dandy on the starboard side. Under the after deck are the tent, anchor and line, and in cool weather a heavy ulster.

Preferring to sit rather high, both when sailing or using the paddle, I made a box about 14in. square and 4in. in depth, to which the backboard is hinged. It serves as a handy receptacle for repairing materials, hatchet, hunting knife, pipe, tobacco, matches, candles for the lanterns, w. f. (whisky flask), small bottle of coal oil for making fires ashore in wet weather, soap, towels, toilet articles, etc., etc.

With all this duffle aboard I have little need for ballast, and with a 3in. rockered keel can make as good time to windward as any canoe on our river, and there are eleven of them.

Presuming the Idlewild to be designed mainly as a cruising canoe, an outfit similar to the above would of course be too cumbersome for her, but her owner may perhaps get an idea or so from its description. TONIC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1885.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION,

Secretary, C. A. Neidé, Box 2127, New Orleans, La. Dues $1 per year. Initiation $1. Candidates for membership can send $2 to the secretary by registered letter or postal order, and he will present their names for election.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA.

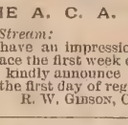
Editor Forest and Stream:

Several canoeists have an impression that the A. C. A. regatta is arranged to take place the first week of the annual meet. This is a mistake. Will you kindly announce that the cruise commences Friday, July 24, while the first day of regular races is Monday, Aug. 3.

R. W. GIBSON, Chairman Regatta Committee.

THE A. C. A. BADGE.

THE following report has been made by the badge committee, and the badges will be prepared as soon as the required number, fifty, are ordered. Those desiring the badges will please send their orders at once to Dr. Neidé. The design selected is neat and handsome, and the reputation of Messrs. Tiffany is a sufficient guarantee



of the quality of the work. Such a badge has long been desired by canoeists, and it now rests with the members of the A. C. A. to show their appreciation of the work that the committee have done, in answer to their demands, by ordering their badges promptly.

REPORT OF BADGE COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed at the last annual meeting of the A. C. A. to select an Association badge, met in New York on Jan. 10 last, to decide between a number of handsome designs submitted, and unanimously adopted one by Tiffany & Co., viz., an A. C. A. burgee, enameled on gold, encircled by twisted gold rope, the ends tied in a square knot. The burgee has the graceful wavy appearance of a flag flying in a gentle breeze, and is especially commendable for the beautiful shade of the enameling.

After deciding upon the design the committee saw Tiffany & Co., who, at first, refused to make the badges at the limit of price set by the Association ($5 each), except in lots of fifty, but finally consented to make the dies, etc., provided the first order was for that number, and to thereafter make up and keep in stock a quantity to be drawn from as orders were received. Therefore, as it is absolutely necessary in order to obtain these badges at all, to make the first order fifty, the committee urge A. C. A. men desiring them to send their orders to secretary, Chas. A. Neidé, Box 2127, New Orleans, without delay, who will, as soon as the number reaches fifty, forward to Tiffany & Co.

Signed by committee. { W. B. WACKERHAGEN. GEO. L. PARMELE. JAMES L. GREENLEAF.

CONEWANGO CREEK AND ALLEGHENY RIVER

NOTICING "Hints to Canoeists," by "Senorita," in your issue of Jan. 15, and being of the same mind, I herewith contribute as my "mite" a rambling account of my first and only canoe cruise.

It was last summer. We started from Mayville, N.Y., on Lake Chautauqua, for a trip down the lake to Jamestown, thence by Conewango Creek, seventy-five miles to the Allegheny River at Warren, and down the river to Pittsburgh, about 200 miles further. After starting the cook-boat and cook down the lake on the steamer, we left Mayville on a hot morning, without a breeze. We paddled until near noon, when a lively breeze started, and being a novice and in a 27in. Stella Maris canoe at that, I was considerably exercised for a time as to whether I was going to come out right side up with care, however, and after a lively sail we arrived at Bemus' Point, where we found our menial waiting for us to help him load the cook-boat. This being accomplished we all sailed a few hundred yards further around the point to a small cove, where we found an excellent spring, and camped for the night.

We mustered five. Marguerite for short, Oleo (from oleomargerine), captain; Reba, purser; Floatsam, Whiffler, and myself, the Amaryllis, dignified into Mary Ellis. By the time we got our canoes fixed and tents up supper was announced, and a grand rush ensued, not because we were hungry, but because we wished to ascertain whether our man Friday was deserving of his munificent salary. Such a supper. A few slices of fried ham, coffee and bread and butter; the ham was tainted and the coffee execrable, so we waited until the cook could fry some bacon and heat a can of Boston beans, then we attacked it again. Somebody wanted eggs or flapjacks, but our domineering domestic crushed him by the remark that he was too tired to fry flapjacks. Such insolence, after having ridden up the lake on the steamer and only rowing a light boat about 500 yards, to serve us a trick like that; and when I think of that supper, I wonder we didn't do something desperate. Why, after we had all tumbled in except Floatsam, who was sitting by the fire working with his rigging, he (the cook) stretched out in the cookboat said, "Mr. B., I wish you would get a match and light my pipe, I'm too tired" (this is a fact). It's a wonder B. didn't destroy him then and there. I will remark just here that he only cooked two more meals for us, though these three meals cost us about thirty dollars, as we had to pay him a week's wages, whisky, doctor's bills (he caught the rheumatism (?) and our tender-hearted purser didn't like to see him suffer) and railroad fare, and after that we did our own cooking, the success of which I won't vouch for.

The second day was spent in reaching the outlet of the lake, where we camped. Here the supper was a slight improvement on the night before, at least such is my impression, though I don't think we were enthusiastic over it. After story telling, jokes and vocal efforts that would make an angel weep, we all turned in. In arranging our canoes, the boys all succeeded in getting under shelter of the two trees available except myself, who, as I usually do, got left. Under ordinary circumstances, this might not seem very striking, but a big storm was brewing, and when I thought of how my gossamer tent wouldn't turn the rain, I wept silently. I tried to get up a scare about lightning striking the trees, but it was a flat failure, so we all turned in and I endeavored to delude myself with the idea that the storm wasn't coming our way anyhow.

I was awakened about an hour later by the roar of the wind, and my tent pins pulling out, and then my little private picnic commenced. The shore was thick with nettles from dead plants, and when I made my debut in my bare feet, I immediately got into difficulty. At last I succeeded in breaking off a couple of my tent strings, and loosening or breaking what tent pins were left, getting desperate I piled rocks on deck to hold the tent in place and scrambled under cover as it now began to pour. After a frantic search beneath decks, making a sorry mess of the cargo, I found my rubber blanket, and sticking it underneath the tent rope, pulled both sides down even and pinned it; then after getting things as near shipshape as possible, I rolled over and soon forgot my troubles. I awakened in a lather of perspiration, and made up my mind that I had rather go through a dozen storms than sleep under a rubber blanket again. By this time the wind had subsided, and the rain had nearly ceased, so removing the poncho I crawled out. I wanted a drink, and after falling over everything in camp and getting everybody growling I found the bucket empty, so went back to my canoe, where with my feet out I smoked for about an hour and finally near daybreak turned in and got a little sleep. I don't hanker after any more nights like this, though I suppose we have to go through a few in order to enjoy a cruise.

The next morning we paddled down the outlet to Jamestown, where we hired wagons to transport us around the dams. We didn't stop in Jamestown longer than we could help (for which I was sorry afterward, as it is a very pretty place) but launched our craft below the last mill, and started on down the creek. If we got any dinner that day I have forgotten it, seems to me that we should have eaten every day, but—with the exception of the first one, which was a catastrophe from which we have never fully recovered—our meals were such a hollow mockery that the only recollection of them is a void. We hadn't gone a hundred yards before we were aground, got off, made another hundred, and did the same thing over again. However we wanted exercise, and didn't mind a little thing like that. A long stretch of very swift water put us in a good humor again, then still water, mill dam and hard work, after which more swift water for the balance of the afternoon.

Just here comes another of our mistakes, causing short allowance of grub. We were informed at Jimtown that it was only 30 miles to Warren. Deluded lambs, we little thought it was going to take us three days to paddle that 30 miles (it was 20 miles by railroad, but the longest 75 miles by the creek that I have seen for many moons). Upon conclusion that the culinary diggy couldn't get down the creek (and we were right), we took a small lunch to last us over supper that night, and breakfast next morning, and shipped the cook, grub and boat by rail to Warren (I have been thankful ever since that the railroad crossed the creek here). Paddling on down the creek we halted for the night at Camp Floatsam, where, at one fell swoop, we devoured the provisions that were to last us until we reached Warren; a little coffee was about all that survived the wreck.

That night's sleep was my first good one on the trip.

The first two days' cruising on the Conewango was simply immense. The stream is about 10 to 20ft. wide, sometimes narrowing down to about 6 or 7ft., and running like a millrace, dashing over boulders with fearful recklessness, and so crooked that, most of the time when following close single file, the captain, who generally took the lead, was out of sight of the rear man and often of the third canoe. In the narrower parts of the creek, the trees on either side hung over and close to the water, so that we frequently had to duck our heads and trust to luck while going at a lively pace.

Toward evening of the second day on the creek we had a cold rain during which Floatsam neglected to put on his poncho, and further on we stopped at a small village, where Oleo and Reba foraged, leaving Floatsam, Whiffler and self under the lee of a bridge to meditate and watch while drawn up together. Floatsam suddenly fainted from the effects of his drenching, and nearly flopped into the creek, which was deep here, and it was with great difficulty that we got him out on the steep bank, where he lay some time before coming to. After an entire change of clothing and getting warmed up he was all right. By this time Oleo and Reba returned with sundry packages and cans, and we continued on down the creek, camping some half dozen miles below at Camp Whiffler. We went through the usual formula of getting out the pans, dishes, etc., and putting them away again—I can swear to this, for it was my turn—and after drying our clothes at the fire, turned in for a very cold night. Silence reigned supreme until the wee sma' hours, when the camp was thrown into confusion by blood-curdling yells and frantic appeals for assistance from the interior of one of the canoes. The chief engineer thereof was entertaining an imaginary snake, and he offered a dollar apiece for matches, with a recklessness of manner that would have made Coal Oil Johnny wild with envy. Added to this our captain prolonged his agony by demanding cash in advance for his matches, but finally his better nature got the best of him, and crawling out he went over and relieved the mind of the gallant tar by an investigation which revealed nothing. The aforesaid tar smiled over the occurrence next morning, but he hasn't forgotten the boom in matches on the Conewango.

The next day brought hard work. We had six dams and one log boom to wrestle with, though we had a great many fine rapids to run, which soothed our feelings some. About noon on the following day we arrived at Warren, where we were handsomely treated by the Warren C. C. men. We got something to eat here, I remember. One of our boys met us here with his canoe, the Lotus Flower. Added to our fleet were five of the Warren men and our much abused but indispensable cracker junk, with a new kitchen mechanic, whose culinary education consisted in being able to row the boat, chop wood, light the fire, and do his share of the masticating. However, with the assistance of sundry farm houses and stores along the route, we managed to make out with him. The balance of the trip was made in quick time—about thirty miles a day—but very enjoyable, nevertheless. At Tionesta we dropped three Warren men, two of our own at Oil City and one more Warren about Foxburg, and picked up one of our own men at Kittanning, the Lady Jane; three of the original starters bringing up at the boat house at the Ninth street bridge, twelve days out. We had some very fine rapids coming down the Allegheny, also some very fair sailing.

To our uninitiated the trip was simply immense, except the eating, and hereafter when we read a brilliant and romantic account of how So-and-So prepared his elegant repast at the camp-fire, we shall set him down as a humbug, for we have been through the exasperating reality of all that sort of thing and know whereof we speak.

I have parted with the Stella Maris and a new Mary Ellis is on the stocks, a 14×31 Princess, in which I hope to make many another cruise. I expect to take her to the Thousand Islands meet, where I hope to win a place in the lists for my AMARYLLIS.

TOLEDO C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Toledo C. C. would like to contribute their little mite to make the Canoe column of the FOREST AND STREAM as popular as it has always been. We have a membership of 20, with 12 canoes enlisted. At our first camp-fire on Feb. 16 the following resolution was passed: Resolved, That we, the Toledo C. C., do indorse the action of the Cleveland C. C. in regard to Western meet at Ballast Island, and pledge it our hearty support. A very interesting paper was then read by Mr. Keip, the secretary of the club, on the subject "Cruising." The paper was well received and a vote of thanks extended by the club for same to Mr. Keip. Our commodore, Mr. J. W. Hepburn, then read a paper on racing, giving his views on the best dimensions for a canoe for racing, paddling and cruising. It was accepted with thanks. We will all attend the meet at Ballast Island and expect to have a jolly time. Will some of our Western canoeists please let us know through your columns how the meet will be appreciated by them and how many will attend?—GUS G. KEIP, Sec'y Toledo C. C.

NEWBURGH.—The "Dockrats" have not been idle, but have laid out a good three-mile triangle, northward from the north end of Plum Point, also a half-mile course for paddling, under the bluff. Both have been chained off carefully on the ice. Other courses have been laid out in front of the boat house: One of 1½ miles southeast, one of 1½ miles northeast, one of 2½ miles north, and a 3-mile triangle. Mr. Van Dalfsen's new Mohican has arrived, Mr. Grant Edgar will put a Childs board in the Dido, Mr. Harrison will deck his canoe, adding a drop rudder and Childs board, and Mr. Knight will also use a Childs board.

NEW YORK C. C.—A meeting of the New York C. C. was held at the office of Mr. J. F. Newman, on Friday, March 6. Mr. Whitlock's resignation of the office of commodore was read and accepted, and Vice-Commodore Munroe was elected commodore. W. P. Stephens was elected vice-commodore in place of Mr. Munroe. The Committee on Constitution and By Laws presented the draft of a new constitution and by-laws, which was accepted, and will be presented at the next meeting for approval. Messrs. Whitlock, Schuyler and Stephens were appointed a committee to attend to removal of house.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The last camp-fire was made doubly pleasant by the presence of Mr. Geo. Rogers of the Peterboro B. C. Mr. Greenleaf delivered a very interesting lecture on river cruising, including especially the paddle and its use. Mr. Rogers also spoke on canoeing in Canada, bringing out the fact that canoeing there was less cruising than pleasure boating, the canoe being universally used, but mostly for short trips near home and for pleasure paddling, as rowboats are used here. Some discussions on cruising followed, the meeting adjourning at 11 P. M.

PERSONAL.—Commodore Gardner and Secretary Eckman, of the Cleveland C. C., visited us last week. They are in New York on business connected with the Ballast Island meet in July. Both gentlemen are long distance cruisers, as they have been down the Mississippi in 1883, from Cleveland to Lake George in 1881, and have made many other cruises. Mr. Gibson was in town on Saturday and spent a day with the Marmalade Lodgers. Mr. E. C. Rand, Mohican C. C., left New York on Wednesday for a cruise in the Bermudas.

PITTSBURGH C. C.—The officers elected on Feb. 27 for 1885 are: Captain, Reade W. Bailey; Mate, W. H. Nimick; Purser, W. W. Lawrence. This club boasts the greatest length of flag officers extant; not one of them can pass under a 6ft. doorway, and Captain Bailey is the tallest man in the Association. The club are about to make their annual change in their signal.

THE ERIE MEET.—The dates of the meet at Ballast Island have been arranged to allow men to leave after the races and reach Grindstone two or three days before "Race Week." The Camp at Ballast Island will be from July 18 to 28, thus reaching Grindstone on July 30 or 31 (Friday or Saturday), while the A. C. A. races begin on Monday.

CANOES FOR SALE.—We call the attention of canoeists to the canoes advertised for sale in our columns. Many old canoeists are changing their boats for new models better fitted for racing, or are having canoes specially built to their order, and there are a number of excellent cruising canoes for sale at reasonable prices.

QUI VIVE.—Mr. I. F. West has sent us a good photo of his canoe Qui Vive, once well known about New York. She is a canvas canoe, built by her owner, 14x26in., sheer 5¾in., and weighs complete 49lbs., including paddles, backboard, hatch, stretcher, two masts, sails and rudder.

FREAK.—After a season's trial with a keel, Mr. Schuyler will go back to centerboard, this time trying a Childs patent.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

N., Philadelphia.—We know of no scent for the purpose.

PERCYVAL.—We believe the law is off April 1. See next issue.

W. D., Lyme, Conn.—We know of no dealers who keep bird lime.

L. C. S., New York.—Law on the birds extends from June 1 to Oct. 1.

F. R.—Write to General Passenger Agent, Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad.

SHARPSHOOTER.—1. See answer to "Wild Rice." 2. The trap is a good one.

F. M. B.—Put two wads over powder and crimp the shell instead of cutting it off.

H. W. H., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—There is no law in this State against shooting crows.

D. R. E.—The address is W. B. Hornaday, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

READER.—Take both rifle and shotgun. You will find large and small game and trout.

J. H., Boston, Mass.—Call on Dr. Al Watts in your city, and he will tell you about the ferrets.

L. J. C.—Bogardus's book is $2. Yes, let your friend practice rifle shooting. It will help him.

J. M. C., Lowell, Mass.—We know of no such map. We shall publish such a book this spring.

E. M. H., Agawam.—Select a 12-gauge or 16-gauge, as your fancy may dictate, and 6lbs. to 7lbs.

S. R. D., Brooklyn.—Write to Chas. Harker, 62 Cortlandt street, for catalogue of last poultry show.

W. H. H., Newport, R. I.—There is no person in the country who can be depended upon for a supply of black bass. When we want them we have to go and fish for them. Write to Mr. Livingston Stone Charlestown, N. H.

ACCOMAC, Virginia.—Possibly Mr. W. Hapgood, Boston, Mass., might give you the information.

UNDER LEVER, Newfane.—1. The shells give general satisfaction. 2. For patterns see answers in last issue.

G. W. C., Newport, R. I.—For wing-shooting, read "Field, Cover and Trap-Shooting," by Bogardus. Price $2.

D. A. P., Peekskill.—We do not know where you can dispose of the back numbers. Send them to some hospital.

H. S. B., Illinois.—You can procure stratena cement at the drug or stationery stores. It will answer your purpose.

J. D. T.—1. Select a 7 or a 7½-pound. 2. Shells 2¾in. 3. Full choke. 4. Probably by addressing the office of the paper, London.

SUBSCRIBER, Elmira, N. Y.—You can have the stock of your gun, straightened to improve your shooting. Any good gunsmith can do it.

H. W. C., Monroe, Mich.—Deer shed their antlers every year; we have had much discussion about this subject in the FOREST AND STREAM.

J. M. M., Canton, O.—Mr. Wells's book on angling will soon be out, and you will do well to consult that. Its publication will be announced in our columns.

W. D. T., Mansfield.—Can you tell me of any place in New England where I can purchase some small black bass for stocking? Ans. We cannot; see answer to W. H. H.

FUR TANNING.—Several correspondents are advised to consult Gibson's "Complete American Trapper" (price $1) for recipes for tanning the different kinds of skins.

D. B. K., Denver, Col.—The Gitana is 92ft. 9in. on waterline, 20ft. 6in. beam, and 11ft. draft. Her tonnage is 95.71 tons N. M., and she belongs to Mr. Wm. F. Weld, Jr., of Boston.

J. W. H.—We have two single breechloading shotguns, 12-bore, full choke, each loaded with 3½ drams of powder and 1 oz. of No. 7 shot. No. 1 has 30in. barrel and No. 2 has 33in. barrel. Will you please be so kind as to inform me through your paper at about how many yards I should be able to shoot a squirrel or partridge, and kill at the longest possible range. Also how much further No. 2 would shoot than No. 1, and kill according to the above table? Ans. They would probably be sure to kill up to sixty yards, and perhaps 25 or 30 further, but this last would be only accident. There would be no material difference in distance. It would be a matter for experiment.

NATSEN.—For the hares use box-trap and bait with sweet appl . For W. J. G. P. S. apply at secretary's office in Camden. 3. We pr sume that there are new laws on the catfish.

NEMO, Brockville, Ont.—1. "The Management and Diseases of the Dog," by Hill, is the book you want. We can furnish it. Price $2. 2 and 3. The puppy's tail will probably come all right as he grows older.

SPARROW.—We know of no one who furnishes English sparrows. They may be trapped easily by a figure 4 trap, or taken by the use of bird-lime. A small boy, if suitably rewarded, would supply all required.

SOMERSET TENDERFOOT.—The directions of the maker of the Lyman sight are, "the sight is placed either a little to the right or left of the central line of the gun, depending on which side the auxiliary barrel is used, so that the sights will line with it."

WILD RICE, New Orleans.—You can secure wild rice seed of Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ontario. The cost, we believe, is $2.00 per bushel, and the duty nothing or very small. Valentine Bros., Valparaiso, Ill., may supply some seed. See our editorial page.

L. C. S., New York.—For the canoe use white cedar, you can get it from C. F. Hodson, 742 Water street. 2. Read "Hallock's Gazetteer" or Thad. Norris's "American Angler's Book," or Mr. Wells's forthcoming work. 3. For trout flies see much recent discussion in this paper.

J. H.—1. Use a 16-gauge, 6-pound, 28-inch barrel. 2. Two and one-half drams are better than three drams. 3. We have not used them. 4. You might get a copy by addressing L. C. Clements, Fleet street, London, E. C., Eng.; but some Americans who have sent him money have not received anything in return. 5. We have not heard that a second edition would be printed.

INQUISITIVE, Paterson, N. J.—1. Is a split bamboo rod made out of the bamboo cane commonly sold at fishing tackle stores? 2. Is there a map published of New Jersey that has every stream marked thereon? 3. Can trout live in a stream inhabited by black bass? Ans. 1. No, it is specially imported. 2. Not that we know of. 3. They can, if the bass do not eat them, which they are apt to do.

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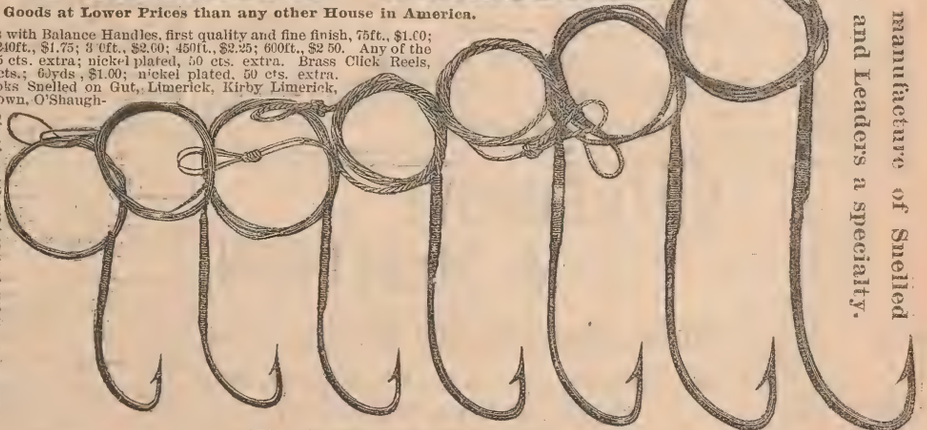
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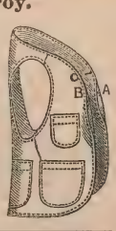
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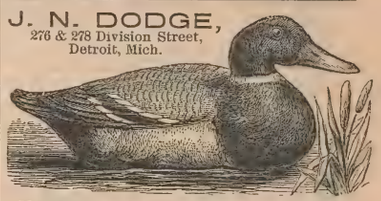
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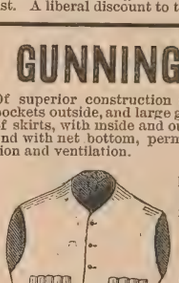
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

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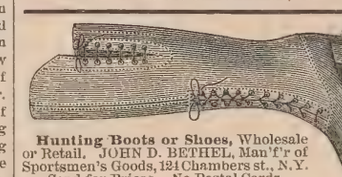
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NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 8. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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FRANK NORTH.

MAJOR FRANK NORTH died at Columbus, Nebraska, on Saturday, March 14. He was only forty-four years old, but had undoubtedly had a wider and more varied experience among Indians on the frontier than any man now living.

Frank North was born in Ohio, and when about fifteen years of age accompanied his family westward to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and a little later across the Missouri into Nebraska. Here they settled not far from the old Pawnee village, and Frank North as he grew up formed close relations with the tribe. His strong character early brought him to the notice of their principal men, and before attaining manhood he had become a person of influence in the councils of the Pawnee Nation.

Early in his career, though not until after his qualifications for the title had been well proved, he was named by the tribe "Pawnee La-shar" (the Pawnee chief) a designation only given to one other white man, Gen. John C. Fremont. He was thus in name as well as in fact, the ruler of this once great nation.

About the year 1863, in command of a party of Pawnee scouts, he accompanied General Connor on an exploring expedition to the then unknown Powder River country. While on this expedition he saw a great deal of hard fighting, on several occasions narrowly escaping with his life.

Later, during the building of the Union Pacific Railway, the depredations of the hostile Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes became so serious along the line of the road that the Government authorized Mr. North to enlist a battalion of scouts from the Pawnee Nation, and offered him the command with the rank of major. He was at this time the originator of the plan of using Indians to fight Indians, a method which has been pursued with more or less success ever since.

Several companies of these scouts were so enlisted, and for years the battalion did good service on the plains and in the mountains in Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming. The amount of property saved to the Government, the settlers and the railroad through the efforts of Major North's command can scarcely be computed. In all this service of almost constant fighting, extending over a period of more than ten years, he never lost a man on the battle field, and this caused him to be regarded by the Pawnees as in some way divinely favored.

The secret of Major North's success in commanding the Pawnees, who loved him as much as they respected him, lay in the unvarying firmness, justice, patience and kindness with which he treated them. He never demanded anything unreasonable of them, but when he gave an order, even though obedience involved great peril or perhaps appeared to mean certain death, the command must be carried out. He was their commander, but at the same time their brother and friend. Above all, he was their leader. In going into battle he never said "Go," but always "Come." It is little wonder, then, that the devotion felt for him by all the Pawnee Nation, and especially by the men who had served under him in battle, was as steadfast as it was touching.

The Pawnee scouts were last called out in 1876, when General Crook fought the hostile Cheyennes in the Powder River country, and, led by Major North and his brother, they made the famous charge on the village which inflicted on the hostiles the crushing blow from which they never recovered. How he held his men under fire that day, when the bullets were raining on them from the hillsides, was told in a letter written by a participant in the fight and published in these columns May 10, 1877. "For cool bravery," it ran, "he beats anything that you ever saw. Why, at one time we were under such hot fire that even our scouts wanted to run, and to tell you the truth, I felt sort of that way myself; but Frank just straightened himself up on the old black horse and said, very quietly, 'The first one of *my* men that runs I will kill.' They didn't run."

The story of the killing of Tall Bull, and the fight with Turkey Leg's band of Sioux, illustrate the readiness and the daring of Major North in battle. Tall Bull was a chief who commanded a large village of renegade Sioux and Cheyennes, dog soldiers, who had given great trouble by their depredations. Major North, with his Pawnees and a few United States troops had been looking for this village for some time and at length succeeded in surprising it near Pawnee Buttes. The village was captured in the charge and many of the dog soldiers killed. Others fled or concealed themselves in the ravines and washouts, which seamed the prairie, and made a desperate fight. The Pawnees were scattered about in little parties killing the hostiles thus concealed, when Major North and his brother came riding rapidly along, side by side, over the open prairie. They had approached within fifty or sixty yards of a narrow steep-walled ravine, of the existence of which they were ignorant, when an Indian raised his head above its side and fired. The ball whistled between the heads of the two riders, Major North threw up his hands and reeled in the saddle as if about to fall, and the Indian's head disappeared from sight. Springing from his horse the Major handed his bridle rein to his brother and directed him to ride away at a gallop. The tramp of the two horses sounded more and more faintly on the hard ground, and the Indian, thinking that the whites were riding off, raised his head to note the effect of his shot. The rifle was already leveled at the spot where the head had disappeared, and as the black hair came into view the finger pressed the trigger more and more closely, and when the eyes appeared above the ground, a ball pierced the brain of Tall Bull. A hundred yards up the ravine lay his war pony, stabbed to the heart, and by it sat his squaw awaiting, with Indian patience, whatever fate might come to her.

During one of the summer hunts of the Pawnees, on which Major North accompanied them, they were attacked by a large war party of Sioux under the Chief, Turkey Leg, who, after a severe battle, were defeated, and driven off with a loss of many men. The Pawnees were out hunting, and were scattered over the prairie running buffalo. Major North's first notice of the attack was by seeing the dust knocked up about his horse by rifle balls. He called to a Pawnee near him to tell those boys to be more careful about shooting. The Pawnee looked for a moment in the direction from which the balls were coming, and after an instant called back, "They are Sioux, you had better run." They rode for the bluffs near at hand, but were surrounded by the Sioux and took refuge in a little washout at the head of a ravine, where they were somewhat sheltered from the enemies' fire by the sunflower stalks and the low edges of the bank. Their horses were at once killed, and the Sioux, who were numerous, became very bold, charging up to the edge of the washout and shooting down into it.

They were led by an Indian apparently of some importance, who was conspicuous by a large American flag which he carried. This man was constantly exhorting his men, and would lead them part way on the charge, sheering off, however, before coming within range of the washout, where Frank North and his brother-in-law, with seven Pawnees, were lying concealed. After each charge he would ride to the top of a hill near at hand and make a speech to his warriors. It occurred to Major North that if he could kill the man who carried the flag, the other Sioux might lose some of their courage. As they were retiring from a charge, therefore, he crept cautiously down the ravine, concealed by the long grass which grew in its bed, until he had come within rifle range of the hill from which the leader was making his speech, and by a careful shot killed him and regained the shelter of the washout without injury.

Disheartened by the fall of their leader, the Sioux made no further attempts to kill the besieged company, but after a little desultory long-range firing drew off, so that North and his little company regained the main village.

If the story of Major North's life were written, it would constitute a history of the Indian wars in Nebraska and Wyoming from 1860 to 1876—a history so full that there would be little left to add to it. Wherever the hostile Indians were worst there Frank North was to be found at the head of his Pawnee scouts, doing the hardest of the fighting, and accomplishing work that could have been done by no other body of men.

From his long service in the army Major North was known to all officers who have ever been stationed in the field where his operations were conducted, and by all of them he was admired and respected. He was closely connected with the growth of the State of Nebraska. Several times he represented Platte county in the Legislature, and the strength and uprightness of his character won the confidence of all who knew him. There was no man in Nebraska who had so wide a circle of friends, nor one who will be so sincerely mourned as Major Frank North.

His was a singularly lovable nature. If the stronger manly points of his character inspired respect and admiration, not less did his gentleness and consideration for others win the deepest affection. He was modest almost to diffidence, and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to speak of his own heroic achievements. And yet his face told the story of the power within the man. One who is accustomed to command men, and is so a judge of character, after seeing him for the first time, made the homely remark: "There is a man with grit in his face; one you could 'tie to.'"

Frank North is at rest. After a life full of adventure, of trouble, and of physical suffering, he sleeps well. He will not soon be forgotten. All over the Western country there are men who will long cherish the memory of Frank North; a man who was brave as a lion, as gentle as a woman.

ALBANY.—The deer-hounding bill has not yet passed the Senate. Mr. Owens's bill to amend the trout law has passed the Assembly. Mr. Otis's bill providing for further protection of game in Queens and Suffolk counties passed the Senate. The Coggeshall bill relative to trespass damages was lost and then recalled for recommitment. The Adirondack forestry bills appear to be destined to go by the board.

ARBOR DAY.—The observance of a public holiday, set apart for tree-planting by school children and others, has proved a most effective way to enlist the feeling of the community in the subject of forestry. It is proposed to establish such a holiday in this State.

THE NEW JERSEY BILL relative to song birds is an excellent measure, and the public will hail its passage with satisfaction. But the penalty of $500 is so excessive that it will defeat itself when put to test. A fine of $25 would be better.

THE CHICAGO MARKET receives many tons of Wisconsin venison shipped in trunks under lock and key. It is estimated that within the period of six months past 15,000 carcases of venison were shipped to Chicago and other markets.

THE MICHIGAN DEER HOUNDING BILL, we are informed, has not yet passed the Senate; a communication on this subject will appear in our next issue.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

IX.—IN THE SHADOW OF THE TETONS.

CLAMBERING down the rough mountain side, the Pinto and I scrambled along over the loose rock piles, and wound in and out among the dead tree trunks that strewed the ground. After reaching the valley, I rode down over the low, bare, burnt hills, and then turned out into the broad meadows at the head of Jackson's Lake, and striking the trail pushed on after the pack train.

The country is very lovely, and one never tires of gazing at the grand range toward which we are journeying. The mountains are so lofty that they seem close at hand, and yet, all through the day's march, they never seemed to draw any nearer. No satisfactory view of Jackson's Lake is had after passing the meadows at its northern end, for the trail passes for the most part over lowlands, and the immediate shores of the lake are covered with timber. A few miles from the head of the lake the trail bends off to the southeast to cut across to the bend of Snake River.

The country is well watered, small lakes and wet meadows being abundant, and often among the high grass about such places could be seen trails where the elk and moose had passed along but a short time before. The timber on these hills is very fine; much larger than that seen on the east side of the range, some of the pines and firs measure from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter. From the hills that were every now and then crossed, glimpses could be had of Snake River, here flowing between high banks. Great numbers of white swans were seen in the river and in the little lakes which we passed. While crossing these same ridges I could occasionally see far ahead of me the train, the tiny men and mules reduced to picture book size in the distance.

Late in the afternoon, just before reaching Buffalo Creek, a small cabin was passed on a little bench to the left of the trail, built, as I afterward learned, by prospectors as a shelter for their horses in fly time. The valley of Snake River here is narrow, and greatly overgrown with underbrush and young pine timber. The streams flowing in from the east, of which Pacific and Buffalo creeks are the most important, carry a great deal of water, even at this their lowest stage, but their wide beds covered with gravel and boulders show how enormously greater must be their flow in the spring, and give a hint of the very great area drained by them. Here in this valley I noticed Menzies spruce, a northwest coast conifer not seen during the trip except in this neighborhood.

A little below the mouth of Buffalo, Snake River Valley becomes much wider, and here may be seen some of the grandest ice work to be found on this continent, marvellous terrace and morainal deposits which would delight the heart of a geologist.

The sun had disappeared behind the Tetons before I rode out into this plain, but I could still see in the trail the fresh tracks of the animals, and urged the Pinto to a lope in order to overtake them, if possible, before dark. This was accomplished, and I found them just going into camp in the river bottom among some tall old cottonwoods and almost on the edge of a beaver pond. Great logs, a foot or more in diameter, lay on the ground, cut down by the chisel-like teeth of the beavers, and there were some old stumps nearly two feet through, which showed that their trunks had been felled in the same manner. Willows grew on every hand, but a little open level spot was found where there was room enough for the tents and the fire. Not far off was heard the rushing murmur of the great river. We found here a prospector and his partner, who were starting for the Wind River Mountains in search of the ever hoped for, but always elusive, "rich strike," which is the motive power of men of this class.

Their camp was made not more than fifty feet from ours, and through the thick network of willows, which formed the dividing line between the two, we could see the dancing flames of their roaring fire, and now and then as a log was tossed on the burning pile, a cloud of sparks soar upward among the dark green foliage of the overhanging spruces. Meanwhile the animals of the two camps were fraternizing, for among the prospectors' stock was a mare with a sucking colt, and about this small creature all our mules gathered in silent adoration, forgetting even to eat in their admiration for the ungainly little beast.

The prospectors' dog—who ever saw a prospector without a particularly lean and ill-favored cur?—sneaked over to our fire and munched the backbones of the trout that had been thrown from the plates on the grass, and a little later Carter, the cook, detected him in the act of purloining from one of the mess boxes a piece of bacon, which he carefully held by the string, not touching the meat with his mouth. Stewart suggested that the prospector had trained the dog to forage for his master in the neighboring camps, but this was no doubt a libel.

That night the river sung our lullaby, and at intervals a great owl sat in the trees above our camp and drowned all other sounds by his dolorous hootings.

The Teton Range runs north and south, and forms the divide between Snake River and the waters flowing into Henry's Fork. It is the most imposing range in the Rocky Mountain system, and its principal peaks are only equaled in majesty by some of the superb volcanic cones of the furthest Northwest. The northern and southern extremities of the range, though grand in their massiveness, are low by comparison with the central mountains. The chief of these are Mount Moran, a gigantic square-topped pile of granite, with two or three glacier-like masses of ice on its northern face, and a few miles further to the south the towering pinnacles of the Three Tetons, which shoot skyward in real rock aiguilles, reminding one forcibly of the Matterhorn.

From our camp in the Snake River bottom the range could not be seen, for the opposite bank was lined with tall spruce trees, which entirely cut off the view. About 10 o'clock Mr. Hague and I started across the river, intending to ride over at least to Leigh's Lake and there obtain a nearer view of the lofty peaks. The river was wide and so deep that the water came almost up to our saddle blankets; but although the bottom is covered with large boulders on which the horses were likely to slip and stumble, we crossed without mishap, and rode through the open dry woods of the bottom toward the high bluffs which form the true river bank. We saw here abundant tracks of deer and elk, some of the former quite fresh, and came across a huge old porcupine which tried, awkwardly enough, to run away, and then stopped among some low rose bushes and, hiding its head, erected all its quills in most threatning fashion.

The bottom was here about a mile wide, and before we had gone more than half this distance we were abruptly brought to a standstill. The whole western portion of this bottom was a great beaver marsh, much of it very soft and miry, overgrown with willows, and intersected in all directions by narrow, muddy sloughs, with steep banks, in which a horse might readily enough sink out of sight. We turned northward, and for the next two hours were engaged in trying to make our way out on to the high prairie. Every little while we would find what looked like a good dry tongue of land, which we hoped would extend through to the bluffs, and after following it for a longer or shorter distance, would find some impassable mud hole which would oblige us to seek another road. Just under the bluffs which we were trying to reach, a slough about thirty feet wide, marshy, boggy and overgrown with long grasses, ran north and south for a mile and a half, and although we several time reached the margin of this, we were never able to cross it. At length, after we had worked our way for a considerable distance along its borders, moving very slowly on account of the treacherous nature of the ground, I climbed a cottonwood tree and obtained a wider view, which showed me that only about a quarter of a mile away was a strip of hard ground which would take us to the bluffs, and by making a considerable detour to avoid the heads of the slough, we at length reached the high prairie. Just before we left the bottom we rode into a full-grown brood of the Western ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus sabinei*), which rose and scattered in all directions among the willows.

Reaching the bluffs we rode up the steep ascent and off toward the range. The prairie is curiously carved and sculptured by glacial action, and everywhere are to be seen morainal deposits of great extent. The drift is mainly quartzite granite and serpentine with some volcanic rock. Long ridges, composed wholly of this drift, run out for a long distance from the foot of the range, and are now for the most part bare of timber, though on some of them the fire has spared many of the pines, and young quaking aspen timber grows on many of their slopes. On the highest of the river terraces on this, the west side of the river, are a number of groups of evergreen timber and occasionally single trees left standing by themselves in what is now a wide sage plain. This is a very unusual occurrence in the West, and here goes to show that at no very distant time in the past this whole wide terrace was covered with pine forest. This terrace is essentially a flat plain, though occasionally traversed by ancient waterways at right angles to the axis of the range, a few feet below the general surface of the plain, and from one hundred yards to half a mile broad. At one place in this plain stands a timber-covered oval mound, regular in shape, its longer axis at right angles to the axis of the range. It is perhaps three hundred yards in length, and is probably morainal in character, though as its surface is covered with dead and living vegetation, this is mere conjecture. On this plain a number of antelope were seen, but they were wild and there was no cover under which they could be approached.

Looking back from the top of one of the ridges above this plain we had a fine and wide view. Well up above where the river now flows one could trace the beautifully marked terraces, showing the different flood plains of the stream, running smoothly and evenly along the hillsides north and south as far as the eye could reach. Above rose the pine clad mountains, sometimes attaining the dignity of peaks, as Mt. Leidy, but generally forming a low though massive range. Below the upper terraces could be seen, here and there, extensive sage plains, which at this distance had all the appearance of far-reaching wastes of gray sand. The river was not visible from this point, being hidden by the high bluffs between which it flows.

Riding on, we passed over a number of the burnt ridges to the northwest, hoping to obtain a view of Jackson's Lake, which here runs in close to the foot of Mount Moran, but finding that the ridges became constantly higher, and were always more thickly covered with timber, we at length turned off to the southwest to look for the smaller Leighs Lake. As we passed over the burned hills in this direction, great numbers of fresh elk tracks and trails were noticed. Many of them had been made the night before and some since daylight, and it is probable that in the timber before us there were great numbers of them. At length having reached a ridge a little higher than any that we had yet passed over, we had a fine view of the southern end of Jackson's Lake. It seems to wind and twist about among its points and islands, and sends out long, narrow, finger-like bays into the hills in a curious way, and as Mr. Hague remarked, "it needed but a few more points and islands to make it like the Japanese Inland Sea." Having admired this beautiful sheet of water and the grand old mountain whose base it kisses, we rode on, and a little latter saw from a hilltop Leighs Lake. It is about two miles long, and flows, not as might be supposed, into Jackson's Lake, but by an outlet to the south into Snake River. Lying, as it does, in the midst of a dense pine forest, and mirroring the superb peaks which overhang its waters, it is an ideal mountain lake.

Here we dismounted and studied for a while the range before us. The mountains are masses of granite, almost everywhere bare and gray, though here and there they are a little blackened by groves of pine timber high up on their sides, and their summits and the few ravines which seam them are whitened by patches of snow. Perhaps their most impressive feature is their nakedness. They are so utterly bare that it adds to their majesty. And they are so steep that it is only in the ravines that any considerable masses of snow can lie on them. Elsewhere it slips off as it falls, or is blown away by the fierce winds that ever play about their lofty summits. The ice masses on the eastern face of Mt. Moran are much smaller than those on its northern side. Those have to the eye the appearance of being true glaciers, though this could only be determined by an examination of the waters that flow out from beneath them. Even here on the east side, however, the ice when examined through the glass shows crevasses and fluting on its lower border and occasionally the color which is so characteristic of the glacier. A very prominent and striking feature of Mt. Moran, which may be seen from this point to the best advantage, is a nearly vertical dyke of dark rock running up the side of a square granite face, immediately under the summit of the mountain. This dyke must be one hundred feet wide, and reaches from the summit of the mountain down under a snow mass and the talus of loose granite blocks at its foot, and then appears again on the mountain side in a direct line with the upper part of the dyke. Just south of the snow and the debris below it appears a dark mass which looks like a part of the dyke broken and pushed a little out of line. It may be a bend in, or an enlargement of the mass.

Our nearness to the range at this point prevented any satisfactory view of the Three Tetons, for the southernmost of the three was hidden behind the Grand and the northernmost was dwarfed by it. This superb peak, however, towered above its fellows grander and more impressive than we had yet seen it. The long sloping saddle which runs up toward the peak was visible, and then above that the sharp needle of granite inaccessible to human foot. The view there had was one that will never be forgotten by the beholder, for though lapse of time may blot out from the memory the sharpness of detail and the vividness of first impressions, yet the awe-inspiring majesty of these tremendous mountains gave rise to feelings that can never be wholly obliterated.

Turning again toward camp, we regretfully rode away from the hill where we had had so much enjoyment. Taking the nearest way down to the plain, we passed around the points of the ridges on our way to camp. From the aspen thicket where one of these points runs out toward the head of a ravine a great brown doe bounced out as we approached and ran down to the ravine, her long ears flapping backward and forward at every bound. I jumped from my horse to shoot at her, but just as I did so she sprang down a depression in the prairie, so that when I stood on the ground I could only see her ears. She ran off down the ravine and was not seen again. Later, we rode over a ridge near where four antelope were feeding. They took the alarm at once, and my shot, made as they were running quartering up the opposite hillside, was just about four inches too high, passing into the ground just over the buck's shoulders. All the antelope here were wild, as if a good deal hunted.

On reaching the river bottom again we endeavored to take advantage of our experience of the morning, and by keeping out close to the river's edge succeeded in finding firm ground all the way to the ford, although the process of forcing our way through the tangled willow thickets was not pleasant. Arrived in camp, we found that the fishermen had been successful and had secured a number of fine and heavy trout. Just before dark a flock of seven Canada geese flew up the river, honking loudly, and as they were passing camp I answered them, and presently they turned about and came back, flying directly over the tents and looking down in the most interested way, as if to see who it was that was talking to them.

During the night the storm which had been brewing for several days broke upon us, and the next morning when we turned out it was raining hard. Everything was wet, and we did not attempt to move. It was rather cold, and overcoats were in demand as we stood about the fire, while the rain, sometimes changing to snow, came down with a persistent drip. Stewart and Saddlemeyer, as soon as they had arisen, had cut some poles, and with a *manta* and three or four sling ropes, soon rigged up a capital shelter, under which, about 9 o'clock, we had breakfast in a very luxurious lazy

fashion. Soon after breakfast the packers went fishing, but came in about noon without having had a bite. Most of the day was spent about the fire, but toward the middle of the afternoon it became rather stupid, and so I set up my rod and started off up the river. I followed up the beach for perhaps half a mile, and began casting at the tail of a long reach of quiet water just above a swift, deep rapid. After a few casts I caught a small trout, and then a larger one, weighing perhaps three-quarters of a pound, then several others of moderate size. They were strong, vigorous fish, and their eager way of taking the fly was very pleasant to feel. I followed down the swift water and had made a long cast out toward the middle of the stream, when a huge fish, which looked about the size of a North River shad, rose to my tail fly, a brown hackle; but in his eagerness missed it, and sprang over it, showing his full length out of the water. I cast again over the same spot, but this time recovered my flies more slowly. He rose again, and just at the right instant I struck and had him fast. For a moment he seemed too much astonished to do anything, but he soon recovered himself and then came the fight. His first move was to make a strong rush toward the deepest water of the rapid, during which he twice sprang into the air, shaking himself savagely to see if in that way he could not free his jaws from the tiny steel. Then suddenly he turned and came back toward the rod, throwing himself out of the water as if trying to fall upon the line. All this availing him nothing, he started down the river at top speed, and so furious was his rush that I did not dare attempt to check him, but when the line was nearly all out started after him, running along the slippery stones of the beach and through the pools of water left by the river, as if it had been a salmon that was fast instead of a trout. At length he stopped and began to sulk, and I took up all the line I could and then soon had him moving again. He now developed a new set of tactics, and began to stand on his head and shake himself from side to side so as to bring all the strain possible on the line, and then would give a series of tugging jerks, continuing for several minutes, and at length began to throw himself over and over in the water as if to twist the line, and then by a sudden rush to break it. When at length I succeeded in getting him close to the shore, and he saw me, he began again his long rushes, which he continued until he became exhausted. I had no landing net and dared not attempt to lift him from the water, but finding a place where the beach was shelving, I drew him out by the leader and soon had him safely in my hands. He was a handsome fish, very deep and thick, yet with length enough to make his shape a very graceful one. What his weight was I do not know, for I had lost my scales, but he was very large, probably more than four pounds. It took me twenty-four minutes to land him, and I never gave him an inch of line except when absolutely forced to do so in order to save my tackle from breaking. The battle with this fish was the event of the afternoon, and although a few more trout were taken, there was no struggle at all comparable with this one.

The fishing over, I collected my catch and turned toward the camp. The rain had ceased, but white clouds hung low over the valley and concealed the mountains on either side of the valley. As I walked down the beach, however, the western sky grew lighter, and for a few moments the sun struggled to break through the clouds, but in vain. Then suddenly far down the valley the white wall that shut out the view broke away, and I could see the tremendous mountain mass of the Teton Range. I paused and gazed, waiting for the rent to close up again. Through it I could see, like a picture in its frame, the mountains, not dark and gray, as they had hitherto appeared, but white in all the purity of their newly-assumed mantle of snow. And as I gazed the break in the clouds moved rapidly northward, exposing one mountain after another, each more beautiful than the one seen just before. About the needle peak of the Grand Teton hung a wreath of mist which concealed it, and added to rather than took from its height. It was a fleeting vision, for just after the rift had passed Moran, the clouds came together. I had had my glimpse into the glories beyond, and, though I waited, the veil did not lift again, and with this beautiful memory in my heart I returned to camp.

Mrs. Glass's Famous Recipe for cooking a hare was proved in an English police court the other day to have become obsolete. The new rule reads: "First catch your cat." The discoverer of the new principle, like many another propounder of novelties, was arrested, tried, convicted and sent to prison. This was on complaint of the numerous individuals whose pet cats she had stolen, skinned and sold on pretense that they were Scotch hares. It is to be noted that the people who bought and ate the game, made no complaint; and the woman herself deposed that her own family ate the cats, and that the meat tasted like that of a rabbit.

Present Range of the Buffalo.—The attention of our readers who are familiar with the old buffalo ranges is called to Mr. Allen's note in our Natural History columns. It is extremely important that the materials for the closing chapter in the history of this animal should be accumulated at once, and the task of writing this chapter naturally falls to Mr. Allen. Every one who can contribute any facts about the buffalo should do so immediately. We shall hope to hear from our Western readers at once.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

II.

I DATE as below for good and sufficient reasons. It was in December last that I received a letter from Capt. S. D. Kendall, in which he said, "Hillo, 'Nessmuk!' What's got you? Are you coming?" The thermometer was then marking 20° below zero at my Northern home, I was sick in body and spirit, and it was impressed on my mind that the raw, slushy months of February and March were destined to wind up my cruising unless I could reach a more genial clime. And I said yes, I am coming. I cannot say when or how, but sometime, somehow, I will get there. Pick me out a high, dry camping ground well shaded by live-oaks, preferably on Lake Butler, I think; but you will know best. And—I am coming. And when, after many delays, I at length launched the canoe for a visit to the Springs with the Captain, I felt as one who returns home after a wearisome journey.

I wanted to see the Captain's selection of a camping ground at once, but he had been telling people about the little canoe and how I was coming a long distance to visit him, and had promised to pilot the Bucktail to the Springs at once on her arrival. "And there are some good people there to whom I would like to introduce you," he added.

So, with his long, sharp canoe, the Linnie M., on the lead, we paddled up to the landing at Tarpon Springs, the first time that two double-bladers had ever made the landing, the Captain said, "For the single canoe is not common on the gulf coast of Florida."

Of course the Bucktail was looked upon with much interest and curiosity, for she belongs to a class of cruisers not much in use hereabout; and doubts were expressed if she could live in a topsail breeze, even on Lake Butler. I had little to say. I am likely to stay long enough to test her seagoing qualities fairly. If it should turn out that she will live "outside" it will be known of men. If not, the least said the better.

When we had spent half a day visiting in the little village, I suggested that we return, get dinner, and take a walk to inspect my future camping ground. I had been introduced to more people than I could remember, and had met genial welcome from all, but my soul was thirsting for a camp, and an outdoor life among the live-oaks. The Captain explained, however, that a week or so devoted to visiting and getting better acquainted would be more in order. Besides, Mrs. K. had expended considerable time and labor getting up a cosy corner in the loft where the Captain builds his boats, and it would hurt her if I only occupied it for two or three nights. Then it was absolutely necessary that any man camping on the lower Anclote should become acquainted with the devious windings, bays, bayous, and cut-offs of that tortuous stream in the last six miles of its course. Besides, it was the home of the cheerful 'gator, which, he assumed, I was anxious to shoot. The two salt lakes and Butler Lake also needed investigation. The latter was noted for the size and quantity of its black bass (called here green trout), and he thought they would take it as a compliment if a tourist should offer them a choice of gaudy flies, which is something they are not accustomed to.

So I put myself in the hands of my friends, and the Captain led me into and out of cut-offs, channels, bayous and strange places for nearly a week, until my arms were so lame and swollen that I was absolutely disabled for further paddling, and forced to call a halt. Then we took it on foot among the pines and live-oaks, the latter standing alone or in groups of three to a dozen. The pines are pretty evenly distributed all over the higher, dryer land, and the palmettos line the shores of lakes, rivers, gulfs and bays. They are the three principal trees of the Gulf Coast, though the scrubby jack oak is met with everywhere, and is of little use, save as fuel, for which it is excellent, even when in a green state.

We went over to Lake Butler by way of Salt Lake, and I took along the fly-rod, with a few bass flies. Considering that the bass were entirely unacquainted with this mode of capture, their behavior was all that the most ardent fisherman could ask. I had not made half a dozen casts when a fine big-mouth took his chances on a split ibis, and after monkeying with the reel for a quarter of an hour, was gently led to a white sandy beach, where the Captain deftly gaffed him by thumbing his under jaw. We had no means of weighing him, but he was more than a meal for three hungry persons.

"Go a little slow with that light rod," said the Captain, "bass are taken here sometimes of over ten pounds weight." Just then another and larger one attempted to immolate himself on the split ibis. He succeeded in getting on to the hook in very good shape. But, whether it was my fault or whether the wood was defective, I shall never know. Anyhow, he snapped the tip like a pipestem and went his ways. Now that he has got a little used to this mode of angling, I presume he will take to it kindly, and I may hook him again, but with a Henshall rod and a stronger tackle all round.

On both of the Salt lakes, as well as on Lake Butler, I noted some very fine camping grounds, to which I called the Captain's attention. He agreed with me that they were nice spots, romantic, and all that; but wanted me to look at his selection before deciding on a camp.

And so, on the following morning, we took a walk through the open, park-like pine forest to a high, dry point of land between the Anclote and Lower Salt Lake. And just where a bend of the river left a fine bayou to the left was the spot. It was chosen by a cruiser and canoeist, as well as veteran woodsman, and it was chosen well. It did not take me five minutes to decide on making a camp there sufficiently permanent and comfortable for any length of time I might choose to stay. The site was enough to cheer the heart of any outer; and, though description is not my forte, I may as well mention a few leading features. First, it is only one and three-quarter miles from the springs, and three-quarters of a mile from the Captain's ranch by land, and dry, open walking through the piny woods. There are about three score live-oaks standing in clumps, and a clump of pine, the largest, shade the spot chosen. They stood very closely, the two outside ones being less than twelve feet apart, while the two nearest together had their rugged trunks within less than two feet of each other. The two northern ones were just six and a half feet apart, and nature seemed to have grown them there expressly to support the front of a shanty.

Thirty yards to the north and northwest is the bayou, with banks from ten to twenty feet high, and thickly lined with live oak and palmetto; also it affords fine landings for the canoeist, and at certain stages of the tide, swarms with channel bass and mullet.

To the south and southeast is a grove-like slope of yellow pine, between the trunks of which the clear waters of lower Salt Lake are plainly seen, and beyond the bayou there is an immense marsh covered with a heavy growth of rushes where the 'gator makes his home, and the marsh is relieved at one point by a wooded island, on the lower end of which is a fish-eagle's nest, looking from camp like a bushel basket set in the very top of the tree.

Before noon the next day I had bought lumber for the camp and engaged Jake, the darkey drayman, to haul it to the spot.

And before dark the next day, I was at work with hammer and saw and square, putting the final touch to what I hope may prove a pleasant, healthful resting place—with a reasonable amount of out-door sport added—for many weeks to come.

When my first camp-fire of live oak and pine was burning low, I took a hard coal and wrote on the clean pine boards, in large letters, that he who runs may read:

OAK POINT.
February, 1885.
Camp Tarpon.
N——K.

I cannot close without adding a word concerning the weather. I am willing to believe that this season is quite exceptional. That they speak the truth when they say that the oldest settlers cannot remember such a season as the last half of January and the fore part of the present month; and that nine days out of ten are bright and pleasant in Western Florida. It is my luck to have struck the tenth days pretty much in a bunch. As a sample, take the last two nights in camp. Night before last it rained from dusk till daylight. The shanty roof proved ineffective against the rain, and the entire duffle got generally moist. Yesterday forenoon thatched roof with dwarf palmetto and snugged up the camp for foul weather. Last evening there were thunder storms around me in all directions, but it was not until 10 P. M. that a heavy one struck the camp, and it meant business. The furious wind drifted the rain in horizontal sheets, the lightning was fierce and incessant, the thunder a heavy article of constant quantity and excellent quality, and the entire affair a display of grandeur and power well worth turning out at midnight to see. The average outer would probably suggest that it could as well be seen in a dry skin from the windows of a comfortable hotel. And the average outer would be all wrong. To thoroughly see and realize such a magnificent display you want to take it in as I did last night, from the open front of a little 7x5 shanty, moored to a couple of gnarled live oaks by the front cross pole, where, by the vivid flashes, you can look far down the vistas of writhing pines and the long, gray beards of century oaks. It was magnificent—but a little damp.

Mem.—To go down to the Springs this A. M., get Jake to haul some boards and battens, buy nails and cloth for a front screen, lay in a knapsack of supplies, and organize for tornadoes.

Oh, I will get the hang of this Florida weather in one or two more weeks of camping out. Nessmuk.

Camp Tarpon, Feb. 8.

RAMBLES IN THE WILDERNESS.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

—*Dryden.*

IF all mankind would follow this advise it would add greatly to their happiness, and give the doctors a rest. The field is a good place to "hunt for health," but the fountain head is located in the wilderness, wherein is distilled the "grand elixir to support human nature," and is free to all who comply with the conditions. But the wilderness is fast wearing away, and the question is frequently asked by people in search of pleasant pastime and healthful recreation, where can I find within easy access to the city, good hunting and fishing? To such inquirers the Upper Peninsula offers many pleasing attractions. And notwithstanding a few small farms and hamlets dot its southwestern border along the Menominee River, it is to all intents and purposes a wilderness still, covered with extensive forests of pine, intermingled with swamps of cedar, tamarack and balsam fir, seamed with water courses and dotted with lakes. A considerable portion of this land has very little intrinsic value after the timber has been removed, except in some few places where minerals abound, and many thousand acres have reverted to the State through non-payment of taxes, and will always be held as public domain, and will for many years to come afford good sport if the present laws for the protection of game are respected or suitably enforced. And notwithstanding frequent incursions of the detestable deer-fiend and his odious brother, the "trout-hog," there are yet large game and fish found here in sufficient abundance and variety to satisfy the wants and gratify the ambition of any considerate sportsman who possesses the necessary skill to bag the game, which is extremely wild in consequence of having been hunted so much. Deer and ruffed grouse are quite plentiful. Black bear, lynx and foxes are often killed here, and the wolf frequently manifests his presence at night by hideous howls. They are a timid, skulking animal, and seldom get in the hunter's way—not if they know it. Trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are quite plentiful in many of the streams, and especially in the Brule River, thirty-seven miles beyond Waucedah, on the Menominee River Railroad.

A party consisting of G. E. Nichols, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. Zeigler, New York city; "General" J. D. Wallace, "Doctor" J. W. Farlin, Samuel Baker, C. H. Keihl, and the writer (sometimes called the "Judge") and William (Mr. Zeigler's colored cook) left here on the 9th of October last, for a few weeks' vacation in the region known as the "Menominee Range;" and presuming that some of your readers may feel an interest in following the trail some day, I will "blaze" it as we go along.

Taking a sleeper on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad at 9:05 P. M., we breakfasted at Marinette 7:50 A. M., and crossing the Menominee River at this point, we arrived at Powers (305 miles) at 10:10 A. M. Here we changed cars to the Menominee Railroad, and arrived at Waucedah, eleven miles further on, at 10:45 A. M. This was the terminus of our ride by rail. Here Geo. Harter met us by appointment with two heavy teams to transport us to the Menominee River, eighteen miles distant.

There was a large amount of baggage, and it was piled high above the wagon boxes, making it necessary to bind the loads with strong ropes to prevent "breaking bulk" on the way. The road was exceedingly rough; the long, steep hills were worn deep in ruts by recent rains, often taking the wheels in up to the axle, and the wagons meanwhile

twisting, creaking, rolling and pitching about in such a careless way that the "deck passengers" were in constant peril of being ejected as from a catapult. A brief experience on the wagon hastened their decision to walk over the rough places, which included most of the way. But patience and perseverance rarely fail of being rewarded, and at 5 o'clok P. M. we reached our camping ground, distant from Chicago 334 miles, in twenty hours, when eighteen years ago the writer consumed five days in a birch bark canoe to reach Waucedah from Marinette, the mouth of the Menominee.

The wagons were quickly unloaded, and by the light of a large camp-fire aided by lanterns, the tents were pitched, wood chopped for the night and brought in and everything put in running order. While all this was going on, William, some fifty feet away, was preparing our supper over a small fire in front of the dining tent, his joyous good nature breaking out occasionally in little snatches of plantation songs, of which the following verse is a fair sample:

> De night-time comin' an' de daylight scootin';
> De jewdraps fallin' an' de big owl a hootin';
> You kin soon see de bright stars fallin' an' a shootin',
> An' hear de ole huntin'-horn blowin' an' a tootin'!

Just then Mr. Baker called out: "William, give the tootin' a rest and hurry up the cakes. I am famishing!" "Yes sir, I's jes' goin' to call you, sir," when straightway each one folded a camp-chair, and tucking it under his arm, made haste to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, also to pass judgment on William's qualifications as a cook. That they were highly satisfactory, the long-continued clash of table cutlery and the oft-repeated calls for more, was sufficient evidence, without the remark of Mr. Nichols as he rose from the table and pulled down his vest: "The little I have eaten I have relished well."

This evening we expected to meet the six guides we had engaged at the Keshena Reservation in Wisconsin, but they were delayed by high water in the numerous streams they had to cross in their journey of a hundred miles through an unbroken forest, and did not reach camp until next day in the afternoon. The streams were crossed on log rafts rudely constructed, and they were three days and a half on the way. All of them were representative men of the Menominee tribe, faithful to their trusts and skilled artists in their line; two of them—Frank Py-waw-waw-hoe and Simon Wow-wah-sha—have accompanied the Doctor and the writer on every trip they have taken since 1866.

A short distance above our camp there were several lodges of Menominee Indians, who disown their tribe and tribal relations, and live in a village of their people at White Rapids, sixteen miles down the river; they were on a hunting and fishing excursion. One of their ponies, having a bell fastened to his neck, made nightly excursions to our supply tent to cultivate friendly relations with our vegetables, and one night repeated his visits so often that Keihl exhausted the supply of boots at hand (except his own) before morning in driving him away. We hired two canoes from these Indians for the time we remained, and caught several nice messes of black bass, pike and pickerel. Sunday was our second day in camp, and, being entirely devoted to rest, a late breakfast was ordered, and William improved the time in getting up a surprise for us. Quite late in the morning, as the party were all seated around the glowing camp-fire, enjoying its grateful heat and conversing upon matters befitting the day, a loud call to breakfast brought every man to an upright position with a unanimity of action only equaled by the sudden collapse of the camp chairs, as they started in hot haste for the table, each one striving hard to get there first, and let some other fellow have the tin plate, which (for the time being) belonged to the man that "got left." And the surprised-gratified look that took possession of each countenance as the party entered the tent, can be more easily imagined than described.

The rough board table we had eaten from the night before, was now covered with a white glossy linen table cloth, damasked with flowers; napkins of the same material and bearing the legend "Thistle" flanked each plate (the tin one included), The menu consisted of broiled grouse, broiled venison, fried fish, fried venison, fried bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, venison ribs roasted before the fire Indian style, roasted sweet potatoes, baked apples, cranberry sauce, stewed tomatoes, oatmeal mush, bread and butter, tea, coffee and cream. It was a toothsome meal, "Too good for any but anglers, or very honest men."

After a week Baker and Keihl, with their guides, started up the river in a canoe with rods and reels, trolling for fish. They had proceeded about a mile and a half from camp, busily engaged with the sport, when a very large buck came tearing throug the brush on the Wisconsin side, closely pursued by a dog, and plunging into the river some two hundred yards above them, started for the Michigan shore, about two hundred and fifty yards away. As the water was very deep, only about half the upper part of the deer's head was exposed to view, his body was entirely submerged.

The deer no sooner touched the water than wild confusion reigned supreme in the canoe. Rods and reels were left to shift for themselves, the two repeating rifles with full magazines were caught up, and in ready response to the action of the levers as they moved swiftly up and down, the leaden hail began to beat the water into foam around the deer's head and in places afar off, the guides often putting themselves in the greatest jeopardy of being shot, while making frantic efforts to head the deer off the shore. But he got there unharmed just as the ammunition gave out, and as his noble form materialized above the water, he shook his antlered head defiantly toward the canoe, and his flag waved the pursuers a graceful adieu as he disappeared in the dark recesses of the forest. Both rifles being empty it was impossible to give him a parting salute. It was a very cold day for the boys. In sadness and silence they returned to camp and put on their ulsters. That evening the party of still-hunters brought in three deer, which were enough for several days, and the escape of the buck was regretted by none but the boys.

The weather throughout our stay was extremely fine, bright and clear during the day with a sharp crisp air and heavy frosts at night, greatly enhancing the pleasure of sitting around the glowing camp-fire engaged in cheerful talk or listening to the songs of Mr. Nichols, who is an excellent vocalist. The song most frequently called for was,

> "I'm a rambling wreck o' poverty
> And the son of a gambolier."

There was other musical talent in the company, which was rarely displayed, except to join in the refrain when needed.

We had been in camp about ten days when a reporter for one of our leading daily papers made us a flying visit, not in a professional way, however; said he was "looking for b'ar or deer."

So it was arranged that night to turn out in full force early the next morning for a "drive," of which for the benefit of your young readers I will attempt a description; but would first state there were no dogs with the party, all the "drivers" were Indians. This way of killing large game is not often resorted to, and finds but little favor with a still-hunter. It is about the only chance, however, for the shotgun to get its work in effectually. A "drive" is all planned and executed by the Indians, and it requires a "heap talk" and many pipes of tobacco to arrange all the details. Frank was the chief, and the council was opened early in the evening. A great many pieces of forest were named and their merits fully canvassed, and finally the ground was agreed upon. Frank stood up, and extending his arm pointed out the location, and naming one of his party and then another, he assigned a duty to each until all got their instructions. This matter settled, they sought their blankets and rest.

Long before the brightness of the morning star began to fade in the east, the whole camp was stirring. Snow had fallen during the night, covering the earth with its mantle, and under the line of fog which covered the river, large bunches of foam, resembling in the distance white-water fowl, could be seen as the swift current bore them along; the air was sharp, crisp and scintillating with particles of frost, while the sky overhead was thickly studded with stars which shone with a brilliancy peculiar to a northern latitude. Soon after breakfast the party, in Indian file, marched out of camp "under the opening eyelids of the morn," Frank leading the way into the forest. After reaching the extreme right of the ground to be driven, and about half a mile distant from camp, the drivers then started off to gain a long distance from the stands, while the line of defense was being formed. Frank then calls a name, and, pointing out a stand, says: "You stay here—good place—deer him come dis a way," indicating the direction by a wave of the outstretched arm, then resuming his course a distance of three hundred yards or more, another men gets a "good place," and so he kept on until all have their proper stations assigned them, whereupon Frank starts off to direct the drivers.

In selecting stands great care is taken to give the rifles a long range to cover, and as Frank says, most any place is good enough for a shotgun. Flank shots are prohibited, also the leaving of stands while the drive is progressing. And just as soon as a stand is taken, a vigilant watch should begin on the right, left and in front—the movement of a leaf or twig should not pass unnoticed, as deer often walk along in a very stealthy manner, especially when they scent danger and are not fully apprised of its exact location. An hour had elapsed before the drivers were heard; at first an indistinct sound like the tapping of a woodpecker on a distant tree. This noise was soon heard quite plain in different quarters all along the line in front, then a loud war whoop was given as a signal that the game was afoot, and followed presently by the sharp report of a rifle on the right, then three more at short intervals between. Nothing more was heard for some time except the rapping of the drivers, which seemed quite near, and this appeared to have nearly died out when word was passed from right to left along the line to "Come in, the drive is up." The writer was stationed at the extreme left, and quit his stand soon after the third summons, and greatly to his disgust, losing a shot at a deer Frank drove past the stand some fifteen minutes later, as it afterward appeared.

The sudden cessation of noise from the direction of the "drivers" was owing to a strip of open ground they had to pass through some little distance from the stands. As to the person responsible for giving out the word to "come in" history is silent. The result of the "drive," which promised so much, was one buck killed by the General, who shot at him three times, and Mr. Zeigler fired one shot as he passed his stand, and scored a miss. Five of the party had seen nothing larger to shoot at than a bluejay or a red squirrel; but the Scribe had. As he alleges, a wolf approached his stand in such a stealthy way that the Scribe first saw him in a crouching, cat-like position, about thirty feet off, just ready to pounce upon his prey. But the Scribe made some movement—perhaps in search of a tree—which instantly changed the animal's intention, and he beat a hasty retreat; and as he started, the Scribe thought "discretion is the better part of valor," and he decided to follow Dogberry's instructions to the watch:

Watch—How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry—Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank heaven you are rid of a knave.

Now the Scribe was healthy and strong. He had traveled over three hundred miles with his gun heavily loaded with buckshot for b'ar. Therefore it would be unreasonable to suppose that his nervous system would get "rattled" at the sight of a—fox, "that and nothing more." The Doctor being next on the left of the Scribe, says the fox on his retreat passed him like a flash, his brush in a straight line with his body. There was no report from the Doctor's gun!

A few days after this, most of the party started for home, having been out two weeks. The Doctor and Judge remained one week longer with three Indians. The general "round up" in large game was twelve deer. All the venison in excess of our own wants was given to the Indian families and to Mr. Harter, who lives about four miles from our camp and carries the mail past it to Pembina Post Office, Tuesdays and Fridays each week, from Waucedah, Menominee county, Mich. To him and his most estimable wife, the party are greatly indebted for luxuries supplied our table and many other acts of kindness that were highly appreciated.

The invigorating air of that region, redolent of balsam and pine, together with wholesome food and exercise, had imparted to the cheek a healthy glow, a brightness to the eye, elasticity to the step, and a manly vigor to gird on the armor so lately put off, and renew life's battle again.

And still more lasting than all these are the bright memories of congenial associates and pleasant adventures incidental to camp life in the wilderness. A. L. Rose.

Chicago, Ill.

A Three Black Crows Story comes from an Exeter, N. H. correspondent, who relates that to the excited fancy of an Adirondack tourist at Meacham Lake, last summer, three crows skimming along close to the ground took on the semblance of a she bear and cubs; so that the novice actually rushed to the hotel, secured his shooting iron and hurried back to bag the game. The story, which is vouched for, only shows that people will find what they are looking for.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

23. *Certhia familiaris rufa* (Bartr.) Ridg.—Brown creeper. This species is found throughout the year within our boundaries, excepting, perhaps, in extreme cold winters. Mr. C. W. Gunn, of Grand Rapids, embraces it in his list of the "Winter Birds of Kent County, Michigan, 1881." He considers it as only a half hardy species, in which most of the collectors undoubtedly agree with him. The creeper is found throughout the State, and is reported from every quarter by the collectors. It is a well-known species, but is silent and retiring in its habits, and not often seen by those not interested in the study. I have found it in at least seven different counties in various parts of the State, and during every month of the year, and have come to regard it as one of our most constant small birds.

It undoubtedly nests in our southern row of counties in those sections were pines are found; but as a rule is rarely found breeding south of 43° north latitude. I have yet to record the species in Kalamazoo county during June or July. The only nest that I have met with, was found by Mr. W. A. Gunn, in Ottawa county, about 43°. It was placed behind the bark of a dead pine about forty feet from the ground, and was quite inaccessible. The date was May 19, 1879, and the birds were just building. In Montcalm county, the species undoubtedly nests, as it is found throughout the year, though never abundant in summer. In latitude 44° north and beyond, the species is very abundant, and specimens may be taken plentifully during the summer months.

The song of the fragile, yet hardy species is very agreeable, and we are the more pleased with it because of the fact that it issues from the throat of so plainly clad a songster. It is composed of but few notes which are clear, high strung, and very musical. It may be described by the syllables *Ca wheetle teetle teetle* uttered in an absent manner, as if the short effort could be of no benefit to either singer or others, and not worth the while to stop for. The bird continues its circling search for insects as it utters the notes, and hardly pauses once during the ascent of a trunk, although the song may be uttered a dozen times while the bird is exploring one tree. There is a real harmony in the simply-uttered notes of the creeper, and to those who have studied the lays of our birds, the song comes as a veritable burst of pure liquid melody. Unlike the flashing oriole and tanager, or the brown thrush and veery, all of which appear later, and offer tributes of song when spring is appearing or fine weather is upon us, the creeper bursts forth during the solemn months of winter, when the earth is covered deep with snow, and the prospects for spring are forbidding. To be sure the plainly-clad fellow selects the brightest days on which to test his hidden powers of song, and seldom tunes his voice beyoud the usual call notes, unless the sun shows himself. During January and February thaws in the pineries, hundreds of the plain brown-striped birds may be heard singing, filling the woods with the pleasing, yet plaintive notes, while in the cities the songs may also be heard issuing from the oak trees of our streets and door yards, although not so continuously as from the pines, where great numbers are to be found in winter.

A description of the song is difficult, because of its being blended apparently into one, or at most two syllables. If a careful ear attends, however, during the separate utterance of the song, it will be found not difficult to distinguish with certainty the exact division of the syllables, or we may say here musical notes, and they will be found, we think, to correspond quite nearly to the syllables given above. The call notes are a repetition of the word *cheap* or *creep*, generally low, but occasionally quite loud.

The food of the creeper is both animal and vegetable, in fact we may say the little fellow is omnivorous, a condition more common than is generally supposed in the case of all of our birds, both large and small. The creeper is in favor of an insect diet, and undoubtedly if he had his own way about it, he would confine himself entirely to that style of living. But unfortunately for *Certhia* he is compelled to take what he can get, and like most of us, is often only too happy to feed on what he can obtain without too much attendant work. One would suppose that our little friend would spend his winter in Florida; he has a free pass, and could, by making proper connections, reach the land of flowers within a week of easy stages. But he does not care to migrate each fall and spring, and if the Peninsular State is good enough for him we certainly will not object, particularly if he cheers us with his presence during the leaden days of winter.

Insects are not rare in winter, but they are lying dormant, and most of them are protected in their little cases of shelly covering, and are not exposed to view as in the summer. Many of these little chrysalids are found attached to the smaller limbs, and are swung about in the wind, secure in their attachments and clearly safe from predacious birds and larger insects for the time. Other species with which our little friend is acquainted in the warmer months, are covered deep in the mould beneath the snow, while others sleep secure from the winter's storms wrapped in delicate cocoons spun in the crevices of the gnarled and battered tree trunks. These latter pupæ are the principal food of an insect nature which is picked up by the creeper, and if the trunks are searched by any one desirous of examining into the matter, very minute egg-shaped chrysalids may be found placed nicely within small irregular spaces in the rough bark. But it is easy to see that it will take a great many of these small animals to support in good health the army of vigorous woodpeckers, creepers, chicadees and nuthatches which so frequently throng our woods. So the creepers, and for that matter the nuthatches and others all feed more or less on vegetable substances. The creeper secures his vegetable food generally from the small axillary buds found on the greater limbs or even trunk where the small adventitious growths occur, and it is with these fresh buds that the crops are generally filled. Many of the small pupæ are found, even in mid-winter, in the crops, but more of the soft and esculent buds are usually found in December, January, February and March than of the insects.

While climbing—for to my idea this bird climbs, hops or jumps in its mode of locomotion, and does not creep—the little bird does not pursue a direct course, but rambles about the trunk from side to side, and only gains the top of the tree after at least twice the distance is traveled that would have been gone over had the bird walked directly up the

trunk. Its mode of securing its food from the crevices of the bark necessitates this manner of hunting about the tree, and although apparently aimless in its course the creeper is in reality instituting a most thorough search for its food; and that this is a laborious and often painstaking task is sufficiently evident when we observe several birds in succession mounting the same tree, over apparently the same route, not one of which pauses to feed, showing that nothing was found by them. A few moments later a woodpecker appears and with the aid of his stronger bill tears loose a chrysalis and devours it, where the delicate little creeper was too weak to succeed.

While writing this biography I was interrupted and called to a distant part of the city, and in walking past an oak tree the pleasant *creep* of this little fellow reached my ear. The mercury is 24° below zero, and a stiff wind is blowing, making it one of the coldest days of the year. During the past night the mercury indicated—31°. How is it possible for this mite of flesh and blood, weighing less than one ounce avoirdupois, to exist in such an atmosphere? This question will be answered further on, when we shall discuss the principle of respiration in birds, with their powers of generating heat. For the present we will leave the little fellow circling around the rough cold trees, waiting, as we are, for the coming of pleasant weather.

KALAMAZOO, Feb. 14, 1885.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his letter published in your issue of the 5th inst., which has just come to my notice, Mr. Grinnell states, in effect, that because the books have laid it down, that, as a rule, the female caribou carry horns, he will not accept the statements made that this rule will not apply to those of this species occurring in New Brunswick and Maine.

Whether Mr. Grinnell considers my statements reliable or not is not important. I have done my part in publishing what information on the subject I have been enabled to gather, and which includes the evidence of three observers who have made a study of the deer occurring in this Province, and the testimony of reliable hunters who have had a widely extended experience, all of whom agree that it is the exception and not the rule, for female caribou found in New Brunswick to carry horns. Two contributors to this journal have recorded similar results of their observations in Maine. If Mr. Grinnell will not accept these, and still maintains that the book must be correct, so much the worse for Mr. Grinnell.

It is important, however, that those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may be influenced in the matter, should not be led by Mr. Grinnell to consider that the books should be taken as infallible guides. That our standard works are in the main correct, no student will attempt to deny, but that eminent naturalists have made mistakes, and that these mistakes have been repeated again and again by subsequent writers, while it may be a revelation to Mr. Grinnell (and from the contents of his last letter one may fairly suppose that it will be) is a well-known fact. As an example of these errors, take the case of the position of the "hood" on the hooded seal (*Cystophora cristata*) The specimen in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, has the hood placed on the top of the head—the position which the books have assigned to it—but Dr. C. Hart Merriam has lately stated that it is utterly impossible for the animal to arrange its headgear in that manner. Will Mr. Grinnell doubt Dr. Merriam's statement because it differs from the books?

Take another case. The crested grebe (*Podiceps cristatus*) was placed among the birds of North America by Bonaparte and by Audubon, and Richardson and Nuttall, and this was repeated by Mr. Lawrence in 1859, and by Dr. Coues as late as 1877, yet Dr. Brewer wrote of this same grebe that "there is no authentic record of the capture of a single specimen in America;" and I venture the assertion that few students of to-day will hold to Audubon's statement in preference to accepting Dr. Brewer's.

Numerous other instances might be cited, and each succeeding year, for many a one yet to come, will doubtless add its contribution to the last, for a long time must necessarily elapse before observers shall have definitely determined every question relating to the natural history of this continent.

But while protesting against the assumption that the books are infallible, I must not be understood as presuming to doubt the reliability of the statements of those who have studied the caribou of the northern regions. Whatever mistake has been made lies with the authors, who, while writing of this northern section of the habitat of the caribou, have repeated a rule which does not apply here, instead of limiting their statements to the results of their own observations. For I maintain, there is not any evidence in what they have written on the point at issue, to prove that it is not a mere repetition, and it may be fairly supposed that at least the majority of the authors cited did not examine into the question at all. As Mr. Grinnell affirms, the rule has been so often repeated as to be considered an established fact, and being so considered, would naturally be accepted by these observers without question. Most of these gentlemen—Major King, Captain Campbell-Hardy, Dr. Leith-Adams, Mr. Rowan—were English sportsmen—naturalists who spent two or three years in this country, and who used part of the time they could spare from other matters in endeavoring to study the entire natural history of the locality, and they could not possibly have collected sufficient data upon the point in question to warrant them in attempting to controvert it, had they been so disposed.

Mr. Grinnell has quoted from Mr. Charles Ward's article in the *Century Magazine*, but, while any statement that Mr. Ward might make would, undoubtedly, command respectful consideration, I fail to see that there is anything in the words quoted to prove that Mr. Ward was not also merely repeating that which he might have naturally supposed to be an established fact. It may also be fairly questioned if Mr. Ward gathered any data upon the point in question, for being an artist and a sportsman, he would not be likely to look into such a matter with the scientific precision of a naturalist. I have inquired of numbers of our most intelligent sportsmen about this matter of the horns of the female caribou, and from all have received about the same answer. When shooting caribou they usually select the males with the largest antlers. Few of these gentlemen have seen many specimens they could say with certainty were females. They have seen herds with a large percentage of hornless animals, but supposed they were young deer or those which had shed their horns.

Let me ask, in conclusion, is it wise to allow such evidence as has been cited against my position to outweigh the evidence I have offered? To place the testimony of a writer who has given the matter no special attention, or who has had but little time to devote to it, against that of such an observer as my correspondent, the mining engineer, who has lived for twelve years in the heart of a caribou district and made this species a subject of special study? Is it wise to accept the statement of those who have examined a few specimens and reject that of Mr. Braithwaite, who has killed some four hundred? As to the opinions of the hunters who have written to Mr. Gregory, they only prove that this exception to Richardson's rule does not obtain in their locality, and I am not aware that any statement to the contrary has been made. MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Feb. 28, 1885.

PRAIRIE DOG WELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the communication in your issue of Feb. 26, by "C. D. P." on "The Prairie Dog as a Water Witch," and am led to ask, Is there any positive evidence that prairie dogs burrow for water? Has any one ever actually met with a "prairie dog well"? The conjecture has often been advanced that prairie dogs must obtain water in some way, and that as it is not always procurable at the surface of the ground where they live, they must burrow to considerable depths to obtain it. But I am aware of no positive evidence that this is ever done, nor have my own observations among the prairie dog towns of the West ever led me to suspect that they ever burrow to obtain water. However barren the localities may be in which their towns are situated, their conditions of often extreme fatness shows that they in no way suffer from lack of food, and it seems reasonable to suppose that the vegetation on which they so comfortably subsist may also afford them the requisite amount of moisture for their support.

But the special, and I fear misleading point, to which I wish especially to refer, is your correspondent's conclusion "that the prairie dog burrows for water . . . and possibly to great depths, and that where a dog burrows man can bore. Consequently, that water can be found in the center or vicinity of any prairie-dog town" by boring. Respecting this point, I would refer your readers to an article by Dr. C. A. White, of the United States Geological Survey, entitled, "Artesian Wells Upon the Great Plains," published in the *North American Review* for August, 1882 (Vol. 135, No. 2, p. 186-195). After detailing the experiments already made at government and private expense in boring for water on the Great Plains and elsewhere in the West, and stating the geological conditions that have been found to obtain there—showing the difficulty and almost hopeless attempts to get water by boring, at least in remunerative quantity in the "prairie-dog country"—he concludes that the facts are opposed to the hope of profitable irrigation of farming land upon the plains by means of artesian wells, although wells yielding a small supply of water may be obtained. But in view of the great cost of boring wells, ranging 1,000 to 1,200 feet in depth—the depth hitherto found generally necessary—Dr. White, in concluding his article, says: "But the risk of failure has hitherto proved to be so great that no boring ought to be undertaken upon any portion of the great prairies without the known results of a careful geological examination of the region by competent persons." This seems to show that the prairie-dog "sign" might prove illusive.

J. A. ALLEN.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

ACADIAN OWL.—A fortnight since, during a driving snow storm and toward dusk, I saw a sudden flight of wings across the window by which I sat, and on looking out beheld a small owl perched on a maple tree near by. For a few moments it remained, and then took wing and was lost to sight, and I was lost in wonder and admiration of the strange and pleasing vision. Business called me away from home for a week, and on returning I learned that a pigeon had been found on the stable floor with its head eaten off and its body still warm and supple—no blood on feathers or about its body on the floor. In closing my stable on Friday night (the 13th instant) I saw what I at first supposed to be a pigeon fly from the loft to a window and there perch. In the dim light I finally decided that it was no pigeon, but an owl, and that a very diminutive one. The light of day revealed the little fellow in all his petite prettiness. On the next day I caught it in my hands and transferred it to an unfurnished room in the house, where it now holds court. In all my experience and observation in forest and field, in deserted houses and crumbling ruin, I never saw an owl of this species before, and would like to identify it. Is it an Acadian owl? It is a trifle larger than a robin; ears quite prominent; breast mostly white, slightly mottled with delicate brown; head a delicate tan color; back, wings and tail nearly the same hue, the pinions being tipped with white. Meagre though this description is and void of ornithological technicalities, I hope the pretty prisoner may be classified, and I shall be thankful to any brother sportsman who will name this owl and give its habitat.—O. W. R., Feb. 16. [We presume that it is a sawwhet or Acadian owl (*Nyctale acadica*) (Gm.) Bt.].

A SCREECH OWL ATTACKS A PLYMOUTH ROCK ROOSTER.—Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 26.—On Saturday last I received a box containing a live screech owl (*Scops asio*) from a young farmer friend, and on Tuesday received the following letter from him: Dear Sir—"Friday morning I found a large Plymouth Rock rooster, with his head and neck badly torn and covered with blood, and, after some search, I saw a small owl up in the barn. I caught it and found fresh blood on the feathers around its beak. To be sure it was the owl that did the mischief, I put both the fowl and the bird in a darkened place, and was at once treated to a surprise, for the owl flew at the cock and lit on his neck, and began to pick at his head in a very furious manner. Being sure that I had the culprit, I boxed it up and sent it to you. The rooster weighed nine pounds alive, rather large prey for so small a bird." The owl was of the red-mottled variety and weighed five and one-half ounces—truly a small bird to attack so large a fowl. This is the fourth owl I have received from this party, and they have all been of the red variety, two of which were young birds, secured June 17, and an adult, secured the next day in the same woods, and probably one of the parent birds. I have come to the conclusion that I have the whole family, and that the red is a separate variety from the black mottled. I presume I have handled fifty *Scops asio* within the past five years, and these were the first of the red variety I had seen. —J. L. DAVISON.

BATTLE BETWEEN A RED-NECKED GREBE AND A DOG.—Buffalo, March 8.—A novel combat was witnessed the other day between a pugnaciously-inclined little Scotch terrier and a full-grown male specimen of the red-necked grebe (*Podiceps griseigena*). The scene of the conflict was in the yard of a house along the principal street of our city and about a mile distant from the Niagara, where the bird had evidently intended to pass the winter in its always open waters. A fierce gale, at the rate of fifty or more miles per hour, was blowing at the same time, which in connection with an accompanying blinding snowstorm, accounts for the strange surroundings in which the bird was discovered. It would be difficult to surmise how long the battle between these two curiously-matched contestants might have lasted, as according to the testimony of the boys who put an end to it by capturing the grebe, no special vantage had been gained on either side, the bird holding well his own by dexterously dealing telling blows with his sharp beak whenever the dog attempted to make a charge. The red-necked grebe has thus far not been noticed in this vicinity, and would be least of all expected to be seen on the 10th of February, when it was taken. After capture it was put into a large tank filled with water, where it lived for over two weeks, subsisting on small fish. Being in good plumage, it was mounted and transferred to the cabinet of local birds belonging to the Society of Natural Sciences in this city.—C. L.

DOMESTICATING NATIVE BIRDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How many varieties of our game birds would live and breed in confinement? I have been informed that California quail, prairie hens or pinnated grouse and other varieties of gallinaceous game birds can be easily domesticated. I think if they cannot be allowed their liberty, they might be reared in inclosed yards successfully, and prove, if not a useful, a very ornamental and grotesque acquisition. Will some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM give their opinions on the subject?—G. BUELL (Grand Rapids, Mich.). [It is, of course, impossible to do more than express an opinion on a matter of this kind, for enough experiments have not yet been made to demonstrate that many of our native gallinaceous birds will live and breed in confinement. There appears, however, to be little doubt that the California valley and the Arizona plumed quail will breed in confinement, and that the pinnated grouse are easily domesticated. We have owned prairie chickens and valley quail which were as tame as ordinary hens, and would scratch in the freshly-upturned earth at the very feet of the gardner, who was preparing his beds for planting. Audubon, we think, records the fact that prairie chickens have been domesticated on quite a large scale. We have no doubt that the plan proposed could be carried out with great pleasure and profit to any one who has the time to devote to the matter. Let us hear from our correspondents on the subject.]

WHAT IS THE PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN BISON?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As is well known, the American bison or "buffalo" has so rapidly decreased in numbers during the last few years that few are now to be found within the limits of the United States, or in the immediately contiguous British territory. If we cannot preserve the bison, we should at least secure a tolerably detailed history of its extirpation. In former years I gave considerable attention to this subject, and in 1876 published the results of my investigations, illustrated by a map showing its gradual restriction to its then comparatively extended habitat. Its destruction has since gone on at a fearfully rapid pace, till now it is believed to exist within our territorial borders in only very small numbers and over very restricted areas. Any readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may be able to give exact information as to their present numbers and distribution, and likewise respecting their destruction and extirpation at particular points during the last decade, and especially within the last five years, will make a most welcome contribution to the history of the last days of this doomed beast. I make the appeal urgently, and in behalf of science, and in the hope that any one having any facts at command bearing on the subject will feel "in duty bound" to make them known.—J. A. ALLEN (Cambridge, Mass.).

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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THEY were sitting around the evening camp-fire after a successful day's sport with the trout. One had seen a bear that day and was "yarning it" for all it was worth, and that led to bear stories all around, with one exception, "Rufe" Crosby, the guide, kept silent, puffing away at his T. D., at most vouchsafing a nod or grunt as approval, or otherwise of the points stated. Finally, as he was a famous bear hunter, he was urged to contribute something in that line; so knocking the ashes from his pipe, he spoke to the question last raised: "O yes, bars are skeery critters. I mind the time once when I hunted the critters up in New Brunswick, whar a railroad runs miles and miles through the woods. I was comin' outen the woods wun day with a young bar on my shoulder just as a train haul'd by a bran fired new engin', just outen the city on her fust trip, 'nd just as she come up to whar I wur standin' she guv the orfullest snort, jumpt off the iron into the ditch bottom upward and all her wheels a pawin' uv the air. Yes, bears *is* skeery critters!"

KITT CARSON.

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Going out home on the train one evening Frank S. began to tell us about his gun; how close she would shoot, etc. He said: "One day I was out shooting and was walking along the railroad track where it ran through a piece of woods. Suddenly a partridge sprung up right under my feet and flew directly away from me. I up and fired just as it was in a line with the nearest telegraph pole. The shot struck him in a lump and just plastered him against that telegraph pole! He never dropped." ¶

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.—Roulette, Pa.—Camping out in the northern peninsula of Michigan, in a part of October and about twelve days in November, I killed thirty deer, eight beaver, one large fat bear, of which I got six gallons of oil, one lynx, one martin, one mink, three muskrats, two 'coons, four skunks, five hedge hogs, twelve partridges, one duck, one large bald eagle, one raven, one owl; and trout, perch and bass I did not count. The deer were very fat and plenty. This last fall was the fourth fall that I have hunted up there.—L. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP ARMISTEAD.

DOUBTLESS to many of your older readers, as to myself, the columns of FOREST AND STREAM often call up scenes and events almost forgotten, and faces whose lineaments have nearly faded from memory. Not infrequently upon its printed pages has the well-remembered name of some old-time friend or companion assured me that not as yet had he paid his obolus to the grim ferryman, and sometimes a simple phrase or epithet has borne me back into a past peopled with pleasant memories. I remember how, when I read McLelland's snipe story, published some years ago, the words "laughing Marion" recalled the happy face of my long-syne schoolmate Marion L., to whom I was certain that he alluded. It is, however, to a contribution from "Arkansas" published during the past year, giving an account of "one hunt of the Capon Club at Camp Armistead, in the valley of Virginia, that I am indebted for a "memory of joys that are past," and FOREST AND STREAM for these reminiscences. For many a happy day have I too spent at Camp Armistead, and many a time have I breasted the steep sides of old Hanky. But when last I stood upon his bare forehead the dogs of war had been uncoupled, and from far northward down the wide valley of the Shenandoah I heard their fierce bayings on the red field of Antietam. Since that memorable day I have revisited Camp Armistead only in memory, and only through the dim glasses of retrospection have I seen the happy faces that once gathered around its camp-fire.

There was Shep M., who always shot "by the eye of faith" and—never hit anything; and Sam W. with his happy laugh. Alas! the one sleeps beneath the sod of the valley, and much I fear the other's laughter has long since lost its infectious music. There was Capt. Mark and Cousin Dick—every one called him Cousin Dick—who never made an enemy nor ever lost a friend; and Bob C., *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose young life crimsoned the sea-rippled sands of Roanoke. And Peyton, noble old Peyton, who next to his wife and children loved his dogs. There, too, was Garrett W., "whose wit was humor and whose humor wit;" and Jim G., the story-teller of the camp, with his petrified smile that some were so uncharitable as to call a grin. And old Whack, too, glorious old Whack, who always knew all about it "you know," or it was not made of iron or steel, nor had ever sported horn, hoof or feather; who was always so full—not of whisky, for Whack never tasted a drop in his life—but of nicotine, that it was hard to tell which were the better colored, he or the meerschaum he was always smoking. Nor must I forget old Mrs. Mac, whom "Arkansas" mentioned as occupying the Armistead house. At the time of which I write she lived in a cabin some half a mile east of camp, and was quite a sportsman in her way. It would, however, have been very straining on the imagination to think of her ever having followed the chase a "Dian of the silver bow," while like

> "Fairly Fair,
> Her girdle showed her middle gimp,
> And gowden glist her hair."

For hers was not that lithe spiritual beauty that Ary Scheffer loved to paint, and it were risking little to say that corsets had been an unknown quantity in the equation of her life. Neither do I think that her vanity had ever hidden her amplitudes in nainsook flummery or frills and furbelows. She had fed upon the ozone of the mountain air, and fattened upon the phosphates of the yellow maize, and when draped in the close folds of her shooting jacket of faded prints, she towered like some "tall admiral" high above the puny statures of her lowland sisters. In sooth, had a sportive cyclone dropped her among the tiny surf sprites of some modern seaside resort, she would have been a very "Triton among the minnows."

When our drivers were out she often "went on duty" in her yard, her armament consisting of a long singlebarrel, whose capacious maw would have put to shame old Kit North's muckle-mou'd Meg. One day while occupying a stand near her cabin I saw the end of that old gun sticking up over the top of the hill that rose between us, and shortly afterward I heard its smothered sneeze, followed by "sic him, Tige. Hold fast to him, Tige." And then the bleat of the captured deer told me that old Mrs. Mac had my venison, and I wished her—well, back among the bogs of her forefathers. Upon another occasion at that same stand I pitched up my Richards at a spike buck as he came full tilt down the steep mountain spur, and as he did not fall gave him my second barrel after he had passed me. The last shot was, however, a useless expenditure. The shot in my first barrel had clumpered, and at a distance of thirty-five yards had bored a hole behind the shoulder that I could run my arm through. His momentum had literally deadheaded him down the steep ridge some forty or fifty yards. When old Mrs. Mac came over to learn the result of my shots, I told her that I had gotten a nice fat old hare this time. Her eyes, however, falling upon the deer, she said if I didn't know a cotton-tail rabbit from a spike-buck I had better go home to my mammy. Then she asked me if I was not hungry, and how long it had been since I was weaned, and several other entirely irrelevant questions. I was right glad when she went away.

Ah, I was younger then, in heart as well as years, than I am now.

> Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
> Labuntur anni.

But, thank heaven, although Time has whitened my scanty locks, not yet for me is "the grasshopper a burden," but still for me the blue sky is blue and the green earth beautiful, and for me the birds still sing and the winds and waters make music.

But a truce to such reflections. Let us back to Camp Armistead, and while the darkness deepens in the valley, where our camp-fire burns brighter with the fast falling night, let us listen to a story of the Crawford hunt that Garret W. is telling to those who are gathered around it. It was of old Uncle Dabney Carr, "the white-haired old patriarch," as he called him, that his story ran. How once upon a time the old man had asked him to "drive us down a mealy nose from Alick's Nob, friend Garrett;" how some of the thoughtless boys had drawn the shot from the old man's gun, and then came a great buck, ten-pronged and with a spoor like an elephant's, and jumped into the pool by which he was standing, and shook his antlers in Dabney's face and pawed the water all over him, and then went rattling down stream over the smooth stones, with his flag up and not a single shot-hole in his dun hide. And how it almost broke the old man's heart, that must, he said, have been as big as a flour barred if it half filled the case he carried it in.

Peace to your ashes, old friend; for your feet have long trod the happy hunting grounds, and oftimes, while listening to the swelling chorus of the chase, I have fancied that you, too, leaned and listened,

> "From yon blue heavens above us bent,"

to that music of "horn and hounds" you loved so well.

But now across the camp-fire's blaze, as they busied themselves over the platters, come the voices of our colored contingent. It is Joe who speaks, "I don't b'l'eve er word on it, Unk Samp."

"You dunno what you b'l'eve," replies Samp, "time you git ole ez I is, you'll b'l'eve er heap more 'n you know," then turning to one of our party, "Tell us erbout it ergin, Mars Peyton."

Joe was only an ordinary everyday cornfield negro, but our old colored friend Sampson was a character. In his youth Samp had owned a portly "old Virginia gentleman," but mint juleps and peach and honey had been too much for the old F. F. V., and the orchard had died long ago, with the yellows, and the mint was growing green over the old master's grave, and Samp was an orphan, made one by the old master's last will and testament. In other words Samp was an old issue, ante-bellum free negro. Together with his freedom and his old master's blue-brass-button-swallow-tail coat, old Samp had inherited all of the dignity of his aristocratic belongings. Add to this dignity a self-conceit so easily lifting itself up by its own boot straps, that it never permitted him to acknowledge his ignorance upon any subject, and bred a vanity that was forever airing the spotted green and gold of its peacock plumage. Besides this Samp had hardly a speaking acquaintance with truth, in the abstract or otherwise; while, strange to tell, he would readily give credence to any absurdity he might hear, and seemed the more readily to believe any story the less he understood about it. It follows, therefore, that there was no such word as "jest" in Samp's lexicon, and that he was as little liable to take a joke as if he had in his youth been vaccinated with laughing gas.

"Well, Samp," said P., in reply to Samp's appeal "to tell us about it ergin, Mars Peyton." "I don't mind telling it over again to you, but some of these boys seemed disposed to smile when I told it yesterday."

"But I knows it fur a fack, Mars Peyton," interrupted Samp, "I knows it fur a fack, sir, you did kill dat deer er mile."

"O, no," said P., "I only said that I was on one ridge and the deer was on another, and that to get to him after I shot him, I had to make my way down into and around the head of the ravine, so that I must have traveled nearly a mile."

"Jess so," said Samp, and then turning and addressing the camp, "I tells this yer boy Joe, gentermens, dat Mars Peyton kill dat deer er mile, an' he say he don' b'l'eve it, but ef Mars Peyton had ter go er mile ter git ter dat deer, don' it stan' ter reason dat bullit had ter go er mile too? Jess-so, you see, gentermens?" he continued, laying the forefinger of his right hand into the palm of his left, "de contractions ov de yerth des drawed dat bullit down inter dat holler an' den de extractions ov de yerth des drawed it up ergin on tother side twell it git eben wid dat deer, an' den it des bored him right fru, sir." And Samp, sighting along the forefinger of the right hand, thrust it through a hole formed by the forefinger and thumb of the left.

"The first instance on record of the trajectory being on the lower side," said Sam W.

"Jess so," said Samp, and then continued, "I tells you alls gentermens, you des hole dat long gun ov Mars Peyton's lebel an dat bullitt boun' ter hit sumfin," and turning to our story teller, "aint what I tells you so, Mars Jeems?"

"Yes," says Jim, "it's just as plain to my mind that Peyton killed that deer a mile as that old Mrs. Mulrooney's pig turned to a 'possum."

But it is growing late and the camp-fire burns low, and although Samp stands expectant to learn the relation between a pig turning to a 'possum and the feat of killing a deer a mile, Jim will not tell his story to-night; for the tired hunters are seeking their beds, and soon the stars alone will keep watch over Camp Armistead, silent save when some heavy sleeper sounds his basso-profundo, or whimpering hound follows "over bank, brush and scaur" the phantom deer of his troubled dreams. TUCKAHOE.

THE INOFFENSIVE CANUCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot refrain from adding a few words in support of my old friend "Stanstead," concerning the French Canadian poacher, and I can heartily indorse "Caribou" in his truthfully depicted character of the same, in your issue of March 5. I do not wish to cast a slur on the French Canadian; I solely refer to the poachers. My own experience with them is identical with "Stanstead," and in proof of their law-breaking propensities, I will cite an instance.

Two years ago last April a couple of French Canadians, who folowed the profession of guides in summer when they they could get sportsmen, crossed over from the Province of Quebec into Maine and took up their quarters near the head of the Magalloway River. They remained there a little over a week, and during that time slaughtered in the deep snow and crust six moose—out of this number five were cows and four had twin calves in utero. They did not carry out the meat, but left it to rot; all they brought away was the skins. The same parties are now hiding in Maine to escape arrest for having killed a moose in August across the border in Canada. They eke out an existence by guiding during July, August and September, when their chief delight is in floating for deer. As soon as fall sets in they commence with their nets and seines upon the spawning beds, which practice they follow up in spring again, as soon as the ice clears out of the lakes. During the winter they bring their cunning to bear in trapping fur-bearing animals and all sorts of game from the partridge to the moose. I was informed upon good authority that one of the same men caught a two-year bull moose in a bear trap which he had set in a deer runway, but did not discover his catch till the carcase had decayed.

This class of poachers, and their name is legion, follow this role of wholesale slaughter and extermination, not from a love of the sport (if I may be allowed to use the term in such a meaning), but do it for a living, for filthy lucre, as they are too lazy and indolent to follow agricultural pursuits, or any honest mode of making a living.

I cite this one example; I could quote many, but this is sufficient to show the game inspectors of Maine, that the unassuming Canuck is not so harmless as supposed and that their pernicious habits must be checked if we wish to keep the State of Maine what it is at present—a paradise for sportsmen. H. B.

BOSTON, March 10, 1885

IN GOSHEN'S HOLE.

THE sun was high in the heavens before we were astir in the morning, and the programme for the day was to be an antelope hunt on the flat. Griff and Graham had saddled their horses and started away immediately after breakfast, leaving Tuck and Doc to put the camp in order, when they too started for the end of Box Elder Creek. Riding in the shelter of the trees, an hour brought them to the open country where the creek sinks.

A few hundred yards beyond a bunch of range cattle were grazing in the tall grass among the sage brush, and still beyond them was a band of perhaps a hundred antelope quietly feeding. We tied our horses, and under cover of the cattle slowly decreased the distance between ourselves and the game. On approaching quite near to the cattle they became uneasy, moving about in a manner which was bound to put the antelope on their guard, for they often take their cue by noticing the movements of the cattle, and leaving even when they cannot divine the reason.

Now we were obliged to get down on all fours and crawl under cover of the sage brush until we were in shooting distance of the antelope. Lying quietly and submitting to the inspection of the curious cattle until they were satisfied that we were not after them, they resumed their feeding, and all was quiet. Slowly on hands and knees we lessened the distance between us and the antelope. After an hour's tedious work we were beyond the friendly shelter of the sage brush, and nothing to hide our movements if we even raised our heads. Presently they commenced to move about in an uneasy, restless manner, as though they were suspicious of some hidden danger. There was nothing for us to do but wait or "turn loose" and take the desperate chances of hitting something at a long and uncertain distance.

We had both read that old hunters frequently attached a flag or cloth to a stick with which to attract the attention and curiosity of the antelope, but whether it was a white flag or a red one we had forgotten or could not agree upon; so we compromised the matter by making use of Tuck's red and white bandanna handkerchief, but whether the colors were not blended in proper proportion or whether the antelope wanted their colors "straight," it was a signal failure, so down came the sign.

Meanwhile the cattle had strung out and were heading for the creek to get their morning and mid-day drink, and we were in hopes the antelope would follow them. We concluded that rather than lie any longer on the frozen ground to chance a few shots, and firing, we caused a commotion in that little bunch. They circled around and came to within two hundred yards of us before they saw us. Then stringing out, away they went up the side of a far-off hill, not one of them touched by lead.

> Jump, jump, jump,
> Through the tall, rank grass, oh, 'lope:
> And I would that my gun could reach you,
> Though it will some time, I hope.
>
> And the graceful 'lopes lope on
> To their shelter beyond the hill,
> But oh for the touch of a solid ball
> And the sight of a 'lope that is still.

They had approached the top when Doc, without any idea of accomplishing anything, gave them a parting shot. Up went a big buck—down he came, and remained on the hillside, while his companions passed on and vanished in the whichness of the whither.

Unable to measure accurately, we agreed to call the killing distance of the last shot six hundred yards, and what was our surprise when dressing the antelope to be unable to discover any mark of a bullet. We brought up one of our saddle horses, and reached camp by the middle of the afternoon, and submitted our victim to the inspection of Griff and Graham, who had had an unsuccessful day's hunt. They carefully examined hide, hair and flesh of our antelope, but no mark of bullet could they find. Graham, in a tone of jealousy probably caused by our better luck, averred that our buck had died of heart disease, and vowed he would never dine off of meat that had died in that way. "I don't think I owe my stomach any such grudge as that." Came the business sun of the next morning bright enough, cold enough, with just enough of frost in the five-mile breeze to make locomotion comfortable among the cañons. The brown of the bluffs made a fine background for the green of the pine and cedar. Hurrying clouds cast their shadows over hill and level, and with the breeze in our faces, Tuck and Doc, in light marching order, started for two black-tailed deer. Our figures were modest. Only two was the number we wanted. Supposing we were to strike a bunch of six or eight? We would probably be like the money-making banker or merchant, who commenced life with a hoped-for fortune of a million dollars as the goal of his ambition, and reaching that, was desirous of doubling it before retiring and enjoying his success.

Passing over the middle of the first spur, which jutted out into the open, we were descending among the sage brush on the opposite side, when Tuck whispered down close, "There go three deer crossing at the head of the cañon." Quickly we dropped down among the sage brush, which fortunately was high and thick enough to afford ample hiding places from which to watch the movements of the deer. They were now in plain sight, about four or five hundred yards from us and toward the head of the cañon, slowly crossing to the other side. Two bucks and a doe, they loomed up in magnificent form, pretty as a yellow wagon with a spring seat; every movement full of unconscious grace, with such a measure of reserved power, that we were strongly inclined to let them escape us and we return to camp. There was, however, a much stronger inclination not to do anything of the kind, so we waited and watched. Down the hillside and out of sight into a deep gully they went, and up again on the further side they slowly traveled, and in such a direction as not to materially increase the distance at which we first discovered them.

Presently they rounded a point of rocks and were lost to view. Now was our time to cross the gully below us and trail them if they were still on the move. Reaching the bottom of the gully we continued up under its shelter for some distance beyond where we saw the deer tracks crossing before we ventured to climb the opposite side. The point of rocks where the deer disappeared was now our objective point, and we were where we could see beyond it. The deer were yet on the move, apparently headed for a large cedar tree growing by the side of a washout some little distance above them. We were at the rocky point before again venturing a look for our game. They were slowly nearing the big cedar, reaching which, sure enough they stopped. If they laid down our course was simply to move forward on

our present line. They had evidently breakfasted for they were now quiet and evinced no inclination to either move forward or lie down, so we concluded instead of longer waiting and watching to make a short detour and approach within rifle shot of them under cover of a slight rise in the ground to our left. This movement on our part was so speedily and carefully performed that at our next view of the deer we were within a hundred yards of them.

They looked very handsome, and all in blissful ignorance of the prospective "deep damnation of their taking off." We could approach no nearer, but one needs no fairer opportunity to do good execution, than given a .45-70 Sharps and a deer broadside at a hundred yards. Here at least was a place where there was no ground for an argument between bullet and buckshot. We fortunately had taken the precaution to plug up the lower opening on our rear sights, and selecting the two bucks, banged, banged. The bullets were off and both bucks fell, our quota full; but Doc, forgetful of his modest and reasonable figures of the morning, fired at the doe, who yet lingered near her dead companions, seemingly astounded at their strange antics.

"A clean miss, by Jupiter."

"A clean hit sure as you're alive," says Tuck.

"She jumped away in too good form for a wounded deer."

"Y-e-s, she was lively enough, and went out of sight apparently unharmed, but I noticed she was not going in her natural way. She is favoring some part of her body, and I mistrust she is shot through the belly. We'll come up to her presently and find where her complaint is."

With our knives we gave the bucks the finishing touches. They had both been struck just back of the shoulder, and died as we would have them without much suffering. We started after the doe and found she had tumbled into quite a deep gully only a few hundred yards from where we had shot her. She was done for, and it was only from Tuck's knowledge of action that we searched for and found her. There are, no doubt, plenty of deer killed and never brought into camp, simply because they go out of sight apparently untouched, and it would be on the side of mercy if every hunter would make some study of the deer in motion, so he might be able to detect any varying of its natural movement after it had been shot at, and by following up he would prevent much unnecessary suffering and enjoy the other satisfaction of better luck.

We were in camp by noon. Our companions had already returned from their morning hunt empty-handed. With a couple of pack horses our spoils were brought in early in the afternoon, and now, with seven deer and an antelope hanging up a tree, there was no present prospect of running short of provisions, and as the main object of the expedition was not to kill everything in the cañons, we varied the programme by loafing in the tent the remainder of the day. A party of friends who had been hunting in the neighborhood paid us an afternoon visit. They had not met with as good success as we had, and were going to return home in the morning. As they were not loaded heavily, they took back to the V B ranch four of our deer, which lightened our load, and gave us a few more days in the Goshen Hole cañons.

MILLARD.

HINTS AND WRINKLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 5 "Backwoods" calls attention to a method of fixing wads in place without crimping. This is the same idea carried out more perfectly and fully by Alexander's shot wad advertised in same issue. A glance at the cut of the latter wad shows clearly the advantage of it. Will you kindly send me "Backwoods's" address, that I may send him a sample of Alexander's wad. F. H. HACK.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having tested the merino felt wads thoroughly, I commend them to sportsmen as being in my judgment superior, for pattern, penetration and cleanliness, to any wad I have ever used, excepting the English thick felt wad, which is similar, only containing more grease, and sold at a price which places them beyond the reach of sportsmen of moderate means.

I use a No. 12, 2¾-inch shell, loaded as follows: 4 drams powder, a thin Card wad (No. 12), then a first grade thick merino felt wad (No. 11), and a Card wad (No. 12), put down with one or two strokes of a mallet, 1¼ ounces of shot, and a second grade merino felt wad, which is about half the thickness of the first grade wad, and crimp the shell down firmly. I find that with this load my gun shoots with great power, and the shot are thrown with extreme closeness and great regularity.

I think the great advantage to be derived from the use of the felt wad over the ordinary hard wad consists in the fact that being more elastic and expansive they more perfectly and tightly fit the barrel, expanding readily where the bore is enlarged (as most chokebore guns are for some distance back of the choke), and as readily contracting where the bore is constricted, thus absolutely preventing the escape of gases and the disturbance of the shot charge, which frequently results from this cause. E. L. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a 10-gauge, 9½ pounds, right barrel 250 and left 300 pellets in a 24-inch circle, 40 yards, 1¼ ounces No. 8 shot, and for all kinds of shooting I think it the best gun I ever used. I have owned small-bores, 12, 14 and 16, but do not want any more of them. Aside from my own experience, the fact that about 85 per cent. of the best sportsmen in the country are using 10-gauges is all the evidence I want that they are superior to the smaller bores for all kinds of shooting. I load for woodcock with 3 drams powder, ½ ounce No. 10 shot; partridges, 4 drams powder, ⅞ ounce No. 8 shot, and for ducks, 4 to 4½ drams powder and 1¼ ounces of shot, and the results are highly satisfactory to me. I think a great many sportsmen use too much shot in chokebores for brush-shooting. If they will try lighter loads of shot when brush-shooting I think they will make better bags.

Upland game quite scarce here, our best shooting being at ducks on Seneca River marshes. I spent the month of December in Southern Michigan on partridge and quail, which are moderately plentiful there, although it is said that last winter was very severe on game in that section.

SKIRMISHER.

CLYDE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I could not keep my first breechloader from rusting in the winter after I had cleaned and put it away. When I came in with my gun I would clean it, oil it thoroughly, and put it away in a dry place; but it would rust inside. I soon discovered that it was the frost in the barrels, which difficulty I overcame by setting the gun near the stove till it was perfectly dry, after which, when cleaned and oiled, I had no trouble with it. SKIRMISHER.

CLYDE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is my experience with the Alexander mucilage-edged wads: I carefully loaded eight paper shells with the exact amount of powder and shot in each. I used an Eley pink-edged wad on the powder. In four of them I used a Baldwin or common wad on the shot, and crimped the shell in the ordinary way. In the other four I used Alexander's patent shot wad, which abolishes the crimper. At a distance of 35 yards I placed my 30-inch target and fired the eight shells alternately, using a new target for each shot. With the Alexander wad I put from 31 to 43 more shot in the circle than with the shells that were crimped. I got as good, if not better, penetration by the use of the Alexander wad. When testing I used the same barrel all the time, and kept a shell loaded with an Alexander wad on the shot in the other barrel to see if it would jar loose. After shooting I found, upon examination, it was as firm as before I commenced.

J. S. W.

MY GUN.

THE knell has toll'd, the hours are fled,
And I shall mourn my friend as dead
Till August sun shines o'er your head—
My gun.

Then you shall leap to life once more,
And in a loud and deaf'ning roar
Your voice shall ring across the moor—
Old gun.

When autumn's chill and withering blast
Your steely locks shook free at last,
With me your lot you freely cast—
Dear gun.

I never knew you yet to fail,
When once you sighted "can" or teal,
Death struck them down with leaden hail—
Sure gun.

And in the yellow harvest field,
Where shivering partridge crouched and quailed,
To knock them over you seldom failed—
Rare gun.

With me you've been both true and tried,
With ammunition well supplied,
No game at forty yards denied—
That gun.

When 'cock and pheasant from the brake,
On whirring wings their flight would take,
Your voice the forests would awake—
True gun.

When winter's silv'ry moon was high
Along the shore when game was nigh,
I read "death" in your hollow eye—
Sure gun.

On many an ice-cold winter's day,
When snipe and plover were your prey,
Bang! right and left you blazed away—
Good gun.

And o'er the plain and in the wood,
And through the marsh by field and flood,
To me an honest friend you stood—
Old gun.

'Tis years since first my arm you pressed,
And I your shining coat caressed;
You've won a place within my breast—
Dear gun.

Within that case some months you'll lie,
Where I shall keep you warm and dry,
And now again to you good-bye—
My gun.

NEWARK, N. J. JAMES FLOOD.

MAINE TAXIDERMISTS.

IT will be remembered that the Maine Legislature of 1882–83 repealed the law which provided for the appointment of taxidermists in that State, and thus put into force for everybody the game laws, as well as the statutes for the protection of insectivorous birds, which laws were made more stringent and effective at that session. The reason for this repeal was the abuses of the taxidermists' privileges, the same as in every other State which presumes to protect our song birds. Persons who there wished to kill a deer in close time, or any other game, were simply obliged to obtain a taxidermist's permit, from the Governor I believe, and they could shoot as they pleased. This caused the Commissioners and game wardens of Maine no little trouble and chagrin. But the Legislature made a clean sweep in the winter of 1883. The song and insectivorous birds had decreased to an alarming extent in some parts of the State.

The repeal caused a howl among those who wanted to shoot, and in some instances complaint came from students who were honest in their wishes to secure natural history specimens. The result of that feeling has been the framing and passage of the following law by the Legislature just closed:

AN ACT

TO AUTHORIZE THE TAKING OF BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS AND EGGS FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

SECTION 1. Upon the request and recommendation of the Fish and Game Commissioners, the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council, may commission persons to take, kill, capture and have in their possession any species of bird, other than domestic, and the nests and eggs thereof for scientific purposes, but the number of commissions in force shall not exceed ten at any time.

SEC. 2. No person to whom such commission may be granted shall sell, offer for sale, or take any compensation for specimens of birds, nests or eggs, nor dispose of the same by gift or otherwise to be taken from the State, except to be exchanged for scientific purposes, and for any violation of any of the above provisions of this section, such persons shall be subject to a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, to be recovered by complaint before any trial justice or municipal judge, one-half to the complainant and one-half to the county where the proceedings are commenced.

SEC. 3. This act shall not authorize the taking, capturing, or killing any bird, or taking the nests or eggs thereof on Sunday.

SEC. 4. The commissions authorized by this act shall be in force for two years only from the date of their issue, and for such commissions there shall be paid to the State a fee of five dollars.

SEC. 5. Whenever the Fish and Game Commissioners shall so request, the Governor shall recall and cancel any commission issued by the authority of this act.

This law sounds like a good one, if taxidermists must be appointed at all. It leaves their appointment to the Fish and Game Commissioners, in good hands, so far as Maine is concerned, at least, and then leaves them at the mercy of same Commissioners. The number is limited—they should have been put under heavy bonds—so much the better for the birds—and prohibits traffic in dead birds. It would have been well to have added in Section 4, after "birds," their skins; since the trade in bird skins in some sections of New England is enormous. But perhaps the killing for "scientific purposes" is broad enough to cover danger in the direction of bird skins.

In Massachusetts many thousand sea swallows are killed every season and their skins sent to France to be dyed for milinery purposes. It is in the direction of fashion that the destruction of our many birds is most to be feared. The fashion is simply a disgusting one. Nothing is more sickening than a dead bird on a hat. It contributes nothing to the good taste of the wearer. A woman has frequently rode in the horse cars this winter from Boston Highlands to Temple Place, with the whole front of a prairie chicken on her hat, with shrivelled beak and glass beads for eyes, projecting in the same direction as the woman's nose. The expression on her face seems to say, "What a nice ornament I wear on my hat." Bah! What a poor, uncultivated, cruel taste.

The writer of this has at the present time a Brazilian grass parrakeet, a very handsome and affectionate little fellow. He sits on the finger while his master writes; chirps and kisses his fingers, then runs up the arm and nestles under his chin, puts his head into the vest pocket, will even climb up and kiss the lips if permitted to do so. This bird is a beauty, and has a little episode in his history. His beautiful plumage, long-tipped wing pinions and tail might have cost him his life. A would-be lady earnestly petitioned his owner the other day to sell him. She had just held him on her finger and witnessed some of his affectionate, cunning tricks. But it turned out that she wanted him stuffed to wear on her hat. That woman would make a good Indian squaw; but she pretends to move in good society. The bird is safe. His bright little coat will never cater to a sentiment too vulgar and cruel for a civilized woman. SPECIAL.

TO CURE GUN-SHYNESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of yesterday I notice a communication from "Green Wing," Glencoe, Fla., entitled "Flinching." Your correspondent advises that one should have the "tumblers or dogs filed or ground, so that the gun will go off with a very slight touch of the trigger." This advice strikes me as being very bad indeed and conducive to a great many more accidents, and I hope that no "gun-shy" readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will try this plan.

A good many years ago an uncle of mine brought me from England a book entitled "The Modern Playmate," by the Rev. J. G. Wood. The directions which he gives for teaching a novice to shoot cured me of the habit of flinching, and I send them to you, hoping that others may be benefited by them. They are quoted, I think, from Col. Hawker's "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," and are as follows:

"Put caps on the gun and a wafer on the wall.

"Then let him practice at this mark, and when he can draw the trigger without flinching he may proceed to take his second lesson, remembering that in doing this the moment that the gun is brought to the center of the object the trigger should be pulled, as the first aim is always unquestionably the best.

"Then send him out to practice at a card with powder till he is perfectly steady, and afterward load the gun occasionally with shot; but never let the time of your making this addition be known to him, and the idea of its being perhaps impossible to strike the object will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.

"The intermediate lesson of a few shots at small birds may be given; but the above plan throughout must be adopted at game and continued in the first instance till the pupil has divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed in the last till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to birds.

"If he begins to shoot with both eyes open, he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterwards.

"An aim thus from the right shoulder comes to the same point as one taken with the left eye shut, and it is the most ready way of shooting quickly."

Of course, these apply more directly to the beginner, but I can vouch for their curing one of the worst cases of gun-shyness that ever came under my notice, my own. ELK.

MORE ABOUT THE SPORTSMAN.

THERE are sportsmen and sportsmen and sportsmen, and I think this triplet includes about the entire genus except the market gunners, who gun for a livelihood; and so long as they gun or fish honorably, and are not law breakers, they are not to be rashly censured. But as they are never called nor call themselves sportsmen, we pass them without further remark.

A numerous class of sportsmen is those who go for a "good time," care but little for the kind or quantity of game bagged, as they can generally get enough of that from dealers to take home and send to friends, have large outfits consisting of kegs, but more often of mysterious baskets, bottles, boxes, etc., not usually seen around their homes.

Generally they are large-hearted fellows—who ever saw a churl or miser among such?—but being far away from home associations, home restraints are thrown off and a degree of license allowed that would be thought very rude, if not worse, by their usual associates. We are all acquainted with such if we have not indulged in their ways.

Another class is of those who hunt only to kill, and these are rarely if ever found among the former class, being too earnest for blood to waste any time in carousing or story telling, and stopping only when no game can be killed. To them everything is game that will count. Whether fingerling trout—example the one hundred and eighty-five Chateaugay trout that weighed nine and one quarter pounds, all caught in one day—half grown woodcock, partridge chicks, or sucking fawns. Such care little for game laws, and nothing but a slight fear of its possible grip on their pockets causes them to pay any attention to legislative enactments. Instead of "sportsmen" they should be styled "game exterminators." May their number be growing "small and beautifully less."

Last, but not least in the list are those who, worn out with the cares and confinement of an active business or sedentary life, seek recuperation and sport in a day's, week's or month's retirement among the fields, lakes and mountains to obtain health and recreation in a law-abiding way. The rod or gun are not all that go to make up to the full the

enjoyment of this class of sportsmen; they have their place, and an important one. But a mountain tramp, a long row on stream or lake amid such scenes and in such an atmosphere, send the purified blood pulsating with new life and vigor through each particular vein and artery till the whole system is aglow with health and animation. After such an outing is it any wonder they write such charming letters to the sportsman's paper for the delectation of us stayers at home? And why should they not? Who like them has the opportunity of studying nature in her varied aspects of beauty, grandeur, sublimity and sometimes of terror?

The pages of the FOREST AND STREAM bear ample testimony of the inspiring and beneficial results of such outings to this class of sportsmen. J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

M., a broad-faced, good-natured rustic, had volunteered to drive me out a few miles and show me some "patidgeds." It was in the month of December, with the snow about eight inches deep. Upon arriving at the scene of operation he apologized for the looks of his double muzzleloader by saying that his boys had been "messing" with it, but that he had togged it up so that it would stand the racket of a day's shooting. Our route led up the banks of a swift-running brook, which was here and there fringed with evergreen trees. M., who was a short distance in advance, flushed a couple of birds. I stepped forward nearly to his side, at the same time asking which direction the birds took in their flight. He brought his gun from his shoulder to give me the desired information, when the barrels parted from the stock, changed end for end in the air, struck on the edge of the bank, slid ten feet rapidly through at least six inches of snow, striking into the brook breech first where the water was knee deep. The bottom was pebbly, and the capped nipple, striking a stone, instantly exploded, and sent the charge within a few inches of M.'s head, fairly staggering him, although he was untouched by a pellet. Congratulations being in order, I told him that I was especially thankful that he was not sent to the happy hunting ground, as it would have proved awkward business for me to explain the manner of his taking off satisfactorily to the coroner and his friends.

E. W. B.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In 1852 I purchased my first muzzleloader. I have it yet but its usefulness is gone, and it lays across a pair of four-prong antlers secured with it. The morning after the purchase a younger brother and myself started out bright and early to drive the cows to pasture, and of course took the new gun along. We approached a thicket stealthily, and peering in I saw the head of a bird, took deliberate aim and fired. There was a commotion, and when we reached the place we were surprised to find no partridge, but an old hen and five chickens just kicking their last. Not a word was spoken until the last kick was given, when the silence was broken by my brother, exclaiming, "O, but aint that a darn good gun." We never saw any chickens there before nore after. We were not so much surprised about the after.

J. L. D.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a sportsman the "Q." road beats the whole business of you for remarkable shots, for it uses locomotives for guns. Engineer Francis, on his run from St. Jo up the other night, made a wing-shot with his engine, and struck a prairie chicken with the headlight and brought it into town dead. It was found on top of the headlight by a wiper in the round house. COMMON SENSE.

CRESTON, Ia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When cousin Drake Bosworth and I were boys together, at Smithville, in this county, our fathers owned together a smooth-bore rifle, once a flintlock but at the time I speak of improved to a "punchlock." Perhaps some of your readers are not old enough to remember that kind of artillery. We carried the little percussion pills for priming in a quill, and one of these little pin-head things being placed in a little cavity of the powder or priming tube, was exploded by a blow of the pointed steel hammer that was fastened in the cock where the flint had been held. They were quick enough when the guns were clean, but if dirty or oily, would hang fire like the mischief. On one occasion our gun came near causing me to shoot my brother. He had gone up on the other side of the tree to drive the game upon my side. I took aim and pulled the trigger; the pill exploded with a sharp crack, but the gun didn't, so I brought it down to a level to reprime, when off it went and the whole charge went so near my brother's head that we both felt pale for a while, you may well believe. One day when cousin Drake had the gun, he saw a squirrel near the top of a tall tree in the open. On trying to shoot it he had an experience like mine, for as he was holding the gun nearly level and feeling for a pin to prick in fresh powder, off it went, and happening to glance toward the tree he was astonished to see the squirrel falling dead to the ground. Frightened by the snap it had tried to escape by running down the tree, and happened to get right in range of old hang-fire when it went off. Such a thing might be tried many million times before it would happen again. The above was an actual occurrence.

WATERTOWN, N. Y. R. S. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The amusing record of remarkable shots, which has been chronicled by your correspondents of late, recalls an experience of my boyhood, when I used to prowl about the haunts of the many aquatic birds of Minnesota, with a little single-barreled muzzleloading shotgun, never doing enough execution to diminish the supply to any alarming extent, but usually managing to bag enough booty to satisfy a youngster to whom a successful shot afforded more satisfaction than the result of the most successful day's work with modern appliances could do at this day. One October day, I took up the gun and started for the cornfield to which I had been directed, mumbling something about "geese flying over," in answer to the maternal question, "What do you want of a gun to husk corn with?" If the inquiry had been followed by observation, the writer would have been seen a few hours later tramping along the bank of the river which ran near by, with the shotgun on his shoulder, and keeping a very sharp lookout for ducks. But it was an off day for ducks, and not one appeared to the sorrowful gaze of the anxious truant. After following the river as long as I dared, I gave it up, and with unqualified disgust started for the cornfield. I had but just started when, glancing around, I saw three black ducks coming swiftly toward me, and down I dropped behind a bush; but they had seen me, and changing their course, were passing by far out of range, as I supposed. My disgust was so great that I pointed the gun at them and let drive out of pure spite. I believe I have never since that day been so thoroughly dumbfounded with astonishment as I was that moment, when all three of those ducks suddenly turned their tails skyward and dropped like plummets into the river, where they kicked a few times and died. The wind brought them ashore, and the proudest and most tickled boy in America fished them out and carried them home, silencing his mates with the champion shooting story of the season. M. A. B.

DE SMET, Dakota.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen two English snipe rise at a distance of ten yards apart and fly toward each other, and in crossing shot with one barrel.

I have seen a woodcock and kingbird killed at one shot, the woodcock coming out of the bushes and the kingbird darting at it, were both killed with one barrel.

I know of a single reedbird being shot on the marsh while flying over a boat, that in falling was caught in the shooter's hand.

I have seen on arriving at a cover for woodcock, one cock come out and being killed, the dog sent to retrieve come out with the bird in his mouth, and on being sent on come with another woodcock to his master, only one shot being fired.

Have seen a shot at a mudhen sitting on the water of a pond; the mudhen being missed, jumped and flew up the meadow, returning, alighted within two feet of the spot it first jumped from, and at the moment of alighting raised five teal duck that were within three feet of it, and that staid there in the grass after the shot was fired until the mudhen returned.

I know of twenty-one teal duck picked up when the person who shot only saw one duck, and that swimming into a bunch of rushes was out of sight at the moment of discharge. The rest of them were killed and crippled with one barrel without the gunner knowing that they were there. The dead were picked up at the time, then the person who shot came home for a spaniel, with which he collected the cripples without firing another shot.

I knew a rabbit being shot at and not killed, to run down a path in the bushes, jump on a man standing in the path. The animal got as high as the man's breast, was pushed off and jumped there again, being pushed off the second time. When asked why he did not shoot the rabbit, the man said he was not going to shoot another rabbit, but was going home, which he immediately did, under the impression that something was going to happen to him. He is lively yet, though.

I knew of a rail shooter on the marsh while gunning with a spaniel, in shooting at a rail, to kill his dog; also of one who was out for rabbits, in shooting at a rabbit, to kill his friend's beagle hound. BOG SNIPE.

BRISTOL, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

1. During a visit to the shore, my friend suggested a shot at the sea gulls. I assented, and he armed me with a light breechloader, to which was attached a safety arrangement, consisting of a rod running back of the trigger-guard which had to be squeezed against the stock before the gun would go off. It was simple enough. We reached the shore and a gull came along, but I forgot about the arrangement against premature explosions and pulled as hard as I could, but the gun would not shoot. The gull sailed by, and I took the gun from my shoulder in disgust, when off went both barrels and the gull dropped, to the astonishment of my friend, who did not think to try so long a shot. I did not explain my success. 2. While squirrel shooting with a .32-caliber Stevens, I saw a squirrel running along a fence at about twenty yards. I shot and knocked him over. On picking him up I found that the ball had missed him, but had knocked a splinter from the rail into his neck, which had killed him. PADDLE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE BORE OF SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of guns it reminds me that I did the most of my shooting in my boyhood days with a single-barreled shotgun, for which I disbursed the sum of two dollars and fifty cents, in Platt street, New York. It was of uncertain bore (ranging anywhere from 12 to 16), and the roughest thing inside I ever felt of. Immediately after getting it, another boy, by the name of Minor, and myself followed sixteen deer hunters into some woods south of Prompton, in Eastern Pennsylvania, and I shot a buck stone dead, which had been chased by one of their hounds. Sixteen more disgusted men you never saw than those hunters, as one by one they gathered in and noted first, the buck, next myself, and then —— that gun.

Previous to starting out I had loaded the concern with half a handful of grocery powder, five buckshot, and used for a wad to hold it down an old ounce ball (that I had found somewhere) wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. That ball did the business, it broke the deer's neck.

I don't know just how much stock to take in the fine-spun arguments of your correspondents with their $300 guns, in their talk about cannon 10-gauges and 12 little ones. That old shotgun of mine seldom failed to pick a pigeon or a squirrel from the tops of the tallest maples, and it had to be a mighty lively old cock of a grouse that got away from it on the wing. I don't believe that your fellows know it all yet. COMMON SENSE.

CRESTON, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have owned in the past twelve years nine different breechloading shotguns, varying in bore from 14 to 10, and in weight from 7 to 10 pounds, and having had plenty of spare time to use them, think I know something about a gun for both brush and water shooting, and my judgment is that a 10-bore, 8-pound, 30-inch barrel, both barrels very little choked, is the best gun for any man to buy, and whoever buys a 16 or 20 bore gun, unless he is more than an average close shooter, will get left by an ordinary gunner. The gun I have used for the past three seasons is a 10-bore hammerless, weight 7 pounds 14 ounces, and I use from 2½ drams for woodcock to 4 drams best powder for ducks; and I have fired it with the latter load in line shooting on Long Island Sound 115 times a day without feeling the least disagreeable effect from it. I never use but one ounce of shot, except for ducks, then use 1¼ ounce No. 3. I would much rather bag a partridge with my 10-bore loaded with 3 drams of powder and 1 ounce of No. 6 shot (which is always my load for ruffed grouse) than to miss it with a 16-bore loaded in the same way, because it is a little more "tony" to shoot the 16-bore gun. I do not believe in small-bore guns any more than I believe in wearing skin-tight pants. S. H.

EASTHAMPTON, Mass.

NEW JERSEY SONG BIRDS.

THE following bill, Senate, No. 162, has been introduced into the New Jersey Legislature by Mr. Griggs: An Act for the preservation of birds. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that no person shall at any time within this State, catch, kill, trap or expose for sale, or have in his possession after the same has been caught, killed or trapped, any night hawk, whip-poor-will, sparrow, thrush, meadow lark, skylark, finch, martin, swallow, woodpecker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, wren, tanager, catbird, bluebird, snowbird, tern, gull or any insectivorous or song bird, not generally known as a game bird. 2. And be it enacted, that no person shall in the months of March, April, May, June, July or August in any year, within this State, knowingly or willfully molest, tear down or destroy the nest of any wild bird, or take, carry away or destroy the egg or eggs of any such wild bird; nor shall any person, at any time whatever, sell, offer or expose for sale or buy the egg or eggs of any bird named in sections one and three of this act. 3. And be it enacted, that it shall not be lawful for any person to kill or catch, buy or sell any of the birds mentioned in section one of this act, or any of the birds commonly known as game birds, or any sandpiper, plover, willet, curlew, marlin, or other bird of the species commonly called shore or bay birds, or any heron, crane or fish-hawk for the purpose of preserving or stuffing the same as an article of ornament or apparel. 4. And be it enacted, that any person violating any of the provisions of sections one and two shall forfeit the sum of five hundred dollars for each offense, and any person violating the provisions of sections three shall forfeit the sum of fifty dollars; the said penalties shall be recovered in the same manner provided in the act entitled "An act." 5. And be it enacted, that nothing in this act contained shall be held to apply or affect the bird commonly known as the English sparrow. 6. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect immediately.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE marshes along the Delaware River are now open, and the sprigtails are freely using them. Already a great improvement in the condition of the fowl that are sent to the market from below can be noticed. A flight of snipe last week settled on the meadows below the mouth of Salem Creek, N. J., and fifteen or eighteen were killed by a market shooter and sent to a game dealer in this city. This occurred on the 9th inst., and the birds were in good order. During the three or four days of pleasant weather which we had the first of the month, not a few snipe arrived south of Philadelphia, but it is only this week that any of them appear to have been killed.

The West Jersey Game Protective Society have been scattering grain, this winter, in the woods of the counties over which they have jurisdiction in order to provide food for the grouse and quail during the period when the ground has been covered with snow. This, it is reported, has resulted in a great good, and many birds have been saved by it.

I have learned that there are not a few out-of-the-way places on the Chesapeake Bay where punt-gun shooting at night with a jack-light is regularly practiced. Not only is this done in Accomac county, Va., but at numerous points south of it where the law can be readily evaded. If a series of arrests of these lawbreakers could be brought about, as was done in the case of the Spesucia Island poachers a year ago, much good could be accomplished, but this can hardly be expected, as the sections where night-shooting with a light is done, as I am told, are isolated ones and would be difficult and expensive to reach.

March 14.—Our game dealers do not attempt to cover up their sales of quail, which can be purchased at any of the stands. Two or three straggling snipe were killed to-day on the meadows at the foot of Broad street, and there were at least a score of gunners out tramping these marshes, Saturday being just the day to tempt them to make the first try of the season for the longbills. Next week all the meadows bordering the Delaware River and creeks flowing into it will doubtless be thoroughly worked, and it will be strange if a single snipe dropping into them to feed will escape.

HOMO.

WILDFOWL AT SOUTH OYSTER BAY, L. I.—March 16.—The geese, brant and ducks are making their appearance in the bay, and the gunners are having good shooting. The birds were late in coming this season on account of the severe cold weather, but now they are on hand ready for business. I have often wondered why some of the sportsmen are in the habit of going South, East, North or West for wildfowl and baybirds when they can get good shooting nearer home. The Great South Bay at this point is quite shallow, and there are a number of islands scattered through the bay, which makes point-shooting good. And as there is plenty of food for the birds, they are bound to come in great numbers and remain, after they do come, until their breeding time, when they leave and return again in the fall, bringing their young with them. With a good south or easterly wind, or an overcast, stormy day, they generally bag from five to twenty-five birds in a morning's shooting, and occasionally fifty or more. Now taking in consideration that South Oyster Bay is only thirty miles from New York, I think any sportsman will agree with me in saying that from five to twenty-five birds is a good bag with which almost anybody ought to be satisfied. I have occasionally gone to different places at a greater distance and tried to do better, but very seldom have done any better, and often have not done near as well.—O. C.

NESSMUK'S INSECT PREVENTIVE.—Boston, March, 1885.—I should like to propound to following query to your correspondent "Nessmuk:" In "Woodcraft" he recommends to keep insects away, oil of tar, castor oil and oil of pennyroyal to be mixed together and then "simmered over a slow fire." As oil of pennyroyal (*hedeoma*) is one of the volatile oils, where will it be when he is through simmering? I have found oil of pennyroyal and glycerine of use when musquitoes, gnats and midgets were about, but as the pennyroyal is the obnoxious thing for the insects, you may be sure I did not do any simmering.—CORWER.

MARKET-SHOOTING.—Creston, Iowa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a good sight written up about game protection. Now do you know, that if I had the making of game laws, I wouldn't allow an ounce of game to be sold in nor exported from the United States or territories? And I would not allow a paid hunter in the woods. If any man could not put up with farm products to fill his maw, I would oblige him to hunt and fish for his rarities or go without. It would be healthier for him and much manlier. Let every body hunt and fish as much as they please, but forbid all selling. The infernal dollar is at the bottom of the whole trouble. Moreover, if British or any other "good livers" wish to cram themselves with our dainties, let them come over here after them personally, and eat with us.—COMMON SENSE.

COMPANION WANTED.—Each fall for the past seven years I have visited Southern Minnesota or Dakota for duck and goose hunting. Most of the time have enjoyed good company, good shooting and a good time. My sporting friends have, however, for various reasons dropped off one by one, leaving me at present sticking out lonely and conspicious, like the kingfisher's hole after the bank had caved off. I wish three or four companions to visit Minnesota or Dakota, as we shall decide on or about Oct. 1, to remain about four weeks. If this should meet the eye of any sportsman who would prefer a month's outing to being president, and whose purse is not so long as to interfere with his enjoying capital sport at a moderate cost, let him drop me a line.—E. W. B. (Blackinton, Mass.).

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Between forty and fifty members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association met last Thursday night (March 12) at the Parker House and passed a very pleasant evening. After supper a general discussion was held in regard to the game interests, referring especially to the deer on Cape Cod, and to the bill in the Legislature to abolish the leasing of ponds in the State, it being the general opinion in each case that the present law ought to be maintained. The discussion took quite a wide range and several members gave their personal experiences in a manner which contributed greatly to the entertainment of those present.—BOSTON.

DEER IN ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y.—Seeing an article in your last issue on "Deer in Connecticut" reminds me that last November a fine three-pronged buck was shot near this place by Mr. J. O. Beers, and a year ago a deer was shot near the city of Kingston. Before that date no deer had been seen here within forty or fifty years. Where could these deer have come from?—H. B.

MISSISSIPPI.—Corinth, March 14, 1885.—Birds have been scarce, the weather unfavorable, and in consequence bags have been light. A few snipe have put in an appearance this month. I was out on Monday last and bagged nine. The birds were very wild and afforded few shots. Those that I bagged were unusually large and fat.—WILL.

LARGE PELICAN.—A Tamora, Neb., correspondent reports having killed near that town a white pelican, measuring from tip to tip of wings 8 feet 8 inches, and from tip of bill to back of head 15½ inches.

Sea and River Fishing.

ON THE TRACK OF "WAWAYANDA."

THE history of "Camp Flotsam" has been eagerly read by three or four of us here, and we have followed closely the delightful description given by "Wawayanda" of their searches after the best place for bass. We, too, have thrown the fly on Loughboro' Lake, and recognize many of the places he mentions. But our appliances are more primitive than those used by the historian of "Camp Flotsam;" our flies are all made by ourselves while fishing around the box stove during the long winter evenings, and I must confess no two are alike and all of them without a name; yet the bass seemingly relish and cling to them with as much avidity as to those that are dubbed before being cast on the water. This, no doubt, is because the bass of this far-off region have not been trained up to appreciate the relative merits of civilized and uncivilized flies. We hope that the small-mouth of Loughboro' Lake will not be led away by the charms of the scarlet ibis, Montreal, Lord Baltimore and others, to such an extent that they will not look on our more humble lures, with at least equal favor, else we will hold "Wawayanda" personally responsible.

Our party consists of four, Jack, Arny, Dug and the writer, living in a small country village about twenty-five miles from "Camp Flotsam." Driving from here to the bridge spoken of by "Wawayanda," we leave our horses and row toward the rising sun.

On one occasion we had spent the first day very pleasantly in fishing and prospecting for a favorable camping ground, and toward evening, finding a suitable place, pitched our tent and began to prepare supper for four hungry fishermen. Jack took all the fish we did not want and started for the nearest farmhouse to try and exchange them for milk or anything suitable for camp. The rest of us soon had some fine ones dressed and ready to cook. We extemporized a stove a few feet from shore by placing a large, flat stone horizontally on others placed upright, and soon had a fire of driftwood burning brightly. Dug was sitting between the stove and the lake holding a fish on a spit; Arny was frying some in a pan, and the writer was making tea and laying the table. Our appetite rose at the sight of the fish turning brown and giving out a fragrance that increased our already sharpened appetites, when in an instant the top of the stove exploded and flew in pieces, scattering the supper in every direction. Dug was not prepared to receive fire, but started after water immediately, by falling backward in the lake and wetting his feet up to his ears. Arny's pan of fish performed the double-contortion act, and as soon as he realized the true state of affairs, a very decided leak of plain old English adjectives came from him, while the writer tried hard to console himself that it was his rod hand that was scalded by the tea instead of his reel hand.'

When Jack came back we were sitting around the ruins, like Rachael, refusing to be comforted. He tried to console us by saying that he had exchanged all the fish for a pail of milk, but it was of no use, we wanted fish for supper, not milk. That night we went back to the diet of our infant days, and made up in quantity what we lacked in quality, and after burning some tobacco, went to bed. The loon's cry seemed more doleful than ever, and it was a long time before we were lulled to sleep by the murmuring voices of the waves on the shores. We were awakened early in the morning by our attenuated stomachs, and after once more poking around the scene of the late disaster, we tried hard to allay our craving with bread and milk, and then started out to get enough fish for a very early dinner. But who that camps out during the summer has not met with some such experience to teach him lessons for the future?

Loughboro' Lake is a splendid fishing ground, and adds to this attraction scenery similar to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. Indeed it is the same range of mountains (Laurentian) that the lake lies in. We hope that "Wawayanda" may have the pleasure of many visits to his old camping ground, and it would give our party great pleasure to meet him some day on Loughboro' Lake and exchange notes about favorite places. SAW BILL.

LENNOX COUNTY, Ontario.

THE HOLMES DINNER.

ON the evening of Feb. 24 a party of genial anglers gathered at the Peninsular Club House, at Grand Rapids, Mich., to do homage to the Nestor of Michigan sportsmen, Dr. E. S. Holmes. The anglers were members of the Pokotink Club, and the occasion a complimentary banquet to Dr. Holmes, the president of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association. The following Pokotinks were present: Dr. E. S. Holmes, Henry M. Hinsdill, John Perry, Norman D. Carpenter, Elliott Judd, Henry C. Post and Hoyt G. Post. Letters were read from L. H. Withey, D. D. Cody, Col. R C. Ward, and C. W. Eaton, who were unable to be present.

The room and tables had been tastefully decorated, the crowning triumph was the centerpiece on the table, composed of the Doctor's fish basket and bait box, so artistically trimmed with flowers that the Doctor did not discover his "weapons" until the banquet had been some time in progress, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, by the great king of catfish, there's my old bait box."

A feature of the evening consisted of a card for each guest, with a sketch depicting the person in some fishing adventure, and based on actual experience, and so well had the artist's work been done, that each was easily recognized. These were made the subject of remarks by the various members. The story of Post's big grayling, tribulations of the rainy night on the Jordan, Perry's "sheepshead," Carp's method of breaking camp, Hinsdill's capsize, and other memories of the pleasant days spent by the club in Northern Michigan were called up and lived over again.

The menu was such as only anglers and other extra good fellows deserve, and was as follows:

"This dish is too good for any but Anglers or very honest men."
IZAAK WALON.

MENU.

Raw Oysters.
Bisque of Clams.
Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce. Saratoga Chips.
Boiled California Salmon, Anchovy Sauce. Nouille Cakes.
Croquettes of Whitefish, à la Marinere. French Peas.
Black Bass, à l'Etuvee.
Regents' Punch.
Rocky Mountain Brook Trout. Cepes à la Bordelaise.
Mayonnaise of Shrimp.
Fromage de Brie, Roquefort.
Gelee Aux Mirabelles.
Biscuits Glacés, à la Vanille, Cake.
FRUIT.
Coffee. Cigars.

The "wee sma' hours" were reached and passed ere the last fish and story was digested, Carpenter sung "The Sword of Bunker Hill," as he used to in camp and as no other man can sing it.

The venerable doctor fully appreciated the compliment, and closed the entertainment by remarks most fitting and appropiate.

The occasion was one to which all who participated will look back upon as a most delightful one. The dishes were all prepared and served in the best manner, and the Holmes banquet was a complete success.

GRAND RAPIDS, Michigan.

HOW WE CAUGHT HIM.

THAT was a cunning trout—an educated one I used to think. How he could seize the fly or the bait and not get caught, I could never understand, or whether in fact he seized them at all; no one could tell. The most that I knew of him (until he was caught) was that come along almost any time of day and throw your fly or your bait under that bank opposite, with the alder bush growing out over the water, and you would be almost sure to have a rise, or feel your line pulled suddenly away; but this would only happen once at a time. You might remain there if you chose and spend the rest of the day whipping that place, and no more rises would you have, whereas if you went away for an hour or so and then came back, the same thing would happen again.

It was a thing that puzzled me. The first time it happened I said to myself, "It is a small fish, too small to catch;" for it was always a rule with myself and the boys (whatever the "creek skinners" might do) that no trout under six inches in length should be brought into the house. But as I say, this strike by the alder bush puzzled me, until one day as I was using my utmost skill, and standing as far back as I possibly could and cast my fly in the place, I saw a swirl in the water that looked too large for a little fish, and felt an unusual tug. This set me to thinking, and also led me to inquire of the boys that fished along the stream if they had ever observed anything peculiar as they tried by the alder bush.

"Yes" said the best fisherman among them, "I have. I always got a bite there. It is a big fish, too; he would weigh a pound. I had him half out of the water one day, but I never could catch him, and now he only smells of the bait."

All that we have narrated happened in May, and now it was toward the last of June, when one morning my little nephew, who was tired of doing nothing, asked me if I would not go to the brook with him and let him catch a trout. I had promised him so often that I would take him there that I now determined to do so.

It was the very morning for trout. There had been a thunder storm during the night that had raised the stream, and now the day was lovely. So off we started, the little fellow carrying his stiff rod and bait box, while I walked with my cane. We soon reached the brook, and it was not long before several trout were taken. I hooked them and Al. pulled them out (though only two or three of them were large enough to save), when all at once it occurred to me to go up the stream and see what could be done at the alder bush. My thought was to try a new plan—I would go on the west side and put a grasshopper on the hook and drop it gently into the water above the bush.

After some searching we found a grasshopper, a nice yellow fellow, and not too large. This was put on for bait. Then I reeled in some line, and the little fellow, grasping the butt of the rod in his hands and I holding it nearly half way up, we approached the stream very cautiously. I could hardly see over the bank on account of the blackberry bushes, but managed after a few efforts to drop the end of the rod just above where I judged the bush stuck out. The moment I did so I told Al. to hold on to the butt and took my hands away. But now what is the trouble? I have not heard the slightest sound, but those litle hands do not seem able to hold the rod up. Ah; I see, just as I feared, I did not throw the bait in the right place and the current has carried it down under the bank, and now the hook is caught among the roots. "Give me the rod, Al., I will unfasten it; you will break the line." I have the rod. Ah, what a peculiar feeling! It is among the roots, to be sure, but there is a fish on that hook. I feel him, and the rubbings against the line, too. A slow and steady pull. Come out here, whatever you are. Ah! I have you. And the line breaks just as you are a few feet over the land. You are a fine fish; not so very large, but large for this stream. The trout measured eleven and a half inches, and my old friends told me that they had never tasted of a finer one. STILLABOY.

CROPPIE OR CRAPPIE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

This paper may be considered as an addendum to that in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26, entitled "Newlight or Southern Croppie." It is furnished in response to a request from your fishing editor, who writes me as follows: "In last FOREST AND STREAM, under the head of 'Remarkable Catches,' I speak of the 'crappie, or as it is now spelled, croppie.' I see that you use the latter spelling, can you give the FOREST AND STREAM the derivation of the word? I learned to call it crappie while fishing near Potosi, Grant county, Wis., in 1856, and see that Norris spells it so. I thought it some French name, as many Frenchmen lived along there. Croppie is a name that I have heard only in connection with an Irish song: 'Croppies Lie Down.' If you can dig out the meaning of these words I wish you would."

I will say in the first place that I have used both of the names, croppie and crappie, in writing of the *Pomoxys* species. In addition to other local names, I first heard the name "croppie" in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Afterward in Wisconsin, in 1866, I heard for the first time the name "crappie," which was used by St. Louis anglers, and I was then under the same impression as Thad. Norris and Mr. Mather, that it was of French derivation, associating it in my own mind with Johnny Crapaud, and this impression was strengthened afterward by hearing a fisherman at Quincy, Ill., call these fish "Johnnies." I can give no plausible derivation of the words croppie or crappie. There are no common words of similar sound or spelling except crop, and the Latin word *crapula*. Certainly there is no connection between these fishes and the Puritan roundheads or "croppies." I use the name croppie now, because it seems to be more widely known than crappie, which latter name seems to be used mostly along the Mississippi River above Cairo.

In all of Prof. Jordan's writings he spells the name crappie, except in his "Catalogue of the Fishes of Illinois," where he uses the name croppie. Nelson, in his "Partial Catalogue of the Fishes of Illinois," uses croppie. Prof. S. A. Forbes (Illinois), in his "Food of Fishes," also uses croppie. In First Annual Report Fish Commission, Minnesota, croppie is also used. In third Report Fish Commission, Iowa, I find both croppies and crappies. I have heard crappie used occasionally in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, but generally croppie is the term employed, if either, in those States.

Most percoid fishes are called "bass" in the North, and "perch" in the South, hence the Northern croppie is usually a bass with some descriptive adjective, as "strawberry bass," and the Southern croppie a perch, as "silver perch. Most of the adjectives applied to the croppies are descriptive of its spots or markings, as strawberry, calico, spotted, speckled, chincapin (this name is derived from the nuts of the dwarf chestnut and the chincapin-oak, which the spots of the Northern croppie are supposed to resemble), etc. Some of the adjectives applied are suggested by the color, as white, black, silver, sack-a-lai (lait?), etc. Others are suggestive of habitat, as grass, sand, lake, timber (brush), barfish, bridge-perch, etc. Others of peculiarity of form, as razor-back, tin mouth, bigfin, goggle-eye, etc. In fact all of the numerous names of the *Pomoxys* species are more suggestive than croppie or crappie; notwithstanding, I like either of the latter best, for they have never been applied to any other fishes and are distinctive, even if meaningless. Perhaps some brother angler of St. Louis can give the derivation of crappie or croppie, and account for its application to "the best panfish of the West."

Referring to the angling books, we find very little concerning these fishes. Brown's "American Angler's Guide" does not mention them. Scott, in "Fishing in American Waters," probably alludes to them under the head of "The Spotted Bass or Speckled Hen," which he states is "common" in Western waters. His description is unrecognizable, being merely that: "It ranges in weight from a quarter to two pounds, is blackish-green on the back, greenish-yellow on the sides, with a white belly, and dotted in black similar to some of the dace genus [*sic*] of Western streams." He gives an illustration of his fish, but like all of Scott's illustrations, it is a nondescript. Its head has a regular curved outline; the dorsal fin reaches from the head to the tail like a dolphin's, and the anal fin is represented as very small. In the second edition (*fide* Gill), he mentions the Southern croppie as the "white perch of Mississippi." As I have not seen this edition I cannot say more. Herbert, in "Fish and Fishing," does not mention either of the croppies, though he uses a miserable cut of the Southern croppie to illustrate the "Rock Bass (*Centrarchus æneus*)." His description of the rock bass is compiled from DeKay, so it is to be inferred that he knew nothing of either fish.

In Norris's "American Angler's Book," Uncle Thad, as usual, is more reliable than any of the books on general angling; and though he confounds the Northern and Southern croppies as one and the same fish (it must be said in extenuation, however, that there existed the same confusion among ichthyologists when his book appeared—1864), he gives a good description of the "crappie" and its habits and habitat. He says: "This graceful fish is known by the creoles of

Louisiana as the 'sac-à-lai,' where it is also sometimes called 'chinkapin perch.' In the neighborhood of St. Louis, Mo., it was called originally 'crappie,' by the old French habitans, and still bears that name." Norris also gives a fair illustration of the Southern croppie.

In Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" the compiler has been singularly unfortunate, so far as the "croppies" are concerned. In the list of "Northern Inland Fishes" the croppie is not mentioned, unless the description of the fish given as "rock bass (*Centrarchus æneus*)," page 273, was intended to answer for the Northern croppie as well, for most of the short account given is applicable to either; the coloring of the eye is certainly that of a croppie, and not of a rock bass or "red eye." And on page 323, in the list of "Fishes of the West," these two fishes are again confounded under the same heading, as follows: "Straw bass, rock bass, calico bass, goggle eye, or croppie (*Ambloplites rupestris*)." Following this mixed title are half a dozen lines of vague description that might apply to either a croppie or a rock bass. On page 378, in the list of "Southern Inland Fishes," is a very brief description of the Northern croppie, compiled from Holbrook's "Ichthyology of South Carolina," and correct so far as it follows that excellent naturalist. But the compiler forsakes Holbrook and mixes up the common names of both species of croppie in the caption of the article, and appends the technical synonyms of *Pomoxis hexacanthus*, Agassiz, and *Pomoxis rhomboides*, Linn. Now, Linnæus knew nothing of the croppie, but he applied the specific title, *rhomboides*, to the salt-water bream, or pin-fish (*Lagodon rhomboides*). It has never been applied by any author to the croppies, so far as I know. Nor was *P. hexacanthus* ever used by Agassiz. He restored Rafinesque's name *Pomoxis* for the croppie genus, and verified his description of the Southern croppie, *Pomoxis annularis*. He also stated that *Centrarchus hexacanthus*, Cuv. and Val., "belonged, unquestionably to this genus," but Holbrook was the first to use the title *Pomoxis hexacanthus*.

On the same page (388), in a list of "perches," the compiler has: "Silver perch, or speckled perch: called also strawberry bass and calico bass. (See 'Northern Inland Fishes')." As these are all names of the croppie species, one would expect to find a description of one or both under the head referred to; but on such reference we find only the "rock bass" before mentioned, until we come to the "black bass (*Micropterus nigricans*)," where, among the common names used for this well-known fish, we find the strawberry bass, speckled hen and spotted bass. Then, after descriptions of the black bass and Oswego bass, we read: "The strawberry bass is a flat, deep fish, has a nose well turned up, is thinner than the Oswego bass, and has black and yellow blotches." The compiler, apparently disgusted, tries to wade out of the difficulty by adding: "However, in attempting to define differences, nothing is accomplished toward identification or separation; only confusion is increased." We should say so

On the same page, and following the "silver perch," we find: "Sand perch, or bachelor perch; called also tin-mouth. Taken from Virginia to Mississippi. Apparently a cross [*sic*] between the yellow belly and silver perch." Then follows a very brief but fair description of the Southern croppie. From the above it will be seen that the compiler of the fishes of the "Sportsman's Gazetteer" could truthfully say "only confusion is increased," and no doubt the reader is by this time much of the same opinion, and is ready to whistle with the vim and defiance of a ribbon-man on St. Patrick's Day, "Croppies, lie down!"

Cynthiana, Ky., March 11, 1885. James A. Henshall.

SNELLING HOOKS.

I HEAR it suggested that tapered hooks are not "marked" because at and near the end of shank they are too slender, but the marking could begin a little distance from the end and be made effective, and I trust some bright manufacturer will at once begin the improvement; no doubt his sales will be increased.

Mr. C. shows he has experience and skill when he states that the wax or cement is an important factor to a well-tied hook. I am ignorant of the wax used by fly-tyers; but, Mr. C., would not your formula be improved by substituting linseed oil in place of tallow? Linseed oil possesses the drying element; tallow is of a different nature. I also ask Mr. L. the same question. I have used the receipts given by these gentlemen, and think they have merit. Did either of these practical anglers ever experiment with a liquid cement by adding to best oil copal varnish, gum mastic and caoutchouc, and if they desired a wax or cement of greater consistency, put in sufficient quantity of best resin and beeswax? If they have, I think they did not find it washed off "easily by using soap and warm water." And this is why they will find it valuable when they fish in the lime-impregnated waters of Maine. But I am often told there is another trouble in this matter as yet only hinted at. It is said that with the cements in use, by having the tackle in the water an hour or so and then out of the water for about the same length of time, if put into the water again, and even after ten or fifteen minutes a fish gives a tug at the bait, away goes the fish and the hook with it. The moisture and the drying having caused contraction and expansion of the winding thread, the hook was no longer held fast. I have experienced this difficulty many times when the hooks were snelled by myself or bought from best tackle dealers. It is under such circumstances I have lost confidence in some of the formulas recently stated.

Biting, crimping or fluting gut no doubt is a great adjunct. It partly compensates for shrinking and swelling of thread and gut. I perform the process with a little instrument which flutes and flattens at one pressure of the hand. I take stock in the flattening, as it forms a greater surface of contact for the lashing thread and the hook. To reinforce adds, no doubt, much to the strength.

Allow me to suggest that if the gut length will not permit forming the loop as you describe, one can lay a short piece of gut on the long one, then tie the knot and you have the desired result; but when completed does it look as neat to the eye as if not reinforced? To singe the end of a gut snell forms a knob that is hard to draw under well-waxed windings. It is an old method but a strong one. I apprehend the difficulty with gimp is that the metal covering slips from the silk "body." If we take off the covering for one-half the length of the gimp that is to come in contact with the hook, and thoroughly saturate the uncovered silk with a cement, or wax, and then wind it upon the hook as has been directed, Mr. Pickerel will not dislodge it when he makes his wild rushes. White lead is one of the best cements known to chemists. Has any one tested it for the purpose under consideration? Lead is an element in some of our best varnishes. Caoutchouc is considered a better ingredient in a cement than gutta percha. Gum mastic has properties very peculiar to dissolve.

Years ago an old angler gave me the recipe for the varnish given by "Amateur." This sportsman called it the angler's instantaneous cement. It is very fine when filtered. I have used it, and think better of it than of shellac alone. And this reminds me. "Amateur" speaks of a knot, a diagram of which with many others can be found on a page in Dr. Henshall's book concerning black bass. I think said knot a trusty one, and the aforesaid page a very valuable one. I have had great comfort in studying it. Perhaps I am fond of "knotty questions." My practice leads me to fully indorse what "N." says of heating the hook. The blacking on it is very slippery, and many cements will not thoroughly adhere to it. "N.'s" method of holding the hook while heating is new to me. I think favorably of it and shall test it.

I criticise none of the methods or processes given. I only state my experience with them. I do not seek to instruct my superiors. I have sought to make suggestions as food for thought and experiment, and when you have wrought out new discoveries and a cement for the period, please give an account of your achievements through the columns of our co-worker the Forest and Stream. What would we anglers and sportsmen do without it? J. W. T.

New Britain, Conn.

THE MODEL FISHING ROD AND LINE.

IN a very excellent article, entitled "Fly-Fishing," in *Harper's Magazine* for April, our well-known correspondent, Mr. Henry P. Wells, gives some directions for casting the fly, and discourses in this way on the model fishing rod:

"The rod should be of the best, whatever material it may be made from. Lancewood, greenheart, bethabara, and many other woods are capable of being converted into an excellent fly-rod, provided the material is good of its kind, and it has been fashioned by the hands of a skilled workman. Rent and glued—or, as it is now more generally termed, split—bamboo unquestionably stands first as a material in the general estimation of experts in this country. In the fly-casting tournaments held year after year at Central Park in New York, it has gradually supplanted all other kinds of rods, and certainly in it strength, lightness, and that steely spring which is the acme of perfection in a fly-rod are found to a degree unequaled in any other known material.

"These rods are made by gluing six strips of Calcutta bamboo together in such a way that a cross section of the completed rod forms a hexagon. The rind of the bamboo is placed on the outside, and is untouched in the manufacture, since therein lie all the virtues that the material possesses.

"The variety of bamboo used for this purpose may be distinguished by the charred marks on its yellow cuticle, without which none seems to be imported into this country. No one in the least familiar with this bamboo can have failed to remark these burns, always present, yet never alike. To the split-bamboo rodmaker they are a perfect nuisance, forcing him to reject altogether many a cane otherwise excellent. So every one, surprised that so much labor should be expended merely, as far as is apparent, to injure the cane, naturally asks why this is done.

"Reasons are as plenty as blackberries, and so, of course, there is no lack in this case. Here are a few samples, assigned by those who said they knew all about it.

"1. It is a religious ceremony.

"2. They are roasted over a large gridiron to kill the larvæ of boring insects.

"3. It is merely for purpose of ornament.

"4. The bamboos grow in jungles matted together with all manner of climbing and tenacious vines; before they can be extricated the jungle must be fired to destroy these creepers.

"5. That the canes are roasted over a gridiron to burn off the leaves and creepers attached to them, as the most simple and expeditious way to get rid of them.

"6. That it is done with a hot iron, each cane being treated separately, merely to straighten them.

"I have heard others, but these are quite sufficient for a liberal exercise of personal predilection, my own being toward a combination of the reasons numbered 4 and 6.

"Different specimens of every variety of rod material vary greatly in excellence, one sample being good and another utterly worthless. Therein the integrity of the rodmaker, and regard for his reputation, are the only safeguards to the purchaser. Therefore it is cheaper in the end to buy from the maker himself or his recognized agent. If they have a reputation they will do their best to maintain it. Anonymous rods are like anonymous letters; they may be unexceptionable, but usually they are not. Above all things remember there are no bargins in fishing tackle. If an article is cheap in price, it is almost invariably cheap in quality as well.

"Comfort in use, efficiency in casting the fly, and power to control and land the fish after it is fastened, all will admit, are the desiderata in a fly-rod; strength to withstand the incidental strain, and elasticity to recover on the removal of the deflection caused thereby, being in all cases presumed.

"It needs no physicist to assure us that with two rods of equal weight, and respectively ten and twelve feet long, the former will occasion far less fatigue than the latter, since while the shorter arm of the lever is equal in both cases, the longer arm, which is to do the work, is greater in the latter. Nay, further, even though the shorter rod exceed in actual weight, still it may retain its superiority in this respect.

"Killing power, and the ability to control the movements of the fish, depend not on the length, but on the power or stiffness of the rod; and this, other things being equal, must be greater in a ten than in a twelve foot rood, since the leverage against the controlling power is less."

Of lines Mr. Wells says: "The American 'enameled waterproofed lines' alone are used in this country for fly-fishing. If Phariseeism is ever pardonable it is when a good line of this kind is compared with the best produced in any other country. If not decrepit through old age—and their longevity is far in excess of any other lines—in strength they leave nothing to be desired. Smooth as ivory on the surface, they render through the rings with the minimum of friction. Their weight is sufficient to cast nicely without being excessive, and at the same time this is always uniform, while their flexibility is just as it should be—neither so great as to foul the tip, nor so stiff as to cause inconvenience. In short, they are as nearly perfect as the work of man's hands is permitted to be.

"They are braided from the best Italian boiled silk, and water-proofed by a process the secret of which is jealously guarded. Their first cost is high, but in the end they are far cheaper than any other. The temptation to economize is great in the purchase of this essential, since lines in all respects equal, to the eye, may be bought at half price. But these are made from a thread spun from a "fluff" produced by disintegrating old silk stockings, unbrella covers, and such trash, in a machine, and are utterly worthless for any purpose except to rob the unwary of their money. Therefore, buy your lines of a reputable house. Take the best they have, and pay their price, and you will have no reason to regret it."

MIDWINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE longer I live in the woods, the more I regret the waste and destruction I see, and I do think there is a growing sentiment in favor of protection among all classes except the lumbermen. You say you wish there was never to be another tree cut, only as wood for the inhabitants. There need never be a tree cut for that, enough blows over every winter to furnish ten cords where one is used, but in this, like every other thing of the kind, the poorer classes must have the best or none, where it costs nothing. They think because a tree blows over it is good for nothing, so go for the very best and most valuable one standing, in many cases burning a black cherry, which if cut into lumber would be worth from $100 to $300, to keep fire for one week. The black cherry is the most valuable of any wood we have here, that will make good firewood. I have an old Englishman at work for me and it nearly drives him crazy to see so much wood wasting. He is cutting up all the down trees that he can find that are sound enough for wood, some of them it is not very profitable for me to have him spend his time on, only that they are where I wish to clear out such stuff to let the sun and air in to dry up the land, so I let him work. He fills up my woodbox with spruce and pine chunks, full of knots and pitch, and I burn the spruce in the big stove, and the pine in the fireplace.

Up to Jan. 17 we had a very mild winter, but since then we have had a tough one. To-day has been one of the worst I ever knew, 12° below zero all day, and the Methodist minister from Duane came in to dinner. We filled him up and sent him out warm at least. We have had many callers during the winter, so we have not seemed so much alone as other winters.

I have had several letters from Mr. Sherman since he was here. I think his trip to the north side of the Adirondacks has done some good. I think he has a better opinion of the country and people than he had. I think his selection of a site for the hatching works the very best that could have been made. I am more than satisfied. If I get able to do anything I will have built a small hatching house, and then can help the State if the Commissioners wish any help. My experience with wild fish in wild waters may be worth something to them; if it is it shall be freely given. I am very anxious to see the thing well under way. They have every chance to make a success of the establishment, and ought to do so.

Our winter has been a good one for the fish. I have not known of any fishing through the ice. A. R. Fuller.

Meacham Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y., Jan. 28.

Varnish for Rods.—Troy, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I trust that "M." will not get confused in his endeavor to harmonize and to put to a practical demonstration all of the suggestions that have been so freely offered by various correspondents. Mr. Wells very kindly dwells upon the application of the varnish at greater length than upon any description of varnish to be used, and his remarks come very opportune, striking as he does the key note of the whole trouble with the majority of amateurs. When he says, "But I apprehend the amateur usually encounters more difficulty from the manner in which he applies his varnish than from the inferiority of the varnish itself." It is absolutely necessary that the varnish be applied correctly, still it is quite as essential that good material be used to work with. Poor varnish will not, with the best application, make good and enduring work. Most rodmakers can supply good varnish. I have used various kinds, and that procured from Thomas A. Chubb, I must say, gives me the best satisfaction. It soon hardens, distributing itself very smoothly and uniformly over the surface, and will stand a great deal of rough usage. I speak from my own experience, and with eight or ten fine rods, most of them split bamboo, considerable varnish is required every season to keep them in fighting trim.—H. P. S.

Bass in Black Pond.—Swedesboro, N. J.—"Homo" inquires what I know about the bass in Black Pond. About three years ago a man living adjoining, set a net and caught a fish weighing 6¼ pounds. I did not learn of it until several days after, and started at once to interview him; he showed me the dried head. I concluded it was a black bass and had been a large one. We have no other authenticated instance of a bass being caught here. Within the last fifteen years many small perch have been put in the pond and although a great deal of fishing is done by girls and boys no perch are caught. Small sunfish, a few ill-conditioned, small catfish are about all they ever get. Many years ago this pond was famous for the large perch caught. As they do not appear now, and as the bass did not thrive, and as the pond has a bad smell in the summer, we have concluded that the conditions are not favorable for fish, and have ceased making any effort to stock it. Can any one give information where rock bass can be obtained for stocking purposes and at what cost? We have good waters around us, and have about concluded that to have fishing we shall have to make some effort.—C. D. L.

Tackle for Bass.—In answer to "W. G.'s" question about light bamboo rods, I would say I have used a 5½-ounce rod for black bass with much satisfaction this summer. I was not fortunate enough to hook any larger than one pound, but took two at once. I would not use any heavier rod for anything under two pounds, and would like a trial with a three-pounder, I would risk the rod. I used the smallest braided silk line and No. 5 Aberdeen hooks. I make my own rods, and was willing to break one to find out how much it would stand. It is well to play the fish in a delicate manner, however.—C. L. H.

Pennsylvania.—Trout fishermen who reside in the interior of Pennsylvania with whom I have talked, tell me they expect to have a late opening of the season, as far as actual work is concerned, as there is more snow on the mountains at this writing than for many years. All this has to melt and run off before they will think of putting their rods together.—Homo.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2200.**

CROSS-AS-THUNDER.

MY WIFE had always wanted to keep a dog, but I opposed it. This had been a bone of contention between us for many years. I had an insane dread of hydrophobia, and firmly believed that, like distemper, every dog had it some time or other.

One night about two years ago my house was robbed. Mrs. Logic then argued more strongly than ever in favor of a dog, but I compromised the matter by putting in an electric burglar alarm that rang a bell and turned up the gas whenever the shutters or doors were tampered with at night. After that patent alarm was in, life became not worth living. On an average of twice a week the confounded thing got out of order, and in the middle of the night the bell would start to ringing and I would go prowling around the house armed with a revolver only to find everything all right and no signs of burglars. I wanted to have it taken out, but my wife would not listen to any such proposition unless I promised to substitute a dog. So, at last, wearied with the loss of sleep, I made up my mind that even hydrophobia would be a pleasanter and speedier death than mental exhaustion, and I consented to substitute a canine for an electric alarm.

"Now, Paul," said Mrs. Logic, the morning after I had agreed with her upon the dog question, "don't you think of such a thing as coming home without a dog—a real cross creature that will bite off a thief's leg." So during the day I went to a store that I had seen advertised as a place where dogs were sold.

"I want a dog," explained I to the proprietor, "that combines tremendous power of jaws with a moderate appetite. My family is small and the amount of table scraps limited."

The man went down a trap door into the cellar and soon reappeared leading a canine with a very battered appearance. He was white with a brindle patch over his left eye, would weigh forty pounds and was of the kind commonly known as bull-terrier, but his face was much shorter than the show type of that breed.

"There, sor," said the man, "is a dog as will fill yer bill exactly. He won't eat more nor a canary burd."

"Is he cross?" I inquired.

By the way of reply the fellow cried "Sketch 'im!" and the brute made a rush at me. Had the chain broken I should have been badly mutilated.

"Softly, my good man, softly," said I, very much frightened "I need no further proof than your single word. What is his name?"

"Cross-as-Thunder is wat he is called, but yer can call him Beauty or anything yer like; a dog soon larns to know a new name."

"Why is he so cut up?" I queried. "He looks as if he had been run through a sausage machine, but was so tough that the knives only scarred him."

"Well, yer see, sor," replyed the man, "this 'ere dog was onct owned by a fellar wot fights dogs for a livin', but Cross-as-Thunder got to lickin' all the terriers as was turned up, so he had to part with 'im, as no dog can be found to pit agin 'im."

Here, I thought, is a golden opportunity to disgust my wife forever with dogs, so I bought Cross-as-Thunder and had him sent to my office, first getting a muzzle to avoid the possibility of an unpleasant accident.

That night when I went home to supper, leading the dog, my wife greeted me with:

"So, Paul, you have actually kept your promise, and what a delightfully ugly creature you have bought. What massive strength of jaws. Woe to the burglar who falls into his clutches. But see, the poor thing has been greatly abused, for he is covered with cruel scars."

I did not think it politic to mention the real cause of the scars.

"I was reading only this morning," added my wife, after further inspection of Cross-as-Thunder, "in a fashion paper, that the uglier a dog was the more fashionable he is, and I am sure that when I appear on the street with this one, Mrs. Robinson won't put on quite so many airs about her pug. I am certain I shall learn to like him very much."

After supper my wife suggested that it would be the proper thing to feed "Crossy," as she had already nicknamed him. Here was a quandary. The dog could not eat with his muzzle on, and I was afraid that with it off he might be inclined to make a meal off of his new owners.

Mrs. L. patted him and talked baby talk to him until she actually got him to wagging what little tail he had remaining from his numerous battles in the pit.

Finally she took off his muzzle and he behaved very nicely, eating his supper and curling himself up in my easy chair out of which I was afraid to drive him.

"Now Julia," said my wife to our maid, "bring in Malty; he and "Crossy" might as well get acquainted at once."

Malty was a large Maltese cat, a great pet of my wife. Toward this cat I had an undying hatred from the fact that he had several times killed some fancy poultry I was breeding in the back yard.

When the cat was brought in, Cross-as-Thunder needed no formal introduction. He jumped from the chair, and in the twinkling of an eye his enormous jaws had crushed the life out of poor pussy's body.

Of course my wife cried and put all the blame on my devoted head for bringing such a horrid brute into our peaceful home, and insisted upon Cross-as-Thunder being turned into the street at once.

But I had taken a liking to the dog for ridding me of my poultry's enemy and I took his part, and after considerable coaxing prevailed on my wife to let him remain.

A week or so after I had bought the dog a rough-looking man in a red shirt called at my office, and inquired:

"Be you the gentleman as owns the fighting dog Cross-as-Thunder?"

"I am. Why?"

"Well, I knows a greeny as has a dog he will turn up agin yours. He'll bet fifty bulls on the fight, and if you'll give me a fiver I'll bring him to you."

I explained that the dog's fighting days were over, and the fellow left, shaking his head mournfully and muttering, "Such a soft snap. What fools some people are."

The owner of the dog shop evidently made no secret of my name and address. So many of the sporting fraternity called on me with similar offers and requests for the use of Cross-as-Thunder for stud purposes, that at last I had to give my clerk instructions to tell all persons who looked as if they belonged to the "fancy" that I was out of town.

As time went by I grew very much attached to Cross-as-Thunder, and succeeded in training him so well that I could take him on the street unmuzzled and he would bother neither man nor beast.

One Sunday as I was taking a walk, accompanied by my dog as usual, a man with a Newfoundland came suddenly around the corner.

The two dogs sniffed around each other as dogs will. The owner of the Newfoundland who had not noticed me, said to his dog, "Sick him, Bruno!"

Bruno obeyed his master's command, but the bull-terrier grabbed him by the ear and held on like grim death. The man rushed up with cane uplifted, but I reached the spot at the same time, and catching his arm, cried:

"Don't strike that dog. You started the fight, and I will see fair play. May the best dog win."

I spoke as if I meant business, and as I was the larger the man dropped his cane and waited.

Cross-as-Thunder did not keep us long in suspense. The ear to which his jaws were glued came off, and the Newfoundland ran bleeding and whining to his master.

I called my dog to me, although he seemed hungry for the other ear, and as I walked away said: "My friend, the next time you 'sick' your dog on another, be sure that dog is not a bull-terrier."

Shortly afterward I discovered that this man was a new neighbor, and in the course of time we became acquainted, mutually apologized on the dog fracas, and were quite intimate.

A year afterward we went on a gunning trip together, and one night after a successful day's shoot both of us drank more wine than was good for us.

"Logic," said my neighbor, "I have bought a new dog."

"It is about time," I answered, "you got rid of that one-eared Newfoundland."

"This one is a bull-terrier," said he, and can whip any dog that stands on four legs."

"Pshaw!" retorted I, "always except my dog Crossy."

"I will except none."

"For how much money will you back your opinion?"

"For all you choose."

"All right, say for $100."

So we each made note of the bet, and nothing more was said about it during the remainder of our trip. After returning home I thought how scandalous it was for two respectable middle-aged gentlemen to sink to the level of dog fighters. I called on my neighbor and explained my views to him.

"Mr. Logic," said he, after hearing all I had to say, "I esteem and respect you greatly, but I hate your dog. He mutilated poor Bruno for life, and I intend to be revenged on him. Promise that you will kill the ugly brute, and I will not only call the bet 'off,' but I will buy you another and a handsomer dog."

"Never!" cried I, getting into a passion. "I would not kill Cross-as-Thunder for a dozen Newfoundlands. As for your new bull-terrier, he will have the biggest contract a dog ever undertook when he tackles Crossy."

"I'll bet you $500 instead of $100 that he will whip him," shouted my neighbor, also getting angry.

"Agreed!" I yelled, now greatly excited.

So it was arranged that the fight should come off four weeks from time.

Here I had gone and actually bet four hundred dollars in addition to my former wager. What would my wife say if she knew it?

However, if Cross-as-Thunder must fight, he should have proper training, so I visited the dog fancier from whom I had bought him, and acted under his advice.

The first day I gave the dog a dose of medicine consisting of three grains of tartar emetic and four grains of calomel. The next day I followed with a dose of castor oil. I kept him in a warm and dry place while under this treatment to prevent his taking cold. This prescription was supposed to clean him out, which it certainly did. Then I got a sheep's head, split it open, and boiled brains and all thoroughly. In the liquor thus obtained I stirred bran until I had a thick soup. This was fed to the dog for four days. He had now lost all his fat. After that I put him on a diet of lean beef and rye bread boiled together, which was fed twice a day, giving him all he would eat. This was kept up until four days before the fight.

To exercise him I got up every morning at daybreak, and putting a cat in a bag attached by a rope to a pole, I would swing it around my head and get him to jump at it. This was rather hard on the cat but as I never allowed him to catch hold she suffered nothing but mental torture. After a half hour of such exercise I carefully rubbed the dog down with a coarse towel and put on his muzzle which was kept on the rest of the day to prevent him from eating anything but his regular diet. After returning from business in the afternoon I took him out for a long walk, getting him to run as much as possible. On reaching home I rubbed him down again as I did in the morning.

My wife began to wonder what all these mysterious proceedings were about. I told her I was training Crossy for a running match, and the credulous woman believed me.

Four days before the fight I mixed two raw eggs with a pound of lean raw beef chopped fine, and fed to him twice a day.

From forty-two pounds he was now reduced to thirty, having lost twelve pounds by the training he had received. His condition was excellent, his muscles being like iron.

I had engaged his former owner to handle Crossy, and my neighbor had hired another member of the fancy to do the same for his dog.

The fight came off at a tavern on the outskirts of the city (Philadelphia) and took place at 12 o'clock at night in a private room.

That night as I drove to the place in a cab I would have been willing to lose my bet not to have witnessed the fight. I felt positive it would sicken me when I saw the two brutes chew each other up.

When the two dogs were put to the scratch my handler, pointing to the other animal, whispered to me:

"You see how the hair on t' other dog's back is riz up? I never seen a terrier yet do that as wasn't a cur!"

This seemed curious to me, as the hair bristling up gave him the appearance of being terribly savage, but the man's prophesy came true, for in the fifth round my neighbor's dog went yelping from the ring and refused to come to time. Old Cross-as-Thunder had scarcely a scratch.

It may seem strange, but after the fight had fairly begun, I lost all sense of the depravity of the thing and grew greatly excited, and felt a sort of demoniac joy every time my dog tore a piece of flesh from his opponent. After all civilization is but a thin wash that rubs off when we are brought face to face to a fight in which only pluck and endurance can win. There is much that is brutish in human nature yet.

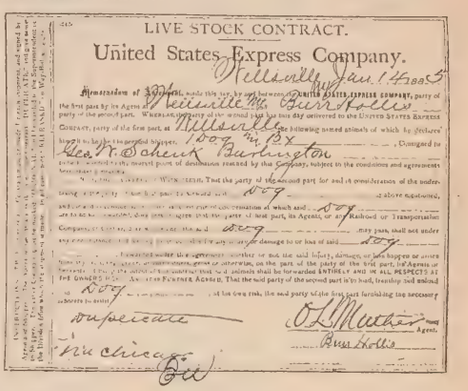
Shortly after the fight Cross-as-Thunder was run over by the cars and killed. In looking around for another dog, I became acquainted with Mr. Watson, and through him received a bull-terrier that, though he may not be the equal of old Cross-as-Thunder in the pit, I hope to see whip any bull-terrier in the open class at the New York bench show in May next.

PAUL LOGIC.

DOGS BY EXPRESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to call your attention and the attention of the readers of your valuable paper to the injustice done by railroads and express companies both to the buyers and shippors of dogs. I will speak of but one of the many express companies simply from my own personal knowledge. As I live at a point on the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad, where there is but one express company represented, I am obliged to receive and ship all goods over the United States Express route via the above named railroad. It has always been a rule with me to go to the express company's office after boxing as lightly as possible (with a view to safety and comfort), and trying to make rates as low as possible, as I know it to be exceedingly annoying for one to pay even a fair price for an animal, and when it arrives, go through the same operation by paying to the express company for carriage as much as the animal cost originally. I propose to explain the *modus operandi* of the United States Express Company. Whether other companies have adopted the same rule I cannot say. In the first place this company charges $1.40 per 100 pounds from New York to this station, distance 358 miles, with no change or transfer, for merchandise. For a dog boxed securely with no food or water, and at the owner's risk, it is double that amount, $2.80, per 100 pounds. You must also sign a release, which reads as follows:



LIVE STOCK CONTRACT.

United States Express Company.

Wellsville, Jan. 14 1885

Burr Hollis

Now the whole matter is summed up here in this way: The U. S. Ex. Co. compels you to prepay or guarantee charges on a dog in a box, with no food or care, together with no responsibility on consideration of the said U. S. Ex. Co.'s reducing the regular freight rates by charging you double the amount charged for carrying any merchandise for which they assume the responsibility of safe delivery. Certainly, consistency thou art a jewel. When I first saw one of the above documents I was led to believe that I was getting a reduction of rates by signing the release, but as I was shipping a valuable dog, and it being small I was willing to pay more and be sure of good treatment, but when I communicated with the company's agent, he told me it was not optional at all with me but I must sign the release or he could not receive the dog for shipment, as his orders were imperative not to receive a dog under any consideration excepting as stated in the above named release, which I was obliged to sign or not ship the dog.

I should like very much to hear from other shippers, and to know if they meet with the same obstructions to shipping their animals in safety. There should be some remedy certainly to this great evil. In the last twenty years doing business I find that two-thirds of my customers ask the question of cost of delivery and seem to dread it much more than the price paid for an animal; and in all cases shippers should take great pains to box very light and secure, and in the case of large dogs to always supply a good collar and chain on the dog and drive a staple in bottom of box at one end and fasten securely to this, then if a dog escapes from the box he can be secured before escaping from the car or freight room. I inclose you a copy of the live stock contract issued by the U. S. Express Company for your own inspection. I should like to see copies of this issue reach some of the superintendents of the different express companies, and hear their views of the matter.

BURR HOLLIS.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

THE NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE dog show given under the auspices of the World's Cotton Centennial and Industrial Exposition, opened on Thursday, March 5, with one hundred and seventy-five entries in the various classes, and closed Monday, March 9. The weather during the entire time was all that could be wished for, and the attendance during the entire five days was unprecedented. To the able superintendent, Mr. L. F. Whitman, belongs the entire credit for its success. The selection of judges met with universal approval among the exhibitors. Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., was judge of the setter and pointer classes. Col. F. G. Skinner, Atlanta, Ga., judged the foxhounds, hard-haired Scotch and Dandie Dinmont terriers, while Mr. John H. Naylor, of Chicago, Ill., judged the mastiff, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, terrier, and all non-sporting classes.

In the large pointer champion classes there were no entries. In the open dog class there were seven entries, of which one was absent, and one was under weight and transferred to the small class. They were rather a sorry lot and the judge very properly withheld first prize. Second went to Don, who also took special for best pointer dog. The class for bitches under 50 pounds had no entries, and champion classes for small pointers had one entry each, Bravo and Daisy Bravo, both absent. Pointer dogs under 50 pounds had seven entries, of which six were present. None of them were considered worthy of first and second went to Duke, a fairly good looking animal. The bitch class was of the same character and first was also withheld. There were but six entries in the puppy class and contained as poor a display of the kind as one could find. Both first and second prize was withheld as there was not a dog in the lot that can ever hope to come to the front on the bench. Armstrong's Dot was given a vhc. and the special for best pointer puppy, the only award given in the class. This finished the pointer classes and certainly it would puzzle one to congregate a similar lot of worthless specimens of this famous breed of dogs. Of the twenty-six entries seven were absent. Nineteen competed and none of the lot were found worthy of a first.

In the English setter classes there were thirty-nine entries, of which number thirty-two were present. The majority of those shown were in field trial form, as at this season of the year their owners, at least such of them as reside in the South, avail themselves of every opportunity that offers to give their favorite animals a "spin" on quail, snipe, etc. Dick Laverack, winner of the extra champion prize, is now the property of Mr. Samuel McQuen, of this city. He was in magnificent

feather and won many encomiums from admiring visitors to his quarters. Paul Gladstone, who won champion prize, was in splendid condition, but shows the effect of field work as far as his coat is concerned. He is the peer of any dog in America either on the bench or in the field. He more nearly resembles Gath than any dog we have yet seen. Juno, a winner of first in the open class for bitches, is a sister to Bryson's champion Sue. She is one of the handsomest bitches we ever saw, and her head seems the perfection of symmetry. She has not the litheness of limb and muscular development of her famous sister. The race for second soon narrowed down to Bo-Peep and Countess House, sisters, though not of the same litter. Countess was in rather poor condition, having recently recovered from a sick spell. Bo-Peep was thought by many to be equal to Juno. She has a magnificent chest, and in her marking very much resembled Gath. She will have a dangerous competitor in her sister, whom she has just defeated, should they meet next year. In the puppy class Sweetheart won first and special, Paragon second and Daisy c.

In champion black and tan setters, dogs or bitches, the only entry was absent. In the open class first prize was withheld, as the dogs were not up to standard. One was absent, which left only two to compete, Jeff winning second and Dash vhc. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the puppy class there were only three entries and one was absent. First was awarded to El Madhi and second was withheld for want of merit.

Of the twenty entries in the different classes for Irish setters there were seventeen present, and they were by far the best display of any breed on exhibition. Megora, the winner of first and special in her class, was in perfect form, as was also champion Brush, who was closely pushed for first by Barry Clare. There were no entries in the puppy class.

In the Irish water spaniel class there were but three entries, Count Bendigo in the champion class and King Slash and Reno in the open class. Champion Count Bendigo is too well known to need further comment. Mrs. A. E. Rendle's Churly Black, ten years old, pedigree unknown, was the only entry in field spaniels and received second. His age and condition prevented his receiving a first.

There was but one entry in the cocker spaniel class, winning first and two specials. There were no entries in the puppy class. There was only one entry in the foxhound class, and he was absent. The beagle classes had only one entry, also absent. Only two were present in the dachshund class; both were good specimens. Three dogs, two bitches and one puppy comprised the fox-terrier classes, all except one receiving a prize. Of the sixteen collies entered only six were present. Dundee, winner in the puppy class, is a splendid specimen, and to our mind he is the best ever shown here. The entries in the bulldog class were an indifferent lot; the fact that they were transferred bodily to the bull-terrier class is perhaps sufficient comment. There were two very good Scotch terriers shown, although only one was for competition. Black and tan terriers had but one representative, an ordinary specimen. There was a very good Dandie Dinmont present, and two Skyes. Eleven of the thirteen entries in the pug classes were present. The Yorkshire terriers were transferred to the toy terrier and miscellaneous classes, except one, which was given a c. There were five toy terriers shown, Tipsy, a very good black and tan, winning first. The classes for King Charles, Blenheim and Japanese spaniels had no entries. In Italian greyhounds first was won by Miss Nellie Austin's imported Nellie, the only entry. The class for poodles had no entries. In the miscellaneous class there were seven entries, but as none of them were entitled to a prize, the prizes were withheld.

On Sunday afternoon the prize dogs were paraded on the grounds before an immense audience. On Monday, before adjournment, a meeting was held by all the exhibitors present. Mr. P. H. Bryson, of Memphis, Tenn., was elected President; Hon. James M. Thompson, of Covington, Vice-President, and Henry Fontaine, Secretary, at which the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, It has come to the notice of the exhibitors at this show that unjust comment has been made on first, the efforts of Superintendent L. F. Whitman to make this bench show a success, and second, that from the same source scurrilous articles tending to bring into ridicule the judgment and standing of one of the judges of this show;

Resolved, That we, the undersigned exhibitors, deem it our duty to these gentleman to emphatically refute, by this means, all such comments, and give it as the sense of each and all of us, that the author of said articles simply desires notoriety in whatsoever shape it may come, for himself and the paper he represents.

Resolved, That the thanks of each and every one of us are due, and are hereby tendered to Superintendent Whitman for the able manner in which he has managed to bring "order out of chaos," and that it is due to his exertions and those of his able assistants that the present exhibition has given such satisfaction to all parties interested, and afforded such additional attraction to this already great exhibition.

Resolved, That the thanks of all of us are hereby tendered to Judges J. M. Taylor, F. G. Skinner and John H. Naylor, for the able and impartial manner in which their decisions have been rendered.

Signed by P. H. Bryson and thirty-nine others.

Following is a full list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Foster Olroyd's Duke, 9mos. (Duke—Duchess); 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, George Wilson's Duchess II., 14mos. (Duke—Duchess).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs;* 1st, E. M. Hall's Tell, 18mos. (Chancellor—Portia). *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. Com., Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s Bella, 7mos. (Barry—Waldine).—SMOOTH-COATED—*Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, H. J. Clapham's Princess Ida, 3mos. (Don—Alma).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. B. Judlin's Miro, 5yrs. (pedigree unknown).

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Jos. Forster's Swiss, white and black, 5yrs. *Bitches:* 1st, Jos. Forster's Lady, white and black, 4½yrs.

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Theo. Schwartz's Don, 3yrs. (Dodge—Doxy).—UNDER 55LBS.—1st, withheld; 2d, L. Bolin's Duke, white and liver, 3yrs. (Faust—Diana). *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s Fancy, 2yrs. (Faust—Bess). Com., F. Foy's Dot, liver and white, 22mos. (Bow— ——). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, withheld. Very high com., C. T. Armstrong's Dot, liver and white, 11mos. (King Bow—Olivette).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Samuel S. McCuen's Dick Laverack (A.K.R. 2051).—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone, black, white and tan, 2¾yrs. (Gladstone—Lavalette). *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Avent's Bessie A., lemon and white, 3½yrs. (Dashing Lion—Armida).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. McDonough's Count Glickstone, black and white, 3yrs. (Royal Blue—Modjeska); 2d, W. B. Mallory's Dave B., white, black and tan, 2½yrs. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie). Very high com., E. H. Smart's Ponce de Leon, black and white, 2yrs. (Rollo—Gretchen) and C. T. Armstrong's Babe, black and tan, 3yrs. (Belton—Daisy Dean). High com., W. H. Coleman's London, blue belton, 4yrs. (Gladstone—Clip). Com., Chas. E. Wallin's Rex Gladstone, black, white and tan, 19mos. (Royal Gladstone—Mollie Druid) and John K. Renaud's Boyd, black and white, 2½yrs. (Brussels—Iowa Queen). *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Avent's Juno A., black and white, 3yrs. (Druid—Ruby); 2d, Wm. Bowles, Jr.'s Bo-Peep, black, white and tan, 2½yrs. (Gladstone—Juno). Very high com. and reserve, Dallas Kenneis' Countess House, black, white and tan, 20mos. (Gladstone—Juno) and Minnie St. Clair's Chicago Pearl, white, black and tan, 2½yrs. (Lug Dhu—Ruby). High com., Hoz. J. M. Thompson's Lena, white black and tan, 22mos. (Gladstone—Flossy). Com., Henry Fountain's Tangipahoa, black, white and tan, 22mos. (Rake—Daisy). *Puppies:* 1st, Minnie St. Clair's Sweetheart, white, black and tan, 9mos. (Pembroke—Menekaune); 2d, C. E. Wallin's Paragon, black, white and tan, 5mos. (Count Gladstone—Melissa). Com., G. R. Westfeldt's Daisy, black, white and tan, 5mos. (Count Gladstone—Maggie).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION.—Only entry absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, E. Landry's Jeff, 4yrs. (pedigree unknown). Very high com., A. C. Winn's Dash, 14mos. (Dash— ——). *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st, P. M. Kelly's El Mahdi, 8mos. (Chip—Belle).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush, 5½yrs. (Elcho—Rose). *Bitches:* C. H. Buford's Mamie (Shot—Juno). OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, W. D. & B. L. Mallory's Duke, 3yrs. (Biz—Lady Clare); 2d, C. H. Buford's Bally Clare, 20mos. (Dougald—Floss II.). Very high com., F. Fay's Hamlet, 3yrs. (Hamlet—Mamie). Com., Wm. Dupee's Bandit, 19mos. (Ranger—Juno II.). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. J. Sprague's Megora, 1½yrs. (Elcho—Rose); 2d, J. Leicht's Belle Lucille, 4½yrs. (Rory O'More—Norah O'More). High com., Crescent City Kennels' Queen, 14mos. (Don—Kesmid). Com., Wallace Wood's Kilkenny, 5yrs. (Rory O'More— ——). *Puppies:* No entries.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—(CHAMPION—1st, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo, liver (Bob—Bridget).—OPEN—1st, C. B. Rodes's King Slash, 21mos. (Pat—Tide); 2d, Minnie St. Clair's Reno, 3mos. (King Slash—High Tide).

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—1st, withheld; 2d, Mr. A. E. Rendle's Charlie, black, 10yrs. (pedigree unknown).

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, Minnie St. Clair's Bene Silk, black, 9mos. (Hornell Silk—Bene). *Puppies:* No entries.

FOXHOUNDS.—No award.

BEAGLES.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Avent's Phantom, black, white and tan, 10mos. (Prince—Daisy).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Mohawk Kennel's Waldine, 3yrs. (Bergman—Gretchen); 2d, Theo. Schwartz Jr.'s Max, 2yrs. (Waldman—Fuchs).

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. L. Israel's Blucher, 4yrs.; 2d, Theo. Schwartz Jr.'s Trim, 1yr. (Rast—Minna). *Bitches:* 1st, Theo. Schwartz Jr.'s Sin, 1yr. (Faust—Gretchen); 2d, E. S. Israel's Gyp, (imported). *Puppies:* 1st, N. T. Harris's Tiny, 3mos. (Jack—Lucy).

COLLIES.—CHAMPIONS—*Dogs:* Only entry absent. *Bitches:* No entry. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. F. Henry's Woodlark. Com., M. Beck Bay's Sheppy B., white, black and tan, 5yrs. (pedigree unknown). *Bitches:* 1st, A. L. Redden's Nellie, tawny, black and white, 3½yrs. (Laddie—Lassie); 2d, R. F. Henry's Lassie VII., black and tan, 6yrs. (Rover—Lassie). *Puppies:* 1st, R. F. Henry's Dundee, sable, 8mos. (Woodlark—Madge).

BULLDOGS.—Transferred to bull-terrier class.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, George Arnold's Napoleon Jack, white, 7yrs. (imported).

HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, J. H Naylor's Rosie, brindle, 20mos. (Tommy Dodd—Rosa).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Geo. Gillivan's Daisy, 4yrs. (Billy—Nellie).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. John H. Naylor's Pansy, 12mos. (Minstrel Boy—Linnet).

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, R. P. LeSassier's Crel, 18mos. (imported); 2d, John Young's Topsy, 6mos.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st, Mohawk Kennels' Bo Peep, 2¾yrs. (Fritz—Minnie May).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo, Gillivan's Solid Coin, 3mos. (Jo—Bo-Peep). Very high com., Mrs. H. S. Kellogg's Snoozer, 7mos. (Young Toby—Titania). *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Gillivan's Peggy, 9mos. (Joe—Flora); 2d, Mrs. J. M. McCuen's Frou Frou, 2½yrs. (George—May). Very high com., W. A. Fletcher's Bessie, 6mos. (Barney Aaron—Lady).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—Prizes withheld. Com., Mrs. W. A. Sand's Posy, 6yrs. (pedigree unknown).—UNDER 5LBS.—Awards withheld.

TOY TERRIERS.—UNDER 7LBS.—Mrs. W. A. Fletcher's Topsy, black and tan, 3yrs. (Dan—Flora); 2d, Minnie St. Clair's Gypsey, black and tan 6yrs. (Jack—Fanny). Very high com., Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s Dude, blue and tan, 1½yrs. (Dandie—Tip), and Mohawk Kennels' Zulu Princess, blue and tan, 1yr. (Billy—Topsy).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Miss Nellie Austin's Nellie, lemon and white, 17mos. (imported).

MISCELLANEOUS.—Awards withheld.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best English setter—bench show record—S. S. McCuen's Dick Laverack.
Best English setter dog—bench show and field trial record—W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone.
Best rough-coated St. Bernard dog, E. M. Hall's Tell.
Best smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, Harry J. Clapham's Princess Ida.
Best mastiff dog, Foster Orloyd's Duke.
Best mastiff bitch, Geo. Wilson's Duchess.
Best pointer dog, Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s Don.
Best pointer bitch, Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s Fancy.
Best pointer puppy, C. T. Armstrong's Dot.
Best English setter dog in open class, J. A. McDonough's Count Glickstone.
Best English setter bitch, J. M. Avent's Juno A.
Best English setter puppy, Minnie St. Clair's Sweetheart.
Best brace English setters, J. M. Avent's Bessie A and Juno A.
Best Irish setter dog, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush.
Best Irish setter bitch, J. A. J. Sprague's Megora.
Best brace Irish setters, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush and Megora.
Best Irish setter owned in Louisiana, J. L. Harris's Guy.
Best setter bitch shown with five of her progeny, C. H. Buford's Mamie.
Best black and tan setter dog, E. Landry's Jeff.
Best Irish water spaniel dog, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo.
Best Irish water spaniel bitch, Minnie St. Clair's Reno.
Best Irish water spaniel dog in open class, C. B. Rodes's King Slash.
Best cocker spaniel, Minnie St. Clair's Bene Silk.
Best cocker spaniel puppy, Minnie St. Clair's Bene Silk.
Best foxhound, J. M. Avent's Fleato.
Best beagle, J. M. Avent's Phantom.
Best dachshund, Mohawk Kennels' Waldine.
Best fox-terrier, E. L. Israel's Blucher.
Best collie dog, R. F. Henry's Woodlark.
Best collie bitch, A. Redden's Nellie.
Best hard-haired Scotch terrier, John H. Naylor's Rosie.
Best black and tan terrier, Geo Gillivan's Daisy.
Best dandie dinmont terrier bitch, Mrs. John H. Naylor's Pansy.
Best pug dog, Geo. M. McCuen's Sambo.
Best pug dog owned by a lady in New Orleans, Mrs. H. S. Kellogg's Snoozer.
Best pug bitch, Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep.
Best black and tan toy terrier, Mrs. W. A. Fletcher's Topsy.

THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade explains that the Pittsburgh piece of paper handed by him from Mr. Mason to Mr. Mortimer, contained Mr. Mason's notes on the black and tan terriers. As the black and tan terriers had not at the time been judged, will Mr. Mason explain why he was handing notes of this kind to Mr. Mortimer, the judge; or will Mr. Mortimer, the judge, explain why he was receiving notes of this kind from Mr. Mason?

PHILADELPHIA.

Since the above was put into type we have received the following card from Mr. Mortimer:

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I see that Mr. Wade has thought proper to make a public apology to Mr. Chas. H. Mason, I will contribute my version of the "scrap of paper" business at the last Pittsburgh dog show: Mr. Lever, of Philadelphia, exhibited two black and tan terriers, Vortigern and Reveller, the latter dog having brought with him a crack reputation from England. I thought Vortigern the better of the two, and so stated to Mr. Mason, at the same time asking him to look over the pair, which he did, and agreeing with me, so expressed himself on the piece of paper which was handed to me by Mr. Wade. The whole affair was so trivial that I had forgotten it, until it was recalled to my memory by an article in a Western paper of Oct. 4, 1884.

JAS. MORTIMER.

DEERHOUND IMPORTATION.—Mr. Geo. Shephard Page, New York, has recently received from the kennel of the Duke of Sutherland, Dunrobin Castle, Scotland, the deerhound bitch Shelloch. She is by Lord Richard Grosvenor's Ossian and out of Brenda (Wallace—Loyal). Loyal is by Stag (Gillespie's Torrom—Duke of Sutherland's Loyal) and out of Kendrach (Cameron's Pirate—Loyal). Mr. Page, in 1883, imported the dog Dunrobin from the same kennel. They make a fine looking pair, and we hope that their owner will give the public a chance to examine them at the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club.

NEW HAVEN BENCH SHOW.

NEW HAVEN, March 18, 1885.

The second annual dog show of the New Haven Kennel Club opened this morning in capital style. It is an improvement over the very creditable exhibition of last year. The entries number 493, as compared with 385 last year, and the managers were obliged to refuse 100 entries. The classes are well benched, the big dogs being on open benches around the outside. Four judging rings are provided, and the entire work of the judges will probably be completed to-day. Many new dogs are here, and we may look for hitherto unknown names in the prize lists. That the show will be a credit to the club and satisfactory to exhibitors and visitors appears to be already well assured. The New Haven Kennel Club managers have every reason to be well satisfied with the public indorsement given to them in such a happy way. The awards to 3 o'clock to-day (Wednesday) were as follows:

Champion mastiff dogs, Hero II.; bitches, Lorna Doone. Mastiffs, dogs, 1st, Ilford Cromwell; 2d, Homer. Vhc. reserve, Hector; vhc., Agrippa and Hildebert. Hc., Laylass. Bitches, 1st, Rosalind; equal second, Prussian Princess and Hilda V. Vhc., Queen II. Hc., Onyx. Puppies under 12mos., 1st, Minerva; 2d, Tarquin. Vhc., Druid and Cedric's Gurth. Hc., Hubert. C., Dumont.

Rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, 1st, Rene; 2d, Barry. Vhc., St. Elmo and Prince. Hc., Dare. Bitches, 2d, Venus. Puppies under 12mos., 1st, De Ette; 2d, Rajah. Hc., Ouisa and Pope.

Smooth-coated St. Bernard dogs, 2d, Ernst.

Newfoundlands, dogs or bitches, first, Sam; second, Major; vhc., Ben; hc., Larned's Bruno, Noble. Bitches, first, Juno; second, Fan.

Greyhounds, champions, first, Friday Night. Open class, dogs, first, Memnon. Class 19a, first, Highlander; second, Schoolboy; vhc., Stormy Night; hc., Harlequin; c., Paris. Class 20, greyhound bitches, first, Begonia; second, Mother Demdike; c., Leo. Class 20a, first, Hawthorne Belle; second, Haidee; c., Honey Bee.

Deerhounds, dogs, first, Mac; second, Bran; vhc., Heather; hc., Bruce; c., Roderick Dhu. Bitches, first, Perth; second, The Banshee.

Pointers, dogs over 55 pounds, 1st, Donald; 2d, Rattler. Vhc., Knickerbocker. Hc., Sancho and Pete. Dogs under 55 pounds, 1st, Bon Ton; 2d, Robin Adair. Vhc., Bangor. Hc., Ned. C., Fritz. Bitches over 50 pounds, 1st, Lucille; 2d, Flirt. Hc., Jessie. Bitches, under 50 pounds, 1st, Rosa; 2d, Mistrel. Vhc., Lady Bang. Hc., Lady Isabel. C., Nelly. Puppies, under 12 months, 1st, Lou; 2d, Bessie Black. Vhc., Brock. Hc., Mamie. C., Judge Black.

English setters, champion, dogs, Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet. Open class, first, F. Windholz's Rockingham; second, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman; vhc, Blackstone Kennels' Mack B., F. A. Cannon's Yale Belton; hc, G. R. Nichols's Pride of the West; c, F. A. Cannon's Count Tip, W. N. Callender's Royal Coin, Rosecroft Kennels' Brant F., W. B. Peet's Ted Llewellyn. Bitches, first, F. Winholz's Princess Phœbus; second, Blackstone Kennels' Forest Dora; vhc, E. J. Martin's Countess Warwick, H. Pape's Lady May, Blonde; hc, H. J. Rice's Passion, Blackstone Kennels' Grace B. and Jennie III.; c, A. J. Callahan's Jolly Nell.

English setter puppies, dogs, first, withheld; second, E. K. Sperry's Lanman's Dan; vhc., R. P. Penn's Pilot, H. L. Cowell's King Philip. Bitches, first, W. E. Miller's Speckles; second, R. B. Penn's Nancy Dawson; vhc., Dan O'Shea's Speed, J. A. Horne's Speck Belton; hc., Riverview Kennels' Countess Zanette; c., Rosecroft Kennels' Hazel.

Black and tan setters, champion, dogs: H. C. Glover's Turk. Open classes, dogs, first, C. R. Taylor's Gem; second, J. Conner's Black Thorn; vhc., C. Smith's Chris, and Merrimac Kennels' Dick; hc., C. H. Redfield's Glen II.; c., J. Meacham's Ben and O. D. Washburne's Richard. Bitches, first, D. O'Shea's Heather Lass; second, Claire-Reeta Kennels' Dora; vhc., C. R. Taylor's Rhoda, C. H. Redfield's Beauty; c., Associated Fanciers' Edith. Puppies, first, J. E. Thayer's Argus II.; second, C. T. Fitch's Madge; vhc., W. G. Drew's Topsey's Boy; c., C. R. Taylor's Topsey.

Irish water spaniels, dogs or bitches, second, W. Scott's John.

Clumber spaniels, dogs, first, Miss N. B. Trowbridge's John Halifax; second, M. Richardson's Bateman. C., G. W. Lovell's Jockey. Bitches, first, G. W. Lovell's Romp; second, C. C. Trowbridge's Ursula.

Field spaniels, any color over 28 pounds, H. W. Huntington's Benedict. Open classes, dogs or bitches. 1st, A. Laidlaw's Newton-Abbot-Lady; second, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince. Vhc., A. Luckwell's Bob; C. S. Francis's Beppo; W. O. Partridge's Critic; E. W. Hotchkiss's Gloss. Hc., G. W. Schenck's Bonanza.

Cocker spaniels, liver or black, under 28 pounds, dogs, first, J. P. Willey's Obo II.; second, A. Laidlaw's Young Obo; vhc., J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr.; hc., J. N. Dewey's Dandy Zulu. Bitches, first, J. P. Willey's Shina; second, W. O. Partridge's Helen; vhc., J. P. Willey's Dinah W., Juno W.; S. R. Hemingway's Miss Nance, A. Laidlaw's Black Meg; W. Scott's Darling; hc., J. B. Robertson, Jr.'s Rose Obo.

Cocker spaniels, other than liver or black, under 28 pounds, first, A. Laidlaw's Sport; second, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion; vhc., W. Dunphy's Gilt Edge; hc., F. Smith's Queen. Puppies, dogs, first, A. E. Foster's Black Joe; second, S. R. Hemingway's Og; vhc., F. H. Meacham's Boy. Bitches, first, A. Laidlaw's Belle; second, F. Smith's Minnie; hc., Merrimack Kennels' Shammy.

Foxhounds, dogs, first, Dan O'Shea's Forester II., second, Associated Fanciers' Dixey Jim; vhc., S. Potter's Dime; hc., R. H. Meacham's Jerry; c., W. Scott's Colonel. Bitches, first, E. A. Baldwin's Fanny; second, W. Scott's Gipsey.

Collies, dogs, 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis; equal 2d, J. W. Burgess's Argyle and M. Dennis's Brack. Vhc., E. A. Mosely's Laddie, E. B. Nichols's Shep, J. Lindsay's Hiram. Hc., W. Scott's Shep, Associated Fanciers' Guy, J. Lindsay's Glencho. Bitches, 1st, J. Lindsay's Fairy; 2d, E. B. Nichol's Lady Bess. Vhc., J. Lindsay's Nanny O. Hc., M. Dennis's Daisy Queen. Puppies, dogs, 1st, A. J. Bruff's Kolly B.; 2d, J. Lindsay's Joe Nettles. Vhc., Mrs. W. J. Comstock's Dandy.

Collies, bitches, first, J. Lindsay's Gem; second, M. Dennis's Stella; vhc., Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Lothian Maid; hc., W. C. Powell's Toxie, c., Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Midlothian Lassie.

Bulldogs, champion, dogs, J. E. Thayer's Tippoo. Open, dogs, J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe, J. Osborne's Boxer; vhc., Clovernook Kennels' Clover Grip. Bitches, first, Rhodora.

ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.—St. Louis, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Geo. Munson has been appointed manager of the coming St. Louis Gun Club dog show. His office for the present is at the roller rink, corner Nineteenth and Pine streets. The show will be held in the grand new exposition building, on Olive street, April 21 to 24, inclusive. The entries close April 11. Prize lists and entry blanks will be mailed in three or four days. A special cash prize of $50 will be given for the best kennel of six St. Bernards, rough or smooth-coated, or both, in addition to the regular cash prizes for champion dogs and bitches and open classes. Many handsome specials will be given, notice of which will be sent you later. The entry fee is fixed at $3.—W. A. ALBRIGHT, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—Philadelphia, March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A bench show will be held by the Philadelphia Kennel Club May 19 to 22, Mr. F. A. Diffenderffer superintendent.—E. COMFORT, Secretary.

THE BEAGLE STANDARD of the American English Beagle Club will be that by which these dogs will be judged at the coming shows.

BRITOMARTIS.—Champions and otherwise famous dogs are now so numerous, there must be something exceptional to justify special attention being given to one over another. The bull bitch Britomartis claims the right at present, from the fact that this country is about to lose her, as she has been sold to Messrs. R. & W. Livingstone, of New York. Britomartis has had the most successful career of any bitch of her breed; she was brought out as a wonder, and has well maintained the prominent position she took at once on being exhibited. She is a brindle bitch, very compactly built for the breed, immensely muscular, low set, broad-chested, thick-necked, and with a marvellously grand head—one such we expect to see on a dog rather than gracing a specimen of her sex—and that probably has largely contributed to her victories over acknowledged good dogs. Britomartis was bred by Mr. J. C. Lyell, of Dundee, an old bulldog fancier and breeder, although better known to the *Bazaar* readers as an authority on pigeons. She was whelped July, 1881, and purchased by her present owner, Mr. Alfred Benjamin, Vice-President of the Bulldog Club, for £100, entirely on his own judgment—and therefore the more to his credit—before she was brought out as a show dog; and the following list of her winnings proves how well he was justified in giving a long price for a novice. She has beaten the following well-knows dogs and bitches: Monarch, Monarch III., Bellissima, Nell Gwynne, Ida, Gladstonekoff, Diogenes, Rhodora, Sweetbriar, Acme, Lorne, Redowa, Ariel, Lady Stuart, Wheel of Fortune, Maritana, Farewell, and has won the following prizes: First prizes—Aston, May, 1883; Bulldog Club, Knightsbridge, May, 1883; York, July, 1883; Dundee, November, 1883. Champion prizes.—Frome, September, 1883; Bulldog Club Show, Hackney, December, 1883; Crystal Palace, January, 1884; Crystal Palace Bulldog Club Show, May, 1884; Crystal Palace, July, 1884; Crystal Palace, January, 1885. Extra prizes—Aston, Five Guinea Cup,; Dundee, Five Guinea Cup; Bulldog Club, Hackney, Ten Guinea Cup; Bulldog Club, Crystal Palace, Five Guinea Cup; Bulldog Club's Fifteen Guinea Challenge Cup, twice. Seven Medals and Bulldog Club's Challenge Cup eight consecutive times. The foregoing is a record not often reached; indeed, it has never yet been anything like approached and in so short a career. Britomartis is by that grand brindled dog Monarch, that Mr. Oliver, of Bristol, brought out some years ago—a brother to the noted Gamester, that was reported to have died rabid, but we think without proof—and her dam was Mr. Lyell's Peuzie, by Angus out of Topaz, a bitch full of old Cribb blood.—*London Bazaar.*

BOSTON SHOW.—Mr. J. A. Nickerson writes that "bitches with pups under eight weeks will be received for the regular fee, but puppies cannot compete for prizes." Dogs ages will be reckoned to first day of show, April 7. The following expresses will transport dogs to and from show at one-half regular rates: American (except from points competing with Adams), U. S. & Canada, N.Y. & Boston. Following railroads will carry three dogs free when accompanied by keeper paying full fare: B. & A., Fitchburg, B. & M., O. C., Revere Beach, Lynn, Providence. Boston & Lowell will make special rates. Fifty-three special prizes are announced.

ALWAYS AHEAD.—"Where's New Haven?" "She's hauled her wind and is working clear away from Construction, sir." "Where's Boston?" "She's trimming her sheets by New Haven, sir." "Where is New York?" "She's dropping Construction dead astern, sir." "Whither are we drifting? Shift your helm, blank your eyes, can't you see which way to steer? Rig your jury sail and take your course from the rest." And the water-logged craft wallowed clumsily around, and squared away in the wake of the others, just as their royalmastheads disappeared below the horizon ahead. And muttering "Can it be possible?" the skipper went below.

WHITEWASH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thanks to "Whitewash" discovering my flush. I drop steadily to wing. The words I credited to Mr. Mason came from the pen of Col. Taylor; just a slip of memory, so take a point on a sparrow—for I only charged Mr. M. with inconsistency, anyhow—and I will secure a solid back. Was Mr. Mason's first statements about Bang Bang and his breeding consistent with his more recently expressed opinions of that dog? Even the immaculate "Whitewash" shows great inconsistency when he says he "hates whitewash," and still uses it to cover up his name.—LUKE W. WHITE.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.—The Report of the State Board of Agriculture for 1884, has a report on the Pennsylvania State Fair dog show. Credit is given to the Philadelphia Kennel Club for having "aided and assisted largely in making this part of the show a success," and a summary is given of the FOREST AND STREAM'S report.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

William Tell. By Chas. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1884, by Prince (Mack—Bell II.) out of Belle II. (White's Duke—Eave's Daisy).

Mottle, By N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., for mottled beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 3, 1884, by imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Maida (Victor—Lucy).

Pink. By N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., for white, black and tan mottled beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 10, 1883, by imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of imported Countess (Bismark—Gayless).

Fun and Silk. By N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., for white, black and tan beagles, dog and bitch, whelped July 6, 1884, by imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Jenny (Flute—Collette).

Katie. By N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1884, by imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of imported Music (Rockwood—Faithful).

Bessie Gladstone. By Highland Kennels, Ashfield, Mass., for English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1884 (Don Gladstone—Bessie T.).

Music. By George W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for white English bull-terrier bitch, whelped December, 1884, by Dick Napoleon out of Nellie.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ruby to Yoube. Red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose), owned by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.

International Kennels to Miami Kennels. By George H. Hill, Miami, O.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bessie—Emperor Fred. J. O. Donner's (New York) English setter bitch Bessie (Ranger—Belle) to Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 32).

Rose—Chief. Mr. von Zschuschen's red and white Irish setter bitch Rose to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Daisy—Pete, Jr. Geo. Phillips's (Dedham, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy (Bob—Sal) to E. C. Alden's Pete, Jr. (Pete—Nell), March 18.

Corrie—Hiram. H. E. Martin's (Jersey City, N. J.) imported collie bitch Corrie to Hiram (A.K.R. 883), March 10.

Grace—Gay. Grove Thomson's pointer bitch Grace (Sensation—Juno) to N. Elmore's Gay (Snapshot—Fanny II.), Jan. 17.

Birdie—Ringwood. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Birdie (King—Music) to his Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty), Jan. 21.

Music—Ringwood. N. Elmore's imported beagle bitch Music (Rockwood—Faithful) to his Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty), Jan. 31.

Fate—Count Noble. F. W. Seller's (Harrisburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Fate (Gladstone—Sue) to Count Noble, March 6.

Madstone—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Madstone (Tory—Moonstone) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), March 8.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lizzetta. Wm. H. Cox's (Newport, Ky.) red Irish setter bitch Lizzetta (Rory O'More—Queen Bess), March 7, seventeen (nine dogs), by Bob, Jr. (Bob—Flash). This is her third litter, and in each instance she has had the same number and by different sires.

Lady Sanborn. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady Sanborn, Jan. 28, seven, by E. A. Herzberg's Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 33).

Lyda Belle. E. A. Starkey's (Brattleboro, Vt.) red Irish setter bitch Lyda Belle (A.K.R. 626), March 3, ten (four dogs), by champion Nimrod (A.K.R. 631).

Vic. Associated Fanciers' (Philadelphia, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Vic (Acho—Lady Helen), Jan. 1, nine (six dogs), by champion Glencho.

Yoube. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Yoube (Elcho—Rose), six (three dogs), by his Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Dorcas. W. B. Peck's (Central Falls, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II.), March 14, twelve (seven dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' Arlington.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Music. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1884 (Dick—Nellie), by Henry Richmond, Providence, R. I., to George W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass.

Cecil Glen. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Glen Rock, A.K.R. 1616—Leah II.), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Dr. J. A. Hartman, Latrobe, Pa.

Criftobo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1885 (Obo II.—Critic), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. W. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

May Beaufort White and liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Beaufort, A.K.R. 694—Nellie Bird), by Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to John Monahan, Springfield, O.

Ringwood—Rosey whelp. Beagle dog, whelped Dec 18, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to James Gallagher, West Hanover, Mass.

Hayes—Georgie whelp. Foxhound bitch, 6mos. old, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Thos. F. Martin, Marlboro, Mass.

Flute—Bunnie whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped June 10, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to J. G. Abbee, Athol, Mass.

Ringwood—Rosey whelp. Beagle dog, whelped June 9, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to B. Pierce, Alexander Bay, N. Y.

Ringwood—Maida whelps. Beagles, whelped Aug. 27, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a bitch to B. Pierce, Alexander Bay, N. Y.; two bitches to A. Belmont Purdy, Hempstead, L. I., and a bitch to H. F. Heyward, Winthrop, Mass.

Spright. English setter (A.K.R. 1619), by Thos. Sperring to J. M. Bloomfield, New York.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bruce II. (A.K.R. 695)—Mistletoe (A.K.R. 1254) whelps. Pointers, three dogs and three bitches, whelped Jan. 5, 1885, owned by J. W. Houston, Stuart, Neb.

Snoozer. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1596), owned by Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., from apoplectic fits.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. C. L., Toronto.—A small cocker spaniel has a bad coat, which curls a little. How can the curl be removed. Ans. You cannot take the curl out, but by regular brushing you can improve the coat.

SUBSCRIBER.—A setter puppy 2½ months old seems to be perfectly well except that one of his forelegs bends up, or rather he does not seem to have any strength in that leg. He has not been hurt as far as I know. What treatment would you advise. Ans. Is the bone itself bent? If the dog is in poor general condition, it may be a condition analagous to rickets, and in such case cod liver oil and the lime salts would be beneficial. If the limb is painful and the pain is localized over a joint, it may be rheumatism, in which case Rochelle salts, in teaspoonful doses, would be of service. If due to injury, evaporating lotions like chloroform liniament would be called for. Give us more particulars.

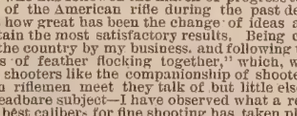
J. B. B., Allegheny.—A bitch for two years has not been in heat. Can I with safety give her what is known as "Spanish fly?" Ans. How old is the bitch? Has she ever been in heat or whelped? If not very old, and if in other respects in good condition, you may try the "Spanish flies." The following prescription is a good one. Tincture of nux vomica and tincture of cantharides, of each a half ounce, simple syrup a half ounce, and water to make a four ounce mixture. Of this give a teaspoonful night and morning. Also have some aloes and iron pills made up to contain a grain of each and give one pill three times daily. If this does not work there may be some organic trouble. Report results.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

A CURIOUS BULLET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will some of your readers explain this occurrence? A bullet of .44-caliber and 1¼in. long was fired one hundred rods into a gravelly soil and ricocheted some fifty rods. It now measures 1⅛in. in length and has an hour-glass constriction in its center which reduces its diameter about one-half at that point. At the point it is bruised a little as if it had struck a pebble. The creases of the rifle can be traced from the butt through the neck or constriction and some distance up the other side. It has the appearance of having been stretched. The butt half of another that had pulled in two is said to have been found. I have not seen it, however. W. A. A.



30 FURMAN STREET, Syracuse, N. Y.

MERIT IN SMALL CALIBERS.

TO one who has followed the march of progress toward the perfection of the American rifle during the past decade, it must be apparent how great has been the change of ideas as to the best caliber to attain the most satisfactory results. Being called to different parts of the country by my business, and following the ancient adage of "Birds of feather flocking together," which, when applied to a rifleman, shooters like the companionship of shooters—for I am certain when riflemen meet they talk of but little else than this never-to-be-threadbare subject—I have observed what a revolution of ideas upon the best calibers for fine shooting has taken place.

In almost every instance I find, where a new club has sprung into existence, the members are equipped with large-bore rifles, shooting large charges of powder, and facing the butts with heroic-like firmness to receive the mulish reminder from their favorite arm at each discharge.

The same idea takes possession of all new rifle shooters, which is, that they must have at least 60 or 70 grains of powder to overcome the force of the wind at 200yds. One of the amusing sights upon the rifle range, where this artillery is used, is to see a rifleman, when the tell tale marker records a two or a three, the result of poor holding, or trying to dodge the recoil, hastily glance at his wind gauge and in cold blood curse the wind for blowing his bullet into a wild shot. That sort of stuff would be swallowed a few years ago, when the "has been's" reigned supreme, but not now.

Improvement in rifle shooting commenced as smaller calibers and lighter charges of ammunition grew in favor. From .45-caliber to .40 was an improvement, clean scores began to be made when the .38-cal. was introduced. The .35-cal. had hardly sufficient time to become popular when the .32-cal. was brought out and the shooting done with this bore gun, is admitted by the strongest of big-bore, large-charge advocates, to be equal, and one after the other admit that for 200yds. off-hand or rest shooting, the results obtained with the .32-cal. 35 grains are superior in average shooting to the rifles of larger bore.

The Massachusetts Arms Co. at Chicopee Falls, Mass., deserve great credit for the perfect manner in which they have produced rifles of this bore, and being the first to place a .32-cal. patch bullet upon the market. A recent visit to their establishment, revealed the fact that still another and smaller caliber was soon to be offered to riflemen, and filling a want long felt for a long-range tiny-bore rifle. They have now perfected a .22-caliber rifle, using a central fire shell, which holds ten grains of powder. There is a patched and naked bullet used in this gun, the former weighing 42 grains, the latter 47½ grains. The shells are everlasting, the one we inspected having been fired over 200 times. In testing the merits of the two bullets, it is found that the lubricated bullets give as good, and it is thought better results, than the patched bullet. I can scarcely expect to favorably impress a majority of your readers with the wonderful performances of this .22-cal. rifle, but believe I hazard little in prophesying that great popularity awaits this arm. The shooting done with this gun is as follows:

At 100yds., with a 26in. barrel, 10 consecutive shots were fired within a group of 1 and 9-16th of an inch. At 200yds., with a 28in. barrel, 10 consecutive shots, all inside of 4 and 4-16 inches, and of the ten shots eight were inside 2 and 4-16 inches. In testing the merits of the shells 50 consecutive shots were fired at 200yds.; 40 of the shots were inside of 6 inches, the same distance was the widest variation up and down of the 50 shots; 48 out of the 50 were within a nine-inch ring. There were two wild shots out of the fifty, which were about twelve inches apart. All of the above shots were with a naked bullet, without cleaning, and fired in the open air with quite a little wind.

In conclusion I would say that having seen a great deal of off-hand and rest-rifle shooting, I must confess that the above test with a .22-caliber compares favorably with any I have ever seen with any rifle, and I am willing to go a long distance to see it excelled.

RALPH GREENWOOD.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, March 14.—The shooting conditions at Walnut Hill to-day were not very good, a fish tail wind blowing from 9 to 12 o'clock, and making good scores rare. The rest match will probably be closed on Saturday next, and a new one substituted in its place. When the members sat down to dinner, Miss Fannie Kendell, the daughter of the range keeper, who has assisted her father at the dinner for the past three years, was presented with a beautiful gold watch by the members of the association as a token of their esteem. The following are the day's events at 200yds.:

Team Match—First Team.

H S Harris	7	6	6	8	6	10	8	8	8	4—71
W Charles	6	8	6	9	6	9	8	7	7	5—66
C B Edwards	6	8	6	7	8	7	6	5	7	4—64
A S Brackett	2	8	5	9	10	7	6	5	6	8—56
N F Tufts	4	6	6	4	4	4	6	7	3	10—54—311

Second Team.

R Reed	6	8	6	8	8	5	8	6	7	9—71
J B Fellows	4	6	7	7	9	5	9	9	9	3—68
A Lowe	5	4	4	6	4	8	3	7	4	8—53
T Barton	4	8	3	5	4	5	8	7	8	1—52
B Duff	10	2	10	3	8	2	4	2	3	2—41—285

Decimal Match.

R Reed	9	8	10	9	7	8	9	7	8	5—80
J Lemons	9	4	7	7	8	6	9	6	10	9—75
B G Warren	10	7	4	8	7	7	5	8	9	8—73
N F Tufts	9	6	10	8	4	4	3	3	6	3—56

Victory Match.

W Charles	10	6	10	9	9	7	8	7	10	9—85
R Reed	9	7	5	6	7	9	10	9	8	7—77
J B Fellows	8	10	5	7	9	8	5	5	8	10—76
C B Edwards	5	7	7	9	6	9	9	8	7	7—74
H Cushing	5	4	9	7	7	7	10	6	9	8—72
A S Brackett	6	7	5	9	10	10	3	3	6	8—67

Creedmoor Match.

B G Warren	5545555555—48	J P Bates	4554445445—44
N F Tufts	5444544554—44		

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 16.—The regular weekly shoot at Riverside Grove was held March 14. There was a fair attendance of members present, and although there was a troublesome wind blowing across the range, a few creditable scores were made, which are appended:

Creedmoor Prize Match.

O M Jewell	4555554555—48	S A Lewis	5544544544—44
A W Howland	5455454545—46	J O Mason	5535445445—44
W O Webber	4455554554—46	W A Arthur	4444454445—42
J Merrill	4454544555—45	D A Smith	5444354554—42
L Saunders	4454454554—44	A P Howe	4454444434—41
O S Wilson	4544544554—44		

Creedmoor Practice Match.

W O Webber	3445445555—44	S A Lewis	5344444545—42
L Saunders	5445444445—43	W A Arthur	4444544444—41
M Williams	4445444445—42		

COLLEGE RIFLE SHOOTING.—Burlington, Vt.—A rifle match took place Wednesday in the University Drill Hall, between two college teams, the first taken from the junior and sophomore classes, and the second from the junior and freshman classes. The range was 50ft, and the target 12x8in. with a 1½-in bullseye. The weapons used were the Springfield cadet muskets, caliber .50 with a pull of seven pounds, and the charge seven grains of powder with round bullets. The juniors and freshmen won by a lead of 28 points, making 83⅓ per cent. of the possible score. The following is the record in detail:

First Team.		Second Team.	
Capt., C.S.Stone; scorer, E.B.Kent		Capt., W.F.Waters; scorer, B.Smith	
Fisher	45334—21	Waters	55455—23
Clark, W C	34444—19	Hayes	34454—19
Leavenworth	45444—21	Waterman	45535—22
Hopkins	33334—16	Lane	54444—21
Buckham	44343—18	Reed	45355—22
Hazen, Austin	24344—17	Shaw	53434—19
Button	34444—19	Story, M E	44544—21
Roberts	44443—19	Kimball	44343—18
Wheeler	44444—20	Chase, A E	55534—22
Robinson	43344—18	Woodbury	54544—22
Strong	43345—18	Fury	45444—21
Brooks	33342—15	Johnson	44444—20
	222		250

BRATTLEBORO, Feb. 14.—Scores made by the Brattleboro Rifle Club on Massachusetts target, off-hand:

Cobb	12	12	11	10	10	11	10	12	11	11—110
Taft	11	11	11	11	11	9	12	11	11	11—109
French	11	11	10	10	12	11	11	11	10	11—108
Knight	11	11	9	12	12	9	12	12	9	11—108
Hannon	11	11	11	9	10	10	11	11	11	11—106
Nichols	11	10	11	11	10	9	11	11	11	11—106
Putnam	8	12	9	12	8	12	12	10	9	9—101

Feb. 21.—Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand:

Cobb	12	11	12	11	11	11	10	11	11	12—112
Re-entry	11	12	11	12	11	10	12	10	10	12—111
French	12	11	11	11	11	12	12	11	10	9—110
Re-entry	11	12	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11—109
Taft	11	12	10	12	12	8	12	11	10	12—110
Re-entry	12	11	10	10	11	11	10	12	7	12—106
Knight	11	11	11	12	10	9	11	11	9	10—105
Re-entry	11	12	11	11	10	10	11	10	9	9—104
Hannon	11	10	12	10	9	10	10	11	11	11—105
Re-entry	10	12	9	10	10	12	10	11	7	10—103
Sargent	9	9	8	10	10	11	10	11	12	10—100

March 7.—There was a small attendance at Oak Grove Range today, but some good scores were made by the Brattleboro Rifle Club. The shooting was done on the Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand:

Taft	12	11	12	12	12	11	12	10	12	10—114
Cobb	12	12	11	9	12	10	11	12	12	9—110
Nichols	12	11	10	11	10	11	12	11	10	11—109
French	12	9	12	10	12	10	11	10	11	10—107
Hannen	11	11	11	11	10	12	10	11	11	9—107
Putnam	7	10	11	11	10	11	12	10	9	11—103
Barnes	11	9	9	10	10	7	11	9	8	93

THE WILKINS SHOOTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice an inquiry from "Wing Shot" wishing some one to explain my breaking 479 balls out of 500 out of a Bogardus trap at Franklin, May 4, 1880. The trap used on this occasion was what they called then a Bogardus rifle trap. I sent to Chicago for a spring, but it was a poor concern and did not work very well. It threw the balls about 25ft. high very irregular, some sidewise and some away and toward me. I missed the most of them in the last two hundred as a change was made from brown glass balls to blue, and the sky being blue it was difficult to see them. Had I had all brown balls I would not have missed more than ten. The Franklin sportsman club was present with a good many spectators. I shot single bullets, .44-cal., 21ft. distant. Some of my Franklin friends who were there can substantiate the truth of the above. In regard to the 985 balls shot out of 1000, I did it at Greenville, Pa., in 1879. Distance 18ft. I did not have a trained thrower, but got a young man, Will Hilands, to toss them in the air. He was inexperienced and threw the balls very irregular the last 500. I made 472 without a miss, shot a .32-cal. singleloader, solid ball. The balls were composition, made at Greenville. There was quite a crowd in attendance.—OTTO WILKINS (Meadville) Pa.

BULL'S HEAD RIFLE CLUB.—Twelve-ring target, possible 120: G. Zimmerman 115, M. Dorrler 115, E. Rein 115, V. Steinback 115, J. Jordon 113, G. Gunther 112, A. Stolzenberger 111, J. Schrarder 111, E. Holzmann 108, H. Heiser 107, B. Wragge 107, D. Holland 104, B. Walter 103, H. Wasmuth 102, S. F. C. Weber 102, J. Shaw 102, H. Sindlinger 102, J. Wettje 100, A. Miller 96, J. Campbell 94.—A. LOBER, Sec.

March 13.—12-ring target, possible 120: J. Schutz 118, C. Rein 116, G. Zimmerman 113, B. Walter 109, J. Schrarder 105, D. Lowitzki 90, J. Shaw 98, H. Wasmuth 94.

THE TRAP.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE XVI. of the Constitution embodies a feature which will doubtless appear new to most readers, but it is really a revival of an old institution, viz., the organization into volunteer companies of those who use a shotgun [for hunting purposes or for pastime amusement at an artificial target], and for the purpose of aiding the civil authorities in their own communities in times of riot and lawlessness.

The article reads as follows: "Whenever the membership of the Association reaches 500, the Board of Directors shall, if in their discretion it is practical to do so, organize the members into a volunteer gun corps. Such organization shall be upon the basis of the military system of the United States, the members elect their own officers and have the same privileges and duties as other volunteer military organizations; but there shall be no compulsion of members to join same. It shall be purely voluntary. If organized, such corps, or the various sub-divisions thereof, shall be subject to the control of the civil authorities, State and municipal, in time of danger to suppress riot, insurrection, or other lawlessness, and in every way to protect life and property and to maintain the public peace. Their headquarters and drill rooms shall be in the cities or large towns. Provided, however, that no service elsewhere than in their own communities shall be exacted from them without their consent."

At the present day such an organization will serve a double purpose. First, it will prove to the public, who now take no interest whatsoever in the gun, and who, if anything, are inclined to look with suspicion and distrust upon its present use, that an additional and meritorious interest attaches thereto, and for the reason that it thus becomes a useful public servant in time of danger and of its need, and hence thousands of public-spirited citizens will take an interest in its development, will join the Association, will encourage and attend its tournaments, and induce their friends to do likewise, who otherwise would remain the passive, indifferent spectators they now are.

And secondly, it will elevate the sportsmen themselves, not only by bringing a new and worthy element into their ranks, but also, and more especially, by adding a noble, patriotic purpose to the present objects of amusement at the trap and in the field only. The political and economical character of our American cities is such that they will ever be subject to times of riot. The doctrine of the communist is a growing one. The distance between the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the laborer, is spreading more and more. The reckless political agitation we see from year to year, adds fuel to the flames by bringing about a corrupt political state of affairs, which widens the distances and which leads to periods of excitement and of disrespect for the power and the justice of the law, and which results in violent outbursts of misled populace, detrimental to all law and order, and most injurious to the very instruments themselves who thus vent the popular fury. Such a state of affairs occurred in Cincinnati in 1884, resulting in the killing of about 56 and the wounding of about 200 misled enthusiasts, and the destruction of nearly $2,000,000 of property and innumerable and invaluable court records, all of which could doubtless have been avoided had the civil authorities had at their disposal one hundred organized expert sportsmen armed with the shotgun only. There are mobs and mobs. The above one was not composed of vagabonds and outcasts, but rather of "misled respectable citizen enthusiasts," aggravated by the previous failure of the Judiciary to perform its work justly, and further excited by the well-meant but heated condemnatory addresses in public meeting of many of Cincinnati's best citizens. Such a "mob" should not have been plowed down and slaughtered with rifles, which kill, but rather have been scattered with "buckshot," which only wound. This is not a despotic government—it is not a Russian or a Napoleonic Empire, where the people are regarded as so many "cattle," fit only to be slaughtered—but it is a republic, "for the people, of the people and by the people," and where the "people" are regarded as the peers of each other, and where it is the object to make every man feel that he has some interest at stake in the preservation of the government, of which he is a part, and where it is, and should always be, an object to persuade the people to do what is right, not with the cannon ball, *à la* Napoleon, but with lesser means which will not kill. What cared Napoleon whether he killed or sacrificed one or a thousand. His aim was not a republic but an empire. We, on the other hand, do not want an empire but a republic; hence his methods must not be our methods. For when you kill once you engender a feeling of bitterness and of revolt in the multitude, which only leads to additional repetitions of the same scene on a larger and larger scale, until finally a despotism of some nature results, as a lesser evil between two. Hence, it should be the policy of the authorities to employ such a force in dispersing mobs of the above character as will not kill, and will not, therefore, undermine the very pedestals of the republic. Such a force is at hand in the shotgun, if it be but organized in the general manner outlined in Article XVI. Let sportsmen, those who now own guns, give it their support, but above all, let all good citizens who appreciate the force of the above argument, give their support to this association by joining it as contributing members.

Many sportsmen will doubtless now ask, "But how are we individually to be otherwise benefitted thereby?" Primarily, by making large tournaments a financial success, so that the "guarantees" therein can be increased from year to year, and the number of attendants and participants likewise increased. But there is a subsidiary benefit to accrue to a large minority of the members who may desire to avail themselves of the same, viz., through the organization of the National Corps of Commissionaires, as outlined in Article XVII. and patterned after the Corps of Commissionaires as it now exists in various European cities. The attention of the visitor to the latter is at once called to the neatly, plainly uniformed commissionaire, whom he finds at his monthly service, whether it be as a faithful messenger or courier, a reliable watchman, an accurate clerk, a trustworthy nurse, an expert guide, or any service, whether temporary or permanent, for which the Central Office may recommend him; for the said office guarantees the honesty of its commissionaire in amounts varying from $15 to $50, besides acquainting the employer with his previous record should he desire same, and hence the confidence of the would-be employer is at once obtained. There are in this country to-day numerous hunters and shooters, and others whose occupation is confined to a very limited period of time yearly, all such could find lucrative employment through such an organization as "The Corps of Commissionaires," and which must be made an outgrowth of the "National Gun Corps," for the financial support required to organize the former must be obtained through the latter, and thus the confidence of the latter, and the support of the citizens who will aid the Gun Corps will be obtained for the commissionaires individually. Hence, it is to be hoped that all owners of a shotgun will lend their cordial support toward making a success of the above two features, with the assurance that the same will redound to the benefit of themselves and "the cause."

BROCKTON VS. MALDEN.—Brockton, Mass., March 14.—A clay-pigeon shoot for the State team badge took place here this afternoon between the Malden and the Brockton Gun Clubs. The Brockton team won the badge in 1884, and defeated their opponents this afternoon by a score of 79 to 77. Following is the score:

Brocktons.		Maldens.	
Bartlett	4444—16	Shaffer	4454—17
Allen	4554—18	Field	3323—12
Tirrell	5433—15	Sawyer	4545—18
Wilbur	5452—16	Parker	4335—15
Howard	2444—14—79	Dickey	4434—15—77

DENVER, Col.—A newly-organized club of this city had its third shoot on the 9th at 8 live birds, 18yds. rise:

R J Carpenter	01101110—5	L D Keller	01001010—3
W K Morton	00101101—4	J Bates	10010111—5
F Camp	11010111—6	G L Bates	00100011—3
C L Caster	00111010—4	D L Hurd	10111001—5
F C Cuenin	11011111—7	M L Hutchinson	01101111—6

Ties on 6: Camp, 101; Hutchinson, 111. Ties on 5: Bates, 100; Hurd, 110; Carpenter, 00w. Cuenin took the leather medal.—Member.

MERIDEN, Conn., March 14.—About a dozen members of the Parker Gun Club were out to-day on their grounds. The following sweepstake was shot at low birds thrown over 50yds. from trap:

Baker	11110—4	Venter	10100—2
Brown	11010—3	Avery	10101—3
Bristol	11110—4	Beecher	01001—2
Ives	11111—5	Cook	00101—1
Burges	11010—3		

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13.—At the annual meeting of the Capital City Gun Club, this city, held on the 10th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. E. Hasford, President; J. P. Sousa, Vice-President; E. S. Mills, Secretary; C. McC. Taylor, Treasurer; Wm. Wagner, Director.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.—Hamilton, March 11.—This afternoon one of the most successful shooting meetings that has taken place in this district was held on the James Driving Park, East Hamilton. The day, although a little cold, was clear and comparatively calm, consequently the shooting was good. The match continues two days—to-day and and to-morrow—to-day being the pigeon match, 10 birds each. There were 36 entries. The management called time at 2 o'clock and the sport began (Dominion rules), and was carried on to the finish without a hitch or a grumble, which speaks well for the club, considering the large number of contestants. Geo. Rogers, of St. Catharines, won first place in 10 straights; prize, $50. The shooting for the balance of the money prizes resulted in a division between the following five, each of whom shot 9 birds out of 10. The score stood:

Match at 10 live birds each, miss two and out. First prize, $50; second, $35; third, $25; fourth, $20; fifth, $12; sixth, $8.

G Rogers, St. Catherines	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Robert Stroud, Hamilton	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9
A Chidley, Hamilton	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9
J Adams, Niagara Falls	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
J Wayper, Hespeler	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
W Ward, Dundas	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9

The committee who are carrying out the affair so successfully is composed of the following gentlemen: E. W. Spencer, President; Thos. Crooks, Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. M. Reardon, A. Chidley, W. Massie, A. Woodhouse and Fred DeLacy.

March 12.—The second day's shooting of the Hamilton Gun Club commenced this morning at 10:30. The first match was shooting for the gold medal presented for competition by Messrs. Davis & McCulloch, of this city. The teams shooting, four members each, were made up as follows: Brant and Waterloo as one team, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls as another, and Hamilton made up three teams, numbering respectively Nos. 1, 2 and 3, making five teams entered for the medal. Unfortunately the day was very unfavorable, being cold, windy and stormy. The sport, however, passed off very pleasantly and in the best of feeling to the close. The winning team made 14 birds out of the 20, and the closeness of the shooting is shown by the fact that each of the other four teams made 13 each. The winning team was No. 1 of Hamilton, made up of the following shots: E. V. Spencer, W. Stroud, M. Reardon and A. Chidley. Following the medal match came the consolation match for a gun presented by J. Holman, which was won by T. Westbrook, of Brantford. A number of sweepstake matches followed. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held in Hamilton.

STAUNTON, Va., March 3.—Clay-pigeon match at 10 birds, 18yds. rise:

A Ayres	1111111111—10	C Bargamin	1101011011— 7
T Bissell	1011111111— 9	C L Cooke	1011110011— 7
C Whittle	1111101111— 9	T J Crowder	0111011011— 7

Dr. Berkeley 6, J. A. Cochran 6, W. F. Summerson 6, F. West 6, W. Allen 5, E. Berkeley 5, J. M. Carroll 5, W. A. Bowles 3, E. I. Jones 1. Ayres silver medal, Jones leather medal.

March 10.—Match under same conditions:

A Ayres	1111111011—9	T J Crowder	1000011101—6
Dr Wayman	1111111101—9	J W Stout	0011001111—6
C Whittle	1111101111—9	W M Allen	1010010110—5
L Alby	1111100111—8	Dr Berkeley	0101111000—5
C Bargamin	1101011111—8	J A Cochran	1010001011—5
E Berkeley	0111101101—7	W H H Lynn	0101010010—4
C L Cooke	1011001111—7	W A Bowles	1100000000—3
F West	1111100011—7	E I Jones	0010000001—2

Ayres won silver medal on miss and out. Jones won leather medal.

ASBURY PARK, March 12.—Fully 800 people were on the grounds of the Neptune Gun Club, to witness the monthly shoot for the president's badge. The conditions were 5 pigeons each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, single barrel:

I L Cliver	00111—3	A Newman	00110—3
Wm Kelsey	11011—4	M Boyce	01111—4
C Borden	11101—4	W Bugle	10111—4
R B Cusack	11100—3	R Gravatt	01011—3

In shooting off the ties, W. Bugle won by 3 straight birds. The club has challenged the Freehold Association to a match, the teams to consist of ten men on either side, and compete for a prize.—C.

BROOKLYN, March 11.—The May-Be Gun Club monthly shoot at 20 clay-pigeons each, very strong wind blowing, making the shooting poor:

H Knebel, 19yds	11111100011111101110—15
T Short, 18yds	11111011101010110010—13
G Kuhn, 18yds	00111110011000100100— 9
J Link, 18yds	00001000000101000001— 4
C Munk, 19yds	01000000010000010000— 3

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 24—Toledo C. C. Camp fire. Subject, "Cruising and Camping."
March 31—K. C. C. Camp fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
April 7—Toledo C. C. Camp-fire, "Racing and Rules."
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

TORONTO C. C.

THE first camp fire of the season was held at the residence of the new secretary, Mr. F. M. Nicholson, on the 14th of January, Mr. N.'s birthday. Nearly every member of the club was present, each with his wife or lady friend. A most enjoyable evening was spent in canoe chat, singing and recitations. Mrs. Major Leigh gave a canoe song, with words and music by herself, and the new commodore, Mr. Tyson, sang a song to the air of the "Fine Old English Gentleman," bringing in the names of all the members in local hits.

On the 18th of February another of the same was held at the residence of Mr. H. Nicholson. That date was also his birthday.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Tyson gave his camp-fire, and again the members and their ladies had a good time. Mr. Tyson introduced, as a novelty to Toronto canoeists, the cooking of a portion of the supper by the members. I am privately informed that Mrs. Tyson—after surveying the wreck in the kitchen and dining-room—determined to allow the T. C. C. to cook anywhere but in her house.

Mr. M. F. Johnson is at present in Ottawa reporting the proceedings of the House of Commons for the official "Hansard."

Mr. W. McKendrick, of the Ubiques, has been elected a member of the Toronto Club, and Mr. Colin Frazer, of the same club, has had his name put up for membership. The new club house is proving a source of attraction to those intending to take up canoeing.

I inclose you a clipping about the formation of a skiff-sailing club. No doubt the T. C. C. will have some recruits from them as soon as they see the advantages of the canoe. Several of the members are already members of the A. C. A.

The Ottawa C. C. are moving in the direction of a local meet in May or June at Lake Deschene, near Ottawa. I am afraid the T. C. C. men will prefer something nearer home. The Peterboro and Lindsay clubs are talking about one at Sturgeon Point, near Lindsay. It is a first-class place for such a meet.

The Torontos have been thinking for a long time of making a raid, on the 24th of May, on the isolated canoeists of Hamilton. Burlington Bay is the finest water for canoeing in western part of Ontario. It is hoped that canoeists west of Toronto, notably those of Brantford, would join us in making it a success. What say the canoeists of Western Ontario? Boreas.

A CRUISE UP THE HACKENSACK.

IN the fall of 1883 three of us, Geo., Herbert W. and myself, started on a camping tour up the Hackensack River in two boats, with a full camping outfit. Our destination was Rockland Lake via Hackensack River, and we launched our boats at New Milford Dam, Hoboken Water Works. Our first carry was the Oradel Dam, from there we had easy paddling for about one and a half miles, but hard work then set in. Water being low, every snag and sometimes the bottom of the river were in the way, necessitating a carry every ten rods. After hard work for five hours, we reached Bogert's Dam (eight miles), made a carry of fifty feet, and at last slid into deep water. About one hundred yards along the dam we came upon a good place to camp, and, being very tired and hungry, we accepted the situation and went into camp on a high knoll, with a good spring of cold water close by. George and I made all things snug, while H., deputized as cook, prepared our evening meal. After supper, reclining on our blankets around the fire, we smoked and spun yarns until 9 P. M., when we turned in to be awakened about 1 A. M. with the silvery music of a pack of 'coon dogs which was in full chase. Sweet sleep returned once more only to be disturbed by H. saying, "C., they are calling us." I listened and heard Mr. Owl's "who, who-o-o," and told H. to answer up, "Herb. W. of Tenafly."

I awoke again at 5 A. M., and, hearing a gray squirrel barking, I wakened G. and told him to listen. He made for the tent door on his hands and knees. Asking what was up, was greeted with the reply, "Keep quiet, squirrels." We both slipped into our clothes, and, taking our guns, started off, giving H. an order to have breakfast on our return. We had good luck, for we were back in half an hour with seven beauties, which we skinned and made ready for breakfast. After breakfast we explored the river above, to see the height of water, and found it very low. We could go only about one mile further. We made up our minds to settle where we were for our allotted time, one week. During that time I had enough of camping on the Hackensack to last me for life. There are no fish in the Hackensack, but roach, pickerel and snags. Pickerel we shot when they were lying on the top of the water, sunning themselves. They would not bite at a hook or bait. I even tried them with red flannel troll.

On our return we got stranded at Closter Bridge, and, pulling our boats out, we sent for a horse and wagon to draw us home. So ended my first and last trip up the Hackensack River.

George and H. went again this fall and happened to be out in the equinoctial storm and found more water than they wanted. Case.

Tenafly, N. J., February, 1885.

PHILADELPHIA C. C. CAMP-FIRE.

THE P. C. C. held their second camp-fire on March 11, the subject being the interesting one of "Camp Cookery." The club, to the number of 23, turned out in the evening, many of them in camp dress. Besides the members, Messrs. Wilkin of the K. C. C., and Stephens, N. Y. C. C., were present from New York. Mr. Chas. Hegert read an amusing and interesting lecture on "Camp Cookery," after which the visitors were called on, and Mr. Wilkin spoke on the American Canoe Association, giving an idea of its aims and progress. Mr. Stephens also spoke on the same subject. A kerosene stove in one corner did good service in the meanwhile, and a lunch was served to all hands, after which a number of canoe songs were sung by the entire congregation. Captain Faulkner sang an original canoe ditty, and Purser Westlake sang his "Wooden Paddle," and also his "Captain of My Craft." The club have a house and a number of canoes, and expect to be afloat shortly. Some of them will attend the Newburgh meet, and also the A. C. A. meet. At 11 P. M. the meeting broke up, all well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

A PACIFIC COAST MEET.

TO the Oakland Canoe Club belongs the honor of the first meet of the Pacific canoe fleet. On the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 21 five canoes belonging to the O. C. C. rendezvoused at Yerba Buena Island, and there camped for the night. The yacht Gracie acted as convoy to inspire confidence in the minds of the canoeists, in case, as sometimes happens, the gentle breezes should blow with too much emphasis. Happily there was no occasion for her services, and the fleet made the first stage of its journey without mishap.

About 10 A. M. the next morning the eagle eye of the Commodore of the S. F. C. C., assisted by a first-class telescope, descried from his exalted perch in the "Castle" at Sausalito, the fleet wending its way toward him. Somewhere about two hours saw the fleet, consisting of the Mystic (flagship), Undine, Sunbeam, Zephyr, and one other, the name of which this veracious chronicler has stupidly forgotten, safely disporting in the waters which have come to be looked upon as the peculiar home of the Sausalito contingent of the S. F. C. C. The Gracie, as in duty bound, stayed behind to pick up any stragglers that might fall by the way, and came to anchor some two hours afterward. The skipper explained that the delay was in a great measure owing to the fact that the Gracie had sailed (?) so much in Oakland Creek during the early part of her career that it was almost impossible to get her to go anywhere else.

Moth and Folly endeavored to do the honors to the visitors, and the rest of the day was pleasantly spent in showing to them the beauties of Richardson's Bay. Moth being left to entertain in the flagship, Folly set out to show things to Undine, and together they cruised and smoked, chatted and lunched until late in the afternoon.

The fleet camped that night on Point Tiburon, with the exception of Mystic, who was most unfortunately recalled to his home, a telegram announcing serious illness in his family, and spreading his big Mohican he was soon but a speck in the dim distance.

Folly intended to join the fleet again the next day, but an unfortunate breakdown of the cable cars made him miss the ferry, and left Moth alone to do the honors.

The fleet spent the morning in camp, coming over to Sausalito after lunch, and after chumming an hour or two, took the tide at the flood, and with a fair wind and everything drawing, sailed gaily homeward. In actual distance covered, this cruise will not perhaps compare with that of Bishop, or Kendall and Neidé, but it seemed a very pleasant one to the participants, and was above all the first. Fulegula Valesneria was unfortunately unable to be present to represent "Squaw Point," a small chap with a very malapropos sore throat detaining her in the nursery. Modesty forbids my repeating the many complimentary remarks passed upon our sailing ground, but I think I may venture to score one for Sausalito. Folly.

Feb. 24.

CRUISE OF THE STONINGTON C. C.

THIS club is composed of ten members, with a fleet of nine canoes, all canvas. They were built very strongly on account of the rough water which generally prevails there. When completed the canvas was oiled, and four or five coats of paint put on, which made it impossible for any water to penetrate it. The boats were all about the same size, 14×32, and carried leg-o'-mutton sails and a jib.

Wednesday.—This being our first cruise we were a long time getting ready. Four of us started, namely, the Dot, Minnie, Flirt and Clytie. Launched the canoes at 3 P. M., bound for a three-days' cruise. The wind was blowing a regular canoe gale, and so had all we could do to carry mainsail. Our first stopping place was to be at the source of a small stream, which we reached in an hour and a half, having had a fair wind all the way. The only difficulties we encountered were the low bridges, and when going under two we were forced to unship our masts, but we soon become acoustomed to that. Coming to anchor at the head of the stream, the crews began to prepare supper, which did not take long, as we had made up our minds to rough it, and so left all luxuries at home. After all had finished their repast we set out for shore. There being only a few houses in that locality, there was not much to see except dogs, and we did not want to make their acquaintance. While preparing to go aboard our canoes again, a kind-hearted farmer came down to the shore and offered us the use of a tent belonging to him, which of course we accepted, and at once commenced putting it up.

On awaking in the morning we saw to our amazement the canoes all careening on their sides in the mud. The tide happened to be at its full height when we entered the preceding evening, and was now just coming in again. It being still early, and we in no great hurry, we did not swear as we might have done, but went to work to get our morning meal. We carried our coffee all ready to drink with the exception of adding the milk, which we bought of the farmers. Besides that we had pastry, canned articles, etc. After finishing breakfast we took down the tent, and then prepared to get under way. The wind was blowing in the same direction it had the previous day. While getting under way the only accident of the whole trip happened. The crew of the Minnie, in attempting to set his masts, not being yet up in that art, got his canoe to rocking, and before he was able to stop himself, he was taking his morning plunge, but with his clothes on, which put a different face on the matter. Luckily the water was not deep, or it might have resulted in a serious accident, he being the only member who could not swim.

The wind being dead ahead, the Clytie was the only one which attempted to sail, the others preferring the paddle. Upon reaching open water we were joined by the Dash, he not being able to start with us, as his canoe was not finished in time. The wind being fresh, the canoes all proceeded under mainsail except the Clytie, who, having smaller sails, carried both. Arrived at Watch Hill, a favorite summer resort, at 12 M., where a crowd was gathered to inspect our canoes. We waited for the slower boats to approach, and then continued our way up the Westerly River. Having a fair wind we winged out, and were not long in reaching our camping place for the night, which was about two and a half miles below the town of Westerly, and in a beautiful little cove bordered around the edge by trees, which, when the moon shone through, would make a picture fit for the brush of any artist.

We had just got through with our sumptuous meal and were getting settled for the night when the crew of the Dash proposed that we should go on to Westerly, as it was moonlight. We asked him if he knew the channel, and he said he did. This plan met the approval of all hands, except the crews of the Flirt and Clytie, who declared at first they would not go, but after a while gave in and we prepared to start. There was not a breath of wind, so we had to resort entirely to the paddle. After we had proceeded a short distance we discovered that the crew of the Dash did not know any more about the course of the channel than did the rest of us. As the Clytie was the lightest draft canoe and carried the lantern, her crew was requested to take the lead. We had not proceeded very far, and did not know where we were going, when the crew of the Dot said he saw a light dead ahead, and a steamer came around a bend in the river. There was some lively paddling then, as we were directly in her path, but we escaped with a wetting. Following the steamer, we arrived below the town at 9:30 P. M. We hauled our canoes up on shore, and then started to take a walk in the village. When we came back the dew was falling almost as fast as rain, which made us all sick at heart, as not one of us had a tent or any kind of covering to go over the cockpit. The crew of the Flirt and Clytie then devised a plan for their comfort. There was an old flat-bottomed scow lying upside down, and it was but the work of a moment for them to construct a comfortable shelter. Putting two large rocks under the edge of one side of the scow to prop it up, they spread their blankets underneath and turned in. The crews of the Dot and Dash had started down stream to find a suitable place in which to pass the night, but soon returned and took to their canoes as a last resort.

The crew of the Flirt commenced the programme of the day, by turning all out at 5 A. M. Upon completing our toilet we thought we would get our breakfast in the town, so accordingly visited a bakery and laid in a stock of provisions, which we stowed away in our canoes

and made preparations for starting. Two youngsters had taken possession of the Minnie, but after some calling and threatening the largest one jumped out and sent the little fellow back with it. We had to beat out, but it was more exciting, as we were continually racing. At first the Flirt took the lead, but after a while was passed by the Clytie, who kept it till a strong breeze enabled the 'Dot to pass her. The sail down the river was the best one yet taken on the cruise. The natives all along the shore stood looking at us and called their families out to join in their astonishment. About noon it commenced to blow so hard that we deemed it advisable to land for a short time. Where we landed there was a pond spaced off from the river that the owner keeps full of bass which he catches with a seine. At the time we stopped there were 700 in the pond. It is very interesting to see them fed, as they seem to know what time to look for their meals. When they are scarce and the price high the dealer sells them.

A paddle home terminated the first cruise of the Stonnington C. C., but next season we shall take a longer one.

WILL PALMER, Jr., Clytie.

SINGLE vs. DOUBLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 19, "Single Blade" says: "Your correspondent 'Boreas' claims that the double blade has proved superior to the single blade for speed, which I deny, as the races of the Association do not prove it." In 1880, at the first meet, the user of a single blade distanced all the others. The event referred to in the last sentence was a contest for a prize canoe offered by the writer. The contestants were, with one exception, gentlemen out for a vacation. None of them were engaged in any business that gives wind and muscle strength to the back and arms, so necessary to the victor in a paddling race. All were novices in the use of the paddle. The single exception, the winner of the race, while no less a gentleman—in what we in America consider makes a gentleman, good behavior—was, nevertheless, an expert in the use of the single blade, a veteran backwoodsman who could have used the language of a certain Adirondack guide, who said he would as soon paddle all night as sleep in the shanty. He had the further advantage of paddling a light open canoe 16ft. 4in.x26in. (I think), while the others used a decked canoe 15x28 and upward. Thus it will be seen that the double blades were hopelessly handicapped. The gentleman who won came to the meet on purpose to win. To win the prize represented just so much cash, as is proved by his selling it within an hour.

In other cases, where the single blade has won, the double blade has been handicapped in like manner, though perhaps to a less marked degree. At a subsequent meet at Lake George, I remember a tandem race between single and double blades, each side selecting their two best men, and both using open Canadian canoes as near alike as possible. The double blades won. "Single Blade" may think I am prejudiced, but I am not; I grew up with a single blade in my hand, and might almost say I never heard of a double blade until within the last ten years.

For hunting purposes the double blade is useless. No one would ever think of using one for "floating;" and that word brings to mind many a night when I have drifted over the dark waters of lake or stream so noiselessly that one could easily imagine his craft propelled by invisible hands. For hunting you must use the single blade, and that only. But seat yourself in the middle of a modern decked canoe, and for either comfort or speed you must take the double blade.

To give an opportunity to put it on record that I am right or wrong in this assertion, I offer, subject to the approval and under the directions of the Regatta Committee—one or one dozen, as they may see fit to accept—of my best double-bladed paddles, to be contested for by double vs. single blades, under such conditions as shall satisfy every one of the superiority of one or the other for racing purposes. I would suggest several races (on days of the meet when there are no others), for all kinds of canoes, but classed or handicapped to make them equal, and an extra prize to the winner of the most races. J. H. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Single Blade" has not read my former communication about paddles, or he would not mention the 1880 meet as any proof of the superiority of the single for speed. The winner of the three races in 1880 was Wallace, of Cobourg, admittedly the best paddler in Canada. He had a racing canoe, long, narrow and very light. His opponents were in very much slower canoes and none of them pretended to be able paddlers.

In 1881, Wallace—who had in the meantime become a professional—could not be present, but other single paddlers were. Dr. Heighway, using a double paddle in an ordinary 14ft. Rob Roy, won all his races quite as easily as Wallace won his. I think we may conclude that '81 fully balances '80.

In 1882, only one single blade—Mr. Emerson—entered for regular paddling races during the whole meet. In the first race—Junior—he was beaten by Johnson, but won on a technicality, Johnson being adjudged a senior. Emerson's canoe was, as the rules then permitted, longer and faster than any of his opponents' craft. In the senior race he was easily beaten by Vaux, Munroe, Johnson and others. An extra race for two men in a canoe was won by two double paddles against two singles.

In '83 Johnston, using a 16×31 canoe, was first in Class 3, but was disqualified for touching the buoy. The winner, and all the other entries had smaller and faster canoes. In Class 4 Johnson, using the same craft, beat R. Adams and others. In Class 1 he was not allowed to start, his canoe being adjudged too narrow. In the tandem race Blade and Fitzgerald beat Johnson and Kerr, who had never paddled together until a few minutes before the race.

In '84 there were three races in which Johnson, Weller and Adams met. "Single Blade" says, practically, that Johnson's canoe was faster than theirs. The official record contradicts this. Johnson's canoe being 16×28 against their 16×26, and 16×27. The first race was one mile, and Johnson won by ten seconds. The next race was the three miles and he again won by more than a minute from Weller, and two minutes and twenty seconds from Adams. In the Class 1 race Johnson used his 18×25 canoe, but I suppose no one will question his ability to have won the race without it. Having already won at one mile and three miles, he would have won at one and a half miles just as easily.

I again state that with equal canoes and equal men, the man using the double will produce the greatest speed. If "Single Blade" still doubts, I must refer him to Mr. Weller who will be considered good authority.

A single blade is good for cruising in a canoe suited to it, but it would be out of place on a regular decked canoe.

The writer handled a single blade for years before he saw a double, so he does not write from one side of the question. BOREAS.

A CHANCE FOR THE TORONTO C. C.—A meeting was lately called in Toronto for the purpose of forming a club of boat sailers, there being at present no club which recognizes such craft as small sailing boats and skiffs. A club was organized and the following officers elected: Commodore, Dr. B. L. Riordan; Vice-Commodore Evelyn Macrae; Captain, F. N. W. Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Hall; and a committee consisting of J. Kilgour, J. T. C. Boyd, Percy Bath, N. Macrae, J. D. Thorburn and F. W. Greene. Toronto has already well established and prosperous yacht and canoe clubs, but neither offered the proper facilities to the boat sailors. While boats are not recognized by the A. C. A., and are not admitted to the races, there are many cases where it is advisable for canoe clubs to open their ranks to the owners of craft not strictly canoes. The increasing love of cruising has of late brought in many who wish a larger boat than the ordinary canoe, and who are animated by the same ideas as canoeists, except as to model of boat, and it really seems best that they should find a place in the canoe clubs. The Brooklyn C. C. have accepted this view and invite membership from boating men, with the result, in all probability, of many valuable members, and a similar movement would benefit the Toronto C. C. Of course, the club is distinctively a canoe club, and the races are mainly for canoes; but the addition of sailing boats to the fleet will bring in many new men, and the canoe of to-day need not be ashamed to appear side by side with any other small craft, sneakbox, skiff or sailboat. They are certain, when better known, to commend themselves to many who formerly preferred a rowing or sailing boat. The decadence of shell rowing, and also of the open sandbag boats, has left many persons of aquatic tastes without suitable craft, and canoeists can eventually draw many recruits from this number when they become familiar with the craft, and are freed from the prejudices which have long prevailed against canoes.

CANOE PILOTAGE.—Mr. Wilkin's idea is a good one, and should be carried out by all means. It would be a great help to the cruising canoeist to have an idea, if only a vague one, of the distances on the route of his cruise. It is also important to have some knowledge of the camping places, as one might camp in a wretched place, when by going on for a half mile or so, find as good a spot as can be desired or *vice versa*. Then the knowledge of the location of dams, rapids, portages, places where the provisions can be replenished, spots to be visited or to be avoided, whether the dams and rapids can be run and if so, how, if not, the best way to portage around, and many other things too numerous to mention, which fall to the lot of the cruising canoeist to encounter. The only objection to the plan is that the innate laziness of some men won't permit them to keep a log of this kind. If this objection can be overcome or the pilot idea be carried out in spite of it, there is no reason why the system suggested should not be of the greatest use.—FRIDAY (March 8, 1885).

LAKE MISTASSINI.—An expedition is now organizing in Quebec for the exploration of Lake Mistassini, the great inland sea of Northern Canada, discovered two hundred years ago by the French Jesuits, but never explored. It is situated about 300 miles from St. John, on the Saguenay River, and 600 miles from Quebec. The expedition will be under the direction of Lieut. F. H. Bignell, English Corresponding Secretary Geographical Society, who has lately returned from a visit to the lake. It will leave Quebec on June 10, going by steamer up the Saguenay, then by land, eighty miles, to Lake St. John, thence by the Chamouchouan and Nikoubau rivers, and Perch, Narrow Ridge, Whitefish, Abitagamou and Chibagamou Lakes, to Abatagoush Bay on Mistassini. Returning, the route will be by way of Little Mistassini Lake, Rupert River, Lake Themiscamé and a chain of small lakes to the Chipsaw and Peribonca rivers and Lake St. John. The trip is expected to occupy eighty to ninety days. The cost of the trip to each member will be $500, the organizers providing Indian guides, canoes and attendants, as well as provisions. Lieut. Bignell's address is Quebec, and the New York agents are Messrs. Wilson & Lang, 59 Wall street.

HARTFORD C. C.—The H. C. C. have closed the contract for a fine new house to be ready April 1. It will be built on the east side of the river where a lot has been leased for ten years, and will be 60x30ft. The plazza on the west or water side will be 70ft. long. The house stands 30ft. above high water, and the float will be reached by a railway. A boom arranged near the float will protect the larger boats which must be kept afloat. Rooms are provided for a janitor, who will attend to the house and boats, and also ferry the members across the river. The club has a fleet of fine canoes, and a number of new ones will be added this season. The building committee are Messrs. Parmele, Jones, Green, Goodwin and Abbott. The H. C. C. will join the Springfield men in a cruise on May 30.

CHICAGO.—The Chicago C. C., now only a year old, numbers nearly 50 members. They are in a prosperous condition, and expect soon to build a new club house with meeting room, dressing and reading rooms, and ample room for the boats. The club now owns nearly 35 canoes, and several new ones have been ordered. A two weeks' cruise of the club is proposed for next July on the "Eagle Waters," a chain of lakes in Northern Wisconsin. The officers of the club are: Commodore, G. M. Munger; Vice-Commodore, H. B. Cook; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Ware. Commodore Munger is now cruising in Central America.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—The Vesper Boat Club held its tenth annual meeting on March 9, electing the following officers: President, Paul Butler; Vice-Presidents, Harry A. Brown and Fred P. Marble; Treasurer, Ralph F. Brazer; Secretary, Andrew G. Swapp; Directors, Frank W. Howe, Charles P. Nichols and R. F. Hemenway. The club is in a very satisfactory condition, with a fine clubhouse. Though widely known throughout New England as a rowing club, many of the members are enthusiastic canoeists, and the club will take a leading part in the New England meet in June.

RONDOUT.—The Roudout C. C. now owns five iceboats, and much interest is taken in the sport. In a blow lately two collided, one capsizing, while the other, the Kitten, broke her back bone. The club propose to start on Thursday or Friday preceding the Newburgh meet, and cruise down to the camp a distance of 36 miles. Canoeists from other points will join them and the cruise promises to be a very pleasant one.

CONNECTICUT RIVER MEET.—The Springfield and Hartford canoe clubs will join in a meet on Decoration Day, the former leaving Springfield on May 30, camping with the H. C. C. at the mouth of the Sciantic River, cruising down on the 30th and camping at Middletown, and making Saybrook Point on the 31st. About two dozen canoes will take part in the cruise. The S. C. C. has lately been incorporated.

NEW ENGLAND MEET.—The Vesper B. C., of Lowell, have decided to undertake the arrangements for a meet in June, the exact date not having yet been decided on. The meet last year, although an experiment, was a complete success, and it is proposed to have one on a larger scale this year, and to have canoeists from all the Eastern States.

WIRE FOR STEERING GEAR.—A correspondent writes us that he has used phosphor bronze wire cord for steering gear, and finds it very strong and pliable, and not easily corroded. It is made of various sizes, from 1-16in. up.

DUBUQUE.—The canoeists of this city expect to organize a club soon and join the A. C. A.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

April 2—Mosquito Fleet, City Point.
May 25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 15—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 18—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE NEW SLOOP.

WHILE models are still pouring in and amateur yacht designers are springing up every day, but few of the rumors concerning new sloops have been verified. No contract has yet been awarded for the Ellsworth model, and it is not definitely known that she will be built. An order for an 80ft. sloop has just been given by some members of the Eastern Y. C., to Burgess Bros., who will furnish the design. The vessel will be built by Lawley & Son, but no work on her has yet been done. The only actual steps taken to provide a competitor is in New York, where the contract has been signed for an iron sloop to be built for Com. Bennett and vice-Com. Douglas. The builders, Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, who built the Mischief in 1879, have agreed to complete the hull, ready for spars and rigging, in sixty days, and are already at work. When launched she will be towed at once to New York, where sails, spars and gear will be waiting for her, so that it is expected that no delay will be necessary in fitting out. It this programme is strictly carried out she should be ready for a trial trip by June 1, and should take part in the June races. The dimensions of this yacht are as given before in the FOREST AND STREAM, 94ft. on deck, 85ft. waterline, 22ft. 5in. beam, 7ft. 9in. draft, with 3ft. 6in. freeboard.

The club have taken the matter in hand in a manner that will insure the completion in good season of a fitting representative, and allow a thorough trial before the date of the Cup races.

YAWLS IN BOSTON.

THE big yawl Whitecap has made the "picturesque rig" familiar in Eastern waters, and it has found favor with the owners of other yachts, old and new. The latest accession to the list of yawls is the Vanitas, known for some years as a very fast boat in her class of small schooners. She was built by Lawlor in 1873, and has been remarkably successful as a prize winner. This year her owner, Mr. Hutchinson, will abandon the schooner rig in favor of the yawl, and as she has been tried for so long alongside of well-known boats, an excellent opportunity will be given to compare the relative speed of yawl and schooner. It is not to be expected that as a yawl she will win from similar boats with a sloop rig, but she should show greater speed and ability to windward than she formerly possessed. Her new mast will be 39ft. long, hoist 22ft., boom 23ft., gaff 20ft., mizzen hoist 16ft., boom 13ft., yard 10ft. The jib will be 14ft. on foot and 25ft. on leach; staysail 12ft. on foot and 25ft. on leach. The dimensions of Vanitas are: Length on deck 34ft., on waterline 27ft. 6in., beam 12ft. 3in., draft 5ft. 9in., or 3in. more than last year. Her accommodations are excellent for so small a boat, including a cabin 7ft. long, two staterooms aft, and a roomy forecastle and berth for man. The little yawl Fad, built last year, has been illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. A similar boat will be built soon by Mr. C. E. Pratt, of the Hull Y. C. She will be a little wider than the Fad, her dimensions being: Length on deck 30ft., waterline 25ft. 10in., beam 8ft. 6in., draft 7ft., ballast on keel 4 tons of iron.

In the vicinity at Boston a class of boats like the Vanitas has been very popular, boats about 30ft. long and schooner rigged, derived probably from the Eastern fishing schooners. While inferior to the sloop rig in point of speed and windward work, the rig has its advantages, as it is easily handled, and it has answered excellently for cruising purposes. With the yawl, however, all the advantages of the schooner can be had with increased speed, while the performance of the boat to windward will approach nearer to the sloop. The yawl possesses one great advantage over the schooner, especially in these small yachts, as in the latter the mainmast is always in the way below, occupying valuable room near the companion, and obstructing, in a greater or less degree, the entrance, or passage fore and aft. In the yawl, instead of the mainmast, is a small mizzenmast, stepped so far aft on the counter as to be entirely out of the way, while the mizzen itself requires little attention and is easily handled. No other rig offers the same number of changes as the yawl, while the difficulty of reefing a long boom projecting outboard is entirely obviated. There are still many small yachts about Boston, which could be advantageously changed to the yawl rig, and should the Vanitas prove a success, others will no doubt follow.

NOTES FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

ALTHOUGH the season has been more severe than usual in this latitude, work upon the local yachts has been in progress during the winter, and now that the spring is apparently not far distant, yachtsmen begin to look around and to take mental notes of what the local builder and his assistants have been doing.

The sloop Norah, which is the holder of the Fisher champion cup, through default on the part of the Atalanta's owners, has been thoroughly repaired. About one-half of her planking has been removed, additional frames have been put into her, and when the season opens she will be in the best possible trim.

The sloop Dauntless will receive some new planking, a new spar, and her bottom will be smoothed up.

The sloop Gracie has been lengthened 3ft. 6in. forward, which improves her entrance materially. She is expected to make a bold bid for the championship of the second class.

The cutter Sylvia has also been newly planked throughout the greater portion of her length, and will probably be used more this season than last, as an alteration which was made in her trim after the racing of last year had ended seemed to improve her speed very materially. She is one of the wide ones, about three and one-half beams to length.

The big sloop Atalanta and the second class champion Iolanthe have wintered well, and will be in perfect condition when the spring opens. The former is certainly the fastest craft on the lakes, and I believe, fully equal to the best of the New York fleet. Her performance in the Cup races was no fair test, as at that time she was oversparred, over-canvassed, insufficiently ballasted and very rough outside. With all these defects remedied, she has had no difficulty in winning every race in which she has started, except that at Toronto last fall, when half an hour was lost by the parting of the throat halliards, and she finished first but was beaten a few minutes on time allowance.

It is reported that Cuthbert is busy with a second class craft, which is intended to capture the championship of the second class. Racing in this class will be very hot in 1885, and the new one will have to be a veritable flyer to realize her clever builder's anticipations.

I have been much amused by reading the lucubrations of one of your contemporaries, in which he demonstrates to his own satisfaction and that of all other equally "candid" critics, that the sloop Gracie, by winning one out of her three races with the cutter Bedouin in the fall of 1884, proved herself the speedier yacht. PORT TACK.

A SHARPIE CHALLENGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that in your issue of March 12, "Paterfamilias" describes a little craft he is having built as follows: "Length, 18ft.; beam, 47in.; draft, 44in.," etc. He also states that she will probably be unsinkable and non-capsizable, that she is to carry 1,018 pounds of iron on her keel, and that her cost will be about double that of a catboat of same length.

At the present time there appears to be a very strong movement in favor of safe, unsinkable boats of small size, which can in all respects take the place of the somewhat dangerous and usually unseaworthy catboats. I, for one, wish to do what little I can to further this movement, but my experience teaches me that the desired end can be gained at one-half the cost and far more satisfactorily than by building such boats as the one described by "Paterfamilias." His little craft is being built almost within sight of where I am now sitting, which fact adds to my interest in the experiment, and her nearness also suggests the following proposition: If he will let me know when his boat is to be completed, I will build one and have her ready at that time, in order to test the two craft on the following desirable points: Seaworthiness, weatherliness, stability, unsinkability, and speed in sailing to windward and free; also quickness in stays, and (if that be deemed desirable) the quality of being maneuvered to windward without using rudder, or any other appliance excepting sails, for steering purposes.

Some of the dimensions of my boat will be: Length, 18ft.; beam, 52in.; depth of hull, 30in.; freeboard at amidship, 15in.; draft, with rocker keel, 32in.; weight on keel, 500lbs. Boat to be built and rigged in the best and strongest style, and total cost not to exceed $250. Non-capsizability to be tested by heaving the boats down on their beam ends and then permitting them to raise themselves and rigging to an upright position. Unsinkability to be proved by filling the boats with water.

My proposition is made in the most friendly spirit, and with the earnest desire of a yachtsman to further all that is or should be of interest in yachting. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., March 14.

[We cannot answer for the individual qualities of the boat referred to, as we have not seen it, but such a boat can be built to compete with the sharpie in the points named. The waterline of the little boat is but 14ft., and the sharpie, we suppose, would be at least 16, as Mr. Clapham compares them evidently by length on deck, so his proposed boat would be much larger, even though not as deep.]

YACHTING IN CLEVELAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To go to the meeting of yachts at Ballast Island in July seems to be the object of every yachtsman you meet. The committee who have the matter in charge, are doing their utmost to make things pleasant for every one, stranger yachtsmen as well as the home yachtsmen. Circulars containing a description of the islands and other valuable matter are out, and have been sent to every yacht owner whose address is known here. A meeting of all the yachtsmen of the whole chain of lakes ought to be crowned with success, and will have a wholesome effect upon yachting around here.

All the yacht owners are talking of getting out as early as possible. Mr. H. Gerlach has about finished the work on his boat, with the exception of the 3,000-pound shoe. He has strengthened her throughout, and has also raised the cockpit floor. As soon as he is through with the Lulu, he will begin work on a singlehander for Mr. Moran, the newly-elected member of the C. Y. A.

Mr. Jackson, builder of the Kids, is pushing the work on that boat. He has her decked, and the cabin is nearly finished. She will be 20ft. loadline, 7ft. beam, and 4ft. draft. Her greatest beam will be about midway from stem to stern, and from there, sloping by easy lines fore and aft, making a fine, clean entrance and a good clearance. Her overhang is very short and might have been run out another foot at least. Otherwise she is a fine looking boat, and with proper handling will beat the boats of her class and do her builder credit.

The Ida, the best known boat in Cleveland, will have a new suit of canvas this season, and as her new owners are up to her points, she will make herself felt in the races. As far as speed and a fine looking boat are concerned, the Rover will be right along with the rest of them. A housing topmast, double head sail and a 2,500lbs. shoe, for which the pattern is already made, are expected to contribute to her already well known speed and weatherliness. In her stern, near the sternpost, one or two of the planks were beginning to rot. Poor ventilation probably accounts for that. They have been replaced, making her as strong and sound as ever. One thing I would like to call the attention of the C. Y. A. to, and that is, that with all their push and enterprise they have never thought of inaugurating a ladies' day, as they have in New York. The Rover and C. R. Davis had many a pleasant party of young ladies and also some of the old folks out last summer, and will repeat the experiment this year. Let the women of our age know what aquatic sports really are, and then will that old German adage, "Das Wasser hat keine Balken" (The water has no beams) disappear. Those two boats deserve praise for starting a movement in this city that cannot help but have a beneficial influence upon yachting. BRASS.

CRUISE OF THE CORA.

PART I.

AT 7 P. M. we lay inside Government breakwater at Chicago waiting for a breeze. Dry goods, wet good and all supplies snug in the lockers below, crew all on board, a beautiful evening, and nothing wanting for an auspicious start, but that very necessary article,wind. Darkness came while we sat about the deck discussing the probable chances for a breeze. The long lines of gas lamps away down the avenue spaced off regular periods in the dark, and above the stars twinkled in boundless profusion and irregularity. After midnight came a breeze and we were soon outside with the wind S.W., everything set and drawing nicely; bound for the north end of the lake, Waukegan abeam at 11:15 A. M. and Kenosha Harbor at 1 P. M. Here we found the yacht Mamie, Capt. Kimbal, awaiting us to keep company on the cruise. Here we expected to be joined by Commodore Munger, owner of the Cora, but found instead, orders to proceed as he was detained and would join us further on. We lay here awaiting the Mamie till morning, and as Capt. Kimbal wished to stop at Racine, they got under weigh an hour ahead of us. At 9:35 A. M. we made sail with a good breeze from S.W., and at 10:45 A. M. we were at Racine. The Mamie's topmast could be seen at the dock just inside, but as we did not intend to land here, we lay to outside and fired a gun which was responded to by a gun from the Mamie, and in a few moments she came out to join us and both were headed north.

At 2:30 P. M. Milwaukee was abeam, at which place we had not expected to stop, but the Mamie stood in for the harbor, so the Cora, when abreast of North Point, came about and stood in also, not wishing to be separated so soon. We found the Mamie at anchor close inshore and Capt. Kimbal gone up to the city, so we anchored near by. On his return he came aboard the Cora and took supper with us. No person who has not enjoyed the comforts of a cosy, roomy yacht and partaken of the hospitality of generous and jolly yachtsmen on a cruise, can imagine the enjoyment of a hearty meal in the cabin after a long day's sail over blue water. Almost hourly surprise is expressed that with such a magnificent body of water as Lake Michigan at their doors, so few that are able to indulge in the sport avail themselves of it; yet such is the case, though I am happy to see that the love for it is yearly on the increase.

Supper and pipes were ended, the gig lowered, and Captain Kimbal returned to the Mamie. The boat was soon back and hoisted to its berth at the davits, and each yacht bore away on the northward cruise.

The Cora being the larger yacht and the faster sailer, it was decided, in order to keep company during the night, to give a line to the Mamie, and thus both yachts keeping the same course, we should get along as well and be together in the morning. The wind was steady and quartering, and this arrangement worked nicely and proved enjoyable.

A slight description of the crew would perhaps be in place here. It was discovered that our one able seaman was a veritable old salt, having sailed with Com. Wilkes in his expedition to the South Seas somewhere in 1838 or '40, and hence he was dubbed Com. Wilkes. Capt. Busser, the skipper of the Cora, was of course in command, and he, with the "Ensign"—so called because his name commenced with E and was nearly like Ensign only not quite so nautical—with Midshipman Easy—so called because he took things so easy, including all the easy places, on duty and off—composed the first watch, while "Mose," otherwise called D. D. ("dinner doctor"), managed the culinary department and served up rations with the skill of a Blôt, for which he was awarded due credit every time he piped to grub.

Port Washington was passed at 3 A. M. Its lonely light shone clear and bright high up on the bluff just before day began to break, and "Eight bells, turn out the watch," was the welcome call shortly after. Soon after daylight we came upon some fishermen at their nets two miles or more from shore, and procured from them some fine white-fish, which the "Doctor," with his usual skill, served up for dinner, and which certainly were the finest we any of us had ever eaten.

We passed Amsterdam at 6:30 A. M., and Sheboyagan at 9:30. Near the latter we spoke steamer Chicago, bound south, whom we requested to report us on arrival. Passed Manitowoc at 1:45 P. M., and Two Rivers at 2:15 P. M., and were soon abreast Twin River Point, which stands up bold into the lake; and here we leave the shore and lay our course for Les Portes des Morts (the doors of death) as the entrance to Green Bay is called. Gradually the shore dips into the blue water and at last,

> "Slow sinks more lovely ere his race is run,
> Along the western hills the setting sun,
> Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

At eight bells the first watch for the night is set, and the others turn in for a nap below.

Those who have never stood a night's watch on the deck of a vessel out of sight of land cannot realize the lone, silent grandeur of the scene. The vessel ploughs on her way, parting the crest of each dark wave as she reels and rises on its top, only to sink again into the trough of the sea, and the next moment she rises dripping from the plunge as if endowed with life. No sound is heard but the lashing of the waves, the sighing of the wind in the rigging, the dark water below and all round, with here and there topped with a white crest of foam as it curls over like sparkling molten silver into the trough of its mate before it. No lights to be seen, save the slight gleam of the binnacle light showing a man at the wheel, and the lamps of heaven—the stars twinkling above—such is the time when man may commune with his creator and realize his own insignificance.

It was on this watch that Com. Wilkes was guilty of a gross neglect of duty, for which, but for mitigating circumstances, he would have been keel-hauled at daylight. The master's mate was having his trick at the wheel, and the Commodore whiffed his pipe and walked the deck while he spun yarns of his adventures in the South Sea. In return the master's mate undertook to reciprocate by telling a very funny story for the entertainment of the venerable salt. He had hardly cast loose his jaw tackle ere the Commodore seated himself in the stern of the dinghy, and with an air of resignation folded his reefer about him in an attentive attitude.

The yarn was not a long one, and was one the master's mate rather prided himself on, always bringing a good laugh. However, when the M. M. had reached the end and the place where the listener was expected to laugh, there was only an oppressive silence. He was mortified to find the salted tar did not seem to appreciate the fun, or at least see the point, and instead seemed to be intent on inspecting the masthead of the stars. There he sat, head thrown back and mouth open, as if something up there filled him with wonder. The M. M. spoke to him, but he answered not, and the next moment his head dropped back—he was sound asleep. On being awakened by the indignant master's mate, he claimed that the story had been too much for his age, but while he didn't intend to do it, he must have fallen asleep from fatigue.

Eight bells and the watch was changed, and the relieved ones were soon snoring below. At 3 A. M. sighted Pilot Island Light, the entrance to Death's Door and Green Bay. While running in toward the "Door," the Mamie caught a magnificent Mackinaw trout on a spoon that that they had been trolling behind. The boys made things ring with shouts and laughter before the three hundred feet of line with the 10½-pound trout at its end was hauled aboard, and with great glee held it up for us to see what it was all about. It was unanimously resolved that his troutship should be served up for dinner in chowder, which the M. M. was known to be skillful in making.

In my next I'll tell your readers how he made it and how good it was.

DORSAL FIN.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Atlantic—Commodore, H. H. Hogins; Vice-Commodore, J. C. Barron; Rear Commodore, H. E. Dodge; Secretaries, J. I. Marcellus and F. C. Swan; Treasurer, R. C. Field; Measurer, J. J. Pierrepont; Regatta Committee, J. T. Van Wyck, W. I. Wintringham, Charles T. Pierce; Trustees, William Peck, J. R. Maxwell, C. N. Hoagland, N. D. Lawton, A. C. Woodruff.

Newark.—Commodore, Edward M. Grover; Vice-Commodore, Stratford J. Cullen; Treasurer, Charles E. Cammeron; Secretary, Albert F. Adams; Measurer, Broderick H. Price.

Milwaukee.—Commodore, Frank Boyd; Vice-Commodore, Sam Joys; Rear Commodore, Joseph McC. Bell; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Wiborg; Measurer, G. M. Hunter

Jeffries.—President, Harry B. Tindall; Vice-President, C. P. Pike; Secretary, G. Frank Edgett; Treasurer, Frank H. Armstrong; Commodore, Fred H. Seavy; Vice-Commodore, Edward T. Pigeon; Fleet Captain, Jacob Rood; Measurer, A. A. Martin.

New Haven.—Commodore, J. G. Beecher; Vice-Commodore, George G. Dudley; Rear Commodore, J. J. Phelps; Secretary, H. D. Bristol; Treasurer, J. G. Gallagher.

East River—Commodore, Henry Andrus; Vice-Commodore, J. W. Cooper; Rear Commodore, J. G. Prague; Treasurer, W. H. Simonson; Secretary, J. R. Thomas; Measurer, Gustave Grahn.

YACHTING NOTES.—Mr. Joseph B. Gomez has presented the South Boston Y. C. with a very handsome vase of solid hammered silver to be sailed for in a series of races the coming season... Gitana is now at New Orleans....The catboat building by Geo. Garraway, of Boston, from the Cruiser's lines, will be called Thrasher. Her mainsail, by A. Wilson, will have 20ft. 6in. hoist, 23ft. on boom, and 14ft. 6in. head....The schooner Wanderer, G. W. Weld, left New Bedford on Thursday last, and arrived at New London on the same evening, leaving the following day for Bermuda and St. Thomas, Messrs. Robert Centre and David Austen, of New York, and Captain Rowell, of Maine, accompany Mr. Weld....Mr. Howard Paul, of Gloucester, is building a sloop on the lines of the Sassacus, described in the FOREST AND STREAM lately. She is 18ft. 4in. long and 7ft. 4in. beam, with 390ft. of canvas....The steam yacht Naja, built by Polk, of Poughkeepsie, in 1881, has been sold to R. H. White, and will be called the Edith. Her length is 96ft. over all, 79ft. waterline, 13ft. 4in. beam, and 5ft. 1in. draft ...The yawl Aneto will go into commission by next month....Work will begin on the Surf, cutter, in a few days. ....The Whitecap, yawl, will not fit out this year.... It is proposed to form a yacht club in Rockland, Me., to be called the Penobscot Y. C. ... Isis, cutter, has had new joiner work and cabins throughout during the past winter.

THE MOSQUITO FLEET.—The annual regatta of mosquito boats will take place April 2, at 10 o'clock A. M., off City Point. It will be an open regatta of all boats under 15ft. in length, measurement to be over all. There will be two classes. The first class will include all boats under 15ft. and over 13ft.; the second class, all boats under 13ft. There will be allowance in each of the classes. The courses for the first and second classes will be the same. Course No. 1 will be from the starting point, off South Boston Y. C. stage, to buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, thence to buoy No. 4, off Thompson's Island, back to starting point. Course No. 2 will be from starting point off South Boston Y. C. stage to buoy No. 4, off Thompson's Island, thence to buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, back to the starting point. These courses were made on account of the wind. If the wind should be east, southeast or northeast, course No. 1 will be sailed; if the wind be west, southwest or northwest, course No. 2 will be sailed. If the weather be stormy, the judges will make a course in along shore just before the race. Two valuable prizes will be awarded in each class. Entries are free and can be made up to the hour of the race by addressing James Bertram, 803 West Fourth street, South Boston.

SMALL BOATS IN BOSTON.—The great success of the New York sloop Cruiser in Boston last season has led to the construction of a number of boats of her type, both sloop and catboats. The Cruiser was somewhat of a novelty in Boston, and being very fast, created a favorable impression on yachtsmen, and quite a number will try the new boats this season. Sheldon & Son are building several of them, the Musidora, for W. E. Sheldon, 20ft. 9in. deck, 20ft. 4in. w. l., 9ft. 3in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft; Fantine, Harry Hutchinson, 21ft. 9in. deck, 18ft. 10in. w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft; Dot, S. A. Freeman, 17ft. 6in. deck, 15ft. w. l., 7ft. 10in. beam, 1ft. draft, Thera, Harry Hutchinson, 17ft. 5in. deck, 15ft. 6in. w. l.; 8ft. beam, 1ft. 4in. draft; Crusader, A. Wilson, 19ft. 3in. deck, 19ft. 1½in. w. l., 9ft. 8in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft. Besides these is the Thrasher, built by G. G. Garraway, 17ft. 5in. on deck, 15ft. 6in. waterline, 9ft. 8in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft. Another catboat by Borden of City Point, 15ft. deck; and one by D. Belcher, 18ft. deck and 16ft. w. l., all intended for racing. The season promises to be a lively one, and arrangements are now being made for a race on May 15 for all boats under 20ft. w. l. for the championship.

OIL ON WAVES.—The steam yacht Zingara, after leaving Dartmouth on Feb. 9 for the Mediterranean, encountered on the same night a severe storm, increasing next day to a hurricane. A sea came on board and did some damage to bridge and skylights. After lying to for forty-eight hours, the vessel wore around and ran before the sea with a square sail set. After running all night, in great danger of being pooped, the vessel was still in a high following sea. Captain Hayward rigged a spar with a line rove through a block on the end off from the starboard bow. A canvas bag, filled with cotton waste saturated in oil, was then attached to the line, and towed abreast of the deck house, after which no danger was experienced from the waves, and on the evening of the same day, the 13th, the Zingara arrived in the Tagus. Leaving Lisbon on the 16th, she made Gibraltar on the 19th, and left on the 21st for Malta, which she reached in safety after passing through some heavy water. On one day a sea struck her with such violence as to stop her and cause her engines to reverse. The Zingara proceeded to Alexandria, whence she will go to Mauritius and Natal.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the New Haven Y. C., held March 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Jas. G. Beecher, cutter Rajah; Vice-Commodore, George E. Dudley, sloop Zephyr; Rear-Commodore, John J. Phelps, schooner Brunhilda; Secretary, H. D. Bristol; Treasurer, Jas. Gallagher, Jr.; Measurer, F. H. Andrews; Fleet Surgeon, Paul C. Skiff, M.D.; Trustees, E. F. Mansfield, C. W. Andrews, W. P. Tuttle, L. D. Chidsey, R. R. Hopkins; Membership Committee, C. W. Scranton, A. L. Dillenbeck, W. W. Price; Regatta Committee, J. F. Whittelsey, E. B. Lee, W. H. Hale, E. S. Osborn and W. A. Foskett, Jr. The total membership of the club at present is 237, and the fleet numbers 36 yachts, 14 having been enrolled the past year. The club is in a very flourishing condition financially, and the outlook for the yachting season is excellent.—H. D. BRISTOL, Sec.

YACHT FITTINGS.—We have received from Pascall, Atkey and Sons, Cowes, Isle of Wight, their catalogue of yacht fittings, of which they make a great variety. Their stoves range in size from a large galley suitable for a steam yacht to a small spirit stove for sailboats, including several sizes and styles well adapted to small yachts, and a variety of handsome heating stoves for cabins. They also manufacture binnacles of wood and metal, with compasses, hanging and bracket lamps for cabins, side and anchor lights, mainsheet and riding buffers, windlasses, and small articles of all descriptions. Messrs. Atkey have studied carefully the wants of yachtsmen for many years, and the articles they manufacture are all specially designed for yachts.

VENTILATION OF SHIP.—A new invention for ventilating the hold of a vessel has lately been patented by Mr. E. E. Ferrin, of Beverley, Mass. Two pipes are laid along the keel, connecting at their forward ends, where they enter a pipe extending through and above the deck, on which is a cowl or hood. The two main pipes have branches extending up the bilge between the timbers, and above each is an opening in the plank sheer. A current of fresh air is constantly drawn through the pipes, thoroughly ventilating and drying all parts of the vessel, especially beneath the ceiling, and preventing decay, and keeping the hull clean and sweet.

ALICE.—The yawl building from the model of the Windward by Powell and Douglass of Waukegan, Michigan, is progressing finely. Their foreman, Mr. Frederick Morten, who has the work in charge, is a thorough mechanic, and is turning out a first-class boat. The wood keel, stem, sternpost and iron keel, the latter of 2,000lbs., were up in place a week since; and she will be ready early in the season. The Windward is a new departure for her builders, but the manner in which the work is done is a proof of their ability as yacht builders.

STARLIGHT.—Mr. Frank Wilson, of Rockland, Me., is building a little cruiser 24ft. on deck, 20ft. 3in. on waterline, 8ft. 4in. beam and 3ft. draft. Her timbers will be of bent oak and planking of white cedar, with cabin and cockpit of ash, cherry and black walnut. The cockpit is watertight, with scuppers. Her mast is 25ft., masthead 3ft., topmast 14ft., boom 14ft., gaff 16ft., bowsprit outboard 11ft.

BANNERET.—This smart little keel boat is for sale, as advertised on another page, her owner having no time for yachting this season. She has made a successful fight against the centerboards in her class, and has made a good record as a racer, as well as a cruiser.

AMY.—Mr. Morgan's steam yacht was at Nagasaki, Japan, on Monday last, and was to sail on Tuesday for Hong Kong.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

D., San Francisco.—We do not advise the purchase of the arm.

PERCYVAL, New Haven.—The Massachusetts trout season will open April 1 and close Sept. 1.

F. M. C., New Jersey.—We have reason to believe that "Anti-Bow" and his invention were frauds.

W. M. J., New York.—No, it was not anything remarkable for the tortoise to have eaten the toadstool.

J. W. K. Philadelphia, Pa.—Where can I obtain Fowler's solution of arsenic I see you so often recommend for dogs? Ans. At any drug store.

E. B.—1. You will not be permitted to kill any game in the Yellowstone National Park. 2. See map in recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM.

C. T. L., Cincinnati, O.—A letter written to you at above address has been returned unopened to this office. If you still desire information on the points referred to in yours of Feb. 4, send full address.

SEVERAL READERS, Brooklyn.—1. Will you kindly inform me what fish would be best to stock a small inland lake (running spring water) with, would trout and German carp agree and where can we get them? 2. The lake is at present stocked with catfish and eels, and these, of course, would have to be exterminated; can you tell us how? 3. It is our intention to plant willow trees around the edge of the water, would you recommend French, red, or wicker willows, and where can the same be obtained? Ans. 1. We would advise trout alone. Apply to E. G. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries, Fulton Market, New York. 2. Catfish may be thinned by netting, but eels are difficult, if not impossible to exterminate 3. We think the native swamp willow is the best; it flourishes in most damp places.

VAN., Mt. Sterling, Ky.—A very singular specimen of *Ortyx virginianus* was shot by Capt. Coleman of this town. The partridge was slightly smaller than a full grown one, but very plump. So much so, that it drew attention to the legs as being larger or more stocky. The back was crow black, the breast solid dark brown, slight topknot, and the only white was on either cheek, a slight streak; wings very dark, and coverts slightly lighter on under side; general form like Bob White, only say one ounce smaller and more compactly built. Does it come anywhere near the migratory quail's description, or is it slight freak of nature? Ans. Probably a melanistic specimen of the common quail. The skin should have been preserved.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WANTS A PEN-PARALYSIS CURE.—Boston, March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The time for which I inserted the small ad. in your paper (two weeks) is sufficient. You ought to send prescription for pen paralysis to every advertiser.—W. O. PARTRIDGE.

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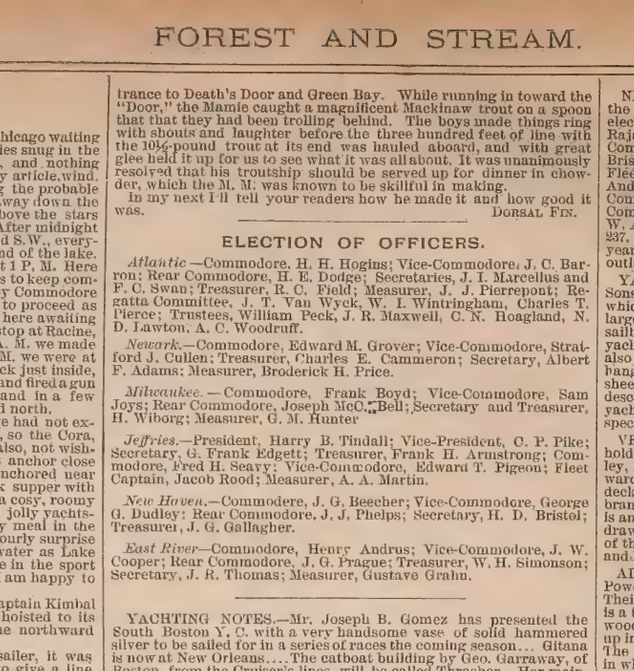
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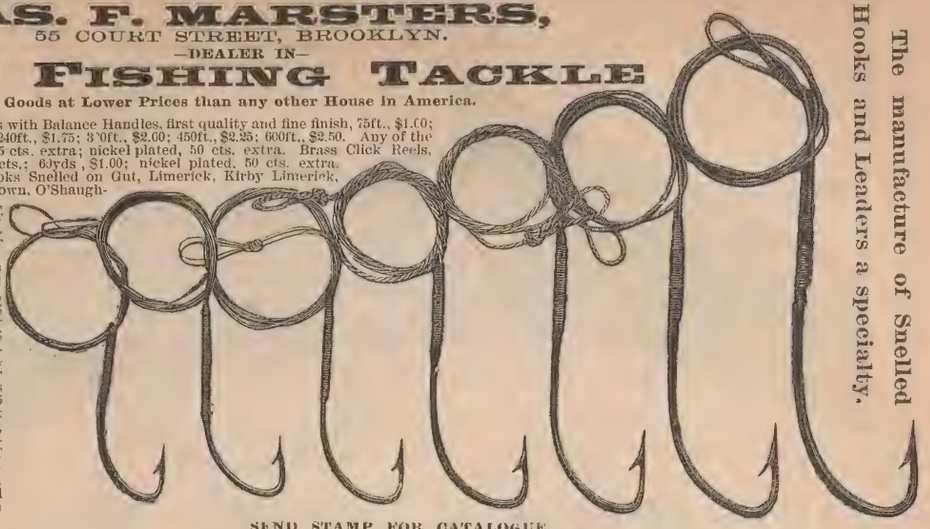
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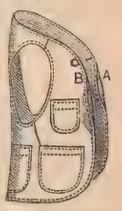
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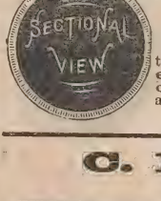
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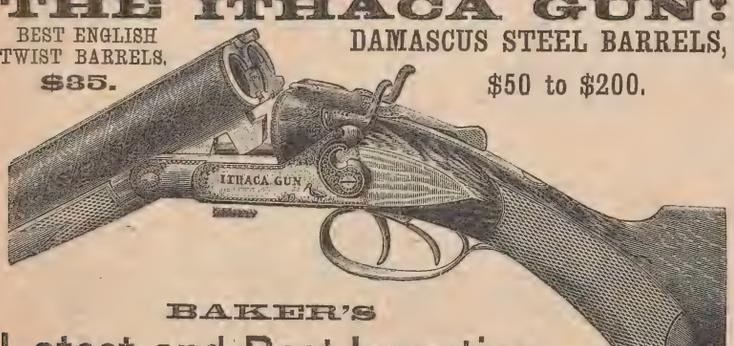
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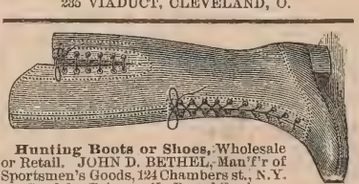
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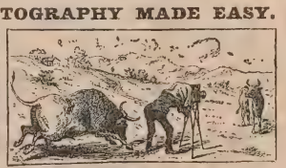
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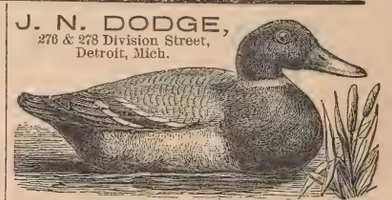
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BOAT

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BUILDING

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 9. Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PASS THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE bill forbidding the hounding of deer in this State, which was sent from the Assembly to the Senate, and is now in the hands of the Game Law Committee, should be passed without delay and without amendments. The provisions of the bill are most important. It will end a shameful and brutal practice which has no redeeming features. Deer hounding should be abolished—

1. Because the practice, as followed in the Adirondacks, is not sportsmanlike nor ennobling. On the contrary, it is brutal and debasing. The deer are driven into the water and killed there. Sometimes they are shot from the shore, sometimes they are shot from a boat while the guide holds them, sometimes they are clubbed to death.

2. Because the meat of the animal killed after a long run is unfit for food, and in very many cases the carcass of a hounded deer is left to rot.

3. Because hounding is practiced in the breeding season. As a consequence the proportion of barren does is very large and, careful investigation shows, is constantly increasing.

4. Because the keeping of large packs of hounds by Adirondack residents leads to the winter killing (out of season) of great numbers of deer, because the dogs must have something to eat, and their masters prefer to feed them on venison.

5. Because the continued practice of hounding means the sure extermination of the deer in the Adirondacks. Residents, guides, and visitors are agreed on this point.

6. Because a cessation of hounding would be followed by an increase of the deer supply. This is not theory. It has been demonstrated in the State of Maine and in some of the counties of Pennsylvania, where, since the dogs have been driven out, deer have become very much more numerous.

7. Because the sportsmen of the State, the press and the Adirondack guides are agreed as to the necessity of prompt action. Public sentiment is a unit in asking for the change. The only opponents of it are an insignificant number of Adirondack hotel keepers who labor under the mistaken notion that if their so styled "sportsmen" patrons are not permitted to brain deer in the water the numbers of Adirondack tourists will be decreased. How totally unfounded is this fear is shown by the actual test in Maine, where the same objections were made against a law forbidding deer hounding, which objections have since been proven without support. The Maine deer have increased, and Maine pleasure travel is to-day greater than ever before.

Pass the bill.

MR. PIERCE'S DISQUALIFICATION.

TWO weeks ago we published two communications on this subject giving Mr. Pierce's side of the case. As we have heard nothing from the Philadelphia Kennel Club, we may assume that there is no dispute as to the facts, and that they have been accurately stated in the letters which have appeared. If this is true, there can be no doubt as to the view of the matter which will be taken by unprejudiced observers.

The conditions of the special prize in question read, "For the best kennel of Irish setters." The rule which would govern is, that the animals shall be entered by the *bona fide* owner or his authorized agent, and that where a kennel of dogs compete for a prize they shall all belong to one individual or association. The intent of the rule is manifestly to prevent any individual borrowing dogs and entering them together, so as to win prizes which he is not properly entitled to. Further, the rule no doubt intends that where two or more persons are the proprietors of a kennel they must own it jointly, *i. e.*, must have a part ownership in all the dogs claimed by it, and must not club their dogs, one person owning several individual animals and having no rights of ownership in others said to belong to it.

It is clear from the letters published, that Mr. Pierce was in doubt about the entry of Reeta, and he applied to Mr. Lincoln for information on the subject. The latter had been appointed by the Philadelphia club their superintendent. He was the person to whom inquirers had to apply for information on all matters connected with the show. He was the fountain of authority, for it is clear that a meeting of the executive committee could not be called to answer every question which an intending exhibitor might choose to propound. When the club appointed their superintendent and so gave him authority to determine all questions which might come up, they at the same time bound themselves to abide by his decisions. For the time being, so far as the details of the dog show were concerned, he was in fact the club.

Mr. Lincoln having assured Mr. Pierce that his entry of Reeta as belonging to the Glencho Kennels was legitimate and in proper form, that gentleman had every right to make the entry as he did, and there is no reason to suppose that he acted otherwise than in good faith. He had taken all means which were open to him to decide the matter, and we cannot see that he has been at all to blame.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club appear to have acted hastily and have certainly put themselves in the wrong. We should be glad to see them reconsider their action before the matter goes any further.

Shows must have rules and rules should be lived up to, but respect for them can never be enforced by doing an injustice.

The rules of the A. K. C. provide that any person who "has misconducted himself or herself in any way in connection with dogs or dog shows, or field trials, may in the discretion of the managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at these shows. Such disqualification shall be recognized by all members of this association, and such person can only be reinstated by the club or association disqualifying. The person disqualified may appeal to the executive committee."

It is not clear what the present standing of the A. K. C. rules is, but with some modification they have been adopted by several clubs. Thus the rule, of which we have quoted a part, is printed as Rule 16 of those under which the New Haven show was held. The rule is vague, indefinite and embodies a bad principle. It should not be possible for any one club to disqualify an exhibitor. The club sinned against should prefer charges against the offending exhibitor send in their evidence to the Executive Committee of the A. K. C., who should hear the defense and adjudicate upon the matter. All this, however, is by the way.

The New Haven club adopted this Rule 16 (17 of the rules as adopted originally), and having adopted it they should have lived up to it. Mr. Pierce had been regularly disqualified—unjustly, as it seems, but still disqualified—and therefore the New Haven club had no business to receive his entries, and by doing so to have violated the A. K. C. rules.

Their course, while it may have been morally right, was plainly a serious violation of the rules. Mr. Porter's note in another column shows that the violation was an involuntary one, but the club, without intending it, made a very good point in declining to accept the verdict of the P. K. C. until it had been passed on by the executive committee of the A. K. C.

We shall not regret the constant misunderstandings and blunders which are taking place in regard to these rules if the result of it all is the thorough revision of the whole subject. This should be done, however, by persons of judgment and experience. We do not want to have to tear to pieces the revised edition.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

A BILL, said to be supported by the Massachusetts Game and Fish Protective Association, is now in the hands of the Legislative Committee on Agriculture. We have been unable as yet to procure a copy of the bill, but we are informed that it shortens the close time on a number of species, permits the killing of the pinnated grouse, which still exists on Martha's Vineyard, where it has been carefully protected for over thirty years, takes off all protection from marsh or shore birds, except in the case of the Bartramian sandpiper and upland plover, as well as from killing gulls and terns.

These proposed amendments are regarded by the friends of game protection in Massachusetts as an effort at a compromise between the State Association and the game dealers. However this may be, the changes we have named seem very undesirable, and we should be sorry to see them made. The birds in Massachusetts have a hard enough time now, and to take off the protection which they have under the existing law would be a serious blunder.

A committee of the Nuttall Club has represented to the Legislative committee that the changes proposed should not be made, and that all present protection should be continued. They recommend that in draughting a new bill, the committee should follow Senate Document 242 of 1884. This will be remembered as the bill which passed the Senate last year, but was defeated in the House. The representations of the Nuttall Club are signed by Mr. William Brewster, President; Mr. William A. Jeffries, Vice-President; Mr. H. A. Purdie, Recording Secretary; Mr. J. A. Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. F. Batchelder, Treasurer, and a number of other members. These gentlemen are well qualified to advise in the matter, and we hope that their recommodations will be carefully considered.

OPENING THE TROUT SEASON.

THE law of New York opens the season for trout on the first day of April. At present writing it looks as if the clerk of the weather may intend to disregard the laws and, by keeping the ponds and streams closed, practically prevent the opening at the legal time. In a contest of this kind the laws of nature will win, and the anglers will be disappointed. The severe winter weather, extending as it has to the 25th of March, has kept the ponds on Long Island coated with ice, and it is to these waters that the city angler looks for sport on the opening day. In the interior of the State there is little hope of fishing on the first of April, because it is usually too early for either comfort or fish, while in the Adirondacks the middle of May practically opens the season.

The outlook for a good trouting season is a very fair one, as far as can be predicted. There have been many streams stocked with trout which should show returns now, and from several parts of the country we hear favorable reports of the condition of the streams and their inhabitants.

THE MARKETMEN'S BILL.—Mr. Daly's bill allowing the sale of game at any season when not killed in the State was reported from the Senate Committee yesterday. This bill is thoroughly bad, it opens the door to wholesale game slaughter in and out of season. Such a bill should not be entertained seriously for a moment.

THE NEW JERSEY SONG BIRD LAW.—The bill introduced into the New Jersey Legislature by Senator John W. Griggs has been reported from committee in the House, and, we are informed, will pass. The $500 fine turns out to have been an error of the State printer; the fine is fixed at $5. The bill, as we have said, is most excellent.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

X.—THE PROSPECTOR.

THE Prospector and his Partner had, the day before, killed, with their revolvers, a white swan, and this slaughter having aroused the Partner's ardor he had started out this morning to kill a deer. As he rode out of camp toward the mountains on the east side of the valley he announced that he was not going to return without meat. It was a good day for hunting, for the rain that had fallen in the valley had been snow, even in the lowest foothills, and if there were any game there, the fact would become known to the hunter as soon as he began to climb the hills.

After dinner that evening the Prospector came over to our fire and after nodding a salutation, sat down on a log. He then drew from his pocket black a wooden pipe which he began very solemnly to clean out with the blade of his pocket knife. After the pipe was clear he put it in his mouth, wiped the blade of his knife on the leg of his overalls, drew from his pocket a small piece of tobacco from which he whittled off a pipe full and then returned plug and knife to his pocket. He next industriously broke up the fragments of tobacco with his fingers, and then ground it together between his palms, and when it was fine enough to suit him, filled his pipe, carefully returning the surplus dust to his pocket. Then taking a stick from the ground he drew out a number of coals from the ashes of the fire and selecting one of proper size picked it up between his fingers, threw it into the naked palm of his right hand, where he tossed it about for a few seconds so that it should not burn him, and finally dexterously placed it in the bowl of his pipe. Pressing it down with his calloused forefinger he drew deep long puffs through the pipe, and when the tobacco was well alight, tossed the coal back into the fire. Up to this time not a word had passed except good evening, and most of us had been watching the visitor's movements with the greatest interest. The pipe lighting ceremony over, the look of care and absorption left the Prospector's face and he sighed contentedly as he turned toward us.

"Has your partner got back?" some one asked.

"No," said Prospector, "he aint got in yit. He said he wan't goin' to come back 'thout a deer, and I reckon he aint killed nothin', and don't like to come in. He'd ort to taken the dog along, 'n' I told him so, but he said he didn't want no dog when he's huntin'. He's a great dog for deer, though, aint ye, Jack? I reckon ye didn't none o' ye see that deer he chased out o' the bresh that night ye got in. He just made him hump himself. He's a mighty well-bred dog he is—got considerable greyhound blood in him. Ye can see that from the way he's built. Seen any sign of mineral round these hills, Perfessor?" he continued. "I washed a few pans comin' down, and got two or three colors, but nothin' to sinnify. I'm just goin' down from Cœur d'Alene to Colyrado; goin' to take in the Wind River Mountains on my way down. May strike somethin' pretty good over there. I heard tell of some rich float in them hills."

With this exordium the Prospector opened on us the floodgates of his speech and a volume of words came tumbling forth in a wild current, whose rush and tumult silenced all other speech. He talked so fast that each word seemed anxious to be spoken first. No one else had a chance to speak, and for a couple of hours he held us there by the fire and recounted stories of the various mining excitements in which he had taken part, of the regions that he had prospected and the claims that he owned. It appeared from his tale that he was on terms of close intimacy with most of the millionaire mining kings of the West, and in fact had been instrumental in making the fortunes of many of them; but his labors had hitherto been wholly altruistic, confined to making those of others and he had neglected his own. All this and much more the Prospector told us, and so interested was he in his tale that when the sharp trot of his partner's horse was heard on the prairie and then coming down the bluff and through the willows up to the other fire, he only interrupted himself long enough to call out, "The beans is settin' by the fire and the coffee's just inside the tent door," and then went on with his story. When at length he left the fire we were all more or less in a state of collapse, and one of the men remarked:

"Well now, he aint no talker, I guess," to which another responded: "He'd ought to be a temperance lecturer, he had."

There is to me always something very pathetic about a prospector. As a rule no class of men perform so much severe physical labor for so little return as they. They spend their last dollar to get a "grub stake" and usually after working hard all summer find themselves at the beginning of winter absolutely without money. Perhaps they then get a job of winter work, for which often they receive only their board, and at the return of spring bend all their energies toward acquiring money enough to fit themselves out for another summer's campaign, selling or mortgaging for this purpose everything that they possess. Often, being wholly without funds, they make a bargain with some capitalist, or some one of their richer fellows to furnish them with the necessary provisions and tools to prosecute their work, agreeing that in return for this advance the man who furnishes the money shall have one-half interest in the discoveries which they may make. Often, too, they accumulate a load of debt which it seems hopeless to wipe out.

Occasionally, it is true, a prospector does "strike it rich," but even when he does so, unless the circumstances are exceptionally favorable, he is obliged, through lack of capital to develop his mine, to sell it out to some wealthier man for a very small fraction of its apparent value. Usually, however, he either spends the summer in vainly seeking for some rich lead of which he has found indications, or else works at the development of some "prospect," which, though not yet rich, he hopes may become so, or perhaps works some old claim which barely pays him ordinary day's wages.

And yet the prospector is almost always cheerful and hopeful. He has an abiding faith that some day he will "strike it," and always looks at the bottom of his pan, or examines the rock in the bottom of his shaft after each shot in eager expectation; for may not this at last be the lucky stroke which is to transform him from a mere shoveller of dirt or wielder of hammer into a "bonanza king"? I know of few things more touching than the simple, trustful fashion in which, after a hard day's work in the mountains, the prospector will come into camp at night, and after turning out of his pockets the bits of rock picked up during the day, will discourse of their possible value. He will tell you how this bit of ore looks rich, how that one appears exactly like a piece of rock that came from the "Gosh All Friday" mine in Colorado, which assayed $7,400 to the ton; how a third resembles the ore on the strength of which old Dan Murphy bought the "Bull Elk" mine in the Salmon River country, which has paid a handsome profit outside of working expenses ever since the shaft got down thirty feet; and so on through the whole list of specimens. Then he will sigh and tell you that he wishes he had his assaying outfit with him, so that he could determine the exact value of these specimens, and tell just which indications he had better follow up. He never loses faith in his ultimate success, and his hopefulness is, to one who knows how very rarely any real success is met with by men of this class, saddening rather than cheering. And yet the life is an attractive one. The prospector is more utterly independent and free than any other man in the world, and is always anticipating a reward for his labor, enormous—out of all proportion to it, and though always disappointed, hope springs eternal in his breast. He will go on climbing the rough mountain trails, and penetrating into the narrow defiles as long as he has strength to wield spade and pick and to pull on a lash rope. He will be a prospector to the end of the chapter.

Even as he left us that night, our friend announced that he was going down into Colorado, where he should spend the winter developing some claims that he had there, and, he continued, sinking his voice to a confidential tone, "One or two of 'em looks mighty rich, an' I reckon, if they turn out the way they look like they're goin' to, I'll hev to go East 'fore spring."

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

XII.

THE prophet of the almanac had written along the June calendar, "Now, perhaps, a spell of weather," and his prognostication was being verified. For two days the rain had come down from the leaden sky, now in drenching showers, now in drizzles slanting to the earth before the gusty northeast wind, and still it came down. A robin in the apple tree where his mate shingled their nest with her half-spread wings only left off "singing for rain" to preen his wet feathers, and then began again his broken song, cheerful enough but for its import to seem unsuited to its accompaniment, the splash of the rain, the doleful sighing of the wind, and the sullen roar of the swollen streams. The beaten-down blossoms that whitened the ground beneath the apple trees, as if an unseasonable flurry of snow had fallen there, looked unlike blossoms now, but added another dreary feature to the dreary landscape; the little brown house without light or shadow on its walls; the dripping, wind-swayed trees; the sodden fields and woods ghostly behind the gray vail of rain, bounded by the blurred, flat wall of mountains, and roofed by the low sky.

When some of Lisha's friends, troubled by a vague rumor that had floated about the valley, visited the shop that day, they found it was as cheerless inside as out, chilly, damp and fireless, and unoccupied by its owner, whose apron lay upon the shoe bench. Sam Lovel seated himself there, and when presently Lisha entered from the "house part," and he arose to give him his accustomed seat, the old man said: "Keep your settin', Samwill; I haint workin' none to-day," and after pottering in an aimless way among his stock and tools, set about lighting a fire. After repeated clearing of his throat, wherein the words seemed to stick, he said as he whittled the kindling, "Wal, boys, where ye goin' to loaf evenin's next winter?"

"Why, right here, of course, Uncle Lisher," said Sam, "you haint goin' to turn us aou'door be ye?"

"No, I haint a goin' to turn you aou'door, I'm a goin' to turn myself aou'door. The fact o' the business is, Jerushy 'n' I has 'baout made up aour minds to go aout West an' live 'long wi' George."

"Wal, we heard some such talk," Sam said, "but we didn't scasely b'lieve the' was nothin' on it only talk, the' 's so much dum foolish gab a goin' nowerdays. An'," he added, "I haint heard none 'at saounded foolisher 'n this, tu me."

"Wal, naow, ye see," said Lisha, shutting the stove door and after watching the fire a minute, seating himself upon a sap tub, "me 'n my ol' woman 's a gettin' ol' 'n' out' the daown hill side, 'n' 't won't be many year 'fore we can't du nothin' scasely on'y set raound, 'n' we haint got nobody to ta' keer on us then on'y aour boy. He 's sol' aout in the 'Hio, an' is goin' to Westconstant to live, a gret ways furder 'n the 'Hio, tew, three States beyund it, I b'lieve. 'Taint a State yit, I guess Westconstant haint, but on'y a terry-tory. Seems 'ough we couldn't stan' it to hev him no furder off 'n what he is naow, an' so ye see, we've c'ncluded to go an' live 'long wi' him. He 's ben a teasin' on us tu this ever so long, but I kinder hated tu, for I'm sorter growed in here, 'n' I hate tu naow, but I guess it's the best way."

"Wal, I guess 'taint," said Sam, very decidedly. "You hev growed in, both on ye, an' it'll be julluk pullin' up tew ol' trees an' settin' on em aout agin, 'n' ye won't stan' it no better. No, Uncle Lisher, not a mite better 'n tew hemlocks took up an' sot aout. It'll be a diff'ent s'il o' land for ye, diff'ent breed o' neighbors—'f ye hev any—'n' they say 't that 'ere western country 's flatter 'n a pancake, 'thaout a maountin er a big hill tu be seen, so 's 't it tires a feller's eyesight clean aout a trav'lin' so fur 'thaout nothin' to stop it. An' no woods like aourn, they say. Haow long ye think ye can stan' it 'thaout the smell o' spruce in yer nose, er 'thaout seein' the ol' Hump er Tater Hill, er so much as little Hawg's Back a stan'in up agin the sky?"

"Yas, sah, Onc Lasha, dat so," Antoine put in. "You was be so lonesick you come dead raght off, bose of it, An' Jerrushy too, you see 'f he ant!"

"An' if ye don't die," Sam continued, "the dum'd Injins 'll kill ye."

"Sho!" said Lisha, smiling grimly at Sam. "You're a putty feller, a talkin' 'baout dum'd Injins arter bein' thicker 'n puddin' with 'em for a fortni't, 'n' they riggin' on ye aout wi' a canew 't you c'n navygate 's a mushrat can his own body. Naow, r'aly, Samwill," he went on, hoping to change the subject, "when I seen ye gittin' into 't over there t' the Forge Pond, I didn't expect nothin' on'y to see ye git a duckin', 'n' 'f I hedn't a knowed ye c'ld swim like a duck, I wouldn' ha' let ye git int' the dum crazy thing."

"O, wal," said Sam, impatiently, "my Injuns is tame. I guess 't you'll find aout 't them painted, turkey-feathered cusses aout West is a diff'ent breed o' cats, with their war-whoop in' an' screechin', an' skelpin' ol' folks an' babies, 'n' the Lord knows what the devil's own work they haint up tu."

"Sammywell's argyments is good," said Solon Briggs. "The' haint nothin' more sartiner 'n that old, ann-cient indyviddywills hed ort to continuer to remain in the natyve land 'at they was borned in."

"Good airth an' seas!" the old man roared, "what's the use o' yer talkin'? I tell ye I'm a goin' 'f I don't live a week arter I git there! Haint I tougher 'n a elum gnurl? Haint I fit your Injins gran'thers to Plattsburg? I c'n stan' the rackit, I guess! I c'n fight Injins agin, I guess! H'mph! ye talk 's if I was a ten ye'r ol' boy, or a skeery little gal!" And then lowering his voice to a kindlier tone, "I hate to go, 's I said afore. I allus luffted to hev my neighbors 'raound me, 'n' I've hed good uns, an' got 'em yit, an' I hate dreffly to leave 'em, 'n' hate to leave the ol' place 'n' everything. But blood 's thicker 'n water, 'n' I wanter see my boy, the on'y chick or child his mother 'n' I 's got, 'n' cend my days with him. An' his mother y'arns arter him more 'n I du, an'—wal, we're a goin', an' the' ha' no tew ways 'baout it, ner no use a talkin'. I've sol' aout tu Joel Bartlett, an' we've drawed writin's—an' that's the long an' short on't."

"Wal," said Sam, "if you're sot on it, 'n' everything 's all cut an' dried, the' *haint* no use a talkin'. But I sh'ld think 't you *might* ha' said suthin' to some on us 'fore ye went so fur. 'T would ha' ben friendlier. I swear! I wish 't the dum'd torment 't invented that ere cussed western country hedn't never ben borned! A breakin' up fam'lies an' puttin' notions inter ol' folkes' heads, blast him!" and said no more, but sat staring out at the gloomy landscape that, seen through the green and wrinkled panes of the long window, looked gloomier and more dismal than ever.

They spoke no more of Lisha's intended departure, and after a few feeble attempts at conservation, sat and smoked in silence till the day grew darker with the coming on of evening, and then the visitors departed.

Toward the end of summer Lisha and his wife were ready to begin their journey, and after the kindly fashion of those days, some of their neighbors accompanied them to the place where they were to embark in the canal boat that would take them the length of "Clinton's big ditch" on their way. Pelatiah drove the lumber wagon whereon was piled the "housel stuff" reserved from the "vandew." Then came a like coveyance, driven by Sam Lovell, and carrying Lisha and Jerusha, Joe Hill and his wife, Solon Briggs and Antoine, and a day's provisions for the party. They jolted over the rough road and through the little hamlet that the forge and store and tavern gave life to, and then taking the road along the bank of the noisy little river, the old people turned their backs upon the green wall of the mountains and entered on their long journey westward. Lisha was as cheerful as could be expected when his heart was heavy with the sorrow of leaving his old home, and he was suffering the discomfort of his high-collared, tight sleeved best coat and the weight of his bell-crowned hat. He pointed out the farm where the first settler of Danvis had "pitched," the hill where Pelatiah's grandfather killed a panther, discoursed of the changes that had come since he first knew the town, made some strained efforts at joking with Antoine, and talked on and on when he had nothing to say. Aunt Jerusha wept silently in the seclusion of her new gingham sun bonnet, comforting herself with frequent pinches of snuff that afforded her an excuse for as frequent use of her handkerchief.

At noon they stopped to bait their teams and eat their lunch under some wayside trees and then went on. In the middle of the afternoon they entered the little city that marked the end of the first stage of the old people's journey, and the wonders of its few three-story buildings, its three churches, and the court house perched upon the crest of a ledge, in which, Lisha told them, "the leegislatur sot onct,' so dazed Pelatiah that he nearly missed finding the way to the wharf where the canal packet lay. There new wonders met his astonished gaze. A rifle shot up stream the river almost as wide as the length of the forge pond, the largest sheet of water he had ever seen till now, foamed and thundered down a precipice forty feet high, and then its vexed waters writhed along a deep, broad reach, past the wharves, where lay the canal boats and the little steamer that was to tow them to the lake and then to Whitehall.

Lounging about these strange immense craft were the surly or saucy canal boatmen, upon whom the young mountaineer looked with awe, for they were traveled men who must have seen nearly all of the great world, having been more than once to the end of the canal and back again, and some, it was said, had even beheld the wonders and glories of that almost fabulous city by the sea, New York.

"In an airly day," said Lisha, "some o' the Yorkers built

'em a gris' mill on them falls, an' Ethan Allen an' his Green Maountin Boys come an' drove 'em off an' hove the millstuns over the falls, or some says inter a big poithole nigh the top, 'n' 't they're a layin' in the bottom on't naow. Right along here where these 'ere wharfs an' stores be, McDonner's ships was built time o' the last war; ships a gre' d'l bigger 'n them canawl boats be, Peltier. I worked here a haulin' timber to build 'em on, an' 'twas hurryin' times, I tell ye, with the British threatenin' the hull time. We hauled a big stick here aouten the woods, for a keel, it was, wi' three yoke o' oxen, an' at it the ship carpenters went full chisel, an' in six weeks I b'lieve, it wa'n't no more, from the day 't was cuddaown, the ship was all ready to go int' the water! That's the way they did things in them times. A spell arter that the British come in their gunboats to destr'y the 'Merican vessels here, but they didn't git no furder 'n the maouth o' the crick, for aour folks hed a little fort there, a leftenant name o' Cassin commandin' on't, an' they drove the British boats off They call it Fort Cassin' yit, but 't aint nothin' but some banks o' airth, an' wa'n't then. When aour ships got all ready they went off int' the lake, an' bimeby come Plattsburg fight. We all rallied aout, an' th' was lots o' Green Maountin Boys tu it, me 'mongst the rest on 'em, skeered 'enough, but no notion o' ruunin'. We fit an' fit on land, an' the ships fit on the water, till arter a good spell aour ships licked their'n, an' then the British we was fightin' run, an' I tell ye the backs o' their 'tarnal red cuts was a dum sight the best lookin' side on 'em 't we'd seen yit. That's all the folks-fightin' 't ever I done, or ever wan' tu. That 'ere big stun buildin' over yunder where the flag 's a flyin' is the gov'ment a'snal. The's muskits an' cannon 'nough in it tu rig aout a hull army. 'N' there! that pussy ol' red-nosed feller comin' a hossback 'long the road 's the major 't bosses it. Nothin' to du but draw his pay, fo' five hunderd dollars a year I s'pose, an' drink ol' Jamaky sperits an' sweet wine, an' loaf 'raound."

With such discourse Lisha entertained his friends till nightfall, when he and Jerusha went to their berths in the packet and they to their inn, excepting Antoine, who having dug some worms and borrowed a pole and line of a compatriot, went fishing for bullpouts.

Next morning came the sorrowful leave taking, and after much bustle and shouting and swearing by the captains and crews of the steamboat and canalboats, wherein the bold mariners of the canal having had the practice and experience of greater and more frequent opportunities, greatly outdid their rivals, the little flotilla got under weigh. The fussy little steamer coughed and churned its way down the beautiful river, and as it dragged the packet out of sight behind a wooded bend, the sturdy figure of the old shoemaker was seen standing in the stern beside the bowed form of his wife waving a last farewell with his red "bendina."

"There they go," said Sam Lovel, turning sadly away. "There they go, julluk tew ol' trees tore up by the ruts an' driftin' daown stream."

One day, a little more than a year later, when the blue September sky arched the valley and the afternoon sun shone warm into it, Sam Lovel came slowly out of the woods into the pasture above Uncle Lisha's old homestead. Under his arm he carried his bee box, which presently he set upon a small boulder, and after watching its two or three little prisoners for a minute through the glazed top, carefully opened the cover and backed a few paces away, keeping his eyes constantly upon it. A bee climbed to the edge and took wing, circling a few feet above it and then sailed straightaway toward the house, and then another and another arose and went off in the same course. "Wal, naow, that's curous, haint it, Drive!" said Sam, addressing his dog, who was making himself comfortable on the grass near him, and now answered his master with a lazy beat of his tail. Sam had hardly got his pipe alight and begun to take his ease beside the dog, when back came the bees with some companions and settled into the box. "All right," said Sam. "Le's move up," and going cautiously to it, he shut the lid, tapped the side till the bees arose from the comb in the bottom, when he shut the lower slide, took up the box and moved on in the direction the bees had taken to within a few rods of the house. Then he opened the slide and then the cover, and when the bees had filled themselves again, they sailed away with their freight as before. They soon returned and were again imprisoned till Sam had set the box on one of the posts of the garden fence. Again he gave them their liberty, and in ten minutes a hundred bees were buzzing to and fro between the box and a knot hole high up in the gable of the shop.

"Yes, sir," said Sam, laughing softly, "the's a swarm under the cla'b'rds o' the shop, jes' as sure 's your name is Drive! Wal, they c'n stay there for all o' me."

He went around to the front of the house, stepping carefully lest he should tread on Aunt Jerusha's posies, uncared for now and running wild; China asters, sweet Williams and pansies struggling in a matted tangle of May weed, posy beans and morning glories wandering away from the posts of the stoop to climb the tall pig weeds. Two squirrels stopped chasing each other over the roof and along the rattling clapboards to scoff at the intruder, and a woodchuck sounded his querulous whistle and scuttled under the shop as Sam approached it. The door was half open, and he almost expected to hear the hearty hail of his old friend; but a chance-sown poppy growing in a crack of the sill, and the fallen petals of its last flower withering undisturbed on the worn threshold, told mutely how long it had been untrodden by the foot of man. When Sam looked into the empty shop, where nothing was left to tell of its former use but a faint waft of the old, familiar odor, the sconce and its mouse-nibbed candle end, a broken last and a rubbishy heap of leather scraps, a partridge sprang from the floor and, hurtling through the open, long window, went sailing away to the woods.

"The fog o' the ol' stories hangs 'raound here yet," Sam soliloquized, "an' wild creeturs takes as nat'ral as tu the woods tu Uncle Lisher's shop! Come dawg."

Protecting the Wheat.—Henrietta, Texas.—A wheat field was being ruined by the geese. I had a good blind and profile decoys out around it. Just as the well-known honk was heard I crept into my blind. The first string of geese circled around the field and made for the decoys. I had my new Spencer six-shot repeating 12-gauge. The line lay on my left, and sailed down within twenty yards, when I raised my gun, and at the crack down went the leader. Pumping in another load I downed the second, then the third, then fourth, then the fifth, then the last of the string. The string had nine. I had six dead geese.—Almo.

Natural History.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It should not be necessary for me to say that Mr. Chamberlain, in his letter printed in your issue of the 19th inst., totally misunderstands my position, and attributes to me statements which I have not made, and which no intelligent and well-informed person would be likely to make. Whether this misconception of Mr. Chamberlain arises from my inability to make a clear statement of the way I regard the subject, or his inability to comprehend my statement if it was clear, is not for me to say.

It is quite apparent that there is a conflict of testimony on the subject, and with all possible respect for the evidence brought forward by Mr. Chamberlain and his witnesses, I submit that it is impossible to dismiss, as being of no value whatever, the testimony of a number of observers, such as Campbell-Hardy, Major King, Dr. Lieth Adams, Mr. Rowan, Dr. Gilpin, Mr. Ward and others who have studied the caribou in the region under discussion, and whose testimony is directly opposed to the view held by Mr. Chamberlain. To assume that all these men who have spent long time in New Brunswick, and who have recorded their observations—in several cases apparently with much care—were all merely repeating the statements of naturalists who have written of other localities, and that they themselves never made any observations on the caribou, appears to me to be taking altogether too much for granted.

Mr. Chamberlain appears to imagine that I wish to throw discredit on the testimony brought forward by him, whereas the fact is that the question turns wholly on accuracy of observation.

It is very evident that the truth cannot be arrived at by a continuance of this discussion. Facts are what we require to settle it, not arguments, and as I am not at present able to contribute these facts, and am besides much occupied, I may perhaps be excused if I decline to continue the correspondence. I may say, however, that I do not regret having taken part in it, since it has brought out a very considerable amount of information and a possibly new fact in regard to one of our least-known deer. Geo. Bird Grinnell.

New York, March 24.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several weeks since there were received in Portland, Oregon, a consignment of living pheasants, of several species and numbering sixty individuals, sent by Consul Denny, of Tientsin, China, to the people of Oregon, in the care of a sporting association of this town. The classified list of birds is as follows:

Copper pheasants, three cocks and three hens; green, five cocks and seventeen hens; silver, three cocks and three hens; tragopan, two cocks; golden, eleven cocks and fifteen hens. The birds are a free gift to the people on the part of Mr. Denny, and were sent with the design of stocking our woods with them, the most beautiful of game birds.

The Oregon Legislature, lately in session, was petitioned to pass suitable laws for their protection, and was asked to provide an appropriation of $2,500 for their safe keeping as long as necessary. But the Legislature, with characteristic stupidity, sharply refused to appropriate a dollar, and even declined to pass the wished for legislation. Individual members insolently asked if the organization referred to would not like to have the State build hunting cottages for their entertainment and provide hammerless shotguns for their use while engaged in the exclusive sport of killing these "tenderfoot" birds. This is considered a rather good joke in Oregon, the scrubby part of whose population have no sympathy with such refinements as game preserving, the introduction of new species, etc.

The sporting club still lives, however, and have shipped the birds to an island in Puget Sound, called Protection Island, where they will be set free to breed at will, and cannot be disturbed, as the islet is the property of one man, apparently a philanthropic individual, who promises to entertain the strangers without money and without price. It was a stepmother's welcome that the poor feathered creatures got in Oregon, and but for the kind fellow on his lonely domain, they might have been adorning some taxidermist's window now. Hang the Legislature, says everybody. They only represented the mean side of Oregon human nature, and not a particle of its manliness and generosity. The hunting club can exist without their aid, and the pheasants may live to scratch the dirt over the graves of senators and representatives. If you like to see handsome birds you should have gazed upon these sixty. They are a bewildering mass of silver, bronze, golden, speckled, green. They look when moving like a dozen solar spectrums all mingled and tangled together. Some of them have tails two feet long, and like that of the bird of paradise. They look too gorgeous to be eatable, but are said to be surpassingly good broiled or roasted. May their beautiful tribe increase! Barron.

Portland, Oregon, March 5, 1885.

GRUBS IN A DEER'S FLESH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An article in your issue of March 12 interested me, as I have seen something of the same nature. A month ago I was in the mountains and forced to kill a deer for meat. On cleaning out the entrails I found under the angle of the jaw on the left side a cyst, size of a goose's egg, crammed full of large yellow maggots half an inch long. I have often tried to account for it, but have hitherto failed. Could a blade of grass or leaf covered with fly blow have become encysted in some wound or otherwise, and thus get hatched out? It can't be the result of decomposition of a true tumor of the salivary gland, as there would be no means by which a fly could blow it. I am sorry I did not keep the cyst, but the fact of the maggots is beyond doubt. The deer was fat and in good condition. Medicus.

Colorado Springs, Col., March 18.

[We have killed deer in August and September which contained grubs in the upper throat and posterior nares. These were no doubt the larvæ of a bat fly somewhat like the sheep bat fly (*Œstrus ovis*, Linn.), which, during spring and early summer, inhabit the frontal sinuses and nasal cavity of the common sheep. We understand, however, that the grubs described by our correspondent were encysted in the flesh. We have seen nothing like this in *Cervus macrotis*, but reasoning from analogy we might expect it to occur. It is well known that in certain regions cattle, reindeer and even men are infested with a bat fly, the larvæ of which take up their residence beneath the skin. The egg is laid on the hair, and the grub burrows through the skin and passes the larval period in a sack there, finally making its way to the surface and falling to the ground, where it passes the pupa state. Among the animals known to be afflicted with these parasites are man, cattle, reindeer, sheep, hares, squirrels, mice, the opossum and frogs. Usually their presence does not appear to injure the host, nor even to be attended with any very great inconvenience. We should be glad to know the species of deer on which these observations were made. Was it a "blacktail" (*C. macrotis*) or a whitetail (*C. virginianus*)?]

BELLS ON BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a week or more, about the first of this month, the good people near Justice's sawmill were much agitated by the mysterious ringing of bells in midair. Once it seemed to be near two men chopping in the woods. It would ring, ring by the hour, bafiling their investigation, until finally they left the wood in a hurry, satisfied that it was either an angel or a spirit. But it continued to be heard for days, and some heard it by night. The mystery was at last solved. A farmer, who had been troubled with hawks, the other day set steel traps and captured a large hawk, with a fine-toned bell attached to its neck by a strap. The bird was secured by a toe and so was not hurt. It made no resistance to being taken, and the farmer was soon convinced that he had caught a pet hawk. The bell was about 2½ inches across, and on it was roughly engraved:

L. Perry,
Athol,
Mass.

Can anybody in Athol give us any information as to when the hawk escaped and how he came in Jersey? The bird measures 3 feet 10 inches in spread of wing. It is tame and gentle, eating readily from the hands of the children.

Some snipe appeared on our meadows last week, but were too wild for our sportsmen. C. D. L.

Swedesboro, N. J., March 17.

AN AERIAL COLLISION.

"And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
True, the carred aeronaut can mount as high;
But what's the triumph of his volant art?
A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
His helmless vehicle, a silken toy.
A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud;
His course has no volition and he drifts
A passive plaything of the winds."

—Campbell, *The Dead Eagle.*

READING this poetic homage to the bird of Jove, sailing "in gyres and undulations full of grace," in the orient sky, we might fancy that nature's winged aeronauts never had collisions. You shall, however, be told of a veritable and amusing one, witnessed between two feathery murderers, occurring, at that, in the unpoetic task of obtaining a breakfast.

I was hunting quail in Richlands of Tazewell, the Valley of Clinch. It was on one of those delightful and happy October mornings. I had been slipping along the bank of the river to shoot a gaudy little dude of a wood duck, and not succeeding, stepped into a canoe, accompanied by my setter—now in the good dogs' happy hunting ground. The canoe's movement was so pleasant and restful that I sat down and let it float leisurely along. I yet remember that morning. It was one of those that every lover of the field remembers—of perfect peace—oblivion of the past; no thought of future; elysium without bodily change to reach it. The gentle flowing stream beneath was as clear as the autumn canopy above. The birch and willows on the banks twined their boughs, gently bending as if to see in the liquid mirror their lovely habiliments of fall attire, sparkled with the sunlit jewels of the melting frost. On all sides was a panorama of valley, hill, the mountain and the wood. Nothing can strike the gentle chords of perfect happiness like the magic charms of nature.

Away high above me I saw, carelessly hanging and flitting about, some distance apart, two of these keen and despicable little hawks that kill each more quail in a year than any one man. I hoped that they would come in range of my gun, that I might fulfill the bounden duty of slaying them. Presently I saw one dart down with half closed wings, like an arrow, and give chase to a crying little field lark. Over me they came, splitting the air with the noise of a shrapnel. The other one saw the chase and flew directly, meeting the darting fiend to supplant him, and just as the pursuer caught the lark, a hundred feet above the ground, the piratical aeronauts collided with an astounding thump that stunned both. The lark was dropped, and it is needless to say that it made a yellow streak for the first covert in the grass, and the hawks slowly sneaked away in a most amusing manner, making the whole thing quite laughable. My setter wanted to take a hand in the melee, and I forgot my gun, though I could have used it easily. Graeme.

Southwest, Va.

Tame Ruffed Grouse.—Cortland, N. Y., March 2.—The mention of the tame grouse, owned by a gentleman living in Poughkeepsie, coincides with the following: Mr. James Haight, living in Haight's Gulf, a wild and picturesque ravine near Cortland, relates that a partridge selected for its nest a location by the side of an old log but a short distance to the rear of his house. Mr. Haight was much interested in the success of this confiding bird, and often stepped over to see that she had not been disturbed. In time she became very tame and would allow Mr. H. to approach to within a few feet of where she was setting. The greatest trouble was to keep a spaniel dog from driving the bird away and destroying the eggs. Often the dog frightened her from her nest, but with maternal tenacity she was true to her purpose, and would as often return and resume duty. In due time the brood of young came forth and instantly disappeared. This was the last ever seen of the mother or her chicks.—Mig.

Bristol, Pa., March 17.—Seen to-day: Canada geese, broadbills (lesser blackheads), bluebirds, robins, redwing blackbirds, and yellow-billed loon. Thermometer 20°.—Bay Snipe.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN GOSHEN'S HOLE.

III.

SUNDAY came and we rested. It may have been because we really had conscientious scruples about shooting on that day, or there may have been other good and sufficient reasons; but at all events we spent most of the day about camp, paid a visit to the ranchman below us on the creek, taking to him a quarter of venison, and altogether put in a day quiet and uneventful.

Our dinner late in the afternoon was "swell." These old cañons never scented a more savory smell than was wafted with the smoke of our fire through their rugged fastnesses. Graham spread himself, and we did ample justice to his spreading. We sincerely complimented every dish, and he appreciated it. He was always a little vain of his talents as a cuisine professor.

Says Graham over the pipes: "Boys, I am well pleased to see you looking so comfortable and contented, with good health, good appetites and good digestion, though I am afraid your appetites have been destroyed, but with your digestive organs unimpaired, they will soon mend. You have been very fulsome in your commendation of the dinner you have just knocked into 'smithereens,' and I thank you. It makes me tired to sit at a table and listen to the senseless criticism about the dishes placed thereon. Now, if one is an acknowledged authority on gustation and merits the reputation, I can take some pleasure in listening, but there is not one in a thousand but can rock me to sleep. Delicate is a great word with them. They ring it in on all occasions and play tunes on it. 'I don't think this pork and beans have quite as delicate a flavor as the boiled beets and cabbages we had day before yesterday.' 'This Dublin stout is not quite as delicate as the California claret we had four years ago.' Delicate be hanged, for it does make me tired. I don't believe a lady or gentleman finds fault, but it's a wearisome fashion, this criticism of a good dinner by people who have been brought up on boiled beef and cabbages, on bacon and potatoes and muddy coffee. Men and women will find fault with the best dishes that are placed on their tables, and the best so-called judges will disagree as to their merits. One says the rice is burned a little, while the other says it's not, and so on to the end of the chapter. If they would only let their eatables stop their mouths and their fault-findings. As Pat says: 'Give me pace and quietniss fur supper an' moighty little o' that, too.'"

Monday was devoted to moving camp to the Josh cabin, four or five miles away, and in the absence of Mr. Josh we made his cabin our temporary residence. We found that during the few days longer we remained in Goshen's Hole, our sport was very much like that at our old camp. We killed six deer by trailing. No wounded ones escaped, so we had not to shoulder the sorrow of allowing any of our game to elude us only to die in some unfrequented spot a slow and painful death. We had several shots at a mountain sheep, but he was hitting the breeze too hard and too far away to afford any of us a fair shot. We tried to follow him, but abandoned the pursuit when he commenced climbing where we could get no certain footing. A few jack rabbits and some pin-tailed grouse were added to our load and our hunt was over.

Saturday morning at daylight we started on our return trip. Doc was to drive home, while the others rode their saddle horses, and when they had reached the high open country above, they scattered toward the Fox Creek draw and off toward Kelly's pasture for antelope, while Doc and the mules were left alone in their glory to wend their weary way toward Bear Creek. It's a lonesome kind of position to place an active fellow in, this skinning mules on a lone prairie road, and the time hung heavily. Doc finally struck an idea to drive the time away. It was nothing less than a speech. His supposed audience was the Wyoming Stock Association; scene, Library Hall, Cheyenne. Doc rises:

"Mr. President and Members of the Wyoming Stock Association: Though an entire stranger to most of you and a comparative stranger to all of you, I feel no hesitancy in rising to present to your kind consideration a proposition which vitally concerns every man whose interests are centered upon these large and magnificent ranges now under your control. It is one upon which depends the life or death of the vast animal industry in which you are engaged, for by its acceptance or rejection hinges your prosperity now or in the near future. Without infringing upon your time and courtesy one moment longer than is absolutely necessary to a thorough consideration of my idea, I beg to submit the following preamble and resolution:

"*Whereas*, As is well known to the consumers of canned corn beef, the packers of said corn beef use upon the tin boxes containing said beef a red label to designate the contents of said tin boxes, be it hereby

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this association that there be substituted for the aforesaid red labels on the aforesaid tin boxes a green label, colors emblematic of our love for the Ould Dart, and be it further

"*Resolved*, That if the large houses of Chicago will not make the substitution suggested, we pack our own beef and save commissions and the Irish trade, and be it further

"*Resolved*, That in order to protect ourselves, we demand an immediate change of labels from red to green upon all canned meats.

"Gentlemen: You have got to cater to the immense trade and growing influence of Ireland and its representatives in our country. Already there are murmurs of discontent borne from the sheep ranches of the South, from the lumber regions of Washington and Oregon, from the mines of California and Nevada, from the wheat fields of Dakota, and will you lend no listening ear? Will you steel your hearts to your own interests, endangering the future of yourselves, your children and your children's children?"

"I have nearly done. My scheme is unfolded, and its furtherance rests with you. Will you take the initiative, the forward step which leads to plethoric bank accounts and unlimited credit? or will you fold your hands in fancied security, while others more enterprising and far-seeing, step in and reap the golden harvest of financial success, leaving your cattle to become food for the buzzards and the coyotes, their bones to bleach in the moonlight and the sunlight, while the gentle zephyrs of Wyoming whistle through the denuded ribs of your herds a sad requiem of departed prosperity?"

"One word more, gentlemen, and I have done. It is an established fact that since the introduction of the Hereford element, and with the increasing knowledge we have——"

Doc had reached this point in his maiden speech, when chancing to look behind him was a team with four men in the wagon. They had an amused expression on their faces. Whether they thought the orator was a crank or slightly intoxicated, or practicing for a public effort they never said, but seeing that the exhibition was over when the crestfallen orator dropped into his seat and commenced to whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me," they pulled out, whipped up their team and drove by.

Our party reached the ranch in the middle of the afternoon, Griff and Graham each bringing in an antelope. Ten deer and two antelope hung that evening in the trees between the storehouse and the kitchen.

There goes the score. Ought it to have been sent? Does it smack of the pot-hunter? If so, please pardon, for not a pound hangs there to be wasted nor sold. We idled away too much time in camp for hunters after profit. We enjoyed the fruitless chase after the mountain sheep, and though we returned many a time empty-handed, we never cared the snap of a finger.

Break, jump, skip,
By the cold gray bluffs, oh, deer,
But the tender chops of a buck that has dropped,

make a welcome addition to the good things the ranch cook shoots at us three times a day. MILLARD.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Thanksgiving morning, after a late breakfast, I put the gun together, and with a few shells in my pocket started out for a ramble, more for the sake, however, of giving the old dog a run than anything else, as there is but little enjoyment to be found in the woods at this late season. Tramping about until noon without seeing a feather, and coming out on to an old wood road I sat down to have a quiet smoke, when I heard a grouse get up and fly into a dense scrub pine. Catching up the gun I was making for the tree, when it suddenly occurred to me that my chances were just about as good to "go it blind" from where I was as to walk up and have her come out on the opposite side, a game you can count on being played every time. Having a shell in my left barrel loaded with No. 5 I drew up, held on the tree as near as I could calculate at the point where I saw the bird go in, and pulled, with very little expectation, however, of killing, and a fellow with a hole in his pocket might have bought me out. But I feel something as I do when fishing—it is a satisfaction to get a response occasionally, even if one goes home with an empty creel. I walked up and found a fine old cock lying on his back under the tree, shot as squarely as could have been done had he been in sight. I did not feel that I had taken any mean advantage either. Would you?

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 4. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago the Washington Iron Works made a specialty of circular saw mills and engines for driving them. Col. H., coming into the office one day from an extended trip, inquired for Mr. Ford the foreman millwright. As soon as he came in sight, Ford was greeted by the irate Colonel with a tirade of abuse about sending work away unfinished. The trouble was about a cast steel circular saw four feet in diameter, and about five-sixteenths of an inch thick, which had not been drilled for the pins, and that was quite a serious matter in the wilderness hundreds of miles from a machine shop. Ford felt very sore over it, and the Colonel, after working off his high steam, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "It was lucky I was there, as I don't know what the boys would have done." Ford brightened up at this, and said: "Well, Colonel, how did you manage it?" "Easy enough, easy enough," said Col. H., "I had the holes carefully marked with black paint, then set the saw firmly against the end of a saw log, and shot them through with my rifle."

A. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While hunting near a hedge, a large flock of quail flew up and went down the hedge. I followed them up, and fired at what I supposed to be one of the quail. Going up to the spot, I found it to be a large stone which I had fired at, but about two feet away lay three quail dead. R. H.

PAOLA, Kansas.

A Disputed Bird.—One day Dr. Kirkendall, of Ithaca; Dr. Gee, of Vanettenville; F. W. Kendall, of Swartwood; Arthur Meadow, of Sayre, and Dr. Fisher, Charlie Butts and Fred Rogers, of Spencer, most of whom are members of the Spencer Shooting Club, and all of whom occasionally break ten glass balls straight, enjoyed a half day's shoot near Spencer. It was one of the few days that fall when the birds had all gone down into Pennsylvania to attend a reunion. The game was loaded into an empty primer Rogers had in his vest pocket, and the party started to enjoy one of Mrs. Fisher's well-known dinners. When crossing a flat near Spencer, a solitary woodcock was flushed about six rods from the party. Every gun was fired except Meadow's which missed. The bird flew on, another broadside was given; this time Meadow's gun worked, and the bird died. Of course, under the circumstances, Meadow claimed it, so did Fisher, so did Kirkendall, so did Butts, so did Kendall, Gee knew he had not missed it, Rogers swore the bird was his. A small boy sitting on the fence claimed it because he had picked it up. The latter claim was disallowed. On investigation it was found that no two of the shooters had shot of the same size and degree of hardness. To determine the matter was easy. While the shooters were discussing their dinner the bird was dressed, and brought on with the dessert. It was examined by Fisher. He looked at it carefully and sadly said: "It is not mine." Each in turn examined it and relinquished all claim to it. There was not a shot mark on it. The thirteen shots had scared the bird to death.—K. (Vanettenville, N. Y.).

Domesticating Wildfowl.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this date all my wood-ducks, fourteen pairs, are mated, and are usually seen swimming in pairs and only group when on shore. The mandarins are also mated. The spriggtails keep together as do the mallards, but have not been observed to couple. A pair of green-winged teal arrived from Iowa last week, but the drake was dead when received and the little widow is followed about by a solitary baldpate or widgeon drake, to whose courtship she pays no further attention than to fight him off when he gets too familiar. This little duck, not as big as a man's fist, seems to be the master, or mistress of the whole flock, and it is amusing to see her drive off a mallard that intrudes too near her majesty.—Fred Mather.

ROUGHING IT IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

I.

WITH a friend, Frank F., of Detroit, I arrived at Livingston, Montana, Sept. 1, bound for a trip roughing it in the National Park, and then a hunting expedition in Idaho.

Livingston is the point on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, from which the National Park branch line, fifty-seven miles in length, is built through the upper valley of the Yellowstone, terminating near the Mammoth Hot Springs, and this will be always the principal route to the Park for visitors, whether they travel the region by rail, wagon or horseback.

We put up at the Albemarle, and the next day began to look around to buy an outfit, but did not see any to suit our purpose, so we took a trip to Bozeman, a much older place than Livingston. At Eastman's Hotel, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hayden, the veteran explorer, who made quite an extensive tour in 1871 through the Park, and whose geological reports, maps, etc., were published in the annual report for that year, who also presented to Congress a proposition to reserve this section from settlement as a National Park and game preserve.

After inspecting a number of horses we decided upon a pair of bronchos which we bought. The best horses for such a trip are ponies raised in the West, as they are tough, good in harness and saddle, and last, but not least, rustle (a Western expression, meaning that they will take care of themselves) so that you need carry no grain, or at least very little, as they are accustomed to look out for their own food. We also bought a covered Bain box wagon, harness, saddles, blankets, buffalo robe, etc. We also got a dog—Jack—a cross between a pointer and hound; he improved the appearance of the outfit, as he was large, powerful and a good watchdog. Here also we had Cooper's improved rifle sights adjusted to our rifles. In the top of the front sight, which is crescent shape, is inserted a rounded piece of gold or ivory which is always distinctly visible, in all trying weather, glaring sun or dashing snow. The rear sight has a movable slide, by which you can raise your sight at running game, always sighting through the same notch, and not removing your gun while firing. Trying our rifles at the range with those sights, we were astonished with the results of this improvement.

Having returned to Livingston, and being delayed there by stormy weather, we finally pulled out on the 10th of September. The road was fairly dry, as the alkali soil soon absorbs the rain. Keeping the river on the left hand after leaving town, the road passes for two miles or more over a gravelly plain and enters the shadow of the terraced and rock-ridged peaks, 3,000 feet in height, through which the stream has carved its way for a distance of three miles, forming its third or lower cañon. This gateway of the mountains leads into a gorge just wide enough to admit the road along the river, the mountain walls rising precipitously on either hand. Emerging from the lower cañon, the road enters at once upon a large fertile plain, Paradise Valley. The Yellowstone, all through its course in Paradise Valley, is fringed with trees, and has a stony and gravelly bed, with an impetuous current of six or seven miles an hour, a depth of as many feet, and a width of about 100 yards. Its waters, constantly freshened by mountain springs and torrents, are cold and clear, and alive with trout and grayling.

Here we struck camp about 5 P. M., set the tent, picketed the horses, and began preparations for our supper. Wood and water being handy, we enjoyed immensely our first outdoor meal, and turned in about 9:30. Our bed was comfortable and warm, for we made it up of two rubber blankets buffalo robes, and three or four woolen blankets. Early in the morning we "pulled up sticks" and were off, through the beautiful valley. The scenery and mountain views, as we went on, day by day became grand and superb. A panorama of stately domes is constantly unfolding a succession of the grandest pictures. But the eye is not alone fascinated by the glorious mountains; yonder is the stately river flowing swiftly on past wooded islets, where miriads of waterfowl flock to the feeding grounds along the shallows.

Sept 13 we had some fine trout for breakfast, which F. had caught night before. We started about 9 o'clock and drove along the noble stream, where I killed and succeeded in getting several fine mallards. The road we traveled was made by "Yankee Jim," whose toll house we passed about a mile beyond the cañon, and arrived in the afternoon at Cinnabar. Here is the terminus of the National Park Branch Railroad, and the stage station of the Park. Cinnabar is a dull, unprepossessing place, and consists of a limited hotel, a store, and few log houses. The location of this town is very beautiful. On the right, Cinnabar Mountain is a striking feature of the landscape; this is a handsome peak, standing out from the other elevations and making a fine picture. Its name was probably given because a broad stripe of vermillion hue girdles the height half way up its face. The south face of this bare mountain is traversed from apex to base by two enormous dikes of traprock. These walls are 200 feet high and 50 feet broad. The material between the dikes has been washed away, leaving the gigantic walls as smooth and vertical as if built by mason's skill. Nature has seldom shown so wonderful a specimen of her handicraft. This is named the Devil's Slide.

After a four miles' drive we came to Gardiner's City, a characteristic frontier town, with a motley collection of shanties, saloons, log houses and dirty canvas tents. Here we bought a regular western mining cooking stove, as the one I sent from the East was no good. It was the Duncan camping and cooking stove. The stove was too fancy and complicated, the oven had to be hinched on the stove, and could not be sufficiently heated to bake bread, as the fire could not reach it. This is a most important item in camping out, as you have to bake two and three times a day. The regular Western mining camp stove is made out of sheet iron and is about two by three feet, the baking oven is a separate apartment in stove, where the fire and heat can go all around it; you can regulate your heat by a draft check, and feed fire by a separate door.

Arrived at the hotel of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, but not being willing to pay the extraordinary high rates at the hotel, we drove on near a mile, in a most secluded grove, with plenty of wood, water and good feed, where we made camp. Turning the horses loose and eating a hurriedly-prepared lunch, I took a walk to the springs, leaving F. to guard camp. Arriving at the top of the white marble-like terraces, there are innumerable basins, in the center of which great springs are boiling from the regions of eternal fire. The novelty and magnificence of the scene are bewildering. The brilliancy and variety of the coloring matter about the pools, as well as the delicacy and beauty o

the formations are indescribably wonderful. Over the rims of the basins the water gently pours until it finds its way to the bottom of the hill, where the flow is collected and carried off by several channels to the Gardiner River. Among the principal springs is the Cleopatra; it is the most beautiful in the basin, and has light blue tinted water in a white basin with light yellowish red edges. A large basin surrounds the spring. At the east end are basins lined with reddish tufted material. The greatest overflow escapes at the west end, and the basins here are fringed with stalactitic masses. As the water escapes it flows over a ladder, that has been placed against the edge for the purpose of coating articles that are hung on it. Columns of steam clouds are arising and drifting to and fro with the wind of the mountains, pregnated with a strong sulphur odor. Up the hillside are terraces of extinct springs and pits. The night was cold, but we slept well and warm. Monday morning, Sept 15, I kept house, as Frank went to see the springs. Tinkered around in camp, and had dinner ready as Frank returned, after which I went once more to see the beautiful sights and get some coated specimens as souvenirs.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On reading "Sagamore's" article, in your issue of March 12, I must pay him the compliment of saying that his side of the argument is in skillful hands; still his assertions, though well written, are no arguments, and he is by no means fair to me in selecting certain remarks in my articles without giving the whole context. Thus my conclusion was a fair one that he "had drawn almost entirely on his imagination for his points" when he described the waters being beaten over by the sailboats of the tenders like dogs hunting a field, such being not the method of sinkboat shooters in the waters of the Chesapeake, about which vicinity I was writing. His claim to a more varied experience with batteries I do not dispute, as I have never used them except on the Chesapeake and years ago on the Delaware River; but as I have a thorough knowledge and acquaintance with their use from Havre de Grace down the bay wherever used, I think my experience as good as "Sagamore's," although not extending over so large a territory, and you will remember I have only described the uses of the battery on the Chesapeake, where I have and do maintain that it is not the destructive thing he tries to make it, although a successful way of killing fowl. Of course if "Sagamore" only desires to stand on the bank to look at the game without having the power to kill it, that is a matter of taste on his part, but I think he will find few to follow him; for my part I would rather not see fowl at all than to be unable to put myself in the way of getting shooting. With all due deference to his claim to superior knowledge and long-extended experience, I can only state what I have before written, that what I know on the subject has been gained by thirty-five years of wildfowl shooting, both at deep and shoal water ducks—or as I make the distinction, marsh-fowl and diving-fowl—during which time my pursuit of this sport has been almost incessant, in the season for it. I have vanity to think I know something about the subject of which I write.

In the matter of the sailboat as "tender," I think we are at cross-purposes, when I state that in this vicinity (I mean all over the Chesapeake) the shooter in the box is not tended by a sailboat; that is, that the person retrieving for him uses a rowboat. Of course the battery is carried from place to place on a sailing craft of some kind; that this craft does sail occasionally (notwithstanding his e-x-a-c-t-l-y) to break up the beds of ducks "on days when they will not fly" I have never disputed. The point is not whether they do it or not, but whether it is the pernicious practice he claims it to be, and whether if a pernicious practice as regards driving the fowl away, whether it is necessary to box-shooting. My claim is that it is not done to any extent, or rather to a harmful extent. That the mere boat or yacht sailing over the ducking ground will not frighten the fowl off their feeding grounds not shot at from the sailing boat any more than the numerous craft that ply over the waters in all directions here in the Chesapeake, is evident from the fowl not being driven by them. "Sagamore" states that he has shown the sailboat to be more hurtful even than the batteries. He has stated this to be the case, but how he has shown it to be the case, meaning in his use of the word "proved," I fail to see.

Again, "Sagamore" is unfair when he quotes me as acknowledging that batteries are an evil, when I say that "the over-killing of ducks out of them is an evil that soon corrects itself." I say that the over-killing of ducks is an evil, not that the use of the sinkboat is. He proves this in his former letter, viz.: that the over-killing soon corrects itself, when he cites the cause of the Currituck box-shooters, who, although making large bags at first, yet by his statement, fail to make a living at it, from the fact that the fowl soon learn to know the batteries and are not killed in large numbers. This is the case here when the shooting out of boxes is good enough to satisfy amateurs, but would be a very poor dependence for a living.

"Sagamore" says that what he quotes in reference to Sandusky Bay, proves that in a locality where fowl were naturally abundant, they gradually disappeared on the introduction of batteries. If he has proved that by his assertion, is not my statement of just the opposite effect, viz., that in the waters of Easton Bay and its tributaries and in the Choptauk River, that the duck shooting has not been injured in the least by the use of boxes, that they cannot be held accountable in any way for the failure of the shooting from the shore, as that had completely failed before boxes were introduced here, entitled to equal credence? I will not be ungenerous enough to those who take "Sagamore's" side to claim that if any one cause could have destroyed the shooting from the shore here, we might accuse the point and shore-shooters, for talk to any old sportsman here, and he will immediately entertain one with what he used to do in his young days, how he and his neighbors stood on the points and killed ducks by the cart load, etc. This same old sportsman will say that we have no ducks about now, yet when you sail him by one of our large beds of redheads, he will declare it one of the largest rafts of ducks he ever saw.

I claim that the decrease in the numbers of our wildfowl is more apparent than real; they have changed their habitat, it is true; they don't go into narrow waters as they used to and avoid flying over the points and bars on all possible occasions. Geese have been growing markedly more abundant in the lower Chesapeake within the last five years. This past winter I have seen them by the thousands. No, "Sagamore," the fact is that when we have an abundance of food we have thousands of ducks, and when the food is not here the ducks go to other sections. I do not mean to make the statement that the wildfowl are as abundant as they were when the country was first setttled, but I do say that they are fairly holding their own against the advance of civilization and the numerous army of sportsmen.

Now as to riparian rights, can "Sagamore" find that I anywhere claim to "know all about riparian rights," although as an owner of property bordering on the water I might claim without arrogance to know something about them. This was the extent of my offending. I distinctly stated that I was writing on the subject of battery-shooting as practiced on the Chesapeake and its tributaries, in other words, where the tide ebbs and flows; my remarks were that the water was "free to all," and that a "trespass (in the form of battery-shooting) could not be committed on the water." The law, I believe, makes a material difference in treating of riparian rights in water where the tide ebbs and flows, and what it terms unnavigable water, where it does not. The cases "Sagamore" cites are familiar to me through FOREST AND STREAM, but do not at all apply to our tide waters, of which I was writing. I ask him again what he meant when he asked me if I had ever heard of riparian rights, knowing as he did, from my statement, that I was writing of shooting on tidal waters.

In regard to the shooting on Bush and Gunpowder rivers and vicinity, continuing to be good while ours failed, I think I can make a very satisfactory explanation of why it should, without attributing it to the use or disuse of batteries, and this is the fact that we have oysters while they have none. The oysters involve a numerous fleet, numbered by the hundreds, if not thousands, of canoes, buckeyes, sloops and schooners, which do indeed fulfill "Sagamore's" description of the box-shooters' tenders, every one carrying a gun and shooting at everything that flies within possible or impossible shooting distance. This does indeed drive the ducks and other fowl. When this is understood, together with the fact of an abundance of food, including the famed wild celery, of which we have little or none owing to our salt water, I think it will account for the good shooting from the shore which he claims to have, and which I most sincerely hope he and others will continue to enjoy. In his allusion to sneakboats does "Sagamore" wish to be understood as indorsing the sneakboat and swivel gun? I might suppose so with equal justice, as that he should recommend it to me after what I have written.

In regard to what he says about throwing the points open and "lay" days for the shore shooters, if it could be proved that his manner of shooting was as destructive to the fowl as box-shooting, he would consent to it. I think I have proved that the point-shooters kill more fowl than the box-shooters, for what is the difference so far as the diminishing of numbers is concerned, whether fifty men kill fifty ducks off points, or ten men kill the same number out of boxes, and this is about the proportion that the two classes of shooters bear to each other. "Sagamore" mixes up assertion with proof, he wishes to claim that battery-shooting is proven to be the terrible thing that he asserts because he so asserts it, this is no proof nor argument, and until it is proved to be an "engine of destruction" that will drive the fowl away, I must beg to stick to my box. I think he shows the weakness of his cause when he says the marsh cannot be moved and the sportsmen cannot reach the fowl j-u-s-t s-o. Therefore we want to get somewhere in position to reach them. You, if you prefer it, can sit in the marsh "that cannot move" and look at us.

In judging of the destructiveness of battery-shooting it must be remembered that in all waters that are at all open, the weather regulates their use, it being only in moderate days that they can be used with success, or when the wind is off shore, for although it is astonishing the amount of sea they will live in with the "leads" turned up, yet they cannot be shot out of in heavy winds to any advantage, as the splashing and jumping of the box frightens the fowl. This it is important to remember in summing up the pros and cons on the subject of battery-shooting. "Sagamore" prefers to "sit in the marsh" where he cannot reach them every day in the week, getting an occasional shot at a straggler, while I will take some good day or two in that week and kill as many as he does. When Saturday night comes we both have the same number of ducks. If he is satisfied, I am sure I am; it is only a difference of taste. I have only had two shooting days out of two weeks in the lower bay in winter.

To sum up I think batteries are right in narrow waters where good shooting can be had, otherwise it is folly to use batteries, not that they frighten away the fowl but that where other means will answer the ends they are preferable on the score of comfort, and there being less labor attached to shore-shooting. But in the wide and bleak waters of the Chesapeake, such as the flats and all points on the bay and the large estuaries of the same, the box is the only available means for the shooter who is fond of killing game and not "standing in the marsh looking at it."

If "Sagamore" could have been with me on Thursday of last week in my box on one of our bleakest points that jut into the bay, and helped in the beautiful swan shooting we enjoyed for a few hours, I think, good sportsman as I believe him to be, he would have been a convert for the time being, at least, to battery-shooting. Nine beautiful swan decoyed to us at different times and we got eight of them. Don't call it slaughter. Remember not more than one day out of the month in that locality can a box be used on account of its bleak position. "Sagamore" might have killed the same number of swan had he spent every hour of daylight for a month on the point within a mile of us, over which the swans occasionally pass. Which of us would have had the better sport at the end of the month is again a matter of taste. I wish he had been in the other box with me (I was using my double one), I would have had great pleasure in making a convert of him for the time being. It is not the fact that eight swan were killed that makes the enjoyment, but that at four different times we had all the glorious excitement of seeing bunches of this noble game coming slowly against the fresh wind blowing up to the decoys, and being conscious that a single false note in our answering call of "who, who" would make the wary game turn off; the waiting for what seems minutes until they are near enough, and the time does seem astonishingly long; then comes the supreme moment. Friend "Sagamore," it can't be had unless in a box.

SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is of no use for me to tackle battery-shooting after reading "Sagamore." We have no battery-shooting in Ohio, as it has long been prohibited by law, after discovering its pernicious effects where water fowl resort to feed. These batteries are necessarily stuck down on the very feeding grounds of the birds, and if they do not come fast enough to the slaughter sailboats are employed to "sail them up." This process leaves them no time to feed, and soon drives them away to return no more that season, if ever. Passing birds shot at from points on their way to and from their feeding grounds seem not to be affected in that way, but go straight onward to their food, and if unmolested there will continue to fly back and forth time after time and year after year, thus securing to the sportsmen the continuation of this sport.

X.

CLEVELAND, O.

WILD TURKEY METHODS.

SEVERAL weeks before we had our first snow, two men, father and son, prepared a train of corn through a track of woods inhabited by a few wild turkeys, one of which was a very large gobbler. The blind consisted of part of a hollow tree and a small pine, behind which both hunters were concealed. After the two men were in ambush for the greater part of a week, the birds advanced on the train, picking up the corn while the blind was occupied. The large gobbler was destined to be the victim. Turkeys walked up within ten steps of the blind. Left barrel containing buckshot missed fire. Bang! went the other barrel loaded with ball. Result? Half of a tail feather. No damage sustained, the frightened turkeys returned to the mountain to consider for another week.

That week sorely tried the patience of the younger hunter (Age having retired in disgust) though he being one of the patient kind was bound to succeed in the end. Again came those silly birds, the patriarch fowl being second in order, perhaps he feared to lose the other part of that tail feather. Alas, it should not be the single ball this time. The single old smooth-bore rang out, and a stray buckshot carried away the end of one wing. The large gobbler made a few unsuccessful jumps. Another moment and the young man was on the bewildered bird. Breathing hard with excitement, he drew his knife across that already red throat, almost severing the proud head from the shining body. The poor bird was murdered. His beard measured ten inches. His plumage vied with the sheen of a humming bird. His weight was twenty-two pounds; and he was sold in the market.

A friend of dog and gun, who admired the superb coat of this noblest of game birds more than its flesh in pot or pan, secured it and handed it over to a taxidermist to be mounted. He expects to feast his eyes in the near future on this fine bird, to enable him to dream of another turkey, the counterpart of this one until next season again opens, and to indulge the anticipation that he by chance may meet one some day, bring him down in an honorable way, as a sportsman ought, and return home in triumph.

About the time of the above occurrence, the writer was out with several friends for deer. On the last day of the hunt one of the party reported that he had started a flock of turkeys in our last drive. Those turkeys were met some fourteen miles from our home. In the course of a week we had a favorable tracking snow, just the kind of snow I was longing for. However, we can not always have it our own way in this world. I could not go and was unhappy. Rain followed the snow; a bad crust formed and made hunting impossible. Another light snow followed in a few days later and induced me to try. The close season for deer had just commenced the day of my chase, and the weather was cold and windy. The summit of the mountain gained I soon crossed a fresh deer track and heard two dogs on the war path—this was December 17, the second day of close season. My object being a hunt for turkeys (shooting deer out of season would cause me as much satisfaction as the finding of carrion), I turned down the mountain in disgust. Expecting to find tracks of turkeys in the bottoms and near the fields, I began to look there first.

After following the lower woods for several miles, the presence of a number of men getting in their fuel for the winter convinced me that the looked-for birds must be higher up. I next tried the foot of the mountain and soon found two tracks, a large and a small one. The birds were feeding. My duds were of neutral tints, but the snow crunched badly under foot, leaving me but little hope for success. Following as still as possible, under these unfavorable circumstances, avoiding every little stick and brush, I noticed that the birds had suddenly stopped feeding and taken a straight course for the hill. Had they heard me? Arriving at a sudden rise, a small bench allowed me to make my appearance very suddenly. My 10-gauge was loaded with six drams of powder and one ounce of No. 1 shot. Looking about very carefully, while stepping up the bench, my ears detected a faint rustle. Turning my head, I observed two turkeys running in different directions, some sixty yards away. A quick shot at the largest was not immediately fatal, but when taking his last rise the gobbler succumbed to the second barrel. Almost the same instant the smaller bird came sailing over my head. A new cartridge was quickly inserted, and there was no time wasted in bringing up the gun—just a trifle too late. A rear shot, seventy to eighty yards away, at so noble a bird as a wild turkey is cruel. I did not shoot. On examining the dead bird I ascertained that the first shot would have secured it; one pellet had gone through its gizzard and clean through the body. The second barrel might have been retained for the other bird, but one turkey was enough. However, human nature has its weaknesses, and I could not help thinking that two birds tied together would carry so much easier over the shoulders. This fowl was certainly earned by hard work, more work than several good turkeys are worth, though I valued it more than a number of them potted on a train of corn, while I myself would lie cramped, with agonized body and distorted face, jammed into a blind, waiting for the unsuspecting victims.

While ascending the mountain on the homestretch several grouse started up wild into a strong wind which carried them out of sight in an instant. Flocks of crossbills were calling and chirping to each other, ever on the move, but making short halts when scissoring out the seed from numerous pine cones. The small woodpeckers were not missing, they also had their share of seed, occasionally taking out the chilled worm or insect from the bark, while going up or coming down a part of a tree. A short upward swing would land them near the top of another tree—all the small birds were unusually vociferous, the cold and windy weather being the cause. Again I reached the top of the mountain. It was now 2 o'clock, and feeling hungry I got out my lunch; lo! it was hard as stone. A good fire would soon make that frozen grub eatable. The wind was blowing a gale up there. My small camping axe (just the thing for such a dilemma) attacked one of the numerous old and rich pine logs; ten minutes later a roaring fire blazed up and I enjoyed myself.

Two hours later, when nearing the clearing where my horse was kindly cared for, I came on fresh signs of a ruffed

grouse. This time no setter followed my bidding. While following this trail, gun on one shoulder and turkey on the other, the grouse took wing, but a charge of No. 6 secured it.

I reached home somewhat tired, but well pleased with my tramp after birds, health and recreation. WOODTHRUSH.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 11, "G. M. S." expresses full belief that the Sicily (Messina) quail imported into this country have survived all the dangers and perils that beset them, and that they are now prospering and doing well. "They are here," he says, "and here to stay."

The whole country is interested in this matter of introducing Messina quail. It would add another game bird to our scanty stock—"a consummation devoutly to be wished," and moreover, would increase our food supply, a subject of no little importance to our people. So anxious are we to learn of the accomplishment of this end, that we are ready to believe almost any statement, however extravagant, put forth in this direction. Nor has there been a dearth of writers ready and willing to lend a hand to help on the delusion. Every little while for the past four or five years, some one in some remote corner has discovered these birds in a flourishing condition. Now in Pennsylvania, now in Maine, now in Massachusetts, and apparently without very thorough scrutiny, has rushed into print with his story, which has been eagerly devoured by willing ears. All of these declarations, except the one put forth by "G. M. S.," have, we believe, under investigation fallen into very minute fragments and disappeared, and even this last hangs upon a very slender thread—the result of the examination and report on the two specimens that were to have been sent to "R. O. Morris, Esq., clerk of Hampden county," for identification and classification. We have waited all these long weeks with tremulous anxiety for this report, but none has been made, nor have we seen a word of explanation or consolation from "G. M. S." This whole account of the Sicily quail seems to us somewhat conflicting and contradictory.

A correspondent in the FOREST AND STREAM expresses the opinion that if foreign birds were planted in warmer climates they would spread north, to which "G. M. S." replies: "This view as applicable to song birds may be true, but the migratory quail or Sicily quail are hardy. Stock the fields with them."

Again, he says the quail were imported because it was thought that they would breed here, migrate south, return in the spring, and still further on he makes this most singular remark: "No bird has instinct nor intelligence enough to find its way south to a warmer climate; they must have a leader." These things puzzle us exceedingly. "Sicily quail are hardy." Of course they are or they would not be rooting around here in the snow after food on the ninth day of November. But are they so "hardy" that they can live all winter under a snow bank three feet deep, and come out in the spring fat? If so, they are good birds to have; just the thing for this climate, and if "G. M. S." knows whereof he speaks, then we congratulate the country on this splendid acquisition. If the birds are here as late as November 9, we must infer that they are here for the winter. This conclusion is inevitable, since they have neither "instinct" nor a "leader" to carry them south. In other words, when they are imported they become non-migratory; then what have we gained by the importation? Our native quail are certainly larger, and about as prolific, and although not regarded as "hardy," are, we think, about as capable of taking care of themselves.

We wish, however, to have it understood distinctly that the idea that "no bird has instinct nor intelligence enough to find the way south" originated with "G. M. S." and not with us. All our experience and observation lead us to a contrary conclusion. How is it with our non-gregarious birds that arrive silently and alone in spring time, and depart in autumn in the same silent and solitary way? Have they a "leader," one that has been over the road and weighed its far journey by certain land marks? We trow not. If the parent of a gaggle of geese is killed, do not the young birds instinctively find their way south? Possibly our *Scolopacidæ* may better illustrate this. Did any one ever see any number of woodcock, or even a single individual under convoy? Any one familiar with the habits of our *Limicolæ* knows very well that the adult males leave the females and the callow brood on the breeding ground in midsummer, that some weeks later the adult females follow their lords, and that several weeks still later the young birds, under no leadership except "instinct," find their way south, not by land, but striking out boldly across the ocean to spend the winter in the luxuriant climate of South America. The migratory habits of Messina quail are quite similar to those of other migrants. They breed far north in Europe, and about September start along south, crossing the Mediterranean into Africa, where they pass the winter, returning in April or May. If they retain their habits when transported, as they would be likely to, then they would not be found above 42° north latitude, so late as Nov. 9, especially if there was snow on the ground.

It is now about ten years since this matter of importing European quail (*Coturnix communis*) was first agitated. Some of our sportsmen became deeply impressed by the fact that our game birds were becoming scarcer and scarcer every year; our game laws were weak, inefficient and feebly enforced, and offered very little protection to the birds, and that unless something was done in a few years there would be no birds here worth hunting or keeping dogs for. How to supply the deficiency was a question not so easily answered. Some would have more stringent laws to preserve what few birds we have left; some would prohibit killing altogether for a series of years, while others would attempt to restock the country by importing foreign birds. Of the several species that were discussed, the Messina quail, from its known migratory habit, was, of all the European birds, thought to be the best adapted to our climate and condition of things, and the most likely to propagate and thrive here. As early as the year 1875 this matter was discussed, and a plan formed for importing some of the birds as a sort of experiment.

Among the first and most prominent projectors of this scheme was Hon. Martin G. Everts, of Rutland, Vt. Various causes interposed to prevent the immediate execution of the plan. Parties were ignorant of the habits of the birds, the time of their migration, the method of capture, and means for shipment, as well as the proper person to apply to in Messina for such aid as would be required. The first invoice of about four hundred of the birds arrived in New York on June 5, 1877, one part of them going to Vermont, the other to Massachusetts. The birds were often seen during that summer, and it was certain that, like most immigrants, they prospered and reared large families. From different sections where they had been planted, the most encouraging accounts were received of the entire success of the enterprise. This fired the hearts of other sportsmen, nay, the whole of New England was in a blaze. The next year other parties ordered out more of the birds, and these were supplanted by larger invoices each year up to 1881, at which time some fifteen thousand had been landed upon our shores, about ten thousand of which were imported through the agency of Horace P. Tobey, Esq., of this city, who kindly volunteered his services for that purpose. These birds were scattered up and down the land from Maine to Virginia.

There was no doubt whatever that the birds bred well in the year they were liberated, but did they migrate and return the following spring? This was the grand question that puzzled the minds of those most interested. It was a problem not so easily solved. Young quail were undoubtedly seen in several places during the summer of '78, but were they the offspring of the importation of that or the previous year? Upon this question opinions divided, but the closest observers began to suspect that the birds did not return, and the whole scheme would prove a failure. So universally did this notion prevail, so discouraging was the outlook for the future, that no birds, to our knowledge, were imported subsequently to 1881; yet "G. M. S." quotes from the papers to prove that two years ago (1882) these birds were imported and "turned loose in the town of Wilbraham." As we understand the case, nothing more was heard from the plant until August last, when Deacon Preston stepped upon a young bird, crushing out its dear little life, "and this proved to be a young one of this species"—Sicily quail. It is strange, it is marvelous, that for more than two years these birds were here, where so many people were solicitous for their welfare, our sporting journals were eager for tidings of their whereabouts, that they should have remained here so long and not be seen of any until that one fell beneath the ruthless foot of the deacon.

How could we account for the survival of the little handful of quail planted there, while some fifteen thousand of them imported year before should all perish? Those imported first "were let loose here strangers to land and climate," just the same as the last, and yet the one fails, the other succeeds. Can "G. M. S." explain this apparent antithesis? We hope the Wilbrahamers will have quail as plenty as they were around the camp of Moses, "as it were a day's journey on either side * * * round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high," so that each sportsman, together with the "deacon" and the four "witnesses," may be able to gather or "bag" his "ten homers."

The description, however, of the birds seen by "G. M. S.," and which he pronounces "migratory quail," answers but too well for the young of our native quail. The call note of immature natives is generally a syllable longer than that of the adults. Nor should we think any one could easily recognize specific characters so early as August, especially if the birds were so young as to be trod upon.

In summing up the whole matter we cannot help thinking the quail seen by "G. M. S." and his friends were young native quail about half or two-thirds grown. It is a well-known fact that the young of most species of birds, whether male or female, resemble each other in color, and that in their plumage they copy the maternal rather than the paternal relative. Another fact is patent, viz.: that but very little is known of European quail in this country. Few people have ever seen one. Possibly "G. M. S." is one of these.

That this country will ultimately be stocked with Messina quail we have not a doubt. They are too valuable a bird, have too many good qualities and adaptabilities for our wide-spread territory and variety of climate to be much longer neglected, but we must adopt some different method from that hitherto pursued. We should like to see the experiment tried of planting them far south, say as far as Mexico or the Isthmus of Panama, late in winter or early spring, and then let them work their way north gradually as they possibly might. Then if they migrate south, as is their wont in autumn, they would not be so likely to quit terra firma and be lost at sea, as they would if planted further north or east, where the first experiment failed. If we could educate out of them the instinct to cross the Mediterranean, we should have accomplished about all we desire. There is no manner of doubt, with their prolific tendencies and migratory habits, they would in a few years so multiply as to cover and stock our whole continent. We might instance the European sparrow as an example of the rapid propagation of foreign birds. It is only a few years since the unpardonable sin of importing a small number of these pests was unwittingly perpetrated, and see! They are everywhere and all over the land, a useless, filthy, quarrelsome, unabatable nuisance. Why not have these useful and beautiful little quail as plentiful if once they get a permanent foothold here? W. HAPGOOD.

BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1885.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE unexpected cold weather of this week upset the calculations of many Philadelphia sportsmen who had intended to devote a portion of the time to snipe shooting. The arrival of the birds in fair numbers south of us and the coming last week of a few stragglers in close proximity of our city proper, were good indications that sport could be had. Jack Frost, however, has attacked the feeding grounds again, and the wet spots bordering the rivers and creeks are at present writing in an adamantine condition. The ice which had almost entirely disappeared from the streams, has again formed, and is once more floating with the tide. Many fowl are showing themselves in the Delaware, and a great many are being killed below Bombay Hook, the Delaware State shore attracting the greater numbers. Slaughter Neck and Prime Hook marshes are alive with sprigtails, and will continue to be so until the warm days of spring come upon us, when they will leave for the breeding grounds. At Barnegat and Tuckerton bays the arrival of numbers of brant is reported, but the heavy ice of the past winter, when it broke up and drifted out, has closely shaven the sedge growth on the islands where hides are made while decoying for fowl, and the baymen find it impossible to now keep their boats out of sight. Not only does this make it difficult to secure good darts to the stools, but the brant returning from the south to the New Jersey bays in the spring, so well remember the reception they received on their arrival from the north in November, it is seldom a bunch can be induced to notice their wooden counterparts.

Many young fowl are in the flocks when they come to us in the autumn, and these answering the honk of the fowler, are more readily lured, leading the older birds with them; but they learn wisdom by the time they reach their southern feeding grounds, and return in the spring with not a particle of "green in their eyes." The days of good fowl shooting, especially for brant, are about ended on the New Jersey coast. It has been told me that during the very severe weather of last month, a great many black ducks were killed in the air holes when both Tuckerton and Barnegat bays were frozen over, and that the fowl were little better than feather-covered skeletons, unfit for market, being fishy and tough, and were utilized only for their plumage. The fowl that now come to the Philadelphia market from our own rivers have greatly improved in condition. We look for the very cold weather to be followed by a pleasant season of sunshine and perhaps a warm rain with it, which will hurry up the flights of all migratory birds. When the snipe do come now, they will arrive in good numbers, and will not straggle along in small flights as it would be the case if the weather had been warmer. HOMO.

CALL OFF THE DOGS!

Editor Forest and Stream:

Congratulations! Dogging deer has had a knock-down in the Assembly. "Call off the dogs," say the representatives of the people.

It does seem that at last manly sense and rational appreciation are getting on top. It does seem that the listless and utter abandonment of the people's interests that has prevailed in the matter of fish and game protection is near an end. May we hope the reformation is not too late? There are still important interests to preserve, and everything encouraging in the purpose to protect them. The slow, lingering processes by which public abuses are brought home to the public sense have been effective to lay open to the most careless and to the most indifferent the practices so rapidly depleting our waters of fish and our forests of game, and we have now approached a practical test, whether there is in the awakened public sense such consistency and tenacity of purpose as will enforce needed remedies.

It is the million against the mite, just as it is in a crusade against any intolerable wrong, for it is in precise proportion to the development of citizen manliness that wrongs become rare; are made, in the expressive slang of the time, to "hunt their hole." The cupidity and brutality that characterize present methods of game extermination have created a revolt in the better sense and humanity of the State—that is to say, in the million, and this is but saying that antagonism exists and that if it be maintained the mite must succumb.

The history of the last few years' experience could scarcely have failed to admonish all. In utter despair of ever effecting general reformation, game protectionists in the State have been driven, in localities, to associated effort in the purchase and dedication to private uses of large and the best game and fish preserves. Private means and exertion have so secured exclusive rights, and the poor man, poor in the accumulation of the "filthy lucre," but (forsooth) with as keen a relish for manly pastime as his rich neighbor, is forbidden a footprint where in recent time he has felt himself at home in a common enjoyment of air and sunlight. He finds the "aristocracy" have appropriated even out-of-doors—have taken possession, for the mere willing it, of the fish in the waters and the game that inhabits the woods, and made the people the objects of private espionage and prosecution; monition this, which ought to awaken public attention.

With attention aroused, will there be mustered the forceful energy to take the cause of game protection out of the hands of the monopolists? Will the people's representatives, having the fiat to pronounce, say nay to these self-appointed wardens? Ought they to do it? Most assuredly; but upon the single condition that they do effectually protect and preserve for the many what they have thus far abandoned to the few.

'Tis too bad, 'tis mortifying, an insult to popular sovereignty; these exclusive privileges to capture and kill the fish and game, yes, almost as bad as its abandonment to indiscriminate and wanton destruction. Game protection as a public sentiment pervades the million, while game protection as a duty is, unfortunately, potent only with the few. And this has grown, legitimately, out of the alternative that was presented, whether game should be preserved for a few, or exterminated for all.

There is no diminution in numbers resorting to the woods and waters for mere sensational excitement, and money is more lavish than ever in its purchase. This is the element that would, willingly, in urgent need of present enjoyment, share the extinction of the deer of the State. It is dangerous mainly in its command of money. Money moves the numerous agencies that pander to depraved tastes, and to say that money is an innocent factor in game extermination, is to say that the woods are not filled with hostelries advanced in popular attractions and demands, and as unscrupulous as the tastes to which they cater; that the woods do not swarm with "tourists" in vehement pursuit of whatever sport or venture—the midnight assassination with jack and buckshot, and when assassination fails (for the game is not entirely defenseless against it), the deer dogged next noonday to certain murder by gun or bludgeon in the water; that the outcome, the growth, the legitimate progeny in all his brain and bone, and muscle, of this depravity, is the guide, who accepts extermination in advance, and makes its wreckage his hand-to-mouth existence. He serves a master; and this fixes responsibility. Is there anything more painfully amusing than the simplicity that, occasionally, in an exuberance of happy memories of the chase and shanty-fire, parades the "trusted guide" who shares them, as the fast and constant enemy of prevalent methods of game extermination? What a pity that complicity in participation so shuts all other mouths against answering denial. It is the relation of master and servant, this of guide and tourist, and what if tourist care as little for game protection as for the clothes he soils and gives to beggars?

Let the friends of game protection in the State be on the alert and watchful. There will probably be no pronounced open, manly opposition to the Curtis bill in the Senate, for manly opposition has not a leg to stand on. Covert opposition will do its utmost. But with attention from the candid men who sit as senators, it will avail nothing. Indifference should not be excused to one's self when it gives away to the hotel-men and the market-men what should be saved for the people. In the unreasoning cupidity that always characterizes narrow selfishness, they would sacrifice the interests of their own future to greed for present profit. Shall this purpose dominate the Senate? It would seem to be impossible. The marketmen are massed in open hostility. This, so far, is manly. If other enemies lurk unseen, game protectionists must fight them at a disadvantage—but, fight them.

"Up, Guards, and at them!"

ADIRONDACKS, March 7, 1885. FORKS.

Canada.—A bill now before the Provincial Legislature to facilitate the formation of fish and game protection clubs in the Province, provides that the Lieutenant-Governor in council may, on the recommendation of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, grant a corporate existence to any number of persons, not less than five, who petition therefor, constituting such persons, and all others who may afterward become members of the club thereby created, a body corporate and politic, for the purpose of enabling them to acquire and hold such property, real and personal, as may be necessary and requisite to accomplish the objects and purposes of their incorporation. The aim and end of all such clubs shall be to aid in the enforcement of the laws and regulations for the protection of fish and game in the Province; and whenever the Lieutenant-Governor in council is satisfied, upon satisfactory evidence, and upon report that any club created under this act is engaged in any other pursuit than the foregoing, the powers conferred in virtue of the preceding section shall be revoked. The members of any such club may adopt such by-laws, rules and regulations for the management of their affairs as they see fit; and whenever and as soon as the same shall have received the approval of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, they shall have full force and effect. In so far as applicable, the provisions of law respecting joint stock companies shall govern clubs formed and organized under this act.

Michigan Deer-Hounding Bill.—The game bill, which makes it unlawful to hunt deer with dogs, came up in the Senate last week. All amendments were voted down. The friends of the bill had a perfect organization and obtained support for it from reluctant Senators. They were, however, unable to carry the measure through, lacking one vote. Those who voted yea were—Messrs. Cline, Davis, Edwards, Francis, Heisterman, Henry, Hubbell, Monroe, Moon, Phelps, Pulver, Shoemaker, Geo. A. Smith, Sam W. Smith, Stephenson, Woodruff—16. Nays—Messrs. Austin, Belknap, Brown, Carpenter, Hawley, Hertzler, Hueston, Kempf, Manwaring, Hennell, Sherwood, Spencer—13. Absent—Messrs. Carveth, Davenport, Greiner. The bill was reconsidered and tabled. The best speech of the day was by Senator Brown, of Kalamazoo, who made a decided impression by the vigor and originality of his remarks.

Montreal Notes.—March 16.—Saw a number of crows here yesterday, which must mean spring, or else the crow's almanac is wrong, which latter I think is the case, as thermometer to-day shows zero with stiff N.E. wind blowing. Guns are being cleaned up, etc., preparatory to the usual spring slaughter of ducks, as soon as the ice breaks up. There is one certain cure for spring shooting, which all civilized communities seem to be willing to adopt, and are doing their utmost to bring about, and that is extinction. Any observant man can see it coming slowly but surely. Dr. Thos. C. Brainerd, president of the Hamilton Powder Company, has been elected president of our fish and game protection club, and we hope his influence, energy and ability may be productive of some much-needed reforms in our game laws.—Caribou.

A St. Patrick's Day Dinner.—Dorchester, N. B., March 18.—The first wild goose of the season was bagged by Deacon Millard Lawrence, on the 16th inst. We celebrated the occasion by giving a St. Patrick's dinner to a number of the local sportsmen. There have been few geese reach this far north as yet this season. "Mine host" Wilbur of the leading hotel here has had constructed a new gunning boat for the spring shooting, with which he threatens to distance all competitors. A number of the crack shots of the town are discussing the formation of a shooting club for trap-shooting practice.—B.

Iowa Spring Shooting.—Anita, Ia., March 13.—Spring has fairly opened and the geese and ducks have been winging their way northward for two weeks. The old line nimrods have been overhauling their outfits and shining up their guns. The quail had hard rustling this winter, but noticed several bevies recently that seemed lively.—C. B.

An Odd Conceit is that of a correspondent who, having missed his first rifle shot at a squirrel, has ever since wished that the rodent might have known that it was the first shot.

Kentucky Sportsmen will meet in convention at Louisville, April 8 and 9, at the Louisville Hotel.

Forest Fires.—The *Lumber World* makes the astonishing assertion that the loss to this country through forest fires is now not less than $300,000,000 a year, simply through the destruction of available timber, without counting the additional loss from the annihilation of the young growth and the seeds scattered on the surface, and the scorching of the ground, which often renders it sterile for a generation. This enormous sum, about equal to the interest on the public debts of all the civilized nations of the world combined, is, according to the reports of experts, annually thrown away forever by the people of the United States, without the smallest return in the way of comfort or satisfaction, but, on the contrary, at the cost of many lives every year, simply through the carelessness of boys and hunters, and of those more intelligent persons who ought to know enough to keep a sharp watch over these destructive animals. Next to human beings of feeble intellect, railway locomotives do most injury in forest countries, and the *Lumber World* inquires seriously whether the owners of such locomotives should not be compelled, in the public interest, so furnish them with spark arresters during the dry season. The idea that railway companies are responsible for the value of timber destroyed by fires set from their locomotives undoubtedly has some effect in preventing legislative interference with their management; but it is so difficult to fix the kindling of a forest fire with certainty upon locomotive sparks, to say nothing of the obstacles in the way of collecting large debts from newly established railway corporations, that the safer way would be to provide as far as possible against raising the question of responsibility by compelling the use of spark arresters. Against animated incendiaries a forest patrol might be tolerably effective, but it would be still more useful to provide in some way for the removal of underbrush from the woodland. Trees by themselves are not easily kindled, and the mischief is usually done through the ignition of dry leaves, ferns or bushes, which burn long enough to char, and at last to kindle the branches of the trees above them.—*American Architect.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE SEASON'S OPENING DAY.

With joyous heart the angler hails
The season's opening day,
Nor lingers long in city streets,
Where men of business stay.

His trusty rod again he takes,
His silken line and reel,
A well-filled book of chosen flies,
A lunch-box in his creel.

He wends his way 'cross meadows green,
And leaps each fence and wall;
He plucks the violet in his path
And notes the bluebird's call.

The country air is fresh and pure,
And bright the landscape seems;
The mountain stream leaps down the glen
In sunshine's flashing beams.

He nears the brook with cautious tread,
And casts th' alluring fly
Upon the surface of the pool,
Where speckled beauties lie.

In skillful hand his pliant rod
Most gracefully he wields,
The music of his reel meantime
Is heard across the fields.

With flashing eye the lusty fish
Has seized the tempting bait,
And now, alas! too late he finds
His life is sealed by fate.

Thus hour by hour the angler casts
Upon the ripples' crest,
Or whips the deep, dark pools for trout
Till daylight sinks to rest.

Then homeward bound, with hungry look,
He hastens on his way,
And by the evening fireside tells
His luck on opening day.

C. T. Mitchel.

TROUT FISHING IN UPPER COOS.

Having spent from four weeks to as many months in the woods of northern New Hampshire and Maine every season for the past fifteen years, the most of the time trout fishing, I have often been asked to give an account of the haps and mishaps of some of our excursions to the lakes and streams of this region. I will begin by giving my first experience in trout fishing with a fly-rod. I have learned a great many things of angling and woodcraft from Forest and Stream in former years, and now scarcely ever take up a number without getting some new idea on the "gentle art." As there are always new recruits joining the ranks of the fly-casters, perhaps this sketch may be of interest to them.

When I was a boy fly-fishing was comparatively unknown in this vicinity. A common Limerick hook on a five-cent line, with a piece of tea-lead for a sinker, and a slim tamarack pole, made a pretty good rig for us boys. Many a fine string of trout was the reward of our half-day excursions that we won by taking our "stints" in hoeing time; and sometimes we got a whole day's fishing when it rained so hard that we couldn't work out of doors. But after summer travel began to come this way, and trout were plenty and scientific fishermen came; their fine tackle was almost a wonder to us who had never used a fly-rod. But after seeing W. C. Prime and Dr. Elmendorf use a fly-rod with such effect on Profile Lake and Millsfield Pond, I was never satisfied until I went to the extravagance of getting a $3 fly-rod, two dozen flies and two or three leaders, and took a boat and with Charles Cleveland and John Spalding, started for a week's camping and fishing at Millsfield Pond.

This was about the middle of May, and we took plenty of worms in case the flies did not answer the purpose, for some of the old fishermen told us it was too early for trout to rise to a fly. We fastened our boat on a one-horse express wagon, put in our luggage and a paddle, took a couple of pieces of boards for seats, and one morning we mounted our vehicle and were "off for the woods away."

Nothing of particular interest occurred till we arrived at Uncle Tom Wentworth's, thirty miles distant and the last house on our route, five miles from our destination. The rest of the way was through the woods and over a "tote" road, as the roads to the winter logging camps over which they draw their winter supplies are called. It had only been used in the winter, and was too rough for us to take in our boat on the wagon; so we fastened a moose sled behind the forward axle of our wagon, put on our boat, the forward end resting on the axle and the other on the sled. We hired a boy to return with the horse, put our baggage into the boat and started, our boy leading the horse, the boat on the impromptu vehicle, John with a long ducking gun on his shoulder, Charley with the axe, and "ye scribe" with a fly-rod bringing up the rear. As we wound through the thick alder woods and through the old Tyler opening, across Newell's Brook, over the mountain and through the long stretch of hardwood growth, where John shot the ruffed grouse as we neared the pond, made a picture that was immortalized on the sides of our bark camp with a piece of charcoal and will be remembered by all of that party long after many more important things have been forgotten. Everything went along nicely, the moose sled sliding over the logs and stumps without an accident until within a few rods of the pond, when the nose of one sled-runner struck a stump and the sled went to pieces very much like the "Deacon's one-horse shay." But after taking our baggage to camp, we carried the boat to the pond and found it perfectly water-tight, which was much better than we expected after so rough a ride. It was the first time a boat was ever on that pond. It remained there several years, and Dr. Kingsbury, J. Menzie, Dr. Elmendorf and many others can testify to its being a great improvement on the rafts that we had to use before, especially for fly-fishing. I took a bait-rod and caught a half dozen trout for supper, while the others broke a few fresh fir boughs for a bed and cut the wood for night. Our camp was a lean-to roof and ends covered with spruce bark, and had been substantially built the year before, and after an extra covering of white-birch bark was tight as a cup. Four or five miles distant was an ice-cold spring, about bree feet across and perhaps twenty inches deep, where we proposed to keep our large trout alive, if our flies proved a success. After a supper of fried trout, flap-jacks and coffee, we built a fire to last all night and turned in early. There were no flies or mosquitoes to trouble us, and we slept undisturbed till broad daylight.

The woods were vocal with music, the rose-breasted grosbeak taking the most prominent part in the concert, but the other feathered songsters seemed to be trying for a prize in vocalization. The rose-breasted grosbeak is ahead of the bobolink as a songster, and is more plenty around Millsfield ponds than at any other place in this county; it seems to be a favorite meeting place for them. Cow Mountain, near Cow Mountain Pond, in Vermont, is another favorite spot for them.

After breakfast we put together our rods, found a stone for an anchor, John took the paddle, Charley the fly-rod, and myself with a bait-rod we started out. The pond contains thirty acres, one-half of it from one to three feet deep and the other half running to fifteen feet deep. There was not a ripple on the water, and we could not get a fish in the shallow part of the pond, but they began to take the bait as we moved into deeper water, and I soon had several flopping around our feet in the boat. But Charley had got none yet, although he had two or three rises; but every little while would wind the leader around his head or hook John in the back. John began to get excited, and wanted us to put him ashore and let him take the raft and go by himself, so I took the paddle and put him ashore, and after cutting a long pole for an anchor pushed the raft out into the middle of the pond and commenced fishing. "I feel safe now anyway," said he, "and if you don't come within reach of me I shan't feel as though I am liable to lose an eye at any moment." "No, but that don't seem to help me any," said Charley as he turned round for me to take a fly-hook out of the back of his coat collar. "If you will get that out of my coat I will give up fly-fishing for the rest of the day."

Just then there came a shout from John that might have been heard half way to the settlement, as he took out one that weighed about three-quarters of a pound. He came very near falling into the pond before he saved him; but finally he got hold of him, and a Modoc shout went up from his throat that must have awakened the owls on the mountain. I took the fly-rod, but only got a few more; but when we went in for dinner we had more than we could use for the meal. We had four or five nice ones to put in the spring. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and taking the fly-rod again, we started out about 2 o'clock and found that the trout had begun to move down into the shallow water feeding, and they began to rise quite freely. My cast was a Montreal and Jew for droppers, and brown caughlin for tail fly. I supposed that I must have three flies on the leader, and I was going to begin right anyway. It was a partly cloudy afternoon, and trout seemed to rise about alike to each fly. After I had taken several and Charley had netted them for me, we put them in the spring. Charley took the rod again, but after winding himself up in the leader two or three times more, he concluded he had rather paddle the boat and land the trout, and let me do the casting for the rest of the trip. I began to get nervous as the trout began to rise at nearly every cast, and I did'nt hook more than one in six that rose to the flies. We were drifting in shallow water, and I was casting with the wind, when two large trout came clean out of the water for the flies, but I struck too quickly and missed them both.

"Stop the boat," said I, excitedly, "and hold it, and I will try and get one or both of those fellows," and shortening my line I made another cast, as I thought, over the same place, but no sign of either of them. "They seem pretty easily discouraged," said I, reeling in more line and making another cast with the same result. Another cast still nearer the boat, when I said, "If you had held the boat so it had not drifted over them, I should have one of them any way. They would weigh a pound apiece sure; but we have frightened them now with the boat." This was probably spoken in a vexed tone, when he looked up and coolly said:

"The boat is just where it was when you first spoke, for I put the paddle in the mud and have held the boat in just the same place ever since."

It was even so, the moving waves making the water and boat appear to be moving when they were not, and I had been casting further from the fish every time. I don't know whether I ever got either of those fish or not, but whenever I meet Charley on the street, even to this day, he will stop me to inquire why I don't jaw him about holding that boat.

We caught quite a number of large ones that we managed to keep alive, and as the spring was only two or three rods from the shore, after we had caught a half dozen or so would take them in the landing net and carefully put them in the spring, and when we quit fishing at night, it was a fine sight to a lover of the *Salmo fontinalis* to see them swimming around and seeming quite at home.

The trout in this pond are the genuine brook trout, running up to two pounds weight, very fat, for they have all the food they want both summer and winter; small heads, for they grow very fast; the head of one weighing one pound is about the size of one weighing half a pound caught in a stream. Almost black backs in deep water, turning to darkish green in shallow water; white bellies and red-meated, and of the most exquisite flavor, feeding almost entirely on flies in summer, and in winter there are plenty of flies and worms. Sometimes they are lying in the mud and it is of no more use to fish in the pond for them than it would be to fish on dry land. If you don't happen to know of a spring hole where there may be a few hanging around, you had better go ashore and pick a few more boughs for the camp, cut wood for the fire, and get ready for the time that is coming when they will bite again.

Well, let us go to camp, for John has supper ready all but making the coffee. The trout that he caught with bait were hurt so that they had to be killed, so we had adundance of trout every meal, and we never tire of them, for they are cooked just to a turn in pork fat with a piece of butter put in the pan near the finish, to give them a perfect brown, and is it not marvelous what a quantity can be disposed of by three outers, after they have been in the woods two or three days, and how soon they are hungry again. I believe John ate six meals in one day, but he denies it now and says it was only five.

After supper we got out the beans, washed them, put them to soak in warm water, and when we go to bed we will put them on the fire in the camp kettle and let them parboil, and as we leave a small fire to-night, whoever gets up at 2 o'clock to fix the fire, will drain off the water, put in some more with a piece of pork, and stewed beans are on the bill of fare for to-morrow noon. If we don't have company to dinner to-morrow there will be enough left for supper; so we shall have nearly all day for fishing if we want it.

Morning again, and we are off for another day; with the wind blowing enough for just the right ripple to delight the heart of an angler. We start across the pond and when we get where the water is about seven or eight feet deep, two trout rise, and a sharp turn of the wrist they are securely hooked on the two last flies. They make a dash for the deeper water and as I turn them toward the boat, and the first fly comes to the surface, it is seized by a large fish and a hard strike, made involuntarily, securely hooks him also.

"Jerusalem! you have got three of them, haven't you?" said Charley, as he swung the boat around and I stood up, the better to see what was going on.

"Yes, there are three on now, but I can never save them, and I am afraid they will smash the tackle sure, but keep the boat away from them," said I, as they made a sudden rush under the boat, and the little rod bent double under the strain. The boat backed away from them and I gave them more line.

"Keep cool and you will save them yet," said Charley, "you are getting nervous."

"Yes, but who wouldn't be nervous to get into a scrape like this?"

"Got a whale," says John, as he coolly hauled in a half-pounder with his bait-rod, "why don't you take him in as I do?" and he quietly put on another angle worm.

"I wish I could, but we have got more than we know what to do with," I replied. Just then one of them made a lunge out of the water, like a bass, and suddenly went for the bottom. "There's one the less to look out for now, anyway," said I.

"Yes, that one is a goner, I guess," said Charley, "but don't lose the others if you can possibly help it."

After that they became more quiet, and I began to reel in slowly. Charley dropped the paddle, threw over the anchor, and I slowly swung them toward the net, and the one we hooked last turned up on his side and Charley quickly slipped the net under him and drew him toward the boat. The other seemed as lively as ever, and just as he released the fly gave a sudden dart under the boat, and fastened the loose fly in the meshes of the landing net.

"Unhook it quick or I shall lose the other one, for he is pulling like a Trojan," said I, and it seemed as though he would never get that hook loose. "I can't unhook it, he yanks 'round so. I wish you would hold him in a little harder till I can get the fly out of the net, and I can't get this trout into the boat with this hook fastened in the net. I wish the other one would get off or keep quieter," and my rod seemed to have all it could stand, and I couldn't draw the other fish from under the boat, and every little while he would make a dash and it seemed as though the rod must go. "Break the hook, turn the net, do something or we shall lose them all, and be quick about it," but it seemed a full minute more before the hook was liberated. At last it was unfastened and he took in the anchor, backed the boat away, and I reeled off more line and eased up on the rod.

"Do you know how may fish you have on your flies now?" asked Charley, as a steady rise on the rod brought the flies near the surface and gave him a view of the fish.

"I had one," said I, as he made another dash under the boat and one of the flies caught on the side, "but now I don't know as I have any." I reached out and unfastened the hook, and he backed the boat away, and said, "There were two when they came up the last time, for I saw them!" After playing them a while longer, I saw that they were both on still, and one of them was hooked in the side, and that was the reason he was able to fight so much longer than any I had ever caught before. Finally I reeled them up so that he netted them both and took them into the boat at the same time.

"Hurrah!" shouted Charley, swinging his hat, but "what is the matter with you," as I sat dow in the end of the boat and began to reel in my line.

"Nothing, only I am as weak as a baby."

We marked those three trout, and when we got back to L., the smallest one weighed three-quarters of a pound and the largest one and a quarter pounds. We thought it a big thing, and it was many years before I again saved three trout as large as those at one time. We continued our sport until the spring looked as though we had all the trout we wanted to take home, and we concluded it would be wicked to take any more, so we wound up our tackle and began to make preparations to leave the woods the next day. We cut a few extra sticks of wood, so that we could have a big fire for the last evening in camp, and after supper we built our fire a little further from camp, so as not to get roasted out, and we lay back on the soft boughs and watched the sparks in the darkness, and told stories and wondered how it could be possible that our week could be so nearly gone, and why time passed so much faster in camp than anywhere else.

Some of the pleasantest hours of an outing that we remember in after years are the evenings spent in camp before a blazing log fire, without which no camp can fill the wants of an old camper. A rabbit hopped along and sat down behind our fire and looked around fearlessly, as though campfires were an every-evening affair to him. After John had fired all the cartridges of his seven-shooter at him, and the rabbit had quietly hopped back into the darkness, John said, "Well, we couldn't stay in here all summer to eat him, and probably he was tougher than tripe anyway." By and by the owls came around the fire and gave a concert such as you never hear anywhere else but in the woods, and we listened to them half asleep and half awake, till finally we fell asleep and knew not when the concert ended.

We were astir early, for we had considerable to do to get ready for an early start for "Uncle Tom Wentworth's." After breakfast we packed our dishes, put out the fire, and went down to the spring with the landing net to get our trout. We dipped them out, killed and dressed them, packed them in our boxes with a sprinkling of granulated sugar, securely fastened our boat, and are ready for the five-mile walk. Two hours' travel took us to our team, and after getting a bowl of bread and milk, that seemed to have a very satisfactory effect on our stomachs after our woods cuisine, we got started about noon for our thirty-five mile drive to Lancaster, where we arrived safely before dark. We shall always remember the trip, as including some of the many "red-letter days" that we have passed trout fishing in the upper Coos region.

Perhaps sometime I will tell you of some other excursions to the same pond with parties whose names have been "household words" with FOREST AND STREAM in former years, and if they happen to see this sketch of my first fly-fishing, will remember other excursions, where a different fly-rod bore off the honors of the day. Now, an eight-ounce split bamboo takes the place of the three-dollar one. But there was a great deal to be learned before we thought it policy to put twenty-five dollars in a rod. I thought the other day, when a friend invested seven dollars and fifty cents in a split bamboo, that probably before two years he would be looking for one made by the best makers. Scarcely any of us bought a very expensive rod at first, but as the years go by and we learn more of the "gentle art," we find that the finest tackle pleases us the best. S. J. G.

BASS FISHING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

LIFE in a secluded valley among the Adirondacks is very pleasant, especially in November, when the mountains flame with crimson and gold, for at this season they seem to express a wonderful life and sentiment. The sunshine and drifting cloud-shadows throw over them a magic spell. One moment they will smile at you, another frown darkly, then perhaps follows a look of settled repose and sadness. I live in such a valley, where the companionship of the grand old mountains and pleasant friends make life very quiet and sweet.

This is all very fine, but it is human nature to wish for a change; something seems to be lacking. Suddenly I say to myself, "Ben, why don't you go fishing?" I will, of course I will, and won't I have a good time out on the broad lake in my little Adirondack boat, fighting the big waves, and laughing at the wind and flying spray, and isn't it fun to fight the gamy bass and wall-eyed pike with an eight-ounce rod? On the spur of the moment I rush out, catch up my minnow pail and net, and start for the Boquet River on the run. The Boquet is a dream of a river. Clear as a crystal, its long shallow "reaches" murmuring over beds of clean bright sand and pebbles, its bottom a "moving mosaic" of golden lights and shadows, beautiful as the iridescent sides of the trout that inhabit its depths. Its banks are covered with wild flowers, and from this it was named Boquet by the old French explorer Champlain, who first discovered it and camped upon its banks.

I drop my little net on the sandy bottom. Soon a school of minnows draw near and curiously examine the strange thing that has fallen into their quiet pool, but suddenly it rises and takes a crowd of them into the upper air, from which the little beauties are transferred to the bait pail. This is repeated again and again until enough are secured. Dear reader, let me advise you to catch your own bait when you go fishing, for it is part of the fun. I haven't told of the big trout that made a dash to hide and got entangled in my net, how near I came to getting him and how he escaped, and of the big turtle that came rushing along, scaring away the minnows, much to my disgust, nor how the bank caved and let me into the water. This was part of the fun, of course it was.

Returning to the house I harness Jerry, throw into the buggy a "camp kit," and with rod and bait start for Westport, on Lake Champlain. Arriving there after a pleasant drive of twelve miles, I leave Jerry in care of my pleasant friend Clark, of the Richards House, and walk down to the lake shore. I find the wind rapidly rising, and a rather heavy sea running. It is now nearly 4 P. M., and I must cross the lake to my favorite reef at Button Bay, where I intend to camp for the night.

Pushing off my little "Adirondack" I jump in, seize the oars, and with long, steady strokes soon pass out of the bay into the broad lake. Casting my eye to the north they meet a fearful sight. Is it a stampede of great black horses tossing their white manes in the air? a low, dark cloud hovering over them like a pall, and the whole vision sweeping down with resistless power. This means business, and hurriedly stripping off my coat, I set my teeth and spring to the oars. Can I get under the shelter of the Vermont shore before the weight of the squall strikes me? This is the question now. My little boat rushes up the long waves, throws one-third of its length out of water, and comes down on the other side with a crash, staggers and rushes forward again like a frightened deer. I cannot keep my eyes from the black terror coming down from the north, and unguardedly striking a breaking wave I get drenched with water. But no matter, the boat must not slacken its speed, and on and on we struggle with dogged resolution. The squall is on us, but suddenly the waves grow milder and I turn my head. O, joy! it is the influence of the Vermont shore.

Passing around the point into Button Bay the boat gently slides up the inclined beach with its skipper badly blown. After a few minutes' rest, I hastily turn the water out of my boat and cross over to the reef to get a bass for supper and secure a good one. It is now nearly dark with a cold wind blowing. At the head of the bay, under a high bank covered with evergreens, I find a nook completely sheltered from the winds, and turning the boat on its side, with a buffalo robe spread under, and plenty of driftwood for my fire, I think I am comfortable for the night. The bass with plenty of hot coffee and toast give me a splendid supper.

Stretched at length under the boat, listening to the waves on the other side of the point and the music of the wind in the pine trees and enjoying the warmth of the fire, I go to sleep. About midnight I awake with a chill to find that the wind has changed and is sweeping on me in a pitiless manner, so I spend the rest of the night watching for light in the east and comforting myself with a good fire and plenty of hot coffeee.

I do not wonder the little birds sing when they see the morning breaking in the east, if they felt as I did when I discovered the light slowly rising from behind the Green Mountains. The whole eastern sky was soon in a blaze of gold, crimson and purple, a sight fit for the gods. The wind had gone down to a gentle breeze, giving promise of a good morning's fishing. So making a hasty toilet by the lake shore, and eating a lunch, I started for the fishing ground. I tried different parts of the reef, but without success. What did it mean? I had plenty of live minnows and fine tackle. It was the last part of November, and I began to think it was too late in the season. It was a splendid morning, and the water was covered with a light ripple; but I had noticed two small spots of smooth water out in the lake, one perhaps ten yards across and the other larger. They had excited my curiosity, for I could see no particular reason for it, so I rowed out there and cast anchor.

I threw over a live minnow, which had hardly reached the bottom before it was taken, and I found I had a heavy, "logy" fish on my line which made some hard runs but soon came to the surface. I led it up to the boat. "Great Scott! what a fat bass." Slipping the net under it I took it in out of the wet, and as it lay in the bottom of the boat I gazed at it with astonishment, and can only compare it to the "prize porker" at a county fair. It was a small-mouth, and would weigh about four pounds, and I christened it Daniel Lambert. I threw over another minnow, which was immediately taken by a heavy fish, but alas! was too lightly hooked. "Good by, old fellow, may you live to fight another day." Another minnow—hurrah! a mate to Daniel! I took in six or eight fine ones before they stopped biting, then paddled over to the other calm spot and threw out a minnow. An immediate response—another fat bass. And so it went until I had fourteen magnificent fish, not counting five or six I lost because they took hold in such a dainty manner. I found the bass in about twenty feet of water on a smooth bottom not far from a sunken reef. There must have been quite a school of them getting ready to hibernate, and they had certainly laid in a big store of fat for their winter's sleep.

It was the first time I ever thought schools of fish made such calm spots on the water, but it seems others have noticed it. I here quote an English writer, Phillip Gilbert Hamilton, in his book called, "Painter's Camp in the Highlands," writing of Highland landscapes:

"Loch Awe after Sunset.—In the middle of these thousand acres of breeze there is one spot, perhaps in reality, about a hundred of yards across which the breeze has not touched at all. It is a little isle of enchanted calm in a rippling sea. I have often gone in my boat to examine these isolated calms. I have found them no bigger than the floor of a good-sized dining-room. I have crossed lines of calm as narrow as the lobbies in the House of Commons, and apparently as well protected from the wind. The fishermen on Loch Fyne who have observed this phenomenon, account for it by the theory that it is produced by oil rising from fish. It is certain that the thinnest films of oil will prevent the wind from rubbing water into a ripple."

I think the theory of the fishermen of Loch Fyne is correct, at least in regard to the isolated calms I fished in, as they were in the same place for over an hour. I'd like to know if any other fisherman has noticed them.

I had a pleasant row back to Westport, and with pardonable pride showed my magnificent string of bass to my friends in the valley. The combined weight of the fourteen was nearly forty pounds. B. BISHOP.

NEW RUSSIA, Essex County, N. Y.

ARKANSAS FISH LAW.

SECTION 1. No person shall be allowed to place, erect, or cause to be placed or erected or maintained in any of the waters of this State, or in front of the mouth of any stream, slough or bayou, any seine, net, gill-net, trammel-net, set-net, bag weir, bush drag, or any fish trap or dam, or any other obstruction or device or devices or by any such means to take or catch any fish in any of the waters of this State; provided, that the prohibitions of this act shall not apply to waters wholly on the premises belonging to the person or persons using such device or devices; and, provided further, that it may be lawful to use a very small seine, not to exceed in length fifteen feet, for capturing very small fish, usually called minnows, which may be caught to be used as bait or for stocking other waters with fish, but for no other purpose; and, provided further, that it shall not be unlawful for any person or persons to use a seine, not exceeding sixty feet in length, in any of the unnavigable streams or lakes in this State to catch fish for family use or for picnics, and not for sale; nor shall it be unlawful for any person or persons to place traps in the unnavigable streams of this State, provided such traps do not obstruct the free passage of fish in ascending or descending such streams; nor shall it be unlawful to use a net, seine, or gill-net in any of the navigable streams, provided the meshes of such seine, net, or gill-net be not less than three inches in size, and that such seine, net, or gill-net does not obstruct the outlet or inlet of any lake or stream emptying into any other lake or stream. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined in any sum not less than five nor more than two hundred dollars.

SEC. 2. The term waters in this State, whenever used in this act, shall be deemed and held to mean all streams, lakes, ponds, sloughs or bayous, or other waters wholly or in part in this State.

SEC. 3. All laws and parts of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect and be in force within one hundred and twenty days after its passage.

HOW TO FASTEN FLIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have my way, and everybody else has his way of attaching flies to the leader. Of course we all have not the best way. So far as I know there is only one way of attaching the tail fly, but there are more modes of putting on the droppers. Will some of your correspondents tell us "how they do it?" I believe that the long snell which was universal some years ago has gone out of use, though some flies that were sent to me from England, not very long since, had the old-fashioned long snell. I think that information about putting on the flies that are tied with a loop instead of a snell would be welcomed by a good many anglers to whom this mode of tying is new. I know that they have occasioned not a little trouble to some who had never seen them used before, and whose inventive genius was not well developed.—M.

TROUT OF BEAR RIVER.—In article by Mr. A. N. Cheney, on this subject in issue of Feb. 26, for "characteristic red blotch on the lower fin," read "characteristic red blotch on the lower jaw."

FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE. By Henry P. Wells. This book, long announced, is now ready, just in time for the opening of the season. It is a practical book, as may be inferred from its authorship. Sent post-paid on receipt of $2.50

ESCANABA, Mich., March 19.—Three feet of snow in the woods, ice two and a half feet thick, trout will not bite here yet awhile;—15°.

WALLACE'S GUIDE TO THE ADIRONDACKS will be issued in new and enlarged form for next season. It is said to be very complete.

Fishculture.

TROUT CULTURE AT THE SOUTH SIDE CLUB.

SEVERAL gentlemen inspected the hatcheries and ponds of the South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island, by invitation, on Saturday last. Among them were State Fish Commissioners R. B. Roosevelt and E. G. Blackford. The club began trout culture in 1876, and has been very successful, some six thousand fish having been taken from its waters last year with the fly, while something like a thousand pounds were netted and sold to cover expenses. The rainbow trout has grown well here, but it is closely confined or it would, as in other waters, have gone to sea and disappeared. At present the club has over five hundred of these fish, which we claim

are the steel-head salmon (*S. gairdneri*), which will weigh three pounds each. Of native trout they have thousands, both in the ponds, the lakes, and the miles of trout streams owned by this enterprising club.

Although mainly an angling club, there is much attention paid to other field sports and the propagation of game birds and animals. The fish are liberally fed, and it is believed that the receipts balance the expenditures, a rare instance where trout are confined. The catch of members is limited to a certain number each per day—fifteen, we believe—and no more must be killed no matter how freely they rise. The membership is limited to one hundred, and many applications are on file for admittance when the next vacancy occurs. The property has increased in value many fold since its purchase and will continue to do so for some time.

The success in trout culture is believed to be as great as that of any establishment in America, public or private, and is an instructive instance of what can be done with proper facilities and care.

FISHCULTURE AT THE FARMERS' CLUB.—The New York Farmers' Club met at the Hotel Brunswick on the evening of Thursday, March 19. Legrand B. Cannon presided, and among the gentlemen present were Samuel Sloan, Francis R. Rives, James S. Stillman, Smith Clift, F. Bronson, William H. Dinsmore, Frederick A. Potts, Prof. Charles F. Chandler, R. B. Roosevelt, Eugene G. Blackford, John S. Barnes, Hugo Fritsch, George B. Post, Gen. Horace Porter, Edwin Thorne, George H. Brown, D. F. Appleton, and John D. Wing. The theme for discussion was fishculture and it had been announced that Prof. G. Brown Goode would address the meeting on this subject. He was not present, however. Mr. Roosevelt said that although great advances had been made in fishculture there was a great deal yet to learn. The benefits already achieved have been as miraculous as the famous draught of fishes. We could now plant fish with as firm a confidence in assured results as though we planted corn. The greatest successes had been made with shad and black bass, but in the near future the experiments in crossing the California trout with brook trout would also probably end in an immense triumph. The German carp, though inferior from an edible standpoint, could be cultivated in rural regions where otherwise the taste of fresh fish would be an unknown luxury. Better a poor fish than none at all. Mr. E. G. Blackford gave some very interesting statistics showing the exaggeration in the calculations of early American writers on the subject, quoting the tables of profits given by Ainsworth, Norris, and Stone. The day for such figures had passed and fishculture is on a more stable basis. He showed young salmon just hatched and eggs of the rainbow trout and whitefish from the State hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. He said the daily consumption of fresh fish in New York city was 155,000 pounds. In spite of the fact that our population had quadrupled, and that the market had been widened by improved facilities of transportation, the supply of fish remained the same as it was when our grandfathers bought shad for five cents a pound. Nor was the price very much higher now than then. Codfish had been sold recently for seventy-five cents the 100 pounds, and bluefish at two cents a pound. What was needed now to further increase the supply of shad was the passage of a law making one day in the week at least a close day for netting. From Saturday night to Monday morning would be enough to give the fish a chance to get up the North River to their spawning beds. Even now they managed to get up the river as far as Albany in spite of the nets that were spread out at every point to intercept them. Mr. Cannon followed Mr. Blackford and stated that in his opinion the money spent by the Legislature in supporting the Fish Commission was the very best investment ever made by the State. In the restoration of shad to the Hudson River the State had been more than paid for all its expenditures, for the fish was becoming extinct and are now more plenty than ever. He regretted extremely that during the last two or three years the Legislature had not been as liberally inclined in this matter as formerly, and he therefore would suggest that the "farmers" unite in a memorial to that body, requesting them to perennially hold up the hands of the Fish Commission in the good work it was doing. This motion was formally made and carried, and Messrs. John Jay, Francis R. Rives, and Prof. Charles F. Chandler were appointed a committee to frame a fitting petition. The exercises closed with a witty address by Gen. Horace Porter.

THE FISHCULTURISTS' ASSOCIATION.—The executive committee met again at Mr. Blackford's, in Fulton Market, on Monday, 23d inst, George Shepard Page in the chair. Letters from Col. McDonald and Hon. Theo. Lyman were read. The dates of meeting, May 5 and 6, were approved and the 7th was added at the suggestion of Col. McDonald for an excursion to the shad hatching grounds. The local committee at Washington was empowered to decide on all questions which may arise and to arrange for addresses and papers to be read. In addition to the opening address of the president of the Association, it was suggested that Prof. Baird be asked to deliver the address on the evening of the first day, or, in case of his declining, that Prof. Goode be invited to deliver it. It was also suggested that there be a reception at the National Museum on the evening of the second day, and that Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, be invited to deliver an address.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2200.**

THE NATIONAL DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The executive committee of the National American Field Trials Club, yielding to general request, have extended the time for closing the entries for the Derby to May 1, owing to the prevalence of distemper. B. M. Stephenson, Secretary.

Memphis, Tenn., March 21.

BENCH SHOWS AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season is now approaching when agricultural societies throughout the country will be arranging their prize lists and making general preparation for the annual autumnal fairs, I beg to call attention to the desirability of adding bench shows of dogs and collie trials to the usual live stock exhibit.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society made a departure from the stereotyped programme at its annual State fair last September when it added a dog show, and jumping trials of hunters to its other attractions. The result was so satisfactory to the managers that we have decided to make them a part of the regular exhibit at future shows.

Horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, with agricultural machinery and products of the soil are legitimate to an agricultural fair, and should properly have a prominent place, but we must not forget that they only interest a minimum of the visitors, that for every farmer who attends, there are a dozen or more sightseers who go to be amused; city people, who know nothing (and care less) of the difference between a thoroughbred horse and Clydesdale, a short horn and a Jersey, a South Down and Cotswold, and so on to the end of the chapter. It is this vast throng of the uninitiated, the curiosity hunters we may call them, that makes a fair self-supporting, the money they bring into the treasury enables the management to meet the heavy outlay.

Therefore we have to vary the entertainment to keep up the interest and induce this class of visitors to attend. How shall we do it? The modern idea is to add the attraction of trotting horses, and most well-appointed fair grounds have half mile tracks, and hang up purses for the different classes of trotters.

This we know draws largely, but it is no longer a novelty.

The writer attended an agricultural fair in Lancashire, Eng., some years ago, where a trial of hunters at hurdles, and a bench show of dogs were prominent features, and the crowds they attracted was abundant proof of their value as a drawing card.

Collie trials, where the show grounds are of sufficient extent to admit of them, are a pleasing addition to a fair, and will be the means of extending a knowledge of the value of this interesting race of dogs in its particular sphere.

In this country the collie is mainly known as a fancy animal, valued for his beauty and companionable qualities. In Great Britain the dog finds his true mission, and is a necessity on every well-regulated sheep farm. And it is to be hoped that our farmers, on a better acquaintance with his merits, will substitute him as the farm dog in place of the present worthless nondescript.

I have selected the Forest and Stream in preference to the agricultural press as the proper medium to make the above suggestions to fair managers, for the twofold reason that it is the organ of the canine interest, and that it visits rural homes throughout our country, whose occupants are identified with agriculture, this leading pursuit of our people.

L. H. Twaddell.

THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was not very much surprised when looking through my Forest and Stream of last week, to find the following letter from the Westminster Kennel Club's kennel man and dog show manager, James Mortimer:

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I see that Mr. Wade has thought proper to make a public apology to Mr. Chas. H. Mason, I will contribute my version of the "scrap of paper" business at the last Pittsburgh dog show: Mr. Lever, of Philadelphia, exhibited two black and tan terriers, Vortigern and Reveller, the latter dog having brought with him a crack reputation from England. I thought Vortigern the better of the two, and so stated to Mr. Mason, at the same time asking him to look over the pair, which he did, and agreeing with me, so expressed himself on the piece of paper which was handed to me by Mr. Wade. The whole affair was so trivial that I had forgotten it, until it was recalled to my memory by an article in a Western paper of Oct. 4, 1884.

Jas. Mortimer.

I need scarcely say that Mr. Mortimer's "version of the scrap of paper business" is very shaky. How little foundation it has I will show. If, as Mr. Mortimer says, the whole affair was so trivial that he had "forgotten it," I fail to understand why he now tries to gloss it over in such tricky style.

Many of your readers are doubtless aware that during the last twelve months my reputation has been assailed time after time by a disreputable character in charge of a public paper. The cause of all the silly cant that has appeared is also well known—*i. e.*, my refusing to sell my convictions, the Washington report, the Meteor-Vanity business, the seven queries, the patronage of a kennel club, etc. The slip of paper story was spun out to a yarn of fraud, and it was retailed out as having been an attempt to influence a decision in favor of one of my dogs. The poor fellow who has fought himself out in trying to "kill Mason," Mr. Davidson and Mr. Watson, now finds himself beset with foes on every side. The little influence he once had over a certain clique no longer exists, and he is now compelled to bury his head in the sand and mud he has been throwing at others. Yes, sir, the skipper (?) has gone below, and it won't be the fault of honest people if he ever comes up again. May the salt water cleanse him.

It was put forward that I tried to influence a judge's decision. That looked bad. Mr. Mortimer denied the charge, and denied it promptly; but why did he not say what was on the slip of paper, and especially when he knew that the columns of the sportsman's independent (?) journal were closed to my defense? Now it's my turn. Mr. White asks why you don't defend me in your editorial columns. Many thanks to Mr. White, but I can defend myself, and that's why the columns of the independent (?) journal were closed to me. Do you see it now? *En avant!* If Mr. Mortimer's "version," translation or "construction" of the slip of paper business as now printed is correct, why did he not give it at a time when by doing so he could have cleared me of the cowardly slander without detriment to his own reputation? He dodged behind the statement that the sportsman's independent (?) journal was mistaken, and never said another word until "Porcupine" called on me to explain the case in the *Sporting Life*, and I replied that I would, when he immediately rushes his "version" into three papers. Why this anxiety after so many months of silence? Is it because "the whole affair was so trivial," or because he had "forgotten it," or is it a bit more "Owleglass stratagem?" If Mr. Mortimer had "forgotten it," why does he now undertake to present the readers of three papers with his "version" of something he knows nothing about? *Pardonnez moi*, Mr. Editor, but some queer things come to light in these columns, and by your courtesy I will place my facts by the side of Mr. Mortimer's "version," and may his friend the Poolseller help him out of the difficulty, "The whole affair was so trivial" that Mr. Mortimer had "forgotten it," and just so important that I remember it well.

Mr. James Watson was invited to judge the non-sporting dogs at the Pittsburgh show two years ago. Press of business (not of the sort that keeps a Chicago editor at home) prevented him accepting, and Mr. Kirk was appointed in his stead. The night before the show Mr. Kirk telegraphed his inability to attend. Several names were suggested to fill the vacancy, and as a *dernier resort*, Mr. Mortimer (who had previously conferred several favors on Mr. Lincoln, the superintendent of that show) was communicated with and accepted. Mr. Lincoln made known to me the fix they were in, and asked me if I objected to Mr. Mortimer's appointment. I told him that under the circumstances I did not, but said it was hard lines having one's dogs judged by a man who had had no experience at home or abroad, either as breeder, owner or exhibitor of good dogs. Mr. Lincoln replied: "He knows a bit about bulldogs and bull-terriers, and has been around to the shows and knows most of the winning dogs, so he can't get far wrong." I told Mr. Lincoln that was not dealing fairly by the public, to which he replied: "We are in a fix and must make the best of it."

There is no need to unearth all the blunders made by Mr. Mortimer on that memorable occasion, but I never saw a man try harder to give satisfaction or award prizes to the best dogs. It was a conscientious endeavor on the part of a man of limited experience to place the dogs correctly. The Pittsburgh show committee presented Mr. Mortimer with a gold-mounted cane in memory of the event. I don't think they gave it to him as an appreciation of his collie judging, seeing that he gave Robin Adair first prize and left that good dog Guido out in the cold. How much has that one decision cost collie breeders in this country? "Billy" Graham was standing next to me when the award was made, and I shall not soon forget his remarks. By the time the judge got to the black and tan terriers he fairly broke down, and asked me to judge the class for him and send into the ring to him the names of the best three dogs written in the order in which they should be placed. I felt sorry for Mr. Mortimer, and at once complied with his request, and intrusted the now notorious slip of paper to Mr. Wade to convey to Mr. Mortimer. The contents of the note were as follows:

First prize—Vortigern.
Second prize—Reveller.
Vhc.—Kistemann's dog.

Mr. Mortimer read the note, then put it in his pocket and proceeded to judge (?) the class. He examined the dogs very carefully, looked very wise, kept people waiting about twenty minutes for his decision (he didn't want to make a mistake and was rewarded in the press by being told he was a careful judge), booked the numbers of three dogs, as per my note; explained to the exhibitors why he considered Vortigern the best dog; went home to bed, dreamt he was a judge, got up in the morning and has been a judge ever since. Mr. Mortimer winds up the farce by saying that I agreed with him. I call it agreeing with myself. Mr. Mortimer's letter goes into the lobby with the Bang Bang and Rule 12 letters, the Meteor-Vanity and mastiff puppy cases, and will no doubt be indorsed by the author of "The Missing Fishing Rod," "A Night in Baltimore," "Tom Jerome's Gordon Setter Retrieving Grousedale's Cup," "The Judges I Have Killed," "The Effigies I have Set Up," and other charming souvenirs of a chaste life.

I never have had a wrong word with Mr. Mortimer in my life, and am glad to see him appointed kennelman for the W. K. C. and manager of their show, but I shall always blame him for having done himself a great injustice and his brother fanciers a still greater one, in accepting the judgeship at dog shows where his tongue and the record prove him to have had very little experience as an exhibitor, and none whatever as a breeder or owner of good dogs. My having made known the facts of the case, cannot now do Mr. Mortimer great harm, as the influence that put him into the judges' ring and kept him there no longer exists.

Charles H. Mason.

March 23, 1885.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE show which was held last week in the Second Regiment Armory, at New Haven, was noteworthy in many respects.

The number of entries has been exceeded, though only, we believe, at New York, but in the excellence of its arrangements and the smoothness with which matters moved, the New Haven show has not been excelled. Four hundred and ninety-three dogs were entered in the catalogue, but the club refused nearly one hundred and fifty entries.

It was generally remarked by those who were present that the show was the best that has yet been held in this country, and we have no hesitation in saying that it was the best that we have ever attended. There appeared to be no one to give orders or attend to matters, yet everything was done at the right time and in the right way. In fact matters were so admirably systematized that the show seemed to run itself, and everything about its management gave evidence that executive ability of a high order had been brought to bear on the exhibition.

The hall was well adapted to its purposes, being roomy and well ventilated. The comfort of the dogs was well looked after. The attendance was good.

Much of the credit for the excellence of the show is due to Mr. J. B. Robertson, the manager, but Messrs. Porter, Osborn and other members of the club were active and efficient, and contributed largely to the success.

A significant fact about the show was the heartiness with which the exhibitors almost to a man indorsed the action of the club.

With a few exceptions the judging appeared to give great satisfaction. This work was begun promptly at the opening of the show, and for the first time in the history of American dog shows, was completed the first day. The catalogue was a model of neatness and accuracy, and so was very useful. Copies with the awards printed opposite the names of winners were on sale the second day of the show.

In speaking of the animals exhibited, we have not described at length those which are well known, as comments upon them can be found in our reports of other shows.

The exhibition opened on Wednesday of last week, and in our last issue we were therefore able to publish only the awards given up to 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

The display of mastiffs was the best that has yet been seen in this country, and it is only at a few of the larger shows in England that a better collection of these noble dogs can be found. There were twenty-six entries, three of them being absent. Hero II., looking fairly well, was alone in the champion dog class. Lorna Doone also had a walk-over in the bitch class. She was not in first-rate condition. In the open dog class Ilford Cromwell came out in capital form and had an easy win. We said of him last year, "He is a grand dog, with an immense head, and is excellent in body, legs and feet. He has but just arrived from England and was not in the best of condition; should he fill out well he will take a lot of beating." His faults are a very bad eye and too much length in muzzle. He beat Hero II. for the special prize. Dr. Perry, who owns them both, stated to the judge in our presence that his preference was for Hero, and we fancied that he would agree with him, as Hero is a son of old Salisbury; but the brindle would not be denied, and his excellent form and beautiful condition fairly won him the race. Homer was placed second. He showed up badly in the ring. Hector, vhc. and reserve, has not improved since we saw him last. Agrippa, vhc., was well shown. Hildebert, also vhc., has a good head, except that he is a trifle dish-faced; he has good legs and feet, but is rather short coupled. Laylass, hc., we do not like; he is leggy, light in bone and long in face; he was shown in bad condition. Dan, the winner at New York last year, was unnoticed; his ugly disposition is sufficient to condemn him, to say nothing of his long face, lack of markings and crippled condition.

Rosalind, the winner in the bitch class, is a recent importation. She won the champion prize at the Crystal Palace last July. She is a grand animal, of large size and plenty of bone, her head is massive, and she has a very pleasing expression; she lacks in wrinkle and is very throaty, which is her worst fault. Prussian Princess, the winner of second, equal with Hilda V., is also a recent importation. She has a good head, with nice black markings, and is a very nice bitch; her faults are a heavy ear and hindlegs a little too straight and forelegs not quite straight enough. Hilda V., equal second, is a big lengthy bitch, with a fair skull and ear. She is just a bit dish-faced and a little light in bone. She was well shown. Queen II., vhc. and reserve, won second at the Breeders' show last fall. She was looking well. Onyx, hc., is a fair bitch,

with a small head and badly carried ears. She is also rather light in bone and is a little out at elbow. Bertha, the only unnoticed one in the class, was in very bad condition. She is not a show animal.

The two winners in the puppy class are of the litter that won at New York at the Non-Sporting Show. They are compact and well formed of much the same type. Both are small and have light eyes, and lack depth in muzzle. Garth, vhc., is the largest mastiff for his age that we ever saw. He has a good body, but is too long in face and carries his ears badly. Druid, also vhc., has a fairly good head. He has a light eye, and is too small; he also stands bad in front. Hubert, hc., has plenty of bone and good legs and feet. He has heavy ears which are badly carried. Dumont, c., has a fair head, but is sway-backed and shallow in middle; he may improve. Wilbur, unnoticed, is a poor specimen with no mastiff character. The classes all through were very good and properly judged. Mr. Porter informed us that he had interviewed every mastiff exhibitor present, and that one and all expressed entire satisfaction with the awards.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. WATSON).

There were eighteen St. Bernards shown. None of the cracks were present and there was nothing very remarkable among them. There were no entries in the champion classes. In the open dog class first went to Rene, a small dog with a fair head; he is a trifle slack in the back. Barry, second, has a surly temper; he also lacks coat and has a curly tail. St. Elmo, vhc. reserve, is a big dog with a fair head and good bone; he is poorly marked and moves bad behind. Prince, vhc., has a good head, but is a bit slack in the back and faulty in stifle. Dave, hc., is of good size, but has a light eye and faulty markings; he also moves stiff behind. Hermit was about the best in the class, but he was disqualified for mange.

First was withheld in the bitch class. Second went to Venus; she is of good size, but of bad color and has a sour expression.

In the puppy class first went to De Ette; she has good legs and feet with plenty of bone; she stands too low at shoulder and is too fine in muzzle. Rajah, litter brother to De Ette, received second. We liked him full as well for first; he is a fair dog with good legs and feet; he carries his ears rather badly. Ouisa, hc., also of the same litter, is as good as either, except that she has no white on chest or neck. Pope, hc., also of the same litter, has the same fault as to color and is not so good in head. Ernst was the only smooth-coat entered. The first prize was withheld and he was given second. He has an ordinary head and is lacking in character; he also has a ring tail.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. WATSON).

Ten of the eleven entries put in an appearance. Sam, first in the dog class, was looking well. Second went to Major, a dog of good size but with an ordinary head and with white on chest and toes. Ben, vhc., is a nice looking animal, but he is too curly and has white on his chest. Bruno, hc., is also too curly. Noble, hc., we did not see. The bitches were not first class; Juno, first, has a sour expression, and is faulty in ear and tail. Fan, second, is rather small and carries her ears badly, she might be better in shoulders and head.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The greyounds were better than we have ever before seen together. The improvement within a few years has been marked, and with the good animals now in the country it should be still more so in the future. Friday Night won over Bouncing Boy in the champion class, both were in good condition. Friday is a very fair dog, he is a trifle coarse in head and tail. Bouncing Boy is also a good-looking animal, but he is too long coupled, a bit flat in back, and faulty in stifle. These faults would tell against him when sent out of slips more than those of his competitor.

In the open dog class Mr. Smith's recent importation, champion Memnon, made his first public appearance in this country. He is all over a grand dog, his head is perfect except that it might be a bit better below the eye. He has a beautiful neck, capital shoulders, back and quarters, with perfect legs and feet; he looks a trifle high, but a little more length of body would correct this. His tail is perfect, except that he has had the misfortune to have the end of it frozen. His winnings on the bench are too numerous to mention here; he also has a good field record, having been in 1881 the runner up for the Waterloo Cup, and winner in other events.

In the bitch class, Begonia was placed over Mother Demdike, a decision that we cannot indorse. Begonia was in elegant condition, while Mother Demdike was hardly out of season, and in consequence she was soft and did not move with her usual grace. Still her rare good form and evident quality should have given her an easy win.

In the dog puppy class first went to Highlander, a fair puppy, but rather coarse. Schoolboy, second, is round in skull, a bit dish-faced, and straight behind. He has a good back and may improve. Stormy night, vhc., and Harlequin, hc., have too many structural faults to ever win in good company. Paris, c., is leggy, straight behind and weak in pasterns. The bitches were a very promising lot; Hawthorne Belle is very pretty. She has a good head but is a bit straight behind. Hadee, second, has good legs and feet. She is rather shallow in chest but may improve. Honey Bee is a very fair puppy, but a bit coarse. With the exception of first in the open bitch class we thought them very well judged.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The deerhounds were a fair lot. Nearly all of them are well known and need no description here. Mac, winner of first in the open dog class, was better shown than we ever saw him. Perth, winner in the bitch class, is only eleven months old; she promises well. Blithe, vhc., was in poor coat and in bad condition. They were all well placed.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The pointers were a fair collection. Donald II. won in the open dog class. He was in much better condition than we have ever seen him. He is several pounds heavier than when last shown, and has taken his place in the large class, where he properly belongs. Rattler, second, if in good condition, could easily beat Donald. He is a large dog, with plenty of bone and substance. He was shown too fat, and we doubt if he was ever groomed. He is a handsome animal, and if properly shown but few can beat him. Knickerbocker is failing behind and should be retired on his honors. Sancho, hc., we thought well of. He is quite a fair dog, with fair head and shoulders, good chest and loin, and fairly good legs and feet. He did not show at all well in the ring or he might have received another letter. Pete, also hc., showed well. He is a little too wide in front and a bit out at elbow. Zeb and Don, both unnoticed, are a workmanlike-liking brace, and no fault could have been found with the judge had he given them each a card.

In the bitch class there was not much to choose between first and second; neither are first-class. Lucille, first, has a fair head, legs and feet. She is round in chest and lacks quality. Flirt, second, is light of bone. Jessie, hc., got all she deserved. She looks fairly well, but is round in chest and too light in muzzle.

In the small dog class first went to Bon Ton, winner of first at the National Breeders' show last fall; second going to Robin Adair, who had the same place at the same show. Bangor, vhc., is a useful-looking dog with plenty of bone. Ned, hc., is also a fair dog, and deserved his card. Fritz, c., won the prize for the best trick dog. his performances were wonderful. Snipe, unnoticed, won first at New York five years ago. He was out of condition and shows age.

In the bitch class Rosa received first. She is a very sweet bitch and was in elegant condition; her head might be improved, and she is a trifle straight behind. Otherwise she is very good. Mistrel, second, is also very pretty. She was well shown. Lady Bang, vhc., was looking fairly well. Lady Isabel, hc., got all she deserved. Nellie, c., was well shown.

In the puppy class first went to Lou, a very promising puppy; she is too young to criticise further. It is next to impossible to judge a pointer puppy properly, as they change so much from week to week. The classes were judged, perhaps, as well as possible.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

There were forty-nine entries in the English setter classes, only two of which were absent. There was a great improvement over last year. Plantagenet was alone in the champion dog class, he was not at his best as he has been at work among the briers and his coat and feather were not in show condition.

In the open class Rockingham carried off the honors. He is a recent importation and this was his first appearance before the American public. He is a very handsome blue belton, of medium size, with a good lengthy head, that might be a little cleaner cut below the eye; his ears are set on just a trifle high, he has a good neck, except that he is a bit throaty, capital shoulders, back, loin and quarters; his legs and feet are very good, his feet are rather large, but they are thick through the pad, with well arched toes. There is just a suspicion that his elbows are out but it is very little; he has plenty of bone and shows lots of quality. We examined him very carefully, and though we greatly admire Foreman, we were compelled to admit that he is not quite the equal of the winner. Foreman won second easily. His coat and feather were not in first-class condition. Mack B., vhc. reserve, was looking well, although his coat is not yet right. Yale Belton, vhc., was well shown, except that his coat has not improved since last year. Pride of the West, hc., was not in good condition, had he been, we fancy that he would have received another letter. Prince Phœbus, unnoticed, was taken out of the ring as soon as first and second was decided, and failed to get a card which he possibly might have done had he remained. There were a number of others in the class that looked like good serviceable animals; four of them were commended and not much fault could have been found if two or three more had been noticed. The class was well judged.

The bitch class was not so well handled. First went to Princess Phœbus, the winner in the puppy class at New York last year. She has not improved, on the contrary she has done the reverse. She has a good body and feet and a nice straight coat; she is snipy, light in bone, a bit short in back and her elbows are too much under her, one foot is turned out and her tail is too short; she should have been content with the three letters. Forest Dora, second; Lady May, vhc. reserve, and Blonde II., vhc., are all good with not much to choose between them. Lady May should have been first, and equal second would perhaps have been about right for the other two. The others were well placed.

In the dog puppy class first was very properly withheld and no injustice would have been done had the second been also. The bitch class was a trifle better than the dog. Hazel C. we liked about as well as any, but she is too young and small to pass an opinion upon. She is very pretty and promises well. There was nothing in the class that was mature enough to warrant giving an opinion as to their merits.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

The black and tan setters were a mixed lot as regards type. The quality was better than the average that we usually see. Turk won in the champion dog class over Argus; both were looking well. In the open dog class first went to Gem. He was in fair condition. Thorn, second, is a very fair big dog, with a Gordon head. Dick, vhc. and reserve, is rather a nice light weight. Chris, vhc., is also good, but has poor tan. Glen II. is a big dog; his coat was poor. Ben and Richard, both c., were in bad condition, and both were lacking in tan. In the bitch class there were three light weights, all good. Edith, the winner, is very well formed, and of good coat and color. Dora, second, is not far behind her, with a good head of the English type. Rhoda is also a nice bitch. In the puppy class, first went to Argus II., a good-looking big one, and second to Madge, a very nicely-made, well-marked light weight. Topsey's Boy, vhc., and Topsey, c., deserved their cards. We thought the class well judged.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

The Irish setters were a grand lot. There were forty-three entries with only three absentees. Glencho was alone in the champion dog class. He was not in his usual good condition. He was shown too low in flesh. In the open dog class first went to Elcho, Jr.; he was in good condition and greatly improved since last year; his litter brother Bruce won second. He is a first-class dog all round. Blarney, vhc. reserve, is also very good. He is not yet mature, and his color is not yet right. He will improve in this respect, and when he fills out we shall look for him among the winners. Chief, Jr., vhc., deserved his card. Rocket, also vhc., is a coarse dog, and should have given place to Rory O'More II., a nice dog, well worth the three letters. Chief II., hc., is also worth another letter. The class was a rattling good one.

The bitch class was not so good, although there were several very good ones in it. Faun won first; she was looking well; her most serious fault is in her tail. Reeta II. won second, she has good coat and color but is not a typical Irish bitch, she should have been content with vhc. Lorna, vhc. reserve, was not well shown; she is well formed and has a perfect tail, her head is not a good type, and she should have exchanged places with Hazel, hc.; she is a good bitch all over. Jessie, vhc., we thought good enough for second place, although she was not in first-class condition. Norine O'More, vhc., we failed to find in her stall, she made a good appearance in the ring and looked worth her card. Nana, hc., and May, c., were very lucky. Zelda, vhc., has good coat and color but is too short in head.

The dog puppies were nothing extra, nearly all of them were big and leggy. Age will undoubtedly improve them, but we doubt if anything very wonderful comes out of it. The bitches were better. We fancied Bawn, vhc. reserve, as well as any. She is of good type, and if nothing befalls her she will do to show again. Next to her we preferred her half sister Rory Kate, vhc. Miss, the winner, was better shown than the others, but she is not so well formed. Jessie, second, is a big bitch, but not so well put together as some of the others.

SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

The spaniel classes, with the exception of the Irish water spaniel, were well filled. There was only one in this class, a moderate specimen, with a poor head and not enough curl in coat. There were six Clumbers entered, one of them being absent. They were a fair lot and properly placed.

The field spaniels were a very good lot. Benedict was alone in the champion class; we never saw him looking so well. In the open class Newton-Abbott Lady was placed first. She is a broody-looking bitch, with plenty of bone, good legs and a capital coat. Her head is fair, but she is faulty in eye and muzzle. She is also overshot and could be improved in feet. Black Prince, second, we liked better for the place. He is well-formed and has a good, flat coat, and has no glaring faults. He stands a trifle high, and has a light eye and is a bit fine in muzzle. His coat was in grand condition, but he was shown a trifle thin. The remainder of the class were well judged.

The cocker dogs, liver or black, were a splendid lot, and as well placed as possible. The bitch class was something wonderful. Such a beautiful lot were never before seen together. We examined them carefully, but failed to discover any errors in the decisions of the judge. Miss Obo II. did not arrive until after the judging was over. She is a capital bitch, and had she been on time and not overweight she would undoubtedly have been well to the front.

The "any other color" was a poor class, we thought them well placed. The puppies were nothing extra. In the dog class we should have reversed the position of first and second. Black Joe, the winner, is snipy, throaty, leggy, and straight behind, and is no more than fairly good in other respects. Og, second, is by no means first-class, but he has a fairly good muzzle, good body, legs and feet, his ears are not well placed, and he has an ordinary appearance. The bitches were not much better than the dogs, we thought them well placed. The classes all through were very well handled and no bad mistake was made.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were twelve foxhounds shown, and there were half as many different types. Forester II. won first, he was the only one shown that approached the type of the English foxhound, nearly all the others were a workmanlike looking lot. We thought them well placed, except that we should have given Jerry, hc., another letter for his gamy looks.

BEAGLES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The entry of beagles was not large, but they made up in quality what they lacked in number. In the dog class first went to Rattler. He has grown throaty and was shown too fat. Gyp, second, is well made, but too big. Leader, vhc., has a good head. He is out at elbows and has too fine a coat; he was shown too fat. Mike S., also vhc., is a well-made, useful-looking dog; he is a trifle shallow in chest and has too small ears. In the bitch class Minnie was placed first; she was looking fairly well. Busu, second, is fairly good. She would be hard to beat if she was all right in her forelegs and carried her ears properly. Maid, vhc., is a nice bitch and deserved her card. Jenny, also vhc., has a beautiful eye and good ears. She is well put together, but is faulty in head. Diana and Pansy, both hc., are fairly good. The classes were well judged.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. MASON).

There was only one entry in the dachshund class; he was awarded second, which was all that he deserved.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

There were thirty-one entries in the fox-terrier classes, three of which were absent. There were no entries in the champion classes, but many of the best dogs we have were entered in the open classes. Raby Tyrant was placed first. He was looking well and won with ease. That the decision was correct the burst of applause from the many fanciers surrounding the ring is ample proof. Scarsdale, second, was closely pressed by Lancelot, vhc. reserve, a well-bred dog, with capital legs and feet. He stands a trifle high and is growing heavy at the shoulders. He should do well with weedy bitches. Ned, vhc., is a game-looking dog, and has some terrier character. In body, legs and feet he is fairly good, and his ears are small and well-placed. He is wide in front and faulty from eye to end of nose. Young Jocko, hc., has a good body, is of the proper size, and carries his ears well. He is weak in muzzle and out at elbows. Boxer, c., distinguished himself once or twice as a puppy, but he has grown big and his day is past.

In the bitch class Richmond Olive scored an easy win as she is able to do in almost any company; except that she is a trifle cheeky not much fault can be found with her. Lyra, second, was well placed; she is a smart little bitch, just a bit too long; she is a little snipy and might be improved in coat. We preferred Nannie, vhc., for the place except that her teeth are gone, otherwise she is better than Lyra. Clover Belle, also vhc., was in good coat; she shows character, but is too long in body, has not a first-class head and is a bit slack in back. Clover Blossom, unnoticed, was badly shown; she is short in face and too wide in front.

In the dog puppy class, an unnamed son of Scarsdale and Priscilla won. He carries his ears better than he did at the Fanciers' show, and is growing the right way; he will doubtless be heard of again. Surprise, second, had a great advantage over the winner in age, but the little one fairly won the fight. Surprise is very well bred and is good in body, legs and feet; he is heavy in ear and stands too high on his legs. Gaylad, hc., is too weedy and lathy to make a first-class terrier. In the bitch class, an unnamed sister of the winning dog was first. She was much the best, although she is not first-rate, being heavy in ear and too long coupled. The classes were very well handled, and so far as we could learn the decisions were indorsed by fanciers of the breed.

COLLIES—(MR. MASON).

There were thirty-seven entries in the collie classes with four absentees. Ben Nevis scored an easy win in the open dog class; he has greatly improved in coat and loin since we saw him at the National Breeders' show last fall and showed up in grand form. Argyle, equal second, did not quite come up to our expectations; he has improved, but lacks expression and is faulty in ear and tail. Brack was placed equal with him; he has the same faults as Argyle, but in a less degree; we think him the best of the two, although he was not at his best. Hiram, vhc. reserve, was as usual in good coat; we do not like his head, and his stifles and gait are bad. Laddie, vhc., lacks expression and lacks coat. Shep, also vhc., is a fair looking dog, but faulty in head and hindquarters. Shep, hc., is also faulty in head and lacks expression. Guy, also hc., is heavy in head and lacking in coat. Glencoe should have been content with c.; he is only moderate.

In the bitch class first went to Fairy. She has lots of collie character, and but for her faulty ears and tail she would be a hard bitch to beat. Lady Bess, second, is a nice bitch with a good head; she was not in full coat. She carries her tail like a setter instead of like a fox. Nannie O., vhc., was lucky. She is not nearly so good as her sister Fairy, being stilty, faulty in ear, and lacking in coat; the two letters would have been sufficient in her case. Jean, also vhc., is young and lacks coat. She may improve in this respect, but she will always carry too short a tail. Nancy and Queen should have been in the puppy class.

In the dog puppy class, Kolly B. won first; he is a very taking-looking dog, and was well placed. He has plenty of coat, and is good in frill. His top coat is too soft and his ears are too large. He is also too straight in stifle. Joe Nettles, second, seemed on the bench to be the best in the class, but he is faulty behind, which we presume set him back. Dandie, vhc. reserve, is a nice puppy; he is faulty in stifle and tail. Gem, the winning bitch puppy, is a very promising one. She is the best in Mr. Lindsay's exhibit. Her ears are not carried just right, but in other respects little fault can be found with her. Stella, second, made a very good fight for first place. She is a fair good one, but her fox-terrier ears and faulty tail lost her the place. Lothian Maid was also liked very much. She has a very sweet face, but is too full in brow, and if she matures well she will do to show again. Foxie, hc., is pretty, but faulty in ears and tail. The classes we thought well judged.

BULLDOGS—(MR. WATSON).

In the champion bulldog class Tippoo was alone. He is a good dog, but is a little light in bone and stands a trifle high; he also might be better in feet. In the bitch class, Bellissima, the only entry, was absent. In the open dog class, Robinson Crusoe had an easy win; with a better roached back and his elbows thrown out he could not be beat. Boxer, second, is pinched in muzzle, flat in back and faulty in feet. Grip, vhc., has too small a head for his body; he is also flat in back and long in muzzle. Rhodora had all to herself in the bitch class. She is a capital bitch, with lots of character and few faults. The quality of both classes was good. They were well judged.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

The bull-terriers were a better lot than we generally see together. Young Bill won first. He was badly shown; his years are many and he should retire from the show bench. Saxon, second, has a good skull, a capital body and powerful quarters; he has an ugly patch of tan on his head, is a bit weak in jaw and has a bad tail. Dan, hc., has a fair middle but is faulty at both ends. Dick, unnoticed, may be good in the pit, but is far from bench show form. Young Royal was disqualified for a faked tail.

In the bitch class Victoria had a clear win, she is good enough for any company. Scarlet II. was a very good second. She is a capital bitch with plenty of muscle and good feet. She is a bit undershot and her tail is a trifle coarse. Nellie, vhc., we do not like. She is snipy, light in bone, faulty in shoulders and coarse in tail. Zook, hc., is all off in head. The Earl was the only one noticed in the puppy class. Fill him out well below the eye and keep his tail down, and he will be hard to beat. The classes were well judged.

TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

In the black and tan terrier class Wallace was alone, the other entry being in the wrong class. He is a fairly good dog with good head and eye and fair color and markings; he is too large and carries his tail badly. In the rough-haired class first went to Moses, a fair specimen, and second to Patsey. The Dandies had but one representative, a fair one. In the Irish class Erin, wrongly printed as Aaron, was also alone. The Bedlingtons were not a good class. Souter Johnnie was the only Skye shown; he is a nice dog with rather sparse coat; what he has, however, is of the proper texture.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

There were eighteen pugs entered, three of them being absent. Young Toby won first; he is of proper size and has nice black points properly distributed, he is too round in skull and long in muzzle. Punch, second, is a fair dog, a bit smutty and not blunt enough in muzzle. Dandy, vhc., has a good head which is well wrinkled, but he is long in back and minus trace, he does not carry his tail just right. Punch, also vhc., has a fair body but is heavy in ear and snipy. Napoleon was also vhc.; he is too big. Sambo, hc., is also too large, and is pinched in muzzle. In the bitch class first went to Tra-la-la; she won easily, she is a good bitch, a bit apple-headed, and her ears are not well carried, her head is well wrinkled, and her nails are as black as ebony. Flossy, second, is faulty in muzzle, tail and elbows. The puppy class was not good, all the winners are heavy in ear and too small in eye. The classes were properly judged.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

There were eight Yorkshires shown, without exception they were short of coat and light in tan, the three noticed ones were the best.

TOYS—(MR. WATSON).

In the toy terrier class first went to Daisy, a nice black and tan, and second to Dixey II., a rough-coat, not nearly so good as the winner. Topsy won first in the King Charles spaniel class. She is shorter in face than Pitou, second. The owner of Pitou has made a protest against the decision, and stated that he can prove that he sold the winner a few days previous to the show and that she is not Topsy at all. Who mixed the babies will be a question for the A. K. C. to decide. The Blenheims were not a good class.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

The winning Italian greyhound was clearly ahead of the rest of the class, and though a dwarf in comparison with others in the class, she is too big for a first-rate one. Her head is good and she is well put together, but not of good color. She was very well shown. Blan-she, second, is much too large and is off in color, and should have been content with an hc.

POODLES—(MR. MASON).

Cognac, the winner in the poodle class, was far ahead of the others, but is too heavy in head and lacks length of ears, and is loose in curl.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. WATSON).

The miscellaneous class was worthy its name. With the exception of first-prize winners, there was nothing remarkable in the class. Following is a full list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. (A.K.R. 545). *Bitches:* 1st, Ashmont Kennel's Lorna Doone, 3yrs. (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Ashmont Kennel's Ilford Cromwell, 5yrs., brindle (Cardinal—Cleopatra); 2d, Winlawn Kennel's Homer, (A.K.R 1030). Very high com. and reserve, Winlawn Kennel's Hector, (A.K.R. 1240), Riverview Kennel's Agrippa, 3yrs. (A.K.R. 449); Winlawn Kennel's Hildebert, 1¾yrs. (Little Nero—Hilda V.). High com., Philip Strasburger's Laylass, 1½yrs. (Dales—Flounce). *Bitches:* 1st and special, also special best kennel, Winlawn Kennel's Rosalind, 3¾yrs. (Crown Prince—Lady Rowena); equal 2d, Winlawn Kennel's Prussian Princess, 2½yrs. (Crown Prince—Wina), and Hilda V. (A.K.R. 1433). Very high com. reserve, Winlawn Kennel's Queen II., 4yrs. (The Emperor—Queen). High com., J. Clary & Son's Onyx (A.K.R. 1769). *Puppies:* 1st and special, Winlawn Kennel's Minerva, 9½mos., (Homer—Queen II.); 2d and special, Winlawn Kennel's Tarquin, 9½mos., (Homer—Queen II.). Very high com., J. Clary & Son's Druid (A.K.R. 1508); J. A. Howarth's Cedric's Gurth, 9mos. (Kent—Juno). High com., Blandford Kennel's Hubert (A.K.R. 2014). Com., Riverview Kennel's Dumont, 8mos. (A.K.R. 1509).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st and special, J.W. Burgess's Rene (A.K.R. 410); 2d, St. Bernard Kennel's Barry, 18mos., mahogany, tawny and white. Very high com, reserve, D. P. Foster's St. Elmo, 3yrs., tawny and white (champion Turko—Fanny Snowdrift), Very high com., J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s Prince, (A.K.R. 791). High com., Leonard F. Beckwith's Dare, 1yr. 8mos., tawny and white (Bouivard—Elsa). *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d and special, also special best kennel, E. F. Mansfield's Venus (A.K.R. 1438). *Puppies:* 1st and special, 3d, and high com., E. F. Mansfield's DeEtte (A.K.R. 1598), Rajah (A.K.R. 1604), Pope (A.K.R. 1603), and Ouisa (A.K.R. 1602).—SMOOTH COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d and special, H. H. Chittenden's Ernst (Rex—Alma).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Acadia Kennels' Sam (A.K.R. 556); 2d, Louis Sommer's Major, 2½yrs., black. Very high com., Nelson L. Bonneau's Ben, 3yrs., black. High com., George H. Larned's Bruno, 8yrs., black; Acadia Kennels' Noble (A.K.R. 762). *Bitches:* 1st and special, St. Bernard Kennels' Juno, 2yrs.; 2d, J. R. Gildersleeve's Fan, 15mos., black.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—H. W. Smith's Friday Night (A.K.R. 2012).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, also special best kennel, H. W. Smith's Memnon (E. 13,609). *Bitches:* 1st and special, H. W. Huntington's Begonia, 5yrs., black; 2d, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike (A.K.R. 1760). Com., Elm City Kennels' Leo, 2yrs., brindle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Highlander, 7mos., black (Bouncing Boy—School Girl); 2d, Master Sherwood McCollom's School Boy, July 15, 1884, black (Bouncing Boy—Begonia). Very high com., H. W. Smith's Stormy Night (A.K.R. 1580). High com., H. W. Huntington's Harlequin, 8mos., black and white (Doubleshot—Clio). Com., Dr. O. F. Coe's Paris, 9mos., black and white (Doubleshot—Clio). *Bitches:* 1st and special, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorn Belle, 8mos., black and white (Doubleshot—Clio); 2d, H. W. Huntington's Haidee, 7mos., black (Bouncing Boy—School Girl). Com., H.W. Huntington's Honey Bee, 7mos., blue (Bouncing Boy—Begonia).

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Clovernook Kennels' Mac 2yrs. 10mos., fawn brindle (Paddy—Lassie); 2d, John E. Thayer's Bran, 18mos., brindle (Donald—Wyvis). Very high com., Clovernook Kennels' Heather, 26mos., blue brindle (Clansman—Countess). High com., J. A. Butler, Jr.'s Bruce, 4yrs., light red grizzle (Rex—Maida). Com., Dr. Wm. H. Carmalt's Roderick Dhu, 5yrs., fawn (imported Lupar—imported Mona). *Bitches:* 1st and two specials, Clovernook Kennels' Perth, 11mos., brindle (Gillie—Lupa); 2d, Chas. B. Gilbert's The Banshee, 3yrs., brindle and gray (A.K.R. 1238). Very high com., J. A. Butler's Blithe, 4yrs., brindle (Rex—Maida).

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Clifton Kennels' Donald II., 2½yrs., liver and white ticked (Donald—Devonshire Lass); 2d, C. H. Goodman's Rattler, 6yrs., liver and white (Dilley's Ranger—Corcoran's Bess). Very high com., Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19) and E. I. Martin's Bangor, 2½yrs., liver and white (Bang—Jean). High com., E. Knight Sperry's Sancho, 4yrs, white and liver (champion Pete—Ives's bitch), and J. F. Ives's Pete, 2yrs., black.—UNDER 55LBS.—1st and special, Dr. A. McCollom's Ben Ton (A.K.R. 1436); 2d, Clifton Kennels' Robin Adair, 2½yrs., liver and white (Faust—Madge). High com., David Scott's Ned, 2½yrs., liver and white). Com., A. C. Collins's Fritz (A.K.R. 1249).—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st and special, Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Lucille, liver and white; 2d, Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Flirt (A.K.R. 1248). High com., Merrimac Kennels' Jessie, 5½yrs., liver and white (Snipe—Fannie).—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st and special, Clifton Kennels' Rosa (A.K.R. 1443); 2d, F. Stevenson's Mistrel, 3yrs., black (champion Pete—Lil). Very high com., Clifton Kennels' Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698). High com., Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461). Com., Dan O'Shea's Nellie, 2yrs., liver and white ticked. *Puppies:* 1st and special, Clifton Kennels' Lou (A.K.R. 1792); 2d, Geo. W. Huot's Bessie Black, 5½mos., black, with white spot on breast (Peter Black—Bessie). Very high com. and special, E. M. Crouch's Brock (A.K.R. 1931). High com., Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Mamie G., 5½mos., lemon and white (champion Knickerbocker, A.K.R. 19—Lady Isabel, A.K.R. 461). Com., Geo. W. Huot's Judge Black, 5½mos., black (Peter Black—Bessie).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—1st and special best brace, also special best kennel, Blackstone Kennel's Plantagenet, 4½yrs., orange belton (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and three specials, Frank Windholz's Rockingham, imported, 2½yrs., blue belton (Belthus—Bess); 2d, Blackstone Kennel's Foreman, 4½yrs., black, white and tan (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.). Very high com., Blackstone Kennel's Mack B., 3yrs., orange belton (Dick Laverack—Twilight), and F. A. Cannon's Yale Belton, 5yrs., black, white and tan (Belton—Blonde). High com., G. R. Nichols's Pride of the West, 28mos., black, white and tan (Count Noser—Lola). Com., F. A. Cannon's Count Tip, 14mos., lemon belton (Buckeye Boy—Blonde II.); W. N. Callender's Royal Coin, 2yrs. 9mos., black, white and ticked; Rosecroft Kennel's Brant F. (A.K.R. 1281); Walter B. Peet's Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599). *Bitches:* 1st and two specials, Frank Windholz's Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287); 2d, Blackstone Kennel's Forest Dora, 3yrs., blue belton (Dick Laverack—Forest Fly). Very high com. reserve, H. Pape's Lady May (A.K.R. 1371). Very high com., Foster Bros.' Blonde II. (A.K.R. 935); E. I. Martin's Countess Warwick, 3½yrs., blue belton (Warwick—Ollie); High com., Blackstone Kennel's Grace B., 3yrs., blue belton (London—Dawn); H. J. Rice's Passion, 18mos., black, white and tan belton (Prince—Peoble); Blackstone Kennel's Jennie III., 10mos., black, white and tan (Foreman—Old Jennie). Com., Andrew J. Calahan's Jolly Nell, 18mos., black, white and tan ticked (Prince—Jolly May).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d and special, E. K. Sperry's Lanman's Dan, 11mos. white and black (Gabb's Dash—Barron's Flirt). Very high com. reserve, H. L. Cowell's King Philip, 8mos., lemon belton (Emperor Fred—Lill). Very high com., R. P. Penn's Pilot, 8mos, lemon and white (Emperor Fred—Lill). *Bitches:* 1st and special, W. E. Miller's Speckle, 9mos., black, white and tan (Blue Blood—Coin); 2d, R. B. Penn's Nancy Dawson, 7mos., lemon and white (Emperor Fred—Molly). Very high com. and reserve, D. O'Shea's Speed, 10mos., blue belton. Very high com., J. A. Horne's Speck Belton, 10mos., black and tan head, blue belton body (Yale Belton—Topsy). High com., Riverview Kennel's Countess Zanette, 10mos., lemon belton (Zanzibar—Dashing Jessie). Com., H. A. Bailey's Fleet, 9mos., white, black and tan head (Yale Belton—Topsy); Rosecroft Kennel's Hazel, 6mos., blue belton (Ted Llewellin—Blanche Lewis).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—1st and special, H. Clay Glover's Turk, 9yrs. (A.K.R. 717).—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, best pair with Rhoda, C. R. Taylor's Gem (A.K.R. 959); 2d, J. Conner's Black Thora, 3yrs. Very high com. reserve, Merrimac Kennel's Dick, 4yrs. (Locke—imported Daisey). Very high com., C. Smith's Chris, 4yrs. (Glen II.—Jet). High com., C. H. Redfield's Glen II., 7yrs. (Glen I.—Madge). Com., O.D. Washburn's Richard, 18mos. (Glen II. —Jet); J. Meacham's Ben, 2yrs. *Bitches:* 1st and special, D. O'Shea's Heather Lass, 2yrs. (champion Jock—Gypsie); 2d, Claire-Reeta Kennels' Dora, 16mos. (Jock—Black Bess). Very high com., C. R. Taylor's Rhoda, 1½yrs. (Flash—Doane's Chloe). High com., C. H. Redfield's Beauty, 2yrs. (Glen II.—Jet). Com., Associated Fanciers' Edith, 2yrs. *Puppies:* 1st and special, John E. Thayer's Argus II., 11mos. (champion Argus—Beauty); 2d and special, C. S. Fitch's Madge (A.K.R. 1623). Very high com., Walter G. Drew's Topsey's Boy, 7mos. (Jake—Topsey). Com., C. R. Taylor's Topsey, 4mos. (Gem—Rose).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—1st and special, Wm. H. Pierce's Glencho, 3yrs. 9mos. (champion Elcho—champion Noreen.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special best pair with Lorna, Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (A.K.R. 568); 2d, J. Henry Roberts's Bruce (A.K.R. 54). Very high com. and reserve, E.W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney (Bruce, A.K.R. 54—Luray, A.K.R. 59). Very high com., Max Wenzel's Chief, Jr., 3yrs., (Chief—Doe); Brush Hill Kennels' Rocket, 8yrs. (Elcho—Eileen). High com., Chas. W. Roedenburg's Chip (A.K.R. 967); Henry B. Goetschius's Chief II. (A.K.R. 232); Rory O'More Kennels' Rory O'More II., 20mos. (champion Rory O'More—Norah O'More); Claire-Reeta Kennels' Glenclaire (A.K.R. 1192). Com., W. W. Crampton's Vanderbilt, red, 3yrs. *Bitches:* 1st and special, T. G. Budington's Faun, dark red, 2yrs. 8mos. (champion Elcho—Noreen); 2d, E. I. Martin's Reeta II., red, 18mos. (Glencho—Reeta). Very high com. and reserve, William Jarvis' Lorna (A.K.R. 206). Very high com., Rory O'More Kennels' Norine O'More, 20ms. (champion Rory O'More—Norah O'More); J. Henry Roberts's Jessie, red, 1yr. 8mos. (champion Elcho—Rose). Very high com. and special best kennel, Jean Grosvenor's Zelda (A.K.R. 249). High com., Marmaduke Richardson's Hazel (A.K.R. 1848); Merrimac Kennels' Nana, red, 15mos. (champion Dash—Biddy); Frank Leonard's Bess, red, 2yrs. (Glencho—Syren II.). Com., G. S. Munson's May, red, 2yrs.; Jean Grosvenor's Zingara, dark red, 18mos. (champion Elcho—Zelda).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Jean Grosvenor's Banker, dark red, 18mos. (Champion Glencho—Zelda); 2d, Jean Grosvenor's Gerald, dark red, 8mos. (Champion Glencho—Zelda). Very high com., Jean Grosvenor's Terrance, dark red, 8mos. (champion Glencho—Zelda). High com., A. H. Whittemore's Prince, red, 8mos. Com., J. H. Hosley's Snyder, red, 10mos. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Dr. A. McCollom's Miss (A.K.R. 1966); 2d, S. M. Bryan's Jessie, red, 10mos. (Berry—Flossie). Very high com. and reserve, Wm. Dunphy's Molly Bawn, dark red, 9mos. (champion Glencho—Biddy). Very high com., Wm. Dunphy's Rosy Kate, dark red, 7mos. (champion Glencho—Flame). Com., Chas. Van Wie's Kate, red, 10mos.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d and special, Walter Scott's John, liver.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Miss N. B. Trowbridge's John Halifax, Gentleman, 4yrs, lemon and white (imported sire—Judy); 2d, M. Richardson's Bateman (A.K.R. 1307). Com., G.W. Lovell's Jockey, 18mos., orange and white (imported). *Bitches:* 1st and special, G. W. Lovell's Romp, 18mos., orange and white (imported); 2d, C. C. Trowbridge's Ursula, 2yrs., lemon and white (Lorne—Judy).

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—ANY COLOR, OVER 28LBS.—H. W. Huntington's Benedict (A.K.R. 61).—OPEN—ANY COLOR EXCEPT CLUMBER, OVER 28LBS.—1st, A. Laidlaw's Newton-Abbott Lady, 2½yrs., chestnut and tan (Bend Or—Ladybird); 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62). Very high com. and reserve, J. Luckwell's Bob, Jr., 3yrs., chestnut (Bob III.—Black Bess). Very high com., W. O. Partridge's Critic (A.K.R. 303), E. W. Hotchkiss's Gloss (A.K.R. 995), C. S. Francis's Beppo (A.K.R. 2091). High com., G. W. Scherk's Bonanza (A.K.R. 64).

COCKER SPANIELS.—LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Wiley's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); 2d, A. Laidlaw's Young Obo (A. K.R. 861). Very high com., J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481). High com., I. N. Dewey's Dandy-Zulu (A.K.R. 382). *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Wiley's Shina (A.K.R. 1484); 2d, W. O. Partridge's Helen (A.K.R. 654). Very high com. and reserve, J. P. Willey's Dinah W., 11mos., black (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Cho, A.K.R. 427). Very high com., J. P. Willey's Juno W. (A.K.R. 2190), S. R. Hemingway's Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313), A. Laidlaw's Black Meg, 2yrs. 8mos., black (Beau—Black Bess), W. Scott's Darling, 2yrs., liver (Dandy—Daisy). High com., J. B. Robertson, Jr.'s Rose Obo (A.K.R. 1204).—OTHER THAN LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 28LBS.—1st, A. Laidlaw's Sport, 2yrs., black and white (Jet—Payne's Daisy); 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion, 4yrs., black and white (Bragg—Princess). Very high com., W. Dunphy's Gilt Edge, 8mos., black and tan (Jumbo—Cassie). High com., F. Smith's Queen, 2yrs. 6mos., liver and white (imported Charley—Powder).—FIELD OR COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Foster's Black Joe, 7mos., black (Black Prince—Flora II.; 2d, S. R. Hemingway's Og (A.K.R. 1878). Very high com., F. H. Meachem's Boy, 8mos., liver. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Belle, 9½mos., black, (champion Silk—Woodstock Flirt, A.K.R. 661); 2d, F. Smith's Minnie, 5mos., liver and white (imported Charley—Queen). High com., Merrimac Kennels' Shammy, 4mos., black.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Dan O'Shea's Forester II, 3yrs. black, white and tan (champion Ringwood—champion Roxey); 2d, Associated Fanciers' Dixey Jim, 4yrs., black and tan (Dixey, Jr. —Ann). Very high com., Sherman Potter's Dime, 8yrs., black, white and tan (Old Dime—Sport). High com., R. H. Meachem's Jerry, black, white and tan (Jerry—Vick). Com., Walter Scott's Colonel, 2yrs., black and tan. *Bitches:* 1st and special, E. A. Baiwin's Fanny, 3yrs, black and tan (Sam—Rose); 2d, Walter Scott's Gipsey, 4yrs., black and tan (Colonel—Fanny).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Dan O'Shea's Rattler, 2yrs., black, white and tan (Rover—Music); 2d, Edgar J. Perkins's Gyp, 1yr. 9mos., black, white and tan (Racket—Fly). Very high com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Leader (formerly Dell), 2yrs. 9mos., white, black and tan (Flute—Queen); T. Whitney Blake's Duke S., 12mos., black, white and tan, ticked (Ringwood—Dana). *Bitches:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Music, 2yrs., black, white and tan (Rover—Music); 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush, 3yrs. 6mos., white, black and tan (Flute—Queen). Very high com., N. Elmore's Maid, 1½yrs., lemon and white (Rally—Shoo Fly), and his Jenny, 1½yrs., white, black and tan (Flute—Collette). High com., B. H. Fitzpatrick's Pansy, 21mos., blue, mottled and tan (Ringwood—Silver); J. A. Blake's Diana, 2yrs., black and tan, ticked (Ringwood—Queen).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, withheld; 2d and special, Associated Fanciers' Bowery, 27mos., black, tan and white (Crooks—Fannie).

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, John E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant, 4yrs., white, with black and tan (Balliff II.—Peach); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale (A.K.R. 1212). Very high com. reserve, Monmouth Kennels' Lancelet (A.K.R. 2195). Very high com., Thos. Vaugh's Ned, 2yrs., black and white. High com., John Hammond's Young Jocko, 18mos., white, black spots. Com., Fred Hill's Boxer (A.K.R. 867). *Bitches:* 1st and special, John E. Thayer's Richmond Olive, 2yrs., white, with black and tan (Olive Tart—Dickerson's Jess); 2d, Monmouth Kennels' Lyra (A.K.R. 2196). Very high com., Monmouth Kennels' Nannie (A.K.R. 2197), and the Clovernook Kennels' Clover Belle, 18mos., white, black and tan (Joker—Warren Wakeful).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Clovernook Kennels' unnamed, 5mos., white and black (Scarsdale—Priscilla); 2d, John E. Thayer's Surprise, 11mos., white, with black and tan (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive). High com., Geo. B. Inches's Gaylad, 7mos. 15 days, white, ticked black and tan (Mixture—Jaunty). *Bitches:* 1st and special, Clovernook Kennels' unnamed, 5mos., white and black (Scarsdale—Priscilla); 2d, D. S. Appleton, Jr.'s Lulu, 11mos., black and white (Schoolmaster—Queen).

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 1503); equal 2d, J. W. Burgess's Argyle, 1½yrs., black, tan and white (Brack, A.K.R. 3—Dora, A.K.R. 4), and Martin Dennis's Brack (A.K.R. 3). Very high com. and reserve, J. Lindsay's Hiram (A.K.R. 235). Very high com., E. A. Moseley's Laddie, 1yr., black and tan, little white on breast (Prince—Lady Bess); E. B. Nichols's Shep, 2yrs., sable (Prince—Lady Bess). High com., J. Lindsay's Glencoe, 9mos., black and tan (Rex. A.K.R. 149—Beauty); W. Scott's Shep, 2yrs., black, white and tan (Sweep—Purt Gart); Associated Fanciers' Guy, 2½yrs., black and tan. *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. Lindsay's Fairy (A.K.R. 1222); 2d, E. B. Nichols's Lady Bess, 4yrs., black, white and tan (Shep II.—Hornpipe). Very high com., J. Lindsay's Nannie O., 18mos., black, white and tan (Rex, A.K.R. 149—Kitty Mac, A.K.R. 539); E. B. Nichols's Jean, 13mos., sable (Prince—Lady Bess). High com., Martin Dennis's Daisy Queen, 11mos., black tan and white (Brack, A.K.R. 3—Dora, A.K.R. 4).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and special, A. J. Bruff's Kolly B. (A.K.R. 2003); 2d, J. Lindsay's Joe Nettles, 9mos., sable and white (Rex, A.K.R. 149—Jennie Nettles, A.K.R. 1224). Very high com. and reserve, Mrs. W. J. Comstock's Dandie, 9mos., sable and white (Rex—Jennie Nettles). *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. Lindsay's Gem, 8mos., sable and white (Brack, A.K.R. 3—Fairy, A.K.R. 1222); 2d, Martin Dennis's Stella, 9mos., black, tan and white (Brack, A.K.R. 3—Meg, A.K.R. 8). Very high com., Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Lothian Maid (A.K.R. 2123). High com., W. C. Powell's Foxie, 5mos., sable (Ernst—Tibbie). Com., Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124).

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st and special best pair with Robinson Crusoe, J. E. Thayer's Tippoo, 4yrs, brindle (Gamester—Ida). *Bitches:* Only entry absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe, 3yrs., Fawn, smut (Champion Monarch—Penzie); 2d, J. Osborne's Boxer, 3yrs, 3mos., white (Farewell—Daisy). Very high com., Clovernook Kennel's Clover Grip, 2yrs., white. *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. E. Thayer's Rhodora, 3yrs., white (Gamester—Ida).

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, C. R. Taylor's Young Bill, 8yrs., white (Yardley's Bill—Dutch); 2d, Associated Fanciers' Saxon, 4yrs., white (Young Royal—Empress). High com., D. O'Shea's Dan, 3yrs., white. *Bitches:* 1st and special, E. S. Porter's Victoria, imported, 22mos., white (Randall—Floss); 2d, F. F. Dole's Scarlet II., 3½yrs., white (Randall—Scarlet). Very high com., E. S. Porter's Nellie, imported, 2yrs. 6mos., white (Rebel—Kit II.). High com., Associated Fanciers' Zook, 15mos., white; G. E. Vaughn's Rose, 3yrs., white. *Puppies:* 1st and two specials, F. F. Dole's The Earl, 9mos., white (champion Marquis—Lady).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and special, John P. Barnard, Jr.'s Wallace, 4yrs., black and tan.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st and special, S. S. Thompson's Moses, 5yrs., blue and tan; 2d, Allerton, Moses & Allerton's Patsey, 28mos., blue black.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Thos. H. Bell's Auld Reekie, 10mos., pepper (Peel—Kelpie).

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and special, Dan O'Shea's Erin, 2yrs., red (Rock—Champion Norah).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Sting, 1½yrs. (Sting—Wasp); 2d, Fred P. Kirby's Beresford, 2yrs., liver (Sting—Wasp).

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and special, Walter J. Comstock's Souter Johnnie, 3yrs., slate, (Berkie—Highland Mary).

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Chequasset Kennel's Young Toby (A.K.R. 473); 2d, M. J. Meara's Punch. Very high com., Allerton, Moses & Allerton's Dandy, 20mos. (Ned—Lucy); William C. Root's Punch; City View Kennel's Napoleon (A.K.R. 2037). High com., J. B. Reddie's Sambo, 2yrs. (Punch—Gypsey). *Bitches:* 1st and special, Chequasset Kennel's Tra-la-la, 8mos. (Young Toby—Tantrums); 2d, high com., and com., City View Kennel's Flossy, 3yrs., Beauty (A.K.R. 1860), and Daisy II. (A.K.R. 1361). *Puppies:* 1st and special, 2d, and high com., City View Kennel's Vera (A.K.R. 2042), Lorna (A.K.R. 2036), and Frolic (A.K.R. 2035). Com., W. J. Sullivan's Polo, 6mos. (Napoleon—Daisy).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—1st and special, J. R. Gildersleeve's Roger, 4½yrs., blue and tan (Ben—Minnie); 2d, J. R. Gildersleeve's Nellie, 2½yrs., blue and tan (Ben—Minnie). Very high com., John Hammond's Prince, 18mos., blue and tan.—UNDER 5LBS.—1st, withheld; 2d, John Hammond's Dandy, 16mos., blue and tan.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—UNDER 7LBS.—1st and special, P. McKiernan's Daisy, 6mos., black and tan (Dan—Minnie Warren); 2d and special, Mrs. John O'Brien's Dixey II., 13mos., tan and silver (Joe—Mollie I.). Very high com. reserve, P. McKiernan's Minnie Warren, 3½yrs., black and tan (Dan—Nancy). Very high com., John O'Brien's Topsy, 3yrs., blue and silver (Dixey—Mollie II.). High com., F. A. Cannon's Pet II., 2½yrs., silver (Snap—Pet); Alfred Ives's Belle, 4yrs., blue and silver; Dan O'Shea's Nellie, 3yrs. (Billie—Linie).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, John Hammond's Topsy, 2yrs., black and tan; 2d, William Phillips's Pitou, 1yr., black and tan (Sancho—Onida).

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, J. Hart's Roy, 2yrs., red and white (Randolph—Lady); 2d, J. P. Barnard's Pete, 18mos., orange and white.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special, Miss E. Van Buren's Fanny, 7yrs., fawn; 2d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Blan-she, 11mos., white, slate markings (imported).

POODLES.—1st, J. Hammond's Cognac, Russian poodle, 3½yrs., black; 2d, Mrs. G. Wooster's Charley, 2yrs., white.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st and two specials, Maizeland Kennels' Nemours, 2yrs., tricolor (Jupiter—Viven); 2d, J. R. Gildersleeve's Zar, silver gray, 19mos. (imported).—UNDER 25LBS.—1st and special, Mrs. Hubert T. Foote's Me-Too, Mexican hairless, 3yrs.; 2d and special, J. R. Gildersleeve's Minnie, white, 5mos. (Duke—Lady). High com., H. L. Jessel's Jim, mouse, 3yrs.; Chas. W. H. Ellis's Don, elephant color, 11mos.

CHALLENGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hereby challenge Mr. F. Windholz, the owner of the setter dog Rockingham, to show his dog against Foreman, for $100 a side, each to select a judge and they to appoint a third, time and place to be agreed upon. WM. TALLMAN.

SOUTH ATTLEBORO, Mass., March 23.

ST. LOUIS BENCH SHOW.—St. Louis, March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Beagles will be judged at the coming St. Louis show by the standard of the A. E. Beagle Club, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., will judge pointers, setters, hounds and Chesapeakes. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, will judge spaniels. The judge for non-sporting dogs is not yet announced. The custom of benching the dogs in long parallel rows will be changed here. The benches are to be in squares, each breed, as far as possible, to itself. The judging will be completed the first day. Winners will receive a large printed certificate. The railroads entering St. Louis will carry dogs free when accompanied by owners. Express companies will charge one fare for the round trip. Cockers are divided into two classes, to be judged respectively by the American and the International standards.—GEO. MUNSON, Manager.

THE PIERCE DISQUALIFICATION.—New Haven, Conn. *Editor Forest and Stream:* In receiving the entry of Mr. Pierce I may have been wrong. The notice of his disqualification by the Philadelphia Club was received and read hastily, and regarded simply as a notice that his case would be brought before the executive committee of the A. K. C. for action. In regard to the awards made to the entry of Mr. W. H. Pierce, the following action was taken by the New Haven Club: "That, inasmuch as Mr. Pierce's entry had been accepted and the award made, it was deemed only right that the prizes should be paid, but with the following condition, that if the action of the Philadelphia Club was sustained at the meeting of the A. K. C. in Boston, the prizes should be returned."—E. S. PORTER, Secretary.

THE ESSEX COUNTY HUNT are making extensive preparations for opening the season this week. They have lately added to their pack a draft of over a dozen new hounds of best blood. The increase in the number of members since last season will bring more fine hunting horses in the field. The usual spring races at Waverly will be omitted this season, as the Hunt has decided to hold their meeting at Rockaway in connection with the Long Island Hunts. There will be three days of racing, May 9, 13 and 16. The first to be known as the Meadow Brook Hunt day, the second as the Essex County Hunt day, and the last day as the Rockaway Hunt day. These events will be the first combined efforts of the different Hunts to hold a grand meeting, and as it is under the best management, it will no doubt be a great success.

FANNY.—Boston, March 25, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the March number of the A. K. R. the setter bitch Fanny's whole pedigree is included in that of No. 2-156, is stated to be by Count Noble out of Flirt; but in a late number of another paper the same Fanny is claimed as by Decimal Dash out of Shapleigh Bess (Rake—Fanny). Will the owner of Fanny please state through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM what authority he has for claiming the above pedigree, also her age and full address of her breeder.—C. NOBLE.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The judges for the dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held at Madison Square Garden next month, so far as they have been appointed, are as follows: Pointers, Mr. J. M. Tracy; English setters, Mr. John C. Higgins; fox-terriers, Mr. L. M. Rutherfurd. Mr. Hugh Dalziel will judge most of the non-sporting classes. The managers have very wisely decided to follow the same constructions of Rule 8 as the New Haven and New England clubs.

CINCINNATI BENCH SHOW.—The non-sporting classes at the coming Cincinnati bench show will be judged by Mr. Hugh Dalziel, of England.

KENNEL NOTES are crowded out this week.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. L. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—The hair on my spaniel's ears is short, faded, and to all appearances dead. What shall I do to cause fresh growth of same? Ans. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food, and after washing the ears thoroughly, apply the ointment of the iodide of lead, rubbing carefully and thoroughly into the skin.

T. H. S., Rome, N. Y.—My Gordon pup has scratched her ear till the inner surface of the lobe is lacerated and raw. There does not seem to be anything like canker within the ear. Ans. Wash with warm water and castile soap and apply Goulard's extract of lead twice daily. In the intervals keep vaseline on parts, and hobble your dog if she still scratches.

E. R.—A setter dog, two years old, is in perfect health with the exception of his eyes. The lower eyelids at times hang down, and the inside looks very red and water runs from them a good deal. Ans. Get a solution of sulpho-carbolate of zinc made up, five grains to the ounce of water, and paint the eyelids where everted twice daily with fine camel's hair brush. Report result.

BERGEN, New York.—I have a mastiff dog pup about 9½ months old, weight about 100 pounds, chest and shoulders unusually heavy, other parts all good. When standing, his hindlegs appear perfectly straight and well formed, but when running he throws the hindfeet out sidewise and draws the stifle joints together. Is this a weakness of the hindlegs showing tendency to cowhocks, and if so, can anything be done for it? Ans. Your dog has grown too fast and his bones and joints are weak. He needs iron and cod liver oil. Your druggist will furnish you with some emulsion of the oil, containing iron and the lime salts. There are numbers of these preparations; most of them are effective. Give a tablespoonful three times daily. Hold the mouth open and let it fall back of the tongue.

DESICCATED MEAT, a new food article for dogs and puppies, is advertised in this issue. Dog owners should give it a trial.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SARATOGA, March 7.—At its Glen Mitchell Range to-day the Saratoga Rifle Club brought to a close the second tournament of the winter season. It covered about six weeks, and the result appended makes an unusually fine record. The score and average are as follows (possible 120):

	Score.	Average		Score.	Average
W B Gates	1,100	110	A C Rich	1,035	103 5-10
I Davis	1,095	103 5-10	F A White	1,026	102 6-10
A G Hull	1,074	107 4-10	H Wellington	1,025	102 5-10
A F Mitchell	1,064	106 4-10	I D Roods	975	97 5-10
S F Corey	1,049	104 9-10	L R Rich	971	97 1-10
W H Gibbs	1,042	104 2-10			

Two shoots were held last week and fair scores were made. The conditions were good on both days. The Massachusetts target was used and the distance was 200yds., off-hand. The score:

W B Gage	12	10	11	11	12	12	12	12	7	11	—110
H Wellington	10	12	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	—107
A G Hull	11	11	10	10	12	10	11	10	10	11	—106
A F Mitchell	10	10	12	10	12	12	8	12	8	12	—106
A C Rich	11	10	12	11	10	9	12	9	9	11	—104
L R Rich	7	11	8	10	11	10	12	10	10	10	— 99
I D Roods	10	9	9	10	9	7	11	10	9	11	— 95

BRATTLEBORO, March 14.—There was a fair attendance at Oak Grove Range to-day. The shooting being done on the Massachusetts target, 200yds. off-hand. The scores were very good considering the extremely bad light:

Taft	12	11	11	10	11	11	10	11	11	12	—110
Cobb	12	10	12	11	11	11	11	10	12	10	—110
French	11	12	9	10	12	12	10	12	11	11	—110
Hone	11	12	10	9	12	10	10	11	11	11	—107
Nichols	10	12	10	9	10	11	10	9	12	12	—105
Knight	11	11	9	12	11	10	8	10	12	11	—105
Brockway	10	12	11	11	9	11	8	11	12	8	—103
Read	11	10	10	9	11	8	10	10	11	11	—101

BOSTON, March 21.—A harder day in which to shoot a rifle than this could not well be imagined, and the gentlemen at Walnut Hill worked for all they got. The wind blew across the range in great gusts, and affected the bullets very badly. A new list of matches was opened as follows:

A.—Creedmoor target—for practice—200yds. Rounds, ten. Entry fee, 15 cents. No prizes.

B.—Creedmoor target.—200yds. Position, standing. Rounds, ten. Any rifle. Entries unlimited, at 25 cents each to members; to non-members, first entries, each day, 50 cents; re-entries 25 cents. Prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best four scores, to count in the order made. Military rifles allowed seven points and other rifles with open sights four points on the aggregate of four scores. Ten prizes, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent. of the total entry fees and a leather medal. Any member of the M. R. A. making a clean score of 50 shall receive $5 in gold, but not for more than one score.

C.—Decimal target. Conditions as in Match B, except that military rifles are allowed twenty-four points on four scores; other rifles with open sights sixteen points. Eleven prizes as follows: 12, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 per cent. of the total entry fees.

D.—Victory medal match for 1885. Decimal target. Open one year. Distance, 200yds.; position, standing; rounds, 10; any rifle; no handicap; entry fee, 25 cents. First prize, a victory gold medal to the competitor who scores ten 86s; second prize, a victory silver medal for ten 80s; third prize, a victory bronze medal for ten 75s; fourth prize, a silver membership badge for ten 70s; fifth prize, a bronze membership badge for ten 65s.

F.—Decimal target, at rest, to be opened on the closing of the current (F) decimal match, at rest; 200yds.; rounds, 10; any position or rest; any rifle under 12 pounds, without telescopic sights; entries same as in Match B; prizes on the aggregate of best five scores; an allowance of 50 points on military and 25 points on other open-sight rifles, on the aggregate of five scores. This match will be closed the day that 200 entries have been made. Prizes respectively eight, seven, six, five, three and two silver dollars.

M.—All-comers' military match, 200yds.; position, standing; any military rifle; trigger pull, 6 pounds; rounds, 5; Creedmoor target; entries unlimited, at 25 cents each; four scores to count. Prizes, trophies of the value of 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the total entry fees respectively. This match will be closed at the discretion of the executive officer.

S. M.—Militia match, conditions approved by Colonel Rockwell, inspector-general of rifle practice, M. V. M., and properly certified winners will have the privilege of wearing the badges when in uniform. Open only to members of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. Distance, 200yds.; position, standing; rifle Springfield, as issued by the State; trigger pull, 6 pounds; rounds 5, Creedmoor target, entries unlimited at 50 cents each, 4 scores to count. To any competitor making 4 scores of 23 or more, a gold badge; 4 scores of 21 or more, a silver badge; 4 scores of 18 or more, a bronze badge.

These matches are open to all comers, except as otherwise specified. Following are the best scores made:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

J Halsey	5455554554—47	P W White	4434545445—42
W D Palmer	4454555454—45	N F Tufts	4445554443—42
J H Farr	5444444454—42	J Emmond	4443454444—40

Decimal Match.

J B Fellows, D	8	9	9	8	8	9	4	6	3	10	—80
R Reid, A	9	5	8	9	4	8	10	5	7	6	—71
C B Edwards, A	4	6	8	7	8	5	10	6	8	7	—70
B G Warren, C	4	8	6	3	9	9	0	5	6	4	—63
R Davis, D	5	6	6	10	5	9	6	8	5	3	—63
W H Olin, C	3	4	6	7	5	6	8	6	8	8	—61

SACO, Me., March 20.—Lately I received a .32-cal. 28-inch barrel, for patched bullets, to fit my Maynard breech piece. At the first trial I made, in seven consecutive shots, 34 out of a possible 35. Second trial, two days later, hit the bullseye nine times in eleven consecutive shots. Third trial, next day, made two scores of 34, possible 35, and a ten inch circle would inclose the entire 14 consecutive shots. This shooting was all done on my private range, at 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target, and witnessed by Mr. Wm. G. Parker, of Biddeford. Yesterday tried a string of 5 shots, 100yds., off-hand, and put them all in a 4-inch bullseye.—W. F. CUMMINGS.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

THE first inter-state tournament under the auspices of the National Gun Association, will be held at Springfield, O., May 5–9. Prizes $2,000. Fuller particulars will be given in our next issue. An inter-State tournament will be held at Cleveland, O., Oct. 5–10, 1885, and an international tournament at Washington, D. C., in May, 1886.

All sportsmen and citizens alike, are invited to join the National Gun Association. Initiation fee, $5, payable, if desired, in monthly installments of $1. Annual dues, $1, payable upon entering, and thereafter on May 1. The secretary's address is J. E. Bloom, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—March 13.—Distance 18yds., set angles, 15 birds. Gold medal match at blackbirds: J. C. Duncan 11, John M. Ross 11, Jacques 10, F. Armstrong 10, M. O. French 9, Dr. Deaderick 9, Townsend 8, Jenkins 7, Gardner Woods 7, T. C. Eldridge 7, C. Woodbury 6, A. Mead 5, J. E. Ross 0. Ligowsky medal match at clay-pigeons: Duncan 13, John Ross 11, Jacques 10, Armstrong 11, French 9, Deaderick 7, Townsend 8, Jenkins 9, Woods 8, Eldridge 10, Woodbury 7, Mead 6, J. E. Ross 6. J. C. Duncan winner in both matches.—C. M. WOODBURY, Secretary.

STAUNTON, Va., March 17.—Staunton Gun Club match at ten clay pigeons, 18yds. rise. The strong wind blowing prevented a good average score:

T Bissell	0111111111—9	Dr Wayman	1001111001—6
A Ayres	1111100111—8	W Allen	0011001110—5
C Wittle	1101111011—8	Col Bumgardner	0010100111—5
J A Cockran	1011001111—7	W F Summerson	1001011001—5
Cox	0011110111—7	F West	1000001111—5
Dr Berkeley	1111000011—6	B Tams	1000110110—5
C L Cooke	1010010111—6	L Alby	0000111100—4
Wm Cushing	1010110101—6	C Bargamin	1010100001—4
J Stout	0110011011—6	F J Crowder	0011000001—3

Bissell takes silver medal, Crowder, leather medal.—T. BISSELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—The opening shoot of the Alameda County Sportsmen's Association was held to day at Bird's Point. The conditions of the match were 12 pigeons, each liberated from six ground traps, Hurlingham rules governing. Messrs. Bell, Tuttle, Ghirardelli, Goodall and Mortimer shot 12-gauge guns and stood at the 28-yd. stake. W. L. Brown shot at 16yds. and A. F. Adams, who was the "top man" in last season's shoot, was handicapped to 31yds. rise. The remainder stood at the 30-yd. stake. Eastman was selected as judge. The club numbers over eighty members, but only thirteen faced the trap. Though the day was very warm the pigeons were lively, and with a few exceptions flew strong and swift. Following was the score:

Al Havens	111110111000— 8	F P Norton	011010111101— 8
C A Edson	101101010001— 6	J Ghirardelli	100110101101— 7
R E Bell	111011011011— 9	E Goodall	001101010111— 7
Dr Slade	111111111112—12	W Mortimer	111111111110—11
J Pollock	001011100100— 5	W L Brown	111011011101— 9
C A Tuttle	011111110110— 9	A H Mayhew	111011111011—10
A F Adams	011111110011— 9		

The next was a miss and out for $2.50 a corner. There were 9 entries. The scores were: Wilson 0, Edson 0, Mortimer 1, Hill 1, Brown 4, Tuttle, Coffin, Slade and Adams 6 each. As the prospect was more than likely that the cost of the pigeons would more than offset the purse when it would be won, the four last mentioned divided the pot.

NEWARK N. J., March 21.—The Southside Gun Club of Newark, shot a crow match this afternoon at the club grounds, on Railroad avenue. Three hundred very lively crows were provided and twenty-five members entered into the competition. A stiff and bitterly cold westerly wind combined with the novel character of the feathered targets in making the scores generally poor. A number of the best shots in the club failed utterly in scoring in the first sweep of five birds, while but three members made clean scores. The birds were released from a ground trap at 24yds. rise, and the match was shot under Hurlingham rules, the second barrel to be used only when a bird was on the wing. The crows rose frequently with their beaks to the wind and hovered temptingly for a moment, offering an easy mark for the veriest tyro with the gun, but still they were much more frequently missed than pigeons would have been by the same men under similar circumstances. Sometimes the crows would develop into rapid drivers the moment the trap was unroofed, and in such cases the dusky birds would almost invariably escape. Often a healthy old crow would be struck with both barrels and apparently be knocked into lacework, but would carry his load of lead lazily away, to drop into the reeds half a mile distant. The crows were caught in wild-pigeon nets along the Delaware River. They are baited several days before the nets are sprung. Often forty or fifty birds are caught at one time. Crow catching is now a paying business.

ONTARIO CLUBS.—A clay-pigeon match took place at Aurora on the 12th inst., between the Newmarket and Aurora Gun Clubs, at 15 birds each, resulting in favor of the Aurora team by 13 birds. The following is the score:

Aurora.		Newmarket.	
G Wilkinson	12	T Brown	11
J Coltham	11	A T Doan	14
R Wells	9	G Perry	8
J Moseley	12	C Norris	9
N Haldinby	11	A Rowe	11
J Wells	13	R Hardy	7
W S Weezey	11—79	P Ratcliffe	6—66

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 18.—The regular fortnightly shoot of the Manchester Shooting Club was held at the grounds of the organization in West Manchester this afternoon, and was the largest attended of the season. The event of the most importance was the shooting for the club gold medal. C. B. French broke 19 out of a possible 20 clay-birds, thus winning the medal for the third consecutive time. Under the present conditions he has but to win it once more to secure it for all time to come. Such shooting as he has been showing of late is deserving of success. There were 11 contestants against him to-day and there will probably be more of them at the next shoot. The shooting in the sweepstake events resulted as follows: 1. French and Reed divided first, Gray second, Ward and Bell third. 2. French and Wilman first, Watson and Gove second, Wadleigh and Reed third. 3. Gove and Wilman first, French and Watson second, Gray and Wadleigh third. 4. Gray and Stubbs first, Oliver second, Gray third. 5. Gray first, Stubbs second, Wadleigh third.

LOUISIANA.—St. Martinsville, La., March 20.—A glass ball and clay-pigeon shooting took place this evening with the following score: Ten single glass balls; L. J. Voorhees 10, T. L. Broussard 9, N. Bienvenu 6, Paul Bienvenu 5, J. E. Mouton 5, J. A. Deblanc 3. Ten single clay-pigeons: J. L. Broussard 9, L. J. Voorhees 8, Paul Bienvenu 7, J. A. Deblanc 6, J. E. Mouton 6, G. Fournet 6, N. Bienvenu 4.

FORT WORTH, Tex., March 22.—The pigeon match between Carver and Penrose, 100 birds, for a purse of $1,500, was won by Carver by 76 to 75.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—At the annual meeting of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, held March 5, the following officers were elected: President, James H. Brown; Vice-President, Edmund Redmond; Secretary and Treasurer, L. A Pratt. President Brown appointed the following committees: Finance Committee—H. B. Hooker, A. Brownell; Vigilance Committee—G. W. Crouch, Homer Jacobs, H. H. Fleischer; Bird Committee—H. B. Hooker, M. M. Hollister, Charles Green.

COLLINSVILLE, Conn.—Officers of the Collinsville Gun Club for the year: President, G. L. Terry; Vice-President, F. E. Hawley; Secretary, C. A. Hart; Treasurer, M. Upson; Executive Board—C. N. Ellsworth, H. Delavanway, W. Bliss.

ORANGE, N. J., March 18.—A sparrow match was shot near here to-day by a party of sportsmen living in the neighborhood. The birds were clandestinely netted in the ivy of Grace Church, Newark, at midnight. They were found to be very difficult to hit, and the score sheet was destroyed at the end of the match by the man who failed to kill one bird in ten.

THE LOUISVILLE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION will hold a tournament April 8 and 9, on the grounds of the Southern Exposition Company. The shooting will be at live birds and artificial targets. J. O. Barbour, secretary.

BOSTON GUN CLUB CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.—Wellington, Mass., March 18.—It was very cold and snow fell during the latter part of the day, making it very difficult to average good scores. The average monies of the day were taken as follows: Perry and Gerrish first, Cooper second, Eager third. The following is a summary of the day's matches:

First event, 7 singles, 18yds.:

H W Eager	2	T S Hall	2
W S Perry	6	A Houghton	1
C H Gerrish	6	Clark	6
E L Evans	3	A F Cooper	5
G White	3	D Kirkwood	4
C M Stark	4	W J Braley	4
E W Tinker	5		

Cooper first, Tinker second, Stark and Kirkwood [third, White and Evans fourth.

Second event, 3 pair doubles, 15yds.:

Evans	00 10 01—2	Clark	01 10 10—3
Eager	11 10 11—5	Braley	00 10 10—2
White	11 01 11—5	Houghton	01 11 00—3
Perry	11 10 10—4	Stark	10 11 10—4
Gerrish	10 11 11—5	Tinker	01 11 01—4
Cooper	11 10 11—5	Kirkwood	11 10 00—3

Cooper and Gerrish first, Tinker second, Houghton third, Braley and Evans fourth.

Third event, 5 singles, 18yds rise: Kirkwood 3, Snow 4, Eager 4, Warren 1, Perry 5, Robinson 2 Gerrish 2, Nichols 4, White 3, Cooper 3, Houghton 3, Tinker 3, Hall 2, Braley 1, Evans 3, Stark 1, Clark 3. Perry first, Eager second, Cooper and Clark third.

Fourth event, 5 pair doubles:

Kirkwood	10 11 11 10 10—7	Evans	10 10 10 10 10—5
Perry	11 11 11 10 11—9	Cooper	11 11 11 11 10—9
Eager	10 11 10 10 11—7	White	10 10 00 01 10—4
Snow	11 00 00 10 00—3	Tinker	10 10 11 01 10—6
Gerrish	01 11 01 11 10—7	Houghton	11 10 00 01 01—6
Braley	10 10 10 10 10—5		

Perry and Cooper first, Eager second, Tinker third, Evans fourth.

Fifth event, 2-man team match at 7 singles and 3 pair doubles, singles at 18yds., doubles at 15yds.: Cooper and Gerrish first, Eager and Perry second, White and Snow third.

Sixth event, 7 singles:

Perry	0111110—5	Cooper	1101101—5
Eager	1111011—6	Clark	1101101—5
Nichols	1010110—4	Snow	0111010—4
Robinson	1101111—6	Hall	1101101—5
White	1011110—5	Kirkwood	1111011—6
Tinker	00000 w	Whitney	0001000—1
Gerrish	1101111—6	Braley	0111100—4

Gerrish first, White and Hall second, Braley third, Whitney fourth.

Seventh event, 5 singles, 18yds.: Kirkwood 4, Gerrish 3, Eager 4, Robinson 3, Snow 3, Evans 1, Nichols 2, Perry 2, Clark 3, White 3, Cooper 3, Hall 3. Eager and Kirkwood first, Snow second, Gerrish third, Evans fourth.

The Boston Gun Club will give clay-pigeon tournaments April 15 and 29, open to all, with practice shoots April 10 and 24. The prize shoot will be held April 24. The practice shoots are intended to afford all the opportunities which the club can afford towards the development of wing practice to young members particularly. All tickets therefore, which contain above ten misses are redeemable above such extent at half price. Membership can be obtained by filing application with secretary with $3, the same to be adjudged by membership committee. The club has now the most convenient accommodations at Wellington (a delightful surburb within 7 minutes of Boston) for clay-pigeon shooting. The club house has spacious, well heated and lighted rooms rooms to suit the sportsmen; possesses trap accommodations for 10 traps and facilities to throw 6,000 birds per day. Any three members by application through secretary can secure the use of the grounds and traps for private practice.—D. Kirkwood, Boston, Secretary and Treasurer.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

March 31—K. C. C. Camp-fire, 106 West Forty-second street, 8 P. M.
April 7—Toledo C. C. Camp-fire, "Racing and Rules."
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

CRUISE OF THE "AURORA."

AT the close of the American Canoe Association Meet in August, 1883, Dr. C. A. Neidé, in the Aurora, and Mr. S. D. Kendall, in the Comfort, set out from Lorna Island for the Gulf of Mexico. They got there. But before reaching Pensacola they did and saw enough to discount the adventures of that famous old cruiser, the "much-enduring Ulysses." The skipper of the Aurora kept a faithful log of the cruise, and when he got back again wrote it up and sent the manuscript to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. It has been put into book form and is now ready.

Nobody but a blind man could make a trip of this kind without seeing a thousand things worth telling. Dr. Neidé has an eye for novelties, and a quick appreciation of whatever is out of the way. Add to this a faculty for forgetting the prosy details, a memory for what is worth remembering, and the gift of telling things so that others see them too. The Aurora's log is capital reading from beginning to end. It is real canoeing, with all the fun, tribulation, excitement and doldrums thereunto appertaining. This story of a 3,000 miles' cruise will take a high place in the canoeing literature of America. Bound in cloth, pp. 216. Price $1.00.

CRUISING INFORMATION—SALEM TO NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is a canoe cruise practical between Salem, Mass., and New York City? Having two seasons' experience upon rivers and lakes in Eastern Massachusetts, I wish to turn next June to a salt-water cruise of perhaps a month's duration. I intend to carry "stores" with me as well as a complete outfit, but having no brother canoeist to consult, I hardly know what I should purchase.

My canoe is 15×25, and weighs sixty-five pounds, having a double spread of 60 sq. ft. Each week I have carefully examined the FOREST AND STREAM, hoping to find some helping hints upon the subject, and each week I am disappointed.

I think the canoeing column would be very instructive and entertaining if each issue contained one or more "logs" of cruises. Such a step would certainly be appreciated by the amateurs contemplating a vacation cruise over unknown streams and lakes, and as this is the time when canoes are overhauled, and duffle rejuvenated in anticipation of the coming season, we would respectfully request the older and more experienced canoeists to send in their manuscript. I know there must be many canoeists who weekly scan the column devoted to our craft in hopes of finding a writer who has cruised over contemplated water, and I know that for the past two months many have been in fear that canoeing is on the decline. If some one will kindly give the asked above information through these columns I will be grateful to him. GEO. S. HUDSON.

PEABODY, Mass.

[The trip would be practicable in a large and powerful canoe, but a cruise around Cape Cod is not the proper work for so small a boat, and would be a dangerous voyage. The canoe mentioned, 15×25, is entirely too small for open water cruising. We have published lists of stores for cruising, but perhaps some of our readers can give

further information to our correspondent's questions. The A. C. A. are now actively at work collecting such information as is asked for above, and we hope our correspondent will join, if he is not a member, and add his share.]

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

IT should be a special duty of club officers to see that canoeists proposing to join the Association should forward their names to the secretary as early as possible.

First—In order that their names may appear in the A. C. A. Book of 1885.

Second—That they may have the benefit of the record of cruises and references about to be distributed to the members of the Association.

Third—That an Association number may be assigned to them, as such number *must appear on the sail* of every canoe contesting in races at the annual meet, and members waiting until the last moment may experience considerable trouble in marking the sail properly.

Prompt action will simplify much the work of the Association officers. ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Com. A. C. A.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 20, 1885.

CANOE PILOTAGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wilkin's scheme in regard to canoe pilotage seems to be a good one, and will undoubtedly receive the warm support of canoeists everywhere. Let us elect a pilot at the next meet, and he can appoint district pilots wherever he deems necessary, alloting to them certain territory. Any canoeist can write to the pilot for information, and the communication be turned over to the district pilot in whose territory the waters may be. In this way we could avoid the trouble of obtaining the generally untrustworthy information you receive from people who are not canoeists. ELOISE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

[It was at first intended that the secretary of the Association should have charge of all such matters as pilotage and cruising information, but his duties are already heavy, and the scheme proposed would relieve him of a work that will soon be very arduous. The Association have lately taken the matter in hand vigorously by sending out requests for information, but it is possible that better results might be obtained by an organized system of State pilots under a chief. At any rate the subject is one of general interest, and worthy of further discussion.]

SWIMMING RACES AT THE MEET.

THE suggestion has lately been made to add to the programme for 1885 a tournament of the olden style, but with canoes in place of horses. It is a capital idea, but will require a good deal of work to get into satisfactory shape.

The race programme will probably be quite long enough, but I hope the committee will find room for a couple of swimming contests. Every canoeist should be able to swim, and I presume that a very large majority of persons using canoes can do so more or less. One of the poets of the Association, Orange Frazer, cannot swim a stroke, and always ties himself to his canoe when running rapids or in other dangerous situations.

I would suggest two races, viz., first, one hundred yards, and second, half a mile. Six hundred yards might be more suitable for the latter, but endurance could not be well tested at a shorter distance. Rules for such contests are already well known. The costumes should be such that ladies could be present.

I may be mistaken, but I think races of this kind would bring out a large number of entries, and prove of interest to the Association.

BOREAS.

THE FAN MAINSAIL.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 11 last, there appeared a short paragraph on the "Fan Canoe Sail," signed "B. Lug," which I intended to answer, but I was busy at the time and lost sight of the matter. I noticed the paragraph yesterday in looking over some back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, and will now reply to it.

I can understand how "B. Lug" gained the impression that my fan mainsail would not sit flat. When I had it at Grindstone Island, during at least part of the time I could not hoist it so fully up as to get the boom off the slot-bar, or topping lift. This was owing to the hasty and imperfect construction of that individual sail, and is not inherent in the fan sail principle. No doubt the sail did then to some extent present the appearance of "a series of flutings." When I afterward remedied the defect so as to bring the weight of boom and battens into play to stretch the sail, aided by the tension of the sheet, I found the sail excellently flat. Mr. J. K. Bakewell, of Pittsburgh, who uses a fan sail, thinks with me that it is an exceedingly flat sail when properly made.

I think that in a good fan sail the "retarding surface" presented to the wind is less than that of a balance lug; but a comparison of two good specimens of the rigs will best settle this point.

"B. Lug" says "the fansail is complicated in make." He got that impression from the somewhat crude arrangement I had at the meet, which I put together hastily just before leaving Toronto. I have since got the thing in better shape as to details.

"B. Lug" thinks that the fansail is probably useless for racing. I don't see why it should be. I propose to race with a big one this coming season.

"B. Lug" refers to "the amount of labor necessary to keep its many parts in working order." This is a misapprehension. There is not necessarily any more gear on the fan mainsail than on any other sail having the same number of reefs. My sail at Grindstone Island had two reefs in it, both worked from the deck.

All being well, I hope to have at Grindstone Island next July-August, a large fan mainsail in a much better shape to stand criticism than the old one was. ROBT. TYSON, Isabel, T. C. C.

TORONTO, Feb. 28, 1885.

PRIZE FLAGS FOR THE A. C. A. RACES.

THE following circular has been sent out by the Regatta Committee to all A. C. A. members. For several seasons past it has been the rule that only flags shall be given as prizes for the Association races. It is difficult to purchase suitable flags for such a purpose, and the duty of obtaining them has usually devolved on the officers of the Association. Many of the members can readily procure one flag each, and the flags will not only be finer than those purchased, but will have an additional value as prizes. Answers to the circular should be sent in as soon as possible:

ALBANY, N. Y., March, 1885.

In arranging for the prize flags for the regatta of 1885, the committee venture to hope that it may not be necessary to present any factory-made articles. They believe that many members and friends of the A. C. A. will gladly send flags which will be doubly prized as being at the same time Association trophies and personal favors. The committee, therefore, ask you to fill and return the accompanying blank, promising for yourself or for a friend a contribution to the list. The flags should be of silk, painted or embroidered, of any size from A. C. A. regulation upward. Contributors may, of course, designate a race for which the flag is offered, and the committee will arrange as far as possible upon such suggestions. The name or initials of the maker or designer will add to the value of a flag. Flags not particularly designated will be marked for appropriate races by the committee.

The high appreciation of the prizes heretofore given by friends (by ladies especially), lead the committee to expect a ready response to this appeal. The prizes should be sent to the committee before July 1. The promise should be given as soon as possible.

The blank is as follows:

To the Regatta Committe A. C. A.,

CARE OF MR. R. W. GIBSON, ALBANY, N. Y.:

The undersigned will send before July 1, for the A. C. A. Regatta of 1885.....prize flag which.....offered by.....

.....

Member A. C. A.

.....(Address.)

N. B.—If any particular race is preferred, please refer to programme and quote.

Event No..... Class..... Sailing or Paddling.....

SHATTEMUC C. C.—Sing Sing, March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Shattemuc C. C., of this place, has a membership of nine. Our officers are: G. Fisher Secor, Commodore; J. K. Hand, Captain; T. J. Hand, Jr., Purser. We hope to be on deck with a new boat house by the middle of next month. The club is almost a year old.—T. J. HAND, JR., Purser.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Frank Taylor was in New Orleans last week and called on Dr. Neidé....At last reports Messrs. Munroe, Seavey and ix other canoeists were to leave Jacksonville on the sharpie Mary B., for a three week trip to Lake Worth. They will return via Indian River and St. Johns.

TORONTO C. C.—On Saturday, Feb. 28, four enthusiastic members chained off a half mile course on the bay, starting in front of the club house and running west along the city front. Bearings were taken at a quarter mile, so that a short race can be had.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL CAMP A. C. A., 1885.

THE fifth annual meeting and camp of the American Canoe Association will be held on Delaney's Point, at the northeast end of Grindstone Island, in the Thousand Islands region of the St. Lawrence River, commencing on Friday, July 24, and continuing until Saturday, Aug. 8. The camp site is about four miles distant from Clayton, N. Y., and five miles from Gananoque, Canada. A steamer will make regular trips between Clayton and Gananoque twice a day, stopping at camp on both trips and connecting with the Utica & Black River Railroad at Clayton and the Grand Trunk Railroad at Gananoque. Additional transportation arrangements will also be made of which due notice will be given in the *Canoeist* and FOREST AND STREAM. The ladies' camp will be located at Squaw Point, as in 1884.

CAMP SUPPLIES.

There will be an ice house and a store near the dock, where all necessaries may be obtained at moderate prices. Meals may be obtained by such as do not desire to cook for themselves at Delaney's farm, a short distance from camp, additional and ample accommodations having been provided for this purpose. Mr. Delaney can also accommodate at his house from eighteen to twenty boarders in case any members desire to avail themselves of the opportunity. The various routes to the Thousand Islands are too well known to require enumeration, and a list will be furnished later of all such making special rates in favor of the Association.

PROGRAMME.

Camp will open Friday, July 24. The first week will be devoted to cruising, camp sports, excursions, and such special races as may be arranged. The preliminary meeting of the Association will be held on Monday evening, Aug. 3. The regatta will begin, if the weather be favorable, on Monday, Aug. 3, at 9:30 A. M., according to the following programme. At the termination of the regatta a general review of the fleet will be held. Special sports and illuminations will be announced in camp and members are respectfully requested to supply themselves with lanterns, etc. The annual meeting will be on Friday, Aug. 7, at 11 A. M., and camp will close on Saturday, Aug. 8.

CAMP.

All members are earnestly requested to be present for the entire term of camp, if possible, and as it is probable that the number will be large, officers of clubs will notify the Commodore by mail, to Clayton, N. Y., immediately before proceeding to camp, of the number of men proposing to be present and the size and kind of tents they will require space for, in order that suitable grounds may be assigned. Clubs desiring it will be located as nearly as possible in the former positions, *provided* due notice is given as above.

The large Association tent will be centrally located, with suitable postal facilities, and all letters addressed to Clayton, N. Y., or Gananoque, Canada, A. C. A. Camp, will be delivered there.

The bulletin board at the head of the dock will show the orders for the day, and all members are cautioned to observe the same for the general comfort and convenience. A. C. A. Rules will be strictly enforced, and all members desiring to compete in races must conform to them.

Special days will be assigned for visitors, who will not be permitted in camp at other times except by special invitation, and no steamers will be allowed to land without special permit from the Commodore. Ladies will not be permitted in camp before 10 A. M. or after 5 P. M., except by official invitation on special occasions.

LAKE ERIE MEET.

A local meet will be held on Ballast Island, Lake Erie, near Cleveland, and Toledo, under the charge of Commodore Gardner, of the Cleveland C. C., shortly before the annual camp, and all canoeists are urged to attend, if practicable, as special facilities will be provided for proceeding direct from Lake Erie to Clayton by steamer.

ANNUAL REGATTA, 1885. OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

First Day, Monday Aug. 3.

No. 1. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile.
No. 2. 9:45 A. M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile.
No. 3. 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Novices Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast, open only to members who never sailed a canoe before 1885, 1½ miles.
No. 4. 11:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.
No. 5. 11:45 A. M.—Paddling Class I. (This race exempt from "1 man 1 canoe" rule) 1 mile.
No. 6. 1:45 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.
No. 7. 2:00 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.
No. 8. 3:00 P. M.—Paddling and Sailing combined, Classes A and B, (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, on triangular course of ½ mile sides) 3 miles.
No. 9. 4:00 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked (canoes for this race must be decked on half their length), 1 mile.
No. 10. 4:15 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open (only for paddlers who do not race in No. 9), 1 mile.
No. 11. 4:30 P. M.—Upset race, any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliances allowed unless usually carried in cruising, at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200 feet.

Second Day.

No. 12. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., cruising trim (canoe and load any material, to weigh 200 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 14, 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.
No. 15. 10:40 A. M.—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles.
No. 16. 11:40 A. M.—Paddling Class II., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 17. 2:00 P. M.—Sailing Class B, cruising rig (sail limited to 75 feet, any ballast), 1½ miles.
No. 18. 2:10 P. M.—Sailing Class A, cruising rig (sail limited to 50 feet, any ballast), 1½ miles.
No. 19. 3:00 P. M.—Paddling Class III., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 160 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 20. 3:15 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits ballast or rig, 1½ miles.
No. 21. 4:15 P. M.—Hurry scurry, with swim, 100 yards run, canoes moored 50 feet from shore, paddle 200 yards.
No. 22. 4:30 P. M.—Gymnastics.

Second day of this programmee will be Tuesday, Aug. 4, unless weather prevents or some of Monday's races are postponed, in which case Monday's programme will be finished, if possible, and the remainder of the day be devoted to special races or sports, and the second day will be Wednesday, Aug. 5. In the absence of wind the paddling races will be called at their appointed times. Punctuality will be insisted on, no race will wait for any members. Any event delayed by lack of wind or by reason of the preceding one not having finished will be postponed to the same hour next day, and the next event started at its appointed time. All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

"All-round record" with five prizes will be based upon all events in this programme except Nos. 3, 5, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, that is upon 7 paddling, 6 sailing, and 1 combined. Every classified canoe (except Class I.) being eligible alike for 3 paddling races, 3 sailing, and 1 combined. For No. 5 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events.

First and second prizes in all events except No. 22.

The Committee recommend as desirable subjects for special prizes under Rule V., long distance races, sailing races for open canoes and paddling races for decked canoes, portage or obstruction races, and sports to afford amusement.

R. W. GIBSON,
R. J. WILKIN,
J. L. WELLER,
} Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. SAILING REGULATIONS, 1885.

AS REVISED AND AMENDED BY COMMITTEES.

[See also Notes following these Rules.]

RULE I.

A canoe to competé in any race of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern, or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A. C. A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes. I., II., III., IV.; and to compete in sailing races, it must come within the limits of either Class A or B.

CLASS I.—*Paddling.*—Any canoe.

CLASS II.—*Paddling.*—Length not over 15 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth inside from gunwale to garboard streak at any part of the canoe not less than 8 inches.

CLASS III.—*Paddling.*—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth as above, not under 9 inches.

CLASS IV.—*Paddling.*—Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in Class III.

CLASS A.—*Sailing.*—Length not over 16 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

CLASS B.—*Sailing.*—Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of 28½ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased ⅛ inch for each full inch of length decreased.

The greatest depth of a canoe in Classes A and B, at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next to keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

In centerboard canoes, the keel outside of the garboard shall not exceed 1¼ inches in depth, including a metal keel band of not over ¼ of an inch deep. The total weight of all centerboards shall not exceed 60 pounds; and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor if over one-third of the canoe's length, more than 6 inches below the garboard; when hauled up they must not project below the keel except as follows: Canoes built before May 1, 1885, may be fitted with centerboards which, when hauled up, may project below the keel, provided that such projection of board and case is not more than two inches and a half in depth below the garboard, and not more than 36 inches in length. In order to be admitted in races without ballast, the centerboard or boards, including bolts and other movable parts, but not including fixed trunks or cases, must not exceed 15 pounds in total weight.

Canoes without centerboards may carry keels, not over 3 inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than 35 pounds. Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards.

MEASUREMENT.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the foreside of stem and at the aft side of stern; the beam at the widest part not including beading. In the sailing classes the beading shall not exceed 1½ inches in depth; if deeper than 1½ it shall be included in the beam.

The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the waterline in the paddling classes shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules. As the minimum in Class III. and Class IV. coincides with the maximum in Class A and Class B respectively, a quarter inch each way is to be allowed in measuring for these classes in order that a canoe built to come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other.

RULE II.

None but members of the American Canoe Association shall be permitted to enter its races, and no canoe shall enter that is not enrolled on the Secretary's books, with its dimensions, etc., and no member who is in arrears to the Association shall compete in any race or claim any prize while such arrears remain unpaid.

Any member shall enter only one canoe for races at any one meet, except for such races as the programme shall specially state otherwise. Each canoe shall be enrolled and entered for racing in only one sailing class and one paddling class.

CREW.—The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races, the owner may associate any other member with himself.

RULE III.

All entries must be in writing, on the blanks provided, and must be handed into the Regatta Committee within such time as they may direct.

RULE IV.

Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, shall carry a colored signal flag 10x6 inches on a staff forward when paddling, and her *A. C. A.* number of enrollment in *red* block numerals *15 inches high and 2 inches broad* when sailing. The number to be on both sides of the mainsail, to read correctly on the starboard side, and reversed on the port side. The clerk of the course will lend the paddling signals for each race, and they must be returned to him, but the sailing numbers must be applied by canoe owners.

RULE V.

Flags shall be given as prizes as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second in each race in which more than two start, and for the five best scores in a record of the regatta to be prepared by the Regatta Committee, the five best flags at the disposal of the committee shall be given. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the diseretion of the Regatta Committee. *No prize of money shall be raced for.*

RULE VI.

The mode of turning stakeboats, and all directions for each race, shall be posted by the Regatta Committee on a bulletin board one hour before the race is called; and any competitor not knowing the course, or mistaking it, or not following these Rules, does so at his own risk. Stakeboats and buoys will be left on the port hand, when not stated distinctly to the contrary.

RULE VII.

No pilotage or direction from any boat or from the shore shall be allowed, and any one accepting such assistance may be *disqualified.*

RULE VIII.

Any canoe fouling another shall be *ruled out.* It shall be considered a foul if, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his canoe, paddle, or person shall come in contact with the canoe, paddle, or person of any other competitor, unless in the opinion of the judge such contact is so slight as not to influence the race. In case of a foul, the non-fouling canoe must go over the course in order to claim the race. Any canoe fouling a buoy or mark shall be ruled out. Every canoe must stand by its own accidents.

RULE IX.

Should the owner of any canoe, duly entered for a race, consider that he has fair ground of complaint against another, he must give notice of same immediately on the finish of the race to the judge, and must present the same in writing to the Regatta Committee within one hour of the finish, if appealed from the decision of the judge.

The sum of One Dollar shall be deposited with each protest, to be forfeited to the Association should the protest not be sustained. The Regatta Committed shall, after hearing such evidence as they deem necessary, decide the protest, and the decision if unanimous shall be final, but if not unanimous, an appeal may be made to the Executive Committee, whose decision shall be final.

No member of either Committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is interested. In all cases where a protest is lodged on the ground of fouling, evidences of actual contact shall be necessary to substantiate the protest. The Regatta Committee shall, without protest, disqualify any canoe which, to their knowledge, has committed a breach of the Rules.

PADDLING RACES.

RULE X.

Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking, "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer, he shall say, "Go." If he considers the start unfair, he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be disqualified.

RULE XI.

A canoe's own water is the straight course from the station assigned it at starting. Any canoe leaving its own water shall do so at its peril; but if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's length ahead of the bow of another, the former may take the water of the latter, which then becomes its own water, and it shall only leave it at its peril.

SAILING RACES.

RULE XII.

The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when no rudder is used, or when the rudder is disabled, for back strokes to leeward in tacking, or for shoving off when aground, afoul of anything, or in extreme danger, or from a passing steamer, or from a squall.

RULE XIII.

One minute before the start a signal shall be given, and exactly one minute later a second signal will be given to start. Any canoe which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the second signal, must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the second signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to the Sailing Rules. Canoes may take any position for starting, and prior to the second signal may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). Should circumstauces allow it, the Regatta Committee may vary the manner of starting.

RULE XIV.

All shiftable ballast except centerboards shall be carried within the canoe, and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keelband. Ballast may be shifted, but no ballast shall be taken in or thrown out during a race.

RULE XV.

A canoe overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the latter; but when rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two canoes are not clear of each other when the leading canoe is close to, and is altering her helm to round the mark, the outside canoe must give the other room to pass clear of the mark whichever canoe is in danger of fouling. No canoe shall be considered clear of another unless so much ahead as to give free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking canoe shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a pas-

sage between the leading canoe and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for rounding.

RULE XVI.

Canoes closehauled on the port tack shall give way to those on the starboard tack. In the event of a collision being imminent, owing to the canoe on the port tack not giving way, the canoe on the starboard tack shall luff and go about, but shall never bear away. A canoe on the port tack compelling a canoe on the starboard tack thus to give way, forfeits all claim to the prize.

RULE XVII.

Canoes going free shall always give way to those closehauled on either tack.

RULE XVIII.

When canoes closehauled are approaching a shore, buoy, or other obstruction, and are so close that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the canoe to the windward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of fouling the obstruction, the canoe to windward shall, on being requested, go about, and the canoe requesting her to do so shall also tack at once.

RULE XIX.

Should two or more canoes be approaching a weather shore or any obstruction with the wind free, and be so close to each other that the weathermost one cannot bear away clear of the one to the leeward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of running aground, or of fouling the obstruction, then the canoe that is to leeward shall, on being requested, at once bear away until sufficient room is allowed for the weathermost canoe to clear the obstruction.

RULE XX.

A canoe may luff as she pleases to prevent another canoe passing to windward, but must never bear away out of her course to prevent the other from passing to leeward; the leeside to be considered that on which the leading canoe of the two carries her main boom. The overtaking canoe, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the canoe she has overtaken.

RULE XXI.

A canoe may anchor during a race, provided the anchor is attached or weighed on board the canoe during the remainder of the race.

RULE XXII.

These Rules may be amended by the Executive Committee, on recommendation of the Regatta Committee.

RULE XXIII.

In case of temporary vacancies in the Regatta Committee, the senior officer present shall appoint substitutes.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY R. W. GIBSON, CHAIRMAN REGATTA COMMITTEE.

RULE I. Some canoes whose beam disqualifies them for Class B may still be paddlers in Class 4. The permission to use boards which project below the keel was given in order not to rule out several canoes already fitted with such boards and which could not well be changed. The boards are limited in weight in "no ballast" races, because a heavy board is really most effective ballast. The cases or trunks are not included because of the difficulty of ascertaining their weight. The weight allowed for keels (35 pounds) limits outside ballast wisely, preventing in some degree the development of permanently ballasted sailboats. An oak keel 14 feet long, 3 inches deep and 1 inch thick, with ¼ inch iron band, would weigh about 25 pounds. (See also Rule XIV.).

RULE II. Each member may of course bring to camp as many canoes as he pleases, but in all programme races must enter the same canoe except in the events exempted. The Committee declare Class I. paddling race in this year's programme exempt from the "one man one canoe" rule because it was evident that otherwise no entries would be made—Class I. cannot make an all-round record and would be deserted for the more popular classes. But it is desirable to secure a good time record in A. C. A. paddling, and it is decided to allow members to use second canoes for this race which will have no score for the "all-round record,"

RULE III. The entry arrangements will be as follows: Each member must see that his canoe is registered on the A. C. A. lists with name, dimensions, etc., under her correct number. She must be measured by an official measurer and enrolled according to her certificate. The entry clerk will not be able to receive the name of any canoe until she has been so measured and enrolled. Each organized club may nominate *immediately* to the Regatta Committee a competent member who may be appointed by them an official measurer, that the correct enrolment may be done in good season. Any canoe not so certified before leaving home must be officially measured on her arrival at the meet. All measurers will be furnished with the necessary blanks to be returned to the Regatta Committee for the A. C. A. lists. There has been much misunderstanding of the measurement rules. Clubs and individuals are requested to take this matter in hand. An acurate instrument is necessary to measure beam. The honor of each club will be relied upon for accurate returns, and competent measurers will therefore be selected.

RULE IV. The number is to read on starboard side, because that is the side toward the judges at the finish. It is reversed on port side so that the figures may be exactly over one another and not be confused by the transparency of the sail. It is recommended that the number be placed below the club sailing device and sufficiently clear of any private device. The figures can be painted on or be stitched on in red bunting or cloth if required to be removable. The numbers will be printed in A. C. A. book and will be found on certificate of membership.

RULE V. A tie in record can be decided in favor of the canoe whose record is most evenly divided into sailing and paddling.

RULE VI. In the absence of other directions the usual rules hold good.

RULE VII. This is intended to prevent abuses which might arise from organized coaching and the like. It will not interfere with the inalienable right of encouraging one's friends.

RULES VIII. AND IX. Assistant judges will watch the races at the buoys to enforce these rules.

SAILING RULES.—The sailing rules generally are similar to those which govern all navigation and sailing races; some are necessary for fairness in races, as Rule XV., others apply at all times, as Rules XVI. and XVII.

RULE XIII. It is evident that "sculling" with a large rudder is unfair when done to propel the canoe, although sharp movements one way only to swing the canoe when under very little way are doubtless legitimate. It is hoped that members will not necessitate further comment or rules on this subject.

RULE XII. In sailing races the paddle may be used to hold the canoe in position until the second signal.

RULE XIV. See notes to Rule I. about centerboards and keels.

RULE XV. The clause about rounding a mark is very important. It refers only to the case when the outside canoe is leading, and defines the duties of such leading canoe. In the concluding clause the rights of the second canoe are limited to fairness. A sense of fairness (not generosity) will prompt instinctive compliance with the rule. It is evident that the inner canoe when overlapping has no choice.

RULE XVI. This rule is based upon the general law that a vessel meeting another will *pass to the right*. "Closehauled" means sailing with sheets hauled close to work to windward. To "bear away" is to steer less close toward the wind. To "luff" is to point more toward the wind. To "go about" or "tack," is to luff and continue the curve until the sail fills on the opposite tack. The left hand side of a boat (looking forward) is the port side; the right hand is starboard. The tack is named after the side the wind comes from, or windward side. Now a canoe closehauled on the starboard tack cannot sail more to the right than she is doing without going about, while the vessel on the port tack can change her course to the right to any degree, therefore the former holds her course and the latter gives way by bearing away a trifle. The same law of *pass to the right* governs the rule that the canoe on the starboard tack must *not* bear away, as she would then pass to the left. It is very important that all sailing canoeists should become familiar with the above nautical terms by frequent use of them. It is not sufficient to simply read and understand them. At a crisis such slight knowledge fails one. In sailing, the crew should be doubly vigilant when on the port tack closehauled because vessels crossing on the opposite tack are concealed by the sail.

RULE XVII. Because in going free a slight deviation from the course is of less importance. A beam wind is at right angles to the direction of the vessel, with any wind from astern of this the vessel will "sail free," that is, more or less away from the wind.

RULES XVIII. AND XIX. Evidently the only way to avoid accident.

RULE XX. See note to Rule XVI.

RULE XXI. Because an anchor can be used as ballast and must obey Rule XIV.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. CAMP-FIRE.—The fourth of the series of K. C. C. campfires was held on Tuesday evening at 105 West Forty-second street. Those present were entertained by Mr. W. Whitlock, who spoke on "Canoe Sails and Rigs." Mr. Whitlock commenced with the standing lug used by Macgregor, and explained the evolution of sails as Prof. Fowler had explained the evolution of models at a previous meeting, and showed, in most cases aided by personal experiences, the advantages and disadvantages of each rig. For sails of an area of not more than about sixty-five feet, Mr. Whitlock seemed to think the sail known as the Mohican, devised and improved by Messrs. Joyner, Stoddard and Oliver, to be the coming sail. For larger areas than that the balance lug was to be preferred. He also explained the improved form of rapid reefing gear devised by Messrs. Baden-Powell, Tredwen and Vaux. The lecture was interesting and instructive, and much enjoyed by those present. Among the visitors were Mr. Thrall of the Oswego C. C. The next camp-fire will be held on Tuesday, March 31, when Mr. C. B. Vaux, N. Y. C. C., will read a paper on "Canoe Navigation."

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

April 2—Mosquito Fleet, City Point.
May 25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 16—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE AMERICA AND THE COMING RACES.

BESIDES the two sloops specially building to defend the Cup, a third candidate for the honor has arisen, as will be seen by the following letter to the New York Y. C. from General B. F. Butler, owner of the schooner America, the original winner of the Cup. The second letter was written to the New York *Sun* in answer to some criticisms called out by the first.

"I learn through the newspapers that an attempt is to be made during the coming season to bring here from England some vessel that will outsail any yacht in the New York Y. C., and so, under a challenge, take, if possible, home the Queen's Cup, which was the product of the skill of the officers and crew, united with the sailing qualities of the yacht America at the World's Exposition in 1862.

"I have not the honor to be a member of the New York Y. C., but I am an owner of the yacht America, which won the Queen's Cup. I am informed and believe that her lines below the waterline are unchanged, although she is now some thirty-five years old; and I do not believe that in a race with plenty of breeze, in the open sea, dead to windward and return, or vice versa, the America can be beaten by any boat sailed under the rules of the New York Y. C. At least, I am willing to try that question, and I now write to you for the purpose of asking the favor that you will have some stipulation with the Englishmen who shall challenge for the America's Cup that before it leaves the country the boat that would it shall have an opportunity to try to keep it. At fifteen days' notice the America will be ready to sail from Newport for New York Harbor.

"If those having this matter in charge prefer it, I will put the America at the disposal of the New York Y. C. to sail such a race, requiring only that she may sail under the charge, with full authority, of my sailing master, Captain James H. Reid, in whose competency, he having sailed her for the past twelve years, I have the utmost faith."

To the Editor of The Sun—I thank you for your very complimentary notice of my note to Mr. Bennett, asking that the Queen's Cup, won by the yacht America against all England, should not be allowed to be taken back by a competing yacht from England until the America, which was built, should be permitted to have a race to retain it.

I supposed that the matter would not get into the newspapers, at least until some decision was made, and regret it has so done, because I am simply attending to my business as a lawyer now, and don't want to have my attention diverted by the discussion of any question, however pleasant it might be on a fine afternoon in the summer to contemplate it on board the America.

There seems to be an entire misunderstanding by the press of this matter, and hence this note. I did not ask to sail against the Englishman until he has beaten the whole New York Y. C., and all that they can do. I only asked that some stipulation might be made that my poor old schooner might sail against the Englishman before he carried away the Cup. One man says: "Oh, that cannot be permitted, because it would be admitting that we had made no progress in naval architecture since 1850," and that fact is just what I believe. We have made a great deal of progress in the manner of sailing vessels and rigging them, but it is a question not yet fully settled whether the 70 tons of ballast which, with the exception of what is retained as shifting ballast, is securely fastened among the timbers of the America had better be taken out and put on to her keel, in order, as the phrase is, to stiffen her. Now, that is exactly what I am afraid it would do, and before I sail the America with the Englishmen, if I am allowed to sail at all, I shall try that experiment and find out whether the ballast is better where it is or down below her bottom in the keel.

Again it is said, I see, that the America is a schooner, and what the Englishmen are going to send over here is a sloop cutter-rigged, and that a man is a fool who thinks he can sail a schooner against a sloop of the same size. Well, that depends upon where they step the mast in the sloop, and it can't be done right always the first time trying. You may not know, Mr. Editor, that the way the place is found where to put a sloop's mast in a yacht is, first, by very careful and accurate calculation of the center of figure, the evenness of draft, the center of resistance, and the center of propelling force on the sails; and after all that is calculated carefully and thoroughly, some sailor who never sees the calculations, gives a good guess where the mast ought to be put and it is placed there.

Besides, I do not see any reasons why a sailing machine should come over here to take the America's Cup, won by a schooner from all the schooners of England, and that sailing machine a sloop. When the America went over to England she had a consort that was a sloop, and the English yachtsmen would not admit, as I am informed, that consort sloop to go into the race at all as against their schooners, and they admitted that they had no sloop to compete with her.

But why, again, need anybody trouble themselves about the America being a schooner? In ten days I can make a sloop of her, and make my guess where her mast ought to be as well as another. If I find it not in the right place, and she don't sail as well as she used to do, I can move it until I find out whether she can ever sail as well as a sloop as she did as a schooner. And if I don't then make her sail better as a sloop, I will put her schooner masts in her again, for I know where they ought to be placed to an inch.

I see some New York yachtsmen say that the America is only a "fourth-rate yacht." Well, be it so. But as I am writing this I look up from my table and see her diploma in front of me, which shows that the America won the Centennial International race of 1876 of five hundred miles against the first-class yachts which the New York Y. C. selected to beat her, which tends to show at least that the "fourth-class yacht" of 1850 was better than the first-class of 1876, and tends to confirm me in what I said before, that our naval architecture has not improved in the last thirty-five years any more than our navy has done in that time. I may add that the America never has been tipped over while lying at anchor, and has never lost a spar in the last ten years, although she has been in the waters of the northern ocean, on the coast of Labrador, Newfoundland, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence (not to mention a hurricane or two in the southern ocean) much oftener than she has been at Newport or New London.

Let me give you another instance of a distinction between a "fourth-rate" American yacht of 1850 and a first-class yacht of the New York Y. C. of 1877. The Canadians sent the yacht Countess of Dufferin to contest for the America's cup in that year. The New York Y. C. chose the Madeline as their fastest schooner yacht to retain the cup. Of course they picked their best one. The America happened to be cruising in New York harbor the day of the race, and we had a party of ladies and gentlemen on board who wanted to see the Dufferin and Madeline contest, which was twenty miles to windward and back, and a fair breeze. Although not in racing trim, my sailing master thought that he would sail the course; and thereupon we beat the Madeline, which was a larger boat, up to the windward stake one minute and forty seconds, in cruising trim. There are a half dozen gentlemen who know this fact. And nobody has ever offered to take a race dead to windward since with the America, which was her race that won the cup; and anybody can be accommodated with such a race whenever she is in commission, upon proper notice, on a day when there is a six-knot breeze and upward, neither yacht to refuse to sail because there is too much wind. I agree she won't drift in a calm quite so fast as the first-class yachts of the New York Y. C.

Let me add, I believe yachting is only to be tolerated as a healthgiving amusement, and as tending to show the best form of the sailing or steam vessel for industrial and commercial purposes. Now, what earthly use can it be to exhibit a vessel 15ft. wide and drawing 15ft. of water, which is to carry, to make her efficient, all possible carrying tonnage in the shape of lead in her keel, with no room in her for anybody to sit up or lie down? Seamen can never use such a contrivance practically, and the yachting dudes will be afraid to go in her experimentally lest they should get wet.

Very truly yours,
BENJ. F. BUTLER.

16 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON, March 20.

[It has already been proposed, in the event of Galatea winning the second series of races, to demand a third series, and it would be a little too much, even without this, to ask that she or Genesta should sail a final series with the America, interesting as such a contest would be. General Butler evidently means business, in which case he can probably make a private match with one or both of the cutters. If he is willing to make the change of rig to a sloop, no doubt the America would gladly be received in the trial races, in which case it would depend on her merit only whether she would be selected in preference to the new sloops. Otherwise the New York Y. C. have no right or power to stipulate that she, in addition to their chosen boat, shall be beaten in order to take the Cup abroad. We differ from General Butler in his estimate of the cutter and those who sail them, but his offer is evidently made in a sportsmanlike spirit, and we hope, in the interests of yachting, that the old America will be able to enter against the new sloops and cutters, in order that a fair comparison may be made.]

THE AMERICA CUP.

IT will be gratifying to the many who are interested in the coming contest for the America's Cup, to know that on the part of American yachtsmen all has been done that is possible to secure fitting representatives and a fair race. The New York Y. C. will have ready by June a sloop large enough to match evenly with Genesta and Galatea. She will be a centerboard sloop of moderate beam and depth, in model, build and rig embodying the latest ideas of American yachtsmen; and while a different boat from the Gracies and Fannys of old, she is qualified in every way to represent America in the coming races.

The issue at stake is not merely the possession of a piece of silverware, but the broader and more important one of type; centerboard or keel, moderate beam or narrow beam, and the new iron boat is a worthy champion of the views so long held here. The contests in our waters since 1880 have set at rest many disputed questions, and disposed of extreme beam, shoal draft and similar theories, while abolishing many crudities in rig; now remains the contest between centerboard and keel.

Besides the iron sloop is the yacht mentioned last week as building in Boston. This boat will be 93ft. over all, 80ft. waterline, 23ft. beam, 9ft. depth, 8ft. draft, and with board 18ft., thus making a wider but deeper boat than the New York sloop. Like the other, she will have a jib and staysail. A trial of these boats in the early summer will give a choice between two sloops, both thoroughly American, but varying in proportions, the better of which will be selected to meet the visitors. No other yachts have yet been commenced, and it is not likely that any will be built, as the time is already becoming short in which to complete and try them. The New York sloop is well under way, and will no doubt be completed on time, while the Boston sloop has been commenced by Lawley & Son, who have her keel out, and timber on the ground, and expect to have her ready by June 10 for a trial. Thus far all is satisfactory, and there is no reason to fear that when she comes to the line in August America will be ashamed of her champion.

Some interest has been aroused of late by the offer of the owner of the old America to put her in trim to sail against the cutters for the Cup she originally won. The idea is very poetical and pretty, to have her defend in her old age the Cup won in her first season, but fast as the America was, and probably is yet, it is by no means likely that she can do with Genesta and Galatea what she once did with Alarm and Titania. Without actual figures it is impossible to calculate the measurement and allowance of either of the new sloops or cutters, but it is extremely probable that the hue and cry over the present rule of the New York Y. C. will subside when the facts are known, and that the waterline lengths of area at least of the sloops will be increased no more than the cutters' by the sail area, and that it will amount virtually to an allowance on waterline length.

FITTING UP SMALL YACHTS.

THE question of fitting up a small yacht has lately been discussed in the London *Field*, a correspondent, "W," asking for suggestions as to how to fit up his yacht.

Mr. J. W. Wileocks, an old yachtsman and sailor, answers "W.'s" inquiry as follows, his remarks being applicable as well to many American boats:

The first thing to take into consideration would apparently be the proposed head-room, namely 5ft. 2in. This is manifestly too little to allow of standing upright, and unless you can do this there is considerable discomfort if you live continually on board. Sufficient height to stand up can manifestly be obtained only by a high coaming and arched hatch, and to this many have a very great objection, as they are of opinion the appearance of the craft is thereby spoiled. Although I consider the hatch certainly detracts from the appearance of a little vessel, the comfort you can obtain, if thereby you can stand upright, is very great. Having been much at sea in small yachts, as well as large, I have found great fatigue to follow from want of head room to straighten one's self under the deck, for the back and loins suffer very much through moving about in a stooping posture. A coaming a foot high, with an arched hatch over, will give the necessary height when added to the proposed 5ft. 2in. Supposing the craft to be 26ft. 6in. on L. W. L., she will not be less, I apprehend, than 31ft. over all, *i. e.*, to the end of counter or taffrail. The mast would thus, I presume, be placed about 10ft. from the fore side of the stem head and the after bulkhead of the cabin, at a distance of 20ft., measuring backward, from the fore side of the stem. Two feet and a half would be required for pantry and cabinet *vis a vis*, half of which length could be taken from before and half of it from behind the mast, which will reduce the length of cabin 1ft. 3in., leaving it 8ft. 3in. At the after end of the cabin, on each side, might be a cellaret, or, as "W." intends to live on board most part of the season, a cupboard on each side, with shelves, would probably be more useful, reaching to the deck or hatch. One of these cupboards will have holes cut in the shelves for bottles and glasses, in the other the shelves should be movable, so that a small basket, a large tin, or a bag or two may be stowed inside it. The settees or sofa berths can only be 2ft. wide, as the platform or floor of the cabin should not be less than 2ft. wide, and a foot will be a convenient height by the time the mattress cushions are placed on them, which may be stuffed with a stratum of cocoanut fiber and horsehair on the top, the two to make the cushions 6in. thick. These settees will, as usual, form lockers, but they should not be made with the small openings which are so common, but the covers be in three pieces, by which means any long object can be stowed in them. If the legs for the yacht are made of galvanized bar iron, with feet to screw on and off, they may be stowed well in these lockers. For so small a craft a fixed table will be inconvenient in the cabin, and a folding one hinged forward aft, and attached to the bulkhead would be more convenient, with a galvanized iron bar at the after end, the foot of which should step into a socket in the floor, to keep the table steady. It should have a rim, or ledge, round it, and should also be crossed with fiddles, to be used at lively times to prevent the fetching away of the crockeryware. Net racks will be found useful at the back of the sides of the cabin for charts, fishing rods, etc. Over the table against the fore bulkhead a small bookcase for nautical literature may be fixed. For small yachts folding-bed places are very convenient, as the bedding is contained therein, and is quite out of the way when not in use. They fold back by aid of hinges against the cabin sides, and form a back to the cabin as to a sofa. The bed places could be made on this plan 5ft. 6in. wide. There should be at least one folding bed-frame in the forecastle. The well, 5ft. long, should have folding seats. The lockers should have their doors without hinges, and be kept in place by the ends of battens crossing them, and these doors should be in two lengths. They should not be crossed perpendicularly with any upright piece of wood, as it may be convenient to put large objects into them at times. At the back of the well the locker door should reach the deck level. In the majority of small yachts the openings of lockers are far too contracted. A capacious tank should be fitted under the well platform, having a pipe leading to a pump close to the pantry; level of

well platform to be 22in. above that of the cabin. These seem the chief essentials for comfort.

Another correspondent, "J. M.," writes as follows on the same subject: Last year I built the seven-tonner Avron. I entirely discarded all "sideboards" or "buffets," and had two 6ft. sofas put in in the usual way, aft of the forecastle bulkhead. Aft of these I put in two raised bunks, about 11ft. 6in. higher than the sofas, and by raising them I got plenty of room for carrying them a long way aft, the after 3ft. being inclosed between the casing of the cockpit (which is very small and shallow) and the ceiling of the vessel, while the forward half of the bunks is in the cabin. There is room for a large cupboard under each bunk, and the paneling (teak and pitch pine) runs flush in a fine curve right through from the forward bulkhead to the after end of the bunks, giving a delightful air of space and openness. There are curtains to inclose these bunks when in use for sleeping. Another point in the arrangement was the door into the forecastle. This I had divided into two parts like an ordinary barn door, so that the top part would open right back clear of everything, which, of course, the ordinary door will not do, owing to the sofa locker. We have no paid hand, and we found this arrangement most useful for meals, as, with the lower half closed, one hand could sit close up to the doorway; and the "cook" sat by the stove in the forecastle, and yet was not out of our company. We have a tank (about forty gallons) under the well. The boat is flush-decked, and has about the head room of "W.'s" boat. There is a 5ft. skylight 2ft. 6in. in width.

HULL Y. C.

A MEETING of the Regatta Committee of the Hull Y. C., was held last Monday evening at the Parker House, Boston, and sailing regulations for the coming season were adopted. The courses for the first and second class will be 11½ miles, with a time limit of 4 hours; courses for third class, 7½ miles, time limit 3 hours; courses for fourth, fifth and sixth classes 6 miles, with a time limit of 3 hours.

The yachts are classed as follows:

First class, over 30ft. sailing length.
Second class, 25ft. and not over 30ft. sailing length.
Third class, 22ft. and not over 25ft. sailing length.
Fourth class, 20ft. and not over 22ft. sailing length.
Fifth class, 18ft. and not over 20ft. sailing length.
Sixth class, under 18ft. sailing length.

Schooners to sail three-quarters actual measurement, neither crew nor ballast to be allowed upon outriggers. The start to be the same as last year, from one gun. The pennant race will take place June 20, club race July 18 for cash prizes, championship races Aug. 1 and Sept. 5. Cash prizes to be given in each race and a medal for winner of series. The sail off for championship Sept. 19. A ladies' race will also take place, the date of which is undecided. The grand open regatta will take place Aug. 15. Large cash prizes will be given.

During the summer entertainments will be given every week at the club house, Hull. Several of which are being perfected at present. The annual ball will probably take place on the evening of the opening regatta, Aug. 15. The new books are in press and will be issued soon; they are a great improvement on the ones of last year.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

THE following Revised International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea, were adopted by the Forty-Eighth Congress on March 3:

ARTICLE 1. In the following rules every steamship which is under sail and not under steam is to be considered a sailing ship, and every steamship which is under steam, whether under sail or not, is to be considered a ship under steam.

RULES CONCERNING LIGHTS.

ART. 2. The lights mentioned in the following articles numbered 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, and no others, shall be carried in all weathers from sunset to sunrise.

ART. 3. A seagoing steamship, when under way, shall carry—

(*a*) On or in front of the foremast, at a height above the hull of not less than twenty feet, and if the breadth of the ship exceeds twenty feet, then at a height above the hull not less than such breadth, a bright white light, so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of twenty points of the compass, so fixed as to throw the light ten points on each side of the ship—namely, from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on either side and of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least five miles.

(*b*) On the starboard side a green light, so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of ten points of the compass, so fixed as to throw the light from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on the starboard side, and of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least two miles.

(*c*) On the port side a red light, so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of ten points of the compass, so fixed as to throw the light from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on the port side, and of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least two miles.

(*d*) The said green and red side lights shall be fitted with inboard screens projecting at least three feet forward from the light, so as to prevent these lights from being seen across the bow.

ART. 4. A steamship when towing another ship shall, in addition to her side lights, carry two bright white lights in a vertical line, one over the other, not less than three feet apart, so as to distinguish her from other steamships. Each of these lights shall be of the same construction and character, and shall be carried in the same position as the white light which other steamships are required to carry.

ART. 5 (*a*). A ship, whether a steamship or sailing ship, which from any accident is not under command, shall at night carry, in the same position as the white light which steamships are required to carry, and if a steamship, in place of that light, three red lights in globular lanterns, each not less than ten inches in diameter, in a vertical line, one over the other, not less than three feet apart, so as to be visible on all round the horizon at a distance of at least two miles, and shall by day carry in a vertical line, one over the other, not less than three feet apart, in front of but not lower than her foremast head, three black balls or shapes, each two feet in diameter.

LAYING TELEGRAPH CABLE.

(*b*) A ship, whether a steamship or a sailing ship, employed in laying or picking up a telegraph cable, shall at night carry, in the same position as the white light which steamships are required to carry, and if a steamship, in place of that light, three lights in globular lanterns, each not less than ten inches in diameter, in a vertical line, over one another, not less than six feet apart. The highest and lowest of these lights shall be red, and the middle light shall be white, and they shall be of such a character that the red light shall be visible at the same distance as the white light. By day she shall carry, in a vertical line, one over the other, not less than six feet apart, in front of but not lower than her foremast head, three shapes not less than two feet in diameter, of which the top and bottom shall be globular in shape and red in color, and the middle one diamond in shape and white.

(*c*) The ships referred to in this article when not making any way through the water shall not carry the said lights, but when making way shall carry them.

(*d*) The lights and shapes required to be shown by this article are to be taken by other ships as signals that the ship showing them is not under command, and cannot therefore get out of the way. The signals to be made by ships in distress and requiring assistance are contained in article 27.

ART. 6. A sailing ship under way or being towed shall carry the same lights as are provided by article 3 for a steamship under way, with the exception of the white light, which she shall never carry.

ART. 7. Whenever, as in the case of small vessels during bad weather, the green and red side lights cannot be fixed, these lights shall be kept on deck, on their respective sides of the vessel, ready for use, and shall, on the approach of or to other vessels, be exhibited on their respective sides in sufficient time to prevent collision, in such manner as to make them most visible, and so that the green light shall not be seen on the port side nor the red light on the starboard side. To make the use of these portable lights more certain and easy, the lanterns containing them shall each be painted outside with the color of the light they respectively contain, and shall be provided with proper screens.

ART. 8. A ship, whether a steamship or a sailing ship, when at anchor, shall carry, where it can best be seen, but at a height not exceeding 20ft. above the hull, a white light, in a globular lantern of not less than 8in. in diameter, and so constructed as to show a clear, uniform and unbroken light, visible all round the horizon at a distance of at least one mile.

ART. 9. A pilot vessel, when engaged on her station on pilotage duty, shall not carry the lights required for other vessels, but shall carry a white light at the masthead, visible all round the horizon, and shall also exhibit a flare-up light or flare-up lights at short intervals, which shall never exceed fifteen minutes. A pilot vessel, when not engaged on her station on pilotage duty, shall carry lights similar to those of other ships.

ART. 10. Open boats and fishing vessels of less than twenty tons net registered tonnage, when under way and when not having their nets, trawls, dredges or lines in the water, shall not be obliged to carry the colored side lights; but every such boat and vessel shall in lieu thereof have ready at hand a lantern with a green glass on the one side and a green glass on the other side, and on approaching to or being approached by another vessel such lantern shall be exhibited in sufficient time to prevent collision, so that the green light shall not be seen on the port side nor the red light on the starboard side.

FISHING VESSELS.

The following portion of this article applies only to fishing vessels and boats when in the sea off the coast of Europe lying north of Cape Finisterre:

(*a*) All fishing vessels and fishing boats of twenty tons net registered tonnage or upward, when under way and when not having their nets, trawls, dredges or lines in the water, shall carry and show the same lights as other vessels under way.

(*b*) All vessels when engaged in fishing with drift nets shall exhibit two white lights from any part of the vessel where they can be best seen. Such lights shall be placed so that the vertical distance between them shall not be less than six feet and not more than ten feet, and so that the horizontal distance between them, measured in a line with the keel of the vessel, shall not be less than five feet and not more than ten feet. The lower of these two lights shall be the more forward, and both of them shall be of such a character and contained in lanterns of such construction as to show all round the horizon, on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, for a distance of not less than three miles.

(*c*) All vessels when trawling, dredging or fishing with any kind of drag nets, shall exhibit, from some part of the vessel where they can be best seen, two lights. One of these lights shall be red and the other shall be white. The red light shall be above the white light, and shall be at a vertical distance from it of not less than 6ft, and not more than 12ft, and the horizontal distance between them, if any, shall not be more than 10ft. These two lights shall be of such a character and contained in lanterns of such construction as to be visible all round the horizon on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, the white light to a distance of not less than three miles and the red light of not less than two miles.

(*d*) A vessel employed in line fishing, with her lines out, shall carry the same lights as a vessel when engaged in fishing with drift nets.

(*e*) If a vessel, when fishing with a trawl, dredge or any kind of drag net, becomes stationary in consequence of their gear getting fast to a rock or other obstruction, she shall show the light and make the fog signal for a vessel at anchor.

(*f*) Fishing vessels and open boats may at any time use a flare-up in addition to the lights which they are by this article required to carry and show. All flare-up lights exhibited by a vessel when trawling, dredging or fishing with any kind of drag net, shall be shown at the after part of the vessel, excepting that if the vessel is hanging by the stern to her trawl, dredge or drag net, they shall be exhibited from the bow.

(*g*) Every fishing vessel and every open boat when at anchor between sunset and sunrise, shall exhibit a white light, visible all round the horizon at a distance of at least one mile.

(*h*) In a fog a drift-net vessel attached to her nets, and a vessel when trawling, dredging or fishing with any kind of drag net, and a vessel employed in line-fishing with her lines out, shall, at intervals of not more than two minutes, make a blast with her fog horn and ring her bell alternately.

ART. 11. A ship which is being overtaken by another shall show from her stern to such last mentioned ship a white light or a flare-up light.

SOUND SIGNALS FOR FOG.

ART. 12. A steamship shall be provided with a steam whistle or other efficient steam sound signals, so placed that the sound may not be intercepted by any obstructions, and with an efficient fog horn, to be sounded by a bellows or other mechanical means, and also with an efficient bell. (In all cases where the regulations require a bell to be used a drum will be substituted on board Turkish vessels.) A sailing ship shall be provided with a similar fog horn and bell.

In fog, mist or falling snow, whether by day or night, the signals described in this article shall be used as follows, that is to say:—

(*a*) A steamship under way shall make with her steam whistle or with other steam sound signal, at intervals of not more than two minutes, a prolonged blast.

(*b*) A sailing ship under way shall make with her foghorn, at intervals of not more than two minutes, when on the starboard tack, one blast; when on the port tack two blasts in succession, and when with the wind abaft the beam three blasts in succession.

(*c*) A steamship and a sailing ship, when not under way shall, at intervals of not more than two minutes, ring the bell.

SPEED OF SHIPS TO BE MODERATE IN FOGS.

ART. 13. Every ship, whether a sailing ship or a steamship shall, in a fog, mist or falling snow, go at a moderate speed.

STEERING AND SAILING RULES.

ART. 14. When two sailing ships are approaching one another so as to involve risk of collision, one of them shall keep out of the way of the other as follows, namely:

(*a*) A ship which is running free shall keep out of the way of a ship which is close hauled.

(*b*) A ship which is close hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a ship which is close hauled on the starboard tack.

(*c*) When both are running free, with the wind on different sides, the ship which has the wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the other.

(*d*) When both are running free, with the wind on the same side, the ship which is to windward shall keep out of the way of the ship which is to leeward.

(*e*) A ship which has the wind aft shall keep out of the way of the other ship.

ART. 15. If two ships under steam are meeting end on, or nearly end on, so as to involve risk of collision, each shall alter her course to starboard, so that each may pass on the port side of the other. This article only applies to cases where ships are meeting end on, or nearly end on, in such a manner as to involve risk of collision, and does not apply to two ships which must, if both keep on their respective courses, pass clear of each other. The only cases to which it does apply are when each of the two ships is end on, or nearly end on, to the other; in other words, to cases in which by day each ship sees the masts of the other in a line, or nearly in a line, with her own, and by night to cases in which each ship is in such a position as to see both the side lights of the other. It does not apply by day to cases in which a ship sees another ahead crossing her own course, or by night to cases where the red light of one ship is opposed to the red light of the other, or where the green light of one ship is opposed to the green light of the other, or where a red light without a green light, or a green light without a red light, is seen ahead, or where both green and red lights are seen anywhere but ahead.

ART. 16. If two ships under steam are crossing so as to involve risk of collision, the ship which has the other on her own starboard side shall keep out of the way of the other.

ART. 17. If two ships, one of which is a sailing ship and the other a steamship, are proceeding in such directions as to involve the risk of collision, the steamship shall keep out of the way of the sailing ship.

ART. 18. Every steamship when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision shall slacken her speed, or stop and reverse if necessary.

ART. 19. In taking any course authorized or required by these regulations a steamship under way may indicate that course to any other ship which she has in sight by the following signals on her steam whistle, namely:

One short blast to mean, "I am directing my course to starboard."
Two short blasts to mean, "I am directing my course to port."
Three short blasts to mean, "I am going full speed astern."

The use of these signals is optional, but if they are used the course of the ship must be in accordance with the signal made.

ART. 20. Notwithstanding anything contained in any preceding article, every ship, whether a sailing ship or a steamship, overtaking any other ship, shall keep out of the way of the overtaken ship.

ART. 21. In narrow channels every steamship shall, when it is safe and practicable, keep to that side of the fairway or mid-channel which lies on the starboard side of such ship.

ART. 22. Where by the above rules one of two ships is to keep out of the way the other shall keep her course.

ART. 23. In obeying and construing these rules due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation, and to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the above rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger.

NO SHIP TO NEGLECT PROPER PRECAUTIONS.

ART. 24. Nothing in these rules shall exonerate any ship, or the owner or master or crew thereof, from the consequences of any neglect to carry lights or signals, or of any neglect to keep a proper look-out, or of the neglect of any precaution which may be required by the ordinary practice of seamen or by the special circumstances of the case.

RESERVATION FOR INLAND NAVIGATION.

ART. 25. Nothing in these rules shall interfere with the operation of a special rule, duly made by local authority, relative to the navigation of any harbor, river or inland navigation.

LIGHTS FOR SQUADRONS AND CONVOYS.

ART. 26. Nothing in these rules shall interfere with the operation of any special rules made by the government of any nation with respect to additional station and signal lights for two or more ships of war or for ships sailing under convoy.

ART 27. When a ship is in distress and requires assistance from other ships or from the shore, the following shall be the signals to be used or displayed by her, either together or separately, that is to say:

In the daytime—

First—A gun fired at intervals of about a minute.

Second—The international code signal of distress, indicated by N. C.

Third—The distant signal consisting of a square flag, having either above or below it a ball, or anything resembling a ball.

At night—

First—V gun fired at intervals of about a minute.

Second—Flames on the ship (as from a burning tar barrel, oil barrel, and so forth.

Third—Rockets or shells, throwing stars of any color or description, fired one at a time at short intervals.

SEC. 2. That all laws and parts of laws inconsistent with the foregoing "Revised International Rules and Regulations" for the navigation of all public and private vessels of the United States upon the high seas, and in all coast waters of the United States are hereby repealed, except as to the navigation of such vessels within the harbors, lakes and inland waters of the United States: and that this act shall take effect and be in force from and after the first day of September, anno Domini 1884.

Approved March 3, 1885.

SWINGING CENTERBOARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I see that Captain Scott describes a swinging keel. I have had some experience with the aforesaid "contraption" (as an old skipper called it), and I cannot say that the arrangement is a success. My keel was attached in a slightly different manner from the one described, but the principle was the same. I used chains at first for stays, one on each side, but they chafed all the paint off the sides of the boat; then I used wire rope with the same result, and to obviate this difficulty I had to place guides on the bilge and sides of the boat for the ropes to run in; then from the kinks in the rope and its slipping on the cleats, at times it required considerable figuring to ascertain whether the keel was at an angle of 30° on the starboard side, or jammed up against the bottom on the port side. Finally, after bringing up all standing several times on sundry rocks and sandbars, I voted the concern a nuisance and took it off, but not before I had seriously damaged my boat. The worst feature about the affair is that it tempts a man into places where there is not sufficient water for it, and he goes in under the delusion that he can pull it up when he sees bottom, but the general result is that something else requires attending to about the time it ought to be pulled up, and the consequence is that some damage is done. A centerboard will take care of itself in such places, to a great extent, and with a permanent keel a man will stay where there is plenty of water, but with the half and half arrangement "eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

CRICKET.

DECORATIONS FOR CLUB ROOMS.

THE New York Y. C. have requested all yacht owners to contribute copies of their private signals to decorate the model room of the club. Each flag is to be 18in. wide at the staff and 30in. long. No more appropriate method of decorating a club house can be found than by flags, many of which have special value from old associations, while it is a method easily carried out, as each member's part in it is very small. The club meeting room, above all things, should be cosy and cheerful, with models, flags, books, pictures, any odds and ends of a nautical character. A library is a prime requisite, if the room is to be the attraction and factor of club life that it should be, but to purchase one outright is expensive. A good beginning is a small bookcase or even shelf, where such volumes as can be gathered together may find a suitable resting place. Members may be requested to loan such books as they can and also to contribute, and with such a nucleus as any club can begin with, providing it is well managed, a library will soon grow up. Similarly with models; if those available at first are mounted, varnished, hung in suitable places and kept clean and in repair, others will soon join them. The main thing in such a collection is to make a beginning, and next, to keep all that is gained, not allowing anything to be abused or lost. If this is done, each member will take an interest in the library or other collections that will soon bear visible fruits. No matter how small a club may be, a club room is a prime necessity to thorough union and co-operation. We have before sketched out a scheme for club quarters which may be followed on a large or small scale. In places where a building site cannot be obtained, or where piling and foundations are expensive, any old scow or hulk that will float may be moored, and on it a house 15 to 20ft. square, or larger if possible, can be built at small expense and fitted up in the manner indicated above, making a comfortable meeting room, a general rendezvous, and a backbone around which the club may firmly grow.

YACHTING NOTES.—Mr. Phelps's new schooner, now building at Nyack, will be named Brunhilde.... Mr. J. A. Osgood has sold the well-known Boston sloop Gem.... Captain Dick Brown, the pilot of the America on her visit to England in 1851, is laid up at his home in Brooklyn with rheumatism. Captain Brown is now 74 years old.... The Ceylon, lately arrived at New Orleans, is not a steam yacht, but an ocean steamer with a party of excursionists on board.... Nettie. This sloop has been purchased by Mr. Chas. A. Post, S. C. Y. C. She was built by Wallin & Gorman in 1879.... Mr. Andrus's new sloop will have a laced mainsail with Mr. Cary Smith's patent roached foot. This device is not intended to give the advantages of a loose-footed mainsail, but to secure a better sitting sail, as it can be tightened on the foot or slacked up to accommodate it to all changes.... The yawl building in New Haven from the model of the Windward will be called Rommer.... Mr. J. M. Sawyer is busy with the sails for the new steam yacht Cora, for Mr. Woodward's steel steam yacht. Mr. Phelps's schooner Brunhilde, Mr. Wayland's sloop Viola, the two new sloops building at Mumm's for Messrs. Maxwell and Howe, Mr. Frank Fowle's new sloop at Wallin & Gorman's, a smaller sloop at the same place, Mr. Ziegler's Thistle, now being altered at Greenport, the sloop Hope, and Mr. Andrus's new sloop, building by Vought, of Harlem.... The steam yacht Ibis has been sold by Mr. F. L. Higginson to Mr. S. C. Florence. She was built by L. A. Hoagland, at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1873, and her engines were built by Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia.... Hutchings & Pryor are building a small catboat, length over all, 19ft. 6in.; beam, 10ft.; draft, 15in. She is for their own use and will be named Rival.... The Nomad, a boat that has been very successful in the Beverly Y. C. races, has been sold by her owner, J. J. Fay, to a member of the New Bedford Y. C.... Gaoviota.—A model of this sloop has been added to the collection of the New York Y. C.... San Francisco.—The yachts are overhauling for the season. Halcyon, Lurline, Chispa, Nellie and Fleur de Lis are all nearly ready.. The schooners Ariel and Eva have been sold to go into trade. The Startled Fawn has been painted white instead of black this season.

NOTES FROM OSWEGO.—There will be plenty of sailing here next season. The purchase last fall of the good-sized McGlehan yacht Ethel by three of our most popular young business men has strengthened the weaker side of the club, namely, the limited number of vessels. The addition of the steam yacht Ruth, brought up from salt water, gives an impetus that is very gratifying to all interested in the club. The different yachts will be launched about the middle of May. A backward season is expected on the lakes, as every corner and crevice is frozen up tight. The Katie Gray will receive a new cabin, her old one having withstood the wrenching of nearly forty hard-fought races. The Cricket will dance at her buoy complete in every detail, probably the best fitted 10-tonner in lake waters. A most needful move is being made in the direction of comfortable tenders to our yachts. Burke has turned one out for the Laura, Goble one for the Fascination, and Henley is to build a roomy, handsome dingey for the Katie Gray. A building is contracted for, to be erected just east of our club house, to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of boats which are being purchased by members of the club. I think the lively interest which is manifested in the coming struggle for the Cup is spreading into all yachting circles. Mr. Wm. E. Lee, who has been the secretary of the club since its organization, and one of its most skilled yachtsmen, has accepted a position in a New York commission house and his resignation as secretary has been handed in. We hand Mr. Lee over to salt water breeze with great reluctance; his place as a brother tar and officer of the club cannot be speedily replaced.—KATIE GRAY.

YACHT STOVES.—Fall River, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In late issues of the FOREST AND STREAM I notice recommendations of different kinds of stoves for small yachts. After having tried about all kinds, from the old fashioned charcoal furnace to the regular coal stove, I have settled upon the gasoline stove as the cleanest and nicest, as well as the most economical. If you think proper to place this on record, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. Last summer, on a cruise of two weeks duration, I used one, cooking two meals a day for four persons, and my fuel expense was just twenty cents. Can any one beat this?—J. BORDEN, JR.

NEWARK Y. C.—The programme for Decoration Day is as follows, the course being 20 miles triangular, starting from the club house at Greenville: First class, for cabin sloops only; second class, for open boats, jib and mainsail; third class, for catboats over 18ft.; fourth class, for catboats 18ft. and under. A special race will be provided for catboats over 20ft. in length. In addition to the prizes for each class there will be a special prize given by the commodore for the boat making the best time in the regatta.

YACHT BUILDING AT GLOUCESTER.—Messrs. Higgins & Gifford, the yacht builders, of Gloucester, have been busy with small yachts this winter. They have built four boats to go to the West Indies, each 31ft. long, 12ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. deep, cutter rigged. Besides these they have built a catboat for Boston, 23ft. long, 10ft. beam, and 2ft. 4in. deep, and two boats for Cape Cod, one sloop and one schooner rigged, each 28ft. long, 8ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. 10in. deep. They have in hand contracts for a yacht on the model of the Sassacus, 18ft. 4in. long, 7ft. 6in. beam, 2ft. 4in. deep, with round stern, sloop rigged; also a sloop 22ft. long, 9ft. beam, and 2ft. 9in. deep. Higgins & Gifford are the builders of the small boats Little Western, Centennial, and Nautilus, that have made the trip across the Atlantic. They also make a specialty of seine and other fishing boats, ship's yawls and rowboats, as well as the Excelsior life boats.

"AHOI!"—This magazine, published in Potsdam, Germany, which made its appearance last year as a quarterly, now comes to us each month. The March number contains a number of interesting articles on yachting, besides diagrams of different rigs in general use. A new method of signaling a vessel's course is described, in which an endless line is run from the barrel of the steering wheel through a block hung aloft. To one side of this line a green light is hung, and to the other a red one. When the rudder is amidships the lights are abreast. If the wheel be turned to throw the rudder to starboard, the cord is wound and unwound on opposite sides of the barrel, raising the green light and lowering the red. If the rudder is turned the other way the red rises above the green, indicating that the vessel's head is turned to port. "Ahoi!" promises to be a valuable addition to the yacht literature of Germany, and we wish it all success.

CRUISING SLOOP ALICE.—We shall publish shortly the lines of a little cruiser now building by F. C. Smith of New Bedford, for Mr. D. W. Tryon of New York. She will be 24ft. over all, 21ft. 6in. on waterline, 10ft. beam on deck, 9ft. on waterline, 3ft. 6in. draft, with 3,000 pounds of ballast on keel. She is intended for knocking about the coast, cruising and sketching, and is of light enough draft to enter most of the harbors. Her name will be Alice, and she will have the usual sloop rig.

MARY TAYLOR.—An inquiry as to the date at which this famous boat was built has brought out a number of answers, placing it between 1848 and 1850. Mary Taylor was the first of Geo. Steers's departures from the old models, and the date of her building marks the beginning of the most important era in American yachting. We believe the boat was named after a popular actress of the time. Who can tell anything more about the subject?

RARITAN Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Raritan Y. C. was held at their club house on March 4. The reports of the retiring officers and committees show the club to be in a healthy condition financially and otherwise, and the prospects of a bright and successful future for the club are exceedingly good. After the routine business had been disposed of, the club proceeded to elect their officers for the ensuing year, when the following gentlemen were chosen: Commodore, E. H. Hall; Vice-Commodore, J. G. Hall; Secretary, J. Lawrence Boggs, Jr.; Treasurer, F. A. Greenley; Measurer, C. W. Ramsay. Regatta Committee—Wm. King, Edward Pausch and George Foster, Jr.—J. L. BOGGS, JR., Secretary.

A RIG FOR "PATERFAMILIAS."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On page 134 "Paterfamilias" inquires about rigs. I presume he has chosen his dimensions after sufficient consideration. To me they seem too small. To my mind, as accidents will occur, it seems a great mistake not to have ballast in such shape that it can be easily removed. I would suggest as a rig a mainsail stepped well forward, with a small mizzen on the counter. In case of sudden squall, etc., the mizzen will keep the boat's head to the wind. Ditto in reefing. I would recommend 3½ beams to length, taking for type measures 8ft. beam, 32ft. deck, 28½ft. waterline, depth of hull 5ft., with trunk 6ft. —PATER.

QUEBEC Y. C.—At a general meeting of the Quebec Y. C., held on the 13th of March, 1885, the following gentlemen were elected officers: Commodore, J. U. Gregory, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, John Ritchie, Esq.; Captain, John S. Thom, Esq.; Secretary, W. McLimont, Esq.; Treasurer, George C. Scott, Esq. Members of the Managing Committee—J. Hamilton, Esq., and Albert Peters, Esq.

ADRIFT IN AN OPEN BOAT.—Last week the life-saving crew on Sandy Hook rescued a man who was adrift in an open sail boat three miles from land. He had been blown off shore from Port Monmouth, N. J., and when discovered was nearly frozen, his boat being half filled.

NEW STEAM LAUNCH.—Mr. W. H. Sterling is having a steam launch built by S. Ayers, 37 Peck Slip, for use on Lake George. The N. Y. Safety Steam Power Co. will furnish the engine, the cylinder being 8x9ins.

ELISE—This handsome little centerboard cutter, now hauled out at the Knickerbocker Y. C. grounds, is offered for sale. She would make a splendid yacht for Corinthian sailing.

REMOVING MILDEW FROM SAILS.—Damp the sail, soap it over, and sprinkle with whiting over the worst parts, and damp again; then dry in the sun. Repeat the process.

"BLOW YE WINDS HEIGHO."—This book is for sale by Hunt & Co., 119 Church street, London, Eng. The price is about $1.50. It is not yet on sale in the United States.

HAVERHILL Y. C.—Mr. C. H. Stacy, Secretary of the Haverhill Y. C. writes us that the club has not disbanded, but is still in existence.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The date of spring matches is June 13, instead of June 15 as given in our fixtures last week.

L'ESPERANCE.—This sloop, one of Geo. Steers's boats, is advertised for sale in another column.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A business meeting will be held at the club house this (Thursday) evening.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. C. S., Harrisburg.—See badge manufacturer's advertisement in our columns.

J. L. Z., Plantsville, Conn.—For the rabbits write to Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.

O. A. W., Chicago, Ill.—The Mohican settee is illustrated in "Canoe and Boat Building," page 159.

H. R. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—A license is needed to run any steam engine, no matter what fuel is used.

F. D. B., Woodstock, Vt.—Last season a pure black raccoon was caught here. Are they common? Ans. No.

E. H. T., New York.—The book can be had of Hunt & Co., 119 Church street, London, England. Price about $1.50.

T. B. D., Ovid, Mich.—It is usually better to plank out to the sternpost, ship fashion, if the boat is deep enough aft to allow it.

F. W. H.—One whistle signifies that a steamer will keep to the right, leaving the other vessel on her port side. Two whistles signify that she will pass to the left.

F. C., Clyde, N. Y.—Will you be so kind as to give patterns and descriptions of rudders for canoes. Ans. A full description of all canoe rudders, with diagrams, will be found in Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building," which we can send you. Price $1.50.

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LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations..	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
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6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting.....	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache....	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains....	.25
16	**Fever** and **Ague,** Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	**Catarrh,** acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
24	**General Debility,** Phys'l Weakness	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**.....	.50
28	**Nervous Debility**.....	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for **Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c.** (144 pages); also, **Catalogue, free.** — Address, **HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

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It will render your boots absolutely waterproof, soft, pliable and black, and it will not crack or allow the leather to become hard. It contains nothing injurious to leather. Put up specially for sportsmen in neat, compact packages, with a brush for application.

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SPRING STEEL—	SPRING STEEL—
Dublin Limerick.	Treble Hooks, brayed and tapered or eyed.
Forged do.	Double Dublin Fly Hooks.
Needle Eyed do.	Hollow Point, Limerick of all styles.
Knobbed do.	Cork Shape do.
Peculiar Eyed do.	Kinsey do.
O'Shaughnessy do.	Sproat do.
Carlisle Kirby or Round	Aberdeen.
American Trout.	New York Bass Hooks.
Chesterown.	Virginia.
Roach Hooks.	Black Fish Hooks.
Kendal Sneck Hook, round or Kirby bend.	

Live Bait Hooks. Kirby and Shepherd's Crook Eel Hooks. Kirby and Round Bent Sea Hooks, thinned or blued, etc., etc.

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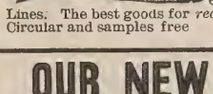
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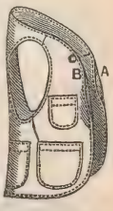


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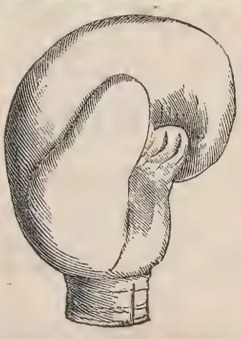
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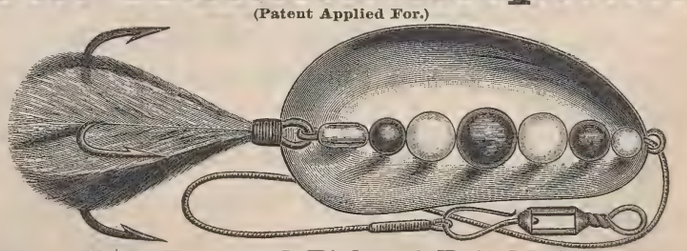
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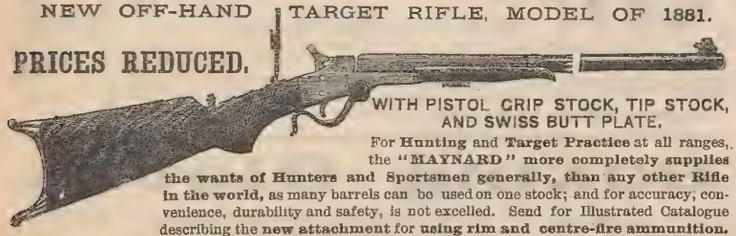
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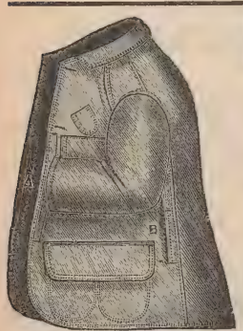
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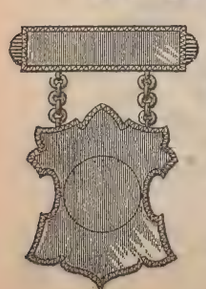
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CANOE

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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

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AMATEURS.

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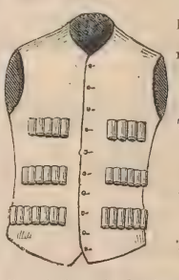
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You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

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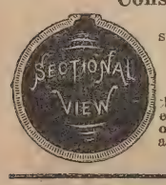
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 10. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, yachting, canoeing, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE TROUT SEASON.

IN New York city the opening of the trout season means only the annual exodus of the anglers to the waters of Long Island. The streams in other parts of the State are, as a rule, either closed by ice or so filled with snow-water that they present no attractions, and this year is far from being an exception. The laws of New Jersey permit trout fishing before April 1, but we have not heard of any trout being caught. Certainly the city anglers have not gone across the river to wet their lines and freeze their feet to open the season, but have waited for the day set apart by the laws of their own State, which is full early. On that day those who either cannot go to Long Island, or who do not care to go, worship at the shrine of Saint Fontinalis, in Fulton Market.

The Long Island waters which are still open to the public are very few, and are usually skinned by poachers some weeks before the opening of the season. This year the long-continued cold weather and the fact that the streams have been closed by ice up to within a few days of the opening, has protected the fish to a greater degree than in many years, and good fishing is expected. Of all waters in the State, those of Long Island, both public and private, are more persistently poached than any other. The island produces the trout-thief, not only in numbers, but in perfection, and the king of them lives on the Great South Bay. Most wonderful stories are told of his ingenuity in evading the watchfulness of the owners, and it is asserted that with a rubber diving-suit and a silken net he goes beneath the water and nets trout in broad daylight, while the proprietor, looking over the pond from his window, sees nothing wrong. Allowing for exaggeration, it is certain that this man sells an enormous amount of trout from an exceedingly small pool in which he claims to have bred them.

It is an article of faith with New York city anglers that no trout compare with those of Long Island, either for game or flavor. The most enthusiastic of them will go to their favorite waters on the opening day regardless of the weather, and return fully satisfied that they have fulfilled an obligation to themselves, without considering prospective rheumatism and the discomfort of easterly winds. Most of them have invitations for that day from owners of preserves, and if not accepted then, the opportunity is missed. This accounts, in some measure, for the number who go down to fish on the first of April.

In another column will be found some account of the display in Fulton market which attracts so many to see what the trout from different localities look like, and to make comparisons as to the size and color of their favorites from all parts of America and from Europe. It is a field day in the market, and no pains or expense is spared to make it a most attractive and instructive exhibition.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

THERE is to be, after all, no international rifle contest this year. The invitation to a contest on American soil, which was sent from the National Rifle Association here to the British Association, has been under consideration for some time, but a few weeks ago the Council of the N. R. A. of Great Britain concluded that in view of the complications, present and prospective, which the arms of Great Britain have thrust upon them, it is inexpedient to have a match this year. The exact wording of the resolution of declination reads:

"*Resolved*, That in consequence of the very unsettled state of affairs both at home and abroad, the National Rifle Association do not think that they would be justified in accepting the challenge of the National Rifle Association of the United States of America, to an International contest at Creedmoor in 1885."

Perhaps it is better, after all, that there should be no match of this magnitude during 1885. It is a fact that there would be no small difficulty in getting together a satisfactory American team, either for small-bore or for a military match; and with the present depressed condition of business it is exceedingly doubtful whether the support of the teams, financially, would be all that the association would desire. There was a feeling in some quarters that such a match was necessary to stir up the interest in rifle shooting, but there should be and are ample opportunities in the number of home clubs for pleasant rivalry and capital enjoyment in range work. The U. S. Regulars have taken a new departure; the militia in this and in other States will have plenty to do in the practice prescribed by orders, while civilians find the best fun of all in small, active clubs, those in which the management does not become so great as to overshadow the shooting part of the club's effort.

There will be a general regret that we have not had an opportunity of welcoming our victors from over the sea, and had also a chance to redeem our prestige from them, but we can wait, and while waiting the armories are not behind at all in working out new ideas with the practical shape and improved arms.

BATTERIES IN CURRITUCK SOUND.

CURRITUCK waters are not to be thrown open, it appears, to the battery-shooting market-hunters from the North. The proposition to repeal the law was, in view of the fact that it originated with a person who is a resident of the State, a most extraordinary one. Happily it found little favor in the eyes of any, except the marketmen and market-hunters outside of the State. The residents of North Carolina saw clearly enough that to repeal the law would be to take the bread out of the mouths of the citizens of their own State, and sportsmen, who hold intelligent views about game protection, were equally clear that to open Currituck Sound to the battery-shooting public would be to utterly ruin one of the great winter homes of wildfowl along the Atlantic seaboard.

As soon as we brought the matter to public notice the citizens and the press of North Carolina took hold of it very energetically, and the result has been that the bill has been tabled, and, we trust, will not be brought up again during this session.

We understand that a bill was also introduced in the North Carolina Legislature to repeal the law protecting quail, and that this has shared the fate of the one intended to throw open Currituck Sound to batteries.

We have received several letters from members of the Legislature assuring us that there is no danger that either of these bills will be again brought up. This is very satisfactory but there are so many attempts nowadays to remove protection, that it behooves every man, who has the interest of our game at heart, to be watchful at every point. We are told that Mr. Dempsy Wood, who is well known to many of our readers, was influential in bringing about the result of which we have spoken, and a letter which appears in another column gives us reason to believe this subject has been carefully looked after in North Carolina.

NETTING DUCKS ON LONG ISLAND.

THE illegal capture of ducks on Long Island waters by means of nets has been going on for years, and it has seemed impossible to put a stop to it. The difficulty has been that the officers of the law are unable to prove the intent, and even if the nets are lifted and found to contain fowl, the owner affirms that they were put down to catch fish, and pleads no intent to capture wildfowl. Moreover, the officer who orders the nets to be taken up and fails to prove his case, renders himself liable to a suit for damages for his interference with private property.

A bill has been drawn to remedy this state of things, and was introduced at Albany by Senator Otis, March 27, and as it seems to cover the ground, it deserves careful consideration and support. It reads as follows:

An Act to amend Chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the Laws of Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled: "An Act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game."

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section five of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy nine, entitled: "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended to read as follows:

SEC. 5. No person shall, at any time, kill any wild duck, goose or brant, with any device or instrument known as a swivel or punt gun, or with any gun other than such guns as are habitually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder, nor use any net, device or instrument, or gun other than aforesaid, with intent to capture or kill any such birds. Any person or persons who shall set or cause to be set in any of the waters of the counties of Queens or Suffolk, any seine or net wholly below the surface of the water without having corks or floats of at least three inches in length each, and not more than five feet apart, attached thereto in such manner that the same shall float upon the surface of the water over such net when set, shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this section.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.

It is alleged, upon what appears to be good authority, that the only nets used without floats of any kind are those which are set for the express purpose of capturing ducks, and that all nets used for taking fish invariably have floats.

The fact that the nets set for ducks are usually placed in deep water over the feeding grounds, and without floats, of course, makes it impossible for the birds to see them, while the legal fish nets, by means of their floats, are visible, and hence are usually avoided. Few fowl, therefore, are caught in fish nets, the great majority being taken by means of those set expressly for their capture and without floats.

This most destructive method of taking fowl should be put an end to, and if the bill to which we have called attention will accomplish this end, the person who drew it will deserve the thanks of all who use the gun.

DEER HOUNDING.—The clowns of the Michigan Senate amused themselves and excited the indignation of the public by their action on the deer hounding bill, which, as we have said, failed by one vote to pass that body. It is now proposed to attempt to enact the bill prohibiting hounding except for twenty-five days of each year. This, we think, should not be done. It will permit dogs to be kept in the woods, and the nominal restriction will amount to nothing at all. At Albany yesterday (April 1) the bill to forbid deer hounding in New York was reported back from the Senate Game Committee without amendments. This is most encouraging, and we hope that when it comes to a vote the bill will pass the Senate with a good majority, as it did the House, and soon become a law.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB RULES.—We have received a copy of the revised running rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club, which we shall publish next week. The proposed change, making May 1 the date for whelping of Derby entries, was not made, and all dogs whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the previous year are eligible. There are several changes, and a cursory reading impresses us with the belief that they are an improvement over the old rules.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

XL.—KILLING A BLACKTAIL.

HITHERTO our march had been an easy one, for we had either been following well-marked trails or had been within sight of certain known landmarks, which pointed out the way quite as surely and plainly as the signboards on a country road. Now, however, we were about to strike out into a new country, one through which none of the party had ever passed, and about which it seemed impossible to secure any information. No prospector, hunter, or trapper that had been encountered seemed to know anything about how to find Two-Ocean Pass, or whether the trail to it was easy or difficult. It was known that Pacific Creek, or as it is called by those who live in Jackson's Hole, Two-Ocean Creek, must be followed up, and that if the main stream was followed to its sources, the Pass would be found there; but then the stream branches constantly, and many of these branches are quite as large as the main fork, so that it might be a very difficult matter to select the one which should lead us to the Pass on the Continental Divide.

The morning, though not actually stormy, was very threatening as we left the camp on Snake River, somewhat in advance of the train, and rode back over the sage brush plains toward Buffalo Creek. The wide valley is level, here and there crossed by wide stream beds, most of which were at this season dry, though evidently carrying in spring and early summer a great body of water, for the whole precipitation on the western slope of the Continental Divide finds its way into Snake River through these channels.

A mile or two from camp we encountered a prospector. He was on foot leading his horse, and to the horn of his saddle was tied the lariat of a second horse, which was so lame that it could but just manage to walk. We stopped to make inquiries of this man about Pacific Creek. He told us that he lived about twenty miles further down Snake River, and that he had been five years in the county. He had just come down from Pilgrim Creek, where he had been prospecting for fine gold. At first we were quite hopeful that he could give us some information as to the trail which we must follow to reach the Pass, but a little cross-questioning developed the fact that he knew no more about the matter than ourselves. He said that he had never been up Pacific Creek, though he had been around its head, and knew that the Pass was there, and also that there was a trail up the stream for twelve or fifteen miles. He did, however, direct us how to cut across from the mouth of Buffalo Creek through the low hills to the bottom of Pacific Creek, thus saving us several miles unnecessary travel.

I had the curiosity to ask him about the winters here in Snake River Valley, and his reply was that the snow lies from three to five feet deep all through the winter. The autumns are early and the springs late, snow usually falling heavily in September and October, and remaining on the ground until near the first of June. The county is thus by no means adapted to stock raising, though some men have a hay ranch about seven miles below the mouth of Gros Ventre Creek on Snake River. The country is valueless for farming purposes and has hitherto proved equally so for mining. Our informant stated that men had been steadily at work looking for gold for fifteen years and had not yet made day's wages at it.

By the time we had convinced ourselves that the prospector was entirely ignorant as to all the points on which we desired information, the pack train had come up, and bidding our chance acquaintance good morning, we rode on to the crossing of Buffalo Creek. Just after passing this stream, we turned to the right, and climbing the bluffs, near the cabin, where the prospectors stable their horses in summer, followed up a little valley through the low hills, and in an hour or two reached the bottom of Pacific Creek. It is here very wide and the stream bed is enormously spread out. The amount of water carried by it at this season, is absolutely quite large, but is inconsiderable in comparison with the width of the bed. Everything, in fact, that we have seen on this western slope of the mountains, points to an extremely heavy fall of snow in winter, and hence to great floods when these snows melt.

The prospector had told us to cross the valley, and we would have no difficulty in finding, on the other side, a trail which we could follow for a number of miles toward the head of the stream. We did cross the valley, but failed to strike the trail, and so rode for several miles over steep hills rough with down timbers, and then descended again into the bottom several miles further up stream. Just as we were about to make the descent, we were halted by the appearance in the wide valley of a band of about forty horses feeding, and herded by a man or boy. It was not a place where stock would be looked, for and the presence of the horses gave rise to no little speculation as to who their owners might be. When we reached them the herder had disappeared, but in a little clump of cottonwoods we saw a blue canvas tent and the smoke of a fire, which no doubt was his temporary home. We did not visit it, and opinions were about equally divided as to whether the inhabitants were a band of horse thieves, who had chosen this lonely valley as a safe place in which to *cache* their stolen stock, or a party of Indians making their autumn hunt from the reservation near Fort Hill.

All day long it rained more or less, and the high brush and other trees through and under which we rode were wet, dripping and disagreeable. The valley was narrow and overgrown with deciduous trees, and there was little opportunity to see the character of the country.

About 1 o'clock we made camp on a little bench about thirty feet above the stream. We should have gone further, but the valley was becoming more and more narrow, and it was uncertain when we might find another suitable camping place. It was now raining quite hard, and as soon as the saddles were off the animals, the tents were put up and all the spare pieces of canvas rigged, so that we were in shape to be comparatively dry and comfortable.

I tried the fishing, but could not get a rise, though I changed my flies half a dozen times. The water was covered with small midges, apparently beaten down on it by the rain, and the trout were perhaps satiated. The country hereabouts looked well for game, especially deer. There were, too, some fresh elk signs, but the presence of the camp in the valley below us and the fresh horse tracks in the trail which we had been following, accounted for our seeing none during the day.

When we looked out of the tent the next morning the ground was covered with a couple of inches of wet snow. The great damp flakes were still falling thick and fast. They clung to the tent and to the branches of the trees, but as it was by no means cold, they melted fast, and everything that had been left uncovered the night before was wet and dripping. We breakfasted about 8 o'clock, and then made up our minds to make the best of a snowy day in camp.

Time flies, they say, but if this be so, its wing beats during a chilly, rainy day in camp are very slow and measured. It was so cold that it was impossible to keep warm away from the fire except under one's blankets, and standing about the fire in the rain is not very exciting work. About half past ten o'clock I felt as if I could endure the monotony no longer, and cast about in my mind for some occupation. The fishing was nought, that I had proved the night before, but since there was a good tracking snow it might be worth while to try the hunting. I therefore suggested to Saddlemeyer, who was always full of energy, that he and I should go out and try to kill some meat. He agreed, though not with any very great degree of enthusiasm, I thought, and before long we set out. Mine was the only rifle in the party, but I told Saddlemeyer that we would share the shots equally if we saw anything. For a few hundred yards we followed up the valley near the trail, going through the green timber, which showered down upon us water from the melting snow, and then, turning to the left took the first ridge and began to climb the hill on the north side of the valley.

It was horribly wet, for by this time the snow had turned to rain. Under foot there were three inches of snow, and beneath this an inch or two of water; from above the water and an occasional mass of wet snow dropped on us from the branches, and the willows and other undergrowth which grew waist high, soaked us thoroughly. The ground was soft, muddy and very slippery, and the snow, the wet sticks, down timber, and loose stones made the walking and climbing very laborious and difficult. The hillside was steep and seemed to have no end, for as we reached the crest of each ridge we could see the mountain tops still far above us. One or two elk tracks, made this morning, were noticed before we had gone very far up the mountain, but the animals had passed along early in the day and were moving briskly, so we did not follow them far, but kept climbing higher and higher. A few deer sign were seen, made since the snow began to fall, but before the elk tracks, but nothing very fresh, and almost all the tracks seemed to be leading up the hill. Every now and then it would rain with great violence, or a dense fog would rise out of the valley below, and creeping slowly along the mountain side would shut out from sight one hilltop after another, until at length it would close about us and would render invisible objects within fifty yards. There was a little wind from the west, and these fogs did not last long, but while they hung over us we stood still beneath some spruce tree and patiently waited for them to lift. All over the hillside were scattered migrating birds; the red-shafted flickers, robins, Western song sparrows, and little companies of Oregon and Aikens snowbirds. Sometimes while we were thus waiting, a flock of the green-tailed finches (*Pipilo chlorurus*) would fly into the tree by which we stood, startling us by the rushing sound of their wings, and would then stand and shake the water from their feathers within arm's length of us, and hop about and peer down into our faces as if trying to decide for themselves whether we were alive, or were only very ragged and wet stumps. By this time we were of course thoroughly drenched, and, equally of course, extremely cold and uncomfortable, and I felt quite guilty for having lured Saddlemeyer out on such a wretched excursion.

We kept on, climbing hill after hill for two hours and a half, and had seen nothing but tracks, when we became disgusted and determined to return to the camp fire, following the ridge on which we then were, until we had reached a point opposite the camp, where we could see that a little green-timbered hog-back led down into the valley. We followed the ridge south, and as we went along quietly, I was scanning the borders of the horizon just ahead, and Saddlemeyer was close behind me. Suddenly I heard my companion whisper "Whoa." I stopped, half turned, partly slipped a cartridge into my gun, and then stood motionless, for over the crest of the ridge above us had risen the horns, head and body of an enormous blacktail buck. Two others, both yearlings, followed him, and in a moment or two a couple of others, one almost as large as the leader, the other about two years old, wandered up to the verge of the ridge and looked over. They were about two hundred yards distant, too far for a sure shot—from a rifle in my hands at least—and we were so much in need of the meat that I was unwilling to take any chances which might result only in alarming them. The big leader had seen us at once, but he was evidently unable to make out just what we were, and for perhaps ten minutes he stood there and watched. He was not alarmed or suspicious; but we excited his curiosity and he kept looking. He stood on the very crest of the ridge and behind him was only the white sky, so that every outline of his graceful form and large branching horns was distinctly visible. While he stood there the others wandered about in an aimless way, now taking a bite of grass, and then giving a long look over the country. One of the yearlings came a few steps down the face of the bluff to a young pine tree three or four feet in height, against which he began to rub his horns and head, just as a deer or an elk does when ridding his antlers of the velvet, or as it is termed, "shaking." Another, next in size to the leader, came still further down the bluff, and began to feed at an elderberry bush that grew there. A third, he was a small yearling, was very frisky and played about almost like a fawn. At length after his long, long stare, during which we scarcely breathed, the big leader's curiosity seemed satisfied. He shook himself and then turned, and gave a long look to the east and then one to the west. Then he lowered his proud head, took a bite of some weed, and stepping majestically along the ridge for a few yards, turned away from us and disappeared. Just as he did so, two of the young deer, like boys when the schoolmaster turns his back, and they begin to skylark, drew off and charged one another, coming together vigorously head to head. It did not seem to be done viciously at all, but rather in sport, and one of them being evidently much the stronger of the two, pushed his opponent a few feet backward, when the latter sprung lightly out of the way, and both turned and followed in the footsteps of the big buck. Four of the deer had now moved out of sight and there remained only the berry picker on the hillside. A couple of dead trees, one leaning against the other, stood thirty or forty yards in front of us, partially concealing him from our view, and it was possible by stealing up behind these to approach within 150 yards of him and perhaps even closer. We were so much in need of the meat at the camp that I did not quite like to risk a shot at over 100 yards, but he stayed so long that I was afraid the other deer might get beyond our reach, and so made up my mind to take the chance. I had taken only a few cautious steps toward him, when suddenly he stopped feeding, looked about him, walked briskly up to the top of the ridge, and then pausing for a moment to see where his comrades were, followed them over the ridge and out of our sight.

Now at last the coast was clear, and we hurried toward the ridge and clambered with breathless haste up its steep face. Reaching the crest we very cautiously looked over, but the game was not to be seen, and still as we slowly advanced in the direction in which the deer had last been headed we saw nothing of them. I was just about to suggest that we had better go back and take their tracks, when without a moment's warning a mountain hurricane of hail, rain and snow swept down upon us, blotting out from view every object save those directly at our feet. The blast was bitter cold, and while it continued, all we could do was to turn our back to the storm and stand there patiently while the pitiless elements beat down upon us. The squall lasted but a few moments, and when it was over we started back and crossed the tracks of the deer about fifty yards from where we had last seen them. They were walking along slowly, all except the last one, which had been trotting to catch up to the others. The trail led over the rolling ground toward two little groups of spruces, where it seemed probable that the deer might be found. When we were within about one hundred yards of the nearest clump of trees, Saddlemeyer's quick eye caught sight of a moving object just beyond them, and a moment later I saw a dark body move. Carefully creeping up behind the trees, I was at last able to make out through an opening in the foliage three deer standing close together. They were the big leader and two of the yearlings. I was anxious, if possible, to kill the former; but I could only see his head and neck, so I waited for him to move and give me a shoulder shot. While I waited he turned, looked me square in the face for a moment, and then stepping to one side disappeared from view. One of the yearlings still stood there, broadside to, and to make sure of the meat I fired at once at his shoulder. When the smoke cleared away there was nothing in sight.

Handing Saddlemeyer the gun and a couple of cartridges, we ran up to the top of the ridge beyond where the deer had been, and in a few moments saw three of them standing on top of a hill about three hundred yards away. Saddlemeyer sent a shot or two after them, but the distance was too great for anything very effective. Stepping back to the place where they had stood, we found lying there a fine fat yearling, a welcome addition to our larder. We took off the hams and saddle and started down the hill with them, but they were pretty heavy and the walking bad, and at length, after changing loads once or twice, we

stopped, divided the meat once more, and started on again, carrying only a single quarter.

After we had seen the deer, and just as I was stealing up to make my shot, I was interested in the curious actions of a beautiful pine grosbeak. It flew down from the spruces, and alighting on some low twigs which stood up above the snow just in front of me, hopped about in a most uneasy and anxious manner, whistling sweetly. As I advanced toward the game it took short flights before me, scarcely moving out of the way, and continually uttering it clear warning whistle, as if urging me not to shoot. It was a young male, and had a brilliant red head and pinkish-gray body. I was quite impressed by the bird's actions and apparent intent, although I did not permit them to interfere with what I was doing.

We reached the camp at 2:30, and shortly after dinner Saddlemeyer took a mule and went up on to the hill for the remainder of the meat. During the afternoon I again tried to induce the fish to rise, but without success. That they are abundant in this stream cannot, however, be doubted, since fishhawks and kingfishers are abundant. One of the former alighted in a tree within thirty steps of the camp, and the sharp, rattling cry of *Ceryle* was heard at frequent intervals through the day.

It rained and snowed all the afternoon, and Saddlemeyer did not get back to camp until nearly 8 o'clock, and when he arrived he was of course wet, cold and hungry, but notwithstanding these discomforts, he was as cheerful and merry as possible.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOVA SCOTIA TROUT AND SNOWS.

NOT far to the east of me now is the famed River St. Mary's, from which have been taken such quantities of salmon; and as to the toothsomeness of the fish from this same river, I am willing to testify at any fit time and place. And it seems also that every lake in the Province (and the lakes here number like the sloughs in Minnesota) every stream and every river that empties into the sea holds innumerable quantities of the nimble trout in all the varieties of lake, brook and sea. But as to the specific differences between kinds, "those to the manor born," appear to be unable to agree. Of course, at this season there is no game in these fish, though they are continually being caught by fishing through holes cut in the ice, the ice ranging from two to three feet in thickness, and the bait, beef or pork. We have had them several times this week, and to me the flavor is some what muddy, though as a fact, I do not know that I have ever tasted mud; I only imagine what it does taste like. All the trout I have ever seen in the Province have had a decided pinkish or salmon color, although I have heard reference made to fish of a perfectly white flesh.

A resident told me the other night of the best catch he ever made on Lake Sailome, a mile away, last year. After indulging in the sport for several hours, and returning to the water the uninjured smaller fish, he brought back to camp 120 pounds of trout, sixty pounds of which was represented by thirty-two fish. He is a splendid specimen of physical development, yet he explained the means he took to carry such a load, and then remarked that every few rods he was obliged to stop and rest. From the character of the man, and the avouchment of the story generally, I am satisfied that the foregoing is an unvarnished tale. So much for fish.

As I write in this cabin there look down upon me two pairs of moose antlers, which remind me that this identical region only a few years ago, five or six at least, was one of the best hunting grounds in the Province. When I was here last, moose was a not uncommon dish on the table. The lightning-gaited caribou is still in the neighborhood, and is reported this winter in large droves. They seem to be hunted very little, or at least not successfully so, and are not credited with being good eating. Perhaps this is only another case of "sour grapes." The rabbit can be found here at any time and in any quantities. The partridge also, with the squirrel and the porcupine; the latter is in some cases eaten.

Most of the foregoing I give as a matter of hearsay; my necessities having generally confined me to immediate surroundings of a strictly practical geological nature. This mining district, one of many in the Province, is perhaps the most isolated and difficult of access of all. In a direct line we are perhaps eighty-five miles northeast of the city of Halifax. To reach this city one goes twenty miles south to the coast line over almost a mere trail, crossing the East River twice (in winter on the ice and in the summer by fording) to Sheet Harbor, where three times a week, he can take the Royal Mail stage, and the second night be landed in that well-fortified, but sleepy city. Or he can walk, climb and sometimes wade for thirty-two miles, going north, and reach a station on the Intercolonial Railroad, then only six hours from the same city. I never go over either route but I afterward wish I had gone by the other. Coming in by the first route, we had to wait a day at Sheet Harbor for the effects of a rain storm to somewhat disappear and the weather to harden. The weather did accommodate us promptly, for when I left in the sleigh the next morning at 5 o'clock the thermometer was at zero. The crossing of the river was unique to me. Over two feet of ice was a foot of water, and over that a shell of ice an inch thick. We managed finally to make the passage after the driver, in his sealskin larigans, had been obliged to get out and break a way through the shell ice for the horse. Without this heroic treatment I fear that the horse and sleigh would have remained there to be frozen in and we should have been obliged to wade ashore.

This is a country that can out-thermometer any other of my acquaintance. Fortunately I brought a Fahrenheit with me. For the past week it has seemed the thing that it should register from 25° to 30° from noon till 3 or 4 o'clock. Then the mercury begins to show its weary condition, and without any reaction till 7 or 8 P. M., when it reaches the place of the cipher. Then it seems to halt a little, but shortly continues down and down, as if *Facilis descensus Averni* were its motto. Last night, when through writing at 12:30 and ready to retire, having through the evening gradually invested myself in fur cap, muffler, arctics and overcoat over my knees, and having kept up in the cabin a roaring fire in the wood stove, I went out to the thermometer and found it at 11° minus. I should add that I cannot complain of badly-ventilated apartments. The air never is close or vitiated. I can generally tell from which direction the wind is blowing without going outside.

To-day we have been treated to an additional white blanket of eight inches thickness, as if the several feet of covering were not already enough to keep the ground comfortably warm. Last week I found it necessary to use snow shoes, and I made my first essay with them, and very much to my astonishment, with great success. I had supposed that it required some time to learn how to use them with any degree of rapidity. Away from the beaten track it is just simply impossible to go without snow shoes. HYPERBOREAN.

FIFTEEN-MILE STREAM DISTRICT, Nova Scotia, March 10.

ROUGHING IT IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

II.

IT snowed all night, and the next morning everything was covered with a white mantle. After breakfast we broke camp. We had made arrangements at the Hot Springs for an extra team of horses to pull us up Terrace Mountain. The snow the night before made the road very slippery. The grade is heavy, and a loaded team even with four horses can scarcely make the summit in less than half a day. At the brow of the mountain the road passes for a mile through a forest of fir, pine and cedar, until it reaches pretty Swan Lake. Two or three miles further we come to the middle fork of the Gardiner River and Valley, and camped at the upper end of it in Willow Park, where the pasturage was good, there being no other camping place nearer than ten miles beyond. On our way we passed through the Obsidian Cañon, a volcanic formation, which glistens like jet, the intense black being sometimes variegated with streaks of red and yellow.

Wednesday, Sept. 17. The weather was fine and the scenery grand. We passed Beaver Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, and resort of many wild geese, ducks, cranes and other water fowl. Gibbon Cañon was a little rough on our horses, but by slow and steady pulling we gained the summit of the Divide. A few rods to the left of the road is the beautiful Lake of the Woods, surrounded by a growth of dense and majestic pines. Leaving this lovely spot, we traveled through an open park area showing many vestiges of former hot springs, and after fording Gibbon River, came into view of the first active geysers and pitched tent.

The Norris Geyser Basin is wonderful for its spouting geysers, clouds of vapor and overpowering odors of sulphur. It is the first "fire hole" area encountered on entering the Park from the Mammoth Hot Spring. The whole vast basin is a collection of hot springs and pools, varying in different colors, some black, some white, and some as yellow as sulphur. The earth rumbles and shakes, and the air is hot with unpleasant odors. Where the water does not boil over the crust; it seethes and gurgles beneath. Some of the springs are "frying-pans" which sputter and sizzle violently, some are "paint pots," which boil incessantly their pasty clay of diverse colors with noisy sputterings. There are some geysers which seem in perpetual action, obscuring the sun with their steam, one near the road is a large "mud pot." A smoking hole near by sends out an awful roar of superheated steam, this is named "Steamboat Vent." On the left of the road, near the "mud pot," is the Emerald Pool, its large basin full of the purest green bluish water. Not far off is the "Minute Geyser" discharging every minute a bold stream of water to the height of twenty-five to thirty feet.

The next morning we left the Norris Geyser Basin, passing on our way the "Monarch" and "Fearless" geysers of great splendor. We forded the river three times, the last time with great difficulty. We drove along the river until we came to the Gibbon Cañon, and made the Gibbon Falls at lunch. Frank took his rod and flies along, and caught some fine trout and grayling. We camped on the Madison River, near the forks of the Firehole River, and the next day drove to Marshall's hotel near the Lower Geyser Basin, where we left all superfluous truck, to lighten our load as much as possible. Leaving Marshall's we forded the Firehole River, a large but fishless stream, fed by hot springs and camped four or five miles from the hotel, where we found good feed for the ponies, splendid water and wood.

The next morning we started early. The road was very rough and steep, but after the heights are climbed a beautiful mountain and forest scenery is unfolded; now the road passes through noble woods until we see Mary's Lake before us. This lake is in deep seclusion among the towering pines which are reflected on its surface as in a mirror. Camped on the Yellowstone River, we had roasted mallard and squirrel for supper, after which we turned into our wagon bed. Sunday, Sept. 21, we reached the lake, a beautiful sheet of water in a setting of snow-capped mountains. Looked upon from Stormy Point, the picture it presents is one of most enchanting loveliness, the silvery water is covered by myriads of different waterfowl, its margin is fringed with rugged mountains and timbered bluffs. The next morning we started for the falls and cañon, which we made by noon.

This wonderful gorge of the Grand Cañon displays a scene of enchantment surpassing all imaginations, it reveals the most varied and astonishing grouping of crags and rocks which eye ever beheld. Not alone is the gaze entranced by the great variety of towering rocks, but also by the marvelous magnificence of this vast gorge in the brilliant tints of every hue. The underlying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. At the base, the deepest mosses are draped in the most vivid green, interspersed with spectral-staring white rocks. It is a wilderness of color, and indescribable for pen or brush, one of Nature's most beautiful masterpieces, impressing us with overwhelming feeling of our own insignificance.

Sept. 23. We started back to Marshall's, passing the sulphur mountains and sulphur springs, which are at the foot of the buttes. The fumes are quite powerful and disagreeable. The deposits of sulphur are very pure, and there are great heaps of it in bright yellow crystals amounting to hundreds of tons. From Marshall's we drove to the Upper Geyser Basin, which we reached toward evening. We camped near the Firehole River, and were fortunate enough to see the Grand Geyser spout, displaying a spectacle of wonderful beauty and majestic power that well befits its name. The Grand usually gives two exhibitions at irregular intervals in the course of twenty-six hours. The display continues with constantly increasing power, throwing a column of water 200 feet high. During the eruption a vent 30 feet from the geyser blows off steam with tremendous force.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, I saddled one of the ponies, and left Frank in camp. My first visit was to "Old Faithful," well named for the great regularity of his eruptions, which always begin with a dozen or more splashes or spurts, becoming more and more powerful, until they are followed by a rapid succession of jets, which escape with a roar, throwing a column of water from 100 to 150 feet, while clouds of steam accompany the water and reach a much greater height. The eruption takes place at intervals ranging from fifty-four to eighty minutes. From here I went to "The Bee Hive." It is easily distinguished by its beehive cone, but I did not see it spout. About 400 feet from here, on a higher level, is the "Giantess." This is the most powerful and highest spouting geyser. The eruption is not regular, occurring once in fourteen days, but is one of the greatest beauty and grandeur. West of the "Giantess," upon a mound, are the "Lion," "Lioness," and "Two Cubs." The Lioness and Cubs lie close together, and were in action at the same time, making a beautiful display, although they do not send up a very high column of water. Not far off is "The Saw Mill," a very active little geyser. Its eruptions are quite frequent and attract attention by the harsh, burring noise. Near by is "The Spasmodic." Both of these I saw spout.

The "Castle" geyser shoots out a column of water from 50 to 100 feet, accompanied by a tremendous rush of steam. Before each eruption deafening sounds are heard far down the crater, and masses of water are thrown out. After a short period of quiet, as if gathering force for a new attempt, a fearful roaring, audible for miles, took place, and the ground trembled as from an earthquake. Then a column of water was ejected to the height before named. About 150 feet north of this powerful geyser is "Morning Glory," a large and beautiful boiling spring. The water is transparent and heavenly blue. The funnel-shaped channel, which leads from the pool, brightly tinted with yellow and red, resembles the flower this spring is named after. There are scores of other springs, not so large as this, but possessing features of wonderful attractiveness. As we left, Friday, the 26th, the active little "Spiteful" gave us a parting salute.

Having seen the wonderful sights of the Yellowstone Park, we reloaded our heavy truck and, as the pasturage was poor, drove out a few miles to a good camping spot. Next morning (Sept. 27) we started early, arranging with hunter Ryan to accompany us, and left the Park by the road to Beaver Cañon, the western entrance to the Park, and drove as far as Riverside, a station of Bassett's stage line, near the South Fork of the Madison, and the next day we crossed the Madison for the cañon, where our guide expected to find sheep. I killed some mallards on the way, and here also we saw our first antelope. We camped right on the river. The following day by noon we reached the Middle Cañon of the South Madison, where right in the very heart of this wild, romantic cañon, close to the river, we pitched our tent. After lunch we rode down the cañon a few miles in search of the shy and wary bighorns, and were so fortunate as to see a small band of them close to the river, where they had come down from the mountains to drink. Unnoticed, our dog had followed us from camp, and having some trouble in sending him back, the sheep must have been alarmed. Not daring to get any closer to them, I crawled behind some willows and brushes, through which I had to shoot, but without success, as they soon gained the timbered foothills, running up the mountains, as could be seen when they happened to cross an opening in the timber, but too far to shoot.

We hunted down the cañon without seeing any more sheep, but noticed a great number of blue grouse. Having no shotgun along, and not being expert enough to cut their heads off with my rifle, I left them undisturbed and headed for camp, which we reached by dark. Next day (Sept. 29) we started early, as we were to hunt the sheep high up in the mountains at their lofty homes. We crossed the Madison, where the rapid current came near taking us along; but the knowing and well-experienced horse brought me safely to the other side. We picketed our horses near the timber and began to climb the mountains, and after hours of terrible work gained the summit. Here still we had to do some neck-breaking gymnastics, sometimes jumping from rock to rock or climbing on hands and feet over the sliding rock and slate, unable to secure any sure footing. Our hard labor was fruitless, no sheep to be seen; but the surrounding views, sometimes obtained at the height of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, repaid us, and I returned to camp fatigued, but well pleased.

NEW YORK. F. B——T.

A REMONSTRANCE.—The Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, has represented to the Legislative Committee on Agriculture as follows. That our existing game laws (chapter 92 of the Public Statutes, and chapter 297 of the Acts of 1881) give protection to certain birds and their eggs, as stated below, which protection would be withdrawn if a bill offered as a substitute for the present law and now in your hands, should be passed. We earnestly ask that in drafting a bill for legislative action you recommend all present protection be continued and re-enforced, and that certain other species of birds as named below, not now protected, be given protection under the law. The argument is constantly brought forward that most of the species of birds for which we ask a close season, do not breed in the State, that they all pass north to raise their young. We claim that some of them do remain to breed; that others might do so if not disturbed toward the end of the spring migrations, and that many birds would return by the same route in the fall flight, if not shot at so incessantly in the spring. The pinnated grouse, prairie chicken or heath hen, found naturally on Martha's Vineyard only, is, under existing law, protected the year round—see Public Statutes, chapter 92, section 1—and has been so protected for over thirty years. The suggested law proposes an open season from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, in each year. We think it desirable to retain the present close protection. The so-called marsh, beach and shore birds, *i. e.*, the various species of plover, snipe, sandpiper and rail, are protected (with the exception of five species) from April 1 to July 15 (see Public Statutes, chapter 92, section 4). The suggested law proposes to protect but one species, viz., the Bartramian sandpiper or upland plover. Their protection at least from May 15 to Aug. 1 we consider desirable. Herring gulls, or terns, generally known as sea swallows or mackerel gulls, are now protected from May 1 to Aug. 1 (see Acts of 1881, chapter 297, section 3), as are also their eggs (see Public Statutes, chapter 92, section 6). The suggested law would remove all protection from these birds and their eggs. We think they should have protection at least a portion of the year, perhaps from May 15 to Aug. 1, if not to Sept. 1. The existing law (see Public Statutes, chapter 92, section 6), as also the proposed law, specially exempts wild geese and such fresh water and sea fowl as are not protected in preceding sections, from any protection whatever. We think it advisable to protect such fowl after May 15 to Aug. 1 in each year. The request is signed by the officers of the club, viz.: William Brewster, President; William A. Jeffries, Vice President; H. A. Purdie, Recording Secretary; J. A. Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Charles F. Batchelder, Treasurer; and several of the members.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

24. *Thryothorus ludovicianus* (Gm.) Bp.—Great Carolina wren.

This species is always a scarce Michigan bird, and although it has been recognized by a few collectors, to the majority it is unknown. It is not recorded in 1839 by Prof. Sager in his list of the birds of Michigan, the first published in the State. Dr. Miles first records it in 1860, in the State Geological Report. Covert embraces it in his list of birds of Southern Michigan, 1878. No northern record is made for this wren, and it is to be doubted if the species is often, or ever, taken north of 43° in this State. I have met with the Carolina wren but once. A large bird, which I knew at once to be of this family, flew into our city door yard, and sang at a great rate in the top of a burr oak. A respect for neighboring females of hysterical tendencies alone prevented my securing the specimen. We may fairly consider as stragglers all individuals of this species which appear in Kalamazoo county. This bird, I understand, like many others, is found to follow in the wake of civilization, and form its home in the neighborhood of dwellings, often in close proximity to the habitation of man. We may hope in the future, when our territory shall have been more completely populated, that this beautifully singing bird will become more abundant.

25. *Thryomanes bewicki* (Aud.) Brd.—Bewick's wren.

This species appears even rarer as a Michigan bird than the last, being embraced in but one list exclusive of my list of 1879, published in the Geolog. and Geograph. Report of the Department of the Interior. This bird as yet has not been recorded north of Kalamazoo county. Covert gives it as taken once in Washtenaw county.

It may be that I had the pleasure of securing the first specimen. On May 5, 1877, while collecting, I shot a wren, new to me and of agreeable song, which proved to be of this species. On April 18, 1874, Mr. F. H. Chapin secured a male. Mr. Syke observed it May 2, 1883.

In all, I believe that not over five specimens have been seen or shot in this county. It is a rare species. One collector claims to have found this wren breeding in the State, and that it does occasionally nest here there is little reason to doubt, but as the eggs were not secured or birds taken we cannot embrace it as a certified summer resident for the present.

26. *Troglodytes ædon* Vieill.—House wren.

This vivacious, ever happy, active sprite, is extremely abundant during nearly six months of the year. Arriving from the south from April 20 to May 3, it spreads over the entire lower peninsula, and breaks into a rattling artillery of song which does not close for at least three months. We might say with more propriety that the song resembles the rattle of small arms, for, though possessing considerable volume, the notes are mixed up with an incessant rattle, sounding like a fusilade at the side of ducking flat in the fall. To describe the song is utterly impossible. It is agreeable, were it not for that destroyer of beauty in many carols, monotony, which is a decided feature of most of the wren's songs. Compare a house wren's song to a train of cars in crossing a switch on a small scale, and you have as good an idea as it lies in my power to give. The song starts in low, with a few gutteral notes, then a rattle of ten to thirty seconds' duration, broken into by a series of irregular notes of a higher key, the whole winding up with a bold attempt of the performer at singing in high *c*, while too conceited to understand that he has a very bad cold. But at just this stage of the proceedings and when you are debating whether to decide for or against this fellow's ability, and trying to make up your mind which end of the song he began on, he proceeds to again thrash through his lingo without intermission between the high *c* and the gutteral notes. This continues indefinitely until you are thoroughly worried with attempting to formulate the air of the song in your mind.

The wren often scolds away as if his life depended on his rattling off adjectives like a pirate. Such a wicked, savage rattle, coming from beneath our feet as we step aside to climb the fence, and the scolder actually seems everything but capable of annihilating us. That he has the evil will is evident from his manner and style of swearing. Like some people, puerile in strength but mighty in talk, this brown bit of feather and sarcasm expostulates without a chance for one to defend himself. Two means of exit from our unpleasant plight presented themselves; one to shoot the blasphemer, the other to leave the neighborhood. As our collection is replete with skins of this wren, taken principally by accident when collecting other and rarer birds, we choose the latter and hasten away, receiving a broadside salute from the valiant warrior as we cross the field.

The fact that this bird is so much more common now than it was fifteen years ago has led me to conclude that it, like the rest of the family, is to a large extent influenced by the tide of civilization, and in its spread to the northward it is entirely controlled by the influx of settlers, at least to the extent of enlarging its range and increasing its numbers among us. I have said that it spreads over the entire Lower Peninsula, which is maintained, with the qualification that it is not found in wooded sections. The species has as decided a preference to villages, farms and partially-cleared localities as has the winter wren for the recesses of deep, dark woods.

However, in all portions of the State that I have visited many birds are found, excepting in heavy pineries or hard timber. Twenty years ago there was scarcely a house wren in Kalamazoo county, and I can remember with what boyish delight I hailed the first song. The country about the southern border of our State has been principally under cultivation for over thirty years, while in many portions sections have been populated over sixty years. Kalamazoo county has now fifty wrens of this species where she had one fifteen years ago, and yet I think candidly that we have fewer now than we had five years since. I account for this on the principle that many more birds are completely transient in the county, the birds going to the north to nest, occupying the vast burnings and devastated pine forests, where ten years ago stood thousands of acres of virgin pine.

The species was known in the State as early as 1839, as Sager records it. Other lists embrace it. In Kneeland's list of the "Birds of Keweenaw Point, Lake Superior," 1856, the species is omitted. Cabot also omits it in 1860 in his "Birds of Lake Superior." Judge J. H. Steere observed the species a few years ago at Sault Ste. Marie, indicating a northern extension of range.

This bird is a single illustration of a principle which ever obtains, viz.: that the animal creation, as a whole, is subordinate to the power of man, and that the movements of the civilized portions of the country, from necessity, affect the entire order of migration, even to the seasonal journeys of our simplest creatures.

Within two or three weeks from the time of arrival, or about May 15 to 20, the busy wren begins preparations for nesting, having completed the mating, which is ushered in with savage warfare and revengeful talk. I say begins, for it should not be understood the giddy creature is to occupy the first nest constructed. On the contrary, it takes the little busy-body a long time to decide on a home after preparing, I think always as many as two, often four houses for its mate and self. The dapper little snuff-coated gentleman has, in common with all the other members of the family, so far as my experience goes, a predilection for the amassing of wealth in the form of real estate, and nothing quite so well suits him as the finding of a suitable building site for a new house. He at once presses his amiable, sprightly wife into the service, and while she is compelled to carry the greater share of twigs and material for the nest, he carries a few twigs, does an immense amount of bossing and no end of cursing and swearing in a high key. Sometimes the nest is completed without a stop, but generally it is about one-half finished when it is left, and another suitable location is looked up. This manner of becoming a landlord in a small way, is apt to retard the chances for an early first brood, and the result is that the little *ædons* are rather slow to make their appearance. The first eggs are generally laid in late May and the brood is spread to the four winds before June 30. That a second brood is reared I feel confident, but it may not be a general rule.

The situations chosen by the house wren as nesting sites are variable and often extremely curious. There appears to be no limit to the oddities of the old birds in the selection of a home. Hollows in limbs and stubs, nooks in cornices, bird houses and knot holes in fence posts seem to be the positions usually chosen; but often hollows are selected, or mechanical spaces in buildings, entered by small holes. One case which I call to mind is a peculiar illustration of the birds peculiarity in filling a larger space than was required by the birds, with rubbish. The site in question contained at least a peck of twigs, which were massed together in one large lump. It took the birds quite two weeks of spare moments, when not engaged in the construction of other quarters across the way, to accumulate this material, and the struggles of the chattering pair in getting the large twigs, some of them over six inches in length, into the nest through an orifice scarce one inch and a half in diameter, were amusing in the extreme.

The nests are generally placed from five to ten feet from the ground, when built in hollows, in limbs or stubs, but are often found twenty or twenty-five feet up, when built in the gables of houses. The nests in their makeup are constructed of almost everything that the wrens find adapted to their wants, but in my experience small twigs are more often used in the body of the nest. The lining is of softer material, while it is sometimes entirely wanting, the eggs resting on the bare twigs or coarse grass.

After the nesting season, which we may consider as practically ended by July 15, the birds become quite refined in their behavior and keep respectably quiet, only occasionally sputtering when irritated. Just when the little fellows leave us for the season I am unable to attest, but can say that they become quite scarce after the middle of September.

CENTRAL PARK FORESTRY COLLECTION.

SPECIAL operations in progress at the Old Arsenal at Central Park are novel both as to method and motive. The work includes various technical processes preparatory to the permanent exhibition of forestry, of which some portion of the specimens have been placed already in the Museum of Natural History. It has been hoped that the entire collection might be arranged and opened to public view during the present spring. The exhibition is to be arranged within one large case extending throughout the length of the great hall, and in six smaller cases placed next the wall along either side.

The collected specimens amount to 420; in addition will be a few of difficult access yet remaining to be obtained. About 400 specimens form the census collection made under the direction of Professor C. S. Sargent, Arnold Professor of Arboriculture at Harvard, acting as chief agent of the forestry department for the tenth census publication. From this work was developed the idea of the present museum exhibition movement, the latter also in charge of the Arnold Arboretum; the financial means being provided through the generosity of Mr. Morris K. Jessup. The preparation of the specimens is intrusted to Mr. S. D. Dill, who performed the same service in an excellent manner for the census collection. The present scheme has been his exclusive occupation already for two and a half years, with two assistants since March of the past year, instead of one, as previously.

A specimen consists of a section of about five feet eight inches in length, taken from the trunk of a tree, with a partial section, including half or more of the diameter and in length about one-third of the whole piece, cut down and removed from the top; in this way the inner vertical and the horizontal surfaces are shown at once. Only half of each of these exposed portions is polished in order to illustrate the effect of the treatment; the top of the remaining upper portion is neatly finished by beveling.

The dimensions of specimens range from two inches to six feet in diameter, the California pine showing the latter large measurement. A plank of redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) is also included, which measures eight and a half feet in width.

Without extension to the innumerably multiplied varieties, the collection will represent every native species of this country. Each specimen is to be accompanied by a placard giving both the local and the scientific name, the study being rendered of further advantage by numbering in duplicate trees of corresponding species in Central Park. The plan includes also the publication of a descriptive catalogue. Another useful feature in addition will be that of the drawings of leaves, flowers, cones, fruits, etc., which are being prepared by Mr. Faxon at the Arnold Arboretum. These are to be hung in the exhibition, each above a corresponding specimen in the wood, while a different illustrative series will consist of pressed leaves forming an herbarium.

A course of observations connected with the work may prove scientifically of some aid in arboriculture. In the preparation of the wood at the Arsenal, exact diagrams are drawn from the horizontals as the cuttings are made, and representing the increase in diameter for succeeding years of the tree's existence as indicated by the rings. It is hoped that the record may serve toward a solution of such questions as whether dry seasons affect some or all trees as causing slower growth, and all the data for comparative study are filed away for reference.

A record of the age and diameter of every tree represents in a general way the comparative rates of growth. A tree three hundred and sixty-nine years old which is only fifteen inches in diameter is an example of slow growth. This is the *Pinus edulis* or edible pine from Arizona, called also nut pine, and of which the seed, resembling in dimensions a good-sized bean is used by the Indians for food. The Western shell-bark hickory (*Carya suleata*) from Allenton, Missouri, which is three hundred and forty-one years old, has a diameter of thirty-seven inches; another tree only one hundred and fifty years old with a diameter of forty inches represents a different habit of growth. This is the *Tilia americana* or basswood, from the same locality as the last named species.

The oldest tree in the collection, and which has felt the snows of four hundred and ten winters, represents a species remarkable for slow growth, being only of twenty-four inches diameter; it is named *Picea engelmanni* from its discoverer, Dr. Engelmann, being known also as Engelmann's spruce; its locality is from British Columbia to Arizona, and it forms extensive forests in Colorado.

Among rare specimens in view for this collection, but which remains to be secured as circumstances permit, is the *Larix lyellii* or Western larch, growing in the Cascade and Galton ranges of Oregon at 6,000 or 7,000 feet elevation; the acquisition of trees so situated is evidently attended by difficulties; even the extensive census collection is destitute of this species.

Woods of handsome appearance include the arbutus, holapensis, sweet bay (*Persea carolinensis*), Alaska cedar (*Chamæcyparis nutkansas*) and the beautifully-figured maple burl from Missouri. A species most remarkable for durable quality is the catalpa, of which some of the wood buried in the ground for seventy-five years is brought out in a perfectly sound condition. Among other interesting specimens are the cocoanut tree from Key West, and the finely odorous nutmeg tree from California.

An extremely curious species is the Washington palm (*Washingtoniani filipera*) from Southern California, of which the rings are nearly detached, forming layers of fibrous, bark-like substance lying loosely one within another to the heart; the top of this tree severed from the trunk is also among the specimens, with its immense spreading leaves dried and yellow.

From Texas comes another extraordinary tree formation resembling a fluted column, and known as the *Cereus giganteus*. Its vertical, singularly curved parts are easily separable, being without attachment of any heart at the center. The Douglas spruce exhibits an equally peculiar appearance, but from extrinsic cause; its bark is thickly perforated with holes of the average size of nuts, the cavities representing an economical system pursued by woodpeckers; after forming these holes, the birds therein deposit acorns, to remain until some future day when required for food.

One of the most interesting curiosities is that of the *Gleditschia triacanthus* or honey locust, from Missouri, of which the body is covered with thorn clusters, shooting outward in all directions from their centers of growth. The base of this thorn formation is in the bark, without any source in the wood beneath or connection with it. These knots or crowns of thorns are therefore easily detached, and it was necessary on this account for the tree to be transported from the West suspended from the ceiling of the car.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the present discussion, the writer had the pleasure of lately meeting Mr. E. W. Methot, of Quebec, a nimrod the value of whose local reputation is vouched for by his having, during the previous week, on the grounds of the Shawinigan Club of this Province, killed six male caribou, and shown mercy to sundry "cows and calves." Closely interrogated on the subject, Mr. Methot stated that it was well known to the Canadian hunters of this animal, that only the barren or fallow female produced horns, it being the rule to find them in such a case, while they have never been reported as borne by the pregnant or nursing cow. Nature's anomalies being only examples of her laws misunderstood, and physiologists knowing many instances where morbid growths follow from the increased supply of blood intended for nourishing offspring, the above appears a very rational explanation of the varying existence of the horns. That the different condition actually occurs, your correspondents have amply proved, while if any good reason for the fact has been produced, the writer has not seen it.—NITRE (Montreal, March 21).

CAPTURE OF AN OPOSSUM IN ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y.—Dr. M. H. Turner (Hammondville, Essex county, N. Y.,) informs me of the capture of an opossum near Crown Point, on or about Oct. 15, 1884. While visiting his traps near the mouth of Puts Creek, which empties into Lake Champlain at Crown Point, a young man named George Williams found in one of the traps a strange animal to him, as well as to almost every one in the vicinity. Dr. Turner and a friend went to see it, and at once identified it. Diligent inquiry has failed to reveal anything pointing toward its having escaped from confinement. It is still kept alive as a pet. The capture of an opossum in the Lake Champlain valley is interesting, as showing the tendency of more southern species to extend up through this region.—A. K. FISHER, M.D.

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.—Sherbrooke, P. Q., March 25, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your subscribers let me know as to the behavior of the white-throated sparrow in confinement? Whether it will sing and breed or not? I well know that it can never sing so sweetly anywhere as on the edge of a clearing at sunrise and sunset of a day in early summer, but ask as a matter of curiosity, and I think, general interest.—JOS. G. WALTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPORT. Fox-hunting, salmon-fishing, covert-shooting, deer-stalking. By W. Bromley-Davenport. Illustrated. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1885.

SPALDING'S BASE BALL GUIDE. A. G. Spalding & Bro., Chicago and New York. 1885. Price 10 cents.

Game Bag and Gun.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I did not think I would again be called upon to trespass on your space, for it seemed to me that all had been said on battery-shooting that was necessary, so far as I was concerned, but "Sinkboat," in your last issue, asks a few questions which politeness to a courteous correspondent requires me to answer, and moreover, the subject is one of such moment, as to the ultimate effect on our wildfowl, if batteries are not suppressed by law, that I must ask an opportunity for a final communication. The discussion between "Sinkboat" and myself seems, in certain particulars, to have become loosed from its moorings. Therefore I am constrained to cry *"Revenons a nos moutons."* In "Sinkboat's" first article he raised a signal of distress for the locality, regarding which he claims, and undoubtedly possesses, particular knowledge, viz., Chesapeake Bay, for he said, "There is too much shooting there, the ducks are harassed in every way." Of course he excepted shooting from the shore, because he stated that boxes were adopted after shooting from the shore had failed. Therefore it was a fair inference that the ducks could only be harassed by box-shooters with their tenders, or persons shooting from boats of all kinds. It was therefore to show him and others who might be interested, that batteries were the main cause of the "too much shooting and the harassed birds," that I replied to his article and gave the known results (no individual opinion about it whatever) upon the habits of wildfowl where batteries were used to accomplish their destruction in localities other than his own.

I think I have in my various replies covered pretty generally his objections to my statements, but sometimes I cannot but believe by the way he answers, that he must have forgotten what I had written. In a question of the kind under discussion, one must look upon the subject in all its bearings, and because every method mentioned as objectionable may not pertain to each locality, that is no reason why it should be asserted that one or any of them are not injurious. The waters of the Chesapeake are exceptional in many ways, so far as affording feeding grounds for ducks, as well as in their vast extent, and are probably hardly paralleled in this country, consequently it will take longer for the injurious effects of the use of batteries to be fully appreciated there than in more contracted waters. That, since the introduction of boxes in those waters, ducks have decreased in numbers generally is, I believe, acknowledged by the majority of the sportsmen who resort there for shooting, and "Sinkboat" is in error when he attributes this lessened number solely to the lack of food. I do not assert this without having received sufficient proof in other localities than the Chesapeake, for I am as keenly alive to the fact that assertion of itself proves nothing as "Sinkboat" can possibly be. If he will do me the honor to carefully read what I have written, I think he will find I have given reasons founded upon my experience for the assertions I have made. "I speak those things which I do know, and testify of that which I have seen." I could multiply the instances where batteries have driven away the fowl, when, as in the Great South Bay, the fowl so decreased after the introduction of the machines, that batteries were forbidden by law, and it was only through the political influence of the gunners who could not shoot birds enough for market to make it profitable, that the law was repealed. The reason advanced for this action did not justify to the minds of all true sportsmen the legalization of batteries, and now on this water, duck shooting, save on rare occasions, is very poor, and will doubtless further degenerate while boxes are allowed.

I have never written, as stated by "Sinkboat," that Currituck box-shooters fail to make a living "from the fact that fowl soon learn to know the batteries, and are not killed in large numbers." Alas! I wish this were true; but those gunners' discomfiture arises from quite another source. It is because the ducks are so harassed on their feeding grounds that they leave the Sound for more quiet districts, and in spite of "Sinkboat's" doubting nature, I have seen time and time again (and so have numbers of other gentlemen I could name) the tenders of the boxes sailing over the Sound, as "setters quarter a field," putting to wing every body of ducks in sight. Nor was lack of food the cause of the birds' disappearance, for I believe I can safely say that food is always abundant at Currituck, for the Sound and the marshes are so extensive that even if there should be a short supply in some parts, there would be plenty in other localities. Yet in spite of this the birds decrease in numbers when the batteries get to work. "Sinkboat" must not look at this question solely through the spectacles he can procure at Havre de Grace. The subject is greater than the locality he shoots in and wider in its application than the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

"Sinkboat" charges me with being unfair in my quotations of his remarks. I was careful not to garble the meaning of his sentences. That would have been foolish, and he will find, if he looks over them, that the purport of what he wrote was in no wise impaired by my selections. "Sinkboat's" reasons for the failure of shore-shooting are suggestive, as he says in his first article that "ducks, like other things, have advanced with the times, and, as a rule, will not approach the shore as they did years ago, and other methods have to be adopted [to get them] by the sportsman." Or in other words, "Too much shooting and 'harassed birds' has made the fowl shy and unwilling to approach the points. But the points can be rested and good shooting can be had from them again, the birds soon recovering from their fear." How is it with feeding grounds; do box-shooters ever think of resting them? Suggest to such a person the propriety of doing so, where the law does not compel him; is it likely he would show much alacrity in following the suggestion? No, indeed, for he knows that so long as the birds remain in the vicinity they must go to the feeding grounds or starve; so he stays there as long as any fowl remain.

"Sinkboat" and others state in defense of box-shooting, that fowl cannot always be obtained, and frequently great rafts of them remain all day in the open water out of reach. Why do they stay there? It is not to feed, for the water is deep, else the boxes would be there also, but because their feeding grounds are occupied by batteries, and they fear to approach until forced to do so by hunger, and then they do go to feed despite the presence of batteries.

"Sinkboat" is anxious to know what I meant by asking him if he ever heard of riparian rights. Well, I expect I meant exactly what the question implied. In his first article he made two unqualified statements, viz., that "no one can commit a trespass in the water," and "the water is free to all," and there is nothing in the context to show that he restricted his assertion to his own locality. In his last article he states that the law, according to his belief, makes a material difference in water where the tide ebbs and flows, and in navigable and unnavigable water. It has been decided in several States that where the common law prevails, the proprietor of the bank of a stream owns to the thread of that stream, *i. e.*, the middle of the channel, whether navigable or not, and if he owns both banks, he controls the entire stream in front of his property, and although he cannot obstruct navigation, he can, if proper notices have been erected on the banks, prevent any one from shooting on the waters over which he has jurisdiction. Consequently, if a box-shooter or other gunner should take up his position on that water, he would be guilty of trespass. And it is not to be supposed that the same stream near its mouth, if affected by the tides, would be in any way removed from the operation of the law that governed it near its source, all other things being equal.

"Sinkboat" also asks if I indorse the sneakbox and swivel gun? This is one of those lapses of memory that I have mentioned, which I thought "Sinkboat" was occasionally afflicted with. If he had read the next line below the one sneakboats are mentioned in, he would have seen I classed them with batteries as objectionable methods. I have never referred to swivel guns, but lest "Sinkboat" may be misled as to my opinion of them, I do not hesitate to say that it is my profound conviction that any one who uses such a weapon in any of our waters ought to be in the penitentiary. In such a place he might be made useful to the community.

"Sinkboat" appears to think he has made a "point" when he says that I prefer to "sit in the marsh" that "cannot move" and look at battery-shooters. "Sinkboat," I fear, cannot appreciate the feeling that compels me to agree with his assertion, but I much prefer to "sit" and "look on" rather than indulge in a practice that although successful to-day will, as is well known, finally drive the fowl from their haunts. Unintentionally and unconsciously "Sinkboat," while believing he has found a weak point in my armor, exhibits the feeling that controls and inspires all the advocates of battery-shooting when he quotes, "He shows the weakness of his cause; he says the marsh cannot be moved and the sportsmen cannot reach the fowl." J-u-s-t s-o. "Therefore we want to get in a position to reach them." That sentence covers his whole ground; it is the creed of the battery-shooter. To "reach them" the box is brought out, the fowl are chased from feeding ground to feeding ground, until, persecuted beyond endurance and half starved, they depart for other quarters. The supposed "weakness of my cause" is a "strong point" that it may not be expected a box-shooter can appreciate. His sole desire is to procure birds. The charm of scenery, the changeful hues of autumnal woods, the play of the breeze on the water, and the many objects that brighten and enliven the landscape even in winter time, have no attractions for him as he lies flat on his back in his coffin-like shelter beneath the water; and he cannot understand that any one should be willing to remain on shore rather than practice a method that a great cloud of witnesses can testify to be most hurtful to continued good sport, and objectionable in every way.

Now it seems that so far as "Sinkboat" and I are concerned, this subject has been ventilated for as much as it is profitable to us. He has argued from the experience he has gathered in his locality, honestly and with all courtesy. I have endeavored to show, I trust with equal consideration for my correspondent, that despite the exceptional advantages the Chesapeake waters possess, they have only partially escaped the inevitable result of continued battery-shooting, while other localities, partially in some, totally in others, have been deprived of their fowl from the same course. It is time now for us to give place to the host of sportsmen throughout our land, who can bring competent testimony on this question, so that, if battery-shooting is shown to be the destructive and harmful thing I claim it is, then we can all unite in having it suppressed by legal enactments within our borders. Speak out, gentlemen.

SAGAMORE.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME PROTECTION.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has difficulties to contend with as well as other associations which undertake to reform men. Influenced by the market interests, there is a strong impression among country people not well informed, that the Fish and Game Protective Association is a society of "sporting gentlemen of leisure, who want all the fish and game saved by law till they get ready to catch or shoot." Marketmen, who know better, take pains to spread this idea broadcast at every opportunity, till it has become very difficult for those who desire laws wholesome for the future of fish and game, as well as the good of farmers and the owners of timber lands, to obtain legislation. A greater mistake was never made. The Fish and Game Protective Association is made up of hard-worked merchants and professional men chiefly—men who do very little hunting or fishing in Massachusetts. Its members work and tax themselves to obtain and enforce such laws as shall preserve fish and game in the best manner for an increase and perpetuation rather than utter extermination. Many of them, who can ill afford the time, work in this direction from pure love of the cause, since they never hunt or fish at all. Some of them are earnest students of nature, and the leaping trout and whirring grouse has more of interest to them than its value in the stew-pan or as a mark to shoot at. But they are misjudged all the same, and any action on Beacon Hill which looks toward saving the deer, the trout or the partridge from following the buffalo, fast to utter extermination, is looked upon jealously by the "country member." He is made to believe by the member who is in league with the market interest—and there are such members—that the trout and the partridge are the special booty of the country boy. The country member is usually the father of the country boy, and hence, any legislation which looks like favoring the Fish and Game Protective Association—although so very wide of that intention—is liable to be voted down. The "country member" from the backwoods of Maine has more sense. He has trusted—legally voted to trust—the preservation and propagation of fish and game in his State in the hands of a couple of earnest, sensible commissioners. Witness the result. A wonderful increase in both fish and game, especially the larger game. Would the "member from Cape Cod" agree to such a proposition? Not if he knows himself; he has some pet theories of his own, chief among which is the old one that fish and game belong to everybody, and hence nobody has a right to attempt to save it.

Some changes are being asked for in the Massachusetts fish and game laws at the present session of the Legislature. One feature desired is a greater chance to bring conviction upon the law breaker. Another is the greater protection of song and shore birds, both of which are suffering severely from the fashion of hat wearing. The destruction of birds for millinery puposes is simply enormous, but will the Legislature grant any help? It is uncertain. The matter is now in the hands of the Committee on Agriculture. No bill has yet been reported and printed. Some good measure may pass, or it may go the way the excellent form of a bill did last year—to defeat. But the Fish and Game Protective Association is working in a different direction. It is increasing its membership rapidly, and taking new measures to better inform the general public upon the question of fish and game protection.

SPECIAL.

From Boston comes the news that the Legislative Committee on Agriculture of the Massachusetts General Court does not encourage us to hope for protection of geese in spring. It is, however, possible that the Committee contemplates some general game law, which will do away with the destruction of geese, duck and shore bird while on their way to their breeding grounds in the spring. The petition is as follows:

"To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled. The undersigned petitioners respectfully ask that the statutes of the commonwealth in relation to the preservation of birds, may be so amended that it shall be unlawful to kill wild geese (so called), between the first day of March and the first day of October, that being the period during a part of which they are on their passage to their breeding places at the north. Duxbury, Jan. 1, 1885."

Signed by Horatio Chandler and fifty-eight others.

Report of the Committee on Agriculture, leave to withdraw, on the petition of Horatio Chandler and others for such legislation as will prevent the killing of wild geese between the first day of March and the first day of October. (March 27, 1885).

THE KILLING POWER OF BULLETS.

THE following experiments were the initial ones of a series which were instituted by an association of hunters, professional and amateur, for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative value of different sorts of ammunition and different styles of firearms for killing game. The trials are intended to eventually embrace tests of accuracy, but for the present are confined to ascertaining the penetrative power of various bullets, and the size and nature of the wounds they make.

A target was constructed of material having, it was judged, about as much resisting strength as the body of an elk or bear. It is composed of successive thicknesses of planed cedar boards, whereof nineteen are 16¼ inches thick. These are a foot square, and are held together by cleats nailed across the ends. Bullets are fired into the target in a direction perpendicular to the face, and four shots, distributed symmetrically, are fired, when the target is taken to pieces and the penetration ascertained. The wood being free from knots and quite homogeneous, the results are trustworthy and regular. The substance appears rather more difficult of penetration than sugar pine.

The first experiments were loosely conducted, and their results are deemed not worth printing, as they were carried on with the idea of determining the proper conditions under which to proceed with the formal investigations which had been decided upon. The first regular essays were made with a Remington rifle of .44-caliber, center fire, and using in each trial seventy-seven grains of powder, the normal charge for the gun. The bullet was factory-made, patched, hardened, and weighed 395 grains. Its penetration was about fourteen and one-quarter inches. It was "upset" to about three-fourths of its former length and increased to about two-thirds of an inch in diameter.

The second shot was with the same charge of powder but with a 200-grain Winchester bullet, grooved, and composed of soft lead. It flattened to a rough irregular form approaching a disc, whose greatest diameter was 1$\frac{1}{16}$ inches; penetration, 9 inches.

The third test was made with the same amount of powder and with a factory-made bullet, so hard that it could scarcely be chipped with a penknife. Weight 520 grains; penetration, 18¼ inches. The bullet cut a clean hole, was upset scarcely at all, and very little deformed otherwise.

The fourth and last charge consisted of 77 grains of powder, and a round ball made from lead pipe and very soft. It weighed 120¼ grains; penetration, 6 inches and a fraction. The bullet was flattened to a disc the size of a quarter dollar and scarcely thicker.

There is a vast difference in the size and shape of the perforations made by these four bullets, the fourth being the roughest, and considering its depth the most capacious. It becomes easy to understand one element of superiority possessed by the muzzleloading rifle, which uses the round ball. An animal struck by such a ball would be lacerated worse than by a much heavier cylinder conical one. Provided that each of these four projectiles were given sufficient force to penetrate an animal, death would doubtless ensue more quickly from the round bullet than from either of the others, and judging by its behavior in wood, the long-range 520-grain bullet would prove the least effective.

We observed with interest that the holes cut by the four bullets were about equal in cubical capacity. This fact was ascertained by filling the cavities with plaster of paris and allowing it to "set." Then splitting up the target we dissected out the plaster cast of the bullet hole and compared the four. This method is theoretically exact, since it would only be necessary to weigh the material taken from each hole and compare the weights. But in practice it is very imperfect, inasmuch as the fibers of the wood become imbedded in the plaster and cannot be disengaged without some loss of the latter, whence the accuracy of the experiment is vitiated. The material we have adopted for targets is the best procurable here, but as the fibers spring back after the bullet has passed, a fair measurement of the size of the aperture cannot be well ascertained. A strictly homogeneous material is needed, which would be cut away clearly by the bullet and yet not afford resistance enough to break it up or distort it too much. We shall feel obliged to some one who may suggest a material, which can be quickly and easily procured.

Our future experimenting is designed to include a course of firing at targets of cedar covered with a thickness of bear or elk skin, and including in its mass a stratum of oak or ash woods to represent the skeleton of an animal, which would usually act so as to divert or deform the bullet. I will communicate the results.

BARRON.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

GUNS, SHOOTERS AND SHOOTING.

I LIKE Robert B. Roosevelt's way of expressing himself in regard to "remarkable shots"—that is, shots which are remarkable to every one except the party who made them. Every man who shoots at all has made a shot out of the ordinary course of things. I have done it. I have killed ten Bob Whites in ten consecutive shots. That was, indeed, remarkable for me. I have missed "ten straight," and that was not so remarkable.

But when a man writes or says that he has the skill or luck to go into the field and take such chances as present themselves, and usually gets even four-fifths of the birds he shoots at, I must be pardoned if I have doubts as to the truth of the statement. Such talk is too severe a strain of the "sportsman's license." He who goes out with fifty shells in his belt and comes back with even twenty-five birds in his bag has had a successful day and done excellent shooting. Occasionally a man does better. If the shooting is done in the open field, and no companion is present who pops away so soon as he hears the flutter of the wings, an expert gunner may sometimes do even better than this. But if he is blessed with such a friend, or shoots largely in cover so thick that he hardly gets even a flitting sight of the bird, his success will be much less. So, therefore, when I hear of a man who boasts of his killing thirty birds in thirty shots, I am not only incredulous, but convinced that he does not speak the truth.

I was present at the field trials (so called) at High Point, in 1882, and one night listened, with some impatience, to the extravagant talk of a fellow who was airing, *ad nauseam*, his recent exploits in the field. He "vaunted himself" in having bagged thirty birds in thirty consecutive shots. Soon after he had sought another admiring audience for his hyperboreal expressions, I asked a well known wing shot if he could beat that man in the field. He promptly answered that he could. "What, beat a man who never misses?" "No," said he, "I can't beat a man who never misses, but that fellow shoots with his mouth. I can beat him and all others who are like him."

I recollect an occasion when I shot a cylinder 12-bore gun, loaded with twelve No. 1 buckshot, at the bottom of a common wooden basket, placed thirty yards off. I hit the object with eleven shot. Now I do not hesitate to say that I could not have done it again in a hundred trials. No man has a gun which can be relied on to make such a target.

We hear, sometimes, of a gun of such remarkable form as to kill snipe or partridge (not ruffed grouse) at eighty yards with No. 9 shot. I don't believe a word of it. Four drams of gunpowder, in the best of guns, will scarcely make one half of a charge of that sized shot even stick in a soft board at that distance. I heard one of those boasters make the allegation that he had a gun which would break glass balls, if held right, at sixty yards. It cost him over a thousand dollars. A gentleman who was present offered to bet him ten dollars a shot that he could not do it, with the ball placed on the end of a cleaning rod, at that distance. The bet was declined, but the trial was made. The gun was a full-choked Purdey, loaded with five drams of gunpowder and one and a quarter ounces of No. 9 shot. That gun was shot six times and that ball and the cleaning rod escaped untouched. Let the best of guns be shot at the side of a house at even fifty yards, and many spaces between shot marks will be found through which a bird could fly. It is an excellent weapon which, with the most perfect aim, is seen to kill a snipe or woodcock or partridge at thirty-five yards at every discharge.

One of the most remarkable hunts I ever took occurred when I was a boy. At that day even percussion guns were not common in our neighborhood. I was the owner of a flint and steel rifle, eighty balls to the pound of lead. With that and a "rest" I could kill squirrels nearly every shoot, and indeed, rarely missed when I fired "off-hand." One day I took the gun and went alone to a small piece of woods lying on the bank of the stream near which I lived. Although there were less than four acres in the tract, it was generally well supplied with squirrels. Cautiously entering it, and taking an eligible position, I soon saw one in the fork of a tree. He presented a most excellent opportunity for a trial of my skill. Just as I was "drawing a bead" on him, I heard another chatter. I took down the gun and looked at him. He was as "fair" as the first one. I sighted on him and then I heard others. Examining the trees, I saw nine of them—all good chances. I took aim at each one, and was unable to determine which offered the greatest temptation; and inasmuch as I knew I could get but one of the lot, I put the gun on my shoulder, and went back home without shooting at all. I am not sure I should at this day be guilty of the same folly.

The old flint and steel gun is a weapon of the past, but can be found now and then in those sections remote from railroads. Even gun flints are getting to be a curiosity. The percussion muzzleloader is becoming scarcer. No sportsman will have one of these inconvenient guns who is able to purchase the more modern article. How long will it be before the present breechloader will be a historical arm? Some persons say that hammer guns will give place to the hammerless, and that even the gunpowder of this age will be supplanted by some better, safer and more economical propulsive power. Who knows? The present gun and ammunition suit me very well. If cheaper shells could be had, "good for one time," I should be highly pleased. Now I am forced to pay for the highest grade, no second or third grade ones being made of the size which I use. Why do not our manufacturers make cheap 14s, 16s and 18s, as they do 10s and 12s?

My beau ideal of a sporting gun for small game, is a 14 or 16, cylinder, 28 inches long, and weighing 6½ pounds. I am not able to carry all day nine pounds, besides the loaded shells and lunch. The old Roman soldiers carried sixty pounds, but I am not a Roman soldier. Yet some silly fellow has said that he who can't carry with comfort all day a gun of ten pounds, ought to leave the glories of field and forest sport to him whose physical powers will enable him to bear such a burden. With quite as much truth would I say, that he who has such strength of muscle ought to stay at home and wield a sledge hammer or a jack plane. When I go into the fields or woods, I go for sport and not for labor. I go to get strength and recreation, and not to see how much I can carry. If that was my purpose, I would pull at a gate post or try to handle an anvil.

Yes, give me a 14-bore cylinder gun, with a length of stock of 13¾ inches, a drop at heel of 2¼ and at counter of 2 inches. With such a gun I can use 3 drams of gunpowder and an ounce of shot with comfort, and the gun being light, I can manage much better all the game I can kill. Men with long arms can stand a length of 14¼ to 14½ inches, and if quite robust can undergo the labor of toting nine or ten pounds. But for most of persons who hunt birds I regard a small gun as the most suitable. There is little doubt that a 10-bore, with 1¼ to 1½ ounces shot, would prove more destructive, but the weight is such as to make it a prohibited article to those who are unused to much physical labor. A fair marksman, with a 14 or 16 bore gun can get as much game as the needs of his own table require, and occasionally have some for his friends. If one wants ducks, a heavier weapon is desirable, and the additional weight is of little consequence, inasmuch as it is borne chiefly by the boat. But most men would find a 10-bore weighing 9 or 10 pounds an intolerable burden in a tramp over the fields to the extent of ten miles or more. These, at all events, are my views.

Why is it that gunmakers use such strong mainsprings? Are not the most of them far more powerful than necessary? The springs for all hammerless guns are far weaker, and yet they are effective. The evil of a very stiff spring is that it strains the pins of the lock and batters the striking pins. If a stroke of ten pounds will explode the cap, there is no use of any more. I have had frequent occasion to grind down the springs, reducing them at least one-third, and yet never had any trouble to follow. Besides the evil to which I have referred, there is greater ease in handling, and all sportsmen know how much more pleasant it is to cock his gun without a heavy tax upon his thumb, than to get hold of one which requires the muscles of a giant to get ready for a shot.

Has it yet been settled how short gun barrels can be before their effectiveness as field weapons is destroyed? I have seen it stated that experiments had demonstrated that twenty-six inches was about the limit. A friend of mine is the owner of a little Scott gun, which was originally a 16-bore cylinder gun, thirty inches long. As such he shot it for several seasons, when, desiring it to shoot more closely, he had it choked by enlarging the bore an inch from the muzzle. When clean it shot well; but it soon became foul, the depression filled up with burnt gunpowder, and thus the effect of the choking was destroyed. This disgusted him and he sent it to a gunsmith for unchoking. To do this the barrels were reduced to a 14. They were now exceedingly thin and easily indented. At last one of them began to bulge. Fearing it would burst, he brought it to me and requested me to saw it off. I did so, and the barrels are now just twenty-four inches long. With this he has done some good shooting, and tells me he has seen no difference in its effectiveness. I confess I think it rather short. He says if he ever gets another gun the barrels shall only be twenty-six inches.

Now at all trap-shooting trials there should be handicapping. It is not just to place 10 and 12 bores under the same restrictions as to distance; and all shooters should be required to place in the hands of the judges, before the shooting commences, every shell which they use. Let them be placed in separate boxes, properly labeled, and the judges should take one from each lot and examine it, so as to see that too many shot are not used. It will not do to say that all shooters at these trials are gentlemen and will confine themselves to the law. Unfortunately all of them are not of this character. There is a deal of jockeying at such times. No honest man could object to the plan proposed. If any one did it would create a suspicion that he was guilty.

Is it not provoking, when after a covey rises, or even a single bird, for the sportsman to hear the unpoetic sound of a snap? I have had those feelings, within the present season, and that too with a shell of the highest grade. It was not the fault of the lock, but of the cap on the shell. This rarely happens, even with the lower qualities. When it does the gunner feels unamiably. At least I do. Can it be remedied? I wish so.

The open season for birds in this State is quite a long one, extending from the middle of October to the first of April. I wish that the Legislature would prohibit shooting Bob White before November. Even in that month coveys are found which are not half grown, and then anybody who can shoot at all can easily kill. But in January, February and March all are strong flyers, and the sportsman must exercise all his skill to bring them down. It takes No. 7 or 8 shot, a good charge of good gunpowder and a quick shot to fill the bag. In addition to this, during the months of November and December in our climate many of the birds are in the woods and do not come back to the fields until January. Some of our best hunts are in February and March. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

THE FIRST TRUE SPORTSMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Encyclopædia Brittanica," Vol. VI., page 232, in the article on Confucius, the Chinese sage, it is stated that Confucius "never shot at a bird perching nor fished with a net, the creatures not having in such a case a fair chance for their lives." I therefore claim the belt for Confucius as the original true sportsman, who always cried "shoo!" when he saw a Chinese ruffed grouse sitting on a limb, and disdained to lift a Chinese speck— beg pardon, trout, out of the wet otherwise than with a half-ounce split bamboo rod, horsehair single-strand line, microscopic fly tied to represent a lo— I mean insect. As it is supposed that gunpowder was not used to throw projectiles until long after the Christian era, the question arises, Did Confucius, 2,400 years ago, shoot birds flying with his "bow an' arrer," or did he, like many modern sportsmen, use a blow gun? BOBOLINK.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., March 19.

SMALL-BORE SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last number I see an article upon this subject by "Syntax." The article is a good one, and I would be glad if every lover of a gun could read it. I know from experience that the 20-bore is all that is claimed for it. It has been my favorite. Having tried the 10, 12, 16 and 20-bore find that the 20-bore is the best of either for all purposes. All necessary is to make the load according to the game and distance. There are a great many people who are fond of hunting that cannot afford a costly gun or buy ammunition for a large-bore gun. In the interest of economy I have gone a little further than "Syntax." Not long ago I bought a Remington rifle, New York State model, .45-caliber, 36-inch barrel, had it made smooth bore and rechambered to use a .45-caliber 3-inch shell. The outside appearance was altered to a regular sporting gun. I find that it is the best gun I ever shot, without any exception. It scatters sufficiently for birds when handled by a scientific hunter. It will kill as far as a No. 10-bore, is economical in ammunition, has no rebound, and can be reloaded almost as fast as a repeater. The cost of this gun complete does not exceed fifteen dollars. Firing small cannon from the shoulder is played out with me. ECONOMY.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 1.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Returning late one evening from a day's hunt we crossed a wet pasture lot. A rabbit started and scudded down a cow path. My brother fired in that direction. His dog retrieved a fresh-killed woodcock, but no cotton-tail could we find. We then routed several woodcock in this lot, but it was too dark to shoot. I heard one get up near me and by sound fired, and my dog found dead.

Hurrying along a mountain wood road late one night a partridge flushed from under the edge of a large rock, where it had located for the night, and instinctively I threw up the gun and fired, the party with me exclaiming, "What are you doing in the dark?" But the well-known tattoo told the story, and gathering him in we went on our way rejoicing. REBUCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the long ago in "Old Kentuck" squirrels were very plentiful, and the old-fashioned muzzleloading rifle was the favorite. My uncle, who is still living and whose word has never been doubted, told me one day that while out hunting squirrels he shot one from a tree near by, which fell dead at the crack of the rifle. While reloading another squirrel fell dead from another tree further off, both squirrels having been pierced by the same bullet. ALPHA

EVANSVILLE, Ind.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years since a neighbor of mine was out hunting with an old percussion lock rifle. He got a shot at a deer, but his old pill lock neglected to go off. As he stood with the gun resting across his arm and pointing back into the woods, trying to reprime, the piece was by accident discharged. Hearing a commotion in the bushes, he walked out in that direction, and some ten or fifteen rods from where he had been standing found a deer which his bullet had killed. BUCKEYE.

OAKSHADE, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This shot was with a stone. Prowling around in the woods one day when quite a lad, I spied a woodpecker on the under part of the limb of a tree, distant from me perhaps forty feet. Boy-like I picked up a stone and hurled it at the bird, and my aim was better than it has been many times since, for I hit the woodpecker a tremendous blow directly on the head, knocking it lifeless, and driving its beak well into the wood of the tree. I did not get the bird till I had climbed the tree and pulled its beak out, which required considerable force. This sounds like a "sea serpent yarn," but is a fact. SOUS BOIS.

WASHINGTON, March 21.

MICHIGAN DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The vote on the prohibition of deer hounding in the Michigan Legislature took place on March 17, after a long and warm debate, and prohibition was lost by a vote of 16 and 13 against, wanting one vote of a majority of the Senate, which would have carried the measure. One Senator voted against it who had made a speech in its favor, and promised to vote the same way. But the vote was reconsidered and the bill laid on the table, so that another trial of the matter will probably be had.

A proposition has been made by the advocates of hounding to compromise on a period of twenty-five days, during which hounding shall be permitted. A Senator who inquired what had better be done, and if it was not better to get half a loaf than none, received the following views and advice respecting the matter:

"I would not thus compromise; think it would be unwise. There is no doubt but that deer hounding has got to go to the wall, and if not prohibited the present session will be the next. The great body of the people—the entire body, with slight exception—is adverse to it, although only a portion has been pointedly expressive. The best class of mind is decisively against it; it has become the fixed belief with the great majority of the people that its prohibition is essential to prevent swift extermination of the deer, and this conviction is founded on abundant and conclusive facts and experience which are fully entitled to respect.

"And only a coterie really champion deer hounding. You can readily see that the result in the Senate is purely the work of a lobby, and does not spring from a manly conviction of the right of a cause. It is generally looked upon as a majority 'made to order.' The House was not lobbied, and its spontaneous conviction of what is right was expressed in the decisive vote of 80 for prohibiting hounding to 3 against.

"The twenty-five days proposed would practically give hounding sufficient time to efficiently accomplish its destructive results. Its devotees would aim to put in their time during the allotted period, and would put it in effectively too.

"The allowing of hounding at all will induce the care and breeding of hounds for this purpose. They will be taken on to or kept on the ground for this hunting, all of which will result in their being used much out of season as well as in, and thus the measure of damage will be enlarged.

"No hounding at all is the only safety. Compromise will only complicate and delay getting rid of the destructive mode; it will thus become intrenched, and claim the right of continuance by virtue of compromise, and be harder to eradicate than now."

Your interest in this question generally, and being a very proper vehicle for the expression of fact and opinion relative this class of interest, make it both pertinent and desirable to publish the above relative to the exciting contest in this State over the hounding question. * *

DETROIT, Mich., March 23.

NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As soon as I saw in your paper that a bill to repeal the non-resident battery law was before the Legislature, I immediately wrote a letter to the *Daily News*, published at Raleigh, protesting against the repeal of the law, and recounting some of the many objections to battery-shooting, as noticed by its effects in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. I also communicated with several members of the Legislature, urging them to vote and use their influence against the proposed measure. Fortunately there are a number of intelligent and influential sportsmen members of the Legislature of North Carolina, and it is not at all likely that such a bill will ever pass while they hold their seats. The thanks of all sportsmen are due you for the stand that you took in the matter, and there is no doubt but that you were largely instrumental in defeating the obnoxious bill.—CHES A. PEAKE (Baltimore, March 26).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

MR. W. H. CHILDS, one of the members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, while down the bay duck shooting, Tuesday, the 19th inst., saw immense flocks of snow geese, and from information given him by the man he had employed, he learned that the fowl had been there about a week. An effort was made to get a shot at them, but, as is always the case, the geese were too watchful, and the flock took wing in a mass and shifted to safer quarters not very far distant.

Ornithologists who are interested in the subject may now be sure of the presence of this beautiful goose in the waters of Delaware Bay in large numbers every spring and autumn, and that they appear here not as occasional stragglers merely, as the books state.

During the cold snap of last week a large shipment of Western game reached Philadelphia. I notice a number of white-fronted geese in the lot and not a few snipe, besides mallards and teal. As I write there is a southerly storm brewing, and doubtless we will have a warm rain. This will bring the snipe most surely, and they are about due, taking the average of their several arrivals. The meadows in most places are in good condition or will be so after a rain, although there is yet some frost in the ground. Newly arrived snipe, however, generally seek spring marshes where vegetation is advanced and the soil does not contain much if any frost. HOMO.

THE REPEATING SHOTGUN.—Dr. D., one of our crack shots, is rejoicing in the possession of a Spencer repeating shotgun and has been making various targets as well as testing the fact that a single gun will do better work than any double gun. The Doctor claims that more game is killed within 25 yards than beyond that distance, and any gun to be a good field gun, one that brings meat to the bag, must do as good work at 25 yards, as at 40 or 60; therefore his targets are made at those distances and he thinks he has never seen in all his forty years' experience, more perfect targets, while at 40 yards he put 390 pellets in the 30-inch circle, still at 25 yards the distribution was so regular and even that while it would not have let a quail through, at the same time would not have torn or lacerated it. Every sportsmen knows how often he has wished his gun would shoot four or five times when the birds were getting up all around him, and the Doctor thinks he is now prepared for any emergency.—DISNER (Marshalltown, Iowa, March 27).

SPRING IN IOWA.—Spring has opened up very satisfactorily for the sportsmen. A few ducks have put in an appearance and the hunters are wild. Dr. Kibby and Will Osman were out after ducks a few days ago, but had rather indifferent success as it was a little too early. Rev. J. B. Casebeer and Dr. Dorsey had a hunt on the tapis for the same day but it fell through. Reports are coming in to the effect that good quantities of geese are in our neighborhood. While the waters are not too high, the country is still a little more inundated than will make the sport first-class for a week to come. What few quail there were about here have wintered very well, and if the sportsmen will protect them for a year we will again have fair shooting. Will keep your readers advised of events here.—DISNER (Marshalltown, March 26).

INDIANA.—Last fall's shooting season was rather disappointing upon the whole. It was dry and very warm, except in the latter part, when the blizzards made shooting anything but a pleasure. Quail were fairly plentiful; have been gaining steadily since the great snow, and if we could but have the law fairly respected they would make good shooting in a few more seasons. It was too dry for woodcock in the fall. All their favorite resorts in this vicinity were dried up. Hare in abundance, and the light snows bring all the old muskets into requisition.—C. W. W. (Fairland, Ind.).

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 21.—The snipe have gone north mostly, though a gentleman heard the "scaipe" of several one evening the first of this week, as he passed from the entrance to the government building to the Hotel Windsor at New Orleans. The season on quail in this neighborhood will close with a large supply left over. Many of the coveys have apparently been untouched.—BURR H. POLK.

ON A RUNWAY.—Cleveland, O., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Behind or in front of a tree?" That is the question proposed by "A. F. T." as to how to watch for deer. My experience is that deer will come sufficiently near while sitting on a log. See illustration in FOREST AND STREAM for March 5.—DR. E. STERLING.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., March 19.—It is reported that a game butcher in one of the northern townships found forty deer yarded, killed them all, and after stripping off the pelts, left the bodies to rot in the woods. The Sportsman's Club are working up evidence in the case.

QUANTICO, March 27.—Great numbers of ruddy ducks, whistlers, redheads, and a few canvasbacks are in the lower Potomac now. Gunners from Washington are down to-day at their club house, Richland station. The fowl are expected to remain some days.—T. C.

A CARD FROM MAJOR VERITY.—Adironda, March, 1885. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to say that no accounts of my adventures are authentic unless signed by myself. I am very respectfully yours—MAJ. JOSEPH VERITY, U.S.H.M.

FAVORABLY REPORTED.—Albany, April 1.—*Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream:* The bill to prohibit the hounding of deer in New York State was this morning reported back from the Game Law Committee of the Senate without amendment.

IN GOSHEN'S HOLE.—I spoke of the deer killed in Goshen's hole as the blacktailed deer. I used that name as it is the one almost invariably used here, but "mule deer" is the correct name.—MILLARD (Bear Creek, Wyo.).

A HUNTING HORN.—Will some of those who write of "winding the horn," give instructions how to prepare a hunting horn, or where a good one can be purchased?—WARREN.

TENNESSEE.—Qail and ducks are plentiful here. Although we have had a very severe winter, it does not seem to affect them much.—B. (Knoxville).

MINNESOTA.—St. Paul.—The Legislature adjourned without making any changes in the game laws.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE BIG TROUT OF THE THAMES.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

"FOR myself I hold the salmon to be the king of fish, but trouting to be the choicest form of angling; in the word salmon including all the migratory species, and by trouting meaning also fly-fishing for grayling." Thus saith Mr. Senior ("Red-Spinner"), the angling editor of the London *Field*, in a charming little work written for the "Fisheries" of 1883, and he adds in a sentence or two further on, "There can be no question that salmon and trout between them represent the science, ethics, poetry, rhetoric and all the rest of the delicious sport of angling." I am only concerned here with the trouting part of this quotation. I fully and entirely agree with "Red-Spinner," and go further in laying down my individual dictum, that of all trouting that for the Thames trout is far and away the chief sport, in that it requires the exercise of greater art, patience and ability than ordinary trout angling, and that its guerdon is a fish which has no superior in beauty and strength among the *Salmonidæ*. April 1 is the opening day on the Thames, and it is a joke too venerable and oft repeated to be omitted here, that the fish often makes a fool of its would-be captor on that auspicious date. The law allows of the trout being taken much earlier, it is true, but the instinct of the Thames trout fisherman has made the unwritten law as it is, and no one would face the reprobation which would inevitably fall on him by beginning to fish sooner than this. The season of winter in England is of all seasons the most capricious, and it occurs now and then that these large trout have not "mended" as they should do, even by the orthodox date, certainly they are never thoroughly takeable much earlier. The Thames trout is unmistakably *un poisson d'Avril*.

Some particulars as to the personality of this fish to justify the praise I have showered on it ought here to be given. Briefly then it is a true *Salmo fario* or brown trout, and excepting in size and symmetry, the 15 pound Thames trout is identical with the tiny twelve-to-the-pound fingerlings of Dartmoor. Of this there is no doubt ichthyologically. Lay the two fish side by side and you will see that the larger is more symmetrical, and that its coloring is on an extensive pattern, but the proportions in both are substantially the same and size for size there is not much difference in their fighting power. Indeed those little fish of Dartmoor and Devonshire streams are gallant little fellows. Verily, "they have great souls in their little bodies," as Virgil said of the bees, some thousands of years ago, and some pretty sport can be gotten from them, Lilliputians though they be, by the side of the Brobdingnaggian proportions of the fish we are now discussing.

Yes, the Thames trout is a brown trout, and no one who has peeped through the interwoven gothic arches of the overshadowing alders into the limpid, oily eddy, wherein a large one is lying taking his afternoon siesta, can forget the mottled tortoise-shell markings of the broad-shaped back and the rich dark brown of the powerful tail any more than he can the full orbed eye, set like a huge diamond amid dark brown velvet. Be wary as you look, lest you scare him, for with one powerful sweep of that helm-like tail, he will disappear like a beautiful dream, to a dead certainty. So, now you can see him quite clearly. Mark the crimson jewelry of his gills as they slowly expand and close with rhythmic regularity, and by gently bending down you will get a side view of unmatched beauty; the brown markings gradually shading off to a silver sheeny white and studded over with deep carmine spots. Surely Paladin of old never wore such a magnificent scale armor, nor was Solomon, in all his glory, arrayed in such a prismatic wealth of tints and general magnificence. Now this fish, as I have hinted, grows to the weight of fourteen or fifteen pounds; indeed Frank Buckland once cast one caught at Reading which weighed 16 pounds 15 ounces; this was in 1880.

The reason for its remarkable growth as compared with its brothers of such rivers as the Colne, Test, Itchen, etc., is not definitely known. The most probable explanation is that the river produces a plentitude of some kind of insect life which is not so prevalent in other waters. Mr. Francis Francis thinks that the larvæ of the large stone fly is the secret, but I can't quite adopt this theory inasmuch as that the fly is quite unknown in reaches where I have myself taken some of my finest fish. My idea, which I broach with diffidence, is that its size and strength came of long continued cannibalism, in other words it is a well known fact that this fish feeds almost entirely on the *Leuciscus albumus*, or bleak, of which the Thames possesses immense numbers, and this diet together with the exertion necessary in the chase, develops its size and agility. As a collateral support to this idea I may mention that Alresford Lake, near Winchester, there are trout of the Itchen breed which weigh from eight to twelve pounds, though their original progenitors never exceed four, and there are myriads of roach and rudd in the lake and an infinitesimal amount of insect life. And again in my experience of trout streams I have invariably found that the patriarch of the mill tail, or arch, or camp sheathing, is he who feeds regularly on the fry of the stream. Of the Thames trout one thing is certain. He feeds as regularly as a London alderman, and at stated times you will see him chase and catch his prey. Having ascertained the particular hour at which he dines you may wager your bottom dollar he does not vary a quarter of an hour for weeks—of course if he isn't caught that is.

This brings me to the subject of his capture. The trout of the Thames are not very plentiful, and with the wealth of coarse fish life (which notwithstanding the thousands of anglers is owing to the Thames Angling Preservation Society becoming still greater) it is doubtful whether it is possible to greatly increase the number without decreasing the size and quality. Still there seem to be quite sufficient for the exclusive patrician Thames trout fisher, and really I think if a man gets an eight or ten pound fish once in a season it ought to satisfy him, especially if he only fishes as accident and leisure allow, and not systematically, and at the same time gets good sport with the pike, perch, carp, barbel, etc., etc. Fishing fairly regularly I got thirteen in two months at old Windsor in 1876, and thought myself highly successful. Here as a sample is the report of trout caught in one week—which I know to be correct—in 1883 from a length of the Thames of twelve miles: Chertsey weir, four fish, weight 7¾ pounds, 4 pounds 14 ounces, 5 pounds, 3½ pounds; Shapperton weir, four fish, weighing, respectively, 5¼, 4½, 3¾ and 2 pounds; Sunbury weir, two fish of 7 and 4½ pounds respectively; Sunbury, one of 10 pounds; Hampton Court weir, four fish, weighing, respectively, 14 pounds 10 ounces, 7 pounds, 4 pounds and 2 pounds; Thames Ditton, one fish, 7 pounds 2 ounces; Kingston, one fish, weighing 7 pounds. This shows a total of 17 fish, weighing together 99 pounds 14 ounces, and is not a despisable record by any means, though it is not at all exceptional.

It will be noticed that many of the fish were taken at the weirs. These, it should be said, are the favorite "hovers" and feeding grounds of the Thames trout. The larger the fish the more will he delight on a bright, sunshiny day to hunt the darting "willow blade," as the bleak is sometimes termed, amid the roaring, tumbling torrent of the weir, where also, curiously enough, the bleak is fond of being, little and slender though he be. Naturally here, likewise, the ardent piscator is seen, either moored securely right close to the woodwork or perched on the cross beams above casting the flashing, spinning bait, now into the roughest of the torrent's flow and anon gently and artfully governing it into some foam-crowned eddy, where perchance the fish has retired for a rest and lieth perdue. If this be so, not a moment does that waiting fish pause to reflect; but, like a jungle tiger springing on its unwitting prey, he plunges on the bait and then—the keen triplet hook is firmly fixed in the gristle of his fierce jaw. Ye gods, what a period of heaped-on agonies the next twenty minutes or so becomes. Your rod is a light bamboo spinning weapon, your reel line is of eight-plait dressed silk, your trace and hook-link are of single salmon gut, and you are pitted against a brute with the courage of a lion and the wile of a fox, and strength to back it up. Moreover, the breadth of the river is perhaps not a hundred yards, and snarls and snags and submerged roots fringe its banks. Besides all this, you are unable to move from where you stand, and the struggle is carried on in the boiling stream rushing away at thirty miles an hour. Think of it, oh, brother piscator, and imagine the hopes and fears that thrill through and throb the bounding pulses of the fisherman who has perhaps fished many days and only at last, when patience has been well nigh exhausted, has met with reward. Slowly, however, the pace tells on the game fish, and piscator will find, as I have often, that when his quarry has fought to a standstill, and not till then, will it give up. But when it has once given up like this, be sure it is all over with it. It is of no use throwing it back expecting it to live—even supposing you mad enough—for it will float away, a fish exhausted to the death. Its heart is broken, its vitality is expended, and you are its captor but not its conqueror. This may seem romantic, but it is simply true of this splendid fish.

Another and yet more sportsmanlike method of catching this trout is known as the "Nottingham" style. The tackle is yet more light and fragile, indeed, my line is usually of undressed silk twist, no thicker than ordinary sewing silk, and gut of corresponding texture. A single hook of No. 4 size is the retaining weapon, and a rod which is of the peculiar make known as the "Nottingham," built of yellow deal and lance with a wooden light-running reel are the other equipments. A live bleak is the bait, and the way the tackle is used is as follows: You ascertain when the trout usually feeds, and some time previous the boat is anchored about thirty yards above the usual spot. When Sir *Salmo fario* breaks the water, on goes a lively bleak—being a top-water fish it won't dive—and the line is paid out till the feeding place is reached. Then the rod is lifted as occasion requires, and the wind playing on the line in the air, urges the bait hither and thither in a most enticing way. Of course there is a good deal of art in this movement, simple though it sounds. When a fish is hooked depend on it there is a war, and it's odds on the fish. This method is very successful when the fish has taken up his quarters in a quiet nook of the stream, and not in the rough water of the weirs, but it requires a first-class fishermen to use it, and therefore it is not the most popular of styles on the Thames.

Thames trout are sometimes taken with the fly, but as small salmon and lake trout patterns are only used—this fish has never been known to rise to a live insect—it is fatiguing work, and far from generally remunerative, and the method only demands a passing mention. Taking it comprehensively, the two styles described are the best, giving the greatest amount of sport all around. And it may be safely said that an old trout of a dozen pounds is no fool, and requires very great and silent care to inveigle. Moreover, the fish has also a notion of avoiding the hooks, though he almost tears off the bait. I once had a big fellow jump at my bait in which were four triplets and a lip-hook—thirteen hooks in all—and he smashed the head of the bait to pulp, but he avoided the hooks. Query: "How was it done?" and with that question I'll just leave the subject for this time.

"FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE."

A BOOK with the above title has just been published. It is enough to say that it is written by our valued correspondent, Mr. Henry P. Wells. It is confined entirely to the subjects named and does not wander off into bait fishing, nor angling in general. Mr. Wells has devoted more time and attention to the materials used in fly-fishing than any person we know of, and his experience is well set forth in this most valuable book. In the chapter on fish hooks and the principles which govern their efficiency, the author has gone over the whole ground of draft lines, penetrating power, and all the forces which a model hook should possess.

It is the chapter on rods and rod material which will be the most closely scanned and criticised of anything in the book. Here Mr. Wells has given the results of his study of the subject together with his own preferences as to the action of a rod. He recognizes that some may dissent from his views when he says: "One likes a rod as stiff as a poker for the lower third, and withy for the remainder of its length. Another will look at nothing not stiff in butt and tip, and sloppy in the middle joint. A third must have plenty of action in the butt, and not much elsewhere; a fourth, uniform action from handle to the tip, but quite stiff withal; a fifth the same general spring but great flexibility; and so on to the end of the chapter." The author is an amateur rod maker who has experimented with every wood known to rod manufacturers, as well as with some that are not known to them, and therefore he is an undoubted authority on this subject. This chapter and the one following which gives directions in rod-making forms the most perfect treatise on rods extant.

The directions for casting the fly, a most difficult thing for a beginner to learn from a book, are as good as anything which has appeared. We might dissent in a trivial matter or two, such as the illustration showing the hand holding the rod with the line running under the fore finger, etc. We strike from the reel and believe it to be the true way, but this is largely a matter of individual preference. The book is one of great value and will take its place as a standard authority on all points of which it treats, and we cannot commend it too highly.

WHY FISH LAWS ARE NOT RESPECTED.

IT IS not many years ago when all legislation in this State, looking to the preservation of fish and game, was almost universally regarded as an attempted restriction upon the natural right of every citizen. The hatred entertained by the first settlers of this country toward the game and fish laws of the mother countries seems to be so deeply implanted that it has been transmitted through every successive generation to the present one with unabated force. "In this country the woods and streams are free," is the response commonly made when any one claims the exclusive right to hunt or fish on his own land. However absurd this belief or assertion may be, it is nevertheless very often sincere. There are few who have had any opportunities for observation, who cannot point to more than one pond or stream deliberately injured or ruined, because the attempt of the owner to prohibit trespass upon his premises was not only regarded as an act of hostility to the neighborhood, but also as an actual interference with the right of every citizen. People are slow to recognize or assert their rights as riparian owners to the waters which flow over their lands, for fear of some secret attempt at retaliation.

The cutting of a tree or injury to a growing crop will be quickly treated as a trespass by the man who will quietly look on while a half score of persons will deliberately drag a seine through his pond or stream, in wanton disregard of his rights, and in violation of the laws for the protection of fish, and consider himself lucky if they "count him in" when they cast lots for the "catch."

If riparian owners were aware of their rights, and the popular sentiment would sustain them in asserting them, there would be no more need of game constables to-day than there would be of wood or grain constables. There has been, however, during the last ten or twenty years, a very decided and satisfactory change in the popular sentiment throughout the entire State, and it would have been much more satisfactory if the legislation relating to fish and game had been more uniform and more consistent with vested rights.

The successive acts of our Legislature have not been respected, but have too often begotten a spirit of resistance, because they were harsh and unequal, and contrary to the public sentiment, even when the popular sentiment has been in favor of enacting and enforcing stringent laws for the protection of game and fish.

What for instance could be more absurd or unjust than the law enacted some twenty or more years ago, which made every person liable to a penalty of $25 who happened to cross the land of any person without permission on his way to a stream, even though he had the consent of the riparian owner to fish; and which gave the right of action not to the owner of the land only, but to any scalawag who might see fit to sue for the penalty.

While we have no law as absurd as that on our statute books to-day, we do have laws which are impossible of enforcement.

It would be a grave disaster if our courts should hold certain portions of our present law unconstitutional, for the reason that the Legislature had exceeded its powers, and yet the fear of just this result has prevented prosecution, while the failure to prosecute has only tended toward a greater or less defiance of the law.

We know personally of more than one deliberate and wanton violation of the fish law within the past year or two, by persons who had the guarantee of some shrewd lawyer that in case of trouble he would drive a "coach and four through the law."

The right of the Legislature to pass laws for the protection of game and fish, has been exercised under the clause in the Constitution authorizing it to pass general laws.

A general law is one which whether applied to the entire State, or limited in its scope, must affect equally and uniformly, all who are interested in the subject of the legislation.

When two or more persons are in possession of a common right, the Legislature may prescribe the mode in which that right shall be enjoyed by a general act, which must affect all equally.

If the legislative act restricts the enjoyment or use as to a portion, and enlarges or continues it as to the rest, or what is worse, if it bestows the entire use or enjoyment on a portion, and prohibits it as to the rest, it would not be a general law.

Even though the law be a local one, in its scope and effect, it must be general or equal in its application. And such a law will always command respect.

The Constitution also provides that the Legislature may delegate to boards of supervisors certain powers of legislation within, and affecting their several counties, but under this power, can it delegate a power it does not itself possess?

Can a board of supervisors under the power given to it to pass laws for the protection of fish, enact a law relating to its county which the Legislature could not enact?

To illustrate. Suppose that at the point where three counties meet there lies a lake of say a hundred acres. The riparian owners own to the center of the lake, with the exclusive right of fishing on their own land.

Suppose the Legislature should now pass an act prohibiting by name all those living in one county from fishing in this lake for five years, permitting those in one of the other counties to fish with hook and line in certain months, and allowing those in the third county to fish when and as they see fit. Would such an act be within the constitutional powers of the Legislature? Would not the ownership of the land adjacent to and underlying the lake carry with it as a vested right in each riparian owner the right to catch on his own land, the fish abounding in the common waters, on the same terms as his neighbors? If the Legislature could not pass such an act, would it make any difference if, instead of prohibiting or permitting these persons by name, it should arrive at the same result by dividing them into groups, by adopting the county lines as arbitrary, geographical lines of separation?

If it could not enact such a law, would a board of supervisors, under its delegated authority, have the power to enact a law which would have precisely the same effect? But yet this is, in its practical effect, the result of many of the acts recently passed by the Legislature and by the boards of supervisors of our different counties, acts which have, in effect, drawn an arbitrary line through or across lakes or streams, in the waters of which persons have a common interest as a vested right, thus practically enlarging the enjoyment of that right to a portion by limiting or denying it as to the rest.

There are streams in this State the centers of which constitute the boundary lines dividing different counties, in one side of which it is lawful to catch trout, while to take them in the other side at the same time and in the same manner is prohibited under severe penalities.

Do our astute legislators for one moment suppose that the persons owning the land on the closed side of these streams, whose only privilege is to sit on the bank and watch their opposite neighbors as they lure the fish to their side and then take them, will aid in or countenance the enforcement of a law which prohibits the enjoyment of what they consider to be, and what may indeed be, a vested right?

The general law (Sec. 23) divides in two the Wallkill, which was stocked at private expense some years ago with black bass. Any person having a net or fyke in his possession on the shore of that stream in Orange county, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a penalty of $25 (Sec. 24). While the possession of nets and fishing with fykes (for suckers and eels) is lawful in Ulster county.

Unless a fyke can be invented, which will discriminate in favor of suckers and eels, bass fishing in the Wallkill will soon be well nigh ruined, for no possessor of a net or fyke can be found in Ulster county who can tell a sucker or eel from a black bass.

The question of the legality of this kind of legislation has never been before the courts, but we do not believe that it would ever be upheld as within either the letter or spirit of the constitution.

The reason has been already suggested.

First—Every act of the Legislature of a local nature should be made to apply, without reference to county lines, to the entire waters of a lake or stream, in the waters of which, as it flows over their land, the riparian owners have a common right or interest.

Second—The power to pass laws for the protection of fish, when given to boards of supervisors, should be restricted to those waters, whether lakes or streams, which lie wholly within their respective counties.

When that is done, every law will be general in its application as to all affected by it, and then, if it is not respected and obeyed, it can be enforced.

In making the above criticism, we are not unmindful of the fact that the "Senate and Assembly," as asserted by the Court of Appeals, "possesses all legislative power except when restricted by other provisions of the same instrument."

The game and fish laws have been enacted, however, as general laws.

If they are not general laws, they must be private or local acts, and as such, under the restriction of the Constitution, they would certainly be incapable of enforcement.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 20

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with a great deal of interest the discussions of numerous fly-casters on the merits of different flies.

The verdict seems to be in favor of the scarlet ibis with the majority of them, but my experience has been different.

On the Androscoggin waters the scarlet ibis is a very killing fly, especially for chubs; but on the streams and ponds of northern Coos, there are several flies that will take the lead of it.

The largest number of trout I ever saw caught in one day's fishing, I took nearly all with Ronald's stone. It was done on Mill Brook, in Stark, a rapid, rough stream, and formerly one of the best trout streams in the county for small trout. I scarcely ever caught one in that stream weighing more than three-quarters of a pound. But years ago, when the upper Ammonusuc River was full of them, the oldest inhabitant tells of how, in his younger days, he could go out any morning and take all he wanted, and weighing from two to five pounds each. Alas, for the degeneracy of modern times.

I don't dare to tell just how many Frank Bellows and myself caught on that two days' trip, for it would sound too much like a fish story; but it is needless to say that we couldn't duplicate the number in twice the time this year.

I will venture to say that there is not a stream in Coos county where as many trout can be taken with the ibis as with many other flies that I could name. With ponds it is different. In some few of them the ibis is a killing fly, but in the majority of them the Montreal, brown and gray Caughlins, coachman, professor, queen of the water, and golden monkey, will be found a long ways ahead.

The silver doctor is a leading fly in the Rangeley Lakes, but here it is nearly useless except at Second Connecticut Lake, where I have used it with success.

The hackles are all good at certain times, dependent on seasons and weather, they usually being better on streams than ponds. The brown, red and grizzly leading respectively in the order named, the killer of one day being, frequently, totally useless the next.

Where a person only fishes certain waters he can find by trial which flies are the most taking for the different seasons and may not need to use so many varieties, but if he is going over a large and varied extent of country in all seasons and weathers he will have better success with a large assortment of flies, varieties and sizes, than if he has but a few kinds. I like to have several sizes of my favorite flies, for sometimes fish will take a No. 4 best, at others a 10 or 12, or again an intermediate size may be the thing. I have caught trout in a pond on a bright sunshiny day when the surface was like a mirror by using an extra fine leader and very small gnats for a lure, when with ordinary tackle I could do nothing. Of course I had to make a long cast and drop the flies with the greatest care, and strike and handle them very gingerly. I have frequently safely landed trout weighing from one to one and one half pounds each, that after they were in the boat you couldn't lift half their weight by the snell without the hook tearing out. I have fished for trout with a fly for many years, but am still unable to tell which is the "most killing fly." It seems to me very much as it would be to ask an M.D. what is the best remedy for diseases. The kind of fly to use seems to depend almost entirely on the various conditions of the water and weather, and as we can never tell what they may be when we take our week's outing, give us a well filled book and a large range of flies. I don't think it made so much difference when trout were plentier here, and when "Sproat," "Sneck Bend" and "Aberdeen" snelled hooks and leaders were unknown to us countrymen. Then the angleworm and grasshopper were the standard lures; wanting these, a piece of salt pork filled the bill, for, like the people of those times, their tastes were not educated up to the modern standard. I had good luck one dark, cloudy afternoon with a coachman on a No. 7 hook, taking over thirty large trout, and I have tried the same fly on the same pond many times since and have never taken as many with it altogether as I took that one afternoon.

S. J. G.

TROUT AT FULTON MARKET.

THE display of fish at Fulton Market the first day of the trout season was equal to any that has been made in previous years. There was an exhibition at Mr. Blackford's of both live and dead trout that was instructive and entertaining. It gave an interesting lesson in fishculture and ichthyology. The New York State Hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, sent adult smelts and their eggs, whitefish eggs and fry just hatched, eggs of rainbow trout and land-locked salmon, young brook trout from one week to one month old. From the United States Fish Commission at the same place were shown eggs and young of salmon, with which the Hudson and Delaware rivers will be stocked, and some monstrosities in the way of double-headed fish, etc. From the New York Hatchery at Caledonia, were trout from one week to three years old, and adult rainbow trout.

The South Side Sportsman's Club, of Long Island, sent 500 pounds of live trout, weighing from one-half pound to three pounds, and some fine specimens of rainbow trout of three to four pounds. The United States Fish Commission sent rainbow and Tahoe trout, and also trout from Pend d'Oreille, and chinook and steel-head salmon. The display of brook trout was perhaps not as large as regards geographical distribution, but in quantity was fully up to any previous one. Many private fishculturists sent trout, which were labeled with their names and ponds, and there was a good display of foreign fish. Mr. S. J. Moore, of the Derby Museum, Liverpool, sent specimens of the English trout, *S. fario*, and there were also fish from Scotland and other countries. Mr. Blackford spared no pains nor expense to make a most creditable exhibit.

We dropped down there about noon and recognized many prominent anglers, among whom were Mr. M. M. Backus, Mr. Francis Endicott, Mr. Wm. Mitchell, Dr. S. M. Nash, Mr. H. P. Wells, Mr. John D. Hewlett, Mr. G. M. Miller, and others of New York; also Mr. Frank Dennison and Hon. James Geddes, of Syracuse, Prof. A. S. Bickmore, of the American Museum, and Mr. H. F. Douseman, of Chicago.

Col. Cuyler sent some large German carp from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which he received from Mr. Blackford two years ago, and which now weigh three pounds. Mr. James Annin, Jr., sent some fine live specimens of trout, from one to three years old, from his ponds at Caledonia, N. Y.

Taking the exhibition as a whole it was equal to anything in the past and superior to some. The great extent of territory from which the specimens were drawn made it an instructive study for those interested in the differences in trout caused by food, water, etc., as well as in the different species. These exhibitions are very valuable as object lessons in both fishculture and ichthyology.

BAIT-FISHING FOR TROUT.

FROM fly-fishing we pass by natural and easy transitions to bait-fishing. And this is anent bait-fishing. Now, would a man with any self-esteem fish with bait? It depends upon circumstances. To my mind one who would fish with bait when fly-fishing is available does not take a very high rank among anglers. But there are circumstances when bait-fishing is perfectly allowable. In Alaska the trout will not rise to a fly, but that is no reason why the people there should be debarred from a delicacy which is so near at hand. A friend of mine, a naval officer, whose word cannot be doubted, told me that about three years ago he was stationed for sixteen months in Alaska, and one day in season a party of officers went fishing up one of the streams in their vicinity. They used salmon roe for bait, and the three hooks, which composed the party, caught, in round numbers, 250 trout trout ("mountain trout" my friend called them), weighing 450 pounds. When this statement was first made to me I admitted that I could "tow it alongside," but I could not "hoist it aboard." My friend assured me it was true, and when I intimated that I thought they somewhat overdid the business, he rather resented the aspersion, and explained that the fish were all disposed of by the officers and crew of the vessel to which he was attached. My friend had several varieties of flies with him, to which he gave a thorough trial, but with no result. Who can blame him, then, for descending to bait, from which he got considerable amusement, when otherwise the fish his mess required, would have been bought from some of the natives?

Again, some of us in the East who go to the Adirondacks for our fishing, find that when the extreme hot weather comes, our fish leave the lakes, ponds and larger streams for the grateful seclusion of small, cool, shaded brooks. These are too narrow and too much overgrown with alders to allow the fly to be used. Shall we, then, at these times give up our favorite fish? I say no. Life, particularly life in the woods, is too short to be long deprived of this delicious edible. Besides, when one takes a long tramp through the woods, it is pleasant to think there are some trout waiting for one at the end of the route. I don't want to be condemned, but I confess that I have spent days, not a few, bait-fishing down some quiet brook. One day during the past summer I took an early start, and with Andrew Rogers, for company rather than guide, proceeded over four miles of mountain trail, mostly up hill. It was rather laborious, for the many trees that had fallen across the trail during the previous winter had not been cut out. But when we arrived at our destination, I was amply repaid by the beauties of the valley and the vivacity of the denizens of the little stream. Our bait was angle worms and white grubs.

I have delightful recollections of that day, though it does not compare with many days when I have fished with the fly. The beauties of nature are the same, fish you with fly or worm. On this particular occasion I got home pleasantly hungry and pleasantly tired, and after supper and a pipe I turned me in to such a slumber as one only knows in the woods. The result of our combined efforts was 291 trout, of which Andrew caught 161 and I 130. While probably none of our fish would weigh over a quarter of a pound, none was below the regulation size. By the way, what are the statistics as to the number caught by each, when a gentleman and his guide go off fishing together? In this same little brook in August, '81, three of us, fishing about an hour of one evening and most of the next day, caught 368 fish. I remember also that I caught a cold that lasted me for weeks. We slept in a roughly-built shanty, each with a single blanket, and that night the thermometer went down to 44°. It was rather disastrous, but we had nobody to blame but ourselves. Doubtless the experience was of benefit. From all this, it will be seen that when I can't get fly-fishing and can get bait-fishing, I take latter, and take it gladly. And I hope your readers will not blame me for it. And at this moment my bones are aching for the time to come when I may be off to the woods, where I devoutly hope I may be able to get both kinds of fishing.

SOUS BOIS.

CARING FOR LAKE MINNETONKA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The good people of Minneapolis have at last awakened to the fact that if they wish to continue to have good fishing in Lake Minnetonka, it is time to enforce the laws, and prevent the wholesale slaughter of black bass and other fish, and take measures to stock the lake with valuable food fishes at present not natives of its waters. A meeting was held yesterday noon at the office of Mr. A. B. Taylor, in this city, at which a number of gentlemen interested in this question were present. Steps were taken to prevent the wholesale catching of fish from these waters, and to stock them with game fish. The following gentlemen were present: Charles F. Wheeler, C. W. Tracy, A. B. Taylor, C. W. Cyphers, W. W. Parker, E. F. Peabody, L. J. Skinner and Messrs. Potter and Findley. Mr. Taylor was chosen chairman and Mr. Skinner secretary. Nearly all the gentlemen present spoke earnestly in favor of taking active steps to properly regulate fishing in the lake. W. L. Burwell, Chas. F. Wheeler and L. J. Skinner were selected to draft a constitution and by-laws. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to solicit membership and report at the next meeting: G. H. Christian, S. C. Gale, Fred. C. Pillsbury, C. W. Tracy, E. F. Peabody, Charles Cyphers and A. S. Dimond. It was proposed to hold another meeting at the West Hotel on Tuesday evening, at which a large attendance is expected. I predict the complete success of this society, as the gentlemen interested are the kind who do nothing by halves. I am sure all lovers of the sport, including FOREST AND STREAM, will wish the society God speed in its good work.—JUDGE. (Minneapolis, Minn., March 27).

ANGLING SEASON.—During the coming season there will be many opportunities to test the different questions of flies and rods which have been so freely discussed in our columns of late, and also to add new experiences to write up in future. That perennial query as to which is the most killing fly can be proved to the angler's satisfaction one day and the evidence overthrown on the next. Still, if not settled, the question will be broadened into which are the most killing flies. This can readily be settled for one locality, at least, but the list will need to be enlarged as the territory of the individual angler widens. This is the busy season of the tackle dealers, and many new devices are offered that add to the comfort or convenience of the angler, or increase his chances of capture. Those busy men who have not looked over their tackle all winter will find time to survey it now. Rods need new whipping and varnishing, rings are gone, ferrules are loose, gut is frayed, and reels need oiling. These things are often neglected by overworked men until the approach of the season for using them, while the man of more leisure looks his tools over several times during the winter and enjoys repairing his tackle himself.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND TROUT LAWS.—It seems that trout protection in Massachusetts originated with no less a personage than Daniel Webster. The Boston *Journal* says: "It is not generally known that Daniel Webster was once a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. The fact is not mentioned by many of his biographers. He was chosen by the people of Boston, and was one of the framers of the first city charter of Boston. In one of his speeches, delivered in New York, Mr. Webster said: 'It has so happened that all the public services which I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the General Government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and, after much reflection, I introduced a bill which, with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusets Legislature, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any other manner than with the ordinary hook and line.'"

NO TROUT FISHING THROUGH ICE.—Glens Falls, N. Y.—A few persons residing along the shores of Lake George have tried to have the laws amended so that fishing for trout through the ice during February, March and April, may be permitted. Fortunately the legislative committee on game laws refused to listen to this proposition, which is in direct conflict with the provisions of a bill now before them to prohibit fishing through the ice in any waters in the State. The existing law permits trout fishing throughout the State April 1, except in Lake George, where the open season begins one month later, or May 1. This amendment was added a few years ago at the request of people residing at Bolton and elsewhere on the lake, because, during the month of April, many trout were taken through the ice, and nearly all of them were small fish, from one-half to one pound and a half each, and they were evidently of the plant made by the Fish Commission. Few fish of this size, comparatively, are taken after the ice disappears.—A. N. C.

HOW I CAUGHT A BLACK BASS.—I was rowing a canoe one summer day along the shore of T. Island, in the State of New York, at a place where the water was quite shallow near the shore, but suddenly deepened a little way out, and was surprised to hear a flapping in the boat behind me, when turning to see the cause of it, behold, I had captured a fine bass, unaware. If he had come from the clouds I should not have been more astonished, but my theory was soon arrived at, that he had tried to pass the boat which intervened between him and the deep water, and in his spasm of fright had made the "leap for life," which unlike so many reputed ones, did not succeed. The canoe was a little wider and higher than ordinary canoes that he may before have tried his gymnastic abilities on; but, like the renowned Mr. S. Patch, it was his final and fatal effort.—F. (Detroit, Mich.).

FISH AND SEWAGE.—In Memphis, Tenn., a cry has been raised against the fish caught near the city because they are claimed to be tainted by the sewage. Dr. Thornton is of the opinion that a law should be passed prohibiting the catching of fish in front of the city and for a mile below, because they are tainted by the sewage and unfit for food. Unless the sewage of Memphis is viler than that of other cities, we doubt the tainting of the fish to any appreciable extent.

KANSAS.—President David S. Jordan, of the Indiana University, has recently presented a collection of fishes to the museum of the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas.

TROUTING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Tacoma, Washington Territory, March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is a kingdom of joy for those fond of the trout rod. All our fresh waters abound in trout, ranging from eight ounces up to four pounds, and averaging, say, one pound. I have cast the fly here for two seasons and cannot complain of ever having returned from a trouting trip disappointed. We are awaiting the opening of the season to try the trout again with a new assortment of flies.—L. S. W.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN KANSAS.—We have the fourth biennial report of the Fish Commissioner of Kansas for 1883-4. With an exceedingly limited appropriation the Commissioner has done very much work in distributing fishes obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission and other sources. He recommends prohibiting the use of fykes, weirs, pounds, "stake-nets," "fall-traps," "slide-traps," spears, gigs, pitchforks, harpoons, "or any other murderous device" except hook and line. Also that the close season for fishing with nets and seines of any description be extended so as to include the months of July and August, and that strong penalties be provided for violation of the law. An examination of the streams of the State has been made to see where fishways are needed, and we are surprised to learn that the old plan of fishway is recommended after being abandoned in most of the Eastern streams after years of trial. It was found that the waters of Kansas are too warm for the Salmonidæ, and no attempt at their culture will be made. The native fishes of the Mississippi River will receive the most attention. Many adult pike, black bass, wall-eyed pike, striped bass, yellow perch, catfish and white perch were captured and removed to suitable waters. From the U. S. F. C. there was received many thousand shad and carp, which were turned into the streams.

FISH CULTURE IN COLORADO.—The Denver *Times* says: "Sheriff Becker has a ranch at the head of Tennessee Park that promises to be one of the most profitable of its kind in the mountains. It is a fish ranch. He purchased it a few years ago when it contained nothing but a few lakes, which were almost entirely destitute of fish. He procured several thousand spawn of brook trout the first season from the State fish hatchery, and has each year added to that number various varieties of the speckled beauties, until at the present time he likely has fully 75,000 trout that will average seven ounces each. He keeps a man at the place continually whose business it is to break the ice and feed the fish. The food generally used is liver, and it is surprising what a small amount is required." A correspondent from Denver, under date of March 20, says that while "in Leadville last week I saw about one hundred pounds of trout at a market, brought in from these lakes. They would weigh from one-third to one-half pound each." It strikes us as being early for trout, but as the Sheriff has planted the crop it may be proper for him to reap it any time. We do not know how this agrees with Colorado laws.

A STEP BACKWARD.—The Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, commenting on the action of the State Legislature in depriving the Fish Commission of its power to lease ponds, says: "Both branches have now passed a bill repealing the statutory provisions which allow the Inland Fish Commission to lease ponds for the purpose of cultivating useful fishes. They have voted to do away with a system of fishculture which confessedly has been not only harmless, but in many places productive of good results, and this, apparently, without a thought toward providing any substitute. Their action seems to have been the result of hostility toward the Commission, backed by a popular prejudice based on misinformation."

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. E. B., Knoxville, Tenn.—We are promised a plan and description of a breeding kennel soon, which we shall publish.

V. H. P., Providence, R. I.—1. Has the shooter a right to challenge a bird if both judges declare the bird lost? 2. Can the referee reverse the decision of the judges in any case where they may agree? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No.

W. K. P., Athens, Pa.—Are there any printed rules for rifle shooting and rules for organizing a rifle team? If so, could you furnish them? Ans. Wingate's or Blunt's manuals of rifle shooting will give the desired information.

FONTINALIS, New York.—Can you inform me if it is possible to keep brook trout in the aquarium? They would be kept in Croton water kept constantly running. Ans. They can be kept in Croton water from the middle of November to May 1, and possibly later in some seasons. They die at 70 deg. Fahr.

F. H. D. V., Ottawa.—Please tell me if Mr. Herbert's (Frank Forester's) books, such as "Warwick Woodland," etc., are published in cheap form. Where can they be had? Ans. We do not know that they are published in cheap form. Two vols., $4, is the edition we are familiar with. We can send them.

O. R. C., Philadelphia.—Being about to purchase a .22-cal. Remington rifle, I would like to ask you a few questions. 1. Would having it chambered for extra longs hurt it for shooting shorts and caps, or make them "spit fire" at the breech? 2. Will it injure the barrel to shoot shot cartridges? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Yes.

W. E. S., Harrisburgh, Pa.—What is the caliber of an eighteen-foot split bamboo salmon rod? Ans. The calibers of the ferrules and diameters of the butt and tip of one just measured are: Butt cap, 1⅛in., above hand piece, ⅞; butt ferrule, ⅝; tip ferrule, ⅜; end of tip, 3-16. These figures vary a trifle with different makers.

E. T. J., Beverly, W. V.—1. Can paper cartridges or shells be obtained for our ordinary sporting rifles? I have never seen such, nor have I seen them advertised, but have heard some of our residing sportsmen speak of them. 2. Other things being equal, is a straight or cylindrical shell better for a rifle than those that are either "bottle-shaped" or "taper?" Ans. 1. The old style rifle cartridges were of paper. They have been discarded. 2. The straight shell is preferred. The object of the bottle neck shell was to increase the capacity of the cartridge without increasing its length.

E. N. B., Scott, Wis.—What time of the year can we catch pickerel and bass with the hook, and what kind of hooks, lines, poles, et cetera, do we need? Also about trolling, when, and what kind of hooks and spoons are necessary for a good outfit? There are lots of fish here, but I am a greenhorn in the fishing line. Ans. You can fish for pickerel at any time. The black bass season opens in your State on May 1. You need a volume on general angling, such as Norris, or Scott, for the information you require would cover many pages. Write to some of our advertising tackle dealers for suitable tackle.

LIST OF PATENTS

Bearing Date March 25, 1885. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

313,229. Ball Trap.—P. Marqua, Cincinnati, O.
313,120. Flying Target.—C. F. Stock, Peoria, Ill.
313,119. Apparatus for the manufacture of Flying Targets.—C. F. Stock, Peoria, Ill.
313,804. Ball Trap.—J. E. Bloom, Cincinnati, O.
313,695. Fishing Reel.—E. P. Trent, Jersey City, N. J.
313,652. Feathering Paddle-wheel.—W. C. Burne, New York, N. Y.
313,664. Sailboat.—Israel Garrard, Frontenac, Minn.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2200.**

MODERN JOURNALISM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your critical and able report of the New Haven show is worth reading twice over. New Haven was a great show, the quality throughout being far in advance of anything that has been seen in this country. Mastiffs, greyhounds and spaniels were fifty per cent. better than they have ever been at the New York shows. Your critique on the spaniels was very reliable, but you might have devoted more space to them, as they were an exceptionally good lot. By your courtesy I will write something about these classes next week. The Chicago editor who contributed so freely to the success of the show, seemed determined that nothing should be left undone that was calculated to make the exhibition a very imposing one, and he paid the New Haven Club a great compliment by rigging his reporter in a new suit, a brand new silk hat, new kids, cane, etc. The reporter, in taking off his old clothes, unfortunately relieved himself of his manners (if he ever had any) at the same time. Some people said he left them at home to take care of his field trial record.

Yes, sir, it was a great show. Everybody was there. The ladies turned out *en masse*, and there were senators, judges, professors, doctors (not quacks), etc., by the score. The Poolseller was there and the Welcher was there. The keen, dark, restless eyes of the former were cruel in their search for charges of fraud against honorable gentlemen, and were as reluctant to look honest people in the face as they were quick in their cowardly work. The Welcher seemed intoxicated with the idea that somebody might mistake him for a gentleman. His sensitive feelings must have undergone a severe strain, as there was never the slightest indication that one would fall into such a blunder. "How are you, Porter?" "Is it to me you speak?" and then a little later on, "Give me a catalogue," "One of my men will attend to you," etc. The Welcher had few friends, and he knew it. "I'll show them what we can do," said he, and then he retired.

The third volume of "We Will Kill Mason, Davidson and Watson" is just out. It is probably the last volume and is a sort of parody on the New Haven Show and the judges. A very laughable production well worth reading; beats *Puck* and *Jingo* to death. I seldom spend money on trash, but the third volume is well worth the ten cents asked for it. Unlike its kennel companion, the N.A.K.C. Stud Book, it does not show signs of having been "in the printer's hands" for any great length of time, but it is a masterly work for all that, and as the independent (?) journal is reported on its death bed this last effort will no doubt be freely read. I don't propose to dissect the entire volume, that would occupy too much space; neither do I propose to show that the writer is the embodiment of all that is low, mean and corrupt. The question I propose to put before the impartial jury is—Sane or insane? That is the question and the only question that can be fairly asked.

On page 64 of the New Haven catalogue there is this entry: "417. Dan O'Shea, London, Ont., Aaron, 2 years, red (Rock—champion Norah). Not for sale." To this entry I awarded the first prize. The "sportsman's independent journal, New York (?) and Chicago," March 28, 1885, in its latest attempt to "kill Mason," said: "One long-legged, weak Irish terrier, Aaron, was shown and received first prize." I gave the first prize to a long-legged, weak Irish terrier named Aaron. Get thee back to Chicago, crazy fellow! The long-legged, weak Irish terrier was champion Erin. A printer's error, that's all; and the Chicago reporter who never owned or bred a non-sporting dog in his life, and who cannot distinguish between an Irish terrier and a wire-haired fox-terrier, didn't know the dog, although he has criticised him a score of times. In his hurry to "kill Mason" he has exposed the whole business and his own ignorance at the same time. Let us now see what the reporter with the savory (?) field trial record had previously written of Aaron, the long-legged, good-for-nothing weed. "Sportsman's independent journal, June 23, 1883: "He [Erin] is a splendid puppy." March 15, 1884: "There is little to choose between them [Erin and champion Norah]. Both are good." April 5, 1884: "Norah and Erin are both very good." Perhaps the dog has grown larger on the legs, lighter in body, and has less bone than he had last year. Dogs do grow that way sometimes.

Now it's Mr. Watson's turn. We will "kill Watson." The gentleman who gave the Western reporter notes on the spaniel classes played a splendid joke on him. Read this carefully: "In the open class, which was for dogs or bitches of any color, over twenty-eight pounds, there were some good ones shown. First went to a good all-round liver and tan dog." First did not go to a good all-round liver and tan dog, it went to a bitch that has a Roman nose, is throaty, and too short in the back. That is not the way to "kill Watson" any more than this is:

Sportsman's Independent (?) *Journal*, March 15, 1884.—"As previously announced, the judges for the show were Major J. M. Taylor and Mr. James Watson * * * As these judges are so well known and so popular as authorities in the classes which they have been so often called upon to judge, it is only necessary to add that their decisions were accepted with the usual good grace."

Sportsman's Independent Journal, March 28, 1885.—"Mr. Watson got along very well with his little terriers. He could not have gone very far astray in any of those classes, but some of his special awards were so ridiculous as to provoke mirth. It is to be hoped that no one will again see such judging as was done at New Haven. A few such shows and the breeders and exhibitors of good dogs would give up showing in disgust. It is a very serious matter for dogs which have cost a great deal of time and money, to be bowled over by inferior dogs, just to please an association that will not get good judges."

Let us now "kill Mason" again. Sportsman's independent

journal, March 28, 1885: "The show of mastiffs was very good, but the judging was outrageous. In the open class, Ilford Cromwell won easily, but Homer, second, was not entitled to his award. He has a good head, but beyond that he has no special strong points. On the contrary he has some very weak ones. He is a small dog and cowhocked at that. If is bad enough for a big dog to be weak in his legs, but in a small dog such a fault amounts almost to disqualification." Second prize to a cripple, an animal that ought to have been disqualified. Why the Poolseller's friend, Mr. Mortimer, awarded first prize to this cripple at the last New York show, and the independent (?) journal of Nov. 1, 1884, after praising the judges, said: "Homer, given first, has a splendid head, but is rather under size, but what he lacks in size is made up in strength and symmetry." The same individual wrote, May 17, 1884: "We preferred Homer, placed third, for first. He has the massive head of a typical mastiff, and though a small dog is symmetrical in shape." Will the Chicago wise-acre please explain how a cowhocked dog can be symmetrical and strong, and at the same time tell us why the dog was better than Ilford Cromwell when Mr. Mortimer judged him, and a worthless brute when I judge him.

These are a few clippings from the last volumes of "We will Kill Mason, Davidson and Watson." From Philadelphia I learn that Mr. Watson still lives; your humble servant never felt better in his life, and I know Mr. Davidson is on his legs, for he writes me that he hasn't seen a copy of the sportsman's journal, that there isn't one to be had in Monroe, and that if there was nobody would read it. He most emphatically denies that I was in his judging ring at New Haven, or that I tried to influence his decisions. Yes, sir, we all live, *mors janua vita.*

The sportsman's independent journal says, "It takes a smart man to catch a rogue." It takes a smarter man to convict a rogue, and a still smarter man to make a rogue return plunder and blood money to the rightful owners. The N. A. K. C. Stud Book is in the printer's (?) hands. CHAS. H. MASON.

MARCH 31, 1885.

PROMPT CONTRADICTIONS.

ONE of the reports of the New Haven dog show, printed in a Western paper, was so entirely unreliable and so palpably inspired by a vehement desire to injure the judges and the New Haven Kennel Club that it has called out protests from those who are in a position to know all the facts of the matter.

The ring stewards for Messrs. Davidson and Mason, by the following statement, brand as an unqualified falsehood the assertion that Mr. C. H. Mason visited Mr. Davidson's ring during the judging of the latter's classes. They say:

We as ring stewards to Mr. C. H. Mason and Mr. John Davidson at the late show of the New Haven Kennel Club wish to say, in reply to a paragraph in your report of the show, that Mr. Mason did not enter Mr. Davidson's ring during the judging of the latter's classes, and we consider the statement as malicious in the extreme, and calculated to do Mr. Mason and the reputation of the club great injustice.

Respectfully, WALTER D. PECK, G. E. OSBORN, H. S. COWELL, CHAS. B. GILBERT.

The owner of the Ashmont Kennels is equally prompt in correcting the slanderous innuendoes of the same report. He says:

In your last issue, in commenting upon the New Haven show, you refer to what passed between the judge and myself when my mastiff dogs Hero II. and Ilford Cromwell were brought before him to contest for the special. You desire the facts; it pleases me to give them. The judge, in a bantering tone, asked me which ought to have the prize. My answer, hastily given, without thought, and in the same spirit, "I suppose the old dog should have it." To this the judge responded, "I am going to find out which deserves it, and the dog that does shall have it." I made the laughing reply, "Very well, it is a family matter." I considered the question of the judge a bit of pleasantry on his part, entirely without significance. Neither then nor since have I had the remotest idea that he would be influenced in the slightest degree by any preference of mine or opinion as to relative merits. Yours truly, OWNER OF ASHMONT KENNELS.

The report abounds in perversions of the truth, but the animus which inspires them is so evident that it is unnecessary to correct them.

THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mason is nothing when he is not personal. His sneer at me as the "kennel man" of the Westminster Kennel Club does not lesson the fact that I have the honor to be the superintendent of their magnificent club house and grounds, as well as of their kennel and of the forthcoming dog show, and I trust I shall continue to merit the confidence they have thought fit to place in me. His statement in your issue of last week relating to the Pittsburgh show, is false and exaggerated in every particular, and he is so bereft of all decency that he drags in the name of my dead friend, Chas. Lincoln, who can neither affirm nor deny to substantiate his inventions.

I was not aware until reading his contribution to your columns, that I "had broken down," but his commiseration has put me under a lasting obligation.

I did not ask Mr. Mason to judge the black and tan terrier class for me any more than I asked him to judge the mastiffs or collies, and I scarcely believe he will have the effrontery to say he coached me in these classes.

Upon my arrival at Pittsburgh, Mr. Mason was almost the first whom I met with whom I was acquainted, and at his invitation I roomed with him in the same hotel, and the conversation as to the black and tan terriers took place there. I simply asked him to look over the two dogs Vortigern and Reveller, and give me his opinion as to their respective merits. I was "conscientiously endeavoring to place the dogs correctly."

As you, Mr. Editor, are aware, it was the first time I had ever been called upon to act in the thankless position of judge. I had not sought the appointment, but consented to act upon a request from Mr. Lincoln sent by telegraph.

The sporting press, and especially the FOREST AND STREAM, were very flattering in their complimentary notices of my ability, and I have always had the satisfaction of knowing that, whether my awards were correct or otherwise. I had acted there, as at all other dog shows with which I have been connected, with honest purpose to all and favor to none.

When the article entitled "Mr. Mason's Manipulations" appeared, accusing him of sending a note to the judge requesting him to divide a certain prize, I, actuated by feelings of indignation at the injustice of the accusation, promptly denied, and flatly contradicted any such statement. Was it necessary that I should go further, and explain exactly what the "scrap" contained? I think not.

Mr. Mason winds up this conception of his imaginative intellect by saying, "I shall always blame him for having done himself a great injustice and his brother fanciers a still greater one, in accepting the judgeship at dog shows, where his tongue and the record prove him to have had very little experience as an exhibitor, and none whatever as a breeder or owner of good dogs," and "the influence that put him into the judge's ring and kept him there no longer exists."

In this statement he may prove, as he already has in many others, a false prophet. Dalziel says in his notes on "Judges, Their Election," "There is a rather broad-spread opinion that to be a good judge a man must have been a successful breeder." "The experience gained by breeding may be beneficial or prejudicial, but it can never make a man a judge," and just here I would like to ask Mr. Mason of which breed he has been a successful breeder? I have carefully studied the English records, and I fail to find where he has been a successful exhibitor with any dog, pointer or other, which he bred himself; probably he sold the good ones or—raffled them.

I may be wrong, but I am vain enough still to believe that exhibitors of the breeds of dogs I have judged would, notwithstanding Mr. Mason's painful endeavors to prove the contrary, as soon trust their pets to me, as to the infallible discernment of this self-asserted authority. JAMES MORTIMER.

BABYLON, L. I., March 27.

THE NATIONAL DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you entries for the National Field Trials Club Derby that have come in to date:

GAY GLADSTONE.—Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., white, black and tan English setter dog, April 28 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

LEMON GLADSTONE.—Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., white, black and tan English setter dog, April 28 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

NANNIE GLADSTONE.—P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., lemon belton English setter bitch, April 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

JESSIE GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

UNNAMED.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

B. M. STEPHENSON.

LA GRANGE, Tenn., March 11.

ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. H. Naylor, of Chicago, has accepted the position as judge at our show, for the nonsporting classes. We are very well pleased with the number of entries so far received, and we believe we shall have a very fine collection of dogs from present indications. Applications for entry blanks come in very fast. We have reason to believe we shall get a very fair representation from the East, notwithstanding the New York show follows ours just one week. We feared at first our ten-dollar prizes would not attract exhibitors, but we find the great majority of owners care much more for the honor of winning a prize than the amount won. We shall give each winner a large certificate of his winnings.

Dogs will be received at the Fourteenth street side of the Exposition Building. Our building is lighted with electricity, steam heated if necessary, and is one of the best lighted, best ventilated and handsomest halls in America. Open benches will be used as far as possible, since we have ample room for them. I hope to be able to announce our completed railroad and express arrangements next week. The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad has already notified us that dogs will be carried free when accompanied by owners or handlers.

GEO. MUNSON, Manager.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE managers of the Westminster K.C. dog show have decided to make additional regular classes for Clumber spaniels, cocker spaniels and Newfoundland bitches, and beagles under 12 inches. Beagles will be judged by the standard of the American English Beagle Club. Several very valuable special prizes will be offered. Among them is a cup valued at $150, for the best setter or pointer, and one of $75 for the best pointer. The usual arrangements with railroad and express companies have been made. The superintendent informs us that, judging from present indications, the show will be the most successful that the club has yet given. Following is a complete list of the judges:

LIST OF JUDGES, 1885.

Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, English retrievers, spaniels, all classes, basset hounds, dachshunde, bulldogs and terriers, all classes (except fox-terriers), pugs, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous class—Hugh Dalziel, England.

Pointers and Irish setters—J. M. Tracy, Greenwich, Conn.
English setters—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del
Black and tan setters—H. Clay Glover, New York.
Chesapeake Bay dogs—Isaac Townsend, New York.
Foxhounds—A. Belmont Purdy, Long Island.
Beagles and collies—Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.
Fox-terriers—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jr., New York.
Poodles—John G. Heckscher, New York.

CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many very valuable special prizes have been subscribed for different classes. The list will be furnished for your next issue. Hugh Dalziel has been selected as judge for non-sporting classes. Major J. M. Taylor will judge English setters. The appointment of a judge for Irish setters and Gordon setters, and pointers, will be given to the press for next issue, or as soon as it can be done. This exhibition promises to be the best ever held in the United States. Certainly in sporting classes this show will distance all others in quality and quantity, and the promises for non-sporting classes are very encouraging. There has never been but one regular bench show held in Cincinnati, and that, I am informed by the officers of the Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club, was a private affair of Mr. Lincoln. This show was held in a hall on the second floor, about ninety feet square, with nearly three hundred dogs on exhibition, not giving one quarter of the room necessary to accommodate the public. It is estimated by those best informed that many thousand people will attend this show, provided the weather is fair, as there is a great deal of interest displayed in the matter by the citizens generally, and the enterprise meets with the hearty support of the press and public spirited citizens. This is a good opportunity for breeding kennels of non-sporting dogs. I find here but a very few non-sporting thoroughbred dogs, especially mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Scotch terriers, and bull-terriers. There is a great demand for thoroughbreds of these kinds, in fact of all non-sporting kinds. From a business point of view breeders of non-sporting dogs will find it greatly to their advantage to exhibit at this show.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Supt.

CINCINNATI, March 28.

THE TORONTO DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the third annual dog show of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, to be held at the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, Canada, on May 13, 14 and 15. The premiums are liberal, and the managers will spare no pains to make the show the best of the year. Instead of champion classes there are challenge sweepstakes for English setters, English setter bitches, Irish setters, black and tan setters, pointers, Irish water spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, greyhounds, fox-terriers and collies. The entry fee is $5 with $10 added by the club, all to the winner. The rule governing entry in the challenge classes is as follows: Rule VIII.—A dog to compete in a challenge class must have won a first prize in an open class at New York, Pittsburgh, Boston, London (Ontario), Ottawa, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Toronto (D. C. K. C.), New Haven, Montreal (1884), Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. John, New Orleans, or Ontario Collie Club; and a dog having won a first prize at any show held as above, cannot compete in an open class when there is a challenge class of its kind, but must compete in such challenge class.

The premiums in the open classes are: English setter dogs, $20, $10 and $5; bitches, the same; puppies, $10 and $5; Irish setters, black and tan setters and pointers, same as English setters; field spaniels, black or liver dogs, $15, $7 and $5, bitches, the same; any other color, dogs and bitches, the same; puppies (including cocker), $10 and $5; fox-terriers, smooth-haired dogs, the same; bitches, the same; collies, dogs, the same; bitches, the same; bulldogs, dogs and bitches, $15, $10 and $5. Most of the remaining classes are $10, $7 and $5, except that in some cases the third is omitted and the prizes are $10 and $5. There are two foreign or miscellaneous classes with $15 each. Should any one so desire, silver plate of the value of prize will be given instead of cash.

There will be a large number of valuable special prizes offered. Following is the list of the judges:

Jno. Davidson, Esq.—For setters, pointers, collies and hounds.

J. S. Niven, M. D.—For spaniels, Scotch, Irish, Dandie Dinmont and rough-haired terriers.

Ronald H. Barlow, Esq.—For mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, bulls, pugs and terriers (other than above).

The judges in concert will judge the foreign and miscellaneous classes.

Entries close May 6. W. S. JACKSON, Sec'y,
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, Toronto, Canada.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have closed our entries, which number 628; the classes are well filled: Mastiffs, 35; St. Bernards, 36; Newfoundlands, 18, pointers, 50; English setters, 58; Gordon setters, 27; Irish setters, 60; spaniels, 24; greyhounds, 10, deerhounds, 7; foxhounds, 20; beagles, 18; collies, 75; fox-terriers, 27; bull-terriers, 22; other terriers, 36; bulldogs, 18, pugs 25; the remaining classes are well represented, and the dogs entered are mostly well known, so that our show will compare favorably with the best. Our list of specials is not yet completed, the same being added to daily. We would call attention to the fact that each and every one of the special prizes to be given at our show is contributed by friends, and in many cases we have no acquaintance with the donor. The club does not give a single special and has no control over the giving of them.

The prospect for a successful show is good; it is the topic of the day here, and even if the clerk of the weather should be unfriendly to us, we believe that we shall have a full house.

Three dogs, when accompanied by owner, can come free to and from our show via Fall River line.

We have decided to issue a marked catalogue.

J. A. NICKERSON, Secretary.

BOSTON, Mass., March 28.

THE SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article of "Sedge" which appeared under the above heading in your last issue, savors strongly of prejudice against the small beagle, and certainly does that grand little dog an injustice. "The Size of Beagles" is a heading which clearly shows the purpose of the articles under the same, viz., to determine which size of beagles is the most useful. I take it for granted that under the general term beagle, the only true beagle, *i. e.*, the English beagles, are meant. "Sedge," therefore, is wrong in assuming that this discussion is carried on to show which dog (or breed) is best suited for rabbit hunting, and whether his preference is for the American beagle or any other mongrel, is foreign to this controversy. It is wrong for any one to condemn a certain size of beagles just because they are not suited to their locality, or the specimens of that size owned by them were worthless. It should be taken into consideration that the nature of ground and cover should govern the selection of beagles as to size, for most any one will admit that the larger beagle is preferable in a rough country with heavy cover. It must also be remembered that worthless specimens exist in all breeds and sizes of dogs, no one, therefore, is warranted in making his condemnation general in its application as "Sedge" has done.

My experience with the small beagles will not bear out the assertions made by "Sedge." I find them true on the trail, making by far fewer losses than the larger beages, owing to their comparative slowness on the trail. The large beagle with their naturally increased speed will, as a rule, overrun all doubles, and so much so that a great deal of time is lost thereby, whereas the small beagles coming to a double with far less speed, will quickly discover it and almost turn with the double, "Sedge" to the contrary notwithstanding. My preference is for a twelve or thirteen-inch beagle. I do not desire or look for great speed in a beagle, in fact, I would not keep a fast one, although for hunting without a gun where the rabbit is run down, they are undoubtedly the dog; but this is not my idea, neither of the dog nor of the way of hunting rabbits. I love to listen to the musical tongue of the merry little hounds, and would rather topple over a rabbit with a well directed shot, then to pick up the mangled remains of one caught by fast hounds.

Oftentimes during the past autumn have I stood with gun resting in my arms and listened to the music of three of my favorites as they slowly but surely brought a rabbit back from hence they had started him from its "form." Oftentimes I would perceive the rabbit, ere it came within the reach of my gun, sitting upon its haunches, listening to the hounds in the rear, and seemingly enjoying the music. As the dogs burst from the brush, which had so far hidden them from my view, the rabbit skips away rather lively, and as I look upon my dogs with nose close to ground and

"With ears that sweep away the morning dew,"

and their cries prolonged and exultant, almost making me forget the rabbit, who is now almost beyond gun shot or in the bushes out of sight, but quickly turning and catching sight of his white tail I venture a snap shot, and walking up there lays my game, and just as my little hounds come up I pick up my rabbit and stow him away in my capacious game pockets, and giving my dogs, who are anxious to mouth the game, a few friendly pats while we are making for another place they are again ready to repeat the performance.

Such is my ideal of rabbit hunting and of the dogs best adapted to this sport; but remember, I do not condemn other sizes. Different localities require different sizes, according to the nature of the country, nevertheless the size I advocate I think will be found a good average, a compromise so to say. Give the small beagles a place in your kennel and they will win a place in the hearts of your family; you cannot deny to them your friendship, their large lustrous eyes are always pleading for your love.

I hope N. Elmore, "Rusticus," "Briar," and others will give us their views. A. C. KRUEGER.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., March 9.

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—At the meeting held in January last, at Madison Square Garden, for the purpose of taking steps to form a fox-terrier club, a temporary committee was appointed for the purpose of drafting constitution and by-laws and a standard. This committee having completed their work, a meeting of the club will be held to consider it. It is probable that the standard of the English Fox-Terrier Club will be adopted. A call has been issued to those interested, which reads as follows: "March 30, 1885. Dear Sir—At the call of Mr. Edward Kelly, Chairman of the preliminary meeting held at Madison Square Garden, in January last, having in hand the formation of an American Fox-Terrier Club, I hereby notify you that a meeting for organization will be held at Delmonico's, Twenty-sixth street and Broadway, New York City, on the evening of April 7, 1885, at 9 o'clock; at which meeting the temporary committee will submit for approval and adoption, the rules and standard of the English Fox-Terrier Club, modified to suit our American requirements.—A. E. GODEFFROY, Sec. pro tem. P. S.—Communications will please be addressed to the Hon. Chairman, Edward Kelly, Esq., 185 Fifth avenue, New York city.



MR. FRANK WINDOHLZ'S BLUE BELTON ENGLISH SETTER DOG "ROCKINGHAM."
Winner of First Prize in Open Class for English Setters, New Haven, 1885.

ROCKINGHAM.

WE give an illustration this week of the English setter dog Rockingham, winner of first and also special for the best setter at the New Haven show. Rockingham was whelped April 27, 1882, and is by Belthus (champion Rock—Meg) out of Greenbank's Bess. He is a very handsome blue belton of good size, and capitally put together. He is registered in the E.K.C.S.B. as Winder, No. 13,697, and won third in sporting puppies at Sheffield, Eng., April, 1883. His name was changed to Rockingham, under which name he has won in England second at Hull; first, Doncaster; first, Filey; first, Todmorden; first, Barnsley; first, Dundee; first, West Bromwich, and first and cup at Fylde. He has beat Young Rock III. and Osman VI., the first and second prize winners at the late Crystal Palace Show. The sketch is by Mr. A. W. Roberts. It was made from a photograph, and is a good likeness of the dog.

"LILLIBULERO'S" LITTLE JOKE.—When a joke is so obscure that it has not only to be pointed out, but taken by the scruff of the neck and hauled from its lurking place to be exhibited to the world and its fun descanted on, it is safe to call it an outcast of the family, and its flavor is found to be that of very flat fourpenny. I have no such reason for disinterring "Lillibulero's" little joke on the Crown Prince pedigree case. It is not dead, has not been buried, and it is not stale, but bright, sparkling, fresh, and frisky as a bottle of Bass's East India pale. In FOREST AND STREAM—which paper "Lillibulero" is making very popular in England, especially in the offices of the *Field* and *Live Stock Journal*—the writer says of the Crown Prince controversy: "It is dead against the club; though there has been *more wool* and less cry, it has not saved the *Cook* a roasting." The italics are mine, and represent the surgical operation necessary to get the joke into the heads of my countrymen. Of course other readers of the *Stock Keeper* need no such aid.—*Corsincon, in Stock Keeper.*

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S MAY DOG SHOW.—The Industrial Art Hall, where the Philadelphia Kennel Club's May show will be held, is a very roomy building, and can accommodate 750 dogs comfortably. A measurement of the two rooms, which are adjoining, gives 145x98 feet, and 70x60 feet. It is proposed to have the large classes benched in the main hall and the toys in the smaller room. A lot next to the building will be secured for exercising the animals, and every effort is to be made to make the show the most successful ever held in this city. The premium list, which will be out to-morrow, will show that larger money prizes are offered than any yet published in addition to the club's handsome medal. Mr. Diffenderfer, who has been made superintendent, was asked last week to judge in Cincinnati, but as the date of the latter show will fall at about the time of closing of our entries, he has been obliged to decline.—HOMO.

A CARD FROM "WILDFOWLER."—London, March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Kent says: "Mr. Clement has kept both dog and money and will not reply to several letters which I have written him." Mr. Kent is wrong throughout. To begin with, your paper reached here on Wednesday, the 11th, and (1) his dog had been sent on Saturday, the 7th, per Grecian Monarch. (2) Several letters written to him have been returned to me marked "Dead." I inclose one.—L. CLEMENT ("Wildfowler"), editor of *Shooting Times.* [The envelope accompanying the above was addressed to "F. Kent, Esq., Monticello Kennels, New York, America," and was returned to writer. The first London postmark is Dec. 24, 1884, and it was received at New York post-office, Jan. 3, 1885.]

POINTER LOST.—Stanton, Mich., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to ask the readers of your valuable paper to be on the lookout for a stray pointer. Last December he was shipped to Chattanooga, Tenn., to be trained, and about an hour before the trainer called for him he escaped from the kennel in the city and has not been recovered, although diligent search has been made and a reward offered. He is liver and white, evenly marked with large patches of liver on sides and one at set on of tail. Has white nose, with white strip between the eyes, but not extending over top of head; carries his tail rather high and slightly curved, and answers to the name of Rival. He is by Croxteth out of Countess Rival, and a very valuable dog. Any information leading to his recovery will be liberally rewarded.—W. J. PERCIVAL.

THE PIERCE DISQUALIFICATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not agree with your interpretation of the powers of superintendent in regard to the disqualification of Mr. Pierce. He certainly was not authorized to go behind the rules, and had he ruled adversely to any exhibitor, said exhibitor would have appealed to managers. If Mr. Lincoln accepted Mr. Pierce's entry knowing that he was not the owner of Reeta, he violated the rules governing the kennel prize. I claim that Mr. Pierce won the kennel prize through misrepresentation, and that upon the facts concerning her ownership being brought before the managers, they were bound, in justice to other exhibitors and the public, to take action in the matter.—WM. H. CHILD (Philadelphia, March 28).

CHALLENGE.—Mr. Tallman's challenge is accepted, and I am ready to show Rockingham against Foreman for $100, the sum named by Mr. Tallman. But I would prefer the match to be for $500 a side, and I hope Mr. Tallman will increase the amount. I am quite willing that Plantagenet should figure in the race. The affair can be settled at the New York Show. But Rockingham will not compete in the regular class. If Mr. Tallman will name his judge and deposit a forfeit with some reputable paper he will hear from me at once.—F. WINDHOLZ (New York, March 31, 1885).

BREEDING OF BEAUFORT.—Marion, Ala., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will Mr. Chas. H. Mason please correct his entry in the *American Kennel Register* concerning Beaufort? He was bred by me and sold to Mr. Nixon, of Leesburg, Va., from whom I suppose Mr. Mason got him.—W. W. LEGARE.

NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW CATALOGUES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Catalogues of the late show of the New Haven Kennel Club will be sent free to any one sending stamped and addressed newspaper wrapper to the New Haven Kennel Club, Box 657, New Haven, Conn.—E. S. PORTER, Sec.

A BIG DOG HOAX.—Monticello, March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The large dog said to belong to Daniel Lounsbury, of Hurleyville, this county, is all a hoax. Mr. Lounsbury has no dog at all. The letter was written by a college student home on a vacation, for a take off on Mr. Lounsbury.—C. F. KENT.

FOX-TERRIER SALE.—Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd had their third annual sale of fox-terriers at the American Horse Exchange, New York, on Saturday. Sixteen were sold. The prices, except in two or three instances, were not satisfactory.

THE BERGHUND has gone to join the dugong.

WHAT IS A COCKER?—This is the cliff of granite upon which cocker breeders have been clawing with their finger nails for the past tenth of a century, and still no advance has been made. At the coming St. Louis show they will have two standards, that of the American Cocker Spaniel Club and that of the International Cocker Spaniel Association. However, the old-time cocker "must go;" in fact, he is going, as any one may see who attends bench shows. It is simply a question of supply and demand. The public does not want the old-time cocker, consequently the old-time cocker's dog day has passed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Especially if the "Porcupine's" points happen to be dog points.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES have been crowded out.

WHICH best serves the interest of exhibitors, an impartial description of the animals shown, or garbled statements of facts and totally unreliable criticism?

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Garry. By Wm. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for red Irish terrier dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1884, by Garryowen (Paddy II.—Erin) out of Aileen (Jack—Kitty).

Judy. By Wm. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for red Irish terrier bitch, whelped April 3, 1884, by Pluck (A.K.R. 197) out of Sheila (A.K.R. 137).

Marie Obo. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 21, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Gem (A.K.R. 1312).

Limber, Listner and Lounger. By Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., for indigo blue Byron foxhound dogs, whelped March 13, 1885, by Brodnax's Speck out of Lucy (Rouse—Old Bet).

Lavish, Lightning and Logan. By Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., for indigo blue Byron foxhounds, age not given, by Rector (Spot—Trouble) out of Brodnax's Sellie.

Sport First. By Homer B. Soverin, East Berkshire, Vt., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 13, 1884, by Flute M (A.K.R. 1990) out of Pride (A.K.R. 1995).

Fidus Achates. By J. E. Decker, Newark, N. J., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by Bon Ton (A.K.R. 1436) out of his Mattie May.

Duke, Victor, Cupid, Flirt and Fairy. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for pugs, whelped March 4, 1885, by Napoleon (A.K.R. 2037) out of Beauty (A.K.R. 1860).

Draco. By Miss E. R. Packard, Dorchester, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 25, 1885, by Dash III. out of Ravenswood Kennels' Nellie Dale.

Duke. By C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., for Gordon setter dog, age not given, by Duke out of Maud.

Grouse. By C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., for Gordon setter dog, age not given, by Tone out of Juno.

PRIOR CLAIM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that the Blackstone Kennels claim the name of Paragon for a black, white and tan setter dog. I hope they will change it, as I claimed it some time ago and it is registered in the A. K. R.—CHAS. E. WALTON (Montgomery Ala., March 16).

Beaufort II., Beaufort Gem, Beaufort's Lad, Joe Beaufort, Ned Beaufort, Dashing Beaufort, Rapid Beaufort, May Beaufort, Mabel Beaufort and Lady Beaufort. By Joseph R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., for pointers, whelped Jan. 1. 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Nelly Bird (Harry—Nell).

Glen Lass and Glen Ada. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for white, with lemon ears, and black and white English setter bitches, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99).

Hamlet, Hotspur and Lotta. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for lemon and white and lemon belton English setter dogs and black and white bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1884, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of Fairy Lass (A.K.R. 36).

Dame Buck. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Madam Llewellin (Rake—Rocksie).

Soudan. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 25, 1884, by Druid (Prince—Dora) out of Ruby (Fred I.—Rhoebe).

Count Rush and Bessie Noble. By H. Pape, Hoboken, N. J., for blue belton English setter dog and black and white bitch, whelped May 3, 1884, by Count Noble out of his Lady May (A.K.R. 1371).

Brigadier. By N. Palmer, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 29, 1883, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Daisy instead of Coulson's Lillie, as it was published Feb. 26.

Madam Petrel. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 25, 1884, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel).

Stormy Petrel. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 25, 1884, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel).

Countess Wind'em. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 25, 1884, by Roderick II. (Roderick—Norna) out of Jennie (Carlowitz—Rose).

Bruce R. By J. E. Radford, Hyde Park, Mass., for white and orange English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Madam Llewellin (Rake—Rocksie).

El Mahdi. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Oct. 29, 1884, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of their Petrel II. (A.K.R. 2063).

Cecil Glen. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Leah II.

Critobo. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Critic (A.K.R. 333)

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Margery—Otho. James Watson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Margery to Fred W. Rothera's Otho (Rollo—Lady Abbess), Feb. 6.

Fannie Faust—Ranger Croxteth. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Fannie Faust (Faust—Minnetonka) to his Ranger Croxteth (Croxteth—Royal Fan), March 20.

White Lilly—Ranger Croxteth. C. W. Stewart's pointer bitch White Lilly to Ranger Croxteth (Croxteth—Royal Fan), March 19

Trusty Gladstone—Ted Llew Win. Geo. Jarvis's (New York) English setter bitch Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550) to Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), March 21.

Lea C.—Dick Laverack. P. M. Commayere's (New Orleans, La.) English setter bitch Lea C. (Spot—Queen) to champion Dick Laverack (Thunder—Peeress), March 11.

Cremorne—Don. John E. Gill's (Franklin, Pa.) pointer bitch Cremorne (A.K.R. 164) to R. T. Vandevort's Don (A.K.R. 165), March 23.

Arrow—Icicle. R. T. Vandevort's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) pointer bitch Arrow (Bow—Sleaford's Maid) to his Icicle (A.K.R. 82), March 25.

Bessie A.—Paul Gladstone. J. M. Avent's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) English setter bitch Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armida) to Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavolette), March 12.

Nannie—Brockenhurst Joe. Monmouth Kennels' (Long Branch, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Nannie (A.K.R. 2197) to Brockenhurst Joe (Belgrave Joe—Tricksey), March 12.

Daisy Blossom—Dinks. Malcolm McLane's (Hopedale, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Daisy Blossom (A.K.R. 375) to J. F. Hartwell's Dinks (A.K.R. 1077), March 9.

Rusk—Rake. C. M. Hammond's (Lakeport, Cal.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rusk (A.K.R. 144) to Gard. G. Hammond's Rake (A.K.R. 141), March 1.

Rue—Bang Bang. Bayard Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) pointer bitch Rue (A.K.R. 401) to the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), March 25.

Gaily—Royal Ranger. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Gaily (E.K.C.S.B. 9,131) to his Royal Ranger (Royal—Novel), March 19.

Mottle—Ringwood. N. Elmore's beagle bitch Mottle (Ringwood—Maida) to his Ringwood), Feb. 2.

Chase—King. N. Elmore's beagle bitch Chase (Ringwood—Winnie) to his King (Victor—Lucy), Feb. 25.

Mollie—Emperor Fred. R. B. Penn's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Mollie to E. A. Herzberg's Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 33).

Countess Wind'em—Foreman. D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s (Newburyport, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess Wind'em (Roderick II.—Jennie) to champion Foreman, March 12.

Matchless—Plantagenet. Frank Thurlo's (Newburyport, Mass.) English setter bitch Matchless (Roderick II.—Jennie) to champion Plantagenet.

Frou Frou—Sambo. Samuel S. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch Frou Frou (George—May) to his Sambo (A.K.R. 572), March 10.

Bellona—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Bellona (A.K.R. 304) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Feb. 9.

Rose—Sensation. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Rose (A.K.R. 214) to their champion Sensation (A.K.R. 217), Feb. 23.

Maida—Tramp. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Maida to their Tramp (Sensation—Psyche), Feb. 25.

Zuba—Beaufort. Fred F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zuba (A.K.R. 1359) to C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), March 12.

Daisy Blossom—Dinks. M. McLane's (Hopedale, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Daisy Blossom (A.K.R. 375) to Dinks (A.K.R. 1077), March 9.

Lill—Bang Bang. H. R. Kelly's pointer bitch Lill (Sensation—Grace) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Feb. 14.

Fable—Bang Bang. Mr. Van Wyck's pointer bitch Fable (Bow—King's Maid) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), March 11.

Lou—Guy. Elliot Smith's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Lou to L. H. Livingston's Guy, Feb. 10.

Rosalie—Sensation. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Rosalie (Bang Bang—Rose) to their champion Sensation (A.K.R. 217), Feb. 28.

Luckystone—Sensation. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory—Moonstone) to their champion Sensation (A.K.R. 217), March 4.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lassie. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) collie bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 445), March 14, ten, by his Lorne (A.K.R. 440); five dogs and one bitch living.

Lucy. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Lucy (Rouse—Old Bett), March 13, three dogs, by Brodnax's Speck.

Bonnie Doon. W. H. Drane's (Clarksville, Tenn.) pointer bitch Bonnie Doon (Bow—Beulah), Feb. 19, seven (four dogs), by Theo. Schwartz, Jr.'s, imported Don (Dodge—Doxey).

Pet Berwyn. Walter B. Peck's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Druid), March 23, nine (four dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' champion Foreman.

Lavelette. Rancocas Kennel's (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Lavelette (Druid—Princess Draco), March 21, eight (five dogs), by champion Gladstone (Dan—Petrel); four lemon and white dogs, the rest black, white and tan.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Heather Lass. Gordon setter bitch, 3yrs. old (champion Jock—Gypsie), by Dan O'Shea, London, Ont., to Merrimack Kennels, Boston, Mass.

Newton Abbott Lady. Chestnut and tan field spaniel bitch, 2½yrs. old (Bend Or—Ladybird), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Forester II. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, 3yrs. old (Ringwood—Roxey), by Dan O'Shea, London, Ont., to Merrimack Kennels, Boston, Mass.

Gyp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, 21mos. old (Racket—Fly), by E. J. Perkins, Meriden, Conn., to N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Bon Ton. Orange and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 1436), by Dr. A. McCollom, New York, to Wm. H. Moller, same place.

Rosa S. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1075), by H. Sturtevant, Medina, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Norah. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 379), by John Smithers, Berwick, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Quiver. Bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 1890), by J. P. Stinson, Leavenworth, Kan., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Saxon. Bull-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1703), by J. P. Stinson, Leavenworte, Kan., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa,

Maud. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 1768), by C. F. Wilson, Palmyra, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Esme. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 25, 1884 (Priam—Novice), by Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Geo. L. Wetmore, Fredericton, N. B.

Sis. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, age and pedigree not given, by A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me.

Sport. White and tan foxhound dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1881, by L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., to Chas. Jones, Welchville, Me.

Rem and Ross. Beagle dogs (A.K.R. 2115 and 2116), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Chas. Davol, Warren, R. I.

Romaine. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 38), by F. J. Mills to G. T. Wells, Boston, Mass.

Duke. Pug dog, whelped March 5, 1885 (Napoleon, A.K.R. 2037—Beauty, A.K.R. 1360), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to I. J. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

Victor. Pug dog, whelped March 4, 1885 (Napoleon, A.K.R. 2037—Beauty, A.K.R. 1360), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to F. H. Hurd, Bridgeport, Conn.

Frolic. Pug dog, whelped Jan. 3, 1885 (Napoleon, A.K.R. 2037—Daisy II., 1361), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to W. F. Peet, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bon Ton—Mattie May whelps. Pointers, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by J. E. Decker, Newark, N. J., a liver and white and an orange and white dog to F. A. Sinclair, Mottville, N. Y.; a liver and white dog to Dr. A. McCollom, New York; a liver and white dog to S. H. Post, New York; a liver and white dog to Wm. Martin, Newark, N. J.; an orange and white dog to O. Willigend, Orange, N. J., and an orange and white bith to Thos. Brabson, Newark, N. J.

Sport First. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 23, 1884 (Flute M., A.K.R. 1990—Pride, A.K.R. 1995), by O. H. Mossman, Barton, Vt., to Homer B. Soverin, East Berkshire, Vt.

Miss Georgie D. Pug bitch (A.K.R. 1803), by Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., to H. Oelerich, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sammie D. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1805), by Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., to Miss May Mauri, same place.

Melissa. Black, white and tan setter bitch, age and pedigree not given, by John Overman, Cincinnati, O., to Geo. H. Hill, Maderia, O.

Rutledge (A.K.R. 1860)—Madam Juno (A.K.R. 1853) whelps. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 12, 1885, by Chas. S. Davol, Warren, R. I., to M. Jacobs, Providence, R. I.

Young Coin. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 10, 1884 (Royal Coin—Countess Mora), by W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., to C. F. A. Eddy, Greenfield, Mass.

King of Delaware. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given (Dashing Monarch—Vannette), by R. M. Brown, Jr., Amherst Court House, Va., to W. H. Colquit, Richmond, Va.

Princess Blossom. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given (Dashing Rover—Princess Rose), by R. M. Brown, Jr., Amherst Court House, Va., to W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.

Flute—Belle whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to A. Belmont Purdy, Hempstead, L. I.

Flute—Lucy whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped June 27, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to A. Belmont Purdy, Hempstead, L. I.

Ringwood—Thorn whelps. Beagles, whelped Dec. 12, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a dog to Wm. A. Leonard, Vergennes, Vt., and a dog to John Ingham, Westerley, R. I.

Barney—Jessie whelps. Red Irish terriers, two dogs and three bitches, whelped July 11, 1884, by Robert Hume, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Zoo. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1846), by E. Butters, Lynn, Mass., to Chas. W. Nutting, same place.

Rowell. Italian greyhound dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1884 (Silk Socks—Zelpha), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Dr. M. F. Young, Littleton, N. H.

Flute—Victress whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped June 13, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to L. D. Spaulding, Lewisville, Pa.

Queen Maud. English setter bitch, 4yrs. old (Racket—Kelp), by Highland Kennels, Ashfield, Mass., to F. B. Walker, Ashland, Ky.

Saxon. White bull terrier dog (A.K.R. 1703), by J. P. Stinson, Leavenworth, Kan., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Quiver. White bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 1890), by J. P. Stinson, Leavenworth, Kan., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Norah. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 379), by J. A. Smithers, Berwick, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Zora S. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1075), by H. Sturtevant, Medina, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rugby. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 3, 1882 (Rocket—Belle), by J. G. Hedman, Allentown, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady. Imported fox terrier bitch, whelped 1881 (Trap—Peg), by Robert Hume, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Whist. White and lemon fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 12, 1884 (Pincher—Fancy), by Robert Hume, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank. Liver English setter dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1883 (Don, A.K.R. 421—Lady Bislow, A.K.R. 605), by H. J. Bennett, Trenton, N. J., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vic. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given (Acho—Lady Helen), by C. H. Dayton, Peekskill, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wyn. Fox-terrier dog, whelped May 12, 1884 (Pincher—Fancy), by Robert Hume, Orange Court House, Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Count Blanc. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1884 (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight), by H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., to Wm. H. Cowan, Baltimore, Md.

Joker, Jr.—Viola whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, age not given, by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y.

Lorne. Blue and white English setter dog, age not given (London —May), by J. W. Humpidge, London, Ont., to J. S. Waring, Watkins, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. T., Ithaca, N. Y.—I have a black and tan eight years old, who is troubled by a cough that seems to be caused by a swelling of the glands of the throat. His appetite is good and bowels seem regular, but he is in poor flesh. Sometimes the swelling on one side seems much larger than at others, but he does not cough or retch more at such time than when not so much enlarged. Does not expectorate any phlegm, but acts as if it were present. What is the cause and what the remedy? Ans. Probably your dog has indolent enlargement of the lymph glands in the neck. They press upon the nerves going to the larynx and so cause the cough. Give your dog fifteen grains of iodide of potash in syrup of sarsaparilla. Your druggist will make it up so that a tablespoontul will contain fifteen grains of the potash. Give this dose night and morning. Feed on nourishing diet; milk, soups, some cooked meat.

H. N. V., Charlestown, W. Va.—I have a pointer puppy. He is ruptured at the navel. I have put a bandage on to keep it up, but as soon as I remove the bandage, the rupture comes down again. Can it be treated surgically? Ans. Yes, the dog can be cured by having the rupture returned and the edges of the opening sewed together, and by then keeping the animal absolutely quiet until firm adhesions have taken place. It would be a delicate operation, but in all probability successful.

DESICCATED MEAT, a new food article for dogs and puppies, is advertised in this issue. Dog owners should give it a trial.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

SINGLE MILITARY SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was pleased to learn from your last issue that Dr. Skinner had interested himself in the improvement of our present very defective military rear sight. I think that the difference of opinion existing between us on the question of verniers is to be accounted for by the different standpoints from which we view the subject. His efforts have apparently been directed to the production of a special sight—the intention being to educate the men up to its use. While my idea has been to make a sight so simple as to be understood by the rank and file, and to furnish it with all the refinements possible without sacrifile, and to furnish it with all the refinements possible without sacrifiling this to my mind) necessary simplicity. Perhaps the Doctor's estimate of the intelligence of the average soldier is too high—possibly mine is too low. Be that as it may, after having thought the matter over, I have concluded that it is not necessary to preclude the use of verniers, and I would substitute for that sentence the following: This would require that the sight be graduated like the springfield—every 100yds. of range being very distinctly marked, and having intermediate divisions for every 50yds., or if thought desirable, for every 25yds. A vernier scale may be used, provided it is so placed that it cannot be confused with the simple scale mentioned above. An elevating screw may also be employed, provided that it does not interfere with the rapid adjustment of the sight required in Section 3 of my previous letter. I think this last provision should be insisted on

It has been one of my least pleasant duties, in a professional way, to break in a score or more of green rodmen on various surveys. These men were usually of more than average intelligence, and several had received more or less college training. In other words, they were far more capable of learning the use of the vernier than the average soldier or militiaman. Yet I found these men generally difficult to teach, and very liable to forget what they had learned, if at all out of practice, while they all were liable to error if hurried.

Dr. Skinner's suggestion for the position of the spirit level is a good one for the old Remington sight, but I think it would hardly be found practicable on the new one. The distance between the uprights is much less, and even this limited space is partly occupied by the elevating screw. Another objection that occurs to me is that the sight would have to be lengthened to get the necessary elevation for the long ranges, thus sacrificing compactness.

Again, in criticising my 3d condition, Dr. Skinner says: "And in the case of sharpshooters firing at 1,000 to 1,200yds. and be attacked by skirmishers at 100 or 200yds., the vernier could be thrown down, bringing an open sight into view elevated for 150yds." Undoubtedly a sight could be made that way, but at present they are not.

If Dr. Skinner refers to the Remington, as I suppose, and the vernier was "thrown down, bringing the open sight into view," it would be found to be elevated for at least 450yds., even supposing the bubble to be removed.

My idea of what a military sight should be is about as follows: Retaining the Remington base and wind-gauge, the essential features are shown in the accompanying sketch.

FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

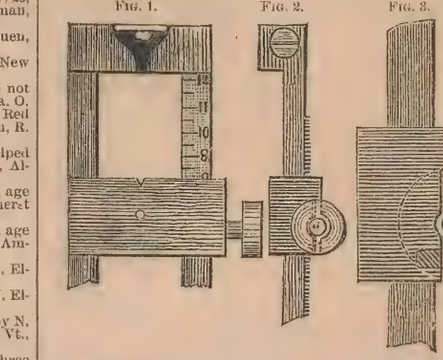


Fig. 1 shows a rear elevation of the leaf. The right side is graduated like the Springfield. The sliding bar is provided with a notch in addition to the aperture.

The notch is to be used in connection with the graduated scale already mentioned, in the usual manner.

The left side of the leaf and sliding bar are cut with a vernier scale similar and similarly placed to the Remington.

The simple scale being in plain view will be the one instinctively used by the inexperienced at all times, and by experts also when it is a question of rapid firing. The sliding bar is moved by a rack and pinion.

The pinion is secured to the sliding bar by a split bearing, as shown in Fig. 3. The depth to which the teeth of the pinion engage those of the rack is regulated by a set screw. For field service the screw is loosened, as shown in the sketch, and as the teeth engage lightly, the sliding bar can be shifted by hand in the usual manner. When used for target practice only, the screw may be tightened, giving any desired stiffness of motion. The pinion may be removed altogether at the discretion of the company commander.

If the sliding bar is made to move smoothly on the upright—yet with sufficient stiffness to retain its position—I think all screw adjustments can be dispensed with, as with a little practice the bar can be readily set to 1-100th of an inch by hand. I have constructed a model with a vernier scale but without an elevating screw, and find no difficulty in setting it to any desired position. I hope others will agree with me in the belief that the elevating screw is not essential, as, though we wish to attain the utmost proficiency possible, we must not sacrifice simplicity. If the rifle is to be used much above 1,000yds., the elevations can probably be best obtained from an auxiliary vernier sight on the heel, similar to that of the long-range rifle. This sight might fold forward into a recess in the stock and be covered by a metal slide like that closing the receiver of the Winchester rifle.

The top of the leaf is made slightly heavier than is usual, and is drilled out to receive the spirit level, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. the hole being closed by a screw plug. The spirit level in this position is entirely out of the way and is thoroughly protected. It is also well illuminated, so that it can be seen distinctly. It may be objected that it is at quite a distance from the aperture, but this objection applies most strongly at the shorter ranges, where its use is not of so much importance. As the range and the necessity for the level increase the space is shortened.

If the level were placed on the base of the sight, as has been proposed, the reverse would be the case.

The spirit level in its proposed position can be seen so much more clearly than as at present used, that I think the slight disadvantage in distance would be more than counterbalanced. JAMES DUANE,

NEW YORK.

BLUNT'S RIFLE MANUAL.

THE new work, for the use of the regular army, upon rifle shooting, prepared by Capt. Stanhope E. Blunt, of the Ordnance Department, is now issued and in the hands of officers in the various departments. It is a compact little manual, got up in regular code shape, and is as full of valuable information as an egg is of meat. Capt. Blunt is one of the best-informed officers of the army on the topics treated of in the manual, and no better selection as author could have been made. The work was needed by the army. Col. Laidley's little volume had an unfortunate experience, but Capt. Blunt, while accepting and acknowledging hints from many quarters, has subjected everything to the test of experience, and the manual really presents the record of his range work for several years past.

In his introduction, Capt. Blunt gives the correspondence which explains the origin of the volume. This, in fact, is at once a confession of the backwardness of the army on this point and of the efforts made within the past few years to remove this conspicuous blot on the force. The work appears to have been prepared with due deliberation and every precaution taken to remove any possible error. The manuscript, after preparation by the author, was most carefully revised by him in company with Lieuts. Manning and Wallace, and its approval was one of the last official acts of Secretary Lincoln.

It is well arranged and illustrated. Each paragraph throughout the work is numbered, so it is possible to at once refer to the remarks upon any particular point. The plates, which have been specially engraved for the work, are clear and distinct, and are so prepared as to stand for working drawings upon target building and range planning. The opening chapters are given up to a consideration of the course of instruction, giving the duties of officers in sighting drills, position and aiming drills, and upon gallery or armory practice. The soldier is then taken to the range, and several chapters are given to the details of individual practice, with suggestions for riflemen. The various sorts of firing are taken up, including skirmish firing, volley and file work and practice at moving targets. The targets of various sorts, with ample illustrations, take up another chapter. Ranges and their plans take up yet another valuable chapter, while marking and scoring are clearly defined. Competition firing, with some valuable hints on the management of teams, is followed by explicit directions on the making up of reports to the War Department of the results of the regular practice at the various posts of the army. Estimating distance by pacing, sight and sound is described and hints given toward proficiency in this very valuable part of a soldier's duty. A scientific chapter upon the motion of bullets, the variations in the trajectory and the effects of atmospheric conditions upon that trajectory adds much to the value of the book, while in a series of appendices appear directions for pistol firing, for reloading cartridges, with tables of fire and blank forms for the return of scores and the keeping of individual records.

It will be seen from this brief synopsis that the work is something more than a mere set of rules for the guidance of the soldier. It is rather intended for such intelligent riflemen who wish to know the why and wherefore of their art, and while no space is wasted in mere conjecture upon any of the many disputed points of small-arm practice, yet each assertion or direction either grows naturally out of the subject as presented or the reason is explicitly stated. The new targets adopted for the army appear with dimensions clearly given. Several paragraphs are devoted to a sort of apology for the change from the old circular divisions, and to us they rather weaken than strengthen the stand taken by those who brought about the

change. It is as yet an open question which sort of target is, all points considered, the most just and fair. The rifleman certainly aims at a particular point, and any departure from that point ought to bring a corresponding penalty on the score sheet. To a duellist, of course, line shots are everything, and shots of good elevation but away from the center of little value, so he needs a special target because he has special work to do. The soldier, to a large extent, looks at his work from the same standpoint, but the best marksman is he who gets nearest the exact point aimed at, and every enlargement of the bullseye in actual area only takes away from the value of the scores as recorded. The strong measurement with modifications is after all the most scientific, as it is the most just in competitive work, and any departure from it is on the ground of expediency, and this alone would justify the use of the new army target. Typographically the book is capital, errors of print are few and far between, and the compactness of the volume ought to find it a corner in many a shooter's outfit. While it is nominally issued as a book of "Instructions in Rifle and Carbine Firing for the U. S. Army," it has much that makes it valuable to the civilian shot, and it is to-day the best and most comprehensive of the works issued on the subject from American authors.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 28.—The interest in rifle shooting is increasing in this city, if the large attendance of shooters at the Rod and Gun Rifle Club's range at Lake Lookout to-day is any criterion. Five of the eight members of the team who are to shoot the Fast Day match with the Pittsburgh, Pa., Club, turned out for practice, the target used was the American decimal, the first time the target has ever been used on this range, and it somewhat bothered the marksmen at first, even Captain W. Milton Farrow not coming any where near his average in the first string, but the shooting of the captain and also that of David in the ten shot sweepstakes was something out of the usual and was watched with great interest by the shooters present. Below will be found their scores for comparison on the American decimal. The regular Massachusetts target as used by this club and the Creedmoor target. Practice match same conditions as the match with the Pittsburgh three sighting and twenty scoring shots. The scores were:

David....	6	7	8	8	7	9	4	7	7	10	9	9	10	8	7	7	7	9	9	9—157
Field	6	4	7	7	8	8	7	8	5	2	6	9	10	10	7	8	9	10	5	2—144
Gassener	9	8	8	7	9	9	6	6	2	8	7	7	8	6	4	7	10	7	8	1—137
Knox....	9	8	9	3	7	8	8	4	2	9	9	5	8	9	10	7	2	5	5	8—135
Farrow..	4	9	5	8	9	8	8	3	9	10	3	3	7	9	8	6	7	6	6	5—133
Allen....	7	9	5	5	6	2	7	6	3	0	10	7	6	5	8	7	5	9	9	7—123
Stephens.	7	10	11	5	4	1	6	10	3	0	10	4	0	1	7	9	5	9	9	6—110
Bullard..	7	7	1	4	7	0	4	8	0	0	9	9	9	7	8	0	6	8	6	8—108
C'wright	0	7	9	9	6	4	10	2	2	7	8	1	2	5	5	10	2	3	1	0— 93
Hindley .	0	9	9	1	8	4	5	9	6	10	2	8	5	2	8	7	0	2	4	0— 89

The sweepstakes was a very interesting and exciting match between Captain Farrow and Mr. David. The two best scores are given for comparison on the Massachusetts and Creedmoor targets:

J David	10	7	7	8	10	10	7	10	10	10—89
Capt Farrow	9	8	10	9	6	9	9	10	8	10—88
E S Field	2	8	10	3	9	8	8	10	10	9—77
J Allen	5	0	8	8	10	7	10	6	7	8—69
E T Stephens	8	9	7	4	9	7	8	9	0	0—63
T T Cartwright	5	2	9	4	9	9	2	4	3	6—53

Massachusetts Target.

J David	12	10	10	12	12	10	12	12	12	12	12—112
Capt Farrow	11	10	12	10	9	11	11	12	10	12	12—108

Creedmoor Target.

Capt Farrow	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—47
J David	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—49

The several rifles used during the day were as follows:
J. David—Ballard, .38-cal., 50grs. powder, 330grs. lead, patched.
Field—Bullard, .38-cal., 30grs. powder, 180grs. lead, grooved.
Gassener—Maynard, .32-cal., 35grs. powder, 165grs, lead, patched.
Knox—Maynard, .32-cal., 35grs, powder, 165grs, lead, patched.
Farrow—Farrow, .32-cal., 35grs. powder, 185grs. lead, patched.
Allen—Maynard, .40-cal., 60grs. powder, 285grs, lead, patched.
Stephens—Ballard, .38 cal., 50grs. powder, 255grs. lead, patched.
Bullard—Bullard, .38-cal., 45grs. powder, 300grs. lead, grooved.
Cartwright—Ballard, .38-cal., 50grs. powder, 330grs. lead, grooved.
Hindley—Bullard, 40-cal., 50grs. powder, 300grs. lead, grooved.

BOSTON, March 28.—There was a very fair attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill to-day. The light was good, but the wind was a little puffy and variable, shifting from 8 to 12 o'clock. The rest match was closed, and the winners are given below. March 18 a team of the Minneapolis Rifle Club shot on their range with a team of six men, and March 21 a team of six of the Massachusetts Rifle Association shot against them. Each club mailed its score, and it now appears that the Western men beat their opponents by a score of 411 to 395; the home club has challenged them again and is to shoot another match. There is a match on hand with the Springfield Armory team, and as the range will be open Fast Day, Thursday next, the match will be shot then. The following are all the scores to-day:

Creedmoor Match.

B G Warren (B)	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
N F Tufts (B)	5	1	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4—44
H Davidson (A mil)	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
F Cummings (A mil)	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	3—37

Decimal Match.

B G Warren	6	10	9	8	10	10	5	5	4	8	8—75
E B Soutner	10	10	7	6	8	7	5	6	7	8	8—74
J P Bates	7	7	9	5	7	9	5	8	4	9	9—70
C Allen	5	7	6	8	10	5	10	8	6	3	6—68
J Brush	8	5	9	10	6	3	8	6	3	8	8—66

Victory Match.

W Charles	7	8	9	7	10	10	10	9	8	4	—82
J B Fellows	6	9	8	8	9	10	6	10	5	7	—78
R Reed	7	9	8	7	6	9	9	10	6	6	—77
J N Frye	6	8	9	9	7	7	6	8	9	8	—70
A L Brackett	5	9	7	4	6	6	5	5	6	5	—68

Rest Match.

S Wilder	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	—97
B G Warren	10	8	10	10	10	6	9	10	10	9	—96
D Kirkwood	8	9	10	7	10	10	10	10	6	10	—93
D James	8	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	8	—92

Team match, 10 shots, Massachusetts target—Captain Davis' team: D. Kirkwood 77, W. Charles 71, J. P. Bates 70, A. Lowe 70, A. L. Brackett 61, R. Davis 57, J. Brush 43; total 499. Captain Reed's team: J. B. Fellows 81, R. Reed 71, C. B. Edwards 66, B. G. Warren 66, J. N. Frye 65, N. F. Tufts 53, L. Littlejohn 43; total 445.

Prize Winners' Rest Match.

J Francis....	96	96	96	95	95	—478	H Cushing	96	95	94	93	91—469
L Wilder.....	97	93	95	93	87	—475	H Severance ..	93	90	87	87	86—443
B G Warren...	91	92	95	96	96	—471						

The scores of the match with the Western club stood:

Minneapolis Rifle Association.

C Mandlin	8	9	10	5	10	8	9	8	10	10	—87
G Harrison	8	8	8	10	7	3	5	5	9	10	—73
C M Skinner	0	9	7	4	7	7	9	9	8	8	—68
C Weeks	7	6	8	7	7	6	9	5	4	7	—65
A L Mahaffy	6	7	7	7	4	9	8	6	5	5	—64
I N Hoblit	6	8	4	3	4	6	4	4	5	10	—54—411

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

R Reed	8	9	6	8	9	4	7	8	7	10	—76
H Severance	8	1	5	7	6	7	8	7	8	9	—66
W Charles	5	5	5	5	9	7	9	5	5	10	—65
J B Fellows	5	8	5	4	7	5	7	9	9	5	—64
R Davis	5	6	6	10	6	9	5	8	5	8	—63
B G Warren	3	4	6	7	5	6	8	6	8	8	—61—395

WORCESTER, March 26.—To-day was the last of the winter series of meets at Pine Grove Range, under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association. The Massachusetts target was used, with a possible 120. The best scores were as follows:

M G Fuller	10	10	11	11	11	9	12	11	10	10	—106
John N. Morse, Jr	10	10	11	10	10	10	11	11	10	12	—105
S Clark	12	11	11	11	10	7	10	11	12	10	—15
S Burton	12	8	11	11	11	11	9	12	9	10	—104
M C Joyce	11	9	12	10	8	11	11	10	10	12	—104
Moses Carter	11	11	10	11	11	10	10	8	8	12	—102

The results of the winter series and the prize winners are as follows:

M G Fuller	109	108	107	107	106—537+30—567
Leighton Thomas	109	105	105	105	104—528—34—562
C A Allen	107	107	105	105	104—528—34—562
S Clark	109	107	105	104	105—530—29—559
S Smith	109	105	103	107	104—527—23—550
A C White	111	109	109	109	108—546+ 0—546

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 28.—The fine weather conditions brought out several marksmen to day to compete in the Creedmoor 200yds. prize match at the range of the Lawrence Rifle Club in Riverside Grove. The snow which has heretofore made good sighting difficult, had almost entirely disappeared, and the gentle wind that was blowing from from 3 o'clock quarter caused but little trouble for the bullseye seekers. The following scores were the leading ones made:

A W Howland	4545555553—47	J O Mason	4545455445—44
O M Jewell	4534055547—42	T O West	4455545544—44
J Merrill	4555455445—46	W A Arthur	5444445545—43
W O Webber	4444551555—45	P N Howe	4444545535—41
O T Wilson	4545454515—45	M Williams (mil)	3444344444—38

NEWARK, N. J.—The first match in the series of three between the Essex Club of Newark and the Bullshead Club of New York, was shot at the range of the latteron March 24, and resulted in favor of the Essex by thirteen points, as follows: Essex Club—Coppersmith 113, Germayne 113, Watts 111, Lake 111, Meisel 115, McCullum 114, Cooper 112, Welters 112, Sneller 111, Neil 112, total 1,124. Bullshead Club—Zimmerman 116, Gunther 110, Holzman 109, Schutz 108, Rein 115, Steinbeck 107, Doneer 114, Scheinder 110, Roos 107, Lober 115, total1, 111. The return match will be shot on the Essex range.

RIFLE WING-SHOOTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue "Wing Shot" says he hopes some one will kindly and charitably answer his interrogatories relative to Mr. Otto C. Wilkins's with a .44 Kennedy magazine rifle, breaking 479 out of 500 glass-balls, from a Bogardus trap, 6yds. rise. Mr. Wilkins performed this feat on May 4, 1880, in this place, in the presence of more than 100 reliable citizens, all of whom will attest it. He also accomplished it under most trying circumstances. The trap spring not being good, threw the balls very irregularly, some going 20ft., others not over 10ft. high, and a great portion of the balls being blue and thrown against a blue sky, caused several misses. As referee, I ruled against him several balls claimed to be hit, giving him none except those broken plainly in the air. After the ball shooting was over, Mr. W. shot silver quarters, dimes, three cent pieces, lead pencils, dice, and other objects thrown in the air by persons in the crowd, rarely making a miss. He did all this with single, solid bullets, the balls being ordinary size and part of those our club were using. At the time I was almost a stranger to Mr. W., and was chosen as referee on account of being President of the Franklin Sportsmen's Club.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

THE first Interstate Shotgun Wing Shooting Tournament, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, will be held at the Fair Grounds, Springfield, O., May 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1885.

All matches to be shot under the rules of the National Gun Association. Matches open to members only. Besides the main 5 traps, two additional sets of traps will be constantly at the disposal of the shooters, where the entrance fee will be $2 and $1 respectively.

A special prize, $100, will be donated by the National Gun Association for the best general average scores in Matches No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, designated the consolidated contest. For the first best average $40, for the second best average $30, for the second poorest average $20, for the poorest average $10.

FIRST DAY.

Match No. 1.—Individual handicap sweepstake, 7 single clay-pigeons, entrance $5.

Match No. 2.—Individual handicap sweepstake, 7 single clay-pigeons, entrance $5; guaranteed prizes—First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 3.—Individual handicap, 7 single live pigeons, entrance $5; guaranteed prizes—First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 4.—Individual handicap, 5 pairs double clay-pigeons, entrance $5; guaranteed prizes—First $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 5.—Twin team handicap, open to any team of two, each member to shoot 5 singles, entrance $10; guaranteed prizes—First $60, second $40, third $30, fourth $20.

SECOND DAY.

Match No. 6.—Individual handicap, 7 single clay-pigeons, entrance $5, guaranteed prizes, first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 7.—Individual handicap, 7 single live pigeons, entrance $5, guaranteed prizes, first $40; second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 8.—Individual handicap, 25 single clay-pigeons, entrance $10, guaranteed prizes, first $80, second $60, third $40, fourth $20.

Match No. 9.—Inter-state club team championship, sweepstake open to any club team of three, all being residents of the same State, 10 single clay-pigeons, 5 pair doubles, entrance $15 per team, three purses, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Match No. 10.—Miss and out sweepstake, entrance $2.

THIRD DAY.

Match No. 11.—Individual handicap, 7 single clay-pigeons, entrance $5, prizes guaranteed, first $40, second $30, third $20, fourth $10.

Match No. 12.—Individual handicap, 5 single live pigeons, 2 pairs doubles, entrance $7, guaranteed prizes, first $50, second $40, third $30, fourth $10.

Match No. 13.—Prize, the diamond badge or $250, 10 single clay-pigeons, 5 pair doubles, entrance $10, guaranteed prize to the best individual score. The diamond badge (intrinsic value $200), won by C. M. Stark, of Exeter, N. H., at the first International clay-pigeon tournament, Chicago, Ill., May, 1884, presented for redemption, and won by B. Tiepel, of Covington, Ky., at the second International clay-pigeon tournament, New Orleans, La., February, 1885. Should said badge not be presented for redemption at the time of this match, the association guarantees the first prize to be $250 cash. The association further guarantees to redeem said badge from present winner for $250 cash within one year from date.

Match No. 14.—Non-winners individual handicap, 7 single clay-pigeons, entrance $5, guaranteed prizes, first $30, second $20, third $15, fourth $10.

FOURTH DAY.

Match No. 15.—The "Bogardus Cup" championship match, official scores of which will also be accepted for the competition of the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's prizes. Conditions: 50 single clay-pigeons and 25 pairs double clay-pigeons. The singles only will be shot to-day, the doubles to-morrow, entrance $5. Guaranteed prize, first, the "Bogardus Cup" and $25; second, third, fourth, each $10; balance to "Cup fund" and the Association. The cup shall be again submitted for competition under similar conditions at each tournament of the Association during the years 1885–6. The winner making the maximum scores in said years, shall be entitled to hold the cup subject to challenge as set forth below. Final ties between winners at successive tournaments shall be decided at time and place indicated by the Association. After the final inter-state tournament of 1886, the cup shall be held subject to challenge under the following

Rules: 1. The final winner of the cup shall give a satisfactory guarantee to Captain A. H. Bogardus for the safety thereof, in the shape of a responsible surety. 2. The winner shall pledge himself to shoot any challenger, for a sum not less than $100 a side, within two months of the date of said challenge, under penalty of forfeiting said cup. 3. Any party challenging the holder of this cup shall make a deposit of $50, as a forfeit for a match of $100 a side, in the hands of the secretary of the National Gun Association, to be covered by the challenged party with an equal amount. The balance of the money, $50 a side, shall be deposited in the same hands three days before the match is shot; the match then becomes "play or pay." In case the holder not complying with the foregoing conditions, he shall forfeit the cup to the party challenging. 4. Every contestant for this cup shall pledge himself to contend for the same under the trap-shooting rules of the National Gun Association, and make all necessary arrangements and furnish the clay-pigeons. Each party to pay half the expenses of the same, and if gate money be charged it shall be divided equally. 5. All matches for this cup shall be at 100 single and 50 double each. 6. The holder of this cup shall name the place where the same shall be contested for. 7. If the party holds this cup for two years against all comers it shall become his personal property. 8. Where practical so to do, the match shall be shot under the auspices of the National Gun Association, at the place and time designated by the latter.

Match No. 16.—Individual handicap, seven single clay-pigeons, entrance $5. Guaranteed prize: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10.

Match No. 17.—Non-winners handicap, five single clay pigeons, entrance $5. Guaranteed prize: First, $40; second, $30; third $15; fourth, $10.

FIFTH DAY.

Match No. 15.—Continued for the Bogardus Cup and the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's prizes.

Match No. 18.—Individual handicap, seven single live pigeons, entrance $5. Guaranteed prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10.

Match No. 19.—Individual handicap, three pairs live pigeons, entrance $5. Guaranteed prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10.

Match No. 20.—Non-winners handicap, five single live pigeons, entrance $5. Guaranteed prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus will undertake daily, at 4 P. M., to break 300 Ligowsky clay-pigeons, thrown from 5 traps, within 20 minutes. He will use three different guns, viz.: 10-gauge, 9½ pounds; 12-gauge, 7½ pounds; 20-gauge, 5½ pounds.

An Interstate tournament, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, will be held in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 5 to 10, 1885, where all the ties for the Chamberlin Company's prizes will be finally decided.

First international tournament, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, Washington, D. C., May, 1886.

WELLAND, March 24.—The Ritter, Rodger and Bell pigeon shoot for $300 is unavoidably postponed for a later date not yet fixed.

CLEVELAND, O., March 12.—The tenth regular contest for the championship badge of Cuyahoga county, took place this afternoon at the Cleveland Gun Club Park, East Cleveland, with an excellent attendance. An early wind blew across the traps and drove the balls down so as to make good score especially impossible. The work was, as usual, under the badge rules at 50 glass balls, from 5 traps chosen by lot at 18yds. rise. The badge is shot for every 4 months, and any member of a shooting club in good standing in Cuyahoga county is eligible to enter the contest. Being won three times consecutively, it becomes the personal property of the possessor. C. A. Calhoun, of the Cleveland Club, had won it in the two contests preceding yesterday's, but failed to score the third victory. Mr. George Randerson was referee, and the score stood: C. E. Calhoun, 39; E. Alger, 41; C. M. Roof, 42; George Newbury, 39; W. H. Polhamus, 35; C. F. Wheal, 42; R. E. Sheldon, 38; Dan Powers, 42; Walter Neff, 42. There have been ten contests for the badge, and the winners have been as follows: D. C. Powers, Clevelands; John Prechtel, Kirtlands; C. M. Roof, Kirtlands; J. J. Wightman, Clevelands; C. A. Calhoun, Clevelands; R. E. Sheldon, Clevelands; R. E. Sheldon, Clevelands; C. A. Calhoun, Clevelands; C. A. Calhoun, Clevelands; C. M. Roof, Kirtlands. There will be no more contests for the badge under the present rules. Instead of glass-balls Peoria blackbirds or clay-pigeons will be used in future, and the entrance fee reduced from $5 to a lower figure so as to make competition less expensive. The amendments are wise.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 28.—The Neptune Gun Club held their challenge match with the West End Gun Club of Long Branch, the conditions of the match being 9 men on each side, 10 clay-pigeons each, 21yds., the losing team to pay for the pigeons and a dinner. The match was won by the West End Club by 4 birds:

West End Club.		Neptune Gun Club.	
W Goodman	1111101111—9	Wm Kelsey	0111110011—7
W Green	1111111111—10	T Emmons	1111111111—10
C Murray	1110111111—9	A L Clayton	1111111111—10
W W Campbell	1111111111—10	A Johnes	1101111111—9
F Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Wm Applegate	1110111110—8
P Daley	0111111111—9	D Robbins	1111111111—10
E Tabor	1111111111—9	M J Boyce	1111111111—10
C Morris	1011111111—9	A Newman	0110111111—8
C Sexton	1111011111—9—85	I O Rogers	0111111111—9—81

Judges, C. Borden and O. Pitcher. Referee, W. C. Price.

THOMASTON, Conn., March 24.—At a meeting of the Empire Gun Club, of Thomaston, this evening, a committee was instructed to improve Bridgemoor Range by placing an awning over the firing point and substituting sliding for swing targets. Also, a committee presented a schedule of cash prizes for our annual tournament on or about the middle of May. The aggregate is nearly $200, with $60 for the first, $45 for the second, etc. A constitution and by-laws were also presented by a committee and accepted by the club. Voted to hold the opening shoot of the season April 3 (Fast Day).

The clay-pigeon shoot to-day stood:

E Berkeley	1111001011—7	Alby	1011100101—6
Bissell	1100011111—7	Dr. Berkeley	0110101101—6
Crowder	1101011101—7	Wegner	1000011101—4
Cushing	0011111011—7		

Ties for silver medal, miss and out: Ayres 0, Cooke 1, Whittle 1, Wayman 7.

CLINTON, Mass., March 24.—There was a field day at the range of the Clinton Sportsmens' Club to-day, and a large delegation was present from Worcester. There was some sweepstake shooting, but the principal event was a team match between Worcester and Clinton, there were two men on a side, each with a possible total of 50. The individual score of each man and the number of balls broken was as follows:

Worcester Team.

H W Webber	1111111100111111111111111101111111011111111111011—45	
W S Brown	1111111111010111111111111111011111111111111111110—44	
		89

Clinton Team.

G A Sampson	1111111101111101111111111101111101111111111101010—42	
J B Parker	1111011111101111111110111101010111111111101011111110—42	
		84

NEWMARKET, Ont., March 24.—Following is the score of the clay-pigeon match between the gun clubs of Newmarket and Aurora, today, 15 birds per man: Aurora—J. Wells 10, G. Wilkinson 11, J. Moseley 15, R. Wells 9, Sweezey 11, J. Coltham 10, E. Coltham 7, Total 73. Newmarket—T Brown 13, A. T. Doan 14, A. E. Roe 12, C. C. Norris 12, W. H. Nelson 12, H. Harxey 6, T. Ratcliffe 11. Total 80.

WELLINGTON, March 28.—Trap-shooters were numerous at the range of the Malden Gun Club to-day. The following events took place: 1. Five black birds—Hanford and Parkhurst divided first. 2. Five black birds—Shaffer. Parkhurst and Loring divided first. 3. Five black birds—Scott first. 4. Three pair double Polock birds—Field, Dennis and Parker divided first. 5. Five black birds—Schaffer, Loring and Snow divided first. 6. Merchandise match, five black birds—Snow and Adams divided first. 7. Five clay-pigeons—Schaffer first. 8. Three pair black birds—Loring and Parker divided first. 9. Five clay-pigeons—Schaffer and Parker divided first. 10. Merchandise match, five black birds—Loring first. 11. Five black birds—Schaffer, Loring and Dennett divided first. 12. Schaffer first.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The match set down for April 2 between Capt. Bogardus, the famous shot, and Mr. Andrew Meaders, of Nashville, will be at 200 clay-pigeons for $250 a side. Meaders is the champion of this section of the country, and bets were offered that he would beat Bogardus in New Orleans. His failure to do so, however, has not cooled the ardor of his admirers. This match has served to awaken local pride, and to a certain extent, a general rivalry among Nashville shots, and steps are being taken for the organization of a gun club. An active interest has awakend in the move, and there appears no reason to doubt the successful organization of the club. There are several matches among local shots talked of, and the probabilities are that another month or six weeks will find the gun club fairly under way, when some good sport will be witnessed, for Nashville can boast a number of excellent shots, both at clay-pigeons as well as live birds.

CLINTON, Mass., March 24.—At the range of the Clinton Club today, the event was the team shoot between H. W. Webber and W. L. Brown of Worcester, and G. A. Sampson and J. B. Parker of Clinton. The contest was for 100 glass balls to a side, or 50 to a man, and was by the Worcester team by a score of 89 to 84. After the team shooting the afternoon was passed in sweepstake shooting. The score of the team match stood: Brown 44, Webber 45, total 89; Sampson 42, Parker 42, total 84.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—The following additional gentlemen have lately joined the Association: Chas. E. Chase, Mansfield, Mass.; C. G. Sunergren, Boston, Mass.; C. C. Fleming, Nashville, Tenn.; W. D. Kimball, Clarendon, Tex.; S. H. Brown, Richburg, N. Y.; W. W. Curtin, Richburg, N. Y.; E. R. Curtin, Richburg, N. Y.; W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.; A. D. Cairncross, Amboy, Ill.; Charles Tatham, New York city; Geo. W. Wade, New York city; C. J. Curry, New York city; Z. Stamm, Allentown, N. Y.; J. Fay, Allentown, N. Y.; L. D. Strayer, Allentown, N. Y.; R. E. Chetwood, Elizabeth, N. J.; J. J. Phelps, New Haven, Conn.; Chas. Richards, New York city; C. N. Brown, Fenton, Mich. Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O., has been elected president of the Association for the ensuing year.—F. O. BISHOP, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS.—The Neophyte Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: C. W. Kellogg, President; C. O. Dean, Vice-President; Edgar Chaplin, Treasuser; W. W. Haskell, Secretary. In future the club matches will be held at Bird's Point, every second Saturday in the month.... The annual election of the officers of the Alameda Sportsmen's Club took place March 15, with the following result: H. A. Mayhew, President; W. E. Miller, Vice-President; C. R. Yates, Secretary; W. D. Heaton, Treasurer. Board of Directors—F. B. Norton, A. F. Adams, R. E. Bell and the President and Vice-President ex-officio. The club has eighty-five members, and it is in prosperous circumstances.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for the coming year: Dr. George V. Hudson, President; John Glaccum, First Vice-President; John Measel, Second Vice-President; Patrick Keenan, Financial Secretary; Martin L. Biggane, Recording Secretary; Richard Regan, Treasurer. The club was organized in March, 1882. We are in a very good condition, both numerically and financially. It is the only Irish gun club in the country. We have one shoot every two months, at which we have three prizes, a gold medal, $10 gold piece and silver medal.—M. L. B.

THE spring meeting of the Philadelphia Gun Club is fixed for April 16 and 17.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—All who would foster "The Gun" as a healthy outdoor sport are invited to join the National Gun Association, organized New Orleans, Feb. 10, 1885. Incorporated Covington, Ky., March 4, 1885. Membership fee $5. Annual dues $1. Life membership $25. A series of Inter-State and International tournaments, open to members only, will be announced shortly, the first at Springfield, Ohio, prizes $2,000 guaranteed, May 5 to 9. Handbook with full details, constitution, trap shooting rules, etc., price 10 cents. Dr. L. E. Russell, President, Springfield, Ohio; Fred. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1,292 Cincinnati, Ohio; J. E. Bloom, General Manager and Treasurer, Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

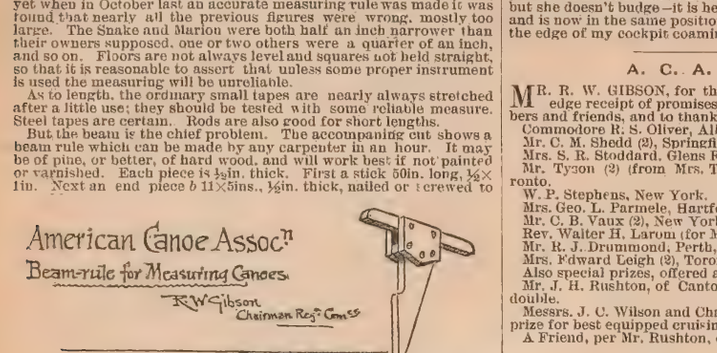
April 7—Toledo C. C. Camp-fire, "Racing and Rules."
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

MEASURING CANOES.

IT is not so simple an affair as it at first appears to measure the beam of a canoe, especially one built with slight tumble home and with rounded, projecting beading. The Mohican canoes had all been measured (some more than once) with squares and rules and sticks, not to mention the catalogue dimensions of this or that model; yet when in October last an accurate measuring rule was made it was found that nearly all the previous figures were wrong, mostly too large. The Snake and Marion were both half an inch narrower than their owners supposed, one or two others were a quarter of an inch, and so on. Floors are not always level and squares not held straight, so that it is reasonable to assert that unless some proper instrument is used the measuring will be unreliable.

As to length, the ordinary small tapes are nearly always stretched after a little use; they should be tested with some reliable measure. Steel tapes are certain. Rods are also good for short lengths.

But the beam is the chief problem. The accompaning cut shows a beam rule which can be made by any carpenter in an hour. It may be of pine, or better, of hard wood, and will work best if not painted or varnished. Each piece is ½in. thick. First a stick 50in. long, ½×1in. Next an end piece *b* 11×5ins., ½in. thick, nailed or screwed to



lower edge of stick. One inch from top cut out a notch ½in. down and 1in. in as shown on drawing, to allow the beading of various sized boats to keep clear of the rule. Taper off the back edge for appearance and handiness. Next take an exactly similar piece to make the sliding end *c*. Take also a piece of ½×1in. same as the stick, and two side clamping pieces each 5×5in., and ½in. thick, put together with screws as indicated so as to leave a space ½×1in., through which the stick will slide. The accuracy of the rule depends upon the exact squareness with which these ends stand upon the stick; the long head to the sliding piece is intended to insure this remaining square. A pin through the end of stick prevents the slide coming off. The scale of inches can best be done with an ordinary pencil, as it makes a cleaner, neater line than paint or ink. Figure every second inch at least, and from 24 to the end fill in shorter lines (not shown on cut) for ½ins.

The diagram shows the rule laid on a 30-inch canoe. The slide must be moved up until it touches the planking (not bead) just as a shoemakers rule is used on the foot. The widest part of a canoe must be found by experiment, and on some craft where the greatest beam is close under the bead, the rule must be lifted a little so that the lower end of notch reaches the under edge of beading. The rule will be made more complete if the class limits are figured on its reverse side and top as indicated on diagram over the elevation of rule. On reverse side draw lines at 26ins., 28ins., and 30ins. The interval is the Class II. limits, 15ft.; the next, Class III. and beyond that Class IV., the length for the latter classes being 16ft. On the top edge of stick a line drawn at 28ins. will show the limits of Class A, the length, 16ft., being noted there too. At 28½ins. a line marks the beam, which in Class B entitles a canoe to 17ft. length. For every eighth of an inch which the vessel exceeds this, the length must be reduced 1in. Armed with this instrument the measurer will be able to classify his fleet with a minimum of calculation and a maximum of certainty. The scale of inches, however, is the chief thing to be relied upon; the other marks can well be dispensed with by using the revised Rule I. schedule of dimensions.

A. C. A. MEASURERS.

IN sending the following circular the imperfect lists and addresses at command will occasion failure to reach some clubs. Will all such please consider this publication of the letter as addressed to them and reply accordingly:

To the Canoe Club:

GENTLEMEN—The A. C. A. regatta committee have agreed that the official measurers for 1885 may be appointed immediately, one from each club, so that classification of the fleet may be done in good season. Please refer to Revised Sailing Regulations, Rule III., and note to Rule II. published in FOREST AND STREAM March 26.

If you wish to take advantage of this arrangement and will recommend to me a competent member of the club and A. C. A. for A. C. A. measurer I will send him the necessary blanks.

ROBERT W. GIBSON, Chairman Regatta Committee.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 27.

A CANOE CLUB AT NEWBURGH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting held March 25, 1885, the canoeists and amateur boating men of this vicinity, formed an organization under the name of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association. We start with 20 active members owning 18 craft of various kinds, including 8 canoes. Of our members 7 are members of the A. C. A.

The following-named officers were elected, viz.: Commodore, Wm. E. Bartlett; Vice-Commodore, Jas. T. Van Dalfsen; Captain, Nate S. Smith; Purser, Henry A. Harrison.

The club signal is a pointed burgee, white field with a "Dockrat" rampant in black upon it. HENRY A. HARRISON, Purser.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., March 28.

MISSISSIPPI MUD.

IN his forthcoming book, "The Cruise of the Aurora," Commodore Neidé relates a funny time they had on the occasion of their first acquaintance with Mississippi mud:

"Pulling my rubber shoes on over my canvas slippers, I threw aside the tent flap and stepped out hurriedly. Had the weather been cold I could have sworn that it was ice that caused my feet to fly out from under me so quickly and brought my helpless body into such violent contact with the coaming of the canoe. But I learned better the moment I attempted to gather myself up, for my feet were held so fast that with all the force I could muster I could scarcely move them from the tenacious clay into which they had slot. Barnacle was enjoying my predicament; he had been in the same fix a few moments before, and now stood about ten feet from me, his feet hidden from sight beneath the clay and water. The rain had converted the smooth, hard clay bank into a deep bed of a soft, mortar like consistency, in which it was almost impossible to move about. Everything was smeared with the vile grayish clay. My overshoes, being a size too large for my slippers, had been left where my feet first struck, and I was moving about in the clay up to my ankles. By using much caution I reached the water's edge, and succeeded in scraping off some of the slimy mud. Every time I lifted my feet I brought up with them a great weight of the river bottom that clung to the shoes until I set them down, when it would give me the sensation of falling as it yielded to my weight. I managed to get the tent unfastened from the forward part of the canoe, but was unable to reach the stern, owing to the deep decline of the bank, a slip on which would have shot me into the boiling waters.

"A short distance below us we could make out what appeared to be a sandy point, and to this we decided to go and prepare our morning meal. I fished my overshoes out of the depths with the end of my paddle, and piled them, mud and all, on the deck; then getting my feet well braced, I pushed the Aurora with all my might, but she would not budge an inch. I couldn't even rock her from side to side. I looked back of me to see how Barnacle was making out. There he stood ankle deep in the mud, his hands and clothing smeared full of the gritless clay. He had been no more successful than I, and protested that he 'couldn't get his canoe off, and would have to wait until a rise in the river floated her.' I prepared to make one more attempt to float the Aurora, and placing the mainmast under my feet, I got a low hold on the canoe, and then gave a lift that caused my back to ache for days after. Away she went, down the slippery bank and plunged into the water. But where was I? Stretched at full length on my stomach in the nasty, glutinous mass. Words fail me with which to describe my feelings or appearance as I finally gave up all hope of ever appearing like myself again. Barnacle sees me in this humiliating position, but for a wonder, doesn't laugh; he is too mad for that—you couldn't provoke a smile on his angular features with one of the funniest of funny sayings. I went to his assistance, and we seized hold of the Comfort and swung her around so that she might be slid down the same incline which the Aurora had left clear. As I am fishing the mast out of the mire Barnacle takes the stern painter of his canoe in hand and gives her a haul with all his might; but she doesn't budge—it is her skipper that makes a sudden move and is now in the same position that I was a short time back. On the edge of my cockpit coaming I laugh until my sides ache."

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.

MR. R. W. GIBSON, for the Regatta Committee, begs to acknowledge receipt of promises of prize flags from the following members and friends, and to thank them for their kind support:

Commodore R. S. Oliver, Albany.
Mr. C. M. Shedd (2), Springfield.
Mrs. S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls.
Mr. Tyson (2) (from Mrs. Tyson and Miss Kate L. Johnston), Toronto.
W. P. Stephens, New York.
Mrs. Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford.
Mr. C. B. Vaux (2), New York.
Rev. Walter H. Larom (for Miss Ida Larom), Stafford Springs, Conn.
Mr. R. J. Drummond, Perth, Canada.
Mrs. Edward Leigh (2), Toronto.

Also special prizes, offered as follows:

Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., paddles, for single blade vs. double.

Messrs. J. C. Wilson and Chas. Remington, of Watertown, N. Y., a prize for best equipped cruising canoe.

A Friend, per Mr. Rushton, one prize.

A LOCAL MEET IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a special meeting of the Deseronto C. C., held March 20, it was resolved "that this club invite the members of Canadian canoe clubs to hold their spring meet in the vicinity of Deseronto, and that cordial invitations be hereby extended to as many of our American brethren as can join us at that time."

We have many choice spots in our immediate vicinity for camping. They are easy of access either by the Grand Trunk Railway or by steamer from Kingston, Ont. We will arrange for a suitable site for the camp, plentiful supply of firewood, lay out the sailing and paddling courses, and arrange for meals to be furnished at the camp for 25 cents each. Prizes, given by our friends and members of this club, will be awarded for competition in sailing and paddling.

Notice of time and length of the proposed meet will be duly given.

E. C. FRENCH, Purser D. C. C.

ROCHESTER C. C.—Following the custom, the Rochester C. C. early in the year inaugurated a series of weekly camp fires, which have been well attended. To add to the inducements a lodge of "Knights of the Paddle" has been organized, consisting of three degrees, with appropriate ritual and initiatory ceremonies. Rear Commodore Andrews, A. C. A., has sold his Springfield model and is having a new canoe built, and two canoes are being built for members of the club. The Remus Club has consolidated with the Rochester C. C., bringing up the membership to twenty-eight. It was proposed to hold a local meet for Buffalo, Warren, Pittsburgh and Rochester, at Chautauqua Lake late in May, but the scheme is off, business engagements of members of the Warren Club, who were pushing and fathering the affair, preventing.—M. A.

NAUTILUS B. C.—A regular meeting of the members of the Nautilus Boat Club, was held at Messrs. Dieters, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of March 26, 1885, and the following officers duly elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry F. Waring; Vice-President, George Hewlett; Secretary, Thomas F. Crean; Treasurer, Henry W. Schede; Captain, Prof. J. Douglas Andrews; First Lieutenant, Albert S. Oswald; Second Lieutenant, Walter Edwards; Coxswain, A. Hillman. This club is having erected along the Bay Ridge shore a new and beautiful boat house, to replace the old and somewhat dilapidated one now occupied by it, its greatly increased membership also rendering the old house unfit for use. The Nautilus promises to become one of the leading boat clubs of Brooklyn.

DESERONTO C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Deseronto C. C. held its second annual meeting on March 13. Last year's officers were re-elected and are as follows: F. S. Rathbun, Captain; George Clinton, M.D., Mate; E. C. French, Pruser. The club contemplates building a large boat house this spring for the accommodation of canoes and boats belonging to members. This will meet a long-felt want here. The enthusiasm prevalent at the meeting was much enhanced by the presentation by Captain Rathbun of a handsome cup to be raced for once a month by canoes only. Several new canoes have been ordered. Four members are overhauling their canoes thoroughly, putting in the most modern appliances in the way of sails, centerboards and rudders.—E. C. FRENCH, Purser D. C. C.

LALOO.—A canoe on the model of the Laloo, illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM some time since, is being built by an amateur in Michigan. This is the first canoe of the Laloo model in our waters.

FREAK.—This canoe will retain a 3-inch keel for cruising, the Childs board being only used for racing. The air tanks put in last season will be removed.

PERSONAL.—Com. Munger, Chicago C. C., is now cruising down the San Juan River in Central America, in his canoe Gitana.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

April 2—Mosquito Fleet, City Point.
April 22—Annual Meeting N. E. Y. R. A., Parker House, Boston, 8 P.M.
April 25—Pacific Y. C., Opening Day.
May 2—San Francisco Y. C., Opening Day.
May 25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 16—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Pequtucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 11—Hull Y. C., First Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.

YACHTBUILDING IN BOSTON.

A GLANCE at a map of Boston harbor and the adjacent waters shows a succession of little bays, which with the open water near at hand offer every facility to the yachtsman, plenty of good harbors and anchorages, with good racing courses and cruising grounds within easy reach. Probably no other point on our coasts offers such advantages to the yachtsman, both in the way of natural facilities and club privileges. Within the city limits are half a dozen yacht clubs, while within a radius of a few miles, and distant less than an hour in time, are as many more, Quincy, Lynn, Dorchester, Marblehead, with its beautiful harbor, Salem, Beverly, Hull, Nahant, all of which places are favorite resorts for yachts large and small. Of course the various fleets are seen to best advantage in the summer, but a visit now, when all are hauled out, is still more instructive. At various points along shore, in East and South Boston, as well as the other places mentioned, large numbers of boats are drawn up and covered for the winter.

A ramble among these craft brings to notice several prominent features, the most striking of which is the outside ballast. From the new sloop with her thirty tons of lead down to the little catboat of 12 to 14ft., with a big chunk of cast-iron underneath, all, except the sandbaggers pure and simple, carry a portion, and often a large portion, of their weight outside. Metal keels are the rule in all sizes and classes except the one mentioned, and the weights are increasing also. Adrienne discards eight tons of iron for twenty tons of lead; next to her on the ways is Tempest with five tons of iron added on keel in place of inside, while near by is a steadier of iron going under the steam yacht Athletic. Whether in all cases the great weight outside is an advantage is a question not yet decided, but the absence of any evidence in the shape of a change from outside to inside ballast is an argument in its favor.

Next to the outside ballast the most noticeable feature is the keel. Centerboards are still plenty, but side by side with them is a large fleet of keel boats, mostly of considerable draft, and of the new boats, except the small sandbaggers mentioned and the Burgess sloop, all are keel boats. While the bugbear of draft seems to have a little terror for Eastern yachtsmen, it is accompanied by an absence of depth in the body which goes far to counteract the benefits generally attributed to deep boats. The prevailing type still, in spite of the presence of some genuine cutters, show a high bilge, shoal body, and deep keel outside, giving little headroom; in fact they are almost the deep centerboard model with a huge fin added.

Coupled with this is the third noticeable feature, extreme beam, and the enormities that can be obtained by a combination of width, shoal body and immense draft, must be seen to be believed. Clearly the old heaven of length measurement is still at work in the brains of many yacht designers, and the result is seen in large beamy tubs, requiring an outrageous sail plan and a heavy outlay for ballast, while they attain a minimum of accommodation and speed at a maximum of cost. Draft is of course always a disadvantage and to be decreased as much as practicable. It would seem obvious that the best boat is that in which draft is coupled with depth of body, some of the bulk that is placed in beam being cut off and put lower down, giving suitable headroom in the cabin, an easier form to drive, a better sea boat and a less costly craft to build. The possibilities of an able and roomy boat of 30ft. or under on a draft of 6ft. are unlimited, and yet plenty of craft may be found drawing more water, but requiring a high trunk cabin to give ordinary headroom. When it is once clearly understood by all that the problem is not to produce simply the largest boat on a given length, but to put a given bulk or given sum of money in the shape which will combine comfort, accommodation and speed in the highest degree possible, we may hope for some change in the prevailing models, but such a state of affairs is still far off.

Passing to the actual work in hand of course the new sloop claims first attention. Like the New York boat, Mr. Burgess's sloop bears little resemblance to the old sloops above water, in fact the plumb stem, round, bright bowsprit, straight sheer, high side, and most of all the long overhang of 12ft (her counter being much like that on the cutters of a few years since), all these features, coupled with the double jibs, make her in appearance anything but an ideal sloop. Her designer has turned out a fair and handsome model, the dimensions being 93ft. over all, 80ft. W. L., 23ft. extreme beam, 8ft. 2in. draft, freeboard at bow 6ft. 6in., least freeboard 3ft. 6in., and last of all a lead keel of 30 tons. The centerboard will work through a slot in this keel, and with it down she will draw 18ft. The rig has not been decided on beyond the fact that jib and staysail will be used, the former probably set flying. The total displacement of the boat will be 105 tons. The sheer plan shows a plumb stem, or rounding very slightly above water, like a pilot boat; a forefoot rounding away fairly into a slightly rockered keel, the sternpost being nearly upright. The midship section shows a wide keel with rounded corners, a hollow above the rabbet, above which the floor rises nearly straight until it turns into the bilge, while the topsides flare a little, the width on deck being slightly greater than on waterline.

Messrs. Lawley & Son have the contract to complete the boat by June 10, under a penalty of $1,000, and they are now pushing the work as rapidly as possible. Their building shed has been enlarged, and on Thursday last the first chips came off the keel, a splendid stick of oak 22×22in., ×53ft. On Saturday a portion of the lead keel was cast. The timber for the yacht is nearly all on hand, and no interruptions are probable. The frames will be of oak, double, sided 5in., moulded 8 and 4in., spaced 22in. The bottom will be of white oak, 2¾in., and the topsides of yellow pine, while the deck will be of 2¼in. square white pine. All deck fittings will be of mahogany, and there will be no cabin house. Below she will be plainly finished, her main cabin, 16ft 6in. long, having a sofa on each side. Forward of each sofa is a small sideboard, and aft a locker, while behind is also space curtained off for lockers. Forward of the cabin are four staterooms, two on each side, and a w. c., and aft of the cabin is another stateroom with two berths. Under the floor of the galley are the watertanks, icebox and coal locker. The forecastle will accommodate twelve men. Sails and spars will be ready by the time the boat is launched.

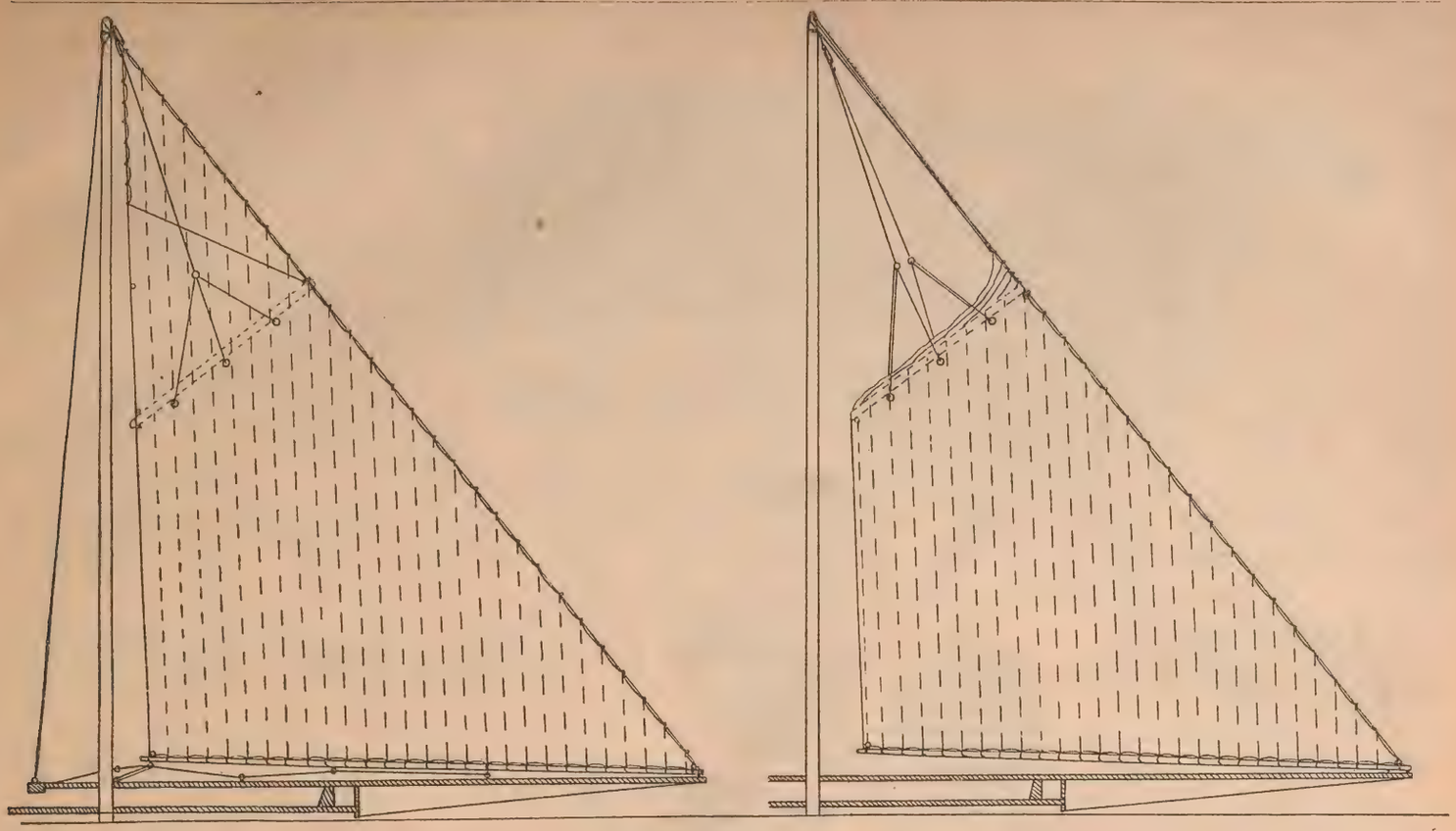
Next to the new sloop, in the same shed, stands the new cutter Moya, before mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, which Lawley & Son have built for Mr. Horace Binney, from designs by Mr. Geo. K. Boutelle. She is a fine example of a moderate beam cruiser, her dimensions being 43ft. over all, 36ft. loadline, 10ft. beam and about 6ft. draft, plumb stem, good rocker to keel, moderate rake to sternpost, and long, light overhang. In the way of room, both below and on deck, she offers all that any one could ask, but while her beam is moderate for Boston, there is plenty of it, and a foot less, making the even four beams, would not lessen her room below and would still leave ample deck room, while improving her model.

From her iron keel of 9½ tons to her elm rail, the construction both in material and workmanship, is excellent, the general finish on deck being specially noticeable. The rail, as stated, is of elm, stanchions of locust, bulwarks and all deck fittings of mahogany, the deck planks being laid straight. An oak partner plank runs fore and aft from the stem to abaft the mast, in which the bitts are stepped, the running bowsprit is over the center of the stem, the gammon iron being a neat forging, with sheave for chain on the side, the spreaders are of wood running through the stem head. The companion and skylight are in one, the latter being fitted on a new plan, with a gutter between the two sashes, forming the ridge piece, this gutter being made from half of a brass tube, semicircular in section. By this means all leakage around the upper portion of the sashes is prevented. Messrs. Lawley are also putting in a new form of companion slide. The outer edges of the sliding hatch project a little outside of the coamings, and each edge is moulded to a quarter round. On the upper edge of the coaming is a quarter round beading, of the same size, the two, when together, making a half round "nosing." A brass tube of suitable size is sawn in half lengthwise, making two semicircular sections, one of which is screwed to each edge of the hatch, its lower portion also clasping the moulding on the coaming. This makes a neat, compact and watertight slide, and it is little liable to jam, as the brass slides easily on the wood and cannot shrink. It is also lower than the usual method. Abaft the companion is a skylight, over the after cabin. Further aft is a cockpit about 15in. deep for the steersman. This cockpit is square, and is without a rail, the crew sitting on deck. Just abaft it is a sail hatch, the sail locker being under and aft of the cockpit.

The companion is quite wide, the ladder, however, being narrower, to give entry to the after stateroom without removing it. On descending, to port and starboard are closets, and running forward of them on each side is a large locker or sofa. At the head of each of these is a small sideboard with several closets. The cabin is long with wide floor and 6ft. headroom. A door in the fore bulkhead on port side, leads to the galley, and in the starboard side of bulkhead is a yacht stove for heating only, while above it is a book case. The entire finish is in cherry. The berths, one over each locker, fold down, swinging up when in use. Below the floors are large copper water tanks. The forecastle is high and roomy, with ice-box, pantry, plate lockers, and coal box, besides room for berth.

Abreast the companion ladder is a door leading to a fine after stateroom, with a large berth on either side, and a. w. c., all being lighted by a skylight. Abaft this is the sail locker and cockpit. The arrangement of space in this yacht is admirable, as the various accommodations are not crowded, and headroom as well as floor space are ample. The main objection to a cockpit in such boats is that it destroys the after cabin; but in this case it does not interfere, while it certainly gives greater accommodations on deck for ladies, a decided advantage in a family boat. The construction is well shown below, in heavy floors, strong clamps and knees, all through fastened. The rig will be full cutter. For those who wish to obtain the main advantages of the cutter with more deck room and initial stability than the narrower boats afford, this is the type of boat, as there is a minimum of waste room, no wide bilges useful only for small stowage, no inaccessible corners in the bow or under an immense cockpit, but the actual bulk is in such a form that all is utilized.

Side by side with the Moya is the Nebula, a visible example of the prevailing worship of beam. This boat, building for Mr. C. W. Jones, former owner of the Lorelei schooner, is 44ft. over all, 35ft. loadline, 12ft. beam, and draws about 6ft. with a keel of 12 tons. In



WHOLE SAIL. REEFING GEAR FOR LARGE JIBS. REEFED SAIL.

general construction and finish she is like the Moya, but in model and arrangement forms a striking contrast. With a plumb stem, over which is a sloop's bowsprit, round below and flat on top, painted black, she is cut away into a rocker similar to Moya, but with a plumb sternpost. Her overhang is not only very long, but wide and heavy in appearance, contrasting poorly with her neighbor's, while the great beam, accompanied by depth, makes her heavy and clumsy to the eye.

On deck is room in abundance, in fact more than is necessary, while the effect to the eye is not pleasing, the boat looking almost as broad as long. Forward is a circular hatch to forecastle, over the main cabin is a large skylight, and abaft is the companion, placed to starboard of the centerline, while on its port side is built a second skylight over the owner's stateroom. The companion is entered from a very large cockpit, with rail of the usual form, the steering gear being in the after part of it. At each side are fixed seats. The steering gear and segment are of composition.

Below the cabin is arranged very curiously, the starboard side having two lockers, one forward of the other, with a folding berth over each. On the port side forward is an ice box of large size, opening into the galley through the bulkhead. Next to it is a closet, then a large buffet, then another closet, then the w. c., abaft which is the owner's stateroom, with several more closets and a large berth. Abaft of stateroom and cabin is the sail room, entered from under the ladder. Closets abound everywhere with a feminine profusion. The forecastle is very large and commodious, but throughout the immense bulk at the disposal of the designer is badly utilized, if not wasted. In some respects she offers more room than her sister near by, but considering their sizes, she cannot compare with her. Her sail area will be 2,500ft., 2,000ft. in lower sails. The mast is 33ft. 6in., deck to hounds; masthead, 6ft.; topmast, fid to truck, 32ft.; boom, 38ft.; gaff, 28ft.; bowsprit, 22ft.; mast from fore side of stem, 14ft. 6in. She will have a staysail set well out on bowsprit, and her bobstay and preventer are both of bar iron.

A comparison of these boats, lying as they now do, side by side, is very interesting, and carries its own evidence to all who examine them carefully. When they have been tried together and when the cost of each is known, a fairer conclusion can be reached, but in all respects, accommodation, performance, cost, the odds will, we think, be strongly in favor of the narrower boat. Both are now ready for launching, and their spars are waiting for them. About the yard are also hauled up the Aliza, Rondina, Fad, Ella May, Zaidée, Tempest, Athlete, White Wing, Adrienne, North Star, and Dream, while the two *Herald* launches, built last year, are also on shore, covered in. One is entirely completed, the other has not received her engines yet.

At the other yard of Lawley's is a keel catboat nearly completed. She is 20ft. on deck, 17ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. beam, 3ft. draft, and carries 1,000 pounds on keel. The cockpit is large, with a low cuddy forward, entered by a sliding hatch. A movable bulkhead door divides it from the cockpit. She will steer with a tiller, which is fitted with a rack to lock it in any position. On deck, just abaft the mast, is a small brass tripod, to which is fitted a gooseneck for the boom and a shackle for the tack. Lawley's are also building several yawl boats for various yachts. Laid up in their yard are a large number of boats; Saracen, Vayu, Columbine, Edna, Tomboy, and many others, all waiting for spring to shed their canvas covers.

Near by, at Hutchins & Pryor's yard, a number of boats are hauled up. They have built this season a boat of the Cruiser type, but of different model, which they will race this year. They are also busy with repairs on a number of other boats.

At Smith's yard both Thetis and Huron are hauled up side by side. The former has had a small piece added to her forefoot, making it about 8in. deeper; otherwise she is the same. Little can be learned about her performances last season, but that little does not argue well for the success of such a combination of beam, depth and weight. This year she will be canvassed and handled in better form, and may astonish all, but a look at her form does not promise any such performance. Inside she has been changed a little. The Huron is really a new boat, being 9ft. longer than before, while she has been entirely rebuilt, only her keel and half a dozen frames amidships being left. Mr. Smith has made an excellent job of the rebuilding, and turned out a strong and shapely vessel. We doubt whether she can even yet hold her own with Bedouin, but she is the best example we have of a large keel sloop. A cockpit has been added, of oval form. Both Huron and Thetis are fitted with the McIlvaine patent slides and skylights, which we will describe later on.

Williams, of City Point, is now busy in his new shop with a small cutter for Pittsburgh parties. At Lawlor's yard, in East Boston, no new work is doing, but he is putting new cabins and stern on the steam yacht Naja, lately purchased by Mr. White.

At Jeffries' Point, Wood Bros. have nearly finished the large keel sloop we described lately. This firm were among the earliest builders of deep boats, and they have turned out the Neva, the famous little Gem, Nyssa, now in New York, and many others. Their latest boat is of the same type, 38ft. over all, 32ft. 6in. waterline, 12ft. beam, with 6ft. 2in. headroom in cabin. Her keel is of iron, 8,800 pounds, and she is very strong, all planks in deck and bottom being in single lengths. She will have a round hatch to forecastle, and a cockpit aft, all of mahogany. Below she will be fitted with icebox, water tanks, lockers, w. c., and all the requisites of a cruising boat. Her rig will be cutter. Messrs. Wood have built her in stock, and she is now for sale. They have also a little sloop for Mr. Underhill, of New York, 27ft. over all, 9ft. beam, 3ft. draft, with 2,600 pounds of lead on her keel. Besides her they are building a gig for the Naja, and a boat of canoe model 19ft. long, while they have completed a steam launch 30ft. long. The late season has delayed fitting out, but with the present weather the boats will soon be afloat. The first race, that of the Mosquito Fleet, takes place to-morrow.

A REEFING GEAR FOR LARGE JIBS.

WITH the jibs carried on the open racing boats and cat amarans reefing is almost impossible, as a man cannot be sent out on the long, light bowsprit, and no satisfactory method of reefing the foot has been devised. Mr. Thos. Fearon, of Yonkers, is now fitting a new reefing device to a catamaran, which works on an entirely different principle, the area being reduced at the top, in the same manner that a topsail is taken in. The jib is laced to a club on the foot, and set on a stay with a halliard in the usual manner. About one-third from the head a batten is run across from luff to leach, and below the batten three or more grommets are placed. Through these grommets slings are rove on each side of the sail. These slings are united and to them a block is hooked. A second halliard is rove through this block and one at the masthead. The downhaul is led from the head of the sail, down the leach a few feet through rings, and then across to the luff, down to bowsprit end and inboard in the usual manner. In hoisting sail both halliards are hauled on at the same time. In reefing, the main halliard (fast to head of sail) is cast off, and the downhaul hauled in, bringing the upper part of the sail down snugly on the batten, where it rests in the slings. By this reef the area is quickly and effectually reduced, and full sail can instantly be made again. Mr. Fearon has also a new mode of rigging the jib sheet, shown in the sketch, by which the foot is trimmed down very flat.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream;

Yachtsmen and canoeists in this vicinity are looking forward to a very lively season, as new boats are being designed and built by several local builders.

Mr. Wm. C. Blodgett has just completed an 18ft. sloop for himself, and two canoes for members of the Whitehall C. C. One of the latter is built on the lines of the Jap, which Mr. E. W. West sailed at the A. C. A. meet last summer.

Mr. Blodgett will soon lay the keel for a 20ft. steam launch for a member of the club.

Mr. William W. Cooke will add 200 pounds of lead to the keel of his 14ft. yawl this spring.

A fishing club has been organized at this place to protect the fish in Lake Champlain from unlawful netting, which is carried on here at all seasons of the year. CHAMPLAIN.

CUTTERS TO WINDWARD.

Editor Forest and Stream;

There is one point that occurs to me, which I have not seen mentioned by any of your contributors, in relation to the pointing powers of cutters. It is often wondered why, owing to the great angle of heel, they do not "slide off to leeward." The point I refer to is that only one view of the controversy, and one side of the vessel, seems to have been taken into consideration. Now I propose to approach the subject from the windward and inquire if it is not a fact that the windward side of a vessel has as much to do with her holding on as the leeward side? The suction of the weather side of a board when set in the water edgewise and pushed to leeward, seems to be equal to the direct resistance of the water on the leeward side, and a consideration of this fact should influence the model given to a windward-going vessel. Again, just in proportion as said board is held in a perpendicular position, or an inclined one, just in that proportion will it resist lateral pressure, or slide off to leeward. This would seem to indicate that it is important to make the windward side of a cutter as near a vertical plane, when heeled, as practicable, and from this it would follow that the slight curve given to the midship section of the ordinary cutter should give place to the straight timbers of the "Fendeur" type, for just in proportion as a bilge is produced, will there be skin friction without corresponding lateral resistance. Yours for fast sheets and safe boats, that are not afraid of their beam ends. R. L. E.

THE HINDER END OF A BOAT.

"THE Cruise of the Ghost" is instructive upon boats and waters. The first point made was the necessity of lengthening the stern of the boat and diminishing the area presented perpendicularly to a following sea. Many boats are still built with a large stern, inclined 15 to 30 degrees aft from the vertical. The cutters and launches of men-of-war are of this fashion, and the comfort of the stern sheets is preferred to a more contracted but safer model. In most harbors they do very well, but upon the open sea coast and out at sea, where it is necessary to use them occasionally, especially in war times, they are wet and dangerous. A cutter was filled and the crew lost upon Georgetown, S. C., Bar during the war. In running through the breakers a following sea just lapped over the stern and filled her.

I had to take a cutter off shore through the surf just north of Georgetown to escape gobbling by a troop of cavalry. We pointed her bow out and passed the first roller easily, the second rushed under the boat, lifted her high up, passed inward and let her down so heavily that the water rushed over the stern and quarters and filled her to the seats. Only great energy and superhuman exertions prevented a serious disaster.

I made a cruise among the islands of Penobscot Bay in a launch well loaded with camp equipage and six persons. We did very well in Eggemogin Reach and the thoroughfare, but in going around the coast of Mt. Desert to enter Southwest Harbor, we uncovered our flank and let the long swell of the open sea have full swing at us. It was a lazy swell or I would not be writing to you. The movement alarmed me, and when we cleared a spar buoy and gave sheet to the mainsail, our only sail, and the wind and sea were dead astern, I felt we were in great danger. As a sea rolled under and let us down in the hollow, the boat rose so sluggishly to the next one that it came just within one inch of going over the square stern and swamping us. That meant in that place the drowning of three ladies and gentlemen. I was thankful when we got out of that, and I never will be caught in a square-sterned open boat in heavy seaway again.

I am surprised that many seaside sailboats are built upon this same pernicious model, and I am more surprised that naval constructors do not improve the small craft as well as the large.

I think the midshipman in the ghost story is given too much credit in modeling. I am sure boat construction is not taught at the Naval Academy, and the author of "The Cruise" made him do what he thought he ought to, and not what he had been taught to do in the service.

Whale boats have the stern similar to the bow, so do pinkey fishing vessels in a measure, and all the surf-boats I have ever seen. A following sea lifts them out of danger, and a head sea rolling under cannot rush over the stern, because there is so much resistance to downward movement—sinking or settling—under the counter.

It is especially necessary to pay attention to this principle in small cruisers, which occasionally venture out to sea in passing from harbor to harbor, and, it seems to me, the greater the sheer and the longer and shallower the stern, the safer and more comfortable a boat would be.

Mr. E. L. Williams, of South Boston, is designing me a small cruiser, and I am glad to see the stern is drawn out till it looks like a wedge.

Boat designing is a fine art, and its devotees are specialists, and there are lots of us who have "been to sea" who don't know as much as the builder of Columbus' old Pinta. W. H. WINSLOW.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C., held at their club house, foot of Tenth street, Hoboken, last Thursday evening, Commodore Longstreet presiding, was largely attended. The retiring officers submitted their reports, which were listened to with attention. The Treasurer, Mr. Chas. I. Rogers, in his report showed the expenditures that had been made and the amounts received for dues and from the regattas in detail, reporting the regatta fund to amount to nearly $200, with a balance over and above all liabilities of nearly $500. Ex-Com. Dilworth, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, reported the improvements made and to be made about the club house and grounds, and touched on the convenience of new ferry from Fourteenth street, New York, which lands just above the club house, the completion of which is expected about June 1.

Ex-Com. Dilworth notified the club that he would move at the next meeting an amendment to Sec. 9 of Chap. VII., of the by-laws, allowing cabin sloops to carry in all races of the club mainsail, jib, working gafftopsail and jibtopsail, and in addition a staysail to cutters, and restricting catamarans to the use of jib and mainsail only.

Mr. Gartland notified the club that he would move at the next meeting an amendment to Sec. 15 of Chap. VII. of the by-laws, making the time limit eight hours instead of six in all races of the club.

This is a move in the right direction, and we think that eventually the time limit will be done away with altogether, as it rarely happens that a postponed race is successful, besides necessitating extra expense and trouble.

Mr. Samuel A. Besson was elected a member, and Messrs. H. W. Sagendorf, and James A. Reed, and Martin W. B. Gresson, owners of the catamaran Nemesis, were proposed.

Thursday, June 9, 1885, was fixed as the day on which the fourteenth annual race will be sailed. An accurate 20-mile course has been measured, *i. e.*, starting and finishing at Bedloes' Island, to Buoy 13, and then to Red Can Buoy off Coney Island Point, leaving both to port, keeping to westward of buoy on Robbins Reef going and coming, with an allowance of two minutes to the foot mean measurement for larger classes. The outer mark for the small class will be Fort Lafayette, as heretofore, with an allowance of a minute and a half to the foot, while the catamarans will have as an outer mark the S. W. Spit (Buoy 8½), with an allowance of one minute to the foot.

Several new catamarans will participate in the race of June 9, and this will be quite a feature. The Regatta Committee were instructed to procure a suitable steamboat for use of the judges and guests of the club, for which an appropriation was made. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the year: Commodore, John H. Longstreet, catamaran Duplex; Vice-Commodore, Rudolph F. Rabe, yacht Minnehaha; Recording Secretary, William S. Dilworth; Corresponding Secretary, George E. Gartland; Financial Secretary, John D. Goetschius; Treasurer, Charles I. Rogers; Measurer, Henry F. Ogden; Regatta Committee, Edward W. Ketcham, chairman; William H. Dilworth and Theodore Reyndels; Trustees, William H. Dilworth, chairman, Theophilus Butts, Edward W. Ketcham, John H. Longstreet and Edwin A. Stevens.

After some other miscellaneous business had been transacted, the meeting adjourned.

LAUNCH OF THE CORA.—The new steam yacht Cora was successfully launched at Poillon's yard on March 25 in the presence of a number of spectators. Her dimensions were given lately in the FOREST AND STREAM. A full description must be deferred until next week.

A NEW FIVE-TONNER FOR CANADA.—Mr. W. Evans Paton, the English yacht designer, has in hand a design for a five-ton cutter of modern type to go to Canada.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A meeting of the club was held on March at the club house. No business of moment was transacted.

BEDS AND STOVES FOR SMALL YACHTS.—For all small yachts folding bed places are the most convenient, for if this arrangement is not made in yachts which are too small to have standing berths, the bedding occupies space often wanted for other matters. There are two special methods by which this desideratum may be attained, either by a wood-framed or an iron-framed sleeping place: the former is very neat and nice, and embellishes the cabin, but is rather expensive, the latter useful and cheap. I referred to these folding bed-places last week, and the following method is by a wooden frame, as I have seen it arranged in two yachts owned by a friend. As the woodwork of the cabin fittings were mahogany, the bed frames were also of the same wood. An outer frame was fixed to the sides of the cabin, and its lower limit was just above the level of the sofa cushions. The bed framework was hinged at the lower edge at each side of the case frame, in which it folded up and down as required. The bed was always kept made ready for use, and the bedding retained in place by strong straps of broad webbing buckled tightly across it. The bed frame was retained in place by a snap-latch catching in the case frame when the bed was not in use, and the under side of the mattress was covered by morocco leather of the same quality as the cushions. When the bed frame was folded back against the cabin side, the under side, as a matter of course, formed a back cushion to the settee or sofa. The above arrangement is a very neat one, and thoroughly comfortable, and could be just as effectively carried out in pitch pine or other wood. The least expensive method would be to have a galvanized iron framework, to fold against the cabin side, of a convenient width to lie on, and to fold down on the sofa cushions. The frame must be set off by its hinged supports sufficiently to allow of the bed when made, folding snugly and fairly back against the cabin sides, and the whole might then be covered by a curtain of cretonne, suspended close up under the deck and reaching down to the settee level. If made about six inches longer it might be tucked up under the back edge of the sofa cushion, which would thus keep the curtain in place. The bed should not come nearer than six inches to the deck, to leave room for a shelf running fore and aft. As the cabin in "John's" little vessel is only 4ft. in height, net racks would be useless, for objects placed therein would prevent the bed folding back snugly against the cabin sides. Hammocks are not nearly as convenient as folding bed frames on either of the above plans....The position where the stove would be most out of the way in a yacht of 9ft. beam would apparently be on one side of the mast, and the passage from the pantry being on one side, the stove might be on the other. No part of the stove should be nearer than 5in. to any woodwork, except the ashpan in which it stands, and it is best there should be an inch space between the bottom of this and the floor. The woodwork as near as 5in. should be protected by galvanized sheet-iron, which must not be laid on the surface to be protected, but be set off at least an inch, the air space between rendering the thickness of the iron effective, which would not save the burning of the wood if the iron were laid flat on the wood, with no air between. At the distance of 4in. I have known sheet lead covering wood melted, and a vessel set on fire more than once.—J. C WILCOCKS (Plymouth) *in London Field.*

FUSIBLE PLUGS IN BOILERS.—The question of fusible plugs in marine boilers has been settled by a ruling of the Board of Supervising Inspectors, who have changed the old rule which in some cases could not be enforced. The new rule reads: "The plug may be inserted in one of the tubes at least 12 diameters above the lower tube sheet, and at a distance not less than 2in. below the lower gauge cock. Same plug may be inserted in the top tube sheet, when in the opinion of the local inspector that may be desirable."

CHICAGO Y. C.—The coming season promises to be an active one on Lake Michigan, especially with the Chicago Y. C. Several regattas will be held, besides a cruise to Milwaukee. A movement is on foot to erect a union club house for all the clubs of Chicago—yachting, canoeing, bicycling, etc. It is proposed to build a large house in which each club shall have its separate quarters, with a library, reading room, etc., to be used in common.

CHESAPEAKE BAY Y. C.—A club under this name has been organized at Oxford, Md., the officers being as follows: Commodore, William O'Sullivan Dimpfel, schooner Gaetina; Vice-Commodore, J. S. Morris, yawl Cora; Rear-Commodore, Colonel Samuel Witherill, yawl Willie; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles H. Gibson; Regatta Committee, William O'Sullivan Dimpfel, J. G. Morris and Charles H. Gibson.

CRUISING.—The Yosemite arrived at St. Thomas from Trinidad on March 13, and sailed on March 14 for Port Rico. She left Savannah on March 27 for New York. The Gitana and Mohegan arrived at Charleston, S. C., from Fernandina, Hamilton, Bermuda, on March 18. The Atalanta arrived in New York from her cruise on March 25. The Rhada, J. M. Seymour, arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 27th.

OUTSIDE BALLAST.—Daphne, Mr. J. R. Maxwell's new sloop, will "lug" three tons of lead on her keel, a good beginning for a Bay Ridge centerboard sloop.

YACHTING NOTES.—The steam yacht Day Dream, once the property of Mr. Aspinwall, was lately sold at auction in New Orleans, for $800. She has been used for some time as a mail boat, and later in the pilot service, as well as by the National Board of Health. She was built at Greenpoint in 1871, and is 109ft. waterline....Maggie, Mr. Warren's 15-tonner, now laid up at Lawlor's yard, East Boston, has been sold to Mr. W. A. W. Stewart, S. C. Y. C., owner of the schooner Nokomis....Kelpie, Mr. J. C. Winslow, is having a new deck and her cabin is being refitted....Espirito, R. B. Hartshorne, will have a new cockpit....Mr. A. H. Buck's little cutter will be named Dart....Mr. Howe's new sloop, building by Mumm, is to be christened Ariadne....Ileen, cutter, is now laid up opposite Fall River, Mass....Heedless, cutter, is laid up at Warren, R. I., and Waif is at Bristol, near Herreshoff's yard....The yawl Consuelo and keel catboat Julia are housed at Herreshoff's....The famous racing cutter Samoena will come out this season as a yawl....The Regina, sloop, will have a new mast and bowsprit at Mumm's....The catboat building at Mattapoisett for Mr. Thos. Parsons, will be 23ft. 9in. over all, 23ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. 8in. depth, and 3ft. draft. She will be named Myth....The new keel sloop now building by Wallin & Gorman, is for Dr. Loring, owner of the Mignonette....Most of the yachts are in commission at San Francisco.... The old Elia, once a yacht, and later a trader, has been refitted as a sloop, and will be used as a yacht this season.... Ariel has had her topmast shortened nearly 8ft....J. Kidd & Co., of Marcus Hook, Pa., the builders of the Gaviota, are now building a steam yacht 100ft. on deck, 93ft. waterline, 15ft. 6in. beam, and 10ft. depth, for Mr. Betz, of Philadelphia....The Surf, cutter, is in commission, and will start on a cruise to the eastward this week.

ROWING AND SAILING SONGS.—Under the title of "Ruder und Segel Lieder," the publishers of the *Wassersport* have lately issued an excellent collection of German songs, compiled for oarsmen and sailors. The words are mostly new and appropriate, but set to old and familiar airs, among the latter being the song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," so popular here during our war. The book also contains a selection of the best of the German drinking and folk songs, both with the original words, and others suited specially for oarsmen and sailors.

A NEW CUTTER FOR BOSTON.—Besides Mr. Warren's 47-tonner now nearly ready, a steel cutter, 45ft. waterline, is now building at the Culzean Works for Mr. J. M. Forbes. She is from a design of Mr. G. L. Watson's. Her keel will be cast in Boston, the mould being sent out on shipboard, with the boat.

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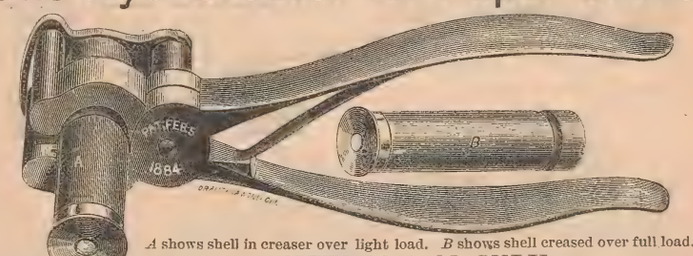
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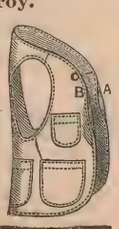
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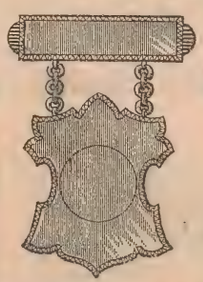
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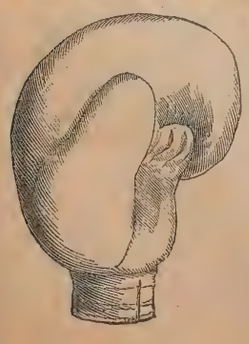
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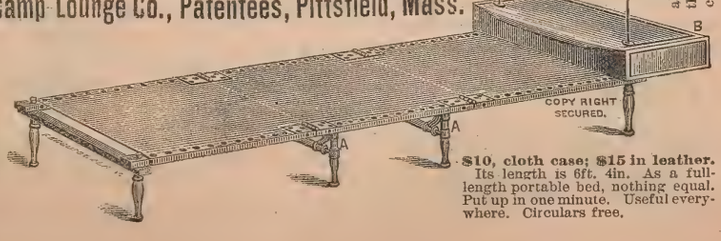
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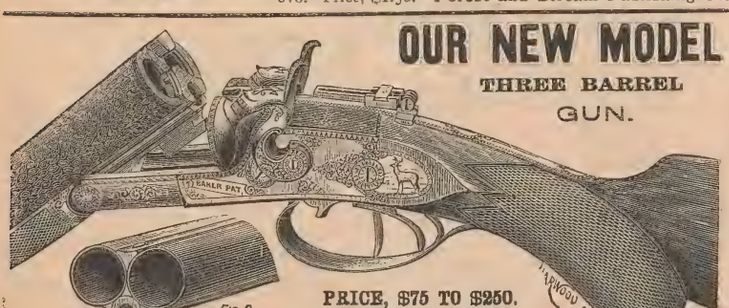


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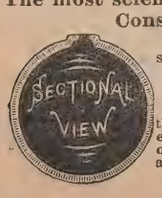
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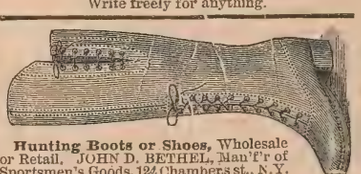
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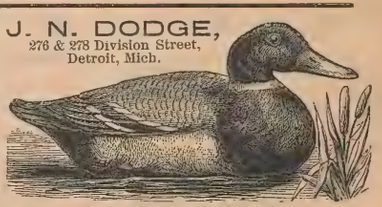
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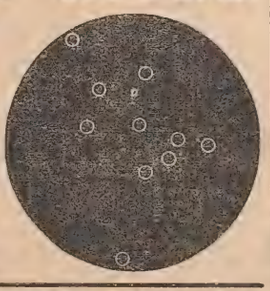
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Argus is thoroughly trained for field work; has an excellent nose and great endurance. The following are his bench show winnings: 1st prize in Toronto, puppy class, 1880; 2d prize, London, 1881; 1st prize, Cleveland, also special for best Gordon setter exhibited, 1882, 1st prize, champion, Ottawa, 1883; 1st prize, champion, Chicago, 1883; 1st prize, Montreal, and special for best Gordon setter F, 1883; 1st, champion, London, also special for best Gordon setter dog in show, and special for best Gordon setter dog or bitch, 1883.

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Champion Raby Tyrant,
(K.C.S.B. 11,179.)
Pupped October, 1880. Weight 16½ pounds.

Raby Tyrant is a white dog, with an even marked rich black and tan head. He is a thoroughly game and stylish terrier, possessing a beautifully shaped long punishing head, with perfect drop ears, small eye, rare neck and shoulders, deep chest, well ribbed and muscular quarters, short, straight legs, excellent feet, great bone and substance, with an exceptionally hard and dense coat.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 11. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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REMOVE THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THERE is reason to believe that the failure of the Yellowstone Park bill to become a law at the last session of Congress was not the evil that it was at first supposed to be.

We have already stated that in amending the bill as regards the boundary of the reservation on the north and east side, the five-mile clause of the original Vest bill was only in part stricken out. The wording of the amendment was meaningless, as we have said, but any possible interpretation would have come off from the Park five miles more than was intended.

It is hinted by those who should be well informed, that this failure to wholly strike out the five-mile clause did not occur through inadvertence as was supposed, but was intentional. The reason alleged for this is that on the East Fork of the Yellowstone there is a fine body of timber which certain parties desired to get possession of, and which could only be secured by some scheme which would throw this tract outside the reservation. It is known that C. F. Hobart, who was notorious in connection with the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, has been in Washington all winter looking after the interests of this broken down concern, and this lends a strong color of probability to the statement that a lobby has been at work against the protection of the Park.

The cutting off of this five miles from the east side of the Park would not only have exposed this great body of timber to the depredations of Hobart and his gang, but would also have thrown open to the public a range where a great amount of game winters. We have reason to believe that large numbers of elk were slaughtered last autumn on the eastern border of the Park, the meat being transported to the Clark's Fork mines, where it was sold. For the protection of this game the eastern boundary of this Park should be moved still further to the eastward.

So far as extending the Park goes, nothing can now be done until the next session of Congress; but it is important that the Superintendent, under present conditions, should be a man thoroughly in earnest in his endeavors to do the best he can for the reservation, and so wholly in sympathy with those who are anxious that the Park shall be protected. The present Superintendent is not such a man, and we would respectfully ask Secretary Lamar to remove him from his office, and appoint in his place some one who will do a Superintendent's work.

We make this request for the following reasons:

1. The Superintendent left the reservation late in December last, and has since spent most of his time in Washington, where it is believed that he has been lobbying for the Improvement Company. It is certain that his relations with Hobart have been very close, and that they lived at the same house, took their meals at the same hotel, and were constantly together. The conclusion that they were working for the same ends is inevitable. There is nothing in common between the proper guardianship of the Park and the aims of the Improvement Company. A man who is devoted to the interests of one must be opposed to the other.

2. He has arranged matters in the Park so that it is impossible for the Assistant Superintendents to look after the game, or the natural curiosities.

Although through the winter there have been half a dozen Assistant Superintendents at Hot Springs, all the horses except three have been sent out of the Park. Two of those which remain are the Government team for the use of the Superintendent, who has given special directions that no one be allowed to use them during his absence. This leaves one horse for the use of the Assistants, who are, therefore, unable to go more than half a day's journey from the Mammoth Hot Springs. If they had two riding horses and a pack animal, two of them could go off together and be gone a week, and thus find out what is going on in the reservation. As it is they can do nothing.

3. Besides thus neglecting his duty and impeding his assistants in their efforts to do theirs, we charge that he is pecuniarily interested with the Hobarts in various projects which depend for their success on the reduction of the size of the reservation, and that he has already laid claim to a portion of the public domain within the Park. He is endeavoring to secure for his own benefit a portion of the reservation which he was appointed to protect. About the middle of February, when it seemed altogether probable that the Vest bill would pass, and so that a portion of the reservation would be thrown open to public settlement, a dispatch was received at Livingston stating that the amended Vest bill had passed.

At once there was a rush to take up claims which it was supposed might be valuable, and following that excitement there appeared on certain papers filed in the Land Office at Bozeman, to take up 1,400 acres of supposed coal land located on Mt. Evarts, the name of Superintendent R. E. Carpenter in connection with that of C. F. Hobart. The same persons have also, it is stated, laid claim to a water right on Gardener's River, within the present Park, covering 5,000 miners inches. These claim notices were put up the last of February or the first of March, but were all torn down after the fourth of that month.

In view of these facts the conclusion is inevitable that Superintendent Carpenter is not using his office for the purpose for which he was appointed, and we respectfully submit that he is thus not a fit person longer to hold this responsible position. There are other matters in which his conduct is open to criticism, to which we shall refer hereafter.

He ought to be removed without delay.

NETTING DUCKS ON LONG ISLAND.—The article on this subject which appeared in our last issue was the chief topic of conversation on the Shinnecock shores this week. Speaking of it, Captain Gilbert A. Penny said: "I have carefully read what FOREST AND STREAM says concerning Senator Otis's bill to amend Chapter 534 of the Laws of 1879. I have also read the bill, and that part of it relative to fowl-netting I consider the most important measure ever introduced for the preservation of wildfowl in Shinnecock Bay. It should meet with favor and have the support of the entire Legislature. It is, however, equally important that the bill should be altered so as to except the months of May, June, July, August and September. The reason for this alteration is this: There are no wild ducks here during the months I have named. Some of our summer fish, notably the kingfish, are what are termed 'bottom fish;' that is, they swim and feed near the bottom. To take them it is proposed to use nets without corks. To use nets extending from the surface of the water to the bottom, in waters of considerable depth, would necessitate a large and needless expense, and to forbid the use of bottom nets during the above-named months cannot serve any purpose for which the bill is introduced. Having had an experience of over twenty-five years in the fishing and fowling interests of Long Island, and also having suggested the measure introduced by Senator Otis in order to save from utter extermination the wildfowl which visit our bays—which must ensue by catching them in nets—I urge the removal of every reasonable objection in the bill, so that it may pass and duck-netting may be stopped."

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—The Handbook of the National Gun Association has been issued, and gives in a compact shape all about the body. There is a history of it, its by-laws, the trap-shooting rules, and the tournament programmes, with reports of what has already been done at the Chicago and New Orleans shoots. The book is convenient and accurate, and should be in the hands of every marksman in the country. F. G. Bishop, Secretary, P. O. Box 1,292, Cincinnati, will supply those wishing the book. Its price has been fixed at ten cents.

ARMY PRACTICE.—General Orders No. 25, dated March 12, contains the full statistics of the direct firing of the regular army for the year 1884. The figures show on the face a great improvement, not only in the percentage classified, but in percentage of scores. The number of marksmen in the army is returned at 7,081 against 4,834 for the preceding year. The number in the first class is almost doubled, while the third class group is reduced from 12,307 to 7,443. The division of the Missouri ranks those of the Atlantic and Pacific in order, and among the departments that of Dakota remains at the head of the list. The showing all through is a very commendable one.

LEASING TROUT STREAMS.—In another column will be found some extracts giving both sides of the question of leasing trout streams to clubs. The question has arisen in Sullivan and Ulster counties, New York, and is a legitimate one to discuss. Either property owners have the right to lease to whom they please, or they have not, and the courts may be called upon to decide in this matter. We very much regret to see that there is a disposition on the part of some to transcend the bounds of legitimate argument and descend to blackguardism. An individual who signs himself R. E. Best, writes a long article to the Kingston *Freeman*, in which he calls the club members "migratory vagabonds," and speaks of their "drunken orgies," their "obscene songs," and "barrels of rum," and alludes to them as "thugs, pirates and gamblers." Knowing the high character of the gentlemen composing the Neversink Club, the Balsam Lake Club and the Willewemoc Club, most of whom are personal acquaintances, we regard the article written to the *Freeman* as a most vile slander, and the only indecent thing yet developed in this connection.

OBITUARY NOTES.—The remains of B. B. Hotchkiss, the inventor of machine guns, were buried at Sharon, Conn., on March 31. The pallbearers were General T. V. Benet, Chief of the Ordnance Department at Washington; Major C. J. McGowan, of New York; Colonel B. G. Baylor, United States Army; Colonel S. Crispin, United States Army; Colonel S. C. Lyford, United States Army; J. H. Graham, Marcus Hawley, S. R. Ingraham, C. C. Dawson, C. D. Leet, W. Van Vranken and J. B. Dench, of Bridgeport. Mr. Hotchkiss was fifty-nine years of age.

Ex-Judge Frank Sherman Smith, of this city, died on April 2 after a long illness. He was a comparatively young man, and when appointed a police justice was but twenty-four years old. He was well known in the city and exceedingly popular. Mr. Smith was an enthusiastic sportsman. He excelled in all sports—with the gun, the rod, and the tiller, and in the saddle. He was one of the founders of the New York C. C., and for years was prominent in all kinds of athletics.

Marcus A. Hardy, of Newport, R. I., died at Cambridge, Mass., on April 4. Mr. Hardy went to Newport as one of the early machinists at the torpedo station, and subsequently engaged in the invention of torpedoes and their appliances. He had lately been engaged with a firm who have been successfully experimenting with dynamite shells to be forced from cannon. He was an expert in his business, and his services were always in demand.

Henry D. Green, of Portland, Ore., died suddenly at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on April 5. His residence at Portland is in the midst of a twelve-acre park, said to be the finest private grounds west of the Alleghenies. When a young man he was fond of hunting, and bought a little piece of land with a hut on it, some distance out of the Portland of that day, as a headquarters for his hunting trips. The price paid was $1,200. The same lot, unimproved, is still owned by him, and now stands in the very heart of Portland. Last year he was offered $200,000 for it.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

XII.—UP PACIFIC CREEK.

THE next morning a pale and watery looking sun appeared in the sky, and after several hours spent in endeavoring to dry out the various articles of camp furniture soaked by yesterday's storm, we packed up and started. The day was rather an unlucky one for me, a series of accidents depriving me of my horse and my fishing rod.

About two miles from camp Mr. Hague and I came to a little gulch twelve or fifteen feet deep, and with very steep banks, where the trails down into the stream bed were all bad, being narrow, steep and slippery. The Pinto hesitated about going down anywhere, and putting his nose between his forelegs refused to budge until I had loosened the end of my lariat, and hit him with it once or twice. Then he started and half sliding, half walking, went down one bank, trotted through the brook and up the trail on the other side. This was steep, and on the ground where it came out on the level again, were two or three charred sticks of timber, such as are strewn over the ground everywhere on these burned hills. As the horse stepped over these I felt his leg strike against something, and at once he began to pitch. He had made but a jump or two when I saw that he was fast to something under his belly, which he was carrying with him, and I supposed that possibly a stick had become entangled in the cinch or the latigo strap, and that in a moment he would buck himself free and stop. I tossed my rifle to one side and sat him comfortably enough as he bucked himself along the edge of the ravine, but suddenly he turned and pitched down the almost vertical bluff, which was about twelve feet high. This was rather more than I had bargained for, and I saw that I must have a fall, for the bank was so steep that I must either go over his head, or in striving to keep my seat must lean so far back that the grip of my legs would be wholly loosened. I chose the latter alternative, and, as I expected, went sailing through the air, and came down in a bunch of willows. From these I at once extricated myself and ran to catch the horse. He had only gone about twenty steps after getting rid of his burden, and stood there by the water's edge with arched back and lowered head, and as I grasped his bridle I made up my mind that he was a dead horse, for he seemed to have a great stake driven clear into his bowels. It was not quite so bad as that, however, though sufficiently alarming as it was. He had a slight cut in the belly, and then this great snag had entered between the hindlegs, well back, and ranging upward and backward in the median line, had passed just under the skin to within about three inches of the tail, where it protruded for an inch or two. The stick was about three feet long, an inch and a half in diameter at its smaller end, and three or four at its larger. I got the saddle off the poor beast as quickly as possible, and in a few moments the train came up, and while I held the Pinto, Stuart and Saddlemeyer prepared to extract the stick. I was at first afraid that they would have to cast him, but a better way was devised. Stuart got a long, stout pole and passed it under the horse's belly, from one side to the other, and the projecting extremity of the snag was then firmly lashed to it. Then the two men, one standing on each side of the horse, pushed down on the pole. The horse backed and kicked a little, and the stick came away much more easily than would have been thought possible. The wound bled but little, and copious applications of ice cold water at once checked any tendency to hemorrhage. Pinto was turned loose and immediately began to feed. The next day he was much less sore and stiff than would have been expected. The wound suppurated freely from the first, and he improved steadily.

By this accident I was, as one of the men remarked, promoted "to the quarterdeck of a mule," and proceeded to catch and saddle up Little Nell, the tiniest of our animals. So far as comfort in riding goes, a mule is quite as pleasant an animal as a horse. They have ordinarily a smooth, easy, springy gate which is very agreeable, but on the other hand, they are usually nervous and easily frightened, and are of such a sociable disposition, that they often protest loudly and discordantly against being separated from their companions.

A few miles above where all this took place, the valley of Pacific Creek becomes wider, and at length spreads out into a broad level plain, somewhat wet and marshy, and much overgrown with willows. Although trying to keep to the dryer portions of the flat we came to one bad slough, which though it was only about four feet wide, caused us some trouble. We were looking for a place where it could be crossed, and Stuart, having tried it at one or two points, had at length passed over without much difficulty. A pack mule just behind him, however, sank so deep in the mud and water that it was thought best not to let the others follow, and Stuart, by shouting and waving his arms, was trying to drive them back. The unlucky Hell was in the lead, and was determined that she would cross, if not at that place, why then somewhere else. So she turned aside, and a moment later stepped into the slough, where she sank up to her shoulders, and at once fell over on her side. There was, of course, danger that she might get her head under water and drown, and in a very few seconds some one had hold of her jaquimo stem and was holding her up, while others were trying to turn her over so that she could use her legs to some advantage. The slough was narrow, however, and the pack and mule were pretty firmly wedged in; besides, she was so far below us that it was hard to lift or pull on her, and nothing that could be done would induce her to make the slightest effort to help herself. At length we were obliged to cut the lash rope, take off the pack and aparejo, and then, passing one rope about the mule's neck and another below her quarters, lift her partly up on the bank, after which, by means of energetic whipping with willow switches and rope ends, she was pursuaded to make a little effort, and came out easily enough.

Just above this bottom, from the tops of some low hills over which we passed, we had a superb view down the valley of Pacific Creek, of the jagged, saw-tooth pinnacles of the Tetons. They were white with snow, and so, much more beautiful than when bare, but not nearly so stern, severe and impressive. In this valley was seen quite a lot of elk sign, much of it very fresh.

All of the country through which we had passed, since leaving Jackson's Lake, is remarkable for the extensive evidences of glacial action everywhere seen. The great terraces along Snake River have already been spoken of, and the whole valley of Pacific Creek and those of its tributaries are full of quartzite boulders highly glaciated. They are all finely smoothed and rounded, and are often very highly polished. The high bluffs on either side of the creek are wholly formed of glacial gravels, and are remarkably similar in appearance to the foothill gravels of California. It is thus no wonder that the region has been extensively prospected for fine gold.

All appearance of a trail had long since faded out, but we still kept on up the creek picking our way along where the traveling was easiest. At length, owing to the narrowing of the valley and the sharp bending of the stream to the north, we left the bottom and took to the hills, climbing the steep ridges and ascending during the afternoon perhaps a thousand feet, and after proceeding for a few miles along the ridges descended again over a very steep mountain side to the stream bed.

I always enjoy looking back and seeing a train come down a steep hillside or along a narrow and perhaps difficult path. Each animal moves so cautiously and deliberately, and exercises such care in planting each step that it is interesting to watch their progress.

It was about half-past 5 and growing dark when we made camp in the narrow valley of the stream. Some snow already lay on the ground, and just as we reached the valley it began to fall again very rapidly. Everything was as wet as could be, and the prospects for a comfortable camp were not bright. Nevertheless every one bustled around and helped at the work, and while Stuart and Saddlemeyer were unpacking the mules we collected and split wood, built the fire, brought water, and did all that was possible to advance the work of the camp. I have never been in the field with any set of men that were more willing and cheerful, and generally more disposed to make the best of adverse surroundings, than my companions of last summer. Many hands make light work, and it was not long before we were comfortably housed, and a little later enjoying a good dinner beneath the sheltering manta, which well kept off the snow.

About 9 o'clock it cleared off, the stars came out, and when I turned in a warm south wind was blowing, and only a few fleecy clouds appeared in the sky. On the whole the outlook seemed excellent for a bright, pleasant morrow. But about daylight the next morning it began to snow again. By the time we had turned out four or five inches lay on the ground, and the great white flakes were still falling heavily. There was no hope of making a march that day. It almost looked as if winter had really set in, and as if the best thing we could do would be to get down out of the mountains as speedily as possible. The hoped-for extension of the trip to the eastward across the Shoshonee Range could scarcely be carried out. We had at present an abundance of provisions, but if the snow should fall so heavily as to greatly delay us, it might be that we would run short.

A more wintry landscape than the one before us could scarcely be imagined. The camp was situated at the lower end of a little flat not more than a quarter of a mile long by fifty yards broad. On either side the mountains rose a thousand feet almost vertically, and above and below the level ground where the tents stood were deep cañons. The mountain sides were strewn with great rocks and down timber, among which grew a few spruces, now all heavily weighted down with snow. Even the dead trees bore their loads, for there was no wind, and the snow was wet and clung to the dead branches in great tufts. Everywhere the ground was white, and only here and there could be seen the dark foliage of some evergreen, or the vertical face of some black mass of rock against which the snow did not fall. This rock is a dark volcanic conglomerate or breccia made up of what appears to be a hard clay with numerous worn fragments of rhyolite scattered through it. It weathers into many curious and fantastic shapes, one of which, but a few yards from camp, was very striking. This was an extremely regular truncated cone of black rock which stood in the midst of a little pool in the creek bed. It was about fifteen feet high, and from its top grew a little pine tree.

It was interesting to watch the herd on the flat and along the lower hills. Until they became hungry they seemed wretched enough, and stood about with drooping heads, their draggled tails toward the storm, seeking, behind the scattered evergreen trees, what protection they could from the snow. As soon as they felt the need of food, however, they scattered out over the flat and began to paw away the snow and browse upon the nutritious grass beneath it, and then, even though the snow did lie on their backs an inch or two deep, and cling to their manes and tails, and tip their ears with queer little white tufts, which gave to the mules a particularly absurd appearance, they seemed contented enough.

Sitting all day about the fire with no more engrossing employment than occasionally to shovel the snow from the path which led from the fire to our tent, I amused myself by watching the birds, which seemed to seek shelter from the storm in this narrow mountain valley. During the day four species of hawks were seen, the sharpshin, marsh, sparrow and pigeon hawks, but none of them paused near us, all apparently being occupied in hunting. A kingfisher sounded his harsh rattle along the stream, and alighting on a dead limb near camp, erected his crest and bowed his salutation to the first white men he had seen here for many years. The little Oregon snowbirds were very numerous and remained about camp all day, foraging busily over every bit of ground which was kept bare by the shelter of a pine or an overhanging rock. These and a few song sparrows were the most sociable birds we had near us, for they hunted along by the side of our very wood pile. A few red crossbills, who were preparing to migrate, rested for a few moments in the trees above the tents, and their clear whistle fell cheerily to us through the snowy air. I felt sorry for a poor little thrush which seemed utterly miserable, he was so wet and cold. He had taken up his position beneath a spreading pine close to the camp, and was trying hard to pick up a dinner without venturing forth over the snow. He would hop a little way, pick once or twice, shiver and then shake his draggled plumage, and then hop on a little further. Now and then an Arctic bluebird was to be seen flying low over the snow and making a bright spot of color against the universal whiteness.

Several times little dippers (*Cinclus mexicanus*) were seen along the stream—curious little drab-colored birds, progressing with an odd bobbing motion along the water's edge, or taking short flights from one almost submerged rock to the next. The dipper is abundant in all these mountain streams and is a bird but little known to those who travel along them. Its habits lead the casual observer to conclude that it is a sandpiper or snipe, and they thus assign it a position in the ornithic class as far as possible from the one it really occupies. Its aquatic habits are unique among the group to which it belongs, and the blunder so common is thus a very natural one. It is really one of the *Oscines* or singing birds, and its closest relationships among North American birds are the *Turdidæ* or thrush family.

Its range is the mountains of Western America, from Alaska to Mexico, and it only insists on clear streams among the mountains. On such brooks and rivers as fulfil these conditions the dipper is found in abundance—though it is not a particularly sociable bird, and seems rather to prefer to be alone—and its cheerful song and remarkable habits render it a pleasing feature alike of the dark cañons and of the open sunlit glens. One feels a ludicrous sensation of astonishment when first observing this species. It is not very surprising to see a bird sitting upon the water or flying above it, dive beneath its surface, but it is really startling to see one calmly walk down a shelving rock or a smooth beach into the water, and keep on without any apparent attempt at swimming or diving, until it has disappeared. It wholly upsets one's ideas of specific gravity, for we are accustomed to think that birds and mammals will naturally float, and that to dive or disappear beneath the water requires some apparent effort. It is not so with the dipper, however. He marches deliberately into the turbulent water, which engulfs him and usually sweeps him several feet down the stream before he bobs up serenely to the surface, and either takes wing or sculls himself ashore. It must not be supposed that he always enters the water in this way. Quite as often he dives from the wing or from the surface of the stream, but perhaps the method which he likes best is to plunge from the top of a high rock or a log a foot or two above the current, and then, after his battle with the torrent, return to the same perch, from which at intervals he trills his simple though very sweet song. His method of progression under water is like that of most, if not all, diving birds, by means of the wings. His feet are no better adapted for swimming than those of a robin, and although he gets along capitally when sculling about the edges of the mountain holes, they would be of little service to him under water except sometimes as anchors. He flies under the water therefore with nearly open wings, and gets about very actively. His plumage is dense and compact, and is moreover well protected by a coat of oil, which he often renews from the large oil sack with which he is provided. So the dipper never gets wet, and we may conclude never takes cold, although he passes the winter about the open places of mountain torrents as far north as Alaska. His food, which he secures from the bottom of the stream, consists mainly of aquatic insects, and although his first cousin who inhabits Northern Europe has been accused of feeding on the spawn of trout and salmon, there is not a particle of evidence to sustain the grave charge.

The dipper dives into the water and gets to the bottom as soon as possible, and by means of rapid wing beats and holding on to the stones and gravel with his feet resists the constant tendency to shoot up through the water to the air above. He vigorously turns over the stones and sticks, and secures the water insects and aquatic larvæ which are found

in such situations, and then when he requires breath comes to the surface again. He presents a queer appearance when at the bottom, where he seems to be tumbling about in the most curious and erratic way, now for a moment stationary, and again being swept away by the force of the stream. No doubt he makes a good living, for he always seems busy, contented and cheerful.

The dipper seems to be satisfied with his own company for the greater part of the year, but during the breeding season he perforce seeks a mate, and these two build their nest close to the water's edge, under a bank or the roots of a tree, and often amid the spray of some brawling cascade. The structure is as curious in its way as its architects. It is lined with twigs or fine, dry grass, and completely covered on the outside by an arched roof of fine green moss, which is kept fresh and living by the moisture of its surroundings, or sometimes perhaps by the birds themselves, who, it is said, after emerging from the water, fly to the roof of the nest and, alighting there, vigorously shake the drops from their feathers over the mossy covering.

With such interesting birds to watch, it may be imagined that a part of the morning passed quickly enough; but at length the dippers flew away up the stream, and as no others came, the attractions of the fire drew me back once beneath the sheltering manta.

A little later Stuart went fishing, and he having caught a two-pound trout, I took my rod to set it up. But I had no sooner drawn it from its sole-leather case than I saw that my fishing for the trip was over. The good rod that had served me for so many years, and had traveled with me for so many thousand miles, was broken into a dozen pieces. It had been packed the day before on Star, and he had caught it against the low branches of a pine. The pine was strong and so was Star, and as neither would yield, the rod had been utterly smashed. I did not take it from its bag, for I could feel its condition, and sadly put it away, not to be opened until I had reached the East again.

It was rather a wretched day. Huddled together under the manta, the members of the party sat about the fire, which sent out a good deal of warmth and much more smoke. The snow, which fell almost without intermission, eddied under our shelter and fell softly hissing on the fire, and that which lodged on our roof, melted by the heat of the fire, leaked through the depressions and trickled down upon us, necessitating constant changes of position and ever-renewed attempts to tighten the canvas so that the moisture should run off. The gusts of wind sent the smoke whirling about in all directions, and made sitting by the fire almost as uncomfortable as remaining outside, for the pungent smoke of the pine wood was very painful to the eyes. And yet there was to it all an extremely comic side. Every one looked so very miserable that it was quite amusing to watch them, and each one was appreciative enough to take in the humorous side of the situation and cheerful enough to make a joke even of what was most doleful. So we sat about the fire and whittled and smoked, and recalled other snowy camps and other experiences still more disagreeable, making the time pass as well as possible.

In the afternoon Stewart took the gun and walked out into the hills, but returned an hour or two later without having seen any game. He reported that the stream forked half a mile above the camp, and that there was a low pass in the cañon wall there where we could easily climb to the hills to follow the south fork, which seemed the one to be taken. Then there was more sitting about the fire, more whittling, more smoking, and about dark we had supper and soon afterward we were glad enough to turn in.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ROUGHING IT IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

III.

COMING into camp, I felt fatigued and disappointed, but thoroughly convinced that hunting the Rocky Mountain sheep is not very agreeable sport to a tenderfoot. Determining to try again, we rode next morning to the mouth of the cañon, but no sheep were to be seen, for it had snowed in the night and the animals did not come down to water. Frank, who had his shotgun along, did the only shooting, killing a number of grouse on our way home. Frank was in favor of leaving the sheep to try our luck on elk. I persuaded him to remain one more day and try them for the last time. So Thursday Ryan and I left camp rather late in a different direction. We hunted up a creek which ran back of the main cañon, but found no sheep, though noticing great many signs of them. About noon a terrible snow storm set in, which impeded our travel greatly, and obliged us to lead our horses, as the old Indian trail we had to follow out of the gulch was soon covered with snow; but carefully feeling our way, we reached camp late in the afternoon, where we remained for the rest of the day, as the snow was coming down in great big flakes. Thus finished our unsuccessful hunt for Rocky Mountain sheep.

Friday, Oct. 3, we pulled up sticks, and retracing our steps, left the cañon, but could not make more than fifteen miles because the road was snowed up and in bad condition. As we were moving along slowly on the bank of the river, I killed quite a number of ducks, and had also a flying shot at an antelope. On our way back we met quite a number of hunters and trappers, who must have had better luck, as their outfits were well stocked with elk, black and white-tail deer, bear and beaver hides.

Saturday, the 4th, we crossed the Madison and camped near the South Fork in a terrible snowstorm. Having arrived in the elk country, we saddled our ponies early the next morning to look for the game. We found several old tracks, also freshly-made bear tracks, and came very near mistaking a large porcupine which was feeding on pine cones in a tree for black bear cub. We spared his life. In the afternoon I had a good chance at a splendid large buck antelope, but being a little hasty, and forgetting that my hair-trigger was set, the rifle went off prematurely and missed the game.

Monday, Oct. 6, Ryan and I started for the timbered mountains. The snow was from four to six inches deep, and locomotion was difficult; but soon finding a fresh trail, we followed it carefully and cautiously, through jungles and windfalls, up hills and down ravines, now a mile through a heavily timbered wilderness, down into a thicket of dense evergreens. Closely eyeing every spot and advancing silently I suddenly heard a shrill, rasping whistle. It was the first time I ever heard that sound, but I knew it at once to be the whistle of a bull elk. Suddenly there was a tremendous commotion in the thicket. We had come upon the band lying down, and not more than fifteen or twenty rods ahead a bull and two cows were dashing through the thicket. Two rifles cracked simultaneously, and the elk, making one tremendous leap, fell dead in his track. It was a splendid two-year-old bull, with a fine pair of antlers. But for the dense cover we would have bagged one or both of the cows; but as we were not after meat nor hides, we thought it sport enough, and took to camp the head with its noble pair of antlers and as much meat as we could convey on our horses.

Oct. 7, parting with our guide and companion Ryan, we moved to Henry's Lake, eight miles. This lake is most picturesque, and is noted especially for its floating islands. On our way to the store, on the head of the lake, we saw several bands of antelope. Frank killed some grouse, which were very abundant, and I bagged some mallard and teal duck, the lake being covered with many waterfowl. We soon found a cozy spot for camp, and after a savory and delicious supper turned into our blankets.

Oct. 8 we hunted the foothills for antelope; struck several bands, and shot away a lot of cartridges, as we had to do all our shooting at long range, but with no damage. If our time had permitted I could have remained at this most lovely spot for weeks. This lake is situated in a charming valley surrounded by snow-capped mountains, while in the distance loom the Tetons, like grim sentinels keeping watch and ward. We left this enchanting spot next day, following the Shoshone or Snake River most of the time, and had fine sport duck-shooting, mostly mallards, which came very apropos as a change of elk meat in our larder.

Friday we had a long, dreary drive through a monotonous sage prairie, and dallying at sage hen shooting, we did not make Sheridan Station, and were obliged to camp on the bleak prairie; we were fortunate to camp near a little creek of water, but had to burn sage brush for fuel.

Saturday we started about 10 A. M., and kept on jogging through the bleak sage brush. We amused ourselves shooting sage hens, sometimes right from the wagon, and as we crossed several creeks, which also gave us fine sport at ducks. That night we camped quite late at Indian Creek, and next day, Oct. 12, left the prairie and arrived by noon at Beaver Cañon. This is a railroad town on the Utah and Northern division of the U. P. R., and also the western entrance to the Park. Here we received news from our Idaho friend, who urged us to come by all means. On Oct. 14 we started for Idaho, and hastened on until we met our friend at Junction Bar. Our party now consisted of Billy H., Tom, Charles H. and my humble self, on horseback, while my old companions, F. and Bill, who drove the team, followed in the wagon, and completed our caravan. Our route passed along the South Boise for seven or eight miles, sometimes through beautiful meadow lands, sometimes climbing, on our sure-footed bronchos, over short trails, until crossing once more the river we came into a grove of resinous pine, and not far from the river, at a deserted hunters' or miners' cabin, we halted and made camp.

Having finished camp duties, plans were made for the morrow, Bill H. being made captain, as he knew the country best. He proposed that we should begin with hunting the mountain goat. The *Aplocerus montanus* or white goat of the Rocky Mountains (its popular name is an incorrect one) is no goat, and strictly speaking does not inhabit the Rocky Mountains, for its home is entirely confined to the more or less detached mountain chains that occupy the Pacific slope of the main system of the Rocky Mountains. It is only found in Western Montana, the northernmost portion of Idaho and Oregon, in Washington Territory and British Columbia.

At daybreak, Wednesday, Oct. 29, our camp was all astir. Having finished breakfast and taking a lunch along, we soon started out in pairs. Friend Bill and Frank went ahead toward the gulch, Charles and Tom cut across the timbered mountains, after deer or elk, while Billy H. and myself went along the valley leaving the river on our left and the sloping hills on the right, toward a mountain range, the principal home of the mountain goat. Having not gone more than twenty minutes from camp, my companion, who was inspecting the rising foothills, dotted here and there with buckbrush, a species of laurel, suddenly exclaimed, "There is a deer running," in the same time opening fire on it. Sure enough, about 150 yards up the sidehill, a lordly buck was running with a low rolling lope. I wheeled around and in my excitement made a beautiful miss. Friend H. blazed away and overshot again, and my second shot went also above, but seeing where my ball struck, and getting a little calmer, succeeded in putting my third bullet in the deer's head, a little below the ear, the buck making one tremendous bound and falling in a little ravine. Exhilarated by my success, I gave vent to a yell which would have put a Comanche to shame, and set out, as fast as my legs and wind would permit, up the hill to my treasured prize. Being cautioned by H. to be careful and not too impatient, I stopped a few feet from the noble buck. There he lay in all his beauty, and never will I forget the reproachful looks of the mortally-wounded animal. Resolved to shorten his miseries by cutting his throat, and, bending over him, he made a terrible effort to escape; I trying in vain to keep him to the ground, and afraid of being butted or trampled on, both of us went down the hill topsy-turvy until H. came to my assistance and ending the noble animal's struggles by cutting his throat. We dressed and cleaned him and left him near the river. Having been detained a good while by the unexpected encounter, we now hurried to the not distant range, the home of the mountain goat.

We had some terrible climbing over slopes and precipices, covered with masses of *débris*, loose slabs and boulders, with the sharpest corners and edges imaginable, using knees, toes and fingers to gain the cliffs. H. kept his course parallel, but lower than mine, instructing me to advance slowly and carefully, as in case he should start some of these wary animals they would run to the ridge, giving me a good opportunity. I soon heard the crack of his rifle and soon saw a small band of goats running with most remarkable rapidity, crossing crevices and ascending impossible steeps with the greatest ease. Gaining the ridge they disappeared in the crags like apparitions. Crawling as cautiously as possible, I neared the spot where they disappeared, and lifting my head inch by inch over a projecting ledge I saw one of the goats, a good-sized ram, sitting upon his haunches, looking and watching H., who had succeeded in killing two out of the band. As I was considerably out of breath, and nervous with excitement, I waited two or three minutes until sufficiently recovered. Steadying my nerves and sighting a little behind the shoulder, the rifle cracked and the ram was my meat. He toppled over and over, looking like a miniature snow avalanche tumbling down the ridge, not stopping until he got to the foot and near the creek. I felt as proud of my success as an Indian over his first scalp, and ran along as fast as I could to meet H., whom I saw coming up toward me. After hunting a while around the top of the ridge, and seeing only two goats through my field glass, at least a mile off, we concluded to go down to the gulch, as his goats also had rolled near down to the bottom. He had killed a female and her kid, which we soon had skinned, also taking a hindquarter of the kid along. A half a mile further down we came to my ram; it was of a very formidable size. After skinning this but leaving the head on, we were both well loaded down, but managed to get to camp proud of our load, and going back with some of the boys for the buck I had killed in the morning. All the boys had returned to camp by this time, and admiring our trophies of the day. We counted seven goats and two deer. Charles H. killed a fawn and three goats, Frank had succeeded in killing the largest ram of the lot. Roasting the kid's hindquarter, and broiling some nice steaks from my buck, we enjoyed a most pleasant meal, and a happy lot of mortals were soon rolled up in their respective blankets.

Next morning, Oct. 30, we rose bright and early, once more to try the goats; but they must have been thoroughly alarmed or thinned out by our previous day's hunt. Bill was the only one so fortunate as to run across a goat and kill it. We all returned to camp by noon, as two of our party had to leave that afternoon.

After dinner, Frank, who had his photographic outfit along, took a view of the beautiful and picturesquely situated camp, after which Bill and Mr. G. drove off, leaving Frank, Charles, Tom and myself in camp.

Friday, Nov. 31, Charles, Tom and I went off after breakfast, to see if we could find any goats further back of the mountain and on the other side of the cañon, but not seeing any tracks nor sign, we left the rocky cliffs for the lower foothills in search of deer. It had snowed the night before, and we soon saw the tracks of a large buck. We had to make considerable noise getting through the dense brush and shrub, and he escaped, frightened by a few bullets, which were sent after him at long range. I killed a fat fawn in the afternoon, and badly wounded another big buck. Following his bloody track several miles, we ran across a wolverine (or "nondescript" as it is called by Western hunters), which we succeeded in killing. It must have been also pursuing the wounded buck.

F. B——T.

Natural History.

IMPORTED PHEASANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Barron" relates the unfortunate experience the association of which he is a member has had with the Oregon Legislature, relative to some pheasants, presented by our Consul at Tientsin, China.

While all lovers of noble game will sympathize with him in what he says and regret that their application to the ruling powers failed, yet none need be surprised, for the average legislature of our country pass more stupid and uncalled for acts, and create fewer meritorious ones than any other bodies of lawmakers having equal power in the world. It could hardly be expected the Legislature of "Barron's" State would appreciate the value of any of the birds mentioned by him as additions to the avifauna of our land. But it is not with the law-makers I have to do at present, but with the pheasants themselves. I do not call them "Mongolian," for there is not a Mongolian pheasant (*Phasianus mongolicus*) in the lot, that is if the English terms applied to them are characteristic, but they come from quite different countries, two of them, the copper (*P. sæmmeringi*) and the green (*P. versicolor*) being from Japan while the rest are purely Chinese species.

The thought that occurred to me on reading the article, and which has influenced me in writing to you, is what a curious menagerie there will be on Protection Island in a few years, if the birds remain there! I do not know the distance this island is separated from the mainland, but if it is not considerable, the birds will be dwellers of wood and mountains of the interior before long, as they are capable of quite extended flights, and they will naturally seek the districts most suitable to their mode of life. But perhaps Protection Island is large enough to afford all the variety of hills and plains necessary. There are four genera in this little company of birds, viz.: *Phasianus, Euplocamus, Ceriornis* and *Thaumalea*. The first includes the species mentioned above, the second the silver, the third the Tragopan cocks and the last the golden pheasants.

No species of birds are probably more addicted to hybridism than pheasants, and although to a certain extent the difference of genera will present a obstacle to the crossing of some of the birds turned loose, yet undoubtedly there will be in a few years—perhaps this year—some very curious and interesting specimens existing on this island, regarding which I can safely assert no one but a trained ornithologist will be able to decide to what parents they owe their existence. As a rule, hybridism in game birds should not be encouraged, although it is claimed that the offspring of distinct species in England is a finer bird than either of his parents. But in the preserves of that country the pheasants are semi-domesticated, and often brought up by hand. It is to be hoped that "Barron," or some other member of his association, will publish the result of this introduction of pheasants of various forms on Protection Island.

I was sorry to see that the silver pheasant was a member of the little community, for although they are large, handsome birds, yet the cocks are very pugnacious and fierce, and the powerful spurs with which their legs are armed enable them to commit great injury to any fowl that dare stand against them. They are an overmatch for any other pheasant on the island.

To those who contemplate introducing members of the

pheasant family into this country, I would advise the importation only of species of the genus *Phasianus* or true pheasant. There are quite a large number of these; all birds of beautiful plumage, some of exceptional splendor. They are game in the full sense of the term, and most excellent as an article of food. Other genera, such as *Crossoptilon*, eared pheasants, *Lophophorus*, monals, *Ceriornis*, horn pheasants, and *Pucrasia*, Koklas pheasants, would also be desirable acquisitions to our list of game birds, but they are difficult to obtain, and their importation would demand a considerable outlay of money. They are mountain-loving birds, and would doubtless do well among the high ranges of our country. Before they are introduced, however, our legislators will have to be converted to the necessity of providing means for their protection, for the poacher and the pot-hunter, the game exterminators of civilized lands, would soon bring to nought all efforts for the successful acclimatization and increase of these beautiful birds, unless effective laws and also means for their stringent enforcement were provided for the pheasant's safety, as well as for the lawbreakers punishment.

SAGAMORE.

WHY DOES THE PRAIRIE DOG BURROW?

THE prairie-dog question is liable to become very profound if followed to its depths. A writer in FOREST AND STREAM of March 19, from the classic grounds of Cambridge, Mass., questions the proposition that prairie dogs burrow for water. If they do not burrow for water what do they burrow for? They do not burrow for fun nor food nor for warmth, for these exist in great sufficiency on top of the ground.

The inhospitality of a prairie dog town is not inviting for extended observations, and it must be admitted that no man, animal, bird, insect or reptile can live without water; so the question remains, where do the prairie dogs get their fluid? Their towns are generally remote from open water—so much so that no other animal lives in the vicinity; not even the prairie wolf, whose powers of locomotion are far superior to the prairie dog. The owls can fly to water, and the rattlesnakes can exist upon the juice of the prairie dog.

The moisture in the grass on the prairie dog plateaus is meager and insufficient. I did not positively assert that there were wells at the bottom of prairie towns, but believe it entirely probable. The only way to find out is to bore and see. Man, even the most scientific, has never been misled by following nature, and whenever railroad engineers have followed the buffalo they have found the best trail; the unerring sight of the bee hunter follows the sweet-laden messenger to honey, and the best watermill sites are at beaver dams. The true mission of science is to unravel the wonderful arcana of nature and make it plain to the common understanding. It will not do to stop and say that what we do not know does not exist. I have not had the advantage of reading Dr. White's article on "Artesian Wells on the Great Plains," published in the *North American Review* for August, 1882, but have suffered the misery of visiting the abortive attempt of Captain (now Major-General) Pope to bore for water under Government instructions on the Llano Estacado near the Pecos River in Texas, but found no prairie dog towns in that vicinity—and no water.

When old Senator Benton was advocating the Pacific Railroad many years ago, he said, "Follow the buffalo," and now for those seeking water on the arid table lands of the West, it may as well be said "follow the prairie dog."

The question of artesian wells in the far West is of great consequence to the Government, and if the little prairie dog has opened the way he should have credit for it. "Geological conditions" are all very fine in a scientific point of view, but it is a well known fact that our most scientific army officers explored California and found no gold, and that the scientific geologists adjusted their instruments on Mt. Davidson twenty years before the practical miners discovered the Comstock lode; and did not like the "geological formations."

In prospecting nature I "go more" on the bee, the bison, the beaver and the prairie dog than the opinion of all the scientifics in the United States; with great respect to them.

You may safely dig for water where the cottonwood grows, and are sure to find it in five miles of where the dove coos; but whether it can be found at the bottom of a prairie dog town, or not, cannot be solved by science, but by practical experience.

If the hardy pioneers who have made Western America what it is had waited for geological conditions, geometrical computations, and astronomical calculations, they would have been still hugging the Atlantic seaboard.

When science takes the common people by the hand and leads them in the ways of prosperity and power, it will be worshipped as the mariner worships the North star.

NOGALES, Arizona. C. D. P.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in your paper several articles on "Prairie Dog Wells," I thought I would write to you about a prairie dog which was kept for a number of years in the museum of this city. I saw it frequently and the curator told me that he never could get it to touch water, though he frequently offered it. This case, and the position of prairie dog towns, lead me to think the dogs do not drink water. H. J. R.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, March 25.

WHITE EGRETS IN ORLEANS COUNTY, N. Y.—About a year ago a party residing in Orleans county informed my son that on Thanksgiving Day, 1883, two white cranes (egrets) were killed near East Carlton, in the Tonawanda Swamp. I wrote to the party asking the particulars of the capture, but never received an answer. I also wrote to Mr. G. H. Headley, taxidermist, of Medina, but he had never seen nor heard anything of them. I questioned a number of parties residing in the county, but received no additional information, and began to think that there was nothing in the report. About two weeks ago I wrote to Mr. Frank H. Lattin, of Gaines, publisher of the *Young Oologist*. He knew nothing about them but would make inquiries. Under date of March 25, he writes: "I am pleased to inform you that it is a fact in regard to the two white egrets being killed in Carlton—not only two but three. Two were killed one day and the third a few days afterward. One was knocked over with a club or stick. They were killed by a Mr. Ford; he had them mounted and now has them in his possession. You will probably hear more about the egrets soon. I am going to see them." Mr. J. H. Langille, in his "Our Birds in their Haunts," makes no mention of ever seeing this species in Orleans county, although he resided for a number of years in the vicinity of Tonawanda Swamp, and as I thought it an unusual occurrence for these birds to be found so far north and so late in the season (December), I have taken the trouble to get at the particulars.—J. L. DAVISON (Lockport, N. Y.).

A FEMALE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having lived long in the West, taken many of its haphazard chances and mixed in and with all classes and conditions of life, I seldom read the FOREST AND STREAM, but some event of the past is recalled. I think then that I will jot it down for the benefit of fellow craftsmen, but I seldom or never do. The intention is good, but the convenient season seems never to arrive. To-night, however, I go to you for an opinion, and am consequently compelled to bestir myself a little. A few days since a Mexican brought in a couple of mountain sheep (at least they were what I always regarded as such); the buck was a fine hefty fellow, and would weigh with entrails out probably 200 pounds, of which 50 pounds could safely be taken up in head and horns. The female, whose head gear I send you, was smaller. The horns, instead of being massive and curling, are light and point backward, which led to the statement that the animal was an ibex and not a sheep. To settle the dispute I send the horns to you to pass judgment upon the character of their former wearer. I have seen goats killed in the mountains above Tubac, but they were goats in the full sense of the word, offshoots, I presume, of some Sonora stock. They are not to my knowledge found in either the Tucson or Santa Catalina ranges where the mountain sheep abound, or at least may be said to be pretty plentiful. These were killed in the Catalinas.—ADIOS (Tucson, Arizona, March 18, 1885). [The horns are those of a mountain sheep without doubt, but they are the largest pair of female sheep horns that we have ever seen. But from our correspondent's statement that the animal was a female, we should have been inclined to regard the horns as those of a young buck, perhaps a yearling. Probably the animal which bore them was quite an old one.]

WHERE DID IT COME FROM?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On March 17 a male prairie chicken (*Cupidonia cupido*) was shot on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near Washington, by Mr. Alex. Skinner, a watchman of the National Museum. The specimen was brought to the Smithsonian immediately after it was killed, and has been mounted for the exhibition collection. It was in perfect feather, and showed no positive indication of having recently been in captivity, although on the inner edge of each wing, near the bend, was a tumid, somewhat inflamed callosity, and the tail feathers appeared somewhat worn and soiled at the ends. Since it is desirable to know whether the specimen in question was one that had recently been introduced from the West and turned out, or whether it is one of a lot, or their descendants, brought some years ago to some part of Maryland or Virginia, I send you this note in the hope that possibly some reader of FOREST AND STREAM may be able to throw light on the question.—R. RIDGWAY (U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C., April 6).

SPRING NOTES.—Saturday spring, Sunday winter, with snow drifting deep and a gale from the northeast. We have, indeed, an uncertain climate. There were bluebirds, red-winged blackbirds, purple finches, song sparrows and the little gray *Junco hyemalis* here Saturday; and "Homo's" notes of snipe made us think that if the weather held we possibly might see one by Fast Day, which comes this week. We cannot sing with the poet of the "beautiful snow." No, not now, for our thoughts are of other things; toward coming visitors from warmer climes. One Richardson's and one hawk owl were recently taken near here, but the big white ones are very scarce. The creeks are clearing of ice and the ducks will get in and put some meat on their bones.—X. Y. Z. (Salem, Mass., March 30).

Game Bag and Gun.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For twenty years or more I shot ducks on Sandusky Bay, and am therefore qualified to speak of what the shooting used to be as compared with the shooting of the present day. In those days, before the advent of batteries or even of decoys, there was no better place out of doors for ducks than that bay, with its bordering marshes and tributary streams. The upper marsh was almost too far away for most of us to go to, and consequently the lower marsh was our hunting ground. When we went below Pipe Creek, and when we went for open-water ducks we struck for Fisher's Cove, Old Ned's Cove, and so on, up to the Four Big Trees on Cedar Point. Our boat houses were situated on the banks of Pipe Creek, about half a mile from its mouth where it opened out into the Cove in the neighborhood of Big Island Point. From thence we could get down to the marsh in any weather, a thing greatly to be desired, for, as a general thing, the stormier the day the better for ducks. Starting early in the morning, we almost invariably got shooting all the way down the creek. The water was always perfectly black with mud hens, with a goodly sprinkling of ducks, and the great flock would open out on either side for us to pass through and close in behind us at a few rods' distance, the ducks, of course, taking flight before their less cautious companions, the mud hens. If the wind was too strong from the eastward, and the sea too heavy in the open cove after passing Big Island, we struck across the sniping ground and so into Pond Lily Channel, down Black Channel, through Plum Brook, into the Graham Pond Holes.

This chain of ponds in the midst of the great marsh was the favorite feeding place of ducks, and countless thousands were constantly flying from one pond to the other, affording the best possible shooting to any one who had shoved his hunting skiff into the narrow strip of cane grass or flags which separated the ponds one from the other. It awakens the old thrill now when I think back to the hundreds of times I have been thus hidden, and I can almost see in imagination the long lines of bluebills with their black necks and white breasts, skimming along about three feet above the water, until, with sudden rush, they rise over the bunch of cane grass and again resume the level of their way on the other side. In those days I used to see them in my dreams at night after banging away at the reality all day. To those who did not care to go so far down, the points and channels up along the creek afforded good shooting, and the constant fusilade sounded almost like the Fourth of July at times. In good stormy weather there was good shooting for everybody and plenty of it, and if a duck hunter got no ducks it was his fault, for you could certainly find that his powder flask was empty.

I well recollect the first decoys I ever saw used. Old Uncle Jim Paul, with McKinster and J. D. Bourne (the three of them in a rowboat) had shoved into the cane grass off Ned's Point and set their decoys out in the open water, so that the countless flocks of ducks coming down the bay could see them. Those decoys were primitive enough, I assure you; mere chunks of white cedar, sharp at one end, with a chuckle head stuck on to the blunt end, painted with lead color and black, with a dab of white paint on each side for the wing coverts, but the way the ducks came down to them was a caution, and it is needless to add that with those three men shooting, the number of dead ducks in the water was wonderful to see. They soon had imitators, and in a year or two, every man who owned a boat and gun had also his flock of decoys, and no one would think of going down for ducks without at least a few decoys to throw out in front of his hiding place or blind. In those days the whole lower cove was set full of ducks.

From Sunken Island and Ned's Point down to Black Channel and over to Big Island Point and up Pike Creek the great flock rode night and day. Disturbed by the sand scows after the night had set in, the distant roar of this flock, as they took flight or fluttered along the water, could be heard from the lower part of the city, miles away. They could not be driven away by any number of hunters, boats, guns, or other appliances then in use, and year after year saw no diminution in their seemingly inexhaustible numbers.

Finally, in an evil hour, came the batteries, and from that hour the preëminence of Sandusky Bay as a shooting ground was gone. Year by year the numbers of batteries increased, and in less than five years there was no shooting for any one outside of a sinkbox. What twenty-five years of shooting, by men and boys, from points and boats, had failed to do, these batteries did in less than five years. The feed is just the same to-day as it was then, but the great flock is a thing of the past. You may paddle from the Draw Bridge down to Black Channel and not see a duck, where, in those days, were millions of them. There is no open water shooting around the creek, except, as I said before, from batteries, and there is no use going down the channel to the Pond Holes, for there are no ducks there. One would naturally suppose that being so disturbed in the open water the ducks would go down there, where the batteries never come, but this not the case as we shall see further on. Now to see how this battery business does actually work, let us take our position on Sunken Island, from whence we can see both up the bay and down toward the mouth of Black Channel. Out about a quarter of a mile is a flock of perhaps a hundred ducks, which, to a practiced eye, reveal themselves to be decoys. Apparently among them, but in reality a little to one side, is something which looks as much like a piece of board or a rail in the water as anything. That is a battery and you can just see a portion of the man's hat near one end of the innocent-looking rail. Away off beyond is the tender whose sharp "m-a-a-r-k" we hear coming across the intervening space. Down goes the head and the flock of decoys are alone upon the water. Coming down the bay is a great flock of redheads. They catch sight of the flock on the open feeding grounds, set their wings, and with whistling rush swoop down among them. Scarcely does the *h-wish* of the advance guard, as they slide into the water, reach our ears, when up rises a man in their very midst. Bang! bang! bang! bang! and all is tumult and confusion. The terrified flock goes up, up, up out of rifle shot, and bewildered by this onslaught, which they cannot account for or understand, their only thought is to get away from there entirely, and get away they do. Crossing over Cedar Point at a safe altitude, they fly for hours without again attempting to alight.

This accounts for there being no ducks in the marsh or down in the pond holes. A duck's common sense tells him to give a point or bunch of grass a wide berth, and even if shot at from one of these points he will go down in open water to the first flock he sees feeding. But when, in fancied security, he goes down to a flock of hundreds of his kind, out in open water, with no cane grass or other cover within half a mile, and is shot at by a man getting up out of the water within ten feet of him, he is a scared duck if not a dead one; and if he has a little time to spare, if he doesn't get entirely out of the country before he stops it is not his fault. The great feeding flock no longer exists in the open water, because there is no chance for the nucleus of such a flock to form. Each flock is terrified in turn as it arrives, and the ducks are prevented from becoming wonted to the feeding ground, although the feed is the same as of old, when miles of water were covered with ducks with more coming all the time. As I said before, there is no shooting for any one outside of a battery. My friend and old hunting chum, Hauser, went down three days last fall and each time brought home and took out at night the same two shells he put into his gun in the morning when he started before daylight. When he can't get ducks, there's no use for any one else to try, for a better shot never sat in a boat.

In the upper bay, where the Winons' club house is, the club have enforced the law against battery-shooting with a result as stated by "Sagamore;" but in the lower bay or cove, the law is not enforced, with results as hereinbefore stated. Some of the battery men say: "Oh, well, there are so many shooters and so many cussed boys pounding away at the ducks all the time, that's what's the matter." Yes, but for twenty years there have been just as many shooters, and the "cussed boys" with their three-dollar singlebarreled shotguns or old muskets, have been just as thick and just as omnipresent as now. Indeed, I think there was more shooting then than now, for then there used to be the unfailing evening flight, and one could hear a perfect cannonading down there from sundown to dark and after dark. Now you can't hear a gun, for there is no evening flight; that, too, is a thing of the past. With all that shooting, year after year, the ducks continued to come in undiminished numbers until the advent of the batteries, since which evil day the shooting has been ruined.

Pardon me for this rather extended statement of facts, but I think that it proves beyond all doubt the statement made by your correspondent "Sagamore," to wit, "That wherever batteries are systematically used, a diminution, if not the entire disappearance of wildfowl is sure to take place."

J. J. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the articles on battery-shooting in your valued paper, and although living right where they are used, and have been for a long time, I did not intend to have anything to say on the subject, but since "X." has taken a hand, and "two against one is not fair," I must say that I think "Sinkboat" is on the right side. My experience, like that of "Sinkboat," is only confined to one place or locality, viz., the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay, or more properly speaking, Susquehanna Flats.

In your issue of March 12, "Sagamore" says, "batteries, if persisted in, are certain to drive the fowl away from their

haunts." Batteries have been in use here since 1843, nearly fifty years, and still we have countless thousands of the birds with us each year. I heard more than one old gunner remark that last season we had more ducks with us than they ever remember seeing. Does this prove that they will leave their haunts?

As to the using of sailboats to gather up the dead ducks and to keeping others on the wing, this—I speak of the flats—is positively not done. Days when the ducks will not fly are invariably calm ones, and a sailboat would be of no possible use, and when there is a good breeze they are on the wing continually, although they do not always draw to the batteries. "Sinkboat" admits that "occasionally the yacht is sailed around." I go so far as to deny this also. Rarely, or ever, do you see a yacht or scow under sail, excepting when there is a change of wind, and they wish to go to windward. I might say more on this subject, but will leave it for "Sinkboat," as he is better able to handle it.

CHARLESTOWN, Md. PROFESSIONAL.

HOW THE GAME GOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I walked around this evening taking a view of the mercantile houses in Wichita Falls which make a business of buying and selling skins. At one place they were baling the skins for shipment, and I was told that their destination was New York.

The stomach of your great city must be quite a devil of a thing, since it seems eager to devour anything that may be pitched into it, without regard as to whether it stinks or smells sweetly. There were hundreds of skunk-skins baled for shipment to that place, and these stank so badly that the air for several squares around was laden with the smell. My clothes became infected with the smell, so that while I write this in my room in a hotel I am almost overcome with it. You see, one cannot go near a rose like that without being penetrated by its fragrance. I suppose the paper on which I write you this will bear the strange odor to you, and that it may even be conveyed into the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. Can you tell us, Mr. Editor, what economy the polecat subserves by smelling so badly? It has always seemed to me a mystery—one of the most recondite things in all nature. I asked if the smell of these skins would not hurt the price in New York, but they said that the louder the smell the greater would be their value there.

I saw also shipped from the same house 10,000 pounds of antelope and deer skins, and this made me feel really sad. They tell me that the average weight of these skins is two and a half pounds each, so that they represent 4,000 slain antelopes and deer. How many more have been shipped from this place the past fall and winter I could not learn, but was told that this one house had shipped not less than 100,000 pounds, and expected to ship a good many thousand more from last season's shooting. Here then we have at least 25,000 of these beautiful animals slain in one season in the country which trades at Wichita Falls, leaving out other houses here engaged in the same business. The shipments from Colorado City, Big Springs, Marienfeld, Midland, El Paso, and other Texas points, must be in the aggregate very much larger. It is certainly within the bounds to say that 100,000 of these animals have been slain in Texas the past shooting season.

In 1877 I wrote you from Denison, Texas, about the enormous slaughter of the buffaloes, predicting the early and total extinction of that race of animals. Since then the buffalo has appeared in Texas only twice in very feeble numbers. The past winter a herd of about eighty appeared on the Staked Plain, and I am told that all of these were killed. It is safe to say that he will never be seen in his wild state on Texas soil again. The volume of his history is about closed, and he has gone glimmering into the past.

At the rate of destruction now going on in Texas, how long will it be before the beautiful antelope has also taken his departure? In less than ten years their race will be extinct. He, like the buffalo, seeks no hiding places. He lives on the wide, open prairies, and hates mountains and forests. Therefore he is always exposed to the deadly long-range rifles of the cowboy and professional hunter. They go in bands, always sticking together, and may be shot down by these merciless destroyers as long as they like. As for the deer, he will probably be with us forever, but in extremely small numbers, because he has no special partiality for the prairies, and flies for protection to the deep forests and gorges and crags of the mountains. He is already almost entirely driven from the Texas prairies, where I used to see him in swarms of hundreds and thousands. Some years ago he was rarely seen in the woods of Eastern Texas. He is now more numerous there than in any other portion of the State, except probably the wild mountain district west of the Pecos. He has gone to the forests and farmers of Eastern Texas to get away from the terrible cowboy and pot-hunter.

And the wild mustang, which I used to see in herds of hundreds, and which I thought the most beautiful of all animals, with their glittering skins and long black manes and tails, has gone too, almost entirely. By Jove, what times I have seen in racing with this wild, beautiful son of the prairie on his native heath.

But we can't help these things. Such is the devouring white man, and such is devouring civilization. The buffalo had to give place to the domestic cow, the mustang to the domestic horse, the antelope to the domestic sheep and goat; just as the wild Indian had to give place to the domestic man. It is home and home things that are conquering the world. Also I see from these hide houses here that the wolf is giving way to the domestic dog. But pray, Mr. Editor, what particular thing is it that the polecat is giving place to? At this point I am lost in wonder. Will it be to something that can shoot out a stronger smell? How can it be possible?

I met here to-day two noted Comanche chiefs, whose names only a few years ago were a terror far down in Texas. One was Wild Horse and the other White Eagle. I had quite a long conversation with them through an interpreter. Wild Horse is quite a fine-looking old man, with a really intellectual countenance and the appearance of a born leader. He is said to be a great orator. I spoke to them about the disappearance of the buffalo and other game. "Yes," said Wild Horse, "the buffalo is gone and all the others are going. The Indian will soon be gone, too. My tribe in my day covered all this country from the big mountains to the sea. Now you can cover us all with a blanket. A few years more and we Indians are all gone." White Eagle's wife was standing by listening to this conversation. As the old chief spoke these words, she turned to her prattling pappoose on her shoulder and loved him in a sad, but sweet and motherly way.

And see how civilization advances, sweeping all things before it. When the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad reached this place twenty-six months ago, there was nothing here but a few hastily-erected tents and shanties, and there was nothing in the country save a few adventurous cowmen, with their ranches scattered very widely apart. Now here is a bright city of 3,000 people, long rows of stately stone and brick houses, and over $1,500,000 of taxable real estate. The granger, with his plows and hoes, and reapers, is settling over the country in heavy force, and the cowman and cowboy are going further west, in a few years to be driven still further on by the inevitable granger. Like the buffalo, the antelope and Indian, the inclusive cowman must go. There is some cheer at least in the fact that the destructive cowboy must go. In a few more years he will be a monster entirely of the past.

To-morrow I start alone on a buggy trip far up the Texas Panhandle, where I may not see a human residence in a day's travel. Yet I shall take no shooting irons with me, not even a pocket pistol. Thinly as that region is peopled, the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad is now building into it from this place, and in a year or two it will swarm with bustling folks. Among some other duties I go to christen a new city and to secure some choice town lots. There is now not a house, save a stage stand, in ten miles of the place, but in a few months it will be quite a city. Such is life in the West. N. A. T.

WICHITA FALLS, Texas, March 20, 1885.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME PROTECTION.

TWO or three reports by the Committee on Agriculture in the Massachusetts Legislature are encouraging as looking toward better protection. An order was introduced in the House in January last and referred to the Committee on Agriculture touching the expediency of so amending Chapter 169 of the Acts of the year 1883 as to allow the hunting, chasing or killing deer within the counties of Plymouth or Barnstable during the month of November in each year.

Chapter 169, Acts of 1883, gives a close season all the year round to deer, and continues in force. Below is the report of the Committee. It has been accepted by the House and goes to the Senate next week for concurrence if they so vote:

"The Committee on Agriculture report that it is inexpedient to legislate, on an order relative to so amending Chapter 169 of the Acts of the year 1883 as to allow the hunting, chasing or killing deer within the counties of Plymouth or Barnstable during the month of November in each year." The Senate can refuse to concur or can recommit the order.

The following order was sent to the Legislature early in February, and referred to the same committee:

As to the expediency of amending Chapter 282 of the Acts of the year 1884, entitled "An Act for the protection of game in the ponds known as Cockeast or Davol's Pond and Richmond's Pond, situated between the Westport River and the Rhode Island boundary line," so as to allow the shooting of wild duck or fowl of every description, from a boat, raft or float on the ponds named in said act at any time between the first day of November in any year and the first day of April following.

This act was only passed last year, and now certain parties want it amended so that for a portion of the year shooting in the manner named may be allowed. It would certainly be a great mistake to repeal this act, and fortunately the committee thinks so. Here is their report: "It is inexpedient to legislate, on an order relative to allowing the shooting of wild duck or fowl of every description from a boat, raft or float, between the first day of November and the first day of April, on the ponds named in Chapter 282 of the Acts of the year 1884, entitled an act for the protection of game in the ponds known as Cockeast or Davol's Pond, and Richmond's Pond."

The result of the prohibition of shooting afloat on Cockeast and Richmonds Ponds has been to make the bodies of water places where the ducks feel that they are safe. The consequence is that they gather here in great numbers, and in their flight to and from the ponds make good shooting, where a year or two ago there was little or none. The report above referred to was made in the Senate, and upon motion of Senator Job M. Leonard, of Somerset, Bristol county, it was recommitted and the House has concurred. It is hoped that no steps will be taken toward repealing the present law, which is most beneficial in its influence.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In May, 1883, I was out near an ice pond, when my Irish setter flushed a killdeer plover which flew to my left as I fired at it, a cowbird flying in the opposite direction came in line and received a part of charge. But instead of dropping, as did the killdeer, the cowbird flew directly into the mouth of my dog, who brought and dropped it at my feet. It then immediately arose and commenced circling around in a spiral motion until it disappeared from my sight. My dog seemed as much astonished as myself. As it arose he made a motion to catch it, but missed it, and then watched it for some time in its spiral motion, until reminded that there was other and better game than vagabond cowbirds to look for, and he soon retrieved the killdeer. J. L. D.

LOCKPORT, March 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In 1875, while shooting for a company medal, with Enfield rifles, we used two targets, about twelve feet apart, six-inch bullseye. My rifle being too heavily charged, I determined to shoot it from a rest, before the actual contest began. Resting it in the crotch of a small tree, I aimed at the right hand target and pulled trigger. The gun went one way, I another, and while the target I shot at was intact, the one on the left showed a center shot. Have never been able to account for it, or to repeat the shot. RIFLE.

SAVANNAH, Georgia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seated at the desk to-day—the equinoctial, which Wiggins has appropriated to himself, having piled the snow around to such a degree as to render travel impossible—I read over some of the remarkable shots in the back numbers of your paper, and concluded to contribute my mite to the general fund. Though I have killed game at something beyond the usual range, and made many accountable and unaccountable misses, I would not call any of my shots remarkable. However, I saw one made that, for the variety of objects hit, almost equals the recently published exploit of "Col. Mendacity." One morning in September, 1870, Hiram Humphries, the present postmaster at McDonald's Corner, in this county, sallied forth to shoot a sheep. He was armed with a brass-banded musket, with "Dantzic" on the lock-plate, a regular old "dunder and blitzen," and it was loaded with a round ball the circumference of which was equal to that of the base of my thumb. When he got within forty yards of his intended victim he was standing in a little hollow. Forty feet beyond the sheep was a small knoll on which was a flock of chickens. The village smithy stood directly in line, about 160 yards from the shooter, and in the door stood Odber Secord and Isaac Humphries, the latter having his hand pushed in behind the breast of his leather apron. Had the boy taken an off-hand shot the bullet would probably have buried itself in the knoll, but before any one of the half dozen who were watching him realized what he was doing, he dropped on one knee and fired. The ball inflicted a flesh wound in the neck of the sheep, and passing on killed two of the chickens on the knoll. It then grazed the top rail of a cedar fence four rods from the shop and struck Isaac on the arm four inches below the elbow, splintering the bone on the upper side; then passing through the muscle of the arm about two inches from the head of the elbow, it lodged between the double boarding of a horse stall at the back of the shop. It thus passed through the double of his arm and left four open wounds. The wounded man was then about twenty-three years of age, and had previously lost an eye and had both legs broken. This accident unfitted him for his business, and he is now an operator in the employ of the W. U. Tel. Co. This is not a fable; but you will not have to dig deep for a moral: "Be careful in what direction you point a gun." L. I. FLOWER.

QUEENS Co., N. B., March 18.

A DEER HOUNDING INCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the recent discussion in your columns regarding deer hounding, and to show the abject terror of the pursued deer, the following incident may be interesting. Last week E., a young farmer, living about three miles east of this place, while putting his team in the barn, about 3 o'clock A. M., after returning home with his wife from a dance, was startled by his wife's screams at the house, where he had left her but a moment before. Running to the house, his surprise can be imagined at seeing, standing in the middle of the room, a two-year old buck, panting and trembling in every limb, the heaving sides and protruding tongue plainly showing that a long chase through the deep snow had completely exhausted him. Quickly taking in the situation, E. closed the door, and springing upon the frightened animal, after a severe tussle overcame it, and with the aid of his wife securely tied it.

It seems his wife after entering the house did not close the door, but struck a light, upon which the deer came bounding into the room. The house is but a few rods from the woods, and the deer probably coming to the edge of the clearing at the moment the light appeared through the open door, ran directly toward it, in the frantic effort to escape the dreaded pursuer.

In the morning E. brought the deer to town, and wanted to sell it to me, but not caring to buy, I allowed him to put it in the inclosure with my own deer, who at first resented the intrusion, but are now on the best of terms with the stranger.

E. said the deer was followed by a lynx, which was probable, as one or more of these animals are known to frequent a large swamp near his place. This was too good a chance for a chase to lose, so taking my two trusty fox-hounds Range and Sport, and the heavy gun, a ten and a half pound Parker, 10-gange, a half dozen three-inch metal shells, loaded with 5 drams Hazard ducking powder No. 4, and 1 ounce No. 1 chilled shot, two No. 8 pink-edge wads on powder and one cardboard wad on shot (by the way the correct load for a fox at fifteen rods), and last but not least a pair of snow shoes, which the twenty inches of snow on the ground made a necessity, I was soon with a friend as anxious as myself, driving rapidly toward E.'s place.

Arrived there, after putting guns together, adjusting snow shoes, etc., we proceeded to the place where the lynx left the track and turned back into the woods. Our disgust can be better imagined than described when we discovered that the much wished for lynx tracks were made by a hound who, running still—that is, not giving tongue—had seen the light and hearing the noise at the house, and E.'s watch dog barking, had discreetly turned about and taken his back track, without feasting on venison, as he surely would have done, had not E. happened to return home at the time he did. P. M. R.

WHITE CLOUD, Mich., March 31, 1885.

A LONG SHOT AT A SWAN.—March has been a terror here abouts, but the reign of the tyrant is nearly ended. Wild geese are flying, and I hope for some ducks ere long. Swans are flying too. Let me tell you of what I call a remarkable shot: The other morning, March 16, to be exact, a boy came to my door and told me, "Swans are flying; do you feel well enough to go down and try for them?" Of course I did; I got my gun, stuck in my pocket half a dozen shells, some of them loaded with 12 buckshot, three chambers, settled with No. 12 chilled shot, the others were charged with BBs, one ounce. All had 3½ drams Orange ducking behind the shot, three Eley wads over powder, one over shot. My gun weighs only six pounds, so you can see I am not much afraid of recoil. I reached the dam, took position and waited. The air was very cold, and I regretted having come out. Presently a flock hove in sight; I slipped a "buck shell" into my right and a BB into my left barrel. The swans passed over, but so high that I thought it useless to fire. My friend, the boy, said: "Try 'em, won't you? Don't let 'em go without one shot." "Nonsense," said I, "they're too high." However, my gun came to my shoulder, I drew the trigger of the right hand lock, and to my surprise one of the flock turned tail skyward and fell. He had not come down more than two-thirds the distance to the water, when he seemed to recover and started off again. I sent the BBs after him and he came down. The boy went and brought him to me, and I found that the buckshot had cut off his bill entire close to the head, while my BBs had killed him. I can tell you nothing of the distance of the first shot. I thought, however, that the bird was out of range. I am satisfied the second shot exceeded 100 yards. The remarkable thing to me about the first shot is that buckshot would go as a ball the distance I have mentioned. One shot could not have carried away a swan's bill so clean as this was carried away—AMATEUR (Somerset, Pa., March 23).

MOOR SHOOTING IN FEBRUARY.

We have very nearly reached the limit of our tether over here as far as the shooting season of 1884–85 is concerned. Taken altogether, it has been a decided success; game has been plentiful, the weather has on the whole been what it ought to be, and those of us who have had the time and the opportunity are doubtless ready to usher in February month with a feeling of satisfaction. Some of us, however, do not have the opportunity of sharing in the general campaign, and perforce find ourselves on the lookout for such bits and scraps as fall from the rich man's table, and it is frequently during the month of February that we are best able to replenish their larders. Sportsmen who pride themselves upon the orthodoxy of their sportive character generally clean, oil and put by their shooting impedimenta after Jan. 31; but between that date and March 1, the last limit of our close season, there are some who still, gun in hand, may be seen ardently taking their pleasure in some one or other of the few, very few, out-of-the-way corners we have left in Britain where a little sport can be had. The sport is usually small, but it is essentially true. There is no ceremony about it, no humbug, and it is, therefore, doubtless thoroughly distasteful to many of our "swell" sportsmen. It nevertheless makes up in quality for any lack in quantity, and some of the prettiest of this no-season shooting is to be had upon the single real moor in our southern counties.

Devonshire is usually regarded as the garden of England. Superficially that is doubtless the case; but anyhow the garden has as its central feature a considerable and decided howling wilderness—from the horticulturist's point of view. The wilderness is a moor, Dartmoor by name. It occupies nearly the heart of the county and extends about twenty miles from north to south, by about twelve miles in width. The greatest elevation reached is about 2,000 feet, and the average height of the plateau must be about 1,000 feet above sea level. It is a huge upheaval of granite rock, and consists of a series of rugged hills interscected by countless watercourses of more er less volume. This moor is called the forest of Dartmoor, and the name of "forest" is doubtless given it because there is probably without exception a less number of trees than upon any similar part of England.

Upon Dartmoor I have found three sorts of snipe out of the four we include among our British game birds. The first kind and the rarest is *Scolopax major*, the solitary or great snipe, as we term him in the vernacular. He is a big gentleman, weighing about eight ounces, and easy enough to kill when you find him. We get very few of these snipe in the British Isles; not more than a dozen being recorded as killed every year. The solitary snipe is rarely found in the near neighborhood of the smaller kinds, and as far as my experience goes—it only extends to two—*Scolopax major* is usually out on the open moorland pursuing a really solitary course of life, choosing for his diurnal haunt a broken dip in the ground, where it is fairly dry and thoroughly exposed to every inclemency of weather. That he is not a thoroughgoing Britisher is certain; the east wind seems to be particularly to his liking.

The little jacksnipe (*S. gallinula*) ranges about one-third the size and weight of the foregoing. He is a mere atom of a bird, yet possessed of an independent character of his own, and nearly as idiosyncratic as others of his kind. I have found the common snipe upon almost every sort of ground on Dartmoor, but these little jacks seem to adhere to that which we consider typical snipe ground: Wet, sodden mires, high-lying and well out on the moor, as far from the haunts of man as possible, seem to provide these feeble wildfowl with a congenial haunt. Sometimes one finds them as thick as bees, while at others their absence is their typical point. But for their smallness they would provide but poor sport, but in February, when one goes tramping through the wet, uncertain bogland, they get up so quietly and so unexpectedly, that for the moment you seem to forget that they are what you have been seeking, and in that moment's hesitation the best chance is lost, for as he gathers speed, so he gathers waywardness in flight, and although less headlong in his rate of departure, still the true snipe zigzag is there, and unless you take him at one of the moments when he seems to steady his flight a bit, the chances are that you will miss the little fellow—for the time being. After a short journey of 100 or 200 yards he will be down again, and very often a bad or unhandy shot will go through the same performance two or three times before the snipe is brought to bag, or gets tired of the business and clears off altogether. Sometimes, in February, one gets a lot of these little beggars, far more, as a rule, than of the common variety (*S. gallinago* or *Gallinago media*), although earlier in the season the last named are the most plentiful. We call this bird the moor snipe, and also the heather bleaker, and some of us call him other names too, but we don't write them down often. In February he has become a wary and very wild gentleman indeed. Successive flushings, and perhaps shots at him deprive this eccentric feathered personage of any sedateness of manner which he may have formerly possessed, and you want to be very careful and plan your mode of attack upon lines of the most advanced strategy in order to cope successfully with this moorfowl in February month. At this season there is no knowing where to find them in numbers. No rules can be laid down, and even the most experienced moor sportsman will often and often find himself egregiously wrong in his speculations as to where the snipe will be. I have gone out upon this south-country moor one day when things look roseate for the sportsman and bad for the snipe, and things have turned out as expected. Next day the same general aspect of affairs, tried similar ground and came home nearly snipeless, finding a mere apology for a sprinkling of birds, and every "likely place" a scene of disappointment. Sometimes the birds are all in the soft low ground; another day, under precisely similar circumstances apparently, they are on the high, dry parts. When you have studied their varying habits for a week, you come to the conclusion that under such and such conditions of wind, temperature and weather, the snipe should be in certain places, and yet when you come to prove the correctness of the theory, lo! it is completely and irretrievably upset. This is the rule with snipe all the season, more or less, but when the close time approaches, the birds seem to desire to anticipate it, and simply flabbergast one with the eccentricities of their habits; at least, so it is upon this old-world corner, and I suppose so it is all through this mundane sphere.

Closely allied to the snipe is the woodcock, and when the time comes round for shooting snipe, so shortly after does the other long-billed gentry put in their appearance. Upon Dartmoor itself, upon the real actual moorland but few woodcock can be got, but upon its outskirts, where the inhospitable granite and heather and mire gives place to the cultivated fields, the rough, broken brake and the many-colored fir plantations, there I have killed many a woodcock, and even in February one occasionally comes across them by accident, and can find a good few by trying for them. To me there is something very delightful about woodcock—or as we prefer to style it, 'cock—shooting under such circumstances. The clear frosty air, the crackle of the rime upon the long tussocky grass beneath the firs, the scent of the trees, and the general feeling of exhilaration produced by a fine winter morning all combine to set one thoroughly in accord with one's self, and the peculiar difficulty of finding your bird and moreover of killing him when found, lend a zest to this moorland sport which the more conventional cock shooting afforded by well-preserved, less easy-going districts wholly lack. Folks over here pride themselves more over a woodcock well killed than half a dozen pheasants; and when in February, when others have put away their guns, you take out a steady hustling old spaniel and along with the keeper and a friend manage to secure a brace or two of cock, why then you are envied of the countryside, and feel that you ought to be.

Sometimes when we are trying for woodcock in the outlying plantations we flush a gray hen, sometimes even an old black cock, and it reminds one of the earlier part of the season, back in November, when coming home that long four-mile tramp from the big mire, the setter made point after point, and we just managed to get hold of a brace and a half out of the covey in the dusk of the autumn evening, and wondered how on earth it managed to remain untouched so long. Ah, they are "brave old birds" those heath-poults, and send the blood tearing through your veins when they dash up through the closely set boughs of the spruce saplings, and make you wish the 10th of December were not gone by, tempting you sorely to break the close time.

The uncertainties usually attaching to the ways of the woodcock are less conspicuous in February than are they at other periods of the season. Probably those we find so late are the ones bent on meeting with us—they are very few—and so in order to accommodate themselves to the change from a life of wandering nature to one of more settled description, they become less restive and changeable as regards their haunts. Anyhow it is only at such times as we write of that you can with any hope of success forecast the whereabouts of the few woodcock remaining. Where you find them one day you may with a reasonable amount of certainty expect to brush them up on the next; which of the woodcock is saying a great deal.

If the winter has been a hard one, there will, in February, be some fun, to be had at the expense of the moorfowl proper; to wit, curlew, plover, and perhaps a few duck. The first-named fall to the gun by chance. One never tries for them. They are few and far between, and to get them you must trust to luck. At least, I do so, and I get very few of them, although often seeing numbers; they are too wary and too difficult to get at to waste time over, and are often a precious nuisance into the bargain. Many a morning, when I have successfully maneuvered up to nearly within range of a flock of golden plover, has one or two of these wary gentry gotten up, and with their "curlewing" and circling put up the plover, too, and earned for themselves curses loud and deep. The plover, on the other hand, are more easily got at, and afford better sport. They come in large and plentiful flocks, usually passing from the higher to the lower lands and *vice versa*, once during the day. I have rather a weakness for the golden plover, and my favorite way of trying for them is to be out on the moor by daylight. This plover is an early riser and also an early breakfaster, and it is necessary to arrange to interview him before the matutinal meal. He will probably have occupied a strategic position at the head of some mire, being for the nonce upon the dry ground at the leeward side. The course of proceeding, then, is to walk up to him and his many companions against wind, adopting as deliberate and regular a mode of progression as the inequalities of the ground will permit. If you have any luck, you continue to approach until within gunshot, and directly the flock rises, when about two feet from the ground, have at them! Fire into the brown this time and next time, while they are circling round pick out your bird—it will probably be more than one—and if you think it worth while, reload quickly, and there may be a third shot to be obtained before the birds crowd off to a mire on the other side of the hill. The spoil is collected, and the birds must be followed along the line of flight to the other bog. If you have a dog with you, he may find one or two stray ones, slightly hit, which can be picked up on the way across, only one must not fire so as to set the flock moving again. I usually trust to sighting plover myself, it leads to more successful results on this southern moorland than does working a dog to them; but it requires some knowledge of the ground and some experience of the work to do this. A novice at it may almost walk through a flock of golden plover and never see one. I know that I have in my earlier days on the moor, and the first time "I ever heern or see" golden plover on Dartmoor was one Sunday evening when strolling along, I happened to glance toward the ground, and certainly not ten yards from me the ground was black with them. Before twelve hours were gone by I was among them again, only the aim in view was of a week day character.

Sometimes several wild duck, sometimes a little teal may be picked up in the pools of the streams during hard weather; but they come more by chance than because the ground suits them and rarely stay long. They want a deal of stalking when you do sight one upon the stream, in an open, level part of the moor, and many a beastly cold crawl have I had after them, success rarely attending the undignified operation. In February, though, they are few and far between, and no one would set out to get duck down in this part.

Feather, it will be seen, is of varied character upon the moor I write of, and sometimes it is plentiful; but fur is scarce. An occasional hare and a few rabbits may be brought to bag, but the former are all too scarce, and provide sport almost exclusively for the harriers which hunt various parts of the moor. It's rough work for certain, hare hunting; but it's grand fun if you get a good Dartmoor hare going well, and I suppose there is no more pleasanter way of breaking one's neck than is offered by many of the rough bits crossed in a day with the Dartvale and other harriers. And yet you always come well out of it, that is, if you have a horse of the country, and not the least exhilarating is this one of the several sports which February offers to sojourners in this south country moor during the twilight of the shooting season.

MOORMAN.

England, Feb. 14, 1884.

Mucilaged Wads.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* F. H. Hack's reply of the 19th inst. to my communication of the 5th inst., in which I described my method of "securing wads in place without crimping," may, in the wad he advocates, suggest the same idea more perfectly and fully. But I have serious objection to any wad fixed in place by adhesive substances, mucilaginous or gummy. In my experience the gum will form a chemical combination with the burnt powder, and in many instances firmly adheres to the inside of the barrel, thus contributing to the rapid fouling of the gun; depositing itself in streaks and patches, and, like a bad lubricant used on machinery, wear and tear would take place at some points of the bearings while other parts would be protected. Of course in a shotgun this would be a mere bagatelle; but the difficulty does not stop here. This deposit is hard to remove; water and the ordinary cleaning processes will not do it. I have frequently had to use strong turpentine, refined petroleum or something of the sort in order to cut it out. As most sportsmen love to keep their guns perfectly clean, it behooves them to be a little wary as to what they admit on the inside. If lubricants, as applied to wads, are desirable, tallow, pure and simple, is far ahead of the waxy and gummy substances too frequently used.—Backwoods (Beverly, Randolph county, W. Va., March 27).

Washington Territory.—Tacoma, March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* West of the Rocky Mountains and north of Oregon I have not met with any well-bred dogs. Those few now located in this region, which are designated as good dogs are very indifferent workers, and as far as breeding is concerned, are *nil*. I regret this, because I consider myself safe in predicting that this yet unopen country will, at no distant day, rank high in the estimation of the sportsman. Our snipe season is an unusually long one, embracing almost the entire winter; as is also the case regarding duck. California trout, transplanted here from their native State a few years ago, are most fortunately multiplying. Pheasant and grouse abound, while this is a kingdom of joy for those fond of the trout rod; all our fresh waters abound in trout, ranging from eight ounces up as high as four pounds, and averaging, say, about one. I have swung a fly now for two years, and cannot complain of ever having returned home in a disappointed frame of mind. Elk can be found in our vicinity; deer, bear and cougar within a day's tramp.—W.

An Incident.—Duck shooting on Hay Bay with a friend, I once winged a duck which fell on the bog. Our punt was lying alongside. My dog retrieved the bird, and as he brought it up my friend said, "Look out, or you'll lose it." I jerked off its head, and the body disappeared in the water. "There," said he, "I told you he'd get away." I answered, "If he does, here is his head." We pushed off the punt, and paddled about, but could not see the duck. We went back to the spot and after great difficulty I scooped out from under the bog the dead body. A French physician once said that after decapitation the senses were not immediately destroyed, and to test this it was arranged with the doctor and the criminal that if this were true he would, on his head being cut off, wink his right eye, which occurred. In the present case the question arises, did the duck take in the situation and die accordingly?—R. P. J. (Picton, Ontario).

Fowl Shooting.—There have been but few ducks killed here this spring, owing to there being so much ice, and even at this late day it is dangerous to put out your decoys, for there is always a floe around ready to sweep everything away. To-morrow, Monday, is the last day of the season and great preparation is being made to give the ducks a parting salute. Ham Disston's steam yacht Manatee is here, having on board a lot of Philadelphia sportsmen, who in their minds are slaughtering the poor ducks. John B. Graham has sold his yacht Graham, but this summer will rebuild one specially fitted for the convenience and comfort of sportsmen who may desire a day of genuine sport among the ducks. Snipe have not made their appearance here yet, we have had our guns in readiness for some time.—Professional (Charlestown, Md., March 29).

Currituck Matters.—The annual meeting and election of the Palmer Island Club, whose grounds are on the outer beach of Currituck Sound, was held April 1. The following gentlemen were elected: President and Treasurer, Mr. William F. Bridge; Secretary, Mr. John G. Heckscher; Governors—Messrs. Henry Steers, Howland Robbins and Isaac Townsend. The annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club is called for April 13. The season for fowl shooting at Currituck usually closes Feb. 1, but this year, owing to the cold weather of February and March, it lasted much later, and those club members who stayed into the month of March had some very good shooting, mostly, however, at common ducks.

Philadelphia Notes.—Snipe are being killed all around Philadelphia within a radius of fifty miles. The flight does not seem to be a large one, and the birds are dropping into favored places in bunches of twos and threes. The frost is fast disappearing in the fields, and in New Jersey, within twelve miles of this city, plowing of the light soil has begun. Returning from Haddonfield, N. J., this A. M., your correspondent noticed all the migratory birds about due at this season, and listened to their love songs which filled the air. —Homo.

Winter in Tennessee.—Although our winter has been exceptionally severe, the snowfall has been less than an average, and this county and Middle Tennessee generally, is well stocked with quail. There are fewer bird dogs here than formerly, and many coveys have lost none, save from predacious birds and animals. Formerly cotton and tobacco were extensively cultivated here, but now the grasses and cereals have supplanted them, leaving excellent cover and abundant feed.—C. (Franklin, Tenn., March 23).

Robins Island Club Election.—At a meeting recently held in Brooklyn, by the Robins Island Club, officers for the year 1885 were elected, as follows: President, S. Fleet Speir, M. D.; Vice-President, H. D. Polhemus; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Force. Board of Directors: Alden S. Swan, W. B. Kendall, W. B. Dickerman, Henry I. Cullen, Jr., and the officers above mentioned. We have in type a description of the island as it is to-day, which we hope to publish in our next issue.

Albino Fox.—A pure white fox was shot near here a few days ago. Have asked fox hunters about finding them asleep. Mr. Amidon shot two the past winter while asleep. My brother shot one while asleep the winter of 1883.—J. Otis Fellows (Hornellsville, N. Y., April 1).

Sea and River Fishing.

SECOND DAY OF THE TROUT SHOW.

OWING to the crowd around Mr. Blackford's stands on the first day and the late arrivals of some specimens it was not possible to give a complete list of the exhibition on the day of our going to press. On visiting the market next day we were attracted by some handsome specimens of Scotch trout from the Tweed and the Forth, sixteen in all, sent by Prof. J. Cossar Ewart, of the Scotch Fisheries Board. Mr. J. C. Meuhall, of Portland, Oregon, forwarded finely preserved trout from Idaho, *Salmo purpuratus*, variously called, according to Jordan, "salmon trout of the Columbia," "Yellowstone trout," "lake trout," and "Rocky Mountain brook trout." Fifteen most elegant trout from the celebrated Castalia springs, near Cleveland, Ohio, were sent by Mr. J. L. Yale and attracted much attention.

The exhibition as a whole was up to the average and as usual attracted anglers, naturalists, sight-seers and many ladies. It requires some knowledge of fishes to fully appreciate how instructive these displays are, and to recognize the differences between the species. It is seldom that we find a collection of fresh specimens of *Salvelinus fontinalis*, *Salvelinus namaycush*, *Salmo iris*, *Salmo iridea*, and *Salmo purpuratus*, in fact we may say such an opportunity only occurs at Mr. Blackford's annual trout openings, when he spares no pains nor expense to provide this ichthyological treat.

The live carp shown were sent by Maj. Culyer from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and were the progeny of fish placed there four years ago. The parent fish now weigh about fifteen pounds and the young shown were from two to three pounds weight.

OPENING THE TROUT SEASON.

IN NEW YORK.

THE opening day was a pleasant one in the vicinity of New York; the sky was bright and the air was mild and spring-like. In the early morning it was feared that there would be a lack of breeze, especially on the north shore of Long Island, but before 7 A. M. a light ripple broke the glassy stillness of the ponds and gladdened the hearts of the anglers. On the south side quite a strong breeze from the south made the day as nearly perfect as one so bright can be. At the South Side Club over one thousand fish were taken, and as the members do not kill fingerlings, this number represents a goodly weight. At other places on the Island the catch was fair.

It was expected that ex-President Arthur and Mr. Francis Endicott would, by invitation of Mr. William Floyd-Jones, fish at Massapequa, but the ill health of both prevented their acceptance. Mr. Austin Corbin and friends had fair success at Robinson's Pond; Mr. August Belmont gave some friends fine sport in his preserves near Babylon; Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's ponds yielded some good fish to a few guests; Mr. Bayard Cutting, who recently purchased the pond of Mr. George Lorillard at Oakdale, invited a few friends to wet their lines in it, but the catch was small. At Sayville the Hon. R. B. Roosevelt and party fished his preserves and found them well stocked and the fish rising freely. Messrs. De Forest and Weeks met with a fair reward at Amityville, while the Suffolk Club members met with more or less success.

On the north shore Rev. Dr. H. J. Vandyke took a few good sized fish at Smithtown. Master Wallace Blackford wet his lines in the ponds of Messrs. Jones and Hewlett, at Cold Spring Harbor, with small success as to the number but took some fair sized fish. Harry Miner entertained friends at Locust Valley, but the fishing was poor, the stream at that place having been greatly damaged by the February freshet which filled all the pools with sand. Mr. E. Weeks of that place took a few fish on the meadow below. The best fishing is still on the south side of the Island. There are few public waters where fishing is free and these are naturally over-fished. The Smithtown River is one of these, and it still yields some sport, and although the catch is likely to be of large fish there are not many of them.

In former years there has been some fair fishing to be had at Mount Kisco, and at White Plains, on the upper portion of the Bronx River, but we have not heard from that region so far. There seems to be reason to believe that the trout fishing this season will be fully equal to that of several previous years, and the fish are in much better condition than was expected from the lateness with which the waters were covered with ice.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The opening of the trout season in Massachusetts has been a failure thus far. Ponds and streams are yet full of ice, and the ground covered with snow in the western part of the State. The open season lawfully begins April 1, but this year nature has refused to comply with the law and open the ice-locked waters. So much the better for the trout, all too scarce as they are. They thus gain a few days more of life. Not the usual display of trout has been made in the markets, for the trout are hard to obtain. Not one against ten last year has yet appeared.

In Maine and New Hampshire the thickest ice of the season was made after the middle of March, and it is now fast above the trout waters. The prospects are poor for an early opening. But many of the parties are already planned.

A company of Boston sportsmen have a steamer already engaged to take them from the foot to the head of Moosehead Lake the day the ice goes out. The telegraph will inform them when it is likely to move, and they will hie to the rendezvous with hooks baited with a worm. They will be first on the ground and catch bushels of trout, probably; but, alas, for the cold, bitter winds and colder waters! Give us a little sunshine and green leaves, even with fewer trout—if they will rise to the fly—in preference to cold winds and woods full of slowly departing snow.

But it is singular how some trout do get into market. The law forbids possession previous to April 1 in this State, and yet the few that were shown in the markets were on the platters at the opening of the stalls All Fools' Day in the morning. One chap in white frock carelessly answered, "We have had them three or four days, but didn't dare to show them till the law was off." How hard those marketmen try to evade wholesome laws for fish and game protection.

By far the finest thing in the trout line seen this season is in the window of Appleton & Litchfield, fishing tackle dealers, in Washington street. It is a painting of an Androscoggin *Salmo fontinalis*, a noble specimen, weighing eight pounds. The painting is about 2x3 feet, showing only the trout, the leader, the water and a bit of shore. The hook is in his jaw. He is plunging head downward against the strained leader. The broad tail appears above the foam of the plunge, and the true angler can see the split bamboo buckle, hears the reel hum—how his nerves thrill—if that gut should break! In position the picture is full of life, new to artists, but old to the anglers, like the smell of powder to the old soldier. But alas! honestly the writer would suggest that the water is just a little too green, like the ocean, and that the bluish-gray, sparkling foam of the fresh-water lake is lost—so hard to paint but so easy to see. The picture is by Walter M. Bracket, the well-known fish artist, and an earnest worker for fish and game protection in the Massachusetts Association. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, April 5.

LEASING TROUT STREAMS.

A QUESTION which now threatens to be brought into New York courts is the right of an owner to lease trout streams to individuals or clubs. A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Middletown, N. Y., says:

"Some of the principal summer hotel and boarding house keepers in the Sullivan and Ulster county trout regions, are endeavoring to have an organized effort made by all people interested in the same business to test the question as to whether the members of private sportsmen's clubs acquire the exclusive right to fish in streams by the fact that they have leased the waters of parties through whose lands they flow. The importance of this matter is vital to those whose livelihood depends in a great measure on the attractions which trout fishing affords to their localities, as during the past few years the best portions of the trout streams in not only the above counties but in Delaware county have passed under the control of private clubs, and some of the most famous streams have been leased from mouth to source. No person not a member of the clubs so leasing, or bearing a permit from them, can cast a line in their water without making themselves liable to arrest and punishment. The Willowemoc, the Beaverkill, the Neversink, and all their numerous branches, streams that made the region celebrated among anglers years ago, are no longer common property, and the native who has lived within sound of their waters and fished them at will all his life, as well as the city angler who has been in the habit of spending his vacations along their banks, can now only steal to their pools and cast their lines as poaching outlaws. As it is now, a few men control the great trout region and alone enjoy it to its best advantage. The opponents of this class ownership of fishing rights hold that these streams, having been restocked during the past few years and brought back to their original value as trout waters by the work of the State Fish Commission, the cost of which work has been paid from the public funds, a few persons cannot enjoy the advantages of such public work and expenditure to the exclusion of all others by the mere formation of clubs and leasing the privileges of the streams. They hold that the fish in the creeks are now public property, and the courts will be asked to decide upon the correctness of the ground taken. If the anti-club people do not succeed in curtailing the privileges of the clubs, many of the sportsmen's resorts will necessarily be closed, and thousands of dollars that have been left in that section annually by city people will be diverted elsewhere. This is a matter in which the railroads as well as the boarding house keepers are interested, over 15,000 persons having paid them for transportation to different trout regions last season, and their co-operation in testing it will be expected."

It will be seen that the main point of objection lies in the fact that some, or all, of the streams have been stocked at the expense of the State. No doubt this will be a very knotty question for the lawyers, and we shall watch the case with great interest. So much will depend on the ownership of the land and the legal rights of owners on streams which are navigable wholly or in part, and the many conditions of ownership which will be found in the different brooks, that it is impossible to give an opinion upon the merits of the case in the light of our present knowledge. It is for the courts to decide whether riparian property holders may dispose of their fishing rights to others or not. The Fish Commission has given fish to stock private waters in several cases, and whether such action would necessarily throw those waters open to the public or not is one of the points at issue. It is well known that well-stocked waters within easy reach of a great city soon become fished out and worthless for angling when thrown open to the public, so that within a few years afterward there is no fishing worth going after there.

A correspondent comments on the *Times* article as follows: "Permit me as a member of one of the clubs alluded to, to give in as few words as possible the condition of affairs from our standpoint. If the fishing in these streams would always remain as good as it was when the hotels were built and railways introduced into this section, their argument would be better, but unfortunately the reverse is the case. Four years ago I ceased fishing the Beaver Kill because it was utterly fished out, and for the first time fished in the Neversink River. I found there, as had been the case with the Beaver Kill and adjacent waters, the river almost devoid of fish; that parties from a distance were in the habit of visiting the streams with the apparent view of carrying away as many fish as possible, regardless of size, hiring small boys to increase the catch, and making use of other unsportsmanlike ways of depleting the streams. I have heard parties boast that they had carried away 1,100 fish (some of which were scarcely two inches long), the result of three days' fishing, besides all they ate. In contradistinction to this the Neversink Club limits the catch to twenty-five per day to each member. The fish must exceed eight inches in length and be taken with the fly. One aim of the club is to preserve the fishing generally by preventing the excesses alluded to, the result of which will be a real benefit to the whole of this section. It is a mistake to suppose all the streams are leased. The above facts show that it is not the fault of the clubs that the streams are depleted of fish, but it is owing to the thoughtless and indiscriminate slaughter by persons whose only object is their own pleasure for the time being. The real facts are the fishing has been destroyed by this class of persons, permitted by the hotel keepers and owners of the streams to fish them. Sportsmen will not patronize hotels or travel over railways for the purpose of whipping streams that contain no fish. As to the legality of the clubs to lease the streams, I beg to say that should the clubs waive the ownership of the fish in their wild state they certainly have the right of property, and can exclude any person from trespassing upon their grounds for the purpose of fishing. The clubs not only lease the water, but the land through which it flows. Granting that citizens have a right to catch State trout, I fail to find the authority that permits them to trespass upon private grounds. The statement that 15,000 persons who visited this region last year will be diverted elsewhere unless the clubs are broken up seems not to be borne out by the facts. The clubs have been in existence some years, and the fishing outside of the club grounds is worthless. When the Neversink Club leased a portion of the Neversink River, the scarcity of fish was so great that it had to stock the stream. Some thousands of yearling trout were bought and put in the river at the expense of the club. It is the pure air, the charming scenery, the low price of living, and the accesibility from New York city that induced these 15,000 people to visit this section. Trout fishing is only one of its charms, and this will be entirely ruined in a few years unless the streams are properly protected."

A writer in the *Commercial Advertiser* says: "In Europe streams are considered the property of the owners of the land on the banks, or else they are under the control of the municipalities. The right to fish, subject to all the provisions of the law which regulate close and open seasons, is invested in these property owners or municipalities. The plan works excellently there, even in the vicinity of large cities. While living at Coburg, Germany, I could, by a walk of twenty minutes, reach a stream where, under ordinary circumstances, I could land a dozen trout or grayling, weighing from one-half to a pound each, in an hour. For this privilege I paid $8 a year. Here all the streams have been fished out. The game laws have done something, but not enough. It will be an undoubted hardship if all the streams are rented here."

CASTING FOR TROUT.

IN the volume entitled "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," by Mr. H. P. Wells, which we noticed last week, we find much on a closer perusal which is more instructive than the ordinary run of angling books, partly because it is new, and partly because Mr. Wells has the faculty of saying things so concisely that his meaning is perfectly clear. His chapter on casting the fly and that on flies and fly-fishing, contain about all the instruction which can be obtained from a book. With these, combined with practice, the novice may become an expert.

Of the most killing flies he says: "It may well be conceived that he whose angling has been confined to much-fished waters, and he who habitually fishes far from the haunts of men, where trout are both numerous and uneducated, would differ in experience, and consequently in opinion.

"We must remember that our horizon does not include the whole habitable globe. It may rain in the State of New York, while the sun is shining in full splendor elsewhere. The truth is, there are few points in regard to fly-fishing of which it may justly be said this is right and that is wrong, irrespective of attendant circumstances. As the inhabitants of the Eastern States differ from those of the West or South, so the fish of different localities differ in habit and inclination. The most killing flies on the Maine waters would scare the trout of a Pennsylvania brook into fits. We know next to nothing of the causes which influence the conduct of fish. To-day they will take any kind of humbug greedily—to-morrow, without apparent change of conditions, they act as though it were a solemn fast, and ignore every form of temptation."

Mr. Wells cautions beginners not to strive after a long cast, but to let that take care of itself, and that thirty-five feet should not be attempted until thirty can be cast without effort; and advices that the wrist and not the elbow should be trained to do the work. Directions for casting when wading, casting from a boat and from a bank, are given. When casting, he says: "Locate your boat first, if you fish from a boat; or, if you cast from the shore, take your stand deliberately and noiselessly. Then allow some minutes to elapse, that any alarm occasioned by your approach may subside. When you begin, start at about thirty or thirty-five feet, and cast around your position, directing the fly at each throw about six feet to one side of where it last fell, and so cover the water like the rays of a fan. When one circuit has been completed without a rise, lengthen out about six feet, and, beginning at the same starting point, repeat. Continue this until you have all the line out you can cast perfectly straight every time, and do not go a single foot beyond. Nor should discouragement follow because success is deferred. It behooves him who would boast of the capture of a large trout (and it is a thing to boast of) to remember that if he wants to catch any fish he must keep his line wet; or, in other words, be patient and persevering. His vigilance must never flag, ever expecting the very next cast to draw the wished-for prize."

The beginner is told that success in fly-fishing in waters where the trout are familiar with the wiles of the angler depends much on concealing the connection between the line and the fly.

"We have all cast," he says, "time and time again without a rise where we knew the fly was seen by trout every time it touched the water. We have then changed and changed our cast, yet all in vain. We have distinctly seen a trout rise to the fly, approach it closely, and then, turning from it warily, revert whence he came. Under these trying circumstances permit me to advise that after the cast has been varied a reasonable number of times without success the leader be changed to one of a different color. I feel confident that in many cases this will solve the difficulty." For instance, if we are to fish a meadow stream or water in which an appreciable quantity of green floating matter is present, we should provide ourselves with green leaders. If, on the other hand, the water appears brown colored, we should use our darkest tinted leader at all hours. Under ordinary conditions of clear water we should begin with a lighter ink-dyed leader, varying to the uncolored sort about half past 10 in the forenoon, and returning to the first from 3 to 4 o'clock. Finally we are cautioned "not to be deceived by the appearance of the leader as we look down upon it, for this gives little or no indication of its visibility when viewed from underneath." He gives the result of his experiments with a tank with a glass bottom through which he looked upward to discover how the leader appeared from the point of view of the fish, part of which he detailed for FOREST AND STREAM some time ago.

In concluding, the author regrets that fly-fishing is not more in favor with ladies, and thinks that "where the use of a boat is practicable, there is no earthly reason why they should not derive the same mental, moral, and physical benefit from it as do men. It is a general pursuit, and a cleanly, and affords an ample field for the exercise of that manual delicacy and skill for which women are pre-eminent, while at the same time, unlike every other out-of-door sport, no great muscular exertion is required, nor is excessive fatigue incurred."

TROUT FISHING IN ALASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the summer of 1882 I had the good fortune to be located at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, and being a lover of the sport in all its phases, I availed myself of every opportunity to attempt the capture of the different varieties of fish to be found in that locality.

The trout season I found to be at its height in the month of September. Being only an amateur, I must refer you for a description of the different species and their habits to the article written by that veteran contributor "Piseco" in "Fishing with the Fly."

The stream we found to be most prolific was about four miles from Wrangel, the source of which was presumably a lake in the mountains, although we never had the hardihood to explore it so far as that, being content with the success we had about a mile from the outlet. The Alaska trout I found to be entirely uneducated, and nothing would induce them to take a fly. I struggled in vain to provoke a "rise," and gave them the choice of all the different varieties in my fly-book, but had finally to content myself with taking them as every one else does in that section, with salmon roe; a most disagreeable bait to use, but still the only thing that possesses any charm for the Alaska trout. Our mode of obtaining the salmon was either by shooting or by pulling them out of the shallow parts of the stream, using a large hook attached to the end of a short pole. There never was any difficulty in securing bait, as the lower part of the stream was usually swarming with salmon struggling toward the source.

It was such a lovely morning with the sun shining brightly—a rare treat for Alaska—that after breakfast three of us decided we would take advantage of it, and pay our finny friends a visit. Hastily putting up a lunch and collecting our guns, rods and tackle, we started with our "Siwash" (Chinook for "Indian") crew. After a pleasant pull of about an hour we reached the mouth of the stream. Pulling up a short distance, we left the boat in charge of one of the Indians, and with the other two started on our way up to the rapids. We caught several salmon on the way up, and secured a good quantity of bait which we rolled up in some green leaves to keep moist. In the course of an hour we had arrived at our destination, the home of our victims.

After resting a short time, and taking lunch, we lighted our cigars, jointed our rods, and prepared for the sport which commenced at once and was lively beyond description. The strikes were not as spiteful as those of our Eastern trout, but what they lacked in quality was compensated for by their frequency. The task of keeping our hooks supplied with the soft gelatinous bait occupied a good deal of time, for it had to be renewed at about every cast, this causing many inward imprecations.

After casting in the rapids for an hour with decided success, I concluded I would work the stream higher up, and as the banks were very nearly perpendicular, I was obliged to make a detour, but managed, by dint of perseverance and some hard climbing, to come to a pool about thirty yards in diameter, and at the foot of a fall of about fifteen feet. I could see the determined efforts of the salmon in their attempts to scale the fall, a feat not easily accomplished, for if they got too near the rapid current they would be dashed back end over end into the pool below, and then would renew the attempt. Jointing my rod I made a cast into the pool, and was immediately rewarded by a vigorous strike, and landed a trout weighing two pounds. After securing several more, I had the extreme pleasure of establishing a telephonic connection with a member of the salmon family, and the tenor of his conversation was decidely of an aggressive nature, although he evidently objected to a "short circuit."

After a hard struggle, in which I was obliged to humor his manifest liking for the other side of the pool, I succeeded in persuading him to form my acquaintance on *terra firma*. Putting him on the scale I found that he brought the pointer down to six and a half pounds, which caused me to regard my eight-ounce lancewood fly-rod with a good deal of satisfaction. I secured three more salmon, varying from three to five pounds in weight, but no more trout.

By that time I concluded I had enough sport for one day, and made my way with my spoils down to the others, whom I found had also had excellent sport. What to do with our fish seemed a difficult question, but the two Indians soon decided that. Cutting a young sapling and stripping the limbs from it, they took it at either end on their shoulders and we hung the greater part of the fish across it. Taking the remainder ourselves, our little procession started down the bank of the stream, reached the boat and pulled home, arriving about dusk, pretty well tired out, and with a ravenous propensity for dinner. After discussing a good meal we examined our catch, and found we had 250 trout, weighing 450 pounds, and four salmon weighing about fifteen pounds. All of our friends had an abundance of trout the next day.

REEL-PLATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1885.

LOOPED LEADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "M." makes inquiry how to tie leaders with loops for flies. The great superiority of looped leaders over those without loops, in convenience of changing flies, in strength and durability, is at once apparent to all who have ever used them. Every fly-caster ought to be able to tie his own leaders so as to be ready for any emergency.

I will attempt to describe the method I have used for several years with entire satisfaction. After soaking the gut lengths in tepid water until they become pliable, I select a heavy length for hooking to line and tie the simple old slipping noose, and loop the end once around leader and draw tight to prevent the knot from untying. In tying the strands together I use the double water knot, which is very strong and permits close trimming of the ends. This knot is tied by laying the ends to be tied parallel, between the thumb and fingers of the left hand; then with the right hand take the short end and coil around the other strand twice, the second coil being in front of the first and between it and the left hand. Then slip the end through the coils back parallel with the other strand and draw tight. Now reverse and fasten the other end with the same knot, and draw the knots together, after which the ends can be clipped close.

At the joints where loops for flies are to be made, draw through the knot in the upper strand enough gut, say three inches or so, to tie the knot and have enough to spare for the loop. Draw the knots together, then an inch, or inch and a half above the knots, form another double water knot, draw tight, and slip down on the shoulder of the knots. This forms a loop of the gut which cannot loosen, and which stands out at right angles to the leader, so that neither the loop itself nor the flies can fray or weaken the leader by friction.

The loops should be placed from two feet six inches to three feet apart, so that the flies will drop separately. If the amateur will tie a few leaders by above method he will be delighted with their strength, security, convenience and economy.

ROB ROY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Relative to the query of "M" in your issue of March 26, "How to fasten flies," permit me to say that after trying many plans I have adopted a method which I find entirely satisfactory. It is simply to use leaders with loops at one or more of the knots. Then fasten drop fly in the same manner as end fly. The advantages of this idea seem so obvious as to need no explanation. Observe one thing. When tying the leader to the line have the loop for the drop fly point away from the end or stretcher fly. This seems contrary to common sense, and did not occur to me until late last season. However, upon trial it will be found to obviate the tangling of drop fly with leader when casting, and to give the same fly a surprisingly lifelike struggle and skip on the water.

E. L. R.

BLOSSBURG, Pa.

DOES THE BLACK BASS LEAP?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that "Nessmuk" in "Woodcraft" states that the large-mouthed black bass does not leap out of the water when hooked. I do not know where he obtained his information, but my experience has taught me differently. I left Connecticut last November for a pleasure trip through Florida, and after some traveling about, found myself here in the best place for bass fishing I ever saw. I lost no time in unpacking my rod and getting started. As this is comparatively a new country there were no guides to show me the best fishing grounds, so I started out alone in my canoe. I had a score of lakes to choose from, and selected one (Lake Saunders) which looked as if it must be full of fish, and of which marvellous stories are told by the settlers here. Bass weighing thirty and forty pounds, they claim, have been taken from this lake. I camped on the shore and spent one afternoon trying different flies with poor success, and getting a little discouraged, I shot a wood duck and made a fly from the mottled gray feathers, and prepared for another trial. The second cast was rewarded by a strike, and I hooked what I was sure was a large fish. He made my reel sing for a moment, and my rod (which was made by Wm. Mitchell, N. Y., and weighs eight ounces) was bent nearly double in my attempt to keep him from the grass on the edge of the lake. I turned him and soon had the pleasure of seeing him leap at least twelve inches clear from the water, and before I landed him he had jumped three times completely out of the water. He turned the scales at 7 pounds 2 ounces. I caught four more before dark and they weighed respectively 2½, 3, 3¾ and 5 pounds. I went to my camp with my nerves tingling with excitement and in love with my rod, which had worked beautifully. I will admit that a two-pound small-mouth bass at the North would have given me more work than any of the five, but the pleasure in landing such large fish more than recompensed me for what the fish lacked in fighting qualities. Each of the five leaped clear from the water at least once, and at least nine out of ten of the fish I have caught since have done the same. I have caught as many as 25 in one afternoon, ranging from 1 to 8 pounds, and on one occasion caught two that weighed 9½ and 10 pounds respectively, but have never been successful enough to catch any larger ones, although one of my lady friends caught one on a spoon hook that weighed seventeen pounds. Perhaps "Nessmuk" on reading the above may feel inclined to call me a "trout hog," but I can assure him that I never catch more than I need, and on the above occasion when I caught twenty-five, I wanted them for a picnic. I have never been out without some success and almost always catch a good string, and have found invariably that my "wood duck" fly is the killing bait. I never did and never shall concede that there is any fishing equal to the trout and salmon fishing of Maine, but when the waters of that State are frozen solid and there is very little fishing to be had there, the warm, pleasant days and fine bass fishing of Orange county, Fla., make a very good substitute.

F. P. S.

EUSTIC, Fla., March 20.

THE SUFFOLK CLUB.—The gentlemen of South Haven, L. I., had magnificent sport with the wild trout in their preserve on the opening day, when the weather was all that could be desired. On April 2 and 3, however, the weather changed, and the fish would not rise. The take on the first day was 114 fish, which averaged about three-quarters of a pound. No one enjoyed the sport better than Mr. Grafton, the president of the club, who is a rare old sportsman, both genial and courteous, and one who greatly delights to make every one happy. The Suffolk Club was organized in 1866, and is situated on the Connecticut or Carmen's River, which empties into the Great South Bay. The club owns in fee about 600 acres of land, and there are two ponds on the property, one of about thirty-five acres and one for preserving small trout, of about five acres. The stream or brook extends about about two miles north of the large pond toward Yaphank. There are fifteen shares and at present fourteen members; these are: Messrs. J. Grafton, President; Mr. F. W. Meyer, Treasurer; Mr. J. N. Platt, Secretary; P. Townsend, Peleg Hall, J. W. Gerard, T. C. Meyer, O. H. Shepard, F. Schuchardt, Charles H. Strong, J. L. Cadwalader, Philip Schuyler, Henry W. Fearing and J. H. Campbell. As there was a large run of fish on the spawning grounds and an unusual supply from the bay by the fish ladder at the dam, the club have magnificent fishing this season. The trout average about three-quarters of a pound. The club depends entirely upon the natural resources of the stream and pond for the propagation of and food for the trout, which are of a rich salmon color. Bait-fishing is prohibited, and fish under half a pound are thrown back. The club members are well-known gentlemen in social circles, and have no desire to have their organization become in any way notorious.

SEALS AND FISH.—Stephen Ellis, who made the first fly that caught a salmon in California, and who has probably as much experience in salmon fishing as any other man on the coast, is able to give some facts with relation to the destruction of fish which confirm opinions that have for a long time been held by the Fish Commissioners. The source of greatest destruction is, in his opinion, the seals. In the Columbia River, where he has fished for many years, he has often had the entire catch of a net destroyed. He has seen seals pursuing fish, driving them from one end of the net to the other, and biting pieces from their bodies. It is seldom that they take more than one bite, and that is usually from the neck, and the wound is of so severe a character that death usually ensues. As a seal will eat at least thirty pounds of fish a day, the number of fish destroyed to procure this amount will be very large. But even when a seal has appeased his hunger, he still continues to inflict fatal wounds on the salmon in simple sport. Mr. Ellis has seen seals bite pieces from salmon and then throw them from their mouths, having already eaten enough. In his opinion seals destroy at least one-third of the salmon that seek entrance to the river through the Golden Gate. Another source of destruction exists in the fine nets set along the banks of the river, in which the salmon fry, from four to six inches long, are caught as they come down from the spawning grounds. Millions are yearly caught by Chinamen and Portuguese and dried for export. They never come to this market, and are not only virtually lost, but their destruction constantly diminishes the number of fish by which our waters must be stocked. These two causes alone are sufficient to account for the constantly diminishing number of salmon in the Sacramento and Columbia rivers.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

TROUT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Vigorous spring, even at this altitude, has at last reduced tenacious winter to everlasting somnolency, wrapped him in his eternal winding sheet and pleasantly consigned him to the category of the past; and while nature is preparing to don her vernal robes and rehabilitate herself in gorgeous beauty, and while the gentle zephyrs are again gently fanning the mountain maiden's cheek, the small boy as well as bipeds of a larger size are disporting themselves with the speckled brook trout. They seem quite plentiful, and baskets of from forty to fifty are easily taken, ranging in weight from an ounce to a pound and a half, which is the largest caught here. From here we have easy access to the following good streams: Cullasaja, Nantohala, Little Tennessee and Chattooga rivers, besides a great number of creeks and brooks.—J. W. W. (Highlands, N. C., April 2).

TARPON CAUGHT WITH ROD AND REEL.—Jacksonville, Fla., April 2.—I met your correspondent, "Al Fresco" (Dr. C. J. Kenworthy), this morning. He was in a dejected frame of mind because that tarpon has been taken with rod and reel before he had a chance to test his elaborate devices. A Mr. Wood, of New York, took at Punta Rassa last week a tarpon measuring five feet eight inches and weighing sixty-eight pounds; tackle, rod and reel. "Al Fresco" says the Florida tarpon is bound to beat the Canada salmon. I saw a letter from "Nessmuk" asking "Al Fresco" to come over and share his camp-fire log.—WING.

Fishculture.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While spending the last summer at Westport Harbor my attention was called to a letter in one of your back numbers, written by Mr. Daniel H. Church, in which he attempts to show that all kinds of fish are now as plentiful as before trap and purse seining was known. This statement is so directly opposed to the facts that there appears but one way to account for it, that it was not written for fishermen to read.

I have been requested by the fishermen to give my observations of the last fifty years. It will require so large a space for the consideration of the whole question that I will leave the food fish for some future ocasion, and tell what I know about menhaden. I will confine myself principally to that part of the coast lying between Seaconet Point and Gooseberry Neck, and across Buzzard's Bay to Cuttyhunk, a distance of about twenty miles, it being a section second to none for all kinds of fish common to our coast, and with which I have been familiar all my life, and I am more than sixty years of age.

Mr. Church tells of the quantities captured every year as proof of his statement, and of the immense schools seen at certain periods as being larger than ever before known. I do not think that Mr. Church or any other person, has any statistics by which they can compare the present with fifty years ago, for then menhaden were quite too common to excite even a passing notice. It is reasonable to suppose if any one had been interested in the subject, when the whole coast was alive with fish all the season, that in the fall when they were leaving, they could be seen in larger quantities than Mr. Church ever dreamed of.

Where are all the menhaden that filled Long Island Sound, and all its bays, and New York Bay to Sandy Hook, then east all along the coast to Montauk Point? Of all the men that in former years caught fish by hauling their seines to the shore not one is now seen on Long Island beach. They have long since ceased to exist. How many fish are now taken in Gardiner's Bay as compared with the past? Fifteen years ago I saw as many as seventy-five different companies all busy taking fish. Now, how many can be seen?

Why do the menhaden fishermen cruise from Maine to the Chesapeake Bay, if fish can be found as plentiful as ever? There is no man that knows better than Mr. Church that it is as useless to cruise over this old ground where fish were once so plenty as it would be for him to take his horse and wagon, and hunt for them in the backwoods. Many is the time when a boy I have stood on the rocks at Westport Harbor and have seen the whole surface of the water, from the shore far out at sea, in all directions as far as the eye could reach, covered with menhaden. They made their appearance early in the season and remained until cold weather, unless the first fish were constantly relieved by a new supply. At Gooseberry Neck bar, there were a number of seine companies, which depended altogether on hauling fish to the shore, and large numbers were caught every year and sold to the farmers, at twenty to twenty-five cents a barrel. I remember well the first company of purse seiners that fished along this part of the coast, also how quickly all of the shore fishermen disappeared, and have ever since been numbered with the past. I have spent the whole of the last four seasons at Westport Harbor, and every pleasant day have sailed over these waters and have not seen one school of menhaden, and, with the exception of two days last fall, have not seen the steamers when they appeared to be catching fish. And then they were several miles out at sea.

It is also claimed that menhaden do not come on the coast to spawn, as other fish do, but spawn out at sea, in the fall. That I do not deny, for the reason that I know but little about it and I think that is as much as any one knows. This I do know, that in the spring more or less menhaden make their appearance at the head of Westport River, and also a few herrings, where they remain until late in the fall. In the month of July I have repeatedly caught in the same net full-grown fish, and young ones three inches long. Later in August the young ones are from four to six inches in length. The young herrings are about as large as the young menhaden, and as one grows as fast as the other, they must begin at the

same time. When there are no large fish, there are no young ones to be seen, the quantity of small fish is always in proportion to the large ones. If the spawn is not deposited there, where do the young come from, at this unseasonable time of the year?

I simply state the facts as I know them to be, and leave the answer to those who claim that menhaden spawn only in the fall, out at sea. A. S.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FIRST SHAD.—The first Hudson River shad of the season was caught on April 4 by William Wandell, Stapleton, Staten Island, and sent to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market. The fish was some twenty days late, although earlier than the first shad of last year. The cold water has kept them back, and when the temperature rises there will be a rush and a short season. Our correspondent "Homo," writing from Philadelphia, says the first Delaware River shad was taken on the 3d in Alloway's Creek, and weighed five pounds.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary. 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2200.**

SPANIELS AT NEW HAVEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is refreshing to notice the steady progress made by spaniel breeders during the last two or three years. It would not have been an easy matter two or three years ago to have named a brace of good looking cockers in this country. That state of affairs no longer exists, and at the present time there are not only many good looking specimens, but there are two or three that could hold their own in any company. In your report of the Louisville show you said that Bonanza (one of the prize winners) was not a good specimen. Mr. Fellows, who owned the dog, objected to your critique, which was a just one, and now the dog takes the hc. card, there being six specimens ahead of him. May the pointers be improved to the same extent. To Mr. Willey, of Salmon Falls, is due a large share of credit for the marked improvement that has taken place, and it is evident that unless something should lead him from the track he is on, the black cocker of this country will not only equal the best specimens that old England can produce, but beat them. When I first met Mr. Willey I told him that the most difficult defect to breed out is in the muzzle. It is here that many otherwise almost perfect specimens are deficient, and Mr. Willey now says that he can breed them right everywhere else but not yet to his liking in muzzle. To become a successful breeder of dogs in this country a man must strike out on an independent course of his own; this is just what Mr. Willey has done. He ignored the ignorance and prejudice with which the columns of a Western paper are pregnant, and bred to his own ideas. The result of this we saw at New Haven, where the cockers made the best collection ever seen in America.

One of our dog papers abounds in ignorance to such an extent, and has so many little axes to grind, that nothing in its columns can be said to be reliable unless it is the rehash from foreign papers. The result is that the beginner who is foolish enough to read it gets his head filled with a lot of flimsy ideas, which he proceeds to cultivate, not entirely at his own expense, but at the cost of others interested in the breed of dog he strives to improve, but which in reality he slaughters. Let me digress a moment to better illustrate my meaning. Mr. Frank F. Dole entered a bull-terrier at the New Haven show. The gentleman has not had a very large experience either as an exhibitor or breeder, but he is anxious to learn the points which go to make up a first-class dog, with a view to improving bull-terriers in this country. His dog took premier honors, and no doubt he looked into his FOREST AND STREAM and other papers to see what those who should know more about dogs than himself had to say about his exhibit. A Western paper, which never gives either a truthful description of a show or a reliable report on the dogs, in commenting on Mr. Dole's dog, said: "A remarkably handsome puppy, The Earl, was shown and won in his class. He has a perfect head and eye, is a little light in body, but otherwise good." Now, sir, fancy any person (out of his swaddling clothes) penning such a critique. The dog's faults are in head and tail, and his body, legs and feet are as good as they make them. His nose is not yet quite black, he is not filled up sufficiently below the eyes, and he carries his tail away up. These are his faults, and Mr. Dole knows it. It is not probable, therefore, that he will go to work to replace what is good by something faulty, or that he will endeavor to perpetuate the dog's faults. Mr. Dole no doubt arrived at the conclusion that he had forgotten more than the paper which assumed to teach him ever knew, and accordingly transferred the independent (?) journal to the w. p. basket.

In the same report you will find "Roy and Pete, two very nice little dogs, were given respectively first and second in the class for Blenheim spaniels." Roy and Pete may be "two very nice little dogs," but the man who says they are good Blenheim spaniels knows less of the breed than the breed knows of him. The world's canine renovator also said "two nice little King Charles spaniels were shown of about equal merit. First was given to Topsy and second to Pitou." It happened that these two "nice little King Charles spaniels" were very inferior specimens, one of them being small in eye, wanting in color and weak behind; the other small in eye, short of ear, snipy, leggy and tucked up. The Chicago reporter should clip this critique out of FOREST AND STREAM, and apply it to the first King Charles spaniel he has to report on; only let him be careful he does not get it down for an Italian greyhound. If the Chicago paper cannot print a decent report either by copying FOREST AND STREAM or the English papers, why don't it give up fairly and squarely and confine the report to the prize list? The FOREST AND STREAM and the English papers give very reliable reports. The blunder is not made in copying from them, but in applying a description of a pug, for instance, or a mastiff, to a toy spaniel or an Italian greyhound.

Back to the spaniels. Only two Irishmen were shown. The Chicago wiseacre said the first prize was withheld, and that the specimens were "very ordinary." That is an easy way of getting rid of waste paper. The owners of the dogs knew by the judge withholding the first prize that their dogs were "ordinary," and so did the public. In order that the Western reporter may be able to criticise these dogs the next time they are shown, I will tell him why they are "ordinary." John has a poor head, is too long in coat and not close enough in curl. That is the reason why he is "ordinary." Rocket has a hopeless head, short, badly placed ears, white feet and lacks Irish water spaniel character; hence is he "ordinary."

In the class for Clumber spaniel dogs, John Halifax, placed at the head of affairs, deserved the blue ribbon. The Chicago paper thought he had the best head in the class. If the reporter should ever see a good Clumber he would perhaps change his opinion. John is snipy, and his ears are set on too high; he is also light of bone, leggy and short of coat and feather. Although John is not a good Clumber spaniel, he is a nice dog, and was very well shown. Bateman came next. He is too leggy, and short between the couplings. His color is too dark, and his coat was not looking so well as I have seen it. Jockey, commended, has a sour face, ears placed too high, and is leggy and too wavy in coat. The class was properly judged. Among the ladies Romp had an easy win. The Chicago "barnacle" said she was a good fair bitch. Clumbers ought to be fair; very dark lemon or orange color is objectionable. No, sir, Romp is not a good specimen, so why mislead her owner or tell him what he knows to be untrue. The bitch is leggy, light of bone (very serious defects in a Clumber) carries her ears badly, and lacks character. Ursula, placed second, is what an old fox-terrier friend would call "monkey-faced;" she is light of bone, and although she has a straight coat, there is not enough of it.

In the champion class for field spaniels, over twenty-eight pounds weight, the undefeated Benedict was alone in his glory. He was in splendid condition. His fault is in the muzzle, which is too fine. Newton Abbot Lady had a narrow squeak in the open class for dogs and bitches. Your Chicago contemporary said "First went to a good all-round liver and tan dog." I should like to see a few good all-round dogs; such specimens I have found to be exceedingly rare. To begin with, it is not quite clear how Newton Abbot Lady can be a dog. In the second place I don't quite understand how a bitch can be good all-round that is faulty in eye, muzzle, neck, feet, mouth and length of barrel. The bitch has a Roman nose, her eyes are not the proper color, her mouth is not level, she is throaty, her feet are not thick enough through the pads, and her body is a bit short. She is a broody looking bitch, with a nice straight coat, good legs and bone, and shows her good breeding. The Chicago description of Newton Abbot Lady is about on par with that of the mastiff Hero II. He was once described as having a rather long fine tail. The only inference to be drawn from this is that from a Chicago point of view the mastiff should have a short tail. Black Prince made a good fight for premier honors. He is described in the Chicago parody as "another good one." Good what? Good coat—that's it. Prince has a beautiful dense black and glossy coat. He was a picture of health, but should be shown with more flesh on his bones. He is at all times a trifle long on the legs, and this would not be so apparent if he were shown heavier. His eyes are light and he is weak in muzzle. With these faults he could not truthfully be called "another good one." Just a fair specimen would be nearer the mark. Young Bob, Kaffir, Zulu and Squaw are what I call "good ones," and even they are not like Newton Abbot Lady, *i. e.*, "good all round," Mr. Jacobs refused £100 for Kaffir at the Birmingham show of 1880, but never claimed that he was perfect, grand dog that he was. Bob, Jr., vhc., is in my opinion an overrated dog, being much too short in the back, cheeky, underhung, and showing too much daylight under him. Gloss, vhc., was not well shown. I don't like either his head or tail. I want a strong tail, carried low. He is light of bone and stands too high; ears good. Critic, vhc., is short in head and light in eye. His ears are rather short and are not properly carried. His feet might be better and his coat requires attention; in other respects he will do. Beppo, vhc., was not in good condition. He is faulty in skull, weak in muzzle and light of bone. Had he been a few pounds heavier he would not have appeared so leggy. Bonanza, hc., is curly and short, has light eyes, and does not carry his ears *comme il faut*. The class was well judged.

A splendid class was the next one for cockers, dogs, liver or black under 28 pounds weight. Obo II. was properly placed at the head of the class. He is a handsome little dog and has demonstrated his ability to beget stock as good and even better looking than himself. He stands on the best of feet, has good legs, plenty of bone, and a lot of substance (indispensable requisites in a stud dog). His coat and the top part of his head are good, and he is every inch a cocker. Like every other dog, he has his faults, but none are very pronounced. His eyes are a little light, and he might be improved from them to the end of nose. His ears might hang better, he has a spot of white on the chest, his tail is too thin, and his back would be better an inch or so longer. I failed to find anything else wrong with him. He is a good dog and the proper stamp to breed to. Young Obo made a good second, and is a nice little dog. Your Chicago contemporary does not think him "quite as good in the front legs as Obo II.," but fails to find him faulty at any other point. Wrong again. Young Obo has capital front legs, lots of bone, and good feet. He is faulty between the ears and below the eyes, has a thin tail, and is a trifle underhung. Obo, Jr., vhc., another nice specimen, is faulty in muzzle, and his coat requires care. Dandy Zulu, hc., has a fairly good head, but his ears are short and badly placed. He carries his tail too gaily and is not of good color. The class was well handled.

The ladies made the best class that has ever been seen in this country. Mr. Willey was again to the front with Shina, a charming little daughter of Obo II. She is but 11 months old. I should have given her the special for the best cocker of all classes. She was shown in the best of condition, and with the exception of being a little defective in muzzle, it is not easy to find fault with her. Miss Obo II. was not exhibited for competition. To me she appeared to be over the stipulated weight. She is a nice bitch, a trifle leggy, and light of bone. Mere coat and feather would improve her. In head she is good, and being a rare bred one (Farrow's Obo—Farrow's Nellie). She should throw something good-looking to Obo II. Dinah W., vhc. and reserve, is a niceish bitch. Three years, or even two years ago, she could have won the highest honors in this country. She is faulty in eyes, carriage of ears, length of ears, and in stifles. Juno W., vhc., can be improved. She is a bit snipy, leggy and light. Miss Nance, vhc., stands a trifle high, is heavy in head and faulty in muzzle; body and coat very good. Rose Obo, hc., is monkey-faced. Helen, winner of second prize, though a nice bitch, does not improve. She is growing all wrong behind, is not strong enough in the arms, does not carry her ears very well, and is a bit snipy. Black Meg, vhc., has a nice coat, plenty of bone and excellent feet, but her head is hopeless and she is out at the elbows. Darling, vhc., is not to my liking, being of poor color, plain in head, light in eyes, out at the elbows, and was not well shown.

In the class for cockers of any other color, Sport, who took first, must on all occasions make room for a good one. The Chicago would-be dictator says: "Sport, a little high on the legs, but otherwise good, won." The owner must have gone off in hysterics when he read that report. A dog that is "good all over" with the exception of being a "little" high on the legs, would be an acquisition to this or any other country. They make dogs like that sometimes. Come Chicago, throw up the sponge and furnish your readers with a prize list only. People really cannot afford to pay even ten cents a week for such clap-trap. The dog is faulty at the elbows, his ears are not well placed, and he is snipy and leggy. Marion, placed second, is weak in muzzle, light of bone and out at the elbows. I failed to find a good looking puppy, but I am mindful of the fact that the judge extinguisher said one of them was "very pretty" and another "splendid all-round." With so many "splendid all-round" specimens on view, no wonder New Haven was a great show. Chas. H. Mason.

New York, April 6, 1885.

NEW HAVEN NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dog show is over and the boys are glad, that is to say, are glad that the worry is over; but we still retain the pleasure of having to put our hands quite deep into our pockets in order to make up what was not put into our treasury by the citizens of the City of Elms, in order to make us square with the world. We live in a queer community. It takes a perfect day, a complimentary ticket and a free coach to induce our people to leave their firesides and patronize a home enterprise; but nevertheless, we will give them another chance next year, and will try and have nature with us, as she gave us weather that would make a Greenlander shiver this time. But we must not "kick," as the dog men from all over the country supported us in grand shape.

Reports from the surrounding country indicate that we shall have plenty of quail this year as well as partridge, but no matter how many we breed there will be a hunter (not shooter) to each bird. Our Legislature is made up of countrymen who will neither protect the birds nor have any mercy on a man owning a dog. Our club have talked with many of them, with a view of trying to either reduce the dog tax or to protect those who do pay the now heavy tax, viz., $1.15 for a dog and $6.15 for a bitch. In the way in which it now stands, about one in a hundred, more or less, pay their dog tax. Last year there were about 700 dogs registered in the town of New Haven, of which one in sixteen was a bitch. At a small calculation there are not less than 3,000 dogs here, so you see how the law is enforced. It may seem funny on the face of it that while we object to the price we still want to have the law enforced to the letter; but if the law were rigidly carried out and all persons owning or harboring an unregistered dog were fined the full penalty, $7 and costs, there would not be so many mongrels running loose on our streets, and the standard would be raised in proportion.

If you do not register your dog, any one can take him from his kennel in broad daylight, and in full sight of your family or yourself, and you can do nothing unless you are big enough to take the law into your own hands and run the risk of paying a fine for assault and battery. Some time ago I had a bitch stolen, but caught the thief. I had witnesses who saw him take the dog—in fact, had a complete case; but the judge discharged the thief on the ground that the dog was not property on account of her not being registered. I could not sue the man for trespass as he did not take her from my premises, but from where I was keeping her for a time.

As to just how anything not property can be taxed goes far beyond my limited knowledge of law. The revenue from the dog tax is supposed to be used exclusively to pay damages to the farmers having sheep killed by dogs owned in the town; but as a fine-tooth comb carefully used could not bring to light more than a baker's dozen of sheep in this whole town, it seems hardly just to make the tax so heavy.

As to the snaring of birds; there is a law against that, but nine farmers out of ten keep a partridge fence the whole fall, and if you destroy them you are prohibited from shooting on their land. Nevertheless, the sportsmen kick over a great many fences and snares each year. I know of several of our lawmakers who snare birds and don't pay a dog tax; and are not prosecuted, for the reason that one against the many would have his trouble for his pains. I live in hope of seeing the time when all of the Connecticut sportsmen will join hands and "go for 'em," and then, with the aid of FOREST AND STREAM, I think we can do a great deal toward stopping the wholesale "hanging" of birds and also straighten out the dog laws. Rosecroft.

New Haven, Conn., March 27.

DISQUALIFICATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the first time I am compelled to find fault with Mr. E. S. Porter's course in dog show matters. Perhaps I had better say with his explanation of his course in the matter of the Pierce disqualification, etc.

When I saw the entry of Mr. Pierce in the New Haven catalogue, I said, "There, those New Haven fellows have outdone even themselves," and I am sorry to learn that the admission of the entry was more of an oversight than a deliberate defiance of the most outrageous of all the abortions, dignified as the A. K. C. rules. However, we all know that Mr. Porter and the N. H. K. C. have been actuated by good motives, and falling short of perfection is not a very grievous sin.

I am delighted that FOREST AND STREAM has taken the position that I have ding-donged at, from the first appearance of the Association rules, that it should not be possible for any one club to disqualify an exhibitor. But why not go further, and maintain that any club, even after having adopted the 17th iniquity, is justified in refusing to exclude an exhibitor, merely on the dictum of another club, when that dictum is pronounced in a very suspicious way? It is surely a warrantable inference that the disqualification shall be for cause, and substantiated to a reasonable degree. I maintain that the N. H. K. C. had a right to receive Mr. Pierce's entry, if the Philadelphia K. C. did not satisfactorily support their action. Do you mean to say that a member of the A. K. C. loses all right to private judgment, and must surrender to any performance in the disqualification line that another member may choose to perpetrate? As to violating the A. K. C. rules, New Haven had done that by omitting the "extra" silliness, why not reject another of them as well?

I ought to say that I have never seen or had anything to do with Mr. Pierce, unless he was the gentleman who kindly informed me that Glencho was an Irish setter at the State Fair show last fall, wherat I hadn't courage left to repeat my question as to what the name was; so don't suppose I am championing anybody when I attack a piece of iniquitous tyranny.

The fact is, the idea of the A. K. C. is all wrong; it is too hide-bound, too narrow, too leveling. Its minute directory rules as to private details of show management indicate its petty lack of comprehension. I think the most elegantly silly piece of rot I have seen on this matter was in the *Mirror*, where a correspondent gravely said, anent the Boston show, that it was a member of the A. K. C., which was a congress of clubs, which provided that no winnings should be recognized except at shows of members, and therefore all the best dogs of the country would be at Boston. Great snakes! Who ever before even smelt such flapdoodle, let alone eating it?

Just in this point let me say that the secretary of our Pittsburgh club has been so overwhelmed with inquiries as to whether we were to have a show, that as a measure of economy of postal cards, the board of managers directed him to send notices to the kennel papers that as we could not get a hall we would not have a show. He was getting worn out receiving and answering such inquiries. As Pittsburgh is not an associated club (the Cincinnati meeting was too busy with "proper construction" to act on its application), this pressure of inquiries indicates to me that exhibitors want to stretch their lungs in breathing a little fresh air in an independent

show. They are tired of the rings, and the first club that tries the experiment of boldly throwing off the shackles and going it on their own hook will reap such an appreciative reward from exhibitors as will make the hair stand on end on the heads of those who think they can run the dog world of America.

Look how flunkeyism has been rampant since the initiation of the A. K. C. Fault is found with club action—we are immediately told how wealthy, honorable and high-toned the managers are. A judge is said to have shown himself incompetent (as the *Stock-Keeper* says, "his honesty is only equaled by his incapacity")—forsooth, there is a howl about abusing respectable judges and honorable men.

A dog dealer is over a year in filling an order for a dog that can be picked up in packs, and we are told that he has the entire confidence of Tom Collins, Snooks and Peter Funk.

Now, would it not be more to the purpose to show that the "high-toned managers" were right in their course, that the "respectable judge" was correct in his awards, and that the dog dealer enjoying such "confidence" had good reasons for keeping his customer's money over a year without sending the dog, than to dose us with such silly stuff as this?

I am glad to note that you, at least by implication, recognize the usefulness of agitation; call it "kicking" if you will, but we were sinking into a slough of imbecility that promised to make dog shows ridiculous. The vigorous prosecution of the "Pointer Protest" war stirred up the waters, and note how, since then, the fresh blood in kennel matters has forced itself forward. Such managers as the New Haven Club, and such a "knight of the quill" as Mr. Gregg, are distinct and hopeful gains to dog-show interests. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., March 28, 1885.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXVII.

AN event long foreseen by those who move among the "inner circle" of doggy life has at last come to pass with dramatic suddenness. By next Friday when the papers appear the whole kennel world will be discussing the resignation of Mr. H. St. James Stephen, the secretary of the Kennel Club. It is easy to fix the date when this step was taken. On Friday, the 27th of February, a committee meeting was held in Cleveland Row to consider matters in connection with the club's secretary. This week the papers publish a letter dated 27th of February, about the new champion rule, from Mr. W. J. Mellor, who signs himself "Chairman of the Committee Meeting." The result of that committee meeting is plain enough, as in the ordinary course of affairs that letter would have been written by the secretary. At this hour it is unnecessary, and it would be ungenerous to drag out the many little misfortunes and shortcomings, private and public, that have contributed to Mr. Stephen's downfall. This much I may repeat, from one who knew him well, that he owes the loss of his post to his unmeasured and unreasonable liberality, and to the occult workings of men whose feelings he had slighted, and of others in whose way he stood. Now that he has succumbed, I am certain he will receive the "forgiving and forgotten" sympathy of the first, and I hope he may enjoy the disappointment of the second class.

Mr. Stephen's connection with dogs dates only some four or five years back. At that time he was a "sucking barrister," and in the public service as one of Her Majesty's *custodes rotulorum*. He has not attained eminence at the bar, his name having been only once before the public, when he last summer conducted Miss Violet Cameron's case for damages against a butcher whose ferocious mastiff had eaten the lady's lap dog. There are, however, lucrative plums in the Civil Service, and the course of promotion in the Record Office should incline favorably toward the cousin of a judge. As Mr. Stephen remains a member of the Kennel Club, I should be surprised if he were to entirely sever his doggy relations.

I think that is highly unlikely. He made his first appearance on the show bench with a magnificent deerhound, now champion Bevis, and from the last Ostend show brought back with him a Great Dane bitch; this latter breed will probably be his "fancy." He has an engagement to judge at the approaching Warwick show, where I hope he will receive a frank and hearty welcome to the exhibiting ranks by those fanciers who liked him not in his official clothing.

"Whom will the Kennel Club get now?" is the next question. Will it be the old secretary, Mr. George Lowe, their present editor of the *Kennel Gazette?* More unlikely men than he will try for it. Will it be the head clerk, Mr. Boardman, who, from the long time he has been in the office, has acquired a thorough knowledge of the technique of the business? The position is said to be his ambition, but I am afraid that his irritable nature would make it a burden to him. Will it be a member of the Club? I think not, as he is certain to be impatient of control and reproof. It comes too late for Mr. Taunton, and there is no ditch deep enough to bury Mr. Hugh Dalziel's hatchet. I prophesy much bickering and bitterness before it is decided, as the appointment lies with the committee, and each one has "a friend round the corner who'd be very glad to have the job." If the Kennel Club expect their new official to devote the whole of his time to the duties they must make a considerable addition to the present salary, which is something under £200—not enough for "cigars and cabs," as Mr. Stephen could probably tell them.

What a pity it is that the club cannot induce some of their present committee to resign also. Between the wooden-headed stupidity of some, and the supercilious, arrogant ignorance of others, the unofficial members of the club are gradually losing patience. They make a great show of working for the improvement of dogs, of course, without heed of themselves, and are forever startling us with some fresh proof of their incapacity, such as the new champion rule.

I will forthwith relate their latest *faux pas*, which is an indulgent description of the act. A visitor to their last show in the Crystal Palace claimed a Dandie Dinmont terrier at the catalogue price. He paid the full amount in the office, received his receipt, and the agent of the club, whoever may have been in the office at the time, undertook to forward the dog to the purchaser on the evening the show closed. They neglected to fulfil this promise, and in answer to a letter from the purchaser asking for an explanation, replied that the dog had been found dead on his bench the morning after the show. Therefore the club broke their contract in not sending the dog while he was still alive the last day of the show, and then on the purchaser naturally asking for his money back—now mark their sense of honor and duty—refuse to refund, actually decline to disgorge, the price they had received for an animal they had contracted to deliver, and which through their own culpable carelessness they had been unable to send. I am sure I don't know what steps he will take, but if I were the pillaged person I should unhesitatingly invite the committee's explanations before a magistrate for retaining money under false pretenses.

At the late Hanley show an objection was laid by a popular and esteemed member of the Kennel Club, Mr. W. Arkwright, against a well-known exhibitor, Mr. Geo. Raper, for having trimmed his collie, Rutland Hero. The dog's head presented an extraordinary appearance; somebody seems to have taken a pair of scissors and clipped all his forehead. A collie judge who was examining it said it was a clumsy dodge to give length to the skull. I don't know what the club can do in the matter; they have no rules on the point; trimming more or less is an every show matter.

Mr. Dalziel has ferociously jumped upon Mr. Ashwin for his unworkmanlike proposal to divide collies into classes by color. I am not surprised at that raising the ire of the practical and matter-of-fact "Corsincon."

I have no doubt the Collie Club at their London show will adopt the age division. I understand that three gentlemen are to be elected to judge, and the election of the trio will be in the hands of the members. The three names that I expect to see at the head of the poll are Thomson, Shirley and Radcliffe. The last named is honorary secretary to the club, and I guess the stairs at 20 Craven street, London, will be well worn before the show is over.

In the paper just to hand I see Mr. C. Greville Harston replies to my remarks on his collie information, and as he good-naturedly welcomes me to rattle away at him if it amuses me, and I give him my honor it does, why bring me the gloves and I'll have another "go" at him just to show there is no ill-feeling. From my letters Mr. Harston has noticed that I can fight without the gloves, that is when I am dealing with rogues; but Mr. Harston I believe to be an honest meaning gentleman, laboring under the delusion that he is the prophet of colliedom. I call this a friendly spar, so shake hands, sir, and keep smiling.

When I pointed out to you the absence of the second great strain (Welsh) of collies in your long string of local breeds, it was a fair "counter." You compiled the list for effect, and the omission just spoiled it. Mr. Harston thinks that the owners of the bitches would be "fools"—"Lillibulero" bows, he is one of them—who bred from Carlyle without inquiring if he came "from the Highlands, the Lowlands, or the Cheviot Hills." I can assure Mr. Harston that he is mistaken; nobody cares about that, breeders send bitches to him that are wide and short in skull and scanty in coat. Carlyle is so long in the face that he is actually pig-jawed, and he carries an enormous coat. Mr. Harston's query, "You would not put a Suffolk Punch to a Clydesdale horse" exhibits a curious confusion of ideas. He has confounded strains with breeds. He asks if I want to abuse him why I don't do it under my own name, and later on refers to "anonymous correspondents." In the first place, I don't want to abuse him. My primary object was to show that when Mr. Harston assumed the *rôle* of critic he proved that he knew less of the subject than the gentleman he criticised, and I am sure that Mr. Watson did not enjoy his animadversions any the more for their being signed. If Mr. Harston considers my notes in the light of anonymous correspondence, he displays want of perception. My *nom de plume* is adopted in the character of a public writer. If *de quibus ignoras tace* be a maxim that Mr. Harston should bear in mind, he might also admit *de quibus certus es, loquere opportune* to be an injunction that it is my duty to observe in favor of my readers. I am surprised that he should not recognize the "Roving Highlander," everybody here knows who it is. Again, Mr. Harston "enlightens" you upon the "right spelling" of *collie*, which he says should be "colley," thus setting himself up against his own authorities—Shirley, Thomson and Vero Shaw, not to mention the Collie Club, which ought to know something about it and on all occasions spells it *collie*. He calls the English bobtail sheepdog a "colley," and has also mentioned a *German* "colley," thus proving that he is unaware of the fact that collie is a Scotch word, and can only be applied to the Scotch sheepdog; so kindly reinstruct your printers to set it up as "collie" altogether. I have been very much diverted by this little controversy, and so, I daresay, have your readers. Not the least funny part about it has been the humorous support accorded to Mr. Harston by the "Roving Highlander," with whom Mr. Harston was at first as anxious to agree as Polonius was ready to admit that Hamlet's cloud was "in shape of a camel, a weasel, or a whale." But in the end the friends fall out, and Mr. Harston proceeds to administer "snuff" to the Highlander, surely a superfluous action, after the nature of carrying coals to Newcastle. However, Mr. Harston must not so easily get his back up. I write as much for his edification as for the rest of my constituents. I am incapable of bearing ill will against a gentleman I don't know, and it is not the part I have to play. I am "your only jig-maker—what should a man do but be merry?"

For the rest, I will refer my collie friends to my notes on their breed in my letters, Nos. XV. and XXII. They can take my word for it that the information therein is well grounded, accurate and expressive of the best opinions in this country.

The question of undershot terriers is now engrossing our attention. The Rev. Mellor set the ball rolling at the late Crystal Palace show when he turned a crack Dandie Dinmont out of the ring for this defect. The *Field* has given us a leader on the subject and with the majority advocates level mouths. Lord Antrim, in the next number, as president of the Dandie Dinmont Club, indorsed this opinion. The Dandie judge, the Rev. E. Spenser Tiddeman, condemns undershot mouths, but is inclined to be lenient to pig-jaws, herein he only follows the club code of points. The *Scottish Fancier*, which surely has some claim to lay down the law on one of the national breeds, contends itself with advising breeders to "seriously consider the matter." Mr. F. Gresham has rushed in to expose himself and wants a hard and fast line laid down to "prevent terriers being allowed to take prizes which have not level mouths." Corsincon replies, "Hear, hear, by all means let us prevent our terriers taking anything so certain to disagree with them as prizes which have not level mouths." From which you will gather that ignorance of the Queen's English is no impediment to a man's assuming to write for public information. Corsincon says it is "painful to see him spinning out the twaddling insipidities only worthy of a man milliner." A "demnition" unkind remark, as Mr. Mantalini would have observed. My own opinion of the question is that for show terriers I prefer a level mouth, but for working purposes, where a fast hold is necessary, I should choose a terrier whose teeth did not meet. Try it yourself, put your stick in the mouth of a terrier with the correct jaw formation and then see how easy you can draw it away, but the undershot dog gets a grip that will not give an inch.

We are in a glorious muddle over Mr. Percy Reid's new champion rules. Neither show secretaries nor exhibitors understand them. Two members of the committee, Messrs. Mellor and Wootten, have written to the papers with a view of elucidating their meaning.

I regret to record the death of the lovely young St. Bernard bitch Thisbe, with all her pups. This is a lamentable loss to her reverend owner. Beyond the purchase and sale of Plinlimmon Mr. Arthur Carter has not had his share of the loaves and fishes in this breed. No man has worked harder and his unflagging energy has achieved much for the fancy and guided many shekels into the pockets of its followers.

LILLIBULERO.

MARCH 9, 1885.

THE PIERCE DISQUALIFICATION.—Peekskill, N. Y., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this week I see Mr. W. H. Child, acting secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, does not agree with your interpretation of the power of Superintendent Lincoln as regards my disqualification, and still claims that I won the kennel prize through misrepresentation. That is false. I would not knowingly or wilfully misrepresent a dog's entry under any circumstances. I applied to Superintendent Lincoln in good faith, and it must be admitted that he was the person to whom inquirers had to apply for information on all matters connected with the show. Mr. Lincoln as I have proven by Mr. Walker, knew Reeta's connection with the Glencho Kennels, and after obtaining his assurance that the entry was legitimate and proper, how can Mr. Child still claim that the prize was won through my misrepresentation. The Boston Kennel Club have resolved to accept my entries, and claim that the American Kennel Club have no right to sustain the action of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, on the grounds that the American Kennel Club was not in existence at the time of the Philadelphia Kennel Club show, and cannot go back of their organization. —W. H. PIERCE.

THE HANLEY DOG SHOW.

[From our regular correspondent.]

THE North Staffordshire Kennel Club's second exhibition of sporting and other dogs was held in the Covered Market Hall, Hanley, Eng., on February 24 and 25. The show proved in every way a success, and the entries amounted to 774, and contained most of the best dogs in England. There were, however, few classes that contained a good collection of new faces, so that in the majority of the classes all the winners are well known.

In champion mastiffs we find no less than Maximilian, Pontiff, Cardinal and Crown Princess, with Orlando entered but absent. Crown Princess was placed first, which was a surprise to many of the mastiff men; yet we were pleased to see her at the top, being an old favorite, and when taken all round and judged from nose to tail as a modern mastiff, we think she stood in her correct position. In open dogs the small but typical John Bull won first, Spartacus second, Goth coming third. The Lady Clare won in bitches, with the winner at Liverpool second; a sister to Goth getting vhc. reserve.

St. Bernards were a strong collection, Save winning first in champion and beating Bayard, we think correctly. Plinlimmon won in open dogs, also special. We certainly consider him a grand dog, and since we first saw him at Warwick last year until the present occasion he has continued to improve and develop. At Warwick we considered him large, yet held an unfavorable opinion of his general qualities. However, we admit he has not turned out the coarse dog we expected him to become. The rest of the class was really good, the Liverpool winner and half brother to Plinlimmon came a good second, and the well-known Storm King and Pilgrim, sire of Plinlimmon, equal third. The whole class was one of extra merit. The bitch class was also good. The first is well-known, she was looking well. Bernardine, second, was also in good bloom. She is a good showy bitch, good on feet and legs and a good mover, while her color and coat are also good. There were two good classes of puppies, the winner being good and promising.

The winners in Newfoundlands are well-known. Lord Nelson, the winner at the Palace, won again here, and also took the special prize, a beautiful set of china.

Great Danes were moderate, and greyhounds a small class, first going to the white bitch Hair Spring that we have not seen now for about three years. She was looking well.

Luck of Hessen won well in pointer dogs. Second went to a lemon and white, in very bad form; in fact we preferred Perdix, vhc., for second place. Mr. Beck won well in the bitch class with Nan, second going to a heavy marked liver and white, heavy of shoulder.

In setter dogs first went to Glencairn, who was looking well. Count Howard, second, is young and small, but full of quality. Royal Engineer, third, is plain-headed. The winning bitch was fairly up to the average, the second prize going to a nice sort, rather fine and out of coat.

In the spaniel classes all the winners have often been reported.

We find Charlemagne in champion collies with no opponent. He also wins the special for best in the show. In open dogs, we thought the winner lucky, as we fancied several in the class equally as much as him. The second is full of collie character of a blue and white color and tanned cheek, also a wall eye. Rutland Hero, the Palace winner, seemed to have had his coat tampered with. Not that his appearance was improved, because it took away from his chance. He certainly should not have been shown in the condition he was in. The bitches were a good lot. The second, which we fancied so much at Birmingham, is not in the best of form, but she will be often heard of. Matchless was entered, but did not turn up. The quality throughout the collie classes was good, as has been usual lately at the best shows.

Mr. Shirley won well in champion bulldogs, and Rustic King won in the large sized open class. He was looking well.

Cairo had a walk over in champion bull-terriers. In the open class the first and second were placed the same as at the Palace, but we prefer the second prize winner Chancellor, and fancied Kettering Maggie for third place.

In champion fox-terriers Cavendish just managed to come in ahead of Pulborough Jumbo. In the open class first went to a good sort of young dog, whose ears are occasionally wrong, yet in the ring he showed to good advantage, and we consider won well. We liked the second prize in bitches equally as well as anything in the class.

In wire-haired first went to a very nice young bitch, good all through. She is rather short of face, yet of good terrier character. She was claimed at £20, and we know her owner would have given the purchaser a little profit on her to have got her back.

Burke was once more first in black and tans, with the small-sized Witch second.

The three winning Skyes were all good ones, the second possessing good coat. Capt. Mackie was well ahead in Scotch terriers. We understand this gentleman is thinking of sending to the forthcoming show at Madison Square Garden.

In the any-variety terrier class no less than six good specimens of the white English terrier turned up. We expected to see a special class for this variety. In Staffordshires first went to the well-known white English terrier dog Leading Star; second went to the well-known Airedale, Venus III. She was looking remarkably well. Third fell to the Bedlington, Domino. Bourbon won easily in the champion Bassets, and we considered it close running between the first and second in open dogs. The bitch class for Bassets was cancelled. Pugs were well represented. The winners are well known.

There was a good entry of foreign dogs from Mr. Taunton's kennels, and Miss Bodley managed to get equal first with a Pyrenean wolf hound, and Mr. Taunton's Sir John Franklin. The majority of the sporting and non-sporting puppies were shown in the open classes. In litter of puppies first went to wire-haired fox-terriers in the sporting division, while a good litter of bull puppies, by Bend Or, won in the non-sporting collection.

The benching was by Mr. Yates, of Stockport, and was very well arranged considering that he had considerable difficulty, owing to the smallness of the hall and the large number of entries. The dogs were confined in very small pens and the walks between the benches were too narrow, in fact at times it was with extreme difficulty one could push his way through the crowd of visitors.

Following is a list of the principal

AWARDS.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st and extra, E. Nichols (Phyrne); 2d, J. C. Tinker (champion Dido).

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—1st, J. Royle (Crown Princess).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and extra, G. Holmes (John Bull); 2d, D. L. Buchanan (Spartacus); 3d, E. Nichols (Goth). *Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Turner (The Lady Clare); 2d, C. R. Leach (Lady Blanche); 3d, M. Beaufoy (Princess Rita).

ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—1st, J. F. Smith (champion Save).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, cup and extra, J. F. Smith (Plinlimmon); 2d, H. B. Wood (Nero III.); equal 3d, W. J. Orwin (Storm King), W. G. Marshall (Pilgrim). *Bitches:* 1st, L. C. R. Norris-Elye (Crevasse II.); 2d, W. Jones (Bernardine); 3d, S. W Smith (Duchess of Leeds). PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. S. Williamson (Sea King); 2d, S. W. Smith (Colonel Gordon); 3d, F. A. Kelley (The Earl). *Bitches:* 1st and extra, A. P. Evans (Duchess IV.); 2d, G. Nixon (Lady Pauline).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CHAMPION—1st, E. Nichols (Nelson L.).—OPEN—1st and extra, E. Nichols (Lord Nelson); 2d, R. W. Moll (King Bruce); 3d E. J. Bird (Isla).

GREAT DANES OR BOARHOUNDS.—1st and extra, R. Herbert (Leal); 2d, Lieut. R. L. Smart, R.N. (Joubert II.); 3d, R. L. Collings (Stella).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, T. Sharples (Hairspring); 2d, T. B. Swinburne (champion Rose Marie).

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Prince A. Solms (Luck of Hessen); 2d, W. Arkwright (Eldon Don). *Bitches:* 1st and cup, C. H. Beck (Nan); 2d, F. Warde (Kent Baby).

SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Royle (Glengairn); 2d, G. Potter (Count Howard); 3d, G. H. Gadd (Royal Engineer). *Bitches:* 1st, W. P. Cosier (Rhona II.); 2d, J. Bishop (Bonny Bevis).

RETRIEVERS.—CHAMPION—S. E. Shirley (Moonstone).—OPEN—1st, extra and 2d, S. E. Shirley (Think and Tractor); 3d, Rev. W. Serjeantson (Chelmer).

SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—J. Royle (Solus).—OPEN—CLUMBERS—1st, J. W. Carr (Lightfoot Ruby); 2d, E. Walling (Toots). BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, W. R. Bryden (Beverley); 2d, Holley Bros. (Don Carlos); 3d, W. A. W. Lawson (Duke V.). *Bitches:* 1st, J. Royle (Carrol); 2d, Holley Bros. (Althea); 3d, W. R. Bryden (Belle of Buxton). ANY OTHER VARIETY—1st, G. T. Miller (Lord Randolph); equal 2d, Holley Bros. (Castle Tan) and E. Walling (Rover IV.).

BEAGLES.—1st and 2d, C. H. Beck (Abigail and Careless).

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—1st and special, J. Bissell (Charlemagne). —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and extra, J. F. Godfree (Major Trefoil); 2d, W. Arkwright (Blue Sky); equal 3d, G. Raper (Rutland Hero), S. Boddington (Scotch Laddie). *Bitches:* 1st, H. C. White (Wild Daisy); 2d, J. & W. H. Charles (Bertha); equal 3d, J. Pirie (Peerless), J. F. Godfree (Trefoil Lady). *Puppies:* Equal 1st, H. C. White (Wild Daisy), and J. F. Godfree (Major Trefoil); equal 2d, J. & W. H. Charles (Bertha) and G. Rapier (Rutland Hero); equal 3d, T. H. Stretch (Northampton) and J. Pirie (Peerless).

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—S. E. Shirley (Cervantes).—OPEN—OVER 45LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st and extra, G. Raper (Rustic King); 2d, J. S. Pybus-Sellon (Royal George); 3d, W. Paddock (Fizz). UNDER 45LBS.—1st, J. S. Pybus-Sellon (King Cole, Jr.); 2d, W. Woodgates (Lion) 3d, J. Morris (Sir John). OVER 35LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Pybus-Sellon (Dona Sol); 2d, A. Pemberton (Scissors); 3d, Mrs. J. R. Pratt (Saucy Girl). UNDER 35LBS.—1st, G. Raper (Ridotto); 2d, A. H. Greatbach (May); 3d, C. H. Brown (Zenobia).

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—A. George (champion Cairo).—OPEN—OVER 25LBS.—1st and cup, T. Keene (Silver King); 2d, F. Hinks (Chancellor); 3d, J. Harrison (Gladstone). UNDER 25LBS.—1st, F. Hinks (Little Victor); 2d, A. George (Geroua).

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH OR WIRE-HAIRED—CHAMPION—1st, P. C. Reid (Cavendish).—OPEN—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st and cup, J. G. Hikeley (Belgrave Spark); 2d, F. Baguley (Daylesford Billy); 3d, J. Foreman (Belgrave Rasper); 4th, A. Hargreaves (Dane Topper late Favorite). *Bitches:* 1st, G. M. Southwell (Society); 2d, A. Jordan (Winsome Nell); 3d, J. H. Seldon (Rochdale Pansy); 4th, W. R. Hues (Brokenhurst Tiny).—WIRE HAIRED—1st and extra, Maxwell & Cassell (Tees Pearl); 2d, F. W. Fellowes (Burton Sweet Briar); 3d, M. P. Lucas (Warwickshire Gipsy).—NEVER HAVING WON A PRIZE.—SMOOTH AND WIRE-HAIRED—1st, J. Hikeley (Belgrave Masher); equal 2d, Maxwell & Cassel (Tees Pearl) and D. Bourne (Pitcher); equal 3d, A. Hargreaves (Dane Topper) and J. Parkin (Marsden Premier); 4th, R. H. Cartwright (Called Back).—SMOOTH AND WIRE-HAIRED—*Puppies:* 1st and extra 3, J. G. Hikeley (Belgrave Soark); equal 1st, Maxwell & Cassell (Tees Pearl); equal 2d, F. W. Fellows (Burton Sweet Briar) and J. J. Stott (Fulwood Spark); equal 3d, P. Hikeley (Belgrave Masher) and H. J. Price (Cotswold Thistle); 4th, D. Bourne (Pitcher).

TERRIERS.—BLACK AND TAN—1st and extra, J. Royle (Burke); 2d, C. Whitehouse (Witch); 3d, T. B. Swinburne (Skittles).—SKYE—1st, T. B. Swinburne (Sherry); 2d, J. King (Prince Charlie); 3d, W. M. Easten (Warlock II.).—DANDIE DINMONTS—1st, W. E. Easten (champion Border Queen); 2d, J. Sherwood, Jr. (Babbie Ker); 3d, H. F. de Trafford (Jennie Deans).—SCOTCH—1st and extra and 2d, Capt. W. W. Mackie (Dundee and Glengogo); 3d, H. J. Ludlow (Worry).—IRISH—1st, W. Graham (Garryford); 2d, L. P. Bevan (The Boy); 3d, J. D. Lamsden (Garryroan).—ANY OTHER VARIETY—1st, C. F. Copeman (Leading Star); 2d, A. Walker (Venus III.); 3d, A. Holdcroft (Domino).

BASSET HOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st, F. W. Blain (Bourbon).—OPEN—*Dogs:* Cup and 1st, F. W. Blain (Bertrand); 2d, H. Jones (Judge); 3d, F. D. Bland (Chorister).

DACHSHUNDE.—CHAMPION—1st and medal, H. A. Walker (champion Maximus and champion Ozone).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and extra, E. L. Puxley (Subaltern); 2d, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Graf III.); 2d, H. Jones (Joubert). *Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Haslewood (Swipes); 2d, W. Arkwright (Winks); 3d, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Edelweiss). *Puppies:* 1st, E. L. Puxley (Subaltern); 2d and 3d, Mrs. P. M. Hoare (Graf III. and Edelweiss).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st, W. L. Sheffield (Set Set).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and extra, J. H. Lock (Second Challenger); 2d, W. L. Sheffield (Sovereign); 3d, C. Houlker (Loris). *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Howe (Wild Mint); 2d, J. H. Lock (Mignonette); 3d, J. W. Wood (Toinette).

FOREIGN.—Equal 1st, Miss A. Bodley (Congleton Bruno), W. K. Taunton (champion Sir John Franklin), and C. Macdona (Moscow II.); 3d, F. Adcock (Piston).

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

BOSTON, April 8.—The show opened on Tuesday with very successful prospects. The weather was pleasant, though to-day it rains, and the attendance during the first day was very good indeed. Mr. Watson was unfortunately absent on account of sickness.

The show is extremely crowded, there being a dog in every available corner of the hall. Thus the animals are not seen to the best advantage. The arrangements at first were not good, but the officers are working hard and things are going better. The English setters, mastiffs and collies are very good, and the Irish setters are a grand lot. The bulldogs and bull-terriers are also good, and the quality of the classes throughout is above the average at our shows. On the other hand spaniels and greyhounds are much below the exhibits at New Haven.

Most of the special prizes were awarded, as will be seen below, but the prize for the best team of dogs used in field sports, to consist of three, has not been judged, as the exhibitors have not been able to decide upon a judge.

The judging was done in a room in the basement by electric light, a very bad arrangement, for the dogs did not show to advantage under the circumstances, and it is impossible to judge of the color of Irish setters, Gordon setters, etc., under such conditions. Marked catalogues will be out to-day. The judging was completed the first day and we are therfore able to give a full list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545). *Bitches:* Ashmont Kennels' Dolly Varden (A.K.R. 75). —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. L. Bellmore's Prince Waldemar (Crown Prince—Negress); 2d, Ashmont Kennels' Ilford Cromwell (Cardinal Cleopatra). Very high com. reserve, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution (Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia). Very high com., Laban Pratt's Roscoe III. (Venus). High com., Mrs J. C. Whitin's York (Pontiff—Fan). Com., Gordon Dexter's Turk (Satan—Fire). *Bitches:* 1st, Ashmont Kennels' Bal Gal (Beau—Lady); 2d, E. H. Moore's Tamora (Beau—Boomah). Com., M. J. Manning's Fly (Major—Gypsy).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. R. Graves's The Squire (Victor—Cheetah); 2d, F. H. Brown's Tony (Turk—Countess) Very high com., H. Bennett's unnamed (Victor—Sky). *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Minerva (Homer—Queen II.); 2d, F. O. Vaille's Judy.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Pope's imported Romeo (Bayard—Minnie); 2d, Cuequasset Kennels' Hermit (A.K.R. 23). Very high com. reserve, S. Jackson's Leo (Lion—Fanny). Very high com., Forest City Kennels' Cæsar (A.K.R. 22). High com., P. W. Johnson's Jack (Jack—Blanche). Com., J. Kalbkopf's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Pope's Baronne (Barry—Mont Cenis); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Stella (Thor—Augusta). Very high com. reserve, L. W. Allen's Cadess (Cadwallader—Myra). Very high com., V. Shunk's Fanny (Nero—Molly). High com., R. C. Dean's Empress (Tip—Empress). Com., Chequasset Kennels' Heidel (A.K.R. 2045).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Essex Kennels' Julian (A.K.R. 1600). *Bitches:* 1st, E. E. Hardy's Ahoramia (A.K.R. 1597); 2d, Forest City Kennels' Miss Otho (Otho—Novice).

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* No. entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Veronne (A.K.R. 418); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Mentor II. (Mentor—The Nun). Very high com. reserve, Mill Brook Kennels' Ion (Cæsar—Brunhilde). Very high com., F. W. Daniel's Grant. High com., B. Lombard, Jr.'s Savoy (Barry—Swiss). *Bitches:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Wanda (A.K.R. 1941); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Snowball (A.K.R. 416). Very high com. reserve, Forest City Kennels' Avis (A.K.R. 929) Very high com., Forest City Kennels' Lotta (A.K.R. 22).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Longfritz's Reno (Bruno—Fanny). *Bitches:* No entries.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Acadia Kennels' Sam (Goliath—Dora); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Bruno (Carl—Nell). Very high com., Acadia Kennels' Noble (A.K.R. 762). High com., R. C. Murray's Jumbo (A.K.R. 555). Com., E. S. Emory's Dexter (imported). *Bitches:* 1st, Acadia Kennels' Fly (A.K.R. 553). PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Pratt's Hero (Sam—Fly). *Bitches:* 1st, Acadia Kennels' Evangeline (Sam—Fly).

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—55LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation (A.K.R. 217). 50LBS. AND OVER—*Bitches:* No entries. OPEN. 55LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Parker's William Tell (Prince—Bell II.); 2d, Clifton Kennel's Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass); E. S. Emery's Dick. Very high com, reserve, J. E. Wilson's Toots (A.K.R. 21). Very high com., C. F. Murphy's Rex (Dick—Belle).—50LBS. AND OVER—*Bitches:* 1st, Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Flirt (A.K.R. 1248); 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Madstone (Tory—Moonstone). Very high com. reserve, G. W. Emery's Sal (Dick—Ruby). Very high com., Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Lucille; Westminster Kennel Club's Lassie (Bang—Belle). CHAMPION—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* No entries. UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* Only entry absent OPEN.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Robin Adair (Faust—Madge); 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 344). Very high com., Dr. W. M. Lambkin's Prince (Jake—Prankner's bitch); R. C. Cornell's Prince of Orange (Sensation—Lass); J. S. Davis's Mat (Pete—Mab). High com., E. S. Emery's Jim (imported).—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Countess (Sensation—Lass) and Lucky Stone (Tory—Moonstone). Very high com. reserve, F. Stevenson, Jr.'s Mistrel (Pete—Lil). Very high com., Clifton Kennel's Rosa and Lady Bang (Boone—Rena). PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. O. Thomas's Daniel Webster (Fritz—Lottie); 2d, L. B. R. Briggs's Hylax (dam Mora). Very high com., C. F. Lambert's Shot (Dash—Peg); J. H. Baird's Beacon (Baronet—Olivette). High com., C. H. Dole's Sam (Pete, Jr.—Daisy). *Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Lou (Beaufort—Rosa); 2d, F. L. Sprague's Victoria.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Plantaganet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus—Bess); 2d, W. Tallman's Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.). Very high com. reserve, W. Tallman's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight). Very high com., L. Adams and A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel). High com., L. B. Wright's Jester (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle); and W. H. Emerson's Frank (Lelaps—Belle). Com., C. W. Laselle's Spot; H. B. Duryea's Royal Sultan (Racket—Kelp); and P. St. Martin's Colonel (John—Molly). *Bitches:* 1st, W. Tallman's Forest Dora (Dick Laverack—Forrest Fly); 2d, R. C Cornell's Modesta (Jester—Modjeska). Very high com. reserve, G. J. Lewis's Eudora (Druid—Gess). Very high com., W. Tallman's Grace B. (London—Dawn); and L. Shuster, Jr.'s Coomassie (Thunder—Peeress). High com., C. W. Nutting's Zou (Drake—Daisy); and D. O'Shea's Lill). Com., H. B. Duryea's Queen Bess (Dash III.—Katy Did).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. E. Taylor's Count Fosco (Dash III.—Donna). Very high com., B. Wilder's Budd (Ben B.—Flake II.). High com., E. A. Haight's Jim (Zou, A.K.R. 499); and T. J. Faxon's Hafed (Dash III.—Nellie Dale). Com., A. J. Hoitt's Crimps (Dash III.—Zoe). *Bitches:* 1st, Merrimac Kennels' Speed (Prince Pacobus—Netiie); 2d, H. Merriam's Royal Spot (Royal Blue—Dora Dale). Very high com., E. Butters's Flossy (Dash III.—Zoe). Com., E. A. Austin's Kitty Wells (Cash Boy—Katydid II.).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, H. C. Glover's Turk (Dash—Bell). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. R. Taylor's Gem (A.K.R. 959); 2d, J. C. Cobb, Jr.'s Duke of Whippany. Very high com. reserve, D. O'Shea's Jack (Grouse—Moll). Very high com., Merrimack Kennels' Dick (Locke—Daisy); T. Havey's Fonto (Ruby—Bessie B.). High com., C. H. Jones's Gem (Grouse—Bessie B.); C. H. Jones's Rollo (Burke—Bessie B.); G. Coleman's Tom (Bailey's Tom—Coleman's Flora). Com., W. H. Johnson's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, Merrimac Kennels' Heather Lass (Jack—Gipsey); 2d, G. E. Brown's Topsey (Tom—Fanny Rupert). Very high com. reserve, M. McLane's Daisy Blossom (A.K.R. 375). Very high com., J. A. Douglass's Topsy D. (Dash—Lou). High com., C. R. Taylor's Rhoda (Flash—Chloe). Com., J. M. Ramsey's Juno (Shot—Jule).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. E Thayer's Argus II. (Argus—Beauty). High com., H. L. Kinsley's Eric (Blossom—Bessie B.). Com., W. G. Drew's Topsy's Boy (Jake—Topsey). *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, H. L. Kinsley's Bijou (Blossom—Bessie B.). Very high com., Merrimac Kennels' Neva (Trim—Ruby); C. H. Jones's Diana (Argus—Beauty).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen). *Bitches:* T. G. Budington's Fawn (Elcho—Noreen).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, I. H. Roberts's Bruce (Elcho—Noreen); 2d, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s, Blarney (Bruce, A.K.R. 54—Luray, A.K.R. 59). Very high com. reserve, T. Wilson's Dash (Berkley—Tilly). Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Pride of Glencho (Glencho—Lulu II.), Brush Hill Kennels' Rocket (Elcho—Eileen). High com., F. C. Mosely's Page (Smuggler—Peggy), A. Cobb's Duke (Ruby—Nina II.) Com., Wm. Basset, Jr.'s Chester (Elcho—Loo II.), R. F. Winslow's Major (Keno—Madge). *Bitches:* 1st, A. S. Guild's Syren (Elcho—Rose); 2d, J. F. Dwight's Noreen (Elcho—Noreen). Very high com. reserve, I. H. Roberts's Jessie (Elcho—Noreen). Very high com., C. F. Mulliken's Dollie M. (Rocket—Madge), H. B. Thomas's Fama (Glencho—Norah). High com., G. T. Wells's Romaine (Elcho—Rose). Shamrock Kennels' Zelda (Ike—Nancy), W. H. Mann's Peggy O'More (Rory O'More—Quad III.), L. A. Hall's Nettie (Derby—Sandy), G. J. Fortune's Becky (Berkley—Flossie). Com., W. H. Mann's Nellie M. (Baze—Lorna Doone), Conway & Hope's Jennie Glencoe (Glencho—Lulu II.), N. H. Whitemore's Neio (Elcho—Lone II.), A. H. Abbott's Daisy (Ricks—Fanny).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Roger Bros.' Cleveland (Glencho—Sheelah); 2d, C. Cummings's Con (Glencho—Sheelah). Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Brian Borue (Glencho—Sheelah). High com., P. F. Bresnahan's Dash (Dash—Nellie). *Bitches:* 1st, J. J. Scanlon's Lulu (Glencho—Lulu II.); 2d, W. Dunphey's Molly Bawn (Glencho—Biddy).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entries: *Bitches:* 1st, F. B. Terrell's Mink (Pat—Fido).

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION - *Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Benedict (Bachelor—Negress). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap); 2d, J. Luckwell's Bob, Jr. (Bob III.—Black Bess). Com., H. Myers's Sancho (Spider—Beauty). *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbott Lady (Bend Or—Lady Bird); 2d, W. O. Partridge's Cutie (A.K.R. 803). Very high com., J. McNutty's Nellie (A.K.R. 312). BLACK COCKER SPANIELS—CHAMPION, UNDER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Obo (A.K.R. 432). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Young Obo (Obo—Darkie); 2d, G. C. Thomson's Raven (imported). *Bitches:* 1st, W. O. Partridge's Helen (A.K.R. 654); 2d, C. H. Baker's Pauline Markham (Obo II.—Ruby).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. C. Thompson's Raven II. (Raven—Ready). *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Belle (Silk—Flirt); 2d, G. C. Thompson's Black Busy (Raven—Busy).—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHAMPION - No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Sport (Jet—Daisy); 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion (Bragg—Princess); 2d, G. C. Thompson's Busy (Dash—Daisy). Very high com., G. L. Tarr's Smudge (Colonel Stubbs—Mollie).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st; A. Laidlaw's Dash (Lad o' Deven—Dinah). *Bitches:* No entries.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Jackey (imported); 2d, M. Richardson's Bateman (imported). *Bitches:* 1st, G. W Lovell's Romp (imported).

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—No entries.

GREYHOUNDS—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st. H. W. Smith's Friday Night (Master Sam—Polly). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Mennon (Caliph—Polly); 2d, H. W. Smith's Dell (Don—imported dam). Very high com., A. S. Benu's Guard (Grand Warden). *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike; 2d, withheld. Very high com., H. W. Clark's Honor Bright (Ben—Fan). High com., F. H. Chapman's Gill.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Stormy Night (Friday Night—Honor Bright). *Bitches:* No entries.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Mac (Paddy—Lassie). *Bitches:* 1st J. E. Thayer's Lorna II (Bruce—Lorna).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Bran (Donald Wyvis); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Heather (Clansman—Countess). *Bitches:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Nerth (Gillie—Lufra); 2d, J. E. Thayer's Thora (Thor—Hilda). *Puppies:* No entries.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Merrimac Kennels' Forester II. (Ringwood—Roxey). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Myopia Hunt Club's imported Dashwood (Archibald—Dowage); 2d, Myopia Hunt Club's imported Notary (Selim—Narrative). Very high com., A. Hilton's John (Mages—Fanny); Associated Fanciers' Dixie (Jim Dixie, Jr.—Ann). High com., J. H. Staple's Lion; H. B. Burgess' Dixie II. (Dixie—Jennie). Com., C. W. Hall's Pete (Pete—Dixie); J. W. Allen's Sport (Tramp—Lady Foxie). *Bitches:* 1st, Myopia Hunt Club's imported Stanless (Shiner—Rosalind); 2d, Myopia Hunt Club's Rebecca (Notary—Romia). Very high com., L. Crocker's Alto (Blucher—Posey); D. O'Shea's Ranger (Torrence—Roxey). High com., R. E. Cochran's Beauty (King—Dixie); L. Bronsdon's Dixie B. (Pete—Black Bess).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, P. T. Nickerson's Kossuth (Pat—Fanny). *Fitches:* No entries

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Rattler (Rover—Music). *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Music (Rover—Music).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994); 2d, D. O'Shea's Rattler II. (Rattler—Speed). Very high com., A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Leader (Flute—Queen). High com., J. A. Faulkner's Rough (Rattler—Katie). *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush (Flirt—Queen); 2d, C. H. Lounsbury's Little Beauty (Driver—Pansy). Very high com., D. O'Shea's Rasty (Rover—Music). High com., W. N. Pond's Twinkle (Leo—May Belle).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. L. Farrar's Dixie (Flute—Thora); 2d, C. H. Lounsbury's Woodcraft (Smuggler—Little Beauty). *Bitches:* No entries.

BASSETS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Maizeland Kennels' Nemours (Jupiter—Vivian). *Bitches:* Prizes withheld.—PUPPIES—No entries.

DACHSHUNDE.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* Absent.—PUPPIES—No entries.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, T. H. Terry's Robin Adair (A.K.R. 892). *Bitches:* 1st, T. H. Terry's Zulu Princess (A.K.R. 896).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. D. Shortwell's Ben Nevis (Eclipse—Meta); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Brice of the Fylde (A.K.R. 1415). Very high com. reserve, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Talisman (Trevoir—Gulse). Very high com., E. B. Nichols's Shep (Prince—Lady Bess); J. Mortimer's Scot. High com., J. Lindsay's Hiram (A.K.R. 882); J. Lindsay's Craft (Hiram—Lizzie). Com., E. A. Moseley's Laddy (Prince—Lady Bess). *Bitches:* 1st. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Winnie (A.K.R. 1431); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Drumlin Isle (Mac—Rosa). Very high com. reserve, J. Lindsay's Gem (Brack—Fairy). Very high com., T. H. Terry's Lass o' Lowrie (Robin Adair—Zulu Princess); T. H. Terry's Meg (Tweed II.—Lass o' Gowrie). High com., J. Lindsay's Fairy (A.K.R. 1222). Com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Phyllis (A.K.R. 1426). —PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lindsay's Joe Nettles (Rex—Jeannie Nettles); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Joker (Kilmarnock Bruce—Iona). Very high com., A. J. Bruff's Pollie B. (A.K.R. 2003). Com., E. W. Mitchell's Ned (Tam O'Shanter—Julian); F. L. Fish's Rover (Laddie—Queen). *Bitches:* 1st, T. H. Terry's Daisy (Robin Adair—Lassie); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Madge (Scot Guard—Drumlin Isle). Very high com. reserve, Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's Topsy (Kilmarnock Bruce—Iona). Very high com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Belle (Scot Guard—Drumlin Isle). High com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Nettie (Kilmarnock Bruce—Iona). Com., Kilmarnock Collie Collie Kennels' Blanche (Kilmarnock Bruce—Winnie); Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Elfie (Scot Guard—Drumlin Isle).

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant (Peach—Bailiff II.) *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive (Olive Tart—Jess).—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Surprise (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive); 2d, Monmouth Kennels' Launcelot (Tweezers II.—Olive). Very high com. reserve, W. Sargent's Jack (imp. Nellie). Very high com., J. Hayes's imported Tatters. Com., C. W. Keyes's Young Nimble (Nimble—Floss). *Bitches:* 1st, Monmouth Kennels' Lyra (Fennel—Fay); 2d, Monmouth Kennels' Nannie (Buff—Dolly). Very high com. reserve, L. Carter's Minnie (Sawyer—Nettle). Com., W. Sargent's Gill (imp. Nellie).—PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale Joe (Scarsdale—Priscilla); 2d, G. B. Inches's Gaylad (Mixture—Jaunty). High com., Merrimac Kennels' Nat. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Di (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive). High com., C. H. Dole's Rosie (Cute—Foxie); and Merrimac Kennels' Chub.—WIRE-HAIRED.—No entries.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, R. & W. Livingstone's Grand Duke (Dutch—Young Magnet). *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Porter's Victoria (Randall—Floss).—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. S. Porter's President (Randall—Minnie); 2d, C. R. Taylor's Young Bill (Bill—Dutch). Very high com. reserve, T. R. Varrick's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887). Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Saxon (Young Royal—Empress). Com., C. Murphy's Royal III. (Young Royal—Scarlet II). *Bitches:* 1st, T. R. Varrick's Young Baroness (Baron—Merline); 2d, E. S. Porter's Nellie (Rebel—Kit II.).—PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's The Earl (Marquis—Lady). *Bitches:* No entries.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—OVER 7LBS.—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Scholes's Bessie (Nep—Topsy).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. Sugrue's Sancho (dam Fan). *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* No entries.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Souter Johnny (Burkie—Highland Mary). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Sanderson's Watty; 2d, F. P. Trowbridge's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. B. Young's Jessie; 2d, G. W. Borrowscale's Nellie (Dick—Fly). High com., Miss F. Fisher's Fly (Ben Butler—Fannie). Com., Jas. Mooney's Courtney (imported).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. B. Young's Punch (Punch—Jessie); 2d, Lucy N. Nutting's Tu Tu (Pepper—Norah). *Bitches:* No entries.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—OVER 5LBS.—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st P. Clancy's Bill (Ben—Lady); J. F. Campbell's Dandy Very high com., G. Walton's Charley (imported); Miss Madelain Boardman's Chic Chic. *Bitches:* 1st, Herman Chapin's Topsy.—UNDER 5LBS.—No entries.—PUPPIES - *Dogs:* 1st, Jerome C. Daly's Ben (Charley—Lady); 2d, Mrs. H. Oliver's Rats (Fly—Kittie).

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Major (Boxer—Lady). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, L. B. Wright's Boxer (Major—Biddy); 2d, C. T. Thompson's Mustard. *Bitches:* 1st, L. B. Wright's Vic (Billy—Lady).—PUPPIES.—No entries.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* D. O'Shea's Garry Owen. *Bitches:* 1st, I. S Allan's Nancy (Rock—Aileen); 2d, D. O'Shea's Erin (Rock—Norah).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Scholes's Blucher (Peach—Jess); 2d, D. O'Shea's Sting (Sting—Wasp). *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Scholes's Lillie (Dog—Lillie).

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—OVER 45LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Tippoo (Gamester—Ida). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Bellissima (Sancho Panza—Romping Girl).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe (Monarch—Penzig); 2d, J. E. Thayer's Romulus (Richard Cœur de Lion—Peg). Very high com. reserve, J. J. Thompson's imported Leon. High com., C. N. Perkin's Duke III.—OVER 35LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Rhodora (Gamester—Ida); 2d, R. & W. Livingston's Bellona (Warwick—Rose). Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Josephine (Tiger—Sophia).—UNDER 45LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. & W. Livingston's Boz (Gamester—Betsey).—UNDER 35LBS.—*Bitches:* No entries.—UNDER 45LBS —*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Moses (Sir Bevis—Nancy Lee); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Clover Grip. Very high com., G. Curtis's Jake (Bouncing Boy—Judy).—UNDER 35LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. D. Thayer's Juno (Blunder—Bridget).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Diploma, J. E. Thayer's Hillside (Tippoo—Josephine). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Juanita (Tippoo—Josephine).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest City Kennels' Doctor (imported); 2d, J. E. Scholes's Echo (imported). Very high com. reserve, Miss E. Lee's Young Othello (Othello II.—Clytie). Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby (A.K.R. 473), City View Kennels' Napoleon (Sambo—Luce), Dr. Al Watt's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, A. O. Austin's Dolors; equal 2d, City View Kennels' Flossy (Sambo—Luce) and Miss M. A. D. Tenny's Lady Pilkington (imported). Very high com., A. F. Keith's Tot (Stingo Sniffles—Juda). High com., W. H. Claflin's Flora, Miss H. M. Chaffee's Lady Bess. Com., A. F. Keith's Ida (Stingo Sniffles—Juda).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Surles's Duke (Duke—Diamond); 2d, Forest City Kennels' Sam (Young Toby—Judy). Very high com. reserve, Forest City Kennels' Santa Claus (Comedy, Jr.—Smut). High com., Miss E. L. Handy's Pope (A.K.R. 1594). *Bitches:* 1st, Forest City Kennels' Queen (Young Toby—Judy); 2d, Forest City Kennels' Almah (A.K.R. 2004). Very high com., Forest City Kennels' Nancy (Young Toby—Judy).

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. W. C. Rhoades's Dot; 2d, E. J. O'Donnell's Jumbo (Ben—Minnie). *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Prescott's Tony; 2d, H. R. Surles's Dot (Dandy—Midget). Very high com. reserve, W. B. Murray's Midget (Prince—Fanny). Very high com., J. Moran's Nancy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. G. Walton's Young Prince Arthur (Prince Arthur—Floss); 2d, G. A. Jones's Duke (Baby—Duchess of Twynham). Very high com., John F. Scholes's Toronto Charlie (Young Jumbo—Princie). High com., R. T. Ross's Jo Jo. Com., F. B. Fay's Royal Prince (Sambo—Kate); R. Russel's Carlo. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Borrowscale's Pretty Poll (Prince Charlie—Bertie); 2d, F. B. Fay's Dolly (Prince—Countess). Very high com., John F. Scholes's Toronto Princie (Young Jumbo—Princie). High com., F. B. Fay's Minnie (Alexander the Great—Lil); Mrs. Percie A. Pond's Esmeralda (Prince Charlie—imported Bertie); R. T. Ross's Blanche (Prince Charlie—Bertie). Com.,

hounds, Memnon and Mother Demdike. Best deerhound, Mac. Best deerhound bitch in open class, Perth. Best couple of foxhounds, Dashwood and Stainless. Best kennel of five beagles, Wakefield & Co. Best couple of beagles, Rattler and Music. Best collie, Ben Nevis. Best collection of collies, Kilmarnock Collie Kennel. Best brace of collies, Kilmarnock Collie Kennel. Best fox-terrier, Richmond Olive. Best bull terrier (two), Grand Duke. Best bull-terrier puppy, The Earl. Best bull, Belissima. Best pair of bulls, Tipper and Belissima. Best pug, Dolores. Best pug owned by a lady, Lady Pilkington. Best pug the get of Young Toby, Queen. Best brace of pugs, Forest City Kennel. Best Scotch terrier, Vic. Best King Charles spaniel, Young Prince Arthur. Best Italian greyhound, Fanny. Best poodle, Cairo.

THE CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.

THE list of judges for the Cincinnati Dog Show, to be held at Cincinnati, O., May 5 to 8, so far as they have been appointed, is as follows: Mr. Hugh Dalziel, all the non-sporting classes; Major J. M. Taylor, English setters; Mr. B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., pointers. Among the valuable special prizes offered is one of an oil painting, value $200, for the best kennel of six mastiffs owned or bred by the exhibitor, and one of $50 cash for the best kennel of St. Bernards, rough or smooth, or either; also a prize valued at $50, for the person exhibiting the largest number of dogs. Nearly all breeds will receive one or more.

At a meeting of the Cincinnati Railroad Association, passenger department, held in Cincinnati March 28, the following was adopted, viz.: "*Resolved*, That no reduction will be made to the public on account of the bench show to be held in Cincinnati May 5, 6, 7 and 8, but to sell exhibitors and their assistants on presentation of entrance receipt, special tickets from St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Salamanca, Pittsburgh, Louisville, Richmond, Parkersburg and intermediate stations, also from points on the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific and Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and the Illinois Central Railroad south of Odin to Cincinnati and return, at rate of one limited fare for the round trip. Tickets are to be sold thus on presentation of entrance receipt April 28 to May 4, inclusive, and made good for return until May 11, 1885, inclusive. Dogs in crates are to be passed free in both directions at owner's risk." In order that exhibitors may get the full benefit of the action of the representatives of Cincinnati lines, I would suggest that entries be made as soon as possible, and that exhibitors write me fully stating by which route they wish to come to Cincinnati, and the station from which they will start. I will at once send them all necessary instructions, giving name of railroad official to whom to apply for reduced ticket and manner of securing instructions to baggage masters to pass dogs free. Parties living off the line of the roads covered by the territory mentioned would do well to write me, as full and explicit instructions cannot be given through the press. WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sup't.

THE AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

AT a meeting held last evening at Delmonico's, in this city, for the purpose of forming an American Fox-Terrier Club, an organization was effected and the following officers elected: President, Mr. L. M. Rutherfurd, Jr.; Vice-President, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Edward Kelly. The standard of the English Fox-Terrier Club was adopted. The initiation fee was fixed at $5, and the annual dues at $5, payable on election; the fiscal year beginning Jan. 1. The first annual meeting will be held at the coming Westminster Kennel Club's show, on a day to be fixed. At the coming Westminster Kennel Club's show the following cups, value $25 each, are to be offered for competition, open to members of the American Fox-Terrier Club only: For best fox-terrier dog, best bitch, best wire-haired dog or bitch, best fox-terrier bred in America, best dog puppy and best bitch puppy.

All communications to be made to Mr. Edward Kelly, Secretary-Treasurer, 185 Fifth avenue, New York.

POINTS OF THE FOX-TERRIER.

Following is the standard recommended by the Fox-Terrier Club:

1. *Head.*—The *Skull* should be flat and moderately narrow, and gradually decreasing in width to the eyes. Not much "stop" should be apparent, but there should be more dip in the profile between the forehead and top jaw than is seen in the case of a greyhound.

The *Cheeks* must not be full.

The *Ears* should be V-shaped and small, of moderate thickness, and drooping forward close to the cheek, not hanging by the side of the head like a foxhound's.

The *Jaw*, upper and under, should be strong and muscular. Should be of fair punishing strength, but not so in any way to resemble the greyhound or modern English terrier. There should not be much falling away below the eyes. This part of the head should, however, be moderately chiselled out, so as not to go down in a straight slope like a wedge.

The *Nose*, toward which the muzzle must gradually taper, should be black.

The *Eyes* and the rims should be dark in color, small and rather deep set, full of fire, life and intelligence; as nearly as possible circular in shape.

The *Teeth* should be as nearly as possible level, *i. e.*, the upper teeth on the outside of the lower teeth.

2. *Neck.*—Should be clean and muscular, without throatiness, of fair length, and gradually widening to the shoulders.

3. *Shoulders.*—Should be long and sloping, well laid back, fine at the points, and clearly cut at the withers.

Chest.—Deep and not broad.

4. *Back.*—Should be short, straight and strong, with no appearance of slackness.

Loin.—Should be powerful and very slightly arched. The fore-ribs should be moderately arched, the back ribs deep; and the dog should be well ribbed up.

5. *Hind Quarters.*—Should be strong and muscular, quite free from droop or crouch; the thighs long and powerful; hocks near the ground, the dog standing well up on them like a foxhound, and not straight in the stifle.

6. *Stern.*—Should be set on high, and carried gaily, but not over the back or curled. It should be of good strength, anything approaching a "pipe-stopper" tail being especially objectionable.

7. *Legs.*—Viewed in any direction must be straight, showing little or no appearance of ankle in front. They should be strong in bone throughout, short and straight in pastern. Both fore and hindlegs should be carried straight forward in traveling, the stifles not turning outward. The elbows should hang perpendicularly to the body, working free of the sides.

Feet.—Should be round, compact and not large. The soles hard and tough. The toes moderately arched, and turned neither in nor out.

8. *Coat.*—Should be smooth, flat, but hard, dense and abundant. The belly and under side of the thighs should not be bare.

9. *Color.*—White should predominate; brindle, red, or liver markings are objectionable. Otherwise this point is of little or no importance.

10. *Symmetry, size and character.*—The dog must present a generally gay, lively and active appearance; bone and strength in a small compass are essentials; but this must not be taken to mean that a fox-terrier should be cloggy, or in any way coarse—speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the foxhound taken as a model. The terrier, like the hound, must on no account be leggy, nor must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly made hunter, covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back, as before stated. He will then attain the highest degree of propelling power together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of his body. Weight is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work—general shape, size and contour are the main points; and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox up a drain, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so. Though, roughly speaking, it may be said that he should not scale over 20lbs. in show condition.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER.

This variety of the breed should resemble the smooth sort in every respect except the coat, which should be broken. The harder and more wiry the texture of the coat is, the better. On no account should the dog look or feel woolly; and there should be no silky hair about the poll or elsewhere. The coat should not be too long, so as to give the dog a shaggy appearance; but at the same it should show a marked and distinct difference all over from the smooth species.

	Points.
1. Head and Ears	15
2. Neck	5
3. Shoulders and Chest	15
4. Back and Loin	10
5. Hind Quarters	5
6. Stern	5
7. Legs and Feet	20
8. Coat	10
9. Symmetry and Character	15
	100

DISQUALIFYING POINTS.

1. Nose, white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colors.
2. Ears, prick, tulip, or rose.
3. Mouth, much undershot or overshot.

A CRITIC CRITICISED.—New York City, April 2, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would beg to take exception to a line or two in Mr. Mason's letter in your issue of to-day. While "killing the Western paper" and fending off approaching dissolution held over his own devoted head by that sheet, he hesitates not in bringing to public notice the defects (?), or *vice versa*, of any dog that may serve his purpose for a clinching (?) argument. For instance, in speaking of the chestnut and tan field spaniel bitch, Newton Abbot Lady—a new addition to my kennel—he quotes the Western paper, which speaks well of her, and then to off-set their favorable comment, mentions three or four physical defects, which exist only in his own eye. To quote him: "First * * * went to a bitch that has a Roman nose, is throaty, and too short in the back," and forgets to add, "but is one of the shortest-legged, and best-coated spaniels this country has ever seen, and withal is full of true spaniel quality," which he might readily have done. I grant that she is a trifle throaty, but do not acknowledge the other defects. To mention two or three bad points in a dog, in the manner that Mr. Mason has done (omitting all good ones), leaves your readers with an impression anything but favorable to it. To the bitch's credit let me say, that she beat Black Prince (twelve prizes) under so good a judge as Mr. Watson; and Black Prince in turn beat champion Bob, Jr., champion Bonanza, Critic (first, New York), Beppo, and others at New Haven; and at previous shows champion Beau (twenty-two prizes), Toronto Jet, Success, Growler (first, Chicago, first, Philadelphia), Bob III., etc., etc., all of which, to my mind, goes to prove that the bitch is anything but the horrible piece of canine flesh that he pictures her. While disclaiming any desire for controversy with so redoutable an adversary as Mr. Mason, I think that justice to Newton Abbot Lady demands the foregoing explanation.—A. C. WILMERDING.

PHILADELPHIA SHOW PROSPECTS.—There are many finely-bred imported dogs of both the non-sporting and sporting classes in Philadelphia that have never been exhibited at any show. This has been especially noticed by members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, and commented upon at meetings of the society. While the majority of these owners are adverse to gaining notoriety, and have entirely ignored canine exhibitions heretofore, a strong effort will be made to have these animals placed upon the bench at Industrial Art Hall in May. It has often been remarked by good judges that there are dogs among those mentioned that would be winners in the best company, more especially in the non-sporting classes. No effort will be spared to interest the owners of these valuable dogs and bring out the best specimens. We are glad to see already not a few are making inqury as to our rules and regulations.—HOMO.

A MINNESOTA LAW.—Dog owners everywhere will feel satisfaction at a law passed at the last session of the Minnesota Legislature and approved March 2, making dogs personal property. The law is a wise one, and will be of benefit to all classes of citizens. The act is as follows: "An act declaring dogs to be personal property. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota: Section 1. All dogs owned or kept by any person for domestic or personal use, or for pleasure, are hereby declared to be personal property within the purview and meaning of the criminal laws of this State, and the laws of this State relating to larceny and malicious mischief or injury, shall be construed to embrace and apply to said animals. Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage. Approved March 2, 1885."

THE AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.—The Produce Stakes for 1885 of the A. C. S. Club will be decided at Toronto during the show to be held there May 13, 14 and 15 next. Eleven entries have already been received. The club gave a special prize of $10 at New Haven, and have offered two of the same amount—one for the best dog and one for the best bitch—at Boston, New York and Toronto. The fourth annual general meeting will be held at the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, on Thursday, May 14, at 8 P. M. Those members who may be unable to attend are specially requested to be represented by proxy. Besides the usual business on that occasion, the members will be asked to vote on the following point: As to whether the time has not now arrived to extend the sphere of the club, so as to take cognizance of all distinct breeds of sporting spaniels.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. N. E. White having found it impossible, on account of press of private business, to longer act as secretary of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, has resigned. I have appointed Mr. H. C. Bronn, of Sacramento, Cal., to fill the unexpired term of Mr. White. All communications to the club should be addressed to him. Entries for our Derby of 1885 close 1st of May next.—C. N. POST, President P. C. F. T. Club.

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The club has decided to substitute $5 cash prizes for ribbons in the pointer and setter puppy classes. Valuable specials will be offered for nearly all the classes. Among them is one of $50 cash for the best kennel of mastiffs. Mr. H. W. Lucy, of Demarest, N. J., will take charge of dogs from his vicinity if owners wish. Entries close April 11.—G. W. MUNSON, Manager (St. Louis, Mo., April 4).

A STRAY COCKER SPANIEL.—A correspondent in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that there is a stray liver and white cocker spaniel bitch in his vicinity that has recently had a litter of puppies. She has been at her present place about five weeks. If her owner will write to this office we will inform him of her whereabouts.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.—There will be a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening, April 14, at 8:30.

DESICCATED MEAT, a new food article for dogs and puppies, is advertised in this issue. Dog owners should give it a trial.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club shot the telegraph match with the Pittsburgh Rifle Club Fast Day, April 3, which ended in favor of the Rod and Gun Club by three points, Rod and Gun Club 800, Pittsburgh 797. The day was a splendid one for rifle shooting; there was a great deal of interest manifested in the match in the city. There was also a large attendance of spectators out at the club's range, Lake Lookout. The conditions of the match were three sighting shots, 200yds. off-hand, Massachusetts decimal target, this being the first time the target has been used on this range. After the defeat which the Rod and Gun Rifle Club received at the hands of the Minneapolis, Minn., team, they are taking more interest in rifle shooting, and the older members are showing up at practice, we think we have a strong team when our club is in full practice. The scores were:

Marks	7	8	4	8	5	8	8	9	5	9	7	4	7	9	9	10	8	10	9	10—154
Farrow	5	9	7	5	8	10	9	7	7	6	10	8	9	5	5	8	9	7	8	4—146
Bumstead	5	9	8	10	3	7	2	3	10	7	8	5	5	8	4	9	6	10	9	7—133
Wilson	7	9	10	7	9	2	7	5	9	7	2	6	9	7	8	7	6	4	4	4—128
Talbot	7	5	7	6	0	9	5	9	7	7	5	3	9	6	6	4	10	5	8	7—125
Allen	4	5	5	9	7	7	4	2	2	7	7	7	5	5	6	5	6	7	6	8—114
																				800

Before the match started, a record match was shot by members present who were not on the team. The highest score was made by T. T. Cartwright, a second class marksman, who has never made one hundred points in ten consecutive shots. The scores were:

T T Cartwright	10	8	11	12	10	11	11	9	9	8—99
C J Gassn r	12	8	7	12	9	10	10	10	11	9—98
J H Bullard	10	8	3	11	7	8	10	7	4	5—69

After the telegraphic match was finished, two re-entry sweepstakes were started, one on the Massachusetts decimal and the other on the regular Massachusetts target. The first was won by T. T. Cartwright, his allowance of one point a shot for second class marksmen being just a little too much for the first class marksmen. There were over twenty entries, and some of the best scores were:

Cartwright	6	10	8	5	9+5=43	Allen	7	9	3	7	9—35
Farrow	10	9	7	10	6 —42	Field	5	7	4	6	9—32
Wilson	9	7	10	8	6 —40						

The sweepstakes on the regular Massachusetts target was won by Capt. W. Milton Farrow, who shot the new Farrow rifle, 32-cal., using 45 grains powder and 125 grains lead; but for the Captain's good work, Cartwright would also have run away with this sweep:

Capt Farrow	12	11	10	12	10	—55				
T T Cartwright	11	9	6	12	9+5—55					
T B Wilson	10	12	9	10	11	—52				
E T Stephens	10	12	10	11	8	—51				
Z C Talbot	11	8	12	9	10	—50				
M Bull	10	7	11	10	10	—48				

A splendid day's sport was had. We shoot a match April 11, with the Massachusetts Association of Boston. The officers of the club for the year are: J. H. Bullard, President; L. H. Mayott, Vice-President; S. K. Hindly, Treasurer; T. B. Wilson, Captain; Executive Committee, W. M. Farrow, L. H. Mayott, T. B. Wilson, S. K. Hindley, J. H. Bullard.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 2.—Members of the Worcester Rifle Association have had a field day at their Pine Grove Range. The results were as follows:

Massachusetts Target.

S Clark	75 73 72—220+ 7—227	A Williams	72 63 62—197+21—218
A C Brown	76 75 75—226+ 0—226	J Fay	73 72 71—216+ 0—216
T Leighton	73 71 71—215+ 9—224		

Creedmoor Target.

A C Brown	33 33 32—98+0—98	A L Rice	30 30 31—91+ 4—95
T Leighton	32 31 31—94+4—98	A Mills	26 25 26—99+11—88
B Smith	33 31 31—95+8—98	T Roberts	25 25 24—74+ 0—74

GARDNER, Mass., April 2.—The Gardner Rifle Club went out to Hackmatack range to-day, for their first spring shoot. The American decimal target was used. Out of a possible 100 the totals were as follows:

G C Goodale	87	88	C Shumway	79	80
A Mathews	86	85	C O Bent	69	81
I N Dodge	80	87	Geo Warfield	63	74
W C Loveland	79	81	H C Knowlton	60	72
F E Nichols	78	82			

BOSTON, April 2.—Marksmen of the Massachusetts Rifle Association visited the range at Walnut Hill to-day in large numbers. All were pleased with the conditions—a good gray light and soft wind, causing little trouble and enabling them to roll up good scores:

Military Match.

F W Perkins	23	23	23	22
E C B Erickson	22	18	21	19
F E Benjamin	18	18	17	21

Rest Match.

G W Whitcomb, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—99
T Stewart, A	10	9	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	9—96
C E Berry, F	10	9	9	8	10	10	8	10	10	10—94
J Hurd, A	8	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	8	8—90
W Williams, F	9	10	9	7	8	10	9	9	8	10—89
D D Chase, A	6	9	10	10	10	10	7	9	8	10—89
H Ringer, A	7	10	10	8	10	8	9	8	8	8—86

Decimal Match.

O M Jewel	9	10	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	7—81
W O Webber	10	10	8	8	6	8	8	7	7	7—76
B G Warren	8	5	7	7	10	9	3	10	6	10—75
W Fisher	7	8	4	5	6	9	10	8	4	6—67

Victory Match.

W Charles	9	9	10	8	9	10	5	10	10	7—87
J B Fellows	7	8	6	5	10	9	8	8	10	8—79
C E Berry	7	9	8	7	9	9	10	7	5	8—79
A C Adams	4	7	9	8	8	10	9	8	7	9—78
R Davis	6	10	6	6	7	7	8	9	9	6—74
R Reed	7	6	9	7	7	8	9	6	8	6—73
E B Souther	5	9	6	7	5	8	8	8	8	8—72

Practice Match.—A. Miller 44, A. B. Archer 44, W. L. Coon 42, F. W. Welles 42, H. Davidson 42, T. H. Buffum 41, C. W. Hodgden 41.

Creedmoor Match.—E. F. Richardson 47, O. M. Jewel 47, A. Law 46, B. G. Warren 46, W Howland 46, W. Fisher 45, N. F. Tufts 44.

THOMASTON, Conn., April 3.—The Empire Gun Club held the opening shoot of the season to-day. The weather conditions were: A bright light, with a stong, gusty wind blowing from the 9 to 12 o'clock quarters. The conditions of the shoot were: 200yds., off-hand, four strings of 5 shots each, two best strings to count as one continuous score:

W H Dunbar	10	10	11	10	12	8	9	10	9	11—100
G A Lemmon	11	12	7	11	10	9	9	8	11	11— 99
G C Canfield	10	8	7	12	10	11	9	10	10	10— 97
F Carr	10	9	10	11	9	7	9	7	12	9— 93
C L Alling	10	7	10	6	11	8	8	8	9	9— 86
G P North	5	8	10	12	8	5	10	12	6	6— 86
E Thomas	7	11	12	6	6	9	8	8	8	9— 88
Fred A Perkins	7	10	10	4	9	9	9	5	10	8— 81

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 2.—The Armory Rifle Team, of this city, shot a telegraph match with the Massachusetts Association of Boston, at their water shops range, Fast Day. The match was the third in a series of three and ended in favor of the home club by 13 points, Armory team 327, Massachusetts Association 314, they also win the rubber, having won two out of the three. The military rifle was allowed one point. The scores were:

F R Bull	5555455554+1—49	M W Bull	4555454555 —47
F B Wilson	4555555454+1—48	Z C Talbot	5455544444 —44
J D Marks	5545554554 —47	Jas Kimball	4455544545+1—44
S Bumstead	4455455454+1—47		—327

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The Pittsburgh Rifle Club had a shoot at High Bridge Range on April 2, and a team of our six best men fired two scores against the Minneapolis, Min., and Springfield, Mass., Rifle Clubs. Regulation rifles, over three pounds trigger pull, Massachusetts decimal target, 200yds. off-hand, were the points of agreement. The day here was warm and pleasant, quite hazy (smoky) and sunny at first, then cloudy and with more smoke. There was a moderate 9 o'clock wind blowing, which required a few turns on the wind gauges. The day was as good a one as we ever get here for shooting, and the team took position at 1 P. M., and finished about 2:30. Four men shot with the steadiness of veterans; two were decidedly rattled by their anxiety to do well. The scores stood:

Hodgdon	4	4	4	5	5	8	8	10	6	4—97
Dutch	5	8	7	7	9	4	10	8	8	9—96
Brehm	7	9	4	8	5	4	6	9	3	9—92
Stolte	6	4	4	8	9	9	10	10	5	5—86
George	7	5	4	4	4	8	8	5	5	9—79
Huggins	8	5	6	7	8	8	10	7	6	10—85

4	4	7	5	4	7	3	4	3	9—107	
8	6	7	8	6	9	6	7	7	7—146	
6	5	8	6	2	6	7	7	7	9—122	
6	7	4	9	7	8	9	4	6	3—136	
8	5	7	7	8	7	5	8	8	6—128	
8	5	8	9	9	10	9	7	8	9—158	
									797	

We received by telegrams the reports of shoots held by the competing clubs. The Minneapolis Club scored 774, the Springfield Club scored 800. Our club is therefore second best. Its shoot shows a good average, but it is not as good as the same men make on regular shooting days. The decimal target is a difficult and exacting one, but it defines the exact powers of the marksman, develops his skill, and

never flatters. We hope it will soon be used by all the clubs.—W. H. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3.—Miss Lillian Smith, a California girl, 14 years old, last night broke 100 glass balls with a Winchester rifle in two minutes and thirty-five seconds. This beats Dr. Carver's previous record of two minutes and thirty-six seconds.

OTTAWA, April 3.—The Government has ordered 10,000 Martini-Henry rifles and 3,000,000 rounds of cartridges for the troops.

BULLS HEAD RIFLE CLUB, 322 Third avenue, New York city. Regular shoot, April 3, 12-ring target, possible 120, scores: G. Zimmerman 118, M. Dorrier 118, C. Rein 117, A. Stolzenberger 114, J. Schutz 114, H. Miller 112, J. Schneider 110, B. Walter 107, J. Jordon 116, H. Gunther 105, D. Holland 104, H. Sindlinger 101, H. Wasmuth 101, J. Shaw 100, J. Wettje 99.

THE TRAP.

WORCESTER, Mass.—One of the most successful tournaments ever held in New England occurred in this city April 2 and 3, on the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The programme was very attractive and brought together a large number of the very best shots in this section, large delegations coming from Boston, Providence, Brockton, Exeter, N. H., and Lowell. Among the most interesting events was the match for the New England clay-pigeon championship badge, for 5-men teams, which occurred on the first day, and on the second day the match for the valuable New England individual clay-pigeon championship badge. Both badges were held by the local club and both were retained. In the team race the home club were easy winners, but in the individual it was a sharp fight throughout, Mr. H. W. Eager finally winning by one bird after putting in his last nineteen straight. Mr. Eager and C. M. Stark also shot off a private match in this race for $25 a side.

The first day of the tournament being Fast Day, and therefore a legal holiday, brought out a large number of spectators. 'Busses made frequent trips to and from the grounds. Putnam & Thurston, the popular caterers, served an excellent dinner in the dining hall at the club house both days, and all the details of the tournament moved along smoothly from the beginning to the end. The members of the executive committee, especially our new secretary, Mr. W. L. Davis, are entitled to much credit for their efforts in making the affair a complete success.

FIRST DAY.

The principal interest was in the New England team badge match. There were two teams from this city, the Boston and the Narragansetts of Providence. There were five men to a team, each with a possible 100. The detail of their work was as follows:

Worcester No. 1		Boston.	
H W Eager	11101111111111111111—19	W Allen	11110101101111111010—15
W L Davis	11011101111010011100—13	W Baker	11011010101010011100—12
M Gilman	11111111111011110110—17	C Wilbur	11111111111010111111—18
C Holden	11111101111111110110—17	W Howard	11011011010000111—12
W Perry	10111111110111111101—17	J Bartlett	00111011111110111011—15
	83		72
Worcester No. 2		Providence.	
G J Rugg	11111111111101111110—18	E Tinker	10000111111001011010—11
H Webber	11101111111101110.0—16	Crandall	01111110111001110110—14
M Whittier	11111101111101110111—17	W Sheldon	11111101111111101011—17
Sampson	00110011011000110111—12	G Corey	11111000101111111000—14
E Smith	11011011111100111111—16	C Sheldon	01000011101111000000— 8
	79		64

The shooting in sweepstakes was generally participated in the several events, number of entries and results were as follows, the full name of each occurs below only once:

Five clay-pigeons, 18 entries: O. R. Dickey first, A. L. Gilman and C. B. Holden second, M. D. Gilman, E. T. Smith and Alba Houghton third.

Seven clay-pigeons, 27 entries: G. J. Rugg first, E. W. Tinker, M. D. Gilman and W. S. Perry second, M. O. Whittier and W. H. Allen third, A. L. Gilman and W. F. Howard fourth.

Three pair clay pigeons, 27 entries: O. J. Jenkins, C. F. Harris and Geo. J. Crandall first, J. Faulkner and Smith second, Houghton and E. S. Luther third.

Team shoot.

Seven clay-pigeous, 30 entries: J. Bartlett and Dickey first, Whittier, A. F. Coulter, Rugg and Luther second, Gilman third, Gerrish and Tinker fourth.

Five singles and 3 pair clay-pigeons, 18 entries: H. W. Eager first, Gilman and Smith second, Luther third, Tinker fourth.

Seven clay-pigeons, 37 entries: Luther, Faulkner and Eager first, Smith second, A. F. Cooper and D. Kirkwood third, Whittier fourth.

Ten singles and 5 pair clay-pigeons, 15 entries: Gilman first, Dickey second, Luther third.

Seven clay-pigeons, 32 entries: Holden, W. L. Davis, Jenkins and Faulkner first, Rugg and W. Sheldon second, Gerrish, George Corey and G. A. Spring third, Whittier and F. J. Francis fourth.

Five clay-pigeons, 21 entries: Francis first, Spring second, H. W. Webber and Gerrish third.

Six singles and 2 pair clay-pigeons, 12 entries: Cooper first, Gerrish and Perry second, Eager third.

SECOND DAY.

The principal event the second day was the contest for the individual badge held by W. S. Perry, of Worcester, who won it at the Walnut Hill range. The contestants shot in the following order: C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H.; W. M. Sheldon, of Providence, R. I.; W. S. Perry, of Worcester and H. W. Eager of Marlborough, of the Worcester Club; C. M. Stark, of Boston; O. R. Dickey, of Walnut Hill; W. H. Allen, of Brockton. The detail of the work of each contestant was as follows:

H W Eager.....1111001111001111101111111101101111111111111111—43
W S Perry.....1111111011111100011101111111111011101111010111111—42
W H Allen.....1111011111111001011011111100111111111111010111—40
C F Stark.....1111111011111100110110111111111111010101000111—39
W M Sheldon.....0111010110110111111111011111111111010001110111—37
O R Dickey.....1110101011111010110110111111111010100110001101—35
C H Gerrish.....1011010100110101111111111010111111111111010010001—35

The other events were as follows:

Five clay-pigeons, 23 entries—1st, Cooper, Dickey, Luther; 2d, Rugg; 3d, Faulkner.

Seven clay-pigeons, 19 entries—1st, Gerrish; 2d, Houghton, Cooper; 3d, Dickey; 4th, Faulkner, Allen.

Five pair clay-pigeons—1st, Perry; 2d, Smith, Faulkner; 3d, Eager; 4th, Dickey, Webber.

Two men teams—1st, Cooper and Gerrish; 2d, Stark and Wilbur; 3d, Dickey and Webber; 4th, Holden and Gilman.

Ten singles and five pairs, ten entries—1st, Stark, Cooper; 2d, Eager; 3d, Holded; 4th, Gilman.

Seven clay-pigeons, 18 entries—1st, Holden, Wilbur, Dickey; 2d, Faulkner; 3d, Cooper, Gerrish, Gilman; 4th, Stark.

Three pair doubles—1st, Cooper, Webber; 2d, Dickey, Webber; 3d, Luther; 4th, Davis.

Five clay-pigeons, 18 entries—1st, Gerrish; 2d, Faulker, Cooper; 3d, Rugg.

Seven clay-pigeons, 17 entries—1st, Eager, Gilman; 2d, Perry; 3d, Webber, Cooper, 4th, Stark.

Five clay-pigeons, 14 entries—1st, Eager, Cooper; 2d, Rugg; 3d, Gerrish.

Seven clay-pigeons, 14 entries—1st, Dickey; 2d, Perry; 3d, Gerrish; 4th, Webber.

Five blackbirds, 26 entries—1st, Eager; 2d, Dickey; 3d, Webber, Cooper.

Five birds, 14 entries—1st, Eager, Holden; 2d, Gilman, Perry; 3d, Cooper.

A purse of $75 was then made up, and was contested for by W. S. Perry, C. F. Stark and H. W. Eager. The prize was won by Stark, who made 26 out of a possible 30. Perry made 25, and Eager 23.

NEW BEDFORD, April 2.—The New Bedford Gun Club had an all-day meeting to-day. The following were first prize winners: Ten blackbirds, P. D. Slocum, Erskin Pierce, divided; ten redbirds, H. P. Bryant; three black and two red birds, Pierce; five pairs birds—five black and five red, Slocum; five blackbirds, Bryant; five blackbirds, F. Allen; five redbirds, Allen: three pairs redbirds, Pierce; five blackbirds, five balls, Slocum; five blackbirds, two clay-pigeons, Post; ten balls, Allen; six blackbirds, four redbirds, Allen.

TEKAMAH, Neb., March 31.—Tekamah Gun Club, Craig, Neb.

No. 1.—7 glass balls, 21yds.: C. E. Bardwell 7, A. T. White 6, W. R. Fitch 5, J. F. Beard 6, E. Gibbs 6, J. W. Lattymore 5, P. Hoffman 4.

No. 2.—4 clay-pigeons and 3 glass balls, 21yds.

	Pigeons.	Glass Balls.		Pigeons.	Glass Balls.
Fitch	1100	110—4	Beard	1111	111—7
Bardwell	1111	111—7	Hoffman	0001	011—3
White	1111	110—6	Lattymore	0111	110—5
W Eby	1110	011—5			

No. 3.—7 glass balls, 18yds., rotary trap: J. F. Beard 3, A. T. White 4, C. E. Bardwell 7, J. A. McLaughlin 6, Wm. Ely 6, Lattymore 6, W. R. Fitch 6, Paulger 5.

No. 3.—7 live pigeons, 25yds., wind blowing strong, no boundary, 3 minutes to re rieve in: Bardwell 6, Fitch 3, McLaughlin 3, White 5, Lattymore 3, Eby 2, Beard 5, A. Blackstone 3, Paulger 2.

No. 4.—5 live pigeons, 25yds., plunge traps: Bardwell 5, Beard 4, Fitch 3, Blackstone 1, Eby 3, White 2, McLaughlin 3, Dowell 3, Paulger w., Lattymore 3, Yearns 3, Hoffman w.

No. 5.—7 glass balls, 21yds., rotary trap, for a celebrated pointer dog, worth $50, large liver colored, 2-year old, named Eager. White and Bardwell did not divide first prize, but went into partnership upon him. Score: Beard 6, White 7, Bardwell 7, McLaughlin 4, Eby 5, Paulger 5.

No. 6.—7 glass balls, 18yds., for a celebrated pointer pup, valued at $25, named Tipol. Bardwell took the pup. Score: C. E. Bardwell 7, W. R. Fitch 5, A. T. White 5, Beard 5, Lattymore 4, Paulger 6.

No. 7.—10 glass balls, 18yds.: Bardwell 9, Fitch 7, White 8, Beard 10, Lattymore 9, McLaughlin w, W. A. Clark 10, Paulger w, Eby w.

NEW ORLEANS, March 23.—The match at fifty clay-pigeons for $250 a side was shot off to-day at the Oakland Park between Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and Mr. Evelyn Booth, an English gentleman much given to sport. When within six birds of the finish they stood two apart, in favor of Mr. Booth, who in shooting out let three get away, which necessitated his opponent killing the remaining six. At this very point a stiff breeze joined the sport and and blew the birds wild, and left the score as follows:

Evelyn Booth....1101111111101011011011111111111111011011111110010—40
Buffalo Bill.....1111011110110010011111101011111111111111011111000101—39

Yank Adams, scorer.

March 30.—To-day the marksmen met again for a stake of $125 a side. As they say out on the frontier, Bill cut loose and killed forty-nine out of fifty, while his youthful opponent was only one behind. The excitement was intense.

Cody.....11111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Booth.....11110111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—48

April 1.—At Oakland Park to-day Mr. Cody and Mr. Booth shot their third match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons sprung from a trap 21yds. rise. Mr. Cody scored 47 and Mr. Booth 46. This being the tie match, and Mr. Cody winning two out of three, makes him the winner.

Cody.....11011111111111111111111111011111111111111111111111—47
Booth.....11111111111111011101111011111111111111111101111—46

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Cincinnati, O., April 1.—Stock certificates are now ready for delivery to those who have paid subscriptions in full, and members' certificates to those who have paid annual dues. Persons intending to visit inter-state tournament, Springfield, O., May 5 to 9, can obtain information regarding reduced rates by addressing the secretary, Box 1,292, Cincinnati, O. Efforts now being made before the Ohio Legislature to procure a modification of the restriction on shooting within city limits in that State, promise to be successful during the present session. The secretary of the association invites correspondence on the subject of the preservation of game and fish, purifying of rivers and streams, preservation of forests, securing game preserves, etc., from persons interested, with a view to making an organized effort in either one or all of these directions. Copies of the first handbook of the association issued from press on the 1st inst. Copies may be obtained of any news dealer.—F. C. BISHOP, Sec.

WELLINGTON, Mass., April 2.—To day witnessed the largest number of sportsmen ever gathered at the grounds of the Malden Gun Club with but a single exception. The trappers were kept busy at work, and as the result of their labor, some 3037 birds were sent skyward. The results: 1. Five blackbirds, 31 entries—Field, Loring and Wurms divided first. 2. Seven pigeons, 23 entries—Sanborn and Field divided first. 3. Three pair blackbirds, 26 entries—Adams and Black divided first. 4. Seven blackbirds, 31 entries—Snow and Field divided first. 5. Five pigeons, straightaway, 34 entries—Loring, Parker, Renaud and Field divided first. 6. Five blackbirds, straightaway, 29 entries—Shumway and Steele divided first. 7. Five pigeons, 29 entries, Symmes, Black and Wurms divided first. 8. Three pair pigeons, 19 entries—Black first. 9. Seven blackbirds, 32 entries—Johnson first. 10. Five blackbirds, straightaway, 30 entries—Snow, Evans, Steele and Stanton divided first. 11. Five pigeons, straightaway, 24 entries—Stanton first. 12. Three blackbirds, 14 entries—Black and Scott divided first. 13. Three pair pigeons, 20 entries—Stanton first. 14. Five blackbirds, 30 entries—Adams, Symmes and Swift divided first. 15. Five pigeons, 23 entries—Dennis, Pond, Pratt and Swift divided first. 16. Seven blackbirds, 19 entries—Symmes, Stanton and Swift divided first. 17. Five blackbirds—Field first.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn.—The Mount Nebo Gun Club held their first shoot Fast Day (April 2). Every other Wednesday was the day decided upon to meet, commencing April 8. The following scores were made:

F E Watkins.....01101011011111011111—15
W C Cheney.....00101111101111011101—14
E M Cheney.....10110010111110110110—13
W W Cheney.....10111011011010010110—13
W Hyde.....00100011011111110011—12
O Treat.....00111110111000001110—11
K D Cheney.....10010100100011100001— 8
D Cheney.....00111000000010001100— 6

MIDDLEBORO, Mass., April 2.—The Hit or Miss Gun Club held its first clay pigeon shoot for the season of 1885 at Bull's Eye crossing to-day, and it drew together a large number of sportsmen. The matches were all at 10 birds, and the following is the result: 1. L. S. Baily and B. W. Bump divided first; 2. W. Osborne first; 3. L. J. Baily first; 4. L. S. Baily and B. W. Bump divided first; 5. L. S. Baily first; 6. L. S. Baily, B. W. Bump and I. S. Swift divided first; 7. L. S. Baily and H. Wilbur divided first; 8. L. S. Baily first; 9. L. S. Baily first.

WAKEFIELD, Mass, April 2.—The Wakefield Sportsman's Club held a largely attended clay-pigeon match to-day at the range. Below are the results: 1. E. Gardner first; 2. G. Curtis first; 3. Harry Dutton first; 4. H. Dutton first; 5. D. S. Kellam first; 6. George Lamont first; 7. D. S. Kellam first; 8. E. Frisard first. In the prize match of 20 birds, the first prize was won by D. S. Kellam, score 14; second by H. Dutton, score 11; third by E. Miensset, score 9; fourth by S. White, score 7. The gold badge was won by Harry Dutton, score 11 out of a possible 20.

SOLOMON CITY, Kansas, March 30.—The Solomon City Gun Club met and reorganized March 27, and is now in full blast, with the following officers: H. B. Aldrich, President; Thomas Robertson, Secretary and Treasurer. Appended are to-day's scores on glass balls, and hope to be able to send better scores in the future with our clay blackbirds and trap which we have just ordered. Score: T. Robertson 7, C. G. Wescott 9, J. Dorflinger 5, T. Yohy 7, E. Crooks w., A. Collins 4, G. Yohy 6, H. B. Aldrich 7, W. C. Selvey 10, T. J. Edworthy 4, M. Wall 8.

THEY HAVE COME TO NEW YORK.—The well-known Western house of A. G. Spalding & Bros. have recently established themselves in New York, on Broadway, near the corner of Park Place, and had their formal opening April 1. The location chosen for their store is a most advantageous one, and the opening was well attended. The main floor with the office in the rear is entirely devoted to their retail department, and the cherry counters, show cases and wall cases that run the entire length of the store, which is about 100 feet deep, together with the displays of fishing tackle, guns and miscellaneous sporting goods, make this department very attractive.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE STORE.

On the right as one enters is located the fishing tackle department, and then comes the gun department, with all kinds of guns and shooting goods. On the left is a handsome display of cutlery, kennel goods, skates, base ball supplies, cricket, foot-ball, lawn tennis, gymnasium, theatrical and various kinds of miscellaneous goods. On the second floor is located the bicycle department. On this floor is also located the uniform department, where an experienced cutter will be kept busy making athletic uniforms of all kinds. The upper floors are used for storage purposes, and the shipping is done from the basement. In addition the firm have a large storehouse in Greenwich street, where they keep case goods. This firm own and control a large factory at Hastings, Mich., where they employ upward of one hundred hands, and where most of the goods bearing their trade mark are manufactured. The firm will no doubt by their energy secure their share of the New York trade in guns and fishing tackle.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE NEWBURGH MEET.

ON Monday afternoon and evening of this week a meeting was held at Newburgh by a number of canoeists, for the purpose of arranging for the local meet, to be held at Plum Point, in May. Among those present were Commodore Oliver and Mr. Cushman, of Albany; Mr. Grant Van Duzen, of Rondout; Mr. R. J. Wilkin, of Brooklyn, and the full local contingent. After much discussion it was decided to hold the local meet on Friday and Saturday, May 29 and 30, the camp to be ready for occupation even as early as Thursday afternoon. The programme will contain four set races, viz.: unlimited sailing for classes A and B, and paddling races. To enable the laying out of a better course for the sailing races and so that the whole race may be viewed from one point, the camp site will be removed to the north end of Plum Point, or nearer the spring, where good places will be found for those who will camp in tents as well as for those who sleep in their canoes. The suggestion was made that each club send a prize to be competed for and that the expenses of the meeting be borne pro rata by the clubs in camp, that is in proportion to the number of men each club may have. The regatta committee will consist of three members of the Newburgh C. C., and that organization has kindly consented to arrange all the necessary details, such as docks, etc., etc., for the meet.

A CRUISE ON THE WEST COAST.

I.

I KNOW of nothing that gives more satisfaction to the average canoeist than the preparations for a cruise. Stores must be selected, camp kit, clothing and blankets looked after, the canoe, sails and paddle overhauled and put in order.

Speaking of camp kit, I wonder if there are others who cherish such things as I do. My old battered camp kit, every article has its history. That little frying pan was originally purchased at a ten-cent counter and given me as a joke. It has cruised with me five years and nearly ten thousand miles.

I have drank oceans of coffee and mayhap a drop of Hennessy from that rather nasty tin cup. I baled out my canoe with it once when I was capsized on Lake Champlain. It is battered, to be sure, nearly all semblance of tin has departed; but it is an old friend, and to me is as bright as silver.

And that sheath knife and belt; they were given me by one of the finest canoeists in America. I prize them accordingly.

And my canoe; she is not handsome, has no mahogany, nor nickle plate; but I built her. I have sailed and paddled her many miles. She never ducked me yet, has never leaked a drop, and although I have sometimes found lumpy water, she has always proved herself equal to the occasion. I'll stick to the old canoe a little longer.

I had planned my cruise weeks ahead, and so, when I struck the double blade into the water on the morning of Oct. 8, I was fully prepared for a week or a month, as the case might be, of genuine solid comfort. My course lay down the river some four miles, then southward along the coast between the mainland and the outlying keys and islands, through those waters which form the finest cruising for the canoeist that I have ever seen. Reaching the mouth of the river I find a good breeze from the northward, and so, getting a good offing, I make all sail, and swinging off before the wind, dance merrily away on my holiday; the waters clear as crystal beneath me, the sky a perfect blue above.

In a short time I am in open water, the main a mile away on the port hand, while Hog Island is five miles off on the starboard bow. The breeze freshens, I soon pass Seaside, and anon Yellow Bluff looms up before me. I recall some very pleasant days I spent there one year ago, so I decide to stop for a chat. In five minutes I am at the little wharf and running under the lee of the warehouse. I catch a turn with the painter and climb up. Quite a crowd meet me, and as usual, chaff is the order. "Not drowned yet?" says one. I answer them all as best I can, and slip up the street a few steps for a hand-shake with some little pets of mine.

On returning to the wharf after making my rounds, I find there is decidedly more wind, and two skiffs just starting away have reeled down. All hands open with their chaff. "Better take in that rag, get out your pudding stick," etc. I listen to it all and decide to sail. A moment takes me out from my lee and then I get it solid, but with my hundred and sixty pounds as far to windward as I can get it, I hold her down, and how we go. On the southern end of the key, at what is called Little Pass, is a large mullet fishery, and wishing to take in everything of interest I strike across the bay, at this place about four miles wide. A good sea is on in the channel, but I am soon out of it, and as I round up alongside a schooner at the wharf, I am met by the entire force of fishermen, they have been watching my run across the bay, and are curious to see what it is that goes through the white caps, showing nothing but a sail. All eye the canoe with interest, but no one accepts my invitation to "try it." Full of banter, but kindly withal, one brings me a fat pompano, another a chunk of ice, and all give me a cheer when I start on. Eight miles south of the fishery is my old camping ground of last year, it is a good one, and I shall not pass it without calling. I reach the place at 5 P. M., land and get ready for supper. What will I have for my supper? I think my pompano would make a glorious stew, so here goes.

As I have never seen a fish stew described in the Galley Fire, I will tell briefly how I do it. Two slices of pork cut into dice, fry quite brown over quick fire. When nearly done add two medium sized onions sliced thin. When onions are done stir in one handful of flour and brown nicely, add hot water to make thin gravy, have the fish cleaned and cut in small pieces, sink in the gravy, cover, and cook slow about twenty minutes, pepper and salt to suit, and if you don't like it, don't try it again.

My camp ground is on a low shore covered with dwarf palmetto, there is a small space of clear ground and here I make my camp. Gathering plenty of dry marsh grass, I soon have a good bed with a fire in front, and with my mainsail set up for a "lean to" I shall do finely.

Supper is soon prepared, and as the day's sail has given me a good appetite, it is soon disposed of, dishes washed and put away, canoe cared for, wood gathered for the fire and I will settle down for a quiet smoke. Lying on the palmetto leaves, face to the stars, I smoke and think, think and smoke. The first camp always brings a review of former cruises. In fancy I run the Allegheny again, follow the windings of the Father of Waters, paddle through the beautiful bays and sounds of "Our Lake," and finally go back to old time cruises in bigger boats, back again to my first venture on the little mill pond in my old home. Then my thoughts wander from boats to boatmen, old friends, some are gone on the long cruise, some are running rapids, making wonderful quick time on the life cruise, barely missing some very ugly rocks in the channel, others are paddling on quiet waters, getting all the pleasure possible out of their cruise, while others still are hauled out for repairs. And so I dream away until—hello! my pipe is out, so is the fire, it is dark too, air feels decidedly chilly. I stir about, start up the fire, fill the empty pipe and try to keep awake, no use, the surf on the outer beach is singing a lullaby, the south wind whispering in the palmetto leaves suggests sleep, and pulling the blanket over my head, I am soon asleep.

I waken with the first faint show of gray in the east, rake together the remains of my fire, a few live coals are found, and with some dry chips I boil water and prepare my coffee. It is a rule with me to have my coffee in the morning early; breakfast I can do without till 7, 8 or even 9 o'clock, but I must have my coffee.

Coffee disposed of, I tuck a sweet potatoe away in the hot ashes, and shouldering the gun, start along the beach for a bird. I have not far to go, as the sun tinges the tops of the pines, a flock of willet settle on a mud bar near me. I walk toward them, and as they rise, I turn loose the left hand barrel; two drop. As two are enough, I pick them up, and chuckling over my good luck in getting a break-

fast, start for camp. Nearing camp, I hear a rattle of tinware, and peering over the tops of the low palmetto scrub I find I have callers. A large black sow and a litter of half-grown pigs have taken possession of my household, capsizing coffee pot, tin buckets, etc., and breaking up housekeeping generally. I was mad. I dislike hogs exceedingly, and a Florida razorback particularly. I suppose it was cruel, perhaps needless, but I did warm those hogs with No. 8 chilled shot, and how they did squeal. Things were soon righted, and as I carry my stores in tin cans nothing was lost. Now for a breakfast. I skin my birds, clap them in the frying pan, half fill it with water, and set on the bright coals, then heat more water for coffee. Watching my frying pan closely, I let the water all boil away, then dropping in a pat of butter, I rake out fresh coals and brown my birds nicely; a little pepper and they are done. My coffee made, I rake out the sweet potatoe; it is done to a turn, and with birds, sweet potatoe, crackers, butter and coffee, I manage to worry through.

Breakfast over and dishes washed, I stow canoe and am ready for a start. The Pass stretches away south like a river, on the left are the lowlands of the mainland, covered with scrub palmetto, in the background rise the tall pines. On the right hand a narrow sand key, covered with dense mangrove bushes, and on the beach side with a narrow fringe of tall palmettos, separate us from the Gulf. At some points the key is only a few steps in width, in others it widens to several hundred yards. At the northwest part of Rocky Pass lives Mr. Hendricks. He has only been there two years, but already the wilderness begins to blossom as the rose. Mr. H. keeps a large number of bees, and I was much interested to hear him tell his experience in bee culture in Florida.

After looking over his bee farm and his excellent garden, and tasting some of the finest honey I ever saw, I paddle away south. Toward noon I cast about for dinner. Some plover come circling up the pass. I drop a brace for a stew. Landing on a smooth sand beach, I kindle a fire, and putting my birds in a tin bucket, with about a pint or so of water, I set them over the fire to boil. Now, then, I will pare and slice thin two Irish potatoes and two onions, dredging potatoes and onions well with pepper. I set them on one side and look after my birds. They are cooking finely. I add a little more water, stir up the fire, and getting out the pork cut off a generous slice, cutting it into small dice. Now a look at the birds; they are getting tender; so I add the potatoes and onions, giving my fire a poke the while. Now the pork must go in the frying-pan and be browned nicely, stirring in a spoonful of flour when it is nearly done. A look at the kettle tells me the potatoes and onions are done. Now add the contents of the frying-pan, stirring all the while. Let it cook a minute, and setting off the fire drop in a piece of butter.

Just as I get everything ready for dinner I hear the flap of a sail. Looking up I see a skiff containing one man and trying to sail, but owing to lack of wind, doing nothing but drift. I hail the stranger and invite him to dinner. He accepts, for it is a rule in Florida never to refuse a proffered meal. Pulling his skiff ashore, he introduces himself as Mr. Charles Carter, a native of Canada, but a resident of Florida for some thirty years. Making an impromptu table of an old box found at the beach, we gather around and enjoy what we have. After fully testing my stew, with which, by the way, he expressed much satisfaction, Mr. Carter says, "Now we'll have dessert." Going to his skiff he produced a bag of oranges; they were fine, and rounded out the dinner complete.

I found Mr. Carter a pleasant, well-informed and intelligent gentleman. He related several little anecdotes which proved a thorough knowledge of the "West Coast." He had sailed it as sponger, fisherman, coaster and pilot. I, of course, did very little talking, but I listened for all I was worth, and prolonged our after-dinner chat as long as possible. Some little episodes which came on during the late unpleasantness were peculiarly interesting. I shall probably speak of them again.

About two hours are spent after dinner, and then I am swinging the double blade again, heading due south. I soon reach what is known as Indian Pass. There is no pass there now, having been closed by a furious nor'wester several years ago. Just beyond I came to a "rookery." White and blue herons, pink curlew (roseate spoonbill), egrets, Spanish curlew, etc., all find a lodging here, and make night hideous with their cries. Five miles below the rookery is John's Pass, and on the mainland opposite is a little store, a few dwelling houses, etc., that is called the village of John's Pass. I stop at the little store, and while there meet with an English gentleman. He is very much interested in canoeing, and invites me to spend the night with him and partner. We cross the little bay and soon arrive in front of a neat little cottage almost on the beach, where I meet the other member of the firm. I find them very pleasant gentlemen, enthusiastic lovers of out-door sports, and ardent admirers of canoeing as portrayed by Macgregor and Bishop. My hosts had been in their new home but a few weeks, but they had already made many improvements, and had become quite attached to their Florida home. We spend the evening in pleasant chat, review canoeing and canoeists, speak of travels by sea and land, discuss the books we have read, the sights we have seen, and finally at a late hour we smoke the final pipe. Swinging my hammock under the wide, cool veranda, I turn in for a sound sleep.

A PRACTICAL TEST.—On a Saturday afternoon lately at the club house, the captain of the Boreas gave a lecture on the strength of canoe materials in general, and spruce masts in particular. The lecture was illustrated by experiments at his own expense. The first experiment (and the last) was to put his spruce mast, 13ft. 6in. long, and a trifle less than 1¾ in diameter, on two stools 13ft. apart; then sitting on the mast in the center, he gradually put his whole weight, 125lbs., on it. The stick bent nearly to the floor but did not break. Again and again the test was made with success. But alas! that pitcher went once too often to the well. Some new arrivals in the audience induced him to show off once more, and giving an extra jump the climax was reached. Result, two dandy masts; expenses of experiments, $2.25; receipts, *nil*. Canoeists are an ungrateful lot, they didn't even make a collection. Joking aside, all the T. C. C. men are now satisfied that spruce from the Province of Quebec is hard to beat for canoe use in paddles, masts, knees, etc. The Boreas has now a new mast 14ft. long, 1⅞in. diameter, but the thickness is carried up about 8 or 9ft. This stick will stand any strain that can be put on it by her ninety feet of canvas.

MOHICAN C. C.—A meeting was held on April 1, at which Messrs. Howard Brown and Henry Dwight were elected members. A resolution to authorize the executive committee to purchase the canoe Henrietta for a club canoe, and to pass rules for its use, was passed. An invitation from the Newburgh C. C. to camp at Plum Point was accepted, the secretary being instructed to reply to it. It was also resolved that Mr. Lloyd Thomas should prepare a flag for a prize at the same camp. A communication was received from the Regatta Committee, A. C. A., asking for the nomination of a measurer, and Mr. P. M. Wackerhagen was appointed. After the meeting Com. Oliver spoke about canoe fittings, illustrating his remarks with the new Mohican No. 2, Marion B. and her remarkable outfit, all of which was on show at the club room. The new rig also excited much attention, as did that of the Snake, just completed. The evening was concluded by Mr. Gibson reading the revised rules and giving some very acceptable explanations of them, with many diagrams on the blackboard

A NEW CANOE JACKET.—The latest in the way of canoe clothing is a jacket of knit Jersey cloth, the material showing a knit surface outside and a a rough woolly one inside. It is not knit in one piece, but is cut and made up like a cloth jacket and makes a very light, warm and serviceable coat, while easier to put on and off than the knit jersey. The makers are Devlin & Co., Broadway and Warren street, New York, who also deal largely in uniforms for canoe clubs.

PHILADELPHIA C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia C. C., held March 31 last, a new constitution was adopted. Election of officers resulted in selection of Commodore, W. H. Falkner; Vice-Commodore, Samuel J. Creswell, Jr.; purser, P. S. Westcott. A club cruise will be made on Decoration Day, down the river to Red Bank, N. J. Jas. C. Harrison was appointed official A. C. A. measurer from the club. The club now numbers thirty members.

PERSONAL.—Capt. Gibson of Albany, and Com. Jones of Hartford, were in New York last week. Mr. H. Parker Fellows of Boston, a cruiser of renown, though not a canoeist, paid us a visit on Friday. Mr. Fellows has cruised for some years past in rowboats, and has written some interesting logs of his trips.

A. C. A. BOOK.—Dr. Neidé will have the Association Book ready next month. In the meantime the sailing rules, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 26, have been printed in pamphlet form and sent to canoeists in all parts of the country.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club will meet at their rooms, 371 Fulton street, on Tuesday, April 14, at 8 P. M. Prof. Fowler, K. C. C., will read a paper on "Why we Prefer the Canoe."

MAINE RIVERS.—A good map of the Kennebec and Dead River region of Maine is published with the "Guide to Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds," published by A. W. Robinson, No. 33 Winter street, Boston, Mass.

BRASS CENTERBOARDS.—The Tramp has had an after center board of brass added this winter, and the Surge will put in one of ¼in. in place of her present iron board.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—A fleet of half a dozen canoes turned out on April 2 for a cruise up to Yonkers and back, the first of the season.

A FISH CHOWDER.—In our yachting columns "Dorsal Fin" tell. now to make a fish chowder, a valuable accomplishment to a canoeist

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

April 22—Annual Meeting N. E. Y. R. A., Parker House, Boston, 8 P. M.
April 25—Pacific Y. C., Opening Day.
May 2—San Francisco Y. C., Opening Day.
May 25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—South Boston Y. C. Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 16—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Peatucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 30—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 11—Hull Y. C., First Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.

NEW CATAMARANS.

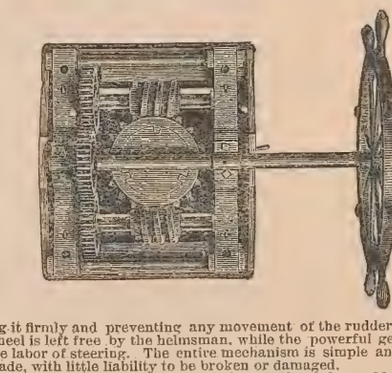
THE present season promises to be a lively one with these peculiar craft. It is extremely improbable that they will ever become generally popular or that we shall see a large fleet of them in New York waters; but for racing purposes they have some advantages, in spite of their cost, and they may find a limited use where speed is the main requisite. Two are now building at Yonkers, one for Mr. Inman with hulls 42ft. long, and one for Mr. S. D. Field 41ft. long, both of which will be fitted with the jib illustrated last week. Several matches are already arranged, one for $100 a side, between the Iris, Mr. Field's boat, and the Duplex, Messrs. Longstreet & Ogden's boat. Mr. Inman's boat has three races on hand, a series of three with the Jessie for $250 a side, one with the Duplex for $50, and one with the Hermes for $50.

Mr. Geo. P. Everson, of Jersey City, owner of the Columbia, has lately built a new keel craft of a larger size to be called the Nemesis. The hulls are each 39ft. 6in. long, 2ft. 6in. deep, and are spaced 18ft. center to center. The draft is 15in. aft and 7½in. forward; the hulls are planked with cedar on oak frames; the mast is 31ft. long, boom 30ft., gaff 14ft. 6in.; the mainsail is 24ft. on luff, 29ft. 6in. foot, 14ft. head; the jib will be 29ft. 6in. on stay, 25ft. on foot.

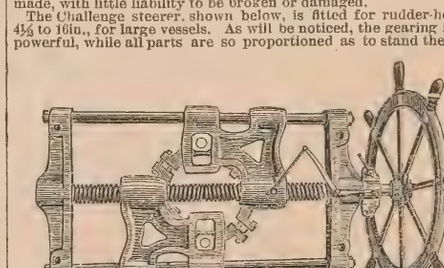
RICHARDSON'S STEERERS.

THE accompanying cuts show two forms of steerers for yachts and other vessels of all sizes made by Nathan Richardson, of Gloucester, Mass.

In the smaller sizes, which are fitted for rudder heads of 3½ to 10in., the wheel on rudder head is held by a worm gear on each side, locking it firmly and preventing any movement of the rudder when the wheel is left free by the helmsman, while the powerful gears lessen the labor of steering. The entire mechanism is simple and strongly made, with little liability to be broken or damaged.



The Challenge steerer, shown below, is fitted for rudder-heads of 4½ to 16in., for large vessels. As will be noticed, the gearing is very powerful, while all parts are so proportioned as to stand the heavy strain to which a steerer of large size is often subjected. A locking attachment is fitted near the wheel by which the gear may be clamped fast, preventing any possibility of movement.



CORA.

THIS steam yacht, lately launched at Poillon's yard, will go to Newark this week for her engines and boilers. As she is designed chiefly for use in a warm climate her interior has been so arranged as to secure light and fresh air in plenty. The yacht below is divided into three bulkheads. Forward of the first is a large forecastle, with good head room, and well lighted by side lights of large size. The finish is in varnished ash. In the extreme bow is a paint locker, and at the after side of the forecastle are two large closets. Between the forward and the second bulkhead, the latter being just forward of the engines and boilers, is the main saloon, bath room, galley and crew's mess room. A winding stairway from the social hall on deck leads down to a large saloon, fitted for a dining-room by day, while at night folding beds at the sides are let down, making sleeping quarters for the gentlemen. This saloon will be finished in mahogany and lincrusta. A large bath and toilet room extends across the yacht at its forward end. The saloon is lighted by large side lights in the sides of the vessel, and also from above by similar lights in the sides of the social hall, as hereafter described. Aft of the saloon on the port side is a store room and the galley, the latter extending to the second bulkhead, while on the starboard side is a companion leading to the deck, and also the crew's mess room, the latter being furnished with a large refrigerator. Under the floor of the galley is a box for 8 tons of ice. Aft of the third bulkhead is the ladies' cabin, 15ft. long, and of the full width of the ship, lighted by a large square skylight on deck, and entered by a separate companion. On the port side of the stairs is a toilet room, and on the starboard side is a room for the maids. The cabin itself is finished in mahogany and has four bedsteads, two on each side, the space between them, 3ft., being fitted with dressing cases and mirrors. The yacht is mainly intended for the use of Mr. Morris's daughter, an invalid, and her comfort has been the principal consideration in planning the accommodations. Aft of the ladies' cabin, in the run, are the quarters of the captain and engineer, entered by a square companion well aft. These are very neatly fitted up in varnished ash.

All the fittings on deck are of mahogany. Forward is a deck house, the fore end of which is divided off into a roomy pilot house. Just aft of this is a winding stairway leading below, while the entire after portion of the house is devoted to a smoking room or social hall. Three sides of this are fitted with seats, the deck under them being left open. The sides of house are pierced with side lights, giving light and air through the spaces under the seats to the dining hall below. The coamings of the boiler-room hatch are oval in shape, the longest diameter being athwartship, to admit two boilers side by side. The engine room coamings join these but are oblong. These coamings are about 3ft. high, and paneled with mahogany. Abaft them are the skylight and companion to the ladies' cabin, also of mahogany. Five tons or iron ballast, moulded to fit, are ready to go into her. She will carry a metallic lifeboat 20ft ×5ft. 3in., fitted with sails for general use, a steam launch 22ft.×5ft. 6in., built by Wright & Son, a boat on starboard quarter 16ft.×4ft. 6in., and one on port quarter 14ft.×3ft. 9in. The bunkers will carry 60 tons of coal, and the tanks 2,000 gallons of water. The cora, as before stated, was built by Poillon Bros., from designs by Mr. Philip Ellsworth. Her boilers and engines are by Wright and Son, of Newark, joiner work by Vanderveer, painting by Clark and sails by Sawyer. She will be schooner-rigged, with no bowsprit. Captain John H. Breitfield will command her, and she will carry a crew of 8, all told.

CRUISE OF THE CORA.

[Continued from page 156.]

AT 7 A. M. we were off Pilot Island and entering Les Portes des Morts. This is an exceedingly picturesque part of the shore line of Lake Michigan. The bold, rugged shore of the peninsula which separates Green Bay from Lake Michigan, is covered with tall pines and thick underbrush. The water is deep, cold, and so clear that the huge rocks and fissures on the bottom are plainly visible, though much deeper than one would suppose. We seem to be sailing on a surface of molten crystal, the wind mostly above the water, which is only slightly disturbed, and we amuse ourselves by lying flat on deck and peering down over the side at the wonders of the clear depths below, over which we were sustained by the transparent fluid that intervenes, but which obstructs the view so little that, where the rising sun's rays strike under the vessel, one could almost see to pick up a pin could one reach the bottom. The northern extremity of the Peninsula stands out like a rugged, shaggy head in the lake. About two miles across "The Door," as the entrance to the bay is called, is Pilot Island and its lighthouse. A short distance to the N. W. is Detroit Island, and still further Washington Island extends a long distance to the north and east.

At 7:30 the yachts had passed through "The Door" and were close-hauled on the bay side of the peninsula pointing for Chamber's Island, away up the bay. At Table Bluff, just inside "The Door" and at the entrance to a small bay or called Hedge Hog Bay, is a most remarkable echo The crews of both yachts amused themselves as we passed, hallooing and listening to the echoes as they came back from the shore.

The gun was fired, and the response from the rocky shore was fairly astonishing, as it crashed along down the Bay until it died away, seemingly a mile distant. Breakfast and pipes were now over, at 8:30 a fine breeze sprung up from S. E., we bore away toward Chamber's Island under full head of canvas.

Just here the Doctor poked his head up the companionway and announced that he was ready "to tackle that chowder." So the master's mate went below and began preparations, and this is how he did it: First, he selected a dozen good-sized sound potatoes and clipped a small slice off of each end, he put them in a pot of cold water, set it over the fire and sprinkled in a large tablespoonful of salt. Let me here pause long enough to remark, don't ever peel a potatoe if you wish to boil it. Always boil them with the "jackets" on, merely cutting each end, and boil them as hard and fast as you can. Unless you are fond of that miserable, soggy, vile smelling mixture of cabbage, saturated potatoes, meat, and all other odds and ends cooked up in one mess in the same pot called "a boiled dinner." If you are, go ahead, but if you get the dyspepsia you have no one to blame but yourself, as for me, if there is anything that will induce me to stay downtown and go to the lodge, it's wash day and a boiled dinner.

Well, let's belay and get back to that chowder which was barely begun. After putting a cover on the potato pot the M. M. laid out the Mackinaw trout on a table and carefully cleaned it, split it down the back, took out all the fins so as to take bones below the skin as well as the rest. Then the backbone and all other bones were cut out, leaving only the firm, clean, pink meat. This he cut in pieces about one inch by three inches, all as nearly alike as possible, and taking a tin pan laid them in it and sprinkled them with salt. Then he sliced up three good-sized Bermuda onions in a dish, and putting a large iron pot on the fire he proceeded to slice enough bacon to line the bottom of the pot nicely, and then with a fork stood by until they had browned, when he turned each piece over. When all were nice and brown he took the pot from the fire, forked out the bacon on a plate, poured away all the grease that had tried out, and set the pot back on the stove where it would keep warm. Then he chopped up the browned bacon in pieces about the size of dice and set them on the back of the stove to keep warm. By this time the potatoes were done, and pouring off carefully every drop of water he set them back on the stove, while he and the Doctor took them out one at a time to peel. I say peel, but don't mean it exactly, as the moment they were laid on a plate the skins almost fell off and left the inside as white and mealy as one could wish. They were then thoroughly mashed and seasoned with butter, pepper and salt.

All was now ready for the final touches, upon which all (so he said) was to depend. Taking the pot that had fried out the bacon—without washing, mind—he proceeded to "erect" the chowder. Draining off the water from the fish that had been salted he laid a layer of it in the bottom, then scattered in a spoonful of the chopped brown bacon, then a few slices of the onion, and poured over it a spoonful of tomato catsup, dusted it with some pepper and salt, then a handful of broken crackers, and over this he put a layer of the mashed potatoes. Then he began another layer of fish, chopped bacon, onions, etc., the same as before, seasoning each layer the same until all the material was in the pot, after which he poured in enough warm (not hot) water to cover the contents an inch or more, and having done, set the pot on the fire where it would simmer or boil only slightly. When it had cooked long enough so the slices of fish were done—about two hours—he stirred in a cup of condensed milk and half a pint of claret, tasted it, stirred it, and added a little seasoning of salt and pepper, and it was ready to serve. When the Doctor announced "Dinner" the Mamie was hauled up—she still had our line astern—all the crew but one at the wheel came on board by way of her bowsprit, and all hands went below to eat the chowder. It was declared to be "fine," "splendid," "best I ever ate," etc., as each person expressed it in his own way. We had a royal dinner, and when it was all gone but the portion reserved for the man at the wheel and the Doctor, we lit our pipes and sang:

Oh, a little more chowder too,
A little more chowder, for Miss Dinah,
A little more chowder too.

At 11:45 P. M. the wind died out flat, and we came to an anchor three miles off Long Tail Point Light and all turned in below. At 4 A. M. next morning piped all hands to make sail, wind south, and at 9 A. M. when a few miles off Green Bay Light, the schooner Gaston, of Chicago, came along in tow of tug Peesaukee, and as the water was getting shoal and the channel narrow through the mud flats, we took a line from them and towed up into the river, where we cast anchor opposite the city. The gig was lowered and Capt. Bussey, with some of the rest, went up to the telegraph office and reported arrival to Commodore Munger, in Chicago.

Soon after Commodore Melville, of the Green Bay Y. C., came off and made us a short visit, and at 5:30 P. M., having shifted ballast so as to lighten up aft, we weighed anchor and prepared to tow up Rock River and through the big locks for Lake Winnebago, for as the muddy expressed himself when it came his trick at the wheel,

"I'm a Green Bay pilot. I am, b' Gosh.
Just look in my eye while I head for Oshkosh."

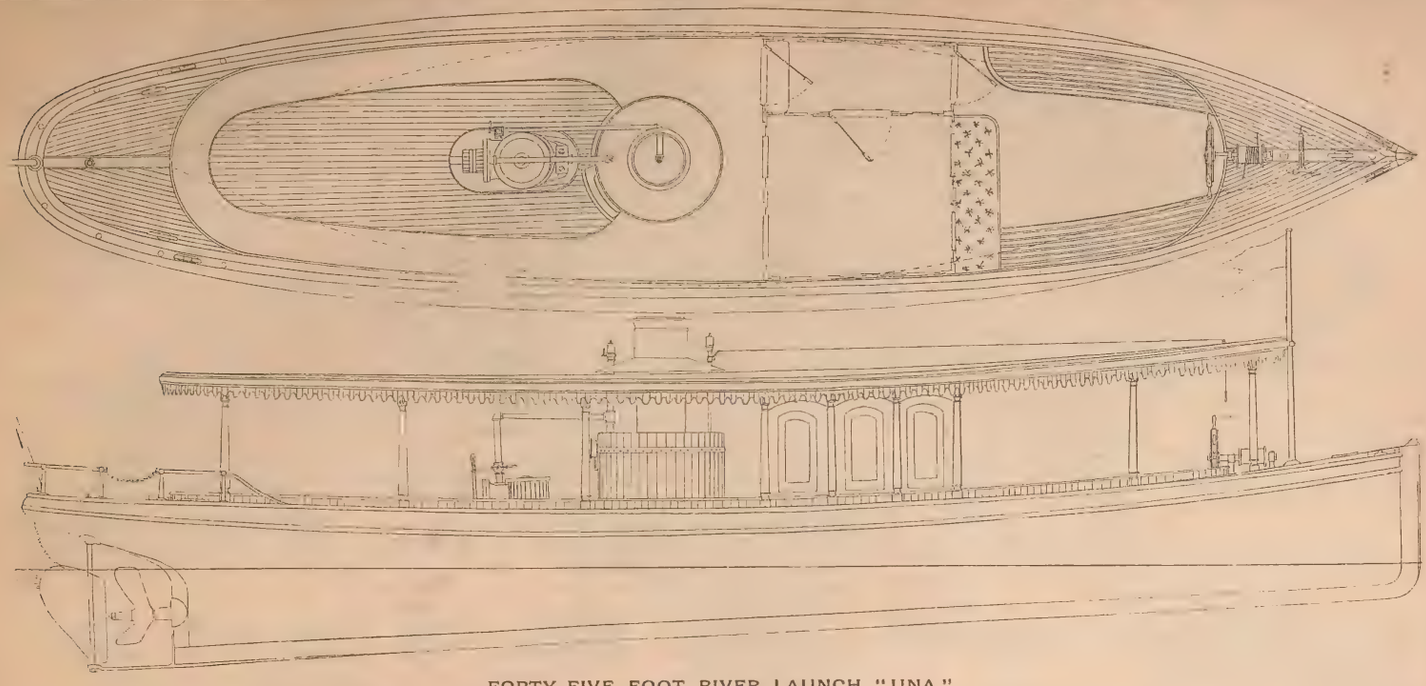
We took a line from the tug Dennison, and were soon skimming along at a fair speed up the river. At 7 P. M. we passed through the first of the large Government locks, and at 10 P. M. we laid up at Wrightstown, for we could not risk running in and out of stone-faced locks in the night. Besides we were about tired out. There are eighteen of these locks between Green Bay and Lake Winnebago, which lies nearly two hundred feet above the waters of Lake Michigan. They were constructed by the Government to allow the passage of vessels between the lakes, and aside from the labor of snubbing on lines, holding fenders and warding off to avoid scraping against the stones, it is a pleasant and interesting trip for a yacht. At a little place called Kankakee, Capt. Stevens of the Oshkosh Club met us with a tug and took us in tow. As there was no wind on reaching Lake Winnebago, we did not make sail but kept on up the Lake for Oshkosh, where we arrived at midnight, and received a most hearty welcome from Commodore Burnell and Vice-Commodore Harshaw.

Every yachtsman of Oshkosh, I will venture to assert, either owns a yacht or an interest in one, and has besides a gun and a rod and reel, and all you have to do is to make yourself known as one of the craft, and he will lock up the office, put up a sign "Out of Town" on the door, and fish, hunt or sail with you to your heart's content. We sat up and talked of our trip, the coming regatta of their club a few days hence, cracked jokes, and had a royal time till almost morning, and sang a little comic refrain of the middy's to the tune of "Villikens and his Dinah," which ran thus:

"We arrived at Oshkosh about early morn,
We blew off the gun and fired the fog horn;
Burnell bade us welcome, and Henshaw said aye,
And bade us all summer in Oshkosh to stay."

Tired and sleepy we turned in, our hearts full of the warm reception by our friends. The regatta, our pleasant stay and our trip back to the bay, and the cruise to Mackinac, I must leave to a final chapter.

DORSAL FIN



FORTY-FIVE FOOT RIVER LAUNCH "UNA."

A STEAM LAUNCH FOR RIVER USE.

EVERY year the use of steam launches is increasing, both for purposes of business and pleasure, until the little steamer has come to be as much of a necessity to waterside residences as a carriage and team is in the country, while they have also become an important auxiliary to both steam and sailing yachts of large size. The launch illustrated above, the Una, was built by E. E. Roberts, of 107 Liberty street, New York, for Mr. Henry A Laughlin, for use on the St. Lawrence, in the neighborhood of the Thousand Islands. The Una is intended for day use, carrying fishing and pleasure parties, running to the neighboring towns, and as a family "carryall." She is 45ft. over all, 9ft. beam, and draws 2ft. 8in., loaded. The hull is built of white oak, planked with cedar below the waterline, and white pine above, fastened with galvanized iron. A deck of light construction covers her fore and aft, the sides being furnished with curtains for stormy weather. Forward of the boiler is fitted a stateroom or small cabin 6x6ft., on the starboard side of which is a gangway leading aft. The engine is 7x7in., with shaft of 2¼in. steel. The boiler is a vertical tubular, with submerged head, and is 48in. diameter, and 5ft. 6in. high. It is of homogenous steel, tested to carry 140 pounds, and has 200 2in. lapwelded steel tubes. The wheel is four-bladed, 32in. diameter and 48in. pitch. The main features of the boat are shown in the drawing. This boat is not intended for speed, but, as stated, for a comfortable boat for pleasure and sport, for which purpose she is excellently adapted. The finish throughout is neat and plain, designed rather for use than for show. Mr. Roberts has lately sold another launch, 35x7½ft., to Mr. Frederic Cunningham, of Boston.

BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET, APRIL 2.

THE first yacht race of 1885 was sailed on last Thursday at South Boston. While the larger yachts are not yet in commission, the owners of the smaller craft are eager for sport in spite of the backward season, and thirteen of them turned out on Friday morning at the float of the South Boston Y. C. The course was from the float to a buoy in Dorchester Bay, then to buoy No. 6 off Fort Independence, and home, a distance of four miles. Seven boats started in the first class, 13 to 15ft., and six in the second class, under 13ft., the prizes being $10 and $5. The wind was very light at 11 A. M. when the start was made, and continued so during the race. The Dot, a new boat, signalized her first race by winning first prize, the times being as follows:

	Length.	Actual.
First Class.		
Dot, J. A. Hildreth	13.03	1 46 08
Wizard, James Bertram	13.06	1 50 11
Nan, J. P. Bullard	14.03	1 48 53
Lizzie, H. McDonough	13.03	1 54 43
Sport, O. Starkweather	13.08	1 55 26
Arctic, R. W. Bibber	15.00	1 55 42
Phantom, Bullen	13.02	withdrawn.
Second Class.		
Grace, A. Holbrook	12.02	1 53 55
Brunette, W. B. Cherrington	12.02	1 54 05
Mamie, W. H. Buckley	12.10	1 54 06
Waif, R. J. Bibber	13.00	2 00 57
Vera, F. J. Carter	11 66	2 05 42
Alert, A. P. Holt	11.05	2 05 55

The judges were Commodore Henry Hussey, Vice-Commodore W. J. Orcutt, H. Stickney and T. Condon. The Brunnette capsized, and her crew of two had a free bath.

In the afternoon an impromptu race was arranged between the Dot and the Wizard, the course being from the club house to the red buoy off the pumping station, thence to buoy off the Grant House, and home over same course, 5½ miles in all. Mr. Geo. Hutchins sailed the Dot, winning in 4h. 55m. 15s., with Wizard, sailed by Mr. Wm. Condin, 7m. 15s. astern. The prize was a purse of $15 contributed by the two boats. The judges were Messrs. R. V. King and Wm. Hathaway. Referee, H. J. McKee.

HULL Y. C. RACING REGULATIONS.

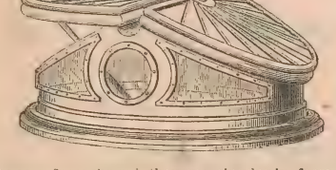
THE following rules concerning starting and other details of racing have been published by the Hull Y. C. for the guidance of its members this season. Most yacht clubs now have their fixed rules for starting, entries, etc., and those which have not, should pay attention to the matter before the season begins, so that all may be posted in due season, and no mistakes shall occur in the races.

Many clubs have rules which need a careful revision to adapt them to present wants, and the following will commend themselves, as they have worked well in a large club holding many races:

Start—Flying, across a line between judges' yacht and flagboat. Fifteen minutes before the start of the first and second classes, flags bearing the numbers of the courses will be hoisted on the judges' yacht. At 2:55 o'clock, or five minutes before the starting signal for the first and second classes, the numbered flags will be lowered, a gun fired, and a blue flag hoisted. At the expiration of five minutes exactly, a second gun and lowering of the blue flag will be the signal for first and second classes to start. Exactly five minutes later, a third gun and lowering of the blue flag will be the signal for the third class to start. Exactly five minutes later, a fourth gun and lowering of the blue flag will be the signal for fourth class to start. Exactly five minutes later a fifth gun and lowering of the blue flag will be the signal for fifth class to start. Exactly five minutes later, a sixth gun and lowering of the blue flag will be the signal for sixth class to start. Should any gun miss fire, the lowering of the blue flag will be the signal to start. The time of all the yachts shall be taken from the starting signal of that class, and no allowance shall be made for yachts starting later. If any yacht or any part of her hull or spars be on or across the line when the signal for her class to start is given, she must return and recross the line, keeping clear of all competitors. Should the first signal be delayed, the same intervals will be observed between the other signals. Entries—Any yacht enrolled in the club may enter for the club race by giving notice of such intention in writing to the chairman of the regatta committee, which notice shall be for the entire season. Numbers—Yacht owners intending to participate in racing will be supplied with official numbers by applying to the chairman of the regatta committee, which numbers must be shown prominently to the judges on crossing the line at the finish of each race. Failure to comply with this rule may result in a yacht's time not being taken. Outriggers shall not be used for the purpose of trimming the boat by means of crew or ballast. Caution—As the position of the judges' boat is liable to be changed after the start, particular care must be taken on coming in. Notice—For first and second classes, if the wind is very light and the tide strong ebb, the finish for these classes will take place outside Hull gut, and the time will be taken as yachts pass a line between the flagstaff on Hotel Pemberton and the judges' yacht flying the club flag.

A NEW YACHT SKYLIGHT.

A NUMBER of Boston yachts have been fitted for the past year with a style of skylight, the invention of Mr. Jas. McIntyre. These skylights possess several novel features, and some marked advantages over the old form.



As will be seen from the cut, they are circular in form, the frame being a brass casting with spaces in the sides glazed with plate glass. A circular bed of mahogany in the form of a moulding is laid down on deck, and on it is a brass circle. On this circle the skylight is fitted so as to revolve freely, while making a water-tight joint. The two sashes are also of brass, with heavy plate glass protected by a grating. The sashes are opened by arms sliding on a brass tube running across the skylight. When at anchor one side may be opened and turned forward, aft, or in any direction, acting as a windsail. The ridge between the two sashes is made of a half section of brass tube, preventing any leakage, while the sashes fit down on rubber packing. Besides their handsome appearance and the additional facilities for ventilation, a much greater amount of light is admitted below than in the usual style of wooden skylight with heavy wooden sashes. Huron, Thetis and Gitana have all used these skylights during the past season, and they are now being fitted to some of the new yachts.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

West Lynn Y. C.—The annual election was held on March 30, the following officers being elected: Commodore, B. W. Rowell; Vice-Commodore, A. R. Hall; Fleet Captain, Wm. Sprout; Treasurer, Wm. Batchelder; Secretary, F. C. Viall; Measurer, P. J. Lynch.

South Boston Y. C.—Election, April 1: Commodore, Henry Hussey; Vice-Commodore, N. J. Orcutt; Secretary, J. C. Meny; Treasurer, Theo. Christian; Measurer, John Bertram; Fleet Captain, J. W. Bligh; Trustees, C. T. Haley, C. McKenna, R. Disbrow.

Dorchester Y. C.—A meeting was held on April 3 at the club house, at which 13 new members were elected. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a flourishing state with a balance of nearly $300 in hand. The following officers were elected for 1885: Commodore, Dr. L. D. Shepard; Vice-Commodore, Charles H. Whiting; Secretary, Henry B. Callender; Treasurer, Samuel G. King; Measurer, Hartford Davenport; Directors, W. H. L. Smith, Charles H. Nute, Coolidge Barnard and Samuel G. King; Regatta Committee, Louis M. Clark, Erastus Willard, Henry B. Callender, George S. Forbush and William P. Fowle.

American Y. C.—The annual meeting and election of officers was held on March 31 at the club house. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Alfred de Cordova, steam yacht Promise; Vice-Commodore, Joseph C. Hoagland, steam yacht Lagonda; Rear-Commodore, Washington E. Connor, steam yacht Utowana; Secretary, Henry A. Taylor; Treasurer, William B. Dowd; Fleet Surgeon, Thomas H. Bailey, M. D.; Measurer, Chas. H. Haswell; Trustees, Josiah M Fiske, steam yacht Theresa; Jabez A. Bostwick, steam yacht Orienta; Alfred D. Cordova, steam yacht Promise; Washington E. Connor, steam yacht Utowana; Henry A. Taylor, steam yacht Sphinx; Frank R. Lawrence and William B. Dowd; Regatta Committee, Chas. H. T. Collis, Geo. W. Hall, Thomas Manning, Richard G. Murphy and J. P. Lockwood; Committee on Admissions, W. E. Connor, J. M. Fiske and Wm. B. Dowd; House Committe, F. R. Lawrence, H. A. Taylor and Wm. B. Dowd. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $7,000 on hand. Capt. Lundborg's model for a sloop yacht was on exhibition at the club rooms.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.—The use of the electric launch as a police boat on the River Thames and elsewhere is likely to prove a success, for, compared to a steam launch, its movements are noiseless, and the same power that is employed to propel it can be utilized for supplying current to an arc lamp for "searching" purposes. The launch with which the experiments have been made is 25ft. long with a beam of 5ft. 6in. and carries 50 accumulators, each weighing 40lbs. It can maintain a speed of 8 miles an hour for four hours, but can be made to travel faster on emergency. The search lamp is of 3,000 candle power, and, as the term implies, the beam can be sent in nearly every direction.—*Exchange.*

MARINE HARDWARE.—One of the largest concerns in the East who deal in ship and boat hardware, is L. W. Ferdinand of Boston. Their large store is at 267 Federal street, and the storehouse on Essex street. Among the many standard articles kept in stock are the Waterwitch Rowlock, Chester Anchor, Meaney's Sliding Seat, Howell's Marine Paints, Tarr & Monson's, Wolsey's and Bay State Bottom Paints, Norcross Patent Blocks, and Crockett's Spar Composition. Eastern yachtsmen will find there everything they require about their boats.

SLOOP YACHT FOR SALE.—Herreshoff Bros, Bristol, R. I., have for sale a cruising sloop yacht of eastern build, 45ft. waterline, 15ft. 6in. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft. She is a keel boat, very strongly built, with oak frame. Below she has a good cabin and two staterooms. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing them as above.

YACHTING NOTES.—Electra is having a new engine with cylinders 28 and 44x26in., in place of 20 and 40in., as at present. Mr. W. L. Stanton, of Ward & Stanton, is superintending the work, which is being done in Paterson....Meta, schooner, arrived from Salem at Lawley's yard last week, where she will have new rails, foremast, bowsprit and cabin fittings....Brunhilda. It is expected that this schooner now building at Nyack for Mr. J. J. Phelps, will leave New York in June for a cruise around the world, sailing first for England ....Muriel, cutter, Mr. C. H. Robbins, will have sails by Lapthorne this season....Stranger, Mr. Warren's new 41 tonner, was given this name when she was launched two weeks since. She is 79ft. on deck, 65ft. w. l., 13ft. 6in. beam, 10ft. 6in. draft....Viola, Mr. Kennedy's steam yacht, will have new engines, 10 and 20x12in., with a larger boiler and new wheel....Yosemite has returned from her cruise, and is now at the Morgan Iron Works....Huron, Mr. Gray's yacht, will have a new boom of 60ft. and gaff of 38ft....Mr. Theodore Hall, of Newburg, is having built by Bernard a keel catboat, 27ft. over all, 23ft. w. l, 9ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. deep....Silvie, schooner, will have new cabin fittings and deck, besides other repairs....Thelga, cutter, Mr. Thayer, is up at Smith's yard, South Boston, for 2,500lbs. of lead in place of her iron keel....Moya. The spars of Mr. Binney's new cutter will be: Mast, deck to hounds, 29ft., masthead 6ft., topmast, fid to truck, 28ft., bowsprit outboard 20ft., mainboom 34ft., gaff 24ft., topsail yard 25ft., lower sails 1,710sq. ft., total 2,836sq. ft.... McManus & Son, Boston, are making new sails for the sloop Phantom. J. O. Shaw, Jr., and schooner White Cloud. Mr. Henry Smith....Brenda, schooner, has been sold to the United States Government to be used as a survey boat in the Gulf of Mexico....Utowana, Mr. Connor's steam yacht, will be overhauled in New York this month....Madge has been purchased by a New York yachtsman, and is now being refitted and put in commission.

NEWARK Y. C.—Although at a disadvantage as to sailing waters, its growth, in the two seasons of its existence has been rapid and strong. From a small beginning with a few members and some small boats it has grown in a large and firmly established club, with a large fleet and a fine club house. The latter is a large building, on the Passaic, at Newark, fitted up with a comfortable meeting room and ample room for stowage, and is kept warmed and open all winter, making a general rendezvous for members. The club list now includes the following boats: Sea Witch, owned by Thos. W. Dawson, 65ft., schooner; Washington, Hugh Cameron, 50ft., schooner; Ella Cook, B. H. Price, 40ft., cabin sloop; Belle, John Dechert, 32ft., cabin sloop; Winnifred, Cullen Brothers, 28ft., cabin sloop; Gray Eagle, E. Hinderlang and Wm. O'Brien, 3 1ft., cabin sloop; Emmy C., C. E. and E. D. Cameron and W. Goodenough, 28ft., cabin sloop; Vixen, E M. Grover, 27ft. 1in., cabin sloop; Leo, Leo Smith, 25ft., sloop; Rambler, Albert F. Adams, 24ft. 2in., sloop; Good Fortune, John Fortune, 23ft., cabin sloop; Just Woke Up, James Phillips, 22ft. 1½in., sloop; Shadow, Hardy Bush and Alfred Frazer, 20ft., cat; Cloud, George and Louis Hartung, 22ft., sloop; Ripple, Frederick Miller, 20ft., cat; Porgie, Clark Brothers, 19ft., sloop; Triton, Edward Phillips, 18ft., cat; Mischief, Jonas D. Phillips, Staten Island, 18ft., sloop; Wisp, Edward Burfield, 18ft., cat; Onward, James Williams, 18ft., cat; Skip Jack, James Stevenson, 16ft., cat; Eddie, Richard Uldrich, Greenville, 16ft., cat; Marion, W. B. Adams, 16ft., cat; Linda, Theo. M. Hinderlang, 16ft., sloop; Duplex, steam yacht. 45ft., Lysander Wright; and another steamer, owned by Geo. Wright. This year a number of races and cruises are proposed, a series of pennant races serving to keep up a spirit of rivalry among the boats. Besides the shorter cruises the club will probably make another cruise to the eastward, as that of last year was so successful. The progress of the past two years is such as to encourage the members to new efforts, and the growth this year will probably be more rapid even than before.

A HANDY WINDLASS.—A powerful and compact windlass is a great desideratum in very small yachts, and the ordinary pattern, with two horizontal heads, is far from perfect. We noticed lately in the shops of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company a little windlass of their make which they are fitting to most of their steam yachts, and which is well adapted to sailing yachts as well. The base is a circular plate of iron, which is bolted flat on the deck, no cutting away being needed. On this base revolves a small upright drum for rope or chain. It is operated by a movable lever, the gearing being on the base plate under the drum, while the motion is a reciprocating one, back and forth, the operator standing upright. For quick speeds and small power the two handles are shifted to sockets in the drum itself, and one or two men may turn it directly. The total weight is only about fifty-six pounds, and from its compact form and easy application, it may be set up anywhere that power is desired.

THE SCHOONER GAETINA.—The owner of the schooner Gaetina, described in our columns some time since, has changed her rig slightly, substituting a lug foresail 14ft. on foot for the boom foresail, with but 10ft., the change being an improvement. The foresail is rigged with double sheets like a jib, and also has a lift rigged from clew of foresail through block at mainmast head, down to deck, and thence aft, so that when coming to anchor, the helmsman in the cockpit can clew up the foresail so that the blocks will not strike any one on deck. The area of the new sail is larger, and it is considerably more effective. The Gaetina carries two topsails on yards, each 18ft. long and projecting 8ft. above the masthead and 2ft. below jaws of gaffs. They are set with a single halliard, tack and sheet. Gaetina has been in commission for three weeks. She will cruise north this summer in time for the Cup races.

YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.—We have received the new sailing rules, time tables and classification of the British Yacht Racing Association, containing, besides the tonnage rule, the alternative one, waterline length multiplied by sail area, divided by 6,000. The new classification into classes A, B and C, is also given. Time scales are given both for the tonnage and length classes, with tables for the calculation of sail area for classes A, B and C.

CHESAPEAKE BAY Y. C.—The burgee of this club is a pointed hull pennant with white star in upper corner.

CRUISING.—Namouna was reported at Martinique on March 25. On March 30 she arrived at Bermuda.

OCEAN QUEEN.—The frame of this schooner is nearly all in place in Poillon's yard. It is mainly of oak and very heavy. Her keel is three feet deep outside of rabbet.

LILLIE.—This fast keel sloop, 38ft. long, prize winner in ninety per cent. of her starts, for sale. P. M. Bond, Boston.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. D., Baltimore, Md.—We do not know address of owner of Norwood.

TAR HEEL, Weldon, N. C.—We do not know the breeding of the dogs you mention.

TARGET, Bath, Me.—We do not know the formula for the mucilage you ask about.

H. D., Salmon Falls, N. Y.—We cannot answer your question unless you give more particulars.

J. C. Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.—We are unable to learn anything definite about the arm you ask about or the shells.

D. T. G., Homer, N. Y.—1. We prefer the lapstreak. 2. None published separately. We can send abstract. 3. Good. 4. Yes.

C. S. D., Warren, R. I.—The "Management and Disease of the Dog" by J. Woodroffe Hill is the book you want; we can send it. price $2.

A. G. N., East Sixty-First street.—The only place that we know is along the south shore of Long Island, and there it is very uncertain.

POINTER, Charlottetown, Canada—Spaying is a cruel and unnatural operation. We have never known of an entirely successful operation.

C. G. M., Hudson.—1. No. Not if arm is properly taken care of. 2. Brass cleaning rod or string and wad. 3. There is no law on the birds. 4. No.

W. M. W., San Francisco, Cal.—We do not know the maker. A gunsmith should be able to tell you if the gun will stand the charges you mention.

BERNARDO, Jersey City, N. J.—If the bitch is well matured you can safely breed her the first season. If not well grown wait until the next time.

PICCOLO, New York.—Will you please say whether a Yorkshire terrier is a long-haired or smooth-haired dog, or may he be either? Ans. Long-haired.

H., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Write to Wm. Mitchell, 36 Vandam street, New York. 2. The session is not yet over. A dozen bills have been introduced and some of them may pass. 3. No. 4. No. 5. About the middle of May. 6. About the last of May. 7. We do not know. That is black fly time.

R. F. B., Troy, N. Y.—Is a black roof to the mouth necessary to establish the thoroughbred character of pointers, setters and other hunting dogs? Ans. No.

GUNNER, Buffalo, N. Y.—The names you mention are those of reliable houses, but there are many imitations of their work in the market. You had better look out for the guns you mention.

S. S. W.—Can you give me directions for casehardening to get the clouded finish seen on Remington's and many other guns. I understand how to casehardem, but do not know how to get the clouded finish. Ans. This, we believe, is a trade secret, and we cannot tell you how to do the work.

PERCYVAL.—Is the trout law in Massachusetts from the first of June to September now? I heard recently it would go into effect next spring. It seems as if it would be more appropriate from the first of May to August first. Ans. The law opened the season on April 1, and we have not heard of any change.

H. N. C., Waterville, N. Y.—Has a game constable any right to go out of the town, in which he was elected, to arrest violators of the law for offenses against the game laws, committed in said town? If not, is there any way we can give him power to do so? Ans. We would advise you to consult the Revised Statutes. If the game constable has not the power mentioned you may call on the nearest State game protector, who has such power.

F., Essex Co., N. Y.—1. There are certain streams and ponds which contain brook trout. The State furnish California trout which are placed in these waters. Afterward certain parties (owners of the lands about the waters) advertise and post them as private fishing grounds. Can they legally do so? 2. Can they claim the original brook trout in these waters for that purpose? Ans. 1. It may depend on the fact of ownership of all the land bordering the waters. 2. See articles on "Leasing Trout Streams" in this issue.

PERCYVAL.—1. Do you regard a waterproofed or dressed silk line, or an undressed raw silk line best for minnow casting in the Henshall style? 2. In a late article to this paper, Mr. Wells said that a region had lately been opened to the public which had better trout fishing, larger fish and easier and cheaper access than the Rangeley region. Can you tell me to what place he referred? 3. A large number, some 40,000 land-locked salmon fry, were placed some years ago in a lake containing pickerel and bass. None have been seen or caught since. Do you think it likely any of them have escaped and grown up? Ans. 1. We prefer the raw silk line as small and as hard as possible. 2. We cannot say. 3. Without knowledge of the size, depth, and temperature of the lake, it would be impossible to give an opinion. They require deep lakes and very cold water, with plenty of room. The predatory fish may have eaten them.

MONNEY, Newark, N. J.—Would you kindly inform a new beginner the best bait to use for large-mouth bass and pickerel, as we go in camp at Greenwood Lake in July (our first attempt) we would like to know what to take with us, and will they rise to a fly, if so, what kind? Ans. The best bait for the bass is the helgramite, or dobson, for pickerel use minnows. We cannot recommend any fly above another. The fish often refuse a fly that was a favorite the day before. Use large gaudy flies with red and yellow in them.

NED NORTON, Colebrook, N. H.—The following is copied from the town clerk's report of proceedings at town meeting in Stewartstown, N. W. The famous Diamond Ponds are in said town: "Voted, to prohibit the taking of fish in the waters of the town for a term of three years." 1. Is this definite enough to be enforced according to law? 2. If malice in the projectors can be proved, and not an intent to stock the waters, would it be safe to test it? Ans. 1. If the proceedings are dated we think it sufficient. 2. Your question seems to point to some local feeling which we do not understand, and therefore cannot advise.

A. C. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. Has a shooter a right to level or sight his gun after he is at the score? 2. Must the butt of gun be held below the elbow or below the armpit? Ligowsky say armpit, but others say that is not right. 3. Shall a contestant have another shot if the trap throws the bird broken into the air and he shoots at it and misses? 4. Are the Ligowsky rules the most perfect for clay-pigeon matches? Ans. 1. Yes; before he calls pull. 2. Below the elbow is the general rule, but the Ligowsky rule prevents the raising of the elbow above the shoulder level. 3. A miss is scored. 4. They are carefully drawn and seem to cover all cases.

E. B. G., Cloverport, Ky.—Our fishing grounds have been invaded by a stave company, they have placed a boom and obstruction across the creek, causing drift to accumulate, and green oak staves are towed in and are caught in the boom and held there during low water, and the green juice of the staves has nearly killed all of the bass and batchler. The creek has been stocked by the Government also. This creek is a chartered creek, and navigable for six miles, clear of all obstruction, and conceded to be excellent fishing grounds. Now, has this company any right to injure this fishing ground or to put a boom across public property? Ans. Consult a lawyer.

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3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	.25
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5	**Disentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting.....	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache....	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25

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12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing...	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains....	.25
16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	**Catarrh,** acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
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27	**Kidney Disease**.....	.50
28	**Nervous Debility**.....	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00

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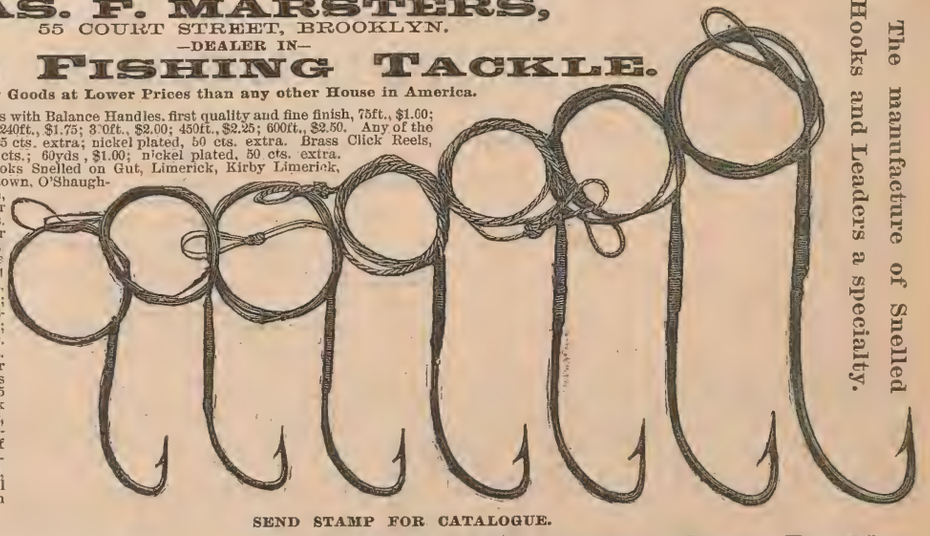
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Natural "Dead Game" under glass, and no more bulky than an ordinary picture.

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"FOREST AND STREAM" CORRESPONDENCE CHART.



The white dots indicate States and Territories from which correspondence is published in this week's issue.

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"Henshall" Split Bamboo Bass Rod.

This cut represents our "Henshall" Split Bamboo Bass Rod: length, 8 feet 6 3-10 inches; weight, 8 oz. This rod has extra tip, light wood hand-grasp whipped with cane. Metal reel seat, or reel bands, as preferred. Hexagonal cap ferrules, with welt, no dowels, anti-friction tie guides. Three-ring tops, nickel plated trimmings fastened on. These rods are all ready for use, with the exception of winding and varnishing, for $7.50. This rod is made according to the dimensions given by Dr. Henshall, and is indorsed by him as a "Standard Henshall Rod." Above rod with German silver trimmings, instead of nickel, $9.25. Send for catalogue of Trout and Bass Fly Rods, also Amateur and Rod Makers' Supplies, to

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☞ *Mention this paper.*

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Boats and Decoys furnished: also experienced men to take out parties when wanted.

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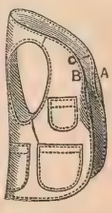
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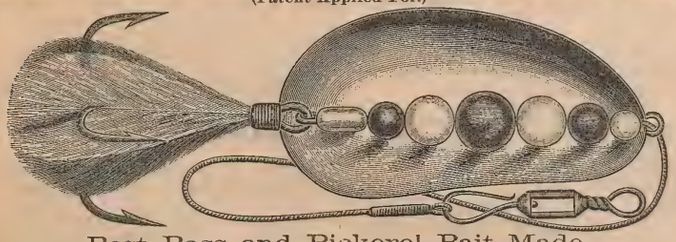


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The Hamilton Spoon.
(Patent Applied For.)



Best Bass and Pickerel Bait Made.

Made in two styles, five sizes in each style (cut is size of No. 1). **Style A.**—Dark feathers, black and yellow celluloid beads, gold spoons. No. 1, $1.00; No. 2, 85cts.; No. 3, 75cts.; No. 4, 75cts.; No. 5, 75cts. All five sizes, $4.00. **Style B.**—Light feathers, red and white celluloid beads, silver spoons. No. 1, 75cts.; No. 2, 60cts.; No. 3, 50cts.; No. 4, 50cts.; No. 5, 50cts. All five sizes, $2.75. Hooks are best bright steel; gimp tied directly to hook. Sent by mail on receipt of price, style and sizes wanted. Send for circular. Mention this paper. ☞ *See advertisement of Nye Creaser next week.*

THE NYE CREASER CO., Monmouth, Ill.

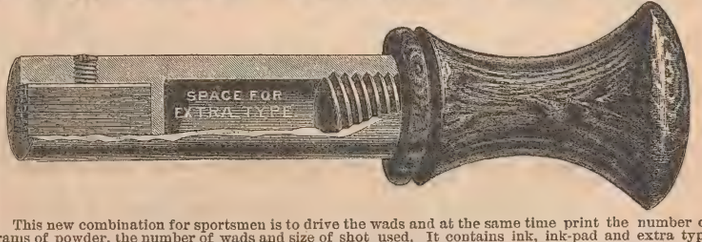
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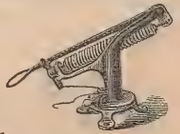
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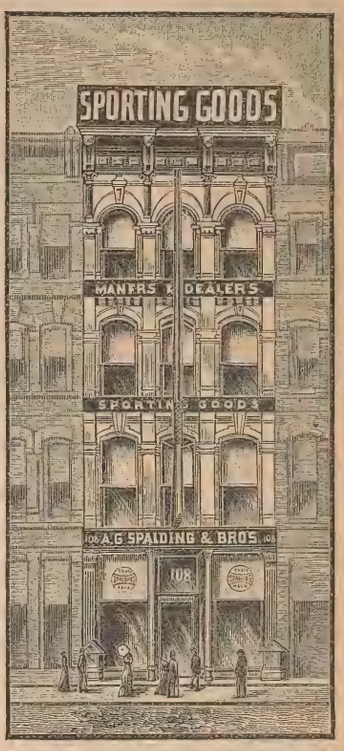
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FISHER'S ISLAND.



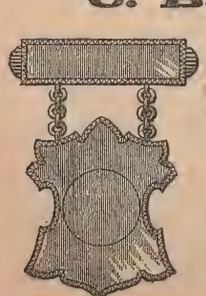
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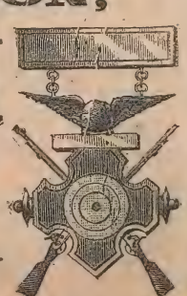


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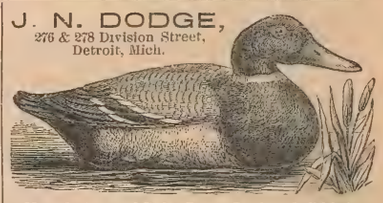
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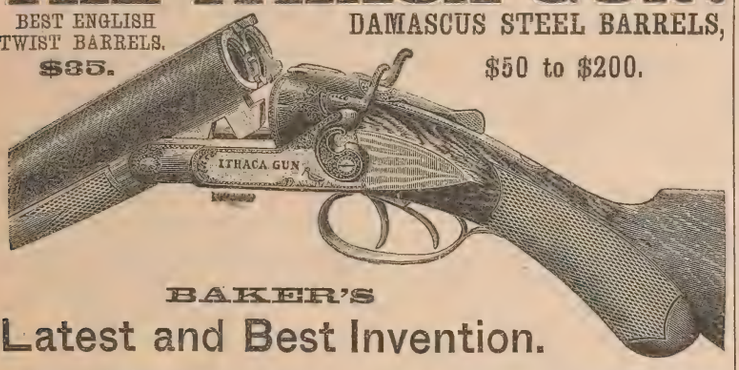
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THE ADIRONDACK FORESTRY BILL.

IN its slow progress through the Senate, Senator Low's Forestry Commission bill is encountering many obstacles. Some of these are based on an entire misconception of its scope and object, and of the methods of forest conservancy.

Last week, when the bill was made the special order of the day, Senator McCarthy, who is as staunch a conservator as any in the House, noted with alarm that the bill made provision for the felling and sale of timber, and in the strongest terms deprecated the vesting of any such powers in a commission, which, if appointed, should be appointed to preserve and not destroy. Senator McCarthy appears entirely to have overlooked the fact that in the forests, as among animal organisms, one generation succeeds another, and that an economic system of forest administration aims at utilizing only that timber which would otherwise pass to decay, by exploiting it by methods favorable to perfect restocking. It is no more possible to maintain permanently a forest of mature timber than permanently to maintain a State with adults only. Systematic conservancy aims at maintaining a due proportion between trees of all ages, from seedling to maturity, and the equilibrium once established can be maintained permanently, but not without systematic felling.

Senator Lansing objected to the bill because it proposed to engraft the European system of forest management on the State of New York, in which the conditions are widely different. The European system provides for the most economical administration of the forest in the present and for the permanent maintenance of their productive capacity, and what the special local conditions are which should debar the State of New York from the economic administration and permanent maintenance of its forests, Senator Lansing forebore to point out. The fact is, that in the Senate, as among the general public, there is a very wholesome sentiment in favor of maintaining the Adirondacks as a forest reserve, but there is a very wide difference of opinion as to the measures necessary or expedient for that object, and in any question of appropriation before the Legislature, there is such an utter want of faith in human nature that even Senators and Assemblymen are sometimes tempted to suspect each other's motives.

We do not think it would be expedient to commit the State to any heavy outlay at the outset, either for commissions or for executive work. Create a small working department and call upon its chief for an annual report of what is most necessary to be done, the means he proposes to adopt and his estimate of costs. Whether this report be submitted directly to the House through the Comptroller or a Board of Commissioners is of secondary importance. The forest chief, who should be an expert, must necessarily frame his plan of operations and the Legislature will ratify or respect them at discretion, with or without the intervention of an advisory commission.

If the commission, appointed last year with Professor Sargent at its head, could be induced to renew its responsibilities during the infancy of the department, it would inspire the Legislature with confidence, and render valuable support to the well considered proposals of the departmental chief; but the duties are onerous and not altogether unattended with expense.

Another and more startling objection to doing anything is the discovery or assertion that the State's ownership of its three-quarter million of acres is questionable; that the necessary provisions of law were not complied with for the acquisition of the lands, and that bought at sales for taxes the titles are unsound. This is startling but not alarming. If the State's title is not perfect no individuals have as good a title, and the State is in possession. Bad or questionable titles are characteristic of the Adirondacks. Half the land owners there have allowed their lands to be sold up for taxes and bought them in, with the simple object of perfecting a title. Apparently they have made nothing by the motion; but they are in little danger of being dispossessed, and the same conclusion holds good for the State with regard to its holdings. The objection is technical only.

The mere fact that land has no private owner vests it in the State.

In spite of all objections and obstacles there is reasonable ground to hope that the bill will pass in some shape. A preliminary bill may be in some respects faulty, and must needs be inadequate; but the important point is to gain the recognition by the State that the maintenance of its forests is a public duty. Once embarked on that duty, the executive work will naturally pass into the hands of experts, whose labors and representations will sooner or later result in placing forest management in this country on a par with forest management among the leading European nations for economy, efficiency and honesty.

LEASING TROUT STREAMS.—In our last issue we stated that an individual named R. E. Best had contributed an article to the Kingston *Freeman*, in which he called the persons who leased trout streams vile names, and that his article was the only indecent thing in this connection. These remarks appear to have offended this gentleman, to whose knightly courtesy we are indebted for another article on this subject in the same paper. We are deeply impressed with his terse way of stating his views, as well as by the kindly spirit in which he treats those who differ with him. In speaking of the gentlemen composing Neversink, Balsam Lake, and Willememoc clubs and of FOREST AND STREAM, he says: "These wretches, calling themselves 'New York Sporting Clubs,' have done more to deplete the trout streams of this country than all others combined. And the wretch who edits their organ is a convicted liar, as the columns of the *Freeman* will show." Quite so. We hope he will pardon us for making a correction in his statement that the Neversink Club has obtained trout fry from the State. They stocked their waters with larger fish purchased from Mr. James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia. Such trifling errors will creep in even with a gentleman so generally correct and truthful as Mr. Best. We congratulate the *Freeman* on having so accomplished a correspondent; one who is evidently a gentleman of the old school. He unites to a scrupulous delicacy and care for the feeling of those who may chance to differ with him a vigorous logic which is truly crushing in debate. A study of his style may be commended to those of our readers who may desire to attain the ease and grace of delivery which marks the well-bred gentleman.

NETTING DUCKS ON LONG ISLAND.

THE bill introduced at Albany by Senator Otis to prevent the netting of ducks on Long Island has been amended. The change is made in deference to the remonstrance of the Long Island fishermen, who have shown that, during the summer months, nets without floats must be used to catch the kingfish. It is also shown that during the winter no nets set on the bottom in deep water are used for any legal purpose. Their prohibition will therefore work no injury to any class except that composed of the habitual violators of the law, who fill their pockets by the sale of the strangled ducks.

This bill is one which directly interests the large and increasing class of men on Long Island who make their living in winter by gunning, or by caring for and taking out strangers who come there from abroad. If the shooting is made so poor that men cannot hope to have an occasional day's sport when they visit the shores of the Great South Bay, they will soon cease to go there, and the occupation of the men who, in winter, largely depend on this kind of work, will be gone. Only a few selfish lawbreakers, who care nothing for the general good and nothing for the welfare of their neighbors, will oppose this bill. It is supported by public sentiment everywhere, and ought to pass. There is reason to hope that it may receive prompt and favorable consideration.

A correspondent, whose letter is printed elsewhere, gives a very clear summary of what is needed in this case, and it is hoped that every influence possible will be brought to bear on the Legislature in order that a bill which promises so much may become a law.

THE FIREARMS TRADE.—The war notes from the other side have turned attention to our American armories as possible places of supply for the contending armies. The managers of these rifle works and cartridge factories have been thoroughly questioned by the reporters, but have shown themselves adepts in fencing off the inquiries thrust at them. It is pretty certain, however, that there have been a number of large contracts recently placed or received in the American armories, and that they are for a class of arms intended for bringing down human game. The factories for fixed ammunition are also putting out large quantities of their goods. The natural tendency is when articles of this sort are needed to visit the American market, and the purchaser generally gets satisfied with the offers placed before him. The private armories have been sustained in this way, and the country enjoys the feeling of security which these institutions bring, despite the fact that the Government puts its private establishment in direct rivalry.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.—General Curtis's bill still hangs in the Senate Game Law Committee, where its opponents hope to keep it until the end of the session. Various attempts have been and will be made to kill the bill by adding amendments to it. Some of these except particular localities, while others would permit the chasing of deer with dogs for short periods of time. All these amendments are offered with the single object of preventing the passage of the bill and leaving the law at the end of the session what it is now. The dogs must go. This session, we hope, but at all events before long. The efforts of a few hotel keepers and of pseudo-sportsmen who are unable to kill a deer except when it is held for them, cannot successfully oppose the sentiment of the best class of American sportsmen. The condemnation of deer hounding as practiced in the Adirondacks is almost universal, and comes from the east and the west, the north and the south. Unless hounding is forbidden, the deer will before long have been exterminated in New York State.

FOR ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.—At its meeting, in September, 1884, the American Ornithologists' Union instructed its Council to present to Congress a memorial requesting aid in carrying out the plans of the committee on bird migration. This was done, and as a result of the appeal an appropriation of $5,000 was secured through the Department of Agriculture. This sum will, it is hoped, enable the committee to carry out the work of the present year, and may perhaps assist in getting the results of last season's work into shape for presentation to the public.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.—The pressure upon our space of advertisements and news matter obliges us to print a thirty-two page paper.

WRITE ON ONE SIDE of the paper only. Never roll your manuscript, always fold it.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

XIII.—TRACKS ON THE SNOW.

THE voices of the men shouting at the stock awoke us next morning, and gave us the first intimation that the day was pleasant and we could continue our journey. Sure enough, the sky was without a cloud, and before breakfast was ready the sun had shown his face over the lofty rock wall which shut us in on the east. The air was warm and everything was as wet as could be. Before the packs could be put on the animals it was necessary that the blankets should be dried, and for a while every one was busy at this work. All the various articles of camp equipage were collected together, the snow beaten from them, and they were spread out on low trees, bushes and prostrate logs, so as to be as much as possible exposed to the sun's rays. Then a place was selected between two fallen trees bristling with branches, the snow shoveled away, and a great fire built. Lines were stretched from branch to branch, and over these, the logs, and stakes driven into the ground, were hung heavy blankets, coats, saddles, bridles and ropes—everything, in fact, which had suffered from the storms of the past few days. Great volumes of steam rising from these articles soon showed that the drying process was at work. In the meantime the packs had, so far as was possible, been made ready, and the animals caught and tied up.

The difference in apparent bulk between the camp baggage packed, and unpacked and scattered about, is very remarkable, and one who is unfamiliar with the packer's methods would scarcely believe that all the material of a camp could be brought into such compact shape as is done before it is placed on the animals.

It was nearly noon before we started. Following the valley a few hundred yards we turned off a little east of north through a low pass, and took the hillside over an open country where there was a good deal of climbing of low hills, but no very steep ascents. The sun shone brightly, and the glare on the unbroken surface of the snow was extremely painful to the eyes, and those who had colored glasses found relief by putting them on, while those who were without them tied handkerchiefs tightly about their heads just below the eyes, and pulling their hats low over their foreheads, thus limited the amount of light entering the eyes.

The scene was beautiful in its purity, and often, in crossing through the saddles between the bare hills, we could see—

> "No cloud above, no earth below,
> Only a universe of snow."

Again we would reach a point where there was an extended view, and snow-clad mountains, evergreen forests—each tree draped in white—and, not far before us, the fine high peaks of the Main Divide, with precipices of bare, black rock, combined to make up a scene of sharp contrasts and striking effects which will not soon be forgotten. Below us in the narrow valley of Pacific Creek the black course of the winding stream was sharply marked as far as the valley could be seen.

As we proceeded through this universal whiteness the history of the past twelve hours was seen plainly written on the snow before us. Here on this shining tablet were inscribed a series of characters which recorded the doings of the inhabitants of the forest; characters whose lines and letters running hither and thither over the snow told to one who had learned how to translate them a story as unmistakably certain as did ever the pages of a printed book to the reader. It was a record, though transient and subject to the elements; likely to fade slowly and, become indistinct and illegible beneath the warm rays of the sun, or to be wiped away by a blast of wind, as the schoolboy clears the figures from his slate with a sponge, or to be still more utterly blotted out by the silent fall of a few more flakes of snow, which would prepare a new surface, fair and unbroken at first, to be again marked with other stories of the deeds of the free, wild creatures who make their homes among these shining peaks. Thus this deep snow is a palimpsest, from which the writing has been many times erased, but one that can never be restored.

Down at the foot of the cañon wall in the valley were a series of tiny parallel dots in the snow which showed where a little striped squirrel had run out from the broken rock fragments where he had his home down nearly to the water's edge, and then, frightened by some sight or sound—perhaps our approach—had turned and hurried with long bounds back to his rocky fortress.

Higher on the hill, about every weed stalk that showed itself above the surface of the snow, were pairs of long parallel depressions, and scattered about them were fragments of the seed cases of the plants and strips of the bark of the stem. Here the snowbirds had been at work, and so hard pressed for food that they had visited almost every projecting plant. Similar but larger tracks accompanied by a long and wide shallow depression, occurred here and there, made by the gray jays so abundant in these forests.

The night had looked on more than one tragedy. Death had been abroad, stalking grimly over the barren hills and pushing his way among the thickly clustered pines. There had been battles, and ambuscades, and stern unrelenting pursuits, fierce struggles, resistances, feeble and unavailing, despair, and the final yielding when hope was lost. Many a life had gone out that night on the bleak hillside, many a death shriek had been smothered by the thick whirling snow drift, or drowned by the wailing of the wind which moaned through the narrow cañons or made dismal sobbing among the tossing pines. Here close to the margin of a little brook was a pile of bright azure feathers, telling its own sad story of death, and near it long light strokes on the fresh snow spoke plainly of the fierce bird that in the gray light of earliest dawn had seized in his savage crooked talons the little bluebird who was just beginning his journey toward the summer land.

Winding about upon the hillside, often quartering the ground like a well trained hunting dog, and occasionally proceeding directly to some bush or cluster of weeds, were a series of footprints larger than any we had yet seen. A fox had been hunting during the early morning and had visited each spot that might give shelter to his prey. There beneath a spreading pine he had come upon the footprints of a dusky grouse, and had followed them for a little distance, when suddenly they were no longer to be seen, the two last deeply impressed tracks showing where the bird had vigorously sprung from the ground, and on whirring wing had darted away among the snow-laden treetops. A few feet from these one could see where reynard had paused in his stealthy advance when the bird took flight, and it was easy to imagine how regretfully he had gazed after her, and to picture to oneself the look of disappointment on his cunning visage as he saw his hoped for breakfast disappear. A little further on he had been more fortunate. A hole dug in the snow, and a tuft or two of bluish fur, showed that some unlucky mouse had fallen a victim to the keen-nosed hunter.

The tracks of mice and of tiny shrews were evident about each stalk of weed or bush that showed itself above the snow, and the delicate trails ran hither and thither over its surface, all of them converging to the little hole close to the stem, up and down which the small creatures passed.

The snow here was a foot deep, and the passage of a heavy animal over it made a wide trail. Such a trail, looking somewhat as if one had dragged along a pillow, emerged from a grove of pines and zigzagged along a hillside that we crossed. At the foot of a pile of rocks which obscured the base of a little lava bluff, the beast had paused and had dug a great hole, tossing snow and pieces of rock about in a reckless fashion that indicated great strength. Then it had left this work and gone on over the hill and down into the valley of the stream. It was a wolverine that had been prowling about here, and he had been trying to dig out a woodchuck or a squirrel, but without success, for the home of the rodent was well defended by the frost-bound fragments of rock.

As we rode through the pines, we could see where the red squirrels had run over the snow from tree to tree, and in a little glade a porcupine had passed along, sweeping with his broad body and long dragging quills a wide pathway in the snow.

Often at the border of some grove of pines could be seen the impress of the great coarse pads of the snowshoe rabbit, scarcely sinking into the light snow. These, for the most part, kept close under the evergreens, where the snow was least deep; but when startled by wolf or fox, then indeed they could skurry away over the drifts, while the heavier pursuer must laboriously toil through them—far behind.

The tracks which were most noticeable were those of the elk. The heavy snowfalls, warning them of the near approach of winter, had started them down from the peaks, and everywhere were trails leading from the hillsides into the valley and going westward. As we came along, noisily announcing our approach with clang of bell, and rattling of dead branches against the packs, and cries to the mules, the animals retreated to the timber to let us pass, and so we saw none of them, but they were evidently migrating in considerable numbers, and many of the tracks were extremely recent. By hunting a little we might have secured a load or two of meat, but we did not require it.

We had not gone far from the camp when we saw, off to the northeast, a low pass in the hills, which we took to be the one we were in search of. The stream forked again here, the two branches being nearly equal in size, and thus giving us no hint as to which was the main creek. We were now able to descend into the creek bottom, which soon became wide and level, and except that it was occasionally somewhat miry made good traveling. Usually we kept close into the hills and had no trouble at all. Occasionally the hills would close together, so as almost to form a cañon, and again would widen out again into the broad level plain, crossed in all directions by elk tracks. These, at a distance, were pretty to see, looking, as they often did, like two delicate chains laid side by side and running for a long distance almost in a straight line. The elk had been hungry, and the first ones that had passed along had bitten off the heads of all the grasses and weeds that they could find above the snow. Thus the first tracks went in every direction, but always they turned finally and kept on down the valley. I remember one set of tracks where the valley was perhaps two miles wide, which we could see as they came out of the timber on the opposite side and proceeded straight across the valley. About half way across and two hundred yards to one side of these tracks was a great dead pine stub standing alone, the only tree in all the meadow. When the elk came opposite this he had turned at right angles to his course, gone to it, rubbed himself against it, and then returned to his track and kept on straight across the valley. We crossed his path as he went into the timber on our side. More than once as we reached these widenings of the valley we thought ourselves near the pass, but always it narrowed again and the water kept flowing west.

At length, late in the afternoon, we came upon a heavy and old pack trail, which was no doubt that made by Captain Jones, of the U. S. Engineers, in 1873.

All the signs showed that it was a white man's trail and made by a Government expedition. We could see the broad blazes on the trees, most of them now partialy covered by the growth of many years, and the spots on the trunks where the hard corners of the packs had knocked away the bark, and allowed the resinous sap to trickle down and harden. Following this trail for a short distance, we came to a large camp at the edge of a broad meadow, in which rose many springs, forming several large pools of quiet water. We were now, according to Jones's map, only a short distance from Two-Ocean Pass, and at every opportunity we scanned the creek carefully to see which way the water ran. For half a mile more it continued to run west, and then suddenly, after passing through a bit of timber, we came out upon an open valley from the other end of which a brawling stream hurried away to the eastward. The snow lay here a foot or eighteen inches deep, and covered the narrow streams and channels, so that it was impossible for us to determine just what course the drainage took, as might have been done had the ground been bare. It was apparent, however, that the divide which separated the waters flowing in opposite directions was very low, certainly not more than a few inches high, and that in times of high water this low barrier might be overflowed and so cease to exist.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

BLESS his dear, honest face, how can one but love that frank expression, that awkward but cordial greeting; he is glad to see us, his eyes are eloquent in saying so, if his tongue is not. I have a large number that I value as friends, and often wonder why sportsmen do not more generally cultivate their acquaintance. There has been a great deal said about the farmer and the sportsman, but give me the farmer's boy. How I enjoy a visit with him as, tramping through stubble or cover with dog and gun, I find him looking after the cows or going to some spring for a drink, or maybe chasing a squirrel or gathering nuts, we sit down, and while man and dog are resting, we enter into a conversation that generally ripens into a lasting friendship. He is shy at first, and if saluted with the question, "Bub, is there any game around here?" his answer would probably be, "I dunno," while he does know if there was a brood of grouse or quail raised anywhere about there, and where they are, and how many there are of them; he knows of every squirrel and what trees their nests are in, and of every woodchuck's hole, and he will tell you about them if you treat him like a little gentleman; and he will go a mile to show you just where the grouse are at this particular time of day, for he has watched them day after day while herding the cows or picking berries. He goes into the woods, the thickets, the gullies, and through the fields and stump lots, and he knows what is going on where the farmer himself never goes.

I was just thinking—this cold blustery day—of a little friend who has given me some very good shooting the past three years, and has also added greatly to the pleasure of it. There are a number of others who always make it a point to come and see me when in the city and tell me of any game they may have discovered, but this one is a little naturalist and is very observing, which tends to make him the more interesting. I met him on his father's farm three years ago the past fall, after taking a long and tiresome tramp without starting a feather. We sat down at the top of a gully, and while I was resting, told him how the dog loved to hunt, and how disappointed he was when we failed to find the birds. This opened the way to the little fellow's heart, for he and the dog had been exchanging caresses and were already friends, and he told me where there were two bevies of quail further up and across the gully in a small piece of standing corn; how he had watched them as they ran out to feed from the scrubs that grew along the edge ever since they were a few weeks old, and if I would go with him he would show me where to find them. I at first demurred, as I felt that they must seem like pets to him, but gave in immediately when he brought up that time-worn but clinching argument, "If you don't shoot them some one else will." He was also anxious to see the dog work. Going across the gully, we had hardly regained our breaths, when looking ahead toward the corn, there stood Pard just at the edge, pointing as rigid as a statue; going on I flushed the bevy and scored a double, much to my friend's delight. Following them up we scored two more, when, as it was growing late, we turned homeward; his house being on the way I stopped for a drink, and learning that his mother was sick, gave him the quail with instructions how to cook them for her. Ever since, when shooting in this section, he has invariably joined me, and I enjoy his company no less than the apples and pail of cider which he brings for my refreshment.

The past season he kept the usual sharp lookout for something for me to shoot. About the first of October—my two pups sadly needing instructions—I took a tramp over to see my little friend. Yes, he knew where there was a dozen or more grouse that had not been disturbed; he had been waiting for me to come out to go with me, but could not go just then; but if he could get away would come over in the woods in an hour or so. Giving me the necessary directions we parted. This was to be a red-letter day, not in the amount of game brought to bag, but in the pleasure and instruction derived. I went to the place described, the old dog ranged and quartered well, the pups worked as independently as though they were old hands at it, we covered the ground over thoroughly, but not a ruffed grouse could we find. Where could they be? There was no other place near by; where should I go? I was disappointed and did just what many another sportsman has done under like circumstances, lit my pipe and seated myself on a log to reflect on the uncertainties of finding game just where you have reasons to expect it most. I had every confidence in my informant; the birds had been there, but they were not there then. I sat

dreamily enjoying my smoke, when a shout from down the wood road roused me from my reverie. I answered back, and in a moment the boy was with me. Was he disappointed? If so his countenance did not betray it. He changed the subject by saying that he thought he knew where there were some snipe, not more than half a mile from there. I knew of no snipe ground in that vicinity, but for the sake of going somewhere, followed him. He took me to a field of winter wheat, well up, and there the old dog pointed and I killed five snipe, and the pups retrieved them; and strange to me, I had to fairly kick them out of the wheat before they would rise. Here was pleasure and instruction combined. I had shot a great many snipe before, but never looked for them in winter wheat; and seldom will they lie to a dog as they did that day.

It had been a cloudy day, but near the middle of the afternoon the clouds broke away and the sun shone out bright and warm, which was all that was needed to make it a lazy day. I had tramped enough, so we took the back track. I noticed my little friend, although very reticent in regard to the partridges, kept working over toward the opening where I had hunted in vain for them in the forenoon, although it was somewhat out of our way. While I was willing to give them another trial, I had no hopes of finding them, for with the old dog and pups they could not have escaped me in the morning. We had hardly entered the opening, however, when Pard was on a point. There, not over ten feet from the dog and about thirty feet from us, sat the bird on a little rise of ground, its neck stretched, intently watching the dog, and evidently unconscious of our presence, while we stood silently taking in the picture. The pups having passed to one side of the bird and gone on, now came racing back helter skelter, flushed the grouse, and forgetting that I had a gun, I allowed it to go without so much as a parting salute. Maybe it was better that the first bird flushed by the pups was not brought to bag; first impressions are generally lasting—it seems especially so with pups—and I believe Hammond claims that a bird flushed by a pup should not be shot at. If I was right this time it was more good luck than good conduct. Pushing on in the direction the bird had taken, we had hardly gone five rods when the lemon and white pup (my favorite, by the way) dropped to a beautiful point, except that the end of his tail was vibrating. He was not quite certain (it was his first point), but the bird was there. Going in I flushed, and gripping my gun the tighter and pulling hard as if to make a surer shot, I brought him down, a beautiful young cock grouse. How proudly the pup retrieved it. This did my heart good; it was worth a long tramp, just this one shot. It was the making of that pup. No old dog could do better from that time than he has done.

Covering the same ground over that I had worked in the morning we found seven or eight birds, bringing two more to bag, making three grouse and five snipe for the day; a goodly number of feathers, but a small item as compared to the pleasure and profit derived. As we turned toward home late that afternoon, I ventured the question, "Where could those birds have been this morning?" and was considerably surprised at the quick and, to me, satisfactory reply from my companion, "Well, you see, it looked like rain this morning, and young partridges don't like to get wet, so they fly up in the trees and sit on the big limbs when it's rainy weather. I knew we'd find 'em when the sun came out." Here was a conclusion he had formed upon actual observation of only one summer, while I had never even thought of it during several years of shooting them and of studying their habits.

This was only the beginning of the season for me. Many another pleasant day did I spend with these birds and another brood which we found not half a mile away. Who could have afforded me more pleasure, more instruction, and have been a better companion than my little friend the farmer's boy. RANCKTONE.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 15.

ROUGHING IT IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

IV.

THE following day we concluded to move camp nearer the deer country. It was a long tramp in the morning, and after hunting all day a long return, so we packed two horses with absolute necessities and a few cooking utensils, leaving all superfluous stuff at our old cabin. It was late before we started, having to climb over high mountains, following an old Indian trail which was partly so steep that we had to tack with our horses like a sailing vessel against contrary wind before we reached the top. We stopped in a gulch near a running creek, where Charles and Frank established camp while Tom and I took a hunt to see about our wounded buck, and also to skin the wolverine, which we did, but did not succeed in finding the buck, nor did we start any game whatever. On our way home stormy clouds were gathering around us, and such a sudden darkness overtook us, that we were not able to find the place where we left our fawn. We hunted high and low; it was horrible climbing through rocks, ravine and brush, many a fall and nasty scratches, but all in vain. The darkness became so intense that we could not distinguish one place from another. We managed to gain camp in rather ill humor and an exhausted condition. Frank and Charles were waiting supper for us. They had no venison in camp, thinking we would bring in some on our return. Having canned goods, plenty of bread and fried bacon, and a strong cup of coffee, we satisfied the grumbling inner man, and soon forgot the hardships and rough time we had had in gaining camp. The next afternoon I took a hunt in the neighboring gulches and started a doe and two fawns, but got nothing. The others also had a blank that day, but they brought along the fawn which we could not find the evening before. Rising early next morning, we went far up the gulch, separating at different points. I hunted very carefully all the forenoon, but to no account. Coming to a meadow-like opening skirted by high timber, I sat on a ledge for lunch, and while eating I heard a rustling, and not fifty yards from me saw a fine buck just disappearing behind some brush.

I dropped my lunch and quickly grasped my rifle, knowing that he would appear at the next opening. The moments he kept me in suspense seemed like hours. Having my hair-trigger set, I nervously awaited his reappearance; but in my excitement, now seeing the deer emerge out of the thicket, this very hair-trigger played me again the same trick it had with the antelope. My finger must have touched the extremely light trigger and off went my rifle before I intended, frightening the buck, who disappeared in the thick timber. Only a person who has experienced the same situation can imagine my feelings; I felt like telling somebody to club me. Tom, who soon joined me, wondered why I was so blue and pensive. In the afternoon we found fresh bear tracks and followed them through a perfect wilderness, but did not succeed in getting a glimpse of Mr. Bruin. Feeling somewhat disappointed, we reached camp just as Charles was returning. He had been more successful, as he got three goats out of a band of five.

The next day we regained some of our lost spirits, as we managed to bag three deer—a buck, a doe and a fawn—also several grouse near our camp, which we reached that day quite early. Wednesday we packed the deer out of the timber to the summit near the trail, as we concluded to move back next day to our old camp. Frank killed some grouse with his shotgun, the only shooting that day. Early next morning we pulled up sticks to go back to our old camp, as we expected the return of friend Bill from the mine. Charles and Tom, with the pack animals, took the trail across the mountains, while Frank and I went around the gulch, hunting back through our goat region. We did happen to see one. I tried very hard to get within shooting distance, but without success. Not seeing any more game that day, we got to our old camp by sundown. Friday morning we forded the Boise, hunting in the mountains on the other side of the river. Frank and I carried our breechloaders in search of grouse, while Charles and Tom went in quest of larger and nobler game. We had some excellent sport with grouse, making a good bag, also a few white rabbits (moccasins).

The boys did not see any large game whatsoever, and arrived in camp rather late and tired. Having hunted steady every day in the week (which is no easy work in those mountains) we all felt tired and exhausted.

Saturday, Nov. 8, in the evening, the long expected wagon arrived from the mine and the next day we pulled up camp, loaded our deer and skins in the wagon, and set out for home. The game killed on this trip consisted of 11 goats, 6 deer, 1 wolverine, a number of rabbits, and a gunnysack full of grouse. It was with many regrets, for we were leaving our happy hunting grounds behind us. I cannot call to mind a more enjoyable and successful trip, and will never forget my first hunt for the Rocky Mountain goat. We arrived at our headquarters late, but in excellent spirits, and after partaking of a delicious meal soon retired to our cozy and comfortable quarters. The next morning I was busily engaged with my different skins for preservation. In the afternoon Charles and I rode down to Junction Bar, enjoying a refreshing bath in a comfortable bath house built over a hot sulphur spring. We remained a little while in the tavern of our old friend Billy, who had heard that deer were passing through the neighboring mountains, and as he was out of meat, we promised to come down from the mine the next day and enjoy another little hunt. Putting a few camp and cooking utensils in the wagon, we were soon on our way to Goose Creek.

Leaving our wagon in a beautiful park-like plateau, we packed the rest of the way on our ponies, following an unfrequented and overgrown trail through a thickly-timbered forest, and arrived quite late at our camping spot on a creek in a gulch near the head of the mountain. Next day we started out early. Billy was the only lucky one, killing a fat buck fawn. The deer must have left the mountains for "High Prairie" on the way to their winter range, when they return in spring as soon as the snow begins to leave the mountains. We saw plenty of fresh signs, and at some places the ground was literally torn up with their tracks. We held a council the next day, and prepared for our departure out of the mountains, as we were running the risk of a snowstorm, which is equal to imprisonment till spring in these mountains. We packed our camp truck and deer on the ponies, having another hard tussle through brush and windfalls until we gained the grove where we had left our wagon; but before unpacking and harnessing the horses, Frank took a very successful picture of our trailing outfit. Having a fair road from here we soon reached the mining camp.

Next day, Friday, Nov. 14, I improved my time mostly with the peaceful and domestic avocation of washing and mending my rather hard-telling clothes. I would have given a good deal if my wife could have seen me at the washtub, or admiring my dexterous perfection in mending, darning and sewing. I wound up my day's work with writing a few letters and reading some Eastern news which had just arrived, feeling especially interested in the presidential election.

Waking up late Sunday morning we found everything covered with snow. The exceptionally fine weather seems to be at an end, and we began to think in earnest of our home journey. We stirred early the following morning, and after breakfast were ready to depart.

Tuesday, Nov. 18, after a good night's rest, we hunted in different directions the foothills and gulches sloping toward High Prairie, and managed to secure three fine blacktails, bringing to camp only a small fawn for immediate use, leaving the other two, as we intended to move camp next day a little further into the hills, near Lime Creek, they being more accessible from that camp. Moving our camp next day we hunted only a little, and H. killed a two-year old buck.

Thursday, Nov. 20, we all started in good time, and counted eight fine deer for our day's sport. Friend Frank, who had been exceptionally unfortunate, not having had a glimpse of a deer on this hunt, succeeded in killing a large doe and a fine fawn that day. It took us all next day to pack the game to camp Having hunted the surrounding grounds pretty thoroughly, we decided for the morrow on a hunt to the yet unexplored foothills and gulches of Wood Creek.

We started in the morning before daybreak on our long tramp, but not seeing many deer, the two brothers Charles and Billy were the only successful ones, killing three deer. All hands feeling pretty well tired out, soon after supper we turned into our wigwam. Sunday, Nov. 23, Charles and Billy rode over, bringing in the last victims of our hunt, the total number of fifteen blacktails, considering it sufficient for their winter's supply, and not being game butchers, we also felt contented with the results of our few days' hunt. After the others had gone back we tinkered around camp until supper, after which we rolled up in our blankets. Several days later, while we were at breakfast, a trapper who had camped near by came over to pay us a visit and gain some information. Hearing that we wanted to dispose of our outfit, he made us an offer for our horses, which we declined, as we intended to sell horses, team, in fact the whole camping business in one bargain. He having no use for a wagon, following mostly trails passable only for horses, left us.

Arrived at Mountain Home Station, we sold our horses and wagons, and exchanged our hunting garments for those of civilization. Frank was to visit San Francisco, while I was bound direct for my Eastern home.

The next morning, Nov. 30, we had to rise very early, as the train which was to carry me east left Mountain Home at 4:30 A. M. Taking a hasty breakfast, Frank, who insisted to see me off, accompanied me to the depot, where the train had just arrived, he intending to take one in the afternoon for the West. One more handshake and a last "au revoir" and the train had left the station.

Let me whisper a word of advice to the stay-at-homes of the East, who imagine the mole hills near their doors are mountains, their little cascades great waterfalls, and the neighboring gullies and ridges, grand scenery, or if you have traveled in Europe and never seen your own country, take my word for it, the scenery in America eclipses it tenfold in grandeur and magnificence, and I will finish with Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West." F. B—T.

THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

TO the lover of the rod and gun, no more inviting field can be presented than Washington Territory, and especially that portion west of the Cascade Mountains, which is known as the Puget Sound Country. I wish in this article to give to your Eastern readers, as briefly as possible, an idea of the resources in game and fish of this portion of the Territory. In order that a thorough understanding of the subject may be had, a brief description of the geographical features, climate, etc., will be proper.

The Territory is divided by the Cascade Range or mountains, which traverse the Territory from north to south, into two portions, widely dissimilar in climate and soil, and as a natural sequence, animal and vegetable productions. I shall leave the eastern portion to some future article, and speak here only of the country surrounding Puget Sound. The present winter has made itself felt in so marked a degree in the Eastern States that the first thing suggesting itself to the average person in the consideration of an unknown country, would be the climate. This with us is mild and salubrious. Extremes of heat and cold are rare. The two winters ending with the present one have been the most severe experienced here in a period of more than twenty years, and in neither winter did the mercury fall below zero. As a rule we have a week or ten days of frosty weather, during which the temperature may fall as low as twenty degrees above zero, but these "cold spells" are rare. Often during the winter we have from two to six weeks of uninterrupted sunshine, the mercury during that time never falling below the freezing point. But little snow falls, and what little we have rarely remains for more than twenty-four hours.

The rainfall averages about forty-five inches at most points on the Sound, though there are spots where it is much greater, notably at Neah Bay, near the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where they have had as high as one hundred and thirty inches in one year. Our climate is tempered like that of England, by a warm ocean current coming from the south, ours being the Japan current. It strikes full against the shores of the Territory, and the winds which come commonly from the southwest in the winter season, come laden with warmth and moisture. Striking the colder stratum of air which hangs over the land, this moisture condenses and falls in gentle rains over the country. As I heard a gentleman remark a short time ago, this is a fine climate. There is nothing changeable about it. It rains all the time. Our climate, however, has been much slandered. The usual idea abroad is that we are perpetually water-soaked here and that the old Puget Sounder, like the old resident of Oregon, has webbed feet. The fact is, however, that we have little, if any, more rain than the average of the Eastern States. The water of the Sound is of about the same temperature all the year, about fifty-two degrees.

Our summers are equalled not even by those of California for beauty. Commencing about the first of May, they extend far into the months which are winter on the Atlantic coast. Extreme heat is as rare as extreme cold. The temperature is commonly during the day about seventy, while as soon as the sun goes down a refreshing coolness pervades the atmosphere. Sultry, oppressive nights are unknown. There are few nights during the year when one is not comfortable under a good heavy pair of blankets. Occasional showers fall in the summer months. Thunder storms in the eastern acceptance of the term are unknown, though when a shower chances to be passing over on a warm day, occasional low rumblings of thunder are sometimes heard. Under these climatic conditions it will be seen that an out-of-door life is enjoyable during most of the year.

Puget Sound, one of the great island seas of America, enters the land at about 48° 20′ north latitude, with a breadth of some twenty miles, and sweeping easterly for about seventy-five miles, expands into a body of water having a diameter of about thirty miles. It is known from its entrance to this point as the Straits of Juan de Fuca. From the Straits a passage runs northerly and expands into the Gulf of Georgia. On the south, Admiralty Inlet commences and runs south for about sixty miles, with a width of from five to fifteen miles, and then expands into Puget Sound proper, although all of the waters south of the Straights are in local parlance termed Puget Sound. Inlets and bays innumerable indent the coast line, and at short intervals beautiful clear streams flow from the mountains on either side through their rich valleys into the Sound.

Admiralty Inlet and Puget Sound taken together have a shore line of about 500 miles. The waters are deep, the shores bold. There are numerous fine harbors affording good anchorage. From the shores of the Sound the country rises gently to the foothills of the cascades on the east. From there to the summit, fifty or sixty miles from the Sound, the rise is more abrupt. On the west the Olympic range of mountains commences at the water's edge and fills the whole of the country between the Sound and the Pacific. These mountains cover a wild region which has been but little explored. The soil in all of the river bottoms is rich, and most of the valleys are well settled. On the uplands the soil is not so good and is more difficult to clear, owing to the character of the timber, which on the high lands is almost entirely fir. The entire country is covered with a thick growth of timber, with the exception of a few small prairies, which are mere dots on the vast expanse of timber. Fir is the predominating growth, and it covers the land in vast illimitable forests and grows to a great size. There is also a great deal of cedar, as well as pine, tamarack, hemlock, spruce, ash, alder and maple. The bottom lands are covered with a dense growth of ash, maple, cottonwood and alder, but the clearing of them is not difficult.

The towns of this region are not numerous. Seattle, the chief town of the Territory, has a population of twelve thousand, nine thousand of which has been added since 1878. It has many fine buildings, among them many fine

business blocks, two public school buildings costing $60,000, an opera house with a seating capacity of twelve hundred lately erected at a cost of $100,000, and many fine residences. It has gas works, a telephone exchange, a system of water works lately finished at a cost of $150,000, one and one-half miles of street railway in operation; in short is a bustling, energetic western town. Of the other towns the chief are Tacoma, with a population of seven thousand, Olympia, the capital of the Territory, population about three thousand, and Port Townsend, the port of entry of the Sound, population two thousand, and several smaller places, with populations of five hundred and downward.

From Seattle many lines of steamboats extend to all points on the Sound, and any point near the water can be easily reached by their aid. Methods of traveling back from the water are primitive, and a trip into the interior is generally accomplished by going on horseback, or where this is impracticable, on foot.

Game of many kinds is abundant throughout this region. Through the tall firs the deer and elk wander, in many places undisturbed by the hunter. On the marshes and lakes wildfowl of all kinds abound, and in the thick covers afforded by the heavy underbrush, the grouse, pheasant and rail breed undisturbed. The elk is here in great numbers, being most numerous in the wild regions of the Olympic Mountains. They are not found of late years near the settlements, as they are the first animal to take alarm at the rifle of the hunter or the axe of the woodsman. They here follow their custom elsewhere, and herd together in bands, and the hunter who is fortunate enough to find a band and kill one can, if armed with a repeating rifle, kill nearly the whole band, as they become confused in the presence of danger, and huddle together in a stupid manner, not knowing enough, seemingly, to take advantage of the great speed with which nature has endowed them. Instances are numerous of a whole band having been killed by two hunters within a day's travel of the settlements. Happily, however, such instances are more rare latterly, owing to a more sportsmanlike feeling which is taking possession of our hunters of late years. The idea is gradually dawning on our sportsmen that it is not all of hunting and fishing to kill and destroy.

Deer are far more numerous than elk, and range over the entire region west of the Cascades. They do not seem to recede before advancing civilization as do the elk, and they are often killed within the corporate limits of Seattle. The writer with a friend a few years ago was engaged in trout-fishing in a small stream about two miles from the business center of Seattle, his companion being armed with a rifle to knock over any stray grouse that might appear. Crossing over the stream on some logs, the rifleman ahead, I saw him draw his rifle suddenly to his shoulder and fire and rush forward into the bushes. Supposing he had killed a grouse I leisurely followed him, and on reaching him found him engaged in cutting the throat of a fine spike buck. We fastened his legs together in the approved style and carried him home, together with four grouse and about one hundred trout. Not a bad day's sport in the outskirts of, at that time, a city of six thousand inhabitants. The deer of the Sound country are of two species, the mule deer and the blacktail, though the mule deer is rare on the Sound. There are many localities on the Sound where, from lack of underbrush, still-hunting is good, but the more common way of hunting is by hounding. The writer with a party of three others once killed twenty-eight in four days in this manner. I relate this at the risk of being considered a "deer hog." It brings a slight blush of shame to my cheek even yet to recall it, although we made good use of them among our friends. But for that act I have the excuse of youth to offer, as it was a good many years ago. White deer are numerous in some places on the Sound. The north end of Whidby Island, one of the largest islands of the Sound, seems to be a favored spot by these objects of superstition. I have never been fortunate or unfortunate enough to kill one of them.

Of bear, we have the common black, the cinnamon, and an occasional specimen of the grizzly, and one even more dreaded than the grizzly, the "delate mesatchie" bear of the Indians. Of a dirty brown color, his muzzle presents a grizzled appearance, from being sprinkled plentifully with white hairs. He is as large as the grizzly, and his habits are much the same. He is rather rare, fortunately, for he is regarded as being even more formidable than the grizzly. I am glad to be able to add my testimony to that of "Ness-muk" concerning this bear which he described, or one very near like it, in your columns some time ago, and the existence of which was denied. Like him, what I know I know, scientists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The common black bear is largely represented. Three were killed last summer within the limits of Seattle. Cougars are abundant and grow to a large size. The lynx or wildcat is also plentiful.

We have several species of grouse, and all abundant. This is not intended to be a scientific treatise, and I will not enlarge upon the characteristics of any of the game or fish mentioned. The males of the blue grouse before the passage of the game law, afforded fine sport during the mating and breeding season, to the expert rifleman. During this season, seated in the upper limbs of some tall fir tree the male bird gives utterance to a "booming" sound, which is difficult to describe. Close your lips and produce a grunting sound deep in your throat and you have it as near as possible to produce it, save that it has not one-tenth part of the deepness and intensity of the real call. On a still day this call can be heard for half a mile, and often a dozen of them can be heard "booting," as it is termed, at the same time. The bird is supposably actuated by the same motives that the cock-pheasant is in "drumming." Armed with a small-bore rifle, and carrying a good field glass, the hunter may enjoy a fine day's sport, or rather could, for the game law passed in 1883 protects grouse during the season referred to. Guided by their "booting" one can single out the tree in which they are sitting, and then a patient search with the glass reveals their whereabouts. Sitting close to the trunk of the tree far up, and almost the same color as the bark, they are sometimes difficult to find, even though they may be constantly "booting." When found you could take your time about shooting, as they will sit for an hour under a continual fire, if the aim of the hunter is so poor as to permit of it. The head is the only approved place of hitting them, and when a well directed shot takes the head off cleanly, and the heavy thud caused by their striking the ground is heard, the enjoyment is nearly equal to that of wing-shooting.

Pheasants or ruffed grouse are very numerous, and may be found in almost any thicket. Quail, both Bob Whites and California, were introduced into the Territory a number of years ago, and are now abundant in many localities. High up on the mountains may be found a great many ptarmigan. All manner of waterfowl are very abundant, and the flats at the mouths of the larger rivers present fine shooting grounds. Our duck hunting cannot be excelled. Wilson's jacksnipe are also plentiful, as are many other species of snipe.

I find that I have omitted from the list of animals the mountain goat, which is found on the summits of the mountains in large numbers. He is hunted by few save the prospector or miner, as his home is among the inaccessible crags of the wildest portions of the mountains.

We have but few varieties of fresh-water fish, but what we have are well represented. The trout is here in many of his species, and is found in every stream in great numbers. They have all of the characteristics of their Eastern brethren, and rise freely to the fly during all of the spring and summer months. They commonly spawn during the latter part of October, although their time for spawning varies in the different streams, being earlier in the smaller streams. The different species of trout comprise nearly the whole of our fresh-water fish. A species of chub inhabits most of the lakes, and the common sucker is found in most of the larger rivers. These, with the fresh-water sculpin or bullhead, make up the list. Our streams are all clear and rapid, and afford fine sport to the lover of the rod.

As the subject of the most killing fly has lately been under discussion in FOREST AND STREAM, I may as well give my experience in these waters. First of all I place the common coachman, and all of the varieties of the coachman are good, notably the royal coachman. The following list may all be relied on to kill at almost any season with us: Canada, Montreal, alder, brown hackles of any description, governor, Abbey and the professors. We have nearly all salt-water fish in great abundance, and a pleasant day's sport may be enjoyed in taking some of them. There are seven or eight species of salmon in our waters, and the sea trout is here in all his glory. He ascends the streams in September—later than his Eastern prototype. I gave an account of the manner of capture of our salmon in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. They will not rise to the fly, either in fresh or salt water. At least no combination of feathers has yet been discovered that will tempt them. It may be that they will in future years become educated up to that degree. The facilities for getting about the Sound as I before said are good. The sportsman may be dropped from a steamer with his small boat at almost any point he may desire, and if he wishes to be wholly independent he may have a sloop, and with the aid of the gentle breezes of this region travel in safety to any point he may desire. The tides are not violent, and high winds are almost unknown.

As I write, I am sitting without a fire; the day is bright and warm, the leaves are bursting from the buds, and it seems as if summer is near at hand. I felt the impulses of the angler stirring within me last evening, and gave my flies and tackle an overhauling, and in the light of the discussion that has been going on on the vagaries of fly nomenclature found myself at the conclusion of my task utterly bewildered. I found in my collection some forty varieties, not more than two dozen of which, with the aid of my own knowledge and that gained by C. F. Orvis's plates, am I able to identify.

It makes no difference, of course, to the individual angler, taking him alone, whether the flies have a name at all or not, or whether they are called by one name or a dozen; but when we come to exchange thoughts upon the killing quality of the different flies, it becomes confusing. Let us have a system. If we are mad over our hobby, let there be a method in our madness.

In conclusion, let me say, that the Puget Sound region, with its wealth of timber and fine harbors, its game and fish, its grand snow-topped mountains and fine climate, its vast undeveloped fields of coal and iron, and its agricultural resources, affords a magnificent field for the sportsman, the tourist, the manufacturer, the capitalist or the farmer. For any of these, who are provided with that requisite in any country, energy and push, this country offers a rich reward.

If any of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers wish for further enlightenment I shall be happy to reply, as my time will allow, if addressed P. O. Box 520, Seattle, W. T. ALKI.

SEATTLE, W. T., March 12, 1885.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

27. *Anorthura troglodytes hyemalis* (Vieill.) Coues—Winter wren.

A common species with us during six or eight months of the year. It is recorded from all parts of the State; from the most northern point, by Superior's chilly shores, to the southern counties, and I think it safe to say that it summers in every county in the State, but of course only rarely on our southern borders. It is abundant in summer north of 43°. I have never yet found its nest, but on one occasion observed the old bird carrying material in her beak, a delicate spray of mossy texture, with which she was hastening over logs and through the underbrush no doubt intent on the construction of a home. Covert gives the winter wren as wintering in mild seasons, but as yet, in quarters that I have visited, I have failed to find it in December or January, although it appears in February in advanced seasons. All other collectors with whom I have communicated inform me that the winter wren is most common in spring and fall, and that the great majority of the birds are transient with us.

This species delights in secluded spots in the deepest woods, and rarely if ever selects sparsely timbered tracts. That the bird in its migrations must, from necessity, pass over large tracts of cleared land is patent, but the shy midget is so cunning in its movements during migration, that it is rare indeed, that an individual is detected crossing a field. I have seen a bird of this species out of the woods but once in my experience, and the devices resorted to in order to elude my vigilance on that occasion were very amusing. The bird fluttered along the ground, dodging between the tussocks of grass, and securing temporary hiding places behind chips and small bushes. It finally reached a fence, among the rails of which it played peek a-boo in an animated manner for a few lengths when it utterly disappeared, having undoubtedly crept into a hollow rail or secreted itself beneath some one of the bottom rails next the ground. In such a situation it is impossible to dislodge it, and only by the removal of the covering can it be forced to show itself. In the woods, collectors are often bothered about securing a specimen, the active fellows keeping well out of sight, and only after the most patient waiting can a specimen be secured. Thrashing around in the brush and shooting at other birds has not the slightest effect of scaring it from its retreat. It is extremely timid and very suspicious, and is the most retired bird that I know of. A winter wren would live unknown a century so far as the observations of the average stroller are concerned, were it not for his song. But he must and does sing on all occasions, and it is as utterly impossible to quiet him as it is his more audacious cousin, the house wren. *Hyemalis* is not so obtrusive as the latter, and his style of delivery is far superior, but the same incentives seem to cause him to rattle away, and he is quite as difficult of subjugation as *ædon*.

The song is very beautiful indeed, and is as thrilling in its inspiration as that of any of our birds. In inflection and versatility it may be compared to the vivacious song of the ruby-crowned kinglet, but is not quite so softly modulated and is much longer and louder. The birds do not sing with their usual vigor when first arrived, but keep rather quiet until the warmer days have come, only uttering a few faint call chirps and guttural rattles while flitting hither and thither in the brush. As soon as the warm days of April appear, the winter wren goes into ecstacies and shows his appreciation of the pleasant weather in his most extravagant efforts at song. This species rarely consorts with other birds, and gives evidence of his independence by living by himself. It is safe to say that he would readily become a complete hermit if he had the opportunity; but the woods are so full of birds that he cannot avoid them all, and is brought into daily contact with the numerous songsters. Sometimes he may be seen quite near a pair of chickadees, but I have often wondered if it were not more the insatiable curiosity of the titmice, that caused them to thus affiliate. The next instant the wren is off, and his rattling burst of song is heard ten or fifteen rods away, utterly regardless of the civility he should extend to the inquisitiveness of his little neighbors. After July 15 but little is heard from our short-tailed friend for some time; but later in the season, sometimes in late October, the silvery jingle is heard issuing from the densest piles of brush, as musical and vivacious as ever.

28. *Telmatodytes palustris* (Wils.) Baird.—Long-billed marsh wren.

A common species, but confined, from the nature of its nesting grounds, to certain localities. In many parts of the State, the longbill, as well as the next species, is extremely rare, while in other sections one or both are abundant. This wren is strictly confined to the shores of marshy lakes and low sections partially covered with water, and is restricted in its range. I have yet to learn of the capture of a specimen in a locality where the nature of the land is high, dry and sandy, and no lakes or sluggish streams were to be found. Mr. Chapin reports this wren as abundant in the northern counties of the Lower Peninsula. We may say of this species that it is a well-distributed bird, but from the nature of its nesting habits confined to marshy tracts, and therefore not frequently met with excepting by the collector.

As I have never lived in a neighborhood where a colony of these birds nested, it is impossible for me to say at what time they make their appearance. However, they are exceedingly abundant, and lively in their summer quarters by May 15, and for the period of six weeks or more may be found nesting in abundance, sociable, noisy, and ever entertaining.

In the northeastern part of Kalamazoo county, noted for its many beautiful lakes and delightful camping grounds, lies a clear sheet of water about seven miles in length, known as Gull Lake. Its shores are wild in part, but chiefly cultivated by the farmers. This lake offers inducements to the collector superior to those found in any other one locality in the country. I have camped repeatedly there upon an island of a few acres' area, and have fished, hunted and collected on every part of its smooth, glassy surface, and explored the country around it in various directions. On the west is a large marsh, which merges into cultivated fields on the one side and into the blue waters of the lake on the other. This favored section has tempted many collectors, and from the bogs, morasses, cat-tails and rushes, many birds and eggs have been taken. At least three sets of eggs new to us adorn our collection, the result of wading in mud and water in this old marsh. Gallinules, rails of two species, bitterns and many smaller species of birds nest here, while many kinds of waders are found during the migrations.

Here are found in profusion the nests of the long-billed wren, and in this marsh the habits of the cheerful castanet-noted bird can be fully studied. In 1882 a number of sets of eggs were collected, and three of us in a half day or less counted over two hundred nests. If one thinks to secure the eggs without getting wet and muddy, he may as well stay at home and buy the eggs of some dealer, for the nests that I have met with were invariably built over water from one to four feet deep. The locations chosen by the birds are such as to prevent the employment of a boat by the collector, as the coarse marsh grass and bushes are too dense to permit of the entrance of the boat into the chosen haunts. The pleasures of collecting, in a situation of this nature, are very great, notwithstanding the apparent discomfort attendant upon encountering the water and mud, and with the constant dread of going in over one's head, an occurrence by no means rare. Each step takes us deeper into the water and tangled grass, but also adds to the agreeable feelings of anticipation, and as we hear the wrens chattering on every side, the rails and gallinules cackling among the rushes, and see a least bittern rise near us, we dash on impetuously, and either trip up or come near it in our anxiety to collect a good showing of eggs. Suddenly we spy a little green bunch of grass placed about a foot and a half from the surface of the water, and connected by interlacing grass blades with the surrounding stalks or rushes.

The first nest is completed but contains nothing; another nest within a foot or so is also empty, and looks like a last year's affair; the next one we examine contains six eggs. We hear a shout from our companions at a distance, who calls that he has found seven eggs in one nest. We are induced to renewed exertions and continue our search. We soon find another group of nests with the birds chattering about in great numbers, but although there are fifteen or twenty nests not one of them contains eggs, while in a little group of four a few rods distant three are supplied. In two or three hours of hard but exciting work we feel satisfied that the ground has been fully covered, and go on shore to blow the eggs which are then packed in the collecting can. We have also secured several sets of eggs of rails, bittern and some other common eggs. These with a number of birds to skin are packed away, and all hands start for home, twelve miles distant, fully satisfied with the day's trip. One trip among the longbills is enough for all time, so far as is needed for the collection, if the birds are nesting abundantly, for a dozen or more sets may be readily taken in a

short time if the trip be made at the proper season. The time at which the mating season is at its height is from May 28 to June 6.

The nests are loose, straggling affairs, apparently shiftless in their construction, and yet so thoroughly entwined together, that the whole is not easily torn from its fastenings, and is only pulled to pieces with great difficulty. The nests are composed wholly of grass, nearly always of the green blades of the year. Those nests that are made of dry grass are generally, if not always, of the previous year. Frequently the old battered nests of the last year are found to contain eggs, while the freshly-made ones are generally unoccupied. I think a fair estimate may place one occupied nest to every ten or twelve found, and the practice of building so many nests while so few are occupied is undoubtedly a device of the birds to deceive the despoilers. Some one has said that the extra nests are built by the males in order to give themselves employment while the female is sitting. This is not a proper explanation, for I have found the females building extra nests while the male was sitting, and further, there is always sufficient employment for the male in feeding his patient mate in her isolation, and cheering her in her task with his creaky but interesting song.

The nests are about the size of a cocoanut, and the variation in size is about equal to that found in the different sizes of cocoanuts. It is placed from one to four feet from the surface of the water, generally about eighteen inches. The nests are, without any exception in my experience, cold and wet, and differ in this respect materially from the nests of the shortbill. The eggs are laid on the bare, damp grass, and can readily be felt collected in the bottom of the little house on stilts by passing the finger into the orifice. The eggs are usually five or six in number, sometimes only four, occasionally seven and rarely eight.

The song of this sprightly species is, like the songs of all the members of the family, difficult to describe. It is of a decidedly rasping tone, and though nothing like the beautiful ditty of the winter wren, is still agreeable from its very oddity. The little fellows may be heard singing in the tall grass and chattering to one another all around, and yet not one be seen. Occasionally a fluttering bird may be seen flying from one bunch of cat-tails to the next. The flight is peculiar and different from any other of the family. The species rarely breaks into song on a cloudy day, but while the sun shines is all animation. I do not know at what time this bird departs for its southern home, but I have observed them in September.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter from a friend in Milton stating that he had captured a fine specimen of "cat-owl" (*Scops asio*), and if I wanted it, to come out and get it. The next day I drove out and got it.

The owl was caught in the following way: Toward evening my friend noticed that his pigeons did not enter their cote as usual, but remained on the roof, also that two of them were missing. He mounted the steps leading to the cote, and looking in, perceived the owl seated on one of the pigeons gorging himself, while the other lay dead near by. Cautiously descending, he obtained a pair of thick gloves and a coal sieve, and returning captured the little robber.

I was greatly pleased to get the bird, and on returning home put it in a large hayloft, which was also occupied by a tame great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), thinking that he would be delighted to have so pretty a little comrade. The big owl, which I call Scops, has his wings clipped and in consequence can fly no better than an old hen. The little owl, on the contrary, was in possession of all his faculties, and I had no suspicion that Scops would ever catch him. As soon as I let the little fellow out of the cage in which he was confined, he lit on a perch opposite to Scops. He perceived him immediately, and gazed at him as if petrified, nothing could distract his attention. Scops returned the stare with compound interest. Being curious to know how they would behave in closer proximity, I lifted the smaller owl upon a stick and moved him toward Scops. As soon as he felt himself moving nearer to his big enemy, he spread one wing (his left one) in front of his body as a shield, all the time giving vent to fierce hissings and snapping his beak in a defiant manner. When he thought he was getting too close, he uttered two soft cries, and glided back to his perch as silently as a spirit. I repeated the experiment three times, always with the same result.

I concluded from this that he could take care of himself, and gave myself no further anxiety concerning him. For a week all went well, but one morning I looked in vain for my little pet. All I could find was a few feathers corresponding to his. When Scops disgorged the pellet I dissected it and found it composed of the claws, beak, bones and feathers of my first, but I hope not my last, screech owl.

I have known of a big trout eating a little one, but never before of a large owl eating a smaller one.

F. E. PARK, JR.

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass.

SPRING NOTES.—Newport, R. I., March 29.—To-day in a walk of about two hours I saw, for a spring like this, what I consider an unusual number and variety of birds, namely: Crows, old squaws, coots, a great northern diver, gulls, meadow larks, shore larks, snow buntings, several American goldfinches, a red-winged blackbird, a large flock of purple grackles, robins, a white-throated sparrow, song sparrows, a titlark and a killdeer plover; also heard several bluebirds calling. Wild geese have been flying for two weeks.—C. H. L.

AN ALBINO ROBIN.—Mr. C. E. Osborne, of Stepney, Conn., has a pure white (albino) robin, full size, taken among a large flock of the common red robin, and stuffed by a skillful taxidermist. What reason do naturalists give for the very few kinds of pure white birds to be found? Seldom are pure white ones to be seen in the large collections, save perhaps a few sea birds. We send you a photograph of the bird.—SCOTCH COLLIE KENNEL CLUB (Stepney, April 6).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two common marmosets (*Hopale jacchus*), one male ring-necked parrakeet (*Palæornis torquatus*), one male mountain tinch (*Fringilla montifringilla*), and one female chaffinch (*Fringilla coelebs*). Purchased—One male raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one Egyptian ichneumon (*Herpestes ichneumon*), one jackass rabbit (*Lespus callotis*), two mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*), three Pekin ducks, one sickle-billed curlew (*Numenius longirostris*), two little black-headed ducks (*Fuligula affinis*), one turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one mountain black snake (*Coluber obsoletus*), and one copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*). Born in the Garden—One bactrian camel (*Camelus bactrianus*), male; and two zebus (*Bos indicus*), male and female.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BIG BUCK OF THE BACKWOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am kept in-doors to-day by storms and bodily infirmities, I propose to note down from memory, in a desultory manner, the particulars and final result of a disagreeable day's hunt. There was nothing marvelous about it, nor was it very materially different from many other days' hunting, but it happens to come up first in my memory just now.

It was away back, some twenty-five years or more ago, that I had occasion to visit a friend who lived in a sparsely settled neighborhood in McKean county, Pa. Deer were always fairly plenty in that region until subsequent raids had thinned their numbers, as also through the northern counties bordering the State. It was late in November, after a hard day's tramp of twenty-five miles, that I arrived at my friend's house. I had brought my rifle, well knowing what would be expected. My friend H. was a little gray-haired, tough, wiry old man. He was no deer killer, but claimed that packing in venison and eating thereof was his best "holt." In the days of which I write every well-regulated backwoods settlement had, or believed they had, a big buck of marvelous size, whose wariness and acute sense of sight and smell had served him, while scores of small deer had fallen victims to the skill of the hunters. This back settlement was no exception to the rule. The old man was full and running over with stories which the hunters had told him about an old buck which they had repeatedly shot at, but always escaped with a whole skin. Now, I had but little faith in the buck stories. I knew that this locality bordered on a large territory of woods, and also that a large buck might pass through them occasionally. I had promised to kill a deer for the old man before I left, and could not conveniently tarry more than two or three days at most. The old man was sanguine, and rather hinted that he had done taking small deer, but that big buck would be quite satisfactory.

At early dawn, the following moning, I pulled out on a westerly course for one of the head branches of the Lewis Run. A light snow had fallen the day before, but a heavy rain fell during the night, and had cleared up freezing cold, and the whole surface of the ground was coated with a thin covering of crust and ice, which made it about the worst day for deer hunting that I had ever been out in. During the forenoon I started some four or five deer at different times, but a white flag was the only ocular demonstration.

It was horribly noisy traveling. My boots gave a clank, clank, which could be heard nearly a quarter of a mile, and I made up my mind then and there that I was the only fool that was trying to hunt deer under such unfavorable circumstances. I quit hunting on that range and took a circuitous route, crossed over the divide some four or five miles, and struck into a large basin which is drained by a branch of Tuna Creek. I reached this point about 2 o'clock P. M., which brought me some two and a half miles northwest from the place where I had started in the morning. Here I sat down, or sat up, rather, on the butt of a fallen hemlock, determined to hunt on that log the remainder of the day. There was not a vestige of snow left here, but the leaves were frozen and crumpy. The view was good for a long shot and certain signs indicated that it was a good runway. Now this hunting on a log is pleasant and easy, providing the weather is warm. But on this occasion, when the temperature was down toward zero, it got to be monotonous, later on tedious, and finally became extremely irksome.

Night was coming on and the prospect left but little doubt that the day's hunt would prove a failure. On the right was a gradual ascent up to the ridge or rim, which was thinly wooded with large hemlocks, under which grew a thicket of low laurel and underbrush, the lower edge being some twenty-five rods from my perch. I had just decided to leave my temporary roost when I discovered a commotion in the upper edge of that laurel patch, perhaps eighty rods distant. It began to be a little dusk or twilight up there under the hemlocks, but by close scrutiny I could see by the agitation of the laurel tops that some large animal was working a zig zag course down through that thicket, and nearly in a direction toward me. I knew that no doe or fawn would come through that patch making all that stir, and I concluded it must be a buck sure. All that I had to do now was to keep cool—in fact I was so cool that I had been shivering for the last hour and a half. I had but a few moments to wait when a large buck burst out of the thicket on a gait between a walk and lope, coming diagonally or quartering toward me, his nose pointing out on a straight line with the top of his neck, and his neck on a line with the top of his back. I had a bead on him in an instant and pulled for the butt of the shoulder as near as possible. At the crack of the gun he made some lofty bounds, changing his course a little more toward me, and by the time I slid from the log had stopped broadside, not more than two rods distant, where he stood a full minute perfectly still; and so did I, when he turned at a right angle, started off on a smart lope and was gone. In that minute of time I had looked him over. I saw that he was a splendid deer—a beauty. He was a fair sample of what an old hunting chum of mine used to call a "gee-whilliken big buck," and not the least prominent feature was the unusually large and handsome pair of horns.

Talk of buckshot, pshaw! That buck was riddled through two-thirds his length by a bullet from my muzzle-loading rifle, fifty round balls to the pound, and had run off apparently unhurt. The amount of vitality which an old buck has in November is simply wonderful. I once shot an elk precisely in the same manner, which did not live five minutes. After reloading I followed the slightly-blooded trail for a short distance, when night closed in and darkness prevented any further search that night. Being quite sure, however, that I could find that deer in the morning should there be no snowfall during the night, I now started on a direct course, as near as possible, for the settlement, where I arrived late in the evening after a wearisome and vexatious tramp of some three miles on a moonless night.

My old friend Uncle Dan, as he was familiarly called, was in ecstacies when I told him that that famous old buck would be ready for him in the morning. He was up before day and the good wife had breakfast as soon as light, when we started, he and the hired man with hatchet and butcher knife. An hour of smart traveling brought us to where I had left the trail at dark the night previous. We followed the trail and found that it led into the branch, thence down to its confluence with a larger branch, where after a half hour's search we found the deer lying up against a rock, limp and dead. It had apparently been dead not more than a half hour. It was a noble specimen of the deer, including also the horns. But I had spoiled his natural beauty, and I confess that I felt some slight qualms, as I have on some similar occasions. But I claim that there are some mitigating circumstances in my case, to wit, that I have never wasted even a forequarter of venison, have never hunted for the market, nor has any game dealer ever made a cent's commission on the avails of my hunting. I have been offered $100 per month to hunt deer for the market, and that, too, since I was sixty years of age. It was flattering to my skill, but offensive to my principles.

The skin of the big buck was taken off with the head and horns, the deer cut up into four quarters, two of which were hung up, and Uncle Dan and the hired man taking a quarter each we marched out of the woods, your humble servant carrying the skin, head and horns. Uncle Dan with his man returned for the two quarters left, and brought them in at night. The buck didn't weigh 300 pounds nor 250, but it did pull down 242, and was the largest deer that I ever killed, and the largest, except one, that I ever saw weighed. That night the snow fell six inches in depth, making a splendid hunting snow, and had I stayed and hunted two or three days I might perhaps have killed four or five deer. But what did I want of any more deer? Uncle Dan had meat enough for the present, so he said, and I had no need of venison nor skins just then. This skin being extra large, I carried home and dressed for home use; and the horns being extraordinarily large and uniform, I carried them home too; and afterward presented them to Col. Page, who carried them to his home in Worcester, Mass. They were fancy horns, and the last evening of the Colonel's visit I discovered that he had a strong desire to possess those horns. He knew my eccentric weakness too well to offer to buy them, but I was more than glad to present them as a free gift. But the Colonel beat me badly. The next day, after he was many miles on his way home, a five dollar bill was found in the stand drawer, evidently dropped there by the Colonel before he left.

ANTLER.

GRANDVIEW, Tenn.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.

IN the month of November, 1884, I was honored with a visit from two of my friends from—well it does not matter where they came from—it is enough to say that they were both shooters from that little town known as Shootersville, which is some hundreds of miles away. And shooters they were, too. Each brought his breechloader, one of them having a splendid 10-bore, the other one a number 12 and a number 20-bore, the latter being the handsomest looking little plaything I have ever yet seen in the shape of a breechloading shotgun. Each of these friends, whom I shall call Frank and Jim, brought several hundred rounds of loaded shells, and Frank his Laverack setter, one of the most untiring dogs that I have ever shot over. Our sport consisted mainly of raids upon our Virginia partridges, for we do not say quail in Virginia, but partridges. A game little fellow he is, too, and annually affords more sport, and gives more pleasure to a greater number of sportsmen than any other species of game bird of which I have any knowledge.

On the arrival of my friends, as soon as the usual greetings and handshakings were over, their first inquiry was: "Are the birds plentiful this fall?" I assured them they were; but that many of the broods were late and not yet fully grown. That night as we sat around a blazing log fire that burned so brightly upon the hearth, we discussed in all of its details the campaign for the next day, even to the fields we would hunt and the dogs we would shoot over.

After a good night's rest we were all up in time for an early breakfast, and having partaken of that we started afield.

The dogs, Frank's Laverack, my red Irish, and a young pointer, which I was handling for the first time, were all in beautiful trim, and started across the field at a rattling pace, each seeming to try to outrun the other, just as if they had been race horses and not hunting dogs. They had not gotten more than half way across the first field, when the red Irish threw his nose slightly to the right side, and checked up and stiffened out so suddenly that he nearly stood upon his head. Frank's Laverack backed him and then the young pointer did the same, but the latter, as we came up, in trying to get too close, flushed a bird before me, which I killed, and the report of my gun caused the whole covey to rise. Frank brought down one, his other shell snapping, and Jim two, one with each barrel, as nicely as could be.

I did not fire my second barrel, but stood watching the birds, which I marked down in some pine timber, and after the dogs had retrieved the dead birds we followed into the timber, getting several more, and scoring some beautiful misses, occasionally putting a charge of shot into the body of a tree instead of in the body of a partridge.

As we were returning to the field, I remember that on the edge of the timber there was an old pen in which corn fodder had once been stacked, and as the grass, though dead, was still rank within this inclosure, I suggested that possibly some of the covey had hidden there, so waving my red Irish over into the pen, he pointed beautifully the moment he touched the ground.

Believing it would prove but a single bird, we agreed to give Jim that shot. The dog flushed at the word, and a cock bird started across the open field toward a fence, along which some briers grew, but Jim dropped him handsomely right in one corner of the fence. I walked that way to make the dog retrieve him, and as I reached out my hand to receive the bird, another rose on the other side of the fence which I killed, and the report of my gun caused the third one to rise, and I killed that also, thus getting three birds between us where I had expected to get only one.

We then moved on to a second and then to a third field, finding several large coveys in each, our success varying with the character of the cover the birds would seek. Some flocks took refuge in cover so thick it was useless to follow them, while others would alight in open ground, to be followed up and shot down almost as fast as they would rise. I know that Jim and another friend will both remember the following incident:

We flushed a bevy of partridges in a cornfield, and five of them crossed a small stream and settled in some briers. We followed and the dogs pointed. When the birds were flushed, all five of them got up and all five were instantly killed and bagged. When we reached home that night we had twenty-seven birds and five hares. In my next I shall give you an account of a shooting trip Frank and I had one rainy day, and of the two big coveys of birds we found, and of the queer-looking red partridge I shot that had black legs and feet.

T. E. EPES.

VIRGINIA, March 28, 1885.

ON DUCK NETTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to lay before your readers some reasons why the bill recently introduced by Senator Otis, to amend Section 5, of Chapter 534, of Laws of 1879, ought to become a law, as modified by excepting from its operation the months of May, June, July, August and September.

I am informed that serious opposition to the bill is threatened on the part of the duck netters, aided by the middlemen, who find a profit in the unlawful proceeds of the nets, and that their cry is to be "injury to the fishing interests."

I think it can be conclusively shown that legitimate fishing would not be affected at all by the proposed amendment.

The section above referred to (and which forms part of what are collectively called the game laws) was passed in 1879, and prohibits in express terms the use of any net "with intent to kill or capture" wildfowl, and the proposed amendment neither broadens, enlarges nor otherwise changes the same, nor its penalty, but merely renders the enforcement of the law practicable, by specifying what shall indicate the intent.

As the law reads at present, it is necessary for the prosecution to prove an intent on the part of the duck netter to catch ducks, which is impossible unless he admits it, which he seldom does. He claims instead that his net was set for fish and "some ducks happened to be caught," and as such setting a net for fish is a lawful act in itself, no presumption of an intended violation is raised against him, even though he catches no fish at all, but at every lifting of the net finds fifty ducks entangled therein instead. That many thousands of ducks are caught in this manner is an indisputable fact.

Such being the position, the question arose, how can the law be made effective? An investigation revealed the fact that the duck netters always, in their nefarious trade, use nets of very fine twine which they set on the bottom in deep water, on the feeding grounds of the ducks, using no floats, and although their intent might be patent to any observer, no legal proof could be in any case produced, since in law an intent (being an invisible mental process) must either be presumed, or be proven by an overt act. If a person commits a felony, the law presumes a criminal intent, and leaves the accused to show the contrary; but violations of game laws are not felonies, and therefore, in making the gravamen of the violation of a game law consist in the intent, it follows that in order to render a law in that behalf effective, it must declare what shall constitute or be deemed presumptive evidence of such intent.

And the proposed amendment, it is believed, does this by declaring that the use of nets without floats, during the months specified, shall be deemed a violation of the law *per se*.

I do not believe that the rights of any fisherman will be injuriously affected by such an amendment. A law prohibiting swinging a cat by the tail cannot injure Mr. Dick, who does not want to swing a cat, and who never does swing a cat.

It can be satisfactorily shown that from October 1 to May 1 following, nets are not set for fish on the bottom in deep water, and during the balance of the year, to wit, from May 1 to October 1, the restriction is removed.

Every one of these men who set duck nets is a violator of the law, and though by reason of the defects in the law he be able to escape the penalty of his wrong doing, opposition from him and his ilk to a measure that shall "loose the hand of Justice" upon him, although natural, is not entitled to any consideration at the hands of the Legislature in its deliberations upon the subject.

The question is, shall the people of a whole district be deprived of the legitimate enjoyment of the game within its limits in order that a few marauders may thrive, and shall a statute which was intended to prevent the unlawful acts complained of, remain any longer a nullity. A. H. A.

New York, April 14.

The following is the form of the amended bill above referred to:

Section 5. No person shall, at any time, kill any wild duck, goose or brant, with any device or instrument known as a swivel or punt-gun, or with any gun other than such guns as are habitually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder, nor use any net, device or instrument, or gun other than aforesaid, with intent to capture or kill any such birds. Any person or persons who shall set or cause to be set in any of the waters of the counties of Queens or Suffolk, between the first day of October and the first day of May then next ensuing, any seine or net wholly below the surface of the water without having corks or floats of at least three inches in length each, attached at intervals of not more than five feet, in such manner that such corks or floats shall float upon the surface of the water over the entire length of such net when set and not more than five feet apart, shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this section. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.

COLORADO GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our Legislative Assembly that has just adjourned enacted the following amendments to the game laws of the State:

Section 1. Section 1545 of Chapter XLV., General Statutes, is hereby amended so that it shall read as follows:

No person shall kill or wound, ensnare or trap any elk, deer, buffalo or bison, fawn or antelope within this State, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day October in each and every year. No person or persons shall kill or wound, ensnare or trap, any monutain sheep for the period of ten years from and after the passage of this act. No person or persons, except butchers and dealers in meat, who have regularly established stands or places of business, shall offer to sell or expose to sale the saddle or hindquarters of any elk, deer, buffalo or bison, fawn or antelope, without offering or exposing therewith the forequarters of the same. No person or persons shall wantonly kill and destroy any of the game, birds or animals mentioned in this act, nor shall it be lawful at any time for any person to kill, ensnare or trap any elk, deer, fawn, buffalo or bison, or antelope for the sole purpose of securing the hide or skin of any such animal or animals, nor shall it be lawful for any person, persons or corporation, during the close season, to have in possession any of the game herein mentioned, for any purpose whatever, except as provided in Section 1546 of said Chapter XLV., General Statutes; and any person or persons outside of any incorporated town or village found in possession of two or more of the saddles or hindquarters of any elk, deer, buffalo or bison, fawn or antelope, without having the forequarters thereof, shall be deemed guilty of violating the provisions of this section, and such possession shall be *prima facie* evidence of his having wantonly killed and destroyed said animal. No person or persons shall purchase, deal in or have in possession any skin or skins of buffalo, elk, deer or antelope, either tanned or in their natural condition, that have been taken by Indians or other hunters, who kill such animals for the sole or chief purpose of taking their skins, nor shall any person or persons or corporation carry or transport such skins. Any person or persons offending against the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace, shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars for the first offense, and for each subsequent offense shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty nor more than ninety days. Any person arrested and brought before any justice of the peace for any violation of the provisions of this section, shall be entitled to a trial by a jury of six, unless he shall waive the same; and if the jury find him guilty, the justice of the peace shall assess the fine and costs, and fix the term of imprisonment, as the case may be. And in case the fine and costs be not paid, the same shall be collected in the manner provided for the collection of fines in cases of assault and battery before justices of the peace. One-half of said fine shall go to the informer, and one-half to the school fund, as provided in Section 2 of this act.

Sec. 2. Section 1548 of Chapter XLV., General Statutes, is hereby amended so that it shall read as follows:

For the more certain detection and punishment of violators of this act, the county commissioners of any county shall have the power to appoint special game wardens, who shall hold their office during the pleasure of the board, and it is hereby made the duty of such game wardens, when so appointed, and of the county commissioners, sheriffs and constables, or any other person of the several counties, whenever a violation of its provisions is brought to their knowledge, to file, or cause to be filed, an affidavit before a justice of the peace, charging the person or persons with the offense committed, and thereupon a warrant shall issue for the arrest of such person or persons, and trial shall be had, as provided in section three of this act. Justices of the peace are hereby empowered to appoint special constables who, of their own knowledge, or upon the information of a reputable citizen of the county, may arrest, without warrant, any person or persons violating the provisions of this act, and take him or them before the nearest acting justice of the peace, where trial shall be had, as provided in section three of this act, after the proper affidavit shall have been filed, as though a warrant had issued in the first instance. And this section shall be a full protection to any such officer or person above mentioned, who causes the affidavit or the arrest to be made in good faith, or upon the information of a reputable citizen of the county.

Another bill that became a law provides:

Sec. 4. No person shall ensnare, net or trap, within this State, any wild duck or wild goose at any time. Any person or persons who shall violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined, as provided for in Section 2 of the act of which this act is amendatory.

Penalties are the same as above.

It is unlawful to kill, net, ensnare or trap any quail, wild turkey, curlew, plover, lark, whip-poor-will, finch, thrush, sparrow, wren, martin, snowbird, bobolink, red-winged blackbird, crow, raven, turkey-buzzard, robin or other insectivorous bird. There is an open season, for shooting only, in which partridge, pheasant, prairie hen, prairie chicken and grouse may be killed, from October 1 to November 15 of each year. The having in possession any of these birds at any other time shall be *prima facie* evidence of violation of law and subject the offender to punishment as above. Dealers may sell game birds imported from other States and Territories, and professional taxidermists may kill for preservation in cabinets or museums, but must present satisfactory proof that such specimens are so preserved.

Some good amendments were proposed to the fish laws, but they were slaughtered the last day of the session by the upper house in a vain effort to retain the old Fish Commissioner. Gen. John Pierce, president of the Union Bank of this city, was appointed to that office. The State Hatchery has done very little good the past year. W. N. B.

Denver, Col., April 8.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some sixty years ago, while my father was a youth and a student at Hamilton College, New York, on a certain occasion in returning home from one of his usual Saturday afternoon strolls in the woods thereabouts, he observed a gray or black squirrel run from the ground up the trunk of a large hemlock tree, standing a few rods from him, and quickly disappear among its branches. Wishing to discharge his gun—which was one of those long, old-fashioned flintlock rifles—before reaching home, but with not the remotest idea of hitting the animal, for he could not see a hair of it and did not know the place where it was concealed, he fired at random into the densest portion of the large top, and to his utter amazement and great delight down fell the unlucky squirrel, shot through the body.

A pure accident, of course, but he might have fired thousands of shots through the top of that tree without harming that animal.

At a subsequent time, after my father settled down in the wilderness in the interior of this State to hew out a home and at the same time indulge his fondness for wild sports, in a locality which was truly then a hunter's paradise, he was one evening in spring gathering and boiling sap for maple sugar, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the loud noise of wings. He immediately became aware that a large flock of wild turkeys had come down from the high hilly ground adjoining, and had settled to roost in the high tops of the large oaks around him. He seized his rifle which was resting against a tree, and moved cautiously about, peering up into the trees, but the day having faded into twilight, it was almost impossible to distinguish an object, and one bird after another became alarmed and took wing. He began to despair of getting a shot, when finally he succeeded in making out the faint outlines of a bird sitting on a high limb with its neck outstretched against the clear sky, as if on the point of following its companions. Hastily bringing his rifle up, he found he could see neither sights, and he was compelled to guess as near as possible to hit the body. Following the report of his gun, the turkey came struggling to the ground, and upon examining it he found that his ball had carried away the bill and part of the head, and a clean shot.

Another instance or two of rather remarkable shots which came within the writer's own experience.

One day during the early part of November, after there had been a light fall of snow, covering the ground to the depth of an inch or two, I had been out armed with this gun looking for small game. In passing through a tract of land bordering a neighbor's farm, which was in a wild state, covered with brush, bunches of tall grass and patches of rose willow here and there, interspersed with a few scattering oak, I happened to catch a glimpse of a quail which was moving in a patch of willows and grass a few rods ahead, and quickly fired at it, when there immediately arose a quail from the same place and stopped on the lower branches of a small red oak near by. With the second barrel the bird was summarily knocked off, and upon going to investigate the effects of the first shot, as the smoke from the gun prevented seeing anything, I was greatly surprised to discover among the dead grass and willows a large number of dead and wounded quail. After securing and counting these were found to number thirteen fine, fat, full-grown birds with the first shot, and one by the second. This very probably comprised the entire flock. Murder most fowl, and truly a barbarous act of destruction which the writer has often very much regretted.

A few years after the above occurrence I was out one day with the rifle in the fall of the year, prowling around a buckwheat field which lay on the edge of a tamarack swamp somewhat frequented by turkeys, when I started up some quail, which ran along a fallen tree extending into the swamp. I thought I would take the head off one, and as I pulled the trigger others got in range, and the bullet not only knocked the head off of the one aimed at, but cut the wing from a second and the back of a third, thus securing three birds at one shot with a 50-to-the-pound round bullet, which if it had hit any of the birds squarely in the body, would have left nothing remaining but the feathers. This was the last of the writer's quail shooting, although he has frequently seen small flocks when he has carried a gun since, but they looked so pretty and innocent that he hadn't the heart to kill or disturb them. Chasseur Vieux.

Detroit, Mich., March 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week a friend went hunting turkeys on Big Wichita River by moonlight. From one tree he killed two turkeys, one 'possum, one squirrel and an owl. He killed the owl and squirrel without knowing it, shooting his new Spencer repeating shotgun four times. Almo.

Henrietta, Texas, April 2, 1885.

STRAY SHOTS.

THE water of the Wallkill, in the vicinity of Deckertown, N. J., is at present very high. There are some ducks and geese on the meadows, but no snipe.

The quail on the line of the Indianapolis and Vincennes Railroad, in Indiana, have suffered greatly during the winter. In some sections they are reported entirely wiped out.

The duck shooting on the Illinois River this season is very late. Ralph Whitehead, a market gunner who lives at Liverpool, writes that the best flight will take place this week. Usually the birds appear early in March.

Bill Vallentine, a celebrated shot, formerly of Newark, N. J., but for years past of Francisville, Indiana, is dangerously ill.

The Nimrod Gun Club is one of the sporting organizations of Newark, N. J. It has just gone into permanent quarters at No. 46 Bloomfield avenue, where it has an eighty foot rifle range. The club numbers thirty-five members.

The duck shooting at Havre-de-Grace, and on the Maryland shore was quite good a week ago last Saturday. At Carrolls Island and along the Saltpeter the birds appeared in large numbers.

An attempt is to be made in England and Scotland to stock certain woodlands with the American ruffed grouse. This bird certainly should do well in the mountains of Wales.

Mr. Charles Banks, of this city, has been spending several days on his magnificent preserve at Pine Neck, on Shinnecock Bay. Mr. Banks's new shooting box is nearly completed. It is a model of comfort.

Mr. Harry B. Hollins has been spending some days recently on his new catboat on the Great South Bay, duck shooting.

The wildfowl shooting on Shinnecock Bay this spring has been very poor. The redheads put in an appearance on March 30, when Capt. Joe Penny and Lan Penny rigged out and killed nineteen redheads and one broadbill. On the day following the bay froze over and the ducks went to the Great West Bay. There were then some excellent bags made in the vicinity of Moriches. For several days each "rig" averaged about forty birds. The geese began to fly north on Thursday and Friday of week before last, and the gunners from Bill Lane's had several shots. On Friday of that week Mr. John G. Heckscher, Mr. H. H. Hollister and Mr. F. Satterthwaite spent the day at William F. Foster's, but met with no success with the ducks, which were very wild.

Several English snipe were shot on the Newark meadows last week. The birds are very late this season owing to the meadows being covered with ice. Last week the snipe made their appearance in Virginia and Maryland. Mr. Frank Dunning, of this city, killed a good bag near Washington, D. C. Small bags were also made at Old Point Comfort. Mr. Arthur Duane and Mr. John H. Abeel, Jr., spent the three last days of last week at Forked River, N. J., but had no shooting.

Three or four red foxes have been wintering on the Hackensack River meadows, north of the Belleville, N. J., turnpike. Old Abe Jerolamon and a party of old fox hunters have been running them with hounds during the past week, and having no end of fun. The death of the foxes is not contemplated.

Owing to the dryness of the meadows in this vicinity but few English snipe have been shot this season. The shooting for these stylish little migrants in Illinois this year is wonderfully good.

A bill was passed in the last New Jersey Legislature empowering the New Jersey State Fish Commissioners to control and appoint game and fish wardens. Heretofore the power was vested in the Governor.

The Nimrod Gun Club of Newark, N. J., has secured a club house, No. 46 Bloomfield avenue. A private rifle range is to be built eighty feet long. The club numbers thirty-five members.

IOWA SEASONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After one of the most terrible winters I have ever experienced—terrible from its intense and long-protracted cold—at last the spring has come, just now, with a balmy air, and the first real rainy day for four months. The whole dreary winter has been one long, unbroken blizzard, with no snow to speak of here, and what little there was, blown into drifts, filling up railroad cuts and banked along the hedges of the country. Whether our elevation here has had anything to do with our weather I don't know, but we are 900 feet above the Mississippi, and I leave it to you to guess.

Last fall was glorious beyond compare. For nine weeks I drove out and back, a distance of ten prairie miles, missing but three days in the whole time—nine weeks of unalloyed happiness. Every day my eyes were gladdened with the sight of bevy after bevy of beautiful quail, tame as barnyard chickens, the cute little fellows scarcely getting out of the road to let me pass; with the sight of flocks of pinnated grouse starting up on every hand, and darting away on bow-shaped wings like a shot out of a gun; with the sight of rabbits jumping out of adjacent hedges and skurrying off into groves and cornfields. Now and then a weasel would take a saucy look, and then a flash into the prairie grass. Multitudinous crows held noisy conventions, sagely cawing speeches to each other with a serio-comic gravity, highly suggestive of the average political ratification meeting. Soaring over all were numerous hawks with motionless, wide-spreading wings. Beholding all this through all those long, clear, sunny days of the autumn time, has left a memory with me not easily effaced.

This section of country was formerly the home and haunt of the deer, the elk, the buffalo, and the wolf, and that for unknown ages. The mound builders must have hunted them here in pre-historic times, for a few weeks ago Mr. Singleton Smith, in the south part of this county, in digging a well, at the depth of twenty-two feet below the surface, found the petrified skeleton of an elk, a part of the stone bones he brought to town, and another part he still has in his possession.

But there is no large game left here now; it has disappeared with the Indian. In place of the Indian and his trail we now have the pale face and his railroad. So great is the destructive power of the white man that he has been obliged —to preserve any game—to restrict himself by laws of his own make. I think the quail must have read the act in their case made and provided, otherwise how account for their utter fearlessness? But I fear that our past winter has done for them what the shotgun has not, for I have neither seen nor heard of a single one hereabouts yet, though grouse are growing plentiful.

In some other leisure hour I will endeavor to give you some account of the live sportsmen here and their doings.

COMMON SENSE.

CRESTON, Ia.

THE ROBINS ISLAND OF TO-DAY.

THE annual meeting of this club for the election of officers for the year of 1885 was recently held in the city of Brooklyn, where all of its members reside. In fact, the club is distinctly a King's county organization, and numbers on the list of its members' names, many of those best known in our sister city. The question of the sale of the club's property, Robins Island, came up at the meeting referred to, and after a long and animated discussion, it was resolved by an almost unanimous vote to retain that celebrated game preserve.

Our readers are well acquainted with the now famous island. It was first brought into notice by the Eastern Field Trials Club, which there held its first running meetings, they being the first contests of the kind held in this section of our country. All those who visited the island in the years of those contests, and the number ran well up in the thousands at the various trials, were favorably impressed with its manifold beauties. It is little wonder then, that its at that time owner, Ira Brewster Tuthill, received an offer for the property from one among those who were spectators at the trials. It was bought by Richard Ingraham of our city as agent for the present owners. The price paid was $20,000, added to which has been the cost of the various improvements made upon the island, these bringing the expenditure to a total of $25,000, a really insignificant sum considering the present and prospective values of the property.

Peconic Bay, in which the island is situated, is most singular in its conformation. Forty miles in length and half that in width at its widest point, its entrance from Long Island Sound is so narrow as to escape notice from the passing voyager. The first notice the writer can recall of the Great Peconic was in the reading of Fenimore Cooper's novel "Red Rover," where he describes the escape of the skimmer of the seas from the chasing corvette Coquette, by an entrance to the bay and a successful hiding in its land-concealed waters. Absolute security from storms, large area, a perfect anchorage, with any desired depth of water, combine to make the bay one of the largest and best harbors in the world. The commencement of the bay is at Riverhead, the county town of Suffolk county, where the Peconic River, the largest of Long Island streams, enters the bay.

The scenery is enchanting to a lover of nature. Long reaches of the most brilliant of sand beach, backed by low-lying stretches of salt meadow, alternate with bluffs of varying height the whole length of this inland, or rather, land-locked, sea. Midway in the bay's length stands Robins Island, its shores rising bold and precipitous above the pebbled beaches, in some places these sand bluffs reaching an altitude of near a hundred feet. Comprising some hundreds of acres, well watered and of rolling character, the island is already one of the most charming spots of the writer's acquaintance. The bathing is superb, while if any wind is stirring an ocean-like surf thunders in, breaking spray to the tops of the sandy cliffs. When I first knew the island difficulty of access had always made it almost uninhabitable during the winter. In summer it was and is a paradise. Surrounded by miles of water, the air is ever bracing and cool, necessitating the use of blankets at night in even the warmest of summers.

Lying at full length upon the bluffs in the dense shade of the scrub oaks, the famed bay of Naples can show no fairer or more delicious views. Water and sky rival each other in the deepness of blue color, while the surf as it combs before breaking upon the yellow sands, assumes an emerald tint unmatched outside of God's laboratory. To the south rises bold and clean of outline the Shinnecock Hills, pierced at one spot by the low-lying passage from bay to ocean yclept Canoe Place, famous in local history as the spot where the Indians dragged with toil their bark canoes from the placid water to the surf of the outer bay. This track is being used by the State as the line of the canal now being cut to connect the waters of Peconic Bay with those of the Atlantic. To the eastward the point of Hog Neck extends nearly a mile into the Bay. Then follows a deviating undulating coast line until the Peconic fairly ends at Sag Harbor on its easterly and Greenport at its westerly sides. Shelter Island fairly blocks the entrance, a mere channel running on either side. On a clear day no greater enjoyment to one fond of natural scenery can be found than a siesta under the shadows of the trees upon the bluffs. The narcotic sound of the surf upon the sand, the drowsy hum of the bee amid the wild grasses, the warning cry of the loon over the water, the scream of the gull all combine as an inducement to nap, which is seldom resisted. Fortunately the soil is of sand, where no ague-breeding dampness exists.

The improvements the club have already made upon Robins Island are but an earnest of what is to follow. Purchased for the purpose of a game preserve, that idea has been conscientiously followed from the inception of the club until the present time, now some four years. The dense patches of scrub oak woods have been intersected with wide paths in all directions. The brier thickets which so marred the working of the dogs at the first trials have been cut out, so that now a dog can be seen at any point and a fair judgment rendered as to his merit. Acres of soil have been turned up, and the ground seeded to oats, rye and wheat, while patches of Indian corn and buckwheat have been planted and sown with a liberal hand. As a consequence the quail have multiplied in a marvellous fashion and it is a matter of no dispute that there are more birds to the square acre than on any other spot in the United States. While abundance of food has been provided as above mentioned, the superintendent resident on the grounds has waged constant warfare upon the hawks, crows and snakes, so that the danger from those formidable sources has been pretty thoroughly eliminated.

The shooting pleasures of those of the members who are fond of dog and gun was last fall something to be envied. Each member was allowed twenty dead birds a day, so that if a good shot, his bag at the end of a week was more than a good one. Nearly a thousand birds were thus disposed of. The preparations for the coming season have been begun on a still larger scale. Five hundred birds have been turned loose already, and have, according to the reports of the present superintendent, Mr. E. D. Lecompte, recovered from the effects of netting and transportation with the smallest percentage of loss. It was the pleasure to be derived in this manner, as well as the comfort of owning virtually your own watering place, that induced the refusal by the club of the $100,000 recently offered by a syndicate, who proposed the purchase of the island for the erection of a mammoth hotel, its many advantages in this direction having led to the offer alluded to. The members, who are largely men of fortune, cared not to look upon the island as a business venture, but simply as a means of comfort, health and recreation.

The officers elected for the present year are as follows:

President, S. Fleet Speir, M.D.
Vice-President, H. D. Polhemus.
Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Force.
Board of Directors, Alden S. Swan, W. B. Kendall, W. B. Dickerman, Henry I. Cullen Jr., and the officers above mentioned.

Under the government of such officers, seconded by the board of governors, the original ideas of the club cannot fail of being carried on with more energy than ever before, for all of those named are thorough sportsmen, ardently devoted to rod and reel or to dog and gun. The club has already made a grand success in two directions, first in creating one of the best, if not the foremost, game preserve of the country, and secondly as a magnificent business speculation pecuniarily. May it long continue in its career of prosperity. *

FIRE-HUNTING DEER.

BY many people it is considered unsportsmanlike for a man to slip up on a deer behind a light and shoot him down, and so it is if one does it for pleasure or sport, but when a man wishes venison for self or family, the surest way to get it here is with a frying-pan and light wood chips or knots. Nine out of ten deer shot at while fire-hunting are killed, and when, after perhaps hours of tramping, the hunter gets a deer to "stand" while he slips up near enough to shoot, and finally kills it, I think he has earned his venison. He is apt to think so too, especially after "packing" it from one to four miles or more back to camp. No one ever fire-hunts in this country unless in need of the meat, as it is the hardest kind of work, and requires endurance as well as patience.

While I am on the subject I will tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about a fire-hunt I recently went on with my friend, Abner C. Spencer. Mr. Spencer is a tall, well formed man, of about 50 years of age, an ardent lover of shotgun and rifle, and a "crack" shot with the latter. Mr. S. built the Waterbury Clock Company's factory, etc., and for several years was superintendent of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company. He moved here several years ago, and now the country cannot get along without him. If your gun gets out of order your first thought is, "Well, Spencer can fix it." No matter what one wishes repaired or made, "Spencer can do it."

On the appointed day I saddled Black Prince, got my camping kit out, provisions, grain, etc., fastened them to the saddle and went over to Spencer's, about one and a half miles east. He soon had Major ready and everything fastened behind the saddle, and we started south for Cow Creek Hummock, six miles away. We took the road past Mathew's old sugar house and Dan French's fine orange grove, and entered Turnbull Hummock on one of the old turnpike roads built over a hundred years ago. Arriving at Chilton's, in the hummock, we filled our pockets with juicy oranges and continued north, arriving at the creek about 3:30. We at once dismounted, moved our "plunder," and made a shelter—to protect us from the dews and a possible rain—with forked sticks, poles, and the broad fans from low-branching cabbage palms. These fans—as they are commonly called—or leaves, are just the thing for making a camp in a hurry. Two leaves will often cover a space the size of a large extension table. It was our object to "still-hunt" until dusk, return to camp for supper, and fire-hunt until moonrise, which was at 12 o'clock that night. After getting everything ready for preparing supper in the dark, we started out of the hummock into the open pine woods bordering the same, and took stands about one-half mile apart to watch, Spencer up a low cabbage palm and the writer near an immense pine. At this season of the year the deer stay in the hummocks during the day and come out to feed about sunset.

We were in a fine locality for deer. It had rained the night before, and the ground was broken with numerous fresh tracks. But after watching for over two hours we were compelled to return to camp without a shot. We had not gone far, however, before we saw a deer jump and shake his white plume, then stand still, about 200 yards off. We stood watching it for some minutes, but not having a rifle, it was useless to shoot, although the writer had a noted "deer gun," a 12-pound 8-bore muzzleloader, which had killed many a deer at over 100 yards. As long as we remained motionless the deer stood there looking at us. We then walked toward it a few steps, when with a few high bounds it disappeared in the edge of the hummock. Going back to camp we found Major had broken loose and got outside of a peck of sweet potatoes.

Having got supper we went back to the pine woods. With my camp axe we cut a lot of dry, fat (resinous) lightwood—old dead pine timber, so full of pitch that when a match is applied to a piece it will light and burn as though it had been soaked in kerosene. Placing some of this in the frying pan we soon had a bright blaze. All around us, outside of the circle of light, was "dark as a pocket." Spencer took the pan, which had a handle about five feet long spliced to it, and a sack of lightwood cut up into eight-inch pieces, and I followed with the gun. With the handle on his shoulder and the blazing pan behind his head we trudged along, through saw palmetto, water and low scrubby growth. All was silent (not a word being said by either of us), except now and then the "Ough, ough ough-ough, ough-ough, *ough-ough!*" of the great horned owl so abundant in our forests. Some time after though we heard the wailing cry of a panther off in a cypress swamp. Every little while we would put more wood on the pan to keep up a bright blaze.

All at once Spencer stopped, lowered the pan a little, then raised it again in his effort to throw the light further out into the darkness; one could easily tell that he saw glowing eyeballs staring toward the light. Slowly his right hand left the handle of the pan and was outstretched behind him, into which I at once placed the gun. He then walked stealthily toward the eyes, but only to find that it was a cow. The eyes of deer and cattle are readily told apart by one who has seen them several times, the principal difference being that the former are very near together and of a pale light. We hunted until the moon rose, but saw no deer, although we were fooled several times, for a moment, by cow's eyes. On the way back we got lost, and did not arrive at camp until about breakfast time, having spent two or three hours by a huge fire of lightwood knots about two miles away.

The morning before we left camp we each shot an otter in the creek, but one of them got under the bank and defied our efforts to get it out. The skin of the one we got will bring about four dollars.

So we returned home without our venison, but having had a good time nevertheless. Your true and ardent sportsman always manages to have a good time while out in the woods, whether successful or not, and rarely regrets a long tramp after game he does not get. Of all men, deliver me from your grumbling sportsman who keeps stating that "he knew it would be so," etc., etc. Another time we may have better luck, and I will tell you of it.

REDWING.

GLENCOE, Fla.

DUCKING IN VERMONT WATERS.

LATE in the afternoon, Oct. 9, as the weather suddenly turned around cold, the Doctor, Charlie, Tom, Dick, Harry and myself agreed that the next day would be a good one for ducks and that we had better try them. The Doctor, Charlie and myself started for the lake that evening, leaving the rest to follow in the morning, and reached the landing about 8 o'clock.

It was with some difficulty that we boarded the yacht, as the water was rough, and the clouds had shut down black and threatening. This was just what we wanted to see, as it is all that makes the ducks stop, for there is no feed in the lake. Hoisting our sail and getting our anchor aboard, we stand out into the lake and soon find we have got all the wind our cat-rigged "skimming dish" can stagger under. The spray comes over us in torrents, and it is no exertion at all to imagine ourselves under Niagara. We climb on the weather rail, but are soon warned by the skipper to man the pumps if we don't want to swim. After coming round on the other tack she goes much easier.

In half an hour we sight the point and soon round-to in the cove out of the wind, and after everything is made fast we put our traps into the tender and are soon at the cottage; and while the Doctor and Charlie shake out the bedding and wipe up the guns, I make a pot of coffee, which is very agreeable after our cold sail. Coffee over and a pipe smoked, we turn in and are soon fast asleep. We are aroused before daylight, and as soon as it is light we sight a flock of ducks to leeward, and, taking the tender, we start down wind for them, having previously put in some hemlock boughs for a blind. They do not like the looks of things and start up out of range, but settle again further down, and we follow, Charlie taking the paddle. This time we get nearer. They rise toward us, and as they quarter we give them four barrels from our 10-bores and seven fall dead, and watching the flock four more are seen to drop, which, after picking up the others, we follow and get after considerable trouble, for they seem to think it is safer under than above water.

We find that we have drifted some ways below our cottage, and as the wind is rising, we decide to make for it. So throwing overboard the blind we take the oars, and after a hard pull reach our landing. Leaving the others to take care of the guns and birds, I get breakfast. The *menu* consists of slapjacks and maple syrup, doughnuts and coffee. I never pretended to be much of a cook, but the way those slapjacks disappeared has raised my opinion of myself in that capacity several points. I at length got the boys filled up, and leaving Charlie to wash the dishes, the Doctor and I take the yacht and sail down to the landing for the others, where we find them waiting very impatiently, as they had arrived in time to hear us firing, and naturally wanted to do their share. On our way up we see another flock of ducks, and start after them. We get well up, and six barrels are emptied, but no ducks fall, and three disappointed gunners look at each other in amazement. However, we bear down on six more, and succeed in getting them all, which makes up in a measure for the previous failure. But the wind keeps increasing, and it is wet work. We decide to go in, but before we can reach the point we are thoroughly wet through. The wind blows hard all day; we try it again toward night, and get few more ducks, and then give it up. The next morning at daylight we start for home, but very unwillingly, as there are several flocks in sight.

B. AND H

BRATTLEBORO, March 28, 1885.

THE ST. CLAIR NATIONAL PRESERVE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Early in May last a bill was introduced in the United States Senate for the purpose of setting aside the United States unsurveyed, overflowed and marsh lands in Lake St. Clair, in the State of Michigan, as a preserve in common for the people of the United States. The world-wide celebrated St. Clair Flats was fully included in the contemplated preserve, a territory which has long been most suitable for its fine shooting and fishing, and as a great public resort in summer.

The heralding of the bill and its introduction attracted much public attention. Previous attempts had been made by influential private parties to acquire possession of this territory, and very recently two bills had been introduced into Congress for the purpose of securing private title to the same on the score of claim of title to the land of a couple of contiguous islands, which titles purported to have been founded in the far back days of English rule.

This St. Clair territory belongs to a class which frequently borders the public waters of the nation in extensive tracts, and is almost invariably a locality of great resort for wildfowl and for those who shoot the same in season, is sometimes fine for fish, and is much frequented by the public.

The most desirable part of this class of territory, all primarily public domain, has now been largely acquired through the easy friendship of Congress, by private parties to convert into private shooting preserves, and while very valuable to the parties acquiring, the effect will be to entail forever a bar and loss to the public of privileges of which it ought ever to be the possessor.

Consider to what extent the borders of the public waters throughout the nation are plotted with close private shooting preserves formed from the class of territory described. These often belt a shore for many leagues, a single one sometimes consisting of many thousands of acres, and having miles of extent, all consisting of the choicest shooting territory afforded by the whole country, and often sold from the public domain for a trifling sum. And yet I believe I am correct in stating that not one such preserve has as yet been set aside for and privileged to the owners of the great domain from which all have been furnished—the public, the people.

When the grasp of private acquisition was stretched out after the St. Clair Flats, the relation and bearings of the measure and the policy it represented were taken into account; work was immediately instituted to counteract the scheme and secure the territory as a preserve for the public, with a determination to initiate a policy of like treatment and disposal hereafter of this class of territory in the interest of the public. The movement found the people almost unanimously in its favor, and received from it efficient support, but much hard work and engineering has been required to utilize this good will as a power, and to make head against influential opposition and arouse officials on a new line of action.

The bill to create the St. Clair preserve was introduced in Congress in May last, but no action was taken upon it during the session, the great political campaign sending everything to the wall that could go. There was, however, much public talk over the matter and much strong petition in its favor.

It was deemed best to add to the bill some amendments, and near to the last days of the session the amended bill was introduced, and at the next session will be earnestly pressed, with the expectation of success. It is in the hands of a popular and able Senator, the Hon. T. W. Palmer, of this State, who believes in its equity, good policy and success, and will do his part to justify this belief.

The two bills which were introduced the same session, but previous to the preserve bill, to give this overflowed territory to private claimants on the ground that it was legitimately an appurtenance to a couple of islands of which they claimed the ownership, had able presentation before committee, and strong influence, but nothing so far apparently very assuring to their cause has turned up, nor is there much hope that they will be successful further than recognition of title land proper of the islands or a part thereof. And yet but for the effort for the preserve, rolling over and showing up the situation it is not unlikely these bills would have been voted a success.

The recent action of the U. S. Senate, Jan. 26, 1885, in the case of territory formed by accretion from the water and adjoining private land, an island in Saginaw Bay, holding the same to be Government land and setting a price thereon, would seem to be in the line of a fatal bar to the aforementioned claim. F. M. WILCOX.

ROCHESTER, Mich., March 28, 1885.

NOTES FROM YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend of mine who has lived all winter at the old gamekeeper's cabin at Soda Butte, came into the Hot Springs about the middle of last month. He tells me that the main herd of elk of that section have ranged all winter on the divide between Calfee and Cache creeks. He thinks that he has seen as many as two hundred head at a time there. He also states that small herds of about twenty head are frequently seen between Soda Butte and Cache Creeks. The region where they have wintered is in the country that would have been thrown open to the public had the amended Vest bill passed. All these elk would then have been slaughtered.

One of the Assistant Superintendents, who has been stationed at the Lower Firehole during the winter, came through on snowshoes lately. He reports that there has been no game at the Firehole since winter set in, excepting three bison which passed through during the later part of February going toward the Lake.

Snow is going fast. I have caught several nice creels of trout in the Gardiner River since the first of Februery. It is amusing to see the trout taking the fly in midwinter, with the snow falling at the time. The warm water flowing from the Mammoth Hot Springs keeps the river open some distance down, and we can often see the trout jumping.

ICHTHUS.

LIVINGSTON, Mont., April 1.

FOWL IN RHODE ISLAND.—Fowl and geese have made their appearance here in their spring flight. Large flocks of eider ducks and shelldrakes were flying yesterday, and the indications are for a good flight of birds this spring. I killed two Wilson snipe on Monday, but cannot learn of any others being seen here; and this pair have probably been here all winter, as they were very fat.—W. M. H. (Newport, R. I., April 4).

NORTH CAROLINA DEER LAW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since reading your editorial commending the action of our late Legislature with regard to the preservation of game in not allowing the quail, etc., to be slaughtered at all times and seasons, I feel some hesitancy in bringing before your readers anything calculated to lessen the respect which may be felt for our lawmakers. Candor compels me to say, however, that not in all points did the Solons at Raleigh act wisely in regard to our game interests. It is with grief and a sense of shame that I have to chronicle the fact that the protection of our deer has been withdrawn, and "all counties east of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad" are entirely without a deer law, giving all hounders and others full license to kill as many deer as they choose, and at any season. This is the death knell of the few deer in this county, and they are few indeed, but were gradually increasing under protection from Feb. 15 until Aug. 15. Only last year one party killed eleven "does with fawn"—spotted fawns—during the close season, and would have killed more had they not been threatened with the penalty of the law. They had been fully warned of what they might expect if any violation of the law occurred during the present season, and would have been held in check, but the asininity of the late Legislature has thrown down all barriers, and deer hunting will soon be a thing of the past. The deer have only returned to this section within the past four or five years, and would with proper protection have increased to some appreciable extent. But we have seen the last of any sport worth mentioning, if the fawn slayers are to be allowed to hunt at all seasons, and allow their hounds to roam the woods at will during the spring and summer. We wished to have time shortened to Jan. 1 instead of Feb. 15, and would be glad to see the time on quail cut down to March 1 instead of April 1, as now. But for a few sportsmen who realize the good of game protection, the quail law would have been repealed also. Would that more of our citizens would subscribe to the FOREST AND STREAM.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., April 6, 1885).

IN NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.—The gray squirrel is as plentiful as might be desired, turkeys are quite numerous in some localities, partridges are abundant about the clearings, and pheasants are found in every direction in the forest. Those desirous of sport after deer and bear hie away to Whiteside, Hogback, Balsam, Coevee, Nautohala, Block, and Smoky mountains, where those animals are found in the greatest plenty. The "natives" use the old-fashioned, whole stock, long rifle, carrying from twenty-five to seventy-five bullets to the pound, and they look with derision upon a "scatter gun," one of which but few ever shot. An old hunter, eighty years old, says: "I never shot anything but a rifle in my life. I never had to shoot a bear twice, and never missed a deer that was half way fair to me. I have killed five deer in a day, with seven turkeys and three 'coons to finish on. Turkeys were so numerous once that I would not shoot one unless near home, because I could always get one close by when I wanted it, and as to squirrels, I never noticed them. I shot a deer one day, with the rifle, hit it on the side from me, made three holes in it, one of which was where the bullet entered, the other two on the side next to me. This is how it happened. The deer was licking the side toward me, so my bullet entered the neck on the side from me, went through and consequently came out on the side next to me, and re-entered on the same side, making the three holes. It dropped as dead as if lightning had struck it." The old man shoots a rifle well to this day. This is reached from Seneca City, S. C., on R. & D. R. R., Webster, N. C., on W. N. C. R. R., thirty miles from each place.—J. W. W. (Highlands, N. C., April 2).

PLENTY OF GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I frequently notice in your columns the cry of "no game," and where shall we go to enjoy the good old days of the past? I think I can answer the questions fully and entirely in a satisfactory way if quantity and variety are all that is desired. It is quite distant from the East, however, as I shall have to ask all those wishing fine sport to go with me to southwestern Kansas, along the Arkansas River. I spent two months there last fall, October and November. I am quite sure that during that time I saw one half million geese and thousands of ducks. On the plains I have shot quail, prairie chickens, rabbits and antelope during one trip. This, for variety, should satisfy the most exacting. It is a very common thing to bag thirty to fifty chickens in a day's hunt. The ducks are usually secured by waiting at the ponds, numerous near the river, and about 5 o'clock they come in. From this until dark you can have all the sport you may wish. Geese can be gotten by lying in the deep grass skirting the river or from blinds. They are not wild, but easily secured. I think, perhaps, there is less hunting in that section than almost any other in this country. The sportsmen all use 10-bore guns in that country, and smiled at my 12-gauge. I was perfectly satisfied with my success, however, and believe I made fully as long shots as any one with a 10-bore gun. To give you an idea of the abundance of game: A party of four went south from Newton (a town 300 miles west of Kansas City, on the A. T. & S. F. Railroad), near the Indian Territory, and in four days secured 90 dozen quail, 17 antelope and 300 chickens. To any one wishing fuller information concerning this paradise, I shall cheerfully answer all correspondence.—M. M. M. (Girard Manor, Pa., March 31).

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, N. H., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last year sportsmen had reason to complain of the lack of accommodations in this State. I send a statement of the prospect for increased facilities for the coming summer in some of the charming resorts north of the G. T. R. R. The Magalloway and Dead Diamond stream routes will have a new stock of fine model canvas canoes made and owned by Amasa Ward of this village. Second Connecticut Lake and "Uncle Tom Chester" will surprise the old timers by introducing a new house on the bluff near the old cabin. Mart Noyse and Diamond ponds are allied in the minds of visiting sportsmen; capacity enlarged one-half over last year's accommodations. To reach the various resorts named from North Stratford on the G. T. R. R., there is now an opposition line of stages to wake up sleepy drivers en route to Colebrook, from which point the routes separate. To get to Magalloway via Dixville Notch, apply to proprietor of Parsons House for livery, except Saturdays, via stage. To the Diamond Ponds livery only. To Second Connecticut Lake via stage, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; 125 miles to Connecticut Lake, from which point conveyance by a line of buckboards. Apply to H. Shoppee, at Lake House.—NED NORTON.

GOGEBIC CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Gogebic Forest and Stream Club took place Saturday P. M., April 4, at Burke's Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Telegrams of regret were received from two absent members. The usual routine of business was attended to, and reports from special committees, secretary and treasurer were read. The latter was particularly interesting to all, as it was to a certain extent the shadow of 1885. The shadow was quite distinct, and a royal good time is expected this season. An election of officers resulted in the re-election of H. E. Thayer, President; S. A. Wolcott, Vice President; W. H. Morris, Treasurer, M. C. Clancy was chosen secretary in place of Geo. H. Loomis, who, owing to ill health, wished to be relieved of all cares. In the evening an elegant repast was served by the Chicago members of the club, to which all did ample justice but the treasurer, who, owing to an attack of illness, was compelled to withdraw. After a good cigar the clock warned us of the fleeting hours, and with many hearty shakes of the hand and the oft-repeated promise to be on hand when the day comes for our departure for Gogebic's rock-bound shores, we separated, each bound for his distant home.—NIMROD.

WHAT IS GOOD SHOOTING?—"Wells," in his last article on "Shooters and Shooting," says that when a man says he has killed thirty birds straight he stretches the truth, *i. e.*, lies. I do not know of any instance of the kind exactly, but know that a young friend of mine, a farmer's son, killed twenty-three birds (quail) out of twenty five shots, all on the wing, and the shooting was done with a common old muzzleloading D. B. gun. This shooting was done in the presence of two other young men, and all the parties are now living and close at hand at this writing. His average of one-half is good for a whole season, but may be badly beaten many times during the season while out for only a day's shooting. For instance, I have killed eighteen birds at eighteen shots; again, I have shot for an hour almost incessantly and killed—nothing.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., April 6).

THEY ARE WISE.—While at my desk writing this noon, I was called to the door by an urchin who urged me to "bring the gun," and on looking out I saw a covey of fifteen quail standing by the garden fence within gunshot. The said urchin was much "put out" when I quietly remarked to him that the season was up and the birds must not be troubled, and went off muttering wishes for his "fire stick." It is strange, but that covey of birds have been extremely shy and wild all winter, although only shot at a couple of times, and now that the law protects them they will be around our yards every day.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., April 6).

NARROWS ISLAND CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held on Monday last in this city. The officers elected for the following year are as follows: President, D. G. Elliott; Vice-President, J. A. Hewlett; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Lawrence; Executive Committee: B. Dominick, Henry Sampson, W. G. Dominick and the officers above named. Dr. J. C. Barron was elected to membership.

SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE CAROLINAS.—The Sportsmen's Association of the Carolinas will hold its fourth annual shoot at Charleston, S. C., May 13, 14 and 15. Our programme will be out in a few days, and will be furnished on application to me.—T. H. GIBBES, Secretary and Treasurer (Columbia, S. C., April 10).

PENNSYLVANIA.—One of our sportsmen was out after snipe on the 7th and bagged seven in less than an hour and a half; another four, when he broke his ramrod and had to leave the field. A few ducks are passing over.—SUB. (Fallsington, Pa., April 8).

ON THE PLATTE.—Have just returned from a goose hunt on the Platte, at Central City, Neb. Game plenty, and the three-barrel led the score, as the rifle would reach them nicely at from two to five hundred yards.—L. K. M. (Hastings, Iowa).

NEW JERSEY.—Brant and geese are plentiful this week at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays. Few have been killed owing to want of cover to hide boats.—HOMO.

Sea and River Fishing.

TARPON KILLED WITH ROD AND REEL.

THE angling event of the season is the killing of a tarpon, *Megalops thrissoides*, by Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York city, with a rod and reel. It has so long been doubted by expert Florida fishermen that this could be done that future almanac makers will be justified in placing among their "notable events," opposite the 25th of March, "First tarpon taken with rod and reel, 1885."

In our last issue our correspondent "Wing," writing from Jacksonville, gave an account of the capture of a tarpon by Mr. Wood, the weight of which was much understated. On Saturday last we saw a monster tarpon with a hook in its mouth hanging above one of the stands of Mr. E. G. Blackford in Fulton Market, and on inquiry we were directed to Mr. Albert Ferguson, of Conroy's fishing tackle house, 65 Fulton street. From Mr. Ferguson we learned that the implements of capture were a bamboo rod, 5 feet in length, of the pattern used by anglers for striped bass at the North, a bass reel holding 1,200 feet of 21-thread linen line and a knobbed No. 10-0 O'Shaughnessy hook.

Mr. Wood is an experienced striped-bass angler who has probably caught more bass of great size than any one in the country, and having read in FOREST AND STREAM of the great strength and endurance of the silvery-sided streak of lightning called a tarpon, or tarpum in Florida, decided to try his mettle. Old Floridian anglers smiled and thought that such attempts only benefitted the rod makers and prophesied disaster to a rod of less than seven feet and so fine a line. Mr. Wood paid no attention to this but laid in his bait. He lost ten good fish by the cutting of the line, and then put on several feet of "safety-chain," a strong brass chain with flat links, and made the last link into a swivel which revolved around the knobbed hook. He cut a bait from a mullet, in the same manner that the bass anglers cut menhaden, and bound it with the flesh side out, with a fine copper wire. He went out in a catboat with his two boys and towed a very light dingey astern. He sat on the catboat and after getting his boat well out uncoiled about twenty feet of line and laid it on the deck, and also laid the rod on deck, holding the line in his hand. Experience with this tender-mouthed fish had taught him that it was very

necessary to allow the hook to get well down, in fact, that they should swallow it.

The biting of the tarpon does not at all resemble that of a big fish. The bait is gently taken and moves slowly off. When Mr. Wood felt his bait move he threw the coil of line into the water, calculating that the bait would be swallowed by the time the line was run out. He then picked up his rod and struck. A boy was already in the dingey and cast off the moment Mr. Wood jumped in, and the struggle began. The maddened fish leaped into the air showing its sides of burnished silver and then dove with a rush that threatened to take the man and boat with it. The excitement was above fever heat and the gulls were frightened at the frantic leaps of the scared monster, and screamed as they hurriedly left the place. Only the fisherman was cool. Repeated experiment in lifting weights with his rod had taught him to know the amount of pressure his thumb should apply to the reel and, holding his rod nearly upright, he placed the strain at twenty pounds and made the fish drag the boat.

At no time was there more than three hundred feet off the reel, and the pressure was kept at the same degree until the fish weakened. The leaps grew less high and the plunges less ferocious, until after a stubborn fight of three-quarters of an hour the monster was brought to gaff. On this day Mr. Wood hooked and landed three fish, the smallest weighing 85 pounds and the largest 115 pounds, and before he left Florida he took two others. He does not doubt being able to kill this fish with an ordinary bass reel and 300 feet of 9-thread line. The requisites appear to be a cool head, good tackle and a hook placed well down where it cannot tear out. The curious can see the hook, chain and a portion of the line at Conroy's. It is worth seeing to prospective tarpon anglers, and in future tarpon fishing may be classed among the sports of America.

BLACK BASS FOR STOCKING WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having noticed on different occasions inquiries in Forest and Stream in regard to black bass for stocking purposes, and never having seen any satisfactory answer, I made it my business to ask the gentlemen named below in regard to live black bass. Either of the three named are honest, trustworthy, business men, and catch and keep live fish for sale to dude fishermen who cannot catch them, but wish to take home a nice string to show in Pittsburgh.

Capt. Clark of the life-saving crew situated at the outer channel piers near the lighthouse, can furnish almost any number, but could not attend to shipping them. Capt. J. D. Pasch, at the Public Docks, a boatbuilder, who has all styles of boats to hire for fishing purposes, from a steam yacht to a small rowboat, nearly always has from ten to fifty fine bass in his boxes, from one and one-half to four pounds in weight. I have known the fish to spawn in his boxes often. Mr. Fred Knobloch, captain of the steam yacht Lena, keeps a hotel to accommodate fishermen and duck-hunters, can furnish them. Mr. Knobloch often ships different kinds of fish alive as far as Pittsburgh and the towns between here and there, and says he would not recommend shipping very large ones, as they require fresh water, according to the size of fish. The majority of bass taken here are the small-mouth, taken almost always on rocky reefs or hard bottom. The large-mouth are called here "swamp bass." Anglers, except green ones, do not care for them. They are not as large, on an average, and swimming as they do among the weeds and in shoal water, are not so good flavored, and taste of the sewers when caught near them. There is no marked difference in their fighting qualities, pound for pound, that I can notice, but the small-mouth is always taken in deeper water, and they average nearly twice the weight of the others. They do not seem to run at the same time. We begin to get the small-mouth from April 20 to June 15, when they slack off until September. About the first of June the boys may be seen wading among the weeds, catching sunfish and swamp bass with worms; they also take fly or spoon.

The addresses of the gentlemen named are: Capt. Clark, Life Saving Station, Erie, Pa. Capt. J. D. Pasch, Harbor Erie, Pa. Capt. Fred Knobloch, Harbor Erie, Pa. Any communication to either of the above gentlemen will receive prompt attention. Headlight.

Erie, Pa., April 16.

TROUTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We all feel very "trouty" since the opening of the season, and were it not for the presence of huge banks of snow on the north side of the mountains in the interior of the State your correspondent would have been one of many others to have jointed his rod the first of the month. One of our restaurateurs, who makes a display of both cultivated and wild trout on opening day, has had his representative make a tour of the inner counties of Pennsylvania in order to procure fish for his counters, but a return to Philadelphia with a meager supply proves the season's backwardness.

A letter below from an ardent fly-fisherman, with whom I have had many a day's sport, shows the condition of the streams within one hundred miles of our city:

"I tried the trout this morning and succeeded in taking about a dozen, not a short dozen, but a long one (fifteen all told). They ran from six to ten inches. My first cast was made from the bank in snow up to my knees—no rise, and after trying the stream at different points with no better success, I concluded to try the head of a dam some distance above—not the one you and I fished some years ago, but one lower down the stream; but judge of my astonishment when I found it completely covered with ice which may have been sixteen or eighteen inches thick. I found an open pool just where the creek enters it, and went to work, and for half an hour had the finest kind of sport. The morning was foggy, but as soon as the sun came out bright and warm I noticed the stream was getting 'riley' and knew my fun was up. The snow was melting on the sidehills and the muddy water poured into the stream from every direction, and in less than an hour from the time I made my first cast the water was fairly thick, so I unjointed my rod and started for home, feeling that I had made a much better beginning this season than in former. You know it has been my habit to try the trout on the 1st of April and woodcock on the 4th of July for years, and it often happens that I do not fare as well, after working much harder than I did to-day. If the water had remained clear I could have filled my creel by noon. The fish were fat and quite gamy, considering the circumstances under which they were taken. I want you and friend Roberts to come up after the Boston show."

It is needless to say I will be there, but fear considerable snow will still be on the hills. Reports from the State bordering the Susquehanna River state that the ice is melting gradually, and dangerous freshets are not expected. It will take a fortnight, however, to clear up the streams so they will be in condition for fly-fishing. Homo.

Philadelphia, April 8.

A REMARKABLE CATCH.

A friend while fishing at the Sault Ste. Marie from a boat anchored out in the stream got his hook fastened to something deep in the water. To free the line he laid the rod across the stern of the boat, and moved to the bow to raise the anchor in order to drop the boat down a little way. As soon as the anchor was free the swift current quickly swung the boat around, and his rod, weighted with a heavy reel, was carried overboard and disappeared. Of course he gave it up for lost. The following season found my friend again fishing in the same locality. At his first cast the hook succeeded in attaching itself to some mysterious obstruction. The line was new and strong, so pulling hard and steadily upon it, he brought to the surface what proved to be a rude fishing pole with several twigs at the end, around which was wrapped and tangled a common cotton twine line, in the tangle of which his hook was caught. Not it alone, for he was surprised to find a second hook with a line attached fastened in the wrappings. He drew in this line and soon appeared the tip of a second rod, which he secured, and instantly recognized it to be his own, the identical rod and tackle which he had lost the year before. The rod and reel were not seriously injured by having been submerged for so long. He has them still and may the good old man's health and strength be preserved to make successful use of them again in the fishing campaign he has already planned for the ensuing summer. The remarkable part of this incident is the fact that the rod and tackle which were recovered were lost out in the wide and open stream, in the swift current, and in very deep water, where the chance of finding them again as they were found was not one in a million. H.

CROPPIE, CRAPPIE, CRAPET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to Mr. James A. Henshall's paper in your issue of March 19, I beg to say that crapet is a French Canadian word—not French—generally employed all through the formerly Nouvelle-France, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is as old as Canada itself, but I could hardly give its etymology. Croppie or crappie is most probably the English spelling of that no-French word. In our country crapet denominates two distinct fishes: 1. The sunfish or common pond fish (*Pomotis vulgaris*). We call it *Crapet jaune* (yellow crappie). 2. The black-eared pond fish (*Labrax* [*Eupomotis*] *auritus*), called *Crapet vert* (green) or *Crapet mondoux*.

O. D.

Quebec, April 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am curious to know the derivation of the word croppie or crappie. I learned to call the fish "crappie" while catching it in the Upper Mississippi, where the French settlers so call it. The spelling was learned from Norris's "American Angler's Book," read years after. Later I heard the fish called "croppie," and, because in some parts of the West a crop of grass or grain is miscalled a crap, I thought that the name of the fish had been changed to "crappie" in conformity with what they considered a more correct orthography. Hence, I wrote to Dr. Henshall the lines he quotes in beginning his article in your issue of March 19, which gives much information about the fish but very little about the name, and I am still in the dark. I have always preferred the name of crappie to that of "strawberry bass," used in Western New York; first, because it is short and pretty; and, second, because there is no "strawberry" about the fish.

Fred Mather.

ROYAL ANGLERS.

Angling is certainly one of the national sports of England. In London alone there are no less than 155 fishing clubs, and in the provinces apart from those associations which may be strictly referred to as "private," there are at the time of writing 117. Scotland has a list of seventy-eight, and the writer is by no means sure that the enumerations given include all. Anyhow, here is sufficient proof that angling is not "that solitary vice" (*pace* Byron!) but a sport indulged in with national British thoroughness.

All the prominent members of the Royal family, except the Queen, are fond of fishing. Even that lady, during the lifetime of the Prince Consort, took great interest in the cultivation of the splendid waters of Windsor Great Park, and it is an open secret that on the accession of the Prince of Wales the lake of the Royal demesne will be stocked afresh with trout and pike, and the black bass where practicable. The carp—up to thirty pounds weight—and eels are a proverb in these waters, the latter having been taken up to eight pounds. By the bye, one caught in the Wey (a little river about five miles from the largest lake of Windsor Park, into which an overflow might have found its course) scaled eleven pounds, and was cast in my presence by the late Frank Buckland in 1876. It was a true fresh-water land-locked fish. A pike of thirty-six pounds was also taken in the same year from Rapley Lake on the confines of Windsor Park and cast by Buckland, and near on a score of carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) averaging over fifteen pounds were also sent from the same locality to the aquarium at Southport (Lane's). So much for the capabilities of the waters of Windsor Great Park.

Personally the Prince of Wales is not much of an angler. He is, however, fond of taking a rod and amusing himself with his children in catching the smaller fish of Virginia Water. This lake is three miles long by about one broad, and so called by George IV. after Virginia, and is beautifully laid out with forest trees and shrubs, birch, beech, oak, chestnut, rhododrendon, wellingtonia, *et hoc genus*. The sport of the Prince of Wales is rather of a more robust and boisterous kind. For example, I recollect that he and Lord Charles Beresford (of "Condor" fame), after collecting a picnic party on board the fifty-gun miniature frigate stationed on Virginia Water, silently and unknown to the rest undid the moorings and thus permanently grounded her, to the loudly expressed dismay of Capt. Welsh (who afterward ran down the Missillo with the Queen's yacht in the Solent) and his not choicely-expressed anger; he being in charge.

A water *fête* or picnic is always held after the Ascot race week—sometimes on a Sunday—and boating and fishing are indulged in on all hands among the Royal party and their guests. At such times the Princess of Wales is the queen regnant, and with her children, who look even now like her brothers and sisters, so youthful does she appear, she accompanies the head fisherman (my father) and angles with enthusiasm quite worthy of a Cleopatra. Her interest in the results of the set lines, on which eels, pike, perch or carp may haply be secured, is very juvenile, and in 1878 I had a long conversation with her in reference to the characters of our English coarse fish. I found her intelligent in her questions, and affable to a degree well calculated to set an example among English-born ladies. The charming absence of affectation and repelling dignity existing between the Princess and her children is very noticeable.

The Duke of Edinburgh is of a different cast to his brother and certes so is his wife to that of Alexandra. I remember a water picnic soon after he brought the Grand Duchess Marie to England. It was also at the end of the Ascot week. The fisherman had expressly provided a beautifully finished rod and tackle for the Duchess. The three were out in a small punt together, when the Duke essayed to use the rod, and being impatient at the fineness of the lines and also awkward, he roundly swore at it and angrily demanded why such an inefficient weapon had been placed in his hands. There were hundreds of spectators on the bank within hearing. "Pardon me," said the Queen's fisherman, quietly, "Your Royal Highness is not using it properly. Allow me to show you. The fault is yours." And with that and no further trouble the bait went flying through the air a distance of thirty yards, and a pike soon rewarded the Duchess, into whose hands the rod was given, and whose previous petulance had equalled that of Prince Alfred. He is a very fair angler, however, and in the fishing cottage there is a stuffed pike taken by him in 1866 of twenty-five pounds weight. The wood of the case of it is made from a piece of the original Herne's oak from Windsor Park. Of course, a stone now only marks where this famous tree once stood. The Duke of Edinburgh also signalized himself at the great Fisheries Exhibition by a paper on the condition of English sea fisheries and fishermen, and showed himself well versed in the subject, and soundly practical in his advice.

The Duke of Connaught is a soldier, and though a good shot and not at all unused to handling the rod, he is not a typical angler. Huntsman he is, and that a good one, as Goodall, the royal huntsman at Ascot, will tell you, but angling is too slow. His seat in Bagshot Park, and Rapley Lake, from which the thirty-six-pounder was taken, is in this park, and the noble estate is a part of the Queen's property—yclept Windsor Park. Of the Duke of Albany, notwithstanding his continued ill health, more can be recorded. He was passionately fond of the exercise of the "gentle craft," when it alone remained as the solace of his many hours of inability to enjoy active recreation. I have seen him with Mr. Collins (his medical superintendent) and Mr. Dalton (his comptroller), fishing on Virginia Water when it was a positive pain for him to adopt any but the reclining position. Once I incurred Prince Leopold's anger—and I think I can almost claim to be the only one who ever provoked him to anger, so generally amiable was he. He had appointed with my father to fish for roach (*Leuciscus rutilus*)—a fish similar to the "shiner"—and I was told off to furnish the boat. I omitted nothing, but the most important part, namely, the gut hooks; and when Prince Leopold came limping from his carriage and was assisted into the boat, it was found there were no hooks in the tackle box. Only an hour or so was allowed him on the water, and it would take at least half the time to go by foot to get the necessary weapons. In tone of great annoyance I was ordered to get in the carriage and fetch what I had forgotten. When I got back the Prince thanked me with the greatest urbanity, and even my respected father condescended to unbend his face now that the Duke had.

The Duke of Albany, when he was Prince Leopold simply, and since, was of a most amiable disposition—never complaining, and meek much beyond the rest of his brothers. He was also a good angler when his physical strength was equal to it, which, in the summer of '77, '8 and '9 was not very infrequent.

Prince Christian of Schlewig-Holstein is the Ranger of Windsor Park, and is, if not of a piscatorial turn of mind, certainly true to the ichthyophagous instincts of his vaterland. Princess Helena (his wife) does not care much for water recreation, but their young sons, Albert, Victor and George, are enthusiastic anglers—a little too enthusiastic, sometimes, perhaps, when the fisherman isn't looking. During the last pike season they have been extremely fortunate from the lake, situated just behind their residence, Cumberland Lodge, and thirteen and fourteen-pound fish have fallen to their rods with pleasant frequency. I recollect it is quite ten years ago since these young gentlemen had two of the prettiest of silver-mounted roach rods given them as a first incentive toward the gentle art of angling. J. Harrington Keene.

RANDOM CASTS.

The South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island had a famous opening of the trout season. Of the one hundred members thirty-seven were on hand to catch the early trout. This year the fish limit has been increased. Formerly each member was permitted to take eighteen fish daily and to return all of the others to the water. Now each member can take forty fish daily, but none must be returned, as it has been found a great mortality resulted from liberating the hooked fish.

Mr. Sheppard F. Knapp, on April 1, took eighteen trout below the mill flume at the South Side Club which weighed 21 pounds and 11 ounces. His largest fish weighed 2 pounds and 11 ounces. These fish were the first eighteen hooked, and the catch beats all previous records.

The South Side Sportsman's Club have in their preserves 12,000 two-year-olds and yearling trout. The former average nearly half a pound in weight. About 4,000 of the two-year-olds were turned out into the ponds and streams preparatory to the opening of the season. There were some pretty sketches of the club in *Harper's Weekly* of April 4.

Mr. Charles F. Imbrie, of this city, had some excellent fishing in Green River, at Sayville, L. I., on the opening day of the trout season. For several years past Green River has been rented by Mr. Imbrie and Mr. Wilbur.

Mr. John G. Heckscher has just rented a small trout pond at Quogue, L. I., which he will have restocked at once.

Mr. William J. Florence and Mr. John G. Heckscher, of this city, are preparing for a salmon fishing excursion to the Restigouche early in the season.

Mr. William Carpender, of New Brunswick, N. J., had magnificent fishing in Mr. William Floyd-Jones's pond at Oyster Bay on April 1. Mr. Floyd-Jones has invited ex-President Arthur to fish his pond this season.

Ex-Secretary of Navy Robeson has been fishing at the South Side Sportsman's Club since the opening day.

THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD BASS.

SINCE writing through FOREST AND STREAM for information concerning the bass placed in Black's Pond some ten or twelve years ago by a party of gentlemen interested in fish propagation, of which I was one of the members, I have made inquiry in reference to the fish purchased and am satisfied the two gentlemen who had the matter in charge were deceived by the person who furnished them. My part in the matter was to subscribe to the fund to be used, and the two who were to go to Hagerstown to buy the fish never saw them distinctly, and would not have known a bass if one was in plain sight before them.

Returning from Hagerstown, Md., they brought with them a large, firkin shaped tub, in which they only knew they had fifty fish of some kind. On arriving at Philadelphia the tub was transferred to the Swedesboro Railroad car, and reaching the latter place after dark, the vessel was at once carted to Black's Pond and it contents dumped into that body of water. Before the breaking away of the breast of this dam by freshet the pond contained numerous white perch, which were frequently caught weighing two pounds. These, it is known, were introduced into the pond from the tide water of Raccoon Creek, into which the pond discharged its surplus and overflow through a sluice gate, showing that it is suitable for the growth of other fish than bullpouts and sunfish. But what I want to get at is this. Before the two gentlemen of our party liberated what they bought for black bass into Black's Pond no chub or fall fish were known to be in its waters. Now it is swarming with them, and the writer has caught them there as "big as calves." May it not be that the fish emptied into the pond were chub or fall fish, and that the committee of two on purchase were deceived?

Black's Pond is a fair sheet of water, a mile and a half long at one of its branches and a full mile in length at the other, and I am sure that if tidewater perch were found to thrive there, the black bass also would, and I would strongly advise that another attempt be made on a large scale. I think the large fish that your correspondent stated was caught in Black's Pond would prove to have been a huge chub or fall fish. The rock bass would undoubtedly thrive there, and I am glad to learn that its introduction is thought of, as it is a gamy little fish, and will take the fly freely and furnish much better sport than the sunfish and chub now so numerous on the water referred to. HOMO.

LAKE TROUT IN A STREAM.

ONE hot day in August, 1882, Charley G. and myself arrived at the Connecticut Lake House about 2 o'clock P. M., and not having time to make a long trip that day I took a bait rod and thought I would try the fishing below the dam in the river. Climbing down the steep bank I threw my hook baited with a good-sized angle worm into the rapid water, and let it drift down into the pool below, when I saw it taken by a large fish, and trying to bring it to the top of the water the gut parted and it was gone. I went back to the hotel and got my fly-rod and landing net, and putting on a heavy leader and larger bait-hook went back, thinking "if you bite again, old fellow, I shall probably take you in out of the wet."

I fished around the dam awhile but got nothing until I cast the worm again in the same place and let it drift into the pool, when I saw a fish take it that I thought nearly twenty inches long, and appeared to weigh at least five pounds. "Well, if this is the size of the trout around here it beats all the stream fishing I ever saw," said I to Charlie, who had followed me down from the hotel and stood on the bank. "Is it a pickerel?" "No, it is a trout, I think, for I saw it when it took the bait." "I guess I had better help you land him then," and taking the net quickly he passed it under the fish as I reeled it up, and took out a lake trout that weighed, when we killed it before we left the lake four days after, three and a half pounds. We took it to the house and put it in the watering tub, and it soon was swimming around all right. I caught that night and the day we came away four more that would average two pounds each.

Mr. Smith, who was then proprietor of the hotel, and several people who had lived around there for years, said they never knew of any being taken below the dam at the outlet of the lake before.

The brook trout are quite plenty in the river between the dam and Perry's stream earlier in the season, but it was so late we did not catch any there. S. J. G.

LANCASTER, N. H.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the most killing fly in the American waters, I do not think that any person can tell which is best. Any one can have his opinion and may hit on a good killing fly for many waters. Where can the fly-fisher be found that ever saw a scarlet ibis on the stream, or most of those gaudy-colored flies? My experience for thirty years, both in England and America, is that fishermen that want good sport on any stream should take a box of fly-making tackle and simply watch for the fly the fish are taking, catch one, press it on a piece of clean paper, first noticing the color of the wings and legs. By pressing the fly on paper you can invariably tell what color the body is. Then tie your fly accordingly.

In Nova Scotia, in 1867, I fished a great deal, and noticed the difference between the fishing on inland ponds or small, deep holes. One could throw a fly of any description and be sure of a rise, because the trout are so confined in these pools that they will rise at anything that will fly in the shape of a bug of any kind. Not so in a good, clean, running stream, where natural flies of all kinds are setting on the surface, because the fish feed on one particular fly. A party of gentlemen from Pennsylvania, which I had the pleasure of being with in 1878, started on a week's trip up the Loyal Sock, a tributary of the Susquehanna, where, after fishing three days with very poor success, millions of small yellow sallys came and remained two days. I tied a few for each person on a No. 12 sneck-bent hook, using a bright yellow silk body with small yellow legs and yellow wings, which gave us all the fishing we could attend to for that day, after which not a fish could be taken with a yellow sally; in fact, the only good killing flies in Pennsylvania are the queen of the water, coachman, yellow dun, and cowdung, as in England, tied on the small hooks from No. 10 to 14.

In my opinion the best killing fly depends altogether on the state and color of the water. For instance, on the upper part of the Androscoggin River near the Middle Dam, and below, called Cedar Stump, where I had my best fishing in Maine, the fish would not take a gaudy fly but mostly the small gnat, professor and queen of the water as the best killing fly. Only in land-locked places where the fish are confined like a lot of convicts, will they take anything in the shape of a fly. But let the fly-fisher cast his fly in a good running stream and he has to fish for all the trout he gets, and if he has any luck at all, he certainly will not get them with an ibis or a gaudy fly, but with a good imitation of the natural fly. Here in Connecticut the best baskets of fish are taken with a very small fly, such as a small march brown, willow fly, dun, ledge, etc. Prof. Jackson, of Hartford, the most noted fisherman there, caught a fine basket on April 3, with march browns. As "S. J. G." says, there is in nature no such fly as the ibis, and certainly a man could use a dozen different flies to more advantage than the ibis, although a person might get up a particular fly of his own and it might prove a good killer in some waters but in others will not take a fish. In fishing I only use about a dozen kind of flies, none of which is the best killer, except at certain times of the day or evening.

For a night fly, the best in my opinion is the white moth, ledge fly, Welchman's button and the coachman, tied on a No. 3 hook. Perhaps for a bob fly a red spinner. The ibis is a splendid fly for chub, perch, shiners and other mud fish, but for trout I think there are twenty better flies. Let two good fishermen go on a stream, one with the ibis, the other with the queen of the water, small gnat of any color, in fact, any small dun fly. I say the scarlet ibis would be nowhere compared with those mentioned; or with any other unnatural fly.

For large flies, for day fishing, I think the best are a May fly and green drake tied to a No. 3 hook with woodduck tail, buff body (large), peacock tail for ribs, light brown legs, with woodduck wings. I have had good luck with those same flies in the Androscoggin waters, also in the Adirondacks; in fact, they are good killing flies in most waters from the first of June till the middle of July. In my next I will give you a little of my experience in fishing in the West Indies and Brazils. W. C. SPARRY.

HARTFORD, Conn.

TROUBLE AMONG THE SHAD FISHERMEN.—The gill-net fishermen who operate in the Delaware River and Bay are much excited over the late act of the Delaware Legislature which has just become a law by the approval of the Governor, providing that, "It shall be unlawful for any person not being a citizen of the State to catch or take fish of any kind on the Delaware Bay or River, or any creeks emptying into the same on the limit of this State." The State of Delaware claims under the original purchase deed from William Penn jurisdiction over all the river and bay below the Penn State line. In 1871 Delaware first attempted to enforce this claim, and the Pennsylvania and New Jersey fishermen resisted it and a number were killed in conflicts with the Delaware authorities. Commissioners were then appointed by the Governors of these States to settle the matter, and they arranged a case to be tried in the United States Supreme Court, where the matter has since rested until the recent oppressive action of the Delaware Legislature. The New Jersey gill-net fishermen were just about to commence operation when they learned that the Delaware officials had made preparation to enforce the law. The state of affairs was telegraphed to Gov. Abbett of New Jersey on Saturday and he was appealed to for protection. He arranged for an inter view at his office in Jersey City and a large delegation of fishermen headed by Capt. Whittecar, Assemblyman of Salem county, went on a special train to attend the conference.—HOMO.

HOW I CAUGHT A BLACK BASS.—In your issue of 2d inst. I read of an occurrence which I feel bound to support. The difference between the two cases being only that the writer of that note caught his bass in the stern of the kiff, while mine was caught in the bow. It occurred in this wise: The late Dr. Lister and myself went out on one occasion to shoot wood ducks. Having shot until after sundown, we were in a great hurry to catch our steamer. We were rowing side by side in our skiffs at the best pace possible through the marsh, when I heard a great commotion in the bow of my friend's boat. Nothing was said until we reached the landing, when I asked the Doctor what caused the row in his boat. He said he didn't know. We placed our boats on the steamer, and then investigated the cause. We found in the skiff a large-mouthed bass, which we put on the scales and found to weigh six and one-quarter pounds. The theory is that his boat struck it, which caused it to leap from the water, and the speed caused it to drop into the bow. Many a time since I have asked persons to conjecture as to how it was captured, but never found one to hit it.—R. P. L. (Picton, Ont., April 6).

TAPERED HOOKS.—Redditch, England, March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We note in your issue of March 19 a letter signed "J. W. T.," in which he remarks that tapered hooks are not marked because at the end of the shank are too slender. This is an erroneous idea. Fish hooks tapered shanked can be marked same as not tapered. All the hooks we snood on to gut we have them marked. It is a little extra expense to us, but by doing this our snelled hooks on gut give greater satisfaction. If the end of the gut was made rough the hooks would still be firmer. If hooks are tied in this way and properly varnished, there will be few complaints from anglers. The rage is for cheap hooks and cheap tackle. If tackle dealers will keep the best goods, they will be able to get a fair price for their goods and insure an increasing sale.—S. ALLCOCK & Co.

A COLD OPENING.—Fishing season opens with two feet of ice on our lakes, and only very rapid streams free from ice. Snow deep yet in the woods, and from my library window I can see drifts ten feet deep now. Thermometer 10° above zero to-day; lower yet yesterday. We hope for better weather this side the Fourth of July.—NED BUNTLINE (Eagles Nest, N. Y., April 10).

LARGE STRIPED BASS.—Mr. C. M. Raymond, of Sing Sing, N. Y., took a striped bass weighing sixty-eight pounds in the Croton River, with hook and line, on the 8th inst. The fish was sent to Mr. S. H. Everett, and was shown in front of his hotel on Barclay street. Cuttyhunk and Pasque Island will have to look to their laurels when such fish are caught in the Croton.

A VALUABLE FISH.—The statement is made in the papers that while fishing in Chattahoochee River, near Cedar Springs, Ga., John Leedom caught a catfish weighing five pounds, and in its stomach was found a gold $20 coin dated 1816.

Fisheulture.

OYSTER FARMING FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

[Written by Professor W. K. Brooks, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, upon request of S. G. Worth, to be read before Fishermen's Convention, at Raleigh, October 15, 1884.]

From very early times the cultivation of the land has been recognized as one of the most propper fields for private industry, and an extensive area of productive laud in the hands of private owners and under thorough cultivation, is the most convincing evidence of permanent prosperity which a State can exhibit.

I suppose that no one of my hearers doubts this, but a little thought will show you that the whole world does not agree with you. There are men living to-day in our country, who are bitterly opposed to all agriculture, and who believe that the country should be preserved in its natural state as a public hunting ground, and nothing but armed force restrains them from asserting their opinions by the murder of the farmers who have trespassed upon their rights.

Much as we may sympathize with the hardships of the uncivilized Indians, we all know that they must either change their opinions or die. There is no room in this country for an unproductive race.

The natural resources of the earth are sufficient for a scanty population of savages, but we might as well try to supply the demand for horses in our cities and farming regions by catching colts on our prairies, as to hope to support a civilized human population upon the natural products of the uncultivated earth.

We all recognize that this is true of the lands out of the water, but many people believe that it is not true of the lands under the water. Private industry can do very little to increase the supply of migratory sea fishes, and it is therefore obvious that no one person should be permitted to monopolize the supply which belongs to the whole people.

Now does this hold true of the oysters? It is true that the natural resources of the State belong to the whole people, but an oyster is as stationary as a potato, and if it is true that private industry can promote the wealth and prosperity of the State by the cultivation of the oyster grounds, public rights must give way, just as the public rights to the lands above water have given way, for the good of the public as a whole, before private agriculture.

In order to show you that private oyster culture is possible, and that it would, like agriculture, bring wealth and prosperity to the State, and would greatly increase population and taxable real estate, I wish to call your attention to a few facts regarding the value of cultivated oyster grounds, as compared with the natural facts.

Five years ago the system of private oyster farming was introduced into the State of Connecticut. Previously to this time the Connecticut oyster planters were compelled to obtain more than half a million bushels of seed oysters from the Chesapeake Bay each year for planting, but the owners of private farms are now able to supply all the oysters which are needed by the Connecticut planters, as well as those of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Most of the seed oysters planted in New York and New Jersey are now purchased from the Connecticut farms, and, in addition to this, one firm in 1883 shipped to San Francisco fifteen million seed oysters which had been reared upon a private farm.

The State of Maryland has more than 640,000 acres of oyster ground, which is managed by the State, and from this area the fishermen obtain about $2,000,000 a year. In France a crop valued at $8,000,000 was raised in three years from a farm of less than 500 acres, where there were no natural oysters.

The State of Virginia has more than 1,000,000 acres of oyster ground, yet a Connecticut farmer states that the annual crop from his farm is now equal to one-third that of Virginia.

In 1879 there were in Rhode Island 962 acre of oyster ground under a very imperfect system of cultivation, yet the oysters were sold for $680,500. If the oyster grounds of Maryland were used to no better advantage they would yield $550,000,000 a year, instead of the $2,000,000 which the fishermen now obtain from them.

So much for the return to the individual. Now a word about the advantage to the State. The oyster grounds of Maryland give employment, for a few months in the year, to about 50,000 fishermen. If they were thoroughly cultivated they would give profitable employment to more than 500,000 people for the whole year.

Besides the great advantage to the State which comes from the wealth and prosperity of its people, oyster cultivation may be made to contribute to the public revenues by direct taxation.

The revenue of the State of Maryland, from 640,000 acres of uncultived oyster ground, for the five years from 1878 to 1883, was $210,000, or about $40,000 a year, but the expense of collecting it was nearly $218,000, or more than $9,000 in excess of the receipts.

In 1883 the revenue of Rhode Island from 1,100 acres of cultivated oyster grounds was $11,000, and on the same basis the annual revenue of Maryland should be more than $6,000,000.

These facts will, I trust, be sufficient to show to every one the great advantages of oyster culture, and the subject should have an especial importance at this time to all public-spirited citizens of North Carolina.

The near-sighted policy which the States of Maryland and Virginia have pursued is rapidly leading to the extermination of their natural supply, and the demand for oysters from all parts of our rapidly growing country must be met in some way.

The clear-headed citizens of Connecticut have discovered this, and they are rapidly developing a system of private oyster culture with very remarkable success, but their climate is unfavorable, and oysters in shallow water are often destroyed by starfish and other enemies which are much less dangerous in our own land-locked and brackish waters than they are in Long Island Sound.

If the people of Maryland and Virginia would adopt laws for the encouragement of oyster farming, they might draw into their State the energetic men and the millions of dollars of capital which are now engaged in this business in Connecticut.

Unfortunately there is, in each of these States, a large and influential body of fishermen, who have always made their living by fishing upon the public beds, and these were all bitterly opposed to any system of private cultivation so long as the natural beds are not entirely destroyed.

Before this happens the Connecticut farmers will have obtained control of the market, unless they shall have been drawn to North Carolina by the advantages of a warmer climate, the absence of marine enemies to the oyster, and the much more rapid growth of the oyster in Southern waters.

Here, then, is the opportunity of North Carolina. In her great land-locked shallow sounds and tidal rivers there is a great undeveloped source of wealth, which can be made to support hundreds of thousands of people. I am unable, in the absence of exact survey, to state just how large the territory is which is favorable for oyster farming, but it is certainly not much less than a million acres, and the possible revenue from this source is so great as to seem almost fabulous; but I wish to call your attention once more to the fact that the Rhode Island oyster grounds yield on the average $700 per acre each year.

This great source of wealth cannot be much productive without the investment of a large capital. The establishment of any oyster farm itself requires capital, and in addition to

this, there must be a town with ice-houses and canning and packing establishments, and there must also be means of rapid communication with the centers of oyster consumption before the natural advantages of North Carolina can be made available.

I therefore wish to impress upon you the fact that now is the opportunity which may never occur again.

Between the destruction of the natural beds of the Chesapeake Bay and the establishment of a great oyster industry in Long Island Sound, North Carolina can by wise action do much to draw the business into her own favored waters.

I, myself, am a student rather than a practical business man, and I therefore make no suggestions as to the manner in which this may be accomplished.

For several months in each year, for several years past, I have been a citizen of North Carolina, and I have, therefore, been much pleased to have this opportunity to point out to the people of the State that the times are now especially favorable for developing the great resources of their seacoast, but I must leave to men who are more versed in public affairs the task of devising how this shall be brought about.

I had intended to take this opportunity to say a few words upon the manner of establishing and conducting an oyster farm, but as I learn that Lieut. Francis Winslow, U. S. N., one of the highest authorities upon this subject, is to address you, it will not be necessary for me to consume time which he will supply to much better advantage.

THE KANSAS COMMISSION.—We learn that Mr. W. S. Gile, Fish Commissioner of Kansas, has been removed for political reasons, and Mr. S. Fee, of Wamego, Pottawatamie county, appointed to succeed him. We always regret to see removals of Commissioners for political reasons, because it takes years for a man to become familiar with practical fish-culture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club, W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club, John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2312.**

SPANIELS AT NEW HAVEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with pleasure not unmixed with a little fear of my decisions being roughly overhauled that I read in FOREST AND STREAM of Mr. Mason's intention to criticise the spaniels at New Haven. A few owners of dogs, generally poor ones, are very fond of running down Mr. Mason as a judge, but you never hear an owner of a good dog do so, and C. H. M. having become a little more Americanized, and, if I may be permitted to say, having had the unpleasant angularities of his John Bull character rounded off, seems to me to be fast taking the position in the opinion of all true fanciers his sound, "all-round" knowledge of dogs entitles him to. No one who is an admirer of spaniels, but has done as I have, read Mr. Mason's letter on the spaniels at New Haven over more than once. To me it was a real treat, betokening, as it did in every line, such a thorough and intimate knowledge of the breed, one, by the way, in which Mr. Mason figured to advantage in England, though such is not generally known.

Mr. Mason's comments on Mr. Willey, and what the breed owes to him and his wonderful little dog Obo, are fully deserved, and though I do not desire in the least to detract from what is due to my Salmon Falls friend, we must not overlook priorities. The first push to the ball which has resulted in such genuine improvement in our cocker spaniels was the establishment of the Cocker Spaniel Club. But for that we would still be where we were four years ago, when anything on four legs with long ears was a cocker spaniel.

The spaniel club started the breeders on the quest for improved stock and among other importations was the dam of Obo II., for which we are indebted to Mr. F. F. Pitcher, a member of the spaniel club. It was here Mr. Willey joined in as the purchaser of one of the puppies, the now justly celebrated Obo II., and by judicious breeding, and here he must be awarded full credit—has been able to show a daughter of the old dog which is not only his superior, but is, in my opinion, the best cocker spaniel in the country, if not in the world. I refer to Shina, the bitch Mr. Mason says he would have placed over Obo II. for the special. With regard to Shina I do not fully agree with Mr. Mason on one point—her condition. It was that almost alone which caused me to decide in favor of her sire. It must be remembered that I judged the spaniels early on Wednesday, the first day of the show, and Shina had only been got in from walk by Mr. Willey to bring on to the show so that he had no opportunity to prepare her, and when shown she was a little rough in coat and slightly wavy. Now she was universally admired and was constantly being handled and stroked, and a couple of days of this kind of work makes a wonderful difference in a black dog of the right texture of coat. It would therefore materially depend upon the time when Mr. Mason took his notes upon Shina's condition as to how she looked compared with her appearance when I was called upon to decide between her and Obo II. Another thing is that Mr. Willey was absent when the two were brought in for the special and Obo's flat coat could stand showing better in the rough (taken off the bench and brought in without brushing) then could Shina's. Then again the dog will never be better and the eleven-months Shina will yet improve, so taking all things into consideration I voted for the old dog. I think, however, it is the last time he will ever best his daughter, and I so told Mr. Willey.

With regard to how I placed the bitches in Shina's class, I took Helen for second place because she was almost a perfect mate for Shina in height, length and general characteristics. I had the advantage of having them all together to compare closely, and although I know Helen, while on the bench, shows a few peculiarities, yet she never does so in company in the ring, and I cannot go beyond what is in front of me. The four I picked out as the best of the class were Shina, Helen, Dinah W. and Black Meg, and Mr. Laidlaw said to me afterward, "I saw who would get second as soon as you put Helen alongside of Shina." I think that when an exhibitor who gets what I might call fourth honors tells the judge that, the latter ought to feel very happy with himself, and I can assure you I was. I don't take it at all ill that Mr. Mason does not agree with my placing of the bitches. I am simply giving my reasons for what I did. Next came Dinah W., a little higher on the leg and shorter in back, while a shade higher was Black Meg, with her short head and dowed skull, but grand coat and bone. I think that, without exception, this was the best class of dogs of any breed I ever judged. All through until I came to Rose Obo—Mr. Mason missed the wonderful Western criticism on this bitch—each only suffered by comparison with those in front. Mr. Mason says of Dinah W., the reserve, that three or even two years ago she would have taken highest honors. Quite true, and the same holds good of the last of my vhc.'s, Darling, a liver bitch, badly shown, but with good, short legs, not always out at elbows, and good length of body. Let Mr. Mason recall Hornell Ruby, that won so many prizes as late as 1883, and I am sure he will agree with me that she could not compare in any way with Darling, indifferent as the latter appeared in such company. Looking upon her as showing such marked improvement in general spaniel characteristics, and not by way of comparison with the blacks ahead of her, I gave her the vhc.

With regard to Newton Abbot Lady and Black Prince being so close together, I differ with Mr. Mason. That gentleman gives an illustration in his communication, and I'll follow his example to explain my meaning. A pug exhibitor asked me to look at his dog, and as he was a new beginner, to show him wherein the dogs ahead of him were better. At first glance his dog looked hardly dealt with, as he had a better head than the winner, but on stirring them both up in their cages, it was apparent that my inquirer's dog was a slack-built dog, whereas the winner was a compact, cobby little dog. The second was of the same type, and it was easy work to show the seeker for information what the judge had arrived at in making his selections. Now, in spaniels I want a dog low down with plenty of bone and straight legs. Newton Abbott Lady was the only one of that type in the class. I admit she is faulty every place Mr. Mason says, but my main objection to her is the lack of the extra inch in length. With all her faults she is a spaniel, and her every action while in motion is that of a spaniel. On the other hand, Black Prince is high on the leg, to me the worst fault in a spaniel; he is, therefore, comparatively speaking, short in the back, his ears are not so well placed as Lady's, he is faulty in muzzle and so is she, he lacks the bone the bitch has, his coat, though it looks well, is no flatter than the bitch's, and lacks the closeness and density of hers. Added to this, Black Prince was not himself, having fretted all the way coming on the steamer from New York the night before to the extent of losing several pounds weight, and being off his feed he was so tucked up that it made him look higher off the ground than he otherwise would have done if shown heavy.

We need to improve our field spaniels, get them lower and longer and with better coats than the average run: it is therefore with pleasure I hear the Cocker Spaniel Club propose extending their field of good work and taking hold of the heavy weights with a view of improving them as much as has been done with the cockers. We may therefore look for a marked change hereafter in the field spaniel, as an incentive will be given toward their improvement. JAS. WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1885.

RETRACTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I look upon this Mason controversy from the standpoint of a spectator, and take in it only the interest of a sportsman who desires that right should prevail for the better advancement of our interest in general. I think that Mr. Mason deserves the thanks of every true sportsman for the frank, open warfare of principle against the would-be powers that be. It may be that at times his arguments have been a little severe, but show us the man who could draw it lighter when he felt—

> "* * * who steals my purse steals trash;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And makes me poor indeed."

Since the New Haven show it seems that the application of a quotation from Byron applies to Mr. Mason's case admirably, and here it is:

> "For time at length sets all things even.
> And if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> That could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong."

And as Mazeppa returned to conquer, so shall Mason, backed by those who feel that the right must prevail. The war cry is sounded at New Haven and we hear the order of onward which is felt at Chicago. Troops marshaled by those who, by misguidance heretofore, had meant to destroy.

Lead on. The time has come when the petty dynasty must crumble under the force of popular opinion. What true sportsman, when he reads the retractions of the past two weeks, which were used heretofore to assail the character of Mr. Mason, does not feel that those retractions should be copied on the walls of the editorial office at Chicago with a pencil ipped in the sorrows of the editor. VERITAS.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE meeting of the A. K. C. called for April 8 was held at the rooms of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, President J. M. Taylor in the chair. Mr. Elliot Smith, Second Vice-President; Mr. E. S. Porter, Secretary, and G. N. Appold, Treasurer, were present. The following clubs were represented by delegates: St. Johns Pet Stock Association by H. W. Wilson, Philadelphia K. C. by Mr. W. H. Childs, New Haven K. C. by Mr. G. E. Osborn, New England K. C. by Mr. A. W. Pope, Montreal K. C. by Mr. J. F. Campbell, and the following by proxy: Kentucky K. C., Illinois, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Baltimore.

The report of secretary and minutes of last meeting were read and approved. A committee on credentials consisting of Messrs. Smith, Childs and Osborn was appointed, to which the president was added.

The committee on credentials reported favorably on the application of the Manitoba Pet Stock Association, Western Pennsylvania Poultry Association, Eastern Field Trials Club, and National Field Trials Club for membership, and they were elected. Application from the Knickerbocker Kennel Club of Jersey City for membership was laid on the table. It was moved that the executive committee of the A. K. C. be the committee on discipline.

A committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Appold, Munhall, Taylor, Osborn and Childs was appointed to revise and correct the constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations of the A. K. C., to report at the annual meeting. Concerning the disqualification of Mr. W. H. Pierce by the Philadelphia Kennel Club, after testimony had been taken the following was decided upon: That, Whereas it is the judgment of the A. K. C. that Mr. Pierce did not intend to commit a fraud upon the Philadelphia K. C., but that the action of that club was within the rules, yet upon investigation of the case the A. K. C. reinstate Mr. Pierce. All prizes won by him since his disqualification to be retained by him. It was decided to hold the annual meeting at Cincinnati, on May 8, at 8 P. M., place to be decided upon. The secretary was instructed to notify each member of the A. K. C. that it has been assessed the sum of ten dollars to defray current expenses. Moved that the National and Eastern Field Trials clubs be requested to appoint so many of their members as they may agree upon as a special committee to agree on field trial rules.

The meeting adjourned after passing a vote of thanks to the New England Kennel Club for their courtesy in extending the use of their club room for the meeting. E. S. PORTER, Sec.

"WILDFOWLER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will find inclosed Clement's ("Wildfowler") letter of agreement and coupon of draft stating amount paid to him, with date, and also letter from steamship company showing Clement has not done as agreed. As for the dog which he has sent me, I have no description or pedigree of it. Clement was to furnish all on receipt of $80. Any one in want of such a dog, direct from the swill potteries of London, where Clement procures all his renowned world-beaters for a few shillings, can have him by paying the charges to the steamship company. I have no use for such stock at my kennels.

C. F. KENT.

MONTICELLO, April 8.

Following are the letters referred to:

LONDON, E. C., Jan. 26, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I can send you a good beagle dog, hound-marked and with good ears and stern, and fit to show and win, for £10, delivered at Liverpool, or £16, delivered at a United States seaport, carriage paid, and declaration for breeding all paid by me; so that you would have no trouble or bother in the matter. I know what you want and would take care that you get it. I suppose you would want him between 12 and 13 inches. I have several of various sizes, and I would choose one to fill your bill entirely. You may rely upon that.

Yours truly, L. CLEMENT.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1885.

Mr. Kent, Monticello, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—By the steamship Grecian Monarch we have a beagle dog consigned to you. The steamer has been in and gone, and the dog is at the bonded stables. Will you please call here and get an order for its delivery? There are £4 18s. expenses.

Yours truly,

PATTON, VICKERS & CO.
(per R. Renfrew.)

HIS MASTER'S PICTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the inclosed from the *Courier-Gazette* of Rockland, Maine, Feb. 17, 1885, not so much to establish the human that is in the dog, as to recall the pleasant memories of the master. Mr. A. B. Cobb, of Rockland Me., will be remembered by many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as an ardent sportsman, a capital shot, a staunch friend and a great lover of nature. He passed the early part of life in Wisconsin, and shot there as many as one hundred deer in a season. If not the best he was one of the very best rifle shots of the old school this country ever produced. Many a "Thanksgiving turkey shoot" won by him furnished a turkey dinner for a poor family. But the shotgun and a well-trained dog were his favorites.

Commencing in Maine in September on woodcock and partridges, he would follow the birds into Virginia and shoot quail, pheasants and wild turkeys as long as the season lasted. I went with him to Virginia for five successive seasons, shooting until the first of February, when the season ended. On one occasion, while shooting in Connecticut, Mr. C. flushed two partridges by a brook, in an open piece of woods, destitute of underbrush. He shot both birds, but his dog could find but one. Calling me to his assistance, we discovered feathers floating down the brook and also discovered the tail of the partridge protruding from under a rock lying under the water. The bird could find no cover and seeing the open place under the rock, dove under the water and hid itself. The bird was dead when we took it out, probably having hastened its death by drowning. On another occasion we were shooting quail in Frederick county, Va., near a little church called Mount Olivet. We flushed a very large bevy which flew directly to the church. Following them up we found they had gone under the church and could not get out except by the way they went under. We soon made it possible for only one bird to come out at a time. Utilizing two boys that came up to see what was going on, we placed one at the hole, with instructions not to let more than two birds out at a time, and put the other boy under the church to drive them out. They came out one, two, three and four at a time, but we had it very nearly our own way and but few birds escaped.

Now if you will pardon this digression I will append the dog story:

"One year ago last August A. C. Cobb of this city, one of its most respected citizens, passed away. Mr. Cobb during his life was a zealous sportsmen, and owned several valuable dogs, all of whom were deeply attached to him. One of these, "Lem," was the favorite, and was seldom absent from his master's side. During Mr. Cobb's long and severe illness this faithful follower kept constant watch at his master's bedside, and could not be induced to leave it for any length of time. Since the death of the master the dog has been constantly on the watch, apparently awaiting his return. Thomas McLoon, our artist, has recently completed a platinum portrait of Mr. Cobb, a most excellent likeness. Sunday the dog was admitted to the studio. As soon as the picture was seen the dog became frantic and leaped upon the high shelf on which the picture was placed in his efforts to reach it. He was seized just in time to prevent the demolition of the portrait by canine caresses. It was with difficulty that the dog was dragged from the room." CLIFFORD.

MAINE.

LITTLEJOHN'S FRITZ.—Several gentlemen who are aggrieved at the insinuation recently made by our correspondent, "Saxon," that pointers got by Beaufort are not good in the field, have come to their defense by citing the performance of Mr. Littlejohn's Fritz. Among the testimony brought forward to show that Fritz is a good dog is (1) a letter from Mr. J. B. Wickery, of Chicago, in which he says: "I have just returned from a delightful trip through the West, and had the pleasure of shooting over the pointers Fritz and Pilot, owned by Mr. Littlejohn, of Leesburg, Va. * * * I consider Fritz the grandest and the coming dog of America. He combines speed, nose and bottom, and is as cheerful a worker as one wishes to see in the field." (2). Correspondent *Mirror* newspaper, May 15, 1884, says: "Not a more staunch, industrious, active and pleasant brace has it ever been my good fortune to fire a gun over or follow on a day's hunt." (3). Certificate.—"We certify that we have followed Mr. Littlejohn's brace of pointers Fritz and Pilot in the field, and consider them fast, staunch, with excellent noses and of good bottom, Fritz showing unusual speed and endurance, and Pilot an excellent retriever.—W. E. Ganin, Clerk Circuit Court; J. B. McCabe, Judge City Court; Samuel L. Moore, C. M. Gingrich." (4). Another certificate, which says: "May, 1884.—The undersigned having owned and hunted dogs, and partially making a business of breaking and training the same for the last thirty years, will say that never in all my experience have I seen the superior of Mr. Littlejohn's Fritz as a fielder, he showing unusual speed and bottom, a fine noser and is staunch. (Signed) Alex. Wynkoop."

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXVIII.

THEY say in the clubs that the new Kennel Club secretary is a Mr. Aspinall, who was formerly "something in the city," an accountant, I believe. This is a new departure, though not quite unforeseen; whether the choice of a purely business man as opposed to one possessing a knowledge of dogs and their owners will prove satisfactory time alone can show. It used to be one of former secretaries' duties to manage the club's London shows, for which they were paid some £30. Mr. Aspinall will probably delegate the task to Mr. Edwardes, who has before been the working manager. This will not make any monetary difference to Mr. Aspinall, as I understand that he will be salaried at a rate to include the "bye-sums" that accrued to the late secretaries. Roughly speaking, the pay is £200 a year.

The few members who use the Kennel Club house for social purposes must be heartily pleased and relieved that the election is over. They say the steps were blocked with hungry applicants; this goes to show that secretaries are more plentiful than housemaids. I hear that each member of the committee was flooded with epistolary and verbal applications. One of them, a married man, on coming down to breakfast, quite blushed as he followed the severe gaze of his spouse to the big bundle of correspondence by his plate. He quickly regained his self-composure on remembering that there is only one 14th of February in the year. Among the eager aspirants were, I believe, a gallant military captain, a gallant civil "capting," a limb of the law, Mr. Boardman, the head clerk, and a north country reporter. Among those who had no chance were Mr. Felix, of London; Mr. George Wilson, of Huddersfield; Mr. Carew Gibson, of Littlehampton; Mr. Emmerson, of West Kirby; Mr. William Page, of Leadenhall Market, London, and his friend, Mr. Fred Gresham.

I am astonished that so little notice has been taken of the peculiar food given to the dogs at Hanley show. From all accounts its effect upon the poor brutes was disgusting to a degree. Visitors to the show say the stench was unbearable, and exhibitors state that on their return home the dogs' hampers were found to be in a filthy condition. As the feeding arrangements of Hanley show were not intrusted to Spratt's Patent, I consider these disclosures the finest advertisement for their well-known biscuits that the firm has ever received. *Dictum sapienti sat est.*

"Lillibulero" being as strange to "Spratt's Patent" as the man in the moon, the above can be accepted for disinterested testimony to merit. I am happily unable to profit by a puff, but when the reporter of the *Live Stock Journal* goes out of his way to praise biscuits, benches, collars, chains and straw, people "take it for what it is worth"—and that you may be sure is something to the writer.

It is said that Mr. Mackie, commonly called Captain, as he has the command of a yacht, intends paying the States a visit with his team of Scotch terriers, alias die hards. You will be glad to see him, for he is a hearty and frank good fellow, much respected in his own country, and esteemed by whomever he meets. His unvaried success on the show bench has not succeeded in diminishing his popularity. Fanciers are surprised to understand where and how he got together such a redoubtable kennel. The owner of that typical hard-haired Scotch terrier, Ashley Morag, Mr. Adamson, of Aberdeen, will have to put on his thinking cap to keep up with the breed. Messrs. Ludlow, of Norwich, and the Constable of Norfolk, Captain Paynton Pigott, where are they?

Mr. Geo. Lowe has written a valuable paper upon lemon and white pointers. "Leatherhead" (his *nom de plume*) is always readable and instructive. Mr. Lowe has noticed an increase of late in dogs of this color, and gives it as Mr. Whitehouse's opinion that "the lemon and whites of a litter are invariably stouter workers than the liver and whites of the same family, and that from puppies they are always pluckier." While mentioning the correct shade of color required in a lemon and white pointer, he falls into an error in describing the "hare pie" of the foxhound, which he says is a "mixture of yellow and gray hairs;" that is a "badger pie." The hare pie is a mixture of tan and black hairs, and as the coat changes the hues become very rich, at times nearly pure black, and then nearly all tan. Mr. Lowe repeats a belief that is now pretty generally accepted, that our modern pointer is the result of a cross between the foxhound and the Spanish pointer. To obtain these bright lemon and whites my own experience would guide me to breed from the old livers in preference to black and whites like Dr. Salter's. The black would be likely to make the color too deep and to even produce hare-pie blends.

It would be a sensible step on the part of the Kennel Club to make Mr. Lowe absolute editor of the *Gazette*, for he thoroughly understands dogs, and can write about them. The present editing of the paper exposes both incapacity and carelessness. In the current number we have an article on toy spaniels headed "Points of Toy Terriers."

Mr. Carew Gibson is bankrupt, so we may hope to have seen the last of him in kennel circles. He used to describe himself in his advertisements as "master of hounds," but I am told that his hounds consisted of a few officer-toed broken up beagles chained to the wall in a disordered kennel. I can't punish a man when he is down, but I am sorry that I did not know earlier the nature of revelations that have since reached me. I should have felt it my duty to stop his career short and sharp. Mr. Gibson is well connected and should any of his friends happen to read and object to these remarks I will simply invite them to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the collie dog Donovan affair.

While on painful subjects I will just give breath to a rumor that is already on wings, referring to certain shady tricks being performed on the credulous and unwary by a man of some reputation in the doggy world. If I have to take up the task of censor it will not be to hurt a man's reputation with vague surmise but to blast his character with irrefragable facts.

The Irish red setter is the last breed to be honored with a specialist club. The club has been started in Ireland by a few resident breeders, who have with very Irish humor invited the Rev. R. O'Callaghan to join in the English interest. Well, now, who would have thought O'Callaghan was not Irish and that the volatile naval chaplain was an Englishman!

Mr. Whittle's case furnishes another warning against impetuously rushing into print. "Corsincon," in commenting upon Mr. Whittle's letter of Feb. 26 (FOREST AND STREAM), has fully borne me out upon the subject of veterinary surgeons. There is all the difference in the world between a V. S. and an M. R. C. V. S. The first is a description by sufferance of the college, the second has the relative value of a medical degree, as in order to obtain it a man must go through a course of education and pass an examination. I gather from a letter in the *Stock Keeper* that the little man is wrath with "Corsincon." Did Tom Hood foresee this dispute when he wrote:

"Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little."

But they are more likely to drink than fight when they meet.

It is nice to know that Mr. Whittle is pleased with the "jocular style" of my letters, and so gracious to concede that I am "a good sort of fellow," and that "he trusts he and I will be none the less friends." Thank you, not so chummy as that, and since I gave him the chance of writing that artful little puff of his canine wares, I hope he will continue his subscription, bearing in mind that I gossip to amuse you *pour faire rire; pour vous ennuyer* if you like, but never with a wish to give pain or do harm.

Messrs. Jeyes, manufacturers of disinfectants, have offered to provide shows with a bath of their liquid in which to immerse dogs that on arrival are found to be lousy. Mr. Dalziel has properly condemned such an undertaking on the part of show officials. It is the owner's place to see his animal in a fit state for exhibition, and the manager's duty to turn it away at the gates if it is suffering from any form of infectious ailment.

I was not surprised to see the corrections in respect to Mr. Wm. Graham, of Belfast, and "the great faker." He is too good a man of business to do anything that was not straight and just. As for the Irish terrier Garryowen, I am assured that he is an honest dog. Would that—but no, I am nearly finished, so will close without invidious philosophical comparisons.

LILLIBULERO.

MARCH 24, 1885.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

THE New England Kennel Club's first annual dog show may fairly be said to have been one of the most successful exhibitions of the kind that has ever been held in this country. It dawned with bright prospects and closed with brilliant promises for the future.

Boston is a doggy city, but this of itself was not sufficient to insure success. It was from the sister States that the main support must come; and as these are never behindhand when men of honor, independence and ability are appointed to pass judgment on the dogs, it was not likely they would respond in any half-hearted manner. The selection of judges means either the life or death of a dog show. A man does not care to enter his dogs for competition when he knows long before the show is held what the awards will be; but if he sees that men of independence, whom neither fear nor favor can influence, are to be the judges, he not only enters his own dogs, but persuades his friends to enter theirs. The old system of "running" dog shows is tottering to the grave; its days are numbered, and neither the wailings of a disappointed minority nor the frenzy of a Punic press can save it. Judges no longer dream of rising with the lark (while the innocent exhibitors dream of blue ribbons, silver cups and leather medals) and sauntering off to a show, catalogue in hand, to take down the numbers of dogs owned by "jolly good fellows" and "friends of the club." The independent press called for a change and the public were not slow in according support. The result is already apparent. A glance down the benches tells one there is some consistency in the awards; and though there are times (and always will be) when exhibitors and judges do not agree, the former feel a certain amount of confidence in the judges, knowing well that if errors are made, they are nothing worse than errors of judgment. That there were several mistakes in awarding the prizes is beyond contradiction, but they were not of the sort we have had to allude to more than once during the last few years

The club accepted more entries than Music Hall is capable of accommodating, and consequently the dogs had to be judged in a large room in the basement by electric light. It is well nigh impossible to judge of the color of Irish setters, for instance, in such a light, and it is only fair to suppose that under other circumstances several of the decisions would be reversed by the same judges. If a more suitable building can be found next year, it is to be hoped the club will secure it.

Another word of advice to the New England Club. Never again allow exhibitors to bench together entries made in different classes. It is wrong in the exhibitor to ask such a favor, and it is wrong in a club to grant it. Every dog should be benched in the class to which it belongs, and neither members of the club nor anybody else should be permitted to bench dogs except in the classes in which they compete. It is by comparison that persons are enabled to judge of relative merit, and the convenience of the public should at all times be consulted. Another mistake is the benching of any breed of dogs in different parts of the building. Some of the exhibitors objected to their dogs being in the gallery, at least we were told so, and to oblige them the club put itself and everybody else to trouble. There were Irish setters in the body of the hall and Irish setters in the gallery, pugs up-stairs and down-stairs, beagles benched next to bulldogs up-stairs, and beagles next to fox-terriers down-stairs. So confusing was this, we may safely say, that had the show been three days instead of four, it would have been impossible for us to have printed a reliable report unless we had followed the example set by a contemporary and appealed to exhibitors and judges for notes. This is not a desirable practice, as some men are apt to underrate an opponent's dogs or overrate their own, or perhaps both, and especially when the reporter makes himself responsible for anything they may say to him. As to the judges, it is not very probable that they would point out their blunders, even if they were satisfied they had made any. Therefore a report gleaned from such sources cannot be always trust worthy, but it may sometimes serve as a blind to conceal a reporter's ignorance. It is impossible, within our limits, to detail all the good and bad qualities of the dogs mentioned. The public is best served by calling attention to faults and it is the object of a report to thus indicate what is to be avoided. When a dog is not spoken of as bad therefore it may be inferred that he is good.

The management was in the hands of John Read, who had considerable experience in Mr. Lincoln's time. Of all the men we know he should be the best fitted for the post. A hard worker, always civil and never negligent of his charge, he earned a kindly word from all. The dogs were supplied with clean straw every day, and the benches as well as the floor were thoroughly disinfected.

Mr. Watson, owing to illness, was not present; and his absence called forth expressions of regret from many a friend. The classes assigned to him (toy terriers excepted) were carefully judged by Mr. Kirk, Mr. Barlow took the toys.

There was a meeting of the A.K.C. on the evening of the second day of the show. It must have been galling in the extreme to the New Haven and Montreal delegates when an adjournment was voted until the Cincinnati show. It is to be hoped that notwithstanding the inconvenience certain gentlemen are put to, they will deem it wise to be present, no matter how many adjournments are called or where the meetings are held. New Haven, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal and Baltishould be represented by live delegates (not by proxy) even if the meetings are ordered to San Francisco.

To the New England Kennel Club we tender our sincere thanks for their courtesy and kindness during our very pleasant visit to their first annual show.

Last week we gave a full list of the awards, several of which were made so late as noon on Wednesday, and the FOREST AND STREAM was as usual ahead of all contemporaries.

Following are the awards in the special classes that were not received in season for publication last week: Best Yorkshire terrier (three), Bill. Best Beddlington terrier, Lillie. Best Clumber spaniel, Romp. Best Skye terrier, Souter Johnny. Best black and tan terrier, Bessie.

MASTIFFS—(MR. DUDLEY).

In champion dogs Hero II. was alone. A big fine-looking dog, faulty in head, tail and back, too leggy, heavy in ears, and lacks true mastiff character. Champion bitches, Dolly Varden alone. A fair good bitch, faulty in muzzle, markings and eyes, besides which defects she has a superabundance of dew lap. The open dog class was a compliment to Mr. Dudley. There were twenty entries and the class was as good as the same class at New Haven. Ilford Caution, vhc. and reserve, is a big dog with a good head and plenty of bone, but he is bad in loin and cow-hocked, also heavy in ears. Turk, c., is a big dog with a wolfish expression and head. Rosco, vhc., has fair size but is plain in head and heavy of ears. Prince Waldemar, the winner, is a nice little dog and was shown in excellent condition. He has a pretty good head that would be improved by more depth of muzzle, beautiful small black ears, a good back and strong quarters, also straight legs and good feet. Faults—light eyes, too short a barrel, a short tail and lightness of bone. Ilford Cromwell, second prize, was not looking quite so well as at New Haven. He is too long in the muzzle, but it is deep and square in the right place, his eyes are light, and like his sire he gets his tail up too high. He beats the winner in length, size and strength of limbs, and is his equal in head and tail, but the Prince is a taking, catchy looking dog whereas Cromwell is not, but he grows in favor the longer you look at him. We shall expect to see the decision reversed, when Cromwell puts in an appearance in as good condition as the fawn. In the corresponding bitch class one prize only was awarded, and that to the recently imported Bal Gal. She is a good-sized, broody-looking bitch, a trifle long of face and slack in back. Fly, c., has the same defects but more pronounced and she is light of bone. Mastiff puppies, under twelve months, dogs, were a wretched lot. The winner is not a mastiff and therefore should not have been noticed. Tony, second prize, although light of bone, leggy, shelly, open in feet, and long in face, is a better dog, and so were the three 11 months old puppies. Minerva scored an easy win in the bitch class. She is a compact little bitch, too small for the age, light in eyes and more underhung than we like. Hero II. beat Prince Waldemar for the special prize, a decision we cannot indorse. Hero beats Prince at two points, eyes and size, but nowhere else; at all other points Prince beats Hero. Mr. Dudley is a painstaking and consistent judge and a gentleman we are pleased to see connected with dog shows, but we cannot agree with some of his awards on this occasion.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

In the open rough-coated dog class Cæsar, vhc., is faulty at both ends, but good in bone, legs and feet. He was not in good condition, his coat being soft and fluffy. Rodney has size enough to recommend him, but is very snipy, faulty in eyes, and lacks character. Prince, c., shows too much bergHund and too little St. Bernard, and should not have been noticed. Leo, vhc. and reserve, is a big, handsome dog, but not a St. Bernard. He stands on the best of feet and has capital legs, but his color and markings are against him, and he is short and rather slack in the back. Jack, hc., was in luck's way. He is a curly, snipy dog, with no claims to be a St. Bernard, beyond being entered in the St. Bernard class. Romeo, first prize, should have been content with a much less distinguished position. He is a little short-faced, cheeky dog, sour in expression, pig-jawed, straight behind, light of middle and ring-tailed. Hermit, second prize, should have been first beyond doubt. His head is above the average, he has lots of bone and stands on the best of legs and feet. He is faulty in eyes and loin, and does not move well behind. Cæsar was our choice for second honors. In the corresponding bitch class, Empress, hc., has a long, wolfish face, and is short of coat. Cadess, vhc. reserve, is of bad color and her ears are badly placed. She has a fair good head. Heidel, c., is also of bad color, and has a long, snipy face. Baronne, first prize, is short of coat, and her head is not massive enough. She has good length of body, fair good legs and feet. Stella, second prize, was our choice for first. She is full at the cheeks and would be improved by more coat. She carries her tail a bit high, and does not move as well as we would like to see her. The classes for rough-coated puppies were both indifferent. Julian, first prize, will never make a good specimen. His head is very poor, and there is a decided lack of St. Bernard character all through him. The other prizes were withheld. The winner in the bitch class will never distinguish herself in a class for aged dogs. She is snipy and faulty behind. Miss Otho was not worth the second prize that was awarded to her. She has a shocking bad head, and the only redeeming qualities are good feet and plenty of bone. In the open class for smooth-coated dogs, Savoy, hc., was lucky to get a card. He is of poor color, has crooked forelegs, and is plain all over. Grant, vhc., lacks size, is light of middle, carries his ears badly and is snipy. Ion, vhc., was not worth a card. He was in very bad condition, is faulty in muzzle and carriage of ears, straight behind and is underhung. Veronne, first prize, is a long way removed from first-class form. His head is by no means typical, and he is hollow in back and not very straight on his forelegs. He has plenty of bone, his best point. Mentor, second prize, is light of bone, snipy and faulty in ears. The bitches were no better than the dogs. Avis, vhc., is plain in head, faulty in pasterns, and is small. Lotta is of better size, but is snipy, light in pasterns, a bit slack in the back, and carries her tail too gaily. Wanda, first prize, is a compact one, but is plain in face, slack in the back and faulty in carriage of ears. Snowball, second prize, is of the same type, but not so good in markings. She has the same faults as Wanda. There was only one smooth-coated puppy, and he a poor specimen. Romeo won the special for the best rough-coated specimen in the show. We thought Hermit fairly entitled to it. In the smooth-coated department Veronne was successful. The St. Bernards were a poor lot.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

We cannot follow the judge in his awards in the open dog class. First was given to Sam, who is faulty in back, curly, bad in tail, and is on the small side. Besides these faults his mouth is not good. Away in front of everything in the class stood Bruno, the second prize winner. He is a big dog, with good legs and feet and plenty of bone. He carries his tail too high and is too curly in coat. Second prize should have gone to Goliath, who was not noticed. His head and ears are faulty, but bar that he was the best dog in the class. Charley has a fair good coat, but is too much of the Spitz type. Noble, vhc. and reserve, is small and curly and has a very bad tail. Jalma is a little dog, faulty in tail, ears and shoulders, and marked "dangerous." A bad temper is one of the worst faults a St. Bernard or a Newfoundland can have. Jumbo, hc., is small, curly, short of coat, and faulty at both ends. Rocks should have been vhc. at least. He is a big dog, with a fairly good front and a straight coat. In bone and feet he is also good, and he was in good condition. He is too leggy and does not move well behind. In the bitch class Fly was alone and received the blue ribbon. She is a long way removed from first-class form, being much too small, curly and slack in the back. The puppies were a wretched lot. Evangeline was the best of them.

POINTERS—(MR. APPOLD).

Although the entries in these classes were fairly good, the quality of the exhibits was not what we expected to see. Mr. Appold, who made his *début* as a judge, seemed at times to be very nervous, and although we find ourselves compelled to differ with him in several of his decisions, we must say we never saw a judge work harder, and we feel confident that his next attempt will be more successful. In the champion dog class Sensation was alone, and with the exception that his color is washed out he was looking well. There were no champion bitches. In the open dog class for large dogs, Rex, vhc., has fair good head and ears, but is faulty from the hocks down, does not move well behind and is heavy at the shoulder. Dash is a big, houndy, coarse-looking dog. William Tell, first prize, carries a pretty good head and has plenty of bone, but he is light behind, a bit stilty, light of eyes and short of quality. Prince is stilty, light in loin and lacks true pointer character. Ned carries his tail too high, and is a bit cheeky, throaty and shallow. He deserved a card. Dick has heavy shoulders and is faulty in loin and tail. Toots, vhc. and reserve, was the best dog in the class. He is heavy at the shoulders and knuckles over a bit at times; fair good head, bone, feet, coat, color and stern. Donald, second prize, is a catchy-looking dog, but won't stand pulling to pieces. He is light of bone, leggy, bitchy in head, carries his tail high, and is faulty in shoulders and feet. He was in his right place, and William Tell should have been next. In the corresponding bitch class, which was not a good one, Flirt was placed first, a position she was not entitled to. She is light of limb, coarse in tail, snipy and very throaty. Lucille, vhc., from same kennel, should have been first. She is a bit heavy at the shoulders, and a trifle coarse perhaps all

over, and might be better in the back and tail. Sal, vhc. and reserve, is slack in the back and open in feet, also light of bone. Lassie, vhc., is heavy at the shoulders, throaty, straight behind and moves badly. She has good legs, feet and bone. Madstone, second prize, is a well-bred bitch, but not fit for the show bench. She is weak in second thighs, faulty in feet and light of bone, has light eyes, isthroaty, and stands badly on her forelegs. This was a poor class. In the open small dog class, Prince, vhc., is good in head, coat and color, but is stilty behind. Robin Adair, although not in his best condition, had no difficulty in beating Bang Bang. Robin is a fair, good little dog, but not by any means a crack. He is bitchy in head and straight in the stifles, his feet, too, are not of the best. Bang Bang has good forelegs, feet and bone, and a fair, good middle; but his short, throaty neck, high carried-tail, faulty stifles and spaniel eyes, will always keep him back in good company. He was not in good condition, his coat being stained with mange remedies. Prince of Orange, vhc., is snipy and weedy; his coat was all stained and he was not in show condition. In the bitch class Mr. Appold got all wrong. Rosa, vhc., was points the best bitch in the class. In head, nose, stifles and shoulders she might be improved to advantage. Lady Bang, vhc., was in her right place, She is heavy in head and throaty, also a bit off behind. Mistrel, vhc. and reserve, is a niceish black, light of eyes, and weak in second thighs. Countess, first prize, was about the worst specimen in the class; a little sway-backed weed. Lucky Stone, second prize, is a better bitch, but is leggy, lathy, bad in shoulders, light in eyes, carries her ears badly, and is light of bone. Nellie, sent out of the ring without a card, should have been second; she was claimed at the catalogue price, $100. She is faulty in tail and second thighs, and was shown too thin. In the dog puppy class, Daniel Webster, a fair good youngster by Fritz, was first. He stands on good legs and feet and carries himself well. His ears are too heavy and not well placed, and he is fine in muzzle, there is also too much daylight under him. Shot, vhc., has a poor head. Beacon, vhc., is washy in color, slack in the back, moves badly, ears set on too high, not worth vhc. In the bitch class, Lou, the New Haven winner, had no trouble in beating Victoria. She resembles her sire, Beaufort, in head, and has the best of legs, feet and shoulders, as well as a good tail. She is too long cast and throaty. Victoria will never make a winner, she lacks true pointer character. The special for the best large pointer went to Sensation. We would have given it to Toots, better in color, head, shoulders, body and stern. Robin Adair took the prize for the best small-size pointer. Rosa (from the same kennel) deserved it. The special for the best pointer in the show went to Sensation. Toots and Rosa were our choice. Special for best kennel of pointers went to the Westminster Kennel on account of their having one more entry than the Clifton Kennel. We should have reversed the decision, believing, as we do, that quality is more difficult to procure than quantity.

SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

These classes were carefully handled by Mr. Westcott, who is a painstaking judge. He got through his work in a meritorious manner, and it is only fair to say that in a better light some of the awards in the Irish classes would have been reversed.

English Setters.—In the champion English dog class Plantagenet scored an easy win over Dash, who is curly and shows age. In the open dog classes Jester, hc., is strong in head and underhung. His legs and feet are good. Frank, hc., was all out of condition. His hocks are faulty. Rockingham, the winner, scored an easy first. He beats Foreman in head, shoulders, straightness of forelegs and carriage of tail, and is his equal in other respects. The latter was rightly placed second. Mack B., vhc. and reserve, is an over-rated dog. He is faulty in ears, muzzle and tail; is wide in front, short and broken in coat, and moves badly behind. Coin was our choice for the reserve card. He is a well-built dog, but is too coarse. Gus Bondhu, vhc., was properly placed. He is a bit heavy in head and a trifle underhung, also throaty and heavy at the shoulders. He has a nice straight coat, a good back, and capital legs and feet. Charm had no charms for us. He has a bloodhound eye, is curly, heavy in head and throaty. Scot we thought worth a card, though he is light of bone. Tip's eyes won't do in a setter. Ponto is weak in second thighs. Spot has a plain head and a nice straight coat. Royal Sultan, c., has a good head, but is too long cast, besides being faulty in eyes and long in tail. Colonel, c., is leggy, light and throaty. His head is fairly good, and he has plenty of bone, but does not stand straight on his forelegs. This was a good class. Among the ladies, Forest Dora was the winner. Our choice was Modesta, and we thought Mr. Cornell's bitch points the best specimen in the class. She is a trifle heavy at the shoulders, and does not carry her ears quite *comme il faut*, added to which defects she was not well shown. Forest Dora stands on good legs and feet, and has a straight coat; but her faults are many. She is heavy at the shoulders, throaty, a bit plain in face, does not carry her ears close enough, is faulty from the hocks down, has a short flag which she does not carry well, and stands too low at the shoulders. Bess arrived too late for competition. She is a niceish bitch, a trifle heavy at the shoulders and light of limb. She has a fair good head and a nice straight coat. Her ears might hang closer. We thought her one of the best in the class. Eudora, vhc., is by no means a bad one. She has a good straight coat, but is a trifle weak in muzzle and light all round, excepting at the shoulders, where she is too heavy. Zou, hc., won her card on account of her excellent legs and feet. She has a short, sour face, is throaty and was not well shown. Queen Bess, c., deserved a vhc. card. She is a fair, good little bitch, stands on excellent legs and feet, and has a straight coat. She does not carry her ears well and was not in good condition. Grace B., vhc., has a straight enough coat, but it is hard and like pin wire. She does not carry her ears at all well, and is faulty in feet, tail, stifles and eyes. Coomassie, vhc., got more than she deserved. She is a weedy little bitch, heavy in shoulders and faulty in ears. Lady May was absent. The dog puppies were not a good lot. Nunky is curly and Crimps has fair good legs and feet, but is very throaty for a youngster, and does not carry his ears well. Prince Albert is leggy and faulty behind, curly and light of bone. His head is his best point. Budd, vhc., is faulty in head, ears and tail, but has a good coat and rare good legs and feet. He was the best dog in the class. Ino, hc., is plain in head and curly. Count Fosco, who took second prize, was in luck's way, and we venture to say it will be many a long day before he will take another prize. He is heavy at the shoulders, curly, plain in head, crooked in forelegs, does not carry his ears well and has a bad tail. First prize was withheld. In the bitch class Speed, who won first, is a nice little bitch and was well placed. She has a good straight coat, plenty of bone, and good feet, also a well-carried flag and she shows plenty of quality. She turns her forefeet out a bit, and her ears are short and not well carried. She will be heard of again. Royal Spot, placed second, was absent when we took our notes. She was ordered home, as she showed symptoms of distemper. Flossy, vhc., is not so good a bitch as Kitty Wells, c. The former is plain in head and faulty in ears. The latter is faulty in mouth, but good in coat, legs, feet and bone and has an average head. The English setters were much better than the pointers.

Gordon Setters.—In these classes all types under the sun were on exhibition. Nobody seems to know what a Gordon ought to be, and the clubs only mix matters by making classes for black and tan setters at one show, and at the next show classes for Gordons. If the Gordon setter proper, owing to his heavy proportions, is not well adapted for work in this country, why not introduce the Irish cross and get rid of him. One of the handsomest black and tan setters we have ever seen was by a crack Irish dog out of a Gordon bitch. He was a nailing good dog, with a superb coat and color, but he was not a "Gordon." The Boston prize lists called for Gordon setters, consequently we cannot indorse Mr. Westcott's decision in placing Turk over Argus in the champion dog class. One is a Gordon, the other is not. In the open dog class first went to Gem (Taylor's), the best dog in the class. His head will stand inspection, he is of good color, and has a rattling pair of forelegs and feet. His coat is not quite straight, he carries his flag too high, is a bit throaty and straight behind, and could be improved at the shoulders. Duke of Whippany, placed second, has good legs and feet and a nice straight coat, but he is faulty in muzzle, short of ears and throaty. Jack, vhc. and reserve, got a little more than he deserved; he is curly, throaty, and out at the elbows, as well as shallow in the middle. Dick, vhc., was also rather lucky. He has a plain head, does not carry his ears well, and is throaty and light in eyes. He does not carry his tail in the orthodox style, and is a bit straight from the hocks down. Gem, hc., has a sour face and is of poor color, but then he has a nice, straight coat and good legs and feet. Rollo, hc., is faulty in color, markings and eyes, but fairly good in head, and very good in coat. Ponto, vhc., is a niccish little dog, barring his plain head. Rex, c., has a pretty good head and a straight coat, but he is not free from white, and his feet are turned out; he is also a little throaty. Tom, hc., is short of ear, plain in head and light of bone. In the bitch class, Heather Lass was well placed first. She is too fine in the muzzle, and was shown with too much flesh on her bones. Topsy D., vhc., is a little weedy bitch, snipy and light of bone. She was lucky in getting her card. Rhoda, hc., was worth another letter. Daisy Malcom, vhc., was our choice for second place. Her head and coat are good, but she does not stand well on her forelegs. Topsy, placed second, is of poor color; we would have given her the hc. card. The puppies were a wretched lot. Argus II., who took the only prize in the class, is faulty below the eyes, and has a bad tail. In legs, feet and bone he is good. Eric, hc., is shallow and plain in head. Bijou, the recipient of the only prize awarded in the bitch class, is very deficient in head and ears; we preferred the vhc. Diana, for that award. She has fair good legs, feet and coat, but her head is too much of the Irish type. Neva, vhc., was a bit overrated. She is open in feet, light of bone, weedy, and faulty in tail and muzzle.

Irish Setters.—The Irish classes were good, and the splendid entry (sixty-two) was of itself substantial evidence of the confidence placed in the judge. Mr. Callender's dogs unfortunately arrived too late for competition. In the champion dog class, Glencho, a sterling good dog, had matters all to himself, and Fawn, a bit faulty at both ends, represented the ladies. Blarney, second in the open dog class, is a promising youngster, good in head, coat and color, but a little heavy at the shoulders and too long in barrel. We thought him the best dog in the class. Triumph does not carry his ears very well, and is plain in head; his hocks are not well placed but he was worth a card. Page, hc., is heavy in head, light in eyes, weak behind, and too long from hocks to ground. Duke, hc., is too heavy in head and is throaty. He is all right in bone, feet, coat and color and is a strong dog. Dash is a bit plain in head, leggy and light of bone. Rocket, vhc., is light in second thighs, and faulty from the hocks down. He is also a trifle heavy at the shoulders. His head will pass inspection, and his legs and feet are of the proper stamp. Chester, c., is throaty and faulty at the hocks and straight in stifles, his head will do. Max was not in show condition, he is leggy and light of middle. Sport has a sour, stumpy head. Dash, vhc., is a stylish looking, well built dog; in body, legs, feet, coat and color he is very good, but he is not deep enough through the skull and muzzle, and is too flat between the ears. He is a slashing-looking dog, and was our choice for second honors. Bruce, the winner, is a good-looking little dog, with a nice clean-cut head, good shoulders, legs and feet. His ears are too short and thick, and are not carried to our liking; he is also a bit slack in the back and light of bone. We would have given him the reserve card. Major, c., is light in color and straight behind, also deficient in tail, coat, and carriage of ears. Chief, at all times a good dog, was "not for competition." Pride of Glencho, vhc., has a good coat and is of splendid color, but he is weak in muzzle and is too light and weedy. This was a splendid class. Jennie Glencho, among the ladies, is good in coat and color, but faulty in muzzle, carriage of ears, loin and strength of limbs. Nettie, hc., is fine in muzzle, light of bone and short of coat, also heavy in ears. Syren, the winner, has a fair good head, but would be improved by more depth of muzzle. She is also light of bone and a bit heavy at the shoulders. In coat and color she is good. We would have placed her second, with Noreen II. first. The last-named was shown too lusty, but is a good bitch, a trifle flat in skull and fine in muzzle. Her ears would look better if set on lower, and she is a trifle too long cast. Dollie M., vhc., is faulty in color, light of bone and turns her feet out. Daisy, c., is faulty in ears, muzzle and middle. Fama, vhc., has a nice flat coat and is of good color, but her hocks are badly placed and she is faulty at the shoulders, pasterns and muzzle and is light in second thighs. Romaine, hc., is too strong in head. Jessie, vhc. and reserve, is light of nose, a bit coarse in coat and throaty. Becky, hc., is weak in pastern, light in eye, faulty in thighs and does not carry her ears well. Nellie M., c., is houndy in expression, full at the brow, throaty and a bit open in feet. In other respects she will do. Peggy O'More, hc., is too strong in skull, light of eyes and not straight enough in coat. This was a good class. Puppies were much better than either the English or the Gordons. Cleveland won in the dog class, but we preferred the second prize winner, Con. The former has fair good legs, feet, bone, coat and color, but his head is a bit plain, and he is very throaty for a youngster. Con has a better head and neck and is as good at other points. Brian Borue did not deserve his card (vhc.); his legs and feet are bad all round and he is too full in the brow. Distemper will soon visit Brian Borue. The Shamrock Kennels' entries were absent and are reported down with distemper. In the bitch class Lulu III., good in coat, color and feet, won. She is snipy, light of bone and thin through the thighs. She should have been second with Molly Bawn first. The latter is not quite straight in coat and does not carry her ears very well, but she is good in head, bone, color, legs and feet.

SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

Spaniels fell far short of our expectations, and the quality was much below what we had seen at New Haven. Mr. Leavitt, who was one of the Committee of Management, did not make any entries, and several of Mr. Willey's dogs were absent, owing to the distemper having broken out in his kennels. There was only one entry in the Irish classes. She is faulty in head, light of eyes, short of ears and not close enough in curl. In the field classes, Benedict, Black Prince, Bob, Jr., Newton-Abbott Lady and Critic, have all been fully criticised of late. They were well placed. Obo II., Young Obo, Raven, Helen and Pauline Markham were properly placed in the cocker classes. The beautiful Shina was absent. Belle, in the bitch puppy class, repeated her New Haven victory. Black Busy has a poor head, is weedy, curly and light of bone. The New Haven winners were to the front in the "any other color" classes. Dash, in the puppy class, is faulty in head, short of ear, dark in color and light of bone. Bateman was our choice for first in the Clumber dog class. He is a better dog than Jockey. A critical description of these dogs can be found in our last issue. Romp, in the bitch class, was alone. Her good and bad qualities were alluded to last week.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

Mother Demdike and Memnon saved these classes from mediocrity. Mr. Huntington, who refuses to exhibit under Mr. Pierson, did not enter his large kennel. Friday Night is strong in head and coarse in tail. Memnon, a grand dog, is a bit short between the couplings. Demdike is a bit light of bone. Dell is not a show dog. Why Guard was given a vhc. card we do not know. He is coarse all over, strong in head and straight in stifles. Honor Bright, too, did not deserve a vhc. card when competing against a bitch like Mother Demdike. She is a little weed. Stormy Night, in the puppy class, was not worth a first prize. He will develop into a black dog, but never into a greyhound.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

Mac, Lance, Lorna, Bran, Heather, Thora and Perth are all well known, and have been fully criticised of late. Mac and Perth are the best of the lot, but neither is first-class. Mr. Pierson, who has had little experience with the breed, is to be congratulated on having placed the dogs correctly.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

These classes are improving and dogs of the Italian greyhound type were not so conspicuous as they generally are. Forester II. was the only champion. He has a fair good head, but is a bit leggy, open in feet, and light of bone. In the open class for dogs Dashwood, good in legs, feet and bone, and fairly good in head and body, won. Notary made a good second. He stands on good legs and feet, but is a bit plain in head and wide in front. Dixie, hc., is too fine in coat, is long cast, weedy and faulty in feet. John's color is all against him. Dixie Jim, vhc., is light of bone, he is not a modern foxhound. Stainless, the winner in the bitch class, is a niceish bitch, she is a trifle slack in the back and is too long cast, and her ears do not hang as well as they might; in legs, feet and bone she is good. Rebecca, from the same kennel, was well placed second, she is a bit out at the elbows, and not short enough in the back; her legs and feet are good. Stainless won the special and deserved it.

BEAGLES—(MR. KIRK).

Rattler and Music were alone in the champion classes; one is faulty in neck and wide in front, and the other light of bone—two fair good hounds. In the open dog class, Rattler II., too long cast and light of bone, was second to Little Duke, who was well shown. His ears are too short and are not properly carried. Leader, vhc., is out at the elbows, fine in coat and thin in tail. His ears will do. Rough, hc., is faulty in ears and is not straight in forelegs, besides which he is long cast. In bone he is good. In the bitch class, Bush, the winner, was in good condition and is a fair specimen. She is a bit faulty at the shoulders, light of bone, and open in feet. Little Beauty, placed second, is good in ear, but is too long cast. Hasty, vhc., is long cast, open in feet, and not straight enough in forearm.

BASSETTS—(MR. KIRK).

Nemours is above the average, but he is underhung—a serious defect.

COLLIES—(MR. APGAR).

Mr. Apgar's ability as a judge was fairly tested on this occasion. The very large entry (75) is the best proof that exhibitors have confidence in his judgment. In the champion dog class, the Maltese terrier-coated Robin Adair was alone and received the award. He was never a good one and grows worse with age. Zulu Princess and Effie are nice bitches, but were out of coat on this occasion. The next class was a hot one (29 entries), and the meeting of Bruce of the Fylde and Ben Nevis caused some excitement among the collie fanciers. The Boston fraternity was for Bruce, but that did not alter the result. The blue ribbon went to Ben Nevis, and after a very careful examination of both dogs, we cast our vote with the judge. Bruce of the Fylde is not clean enough in head, and he is heavy in ear and pig-jawed. He has plenty of coat, which is a bit soft on the top, and he carries his tail too high. In color, mane and frill he is good. Ben Nevis is a bit faulty in muzzle, and his ears are set on low and are a little heavy, besides which he gets his tail up higher than we like to see. They are both good-looking dogs. Talisman, vhc. and reserve, got all he deserved; he is full at the brow and woolly in coat. Scottie, though short of coat, deserved a card. His head is good. Tip's ears won't do for the show bench. Scot, vhc., has bad ears, tail and muzzle. His color is bad and he has a poor coat, added to which he is pig-jawed. He was not worth a card. Topaz is heavy in head and short of coat. Pippo has a short, sour face, and we failed to find his coat. Laddy, c., a bit plain in head, heavy in ears, and not so good in coat as we have seen him, is a much better dog than Scot. Prince is faulty in ears and short of coat. Santa Claus is full at the brow, round in eyes, short of coat. Cinder, is of the Spitz type. Pedro has a short, stumpy head and a round eye. Collie lacks character, is plain in head, and has a scanty coat. Scottie is faulty in head, ears, tail and loin. Lorne is short in head and does not carry his heavy ears well. Clyde has a soft, fluffy coat. Shep was not well shown, he lacks coat and his ears are not good. Marco was all out of coat; he has a plain head. Douglass is not good in head, his ears are heavy, and he is lippy, added to which his coat is soft and short. Hiram, hc., heavy in ears and faulty behind, deserved another letter. Craft, faulty in ears, expression, and coat, deserved his hc. card. The bitches were also good. Winnie was properly placed at the head of the class. A fair good bitch, too short and soft of coat, a bit plain in head and faulty in carriage of ears. Drumlin Isle has a short brush and is scanty in coat. We would have given second to Gem, who took the reserve card; she is faulty in ears and did not show to good advantage. Phyllis, c., is short of coat and has no mane or frill; her ears are not well carried. Lass o' Lowrie, vhc., has heavy, badly carried ears, a high carried tail and a faulty brow. Lady Hempstead lacks coat, is heavy in ear and short in face. Meg, vhc., has thick ears, a short coat and a faulty brow. Fairy is heavy in ears and faulty behind. In the dog puppy class Collie B., whose coat does not harden, had to give way to Joe Nettles, a good-coated dog, faulty behind. We cannot agree with Mr. Apgar in awarding second prize to Joker. He is a very ordinary specimen with as poor a body as we have ever seen. The bitches were better than the dogs. First went to Daisey, who was by far the best in the class. She is a little strong in head and straight in stifles, also heavy in ears. Madge, who took second, has a short tail, no undercoat, and is weedy. We preferred Kilmarnock Belle, a much better puppy, but faulty in carriage of ears. Topsey, vhc. and reserve, we do not like; she is bad at both ends. Nettie, hc., will never make a good one; she has heavy ears, does not carry them well, and is short in tail. Ben Nevis won the special for the best collie of all classes.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

All the winners in the fox-terrier classes, with the exception of Di, were described in the report of the New Haven show. Lyra once more beat Nannie, whose mouth is gone. The New Haven winner, although but five months old, scored an easy win in the dog puppy class. Di is good in body, legs, feet and coat. She is a bit off in head and would do with more bone.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

The winners in the bull-terrier classes, with the exception of Young Baroness, were reported on at New Haven. We did not agree with Mr. Barlow in placing Baroness over Nellie, with the exception of a good head she has nothing to recommend her. Dutch, Jr., would be a rattling good dog but for the brindle patch on the root of his tail. Young Bill should be retired. Surely the old champion has earned a rest.

BLACK AND TANS AND SKYES—(MR. KIRK).

These were poor classes, the only decent specimens being Bessie, Souter Johnny and Watty.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

The judge did not appear to be at home with this breed. In the heavy-weight class, Dandy, the only blue and tan in the

class, should have been first. The winner had more coat, but is light on the back and without tan on head and legs.

SCOTCH, DANDIE AND BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

The Scotchmen, as usual, showed more Irish than Scotch character, but Mr. O'Shea says they are Scotch terriers. We incline to the opinion that they are a breed of his own—nice little dogs, but not Scotch terriers. Garry Owen represented the Irishmen. His nose is as black as indigo, and it is by no means certain he was entitled to the prize, seeing that a certain editor says the nose of the Irish terrier should be white. Erin lacks substance. This time she was down as Baron, whereas she was Aaron at New Haven. Blucher and Lillie are two of the best Bedlingtons we have seen in this country.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were splendidly represented. We have seldom if ever seen a better lot. Tippoo, Bellissima, Robinson Crusoe, Romulus, Rhodora, Bellona, Josephine and Boz could any one of them have out-scored anything in this country three years ago. They were fully described in this paper after the National Breeders' Show. Mr. Barlow handled them well.

PUGS—(MR. BARLOW).

These were fairly good classes, although there was nothing very good in them. Doctor, the winner in the open class, is too large, he does not carry his ears well and is faulty in muzzle. Punch, vhc., got more than he deserved. He has a long face, bad ears and white toes. Young Othello has a fair good head but is smutty in color and faulty in tail. Young Toby, vhc., should have been second, if not first. A critique on him can be found in the New Haven report. Echo, who took second, is of nice size, but is small of eyes, out at the elbows, crooked in forelegs, and is not tight enough in curl of tail. In the bitch class we thought Flossie just about the best. Dolores is very faulty in muzzle and does not carry her ears well. Lady Pilkington was not deserving of the equal second prize that was awarded her. Her toes are not black, she is long in face and her nose is not black. Tot, a well bred one, is long in muzzle. Tra-la-la was absent. The winners in the bitch puppy class should have exchanged places, Almah is much the best.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

In the class for dogs a fair Maltese, not long enough in coat, was first. Jumbo did not deserve second. His color is all right for the pit, but not for the show bench. In the bitch class Tony, a black and tan, faulty in head and markings, won. Dot, also faulty in markings, light of tan and faulty in head was placed second.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

King Charles spaniels are improving. Young Prince Arthur, the winner, has a poor tail, but is good in ears and has just a fair head. Duke, placed second, is not so good in head as the winner and is thin in tail. Toronto Charlie is faulty in muzzle and short of ear. JoJo is curly, short of ear and thin in tail. The winning bitch has a niceish head and is good in color, but short of ear. Dolly, placed second, is short in the face, but her muzzle is not deep or square enough. She has a nice coat; her tail is too thin. Minnie, hc., is curly and her ears are not well placed. Blanche, hc., is long in face. Toronto Prince, vhc., is faulty in ears and carriage of same. His face is too long. The first prize Blenheim is small of eyes and short of ears. His coat is too curly, but can be improved. He has a good frill and his head will pass inspection. He is perhaps the best specimen in the country.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

First prize was withheld in the dog class, second going to a large specimen, faulty in head and not of good color. Among the ladies Fanny, a sweet specimen, faulty in color, took first; her opponent is much too large. The other classes call for no comment.

THE FOREMAN ROCKINGHAM MATCH.—South Attleboro, Mass., April 11, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Mr. Windholz has accepted my challenge to show Foreman against his dog Rockingham, I inclose draft for $50, and request him to cover it. Mr. Windholz, in accepting, expresses a desire for a match against Plantagenet too. I will gladly accommodate him, each match to be for $100 a side; Foreman against Rockingham and Plantagenet against Rockingham, to be decided at the coming New York show. Each principal to select a judge and the two judges to select a referee. I name Dr. Wm. Jarvis as my judge. Mr. Windholz will please name his judge and have him confer with Dr. Jarvis in the matter of a referee and such other detail as they may think it advisable to consider.—W. TALLMAN. [As we have often remarked, the FOREST AND STREAM does not hold stakes or forfeit money, and cannot make an exception in the present case. We shall recommend Mr. Windholz to make his deposit with our neighbor the *Turf, Field and Farm.*]

VARIOUS NOTES.—Mr. Edmund Orgill, formerly of Brooklyn, and now of Memphis, is at present in this city..... Mr. F. A. Diffenderffer, of Lancaster, Pa., passed through this city on Monday on his way to Boston. He was looking well. He contradicts the statement that he is to judge at Cincinnati. ....It was not definitely settled that Mr. Hugh Dalziel should judge at the New York show until the 13th ultimo, since then Mr. Dalziel has been ill from slight congestion of the lungs, enough to lay him up and keep him in bed. He is much better, however, and will sail from Liverpool next week....Gillies—who is bringing out a team of terriers for Captain W. W. Mackie—has in charge some prick-eared Skyes. These dogs will be shipped from Glasgow on April 10, and will be shown at the New York Show....Mr. Pierre Lorillard will enter a draft of setters from the Rancocas Kennels, N. J., in the New York show....A number of New Jersey sportsmen are talking of organizing a New Jersey State Kennel Club, with the object of holding an annual bench show and field trial meeting.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The entries for the New York dog show closed on the 14th. It is impossible to give the number as yet, but the superintendent assures us that there will be over a thousand. Many of the most noted dogs in this country as well as from Great Britain will be present. Among the latter are the mastiffs Crown Prince, Maxmilian and Cambrian Princess, the pointer Graphic, the fox-terrier champions Spice and Delta, the collie Strephon and two bloodhounds. Capt. W. W. Mackie will also send several Scotch and Skye terriers. The special prize list promises to be the most valuable that has yet been offered. In addition to those already published there will be one of $50 for the best mastiff in the open classes, $25 each to rough and smooth St. Bernards, and many others. The Fox-Terrier Club have offered six cups, valued at $25 each. The usual arrangements have been made with the railroad and express companies, except the Adams Express Co.; they will charge full rates each way.

THE CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club have chartered a special baggage car of the Erie Railroad, to leave Jersey City at 8:25 P. M., Saturday, May 2, for the special purpose of bringing dogs to the Cincinnati show and returning them. No charge will be made for transportation of dogs in this car in either direction. The number of dogs in this car necessarily will be limited, and all dogs must be in crates. Space will be allotted as entries are received. A good responsible person will be appointed to superintend the car. The following appointments for judges have been made: Major J. M. Taylor will judge English, Gordon and Irish setters; B. F. Seitner will judge pointers, and Hugh Dalziel will judge all other classes. —WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Supt.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There was a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Tuesday evening at the St. James Hotel, New York. The committee on revision of running rules made their final report which was adopted. Changes were made in points of merit as follows: Pace 10 instead of 8, range 15 instead of 12, and retrieving 5 instead of 10. Retrieving will not be required in the Derby. All the stakes will be run the sameas last year. Nominations for the members' stake will require $5 forfeit with $5 additional for starters. The stake will be commenced on Thursday, Nov. 12, and other stakes on Monday, Nov. 16.

GREYHOUND CHALLENGE.—Worcester, April 13, 1885. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you a short time ago in answer to Dr. Van Hummell's offer that I would not be able to show at Cincinnati. I have now made arrangements so that I will be able to, therefore in order that it may be proved who has the better dogs I send to the secretary of the Cincinnati dog show a check for $25, and ask Dr. Van Hummell to send a like amount and the whole ($50) to be given to the best greyhound of all classes at that show, the specials to be judged by Mr. Hugh Dalziel, judge of greyhounds at that show.—H. W. SMITH.

AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—The first annual meeting of this club will take place at Madison Square Garden during the coming show. Timely notice will be sent to members of the day fixed. Fox-terriers belonging to members who have not paid their initiation fee and annual dues by April 24, cannot compete for cups at this show. The cups offered by the American Fox-Terrier Club, for competition at the coming Westminster Kennel Club show, are in process of making at the factory of the Gorham Manufacturing Company. They promise to be very handsome.

GRAND DUKE.—We can add to the winnings of the bull-terrier Grand Duke, of which our monthly contemporary, the *American Kennel Register*, gives an excellent portrait in its last issue, first and special in champion class at the National Breeders' Show in Philidelphia last Autumn. By the way, the *Register*, for two successive months now has picked out winning dogs for its illustration. Its editor must have a pretty keen knowledge of what constitutes a good animal to enable him to do this.

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The premium list of the first annual dog show of the Illinois Kennel Club, to be held at the armory of Battery D, Chicago, Ill., June 2, 3, 4 and 5, will be ready in a few days. It has been decided to make the entry fee $2. It is expected that the list of special prizes will be second to no other show held in America.—JOHN H. NAYLOR, Secretary (3182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.).

"THE KENNEL RECORD."—"The Breeders' and Exhibitors' Kennel Record," advertised this week, is a very handy book for any one keeping a number of dogs. It contains blank forms for the keeping of a complete record of kennel events, and for future reference it will be invaluable.

BOSTON DOG SHOW CATALOGUES.—Catalogues of the late Boston dog show will be sent free to any one sending a stamped and addressed newspaper wrapper to the New England Kennel Club, 159 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.—J. A. NICKERSON, Secretary.

BRITOMARTIS.—Messrs. R. & W. Livingston have sold to John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., the bull bitch Britomartis. An extended notice of her appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of March 19.

A NEW JERSEY DOG SHOW.—The New Jersey State Agricultural Society are talking about holding a dog show in connection with their annual fair next fall.

"SHOOTING."—Mr. Dougall's book on "Shooting" is certainly one that should be in the hands of every man who uses a gun. We can furnish a few more volumes. Price $3.—*Adv.*

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Aten's Beauty. By Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and tan setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1884, by Glen III. (A.K.R. 378) out of Nellie Horton II.

Rex Crook, Dan Crook and Maximus Crook. By Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., for two black and white and one orange and white English setter dogs, whelped Oct. 23, 1884, by Dashing Monarch out of Crook (A.K.R. 281).

Jessie Crook. By Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 28, 1884, by Dashing Monarch out of Crook (A.K.R. 281).

Dozell. By Master Arthur Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., for dachshund dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, by imported Fritz (Zanke—Freda) out of Zulu (Zigzag—Janette).

Count Rouge, Rex Rouge, Duffey Rouge and Aileen Rouge. By Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., for red Irish and Gordon setters, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Nov. 30, 1884, by their Rouge (Tigue—Beauty) out of their Dido (Ben—Jessie).

Leo Rouge. By Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., for red Irish and Gordon setter dog, whelped April 9, 1884, by Rouge (Tigue—Beauty) out of their Dido (Ben—Jessie).

Maxim. By Horatio L. Finch, South Norwalk, Conn., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1883, by Wheeler's Vic (Rush—Belle) out of Pitzer's Flirt (Sensation—Flirt).

Mabel Blue. By G. A. Coleman, Charlestown, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 7, 1885, by Royal Blue (Gladstone—Mersey) out of Eudora (Druid—Jess).

Argus, Jr. By C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., for Gordon setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1884, by champion Argus out of Zealah).

Marcella. By Walter B. Peet, New York city, for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped March 7, 1884, by Davey's imported Prince Phœbus (Tam O'Shanter—Prue) out of Stella (Paris—Lill).

Glenwood. By Walter B. and Geo. H. Peet, New York, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1884, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Blanche Lewis (A.K.R. 581).

Ted, Jr. By Walter B. Peet, New York, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1884, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Blanche Lewis (A.K.R. 581).

Hydrogen. By Walter B. Peet, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1884, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), out of C. S. Fitch's imported Queen Bess.

Harry Crook. By A. C. Hallfisch, Brooklyn, N. Y., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1884, by Dashing Monarch out of Crook (Carlowitz—Dell).

Goodwood Farm Kennels. By S. C. Graff, Pittsburgh, Pa., for his kennel of English beagles.

BRED

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Scarlet II.—Grand Duke. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet II. (Randall—Scarlet) to R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke (A.K.R. 524), Feb. 16.

Daisy—Turk. J. L. Mott, Jr.'s, Gordon setter bitch Daisy (Glen—Fanny) to H. C. Glover's champion Turk (A.K.R. 717), March 21.

Wanda—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (New York) St. Bernard bitch Wanda (A.K.R. 1941) to their Verone (A.K.R. 418), Feb. 20.

Snowball—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (New York) St. Bernard bitch Snowball (A.K.R. 416) to their Verone (A.K.R. 418), March 6.

Ruby—Gowrie. John M. Leckley's Chesapeake Bay bitch Ruby to Geo. E. Poyneer's Gowrie, March 13.

Gypsy—Ted Llewellin. Dr. J. B. Hay's English setter bitch Gypsy to Walter B. Peet's Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), January, 1885.

Blanche Lewis—Ted Llewellin. Walter B. Peet's (New York) English setter bitch Blanche Lewis (A.K.R. 581) to his Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), Jan. 22.

Lurline—Ted Llewellin. Chas. S. Fitch's (Fort Washington, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lurline (Don—Daisy) to Walter B. Peet's Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), March 29.

Lil—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Lil (Warrior—Rosey) to his imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), March 17.

White Daisey—Bannerman. J. E. Lord's (Gildersleeve, Conn.) beagle bitch White Daisey (A.K.R. 1828) to imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), March 21.

Katie Gates—Shot. A. W. Pearsall's (Huntington, L. I.) red Irish setter bitch Katie Gates (A.K.R. 1086) to Gen. Schuyler Hamilton's Shot.

Princess Phœbus—Rockingham. Frank Windholz's (New York) imported English setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287) to his imported Rockingham (Belthus—Bess), March 7.

Grace—Count Rake II. Old North State Kennels' (Weldon, N. C.) English setter bitch Grace (Prince—Victoria) to Count Rake II. (Rake—Meg Merrilies).

Beauty—Count Rake II. Old North State Kennels' (Weldon, N. C.) English setter bitch Beauty (Sussex—Grace) to Count Rake II. (Rake—Meg Merrilies), Feb. 22.

Jill—Mixture. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Jill (A.K.R. 529) to John E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), Feb. 28.

Clio—Black Pedro. C. A. Hamilton's cocker spaniel bitch Clio (A.K.R. 429) to Black Pedro (A.K.R. 1474), March, 1885.

Darling—Young Obo. Walter Scott's cocker spaniel bitch Darling to Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), March 30.

Belle—Obo II. Andrew Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle to Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), March 29.

Beauty—Obo, Jr. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1472) to his Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1487), March 3.

Daisy Zulu—Obo II. I. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381) to Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), March 9.

Killarney II.—Glencho. Edward W. Taylor's (Baltimore, Md.) red Irish setter bitch Killarney II. to W. H. Pierce's champion Glencho, March 15.

Sibyl—Cæsar. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) St. Bernard bitch Sibyl (A.K.R. 797) to their Cæsar (A.K.R. 22), March 15.

Lottie—Cæsar. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) St. Bernard bitch Lottie (A.K.R. 933) to their Cæsar (A.K.R. 22), March 19.

———*Nevison.* Thos. McMurray's mastiff bitch ——— to Chas. H. Mason's champion Nevison (Gurth—Juno), March 9.

Rye—Rattler. George Leick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxey) to C. R. Hoe's imported Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), Feb. 25.

Bessie T.—Don Gladstone. Highland Kennels' (Ashfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Bessie T. (Gladstone—Floy) to their Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno), March 28.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Blanche Lewis. Walter B. Peet's (New York) English setter bitch Blanche Lewis (A.K.R. 581), March 26, six (two dogs), by his Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599); all blue belton.

Daisy. H. W. Holmes's (New York) bull-terrier bitch Daisy, March 28, five (three dogs), by Grand Duke (A.K.R. 524); all white.

Birdie. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Birdie (King—Music), March 26, five (two dogs), by his imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty); all white, black and tan.

Lady Mac. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude), March 30, ten (five dogs), by Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph).

Dido. Post & Watson's (Sacramento, Cal.) red Irish setter bitch Dido (Ben—Jessie), April 9, 1884, eleven (seven dogs) and Nov. 30, 1884, thirteen (seven dogs), by their Rouge (Tigue—Beauty).

Katie Gates. A. W. Pearsall's (Huntington, L. I.) red Irish setter bitch Katie Gates (A.K.R. 1086), March 24, seven (four dogs), by Gen. Schuyler Hamilton's Shot.

Me-Dina. G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Me-Dina (A.K.R. 824), March 26, six (three dogs), by his imported Lava Rock (A.K.R. 369).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Psyche. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1885 (President—Scarlet II.), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Ernest R. Adee, West Chester, N. Y.

Konig. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit, A.K.R. 24—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Mill Brook Kennels, New York, to Mr. Harper, same place.

Kara. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1884, by imported Mentor II. out of Brunhild (A.K.R. 29), by Mill Brook Kennels, New York, to J. Leighton, same place.

Patsey Rouge. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 13, 1882, by Shokoe (Don Zooler—Mollie Plunkett) out of Dido (Ben—Jessie), by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., to Dr. J. Clark, Woodland, Cal.

Rex Rouge. Red Irish and Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 30, 1884 (Rouge—Dido), by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., to P. C. Jurgens, Traver, Cal.

Duffey Rouge. Red Irish and Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 30, 1884 (Rouge—Dido), by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., to Patsey Duffey, same place.

Rouge—Dido whelps. Red Irish and Gordon setters, whelped April 9, 1884, by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., a dog to James Conroy, Salt Lake City, Utah Ter.; a dog to Dr. J. Clark, Woodland, Cal.; a dog to Geo. Davis, Salmon Falls, Cal., and a bitch to Samuel Lawson, Sacramento, Cal.

Leo Rouge. Red Irish and Gordon setter dog, whelped April 9, 1884, by Rouge (Tigue—Beauty) out of Dido (Ben—Jessie), by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., to H. Washburst, same place.

Rouge—Dido whelps. Red Irish and Gordon setters, whelped Nov. 30, 1884, by Post & Watson, Sacramento, Cal., a dog to Jas. Gannon, San Francisco, Cal.; a dog to Carey Barney, Woodland, Cal.; a bitch to Dr. J. Clark, Woodland, Cal., and a bitch to Howard Campion, Napa City, Cal.

Hydrogen. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1884, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of C. S. Fitch's imported Queen Bess, by Walter B. Peet, New York, to R. H. Smith, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599)—Blanche Lewis (A.K.R. 581) whelps. Blue belton English setter bitches, whelped Sept. 13, 1884, by Walter B. Peet, New York, two to G. E. Osborn, New Haven, Conn., and one to B. W. Prentice, Worcester, Mass.

Cleo. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped May 26, 1884 (Robin Hood, A.K.R. 1461—Leah, A.K.R. 1284), by J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to W. A. Stauf, Baltimore, Md.

Pickwick. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped May 26, 1884 (Robin Hood, A.K.R. 1461—Leah, A.K.R. 1284), by J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to W. A. Stauf, Baltimore, Md.

Gem—Pearl Blue whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1885, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., to W. B. Peet, New York.

Rosey. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 21, 1883 (Mark Antony—May Belle), by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Bannerman—Floss whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Feb. 11, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to S. Jacobs, same place.

Zealah. Gordon setter bitch, age and pedigree not given, by P. H. Hadley, Marion, Mass., to C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mas.

Beauchief. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 1773), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to Otis A. Worthington, Cooksville, Md.

Surrey Will. Fox-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1905), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Joker, Jr.—Viola whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y.

Surrey Ned. Fox-terrier (A.K.R. 1903), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to W. B. Brueckner, Cincinnati, O.

Ringwood—Maid whelp. Beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1884, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Chas. Brooks, Birmingham, Conn.

Ringwood—Gay whelp. Beagle dog, whelped Jan. 13, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Warren Cammett, Osterville, Mass.

Zoo. Black and white English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1830), by Edward Butters, Lynn., Mass., to Chas. Nutting, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ted, Jr. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1884 (Ted Llewellin, A.K.R. 599—Blanche Lewis, A.K.R. 581), by Walter B. Peet, New York, to Chas. M. Donnelly, same place.

Miss Belle. Pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1885 (Bruce II., A.K.R. 695—Mistletoe, A.K.R. 1254), by J. W. Houston, Stewart, Neb., to John T. Taylor, same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nicholas. Lemon and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 1957), owned by Prof. R. M. McIntosh, Oxford, Ga.

Katydid II. English setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1883 (Dash III.—Katydid), owned by Eugene A. Austin, Providence, R. I., March 10, from poison.

Countess. Imported beagle bitch (A.K.R. 1713), owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., from rupture.

Cyrus. Lemon and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 1949), owned by Prof. R. M. McIntosh, Oxford, Ga.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. F., New York.—I have a young Newfoundland puppy. She is four months old and although she eats plenty she is very thin, her appetite variable, her spirits the same. Please give me your advice on the subject? Ans. Watch the habits of your puppy. Satisfy yourself that she is not passing worms, that she is not suffering from distemper. These being excluded, her symptoms may be due to the evolution of her sexual organs. In such cases a tonic and strengthening diet is called for, soups with bread, some cooked meat in meal and so on. Also give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food for two weeks.

J. H. H., Glenville, Conn.—I have a valuable three-year-old dog weight 65 pounds. He at times seems to lose all or nearly all action of his limbs, bunches up his back, staggers, becomes weak, but lies down when told. Consciousness unimpaired No whining or growling attending these convulsions. His health is good otherwise. When he barks he carries his head sideways and shakes his head and ears as if something there was wrong. He had those turns last summer, and has had four this year so far. Ans. Your dog suffers from chorea. This may have come from dysentery, diarrhœa or worms. He may have canker in the ears as well. Examine them carefully. For the chorea give five grains of the valerianate of zinc in the food three times daily for two weeks, and then discontinue it, and commence giving ten drops of nux vomica tincture morning and evening in sweetened water or milk. Continue this for three weeks. If he suffers from canker, use the lead and opium wash which every druggist keep.

C. H., Erie, Pa.—My setter has been troubled with sore eyes this spring. At first the inflammation was inside, now it is in the eyelids. They are very much swollen and seem to have a watery matter in them. He rubs his head a great deal with his paws and against different articles. His spirits seem to be good. I have consulted a D. V. S. but would prefer your opinion. He also has and has had for some time at intervals, lumps, small, on his nose, generally on the bridge. Ans. Have your druggist put up a prescription as follows: Sulphi carbolate of zinc, 10 grains, laudanum, 1 drachm, rose water or distilled water, 2 ounces. Mix. Drop two or three drops into the eye after pulling the lower lid forward. Do this twice daily. If it seems to smart, dilute a little. The "humors" may be the stopped up ducts of the sweat glands due to the condition of the skin, or they may be from flea bites if the skin is very tender. In either case a borax and glycerine wash would be beneficial, a teaspoonful of borax and a tablespoonful of glycerine to a teacup of water.

F. G. H., Galt, Ont.—My setter dog that I am having fitted for the American shows does not come readily into shape. All winter his coat has been rough and dry. Nose at times dry and warm. Eyes sometimes quite red, at other times normal. Appetite good, keeps fat (too fat) on but a moderate meal of meat and meal once per diem. Appears to feel well, is playful, etc. Have given him castor oil followed by 120 grains of areca nut and repeated, without any appearance of worms. What is wrong and how cured? Ans. Give your dog at once a dose consisting of ½ ounce castor oil and ½ ounce syrup of buckthorn. Feed him on vegetables and buttermilk, about one pint of the latter per diem. Give him plenty of exercise, letting him run as much as possible after a wagon. Give also daily with food 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his food. At the end of a week increase to 10 drops and at the end of another week to 15. Then reduce gradually to 5 drops again and stop the treatment. The treatment should be entered on at once if he is to be conditioned for the American shows. You have but little time.

E. G. K., Williamsport, Pa.—Will you please inform me through answers to correspondents column of FOREST AND STREAM, first, if "Hallock's Gazetteer" is right or wrong where it says that true distemper rarely if ever occurs in the United States? Second, is true distemper characterized by any symptoms or developments at certain stages of the disease, that distinguish it from all other diseases of a similar nature? Am about to lose a beautiful and valuable spaniel puppy and am "groping for light." Ans. The distinction between true and false distemper has never been clearly pointed out, if such distinction exists. The disease is pleuro-pneumonia of a virulent and infectious type, starting as a naso-pharyngeal catarrh, traveling down the air passages and consolidating the lungs; with it are nervous symptoms, as twitchings and finally convulsions. A fully developed distemper has its diagnostic points, which should not puzzle a professional, but are not easily appreciated by the laity. They depend principally upon the physical signs in the chest produced by the disease.

J. B. R., Texas.—I have a pointer bitch 5 months old, which appears to have some trouble inside of her ears though nothing wrong can be seen on the outside or as far as I can see in. There is no discharge. She is continually rubbing them with her paws as if something was in them she wished to get out. 2. I am having great trouble with her from gun-shyness. Can this have any connection with the ear trouble? When I first got her I used the "tin pan banging" scheme and she did not mind the noise in the least, but she just bates the report of a gun no matter how light the charges. She has no reason to be afraid of the gun. Ans. 1.—Your bitch apparently has canker in some form or other and we should be inclined to recommend the following treatment. Goulard's extract of lead 4 ounces, laudanum 2 drachms. Mix. Apply twice or three times daily on piece of cotton or sponge, having first cleansed the ear with warm water and soap and dried carefully. 2.—It does not seem likely that the local trouble has any connection with the gun-shyness. The latter is probably due to nervousness. It can no doubt be cured by patience, but unless you have a strong affection for the dog it would probably be better to get another one which was not so timid. If you are determined to try to cure her, follow the method laid down in "Training vs. Breaking."

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

OLD DOMINION RIFLE PRACTICE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has long been my purpose to send you something descriptive of the mode of rifle shooting—or rather the kind of target used by our riflemen—which is now, and has been in vogue in the mountains of Virginia for many years, and which the oldest hunters tell me, was handed down to them from a previous generation. The wind gauge, the globe sight and many other appliances have been invented since this system was adopted, and are, no doubt, very good things in their places, but to my mind, the old-fashioned way is the best. It at least has the merit of simplicity, is founded in common sense, and the experience of many years has confirmed its use. I do not know any better definition of it than to call it the "adjustable target." The principle is this, viz.: that instead of having a fixed center—and artificial implements to meet certain conditions of wind, light, etc.—the same ends are attained by a movable center or movable object at which the gun is aimed.

To illustrate. The modern target is composed of a certain number of rings at fixed distances from a round spot, called the bullseye, and the center of this bullseye is the true center of the target. The target of which I speak, is a simple piece of paper, usually white, of any size you may choose, tacked upon a black surface, usually upon a piece of burnt board. The center is any point that the shooter may select, and designate by a cross mark, thus ×, anywhere on the board, either taking the true center of the paper, one corner, or above, below, or either side of the paper, and at any distance from it. This cross mark is cut into the board with a penknife, and in shooting a match there is to be but one such mark on the board. We will now suppose the shooter to be ready to shoot his match. Having made a trial shot he discovers that, from some cause, wind, light, or some other cause, the ball has struck to the left of the mark, say one-half inch, on a horizontal line with the true center of the mark. He now moves his paper from that position, and tacks it to the board at another place, and makes his cross mark or center in the same relative position that the former bullet hole occupied to the paper.

Now it is evident that if all the conditions are just as when he fired the first shot, and his gun is reliable, he will shoot exactly in the same spot relatively that he shot the first time, and will knock out the center, and every ball so fired, under like conditions, will do the same thing. And while the shooter will never touch the object at which he is aiming, he may yet be doing splendid shooting, that is, regular shooting, showing that his aim is good, his nerve steady, and that the reason he doesn't hit the object aimed at, is because of the light, the wind, or some other extraneous cause which he cannot control. Here, it will be seen, is a natural way to accomplish all that the wind gauge is intended to do. The same process can be used to counteract the deflection occasioned by the trajectory. If the target be placed at a distance equal to the highest point of the trajectory, the ball will of course strike above the object aimed at, and if the sights be true, and the wind and light are right, the center should be marked above the object aimed at on the vertical line passing through the center of the object. The guns used by our sturdy mountaineers are generally the old-fashioned Kentucky muzzleloading rifles, long of barrel and 38 to .44-caliber. The front sight is usually of brass or silver, and this is one reason why the character of the light prevailing at the time of shooting forms such an important part in the results, and is an element that must be consulted. A person shooting one of these guns, or any gun with a bright metal front sight, with the sun on the right-hand side of them, will shoot to the left, and *vice versa*. This is partially avoided by using a shade of light sheet iron over both sights when the sun is shining very brightly, and all of our best marksmen endeavor to have the range over which they are to shoot located in such a way as to shoot directly toward the sun.

My experience and observation teach me that there is no one element that should be as closely watched and studied as the light. I prefer a day when the sky is overcast with a regular cloud, and the sun completely obscured otherwise. Unless the shooter moves his position with the movement of the sun, he cannot do regular shooting with any gun.

I went out one afternoon this winter with my old rifle. The sky was overcast, and not a breath of air stirring. I tacked a No. 12 gun wad on a piece of black board, and at 25 paces off-hand I sent seven bullets consecutively into the lower edge of the wad, every one of which could have been covered with the wad itself. I went one afternoon afterward when it was clear and bright, and over the same range I shot the same number of bullets, and at the same sort of a target, and while they all covered a space very little larger than the first mentioned target, they were at least a half inch to the left of the wad and lower than the others. Now if I had been shooting a match, according to our mode here, I should, on the second occasion, have made my center or cross mark at the point where the first bullet struck, and in the case of the first experiment would have had the intersection of my cross mark or my center in the lower edge of the wad. In both cases the shooting would, under our rule, have counted the same, although in the second instance I would not have touched the wad or object aimed at with a single ball, and if the center of the wad had been the center of the target would not have made a single center or been within an inch of it. If you know that the sights of your gun are properly adjusted, and, under favorable conditions of light and wind, you don't strike the object aimed at, you can at once conclude that your aim was defective; that the fault is not in the gun but in you. But how often is it that a man goes out with a rifle, and, without noting the conditions prevailing at the time, shoots wide of the mark, and tries to correct the trouble by "making allowances" in his next effort, and finally retires disgusted with his gun or with himself, or both.

To beginners in rifle practice I recommend the system I have attempted to describe, and will say to them, aim the same way every time, and mark your center where the ball first strikes, and if each successive shot strikes in or about that point you may know that you are not in fault. Careful experiment of this sort will insure regular shooting.

The temptation to try to overcome the prevailing causes of your apparent want of accuracy by "making allowances" by the eye, will result in no good. No man at 60yds. can overcome these difficulties by aiming to the right or left, above or below, the mark. My rule is to raise my gun until the line between the bottom of the object and the board upon which it is placed is reached and then fire. I don't attempt to find the center of the object aimed at (I prefer a square object to a round one), but "draw black and white," as our old mountaineers term it, and by doing this you will achieve regular shooting. Of course the modern target can be used as well as the one I have described, provided the exact point at which the center is to be designated is determined upon before the match begins, but by having the object aimed at movable, it can be moved to any position during the match without disturbing the center or cross mark. It frequently becomes necessary in variable light and wind to move the paper or object several times in the course of a match. I have seen matches begun with the cross mark covered by the paper, and before all the shots were fired the paper or object would be from half-inch to one and a half inches from the cross mark or center.

No doubt this system is well known to many of your rifle readers, but it is, in all probability, unknown to a great many. I have prepared this in order to show how our forefathers contrived to do, by a very simple and natural process, what science has accomplished by the use of costly, complicated and delicate machinery. The only difference is that by the modern appliances the object aimed at can be approached by the bullet more nearly under unfavorable conditions of light and atmosphere, but as a test of accuracy in aim, nerve and the other requisites of good marksmanship, they are not as good in my opinion as the plan I have described. WHACK.

STAUNTON, Va., March 20.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, April 11.—There was a fine attendance at Walnut Hill today, and the weather conditions were good. The wind was from 6 to 10 o'clock and the light rather bright. On and after Thursday, April 16, the range and regular match will be open for competition on Thursdays and Saturdays. The spring meeting will occur May 28, 29 and 30. Below are the best scores to-day, together with the result of a team match shoot with the Minneapolis Club, April 2.

Creedmoor Practice Match.

E F Richardson	5445555555—48	A L Brackett	4545454545—45
O M Jewell	5455555545—48	N T Tufts	5455444454—44
B G Warren	5454545554—46	D F Boyden	5444554544—44

Practice Match.

H Cushing	5544455553—46	A B Andrews	4445454544—43
A L Brackett	4442454555—45	C W Hogden	4444534545—43
D Wilkins	4544545445—44	M E Baird	4444444444—40

Decimal Match.

W Charles	8	10	7	9	7	8	10	9	10	10—88
O M Jewell	8	8	6	8	6	9	9	9	10	9—82
B G Warren	9	8	9	8	5	7	7	8	8	8—77
E Souther	7	10	7	7	5	6	10	5	8	10—76
J P Bates	8	8	10	10	8	7	8	8	0	9—76
F Wallace	5	6	4	9	9	9	9	8	9	8—76
W F Tufts	7	6	5	8	5	10	4	6	9	8—66

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	9	10—95
T Walker	9	9	10	9	9	7	10	10	10	9—93
D L Chase (A)	10	9	10	7	9	0	10	9	10	8—91
A B Morrison (A)	8	10	8	8	9	9	9	8	10	10—89

Victory Match.

W Charles	7	9	10	9	5	9	10	8	8	9—84
I B Fellows	9	8	8	8	7	5	10	8	9	9—81
C E Berry	9	5	10	7	10	8	5	10	6	7—77
W D Palmer	5	6	6	8	10	7	10	4	7	7—70
J N Frye	6	8	3	9	10	3	8	10	5	4—66

Team Match. Massachusetts Rifle Association.

C E Berry	7	10	10	8	10	6	6	7	7	9—83
W Charles	9	6	6	6	9	8	10	8	10	10—82
E F Richardson	5	8	8	10	10	9	6	7	10	5—78
O M Jewell	9	6	8	10	10	4	6	8	10	5—76
O M Howard	9	5	6	5	10	7	5	6	9	6—68
F Wallace	4	9	7	5	6	6	9	9	6	9—61—338

Minneapolis Team.

Cail Mandlin	10	10	5	10	9	7	9	9	10	7—86
George Harrison	4	8	10	9	8	8	6	10	8	8—79
G W Weeks	6	10	8	7	4	5	7	3	6	10—66
P S Dexter	8	4	8	4	9	3	6	9	5	8—64
A S Mehaffy	6	1	4	4	8	4	5	7	9	4—52
C M Skinner	4	3	7	8	5	4	6	9	8	7—56—403

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club shot a telegraphic match against the Massachusetts Rifle Association on Saturday, April 11. Teams of 10 men, 10 shots each, 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts decimal target. The wind blew a gale here from 4 to 6 o'clock quarter, and played havoc with the scores. The match was interesting, as it proved to be an individual test of small calibers and light bullets against .40 and .45-cal., with 300 to 500-grain bullets, shot from military and sporting rifles. The Farrow Fire Arms Company, which has lately started here with the champion marksman Capt. W. Milton Farrow as manager, had a new .32 cal. rifle in the match, using 45 grains of powder and 185 grains of lead. It is claimed for this rifle that with flatter trajectory, greater velocity and less recoil, the ordinary marksman can improve his scores from 10 to 25 per cent. This rifle was the victor in this gale of wind, beating two Bullards, four Ballards, two Maynards and one Springfield. The following are the scores:

W H Farrow	10	10	5	6	7	8	10	10	10	5—81
M W Bull	5	7	10	10	7	7	9	8	8	7—78
J D Marks	10	8	10	3	5	5	9	8	6	9—73
T B Wilson	6	8	7	9	5	10	8	6	2	6—67
Z C Talbot	4	5	10	7	4	7	4	7	7	9—64
E T Stephens	9	6	7	4	8	6	9	6	4	9—59
H K Cooley	5	5	0	0	10	6	6	8	6	8—54
L H Mayott	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	6	8	3—48
S S Bumstead	2	3	3	4	5	4	4	7	7	5—44
F R Bull	4	6	2	3	6	2	4	5	5	3—40—608

The Massachusetts Association was victorious with the grand total of 703. A sweepstakes followed, five shots each, same targets and conditions, with the following result:

Capt Farrow	9	10	8	7	10	—44	F R Bull	4	6	4	9	7	—30
J D Marks	5	8	7	10	9	—39	J H Bullard	5	5	3	8	2	2—5—28
F B Wilson	4	4	8	8	7	—31	J J Neeson	3	2	9	2	2	3—5—23
Z C Talbot	5	4	4	10	7	—30							

The rifles used by the different marksmen were: Capt. Farrow, the new Farrow, .32 cal.; M. W. and F. R. Bull, Bullard, .40-cal.; J. D. Marks, Z. C. Talbot, E. T. Stephens and L. H. Mayott, Ballard, .38-cal.; T. B. Wilson, Springfield; H. K. Cooley, Maynard, .32-cal.; S. S. Bumstead, Maynard, .40-cal., and Springfield.

BRATTLEBORO, April 3.—There was a good attendance at Oak Grove Range on Fast Day (April 3), and some good scores were made by the Brattleboro Rifle Club on a Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand:

Cobb	12	12	11	12	11	12	10	11	12	11—114
Hone	11	12	12	12	10	11	10	11	12	11—112
French	11	11	12	10	12	11	12	11	10	11—111
Taft	11	11	10	11	12	12	12	11	10	10—110
Hannon	11	11	11	10	10	10	9	10	12	11—105
Stearns	10	11	11	11	9	12	10	8	12	11—105
Cook	11	11	9	11	12	11	11	6	9	12—103
Barnes	11	10	8	11	11	10	10	10	12	8—101
Thorn	11	11	12	9	11	10	8	9	9	10—100
Whitney	10	8	9	8	8	9	11	11	9	11— 94
Parker	10	10	7	8	12	11	10	9	8	7— 92
Powell	10	9	8	11	10	9	11	9	10	4— 91
Jones	11	12	7	9	8	8	9	4	9	10— 87

CONLIN'S FINE RECORD.—Billiards, bowling and shooting vie with each other in securing the patronage of the frequenters of New York's "white elephant." The interest given to shooting has shown a marked increase lately, and every evening the rifle ranges, managed by J. S. Conlin, the vetern rifleman, have been used to their utmost. The varieties of targets at the disposal of the shooters are seemingly innumerable and the rifles and pistols of all the popular manufacturers are used. Noted marksmen as well as beginners are patrons of the place. The "crack" shots delight to show their prowess, and the beginners persevere with more or less success. The proficiency attained by many of the marksmen are duly attested by their scores which equal, if not, in some cases, excel any records ever made elsewhere. The following may give the reader an opportunity of judging their merits. The following scores were made with rifle at 200yds., Creedmoor target, reduced for the range:

	Bullseyes.	Shots.		Bullseyes.	Shots.
D Crocker	100	100	Whiting Arnold	34	35
N T Brisac	100	100	R Lockhart	38	30
J E Soule	89	90	F F Kinney	40	40
J S N Crane	50	50	G N Bliss, Jr.	20	20
E E Tiffany	49	50	W E Livingston	10	21
Wm Kelley	64	66	J F O'Connors	38	40
G N Bliss	62	63			

The following named gentlemen made full scores in 10 shots with rifle at 200yds., Creedmoor targets reduced for the range: Thomas Doolittle, J. J. Kelley, H. Matlege, R. N. Madden, F. S. DeForest, G. D. Coen, Barrie Jarrett, J. F. O'Connors, J. W. Cochran, H. Billini, C. S. Toule, J. H. Matthews, Leon DeBost, H. F. Hermance, C. A. Zummis, W. W. DeForrest, S. N. DeForrest, F. P. Keene, A. S. Watson, E. F. Wright, N. P. Gardner, H. M. Bradhurst, C. W. Minor, S. E. Johns.

The following scores were made at the noted French targets, possible 49: N. F. Brisac 49, A. S. Watson 46, G. D. Coen 44.

Scores at Swiss man target: N. F. Brisac and D. Crocker full scores, A. S. Watson 8, J. H. Gregg 10.

Scores at Teaser target, possible 35: N. F. Brisac 35, D. Crocker 35, H. G. Gardner 33, H. M. Bradhurst 32, E. F. Keller 29½, T. A. Holcomb 29.

MANCHESTER, April 1.—The riflemen of the Manchester Rifle Association turned out in good numbers to-day and enjoyed an afternoon of rare sport. The scores made are given below, 3 cards, 7 shots, possible 105:

Creedmoor Target—Practice Match.

C D Palmer	33	33	33—99	J S Cole	28	29	29—86
E C Paul	30	31	33—94	W Graham	27	28	29—84
J Hodge	30	30	31—91	E Parridge	27	27	—54

Creedmoor Target—Match A.

T C William	32	33	33—98	John Mason	27	29	29—85
L W Colby	31	32	32—95	C D Palmer	32	32	—64

THOMASTON, Conn., April 11.—At the weekly shoot of the Empire Gun Club to-day the weather conditions were a strong, gusty 9 o'clock wind. Position standing, off-hand, 200yds., Massachusetts ring target:

G P North	12	12	11	11	9	10	10	10	11	11—107
W H Dunbar	10	8	7	12	10	11	9	10	10	8— 95
F Carr	9	11	10	12	6	10	10	6	11	7— 92
C F Williams	6	7	10	12	8	11	10	6	10	7— 90
C L Alling	3	10	10	9	11	10	10	8	9	6— 84
Fred A Perkins	6	8	9	3	10	6	12	9	5	9— 76

CREEDMOOR.—The fall meeting at the range of the National Rifle Association will begin on Sept. 16 and last eight days. Several changes were made in the programme of last year. The fee in the match for the directors' championship gold badge was reduced to $3. Six entries will be allowed in the Judd match, and the cash prizes were raised from $100 to $315. To the Wimbledon Cup match $50 in four prizes was added. The President's match for the military championship of America will present 52 prizes and $700. Ten shots instead of seven will be allowed in the Shorkley match. The awards in the Governor's match were increased to $200. In the all-comers' and marksmen's badge match the prize will be $250, and the match will be shot only with .50-caliber rifles. A team match of four was substituted for the Jones match of last year, with prizes of $80, $60, $40 and $20, with six points allowed for military rifles.

RICHMOND, Ind., April 4.—The first shoot of the Richmond Rifle Club held to-day: Mahlon Hampton won the gold badge and John F. Howley the silver one. The score out of a possible 50 was as follows: Hampton 41, Howley 36, Johnston 35, Snavely 32, Goth 31, Saunders 30, Sharik 30, Holton 29, Hutchinson 29, Pennell 29, Morris 29, Converse 24, Lynde 18. The next shoot will be on the 25th of April. The one-armed shooter Snavely did very well, but Morris, with a broken wrist from roller skating, did not hold up to his record. The club will soon shoot a telegraph match with the Indianapolis Club.

A QUESTIONABLE SUGGESTION.—Boston, April 6.—There seems to be considerable prejudice against the .22-caliber rifle for light sporting purposes. This is perhaps on account of its lacking range and penetration or killing power. Couldn't these defects be remedied by making the shells 7/8in. long, if necessary, substituting pyroxyline (gun cotton) for powder, and making the bullets 10 or 15 grains heavier. Undoubtedly this would not do in a larger caliber on account of the great power of gun cotton, but in so small a caliber the recoil and the strain on the piece would be very slight. What think some of your older correspondents about the use of gun cotton in a .22 rifle.

G. B. YOUNG, of Columbus, asks whether any of the cartridge makers make hollow or express balls for the Baker combined shot and rifle gun, .44-cal.

A FIRE in the warehouse of John P. Moore's Sons, on April 9, did several thousand dollars damage, mainly in fishing tackle and such.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS VS. ENGLEWOOD.—A clay-pigeon match took place at Englewood, N. J., on the 11th inst. between the above clubs at 10 birds each, resulting in favor of the Englewood team. The following is the score:

Englewood Gun Club.		Washington Gun Club.	
H Van Brunt	0100011111—6	Glasser	0111100000—4
Townsand	1110101101—7	Cassiberry	1011111101—8
Heritage	1111101111—8	Disbrow	0101111110—7
Eichenburg	1111110011—8	Van Schaick	1111110011—8
Wells	0110101110—6	Terwilger	1111101101—8
Kelly	1011001111—7	Laudly	0000111111—6
Taylor	1011010111—7	Roe	0111111011—8
F Van Brunt	0101110110—6	Cromell	0101000010—3
J Baker	1011111001—7	More	1011100100—5
J Van Brunt	1110110100—6	Hunt	1100110100—5
M Baker	1111111011—9—77	Fountain	1110106111—7—69

MINNEAPOLIS, April 3.—There was a fair attendance of sportsmen and spectators at the weekly shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club this afternoon, considering the poor weather. A stiff breeze was blowing from the northeast, and it was disagreeably cold, which made it anything but pleasant for a man to shoot in. After several matches came the shoot for the gold medal at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise. The match was won by Charles H. Russell. The score is appended:

Kreuger	1111110100100000011—11	Latz	0101001011110010101—11
Elliott	0111111010111011101—15	Penfield	1111111101010111111—17
Lawrence	1110001101111111011—16	Hoblitt	1031111011111111111—16
Cassedy	0101011111101111100—14	Pratt	1110111000010100101—11
Russell	1111111111101111111—19		

HARRISTON, Ont., April 3.—The members of the North Wellington Gun Club had a practice shoot at Palmerston to-day, at clay-pigeons, Peoria blackbirds and snowbirds. The following is the scores:

First shoot—5 clay-pigeons, 31yds. rise: L. H. Clarke 4, J. Craig 4, Dr. Stewart 2, W. H. Lingwood 3, A. Irvine 5, A. Hemley 3, Wm. Carthew 5.

Second shoot—5 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise: L. H. Clarke 4, J. Craig 3, Chas. Milne 3, A. Irvine 4, W. H. Lingwood 2, A. Hemley 2.

Third shoot—20 snowbirds, 18yds. rise: L. A. Clarke 16, J. Craig 10, Chas. Milne 11, A. Irvine 18, W. H. Lingwood 12, A. Hemley 10.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

THE National Association is rapidly overcoming the friction incident to a new undertaking, and notwithstanding the inevitable criticisms and objections that must be expected, refuted and overcome, meets with an extent of hearty co-operation and encouragement, much greater than its projectors had any right to expect.

The Cincinnati Independent Shooting Club have adopted the trap shooting rules of this Association.

Mr. Washington A. Coster, of Flatbush, L. I., has duly qualified as a director of the Association.

We answer numerous inquiries as to the National Gun Association hand book, containing history, constitution and by-laws, trap shooting rules, etc. Arrangements have been made to place same on sale through all the news companies, so that a copy can now be ordered through any news dealer.

As to the arrangements of traps as adopted at New Orleans, note the following cut:



The arrows—full lines—indicate the directions toward which the arms of traps point before being set and toward which the birds should fly.

As to the tournaments to follow the Springfield, O., May 5 to 9 tournament, definite action will be taken at the meeting at Springfield, May 4. Kansas City, Mo., Worcester, Mass., and Philadelphia, Pa., will probably be named for the places. Formal applications and invitations from clubs to hold the tournaments in their vicinity will be then and there acted upon.

Arrangements for reduced rates to the Springfield tournament have been made with the L. S. & W. C. C. & I., and N. Y., Penn. & Ohio railways, as follows: Pay full rates going and one cent per mile returning, upon presenting a certificate signed by the secretary of the Association, obtained on the grounds.

On May 20 the secretary of the Association will open a New York office, where he will be joined about June 1 by Capt. A. H. Bogardus, with the assistance of the New York city members of the Association. A Bogardus Gun Club will be there established, suitable club rooms and shooting grounds secured, etc. It is proposed in the course of time to divide the shooters of the Association geographically into four subdivisions or clubs, as follows: The East, with New York city as a center; the West, with Chicago as a center; the South, with Louisville or Nashville as a center; the Pacific Coast, with San Francisco as a center; in each of which centers a large gun club will be established, which will tend to centralize and promote friendly rivalry in shooting contests between the most distant shooters.

NEW YORK, April 11.—A pigeon-shooting match for $500 a side was shot to-day on the Hackensack Meadows between Mr. J. H. Jordan, of Indiana, and Mr. F. Schwab of New York city, which Mr. Jordan won somewhat easily. The conditions were to shoot at 200 birds each, at 26yds., from three ground traps, with an ounce and a quarter of shot. Mr. Jordan was a strong favorite, owing to his recent successes at Washington and Philadelphia, where he won with scores of 48 and 47 killed out of 50 to his opponents' 46 and 46. The score to-day was as follows:

Jordan—11111, 11011, 11111, 10111,11110,01111, 10111, 10111, 11111, 11111, 11111,11111,11111, 11111, 11111, 11111,11111, 11001, 11111, 11111, 11111, 11111, 11011,11111,11111, 11010, 11111, 11111,11111, 11111, 11111, 11111, 1110, 11111, 01110,11111,01111, 11111, 11111, 11101. Total, 200; killed, 185; missed, 15.

Schwab—11111, 10101, 01111, 11111,11111, 11111, 11111, 11111, 00111, 11111, 11111,11111,11101, 01111, 11111, 11111,11100, 10011, 11110, 11111, 11111, 11111, 11111,11111,01111, 10111, 01101, 11110,11111, 11111, 11110, 11101, 11111, 01011, 11111,11111,01000, 11111, 01111, 11110. Total, 200; killed, 173; missed, 27.

Mr. Jordan used a Scott gun weighing 9¼ pounds, with two sets of barrels. Mr. Schwab used a gun by Dougall that weighed 10 pounds. Efforts are being made to arrange a match between Mr. Jordan and Fred Erb, who is now in Indiana.

STAUNTON GUN CLUB.—Staunton, Va.—Club shoot, April 8, 10 clay-pigeons: A. Ayres 10, B. D. Tams 10, C. M. Whittle 10, T. Bissell 9, E. F. Wayman 8, T. F. West 8, M. M. Allen 7, E. Echols 7, H. B. Brown 7. April 9: J. M. Carroll 7, L. F. Abby 6, C. Bargamin 6, E. Berkeley 6, M. A. Cushing 6, C. Berkeley 5, C. L. Cooke 5, T. J. Crowder 4, P. A. Baylor 4.

WELLINGTON, April 11.—The various events shot by the Malden Gun Club at Wellington to-day were won as follows: 1. Five blackbirds—Snow first. 2. Five pigeons—Snow and Black first. 3. Three pair pigeons—Martin and Snow first. 4. Five blackbirds—Parker first. 5. Five blackbirds—Snow and Stanton first. 6. Five pigeons—Black first. 7. Three pair blackbirds—Parker and Loring first. 8. Five blackbirds—Loring first. 9. Five pigeons—Snow and Stanton first. 10. Five blackbirds—Shumway and Snow first. 11. Five pigeons—Shumway and Snow first. 12. Seven blackbirds, straightaway—Parker and Snow first. 13. Seven blackbirds—Snow first.

CLEVELAND, O.—A novel contest for $2,000 in cash prizes has been announced by the Chamberlin Cartridge Co., to commence April 10 and continue until Aug. 31. The shooting is to be at 50 single rises and 25 pair doubles, Clay-pigeons are to be used and the contest is open to the world, baring only Bogardus and Carver. A peculiar feature of this tournament and one that cannot fail to be especially gratifying to sportsmen is that every club or individual can enter the contest and shoot the score or scores on their own grounds, they can make as many trials for a perfect score as they see fit, and when they have a record that is satisfactory a copy of it can be sent to the Chamberlin Cartridge Co., accompanied by a certificate from two responsible judges and a referee certifying to the correctness of the score, when it will be entered on the score book in competition. When all the competition scores are in, those who have tied for the several prizes, there are six in all, will be notified, the ties will be shot off at Cleveland in October, when all the crack shots will meet each other for the final and decisive contest.

PHILADELPHIA GUN CLUB.—The Philadelphia Gun Club will hold its spring meeting at Andalusia, Pa., on Thursday and Friday, April 16 and 17. The card of events is as follows: Firt day—Single bird match, at 10:30 A. M., 10 birds, 30yds. rise, 3 misses out; same day at 2 P. M., 5 pairs, 25yds. rise end traps, ties one pair. Second day—Philadelphia Gun Club Cup, teams of four, 20 birds each man, 30yds. rise. All the matches will be shot under the Philadelphia Gun Club rules and open to members of the following clubs: Westminster Kennel Club, South Side Sportsmen's Club, Meadow Brook Hunt, Carteret Gun Club, Queens County Hunt, Staten Island Gun Club, Orange Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club and Philadelphia Gun Club.

SAN ANTONIO, April 9.—A pigeon-shooting match between Dr. Carver and A. H. Penrose, the San Angelo cowboy, for $500 a side, 100 birds, 30yds. rise, came off yesterday and was won by Penrose by a score of 90 to 81.

THE STATEN ISLAND GUN CLUB has disbanded and fourteen, of its most prominent members have applied for admission to the Carteret Gun Club, of Bergen Point, N. J. Several of the Westminster Kennel Club's members have been practicing on the Carteret's ground for the Philadelphia Gun Club's meeting.

BROOKLYN, April 8.—At the monthly shoot of the Maybee Gun Club to-day at 20 clay-pigeons, the leading scores stood: Mank 15, Knebel, Jr. 12, Short 11, Link 10.

CAHILL VS. POLWORTH.—Almost the whole of Staten Island big slices of Long and Manhattan Island with a large delegation from New Jersey assembled at Sam Burbank's half-mile track, New Dorp, S. I., on Wednesday the 8th inst. There were sportsmen and sporting men. Those who understand handling a dog in the field or in the pit. Hard faces who knew what a main was and keen judges of the merits of the blue pyles and dark reds. Men who could use a split bamboo, handle a trigger or the reins over a trotter with equal accuracy and judgment. There was the goodlooking and genial Col. Endicott (I had liked to have said commissioner, but his modesty forbids) acting again as master of ceremonies. The Colonel is very popular with the boys. He knows all about rods and guns, dogs and birds, and his decisions are always prompt and just to all. The irrepressible Bob Goggin was of course on hand and added largely to the hilarity of the occasion. Bob is decidedly a character. He is called the "Irish Jew," for he possesses in a large degree the prominent elements of the two characters. The rollicking devil-may-care nature of the "son of the Ould Sod," with the business shrewdness of the "son of Israel." Always ready for fun and a venture, he will bet on a cock fight, a foot race, trot or pigeon match, and his judgment is rarely at fault. The occasion of all this multitude and excitement was the third match at live birds between Capt. P. Polworth of the Aquehouga Club and M. Cahill of the Stapleton Club. The match was 50 birds a side, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, both barrels, second barrel anywhere, trap and handle. J. P. Silva acted as judge for Polworth, J. J. Maher for Cahill. J. J. Von Langerke, referee, with Elsworth and Erlin, as scorers. The birds were a good lot, especially those furnished by that prince of caterers, "Old South Paw" (Al Heritage) of the J. C. H. Gun Club. They tarried not to pick grass or even look back, but were off like young streaks of electricity, escaping both barrels without even a feather ruffled, but alas often to be brought down by the merciless pirates and pothunters on the border. At the score some comparatively easy shots were missed and some exceedingly good ones made by both parties. The eleventh of Capt. Polworth was magnificent. Cahill was first at the score with a miss followed by a kill, the Captain stopping his two first easily. The bets were in favor of Polwerth with occasional change until about the 20th bird, when the Captain seemed to get nervous and Maher got his fine work in in coaching Cahill, and what Jerry don't know about coaching a man that is at all off or shaky at the traps Tom Davis or Bill Taylor can't tell him. Cahill showed the benefit of following instructions in his 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th bird. Five killed straight and the sixth died out of bounds. The bets were then 30 to 20 on Cahill and continued so. Over to the left where the sporting men congregated, the betting was quite lively, from one to five dollars called on a bird. Money changed hands rapidly only to be handed back perhaps at the next shot. But it was a big day for New Dorp. The following is the official score:

M Cahill.....	0100102022102102110212110	02012221201200100331031—32
P Polworth.....	1100012020100120010200000	20020201101110100120110010—24

JACOBSTAFF.

FINE GUNS AT AUCTION.—In another column will be found a notice of the sale of R. V. R. Schuyler's entire stock of guns and general sporting goods, which occurs on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21 and 22.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

April 22—Annual Meeting N. E. Y. R. A., Parker House, Boston, 8 P. M.
April 25—Pacific Y. C., Opening Day.
May 2—San Francisco Y. C., Opening Day.
May 3—Newark Y. C., Opening Cruise.
May 25—N. J. Y. C. Match—Catamarans.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.

THE CUP RACES.

WORK is going on very rapidly with the sloops now building. The iron one is in frame and partly plated, and the Boston boat is as far advanced, and there is every prospect that they will be ready in good time. Two more sloops are talked of, one to be built by Mr. Henry Steers, at John Roach's yard at Chester, and one from a model by Mr. Chas. Elliott, of Greenpoint, to be built at the Continental works, but neither have yet been commenced. A letter was received last week by Secretary Minton, N. Y. Y. C., from Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, dated March 26, acknowledging the receipt of the N. Y. Y. C.'s answer to the challenge, with a promise to lay it before the owners and to answer at once. Genesta is at Henderson's yard in Glasgow, where she was built, fitting out, under Capt. Carter's direction, for her trip across.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the club was held at Delmonico's on Monday, April 13, Rear Commodore Alley presiding. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. Messrs. E. C. Van Wart and Geo. Gordon King were elected members. The report of the Board of Trustees was read by Mr. Simonds, stating that the present quarters of the club must be vacated by May 1, as the lease cannot be renewed. The yachts now laid up there will be cared for by the club if belonging to members, but those not owned by members must be removed by their owners. An offer by Mr. Wiman of a site near New Brighton was considered, but it is not practicable to accept it at present; steps are being taken, however, to provide suitable quarters for members and boats. Concerning prizes, the Trustees do not approve of the suggestion to add second prizes, but are considering a scheme for extra races later in the season. It is proposed to make the opening sail on Decoration Day, a race over a definite course in the Bay, prizes to be offered by the club. A collation will be served after the race, probably on board some of the yachts. Nothing has yet been settled concerning a club boat, as the one offered was found to be in bad condition, but a boat of about 50ft. waterline will be chartered and put in commission with two men as crew, to be used by non-owners. The report was accepted, and a motion to refer the matter of a club boat to the Trustees, with power to act was carried; also a motion to refer the question of responsibility for damage to boat to Law Committee.

Mr. C. S. Lee reported in behalf of the Committee on Rig Allowances, recommending that the sail area of a yawl be obtained by measuring as a base line the distance from bee hole of bowsprit to bee hole of jigger boom, the height to be measured as in a sloop. The formulas for rig allowance of schooners and yawls recommended at the last meeting, the cube root of 3-5 of the cube of the length for the former and the cube root of 4-5 of the cube of the length for the latter, have been put in a simpler form, in which the cubes and cube roots do not enter. The same results are obtained by multiplying the length by the constants, .85 for schooners and .94 for yawls. The results in the cases of Montauk, 93.8ft. corrected length, and Fortuna, 92.33ft., would be 79.7ft. and 78.5ft. respectively, being the lengths on which time would be allowed them when competing with sloops and cutters. The report of the committee was accepted with thanks. The following motions were then presented, all being passed except the one relating to Rule XXXII., which was voted down.

By Mr. J. F. Tams: 1. The addition of a new chapter to the By-Laws to be entitled "Annual Cruise" to read as follows: "There shall be an annual squadron cruise, the date for which shall be fixed at the regular meeting of the club held in May."

2. The addition of a second paragraph to Rule I. of the Sailing Regulations to read as follows: "Yachts entered for a race shall be amenable to these Regulations from the time the preparatory signal is given."

3. To strike out in Rule II. of the Sailing Regulations entitled "Classification" the words "corrected length" wherever they occur, and substituting therefore "load waterline length."

4. To strike out as inoperative Rule XXXII. of the Sailing Regulations reading as follows:

TIME OF MAKING RACES.

§ I. In case a race is not completed within the time prescribed by the Sailing Committee, it will be considered as "no race," and shall be repeated on due notice from the committee until it conforms to this rule.

§ II. If any yacht shall make the race in the time prescribed for her class, it shall be deemed a race for that class.

§ III. This rule shall not apply to the regular Corinthian Race.

By the Secretary: To adopt in Rule IV. of the rules for hoisting colors, etc., the flag known as the "blue absence pennant" in order to secure uniformity with the New York, Eastern and Atlantic yacht clubs.

By Mr. John Hyslop: To amend a portion of Rule XII. of the Sailing Regulations by substituting for the words "or approved and certified by him" the words "approved by him, and their correctness duly certified."

Mr. Geo. H. Warren, of Boston, was proposed for membership by the secretary, seconded by Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler The prize won by Oriva on the memorable Saturday in June last when she led Gracie around the lightship, was on exhibition in the meeting room. The trophy was in the form of a clock, the case being an 8-inch block of lignumvitæ, with sheave, strap and sisterhooks of solid silver. The works were placed in the sheave, which was hollow, the side of the block, which was the face, being ornamented with silver hands and figures. The block is suspended by the hooks from a silver eyebolt in a plank of polished oak about 2 ft. long and 1 ft. wide, on which are carved the names of the owner, crew and yacht, with that of the club and the date of the race. The design is most elegant and appropriate, and a fitting memento of a famous race.

ELECTIONS.

Cleveland Y. A.—Commodore, George W. Gardiner; Vice-Commodore, R. R. Rhodes; Rear Commodore, Percy W. Rice; Secretary, J. George Davis; Treasurer, W. P. Francis; Measurer, H. Geriach; Surveyors—C. C. Goodwin and Frank W. Brewster.

Carolina Y. C., Charleston, S. C.—E. C. Williams, Commodore; H. M. Tucker, Vice-Commodore; W. D. Porcher, Secretary, and H. M. Tucker, Jr., Treasurer.

Neptune Y. C., New Jersey.—George Chase, Commodore; Jabez Harris, Vice-Commodore; John W. Jacobus. Rear Commodore; Geo. B. Deane, Jr., Secretary; Alexander H. McGarren, Treasurer, and Wm. Frisbie, Measurer.

Columbia Y. C.—Commodore, R. P. H. Abell; Vice-Commodore, Chas. Dietz; Secretary, C. M. Armstrong; Treasurer, Jos. A. Weaver; Measurer, E. A. Holbert; Steward, C. H. Knubel; Regatta Committee—W. H. Stone, A. H. Varley, W. J. Greacen, Charles Dietz and G. W. Pinchbeck.

Savannah (Ga.) Y. C.—Commodore, Wm. Hone; Vice-Commodore, I. N. Johnson; Rear Commodore, Thos. P. Bond; Secretary, Frank White; Treasurer, M. A. Cohen; Regatta Committee—M. G. Henderson, L. Hartshorne and S. P. Goodwin.

SMALL STEAM LAUNCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure your article on small steam launches, with letter from Mr. E. E. Roberts. It has frequently occurred to me that something of the kind would be quite an institution. The distance from civilization and even habitation of our best hunting and sporting grounds, and the cost of transportation of a camp outfit of any size prevents many from enjoying this manly and healthy pleasure. A small launch, therefore, properly fitted up and with simple machinery so as to be easily transported must certainly become popular.

I send you with this a rough sketch of ideas I have for such a boat, with the hope of bringing out better ideas from others. I would use a hull with high washboard and wide waterways, in order to make plenty of locker room for stores and supplies. The dotted lines show the lockers. For the machinery I would advise the use of the methods proposed by Mr. Roberts. For a roof I wood use wagon bows for supports, fitted in sockets in the decks Over this canvas might be stretched and rigged so that it could be rolled up as shown in the sketch, or run down and fastened to the deck with snap hooks at night or during foul weather. I would also suggest the use of two skids or runners as shown, equi-distant from the keel, on which the boat may be rolled or even dragged over ground or ice in the winter.

I am much pleased that you have brought this matter before your readers, and have no doubt but that so enterprising and energetic a man as Mr. Roberts will make a success of it. L. O. B.

NEW YORK.

THE HERRESHOFF WORKS AT BRISTOL.

WHATEVER place the torpedo may occupy in the naval wars of the future, whether its place be first or last in the modern trio of ironclad, heavy gun and torpedo that have become the main factors in warfare on the water, it must be in any case the most important one for America when her present condition as well as that of the near future, as far as ships and guns are considered. On them our defense, for a time at least, must depend, and one of our first needs, in the event of a war, would be a fleet of swift torpedo boats. Such being the case it is an important question what facilities we have for the creation at short notice of such a fleet. The fastest vessels of this class yet produced have been from the shops of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, at Bristol, R. I., equally well known for their steam pleasure yachts and their sailing craft.

Beginning in a small way many years ago, the firm at first became famous for their centerboard yachts, of which they have built a number, the best known being the sloop Shadow. Besides her, the list includes the Triton schooner, Kelpie, Violet, Ariel, Sadie, Qui Vive, Nimbus, Faustine schooner, Orion, and many others. Of late years they have turned their attention to steam and have given to the engineering world the Herreshoff engine and coil boiler. The list of steam yachts is a long one, including some of the fastest afloat, Leila, Aida, Permelia, Ossabaw, (No. 100), Gleam, Marina, Orienta, Nereid, Magnolia, Camilla, Dolphin, Xantho, Juliet, Sinbad. Another branch of their business is that of catamarans, in which they have also attained a high degree of success.

The establishment of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company is on the shores of Bristol Harbor, and in the suburbs of the pretty little village of Bristol. Along the waterside are the boiler house, planing mill, bending room, ship house or building shed, wharf, crane and coal sheds; while on the other side of the road, on ground that rises rapidly, and from which a beautiful view of the harbor and its shores with Prudence Island opposite may be had, are the offices, drafting and model room, machine shop, boiler shop, pattern and joiner shops, all in one large building. A short distance inland is the new and handsome residence of Mr. B. John Herreshoff, while on the beach just below the works is that of Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff. Everywhere about the grounds and shops is conspicuous the order, system and care that have aided in making the Herreshoff boats famous wherever high speed is called for, either under sail or steam.

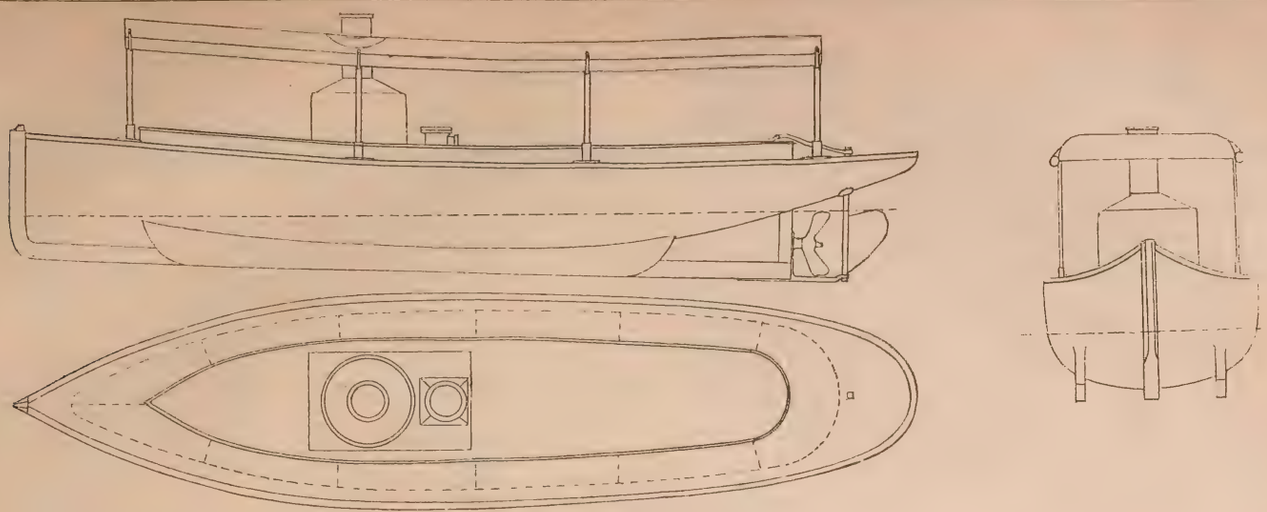
Neatly kept lawns and walks, clean floors, bright machinery, all testify to a thorough supervision of the smallest details, the results of which are seen in the excellence of all the work that hails from Bristol. The most interesting point of all to the yachtsman is the ship house in which all yachts are built, the like of which certainly is not to be found in America. The building itself is 140ft. long, 30ft. wide, and equal to three stories in height. The floor is of wood, the middle portion being made in small sections. When these are all removed a pit is disclosed, running down the center and outside into the water. This pit is lined with cement and fitted with an iron railway for hauling up and launching, the water end of the house being composed of large doors opening to the roof. A second floor is laid at the height of the eaves, on which are stored the wooden moulds on which all the vessels are built. Long windows running up almost to the roof give ample light; six steam radiators keep the building warm in all seasons, and everything is fitted to give every convenience for rapid, economical and thorough work.

Overhead, running on railways on the plates of the walls, are two traveling cranes, each lifting up to seven tons. On the main floor are work benches along the walls, and on each side is a gallery, giving additional room for woodwork or for getting out rigging. Outside of the ship house are two wharfs, one fitted with a powerful steam crane by which a yacht may be lifted bodily on to the dock.

On the north side is a large one-story building, used for bending the frames and for boatbuilding; while to the north is a sawing and planing mill, fitted with the latest machinery, adjoining which is the brick boiler house, with a coil boiler of the well-known Herreshoff type.

The main building on the hill is 150×120ft., three stories high. Down stairs are the offices, in the rear of them being the machine shops, fitted with improved tools. Here are stored several new engines, ready to swing into boats, some of them being in stock. We have described before in detail the engines and boilers of the Herreshoff boats, so need not repeat the description here. The visitor to the room next to the machine shop is inclined to doubt the fact that it is a boiler shop, owing to the absence of the usual noise and also of anything resembling the conventional steam boiler. The heavy riveting of most boiler shops is entirely dispensed with, the sheet iron shells being the only portions that are riveted. The boilers, as is well known, consist of square coils of pipe in a square casing of sheet iron, making them very light and of compact form. Up stairs is the pattern and joiner shop, fitted with improved wood-working machinery, and over the office is the drafting room. Every room is clean, warm and well lighted. The tools are driven by a compound engine, built in the shops.

The methods of building followed by this firm are in some respects different from ordinary practice. The keel is of oak in all cases and of ample dimensions for the proposed boat. Moulds are made from the floor for every frame, the spacing being about 1ft. Each mould is made of two thicknesses of 1in. pine, making a total thickness of 2in., and is made solid. When all are made they are taken to the bending room, and the two pieces which constitute the frame, usually



SMALL STEAM LAUNCH.

sided about 2¼in. for a boat of 80 to 90ft. are steamed, and each bent on one side of the mould, being held by dogs. These moulds and frames are then taken to the shiphouse and set up on the keel. The garboards are of oak, 3in. thick, and side bolted into keel. To them and the keel each frame is securely bolted, iron floors being added. The hull is strapped diagonally with iron outside of the frames and under the planking, preventing any likelihood of twisting or working. The wales are also of oak, well bolted to the frames, while about 2ft. below the planksheer an oak strake is worked. This, with the inside clamps and stringers and bulkheads, constitutes a frame that is a tonce strong, light and rigid. Above the garboards the planking is of white pine, in two thicknesses of about 1in. each. The first or inner skin is laid, being screwed to each frame with brass screws, and over it, the seams coming in the center of each of the planks of the inner skin, is the outer skin, fastened with brass screws in the frames and also along the seams. No caulking is required, and the hulls are very tight. The deck beams are also of oak, light, but closely spaced, while the deck is of two layers of ½in. pine, screwed down with thick white lead between. Inside the shelf, clamp and deck beams are well tied with iron knees. Some of the steam yachts are fitted with metal cutside to steady them either in the shape of an iron or lead shoe on keel, or in a padding of lead in the angle between keel and garboards, rounding the angle into a curve. After the keel is laid and frame set up all work goes on simultaneously, planking, decking, joiner work, finishing, painting. All is done in a warm room, much of the work is reached from a dry level floor, detentions from the weather are unheard of, while the material is all kept dry and clean, and the men all work in comfort. Boilers and engines are lifted in by the cranes with little labor, and as much as possible is done by machinery. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that work is done quickly. Within three to four weeks of the time that the keel is laid a yacht of 90 to 100ft. will be ready for her trial trip, and this under no special pressure, but in the ordinary course of work. As soon as a boat is nearly completed, if it is not desirable to launch her, she is lifted by the cranes to one side of the shop and a few minutes later the keel of another, previously prepared, is in her place on the ways and the frames are being erected.

A new idea in the shape of deck fittings which we noticed is a combination of cleat and chock, the latter being cast of such a size as to fit the waterway, with two horns or arms added, making it also a cleat. Another neat device is a light iron arm to carry monkey rail and netting in place of the common wooden stanchion. Small boats are built as quickly and as light as the larger yachts. Moulds are made for every timber in the boat, the ribs or timbers are bent, and the moulds with them on are set in place on the floor, "keel up:" on these the frame (stem, stern and keel) are laid and fastened. The boat is now planked, the strakes being fastened to the ribs with brass screws, and then it is taken from the moulds, the planks riveted between the ribs, and fittings put in. Sets of moulds are kept for each size, and from them a boat may be built almost in a few hours. In addition to their wooden yachts, they build composite vessels, and have the full plant for iron or steel.

Their work this winter has been entirely in the line of steam yachts and engines, the first boat and the largest being No. 118. The main object in view in this boat is speed, and it is expected that she will excel all previous records, as the long experience of her designers and builders has been drawn upon to produce the fastest boat afloat. Her appearance outside is peculiar, as she shows the regular hull and ordinary sheer, but above the hull proper the sides are produced upward to a deck, the line of which is curved in an opposite direction to the sheer line, which it meets at bow and stern. By this construction the hull and cabin are one structure, the deck serving to brace the hull firmly, and with the cabin sides making a strong box girder of the entire ship. The effect is entirely unconventional and novel to any one familiar with the ordinary type of steam yacht so common in our waters, but it is not unpleasant, while the gain in strength is apparent. The dimensions are 94ft. over all, 11ft. 4in. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft. Her engines are 12 and 21x12in. with coil boiler, and are rated at 450 H. P. The screw is of bronze, 4ft. diameter, and has four blades, while the rudder, also of bronze, is balanced, and steers by steam. On deck she has only a pilot house, masts, stack, windsails and low skylights, there being as little exposed surface to catch the wind as is possible. The pilot house and deck saloon give access by a stairway to the lower part of the ship, where are situated a square cabin, the owner's stateroom with two berths, and a w.c. A bulkhead on each side of the engine and boiler space separates it from the rest of the hull, and makes watertight compartments. Abaft the second bulkhead are two staterooms, the galley and the crew's quarters. The hull is divided into six watertight compartments, all of which are connected to a bilge pump which throws a 6in. stream. This yacht, not yet named, is intended for a high speed pleasure boat, for use on lakes or rivers, such as the St. Lawrence or Hudson, for such work as is now done by many steamers about New York, whose owners live on the Sound or Hudson and go to and fro in them every day, and for this purpose she is excellently adapted, but she is also so fitted that little change is necessary to convert her into a first-class torpedo boat. Her rig is that of a three-masted schooner with pole masts. She will make a trial trip shortly and will visit New York, when we hope to describe her more fully.

The next by number, 119, is a little fellow, 35ft by 7ft. 6in., built of mahogany, with engines of 50 H. P., which have driven her 14½ miles per hour, the greatest speed ever atained by so small a boat. She was built as a tender to the steam yacht Atalanta, and is the boat that has been noticed as costing from $10,000 to $30,000. Her construction and finish, being built entirely of mahogany, has made her cost more than most boats of her size, but the fabulous prices given are entirely incorrect.

No. 120 is a steam yacht 69ft. long, 9ft. beam, and 3ft. 6in. draft. Her engines (of 54 H. P.) are 6 and 10½×10in., driving a 36in. screw. She is building for a yachtsman whose name is not yet made public, and is intended for day use only, and is not fitted for living on board. She has a light upper deck and also a toilet room and saloon. The latter is fitted with lockers which may be made up into berths if required, and an oil stove is also provided, so that a stay on her for one or two nights would be no great discomfort. It is expected that she will make 17 miles. Her name is Polly.

No. 121 is a small steam launch for Mr. Weld's schooner Gitana, 20ft. long, 4ft. 6in. beam, and weighing 1,800 pounds only. The speed is 7½ miles.

No. 122, not yet named, is building for Mr. Chas. Kellogg, of Athens, Pa., a fast cruising yacht for lake and coast work, designed to accommodate the owner's family. She is 90ft. long, 11ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft, engines (105 H. P.) 8 and 14×14in., with screw of 45in., and a guaranteed speed of 16 miles. At present she will carry no canvas, but will ultimately be schooner-rigged, with two masts.

The last boat in hand, No. 123, is for Mr. George Gordon King, of Newport and New York. She will be 97ft. long, 13ft. beam, and 5ft. draft, with the same power and screw as No. 122. Her fittings will be more elaborate than the others, including two large staterooms, a saloon, pantry, and toilet room, while the companion is fitted so as to be converted into a small stateroom with one berth.

An order for four sets of launch machinery for the navy is now under way, while two sets are also building for two hulls which Poillon Bros. are setting up in Brooklyn, each 42ft. long. The firm has made a specialty of small navy launches, and in the bending shop are stored two, one small one that was on the Tallapoosa when she sank, being on its way to join its ship, the Dolphin. It broke loose and floated to the surface, where it was picked up and sent to the builders for renovation. Beside it is a larger boat of similar build, also for navy use. Both of these boats are fitted with folding hoods of peculiar construction. The framework is composed of a series of bows or arches of bent wood, running fore and aft. The ends of each are hinged to the deck, one forward and one aft of the cockpit, and when they are folded down half the bows lie on the starboard deck and half of them on the port. Each of these sets of bows is covered with canvas, one edge of the latter being secured to the deck. In use the two sides may be swung up until they meet at the top, their general arrangement being somewhat on the plan of an ordinary buggy top. When in this position they form an arched roof over the boat. If desired, the windward side only is raised, making a shelter, or in rough water one or both sides may be raised a few inches, keeping out all spray.

The members of the firm are no less noted as boat sailors and practical yachtsmen than as designers and builders, and to them directly are due many improvements in rig and fittings. They have tried and made successful the cat yawl, of which the most notable is the Consuelo, the property of Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, her designer. She is a keel boat, 28ft. 6in. on waterline, 32ft. 6in. on deck, 8ft. 8in. beam, and 5ft. 6in. draft, with lead keel. Below her accommodations are surprising, as the room is not cut up by bulkheads. The finish is very fine, being all in mahogany. She has good headroom, a light and roomy forecastle, wide lockers in cabin, and above them folding berths on the Pullman plan. Under the deck, at after end of cabin is a large platform used for stowage, with room for a couple of beds if required. The steering gear is peculiar, an invention of the owner. The head of the rudder stock is fitted with a brass segment, lying horizontally under the cockpit floor, in which gears a brass pinion on a vertical shaft supported by a standard. The steering wheel, on the upper end of this shaft, may be locked by a slight motion, so as to secure the helm in any position, while it may be as easily released, a great feature in single-handed sailing. The rig consists of a cat sail stepped well forward, the boom being short enough to allow a mizzen mast aft of rudder head. Both sails are fitted with booms and gaffs, but the mizzen boomkin is dispensed with, the boom being held down by a sprit from the mast, while the sheets lead to each quarter.

The Romp, built by the firm for Mr. Geo. A. Thayer is rigged in the same manner. For many years the Herreshoffs have been celebrated for their small sloops and catboats, both centerboad and keel, and they have now a fine specimen of the latter class in Julia, owned by the father of the present partners, a deep and able cruising boat. She has a large portion of her ballest on the keel, but is fitted also with a sliding carriage containing a weight of 600lbs, fitted to ways running thwartships, about level with the floor. The carriage is held either amidships or in either bilge by a catch which is easily operated. In working it the catch is released by the steersman just before the boat comes about, and while there is still inclination enough to carry it down to leeward, where it fastens itself, and on the boat paying off it is on the windward side. The boat, including this arrangement, is handled entirely by one man. Forward there is a nice cuddy giving room for two to sleep and cook, and dry storage for clothing and bedding, so that the boat is well adapted for extended cruises.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the work of the Herreshoffs is its scope and variety coupled with the success of each effort in widely different fields. Small catboats and sloops, larger centerboard yachts, both sloops and schooners, singlehanded boats such as Consuelo, torpedo boats, family cruising yachts of the Magnolia and other special types, high speed yachts of all sizes, yacht and navy launches, engines, boilers, screws, and numberless minor details, in their hands have reached a high degree of perfection that has made the names of Herreshoff and Bristol familiar whenever yachts are used.

CRUISE OF THE CORA.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning at sunrise a plunge over the rail into the clear water and a delightful swim, then breakfast. The decks were scrubbed and the brass work all polished, and by the time everything was in trim our friends of the Oshkosh Club began to arrive, and the morning was spent in greeting new friends, inspecting the yacht, chatting and smoking. In fact, the whole day was spent on board in receiving visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, inspecting the yacht, as she was the largest vessel of the kind ever seen in those waters, and therefore to many an object of great interest.

Next day Commodore Munger arrived by rail from Chicago, and met with a hearty reception, both from his many friends of Oshkosh and from the crew. A small volume might be written of the hospitalities and enjoyments that we all received from the generous friends who spared no time, trouble nor expense to make our stay pleasant, and after a very interesting regatta of the Oshkosh Club, we with many regrets announced our departure for the morrow.

The next morning we started for the bay accompanied by several friends on board the Cora, and a large party in a small steamer alongside, who kept us company to the foot of the lake, where, amid fluttering of handkerchiefs from the ladies, adieus and good-byes we parted with many regrets and a ringing salute from the gun, with the hospitable yachtsmen of that beautiful little city, singing with the middy his "Villikins and his Dinah."

"Of all the fine cities you'd find in the West,
The crew of the Cora think Oshkosh the best,
The yachtsmen are so jolly, and girls are so fine,
We'd advise you to go there if you want a good time."

The trip back through the big locks was interesting, and at Green Bay we cast off the tug which had towed us, with

"Come alongside Cap, and get your pay."

"Nothin' to pay, gentlemen, it's all settled."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, that's our orders, good bye, come again," and with a parting screech from the whistle and a splash under its stern, the tug sheered off toward the dock.

We were soon underway, headed for Menominee with a fine westerly breeze, and though we had had a week of delightful enjoyment at Oshkosh, it was more a week of fashionable dissipation than the yachting and cruising we had come for. The broad blue water of the bay, the cool breeze, the swelling canvas and curling white cap was welcome enough after all. The Commodore nominally took his place in the second watch with the master's mate and did his duty like a good sailor and seined to enjoy it very much. The master's mate had been presented with a spoon and line from a fisherman friend at Oshkosh, and after passing Chambers Island, he rigged it up, and tying a shingle to one end, he prepared to catch another Mackinaw trout. Though we were ploughing through the water at a rate that would make it lively work for any trout short of a Maud S. to catch it, he patiently fished without a bite till he got tired out, then swinging the end with the shingle on once round a cleat over the counter he left it to itself. Just at daylight next morning, when going out through Washington Island passage into Lake Michigan he was on watch and had the wheel when a sudden ker zip-splash away went the shingle 20ft. astern, and now on its edge, now on the flat side, now disappearing entirely for a moment, away it went for the shore a mile away.

"Here, take the wheel," he yelled, and springing into the dingey astern, he seized the oars and started in pursuit. The commotion and noise brought all hands from below, and they stood looking at the fun. The wind was very light, and for a while the shingle kept nearly abeam in its zig-zag course, with the M. M. vainly trying to follow it until it finally disappeared in the distance heading across for Escanaba.

We could see the Mate stand up and gaze wistfully after his shingle, his new line and spoon, to say nothing of the fish at the end of it, then resume his oars and pull slowly and sorrowfully back to the yacht.

He had several jokes cracked at his expense as he climbed over the side and made the painter fast, to which he only answered, "Oh! you be blowed," and disappeared below, while the Middy yawned and said, "Boys, in the words of the great Bardwell Slote, n. c.—no chowder—to-day," he followed for another nap.

The wind strengthened as the sun rose across the lake, and we passed out through the channel between Washington Island on the starboard, and Poverty Island on the port, laying our course N. E. toward the Big Beavers, and with the wind free on our port side.

When Gull Island was sighted in the afternoon we hauled closer, and kept more to the north and west of High Island, Whisky Island and Squaw Island, and next morning bore away due east to the north of Garden Island, toward St. Helena and the Straits of Mackinaw. By 9 o'clock we were off McGulpin Point, and were here treated to quite a lively thunder shower and a squall from the west, which sent us along at a lively pace toward Mackinaw, where we dropped anchor about noon, and for a change of yacht diet we all went ashore and dined at the hotel, after which we spent the day in seeing what few sights the island affords.

The island is a bold, rocky one, standing up high with deep water close in shore, and has quite a number of historical places of some interest to the visitor, besides several good hotels, from the piazzas of which one may always get plenty of pure air and a fine view across the straits, upon whose waters the white sails of the passing vessels are constantly visible. The propellers and steamers from Chicago to and fro to all points touch here, which renders it accessible at all times, and relieves somewhat the monotony of the place. It is said to be a fine place in summer for invalids and those suffering from hay fever, but to me it would be woefully dreary loafing about the hotel piazzas, or playing croquet and ten-pins, which seems to be the principal amusement of the visitors. For the sportsman or yachtsman there is nothing to attract. There is no hunting on the island and no fishing about it without going a long distance over to the upper or lower peninsulas with a steam tug or a Mackinaw sailboat. Still many like it and I would not detract from it any of its pleasures or attractions. We were wind-bound here several days, with not enough wind to beat out of the straits, and this I suppose is why I do not enthuse over the place.

We desired to circumnavigate the island before leaving for the south, and one morning with a light breeze we bore away toward Bris Blanc Island, and coming about for a leg to the north as soon as we thought we could stand clear to the eastward of Macinac Island. When we got to the north of the latter and about a half mile from shore, the wind all died out leaving a slight swell from the north setting toward the rocks. We were soon drifting slowly toward the big boulders on shore over which the breakers dashed, while for a hundred feet or more above them towered the almost perpendicular cliffs of the island. The bottom, seemingly about fifty feet, was plainly visible through the clear water. The sun was broiling hot, and every one but the unfortunate who had the trick at the wheel sought shelter wherever shade could be found and whistled for a breeze. The Middy scratched the mast, and wanted to know of the Captain what else could be done to raise a breeze, and got for his pains:

"Stand by there and drop anchor."

"Great Scott, Cap! don't do it. If you anchor I shall be fried into a Saratoga chip in another hour," said the Mid. Down went the anchor, and when about all the chain had gone over, there that blessed old mudhook hung, apparently twenty feet from the bottom, so deep was the water, yet we were not twenty rods from shore. The gig was manned, and four of the crew, including the Middy—much to his disgust—took a line and pulled hard and strong to stop her drifting shoreward.

A slight breeze was soon noticed coming from the west, though some distance off on the water, the boat was recalled, and as soon as aboard the order "All hands up anchor" was welcome enough, for none of us realized what that implied till we had worked a half hour at the winch under a broiling July sun before the old hook broke water and was safely catted. Then how welcome was that cool breeze, as exhausted with heat and labor, we sought the shady side of the mainsail and listened to the rippling of the water at the bows. We soon rounded the island and came to alongside the steamboat dock. The wind seemed likely to hold good, and we resolved to sail that afternoon. While preparing to get under way the steamer Duluth came in from Lake Superior bound for Chicago, and as she landed almost the first passenger leaning over the rail was recognized by the master's mate as an old-time friend, Mr. D., of Chicago, who had been at Oshkosh at the regatta, gone from there to Duluth by rail, and was on his way home by steamer. He at once came aboard the yacht, and was informed that we sailed in an hour, and urged to take the trip on the Cora instead of the steamer. After expressing some doubt as to her being large enough for such a voyage, he consented, and his baggage was at once transferred to the yacht.

Now, Mr. D., familiarly known as Jim, was quite a fashionable young man, and while a whole-souled sensible fellow was given to fashionable clothes, and therefore had nothing suitable to wear, and it was at once decided he must have something that looked more like a sailor and would stand rougher weather than would his silk hat and Prince Albert coat. So a visit to the Island store he picked out from among the Indian curiosities, mineral specimens, groceries, etc., a pair of blue overalls, which by turning up the legs full six inches at the bottom, managed to fit him pretty well about the waist. A cheap Mackinaw hat was added and a pair of buckskin slippers. These, with a blue flannel shirt which the captain kindly loaned him, transformed him from a city gent to a first class salt—in appearance.

It was only in appearance, however, for Jimmie was more familiar with a light side bar wagon and horses than he was a yacht, and did not know the jib sheet from the topping lift, as came near proving to our sorrow on the voyage. We got under way and giving Mackinaw a parting gun we soon were making a long leg for Waugoshance Point and Lake Michigan. The wind held good and Isle aux Galets light—called by the sailors "Skillagalee," soon beamed out like a star above the water, due south, as we bowled along under full sail.

We sat about the deck enjoying the evening and each—

"Whiffed his cares away,"

thoroughly tired from our experience north of the island during the day. Jim was much interested with the yacht and all about her, asked what this rope was for and that "thing," etc., and insisted on being placed on watch as one of the crew, in which he was duly gratified.

How we slept that night after our labors in that hot sun, and in the

morning when the South Fox Island light-keeper was "dousing his glim" on our starboard bow the breakfast disappeared in a way that fairly made the Doctor pale when he contemplated what he was to have left. The wind shifted during the morning and came from the S.E., so we had to beat against it all day off and on down the east shore, and at night we had passed South Manitou Island and were off Sleeping Bear Bay. The wind continued warm and fresh from the southeast all night and the next day, which kept us with a long and short leg beating south along the east shore, until about sundown we reached Manistee.

Here we cast anchor at the mouth of the river, there being no harbor you can get into it without a tug. The jib was stowed, and the mainsail left standing, the wind being very light, but what there was from the S. E. The boat was sent ashore for provisions, as supplies were getting low, and when it returned all went below for supper. We had barely got to eating, when a sudden lurch to the starboard sent every dish on the floor, and all sprang to the deck to see what was up, only to find the wind shifted from S. E. to N. E., and a squall had struck us broadside on, the yacht heeled down to her coamings, and run out to the end of her cable, much as the Mohawk went down off Staten Island some years ago. Everything was in confusion for a few moments, the Captain gave the wheel a turn, called to mate to put it hard down, and sprang forward to release the cable with some of the rest to help. She righted somewhat and swung round with her head in shore. The cable was finally slipped as there was no chance to raise anchor then, and the jib hoisted to make her come round toward the lake as a lee shore was only a few rods away and the wind blowing hard.

Having no way on when the jib was up she payed off so rapidly that she was soon heeled down on the port side, and the master's mate with no one aft but Jim D. had tried to tend jib sheet and the helm both. As she began to pay off he was at the jib sheet, which he started a little and taking a turn about the cleat handed the end to Jim, telling him to "hang on to that," sprang to the helm to put it hard down. Before she had got way enough to answer the helm the water was pouring over the combing, into the cockpit, and Jim up to his knees in water and pale as a ghost was holding hard on the jib sheet, as if his life depended on it. Twice the order was yelled to him to "let go that jib," once from the captain forward and once from the mate at the wheel, but Jim held on, when the M. M., realizing the situation, yelled in his ear:

"Jim, why don't you let go that rope; you'll drown us all," which he at once understood, and letting go all he sprang up to the windward, while the sheet went out from the cleat with a snap that made it fairly smoke.

After getting her before the wind and when we had time to talk things over, Jim said:

"The fact was the master's mate gave me the rope and told me to 'hang on to it,' and I didn't know you were yelling at me till the M. M. said, 'Jim, why don't you let go that rope,' then I understood him, but I have no idea you called the blamed rope a sheet. I thought a sheet was a sail."

Alas, poor Jimmie; he will never sail with us again, since then he has joined the great majority, peace to his ashes. Long will be be kindly remembered by those who knew him well. After getting well out in the lake the wind increased to a northeast gale, and the seas grew rough and wild. The mainsail had to be lowered by midnight and the big boom securely lashed, and with the jib set we ran till morning, every moment it seemed as if a big sea must "poop" the yacht, but she stood it nobly and not a drop of water came over the stern. At daylight we were off Milwaukee, about 90 miles, if I recollect rightly. After breakfast we put a double reef in the mainsail and hoisted it, and just as dark was settling down on the water Grosse Point light was sighted, then the light on the Crib and Government Pier at Chicago Harbor, and as we rounded to at Cora's berth off the Leland, the lights spaced off the regular intervals down Michigan avenue and we were home again. DORSAL FIN.

AN EXCURSION CRUISE IN A STEAM YACHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am now arranging an excursion by steam yacht, the details of which I would like to lay before your readers, as some may desire to join us.

The yacht is designed and being built expressly for this purpose; will have powerful machinery to give her speed, and so constructed that quite small rivers and creeks can be navigated. She will have excellent accommodations for a party of sixteen ladies and gentlemen, has two cabins, one 19ft. 6in. long by 10ft. wide, and one 15ft. 3in. by 10ft. wide; double partitions, separate boiler and engine rooms from cabins.

The cabins, when necessary, will be warmed by steam. All the details necessary to make the accommodations pleasant have been well carried out. The writer having had much experience in cruising in this manner, can vouch for the success of the trip far beyond the expectations of many who have enjoyed the pleasures of cruising by canoes or sailing craft, either large or small, as he also has done his share in such crafts. Small light boats will be carried along that we may navigate small rivers and creeks where portaging is required. Many may say, "I cannot afford cruising in this manner," but before deciding on this matter write me and learn the cost, as you may be astonished if it should be less than in the ordinary way.

We shall start from Wheeling, W. Va., go down the Ohio River to Cincinnati, up Miami Canal to Toledo, across Lake Erie to Detroit River, through it to Lake St. Clair, through St. Clair River and coast up the east side of Lake Huron until we enter Georgian Bay, thence among the many islands on its east shore up to French River, where we will take small boats and portage up said river to Lake Nipissing, and returning will coast along north shore of Georgian Bay, through north pass of river Sault Ste. Marie into Lake Superior, and here on the north shore of this lake we shall be treated to scenery and sport with rod and gun, the combination of which is nowhere else to be found. All of its rivers are swarming with fish, the majority of which never have had a fly cast among them; on the Nipigon River fish have been taken weighing six and one-half pounds. On leaving this paradise we reach Duluth, thence continue on the south shore, going back through the south pass of Sault Ste. Marie River, thence through the Straits of Mackinaw down the west shore of Lake Michigan. At Chicago we will leave the lakes, taking the LaSalle Canal to the Illinois River, through it to the Mississippi River, proposing to cruise upon it and up some of its tributaries during the autumn months. At New Orleans we shall leave it and coast along the Gulf shore we reach the southwest shores of Florida. Here among the many keys and everglades we will spend the winter, and, time permitting, shall run to Havana and Nassau.

Too close application to business has done for the writer what it is doing to hundreds of others daily; my short trips having been of great benefit I concluded to try a long one. And having room for a few more ladies and gentlemen I would respectfully solicit correspondence from any one who would like to join us. A trip of this kind, offering special opportunities to scientists, both professionals and amateurs, I should be much pleased to have among us a number of such persons. Any questions as to details cheerfully answered.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. A. H. SHIPMAN.

YACHTING NOTES.—Norna, schooner, lately purchased by Mr. Alexander J. Leith, is in commission and anchored off Stapleton.... Falcon, steamer, has been sold by Mr. R. J. Bush to Mr. Jas. Stickney....Mr. Bush's new schooner, now in frame at Poillon's, will not be named Ocean Queen, as at first reported....A new fishing schooner was launched last week by A. D. Story of Essex, who built her for Capt. A. S. Hammond. She is 88ft. long, 22ft. beam, 9ft. depth, with 4,000ft. in lower sails....Tioga, schooner, has been sold by Mr. H. W. Collender to Mr. Hugh Cochran of Boston....San Francisco,—Most of the yachts are now in commission and cruising every week. A committee consisting of Dr. Merritt, Capt. Turner and Chas. G. Yale, has been appointed by the San Francisco Y. C. to consider the question of a change of time allowance....Cramp & Sons are building in stock a steam yacht 160ft. on deck, 22ft beam, 12ft. 6in. depth, and 8ft. 6in. draft. She will be built of iron with triple expansion engines ....In spite of the backward season and cold weather many yachts are fitting out. Norseman, schooner, is fitting out in the Harlem River; Hope, sloop, at City Island; Resolute, schooner, Mr. J. A. Brooks, is also repairing at City Island; Rover, sloop, Mr. F. C. Swan, will fit out at once at Bay Ridge; Huron and Thetis at Boston, will be overboard in a few days; Bedouin, cutter, is now fitting out at Newburgh, Captain Pettuck having come over with his crew a couple of weeks since; Grayling, Ashlon, Titania, Republic, Ray, Hildegard, Agnes, Stella, Amelia, Mystery, are all fitting out. Of the steamers, Normahal, Utowana, Stranger, Orienta, Corsair, Layonda, will shortly be ready for service. Norma, steamer, Mr. N. L. Munro, will have some changes made before fitting out, Stranger will have a new propeller, and Atalanta is undergoing some alterations. Dauntless, schooner, is fitting out at Newport. Lawleys have launched both Edna and Saracen, and are very busy fitting out the large fleet laid up at their yards. Ruth, schooner, Mr. Horatio Hathaway, has been sold to Mr. Henry Marquand of New York....Two yachts have been added to the fleet of the Newark Y. C., Beatrice, schooner, W. M. Walton, and Florence, sloop, Dr. Mandeville....Cruising. Wanderer arrived at St. Thomas on Nov. 28, and sailed two days later for St. Croix. The schooners Mohican, Mr. H. D. Burpham, and Gitana, Mr. W. F. Weld, lately sailed a scrub race from Charleston, S. C, to Cape Henry, Va., starting at 9 A. M. on April 1, the former boat winning easily from her smaller rival, and winning the prize, a gold cup. They are now at Fortress Monroe, and will soon sail together for New York. The steam yacht Leila was last reported at Charleston.

A CHANGE FROM CENTERBOARD TO KEEL.—Extensive alterations are going on in the Vixen, of the Portland (Maine) Y. C. She is to be cut in two amidships and eight feet added to her; her centerboard will be taken out and a deep rocker keel put on. Her deck (main and cockpit) will be of soft pine, her house, top and sides are to be of cherry. Her cabin will contain two staterooms, one on each side. The main cabin will have four berths, with drawers underneath, and also abundant locker room. The general plan will be similar to the schooner lately shown in the FOREST AND STREAM. The cabins and staterooms are to be finished in cherry. Forward of the main cabin and staterooms comes the galley, which is to be provided with the best of cooking apparatus, a good-sized pantry, ice chest, and sleeping accommodations for the cook. The forecastle to be provided with two wide berths for the men, forward of this the chain locker. Entrance to forecastle by forward hatch, and to the galley by patent manhole. The rig will not be changed. Her boom and gaff will be a little longer, a few more cloths put into her new mainsail, but no more hoist than before. She has made her record as a racer, and her owners propose to have comfort in her from now on. The alterations are being done by her builder, John Walker, at Yarmouth, Maine. Her sails will be made by Sawyer, of Portland; he has not the reputation of your New York wonder, but he can make an "awful good setting sail."—RICH.

STRANGER.—Mr. Warren's cutter will soon be ready for her Atlantic voyage. She is thus described in the *Field*: "She is of composite build and her dimensions are, length on waterline 65ft., beam 13ft. 6in., draft of water 11ft. This yacht is 48 tons Y. R. A. rule. She has 40 tons of lead on her keel, and this fact, looking to her fair amount of beam, points to the conclusion that she will be put to do some racing. In form she is one of the most beautiful vessels ever designed, so far as her under-water body goes, and doubtless she will look well when underway, but it is impossible to judge of a vessel's sheer when she is under a shed. She will be in charge of Randall, who took the 15-ton Maggie to America and raced her there for Mr. Warren."

NARROW AND DEEP BOATS.—At the last meeting of the Institute of Naval Architecture, Mr. R. E. French, in the course of a discussion on measurement and time allowance, spoke in favor of the modern type as being more weatherly and having better accommodation than the old. Mr. J. Reid claimed that a great improvement had been made of late years in the type of yachts, and that the deep boats were the best. He cited the fact that the modern racing yachts were always found at the posts where races were held, in spite of weather, when the so called good sea boats dare not put out of harbor.

BUFFALO Y. C.—At the last meeting of the club it was resolved to attend the Lake Erie meet at Ballast Island. It is also proposed to institute a ladies' day. Two new members, Messrs. Hill and Roberts, were elected. The regatta committee have decided that a boat of a smaller class may enter a larger class at the minimum limit for the larger class, if the entry be made and approved by the regatta committee twenty-four hours before the race.

ALICE.—This little yawl is nearly completed, and her builders have turned out a fine job. Messrs. Powell & Douglass are also building a small steam launch, 25ft. x5ft., for Mr. R. O. Hammond, of Palatka, Fla. Their place is in Waukegan, Ill., not Michigan as we lately stated.

CENTERBOARD BOATS ABROAD.—The Royal Southampton Y. C. will this year admit centerboard boats under 25ft. and over 15ft. to race with keel boats, having arranged five matches for the season.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.

SINCE the former acknowledgment the regatta committee have received promises of prize flags, as follows:

Mrs. C. K. Munroe, Jacksonville, Fla.
St. Lawrence C. C., Canton, N. Y.
Secretary Chas. A. Neide, New Orleans.
Mr. Grant Van Deusen, Rondout.
Mr. F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Ont.

The committee thank these members for their support and wish to remind the Association that a very small number of replies to the flag circular has been received so far. Nineteen flags are now promised out of about fifty required. Doubtless many members who intend to contribute have been unavoidably delayed, but it would be best if the circulars could be answered before they are forgotten.

R. W. GIBSON, Chairman.

CANOE PILOTAGE.

A FAVORITE scheme of Mr. N. H. Bishop, when he first set in motion the various forces which have given birth to the American Canoe Association, was that of a handbook, to be issued once a year or oftener, under the title of the "Canoe Pilot," which book should give all possible information regarding the water courses of the United States and Canada. The scheme was fully provided for from the first, but is it obviously a matter that could not be carried out by a few individuals, requiring the co-operation of many, and in spite of Mr. Bishop's vigorous efforts it has never been a prominent feature of the Association. So many other points incident to the formation and extension of a new body have claimed precedence that this one has received little attention.

Now, however, the organization is complete, the government and rules are definitely settled, and a large body of enthusiastic members in all parts of the country are ready to help, while the increasing interest in cruising has created a demand for more knowledge of canoeable waters. Like Mr. Bishop, Commodore Oliver is also a cruiser and interested in all that will aid or encourage that branch of the sport, and he has taken up in earnest the matter of canoe pilotage. A short time since he sent out the following circular to all members of the A. C. A., with the results shown below:

DEAR SIR—It is desirable, in the interests of the Association, to procure a list of all cruises made by the various members, to be used as a reference, for the benefit of all. Please enter below the cruises that you have made, and concerning which you are willing to furnish information upon application, and return this circular to

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER,
Commodore A. C. A., Albany, N. Y.

A few weeks brought out seventy answers from members, which altogether cover a large territory. A list of these members has been published in pamphlet form as follows, and will be sent to all A. C. A. men. It gives references to all parts and will prove very valuable even in its present form, but now that the scheme is fairly started there is no limit to it. As men appreciate its value they will take a greater interest in its extension and an enormous amount of really valuable information will be at the disposal of the Association in a few years, information that is valuable not only to the cruiser but to the naturalist, the sportsman, the geographer and to science generally. Commodore Oliver can congratulate himself that his administration has been marked by the practical execution of this plan, and in furthering it he has earned the thanks of every cruising man, whether a canoeist or not. Those who are willing to aid the work are requested to send their names and cruises to Com. R. S. Oliver, Albany, N. Y.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

1. The following list of cruises and references is hereby published for the benefit of the Association.

2. The members mentioned have consented, in so far as they are able by correspondence, to give information regarding the cruises to which their names are appended.

3. Applications to them will specify in concise form the information desired, and must have the A. C. A. membership number appended thereto.

4. All members who may have had experience of cruises other than those named, and who are willing to give information regarding same, will report to the commodore.

5. Many references and minor cruises in addition are on record, and will be furnished on application to the commodore.

6. All members are especially urged to forward for reference the name of any cruise they make hereafter, and it is hoped that the manifest benefit to all cruisers may induce all unattached canoeists to enroll themselves under the A. C. A. burgee.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Commodore A. C. A.
ALBANY, N. Y., March 31, 1885.

CRUISES AND REFERENCES.

ALLEGHENY RIVER.—James K. Bakewell, Washington, D. C.; E. D. Wetmore, Warren, Pa.; G. A. Howe, 110 Diamond st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADIRONDACK LAKES.—Henry A. Harrison, Newburgh, N. Y.; I. F. West, Watertown, Dak.; Frank A. Jones, Box 1317, New York city.

ATLANTIC COAST—NORTH.—A. S. Flint, U. S. N. Observatory, Washington, D. C.; R. B. Burchard, 24 West Fortieth st., New York city.

ATLANTIC COAST—SOUTH.—N. H. Bishop, Lake George, N. Y.; Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

BLACK RIVER AND LAKE.—J. C. Wilson, Watertown, N. Y.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.—Geo. A. Howe, 110 Diamond st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CONNECTICUT RIVER—SPRINGFIELD TO SOUND.—Dr. Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford, Conn.; C. M. Shedd, Chapin National Bank, Springfield, Mass.; F. A. Nickerson, Box 1296, Springfield, Mass.

CONNECTICUT RIVER—UPPER RIVER.—John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston *Post*, Boston, Mass.; T. J. Hand, Jr., Sing Sing, N. Y.; L. Q. Jones, Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES RIVER.—John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.; Charles S. Clark, 8 Oliver st., Boston, Mass.

CONCORD RIVER.—John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.

CHAMPLAIN LAKE.—Wm. W. Cooke, Whitehall, N. Y.; Wm. H. Falkner, 136 Tulpehocken st., Germantown, Pa.; Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Walter H. Larom, Stafford Springs, Conn.

CENTRAL NEW YORK LAKES.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

CHEMUNG RIVER.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

DELAWARE RIVER AND EAST BRANCH.—Grant Van Dusen, Rondout, N. Y.; Chas. C. Hitchcock, Ware, Mass.; Wm. M. Carter, Trenton, New Jersey.

DELAWARE RIVER AND WEST BRANCH.—Jas. L. Greenleaf, School of Mines, New York city; Robert Shaw Oliver and R. W. Gibson, Albany.

FLORIDA WATERS.—S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla.; C. Kirk Munroe, 140 Nassau st., New York city.

GENESEE RIVER.—Matt. Angle, Rochester, N. Y.

GEORGE LAKE.—Wm. W. Cooke, Whitehall, N. Y.; Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Robert J. Wilkin, 148 Henry st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEORGIAN BAY.—B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont.; J. L. Weller, Peterboro, Ont.; J. E. Watson, Fourth and Holden Aves., Detroit, Mich.

HACKENSACK RIVER.—R. J. Wilkin, 148 Henry st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOUSATONIC RIVER.—Wm. L. Alden, *Times* office, New York city; A. Jarratt Lewis, 267 Newburg st., Boston, Mass.; G. Livingston Morse, Box 700, Yonkers, N. Y.

HUDSON RIVER—FORT EDWARD TO ALBANY.—Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Nate L. Smith, Newburgh, N. Y.

HUDSON RIVER—ALBANY TO NEWBURGH.—Grant Van Dusen, Rondout, N. Y.; Nate L. Smith, Newburgh, N. Y.; C. Bowyer Vaux, 34 Cortlandt st., New York city.

HUDSON RIVER—NEWBURGH TO NEW YORK.—E. A. Hoffman, Jr., 4 Warren st., New York city; Jas. L. Greenleaf, School of Mines, New York city; C. Bowyer Vaux, 34 Cortlandt st., New York city.

JAMES RIVER.—Lucien Wulsin, Cincinnati, Ohio; A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

KENTUCKY RIVER.—R. S. Withers, Fairlawn, Lexington, Ky.

KENNEBEC RIVER.—Charles A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.—Wm. Whitlock, 140 Nassau st., New York city; R. B. Burchard, 24 West Fortieth st., New York city; W. P. Stephens, Box 562, West New Brighton, S. I.; Walter H. Larom, Stafford Springs, Conn.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER—UPPER.—Lucien Wulsin, Cincinnati, O.; A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER—MAIN.—Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.; S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

MIAMI RIVER—GREAT AND LITTLE.—Lucien Wulsin, Cincinnati, O.

MEGANTIC LAKE.—Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Jos. G. Walton, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

MINNETONKA LAKE.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

MENOMINEE RIVER.—I. F. West, Watertown, Dak.

MUSKINGUM RIVER AND TRIBUTARIES.—W. A. Sprague, Newark, O.

MORRIS CANAL.—W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J.

MAINE "WILDERNESS."—Chas. E. Hitchcock, Ware, Mass.; Chas. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

MEXICAN GULF—NORTH SHORE.—S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla.; Chas. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.; R. S. Withers, Fairlawn, Lexington, Ky.

MERRIMACK RIVER.—John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.; C. F. Smith, Box 188, Lawrence, Mass.

MINNESOTA RIVER.—E. H. Moulton, Minneapolis, Minn.

MUSKOKA LAKES.—Hugh Neilson, Bell Tel. Co., Toronto, Can.; Dr. C. M. Douglas, Lakefield, Ontario, Can.

MEMPHREMAGOG LAKE AND TRIBUTARIES.—Wm. Whitlock, 140 Nassau st., New York city; Wm. L. Alden, *Times* office, New York city; Jos. G. Walton, Sherbrooke, P. Q.; G. Livingston Morse, Box 700, Yonkers, N. Y.

MOHAWK RIVER.—Chas. E. Bell, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Chas. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.

MYSTIC RIVER.—Chas. S. Clark, 8 Oliver st., Boston, Mass.

NAVASINK RIVER.—Robert J. Wilkin, 148 Henry st., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. P. Stephens, Box 562, West New Brighton, S. I.

NOVA SCOTIA WATERS.—J. M. Geldert, Jr., P. O. Box 144, Halifax, N. S.; Dr. C. M. Douglas, Lakefield, Ont.

ONTARIO LAKE—NORTH SHORE.—Hugh Neilson, Toronto, Can.; J. L. Weller, Peterboro, Ont.; F. M. Nicholson, 29 Rose st, Toronto, Can.

ONTARIO LAKE—SOUTH SHORE.—Matt Angle, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. Charles A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.

OSWEGO RIVER.—Dr. Charles A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Verne W. Poole, Fulton, N. Y.

OHIO RIVER.—Dr. Charles A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.; R. S. Withers, Fairlawn, Lexington, Ky.; A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.

OSSABEEN RIVER.—J. L. Weller and E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Ont.

OSWEGATCHIE RIVER.—J. C. Wilson, Watertown, N. Y.

ONEIDA RIVER.—Verne W. Poole, Fulton, N. Y.

POTOMAC RIVER—LOWER.—A. S. Flint, U. S. N. Observatory, Washington, D. C.

PONCHARTRAIN LAKE.—Dr. Charles A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y.

PASSAIC RIVER.—I. F. West, Watertown, Dak.

QUINTE BAY.—J. L. Weller, Peterboro, Ont.; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Ont.

RIDEAU CANAL.—R. J. Drummond, Perth, Ont.; B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont.

RICE LAKE.—J. L. Weller, Peterboro, Ont.; F. M. Nicholson, 29 Rose ave., Toronto, Can.

RARITAN RIVER.—I. F. West, Watertown, Dak.; W. P. Stephens, Box 562, West New Brighton, S. I.

SACANDAGA RIVER.—Chas. E. Bell, Amsterdam, N. Y.

ST. JOHN'S RIVER (RICHELIEU).—Wm. L. Alden, *Times* office, New York city; Wm. H. Falkner, 36 Tulpehocken st., Germantown, Pa.; Dr. Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford, Conn.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER—UPPER.—B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont.; L. L. Coudert, 68 William st., New York city; C. M. Shedd, Chapin Bank, Springfield, Mass.; J. C. Wilson, Watertown, N. Y.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—R. B. Burchard, 24 West 40th st., New York city; Dr. C. M. Douglas, Lakefield, Ont., Canada.

ST. FRANCIS RIVER.—Joseph G. Walton, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

SHENANDOAH RIVER.—F. R. Webb, Staunton, Va.

SNAKE RIVER.—A. B. Taylor, P. O. Box 210, Minneapolis, Minn.

ST. CROIX RIVER.—E. H. Moulton, Minneapolis, Minn.

SUPERIOR LAKE.—A. B. Taylor, P. O. Box 210, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. E. Watson, Fourth and Holden avenues, Detroit, Mich.

ST. MARY'S RIVER AND TRIBUTARIES.—J. E. Watson, Fourth and Holden avenues, Detroit, Mich.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.—John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.; Edward Rickey, Athens, Pa.; B. Fernow, Albany, N. Y.; C. Bowyer Vaux, 34 Cortlandt st., New York city.

STONY LAKE AND CONNECTING CHAIN.—J. L. Weller and E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Ont., Canada.

SARATOGA LAKE AND TRIBUTARIES.—Chas. A. Neide, Schuylerville

ST. JOHN'S RIVER, N. B.—J. M. Geldert, Jr., P. O. Box 144, Halifax, N. S.
SCIOTO RIVER.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, N. Y. city.
SCHUYLKILL RIVER.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York City; W. P. Stephens, Box 562, West New Brighton, S. I.
STILLWATER RIVER.—E. H. Coolidge, West Sterling, Mass.
SAGUENAY RIVER AND TRIBUTARIES.—Dr. C. M. Douglass, Lakefield, Ont., Can.
ST. CLAIR RIVER AND LAKE.—J. E. Watson, Fourth and Holden avenues, Detroit, Mich.
TAUNTON RIVER.—Chas. S. Clark, 3 Oliver street, Boston, Mass.
THOUSAND ISLANDS AND CRUISE TO NEW YORK.—Warren L. Green, 66 Church street, New York city; R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.; Dr. Charles A. Nelde, Schuylerville, N. Y.; L. L. Coudert, 3 Broad street, New York city.
TRENT RIVER.—E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Ont.
WALLKILL RIVER.—R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.
WISCONSIN RIVER.—Chas. E. Hitchcock, Ware, Mass.
WHITE BEAR LAKE AND WHITE RIVER.—A. H. Siegfried, 47 Tribune Building, New York city.
WISCONSIN WATERS—NORTHERN.—I. F. West, Watertown, Dakota.
WINNEPISSOGEE LAKE.—Chas. F. Smith, Box 188, Lawrence, Mass.

PADDLING CANOES AND PADDLING RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream;

The liberal offer made by Mr. Rushton ought to be accepted by the Regatta Committee, but I think the contests would have to take place in equal canoes. I am very doubtful if any system of handicapping would prove satisfactory. It would be quite easy for two or three pairs of canoes—or say a pair of each class—to be provided, and the races for Mr. Rushton's paddles be contested in them.

It may be taken for granted that on equal measurements the smooth-built Canadian canoe is the fastest. They are generally lighter, and having no centerboards, the slot does not interfere with the speed.

Last season Mr. Rogers, of the Ontario Canoe Company, told me he would provide two canoes—exactly similar in all respects—for any paddling contest that might be considered necessary. No doubt he would do the same this season.

While on this subject I desire to call attention to two statements in Mr. Rushton's catalogue, the first might mislead and the second is not correct. On page 17 is quoted Article II. of the constitution, adopted in 1880:

"A canoe, in order to be placed on the Association list and to be entered for races, must be a boat sharp at both ends and not more than 36in. wide on deck."

It is quite true a canoe can be built of that beam, but the length would be limited to 12ft., and a canoe of that size would not have the ghost of a chance in racing with the longer and narrower craft of say 15×31½ or near that size. Nothing under 14ft. will be fast.

Again on page 20, in describing the Princess model, Mr. R. says, *re* the Nellie, 15×31½; "She was also second in a half mile race, the first in the race being Mr. Johnson, in a canoe built especially for racing." This is not true, and is unfair to Mr. Johnson. No one will deny that the canoe used by him was not faster than the Nellie, and I, for one, also believe that in spite of that, Mr. Johnson could have repeated the victory after changing canoes with Mr. Kipp; but for all that the Mamie is not a racer, unless we concede that every Peterboro canoe present at the meet was built for racing. The Mamie is an ordinary open basswood canoe 16×31 and 12in. deep, weight 70 pounds; more of that size are in use than any other. See the catalogues issued by English, who built her, Ontario Canoe Company, Gordon, of Lakefield, and others.

BOREAS.

A CRUISE ON THE WEST COAST.

II.

AN early breakfast in the morning, a hand shake and I am away. The wind is very light but fair, and as I am in no hurry I make sail. Haste should never have part or place in a canoe cruise. Plan as well as you may, have every condition favorable as possible, but take no thought of speed. Once let the Demon of Hurry get possession of you, good bye the pleasure. I sail along quietly, peacefully, the bay is smooth, the air is soft and pure; a few birds are seen, now and then a fish darts from the quiet water. Off seaward are two sails, but everything seems sleepy and good natured, and I am enjoying it all. Happy!

About noon I reach the wharf at "Disston City." I don't see any city, but the map says it is here, and of course I am bound to believe it. I find a long wharf, a large, unfinished barn-like structure which I am told is the hotel, and a store, but although I fail to find the city, I find an old friend here and he says, "Dinner is just ready." My friend is, like myself, an old cruiser, and although we have never cruised in company, we can talk of places we both have visited—the west coast of South America, Chili, Peru, the Bay of Panama, the Sandwich Islands, the South Seas, etc., and so the dinner hour passes away pleasantly, and then another hour for a smoke, and at 3 P. M. I fill away for Point Pinelles. Reaching the point I find a little bay with clear water and a beautiful sandy bottom. This is the place for a swim, so here goes.

After my bath I sit under an immense live oak, fill my pipe, and settle myself for a contemplative smoke. Close at my side is a large, dead bush, across which a huge spider is weaving his web. A fine affair it is, too; the strands nearly as large as saddler's silk. Alas! it is catch or be caught with us all. At my feet are various specimens of the fiddler crab, and each as busy as if the weight of the universe rested on him alone. On one of the points which form my little bay sit a group of pelicans, ungainly, but very solemn withal. But they are not considering any weighty questions of law or ethics. Oh, no, they are simply digesting their dinners.

But I must get around the point and make camp; the wind is ahead, so, stowing sails, I grip the paddle and away. Around the point and some two miles up on the eastern shore I find the spot I am looking for. A little cove facing the east, a low, white beach, back of which are a line of tall palmettoes, and back of these a high shell ridge, covered with dense scrub. The first thing on landing is to secure the canoe, then a glance around shows me the place for my fire, which is soon burning, for a camp without a fire is no camp at all. The weather looks threatening, and so I use extra care in making everything snug. First the wood for my camp-fire. This is easily gathered, enough to last all night; then, as it might rain, I invert the canoe, stow everything under it safe from a wetting should it come. Then I build a little lean-to as a resort in case it does rain, swing my hammock between two of the palmettoes and I am fixed. After supper I promenade the beach at peace with myself and all mankind. Ten o'clock comes, no rain yet. My favorite pipe is out; I am sleepy, too. If it rains I shall find it out. So, fixing my fire, I roll myself in my hammock and sleep undisturbed by rain.

Out early in the morning. No birds, no fish; so I fall back on the ship's stores, and as I have a long, hard paddle ahead of me (it's always a head wind in Tampa Bay), I'll take something solid in mine. A few flapjacks are soon fried, a can of Boston baked beans opened, some coffee made, and the whole disposed of in about the time it takes to tell about it. At sunrise I push out. What wind there is is dead ahead. I work along close to shore, and as the sun climbs over the trees the wind rises and the sea follows suit. Courage is good, however, and I work along in the hope of a slant. The sea gets up fast, and before I am five miles on my way I begin to believe all the stories I have heard about Tampa Bay. By 9 A. M. I am tired; I want to rest; I want to smoke; but the wind is howling right in my teeth, the sea is short, sharp and vicious, and between me and the shore is a long line of ugly looking breakers through which I can see no opening. To stop is to get in the trough of the sea, and that might cause trouble. Nothing to do but set my teeth and paddle. At 10 o'clock the wind and sea have increased to that extent that I would like to be ashore, but to turn back would be fatal. I have read somewhere that a canoe would live as long as a man could hold its head to the sea. It looks as though I might have a chance to test it. But as my strength is near gone I sight a break in the land, then a dark strip of smooth water, and I go for it. Ten minutes later I am inside the breakers and paddling into a little land-locked bay. I haul around the point and land at a little sand beach under the lee of some dense mangrove bushes. It is quiet here, the sun is warm and bright, and I'll have a rest.

After getting the pipe in order I overhaul the chart and find I am in Little Bazoo; three miles beyond is Big Bazoo; must try to reach the latter place, and then if the weather is no better, go into camp. An hour passes, I am rested, and although the biceps are getting tender, I feel like trying it again, so arranging my seat carefully and tying down my storm apron I push out once more for a tussel with wind and water. I find it no worse, and after some two hours' or more of good honest work I reach Big Bazoo. I find here a little settlement, a few dwelling houses, a store, post-office and boat shop. While here I notice two large shell mounds. They were of a different shape from anything I had seen, and so I examined them closely. In shape they were nearly a perfect cone, some fifty feet in diameter and perhaps thirty in height, and were formed entirely of oyster shells. I found here also an establishment for smoking mullet. Sampling them I found they were very fine, superior, I think, to smoked halibut.

My course now lay N. E. across quite a stretch of water, and if I had not made a long run I had certainly done what I thought was enough for one day. The wind was from the north. It blew heavily. The sea was running very high, I was very tired, and it was a splendid camping place, and so, instead of being cuffed about on the bay, I landed on a little sandy point just at the entrance to Big Bazoo, and made just the snuggest camp that ever was. Back from the water a hundred feet was a large live oak; around and under it clean white sand and shells. Setting the canoe up on its side for a wind break, and building a "Nessmuk" camp-fire in front, I had soon an appearance of comfort that was cheering and home-like.

After supper some ladies called to look at the canoe, or perhaps they came to see the canoeist; at all events they came, and we had a jolly time. They were blessed with the average feminine curiosity, and of course had to be enlightened on all that pertained to canoeing. In return for the information I so freely gave them, they related many little anecdotes, legendary and otherwise, that were very interesting. It was a late hour when I bade them good night. The wind was still blowing furiously as I rolled into the blankets, and as I waked the next morning, I found everything unchanged.

After cooking and eating breakfast, I looked the situation over; it was about like this: The shore lying nearly north and south, Gadsden's Point, fifteen miles away northeast. The wind blowing half a gale, and the sea choppy and nasty. But my course is by Gadsden's, and by working up along the land a few miles I find a large shoal that reaches nearly half way across the channel. On the opposite side, stretching out from the point is another shoal, and between them scarce a mile of rough water. I get myself in shape and go at it, and after being cuffed by the sea till I am about tired out I win the fight. I take a long rest on the point, shoot some beach birds and get up a dinner, and finally, late in the afternoon, push out for Ballast Point, five miles away. I reach it at dark and make myself a snug camp. There is no one near to make calls, and so I keep good hours.

At four the next morning I am up. Coffee is soon made, and I am paddling away for Tampa. I reach Tampa about eight o'clock, and finding quarters for the canoe I look about the city. Tampa is one of the oldest settlements on the west coast, has a court house, jail, opera house and a narrow-gauge railroad.

Below the city is the old Barracks, a beautiful place. The old parade ground, surrounded with large live oaks, would make a splendid site for a residence.

But I have already made this yarn too long. I might go on and tell you of my trip up the Hillsboro River, and of my cruise home, but I think it will be best to reserve that until another time. I want to say to canoeists, however, that this is the place for fun, and if any one contemplates dodging cold weather he can't do better than come here. Should they wish to learn any points in advance they have only to write to

TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.

TOLEDO C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Toledo C. C., March 26, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Geo L. Butterfield, Commodore; J. W. Richards, Vice-Commodore; Gus G. Keip, Secretary and Treasurer. The executive board is composed of above officers and Mr. J. W. Hepburn and Geo. G. Loeb. The club are now making arrangements for building a club house and for an early race.—GUS G. KEIP, Secretary and Treasurer, T. C. C.

STILL MARCHING ON.—The picture of the Snake under sail, which first appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 22, promises to rival, as a traveler, the Wandering Jew, John Brown's body, and Daniel Pratt, G. A. T. It has since appeared in nearly all the American magazines and weeklies, and now has reached Germany, whence it comes to us in the April number of *Ahoi*. The same paper promises next month an article on American canoeing.

"THE CANOE AURORA."—Dr. Neide's charming book is out and eagerly welcomed by canoeists all over the country. It abounds in capital hints and experiences, and will be a welcome addition to the library of each one who swings the paddle.

PERSONAL.—Canada is already preparing for the August camp. A large turn out of men and canoes is promised, besides a full attendance at Squaw Point.

ONTARIO CANOES.—Eight of the cedar rib canoes and a canvas boat were lately shipped from Peterboro to the Antwerp exhibition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REX.—Will you please let me know whether a dog having the end of his tail (say about three inches) cut off, is disqualified from taking prizes? Ans. No.

E. B., Falsington, Pa.—Where can I get a book on Florida game, fish, etc., and the price of the same? Ans. We know of no book which will fulfill your requirements.

H., Spring Valley, N. Y.—Three shooters are members of two gun clubs. A match is to be shot between the two and the club to which they have belonged for the longer time claims the right to draw them on its team. Ans. The matter is one to be decided by the men themselves. They can elect with which team they will shoot.

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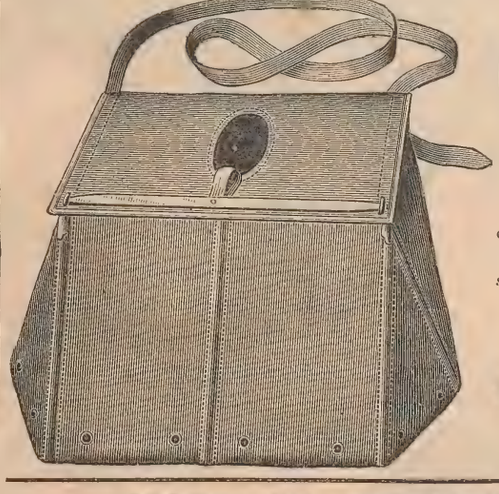
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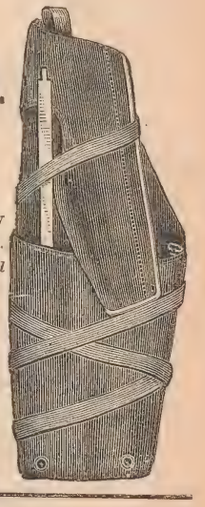


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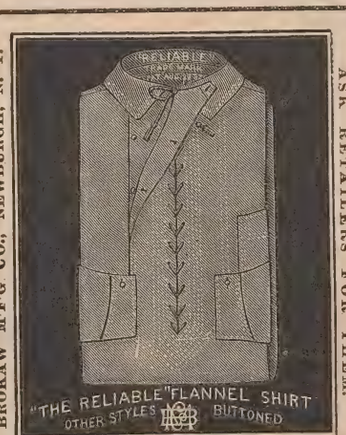
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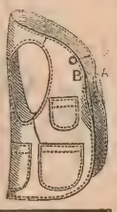
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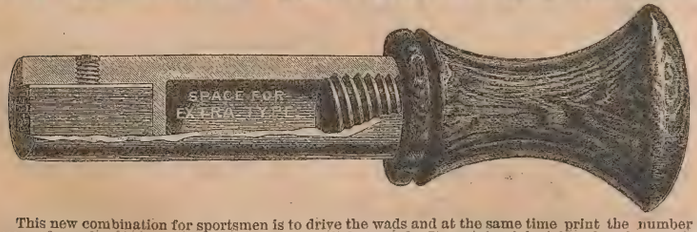
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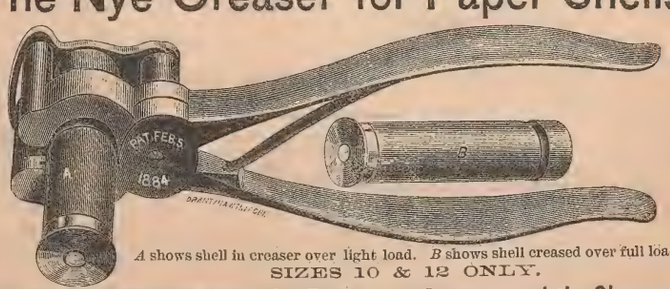
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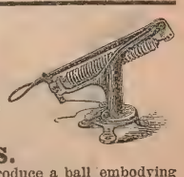
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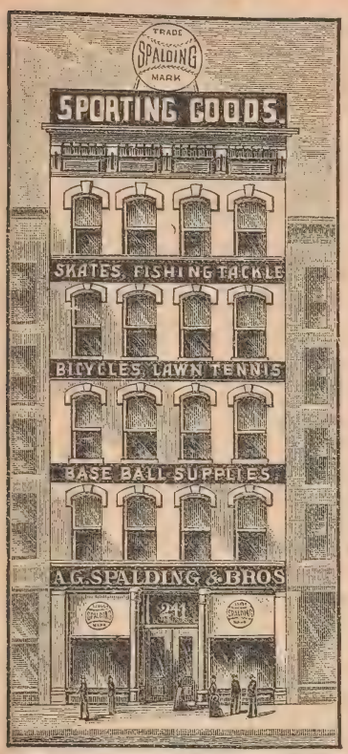


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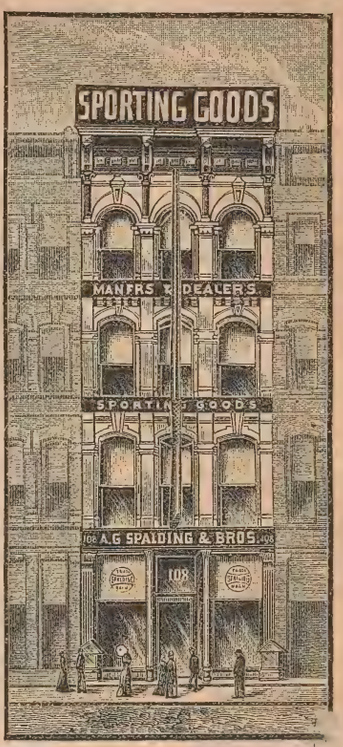
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FISHER'S ISLAND.



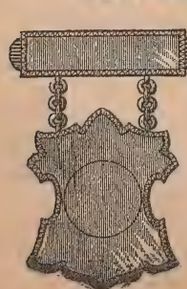
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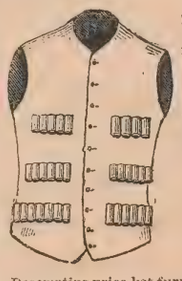
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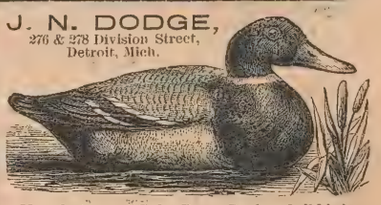
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

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BUILDING

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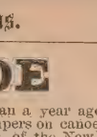


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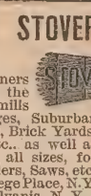
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 13. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

WE urge the prompt removal from office of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, for the reasons given in our issue of April 9.

These are: (1) that he has neglected his duty as Superintendent, and has devoted his time to working in the interest of the Improvement Company; (2) that during the past winter he has made it impossible for the Assistant Superintendents to do their duty, and (3) that he has, under the impression that the amended Vest bill was about to become a law, laid claim to a portion of the reservation, and so has enrolled himself among the number of the land-grabbers who have endeavored to wrest from the people a portion of their pleasure ground.

A man who, while occupying the position of guardian of the people's interests, lends his aid to those who are striving with all their might to seize for themselves the public domain, has manifestly extremely vague and misty ideas as to what is required of him by his office. He should be replaced without delay by some one whose comprehension of the duties of the Superintendent are more intelligent.

The claims which Superintendent Carpenter filed on portions of the National Park, will, no doubt, be found in the Land Office at Bozeman, Montana. At all events it is here that they were filed. Nine names were on the claim on the supposed coal lands on Mt. Evarts, the land being taken up in partnership. As to the claim on the water right, it is alleged that it was at first made in the names of four men, only one of whom, a Mr. Hoppe, was on the ground at the time, and that afterward he changed it so that three of the names, Armstrong, Hobart and Carpenter, were stricken off, and that of Hoppe alone appeared. The claim notices were torn down after the fourth of March, but the records at Bozeman should tell the story, and from these Secretary Lamar can obtain the whole history of these claims, and the men who were interested in them.

The facts in this case are very clear, and we have no doubt that the matter will receive attention before very long. There will probably be no difficulty in finding plenty of people who are willing to take Carpenter's place, but to secure for the position a man who is honest and competent, may be very difficult. The appointment is such an important one, that we are extremely anxious to see it held by a fit person. Almost any one will be better, however, than the present.

COLORADO GAME LAWS.

EXCEPT for the Virginia deer and an occasional bear, no large game is now to be found in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. A dozen years ago, one who went so far West could kill all the species of Western game in a summer's hunt; now the man is fortunate who can kill enough to keep the camp in meat. Slowly the idea is working its way into the heads of the Western people that the game must be protected. We of the East did not learn this lesson until the large game had all been destroyed, and even now those of us who thoroughly comprehend it are few in number.

The people of the West are quicker of apprehension than we are. They have seen the necessity of enacting laws for the preservation of the game. It is to be hoped that they will be more energetic in the execution of these laws than we have been, and will provide means to enforce them before it is too late. With the laws of several of the Western States and Territories little fault can be found, but laws alone can accomplish nothing.

We have noted with great satisfaction the excellent provisions of the acts passed by the Legislature of Colorado during its last session. The sections which shorten the open season on all large game, and which absolutely prohibit the killing of mountain sheep for a period of ten years, will receive the hearty approval of the better class of sportsmen all over the country. Such restrictive measures are called for more and more each year by the alarmingly rapid diminution of our game.

It is to be regretted that the killing of buffalo is not forbidden in this law. Practically there are no buffalo in Colorado, and yet it is possible that somewhere, hidden away in the rough mountain fastnesses of its western portion, there may be a few individuals of this species, which, by rigid protection, might so increase in numbers as to form a little herd, which in the years to come could show the children of that day, the game which their fathers used to pursue in the olden time, before the railroad had brought destruction to the shaggy black herds whose tramp once shook the prairies from the Arctic slope to the land of the Montezumas.

Colorado is to be congratulated on its good laws. Now let it model its method of enforcement on that of the State of Maine, secure one or more fish and game commissioners who are thoroughly devoted to their work, a corps of mounted wardens or police, who can be trusted, and by energetic action at length put an end to the wholesale slaughter of large game, which has for years taken place within its borders. It may cost a little money, but this will all be returned in the increased travel which an abundance of game would bring in, and the capital expended for game protection would prove a good investment to the inhabitants of the State. In Maine this has been the case, and similar results will be attained in any other State that has brains and foresight enough to follow out the example set by the Pine Tree State.

THE NEW TROUT LAW.

A NEW law has been suddenly sprung upon the anglers of the State of New York, which closes the season after it has been legally opened. We give the law in full in another column, and commend a careful reading of section nineteen.

For years the law of the State has allowed trout fishing on April 1, and the season was so opened this year, but about the 13th of April a law was passed which "takes effect immediately," that suddenly closes the season until May 1, in all the State except the counties of Suffolk and Queens, which comprise nearly the whole of Long Island. The bill is known as the Owens bill, and is in many respects unjust and faulty.

It is unjust in closing the season after it has been legally opened, thereby rendering an innocent and law-abiding angler who went forth, believing that it was lawful for him to take trout, liable to arrest and punishment on his return. It would not be possible to get a jury to convict a man under these circumstances, but as the law went into immediate effect he would have unknowingly violated it. The law is unjust in exempting two counties of the State. These are mainly fished by residents of New York city, who may go there and fish, but may not have the fish lawfully in their possession in their homes. We do not think there would be any objection to making the first of May the legal opening of the trout season throughout the State, without exception of any locality, if done at a time when due notice could be given to anglers, so that all would be able to conform to it.

The law is faulty in its definition of "private waters," see section 18, because this phrase is not made to include streams which, while flowing through an owner's land, do not rise on it. The fact is, that an unnavigable stream is private water from where it enters a man's land to where it leaves it, no matter how far below the source it may be, and the owner may post it and forbid any person from fishing in it.

By exempting the two counties named, the door is opened to send fish from the interior of the State into those counties in April, by persons who are ever on the alert to turn a dishonest penny by violating the law, and the only benefit of the exemption accrues to such persons.

The good points of the enactment are the prevention of trout fishing through the ice at any time, and the forbidding of taking or selling trout under six inches in length. No doubt Mr. Blackford will feel relieved at the change of date, as he will make no more expensive "trout openings" in the market, but his gain is the loss of an annual ichthyological treat to the angler, who received all the benefit from the displays.

Taking the bill as a whole, it contains many objectionable features. In fact they almost overshadow the few desirable ones, and therefore we consider it, to say the least, very ill-timed. The clause forbidding State officers to stock Adirondack waters with predatory fish is very good, but as these officers have already placed black bass in some of the lakes, from which the fish will naturally extend to many others, this clause seems to be useless, as the offense has been so loudly protested against in our columns, that there is no fear of its being repeated.

A FORTUNATE APPOINTMENT.—Our New York readers will learn with great satisfaction that Mr. J. A. Allen has recently accepted the position of Curator of Birds and Mammals in the Museum of Natural History at the Central Park in this city. This is an event upon which New York city is to be cordially congratulated. For twenty years past Mr. Allen has had charge of the mammals and birds in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, where for fifteen years he has held the position of assistant in ornithology. He is known as one of the first of American ornithologists, is President of the American Ornithologists' Union, and is the author of many important works on ornithology. Although Mr. Allen for a long time devoted himself chiefly to the study of birds, it may truly be said that his contributions to our knowledge of some groups of mammals are still more important. His monograph of the "American Bison" is a grand work well performed, which will be a lasting monument to his fame. The more recent monograph of the "Pinnipedia," as well as his contribution to the joint monograph of the "North American Rodentia," by Dr. Coues and himself, are both of very great value. The excellent collections in the Museum at Central Park ought to be under the charge of a man of Mr. Allen's attainments and experience, and all who are interested in this institution will rejoice that he has been induced to accept the position.

NEW YORK GAME LEGISLATION.—The bill forbidding the use of dogs in hunting deer has been ordered to a third reading in the Senate, but has not yet been reached. Mr. C. K. Baker's Assembly bill for the protection of fish in some of the fresh waters of Northern New York (Assembly 501) has passed the lower house and now goes to the Senate.

DR. C. H. MERRIAM has returned from Europe, where for nearly three months he has been working in the English, German and Dutch museums. His labors have been chiefly on the Pinnipeds.

THE DOG SHOW SEASON is now in full blast, and until early June reports of shows will follow one another in quick succession.

WRITE ON ONE SIDE of the paper only. Never roll your manuscript, always fold it.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

XIV.—DOWN ATLANTIC CREEK TO THE LAKE.

TWO-OCEAN PASS has long been known to mountain men. The earliest traditions speak of it as a pass in which is a spring whose waters, flowing by two channels from either side, take their way down the opposite slopes of the divide to flow at last into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. General Raynolds, in his report of the exploration of the Yellowstone in 1868, refers to it; Jones passed through it from the east in 1873, and Hayden visited it in 1878, also from the east. Both of these writers describe the Pass, and give sketch maps of the valley and the drainage. Jones's examination was confessedly very hasty, as he traversed the Pass in a driving storm, and seems to have taken a good deal for granted. Hayden's, though professing to have been made somewhat carefully, took place in October, at a time when there is usually considerable snow on the ground, although he says nothing about this. As the snow was from one to two feet deep when we crossed the divide, we can add nothing to their observations. The Pass is in a wide meadow, and the divide between the waters flowing to the two oceans is evidently very low, probably not more than a few inches in height, and in times of high water, that is, in spring and early summer, when the snows are melting, it is very likely that there is standing water in the Pass from which streams flow into both Atlantic and Pacific Creeks. The principal heads of the latter flow from the mountains on the north side of the Pass, and have their sources to the east of the heads of Atlantic Creek, which rise in the mountains to the south.

The country in the neighborhood of the Pass is very beautiful. The valley sometimes narrows almost to a mere gorge, or again spreads out in a wide meadow. On either side, the hills rise steeply, first in timber-covered slopes, and then above these are the precipitous square-shaped, rock-faced summits. There is a good deal of game here too, chiefly elk, so far as I could observe, and some bears, and the country looks like a good hunting region. It is, however, within the limits of the Park as proposed to be increased, so that when this change takes place, there will be no hunting to be had here. Still it is a delightful region to visit, and no more delightful trip could be made than to follow our route, gaining thus an excellent idea of a stretch of country which must for several years be away from the route of the ordinary tourist, and passing through scenery as varied and as lovely as can be found on this continent. This route is indicated by the white-lined trail on the map of the Park published in Forest and Stream of Feb. 5 last.

The Park ought to be extended if for no other purpose than to include the beautiful country about Two-Ocean Pass.

Two or three miles beyond the Pass we camped on the west side of the lovely valley. We were close beneath the woods, and opposite us rose the pine-clad hills, showing occasionally bare precipices, naked and rough with huge fragments of rock. Here and there in the openings among the dark timber were seen patches of snow, and the valley before us was a shining plain of white, broken only occasionally by an elk trail. The snow was deep and somewhat crusted, and the poor horses and mules had to work hard for their dinner, gathering scanty mouthfuls of grass from the sheltered spots beneath the trees, where there was least snow. The creek here was still very small.

We shovelled away the snow from beneath the tree where our tent was to be pitched, and so were enabled to spread our blankets on what might, by a figure of speech, be termed bare ground. There was only an inch or two of ice and snow beneath them.

The night was bitter cold, and although well provided with blankets, I found it impossible to sleep. About 3 o'clock I got up, and looked out of the tent door. It was one of the most brilliant nights I have ever seen. The moon, in her last quarter, was nearly at the zenith, and, shining on the frozen snow, made it almost as light as day. The stars shone with unusual brightness and the great planet that hung in the eastern sky fairly blazed. Everything was frozen hard as a rock. Over by the aparejos was a bright fire, and by it I saw Stuart standing. I called to him, asking if he, too, had been frozen out. He replied that he had not, but that he did not propose to be left afoot It was too cold to ask him then what he meant, and I again sought the shelter of my blankets. The next morning he told the story of the night.

He had been in bed some time when he was awakened by hearing a curious grinding noise, for which he could not account. As he listened it grew louder, and its cause suddenly flashed upon him. The horses were starting back on the trail. Jumping out of his blankets, he tried to put on his boots, but they were wet and frozen, and the case being desperate, he reached for Saddlemeyer's, put them on, and crawled out of the tent. As he did so he could see the horses coming. Without showing himself he crept behind the aparejos, which stood close to the trail, having first provided himself with a good-sized club from the stock of wood piled up by the fire. On came the unlucky thirteen, tiptoeing over the trail, in which the frozen snow crunched and creaked under their hoofs. Old Rocket was in the lead, and close behind him came all the others, the mules with their ears well forward, as they looked suspiciously at each shadow cast on the snow by the trees. When Rocket reached the aparejos, Stuart sprang out with a yell, and thumped him soundly with his club, and in thirty seconds there was not a horse or a mule in sight. They had all turned and hurried back into the valley whence they had come. Then Stuart turned into his blankets again.

He had once more fallen asleep, when he was again awakened. This time it was the bell that he heard, and it kept growing louder and louder. Again he arose, put on Saddlemeyer's boots, and looked out to see that again the herd was stealthily coming along the trail. This time old Prickly was ahead, and this time when he reached the aparejos the leader's ancient hide resounded to the blows of Stuart's club, and once more the herd vanished. Seeing, as he thought, that they were going to keep this up all night, Stuart made up his mind to watch until morning, and spent the remainder of the night sitting by the fire, smoking, drying his boots and so on; and he swore that every half hour until sunrise either old Prickly or Rocket would cautiously come up the face of the bluff, stick his head over, look at him, sigh and then disappear again.

The reason for all this was that the animals could get nothing to eat. They remembered that they had had good feed one or two camps back, and knew that there was a trail all the way to it; before them the snow was unbroken and deep, and besides they did not know what was in store for them if they went on.

In the morning everything that had been wet or damp the night before was frozen stiff. It took some time to thaw things out so that the packs could be put on the mules, and we did not get away before 10 o'clock. Just below our camp, the valley narrowed, and the trail appeared to lead over the low ridges, which ran out from the mountains, and we attempted to follow it, but the snow made this somewhat difficult. After traveling for a few miles, winding in and out among the timber, we came out into a broad valley, bounded on either side by mountains. This valley is from one to two miles broad and eight or ten long, and is almost perfectly level. The mountains which directly hem it in, are perhaps 1,000 feet in height, and are composed of the volcanic rock which is so characteristic of this region. Where this rock is visible, as it is near the top of this inclosing wall, it has the appearance of being stratified, for the horizontal lava sheet which overspreads the country when exposed to the elements weathers off with a cubical fracture. For three-quarters of the distance from base to summit the pine forest obscures the precipice, but above this the rock is bare, and rises like the ruin of some ancient wall or battlement. At times the ascent is less steep and these rock walls stand further back, and at their foot is seen a little basin which collects the precipitation from the whole mountain, and from which a brawling water course hurries down through the pine timber to the level plain below. Higher peaks standing somewhat back from the valley, and seen through the cañons, which here and there run down into it, are heavily covered with snow, and upon them can be seen heavy drifts, and, extending over the brows of the steep precipices, curling snow wreaths reach out their thin edges. The erosion which has taken place on this hard lava produces very striking effects, and the faces of the cliffs look as if worn and guttered by rain or by streams of water, having thus somewhat the appearance of the *Mauvaises Terres* formation seen along the Missouri and in Southern Wyoming.

Though so attractive in appearance and apparently promising an easy road, this broad valley was in reality impracticable. One could see at half a glance that it was miry, and the fact that it was covered with snow made it all the more dangerous, because places, which, if bare, would be readily recognized as impassable, were now hidden. It was necessary, therefore, to keep close to the hills on the north side, and even then we frequently encountered soft spots in which the animals sank rather deeply. We were, however, remarkably fortunate. Hell fell down once, and Granny mired, so that we were obliged to take her pack off, but except for these two trifling mishaps there were no accidents. Occasionally, on reaching some narrow valley, down which a little mountain stream poured, we would find the rich black soil so very shaky and unstable that it would be necessary to strike back away from the valley and over the timbered ridges, and here the fallen trees gave us a little trouble. Travel was somewhat slow, but on the whole we got on very well.

There were abundant signs of game here. Most of the tracks seen were those of elk and bear, but here and there I noticed those of deer. On this side of the Pass the elk were traveling eastward—going down the Upper Yellowstone into the Park—and late in the afternoon, after reaching that stream we saw a band of thirty or forty on the other side of the river, and so quite out of our reach. In the timber here quite a number of tracks of the large gray wolf were noticed about the remains of a cow elk, that had been killed only a day or two before.

Late in the afternoon we forded the Upper Yellowstone, which is here a wide, deep stream, and camped on the east bank on a beautiful bit of level, grassy meadow, with a few pines about the tents and a wide willowy flat just below. All through the day, as we followed down Atlantic Creek, the snow had been growing less deep, and here at our camp it lay upon the ground only in isolated patches. I was glad for the sake of the poor animals that the camp was so advantageously situated, for during the past three days they had had scarcely anything to eat. Our tent was pitched with its back to the river, and so faced the east and the beautiful snow-covered mountains. The black face of Turret Mountain stood out prominently a little to our right as we looked toward the hills.

During the day's march we had seen several broods of ruffed grouse, all of which were so tame that they would scarcely move out of the horses' way as we rode by them. Ducks were abundant in the river. They were chiefly red-breasted mergansers and buffle-heads. Kingfishers and white-headed eagles were seen here, and soon after we camped we were visited by a dozen meat-hawks, who sat about the cook tent very much as if it belonged to them. These birds appear to possess considerable mimetic powers and have a great variety of calls.

The next morning, as I was down at the water's edge, just after rising, I witnessed a dash at a family of buffle-heads by a young goshawk. The brood of ducks were flying down the river, when the hawk flew out of the timber almost above my head and darted toward them at once. They all tumbled into the water with a great deal of splashing, and the hawk made a stoop at one of them, which was a little apart from the main flock, but the duck flapped to one side and easily avoided him. The hawk then gave the matter up, and flew into a tall fir, where he sat and watched the brood as they sailed swiftly down the stream to the rapid below. When the ducks first saw him they all set up a shrill, peeping cry, as if of warning. A little spotted sandpiper, that happened to be flying up the stream at the moment, was frightened nearly to death, thinking that the hawk was after him. He dropped into the water as if he had been shot, and sat there with his head cocked on one side watching the enemy, and evidently prepared to dive at an instant's warning if any demonstrations should be directed toward him.

The mules were all saddled before breakfast, and we made rather an early start. The river bottom is here quite wide, and is evidently often overflowed when the snows melt in spring. It is intersected by sloughs which are sometimes miry and very deep. For some time we followed the bottom down, edging over to the hills on the eastern side. Once only we were delayed by a wide slough which was very miry. Several times we drove the Pinto through it, but could find no satisfactory place to cross; but at length, just as we were about to give up the attempt and had started to go round its head, Stuart found a place where the bottom was hard, and here we passed over without difficulty. From the little sloughs in this bottom we started many mallards and teal.

A little further on the trail passes by a very steep ascent up the bluffs and follows along the hillside through the green timber. At several points the way crosses places where ditches have been torn out, trees uprooted and great rocks thrown about, evidently by the sudden and violent action of water, perhaps a cloud burst or something of that nature.

Along this mountain side we noticed great boulders of the hard volcanic conglomerate which constitutes so large a part of the rock of this region, and which we had seen almost everywhere since leaving Snake River. Rolled boulders of it were observed in the stream beds of Buffalo and Pacific creeks, where we crossed them in the valley of Snake River, the rock was seen in place at our second camp on Pacific Creek, and the day before, we had seen several isolated pyramidal masses of the same rock standing in the level valley of Atlantic Creek. This conglomerate is composed of bits of volcanic rock of many kinds. Sometimes all the fragments are rolled and water worn, at others all their edges are sharply angular as if they had not been at all transported. These fragments vary in size from that of a pea to a hogshead. They are cemented together by a hard clayey matrix, which, on exposure to the weather, readily decomposes and seems to contain some yellow sand. The boulders are of all sizes, from a pound to fifty tons in weight. They are no doubt forced off from the main mass of the mountain chiefly by the action of water which, penetrating the cracks in the rock, and alternately freezing and thawing, gradually wedges them out of position, and away from their beds high up on the hillside.

We stopped to examine these boulders, and while we did so the packs were tightened. A few hundred yards further on, just as we were dipping down into a narrow gully, I saw three deer slip out of the brush just ahead of us, and run out of the timber across the sage-brush covered hillside. I slipped off my mule, ran across the ravine and out beyond the timber. For an instant as I looked about I could see nothing of them, and then I caught sight of three does standing near the top of the ridge, and just below the edge of the timber. I fired with a coarse sight at one of them, and as I lowered my rifle saw her drop her ear, as if I had shot through it. I fired again as they were running, and one, as I thought, limped over the ridge. The last one stopped almost at its crest, and looked back, and my third shot brought her down. Hurrying back I mounted, and we rode up the steep hill to the top. The last doe lay dead near where she had fallen. The ball had struck her back of the short ribs and had ranged forward. Nothing was seen of either of the other animals, and as no blood sign could be found, the presumption is that neither of the other shots did any damage. From the high point where the deer lay we could look out over the distant waters of the lake and the surrounding country. At our feet, flowing through the thick timber was the broad river with high mountains beyond it. Then looking toward the lake we saw the dark green pines, beyond them the paler willows at the river's mouth, then the deep blue of the lake, again the green pines beyond, and above them the snow and the pale blue sky in which hung a single white cloud. It was a combination of coloring seldom

to be seen, and wonderfully effective and beautiful. Certainly this is the most wonderfully beautiful country in all the Rocky Mountains.

Packing the deer on one of the mules we kept on down the river, and during the afternoon reached its mouth, and crossing the wide marshy bottom where several streams poured into it from the east, started along the lake shore. Here Mr. Hague and I stopped and climbed some high hills, from which most superb views of the lake and the surrounding country were had. Here, somewhat to my surprise, I found fresh elk sign very abundant, and also, what seemed still more remarkable, some fresh bison signs. All accounts agree in making the bison rare, if not almost extinct in the Park. Rea told me that a year or two since there was a little band of about a hundred head over on the head of Clark's Fork. Ten years ago they were quite abundant here, but in that time their numbers have been greatly reduced. It was encouraging to find any evidences at all of their recent presence.

We lingered for some time on the hills enjoying the beauties of the scene, and then started on to follow the pack train to camp. It seemed a long ride through the timber and over the pebbly beach before the white tents and the feeding animals, scattered over the little park, came in sight, and told us that we had reached home.

On their way to camp the pack train had come upon a bull elk, which did not seem at all alarmed, but stood looking at them until Saddlemeyer spurred old Prickly close to him and tried to hit him with his quirt. Then he trotted slowly off into the timber. Several other elk were seen by them, and signs were very abundant here, but as we were now within the limits of the Park, there was no further use for a rifle.

This camp was beautifully situated in a smooth, grassy park. Before us was the broad lake, and behind and on either side the timbered hills. The tents stood in a little grove of pine trees, which furnished shelter and fuel, and the hungry animals luxuriated among the rich grass. The bright fire lit up the trees, and the tents, and the aparejos, and as it flamed and flickered, curious shadows peeped out from the dark caverns that stretched away beneath the pine branches to the gloom beyond, and sometimes creeping stealthily forth, danced for a moment within the circle of the firelight, and then chased one another back again into the darkness, and were swallowed up in it. The soft murmur of the waves on the beach came to us in a monotonous undertone, and now and then from far out upon the water sounded the weird laughing cry of a loon, while the mountain sides behind us at intervals re-echoed to the fierce, shrill challenge of the angry elk.

So the evening wore away.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

III.

I WROTE you last from Camp Tarpon, on Oak Point, where I lived a sort of half-hunter half-hermit life for just forty-six days, having spent my first night there on Feb. 6, and moved my duffle to my present quarters on March 24. It was a pleasant, idle, dreamy life that. I hunted a little, fished more, loafed a good deal, and passed the days in virtuous ease for more than six weeks of an exceptionally hard Florida winter. There were two light frosts during the winter, that did no damage, however; and there were repeated "northers" that rather upset my notions of camps. I had calculated that a closely-laid double-boarded roof, placed at an angle of three feet pitch in six would turn any rain—which it didn't; for the rain came horizontally from every point of the compass, and it took three wettings to teach an old camper the possibilities of a Florida norther. I got in line at last, and the two last storms left the camp dry, with a bright fire in front.

It was something of a new experience, that forty-six days on Oak Point. It was only two miles to the Springs, where there were plenty of winter boarders intent on fishing and shooting; but they almost never came in sight of my camp, though the best quail shooting near the hotels was on and near the Point, and I only once saw a sportsman there during my stay. "Tarpon," who had selected the camping ground for me while I was yet amid the snows of a Northern winter, occasionally paddled up for an evening's smoke and chat, and on two or three occasions Mrs. Kendall came with him. But mostly I had the camp, the live oaks, and the numerous birds all to myself; and I enjoyed it, oh, so well. The birds were excellent company and of infinite variety, the home birds being most numerous. Bluebirds, bluejays, highholders, chewinks, bee martins, kingbirds, downy and spotted woodpeckers, with redwings and meadow larks—all were daily visitors, and all were familiar and fearless.

Two bevies of quail came daily about the camp, and at first I was disposed to utilize them as food. But, on following them up and watching their cute, beautiful ways, my heart failed me. It seemed such an ogreish thing to crush an ounce of shot into such an innocent family that I might gobble a few mouthfuls of quail, and they were so graceful on the ground or on the wing, that I decided to leave them in peace, believing that I could get more enjoyment from them alive than dead. And I did. There was not a morning on which I did not hear their clear, mellow whistles, and I saw them almost daily. There was not one of them shot while I was there, and when I left they were pairing for the season.

The tameness of the crows surprised me most. On the first day a pair of them settled in the oak overhead and held a consultation, which ended in dropping down within ten yards of the shanty to pick up bacon rinds, crusts, etc., that I had thrown out. Next morning they had increased to five, and I was so pleased with their familiar behavior that I took some pains to feed them. "You will be sick of them in a week," said "Tarpon" when I mentioned the incident to him; and I was. I never saw such senseless, incorrigible thieves. They stole for fun, and made themselves needless trouble picking up bits of dishrag, paper labels, hard soap, teaspoons or anything they could lift. When I caught a glossy old rogue actually in camp tugging at my watch chain, my patience gave out; and baiting five of them into a bunch, I cut loose at them with five drams of powder and a teaspoonful of damp sand, distance ten yards. I never saw crows make such time. Every fellow went the way he looked, and all confidence between us was destroyed forever. They did not come back.

Every day I heard the crack of the rifle or roar of the 12-gauge as the guests of the hotels went for ducks, blue herons, snake birds, sandhill cranes, white egrets and marsh hens. The clatter of rowlocks came plainly to the ear from the river across the marsh. The upper half of a white sail was often seen slowly winding its way among the dense bulrushes; but no one came up the bayou to Camp Tarpon. There was an impression that the bayou was only a pocket, and a long, crooked one, with nothing attractive about it, and no chance for wildfowl; where there was no inlet, and one could only row up it, and then row back.

And I had been told that the water in the bayou was too salt for washing hands, even. And so for three weeks I toted water a mile in the canoe, until at last being short on water I tried a piece of brown soap in the bayou. To my surprise it seemed almost as soft as rain water. I tried it as drinking water and found it sweet and cool. I made tea and coffee with it, and could see no difference between it and spring water.

Now, it is true that there is a tide rise of some two feet in the bayou; but it is also true that there are two narrow channels at its head through which a boat may be pushed, and through which the surface water of the cool, clear Anclote rushes with force on each ebb tide. Of course the water is fresh and sweet, and I carried no more water jugs in the Bucktail.

I paddled the canoe at least every other day down to the Springs for mail or supplies, and the numerous and irrelevant questions asked me by city sportsmen and outers would have made a country schoolboy laugh. What was I doing up in the woods alone, and did I always live out o' doors? Wasn't I afraid? And how did I live, anyhow? On game or fish? What should I do if a bear attacked me in camp? And did I ever see any panthers, or wildcats?

One old patriarchal looking party from Philadelphia, of the Greeny Muggins order, asked all of the above questions, and many more. He was a dignified old party of position and family antecedents at home; also an authority on fish and game laws. But as regards genuine outing, woodcraft—so green.

Considering that the winter was a hard one for Florida, I managed to put in forty-six days of pretty fair outing at Camp Tarpon. There was not a day when the weather permitted that I was not up before the sun, and out on river or bayou, or roaming among the pines and live oaks. I usually had a rod or gun along, but fished little and shot less. One or two fish, or a bird, or squirrel were not far to seek. And, although I levied a per capita tax on nature's gentle woodfolk, I was very lenient on collections. So long as there was fish or game in camp three or four days in the week I did not hanker for gore. It was an easy-going, lazy, dreamy outing, one very beautiful feature of it being the bright, clear, moonlit nights. There were two half moons during the time, and I usually managed to get out about twelve to one o'clock in fine weather, and spend an hour or two smoking and roaming about the point.

Whoever visits Camp Tarpon will find several clusters of live oak within a furlong of the camp, and these oaks have a tendency to arrange themselves in groups around an open center that seems left purposely for the shanty or tent of the outer. I was never tired of admiring the sturdy, gnarled, crooked, broad-branching oaks. Every twist, bend, or crook known to shipwrights might be found among their rugged trunks and limbs; every timber used in ship building—except the straight ones. They wagged their long gray beards and giant arms against the midnight sky in solemn protest against straight lines.

And the days went by without note, and I lost the day of the week and of the month, and my watch, catching the infection of laziness, failed to keep time at first, and finally declined to run at all. There was no need. Friends sent me papers every week, which I turned over to the Captain without reading even the local news from home; and I only knew what was going on in the outside world by the occasional remarks of others. Nor did I care. I came to Florida for an all-winter outing, not for an inn-ing, and I was taking it in, pure and simple. Bright fires in front of the shanty at night, soft, elastic pine leaves and palmetto for bedding, exercise by day, and wholesome fresh air; these, with good, well-cooked, plain food, were bracing and lifting me to health very certainly from day to day. And I was content. The shanty faced to the southeast, looking directly to Lower Salt Lake. Lying in camp of a bright moonlit night, I could see the silvery glitter of the lake through the tall, reddish-brown boles of the pines. Lower Salt Lake was eighty rods away to the southwest, and over a dry oak and pine ridge at the head of the lake was Lake Butler, a favorite resort of all the boarders at the hotels, who seldom showed a boat on either of the salt lakes because of their bad reputation for duck shooting and trolling. And so every fair morning wagons were sent over to Lake Butler from the hotels with strong delegations of sportsmen and tourists.

They usually arrived at the lake about 9 A. M., just as the bass and ducks, having breakfasted, were taking a forenoon siesta. And then they strolled up and down the white, sandy beach, complaining of poor sport. It struck me that these sports had just the right knowledge of how not to do it.

I had formed the acquaintance of several natives—"crackers"—who lived near the lake, and who had the reputation of crack shots and successful anglers. I knew that some of them had walked to Lake Butler in the early gray of a morning and returned in time for breakfast with more than fifty pounds of bass, ranging from two to thirteen pounds, and this by still-fishing, with cut bait and a rig costing less than twenty-five cents.

Taking a hint from my cracker acquaintances, I carried the Bucktail over to Salt Lake, paddled to its head, made the carry of sixty rods over to Lake Butler, and went into camp one bright evening in February prepared for fishing at daybreak the next morning. A few casts with a red ibis salmon fly resulted in a two-pound fish for supper, and I was on the water betimes next morning ready to try the bass with red ibis, split ibis, silver doctor, or any fly they might fancy. Considering that the sport was new to them, they seemed to enjoy it remarkably well, taking the red ibis freely and hanging on to the hook with commendable pertinacity. I caught all I needed and got my tackle smashed besides in about twenty minutes. And the question arose: Did it pay to come two miles, make two carries, and camp over night for twenty minutes' fishing? Had the fish been scarcer or more wary the sport would have lasted longer, or had they been smaller I should have saved some tackle.

But I paddled and carried back to camp under a hot sun with a notion that, on the whole, the trip had been pretty satisfactory. NESSMUK.

Oak and Pine, March 20, 1885.

CAMPING LIFE.

"WAWAYANDA'S" "Camp Flotsam" found eager readers in one family, who know how to enjoy life in camp, and say Amen! quite heartily to his many suggestions. I believe my better half has ventilated her views on this subject in Forest and Stream, but I cannot let one thing pass without some comments thereon.

Five years ago I was preparing to go camping. Previous to this time she had joined me each summer, but boarded at the club house, the hotel, or stopped with some friends near where I was fishing. Each time I promised if her health improved I would take her and the boy into camp with me, but I must say I dreaded the experience. Always a sufferer from bronchial and catarrhal complaints, and taking cold so easily, I knew the danger of sleeping under canvas to such a bundle of frail humanity. When the hot July days came again almost the only thought, from early morning until sunset, filling the mind of "that boy of mine" was, "Well, pap, when can you get away for camping?" Finally I told them to get ready. I found things for camping in an advanced stage, and it only needed my fishing tackle to be overlooked and the provisions made for sleeping. Here was the rub. I said little about sleeping on the ground, but thought a heap more. Words were useless. It was, "I am going! You promised if my health was better I should go into camp with you. I am better, and if I get ill I won't complain one word; but I'm not going to get ill; I am just going to enjoy myself." Twenty years' experience in married life has taught me—

> "When a woman says she will, she will,
> You may depend on't;
> And when she says she won't, she won't,
> And that's the end on't."

So I devised a cot to keep us about twenty inches from the tent floor, and got into our kit all the "calamities" our friends, "the Kingfishers," so aptly describe; among them was a hot-blast stove burning kerosene, to use in the tent if we should get any wet weather. My heart misgave me when we jumped from the train into what appeared almost a forest. The gray of the morning was just passing off, we were cold, tired and hungry; we found a way to get into the small depot and waited until some life appeared. I got some help, moved the tent fixings over into a grove of maples on the edge of the forest, got up the tent, went about a mile to get some milk, but found we could get breakfast, and soon learned I was in a splendid trouting country, and within a few miles of as fine a grayling stream as any angler wants to put eyes on. By noon our tent was floored with pine boards, the boy's hammock swung, a table made of our camp chest by putting on a drop leaf, the stove fixed, and everything in good shape. We ate as good a supper, cooked in just as good style as though in our city home, we were very tired, and after fixing up the cot and preparing for rain, we went to rest. All my fears were forgotten; it was broad daylight and the sun hours high when I awoke. The tent was decidedly cool, and jumping out I lighted the oil stove, put over the oven, and in fifteen minutes our tent was warm. I then put on the kettle, while the wife prepared breakfast, the cots were cleared away, water was brought in from the spring, toilet finished, and breakfast was made a leisurely meal.

Tent life was a series of pleasant days—trout fishing, grayling fishing and taking a few days on the big lakes after bass, until the time came to return to the city. During our stay we had two rainy days; we kept the stove running almost all day, lay in the hammocks and indulged in many a hearty laugh over the experience of a camping party given in Forest and Stream. We always take plenty of papers and some interesting books into camp with us. We don't believe in grumbling, and have learned to make the best of everything. Our camp life is not designed to make us bears, but is intended for a delightful change and for the rest that comes from such a change.

The greatest surprise came to a woman that for ten years had scarcely been out of the care of a family physician, a gentleman who loved camping and canoeing, and who almost feared sleeping under canvas was too great a risk, but advised the wife to prepare for any sickness. It was "Medicine might be thrown to the dogs." Not a cold or symptom of cold followed, she came out of camp ruddy and brown, stronger and heavier than she had been for years. The benefits are all on our side; the boy and I live like epicures, but no fuss is made about preparing meals, breakfast over and we are off fishing.

Now each summer as camping time draws near, I find many things prepared, many articles devised for camp use. This summer we anticipate sleeping under a tent devised and made in part by this wife of mine. The cot is a matter of deliberation in which a woman's wit has been exercised, but it's going to be comfortable. Some time when it is finished I will send a sketch for "Wawayanda's" inspection. Our new camp stove is different from the one described, and will bake, boil and broil, or toast at the same time. I am inclined to think if ladies would go with their husbands into camp, the men would find a vast improvement in camp life. We take things too much as they come, our camps are too often "makeshifts," "higgely piddely" sort, as "Wawayanda" aptly expresses it. We run into too many risks, get wet, and half dry ourselves; too many exposures when unnecessary.

I am fond of roughing it, but find a vast change for the better since the 115 pounds of feminine angler took charge of the camp and its fixing.

Another word and I am through. Experience has taught us that one family in a camp is sufficient; if others want to go camping, all right, but let each family make its own provisions and arrangements. If one individual undertakes to provide for a crowd (three or four families), he's going to have a splendid time of it, and if he keeps a cool head, he is too good for this sighing world and is fit to be translated.

We all fish; but the boy takes his mother under his care, and will paddle from morning till night to give her some bass fishing, or to get a good pickerel for supper. This allows me to go up into the creeks for trout, where the thick undergrowth prevents them joining me in this pleasant sport. NORMAN.

Duluth, Minn.

Natural History.

WINTER AND SPRING BIRDS AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE following notes are selected from the reports on migration at St. Louis, sent by Mr. O. Widmann: Particular attention is called to the form in which the notes are kept. There can be no doubt of the utility of keeping a regular journal of ornithological and meteorological phenomena, but the difficulty is to find readily and easily the note wanted out of the large mass to which such a journal or diary rapidly grows. It will be found that by entering the birds' names and other subjects in the side columns, the desired item can be obtained with but little difficulty. Two forms of the journal are given. The first or descriptive is the better if one has the time to spare necessary to its writing. The second, beginning with March 2, presents the facts in their most condensed form. Both of these forms and a happy medium between the two have been used by Mr. Widmann in his reports. The latter form was most successfully used in a recapitulation of last spring's migration in which the whole subject of bird movement, weather, "contemporary phenomena," etc., from Jan. 1 to May 20, containing nearly a thousand items, was condensed to twelve written pages of foolscap. The record this year reads as follows:

This winter was unfavorable both for birds and observer. We not only had three ordinary winters consolidated into one, but we have also had more snow than usual, and in consequence more slush and deeper mud during the short warm spell that separated the second winter from the last and the severest of the three. The first winter was from Dec. 10 to 27; the second from Jan. 16 to 30; the third from Feb. 8 to 26. Snow covered the ground from Dec. 11 to 28, and from Jan. 16 to Feb. 26.

The Mississippi never froze over nor even gorged at this place, although it was several times at the point of closing. An open river is an important factor in the well-being of our crows, and is a necessity for the presence of gulls, ducks and bald eagles. The offal of the city, which is dumped into the river, affords, even during the coldest term, easily accessible food for all these species. When everything is covered with deep snow or frozen as hard as a rock, the crows depend for a large part on the food which the open river affords. Hundreds and thousands are then seen sitting in clusters on the edge of swimming ice fields floating down for miles, returning by wing to begin another trip further up near the dump. It is amusing to watch the crows fishing choice morsels out of the current, and astonishing is the skill they display in seizing food while on wing. One of the crows' companions while subsisting on the refuse of the city, is the bald eagle, which is a winter visitant so long as the river is open. During the coldest days of the winter, the noble bird was seen sitting on the running ice engaged in the same manner as the crows. The other species which is fond of inspecting the Mississippi below the dumping places of the great city is the herring gull. Plying with heavy wing strokes up and down the river, so low that it seems to touch the waters, it suddenly folds its wings and sits down to devour its booty while swimming or resting on the wave. As long as the river is open some of the ducks remain with us, and since they can find hardly anything else, it must be supposed that they feed on the same kind of food as gulls and crows. During the two warm spells the ducks began to push northward, and the first birds of the year (beside sparrows and crows), on New Year's day at 7:20 A. M., were seven ducks flying north along the river. On the afternoon of Feb. 7, just before the wind turned to the north, three large flocks of ducks (50 to 70 each) passed coming from northwest. Next day the third winter set in.

There can be no doubt that less birds (residents and winter visitants) than usual wintered with us. By the term "wintering" is meant remaining all winter. Some species remained during the first part of winter and perhaps until the middle of January, but when it grew colder after the snowstorm of Jan. 16, they left, and were not seen until the opening of early spring about the last of February.

FEBRUARY 26.

First warm sunny day, maximum 50°, southerly winds. This day does away with the snow which has been covering the ground since Jan. 16.

FEBRUARY 27.

Second warm day, maximum 58° (in sun 75°), light south wind, clear. At 9:30 A. M. the first ducks go north, fifty to sixty sprigtails. At 10:15 another large flock was seen at a distance, and several more during the day, and in the evening a flock of blackheads. *Dafila acuta* *Fulix*

FEBRUARY 28.

Third warm day, maximum 68° (in sun 102°), increasing south wind.

Never has a season opened more gloriously than this year's has to-day. From 7 A. M. till noon, an almost steady stream of ducks passed over in flocks of from thirty to sixty, the larger part being sprigtails so far as I could see. There was hardly any time when at least one flock could not be seen in some direction, but oftener half a dozen could be counted at the same time. Many flocks followed the Mississippi, but the majority turned off to the west just south of the city in order to reach the Missouri River or the large tracts of low land between the mouths of the Missouri and Illinois rivers. Thousands have passed this city to-day and their usual companions were with them. *Anatidæ* *Dafila*

In the early morning gulls were seen going north in regular migration-wedge, taking their annual overland route just in the rear of the city, cutting short the great bend which the Mississippi makes north of St. Louis. Many gulls, of the same species, old birds in beautiful plumage, were seen all day soaring in majestic gyrations at enormous heights above the Mississippi. *L. argen. smiths.*

At 10:45 the Raptores appeared on the scene of northward migration, the golden eagle taking the lead. A grand sight it was to see the stately band-tail passing by only a few hundred feet above one's head in wide circles, leisurely, but energetically moving north. Immediately behind came another interesting migrant, the goshawk, readily known by its great size in connection with its peculiar accipitrine shape of flight. At 11:40 another large hawk came near, passing within fifty yards, showing his dark whiskers, but disappearing with rapid wing beats as fast as it came; it was no less a personage than the duck hawk himself, the powerful peregrine falcon. At 12 two old white-headed and white-tailed bald eagles came passing by in bold circles, keeping close together and moving up the same way all others went, the way north. Within the next hour four red-tailed hawks appeared in the south and disappeared in the north, sailing dexterously amid the now stronger blowing southwest gale. *Falconidæ* *Aquila* *Falco pereg. nævius* *Haliœetus* *Buteo borealis*

During the night and in the early morning the wind was a light south, but in the upper stratum a northwest current made itself felt more and more as the day advanced. Vapory clouds in long streaks appeared in the west and cut their way toward the zenith. The wandering birds took advantage of the lively southern current of the lower atmosphere and all ducks and raptores kept at about five hundred feet above the ground, while the Canada geese, which moved at noontime, were still lower—about three hundred feet above ground. The temperature rose steadily from 44° to 68°, and a thermometer exposed to the direct rays of the sun showed 102° at noon. The heat at that time was oppressive, and bees and flies became numerous, although the frost is not yet out of the ground. *Atmosphere* *Bernicla canadensis* *Temperature* *Insects*

In the afternoon the wind became more and more westerly, with increasing cloudiness and falling temperature. During the afternoon the flocks of ducks appeared at long intervals, but just before night several large flocks passed in quick succession. At 9 P. M. it began to rain and the wind relaxed for a while. *Rain*

Besides the wandering of Anatidæ and Falconidæ, it was especially the arrival of our bluebirds that made the day a gala day for the ornithologist. The bluebirds had arrived in force, and during a seven-mile walk in the southwestern part of the city, fifteen males were counted warbling at their old stands; four of them were accompanied by their females, the others appeared to have arrived singly, at least no female could be detected in their neighborhood. A second new arrival was met in the shape of the cedar bird. It was 7:30 A. M. when a flock was seen to alight on a tree at the east border of a grove. Drawing near and watching them for a few minutes, they were seen sitting in utter silence, but busily engaged arranging their feathers. All at once they stopped this occupation, stretched their necks, and began to call as loud as they could. Looking up in a southeast direction, a number of small bodies were seen at a great elevation, but rapidly growing larger as they came down in a slightly oblique line, and in another instant a second flock of cedar birds had settled among the first. That they were tired, appeared from the fact that a bluejay which seemed to dislike the new comers and tried to harass them, could not dislodge them even with his ugliest cries. *Sialia sialis* *Ampelis cedrorum*

Another feature of the day was the ubiquity and conspicuousness of the horned larks. After 9 A. M. their searching call was continually in the air, and single birds were seen hovering aimlessly over their former haunts. It was the disbanding day of the flocks, the pairs taking up their old stands which they made resonant with the oft-repeated "ickle, ickle," and the young folks searching mates and suitable ground to settle for an early season of love and parental joy and sorrow. Still another feature of the day, not less characteristic and significant for the approach of early spring, was the excited state of the crows. This bird is very sensitive to the first warmth of the young year, and thinks of match-making as soon as the ground is free from snow and the air not below zero. The crows have a common roost to which they resort all winter, but they have also a certain place for their courting, where those meet which have a matrimonial scheme in view. Any sunny, mild day in winter finds collected there a party of amorous crows in animated conversation. Certain actions which they perform on these occasions seem to bear some relation to their match-making. With peculiar sounds, different from their common cawing, they fly up some fifty feet into the air, against the breeze, and with outspread wings floating in a graceful curve, return to their former station on the trees. The continual darting up and circling back of a number of the birds at the same time produces a strange spectacle. *Eremophila* *Corvus frug.*

To complete the picture of the day let us not forget to mention the singing of numerous redbirds, the weak but welcome attempts of junco, the clamorous calling of the tufted titmouse, the real music of the happy chickadees, the excited and melodious mood of some tree sparrows, the spring notes of the hairy woodpecker and the flicker, the efforts of the bluejays, and the lofty play of the red-shouldered hawk above his favorite wood. *Cardinalis* *J. hyemalis* *L. bicolor* *Parus atric.* *Spiz. mont.* *Picidæ* *Cyano. cristi* *B. lineatus*

MARCH 1.

A strong cool west wind, which arose during the night, continued all day, speeding dark clouds across the sky and keeping the temperature at a few degrees above freezing. Flocks of ducks continue their northward flight in spite of the stiff breeze, and also several flocks of Canada geese. The first red-winged blackbirds make their appearance in a large flock within the city limits; old acquaintances probably because well acquainted with the topography of the city, crossing the river at the same point and going low above the very same roofs over which they used to go last year, on their way to and from their roost. With the exception of ducks, geese and blackbirds, hardly any movement seemed to be going on to-day, the wind being too strong for small birds. At 8 A. M. a party of eight bluebirds was seen battling their way northward, but it looked as if they would not proceed far. At 5 P. M. a party of twenty bluebirds, male and female, were found together in a sink hole of about an acre, sheltered by a grove from the cool west wind, here they were busily engaged in feeding on the ground in perfect silence. At 7 A. M. next day they were gone. *Weather* *Anatidæ* *Agelæus* *Sialia*

March.

2. Night—Clear, cool, light frost; birds move a little.
   Day—Bright, clear, light W., shifting to S. W. and S.
   F.—Lanius ludovic., Merula, Spiz. pusil., Carpodacus, Aix, Oxyechus.
   Increased—Sialia, female.
   Ducks and Canada geese move slightly, and all at great height.
3. Night—Clear, warm (50°), but strong S., turning W. after midnight.
   Day—Clear, increasing W., with nearly stationary temperature.
   F.—Astragalinus, Sturnella.
   Second time—Lanius ludov., Carpodacus, Merula.
   Move—Anas boscas, Nettion, Agelæus, Laridæ, Ampelis cedr. All movement ceased suddenly about the middle of the forenoon, when the force of the increasing W. began to be felt.
4. Night—Cool, clear, light frost, lively N. W.
   Day—Cool, clear, turning to N. and N. E.
   F.—None.
   New parties of Merula, Agelæus and Astragalinus.
5. Night—Cool, foggy, calm, and light N. E.
   Day—Fair, turning S., but chilly.
   F.—Passerella.
   Increased—Astragalinus.
   First song of Melospiza fasc.
6, 7 and 8—Strong and cold N.; temperature at night a little below and during the day a little above freezing. A few flocks of ducks, geese and blackbirds excepted, no change is apparent. Birds and observer take a rest.

SUMMARY.

Feb. 26—S. winds, first warm day; snow disappears.
Feb. 27—S. winds, second warm day; migration begins.
Feb. 28—S. winds, third warm day; first "wave" strikes.
March 1-3—Westerly winds prevailing, frosty nights, warm days. Some migration during morning hours.
March 4-8—Northerly winds, chilly air, frosty night.
Migration=0. W. W. COOKE.

MOORHEAD, Minn., April 1, 1885.

HABITS OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Personal observation of the habits of a pair of prairie dogs, which were presented to me some years since, leads me to believe that your correspondents are mistaken who believe that the animals burrow to find water to drink. For nearly three years I kept this pair in a close cage, in which they throve and grew fat, but could never be induced to touch a drop of water. A dish of water placed in their cage was immediately overturned by them, if possible, or if not, filled up by them with grass or hay to get the water out of the way. After some time, seeing the futility of offering them water, I gave them no more, and they lived with me for two years certainly without drinking. The communication of your Salt Lake correspondent confirms my observations of their habits, in captivity at least, and probably in a free state their wants and tastes are the same. W. L. M.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Living in a country where prairie dogs are very numerous, I can state that I have seen them come to water and drink. One day last summer one came to drink at a lake where I was fishing. I had my setter dog with me, and he rounded the prairie dog up and drowned it, knocking it down with its paw. I have watched them coming from their holes while hunting antelope, and with a powerful field glass. They have had the appearance of being wet after coming from their holes. They are good swimmers, as several times I have seen them cross water chased by my dogs. Some of their holes are very deep, as I have tried running them full with water. My opinion is that their holes go to water where surface water is not near. ALMO.

HENRIETTA, Tex., April 13, 1885.

MAINE BIRDS.—Among the general notes of interest in the last number of *The Auk*, there is record of a wood thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*) "shot Sept. 6, 1884, at Saco, Me.," by Mr. Joseph L. Goodale, and an account of a humming bird kept in confinement as a pet is contributed by Mr. S. W. Willard. In FOREST AND STREYM of Dec. 28, 1882, there was published the record of a wood thrush shot in Kennebec county, Me., and no doubt this species visits Maine only as a straggler, as there appear to be no other public records of its occurrence here. In the number of this journal for Jan. 25, 1883, a brief allusion was made in the catalogue of "The Birds of Maine" to the keeping of a humming bird in confinement as a pet by a friend of the writer, and the fact that the bird subsisted for many months upon sugar dissolved in water. Attention was also called to the desirability of humming birds as pets for those who love birds and flowers, and have facilities for gratifying their tastes in this respect. These birds may be caught with but little difficulty where flowers are abundant, by means of an insect net or by opening to their easy access a conservatory of flowering plants, and entrapping them by preventing egress after once allured within. However attractive the skins of these birds may be in the cabinets of collectors or toilets of ladies, the beautiful creatures are far more attractive in life, and may be made very enjoyable pets for naturalists and for ladies.—EVERETT SMITH (Portland, Me.).

THE WASHINGTON PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—The pinnated grouse killed near Washington City, as related in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, may have been the descendant of birds liberated by Dr. Purnell of Snow Hill, Md., several years ago. The writer has positive proof that they bred, and several broods are known to have been raised. These were seen by the natives of the section where the grouse were put out. I believe a second planting of prairie chickens has been made since in the neighborhood of Snow Hill, Md.—HOMO.

Spring Notes.—The arrival of the spring birds is earlier this year than last, March 12. I saw first robins three days earlier than last year. The 15th saw first bluebirds and song sparrows; 18th, saw a flock of cow buntings; 26th, robins and bluebirds abundant; April 4 saw purple grackle and meadow larks, also observed nearly eighty wild geese flying northwest; first field sparrows. April 5, saw several Phœbe birds; first flock of black snowbirds, and one solitary Savannah sparrow. Snowbirds are with us yet.—G. A. Knapp (Onondaga Hill, New York, April 6).

In spite of the decidedly wintry weather, which is here still prevailing up to April 13, a good many of our migratory species of birds have promptly put in their usual appearance. Robins, bluebirds, song sparrows and phœbe birds are now frequent sights, although it is difficult to conceive how some of them, particularly the latter, being strictly insectivorous, manage to exist. A solitary pair of the white-bellied swallow was seen on April 9 hovering over the shallow waters near the edge of the Niagara. A fine specimen of the fox sparrow was shot by Mr. Bergtold on April 5, near the Cattaraugus Creek, this being the first time that this species has been obtained in this vicinity on the spring migration. The specimens thus far noticed were shot in former years in the early part of November, when passing through on their fall migration. The open waters of the Niagara are still literally alive with hundreds of the long-tailed duck (*Harelda glacialis*), which have donned already their fine dark-colored spring suits. The great northern diver, better known by the name of loon, is unusually common this spring near the mouth of the Niagara, and four of these bulky birds have thus far been taken by fishermen on their night lines, which they bait with minnows, and thereby capture these flying fishers which, they assert, bother them greatly when they haul up their lines in the morning. That winter is only slowly yielding is also manifest from the occurrence of the snow bunting, which still lingers here. A fine-plumaged male bird of that species was shot as late as April 4. A Wilson's snipe has also been killed at Batavia, a town forty miles east of Buffalo, on April 8, but it has been thus far the only one, although no pains have been spared by our ambitious local gunners to secure the customary premium of ammunition which is offered by our enterprising gun dealer, Mr. LeValley, for the first bird of the season.—C. L. (Buffalo, April 13).

An Old Squaw in Michigan.—About the end of February, Capt. Fred Johnson, of the steamer Queen of the Lakes, who, by the bye, is well known to many of your readers, chanced to see a duck which Fred Thayer had shot near where Calm River empties into Torch Lake, in this county. It was new to Fred and also the Captain, who brought it to me for identification. I found it to be a male "old squaw" or "south-southerly" (*Anas glacialis* Wilson) [*Harelda hyemalis*]. Speaking of it about that time to a neighbor, he said a boy had shot or shot at one of the same kind in the mouth of the river at this place at about the same time, but I could learn nothing further. Fred Thayer, who shot the one brought to me, has lived near the place where it was shot for many years, and it was strange to him. I do not know that I have ever seen one, except along the coast of New England until the present occasion. There is no doubt as to identity, and I wish to know if it is not unusual to find one so far inland.—Kelpie (Central Lake, Mich., April 15). [This species occurs regularly on the great lakes, but is chiefly a sea-coast bird.]

Game Bag and Gun.

MINNESOTA DUCK SHOOTING.

During the past two years I resided fifteen months in the garden spot of Minnesota at Faribault, where I became acquainted with many kind gentlemen sportsmen, and enjoyed many pleasant shooting excursions in the surrounding country. About the second week in November, 1883, it was reported among the shooting fraternity that the duck shooting at the pass on Geneva Lake, in Freeborn county, was very fine, and upon that report a party consisting of C. W. Fitch, H. Kester, L. Newcomb and myself, proceeded at once to make our arrangements for a duck slaughter at that point.

We left Faribault at 11 o'clock P. M., and arrived at the "Blooming Prairie" station at 1 o'clock A. M. Before retiring we made arrangements for a team at 6 o'clock next morning to carry us twelve miles across the country to Geneva Lake.

Promptly at the appointed time the team was at the door, and you should have seen that spring wagon after we had loaded in our traps, ourselves and four dogs. Was it full? I do not believe a sandwich could have been put in the bed or on it. It was a fine morning, clear and bright. The atmosphere was cool, dry and bracing. The roads were hard and dry and in splendid condition, and the team carried us over the road at a spanking pace. The country we passed through was a fine rolling prairie sparsely settled. We saw large flocks of ducks flying as we drove along, and now our spirits rose to fever heat in anticipation. But as is often the case, the anticipation of a pleasure gives more delight than the realization. When about half way out to the lake, Kester's English setter sprang out of the wagon and was allowed to run. While passing a farm house a large cur dog ran out and pitched on to the setter. Of course, that raised Kester's ire; besides, there was danger of the setter being badly injured. Kester sprang out of the wagon and struck the cur with his gun. The consequence was a broken gun stock. Moral—Never strike anything with your gun.

We arrived about 1 o'clock at a Mr. Holmes's, who owns a large farm of some two thousand acres, lying along the lake, and who (in a manner) entertains sportsmen. We made arrangements for our lodging while we remained at the lake, and the pleasant information was imparted to us that we were at least two weeks too late, and that the majority of the ducks had migrated south. Notwithstanding this news we hurried down the lake shore to a point of land extending out into the lake, and which almost cuts it in two, and practically makes two lakes with a connecting flaw of water between them. Over this point the ducks fly in passing from one lake to the other, and at the proper season it is a capital good place to shoot, and some large bags have been made there. But when we arrived there, the wind had raised and was blowing hard and cold, so that much of the time we were obliged to keep under the sheltering banks of the lake. We remained on the pass during the day, and at dark we could only count eight ducks. The flight was high and wild and many had misses were scored.

After supper we were told by Mr. Holmes that three miles east of the house there was a small lake, well filled with wild rice, and which formed the head waters of a large creek, and that he was sure we would find plenty of mallard ducks there feeding on the wild rice. Being much discouraged with the pass shooting, we hired Holmes's son to take Kester, Newcomb and myself, with two boats, to this lake, next morning, while Fitch concluded he would not risk a boat ride in a rice swamp with the waves running two feet high, but would get more pleasure by remaining and shooting on the pass.

At supper we found a house full. Nine sportsmen in addition to the family of eight. On retiring we were shown beds in the garret, which contained four beds in which that night slept eight men. The garret was unceiled and unplastered, without a stove, and the sash entirely out of one window, with the mercury below freezing. Newcomb is one of the Aldermen of Faribault. But he swore it was the airiest bedroom he had ever occupied. To close the window he hung his fur overcoat over the opening.

We were up and off for the rice swamp by daybreak next morning. When we reached the swamp we were forced to wade and drag the boats quite a long distance, by hand over the wild rice and rushes before we could get to open water. But we finally succeeded, and got out into the center where we were rewarded for our labor with about an hour's fair shooting. By that time the wind had risen again, as it had done the day before, and blew a perfect gale, and it caused the water to become so rough that we could not row the boats against it, consequently we did not get any shooting in the middle of the day. But between sundown and dark we had very good sport. We would have lost more than half of the ducks we shot if it had not been for my strong Gordon setter Sergel, and this trip fully demonstrated to my satisfaction that a sportsman needs a good strong dog for a duck retriever. We had with us two cocker spaniels, and they are good ones. But they are too light for duck retrieving, especially among wild rice and rushes, with a soft mud bottom.

We effected our return to Holmes's at 10 o'clock almost frozen, and with twenty-eight mallards. But a hot stove and a warm supper soon thawed us out; and while eating it we were regaled by old Mr. Holmes with the story of the "big snake" of the Geneva Lake, which Newcomb believes to this day. It is the old story of the sea serpent modified to suit the fresh-water lakes.

That night the weather turned so cold that all the still water was frozen over, and nearly all the remaining ducks started on their long journey to the sunny South. We tried the pass again next morning for two hours, but I only succeeded in killing two ducks. At that time the livery team from Blooming Prairie had arrived for us, and we packed in our baggage and started for home with a bag of thirty-eight ducks, consisting of canvasbacks, mallards and teal. We arrived at Blooming Prairie station in time for dinner and at Faribault at 4 o'clock P. M. We were too late for good shooting, and we had a hard, rough trip; but it was a benefit to all of us in the improvement of health, and we had much sport and pleasure, if the slaughter was small. R. E. S.

Newport, Ind.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the question of battery-shooting has been argued by "Sinkbox" and "Sagamore" through the columns of your paper for some time past, I trust it will awaken enough enthusiasm among all interested, either way, to give the subject a fair discussion. In giving you my views, I do not propose to enter upon a prolonged argument, but to state my experience, gained from eight years' shooting from shore and sinkbox. I think all shooters, or at least sportsmen, will agree with me when I say that, could we obtain as good shooting at wildfowl from the shore as of yore, sinkboxes would immediately fall into disuse, for the work encountered in putting out and taking up the sinkbox, handling the iron decoys required to sink the box, and a flock of from one to four hundred decoys, each with a separate string and sinker, whether the day be fair or foul, is a labor which few, compared to the great number of sportsmen, care to undertake. Aside from the labor involved in shooting from a sinkbox, it is far more comfortable to sit in a good blind on the shore, where you are generally protected from the wind, and are at least dry, than to lie, perchance, in a cramped position in a sinkbox, with the sun glaring down in your eyes, or the spray flying over you, while the box is jumping enough to make one of the "kid glove gentry" or point-shooter seasick. But, Mr. Editor, I for one, an ardent lover of the sport, prefer all the discomfort attending a boxshooter, to sitting on the shore waiting for a stray shot (for stray it certainly is our days in this vicinity), and seeing the fowl by the hundreds sitting or flying a half mile or more from the shore. I say a "half mile or more," for it is a thing of the past to find "good ducks" in our narrow waters, where they would be comeatable from the shore. Many people are so apt to forget that the country has advanced in the last fifty years, and that wildfowl are becoming better educated and harder to deceive; they now naturally look upon the land as a place where an enemy may be hidden, and so seek wider waters.

And why should they not, when where they were once harassed by one gunner they have now a score to avoid? Where there was one boat fifty years ago there are fifty now, and woe to the duck that is so unfortunate as to let one of those fifty boats approach within gunshot, for there will certainly be a scared if not a dead duck the more. Ducks have changed their habits, as partridges have, and from being constantly chased and driven in our narrow waters by sailboats, each one of whom carries the inevitable gun, they have retreated to broader waters where they are more alone. It is not the much dreaded sinkbox that has done this in all cases, as I can affirm, but it is largely, if not entirely owing to the above explanation, as I do not consider that shooting from a sinkbox in wide waters will have the effect of driving ducks from the narrow waters. My experience has been mainly gained from shooting on the Chesapeake Bay and tributaries, though it has been extended west of the Mississippi.

I am an advocate of, and believer in sinkboxes, and have never yet found them to be the terrible engines of destruction described by some theoretical sportsmen, especially those who are the fortunate possessors of points, in waters where point-shooting is yet occasionally to be had, as upon the Bush, Gunpowder and a few other rivers of the Chesapeake Bay. I maintain, as "Sinkboat" says, that shooting from a sinkbox has no more effect in frightening the ducks than a like amount of shooting from the shore. I admit that every gunshot frightens the fowl, but why should it frighten them more when fired from the water, say out of a box, than from a carefully constructed blind on the shore? Constant shooting at ducks from the shore and from sailboats (the greatest evil, save night shooting, of all) has driven them to seek wider waters, now let us see if sinkboxes will drive them away from their present haunts. Happy thought, maybe the sinkbox will be the means of chasing them back to their "old hunting grounds," the narrow waters.

In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, ducks were plentiful in all the little streams. They were tame and innocent and had not attained the wisdom of the present day, so knew not the danger of flying over a point until educated up to it by the increased number of gunners. Then it was that they began to leave our narrow waters, and we saw, as our fathers did, the last duck leave before the advent of a sinkbox. We, who love shooting for the sport that is in it, and own not a favored point, will uphold the sinkbox as our point, just as long as we see no detrimental effects from its use.

Were it not for the box-shooters at Havre de Grace, the point-shooters would have little sport, as was illustrated several years ago, when the oyster police force went there to see that the law repealing the use of boxes was obeyed.

Where there are fifty ducks killed from one sinkbox there are ten men who kill five ducks apiece from the shore, aye, there are far more than five shore-shooters to each sinkbox. If it is the wish of the other side to restrict the use of sinkboxes, let there be at the same time restrictions laid upon shore-shooters; do not make "flesh of one and fish of the other," but let both share equally all advantages and disadvantages.

What "Professional" says about sinkboats having been in use on the Susquehanna Flats nearly "fifty years" and still no diminution of the fowl, but on the contrary, "countless thousands" still frequent the waters, and as here, are on the increase, is very true.

"J. J. B.'s" experience would appear to be confined to one locality; and I think it far more probable that the "cannonading down there from sundown to dark and after dark" for twenty-five years had more to do with driving away the ducks than the few (compared to the many other gunners) sinkboats. And why was it that ducks left this locality before the advent of sinkboxes and are returning now when they are used in greater numbers every year?

It is but natural for a man who owns a point and can't get good shooting to envy the man who owns a sinkbox and can.

In conclusion, let me say that I fully indorse "Sinkboat" in his views and facts, for facts they are. Amateur.

Oxford, Talbot County, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was not aware, until I read the article in your paper in favor of sinkboat shooting, that there was a man in the United States who was vain enough to imagine that he could persuade any of the readers of Forest and Stream to believe that the wholesale slaughter of ducks on the Havre de Grace flats by the sinkboat-shooters has not greatly diminished the number of ducks and ruined the shore-shooting on all the tributaries of Chesapeake Bay.

I understand, while writing, that there was a man a few years ago, in the interior of Africa, who thought the murder of five thousand ducks a day by the sinkbox-shooters would rather tend to increase than diminish the number of ducks, but unfortunately for the sportsmen who indulge in duck shooting from the shore, that chap has passed away.

I have been a duck shooter for more than thirty years. I have killed ducks upon nearly all the good points between Havre de Grace and Carroll's Island, when canvasbacks and redheads were literally swarming in Bush, Gunpowder, Back River and Saltpeter; when countless millions could any day be seen on the Susquehanna Flats, when a man could go out any day and kill from thirty to fifty ducks, when it was not an uncommon occurrence for two men to kill from a point blind, over one hundred canvasbacks and redheads in a day when the ducks remained upon their feeding grounds until the rivers were frozen up. There were a few sinkboats in operation then, but not one to every hundred now.

How is it now? Instead of the ducks remaining with us two or three months in the fall, as they did twenty years ago, most of them leave a week or two after the sinkboat-shooters have opened their batteries upon them, and those which do remain are so wild that they afford no shooting either for the point-shooter or decoyer; and a man is doing well now who can kill half a dozen ducks in a day.

To give you some faint idea of the number of ducks killed during the ducking season on the Havre de Grace flats, I will give you the number killed on the first day's shooting in the fall of the year, commonly called the opening day, from 1879 to 1883. In 1879 the sinkboat-shooters killed on the Havre de Grace flats—this is official—on the opening day 5,478; in 1880, 5,211; in 1881, 4,654; in 1882, 4,230; in 1883, 3,529. Last year's number I did not get, but I understand they only killed about 2,300. Recollect this is only for one day's shooting, the opening day. They had five times as many sinkboxes in 1884 as they had in 1879, and yet they only killed about half as many ducks, which must prove to every intelligent man that they have either been killed or driven away.

Every genuine and high-minded sportsman will indorse all I have said, and every sinkboat-shooter or men who rent sinkboxes and shoot for the market will deny it. It is one of the few questions, Mr. Editor, that is not even debatable.

If this thing is not stopped, it will be but a few years when a man can get quite as good shooting out of a washtub in front of his door as he can at Carroll's Island or Maxwell's Point. I do not propose to have any controversy with any of the sinkbox-shooters, but merely state a few incontrovertible facts that any schoolboy must know, as it is merely a matter of calculation. Canvasback.

Philadelphia, April 16.

No New Thing.—To show that you are not the first to publish "Remarkable Shots," I send you the following, both of which are from "Sporting Anecdotes," by Pierce Egan. New York, 1823: "An Extraordinary Shot.—A clergyman in the eastern part of Sussex, a few years since, at a single discharge of his gun killed a partridge, shot a man, a hog, and a hog-sty, broke fourteen panes of glass, and knocked down six gingerbread kings and queens that were standing on the mantle-piece opposite the window. The above may be depended upon as a fact; not exaggerated, but given literally as it happened." "Extraordinary Snipe Shooting.—On Saturday, June 10, 1818, Mr. Elliot, of Lentham, in Kent, shot four snipe at one discharge. Mr. E. marked two of them on a pond, and was about to shoot when they rose on the wing, joined by two others. Three dropped instantly into the pond and the fourth at a small distance from it!"—B. A. G. (Utica, N. Y., April 11).

CRUSTERS AT WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are still having winter weather up here on the northern borders of the Adirondacks, and there is but little prospect of being able to have any sport with the trout before the latter part of May. There is still a depth of from one to four feet of snow on the ground, and the ice on the lakes and ponds is from two and a half to three feet in thickness, all of which will have to melt and run off before we can expect any good trout fishing.

As usual, there have been quite a number of deer slaughtered in the St. Regis district, south of here, by crusting during the past winter. And only a week ago Sunday night last two men were caught with two bags full of fresh venison, near the lumber company's new sawmill on the St. Regis River, at the foot of the Nine-Mile Level. They had killed the deer during the day on the crust and had hid it at the mill until night, so as to take it to their homes at St. Regis Falls after dark. They probably would not have been molested if they had not run off, when they saw the parties that caught them coming up. The latter, when they saw them make off, supposed they had been stealing property from the mill. As it was, quite a fracas took place between them. Revolvers were drawn and threats made of shooting, etc. They were finally arrested and taken to Dickinson Centre for trial. One was fined $40 and the other $15, and sent to Malone Jail for thirty days.

But neither the fines nor imprisonment were imposed for violating the game laws, for which, so far, nothing has been done, but on the charge of assault with deadly weapons. But it is hoped that Protector Leonard will now take the matter in hand, and see that they are prosecuted to the full extent of the law. There will be no trouble in getting all the evidence against them required; and as they are some of the very worst violators of the game laws in Franklin county, the opportunity should not be lost to get them convicted. Heretofore they have, as well as some others in that vicinity, managed to escape prosecution on account of its being impossible to get evidence against them. There have been no convictions of any of the violators of the game laws in this part of the county as yet, and now is the time to make an example. I am credibly informed that besides crusting deer, these same parties, with others, have been catching trout through the ice nearly all winter. St. Regis.

Near the Adirondacks, April 14.

ON DUCK NETTING.

THE following letters in relation to the outrageous netting of ducks in Shinnecock Bay express the opinion of hundreds of the residents of Long Island. Both Mr. Foster and Mr. Lane have been experienced fowl shooters for a great many years, and what they say should have the earnest attention of all sportsmen who are interested in Long Island wildfowl shooting:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Otis to prevent the capture of wild ducks in nets a good one. Netting ducks is the most destructive method that can be employed. As the bill now reads I think it will meet with strong opposition. I think it would be better to strike out from April 1 to October 1. Should netting ducks continue, in a few years there will be no ducks in our waters to protect.

William S. Foster.

Ponquogue, L. I., April 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I assure you it would be a good thing if the law could be passed prohibiting the use of nets without corks, as the fishermen now do not use nets without corks for catching fish in the bay, but use such nets wholly to catch ducks. I know what I am writing about when I say this, and you can depend upon what I say. The duck netters sometimes catch 1,000 in one night, and have been known to take out 400 ducks at one run. There is only one party netting ducks now in Shinnecock Bay, but there are ten parties who have had hundreds of new nets built on purpose, and who will not set them until ducks are in abundance on the bay. You can depend upon it that if this thing continues, in five years from this time we shall not be troubled with any more ducks in this bay. But I am getting tired of trying to protect game without some help. Shooting at night and "fire lighting" is doing great damage here; and I have been trying to have the whole thing stopped. But I find I do not get any help from the sportsmen in any shape, and as one man cannot do it alone, I have given the business about up.

I think there were 1,000 guns shot at night during last winter at the ducks that were frozen out and had to come to the open streams in the night time to get food; and this was done within a mile from the game protector's house, he, of course, paying no attention to it. As long as the sportsmen keep such a game protector there will be no attention paid to game protection. If we had a good game protector we could work together and stop the thing in a hurry, but the sportsmen know that our game protector is not good for anything, and yet keep him in, and as long as they do they need not look to me to have anything to do with game protection. I would not be mixed up with him. We all think Captain Gill Penny would make a tip top game protector. We need a change badly. William A. Lane.

Good Ground, L. I. April 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of this day, on the editorial page, is given a transcript of a bill for amending the law pertaining to netting ducks, which is ostensibly drawn to overcome the power of the word "intent" in the law as it now stands. Even should the proposed change take place, it does not seem to me that a game warden will be better able to fulfill his duties or prevent netting ducks. Of course that is the object of the proposed amendment. The matter of floats will make no difference with ducks. The angle at which nets are placed for catching ducks will not be interfered with by attaching floats to the nets, as weights can be used to counteract the effect floats "upon the surface of the water over such nets when set" will have to naturally keep "such nets when set" in a perpendicular position. On the contrary my belief is that an active game warden, even one who honestly desired to prevent the netting of ducks, would be still more hampered by finding all nets with floats attached when set, whether for the purpose of capturing ducks or taking fish, and would then be obliged to say they have conformed to the law in all "the waters of the counties of Queens and Suffolk," and no seine or net has been found without floats properly attached. Then indeed the warden's hands would be more effectually tied then they now are. The excuse would be perfect for a warden who felt disposed to shirk his duty to avoid prosecuting persons who net ducks in the waters of those counties. I don't think one of the duck netters will oppose this proposed amendment.

It seems to me an amendment would be better which would make it the duty of a warden to constantly watch those waters and inspect, with care, for nets, not only in deep water but the shoals on which ducks are accustomed to feed. Make it obligatory upon the warden to destroy the nets when found containing ducks, and when no ducks are found a proper replacing of the nets should relieve him of liability to prosecution. Really the proposed amendment appears to me to have hidden a meaning for a warden to have less duty to perform than is open for an active man now, and instead of a protective measure will result in more destruction. It is my belief that the "intent" to catch ducks could be established by proving that nets found with ducks in them were set on the accustomed feeding grounds for ducks and set at an angle with the bottom different from that at which nets for catching fish are set. It is said in your editorial, "It is alleged, upon what appears to be good authority, that the only nets used without floats of any kind are those which are set for the express purpose of capturing ducks, and that all nets used for taking fish invariably have floats." Concede that your information is reliable, there exists an item of proof that nets taken up by a warden were set with intent "to capture or kill any or such birds" provided there were no floats attached. There are a number of men who, no doubt, could be watched and found to visit certain nets time and time again, and who are known to ship ducks to market; proof could possibly be established in that way and a warden be released from prosecution. Possibly the "good authority" could inform your readers whether ducks are ever found in nets set for taking fish with floats properly "attached thereto in such manner that the same shall float on the surface of the water over such net when set." Wollat.

New York, April 2, 1885.

Some time since complaint was made by the Brooklyn Gun Club against the Long Island warden. As to this matter the following information is received:

New Hartford, Oneida County, April 13.—The complaint of the Brooklyn Gun Club against George W. Whitaker, Protector, was forwarded to the Governor the day it was received. The power of removal in these cases is with the Governor, not with the Fish Commissioners. They have no official duty in the case after transmitting the complaint to the Governor. I have no information of what has been done in the case.—R. U. Sherman.

Again from a most reliable source it is discovered that a number of letters were addressed to those in power, by the friends of Mr. Whitaker, our informant says: "I judge a strong influence was brought to bear on the Governor by personal and political friends of Whitaker in his favor. I think it would be well for those who make the charges to call Governor Hill's attention to the matter."

AN UNACCOUNTABLE.

LET me tell you about my remarkable shot, and how I missed the biggest buck I ever saw by the meanest shot I ever fired. I will give you the whole of it just as it happened. It was in the fall of '76; my chum and I were on our annual deer hunt on the shores of Whitestone Lake in the valley of the Maganetawan.

I had sold my old muzzleloading rifle, and had made up my mind to go in for a breechloader that fall. But before I had got armed for the autumn hunt, the first fall of snow came, and along came my chum and the annual hunting fever. I borrowed a muzzleloading rifle from the village postmaster, got our outfit ready and loaded up a team, and sent it on ahead. We followed on foot, and in due time we reached our rendezvous, unloaded our supplies and packed them into camp. We spent the rest of that day in fixing up our camp and cutting up a supply of wood, and got everything ready for the next day's hunt.

Next morning we were up long before the dawn of day. A slight fall of snow during the night just made it what we wanted. We parted at the camp-fire, one going west and the other going east, each with a determination of making a record on the first day's hunt.

I had not tramped more than a quarter of a mile from camp when I struck a fresh track on the new fallen snow, which I followed on to the foot of a ridge. I proceeded around the hill until I came back to my tracks. I knew my game was on the hilltop and no mistake, and going back to the opposite side of the hill, cautiously crawled and sneaked up to the top. Here I peered and scanned through the thick underbrush, looking for my deer, but I could see nothing, and dared not move.

I waited, watched and prayed for a breeze of wind to break the stillness, which was oppressive. Oh, for a howling storm among the trees—something or anything to make a noise, so that I could move further on. But hold fast, there is the snow showering off a small balsam not a hundred feet away from me. I squatted close to the roots of the tree that sheltered me and pulled my rifle out the cover. I was ready.

Out stepped a bouncing doe, followed by the noblest buck I ever saw. There he stood, a picture of pride and beauty, a model for a Landseer, a free-willed and untrammeled monarch of the forest, an antlered beau of the wildwoods. I coolly and deliberately raised my rifle, drew a bead on his big, honest eye, and fired—fired and missed him. He bounded toward me, and then back to his female partner and rubbed his nose against her neck, gave a defiant snort, and left for over the hills and far away. And there sat in the snow one of the most digusted still-hunters that ever pulled a trigger, and that was me. I returned to camp and hung that Irish sporting rifle on the hooks, and vowed that I would never fire another shot out of it. I never violated that vow.

I have hunted over the same grounds several seasons since, and, believe me, I have stalked up that same hill to the same old hemlock tree as stealthily and cautiously as I did on that calm, still morning; I have watched and waited as eagerly as I ever did, and hoped to see the same monarch of the forest, but though I have made dead venison of many a deer since then, I cannot forget that deer—and that unaccountable miss. Time and again have I raised my rifle to my shoulder and squinted through the back sight, and drawn bead on some twig or piece of bark about where that deer stood and sent the bullet to the spot. I held on, but for all that I missed the biggest buck I ever saw, and one of the easiest shots a hunter would ever wish for. Caberfeigh.

Parry Sound, Ont.

PROTECTION IN MONTANA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Montana, rich in its mines, its fertile prairies, its vast ranges, is fast becoming a highly civilized Territory. The vigilance committee no longer hold their nocturnal entertainments, otherwise known as "hanging bees," with the frequency that they were wont to in the past. The buffalo trails, stretching here and there over the prairies like a great serpent, and now and then a skull overlooked by the hungry coyotes, is all that we have to remind us of those vast herds that only three or four years ago roamed over these very hills and throughout these self-same valleys. Civilization has come, bringing with it towns and villages, dotting the valleys with farms, and the ranges with stock.

Game is very abundant. The streams are alive with fish. The prairies abound with chickens, the hills with grouse. Antelope and deer, though mercilessly hunted in the past, are still plenty. Elk, bear and mountain sheep can be found by striking away from the trails, or roads as they say in the East, and going into the wilderness. Elk, however, are very rare, as they have been almost exterminated by the Indians, who, as you know, prize them above every kind of game.

And now as the Territory is fast becoming settled up, there comes the necessity of giving the game a chance for life, and a fair one at that. A right step in this direction has been taken by the town of Billings, an enterprising city, situated on the banks of the beautiful Yellowstone River, in the very heart as it were of the Territory.

A club has been formed here for social and sporting purposes, but particularly with a view to enforcing the game laws, and protecting the game. The club extends a hearty invitation to all sportsmen who may chance along the Yellowstone. At its headquarters may be found all the sporting papers of the country, and from its members all information in regard to game will be cheerfully furnished.

If more clubs shall be organized throughout our Territory of this same sort, and we can protect our game, then indeed Montana will be the great paradise of sportsmen for years to come. Parmly Billings.

Billings, Montana, April 14, 1885.

REYNARD'S WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the fall of 1869 I witnessed the very shrewd performance of an old fox that had given me the "dodge" for at least a half dozen times. I was a boy then, but I kept as fine a pack of dogs as Middle Georgia afforded. Two of my cousins, living near my father's, also kept a number of splendid hounds. We hunted together, and the sounding of one horn brought all the dogs together. We rarely failed to catch a fox if we could once strike his trail; but the one under consideration had succeeded in worrying us not a little. We always lost the scent at the same place. After running for an hour or more, and allowing the dogs to come very close on her, she would make the circuit of a small mountain, and start directly from that to another on the opposite side of the little creek, but the dogs invariably failed to carry the trail more than thirty or forty rods from the stream. Her bridge was a large pine log that lay across the creek, fifteen or twenty feet above the water. The banks were very high.

One fine frosty morning, after a race after her that terminated as all the others had done, it was decided that the next Monday morning—this was Saturday—the other boys were to proceed with the dogs to the "striking" ground and that I should make for the pine log at once and watch for the trick. Our plan was carried out and the secret discovered.

I took my position on a knoll about one hundred yards from the log, with it in plain view, and waited for developments. The "striking" ground lay one mile west of my post, and I had just begun to feel like nodding, when I heard Forest, one of the truest and best foxhounds it has ever been my lot to know, strike the keynote, and pretty soon the game was up and the whole pack of eighteen in full cry, sweeping around the base of Anawaka Mountain. It was a clear, calm morning with a gentle breeze from the west, and every note was borne to my ravished ear. There were four or five dogs in the pack with a liberal supply of English deerhound blood in their veins, and they sounded the bass notes grandly. The very thick cover of brushwood gave the fox a decided advantage, and one turn around the mountain gave her the lead by at least a half mile. I was listening very intently to the cry, trying to decide which one was ahead, when on the top of the ridge across the creek, and directly in front of me, I saw the fox dash into view, clear the little strip of tableland at a few bounds, run across the creek on the old pine log, and make straight up the little knoll on which I sat as motionless as a statue, whirl directly back, after coming within ten feet of me, recross the creek on the same log, leap as far off the log up the creek as she could, and lie as flat as a fox could on the bare ground.

I sat still to watch her panting sides and await developments. In a few seconds, on came the pack in full cry led by Alec, a fine young dog of my cousin's. They dashed across the creek past me in a twinkling despite my frantic efforts to turn them back. Casting my eye back to see what had become of the game, I caught one glimpse of her scudding back toward the mountain on the line she had just come over a few minutes before. Here was the trick. I knew her secret, and as soon as the over-eager hounds had satisfied themselves that they had been duped by the wily brute and had come back to strike the scent anew, I succeeded in explaining the trick to them, and in forty minutes after the dodge, around her breathless body I explained it to the other boys. J. C. W.

Wetunka, Indian Ter.

The West Chester (Pa.) *Record* says: "On Wednesday Wilham Eachus drove from West Chester to the Roberts farm, in West Goshen, at which place he has a wood-leave. While walking around looking for a place to locate a bridge across a creek Mr. Eachus was surprised to see a fox hanging from a limb of a tree directly over the stream. Upon closer inspection it was found that the fox's head was firmly held in a fork on the limb. It is Mr. Eachus's supposition that reynard attempted to cross the creek during the recent freshet, and while so doing ran his head directly into the fork, and in consequence was drowned. When the stream had returned to its natural size the fox and limb were left several feet above water, swinging in the breeze. The animal was well preserved, and the brush in the future will adorn one of the lead horses of a team."

MAINE LEGISLATION.

THE action of the Maine Legislature in relation to the fisheries and game of Maine was noted, and is entitled to credit more for what it omitted than for what it committed.

The Legislative Standing Committee on Fisheries and Game were Senators Kimball of Sagadahoc, McAllister of Hancock, and Heath of Kennebec, and Representatives Hinckley of Georgetown, Sprague of Monson, Patten of Brewer, Frisbee of Kittery, Googins of Millbridge, Lincoln of Perry, and Duncan of Northport. These gentlemen considered petitions and memorials setting forth and alleging multifarious grievances and wrongs in relation to the laws for the protection of fish, game and birds, and listened attentively to long and protracted hearings bearing upon these questions, and which were generally conducted by able lawyers on either side.

The great mass of petitions demanding a change in the close time for killing deer were carefully and intelligently investigated, and the committee were unanimously agreed that such a change would be disastrous to the deer. Nearly every member had read the arguments *pro* and *con* which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM prior to the assembling of the Legislature. What few bills the committee did report were in the interest of a more stringent enforcement of the game laws. That drawn by Mr. Sprague, of Monson, himself a practising lawyer, conferring original and concurrent jurisdiction upon trial justices in all prosecutions under these laws, became a law, and will prove of great importance and value to the Commissioners in their legal warfare against the poachers. As evidence of the wonderful change which has taken place in this State in regard to this subject, the fact is significant that only one bill reported by this committee was defeated in the Senate or House, and that was one to repeal the protection of seals in Casco Bay, and was not agreed to by all of the members. Even the act establishing a third commissioner for the shore fisheries and appropriating $2,500 in addition to the regular appropriation of $7,500, passed both branches unchallenged.

At last the people of Maine have become aroused to the importance of protecting their interests, and are awake to the fact that their forests, rivers and lakes, and their game and fish are so much capital bestowed upon them by the lavish hand of nature, and in their keeping to destroy and devastate or to preserve for their own benefit, gain and pleasure and for the benefit of future generations.

A writer recently well said: "Maine may as well as not become the paradise of the Eastern part of the Union. And it pays in hard dollars to be one of the world's paradises in these modern days. Look at the Italian cities and the health resorts of the Mediterranean."

The idea of protection is so well grounded in Maine and is so firmly sustained by her newspapers and public men that I predict that we shall never again see a legislature assembled at Augusta opposed to such of these laws as are manifestly reasonable, just and equal. MAINE.

BANGOR, Me., April 6, 1885.

SPRING IN DAKOTA.—I again find myself in the hunter's paradise—Dakota. Although the sun was shining brightly when I left my home in Michigan on Tuesday last, there was little appearance of spring, the ground being covered with snow two feet deep on the level in the woods, and the winds from Lake Michigan cold and bleak. I took the C. M. & St. P. R. R. at Chicago at 9 P. M., and was surprised to find the long train of cars crowded with passengers, at least three-fourths of them being settlers bound for Dakota. I wondered why these farmers were starting for the so-called "cold regions" so early in the season. This morning I found myself bowling along over the Dakota prairies, and on looking out of the car windows was astonished to see the farmers busy putting in their spring wheat. The mystery of the crowded cars was explained. The railroad officials tell me their trains have all been crowded to their utmost capacity for the past two weeks. I arrived at Redfield at 11 A. M., and immediately started with a team for this point, distant twenty-nine miles. Eleven miles west from Redfield we strike Cottonwood Lake, and the first glance at the lake as we came over a rise of ground revealed a picture good to a sportsman's eye. Perched on the top of a small straw stack within a rod of the door of mine host Sutton's house, were two of his domesticated wild geese, and they were doing their best with their loud honk, honk, to call in a large flock of wild geese, which alighted on the ice in the middle of the lake. How I did want to crawl up behind that straw pile and wait awhile for those geese. But this trip is for business, not pleasure, and I consoled myself with the thought that what I leave now will be here next fall and bring their broods with them. When starting from home last Tuesday evening, I had my duck gun all packed to bring with me, when my good wife quietly suggested that if I intended to be back by April 2 (when I had an important business engagement) I had better leave my gun at home. And I wisely followed her advice. We saw many white or sharp-tailed grouse skulking in the grass as we drove over the prairie. We doff our hats to them and express the wish that we may see them later. The winter here was favorable, and the increased acreage of wheat soon promises an abundant crop—of birds this fall.—P. M. (Howell, Hand county, Dakota, March 26).

GUN-SHYNESS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Elk" advises the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, in your issue of March 19, not to try my plan for gun-shyness, viz., making the trigger-pull very light. The plan has been tried in several cases to my knowledge, and every time with success, and no evil results. As to its being "conducive to a great many more accidents," I do not believe this to be a fact. Sensible sportsmen will not carry their guns at full cock; any one who does so, especially if another person is with him, should be shunned by every one who places any value on his life. From "Elk's" communication, I judge that he is among the number who should learn to cock their guns when the game starts up; there is plenty of time to do it, thus avoiding all risk. While I am on the subject, I will say that, in my opinion, nine cases out of ten of gun-shyness are caused by an extremely hard trigger-pull or a gun which the shooter knows is not absolutely safe, or both combined. Almost any one who has witnessed pistol-shooting, for instance, has noticed the one about to shoot flinch if the hammer does not fall after a hard pull at the trigger, or when the hammer finally falls and the cartridge fails to explode. I would not advise any one to make a hair trigger, but to have the hammers fall by a light pressure.—RED WING (Glencoe, Fla.).

THE WOODCOCK COMING.—Hudson, N. Y., April 16.—The first member of the woodcock family put in an appearance this spring in this city on the evening of the 14th inst. He seemed to be somewhat of a tramp, carrying all he had on his back, and after the manner of the fraternity betook himself to a shed for his night's lodging. His arrival and location becoming known to Dr. C. E. Fritts, who has a tender spot in his heart for all tramps, and for this species in particular, he was generously prescribed for by him, and after being kindly cared for and introduced to many of their mutual friends, was sent on his way at the dawn of day rejoicing that he had fallen into the hands of so kind a physician. It is understood that before departing he made a special arrangement with the Doctor to return in the autumn with a large delegation from his family, from which he might choose any reasonable number for his dissecting table. They were seen to smile on each other. The Doctor was overheard in saying:

Dear woodcock, go free,
I charge you no fee.

The bird replying:

Dear Doctor, I am a bird
That ne'er fails in his word.

H.

TO TRAP PRAIRIE DOGS.—A mode practiced by the Indians and frontiersmen to catch prairie dogs is to take a horn of cow or buffalo, bore a hole in the side, fix a snare and bait the horn. When the snare is sprung, it will catch the dog around the neck, leaving him neither chance to cut the string or burrow through the horn, nor can he bite the trapper upon being released. Another mode is to haul water and drown them out of their holes, when they are stupified and easily caught. Antelopes seek the vicinity of prairie dog towns to sleep, trusting to the watchfulness of the sentinels to give the alarm on the approach of danger. He is an interesting little rodent, and investigation will develop many curious qualities—if not water.—C. D. P. (Nogales, Arizona, April 12).

NEW HAVEN NOTES.—While at the Boston show, I heard a gentleman make the boast that he had killed quail this spring, and he seemed to think that he had done something to be proud of. It seems that they are worse in Massachusetts than in Connecticut, as I have not heard of any one mean enough to kill birds around here as yet. There have been considerable snipe killed on our meadows, and this next week I expect there will be several large bags of these birds shot. Trout were quite plenty around this part of the State, two of our club catching twenty last Saturday, most of them being good sized, from one-half to three-quarters of a pound, but trout fishing takes too much patience for yours truly to tackle.—ROSECROFT (New Haven, Conn., April 13, 1885).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—The snipe have come all in a bunch, the pleasant weather of the past few days having drawn them. On the Salem Meadows, big bags were made yesterday and day before, and the professional gunners have sent many to Philadelphia market. The marshes on the Delaware State shores of our river are thronged with sprigtails, which are becoming very wild on account of the incessant banging they have had. All the fowl from these sections which are offered for sale in this city are in the best of order.—HOMO.

HOW TO BUILD A BATTERY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles on battery-shooting, and I should be glad if "Sinkboat" or some other gentleman would send me a sketch or description, or a plan of how to construct a single battery or box. In this locality there are no points to shoot from, and in May the brant are in thousands on the flats, but there is no way to get at them, and I am desirous of trying the battery if I can get a plan or sketch to build one from. The geese are only beginning to come and no brant have arrived yet.—GLOBE SIGHT (New Glasgow, N. S., April 8).

THE NEW GAME LAW.—The boys are much amused over the mishap of the author of the game law. He was on Grand Prairie shooting snipe when a prairie chicken got up, and before thinking he killed it, for which he was promptly fined $3 and costs. He submitted very gracefully, and so far as I know this is the first case under the law, it being strictly enforced here, and I have not seen a piece of prohibited game in market since it took effect, while before that the market was always full. Fishing is not good here yet on account of the late season. J. M. R. (Little Rock, Ark., April 6).

SPRING QUAIL.—While in Boston attending the late show of the New England Kennel Club, your correspondent noticed in the window of a restaurant on one of the prominent streets of the city, a large number of quail exposed. The birds appeared to be Western ones that had been packed in ice and frozen. It seemed strange to me that while so many sportsmen were present in the city, such an exposé should be made if there had been a law to prevent it.—HOMO.

YPSILANTI ROD AND GUN CLUB.—At the regular meeting of the Ypsilanti Rod and Gun Club for the election of officers, the following persons were elected: President, C. M. Boss; Vice-President, J. German; Secretary, D. P. Shuler; Treasurer, P. C. Sherwood; Executive Committee, J. H. Shepard, Wm. Mallion, S. Hutchinson.

CAUGHT A WILD CAT.—Last Friday James Stevenson brought a wildcat into town which he had captured with his dogs in the timber, four or five miles northwest of this place. It was a fine specimen of its kind, and it was not dead when they found it, as the looks of the dogs clearly showed when they came home.—R. H. (Paolo, Kan., April 1).

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A few quail have wintered over. Woodcock, geese and snipe have arrived, and the sweet note of the meadow lark can now be heard in the field.—WOODCOCK (Dover, N. H., April 14).

CANADA.—Ice is quite fast in the St. Lawrence here, and ducks this spring are plenty.—F. M. T. (Brockville, Ont., April 18).

A NEW SHELL CRIMPER.—We have recently examined a new crimper which has not yet been put on the market. It will close 100 shells in eight minutes. Samples free if ordered before May 1. Will be furnished from the makers on receipt of fifty cents to pay charges. Address Box B., Gainesville, Texas.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MR. WOOD'S TARPON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To correct wrong impressions in reference to the dates, measurements and weights of tarpon recently caught by me, I have prepared the following table, noticing the fish in the order they were caught. Fish No. 1 was caught in Tarpon Bay on March 19, 1885, and was weighed the same day. Fish No. 2 was caught in Tarpon Bay on the 25th, but was not weighed. Fish Nos. 3 and 4 were caught near the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River on the 31st, and were not weighed; and fish No. 5 was the last one caught at the same place and on the same day, and weighed 111 pounds in New York seven and a half days after being caught. It had been drying out all that time. All the fish bled freely on account of their being gaffed through their gills.

No. 5 is therefore estimated to have weighed when caught 117 pounds. This will give six pounds to each inch of length between No. 1 and No. 5, and on that basis for difference of length the table would be as follows:

No.	Length.	Weight.	Time catching.
1	5ft. 9in.	93 pounds.	26½ minutes.
2	5ft. 7in.	81 pounds.	21½ minutes.
3	6ft. ..	111 pounds.	33 minutes.
4	5ft. 11in.	105 pounds.	5 minutes.
5	6ft. 1in.	117 pounds.	45 minutes.

This would make an average weight of over one hundred and one pounds.

The impression seems to be that some additional means of killing the fish was resorted to, but such was not the case. Only the rod and reel, with its line, hook and bait were used to catch and tire out the fish, and when the fish were so thoroughly exhausted as to partly turn on their sides, then the gaff was used by hooking it into the gills and in no other way; neither was any other means of killing used from first to last than that which is mentioned above.

I would mention that four of the fish were hooked in the throat or gullet, and one was hooked in the gills next the throat.

I suppose I saw some seventy-five tarpon during my eight days' fishing. W. H. W.

NEW YORK, April 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must say that your report of the experience of Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York, in capturing a tarpon with rod and reel in Florida this spring, gave me no little satisfaction. I have believed for several years that the tarpon could be captured with the rod, forming my opinion from my experience there on the west or Gulf coast some years ago, and in consequence of my convictions have several times advocated the trial by anglers who should visit Florida, suggesting heavy striped bass tackle and a reel to carry 800 or 900 feet of line. I knew from experience that the tarpon was game enough to give a man all the excitement he could desire, and for this reason ought to become one of the fish sought after.

The statements made by Dr. Kenworthy and others that the tarpon could not be caught with rod and reel I dare say has induced many not to go prepared for them on visiting Florida. Business has prevented me visiting that State since 1879, thereby preventing any demonstration of the fact of their capture by myself. There are several rivers on the Gulf coast of Florida in which the tarpon can be found all through the winter, generally in some large spring hole at the head of the rivers, where they can be seen rising from the water at intervals, after the manner of porpoises, apparently at play. I have seen them in schools about my boat, sometimes coming as near as six feet of it.

Gentlemen with whom I am acquainted who have eaten of the tarpon consider it a fine table fish, and, to extend our knowledge, I trust those who partake of the one sent to Mr. Blackford will report on its edible qualities after its trip to New York.

Probably another winter will bring to light several tarpon anglers, and if they take proper tackle and keep a cool head, as Mr. Wood says, I believe there will be several successful ones. A. B. DODGE.

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 18.

[The first tarpon caught by Mr. Wood has been mounted and is now on exhibition at Conroy's, in Fulton street, where the rod, reel, line and snell used in its capture can also be seen.]

A NEW FISHING CLUB.

A NUMBER of enthusiastic lovers of the gentle art in this city have organized a fishing club this winter and have secured one of the finest locations to be found in this Province, and only about eighty miles from this place. These fishing grounds are situated among the Lancaster hills, about thirty miles north of the St. Lawrence River, and are very easy of access. They comprise a tract of country of over sixty square miles in extent, lying between the east and west branches of the Mastigouche River, and contain innumerable lakes, some of which are several miles in extent, and all teeming with the genuine *fontinalis*. The club is called the Mastigouche Fishing Club, the membership is limited to fifty, and there are already some thirty odd names on its roll. The initiation fee is $100, and the annual subscription $5.

The following is a list of the office bearers: George Sumner, President; F. H. Stearnes, Vice-President; Henry W. Atwater, Secretary; John S. McLachlan, Treasurer.

Mr. E. M. Copeland, the gentleman with whom the club have made their arrangements, and who has the lease from the Quebec government of this large tract of country, has just built a comfortable hotel or club house on one of the largest lakes, capable of accommodating from sixty to seventy-five guests. The members of the club expect to celebrate the completion of the building by a formal opening about the 24th of May, when with a number of invited guests they will have a grand house warming, after which the place (with the exception of a certain number of the lakes reserved for the exclusive use of the club) will be thrown open to the public, under the management of Mr. Copeland, who will run it as a sportsman's resort.

The writer had the pleasure of visiting these lakes in company with several New York gentlemen, early in September, 1883, and had a most enjoyable time, although having to rough it considerably. The largest trout caught on that occasion was caught by Sandford E. Gee, of New York, and weighed 3¼ pounds.

Should any of your numerous readers desire further information regarding these lakes, a line addressed to the secretary of the club will receive prompt attention. H. W. A.

MONTREAL, April 14, 1885.

FLY NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Almost every angler has had some difficulty in duplicating his flies, arising from the misuse of names or careless tying, or other cause. Some complaints have recently been made through your columns, and a few additional words may not be inopportune now that the trouting season has fairly opened, and fly-books are being examined and replenished.

The evil alluded to is not of recent date; it has been growing with the ever increasing number of flies, until its extent can hardly be realized. Mr. Roosevelt, in his "Game Fish of the North," first issued in 1862, noticed its existence in the following language: "It is to be regretted that there is not more uniformity and pride in, or practical acquaintance with, the subject among the principal tackle makers. With the English makers it has always been an especial care that their flies should be dressed well and with uniformity." In 1879 Seth Green and Mr. Roosevelt produced their "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching," and the same complaint is voiced. "Old and well known varieties," say the writers, "are continually coming up under new names till no man can keep the run of them. What with the alterations of the names of flies and the improvements in the learned names of fish, it has got to such a pass that the poor angler no longer can honestly tell what he catches nor what he takes it with."

Seventeen years elapsed between the production of these two books, yet the evil had not been remedied, and it will not be pretended that it has disappeared since so late a date as 1879. In a few instances the tackle makers have taken steps in the right direction, but Mr. Roosevelt's words first quoted are as applicable to-day to the dealers as a whole, as when they were written. What are the causes of this condition of things? Mr. Holberton, in his communication to your columns of Feb. 5 last, thinks much is "due to a want of knowledge on the part of some of the dealers, and also to the vanity of both anglers and dealers who are constantly adding to the list of flies, changing slightly some old style of fly and giving it a new name."

If the expression "a new name" means a total change of name, I accept as operative the last cause assigned. Conceding that a change in form should be followed by a change in name, it does not follow that a new name is always desirable, especially when the fly is an imitation of a natural insect whose name it bears. In such cases a change in name by the addition to the former designation of some words indicating that the insect imitated is the same, but that there is a change in the dressing, is, I think, much more conductive to clearness and accuracy than the use of some entirely new name.

The other cause assigned is want of knowledge. Undoubtedly much is due to ignorance—to a lack of familiarity with the writings of well-known anglers and fly-tyers, and with the most generally received dressings, as well as to neglect to inquire into the colors, shapes and habits of the insects in their natural state. It is to be feared that few of the dealers who supply flies are acquainted with the publications which treat of this branch of their calling, and form in themselves, as Mr. Orvis has aptly remarked, a "charming literature." Still narrower is the circle of those who are informed of the shapes and colors of the insect world, if we are to judge from the wonderfully-made masses of feathers and silk exposed for sale. It may be said that this natural history knowledge is not absolutely necessary to enable the tyer to follow samples or printed directions. Even conceding this to be so, it will be of advantage in fitting him to work intelligently, and in giving him an insight into the purpose with which the various materials and shades of color are employed, while without it he cannot hope to originate new or more perfect imitations of nature.

Another cause is the carelessness of dealers, who do not appear content with the confusion naturally produced by each one following a standard of his own, differing in some particulars from those of his associates, but depart at times in the most unblushing manner from their own accustomed dressings. The alteration may be confined to the substitution of a lighter for a darker shade of the same color or the opposite, or it may extend to the use of an entirely different color, or even to the omission of a tail or some other part of the usual dressing.

The same carelessness may be noticed in flies tied from samples. I have recently seen two flies tied from a pattern by well-known dealers; the one produced a tolerably accurate copy with bright scarlet feathers and body; the other turned out a fly similar in shape and details, but dyed a deep, lusterless brick red. There was no excuse for this. The tyer not having the exact shade at hand took no trouble to procure it, but contented himself with the closest imitation in his own stock of materials.

Still another cause is the "improvement" by the dealers of well-known flies. By some occult means they discover that the addition to established forms of some golden pheasant or other feather, or of gold or silver tinsel or ribbing, makes them more attractive to the trout. Of course this is done in a spirit of kindly consideration for the angler, and with a desire to help him fill his creel; but I have observed that expensive feathers are most frequently used, and the "improvement" generally carries with it an increase in price. No doubt anglers are responsible for some of these changes, but only a small percentage of them can, I think, be fairly charged to the fly-fisher.

In the present state of lamentable confusion Mr. Holberton's plate of flies has been alluded to, and that gentleman has forcibly asserted its correctness in your columns and holds it out as the standard which most of your correspondents look for as a thing of the future. If his plate is of this high accuracy, anglers should rejoice that it has been put in the hands of "most of the leading fly-dressers in this country." If not— Well, Mr. Holberton should be credited with good intentions, and the fly-fisher must bear his disappointment in a patient spirit. With the exception of the stone fly, which Mr. Holberton states is made according to the directions of Mr. Ronalds, he does not seem to have followed any one writer or tyer. Had he done so, his accuracy could easily have been determined. As the matter stands, the only fair test seems to be to observe how closely Mr. Holberton's designs agree with the forms of dressing most commonly accepted by writers and tyers of acknowledged repute, and to note how far they reproduce the coloration and appearance of the insect imitated.

Before making any comparisons, reference may be made to the writers who will be named. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the merits of the numerous English authors who have written of flies and fly-tying. Suffice it to say that the names of Bainbridge, Bowlker, Blacker, Jackson, Ronalds, Theakston, Francis and Foster are well known, occupy prominent positions, and are cited on disputed points. Of the number Alfred Ronalds has deservedly received very uniform praise, and his work is a close approach to a text book. To use the language of Messrs. Westwood and Satchell in the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," "though in some respects inaccurate [it] displays a rare combination of entomological and piscatorial science." In our own country Mr. Brown, in his "American Angler's Guide," draws largely upon Hofland. Mr. Norris gives some dressings of his own, and takes others from the same English writer. Frank Forester, in the body of his work on "Fish and Fishing," first issued 1849-50, also follows Hofland. A supplement to this work, added afterward, contains more descriptions of flies from the pen of the same writer, and a very considerable essay on flies and fly-tying by "Dinks," Captain Peel. The latter follows Ronalds, giving a list of his flies changed by substituting the feathers of American birds for the English ones named in his dressings. Mr. Roosevelt speaks of this contribution of Captain Peel's as the "only work of any value" from an angler in American waters, at the time of his writing, 1862, and refers to its author as "a gentleman who is a thorough sportsman, and alongside of whom I have often had the pleasure of casting the fly." In the year last mentioned Mr. Roosevelt produced his "Game Fish of the North," and a few years later his "Superior Fishing." In the latter Mr. Ronalds's flies are given, with the substitution in the directions for dressing of feathers and materials more available to American tyers. There is also an interesting chapter on the natural history and characteristics of the insects most frequently imitated, which will repay perusal. Mr. Roosevelt bears tribute to Mr. Ronalds's worth, and states that he selected his work "because its descriptions are imitations of real flies and not of traditional or conventional nondescripts." Mr. Genio C. Scott can hardly be said to treat of flies in his "Fishing in American Waters." There are two or three short lists of dressings scattered about the volume, but the author does not attempt to enter to any great extent into the subject, but contents himself with descriptions of certain flies which he recommends. Let us now examine Mr. Holberton's plate, noting that the flies can be conveniently divided into two classes; one where the name of a natural insect sought to be imitated is used, the other where the flies bear no such name or are creations of fancy.

Green Drake.—There is a peculiarity of the natural insect overlooked by Mr. Holberton. Not only are the joints of its body marked in brown, but there are patches of the same color of considerable extent at the tail and shoulders. A glance at any well executed plate of this fly, especially if colored, will show these spots distinctly. Ronalds, Jackson, Hofland, Dinks, Blacker, and Francis, notice their presence and direct brown silk, or mohair, or peacock herl, to be tied at the tail, and the first four require the addition at both extremities of the body. Mr. Holberton has contented himself with a ribbing of brown silk which may be taken to represent the joints in the body of the insect, but his plate shows nothing to imitate the spots referred to and reproduced so carefully by the writers named. The difference in appearance between the fly, as shown by Mr. Holberton, with a yellow body lightly ribbed with brown silk, and a similarly colored body with a mass of brown silk or peacock herl or mohair at each extremity or at the tail alone, can readily be pictured.

Gray Drake.—The natural fly has similar dark spots at the lower extremity of the body to those noticed in the green drake. A glance at the writers referred to in connection with that fly shows that they all notice this peculiarity in their dressings. But Mr. Holberton does not. He gives a white silk body ribbed with silver tinsel.

March Brown.—The original of this fly may first be noticed. The color of the body of the male insect is given as light brown by Mr. Theakston, and that of the female is described as greenish brown by Mr. Ronalds and Mr. Roosevelt, and it is dressed by the former with an olive green wool body. Mr. Holberton has apparently had the female fly in mind. His plate shows the body divided in two nearly equal portions, the upper one extending from the shoulders to the middle of the body colored green, and the lower half is dark reddish brown. Here the two component colors in the insect are separated instead of being blended, and the idea conveyed is that the natural type is parti-colored, which is contrary to the fact. Mr. Theakston describes the wings of the insect as "a dun light brown ground, broken with strong dark lines." Mr. Ronalds used the same color wing for the female as for the male fly, and for the latter requires a quill feather of the hen pheasant's wing, as do Theakston, Jackson, Ephemera, Blacker and Francis. Dinks, Frank Forester, and Hofland use a partridge tail feather, and Roosevelt the mottled wing feather of a brown hen. All these writers employ feathers with a brown tinge of color, in imitation of the natural insect, while Mr. Holberton gives the wings of a pale gray or light lead color.

Ronalds's Stone Fly.—This is the name used by Mr. Holberton, and the test of accuracy is to compare his design with Ronalds's directions. The later gives the body as fur of hare's ear mixed with yellow worsted or camlet, and ribbed with yellow silk, leaving most of the yellow at the tail. Mr. Holberton depicts it of a pale gray or light lead color, ribbed with gold tinsel or yellow silk. Mr. Ronalds directs the tail to be two strands of a brown mottled partridge feather, the wings to be quill feathers of a hen pheasant's wing, and the hackle to be stained a greenish brown or natural grizzle. Mr. Holberton shows the tail, hackle and wings a pale gray or lead color. It would be hard to imagine a greater difference than is shown between the brown, yellow and greenish brown hues of the one fly and the light lead color of the other. Yet they are supposed to be counterparts.

Alder Fly.—Mr. Theakston describes this fly under the name of the light dun. He gives the colors as follows: "Top wings, near the shade of the outer skin of a dried onion, with faint mottles and crossings a shade darker; body, thighs and legs a light beeswax hue and transparency," and adds, "They are imitated with feathers from the land rail, brown owl, dotterel, brown hen, etc., with tawny, coppery-colored silks of lighter or darker hues." Ronalds, Jackson, Blacker, Francis, Dinks and Roosevelt agree in using for the wing the feather of a brown hen's wing, and Ronalds, as a secondary dressing, permits the pea hen's wing feather. Hofland uses the brown speckled feather from the mallard's back. It is plain that a brown-colored wing feather best represents the natural fly, and is generally adopted; but Mr. Holberton shows a dark gray or dark lead color feather, something very different.

Cow-Dung Fly.—Mr. Holberton depicts this with a light olive green body, ginger or red hackle, and plain pale gray or lead-color wing. Mr. Theakston gives the color of the insect's body as dusky orange, and the wings red brown, shading to orange at the shoulders. Ronalds adds that the female fly is a "greenish-brown." Evidently Mr. Holberton had the female fly in mind. His olive green body dressing and ginger hackle blend to produce the general color effect of the insect, but what do the lead-color wings represent? Bowlker, Francis, Foster, Theakston, Frank Forester, and Dinks give dressings using a land rail's wing feather which is brown. Norris recommends a brown mallard or brown hen feather. Roosevelt favors the feather of a brown thrush or rail. These writers, it is true, mainly dress the male fly, but Mr. Ronalds gives a buzz dressing for the female, and directs the wings and legs to be made "of a red cock's hackle changed to a brown color by putting it into a solution of copperas." Mr. Holberton has substituted wings for the buzz dressing, but he should have colored them after Mr. Ronalds's hackle, or have used some feather of brown hue to accord with the writers mentioned, and not shown a pale gray or lead color.

To trace the various fancy flies depicted by Mr. Holberton to their originals would occupy much time and space. I will only call attention to two of them, the professor and the grizzly king, both well-known and both attributed, as noted by Mr. Holberton in his letter of Feb. 5, to Professor Wilson, and described in his book "The Rod and the Gun." In his plate Mr. Holberton represents the body of the professor as ribbed with gold tinsel and supplied with a tail. Neither in the printed directions for tying given by Professor Wilson nor in the woodcut he gives of the artificial fly is there any authority to be found for these improvements. No gold tinsel nor tail is mentioned or shown. Mr. Holberton's grizzly king has the body ribbed with gold tinsel and the hackle is red or brown. Professor Wilson directs the use of a gray hackle, and does not represent in his cut nor mention in his directions any gold tinsel. Moreover, Mr. Holberton in his communication of Feb. 5, so often referred to, has given directions for tying this fly which accurately follow those of Professor Wilson, omit the tinsel, call for a gray hackle and show the inaccuracy of Mr. Holberton's plate.

In selecting these flies for notice, I have endeavored to choose a few which were well known. I do not wish to be understood as implying that all the flies shown by Mr. Holberton are inaccurate or open to sharp criticism. There are others open to comment and many more which accord with the best dressings. The point to which I invite attention is that no plate ought to be accepted as a standard which presents in well-known flies such instances of departure from the original of the fancy fly in the one case, and from the colors of the natural insect and the dressings given by well known and careful fly-tyers in the other. A word may be said of the technical execution of this plate. The flies called red hackle and brown hackle respectively, are shown by the same shade of color. The ginger hackle is perhaps lighter. Of course there is no difficulty in reproducing these flies as their names accurately indicate the color hackle to be used. But examine others. Take the cinnamon fly and the hackle is in the same shade of color as used on the red and brown hackles. It may be taken to represent either one or the other of these colors and certainly would not suggest a ginger hackle which no doubt is intended. Again look at the Cochy-bond-dhu, the hackle is light brown shading to a deep brown at the head, but hardly darker than would result from the thickness of the hackle at that point. I doubt if any one unacquainted with the fly would even imagine that a furnace hackle was intended. I admit there is some difficulty in accurately representing hackles in colors, but it is not insuperable, especially when done by hand. At all events it is possible to use different shades of color for the several hackles, so that the presence of a given shade shall at all times represent the same hackle. The criticism is of some significance in view of Mr. Holberton's statement that the leading fly-tyers have this plate, presumably to follow it.

Mr. Holberton's handiwork is dated 1882. A year later, Mr. Orvis and Mr. Cheney produced their "Fishing with the Fly," which contains numerous colored representations of trout flies as dressed by the former. These plates were not dubbed "standards" by their author, but they are so widely distributed and so well known as to have secured a public position for themselves, and they cannot be passed by in this connection simply because Mr. Orvis has not publicly offered them as candidates for the "standard" position. Let us look at the same flies in Mr. Orvis's book that have been noticed in Mr. Holberton's plate.

Green Drake.—Mr. Orvis gives the customary yellow body but omits the dark spots at the head and tail which exist in the insect. The wing is shown as a barred feather of a dark yellow or ochre color. Ronalds, Jackson, Blacker, Francis, Roosevelt, Dinks, Theakston, Hofland and Ephemera agree in staining a similar feather a greenish shade. Mr. Theakston says the wings of the insect are "of a light grass-green ground and dim transparency, veined and crossed with darker lines; two or three small blotches near the middle." It is true that Mr. Foster uses a gray mallard feather dyed yellow, and Ephemera gives the same as a secondary form of dressing, but with it he requires a yellow-green mohair body. Mr. Orvis's fly, with its yellow body, brown hackle and ochre-colored wings, has no trace of the green shade of the insect. It is more like some dressings of the little yellow May fly which precedes in its appearance the green drake.

Gray Drake.—Body white silk, but no attempt is made to reproduce the dark spots at the lower extremity, noted by other writers. The ribbing is apparently blue silk and gold tinsel. Ronalds and Jackson use silver tinsel, but Blacker, Francis, Ephemera, Theakston and Dinks do not mention it and I do not find any allusion to blue silk. Possibly this is a misprint as it does not appear in the same fly dressed as a lake fly.

March Brown.—Mr. Orvis uses a brown wing and his dressing very well represents the shading of the natural insect as given by Mr. Theakston, and agrees with the authorities named in considering Mr. Holberton's plate.

Stone Fly.—Body light gray, ribbed with white silk or silver tinsel; tail several fibres of the same color; hackle and wings darker gray color. This is very much the same dressing as used by Mr. Holberton and it has been shown not to accord at all with Mr. Ronalds. As Mr. Orvis does not say where he finds his authority, the insect itself and writers other than Mr. Ronalds may be examined. Mr. Theakston describes the insect as having a yellow body, each joint marked with brown; legs, light brown; top wings, brown grizzly hue, adding, "the foundation color is orange or yellow, darkened in the upper and prominent parts with brown." Blacker, Francis, Bowlker, Theakston, Foster, Roosevelt and Dinks, to answer these requirements, give a yellow brown body, differ somewhat as to the precise color of the hackle but agree on a wing of a brown shade, using hen pheasant, copper brown mallard, partridge, wild drake, or brown hen's feathers. Certainly Mr. Orvis's representation is too light in color.

Alder Fly.—The dressing closely follows Mr. Ronalds's directions. The wing as represented may be taken as a pea-hen's feather. This is the secondary form of dressing given by Mr. Ronalds, and as noted above is hardly as accurate a reproduction of the colors of the insect as a brown hen or brown mallow feather used by the writers cited when noticing Mr. Holberton's imitation.

Cow Dung Fly.—The female fly is shown dressed very closely after Mr. Ronalds's. The wings are brown and in accord with the precedents of Bowlker, Francis, Blacker and others named above.

Taking the same two fancy flies as before, it will be noticed that Mr. Orvis has departed from the dressing of the professor, as given in "The Rod and the Gun," by adding a red tail and by ribbing the body of the fly with gold tinsel. In the grizzly king the gray hackle is used, but the body is ribbed with gold tinsel, which is not mentioned by Professor Wilson.

Mr. Orvis gives a fern fly and a soldier fly. The former is dressed with a yellow body, yellow hackle and pale gray or starling wing. With the exception of the hackle and the use of a lighter color body, it is a reproduction of Mr. Ronalds's fern fly. The soldier fly has a scarlet body, red hackle, dark gray wing, and resembles Mr. Jackson's dressing of his fly of the same name. It is apparent from a reading of Mr. Ronalds's and Mr. Jackson's works that both sought to imitate the same insect. Both remark that the original is not a fly, but a beetle, of which there are two kinds, one with reddish-orange wing cases, the other with blue cases, commonly called "soldiers and sailors" respectively. It is very plain from Mr. Ronalds's dressing that he did not seek to imitate the sailor variety, for he has not used a particle of blue, employing orange floss silk, red hackle and the darkest part of a feather from the starling's wing. Mr. Walbran has noticed this difference of names but identity of insect in a note to the soldier beetle in Mr. Theakston's work. Under these circumstances it would seem more accurate and less likely to lead to confusion to describe the imitation as the fern fly or soldier fly, and if it was desired to retain both forms of dressing they could be distinguished by suitable language, as by adding the names Ronalds or Jackson, as the case might require.

In addition to the March brown Mr. Orvis gives a brown coflin. Ephemera gives "March brown, dun drake, cob fly and brown caughlin" as imitations of the same insect. Mr. Walbran, in his note to Theakston's brown drake, speaks of the March brown as called dun drake in Yorkshire and cob fly in Wales. Mr. Blacker, after describing the dun drake, adds, "the Irish name for the dun drake is 'caughlan,' made thus: the wings, gray partridge tail; the body, light brown bear's fur with bright yellow mohair, hare's fur from the face mixed altogether, forked with two strips of a dark mallard's feather and a partridge hackle." This dressing he credits to Mr. Taylor, who he says was very fond of Irish flies, and introduced many of them in Scotland, England and Wales. Mr. Francis speaks of the "marsh brown or cob fly of Wales; brown drake of Yorkshire." These quotations certainly point to the fact that these different names have been applied to the imitation of one and the same insect. In this aspect it would seem more correct to use the words March brown or brown coughlin, and to appropriately designate such different forms of dressing as are reproduced. Mr. Holberton gives his imitation of the insect under the name "brown coflin or March brown."

Taken as a whole, such of Mr. Orvis's flies as imitate insects under their names show some careful reading of well-known writers, and as between Mr. Holberton's plate and the designs of Mr. Orvis, I think the percentage of departures from generally-received authorities and from nature is in the latter's favor. I do not speak of the fancy flies, as I have not investigated or compared them all.

The retrospect is not pleasing, the future is hardly more attractive. There is no standard at present. Mr. Holberton is not sufficiently accurate to entitle his plate to the position. Mr. Orvis may have some claim, but there are some corrections to be made in his list. That it is desirable to have a standard which will secure uniformity in nomenclature and in dressings will not be questioned. The most interested persons are the sufferers from the present condition of things, the anglers, and they must take the initiative. If there were a fly-fishers club or association, it would be the proper body to act. I know of none, but possibly some representative body of anglers will notice the complaints in your colums and take appropriate action. The magnitude of the undertaking must not be overlooked. Some idea may be formed of it by considering the very large number of artificial flies, and the time necessarily to be spent in consulting angling books and fly-tyers, in searching for the origin and history of flies and forms of dressing, in examining the natural history of the insects imitated and in formulating the dressings in each instance.

But dealers must not wait for such action. They can at once do away with, or at least lessen some of the evils complained of. Uniformity in their own dressings and accuracy in following patterns will in a measure afford relief to the anglers. In the class of fancy flies, where the originator is alive and known, there is little or no excuse for diverse dressings. A line to the inventor, asking his directions for dressing or his approval of a form inclosed, or better yet, a pattern from his fly-book, will surely receive a ready response. It is not to be assumed that anglers of the present day are deficient in courtesy.

Let the fly-tyers seek to increase the standard of efficiency in their calling by investigating not only the literature mentioned heretofore, but the insect in its natural dress, for comparison of the artificial with the natural fly is the best test of excellence where imitation is desired. To attain the highest rank in the calling requires no mean accomplishments, not alone dexterity of hand and quickness of eye, but the experience of the angler and the learning of the naturalist. Lastly, whenever there is a failure to imitate the natural insect, or a departure from the original of a fancy fly, attention should be publicly called to the fact. Such a course cannot fail to have a most salutory effect.

W. W. Ladd, Jr.

New York, April, 1885.

What Ails the Carp?—About eighteen months ago, E. M. Fox, of this village, put thirty-six carp of nearly one pound each in a marshy pond of about twenty acres. The pond is supposed to be ten or twelve feet deep in the deepest place, has no outlet nor inlet. One hundred and twenty-six dead ones have been counted this spring, varying in size from four inches long to seven and a half pounds weight. Probably there are many more dead ones that have not been found. Can you give us any light as to what caused so many to die?—R. N. P. (Orland, Steuben county, Md.).

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

It is a debatable question. The letters have all been interesting and instructive, but we are no nearer the point than at first, yet something has been learned from each one. Many a time have I come from the woods, determined that another season should find me fishing the same streams with an assortment of yellow mays and professors. I took them, but also an assortment of other flies, for reason prevailed over the enthusiam of the past season, and I preferred not to be left with only two or three kinds of flies. At one time in a small stream the trout run on coachmen, in different form; put on coachmen, either lead wing, royal, red tip, or gilt, and I could insure killing some trout. In a stream within a quarter of a mile, inhabited by bright-colored trout, and whose home was among the shady alders and hazels, the fish would not look at a coachman, but put on a fire fly, or a small ibis, and you had plenty of fun on hand. A small red worm suited them better than either. We carried in our worms for the wife and boy's fishing, bringing them 250 miles, for no worms could be found there. In a cold, clear stream whose mouth was shallow, we tried in vain to find a fly to suit the captious denizens, though they were jumping by the dozen. We tried seventeen kinds of flies and could not hook one, though we turned over several. A minute fly was flitting on the surface of the water. I secured one and found I was without anything like it in my fly-book, but in the tent I had a few, sent me by R. B. Marston, Esq., of the London *Fishing Gazette*, resembling these flies, but so small I had been afraid to use them. This time I tried them, and I think I never crowded so much fun into an hour in all my fishiug experience. They were reversed winged white flies with hackles.

Another time I was at a stream whose trout were a firm, hard fish, fierce fighters, but I could not seduce them. Day after day, hours after hours I tried them. The only trout I killed was with an Orvis floating May fly, or "caddis fly" as it is termed in his book. Did ever an angler attempt honestly to secure fish? I did. This caddis was a big fly. I caught one fine fish, and in casting again got hung to a cedar bough lying across the creek, and snapped my fly close to the head and lost it in the creek. I would willingly have given a dollar each for a few of these flies. They are always prime favorites with me. My only regret is they cannot be made on small hooks.

While fishing the Superior Brule a party of gentlemen were using the fly. Some of them were having splendid luck, others could not get a rise. It was a peculiar fly these fish fancied, something similar to the Montreal, but had not the long red tail feathers. A more killing fly could not be found. One of this party always keeps a supply of these flies in his book, and is ready to swear by them every time when fishing Lake Superior waters. My opinion has been formed from fishing in many different waters, and I conclude that to kill trout one must study closely the ephemera produced by the waters in which these trout live. If caddis worms are found in the water you may rely on the trout being gamy, of fine color and very fat. On such a stream when the May fly is rising you may cast any other fly never so cunningly, from morn to dewy eve, and get no trout. Put on a floating May fly, handle it carefully, and you stand good chances of killing trout.

In streams running into Lake Superior the "Seth Green" and governor are standard flies, but you cannot be certain that the wily trout will look at them. Whip two strands unravelled from a piece of red flannel to a fair-sized hook, and the barbarians will jump for it at almost any time. This summer I hope to try the McNee pike-scale flies and the red tag, a new fly just coming into use. Norman.

Duluth, Minn., April, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To a beginner who is trying to stray from the beaten paths of bait-fishing, the articles that have appeared in Forest and Stream from time to time under the above heading are very interesting. While I put down the merits of each fly in my notebook under discussion, I fail to see any that are recommended for Kentucky waters. Is this because the fish in the waters of this State are not educated to take the fly, or because they are not caught in this way in this State? When I read the enthusiastic descriptions of fly-fishing, north, east, south and west, the many delightful and red-letter days enjoyed by its votaries and ever-increasing disciples, I feel as though we are losing one of the noblest pastimes given to man. Our streams may not contain trout nor the lordly salmon, yet the finny tribe is represented here in fair numbers. I would ask the anglers of Kentucky and the anglers who have fished its waters to give in their experiences the best flies to use, the seasons and days in which they take best. It will benefit all, even A. Beginner.

North Middletown, Ky.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read Mr. Sparry's practical article on this subject and I am personally very much obliged to him, being a new comer and having also graduated in the waters which he knows so well, nameiy, the Itchen, of Hampshire, England.

As an angler who has devoted his life to fish and fishing I was rudely shocked to find that the trout of this great country were so ill-educated as to take only the large, gaudy, "fancy" flies. But I am reassured to find that the small gnat "professor and queen of the water," as Mr. S. eulogististically emphasizes it, is not unknown, but is evidently as much a favorite among a select few here as in the sparkling lucid waters of the beautiful Itchen. There is one fly which I do not see Mr. S. refer to, but it is possible he may not have tried it, and that is "Sparry's fancy," so named after that evergreen sportsman, my friend Edward Sparry, of Winchester, in other words, Mr. W.C. Sparry's brother, if I mistake not. This fly has brought me many a good brace of trout when all else failed, and is a simple badger hackle, black fur with white tip tied on a very small hook No. 14, I think.

I am open to correction, but it is my gospel that an imitation of the natural insect on which the trout feed is the true and rational method of fly-fishing. True it is in our much fished English waters here, that a fly evolved entirely out of the inner consciousness of the angler will sometimes kill well on occasions, and that for years. Take the Nickham's fancy for example. Here is a fancy fly formed simply of a furnace hackle and gold tinsel which will dig the trout out of the water on the Test and Itchen when other means have utterly failed. Many a time has it brought sport to me when nothing else would, and yet I can say that so far as I know, it is not an imitation of anything in the heavens above and the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. So also it got sport when used by another Wintonian, Geo. Currell (also well known to Mr. S.) on the river Natashquhan (Labrador) when dressed large for salmon.

But give to me the ineffable charm of taking the tiny fairy-winged dun from the water's surface as it floats with mimic majesty erect, and there and then imitating it with silk fur and feather, thereafter urging this "counterfeit presentment" to where your three-pounder is with almost rhythmic rise and fall, lipping in the fly's abounding kin. Can one express, in even the poet's song, the exquisite transports of triumph which the fisher presently feels as the beautiful fish lies on the long lush meadow grass, glorious and radiant, panting out its life? Emphatically this is the poetry of all angling, and I rejoice to find that there are appreciations of it in this land of "many rivers of waters."

Trusting to again see Mr. Sparry's name in your columns I repeat that I thank him for the pleasure and profit his communication has given me. J. Harrington Keene.

THE NEW TROUT LAW.

We give below the full law as passed by the Legislature of New York and signed by the Governor about April 13. It is known as the Owens bill, and makes such radical changes in the old law that it should be carefully read. We comment on it in our editorial columns.

An act to amend chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," as amended by chapter five hundred and thirty-one of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, and as amended by chapter five hundred and eighty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty.

Section 1. Section eighteen of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 18. No person shall at any time kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, any speckled trout, brook trout, salmon trout, or landlocked salmon, with any device save that of angling with line or rod held in the hand, except in Lake Ontario and the Niagara River and in waters which are wholly private, and in the latter only then by permission of the owner thereof: nor shall any person set or draw any net or seine, or use any set line or set pole in any lake, pond or stream inhabited by speckled trout, brook trout or salmon trout or landlocked salmon, except in the waters of Lake Ontario, but no net shall be set within one mile of the Oswego River, or have on the shores or waters thereof, except Lake Ontario, any net, seine, setline, or other unlawful device for the taking of fish except as above provided. And no person shall at any time or in any way catch or attempt to catch any speckled or brook trout, or salmon trout or landlocked salmon through the ice, except in Lake Ontario and the Niagara River and in waters wholly private. Any person who shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for any offenses against any of the provisions of this section, and ten dollars additional for each fish taken. All nets, seines and other devices forbidden by this section to be used are hereby declared to be nuisances and contraband, and any person finding the same in any place where they are forbidden to be used is authorized to destroy such contraband articles, and no action for damages shall lie against him for such destruction. The phrase "private waters" is hereby defined for purposes of this and the next section, only to mean ponds or streams fed wholly by artificial sources, or by springs existing upon the same farm or tract belonging to the owner or proprietor thereof, or waters brought by artificial pipes or channels other than natural, into artificial ponds or reservoirs of the owner or proprietor.

Sec. 2. Section nineteen of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 19. No person shall catch or attempt to catch, or kill or expose for sale, or have in possession, after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, brook trout or landlocked salmon save only from the first day of May to the first day of September, in each year, except in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, where it shall be from the first day of April to the first day of September in each year. Any person who shall at any time catch or take any California trout, speckled trout, brook trout, or salmon trout, or landlocked salmon from any of the waters of this State, less than six inches in length, shall immediately place such trout back in the waters from which it was taken, and shall use due care not to kill or injure the same. Nor shall any person sell, or expose for sale, any of said fish less than six inches in length. No person shall at any time take or catch any speckled trout, brook trout, salmon trout, or California trout from any of the waters of this State for the purpose of stocking a private or public pond or stream, except in the waters of Lake Ontario. No person shall at any time willfully molest or disturb any of the fish mentioned in this section, while they are upon their natural spawning beds during the spawning season, except in the waters of Lake Ontario; nor shall any person take any of said fish, or any spawn or milt from any of said fish while upon their natural spawning beds, in any of the waters of this State (except such as are wholly private). Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for an attempt, and ten dollars for each fish so caught, killed, exposed for sale, or had in possession during the prohibited season aforesaid; a penalty of ten dollars for each fish sold or exposed for sale of less than six inches long as aforesaid; and a penalty of fifty dollars for disturbing or molesting fish upon the spawning beds, or taking spawn or milt therefrom. The foregoing provisions are not to apply to the operations of State or public hatcheries, or to the artificial propagation of said fish by State or public authority; nor to the taking, transportation or possession of fish-fry thus artificially propagated or distributed for stocking of waters. Owners or proprietors of private hatcheries are also exempted therefrom, to the extent to enable them to take fish, spawn or milt in their own private waters for purposes of artificial propagation, inclusive of the sale, transportation and possession of fish-fry or spawn, thus obtained or propagated for purposes of stocking waters. In all other respects these provisions are to apply. No officer of the State, nor any person shall place or deposit in any of the waters of the Adirondack region of this State (so called) any fish or fish-fry, or any spawn or milt, except speckled trout, brook trout, salmon trout, California trout or landlocked salmon, unless the fish so deposited or placed in such waters are indigenous to the particular water where placed, except that non-preying or non-destructive fish, such as usually constitute food for the species above named, may be therein placed. Any person

offending against this provision shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall forfeit a penalty of fifty dollars for each fish or spawn deposited in violation thereof.

Said act is further amended by adding thereto a new section, to be known as Section 41, as follows:

Sec. 41. One moiety of the penalties hereinbefore prescribed shall be given to the informant upon conviction of the offender or offenders and the collection thereof.

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

LEASING TROUT STREAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with alarm the article in your issue of April 9, on the claim made by certain parties that because the State has furnished trout for the purpose of restocking our streams, every citizen has now the right to fish in the waters in which these trout were deposited.

If this is so then our agricultural interests are in jeopardy, for the United States Government is constantly furnishing seeds to its citizens at the public expense, and if I accept the gift of a seed and plant it in my vegetable garden, and raise a vegetable from it, every citizen of the United States has the same right to that vegetable that I have, and may come upon my premises and take it away.

All that would be necessary to justify the trespass would be to identify the vegetable with that seed, and that could be done by compelling me to testify to that fact.

And so if I accept the gift of a trout from the State, and put it in a stream running through my place, which already abounds in trout, every citizen of this State would have the same right to that trout that I have, and could come upon my premises and take it away.

All that would be necessary to justify the trespass would be to identify the trout if caught, or prove that it was there if it was not caught! And that he could not do by me.

V. C.

Loops and Leaders.—Columbus, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "M." will tie his leaders in sections of three lengths of gut with a regular loop on each end, he will have the best arranged leader possible. For a long leader join two or three sections together by looping them together in the same manner that flies are looped on; in one of the loops at the junction is an excellent place to attach a fly. There are many advantages by having leaders prepared in this way. Broken leaders can be easily repaired by replacing broken and chafed parts by attaching a new piece. To attach a fly where the two sections are joined together, just pass the loop on the fly snood through the loop of the lower section where joined, then pass the whole of the upper part of the leader through the loop on the fly and draw tight. It makes the same hitch as in looping on the stretcher fly, except it draws toward the knot of the loop instead of the end. If but two flies are used, and two are quite enough, several different casts can be prepared with two flies attached to sections as described, and carried in the fly-book ready for service. To change your cast of flies all that is necessary is to remove the lower section and replace with a different cast already prepared in just one-fourth the time it takes in the old style. Leaders of three gut lengths are quite as convenient to carry as separate flies and leaders. They are short and will not tangle. To avoid the annoyance of a kinky leader and to save time it is best to carry your leaders folded up in a piece of damp cloth. Leaders and flies carried in this way are ready for instant use. Soaking a dry leader sometimes tries the patience of an anxious fisherman. —California.

Adirondack Trouting. — Saranac Lake, April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Winter still lingers in the Adirondacks, and the lakes will not be free of ice until May 1. The fishing promises to be better than it has been for many years before, especially in this locality. The old sportsmen who regularly fish these lakes say that they have noticed a perceptible improvement in the catch each year for the past three or four seasons. This was more apparent last year, when the lake seemed over-stocked with small trout. The improvement is attributed to several causes; the principal being the enforcement of the fish and game laws, and the 200,000 young trout from the State hatchery, which were put into the lower lake two or three years ago. The last mentioned no doubt accounts for the great increase in numbers last season, and those who enjoyed the sport then will return this spring expecting an increase in size. If we might venture upon a little advice, we would say to those who have an idea of trying their hooks in these waters, start early and you may arrive ahead of the mosquitoes and gnats, which commonly put in an appearance about the first of June.—Bony.

A Certain Cure for Snake Bites.—E. M. Hall, M.D., of Chicago, says if permanganate of potassa powder be immediately rubbed into the wound made by a poisonous snake, the cure is certain. The wounds made by a snake's fangs are apt to be small, and should be enlarged at once with a knife point. The powder is then to be rubbed deeply in. This powder can be carried in the pocket, and is always ready for use. Every one in a section where poisonous snakes may be encountered should carry a small vial, or better a common wooden pillbox, in which to keep a small quantity of the above powder.—Red Wing (Glencoe, Fla.). [See an article in Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1884, entitled, "Supposed Antidote for Snake Bite."]

Pennsylvania.—The season here as everywhere is very backward, and it is only a little more than a week since the ice left the Susquehanna River and its tributaries. Black bass (small-mouths) rewarded the fly-fishermen at this point last year in goodly numbers and of larger size on the average than in any former season, and we are looking for a return of another encouraging season. Although the ice gorged at some points, as a general thing the water was high enough to carry it off without endangering the fish. I am getting my tackle in order to have a cast at the trout in the streams in the Alleghany Mountains to the west of us as soon as they are in condition. No snipe yet.—A. F. C. (Sunbury, Pa., April 13).

Pennsylvania Trouting. — April 18. — Snow still lingers on the hills of interior Pennsylvania, but is fast melting. The streams consequently are high and murky, and it will be ten days before good trout fishing can be expected. We shall furthermore need warm weather continually to drive off the snow if we are to have fly-fishing by that time.—Homo.

New Hampshire.—A town meeting was held to-day in Stewartstown, and voted to allow fishing. This opens the Diamond Ponds to the public again, and many sportsmen will rejoice.—Ned Norton (Colebrook, N. H., April 7).

Maine Fish Laws.—The close time for black bass and white perch in Maine began April 1 and ends July 1. The trout close time expires April 30.

Fishculture.

THE CANADIAN MUDDLE.

The difficulty in the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries, which was supposed to be ended with the retirement of Mr. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, some years ago, has broken out afresh. Mr. Whitcher, it may be remembered, was retired on account of an article to Forest and Stream, in which he very justly criticised the methods of fishculture pursued in the Dominion, and for publishing an unauthorized preface to a report. This latter offense was overlooked, but the giving publicity to his views concerning the non-success of artificial fish breeding resulted in his suspension by Mr. McLean, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Mr. Whitcher was entitled, by law, to a pension on his retirement, and for the letter written to Forest and Stream was mulcted in five years' service and three months' pay when the amount of his pension was determined.

A correspondent of the Montreal *Herald*, in an account of a Parliamentary debate, says:

"The superannuation of the Commission was evidently necessary. Whether goaded into a state of nervous irritation, as is alleged, or not, it became evident that the service would be benefited by acceding to Mr. Whitcher's request for superannuation, but it is equally clear that the act of mulcting him of three months' salary was an ungenerous one, and depriving him of the benefit of five years' service an unjust one. It is impossible to determine the exact condition of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, but everything tends to the belief that it is an Augean stable of intrigue and imcompetence that some legislative Hercules would do well to cleanse. And while that is the prevailing opinion concerning this department it is known throughout Canada that Mr. Whitcher was the most efficient fishery officer the Government have had in their employ. While Mr. McLelan was unknown to Canada, Mr. Whitcher, under Mr. Mitchell, the then Minister of Marine and Fisheries (and of whom, for obvious reasons, I do not like to speak in laudatory terms) was performing services for Canada, particularly those in connection with the Halifax Commission, that Mr. McLelan cannot even hope to emulate. Yet the benefits of these services are cancelled at the whim of the gentleman whom a little modesty would have taught to avoid the comparison his action must surely create. The Canadian people are not ungrateful for real work done in their service, and they are not slow to compare the Mitchell-with-Whitcher achievements with the present régime. Indeed, in view of the coming termination of the fisheries clauses of the Washington treaty and the chaos that is then possible in that branch of the service, even Opposition members express their regret that those who before carried us through difficulties to success are not at the helm again. In replying last night, Mr. McLelan, apparently contradicting himself, said that he had not suspended Mr. Whitcher for the honest expression of his opinion in a newspaper, but failed to give any other reason for having done so than that Mr. Whitcher was in a state of nervous excitement. Member after member pointed out that this was not a crime, that by the Minister's own showing there was no reason for this punishment, and although Sir John, as usual, tried to rescue his colleague, the attempt was not eminently successful. However, we shall hear more about it, and perhaps a more straightforward explanation than it seemed possible to wring from the Minister last night."

THE MINNESOTA COMMISSION.

The Fish Commissioners of Minnesota have undertaken the great task of restocking Lake Superior with whitefish, from their hatchery at Willow Brook, below St. Paul. In speaking of this work Mr. R. O. Sweeney, President of the Commission, lately said:

"It may not be known to the general public, but it is a well-known and much to be regretted fact to the fishermen, that the catch (at Superior) is yearly growing smaller and less profitable. As to the cause, there are several explanations given, any one of which seems both plausible as well as probable. Not many years ago, when but comparatively few men were engaged in fishing, and usually small boats and few hands to man them, the catches were large and profitable, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. This facility and sureness of large returns induced many to engage in the pursuit; indeed, so many that the competition invented all kinds of set and trap nets of endless variety. The old-style fisherman, with his few four-handed boats, had to give way to the tireless tug, which could, through all sorts of weather, visit one hundred nets in the time it would take him to lift three or four small ones. It is easy to understand that with such facilities nets may be and are placed around every reef, on every accessible feeding ground and spawning bed that has been discovered."

Concerning the work done last year and to be done this year in the smaller lakes Mr. Sweeney says that last spring about 5,000,000 whitefish were distributed at the head of Superior, and this spring 25,000,000 additional will be planted. During the past nineteen months 4,990,000 whitefish have been placed in inland waters, and that fully 30,000,000 fish will be planted this year in inland and Lake Superior waters, including 147,000 brook trout.

THE MAINE COMMISSION.—In addition to the two well known Fish Commissioners, Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley, the Governor has appointed as "commissioner of sea fisheries" Mr. B. W. Counce, of Thomaston. The latter has given orders to enforce the lobster law passed by the last legislature, which says: "No lobsters shall be taken or sold less than 10¼ inches long from Oct. 1 to Aug. 15. May be taken from April 1 to July 1 not less than 9 inches in length." There has been sent out from the Orland hatching house during this season, in round numbers, 1,094,000 salmon eggs. There were received at the hatchery in February 350,000 whitefish eggs, from Germany, and 10,000 trout eggs from Scotland. Both lots were somewhat damaged in transit. Three lots of eggs are yet to be hatched, and work will be continued until quite late in the season.

THE FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—Our readers should bear in mind that the annual meeting of the Association takes place in Washington on May 5, 6 and 7. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance and valuable papers. It is especially desired that those who have any papers to be read at the meeting, should send the titles to Mr. W. V. Cox, secretary of the local committee of arrangements, National Museum, Washington, D. C., with a statement of the time required in reading them.

A stage was upset in Applegate Creek, in Southern Oregon, the other day, by a rush of salmon. The horses were cut loose and the driver escaped on their backs. The salmon crowded the river from bank to bank, and the school was over a mile long.—*Butte (Montana) Inter-Mountain.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

The American Kennel Register, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2312.**

THE PROPER SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being much interested in the discussion of "Proper Size of Beagles" in your paper, I will say I am much pleased with what "Rusticus," Mr. Sloan and A. C. Krueger have to say in favor of the small ones. I was much aroused at what your correspondent "Sedge" says in your issue of March 5, when he says he had given the small ones up as being entirely unfit for hunting rabbits. Their first defect, he adds, is, they are not true runners, have too many checks. I believe he is all wrong about that. I have bred and owned both the large and small beagles, and can truthfully say that the small ones will run as true and not make as many checks as the larger ones do; they run slower, and therefore don't run over the trail as the larger ones do. Now if "Sedge" hunts rabbits in Delaware county, Pa., he will need small dogs above all others, as there are too many ground hog holes convenient for puss to run down when being pushed too hard, and the small dog running slower don't run them to hole as often as the larger. This I know from experience, having hunted both my large and small beagles in that county. Of course, if others prefer large dogs, all right; but don't say the small ones are useless when such is not the case. I have friends owners of setters, one prefers a large dog, the other small; I have seen both dogs work equally well. So because a dog of any breed is small, don't call him useless. Man is the better for having a little dog in him.

W. H. Ashburner.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ENGLISH AND NATIVE FOXHOUNDS.

It is very evident the time has arrived when a standard for judging our American foxhounds should be made. A glance at the imported dogs and the native animals at the late Boston show would convince that the two breeds—as such they surely are—can never justly compete in the same class if judged by Stonehenge. The English foxhound has proved a failure in this country where he has been introduced with the native packs, and has shown that his olfactory powers are inferior to that of ours. It can be said that the American dog would also be discarded if introduced into packs on the other side of the water, as far as work in the field is concerned. Foxhunting here and in England is totally dissimilar. In the United States reynard has to be followed by the pack through swamps, over hills and rocks and in and out of the thickest of woods, where the rider finds it impossible to always follow the pack and keep it in sight, while in England the fox, if he takes to a copse, is readily driven from it again to the open. It requires, therefore, in the United States, a very cold nosed dog to successfully trail reynard, and our hounds never have the aid of a whipper-in when the scent is lost as the English dogs do when at fault. Our chases are at times of long duration. In Great Britain a chase is seldom over three or four hours' duration, and most of the time at a break-neck speed.

Mr. Lort, when in this country last, attending one of the Westminster Kennel Club's shows, made the statement that the English dog was notably losing nose, and breeders would either have to go to the otter hound to gain better scenting powers, or import some of our hounds; in fact, he was anxious to take back to England some of the dogs exhibited at that time, which were splendid specimens of our native breed.

It will be impossible much longer to secure the entries of native foxhounds at bench shows when it is known that dogs must compete with the English hounds, judged by the standard now used. Can not the breeders of the native dog come together and form a standard? I am sure managers of shows would recognize their claims.

Homo.

THE SCOTCH COLLIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with some interest the correspondence that has been going on for some time in your columns anent this, my favorite breed of dog. My name has occasionally cropped up as an authority on collies, so this must to some extent be my excuse for now rushing into print. With regard to what has transpired between Messrs. Harston and Watson, as I am not posted up in local allusions I can only speak generally, and at once say that I fully agree with the latter when he refuses to recognize so many types of collies. A Scotch collie, rough or smooth, is a Scotch collie all the world over, be he Highland, Lowland, Cumberland or South of England. In the same way the old English bobtail is the same whether you find him in the wilds of Scotland or in the downs in Sussex. Mr. Harston gets a bit abroad when he asks your witty contributor "Lillibulero" that question about a Suffolk Punch and a Clydesdale. Why, sir, there's no analogy between that and crossing so-called Highland and Lowland collies. You might as well talk of mating a mastiff and a pug, both dogs as much as the others are both horses, but of utterly distinct breeds. Over here, at all big shows, it has become the custom to divide sheepdog classes into three divisions, sheepdogs (by which we understand collies of the Scotch type wherever bred), rough-coated, ditto smooth-coated, and lastly the old English bobtail. As to other breeds I cannot say that I have come across a Norwegian sheepdog, but when at the Hanover dog show some years ago I saw a collection of so-called German sheepdogs, and a more mixed or mongrel lot of curs I never came across. I am with Mr. Harston when he finds fault with heavy, flat, settery ears, such being a serious blemish, and having no other choice I should prefer breeding from a prick-eared dog to using animals of that description. He is quite right too when he says that judges should not go for color or lay too much stress on one particular point, whether coat, head or ears. For myself I can say that color never weighed with me one atom when

judging, but I am very strong about build, legs and feet, for which points Mr. Shirley gives fifty points out of a hundred.

A "Roving Highlander" has been answered so fully that I shall leave him alone beyond thanking him for his remarks about myself and congratulating him on his knowledge of Glenlivet. "A Scotsman" I must notice, as he introduces us to some novelties in the points of a collie—an ear carried like a fox's and dew claws a sign of bad breeding! I do not think that any one with the slightest knowledge of the breed will dispute the fact that a collie should have a semi-erect ear, pure and simple. Collies are frequently born with dew claws, which I never yet found a disqualification on the show bench, and should dearly like to know the names of the judge and the show where "Scotsman's" exhibit was "put back" for possessing these excrescences. Breeders, as a rule, remove them, as they are rather unsightly, and those who work their animals take them off, as (especially on rough ground) they are apt to tear and cause lameness. I have written more than I intended at the start, and also hastily, as I am much occupied just now. With apologies for occupying your valuable space with so long a communication, for which my excuse is my love of the collie. W. W. THOMSON.

MITCHAM, England, March 16.

HE PROTESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to protest against the printed opinion of your reporter at the Boston show, when in his criticism of the deerhound classes, he says, "Mac and Perth are the best of the lot, but neither is first-class." I should be very pleased to know his idea of what a good deerhound should look like.

Mac was bred by Mr. Lindsay Walthers of England, and is by his Paddy out of his Lassie. He is own brother by a subsequent litter to champion Bevis I. (late the property of Mr. St. Stephens) whom your correspondent "Lillibulero" calls "a magnificent deerhound." Mr. Walthers in speaking of Mac, says, "He is the best dog I ever bred." This would go to show that he is a good specimen, better than Bevis I. in Mr. Walthers's eyes, whose opinion has some weight.

Messrs. Mortimer and Davidson thought him a fine specimen, and Dr. L. Van Hummell of Denver, Col., one of the oldest and most extensive breeders in the United States, pronounced him one of the best he had ever seen.

As for the bitch Perth, she was bred by Mr. Jollier, of England, who is well known in connection with deerhounds. She is by his Gillie out of his Lufra, and is only thirteen months old. Mr. Jollier considered her a remarkable puppy, and Mr. George Raper wrote me that a friend of his, the best judge of deerhounds in England, offered him double what he had paid for her for me, expressing his belief that she was the best deerhound bitch in Great Britain. I think that your reporter, in place of making such a sweeping assertion, might have confined himself to remarking that in his opinion, Mac and Perth were not first-rate specimens. Then those who knew his competency to criticise might draw their own conclusion as to the worth of his criticism, and the quality of the dogs.

As far as I can ascertain, your reporter has never owned or bred a deerhound. Nor, owing to the scarcity of the breed, do I think he could have had many opportunities of acquiring knowledge by observation. With all due respect the same remark applies to the judges of deerhounds at our shows, though with becoming modesty they have contented themselves by non-committal reports, when asked for an opinion.

I see that my Boston friend has such a strong belief in his superior knowledge of all breeds, that he cries out and derides those less-confident reporters who, in making their report for publication of the merits of breeds of which they are not conversant, have gone to the judges and taken their opinion. To be sure, should your reporter have grounds to consider the experience of the judge to have been so small as to render his opinion of little value, he would be justified in the event of not finding among the exhibitors or spectators present a good, unbiased judge, in giving his own opinion, but in such a manner as not to hurt the reputation of the animals by his ignorance. EDWARD KELLY, Clovernook Kennel.

[The owner of Mac and Perth has made the mistake of confounding a good dog with a first-class specimen. We have stated on several occasions that Mac is the best deerhound that we have seen in America, but he is by no means first-class. Mr. Kelly's opinion of our reporter requires no special notice. If the latter has our confidence that is quite sufficient.]

THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mortimer's latest "version" of the Pittsburgh piece of paper is a worthy sequel of many of his much-vaunted awards, *i. e.*, not his own. The gentleman must have consulted his employers before arriving at the conclusion that it is "personal" to give a clear and truthful account of a man's conduct while discharging the duties of a public office. I know that at times the law is very elastic, but on this occasion it cannot be stretched to conceal the dissimulation of Mr. Mortimer's "version."

First let me say I did not sneer at Mr. Mortimer for being "kennel man" of the W. K. C. I am not capable of sneering at any man for such a reason. I am truly sorry to find that Mr. Mortimer is ashamed of his position, and I sincerely regret having wounded his sensitive feelings by alluding to it. Somehow or other I got hold of the idea that when John Read left the situation of "kennel man" his successor would be "kennel man" and not Lord Mayor of Babylon. When giving his first version, Mr. Mortimer said: "The whole affair was so trivial that he had forgotten it." If Mr. Mortimer had "forgotten it," why should any one believe him when he says my statement is "false and exaggerated." It is not the custom of gentlemen to accuse people of falsehood, and especially when they admit they don't know what they are talking about. Will Mr. Mortimer state over his own signature that "this self-asserted authority" has never coached him on other occasions? Does Mr. Mortimer remember the little show held in Chicago under the auspices of Messrs. Lincoln, Olcott and a Chicago editor?

Mr. Mortimer was joking when he wrote, "I scarcely believe he will have the effrontery to say he coached me in these classes" (collies and mastiffs). Far be it from any intention of mine to deprive Mr. James Mortimer of one grain of credit due him as the judge who gave first prize to Robin Adair, second prize to Sandy and vhc. to Guido. Rather than have the "effrontery" to say I coached him, I prefer to see him carry on his back half of the responsibility attached to those awards, and let Robin Adair carry the other half.

Mr. Mortimer has "carefully studied the English records," but failed to find where I have been a successful exhibitor with any dog which I have bred. Mr. Mortimer must have been mixing matters, and appears to have mistaken his own record for mine. To oblige him I will give both. If Mr. Mortimer will refer to the English stud books (they are not in the printer's (?) hands) he will find that I have owned, bred and exhibited winners at Birmingham and the Crystal Palace. If he will look into Dalziel's excellent book, "British Dogs," he will find my name given by Mr. Bartram, in his article on pointers, as owner of some of the best dogs in England. By turning to page 408 of Vero Shaw's splendid work, "The Book of the Dog," Mr. Mortimer can read: "Among older breeders the names of Mr. T. Statter, Mr. C. H. Mason, Lord Sefton, Lord Downe and Mr. Garth, Q. C., appear most prominently, and their blood is eagerly treasured by breeders."

Now for Mr. Mortimer's record. In England he never exhibited a dog, was never known to have bred one, and some people say never owned one. In America he never showed a better dog than Blister, an animal that I sold for $25. I have not had very much trouble in looking up a complete record of prizes won by Mr. Mortimer, and here it is. As a breeder of dogs he is unknown:

Breed of Dog.	Champion and first prizes.	Second Prizes.	No. of prizes won with each breed.
Bulldog	7		7
Bull-terrier	3	3	6
Fox-terrier	1	..	1
Pug	1	.	1
	12	3	15

A nice record truly.

Mr. Mortimer says I am so "bereft of all decency that I drag in the name of his dead friend." I "drag in" facts, and I drag them in with a view of getting rid of all that is calculated to mislead the public and retard progress. If I am "bereft of all decency" in "dragging in" solid facts, may it not be truthfully said that Mr. Mortimer is "bereft of all decency" in stepping into a ring to judge thirty or forty classes of dogs when (as the record proves) he is not qualified to judge one class.

If Mr. Mortimer will compare his complete record with mine for one year (May 1880 to May 1881), perhaps in the future he will be considerate enough to discuss "records" with somebody else.

Breed of Dog.	Champion and first prizes.	Second prizes.	Third prizes.	Fourth prizes.	No. of prizes won with each breed.
Pointer	17	22	7	1	47
Setter	..	..	1	..	1
Greyhound	6	5	6	..	17
Mastiff	30	10	2	1	43
Newfoundland	14	3	1	..	18
Fox-terrier	18	8	3	1	30
Bull-terrier	14	3	..	..	17
Bulldog	6	3	3	..	12
Dachshund	1	1	..	..	2
Airedale terrier	2	..	..	..	2
Yorkshire terrier	2	.	..	..	2
Pug	..	1	..	..	1
Italian greyhound	1	1	..	..	2
Puppies	1	1	..	1	3
Litters of puppies	2	2	..	..	4
	114	60	23	4	201

CHAS. H. MASON.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE entries for the ninth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club number 942. This is 172 less than last year, and about 45 less than the average for the eight previous shows. The falling off in the pointer and setter classes is marked, the entries this year numbering 284 against 460 last year. We have not examined the list but are informed by the superintendent that the many well-known dogs entered gives reason to believe that the quality of the exhibit will be far above the average. Below we give our usual table, which has been revised and corrected, showing the comparative numbers of dogs entered in each class for the nine exhibitions of the Westminster Kennel Club:

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

Breeds.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885
Mastiffs	25	18	20	28	24	36	48	40	42
St. Bernards	17	16	24	32	24	53	62	97	73
Berghunde	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	5	..
Newfoundlands	12	23	20	26	7	20	8	15	17
Greyhounds	18	23	15	15	28	27	20	16	19
Deerhounds	15	4	5	7	4	11	5	18	14
Pointers	118	102	137	144	127	144	124	149	91
English setters	150	123	157	236	159	173	149	154	76
Gordon setters	83	64	73	77	92	68	56	53	36
Irish setters	147	109	159	185	96	99	99	105	81
Chesapeake Bay dogs	2	4	..	..	..	3	7	3	4
Irish water spaniels	4	4	8	7	10	17	6	3	1
Retrievers	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Field spaniels	13	3	31	41	19	16	8	13	58
Cocker spaniels	19	15	..	..	24	39	44	31	..
Foxhounds	8	27	9	9	18	13	13	13	5
Beagles	6	5	15	13	37	13	9	22	24
Bassett hounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1
Dachshunde	16	11	8	9	18	12	6	11	19
Fox-terriers	25	36	45	63	68	60	54	78	50
Collies	8	19	16	31	50	60	71	72	85
Bull	10	10	8	19	14	15	21	20	18
Bull-terriers	11	29	36	33	24	23	16	19	34
Black and tan terriers	13	20	13	9	6	14	8	6	9
Rough terriers	16	8	11	3	5	10	4	14	11
Dandie Dinmonts	11	3	3	6	5	6	4	3	6
Irish terriers	..	..	..	..	4	3	5	..	4
Bedlington terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6
Skye terriers	23	17	15	16	22	12	12	14	7
Pugs	27	30	23	33	24	32	41	47	31
Yorkshire terriers	..	29	36	26	29	18	22	35	30
Toy terriers	21	12	9	21	5	11	10	11	13
Toy spaniels	8	13	13	9	14	15	10	15	20
Italian greyhounds	6	14	9	10	12	..	6	5	9
Poodles	2	..	..	..	..	8	18	11	20
Ulmers	8	11	11	21	6	..	..	..	..
Dalmatians	5	5	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miscellaneous	8	2	26	40	31	7	8	11	25
Total	854	828	956	1119	1006	1036	979	1114	942

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

[Special dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

THIS was a glorious day for the opening of the second annual dog show of the St. Louis Gun Club. The show is held in the Exposition Building, and the fine weather brought out a large and fashionable attendance. The finishing touches were put on last night; each dog was assigned his number and place, and Mr. B. F. Lewis was placed in charge. The hall has been very tastefully decorated, over a hundred fine steel engravings of famous dogs and dog scenes being placed in prominent positions, both on the posts and on easels in the aisles. Only a sportsman "who has been there" can fully appreciate many of these scenes. In the southeast corner of the hall, the Humane Society of St. Louis have placed a large case, giving a very realistic representation of a dog catching scene in St. Louis. Underneath this representation are the words: "The way dogs are caught in St. Louis. Help us stop it." Just inside the entrance of the hall a miniature of the Collier shot tower has been placed, and sporting materials generally have been tastefully arranged.

The judges selected are Mr. John H. Naylor of Chicago, for all non-sporting dogs, Major J. M. Taylor for all setters, pointers and hounds, and Mr. J. H. Whitman of Chicago, for spaniels.

Three judge's rings were used, and the judging was finished the first day.

The dogs are exhibited on open benches, an entirely new and novel exhibition in this city. There are over 250 entries, including such celebrated dogs as champion Faust, Lady Croxteth, Bravo, Daisy Bravo, Robert Le Diable, Duke, Jip, Drake, Monarch, Modesty and Nellie in pointers. Paul Gladstone, champion Dick Laverack, Bessie A., Gladstone's Boy, Roderigo, Count Glickstone, David Garrick, Dash and Drake, in setters. The well-known Gordons, Sancho Panza, Malcolm, Silk and Don, are also here. In the Irish setter classes are the champions Brush, Irish Kork, Irish Faith and Effie. The celebrated Winlawn kennel of English mastiffs is also here, with Homer, Hector, Hildebert, Liberty, Hebe, Minerva and Scipio. In the St. Bernard classes are the champions Tell, Girola and Hector. The Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, greyhounds, deerhounds, foxhounds, beagles, collies, terriers of all kinds, and pugs are also well represented. Judging from the first day the show will be a grand success, and our city is to be congratulated on giving such a fine exhibition.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE judges so far selected for the May show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club are as follows: Major Taylor—English and Irish setters. Samuel Bergin, Esq., Camden, N. J.—Gordon setters. Geo. N. Appold, Esq., Baltimore—Pointers. Ed. Dudley, Esq., Camden, N. J.—Mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. James Stovell, Esq., Philadelphia—Foxhounds, dachshunde and Bassetts. Jas. Mortimer, Esq., New York—Deerhounds, greyhounds, pugs, poodles and miscellaneous classes. John Davidson, Esq., Monroe, Mich., has been invited to judge collies and spaniels; he is yet to be heard from. Mr. Barlow has accepted the bulldogs, bull-terriers, Yorkshire, fox-terrier, black and tan, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and other toy classes. Mr. Sloan, of Philadelphia, will take the beagles.

In the premium list, already issued, Class 76 should read Basset hounds, dogs and bitches, instead of Basset puppies. Class 37, for pointer puppies, has been omitted; an error. Entries for these classes should be made under 38a for dog puppies and 38b for bitch puppies. In greyhound class, champion dogs and bitches have been divided, and a champion medal will be given in each class. The class for Chesapeake Bay dogs was made conditionally that we should receive five entries. If five entries are made we will make the class and give two premiums; if seven, three premiums. A class has also been made for Mexican hairless, with $10 to first, and silver medal to second.

A draft just made of the interior of Industrial Art Hall shows that there will be ample room for eight or nine hundred dogs, and no crowding need be resorted to. The benching will be roomy, and a lot adjoining the hall has been secured for exercising the dogs. HOMO.

NEW HAVEN NOTES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our boys have returned from the Boston dog show, highly elated over their success, as every one of them that had dogs entered brought home a prize of some kind. E. S. Porter won first with his bull-terrier President, who is now in the champion class, and (with the exception of the Newfoundland Sam) is the only dog that I know of that is eligible under the strict ruling of Rule 8, A.K.C., viz., three firsts in the open class. Since the New Haven show the club members have purchased quite a number of dogs of different breeds, but are keeping them dark as yet. The probabilities are that the Western members of the A.K.C. will have it all their own way at the meeting to take place next month in Cincinnati, as I know of none of the Eastern clubs' representatives who are going, as the distance is too far for most of them, as they can hardly spare the time. I am informed by one of the executive committee that the proxies held by Major Taylor were too many for those present who wanted the meeting held in Philadelphia as being the most central for all, and some were uncharitable enough to claim that the Western members do not expect any of the Eastern members there and propose to locate all of the offices West and run it to suit themselves, which if done would result in all of the Eastern clubs forming an Eastern circuit, and leaving the Association. I sincerely hope that this is not the case and that the A.K.C. will be run in the interest of all clubs and exhibitors alike, and I can answer for the N.H.K.C. doing all in their power to further that object. —ROSECROFT (New Haven, April 13, 1885).

THE TORONTO DOG SHOW.—Entries are beginning to flow in, and intending exhibitors are earnestly requested not to delay to the last moment, as the space in the pavilion of the Horticultural Garden is limited, and over sixty late applications were refused last year. Room was made in the passages last time for about forty late entries, and a good deal of dissatisfaction ensued among punctual exhibitors whose dogs were benched in dark and draughty positions through the fault of the dilatory ones. The committee have determined that no such cause of complaint shall exist this year, and all entries will be refused after the proper space is filled up. The entries will positively close on May 6. All the Canadian railways running into Toronto will grant fares of one and one-third usual return rates to exhibitors, attendants, etc., and all will carry dogs in boxes free when accompanied by an attendant, except the Northern R. R., which will only return them free after paying full fare to Toronto. American exhibitors, who wish to avail themselves of these reduced fares, are advised to take fresh tickets at the point of crossing the border. American, Canadian, Dominion and Vickers Express Companies will return all dogs in boxes free, on which the full fare has been paid to Toronto. A list of specials to date will soon be printed. About forty have so far been donated, chiefly in the setter, spaniel, foxhound, fox-terrier and Bedlington classes.

THE ROCKINGHAM—FOREMAN MATCH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In breaking away from the conditions of the challenge, Mr. Tallman leaves your readers under the impression that he is unable to find a judge of English setters who is willing to risk his reputation by saying Foreman can beat Rockingham. The challenge calls for judges, not judges of Irish setters or Irish terriers, but judges of English setters, and it is my intention to bind Mr. Tallman to conditions which were made by himself. If he cannot find a judge of English setters who is willing to act for him, I shall most certainly decline to raffle off the stakes. I am not unnecessarily particular about the stake-holder, but I shall insist that my money be deposited with a reputable journal. When Mr. Tallman conforms to the terms of the challenge, and names a judge, I shall deposit my forfeit money with the *Turf, Field and Farm* or *Sporting Life*.—FRANK WINDHOLZ (New York, April 21).

NOTES.—Mr. Hugh Dalziel, who is to judge the majority of the non-sporting classes at the New York show, sailed on the Baltic from Liverpool on April 14....Capt. W. W. Mackie the Scotch fancier, has decided not to send his dogs to the New York dog show, there being no class for "die-hards," of which he intended to send a team. The Captain, however, sends out by the Circassian a pair of black poodles and a pair of fox-terriers (all prize winners) to Mr. William Clark, of Newark, N. J. These dogs are for breeding purposes and have been entered for the show....Mr. James Gordon Bennett before sailing from here last week presented Mr. John G. Heckscher with a collie from his collie kennels in Paris.

GREYHOUND CHALLENGE.—In your last issue Mr. H. W. Smith comes at me with a new proposition instead of accepting mine. I originally offered to show my bitch Twilight against his Mother Demdike. This I am ready to do for any amount of money. But I am not willing to show her against a whole kennel of dogs. She is now nursing eight large, strong puppies, whelped March 5, 1885, and I don't think Mr. Smith asks what is fair when he proposes to show males against a nursing bitch. Stick to the text and I'll be with you, Mr. Smith. Mr. Hugh Dalziel is entirely acceptable to me as judge.—Q. VAN HUMMELL, M.D. (Denver, Col., April 17).

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—The first annual meeting of the Fox-Terrier Club will be held at Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, April 30, at 8 P. M.

THE CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.—Exhibitors should bear in mind that the entries for the Cincinnati dog show close on Friday the 24th. Entries mailed on that day will be received. The American Express Company will return dogs free over their lines that have paid one way. Power Hall, where the show is to be held, is roomy, well lighted, and well ventilated. The dogs will be fed on a mixture of well cooked corn meal, wheat and fresh beef. The superintendent writes that the prospects are flattering for a good show. Applications for space in the extra baggage car that leaves Jersey City at 8:25 P. M., next Saturday, should be made to H. W. Lacy, Demarest, N. J.

CHALLENGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There having been some controversy as to the relative merits of Mr. Geo. T. Leach's Brock and my Diana II. in a six days' race, I hereby challenge Mr. Geo. T. Leach to run his Irish setter dog Brock for six days against my English setter Diana II. for $500 or $1,000 a side. The present published rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club to govern so far as they are applicable to a six days' race. The race to be run between Nov. 23 and 28 inclusive.—CHAS. HEATH (Newark, N. J.).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—Fort Washington, New York city, April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As there seems at present to be a great diversity of opinion in regard to what constitutes black and tan and Gordon setters, would it not be advisable for those interested in the breeding or exhibiting of these breeds, to form at the approaching New York show, a black and tan setter club to decide on the standard of points, hereafter to be used for the judging of these handsome breeds of dogs?—CHAS. S. FITCH.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at Cincinnati on May 7 instead of the 8th, as announced.—E. S. PORTER, Sec'y (New Haven, Conn., April 20).

STOP IT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For heaven's sake do say in your next issue that my dog is sold and I have the money, but do not wish to spend it all in postage stamps answering letters.—GEO. GRIER (Goshen, N. Y.).

CLIPPER.—Can any one give us the pedigree of the pointer dog Clipper owned by Mr. Curtis, New York?

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Glen Eva and Glen Elsa. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped Jan. 14, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 815).

Glen Royal and Blue Glen. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Feb. 20, 1885, by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of his Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814).

Glen Essie, Glen Ettie. Glen Eza, L. B. J. and K. J. P. By E. W. Jester, St. Gerge's, Del., for blue belton English setter bitches, whelped Feb. 20, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of his Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814).

Glen Lea, Glen Lad, Glen Roy, Glen Maid, Glen Rue and Glen Oma. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for English setters, two lemon belton and one blue belton dogs and two blue belton and one lemon belton bitches, whelped Feb. 25, 1885, by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of his Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614).

King Macbeth. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepney, Conn., for black and tan collie dog, age not given, by imported Laddie out of imported Lassie.

Scotch Mollie. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepney, Conn., for black and tan collie bitch, age not given, by imported Stark out of imported Dial.

Nobo. By E. G. Johnston, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 17, 1885, by champion Obo II. (A.K. R. 432) out of Smut (A.K.R. 858).

Dora Berwyn. By Dr. J. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn. for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 14, 1884, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Juno A. (Druid—Ruby).

Young Nailor. By C. W. Diggle, St. Catherine's, Ont., for dark blue Bedlington terrier dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Elswick Lad II. (E. 15,111) out of Tynesider II. (E. 14,712).

Excelsior. By Rudolph Ohl, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 23, 1885, by Law's Chester out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Flirt. By Wm. H. R. DuBois, Westfield, N. J., for liver and white setter bitch, whelped Jan. 25, 1885 (Dash—Belle).

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Drab Ranger to Village Belle. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped April 3, 1884 (Ranger Croxteth—Fanny Faust), owned by H. D. Towner, Columbus, Kan.

Anno to Girola. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1606), owned by Millbrook Kennels, New York.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ruth—Robin Hood. Thos. Blyth's (Peale, Pa.) English setter bitch Ruth (Llewellin's Prince—Ruby) to his Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), April 9.

Leah—Robin Hood. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Leah (A.K.R. 1284) to his Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), April 11.

Busy Bee—Paul Gladstone. John Drees's (Little Rock, Ark.) English setter bitch Busy Bee (Guy Mannering—Whirlwind) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Lady Gay—Tyke. J. E. I. Grainger's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Lady Gay (Pamlo—Nettle) to his Tyke (Tee Side Lad—Vic).

Jean II.—Robin Adair, Jr. G. A. Smith's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jean II. (A.K.R. 1130) to Robin Adair, Jr. (A.K.R. 1232), April 9.

Fringe—Sontag. F. M. Shumway's (Cooperstown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fringe (Col. Stubbs—Daffodil) to his Sontag (Black Victor—Dora), March 7.

Honest Bert—Jet. E. Holley, Jr.'s (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Honest Bert to Jet (A.K.R. 311), April 3.

Nellie—Rococo. James O. Jones's (New Haven, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Nellie (Dash—Flirt) to J. J. Phelps's Rococo (A.K.R. 2182), April 12.

Dora—Argus. The Claire-Reeta Kennels' (Troy, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Dora (A.K.R. 1183) to J. E. Thayer's champion Argus, April 5.

Black Bess—Grouse, Jr. The Claire-Reeta Kennels' (Troy, N. Y. Gordon setter bitch Black Bess (A.K.R. 422) to their Grouse, Jr. (A.K.R. 1184), April 7.

American Daisey—Col. Stubbs. E. Holley's (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch American Daisey to Col. Stubbs (A.K.R. 302), March 29.

Flash—Beaufort. R. E. Westlake's (Olyphant, Pa.) pointer bitch Flash (——————) to Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), April 13.

Ratts—Don Gladstone. Highland Kennels' (Ashfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Ratts (Dashing Lion—Armida) to their Don Gladstone, April 10.

Little Beauty—Little Duke. C. H. Lounsbury's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Little Beauty (Driver—Pansy) to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (Racer—Dolly), April 12.

Lottie—Paul Gladstone. Anthony Netherland's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Lottie (Count Rapier—Juno) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Lady Rake—Paul Gladstone. Jerry Cockrell's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Lady Rake (Rake—Phyllis) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Queen—Ponto. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) pointer bitch Queen (Munson's) to Ponto (Bow—Julia), April 8.

Ruth—Croxteth. A. E. Godeffroy's (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Ruth to his Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane).

Lady Berwardine—Croxteth. A. E. Godeffroy's (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Lady Berwardine to his Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane).

Lass—Croxteth. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lass (A.K.R. 1353) to A. E. Godeffroy's Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane).

Rhona—Dean. Bayard Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) pointer bitch Rhona (A.K.R. 399) to Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean), March 29.

Waverly—King Macbeth. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Waverly (A.K.R. 895) to their King Macbeth (Laddie—Lassie), April 4.

Lady Isabel—Knickerbocker. Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461) to their champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19), April 1.

Flirt—Rush III. Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Flirt (A.K.R. 1248) to J. P. Swain, Jr.'s, Rush III. (A.K.R. 402), March 31.

——Dean. Geo. Crandal's pointer bitch —— to Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean), March 4.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Cora. Edward Drane's (Clarksville, Tenn.) English setter bitch Cora (Mark—Jennie), March 26, nine (six dogs), by San Roy (Count Noble—Spark); all black, white and tan.

Virginia. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357), April 4, five (four dogs), by his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351).

Belle Boyd Dr. Robert I. Hampton's (Athens, Ga.) English setter bitch Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277), March 31, nine (four dogs), by Count Noble.

Music. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Music, April 4, three bitches, by his imported Ringwood; all black, white and tan.

Mottle. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Mottle (Ringwood—Maida), April 10, six dogs, by his Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty); all white, black and tan.

Twilight. Dr. Van Hummell's (Denver, Col.) greyhound bitch Twilight, March 5, ten (nine dogs), by his Snowflight.

Zelphia. Henry C. Burdick's (Springfield, Mass.) Italian greyhound bitch Zelphia, April 2, two (one dog, by Puck (Silk Socks—Naughty).

Vision. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Vision (A.K.R. 778), April 6, seven (four dogs), by his Tammany (Tory—Moonstone).

Gem. Dr. J. N. Maclin's (Keeling, Tenn.) English setter bitch Gem (Gladstone—Gazelle), March 18, seven (four dogs), by J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue).

Lill II. Shaner & Richardson's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Lill II. (Boxer II.—Lill), April 6, five (four dogs), by imported Bannerman.

Fly. E. Holley, Jr's (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fly (Baby—Fido), April 1, eight (two dogs), by Col. Stubbs (A.K.R. 302).

Birdie. Fred Smith's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Birdie (Stocking—Lady Mab), March 21, eight, by champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19).

Lola S. W. L. Steele, Jr.'s (Rockingham, N. C.) English setter bitch Lola S., March 27, eight (three dogs), by Col. T. C. Leak's Gordon setter Joe P.; two since dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Glen Eva. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 14, 1885 (Glen Rock, A.K.R. 1616—Dashing Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. A. Hartman, Latrobe, Pa.

Glen Lea. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 25, 1885 (Glen Rock, A.K.R. 1616—Dashing Jest, A.K.R. 1614), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. L. Chambers, Jr., Latrobe, Pa.

Glen Lad. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 25, 1885 (Glen Rock, A.K.R. 1616—Dashing Jest, A.K.R. 1614), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. D. Carr, Foxburg, Pa.

Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19)—Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461) whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1885, by Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Jos. R. Fenn, Flatbush, L. I.

Rush (A.K.R. 357)—Eria whelps. Lemon and white pointers, whelped Jan. 29, 1885, by Frank Rivers. Bridgeport, Conn., dogs to S. S. Banks, S. Flatan and Arthur Elwood, same place; a bitch to L. G. Redfield, Northbridge, Mass., and one to Jas. P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y.

Flake. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped June 10, 1884 (Yale Belton—Mint), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Jos. T. Carson, Simco, Ont.

Lulu. Chestnut belton English setter bitch, whelped June 10, 1884 (Yale Belton—Mint), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to M. L. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.

Yale Dan. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 10, 1884 (Yale Belton—Mint), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Atwood Collins, Hartford, Conn.

Chic. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 27, 1884 (Yale Belton—Clara R.), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to E. C. Bingham, Meriden, Conn.

Bess. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 27, 1884 (Yale Belton—Clara R.), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to E. P. Stanward, West Brook, Conn.

Dashing Dan. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 25, 1884 (Pride of the West—Tempest Lilly), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. H. Webb, same place.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883) whelp. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Feb. 5, 1885, by Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepney, Conn., to J. P. Blackman, Sandy Hook, Conn.

Yale. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1884 (Yale Belton—Clara R., A.K.R. 104), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Robert Merwin, same place.

Roscoe II. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1884 (Yale Belton—Clara R.), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. H. Webb, same place.

Dash. Orange and white English setter dog, 2½yrs. old (Blue Blood—Coin), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. F. Metzzler, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rob. Blue belton English setter dog, 3yrs. old, pedgigree not given, by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to Jonathan Scovil, Buffalo, N. Y.

Young Nailor. Dark blue Bedlington terrier dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1884 (Elswick Lad II.—Tynesider II.), by W. S. Jackson, Toronto, Ont., to C. W. Diggle, St. Catherine's, Ont.

Glen Elsie. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 14, 1885 (Glen Rock, A.K.R. 1616—Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Dr. J. A. Hartman, Latrobe, Pa.

Forester II. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, 3yrs. old (Ringwood—Roxey), by Merrimac Kennels, Boston, Mass., to E. C. Thomas, Springfield, Mass.

Drab Ranger. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped April 3, 1884 (Ranger Croxteth—Fanny Faust), by W. F. Sage, Fishkill, N. Y., to H. D. Towner, Columbus, Kan.

Queen Bess. Gordon setter bitch (A.K.R. 423), by Elm City Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Robert Wilson, Branford, Conn.

Delitte. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1598), by E. F. Mansfield, New Haven, Conn., to Henry D. Green, Portland, Ore.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Smut (A.K.R. 858) whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Feb. 17, 1885, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., a dog to F. F. Sweet and a bitch to Mrs. C. L. Bronsdon, same place.

Britomartis. Brindle bull bitch, whelped July, 1881 (Monarch—Penzie), by R. & W. Livingston, New York, to J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

Ober (A.K.R. 855)—Althea (A.K.R. 842) whelps. Cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Feb. 3, 1885, by Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., one each to E. G. Babcock, New Britain, Conn.; C. E. Nichols, East Kingston, N. H.; Dr. O. G. Main, Meriden, Conn., and Wm. Clerk, Haverhill, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

P. P., Burlington, Vt.—I have used the treatment prescribed for my pointer's eyes in your issue of March 12 for some three weeks steadily and find no improvement. The discharge from the eyes is more profuse, and in a few hours closes the eye so that the dog cannot see at all. I am sure that it is not distemper, for the dog has none of the other symptoms of that disease, and is in splendid condition with the exception of his eyes. Can you recommend another course of treatment? Your prescription for the cocker has worked admirably, and he now appears to be all right. Ans. Try the following for a few days: Sugar of lead, ten grains; Sydenham's laudanum, one drachm; water, two ounces. If a sediment forms, filter. Drop into eyes twice daily. You had better stop the cocker's medicine.

POINTER, Thomaston,—I have a pointer pup seven months old which has been ailing for nearly three weeks. The first I noticed his appetite failed, and as nothing passed him for a couple of days, and he seemed to be distressed, I gave him an injection which brought away in one movement a half pint or more of worms from one to five inches in length. I gave him some areca nut followed by oil, but have failed to discover any worms since. He appears brighter than he did, but is nervous and has no appetite except for fresh meat, and more especially for salt meat or pork, which he will steal from the table or anywhere, contrary to his training. His nose is dry at times and his eyes fill up badly. His breath is also very offensive at times. Please prescribe. Ans. Keep the pup's bowels in good condition and watch for more worms. If they appear again, you may have some powders made up of wormseed and sugar, each powder containing ten grains of the wormseed and ten or twenty grains of sugar. One powder twice daily for two or three days should be enough. The powders should be preceded and followed by a brisk purge of castor or olive oil. The dog needs a tonic now and the following is very useful: Tincture of nux vomica and tincture of the chloride of iron, of each a half ounce. Simple syrup one ounce, and enough water to make a four-ounce mixture; of this give a teaspoonful two or three times daily. Feed on unstimulating diet, soups, milk, mush and so on. Avoid giving raw meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 18.—The weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club was well attended to-day. The weather conditions were all that could be desired, and some excellent scores were the result, the best being appended:

Creedmoor Prize Match.

W Fisher	5455555545—48	W Arthur	4544544444—42
S M Decker	4545454444—44	P H Howe	4444544444—41
W F Watson	4544445444—42	D A Ellis	4545354343—40

Creedmoor Practice Match.

O M Jewell	5544455555—47	M W Paulton (mil.)	4544454444—41
E F Richardson	4515455454—45	O W Webster	4444444444—40
S M Decker	4455544445—44	C E Clark (mil.)	4434333335—35
R E Francis	5455444544—44		

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	10 9 5 10 10 9 10 5 7 9—84
J Merrill	9 10 9 4 7 8 9 10 6 8—80
M J Otis	9 8 4 6 7 9 9 8 9 10—79
E F Richardson	7 9 7 10 7 10 8 5 8 6—78
R E Francis	9 7 8 8 4 4 6 8 7 7—72

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 18.—The Springfield Schuetzenverein held a shoot at Belden's range, West Springfield, to-day, in practice for their telegraphic match with the Minneapolis (Minn.) and Pittsburg (Pa.) rifle clubs. The German target at 200yds. was used. A match of 10 shots between J. D. Marks and W. M. Farrow was taken by Marks. The score:

J D Marks	12 10 12 12 12 12 12 11 11 10 11—113
W M Farrow	11 12 10 8 11 8 11 12 11 12—107

The score for the team match, 15 shots:

F M Bull	9 10 12 12 12 9 12 12 11 12 11 9 6 10 9—156
Z C Talbot	11 10 8 12 11 9 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 10—156
J D Marks	11 10 10 12 8 11 9 11 10 11 9 10 11 10 9—152
J Allen	11 10 12 8 10 8 10 9 12 10 10 10 11 11 9—151
W M Farrow	9 11 9 11 10 11 12 11 11 10 10 5 8 10 12—151
T B Wilson	10 5 12 11 9 11 9 11 10 8 11 8 10 7 10—142

On the Creedmoor target these scores would be: Bull 67, Talbot 68, Marks 66, Allen 65, Farrow 66, Wilson 64.

The Rod and Gun Rifle Club held their weekly shoot to-day at their Lake Lookout range, and though the day was perfect for rifle shooting made no large scores. The attendance was good, considering that the Schuetzen Verein held at the same time their practice shoot for their match with the Minneapolis (Minn.) Rifle Club, taking away several members of this club who belong to both clubs. The first string was contested by four members with this score:

L H Mayott	10 11 10 6 11 7 11 11 10 10—97
E S Field	8 10 12 11 11 10 8 7 8 9—94
T Cartwright	11 5 7 8 11 8 9 10 11 10—90
S K Hindley	9 10 7 8 4 10 5 11 5 7—76

Then followed a second match with this score:

L H Mayott	10 10 12 10 10 10 9 10 11 8—100
C Merrick	11 10 7 10 7 10 10 11 10 10—96
E T Stephens	9 10 9 11 8 10 7 11 9 10—94
T Cartwright	9 7 12 10 11 10 9 11 7 7—93
L Fergueson	10 10 10 10 12 10 9 7 9 6—93
E S Field	11 10 7 10 8 10 8 10 8 10 7 10—91
S K Hindley	9 5 6 11 12 6 8 10 9 7—83
J S Harris	11 9 7 8 9 8 7 5 7 6—77
H E Ferry	6 6 10 5 12 8 0 7 7 8—69

Then followed a sweepstakes in which five or six joined with this score:

E C Knox	9 12 10 12 10 12 9 9 11 7—101
T Cartwright	9 9 10 10 11 9 9 9 8 11—93
E S Field	10 8 9 6 7 9 8 10 9 10—86
C E Knowles	9 9 8 11 9 9 9 7 7 5—82

BOSTON, April 18.—There was a fine attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill to-day, and they were favored with a fine day. The members indulged in a team match, which was won by Capt. Berry's team. The following are the scores:

Practice Match.

J Halsey	4545454545—45	C E Trip	445553444—43
C W Hodgdon	4544544544—43	A Keach	4543414444—40

Creedmoor Match.

J Halsey	4455545455—46	H Withington	5455544454—45
J Lawrence	4455445554—45	N F Tufts	5444454454—43

Decimal Match.

W Charles, A	9 9 9 8 5 9 6 9 10 7—81
R Reed, A	8 8 7 9 8 8 5 8 8 6—78
R G Warren	7 9 9 8 8 8 9 8 4 7—77
N F Tufts	10 9 5 6 5 8 10 8 3 8—74

Victory Medal Match.

W Charles	9 10 7 10 9 8 8 8 6 9—84
H Cushing	6 9 9 6 8 6 10 6 7 9—84
C E Berry	9 8 6 10 7 9 6 9 4 9—77
J N Frye	10 9 10 10 5 10 6 4 4 9—77
J B Fellows	9 9 7 6 7 6 9 7 8 6—75
R Davis	10 8 4 6 10 7 8 4 9 6—72

Team Match. Members Massachusetts Rifle Association.

C E Berry (captain)	9 8 6 10 7 9 6 9 4 9—77
J B Fellows	8 4 5 8 8 9 9 5 9 9—73
R Reed	3 5 8 5 8 9 6 10 6 7—67
J N Frye	6 9 10 10 5 10 6 4 4 9—67
N F Tufts	5 7 9 3 9 10 3 3 10 4—62
H Withington	5 4 8 5 10 5 2 3 4 8—54—400
R Davis (captain)	10 8 4 6 10 7 8 4 9 6—72
T Gordon	6 7 9 8 5 5 6 9 6 9—70
W B Oler	4 7 7 8 3 9 4 6 5 7—60
J Lawrence	4 6 5 8 6 8 7 6 8 7—59—432
J Halsey	3 1 8 5 5 1 6 7 6 2—44
A Keach	2 6 4 6 3 4 4 5 1 8—43—341

Rest Match.

S Wilder, F	9 10 10 9 9 10 9 9 9 10—94
S Winchester	10 10 10 9 8 9 9 9 10 9—93
H F Dudley, A	9 9 9 5 10 10 9 9 10 10—90
D L Chase, A	10 6 8 10 10 10 6 9 9 10—88

THOMASTON, Conn., April 18.—The weather conditions at the commencement of our shoot to-day were a very bright light, with a light wind, changing from the 9 to 4 o'clock quarters, the latter part of the match the wind was blowing strongly from the 8 o'clock quarter. Position standing, off-hand, 200yds., Massachusetts ring target.

W H Dunbar	11 12 11 11 9 10 11 12 8 9—104
G A Lemmon	11 9 9 9 10 7 11 11 9 11—97
F Carr	8 7 10 9 11 10 10 10 11 11—97
B H Sutliff	10 8 12 9 7 11 11 7 9 7 10—86
C L Alling	7 10 9 3 11 10 8 10 11 8—93
Fred A Perkins	9 8 8 9 11 10 8 12 8 8—91
C F Williams	10 7 10 9 11 9 9 9 6 10—90
G P North	10 9 7 7 10 10 7 10 10 7—87
A Fox	7 7 5 10 10 9 3 8 7 12—78

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 18.—At the annual meeting of the Manchester Rifle Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: John L. Nivens, President; Edwin C. Paul, Vice-President; E. J. Knowlton, Secretary and Treasurer; Henry C. Merrill, Auditor. Executive Committee—John L. Nivens, E. C. Paul, A. B. Dodge, Lyman W. Colby, Geo. A. Leighton. As a new departure in rifle shooting, avoiding the dissatisfaction of handicapping in continuous matches and still give the new beginners an equal chance for a prize, we have arranged the following class shooting for our regular practice or shooting days during the summer season. All members who have shot in any previous matches 100 out of a possible 105 Creedmoor target, to shoot in the first class for a gold medal valued at $25. All who have shot 95 out of a possible 105, to shoot in the second class, gold medal, $20. All who have shot 90 out of a possible 105, to shoot in the third class, for gold medal valued at $20. Those who have not shot as good as 90 out of a possible 105, to shoot in fourth class, for gold medal valued at $15. The one making the highest score in his class at the end of each calendar month, to be declared the winner for that month, and the one winning in his class the greater number of times during the season to be declared the final winners and owners of the medals. Provided, however, that any member rated in the lower classes may enter if he so choose in the higher classes, but cannot be the final winner of but one medal. As we have two shooting days in each week, this gives at least eight shooting days to each calendar month, giving plenty of time for competition.—RIFLE.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 16.—At the regular meet to-day of the Worcester Rifle Association at Pine Grove Range, the Massachusetts target was used. Out of a possible 120, the following is the score:

Stedman Clark	11 11 11 10 10 11 11 12 9 11—107
A C Brown	10 11 11 12 10 10 11 10 10 11—106
Thomas Leighton	12 11 10 12 11 10 11 8 10 10—105
A L Rice	11 10 11 9 11 11 11 11 9 10—104
A Williams	9 9 10 7 8 10 10 10 9 12—94
A Mills	11 7 9 10 7 9 10 9 10 8—90

BULLSHEAD CLUB, N. Y.—At the regular weekly shooting of the Bullshead Rifle Club, 352 Third avenue, April 17, 12-ring target, possible 120: G. Zimmermann 119, A. Loeber 119, M. Doreler 118, C. Rein 117, A. Stolzenberger 114, H. Gunther 112, J. Schneider 111, B. Wragge 110, H. Sindlinger 107, C. E. Gensch 107, J. Wetzje 105, B. Walter 105, J. Jordon 103, H. Wasmuth 102, L. Bradfish 98.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12.—There was a large attendance at the Shell Mound Shooting Range to-day, and a great deal of shooting was done. From a multitude of scores some are selected and given herewith. The match arranged between H. J. Mangels and L. R. Townsend came off, with the following result, distance 200yds.:

Mangels....42 41 45 42 45 45—260 Townsend...42 42 41 37 41 44—247

Lieutenant Mangels gave his opponent five points, but was still the victor by eight.

In a match of fifty shots each at 200yds., between Messrs. Hovey and Haight, the former obtained a grand total of 216 and the latter 201. In an impromptu match between Mangles and Thierbach both did excellently, as the figures will show:

	200	500
Lieut H J Mangles	4454454455—45	4555555435—46—91
Sergt C Thierbach	5515555544—47	5553444515—44—91

The military men were out in force and did much fine work.

GARDNER, Mass., April 16.—The members of the Gardner Rifle Club, at their last regular meet at Hackmatack Range, used the American decimal target, the shooting was off-hand, 200yds., possible 100. The totals of the two strings shot were as follows:

A Mathews	86 89—175	M Atherton	85 86—171
G F Ellsworth	86 87—173	C Shumway	74 70—144
G Fordyce	86 87—173	A Williams	73 70—143

The club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, F. E. Nichols; Secretary and Treasurer, G. C. Goodale; Executive Committee, G. F. Ellsworth and A. Mathews.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

MR. F. C. BISHOP, the Secretary of the Association, is very busy answering the many inquiries which come in from every quarter on this and that point, seeming to require explanation. A few of these letters and responses which seem to have a general bearing we give below:

"* * * Our club now numbers twenty-four members, but they are not all shooters. How many of our members will you demand in order that we may join the Nation Gun Association, as a body, and get the benfit of $2 per man? Also, is the $3 fee payable in instalments? There is much interest here now in regard to shooting matters, and I think our club is destined to make a large and useful addition to the N. G. A.—Clifford A. Hall, (Attleboro, Mass., April 9, 1885).

Answer.—"* * * * * * It is held that, in order to obtain the benefits of the reduced initiation fee, class 4, above mentioned, those members of the club must join who regularly and habitually take part in its meetings for shooting purposes, or in other words, all its active shooting members. The application for membership must be accompanied by the first installment of the initiation fee, and a certificate from the secretary of the club that the list includes all the active shooters of the club. As soon as the stock subscription is paid in full stock certificates will be issued, but the holders cannot be entitled to the privileges of annual members until the annual dues are paid. Upon the payment of annual dues membership certificates will be issued, so that by paying the annual dues one becomes entitled to the privileges of members even before all of the stock subscription is paid in, * * * * * *."

There having been numerous inquiries respecting the conditions under which organized clubs might join the Association, taking advantage of the reduced initiation fee. The management have established the following rules to govern all applications under Class 4, viz.:

Application must be made by at least ten members in good and regular standing of an organized club, to be accompanied by one or more installments of the initiation fee of each applicant, and a certificate from the secretary of the club stating that all the applicants are members as above set forth.

Until the entire capital stock of the Association shall be subscribed, certificates of stock will be issued to subscribers under Class 4, Sec. 1 of Article 9, when so desired, to the amount of the total initiation fee of said applicants. These certificates may be issued to the club, to the applicant collectively, or to any one or more individuals, provided that no stock certificates shall be issued until the total initiation fee shall be paid in full; provided further that no certificate shall represent any fractional part of one entire share.

Nothing in the foregoing rule shall be construed to admit any others than the applicants themselves to the privileges of members.

It will be seen that this rule modifies to some extent the proposition set forth in the secretary's letter quoted above.

Extract from letter. J. E. M. Lordly, Esq., secretary Algonquin Gun Club, N. Y., April 15, 1885: "Some fifteen members (about one-third) of the Algonquin Gun Club are interested in clay-pigeon shooting, the other members contented for the present with glass balls. We wish to know if the fifteen can be admitted to the National Gun Association, as the club, in class 4, by paying the initiation fee, $3 per member."

Extract from secretary's reply, April 16, 1885: "* * * * With reference to glass balls vs. clay-pigeons as targets, we wish to impress upon you that no matter what target a sportsman uses, whether glass balls or anything else, or even if he never engages in trap shooting, he is still eligible for membership. There seems to be some misapprehension on this subject, and to do away with it the management wish it to be distinctly understood that it is no part of the objects of the Association to encourage one style of gun ammunition or target, or one class of shooting at the expense of another, that is a matter which must rest with the shooters themselves. The Association membership is open to all respectable citizens, and its Constitution and By-Laws are intended to render it as independent of outside influence as possible. * * *"

The Board of Directors have adopted the following resolutions upon motion of W. A. Coster, seconded by F. C. Bishop:

Resolved, That each member be requested to transmit his vote to the secretary as to which target and trap should be adopted until the next annual meeting.

Resolved, That at the Springfield May meeting, a committee be appointed, who shall thoroughly test all targets and traps, for the benefit and guidance of the Association."

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The fourth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Carolinas will be held here on May 13, 14 and 15, 1885. All matches open to the world, except team matches for medals.

The match list includes Wednesday, May 13—Match No. 1.—Team match for the championship, and the gold badge, teams of 5 men, rotary trap, 18yds. rise, 50 balls to each team.

Match No. 2—Sweepstakes.—Entrance $2.50, purse $50, 6 balls 18yds. rise, 2 balls to the right, 2 off and 2 left, purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent, ties to be shot at 21yds. 1 shot each angle.

Match No. 3—Sweepstakes.—Entrance $2.50, purse $50, 6 Peoria blackbirds 18yds. rise, 2 right, 2 off and 2 left, ties as in Match No. 2, purse divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Match No. 4—Team Match.—Entrance $5, purse $75, this match to consist of 2 men to each team, and each man to shoot at 8 birds at the following angles: 1 right, 1 left, 1 off, 1 right off, 1 left off, 1 in, 1 right in and 1 left in, ties to be shot off, miss and out, straightaway, purse to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Thursday, May 14—Match No 5.—Team match for the championship, and handsome badge, presented by the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company, teams of 5 men, 50 clay-birds each team, 18yds. rise, trap set at 5 angles.

Match No. 6—Team Match.—Entrance $2.50, purse $50, 5 double birds, 18yds. rise, straightaway.

Match No. 7—Sweepstakes.—Entrance $2.50, purse $50, 5 clay birds, 21yds. rise, ties as above, purse divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Match No. 8—Sweepstakes.—Entrance $2.50, purse $50, 5 balls, straightaway, from far-throwing trap, 18yds. rise, purse divided 50 30 and 20 per cent.

Friday May 15—Match No. 9.—Entrance $5, $25 added, 5 live birds, 21yds. rise, ground traps, use of 1 barrel, purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., less cost of birds, ties miss and out, 25 and 30yds. rise.

Match No. 10.—Entrance $5, $15 added, 6 live birds, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels, purse divided same as above.

Match No. 11—Sweepstakes.—Entrance $2.50, $25 added, 4 clay birds, 18yds. rise, right and left.

Match No. 12.—Entrance $2, $15 added, open to shooters only who have not won first, second or third in any previous regular match, 5 clay birds, 18yds. rise, 1 off, 1 right, 1 left, 1 right off, 1 left off.

Twelve-bore guns allowed 2yds., 16-bore guns allowed 3yds. Rules of the National Gun Association will govern the shooting, load of shot limited to 1¼ ounces.

NEW DORP, S. I.—April 17.—The Jeannette Gun Club shot to-day for a medal which went to H. Maesell. The leading scores stood:

H Maesell	11111101—7	H Otten	01011110—5
C N Brunil	11111110—7	F Baar	10110110—5
H Vetter	11111101—7	D Stein	01111001—5
J H Fisken	11101110—6	E A Wunderlich	00111110—5
J Rottman	11110011—6	H Holms	01101110—5
H W Condts	11100111—6	J Vagts	10101011—5
C Kastenbein	11110101—6	M Berlz	11001011—5
C Myer	11110110—6		

PHILADELPHIA GUN CLUB.—Philadelphia, April 17.—The members of the Philadelphia Gun Club brought their two-day spring meeting to a close to day. On both days the weather was all that could be desired, and there was a large attendance of members and visitors both from this city and New York. The programme called for three events, the first a shoot at 10 single birds at 30yds. rise, with 23 entries; the second at 10 double birds, 25yds., with 19 entries, and a shoot for teams of four each at 20 birds 30yds. rise. The singles and doubles were shot on the first day, when the New Yorkers carried off the honors. The prizes for singles were: For the first a silver pitcher, which was won by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; for the second a silver mug, won by Mr. Elliott, and the third, a silver-mounted hair brush, won by Mr. Bispham. For the doubles Mr. Redmond won the first prize, a silver coffee pot; the second prize, a silver-handled combination umbrella and cane, was won by Mr. Handy.

The team shoot took place to-day and proved somewhat of a disappointment owing to the absence of a team that the Westminster Kennel Club promised to send over, but as the members selected to shoot backed out at the last moment New York was only represented by a "scratch" team that entered out of courtesy, in return for kindnesses they had received at the hands of the Philadelphians. The other teams were one from the Philadelphia Gun Club and two from the Riverton Gun Club, one of which was known as the "regulars" and the other as the "reserves." The "reserves," however, proved that of all the gun clubs in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia the Riverton is the strongest, for it not only furnished the winning team, but the second and third teams. The four gentlemen who shot as the Philadelphia team were also members of the Rivertons. The result is as follows. The prize was an elegant silver loving cup, highly ornamented, which is to be duly inscribed with the names of the winners, and is to be the personal property of Mr. Sterling:

Riverton Reserves—Sterling 18, Sartoris 17, Downing 16, Brown 15—66.
Riverton Regulars—Dando 18, Davis 15, Eckert 15, Howard 13—61.
Philadelphia Gun Club—McAllister 18, Handy 15, Meredith 15, Bispham 11—59.
New York, Scratch—Redmond 15, Colt 14, Pierce 12, Langton 8—49.
Referees—Dr. Kinney and A. Van Rensselaer.

The shooting on the whole was very good, the birds were strong and very quick, and as the wind was somewhat fresh and carried them away to the right, to kill with the second barrel was somewhat difficult. Several very clever kills were, however, scored with the second barrel by a majority of the contestants. After the principal event a number of sweepstakes were shot, there being two sets of traps in use part of the time.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12.—A lovely day, a good muster of both members and spectators, a sprinkling of the fair sex, just large enough to leaven the lump with their refining influence, exceptionally good birds and exceptionally good shooting, and what more could a lover of pigeon shooting wish for. All these concomitants of success were to be observed at San Bruno to-day, and the result was highly satisfactory. The first event was the second competition for the California Wing Club's medals. Besides the members the following guests shot by invitation: Messrs. Tucker and Liddle and Miss Lillian Smith. Tucker tied Robinson for first place and Miss Smith tied Kerrigan and Jewlett for second honors. Hurlingham rules, with 80yds. boundary and 30yds. rise, governed the meeting. Miss Smith was allowed to shoot at 21yds. Mr. Eyre was selected judge and referee and gave universal satisfaction. Kerrigan used a 12-bore gun. Walsh's second bird fell dead outside the boundary, Golcher made some good shooting; his second, seventh and eighth shots being particularly worthy of notice. Liddle shot very well at first, his second barrel doing execution at very long distances. Kerrigan's sixth bird was challenged and when about to alight was interfered with by a spectator and a new bird claimed, which the judged allowed. Kerrigan's eleventh bird and Golcher's twelfth fell dead outside. Tucker and Robinson shot in their usually good form. Following is the score:

C Robinson	111111111111—12	W Golcher	111011110110— 9
J Kerrigan	111111111101—11	R Liddle	111111111000— 9
S A Tucker	111111111111—12	E Fay	111110010111— 9
Mr Jellett	111111110111—11	Miss Lillian Smith	011111111111—11
Dr Slade	101111011111—10	T Pearson	001110110010— 6
P Walsh	100110111001— 8		

The next shoot was between Walsh and Jellett, as they did not shoot the last time the club met, and though Walsh was using other cartridges than his own, he succeeded in winning by one bird, killing his eleven in fine style. Following is the score:

Jellett ..... 111110011111—10 Walsh ..... 011111111111—11

Messrs. Liddle and Roach shot off a match at six birds for $5 a side, Liddle winning. The score stood:

Roach ..... 001100—2 Liddle ..... 111110—5

Then followed another match between Liddle and Martin at five birds, for $5 each, Martin winning with 4 to 3, the score standing:

Liddle ..... 01011—3 Martin ..... 11011—4

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—Delegations from the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Brockton, Exeter, Mansfield, Lynn Central, Malden, Worcester, Scituate and Boston Gun clubs attended the pigeon shoot at Wellington, April 15. The result of their efforts are appended: 1. G. H. Gerrish first. 2. Clark and Cooper first. 3. Cooper first. 4. Eager and Cooper first. 5. Eager first. 6. Eager and Clark first. 7. Cooper first. 8. Eager first. 9. Snow first. 10. Eager and Howard first. 11. Allen first. 12. Gerrish first. 13. Gerrish first. One of the principal contests initiated by this club is that of awarding average prizes for a series of the contests throughout the day, and judging from the interest taken in such a scheme, they seem likely to become an entirely new feature in all future clay-pigeon shoots. The prizes were taken as follows: First best average, C. H. Gerrish; second, H. W. Eager; third, Snow, Allen and Howard; fourth. Clark, Francis and Kirkwood. The summing up of these prizes concluded one of the most enjoyable shoots yet held by this club, darkness preventing further competition.

GENEVA, N. Y., April 18.—The return match between the Ithaca and Lakeside teams took place to-day. The attendance was good, but the shooting not up to the average:

Lakeside Gun Club,—Parshall 19, Stacey 17, Dixon 21, Whitney 24, total 81.

Ithaca.—H. White 20, McCormick 18, Morton 22, A. White 16, total 76.

A CHEAP GUN.—The Ithaca Gun Company is meeting with great success in placing its cheap $35 gun in the market. The careful tests for pattern and penetration made with each barrel before shipment guarantees satisfaction to purchasers, while the boring and choking is such as to make excellent pattern either with fine or coarse shot. Mr. L. H. Smith of the company will soon start out on an extended Western trip.

TOPSHAM, Me., April 20.—At the annual meeting of the Riverside Club to-day the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, M. C. Hall; Secretary, Chas. Goud; Treasurer, A. Q. Goud; Assistant Treasurer, A. S. Alexander. Executive Committee—M. C. Hall, Chas. Goud, A. Q. Goud, A. S. Alexander, G. E. Keene.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—The following is the score made at the last regular monthly shoot for the blackbird gold medal. Mr. J. C. Duncan having won the medal at the two previous meetings, had the effect of bringing out a large attendance to keep him from winning the third time, but "Old Joe" was equal to the occasion, and won the most exciting match ever shot by the club, and the medal is now his personal property:

J C Duncan	111101111111110—13	W Jenkins	101110011010000— 7
F Armstroug	111111000111111—12	J M Ross	101100111000010— 7
A H Hebbard	111110111100101—11	C Woodbury	011010010100000— 5
J W Slocum	101110100111111—11	F Seymour	010000101100000— 4
C C Hebbard	011011101111000— 9	S Townsend	010000010001100— 4
R Jacques	010011111110100— 9	J B Kelly	000000010000111— 4
T C Eldridge	101111011000101— 9	J Brown	001011000010000— 4
C Deaderick	111110101000010— 9	Ed Misser	000000000000000— 0

PACIFIC CLUB.—The opening match of the Pacific Clay-Pigeon Club was held at Bay View, April 12, at 15 birds each, 21yds. rise, for the three club medals; two gold and one silver. E. Dunshee won the first prize by breaking 14 birds in fine style, missing only his sixth bird. W. Franks took second prize with thirteen, and Ed. Funcke third with twelve. Following is the score:

E Dunshee	111110111111111—14	J Fanning	011001110110101— 9
W Franks	111100111111111—13	A Wilson	101000111011110— 9
Ed Funcke	001111111111011—12	S Taylor	100110011011000— 8
J Taylor	101111010111100—11	H Rice	000110000011111— 7
B Ronan	011001101110111—10	J O'Brien	000010010110100— 5
W Dunshee	111000111110010— 9	A Pohlmeyer	000010010101000— 5
D Cronan	110110111000110— 9	T R Rajas	100100100000000— 3

LINCOLN GUN CLUB.—An exciting match was held at Colma, California, between several of the members of the Lincoln Gun Club, shooting under the international rules. The first match was a shot between F. Drinkhouse and C. Ford, for a purse of $50, 25 birds, 18yds. rise, Ford winning the match with 15 breaks, Drinkhouse falling behind his average, only breaking 9. The second contest was a match, under the same rules, for a purse of $10, between H. Northrup and H. Fusch, which both men tied with 13 birds. After shooting the tie, with three pair of double birds, Northrup carried off the honors, breaking 4 out of 6, and Fusch 3 out of 6. The third was on the same terms as the previous one, and was between H. Venker and G. Edler. This was the closest contested and most exciting match of all, each of the men tieing on his first ten birds, after Edler taking the lead until his twenty-first round, then falling back, missing his four last birds, and Venker tieing him with sixteen. The ties were shot off with three pairs double birds, 18yds. rise, both tieing, five out of six. The second tie was shot off with three more pairs of birds, 21yds. rise, of which Edler was declared the winner, breaking 4 out of 6, Venker breaking 3 out of 6, missing his last pair of birds. The Lincoln Gun Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, C. Campbell; Vice-President, B. Warshauer; Secretary, H. Northrup; Treasurer, S. J. Cohn.

The National Gun Association.—All who would foster "The Gun" as a healthy outdoor sport are invited to join the National Gun Association, organized New Orleans, Feb. 10, 1885. Incorporated Covington, Ky., March 4, 1885. Membership fee $5. Annual dues $1. Life membership $25. A series of Inter-State and International tournaments, open to members only, will be announced shortly, the first at Springfield, Ohio, prizes $2,000 guaranteed, May 5 to 9. Handbook with full details, constitution, trap shooting rules, etc., price 10 cents. Dr. L. E. Russell, President, Springfield, Ohio; Fred. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1,292, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. E. Bloom, General Manager and Treasurer, Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



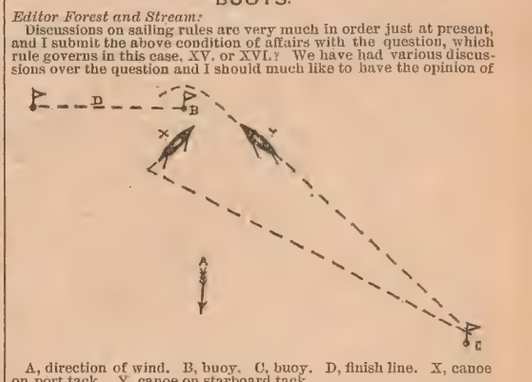
AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

PORT AND STARBOARD TACKS AT TURNING BUOYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Discussions on sailing rules are very much in order just at present, and I submit the above condition of affairs with the question, which rule governs in this case, XV. or XVI.? We have had various discussions over the question and I should much like to have the opinion of



A, direction of wind. B, buoy. C, buoy. D, finish line. X, canoe on port tack. Y, canoe on starboard tack.

experts—canoeists and yachtsmen. X and Y, the two canoes, are racing, and are close to B, the last buoy which is to be left to port, and D, the finish crossed to win the race. X, not being able to sail as close as Y, has had to tack between B and C, and was well ahead of Y, but both canoes are close to B. What are the rights and duties in the case?

Port.

[Unless X were far enough ahead of Y to tack clear of her, she must obey the rule of port tack giving way, however close she may be to the buoy. If X is so far in advance that she endeavors to tack and collision ensues, she will be disqualified, if Y has continued on her course without putting her helm up, but if a collision ensued through Y putting her helm up which would not have ensued had she continued her course, Y would be to blame. Again, if X, by attempting to tack, compels Y to luff to avoid collision, X would be disqualified. To sum up, it rests with X, as the canoe on port tack, to decide whether to bear away, or to attempt to tack, and should she adopt the latter course she must stand all risk except in the case that Y puts her helm up and causes a collision.]

A CANOE TRIP ON THE BRULE.

HOW it rained that night; it came straight down, eagerly, swiftly, dense and very wet, and the night was so black you could feel the darkness. We stood by the side of the railroad enjoying it. The accommodating conductor and hands of a mining train on a branch of the C. & N. W. R. R. had dumped us, our canoes and dunnage on the banks of the Brule, about forty miles beyond Florence in Northern Michigan, that June night, 1884. The conductor said it was the point we bargained to be dumped at, and we took his word for it. The Brule was there, we could hear its murmurs above the clatter of the down-pouring flood. As the noise of the departing train died out the captain's voice was heard growling something about its being showery, and suggesting camp and cover. Half an hour after, with the aid of a lantern which seemed a spark in that pitchy darkness, we had our four canoes (three of the C. C. C.'s and a birch for the guide Charlie) in position under some trees, and a hissing, struggling fire fighting the rain. The Captain, Ed and the guide had turned in under cover in their canoes, but the Old Man was yet struggling with a patent wire, front and back action, crinoline-looking, canvas-covered tent, which should have covered the well of his canoe, and words strong and savory flew about. The Captain's shout of "Wind her up on the other side, Old Man," or Ed's, "There was a sound of revelry by night," didn't have a tendency to sooth the Old Man either. Finally he too was quiet, but got his work in the next morning by routing the camp out an hour before daybreak. By the time breakfast was over and all was ready for a launch, the growing light of a clear, beautiful morning was opening to our view the course of the Brule winding its way through the pine woods. Just at this point, the river was shallow with many boulders showing above the surface, and with a current running at about seven miles an hour.

We were soon afloat and under way, and for the first time the burgee of the C. C. C. waved on the Brule. The Captain was ahead in his fifty-pound canvas canoe Qui Vive; next came Ed in his canvas, a counterpart of the Qui Vive; then came the Old Man in his Racine Birdie Kane, and bringing up the rear came Charlie in the birch with the dunnage. It was a magnificent canoe ride that day, and the next and the next, the current varying from three miles an hour to the racehorse speed of a rapid; now drifting quietly side by side on the silent but swift river, sometimes so narrow that the outside man on either side could touch the banks with outstretched paddles; feasting our city-sated eyes on the constantly changing scenery, breathing the refreshing, appetite-giving air of the piny woods; then separating for an exhilarating, intoxicating rush through a rapid, with apron well pulled up to shed the combers, and fighting with rapid backward strokes, first one side then the other, with the double blade to shun the half-hidden boulders over which the greenish waters surged with an ominous rush; then, as the river became deeper and quieter, lazily coming together again with talk and song and jest, laying up here to the wooded bank for a quiet quarter of an hour and cigar, or there to give the Captain a chance to catch with camera and plate some charming bit of river view, and again at some likely pool for a mess of fish; then on again over the now silent, now boisterous, always rapid little river, its ever-winding course constantly revealing new scenic pleasures; never a farm or a clearing, never a human being but ourselves, now a tangled swampy shore, oftener a wooded stony bank, but always the dense silent woods on either side.

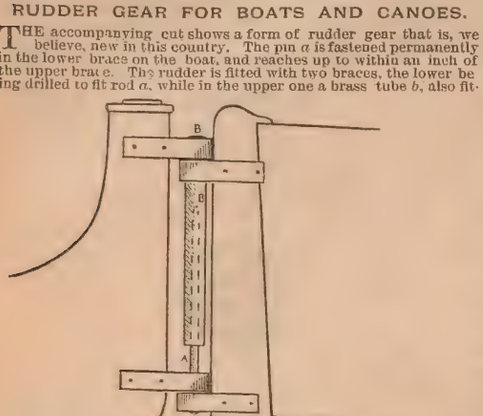
An onward push of the paddle was seldom necessary; you floated past the varying scenes with the same water by your side till you felt your canoe and it were bosom friends. Noon and night came far too soon, but with them were buoyant spirits and splendid appetites. Tired at evening? No. It was satisfying, refreshing rest; it was a canoeing poem. Those four were red-letter days. The glorious Brule, the acme of river canoeing.

Toward the close of the third day we left the river and portaged three of the canoes and some light camp equipage over to the Boot

Lakes, three little gems set in the woods about a mile from the river, and camped there two nights. As the lakes are seldom if ever visited, except by lumbermen, the bass fishing is very fine. We caught all we wanted for the sport of catching, and threw them back alive, as we could not use them. On the river and at the lakes we saw a number of deer. On one of the lakes we visited a beaver house and dam. They were not at home, so we left our cards and marveled at the ingenuity and human-like handiwork displayed by these wonderful builders. After leaving the lakes we had one more day of the river, then home, stored our canoes in the boat house, and bidding these faithful comrades a short good bye, went to work again. Pat.

RUDDER GEAR FOR BOATS AND CANOES.

THE accompanying cut shows a form of rudder gear that is, we believe, new in this country. The pin *a* is fastened permanently in the lower brace on the boat, and reaches up to within an inch of the upper brace. The rudder is fitted with two braces, the lower being drilled to fit rod *a*, while in the upper one a brass tube *b*, also fitting over *a* is fastened. To ship the rudder, the lower brace on rudder is entered on the rod, the tube sliding down a hole in upper brace on boat, and at the same time over the rod *a*. The rudder will rise freely, may be quickly hung or removed, and the rod can never be bent. We are indebted for the device to Mr. Geo. F. Holmes, Hull England, who has used it for several seasons on his canoe yawl Cassy.



AN ENGLISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.

ENGLISH canoeists are feeling more and more the necessity for a revival or reconstruction of canoeing, and the formation of an association similar to the A. C. A. The average record has lately been adopted by them, and judging from the results here, it will remedy to a great extent the evils that afflict canoeing, but an association of some kind is necessary as well, to insure success. Mr. Baden-Powell, in a late issue of the *Field*, has a letter in favor of the average record and also of an association, that should waken canoeists to the importance of doing something ere they fall entirely to the rear. It is but a few years ago that canoes, canoeing books, ideas, sails, all that a canoeist required, came from England; but now, thanks to the Association, and also to some of the individual members who helped to form it, we have models, rigs, ideas, and a canoe literature of our own, and far superior to that of England. The advantages five years since was all on their side, an established sport, a nation of sporting people, a small field of labor, compared with which we were at a great disadvantage. A strong prejudice against canoes prevailed here among all classes, the originators of the scheme were personally unknown to each other, and the men whom it was proposed to enlist were scattered over an area of millions of square miles, and but few of them had been in a canoe.

In spite of these and other obstacles the American Canoe Association, through the energy, enterprise, and perseverance of its founders and later members, has become an assured success, while at the same time canoeing abroad has declined. A similar work in England should place canoeing on the same basis which it rests upon here as an established and recognized sport, and now seems to be the time for such a work. There are many canoeists but the clubs do not seem to be in a prosperous condition, and racing has declined to the lowest ebb. What is needed is organization, union, and a common set of rules. The record racing will do some good, but alone it is not likely to effect any great and permanent improvement, but an English association similar to the American, is what is imperatively needed if canoeing is to hold its place among outdoor sports.

THE CANOE AURORA.

THE many canoeists who, anxious to get afloat once more, have been kept ashore by the late season, need wait no longer for the ice to melt and rivers to open, but can start at once with out fear of weather on a cruise "From the Adirondacks to the Gulf" with the pleasantest of fellow cruisers and thorough canoeist, the skipper of the Aurora and secretary of the American Canoe Association. Not only the many friends of Dr. Neidé in the Association, but all who are devoted to camping and cruising will take pleasure in accompanying him on his long journey through the means of the "Log of the Aurora," just issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The book is a condensation of the essence of cruising, varied, amusing, bright; taking one into the open air and the out-door world, away from cities, smoke and business, until the reader is ready to believe that there were three instead of two in the party, and he himself is side by side with the Doctor and Barnacle on the oily waters of Pennsylvania, amid the ice of the Ohio, or tumbling on the waves of the Gulf of Mexico.

Dr. Neidé is a careful observer, and has grasped the interesting features of everything he has seen, and shows them, not as so many dry facts backed by dryer statistics, but as he would point them out to a companion. Wherever he goes he takes the reader with him and shows him all he sees himself. While a mere itinerary of such a long and varied cruise would be of interest to canoeists, it would be tedious reading to others; but the "Log of the Aurora" appeals to the general reader as well as to the cruiser, and a man need be neither a canoeist nor sportsman to enjoy fully the varied narrative. The book is neatly and tastily made, and forms a valuable addition to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company's series of handbooks on camping and canoeing, of which the first two, "Woodcraft" and "Canoe Building," have already appeared, and the fourth, "Canoe Handling," is now in press.

BROOKLYN CANOE AND SAILING CLUB.—The Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club gave a reception to the boating men of Brooklyn on Tuesday, April 13, at their rooms on Fulton street. Nearly sixty gentlemen were present, many being canoeists, while a number were sailors and rowing men who came to learn what the new sport was like. A canoe with sails set served to ornament the dining room, while the main room was decorated with large club flags of the New York, Knickerbocker and Brooklyn clubs, and many private signals and trophies. Mr. Hull, President of the club, introduced Prof. Fowler, of the Knickerbocker C. C., who read a very able and interesting paper on the subject. "Why We Prefer the Canoe." Speaking first of the tendencies of the present time to hurry and overwork and their consequences, he showed the necessity of relaxation and exercise, and reviewed the popular sports and amusements of the day, with their characteristics and results, contrasting them with canoeing. The canoe and its uses were fully described, also the dress of the canoeists and the many charms of cruising, illustrated with anecdotes and incidents from the speaker's log book. The guests present could have had no more fitting exposition of the sport, and even old canoeists present felt they had not yet realized all the possibilities which the paddle opens to them. After the lecture a supper was served, the meeting breaking up at 11 P. M. The club have taken active steps to procure a house, and will soon be ready for boating from their own float. Members are coming in, and the club has every prospect of success before it.

THE CHILDS CENTERBOARD.—Mr. Childs has retired from the firm of Wm. Childs & Co., and the board formerly known by his name will in future be called the Radix board. The demand for boards this season has been very large, but the company expect to make them more rapidly than before, and to be able to fill orders more promptly.

CANOE UNIFORMS.—Canoe clubs who are providing themselves with uniforms for the coming season will find a strong, reliable article in the shirts made by the Brokaw Manufacturing Company, of Newburg, N. Y. They make a specialty of shirts for yachtsmen and canoeists.

PITTSBURGH C. C.—The new burgee is 12×18in., white ground, narrow border of blue, and letter P in blue also. The club have also adopted a sailing signal, a red crescent with profile face. If any club has already chosen similar designs the P. C. C. would like to know it. The new uniform of the club is of gray flannel, with brown stockings. R. W. Bailey was appointed measurer. The club will hold a camp from Friday to Monday, May 29 to June 1, on the Monongahela River, with races. The design for the prize cup to be presented by Messrs. Howe and Nimick has a canoe under sail, with crew on deck, engraved on one side, with two crossed paddles and the A. C. A. and club burgees over them.

WHITEHALL C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Whitehall C. C. was held on April 16. The following officers were elected: Commodore, E. P. Newcomb; Vice-Commodore, W. C. Blodgett; Secretary and Treasurer, W. W. Cooke; Measurer, E. R. Bascom; Cook, Frank C. Cooke. Two new members were admitted to the club. Some of the members have been out in their boats, and notwithstanding the coolness of the weather have enjoyed it immensely. The club will turn out for inspection some time this month, and no doubt will have a race to warm the boys up.—Will W. Cooke, Secretary.

A CANOE CLUB AT OSWEGO.—Oswego, N. Y., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with pleasure that I report the organization on the 8th inst. of the Oswego C. C. with a membership of ten. Our officers are: J. B. McMurrich, Captain; G. N. Burt, Mate; W. G. Thrall, Purser; M. C. Worts, Measurer. Our club signal is of the regulation size, a 10×15 burgee with blue field, containing the letters O. C. C. in white. We have four canoes, and others are being negotiated for. The Oswego River presents unsurpassed cruising grounds, and we are waiting for the time to come when we shall make our first cruise.—Juno.

LAKE MISTASSINI.—Col. Rhodes, of the Quebec Geographical Society, was in New York last week and called on us. He is interested in the canoe expedition mentioned a short time since, to explore Lake Mistassini in Upper Canada. The expedition is now preparing to leave Quebec in June. The address of the New York agents is Walter Watson and Alex. Lang, 59 Wall street, from whom all information can be obtained.

THE CANOE LALOO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in a late issue that a canoe on the model of the Laloo is being built in Michigan. I am also building one of canvas from the same lines for one of the club, and intend to build one for myself at once, of cedar.—Senorita.

THE A. C. A. BADGES.—Dr. Neidé writes us that he has received but forty-six orders for badges. Members will please send their orders at once, so that the makers will begin work on the dies. Forty-five new members have been proposed since October.

N. Y. C. C.—Com. Munroe has purchased the sloop Venture from Mr. E. C. Neal of Boston, and is now cruising in her in Florida waters. She will be his home next season.

Yachting.

WOODEN OR IRON MAST HOOPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question before us is whether iron rings for small boats, 16ft. and under, are better than wooden rings or not. With iron rings one has nearly always to keep the mast greased, for if not kept so, the rings stick in hauling up the sail, and after a time make ugly black mark on the mast. And sometimes, after a few days' of rain, if the rings are not well galvanized, they rust, leaving spots on the sail, and rotting the marlin wherewith the sail is lashed to the rings.

But on the other hand, with wooden rings and the mast well greased none of these things happen, as the wooden rings are fastened with copper fastenings, and in way of marks on the mast, of course wood rubbing against wood will make no mark.

Then another important question: as boats as small as the above mentioned generally carry comparatively small masts, whether the iron rings will hold with more sureness in a heavy wind than wooden rings. Of course iron rings are never used on boats over 20ft., and wooden rings are able to be made for masts of these boats strong enough, but when it comes to have wooden rings for masts some 4 or 4½in. in diameter, will they hold as well as iron ones?

A great many of the fishermen on Long Island Sound use "fike-boats" for fishing and iron rings for their sails. Again a great number use spritsails. But on the whole, for small pleasure boats of the above length, and tenders of yachts and other craft, I ask again which is the better?

E. C. Hammond.

New London, Conn.

[The wooden rings are better for the reasons stated above, and also because they can be placed on the mast at any time and riveted there. Perhaps the friends of the iron rings may have something to say in their favor.

A FOLDING DINGEY.

THE question of a tender or dingey for a small yacht, say from 30ft. downward, is always a difficult one. A boat on deck, however small it may be, is always a serious nuisance, and when towing it is hardly less so, beside it is often necessary to have the boat aboard. A small lightly built bateau, somewhat after the fashion of a dory, is as compact and easily handled as any; but even if so small as to be really of little use, it is greatly in the way when on deck. It is of course necessary to have some means of getting ashore from any yacht, and this necessity, coupled with the difficulty mentioned above, has led to the construction of many varieties of folding boat. Abroad the Berthon boat, invented by an English clergyman, has been largely used for yachts, though having some serious disadvantages, and lately we have tried a boat on a similar principle, but differing in details, the invention of Dr. C. M. Douglas, well-known to canoeists as a cruiser and boating man of large experience. This boat consists of a frame of bent wood, the stem, stern and keel being in one, with the gunwales hinged at the ends to the stem and stern, and folding down flat against the keel. This frame is covered with stout canvas, made thoroughly waterproof. Four sets of ribs running fore and aft, are fastened to the canvas on each side of the keel, each rib being in two halves, inside and outside of the canvas and riveted through. These ribs protect the outside of boat when drawn up. The boat, when opened, is kept in shape by two bent frames or ribs, their ends slipped under the gunwales and their middles resting on the keel. On these two floor boards are laid, holding them in place, and a thwart is also fastened to one of them. When in shape the boat is very stiff and strong, while the lines are remarkably good for a folding boat, having a flat floor with round bilge and straight sides. The weight of the smallest size, 9×3ft., is but 40 pounds, and the boat will easily carry two persons. The next size, 9×3ft. 6in., will carry three persons. When folded the boat makes a package about 6in. thick, and of such shape as to be readily stowed on deck or passed down below, while it can be unpacked and launched in two or three minutes. The boats row easily and steadily, and may also be propelled by paddles, while from their model, being stiff and buoyant, they make excellent tenders for yachts. They are made by the Ontario Canoe Company. One may be seen at Mr. Stephens's shop, at West New Brighton, S. I.

WINTER CRUISES.

THOUGH schooner racing has certainly fallen off greatly in the past two years, the two stickers are by no means idle, but are coming forward more and more each year as cruisers. Two large vessels, the Brunhilde at Nyack, and Mr. Bush's schooner at Poillon's are now building expressly for cruising, and during the past winter several large schooners have made cruises to the West Indies. The Wanderer, Mr. G. W. Weld, Gitana, Mr. W. F. Weld, and Mohican, Mr. H. D. Burnham, have all returned lately to New York after extended cruises. The latter yacht left Boston on Dec. 29 with her owner and Messrs. Nathaniel Curtis, Herbert C. Leeds, Prescott Lawrence and John Lindsey on board, under command of Capt. A. S. Whittemore. On the third day out she lost her jibboom. New Year and the following days were stormy. On Jan. 5 she arrived at Bermuda. Anchoring in Hamilton Harbor, she was visited by the Governor and staff and a number of residents. After fitting a new jibboom, the Mohican sailed on Jan. 13, but lost the jibboom in leaving the harbor. She put in to St. Georges and replaced it for the second and last time, as the third stick is still in her. Sailing on Jan. 14 for St. Thomas, her course was subsequently changed for St. Kitts, where she arrived on the 20th. A tour of the island was made, and on the 22d she sailed for Pointe a Pitre, Guadeloupe, arriving the next day and remaining for two days, which were spent by the party on shore, and then she sailed for St. Pierre, Martinique. Leaving here on Jan. 29, she reached Kingston, Ja., on Feb. 6, and on the 10th continued to Cienfuegos, where she arrived on the 12th. Here her owner and two of the party left her, going to Havana by rail, while the yacht reached the same port on Feb. 20. Here her owner rejoined her, but two of his guests went on to New York by steamer.

On Feb. 26 the Mohican sailed for New Orleans, arriving on March 4, and after a stay of two weeks she continued to Fernandina, reaching there on March 23. The Gitana was also at anchor here, and both left together on the 28th for Charleston. On April 1 Mohican and Gitana left in company for a race to Cape Henry, 375 miles, the prize being a gold cup, Mohican allowing Gitana 1hr. 2m. At 9 A. M. on April 1 they left the sea buoy of Charleston bar, and the Mohican was off Cape Henry at 7:12 A. M. of April 4, Gitana arriving at 7:30 P. M. On the 11th the Mohican sailed from Hampton Roads for New York and Boston, where she will overhaul for the summer. The Wanderer's cruise in the same direction was shorter, as she left Newport about the middle of March, running down to Bermuda, thence to St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, and across to Fernandina and home.

When, if ever, our schooner fleet will regain its old-time celebrity, due to its racers, is very doubtful; but there is still a large and pleasant field open to the owners of large yachts in such cruises as these to the South in winter and to Canada and Labrador in summer, besides the Mediterranean and longer voyages, and their boats may become as well known abroad as cruisers as they once were as racers.

LOG OF THE NINETTA.

AT the close of a few months' sojourn in Los Angeles during the winter just closed, I determined not to leave the semi-tropics of the State without paying a long-threatened visit to Catalina Island, situated about twenty miles off the coast here, and famed in these parts for boldness of coast-line, crystal sea water, mildness of air and general healthfulness.

Accordingly, securing the company of my old friend Kit, who had years ago some acquaintance with Catalina waters, I packed my blankets and boarded the S. P. R. R. train for San Pedro at 10 A. M., Monday, Feb. 2, 1885. Arriving there a little before noon, we began to cast around for some sort of a "hooker" for the proposed cruise. Presently I met my friend Gen. B., Collector of the Port here, who kindly volunteered the use of his "packet," a smart-looking yawl swinging to her cable in the stream. She had just been launched, after having been hauled out and painted, and with the help of old-time friends, Charlie K., Billy M. and Charlie D., her iron ballast was put aboard and sails bent that night. Deferring further preparations until next morning, we unrolled our blankets and turned in on the seats of a passenger car, obligingly tendered by the railroad agent.

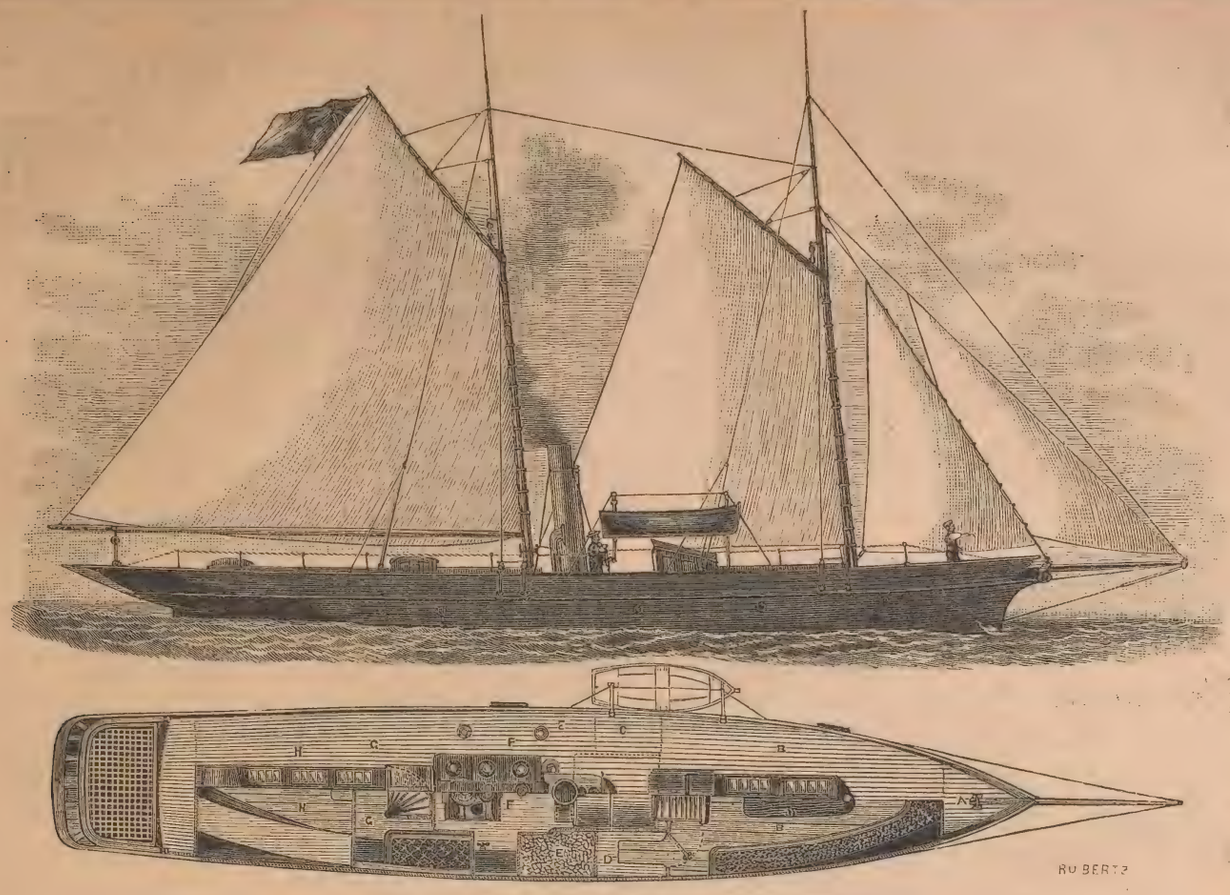
Tuesday, Feb. 3.—We were up in good season, Kit producing a blue woollen shirt and woollen stockings for my benefit, the stockings from the untiring fingers of his dear old mother, way back in Mount Desert, Me. (Kit spent last year there.) Commissary stores engrossed our first attention, and we obtained them at a store in the little town. Towing our ship into the steps, we proceeded to pass in cargo, and by noon we were ready to throw our tow line to Capt. C., of the tugboat, he having offered that good service if we would take our chances with the bar, which was, and had been for several days, unprecedentedly rough. At 12:30 P. M. we started, the tug ahead, towing a large lighter, while we brought up the rear. As we neared the bar, about half a mile out, and about opposite Dead Man's Island, we began to experience the effect of the long and heavy southwest swell, which was breaking on the spit to the west of the bar in fierce and ugly-looking combers. We kept our weather eye open, however, and met her yawing with the helm, though at times we sulked until our tow line tautened like a harp string, and, with the momentum thus acquired, were forced to luff past the ponderous rudder of the lighter to avoid a collision. At length we were over and dry as a bone, and the tug dropped us to transfer Los Angeles passengers to the steamer Santa Rosa, lying at anchorage, and bound for San Francisco. We got mainsail, jib and mizzen on her in the order named, and after a short leg on the starboard tack, with a S. W. wind, we 'bout ship, and with port tacks aboard stood up for Point Firmin. On this tack we went athwart hawse of the tug, and swung good-by to them with elevated hats. Getting in close to the kelp, we again came in stays, and close-hauled on the starboard tack could point up only to within about two points east of the easterly end of Catalina. This was not satisfactory, for our destination was the isthmus, opposite Catalina harbor, near the west end.

Now, while the breeze is light, Kit getting dinner, and yours truly at the helm, let me describe our ship more particularly. She is 22ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and 3ft. draft, with good freeboard and round stern. She is decked forward and aft, with a 5ft.×10ft. cockpit amidships, with a coaming around it and decked from coaming to gunwale on each side. There is a small steering hatch in the after deck, with mizzenmast stepped forward of the hatch. The cockpit has a 10-in. wide seat on each side running the whole length, the covers of which being raised discloses lockers below. Her rig is main, jib and mizzen. She steered with a light weather helm, and in a light breeze slipped along like oil. Charley K. had extemporized a memorable stove for us which worked admirably. Taking a coal oil can, he made a 2in.×4in. aperture in one side about 4in. from the bottom, leaving the piece cut out fast by the lower edge and projecting for a miniature hearth. Then the can was filled with dry sand even with the bottom of said aperture. This arrangement produced draught and a cool bottom that the stove could stand on without injury to its supports. Two pieces of hoop iron were bent down and hooked across the top to support kettles, cans, etc., and completed the instrument. The chowders, boiled potatoes, coffee, etc., turned out by this apparatus under Kit's practiced hand, were its best recommendation. We trolled for baracouta across the channel, this being the season for them, but did not find their schools. We caught some Spanish mackerel, however, which we added to our stores. As we drew out into the channel the wind hauled more westerly, and we bore up for two peaks near the center of the island. At 3 P. M. I requested Kit to turn in, which he did promptly, making his bunk on the floor of the cockpit, sheltering his head under the fore deck, while I kept the fire going at his feet. Our breeze soon left us with but steerage way, but kept drawing northward, and although we made the land and heard the hoarse welcome of surf by 9 P. M., we did not know our ground well enough to attempt an anchorage at night. So I kept her looking at the wind and edged along the north shore toward our destination, the isthmus. Kit's watch from 12 to 4 A. M. was passed in almost a calm, and morning showed but little headway.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.—An easterly wind soon helped us close in shore, and lazily dawdling over beautiful groves of kelp waving in the watery breeze, sending their bright red, russet, and pale sea green foliage up through fathom upon fathom of transparent water, to the very top, we crept to the westward. Then Kit, a fisherman of varied experience, from Bay of Chaleur to Grand Banks, got out his lines, and inveigled red fish and white fish into our boat, to show up in curiously wrought and toothsome chowder later on. Anon we floated over long reaches of hard sand bottom, and saw piles of jetsam, etc., lying peacefully in their long bed, unruffled by any far away surface commotion. "How deep do you suppose that is?" says Kit. "Oh, about 20ft., I guess." "Yes, it looks about that." But the lead tells a different story, 8 fathoms. Such is the deception of this diaphanous Catalina water. What with our loafing and lying to, and fishing, we fetched the Isthmus only about 5 P. M. Sailing into within 50yds. of the beach, against an off-shore wind, we dropped anchor and got supper. On rising from our repast we found we had drifted out at least 100yds. The few beaches around the island are very steep, and furnish poor holding ground, with their generally smooth, hard bottom, especially when an off-shore wind gets a down-hill pull on your anchor. So we hoisted jib and slipped down a mile or so to Fisherman's Harbor, just east of the Isthmus. We had seen a skiff moored there when passing up, and as we had no tender, she proved a "bonanza." It is a pretty little cove, the best harbor on the North Side, and is sheltered from all but N. W. winds. We found a strong mooring that the skiff was fast to, and made use of it rather than risk our anchor among the huge boulders on the bottom. Bailing out the skiff, which was waterlogged, we made a landing on the gravelly beach, replenished our stock of wood, which was low, from driftwood and roots, and also discovered a "tank" of water in a natural depression of the rock, in the little canyon. Returning on board I turned in very tired and sleepy, not having rested well in my new surroundings since leaving home. Kit stood the racket better, but he can sleep almost any way or where. I made my bed on the floor boards of the cockpit, with a tarpaulin thrown over the main boom, suspended between the two masts, for a shelter, while Kit preferred the more airy location of the after deck. Turned in at 7 P. M. and slept until 7 A. M.

Feb. 5.—Kit got breakfast while I filled the demijohns from the "tank" discovered the night before. These "tanks," so-called, are the "springs of gladness" in the arid regions of Arizona, and, strange to say, always contain good water. After breakfast we landed and struck out over the mountain side and through deep gulches for the isthmus. The sun was hot, and when we reached the harbor, the head of which runs within a quarter of a mile of the north shore of the island, we were glad to refresh ourselves with a sea bath in the sparkling, clear water. Frank W., superintendent of the island (which belongs to the estate of James Lick), was putting a new forefoot on his schooner, the Keywee, which he had beached, and he kindly lent us his skiff to take a look around the harbor. He was living in the old barrack buildings at the isthmus, built for the regular army some twenty years ago. Spending a couple of hours there, and on the north side beach, prospecting shells and pebbles, we retraced our steps for Fisherman's Harbor, eating of the bright red pigeon berries hanging in heavy clusters from a low shrub on the hillsides. From these high cliffs we noticed the color of the sea bottom, which gave its own hue to the over-lying glassy water. We looked almost vertically down on the decks of our little ship as we fetched the harbor, and soon scaled the heights; and, boarding her, made sail for the East End. Baffling winds and calms used up the day and most of the night, until 4 A. M., when, in the moonlight of my watch, I made bold to beat into a beautiful cove which I felt sure must be Timms', against a brisk little breeze coming directly out of the cove from the southward. When within seventy-five yards of the beach I sung out to Kit and asked him to turn out, get over the anchor and tell me how he liked the looks of the country. He didn't exactly recognize it, but we both turned in for two hours, and on rising at 6 A. M., Kit knew his ground, and remembered the old building some distance back, and the rolling benches of the romantic and beautiful little valley stretching south, and pronounced it Timms' Cove.

Friday, Feb. 6.—As my plan included sailing for San Pedro to-day,



THE CRUISING STEAM YACHT "CHEMCHECK."

and as we saw no stir among the shanties on the beach which would promise a chance to land, we took advantage of an off shore wind and steered for Point Firmin, as near as we could lay our course by compass, it being foggy. We ran into a calm about five or six miles out, and then got a slight air from the N. W. The sea here presented a novel sight. We were surrounded by a low-lying fog, which seemed to stand like a wall a quarter of a mile away on all sides, while the glassy sea came gliding into and out of our amphitheater in a long and heavy ground swell, the whole surface shimmering and easily lending itself to the illusion that we were slipping with lightning speed through the water. Lying on the deck and sky-gazing, I could see the clouds scurrying to the S. E., whereupon I immediately prophesied that the brisk N. W. wind in that elevated region would eventually get down on the surface and give us the homeward lift we were wishing for. Sure enough, about 2 P. M., the fog having almost wholly lifted, and all landmarks standing out clear, the sea began to take on a little frown, and a freshening breeze soon filled our sails and sent us gaily threshing through the seas homeward bound. For three and a half hours our breeze came out of the N. W., augmenting in force until the little hooker was planksheer to, and further she refused to heel. This was her first chance to show her mettle, and she evinced her power, holding her eager bowsprit over the meeting seas like a wand of conquest. We dashed into San Pedro anchorage at sunset, but just before reaching the bar our breeze died out. Determined not to lie out another night without exhausting our wits in trying to get in, we got out the sweeps and walked her up to the bar to see how it looked. On fetching it our usual good luck brought us an N. E. air, fresh enough to take us in on a taut bowline against a strong ebb tide, and at 6 P. M. we put her nose against the steps where we had embarked four days before. Kit got our traps on the wharf, while I confiscated a dinghy, fitted her with rowlocks from one boat and sculls from another, and sweeping the Ninetta out into the stream clear of the fairway, we dropped our hook, and giving her plenty of scope and making her all snug, we went ashore and took up our quarters in a box car for the night, prepared for the 7:15 train next morning for Los Angeles. R. L. E.

Los Angeles, Cal.

INTERIOR FITTINGS IN SMALL YACHTS.

THE question how to fit up the interior of a small yacht has brought out another suggestion in the *Field*, in addition to those which we quoted lately. A correspondent, "R. W.," writes as follows:

"If 'W.' has not yet commenced to build the boat under discussion, it is worth his while to consider whether it would not be advisable slightly to increase her dimensions. The accommodation on board a boat of less than 7ft. beam can rarely fail to be intolerably cramped, nor should there be less than 6ft. head room in the center of the main cabin. In a boat of 30ft. length on the waterline, of 7½ft. beam and 5½ft. draft of water, with the mast placed about 12ft. from the stem, he might get a forecastle 10ft. long, a main cabin 8ft., and a sail room 6ft. long, which might be arranged as follows: The forecastle to have its bulkhead about 4ft. abaft the mast, and to extend about 2½ft. under the main skylight. It might contain on the starboard side a fold-up bed-place 6ft. long, and forward of that there would be room for a 9ft. Berthon boat, which, with its oars, would reach right into the bows. On the port side there would be room for two fold-up bed-places, and forward of them for a small shelf to hold the side lights and lamps. The galley might be placed before the mast, and the fore hatchway not in the middle line of the deck, but rather on the starboard side, and about 7ft. from the stem. Owing to the forecastle extending 4ft. abaft the mast, and under the main skylight, it would be unusually roomy and airy, while the bed-places would be dry and well removed from the fore hatch. In the main cabin, on the starboard side, must be placed a pantry locker and *vis a vis* a closet, both being covered with cushions when not in use, and aft of them, on either side, a sofa or bed-place 6ft. long, with lockers underneath. In this way tolerably comfortable berths could be provided for five persons. The skylight should be 3ft. wide, and the coaming 9in. high. The booby hatch should be made to slide back about 3ft., and the sofas on either side of the main cabin be protected for at least that distance by waterproof curtains. The double doors from the main cabin to the forecastle and sail room should open, the former outward, the latter inward. Under the platform of the sail room should be a large water tank, which might also extend about 1ft. into the main cabin. There should be no well for the steersman, but he should stand in the sail room hatchway, with his feet on the platform or on a slightly raised grating. With a waterproof apron round his body, and extending over the hatchway coaming, he will be fairly comfortable in bad weather. Access to the sail room can still be obtained through the double doors into the main cabin. The rest of the crew will find plenty of room for themselves on other parts of the deck or down below. The best matresses are, I think, those of granulated cork, and cost about 7s. apiece; air pillows and sack bedding are also very comfortable and convenient. All tables should be made to fold up or unship. Bookcases and nets to hold charts, glasses, and other miscellaneous articles, will be found very useful. In a sail room, from which nothing has been taken to form a well, in the lockers and under the platform of the forecastle, enough stowage room for a short cruise will be found. Nor, if the little yacht be properly furnished with a windlass, pump, binnacle, and other necessaries for a long cruise round our coasts, will a crew of only three hands find it beyond their strength to work her."

SMALL CRUISING STEAM YACHTS.

ALTHOUGH the development of the steam yacht has not received the same study and attention here that it has in England, and our fleet is much smaller, in some particulars we are still in advance. In the matter of high speed the American launches are at the head of the record, and on the other hand in the matter of size, and elegance of appointment some of the later boats from the Delaware will compare with any of foreign built. Both of these classes, however, possess but little interest to the average yachtsman, the high speed launch is a convenient vehicle for water transit, an easy method of going from place to place, or a useful auxiliary for hunting or fishing, but the essential elements of yachting are conspicuously absent. The larger boats also have a use of their own as adjuncts to life at seaside resorts in summer and for short runs to the West Indies in winter, but their cost limits them to a few. Steam will never supplant sails in the estimation of the majority of real yachtsmen who follow the sport from love of a life on the water, for the cutter, sloop or schooner offer pleasures to the sailor unknown to the passenger (whether owner or guest) on a steam yacht, but in the present busy age time is always a foremost consideration, a leisurely enjoyment of life is something that few Americans of the present day can spare time for, and even our amusements must be partaken of at high pressure. Go where he will, the modern business man or capitalist is bound fast to the "market" or the "street" by a fine wire that may draw him back at any moment, and that makes speed an important factor in his pleasure trips. Under such circumstances steam is too valuable an auxiliary to be overlooked or slighted and the problem of the yachtsman is to utilize it in such a way as to preserve as far as possible the great charm that attaches to cruises under sail. To do this a class of yacht is required that as yet is little known with us, though quite common abroad, the auxiliary steam cruising yacht. The larger boats of this class are tolerably well known here either from the published logs of their cruises or from having visited some of our ports, the Sunbeam, Lancashire Witch, Marchesa and some smaller craft having world wide reputations, while last season a other yacht, the Nubienne, visited Canada and the United States. The cost of building and maintaining such vessels, however, places them beyond the reach of the majority who are obliged to put up with a less expensive craft. With us the idea of cruising ability in a steam yacht is always coupled with the idea of size and consequently cost, but the two are not necessarily associated, and it is quite possible, by a proper care in design, to obtain many of the advantages of steam at a moderate cost.

The yacht illustrated above is one of a type of small cruisers that has come into use abroad not merely for such coasting work as our yachts do here in the Sound, but for extended cruising. The Chemchek (or Lightning) as she is named, was built for Hilmi Pasha by Messrs. Miller, Tupp & Rouse, of Hammersmith, London, for use on the Mediterranean, her headquarters being on the Bosphorus. Her extreme length is but 65ft. with a beam of 12ft., while the draft of 5ft. is very moderate. Her construction is such as to fit her for sea work and hard service, the frame being of English oak and American elm well fastened. The planking is of teak coppered, and she is finished throughout—bulwarks, rail, deck houses, skylights and cabins—with the same wood. Her general appearance is that of the ordinary English schooner yacht, the same bow, with round bright bowsprit, high bulwarks (15in.), and a long counter, while her general proportions, above and below water, are designed to give her sea-going power with good speed under sail alone. The rig, as shown, is that of a two-masted schooner with spars and sails of such size as to be of real service, and little like the ridiculous pipe-stems too often seen that are only fitted to fly bunting and not canvas from. Of course in so small a boat the bunker space is limited, and coal for long trips cannot be carried, but this disadvantage, attendant on all types of steam yachts of similar size, disappears when the ability to get somewhere under sail is taken into account. Her four beams of length give good proportions for sailing, and under the rig she is provided with she is a handy and efficient little vessel under canvas alone. The power provided is a pair of compound engines, surface condensing, with inverted cylinders 9½ and 17in. by 9½in. stroke. They are fitted with a valve reversing gear patented by the builders. The air and circulating pumps are driven by an independent engine, a donkey pump is fitted to the boiler, and also a bilge injector. The screw is of 48in. diameter and 6ft. pitch, fitted to a 3in. iron shaft. Steam is provided by a return tubular boiler 60in. diameter and 7ft. long with forty-two 2¼in. tubes. The boiler is tested to 150 pounds, the working pressure being 60 pounds.

The accommodations, a most important feature on a cruising craft, are well shown in the plan. Forward is a chain locker A, and storeroom. The main saloon B B, is fitted with berths, while by day it serves as cabin and dining room. From it opens a toilet room and w. c. C, and also a pantry D. Amidships is the engine room F, fitted like the rest in teak, and at the sides the coal bunkers E E. The ladies' cabin G, is directly abaft the engine room. It is fitted up with two berths and a skylight. The after portion of the yacht H H, is fitted up as a galley and quarters for the crew. The actual space in a yacht of this size, after deducting engine, boiler and bunker room, is small, but all there is has been utilized to the fullest extent and with the best results. The elegance and luxury of larger craft are lacking, but the essentials, a stauuch little hull, full equipment and cosy quarters, are found in an excellent combination. A still smaller yacht of similar design is the Iris, built in 1883 by the same firm, and also stationed in the Mediterranean. Her length over all is but 60ft., beam 11ft., draft 5ft., depth of hull 6ft. 6in. She is built of teak, coppered, and is schooner rigged, being much like the Chemcheck. Her engines are 9 and 16in.×9in., boiler 57in. diameter and 6ft. long, screw 48in. diameter. Her average speed is 10½ knots. She made the voyage through the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean and is now stationed at Messina. The cost of the latter boat complete was $9,200 in England. The Chemcheck would cost, if built with pitch pine planking, about $9,000 without rig, or if built of teak or mahogany, or with entire hull of iron or steel, and completely rigged and fitted out, including ground tackle, lights and yawl, about $12,000. These prices are for the boats delivered in England, and would, of course, be about one-third higher here on account of the duty.

THE CUP RACES.

THE Boston sloop is partly planked, with deck frames in, and the iron sloop is as far advanced. The sails for the latter are being made by Wilson & Griffin, of New York, and will be ready before they are needed. Captain Gibson, of the Vixen, will probably command the New York sloop. The New York Y. C. have received from Mr. Beavor Webb an answer to their last letter, the contents of which have not yet been made public. Rumors of other new boats to be built are still floating about, but none have yet been commenced, neither have the proposed changes been made in any of the schooners.

MACHINE FOR CLEANING VESSELS' BOTTOMS.

CAPTAIN CHARLES GEORGE CROSS of the British ship Mylomene, has solved a problem which has been agitating the minds of shipowners and shipmasters since the inauguration of iron shipbuilding. He has invented a machine by which the bottom of a vessel can be cleaned at sea of the growth of weeds and barnacles which have hitherto resisted the action of various chemical compositions invented for their especial destruction. Through the courtesy of Captain Cross we were enabled to personally to inspect the operation of the machine, which he has lately patented in Great Britain and America, and to test in a most critical manner its peculiar qualifications. Working it aft from the forecastle to the break of the poop, the machine did its work expeditiously and effectually, cleaning the vessel from the waterline to the keel, and sending to the surface grass and weeds in sufficient quantity to remind one of a passage through the Saragossa Sea. The brushes, when brought on board, were literally alive with small marine animals of the shrimp species, which had been finding a home and sustenance on the vessel's side. The machine in itself is simple in design, and the theory of its construction and application is discernible at the first glance to an intelligent eye. On the upper and lower sides of a strong wooden frame measuring 3ft. 8in. by 2½ft. wide, are affixed stiff brushes encased on the outer edges with steel plates riveted to the frames in sections, with leather hinges to permit a freedom of play in rising or sinking. A pair of lateral iron fins on pivots controlled on deck, regulate the upward or downward motion of the machine, and the requisite pressure to the hull is assured by a wooden turtle back, which rises from the forward portion of the frame at an angle of 45deg. The method of working is as simple as the construction. A small-sized wire rope is passed under the forefoot, having a bullseye on the side which it is desired to clean. A guyrope leading through the bullseye is attached to the scrubber, and regulates its passage fore and aft. The fins are worked from the deck by a couple of hands, who elevate or depress them at either end as an upward or downward motion is desired. Three men can attend to the work and go around the ship inside of four hours. The greater the speed of the ship, the more effectually the machine does its work, the heavier the pressure on the turtle-back naturally producing a closer application of the brushes.

Captain Cross it to be congratulated upon his invention. It will prove a boon to the shipping community at large. Owners of vessels will save by its adoption hundreds of pounds annually in the matter of drydock expense alone, not to speak of the profits on quicker passages. Commanders of vessels also will be slow to recognize its merits and hail in it a deliverer from the vexatious delay of a smart clipper by the hitherto unavoidable mishap of a foul bottom.—*San Francisco Newsletter.*

YACHTING NOTES.—The new high speed yacht built by Herreshoff Bros. (No. 118) has been named Stiletto. Her speed on first trial was 22 15-100 miles....Aida, steam yacht, Vice Com. Douglas, N. Y. Y. C., is being overhauled at Bristol....Com. Bennett has sailed for Europe in the Namouna....A new boat, the Tot, has been added to Boston's Mosquito fleet. She was built by Captain Matthew Martin and is 13ft. 10½in. over all, 4ft. 11in. beam, 16in. draft, mast 23ft. 6in. heel to truck, boom 19ft.... Daisy, cutter, has been launched at Munm's yard....Mr. E. L. Bateman of New York, has chartered the Skylark, steam yacht, for the season....Mary Anderson's steamer Galatea is advertised for sale, also the schooner Fleetwing. Montauk is being put in thorough condition for her sale next month....Violet, sloop, lately sold by M. J. Kiley to Henry J. McKee, was built by the Herreshoffs in 1866. She has since been altered to cutter rig....Dauntless, schooner, is fitting out at Newport....Hildegarde, sloop, is fitting out at Nyack....Huron and Thetis were launched at Smith's yard last week. Adrienne, schooner, was launched at Lawley's and will also go into commission at once....The Menta, steam yacht, has been sold by F. L. Felton to J. W. Avery of Boston. The Mabel H., sloop, has also been sold to L. C. Baily by R. Brymer....Dream,

This new steam yacht, built at Glenwood, L. I., for Mr. F. P. Dudgeon, is 67ft. long, 15ft. beam, and 6ft. depth of hold, with a 12x12 engine, and screw of 57in.... Electra, steam yacht, is now at Manning's Basin again, where she will fit out when the alterations in her engines are completed.... Mumm's new railway on the north side of the Atlantic Basin is now in working order. The first yacht hauled out on it was the Haze, schooner, now overhauling.... The steamers Viking, Nourmahal, Utowana, Corsair, and Stranger are all fitting out. The latter has a new four-bladed wheel 9ft. diameter, and 2ft. 6in. pitch, in place of her old one 8ft. 6in. diameter and 13ft. pitch.... Athlon, sloop, has her mad stem fined down, and a sharp stemband added.

THE OLD WANDERER.—The following interesting account of a once famous yacht we copy from the New York *Herald*. Perhaps some of our readers can give some additional facts concerning her: The model of the once famous schooner Wanderer (not the modern Wanderer), which was built in 1857 at Port Jefferson, L. I., by J. Rowland, after the design of Mr Thomas B. Hawkins, was presented to the New York Y. C. yesterday. Fabulous stories concerning this old craft's speed were circulated by the newspapers just before the war broke out, and when she was seized for running slaves into Savannah, Ga. She was originally built for Mr. John C. Johnson, and sold afterward to Colonel W. C. Curry, of Savannah, Ga., who was elected a member of the New York Y. C. in May, 1858, being proposed by John T. Stagg and seconded by Mr. Langley Bruce. As soon as it was found that the Colonel was importing slaves under the flag of the New York Y. C., he was promptly expelled from its membership, which event is recorded in the club's annals of Feb. 5, 1859. After being condemned by the United States Government, the Wanderer was used as a despatch boat in the Gulf with headquarters at Key West. A Boston firm got her when she was sold, and she was put in the fruit trade, but was wrecked near Cape Henry. Her model is quite flat amidships, with its ends well balanced and having very little drag line, but its bow is quite full on the luff, having short hollow lines ending against a "flare-over" stem. The run is all that could be desired in a yacht, and there is no doubt that the old time slaver was a powerful craft, by reason, mainly, of her dimensions; but the geometry of her model is crude when viewed in comparison with American clipper design. She was 114ft. long on deck, 24ft. wide, 10½ft. deep in the hold and 10ft. 9in. draft, and her model is indeed a valuable addition to the club's collection of historical clipper craft.

HURON.—The new dimensions and elements of Mr. Gray's cutter are as follows: Length over all 73.4ft.; length load waterline, 63ft.; beam load waterline, 15.2ft.; beam extreme, 15.9ft.; draft, 9½ft.; freeboard, lowest point, 2.9ft.; area load waterline plane, 617 sq. ft.; area midship section, 65ft.; center of gravity, load waterline plane 35 6ft. abaft stem; center of buoyancy, 35.15ft. abaft stem; center of lateral resistance, 36.29ft. abaft stem; center of effort, three lower sails, 33.73ft. abaft stem; center of buoyancy, below waterline, 2.59ft.; center of lateral resistance, load waterline, 4.22ft.; center of effort, three lower sails, above waterline, 28.66ft.; metacenter, above center of buoyancy, 3.67ft.; area of longitudinal section, 529.15sq. ft.; area of three lower sails, 3,524.65sq. ft. of canvas; total area of wetted surface, 1,328sq. ft.; proportion of canvas to immersed surface, 2.66. The length of the mast from deck to hounds will be 46ft.; boom, 59ft.; gaff, 37ft.; bowsprit, 26½ft. outboard;. Her lead keel weighs 25 tons, and she has also 5 tons inside.

TORONTO SAILING SKIFF CLUB.—This new club, the organization of which we noticed a short time since, is now firmly established and will soon be well housed. The membership has grown to sixty-five in less than two months. The new building, to be completed by May 1, is situated on York street near the R. C. Y. C. wharf, is 54ft. long by 23ft. wide, with eight boathouses below and a meeting room above, with a balcony on the west and south sides. Between the yacht clubs, the Toronto C. C. and the new sailing club, water sports should prosper well in Toronto.

VIDA.—There was launched lately from the yard of Mr. S. M. Dinsmore, Cambridge, Mass., this small, single-hand cruiser, built for Mr. E. A. Abbott, of that city. She resembles somewhat the Mamie, described some weeks ago. She is 23ft. 6in. on deck, 6ft. 4in. beam, 5ft. depth and 4ft. draft, and on account of having all the ballast inside will only have 3ft. 10in. head room. The house is 7ft. long, standing room 5ft. long, leaving 8ft. of deck forward of the mast and 3ft. 3in. aft of the standing room. In the cabin transoms run fore and aft on both sides, making room for two to sleep with the greatest ease, and room for four very comfortably. She is cutter rigged with double headsail, but with standing bowsprit and topmast; mainsail hoist 12ft., boom 19ft., gaff 12ft., staysail foot 11ft., jib foot, 16ft., bowsprit outboard 10ft., topmast 10ft. The lines and a complete description will be published after the boat has been tried.

CLEVELAND Y. R. A.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Cleveland Y. A., held at the club rooms April 4, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Commodore, R. R. Rhodes; Rear-Commodore, Percy W. Rice; Secretary, J. G. Downie; Treasurer, W. P. Francis; Measurer, H. Gerlach; Surveyors, C. C. Geodwin and Frank W. Brewster; Executive Committee, R. E. Mix, chairman, C. C. Goodwin, H. C. Rettyer, W. S. Robinson, J. S. Williams. The Association is in good condition and pushing the preparations for the summer meet at Ballast Island rapidly. From correspondence already in, it bids fair to be the largest meet ever held on fresh waters.—J. G. Downie, Secretary.

A NEW STEAM YACHT.—Messrs. Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia, builders of the Corsair, Stranger and Atalanta, are now building a steam yacht in stock. Her length over all is 160ft., beam 22ft., depth of hold 12ft. 6in., draft over 8ft. The hull will be of iron, schooner rigged, and her engines will be on the triple expansion principle and the boilers will be of steel carrying 160 pounds per inch. It is expected to realize a high rate of speed.

QUINCY Y. C. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C., the following officers were elected: Commodore, C. F. Adams; Vice-Commodore, H. H. Sheen; Secretary and Treasurer, H. M. Faxon; Fleet Captain, George A. Ordway; Measurer, A. B. Lelois; Regatta Committee, H. A. Keith, J. H. Slade, C. H. Porter and A. D. Perry.

SLOOP FOR SALE.—We call the attention of our readers to the light draft sloop advertised for sale in another column. She has been fitted and used for cruising, and is a handy little boat for a party of four in shoal water, as her draft is but 2½ft. She is comfortably fitted below with cabin furniture and cooking outfit and can soon be put in commission.

NEW CRUISING CUTTER.—A little cutter is now building at Millerton, New Brunswick, of the following dimensions: Length on deck, 27ft.; waterline, 32ft.; beam, extreme 7ft., at waterline 6ft. 8in.; least freeboard, 2ft.; draft, 4ft. 6in.; ballast on keel, 4,300 pounds of lead; displacement, 11,000 pounds. She will be cutter rigged with pole mast.

HUBBE'S YACHT AGENCY.—We have received a neat pamphlet containing a list of vessels and yachts for sale at Hubbe's Agency, 164 Maiden lane, New York. The opening pages contain an account of the America's race in England, with the later races sailed for the Cup, which is of course of special interest at the present time.

MADGE.—Mr. Sheldon, the new owner of Madge, has removed the cockpit and laid a new flush deck. The interior has been torn out and will be rebuilt so as to give a stateroom 8ft. long abaft the cabin. The yacht will be thoroughly overhauled and put in commission.

OCEANICA Y. C.—Commodore Lynch and two other members of the club are now building a boat 16ft. beam and 3ft. draft, with a deep rocker keel. She will be ready next month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUGH, JR., Painesville, O.—We know of no reliable map.

G. J., Bethlehem, Pa.—Any of our advertisers we think are reliable. Try Conroy, Mills, Chubb, or others.

J. T. M., New York.—Would you please inform me if there is any trout-fishing stream within an hour's ride of New York city. Ans. None that are public or free.

E. M. J., Manchester, N. H.—The back of rudder may be less than 1-16in. thick. You could have the piece for rudder cut to your pattern by Joyner, of Glens Falls, who makes drop rudders.

P. E. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Where can I find out the points of a bull-terrier? 2. Can you tell a thoroughbred dog by the markings in his mouth? Ans. 1. We can send you "Points for Judging Dogs," price 50 cents. 2. No.

R. S. J., Kansas.—Can you tell me something to put on the bait to make the fish bite? I have tried two oils; one oil of rhodium, but find it does no good. Ans. All such recipes are of no use. The best thing to put on your hook is good bait.

E. V., Keokuk, Ia.—White cedar is watertight without preparation or varnish, but should be varnished or painted to keep it clean. For copper nails write to A. Nelson, 295 Pearl street, New York. The weight of mast tubes depends on diameter and thickness.

HAMMERLESS, Chambersburg, Pa.—1. When can black bass be caught legally in the State of West Virginia? 2. Same as above in State of Maryland? 3. Is the —— hammerless gun considered a first-class sporting weapon, and how does it compare with those made by —— or ——? Ans. 1. June 15. 2. We do not find any law relating to black bass in Maryland. 3. A good gun which will compare favorably, in our opinion, with those of most makers.

C. F., N. Y. City.—1. I have a Remington .32-cal. rifle chambered to shoot the long cartridges, will it hurt the shooting qualities of the rifle to shoot .32 short cartridges? 2. How far will such a rifle shoot .32 short cartridges with force and accuracy? 3. How far will it shoot .32 long cartridges with accuracy? 4. Are the central fire cartridges much better than the rim fire? Ans. 1. It is liable to give inaccurate shooting. 2 and 3. Up to 200yds. good shooting has been done. 4. Yes, generally so regarded.

J. W. P., N. Y.—1. Where and for what price can I buy gray squirrels? 2. Would they breed and thrive in a wild state upon the Island of Mount Desert, Maine? 3. If so, would any particular measure be required to induce them to nest and remain in one locality? 4. Under favorable circumstances how rapidly would they multiply? Ans. 1. We do not know. Try Reiche Bros., Chatham street, City. 2. We presume so, though it is a little north of their usual range on the Atlantic coast. 3. No. They would require only to be fed. 4. Very rapidly.

SETTER, Baltimore.—Will you please decide the following: A young setter was being exercised, had never seen game in field, when he came upon a woodcock; and though he detected the scent, he hunted it right up to the bird and flushed it, the bird flying only five or six yards. When he flushed he was told to "to-ho", which he did, making a staunch point around to the left where the bird went down, though he could not smell him, as the wind was from him to bird. After a short time he was told to hold up, which he did. The question is, should not the bird have been flushed while he held his point? or should he have been told to hold up, as he was not pointing by scent, or sight, as the bird went down a bank. If the above is wrong will it tend to injure the dog? Ans. Many dogs will not point their first woodcock, seemingly having no liking for the scent; this is especially the case at this season of the year. We should advise that your dog be kept away from game until the proper season. Should he then refuse to point woodcock, perhaps one or two killed over him will show him that they are proper game, and he will come out all right. If he flushes his bird did him "to-ho" and talk to him about the offense, then take him round and give him the wind of the bird, and as soon as he shows that he has the scent, order him to "to-ho," and perhaps this will be sufficient.

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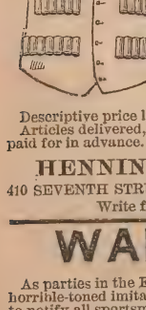
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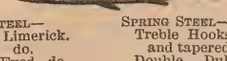
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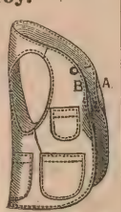
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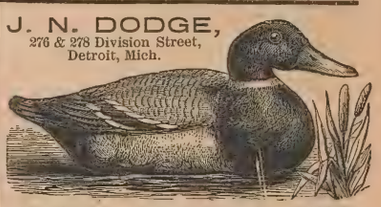
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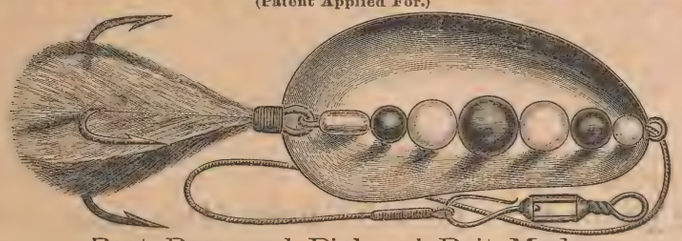
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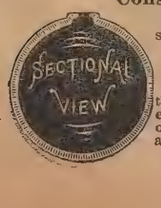
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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THE DEER-HOUNDING BILL PASSED.

IF those readers of the FOREST ANE STREAM who preserve a file of the paper will turn back to the issue of November 6 of last year, they will find in the editorial columns these sentences:

"What is Adirondack deer-hounding?* * * Is hounding a legitimate way to kill deer in the Adirondacks? * * * Is it sportsman-like and ennobling, or is it brutal and brutalizing? Ought it to be abolished? Can it be abolished? Will it be abolished? These are timely questions. They ought to be answered, and answered now. We propose to throw some light on them."

The intention then expressed of agitating this subject was carried out. The colums of the FOREST AND STREAM were thrown open to a discussion of the merits of deer hounding. Circular petitions for a non-hounding amendment were printed and sent out to all parts of the State for signatures. The responses on all hands were most gratifying. The petitions came back filled with names and were forwarded to Albany. The bill introduced into the Assembly by Gen. N. M. Curtis was adopted as the one meriting support, and how the campaign against the deer butchers was carried out is known to all readers of this paper. The light promised was given, and last Friday the Curtis bill against hounding deer in the Adirondacks passed the Senate and is now in the hands of the Governor, whose signature will be beyond all doubt given to it.

It has been a protracted labor, but the bill has passed and the end sought has been attained, so far as it is possible to attain it by legislation.

This bit of intelligence will be most unwelcome to hundreds of self-styled sportsmen who have annually resorted to the Adirondack region to butcher exhausted deer in the water; but all right-thinking men, to whom Adirondack deer-hounding methods have been an abomination, will rejoice to see the practice put under the ban of the law.

It was full time that the deer-hounding should be stopped. Visitors and residents were agreed as to the destructive effects of the hounder's methods, and most sportsmen were agreed as to the brutality and disgrace of water-killing deer. The more intelligent guides were and are, as we have said before, anxious to see the dogs driven out from the woods.

The most strenuous opposition to the bill came from some of the short-sighted landlords, who believed that with the prohibition of hounding, a portion of their patronage would be lost; from a class of city sportsmen, who have been in the habit of organizing annual deer-hounding campaigns on a large scale, and from the residents in towns near the Adirondacks, who were accustomed each year to hound deer for the market. The efforts of these three classes to defeat the Curtis bill have been persistent from the beginning, and the final passage of the measure is due to the wide-awake, energetic and faithful labors of Gen. N. M. Curtis in its behalf. Too much credit cannot be given to that gentleman for the manner in which he has watched the interests of the bill. From his experience as a breeder of fine stock, Gen. Curtis was quick to see the pernicious effects of hounding, especially when practiced in the breeding season of the deer, and he was the first to call attention to physiological principles which must hereafter always receive consideration in a discussion of this topic.

The bill declaring deer hounding unlawful has been passed, but it should not for a moment be thought that all deer killing abuses in the Adirondacks will be done away with by this measure. Deer will still be killed out of season, shot in pure wantonness and their carcasses left to rot, or killed for market and sold in the close time. This new law will be only one great step ahead, other advances are yet to be attained.

THE PINE BROOK MEADOWS.

THERE is no place in this vicinity so well known to the snipe-shooting fraternity as the drowned lands of Morris and Essex counties, N. J. Indeed, from early in the century the Pine Brook district has been recognized as a natural breeding spot and harbor for woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse, and a ground where in the spring and autumn wildfowl resorted in large numbers in the time of the inundations. Besides the local celebrity which the Pine Brook meadow has attained, it has been made world famous through the graceful writings of Frank Forester. It is really marvelous, considering the number of sportsmen and pot-hunters who are daily beating the coverts and log patches, that a single game bird is left. But in spite of continued shooting in and out of season, there are days every year when large bags of both snipe and woodcock are made on these grounds.

It will be interesting to those whose wont it is to pursue their birds there, to know that an attempt is being made by the officials of New Jersey to reclaim these wild lands by means of systematic drainage. This can only be accomplished by blasting the reef at Little Falls, and removing the many obstructions in the tributaries of the Passaic River above the great natural dam. Drainage of these lands has frequently been projected, and some fifteen years ago, the river where it flows through Ford's Island was straightened for over two miles. This was done by cutting a new channel. The expense proved very great. The farmers were assessed, in many instances the levy was greater than the swamp land was actually worth, and the poorer landowners were ruined. In spite of the remonstrances of the manufacturing interests who depend upon the water power of the Passaic Dam at Little Falls, there is reason to believe that the work of draining the Troy Meadows, Scow Meadows, Pine Brook Flats and the Big and Little Piece, will, within a short time, be recommenced.

A SHAD WAR.

THERE has been trouble between the fishermen of the States of Delaware and New Jersey concerning the shad fisheries of the Delaware River, which at one time seriously threatened bloodshed. The cause was the passage of a recent act by the Legislature of Delaware, making it unlawful for a non-resident of the State to take fish in Delaware Bay or River without a license. Delaware claims jurisdiction over all the river and bay lying below Pennsylvania. This aroused the New Jersey fishermen, as it did when Delaware made the same claim in 1871, when a number of men were killed in conflicts between the fishermen of the different States.

Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, was appealed to, and the legality of Delaware's claim was referred to Attorney-General Stockton; but meanwhile the more impulsive ones armed themselves for resistance and the protection of what appeared to them to be their rights. During the troubles referred to in 1871, Joel Parker, then Governor of New Jersey, issued a proclamation asserting New Jersey's jurisdiction over the Delaware to the center of its channel through its whole length below Port Jervis, and the present Governor seems inclined to sustain this claim. Later the Senate of Delaware passed a bill suspending the operations of the Fishery License act of 1871 until the question of jurisdiction is passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, but in the House the bill was laid on the table. Meantime the Attorney-General of New Jersey has given an opinion that his State has control of the waters in the river and bay to the center, so long as an injunction which was issued by the United States Supreme Court, restraining Delaware from enforcing its fishing laws, lasts.

It is a very pretty fight as it stands, and one which will be watched with interest. The settlement appears to turn wholly on the question of jurisdiction of the State of Delaware. If this jurisdiction be admitted, there can be no doubt as to her right to pass laws prohibiting residents of other States from fishing in her waters. This has been done by a number of States of which New Jersey is one.

The question of fact then as to the position of the boundary line between Delaware and New Jersey remains to be determined, and when this is settled the whole question is decided.

THE PARK SUPERINTENDENT.

TO THOSE individuals who regard the General Government as a legitimate prey, the action of Superintendent Carpenter in laying claim to a part of the Yellowstone Park will not seem very dreadful. There are many people of most correct life and somewhat elevated thought, who do not regard the cheating of the Government as a crime. People who would feel themselves most grossly outraged if it were hinted that they would appropriate a pin belonging to another, see no wrong in defrauding the customs of many dollars' worth of duty on articles brought into the country with them from abroad. This is a curious kind of moral obliquity which, while very common, is not easy to understand. It is possible to imagine a person willing to cheat his fellow man, or the Government, but that a good person should be willing to cheat and not be able to see that the cheating is wrong, is something that we have never understood.

In the same way it is quite possible that Carpenter may have seen nothing wrong in attemping to secure for his own private benefit, a portion of the territory which he was appointed to look after, and which he was bound at every hazard to guard. Such inability to distinguish between right and wrong, such entire failure to appreciate the requirements of his position, would furnish another very strong reason for his prompt removal. It appears to be the fact that Carpenter looks upon his position of Superintendent not as a public trust, which he is desirous of administering as well as possible, but rather as a temporary berth, out of which, for the little time he may hold it, he is anxious to make as much as he can. He has felt that at any time he may be turned out, and so he has, to use the cant phrase, "worked the place for all it was worth," and leagued himself with all sorts of gangs, who are not slow to seize the opportunity to make what they can out of the Government. Such appears to have been Carpenter's course. Let him go back to Iowa.

WISCONSIN GAME LEGISLATION.—Among the game bills passed by the Wisconsin Legislature this year was one forbidding the exportation of certain game from the State and the possession or sale of game in the close season. This bill, after passing both houses, was vetoed by Governor Rusk, on the ground that its provisions were unconstitutional. So far as we are informed, this veto is not based on tenable grounds, there being abundant precedent for such a law. The non-export provision obtains in a number of States, where it is annually enforced without question of its constitutionality. The provision forbidding the sale and possession of game in the close season is a part of the law of almost every State that has any game law at all; in fact, such a clause has been proven to be the only effective check on wholesale game destruction in the close season. Its constitutionality has been affirmed by the highest courts of the States. The men who would contest it if they could, namely, the large game dealers, do not attempt to do so. We have not at hand the full text of the Wisconsin bill and Governor Rusk's veto, but if the printed summary sent to us is correct, the veto was an error. We shall refer to the subject at greater length when we are advised more fully as to the exact wording of the bill. The non-export law is a most important measure for Wisconsin, and for every other State whence game is shipped to the great markets; indeed, it is absolutely essential to any adequate scheme of game preservation.

THROUGH TWO-OCEAN PASS.

XV.—LAST DAYS.

THE numerous delays, due to snow and rain, had made the eastward extension of our trip impracticable, for it was now so late in the season that heavy snowstorms, which would render the mountain passes difficult, might be expected at any time. It was therefore determined that we should follow up the shore of the lake, cross the Yellowstone River at the first good ford, and so return to the main camp. The east shore of the lake is interesting on many accounts. The views to be had from the various points are perhaps even more beautiful than those from the opposite shore, and there are a number of hot spring deposits which are well worth a visit. Of these, the more important are the Brimstone Basin, the Lake Butte Springs, and those at Steamboat Point.

Our camp was, as we supposed, quite near the first of these, and after the train had started the next morning, Mr. Hague and I rode into the timber to find it. The Basin is a large one, and we expected to have no difficulty in discovering it. We rode back through the timber for a couple of miles, crossing one large creek, which we thought might perhaps flow from the Basin, but which was quite cold, and had no taste except of iron. After going so far that we were sure that we must have passed it, we turned north again, and riding further up the mountain side, soon came to the borders of the deposit. As we were passing through a little park just before reaching the Basin, an old and large bull elk walked out from the timber on one side of it, and crossed the open just in front of us. He was really a ponderous fellow with massive, high, branching horns, whose weight made him nod at each step, and a great mane that hung down from his thick neck. Although only about one hundred yards distant and in plain sight, he paid no attention to us, but walked steadily along until he had passed out of view beneath the trees.

The Brimstone Basin, so-called, consists of a number of bare ridges running out from the foot of the mountains. They are really its lowest foothills, and are composed wholly of decomposed lava, over the top of which are strewn a few blocks and fragments of the rock which have not been exposed to the action of the steam and hot water, which so speedily break down the hardest rock. The hot springs are now all extinct, though there are many old sulphur vents, and a few springs which flow a little yellow sulphur water. Fragments of this mineral are abundantly scattered about on the surface of the ground, and here and there little vents are seen, which give forth the unmistakable odor of sulphuretted hydrogen. Through the midst of the Basin flows a large stream made up of the many small ones that pour out from all the little ravines. The waters of this creek taste very strongly of alum, and though here on its upper course abundant, they sink a mile or two further down, and the creek bed for a short distance is dry. The basin is a mile and a half long, and about a mile broad, and lies well up on the mountain, directly at the foot of Mounts Stevenson and Doane. The gully, or small cañon, through which the large creek flows, is narrow, bare of vegetation and strewn with boulders of lava. It reminds one strongly of the gulches in California in which hydraulic minings have been carried on.

Elk are very plenty here, and as may be imagined from what has been said, quite tame. While we were examining the Basin we heard them on all the hilltops about us whistling. Though there is a great variety in their notes, he who has heard it once can never mistake the bugle call of the elk, if near at hand, for any other sound of the forest. It is the most stirring music of the mountains, and thrills the soul of the listener, whether he recognizes it or is ignorant of its origin. Distance lends it an added charm, softening the harsher notes and making its tones sound flute-like, clear and mellow. Heard close at hand it is like the braying of a trumpet, the fierce challenge of the angry stag, but further off it resembles more the sweet, soft notes of the clarinet. The cry is heard usually only during the month of September, and at that time, where elk are numerous and tame, it may be heard almost constantly. Where they are shy from being much hunted, the call is sounded only about sunrise and sunset, and at night. It is best heard during moonlight nights. It rises shrill and clear in a succession of wild notes, ringing along the hillside, quavering over the valleys and being tossed about from rock to peak, until its final notes echo faintly back like the last soft breathing of an Æolian harp.

Here on the borders of the Brimstone Basin the elk were whistling in numbers on all sides of us. One of them on the hilltop to the south had a most musical voice, his notes sounding like an octave of the musical scale from C upward, played very rapidly. Another, very near us, sounded his challenge at frequent intervals, and when he whistled, another far off to the north replied, and the faint vibrating tones sounded almost like an echo.

Leaving the Basin we retraced our steps, and soon passing the camp, took the trail already marked by the mules' hoofs.

All day long we journeyed along the borders of the lake, sometimes trotting briskly along the pebbly beach, at others turning back into the forest to make a short cut across some point, or to get around some great cliff which rose precipitously from the water a hundred feet or more.

Park Point, which we passed during the day, is a beautiful grassy spot, behind which rise towering trees, and commands a wide and superb outlook. Almost the whole lake is to be seen from it; the snow-clad mountains of the Upper Yellowstone, Promontory Point—an imposing mass by reason of its nearness—Flat Mountain, Mt. Hancock, far away in the blue distance the tops of the highest Tetons—The Three and Moran—and then, over the pine-clad Elephant's Back, the snowy summit of Mt. Washburne. Here and there, along the very edge of the water, grew curious ancient gnarled pines, scarred by a century's battles with wind and wave. Sometimes not more than twenty-five or thirty feet in height, they were two feet in diameter, and presented every evidence of great age, their tops and the ends of their branches being stunted and short. Under such a tree we ate our luncheon, and after lounging for a while in the pleasant sunshine, remounted and rode on. Several times when we had turned away from the beach, we encountered some very bad down timber, through which we picked our way slowly and laboriously. An hour or two before sunset we rode out along the beach of the beautiful curving bay to the south of Steamboat Point. This was formerly called Mary's Bay, but the name now appears to have been transferred to a larger indentation in the lake's shore to the north of this Point. Just back from the shore of this Bay is a small group of hot springs, and still further back, perhaps half a mile from the water, is another larger group, with a number of beautiful and curious "paint pots."

After the train had got in and been unpacked, Sadlemeyer had walked over to those springs, and after looking at them for a while seated himself under a bush on the edge of their basin to smoke. While thus engaged a band of eighteen or twenty elk filed down by him, and proceeded to inspect the springs, looking into them one after another with every appearance of curiosity. Sadlemeyer said that he followed them about for half an hour, and that at length they walked quietly away into the hills without having paid the slightest attention to him.

Elk and deer seem to have a fondness for these hot springs, which I think can only be accounted for on the supposition that they eat some of the minerals deposited by the hot water. Incrustations of almost pure alum are very abundant in many of these hot spring basins, and now and then the water has a slightly saline taste. Deposits of salt are, however, rare, I think. At all events it is certain that elk and deer frequent these basins during the summer, for their fresh tracks were seen in every one which we visited. There are also many winter sign to be noticed.

Our camp was on Steamboat Point, so called from one of the principal springs, down at the foot of the cliff near the water's edge, which gives off steam continuously with a loud hissing noise like the escape from a steamboat boiler. It is a lovely spot, giving a different, but not less beautiful, view of all the glories of the lake already so many times mentioned.

From a point of the cliff we could see far off over the water, and down close to it, a little flickering light, which now burned up brightly and then altogether disappeared, and which we recognized as the fire at the main camp. After dinner we built on this point a huge signal fire eight or ten feet high, and after it had got fairly going we fancied that the distant light grew brighter, as if in answer to our signal, and one of us thought he heard three shots, but the distance was so great that we could not be sure about the reply.

The next morning we spent a few pleasant hours about the Lake Butte and Steamboat Point springs, and then rode on, leaving the lake shore and taking to the timber. We crossed Pelican Creek, and when next we emerged from the timber, the water on our left was no longer the lake but the river. Down this we followed for several miles. At one point we tried to cross, but the water was deep, and old Prickly, who carried Sadlemeyer in to try the ford, had to swim before he got back to the shore. A mile or two further down, we tried again at the head of a wide rapid, and here the crossing was made without difficulty. Even Nell did not wet her saddle blanket.

We reached the other shore just above the Mud Geyser, and here, leaving the train to follow more slowly, Mr. Hague and I rode on to camp. An hour later we were shaking hands with all our friends there.

I was very sad next morning when the time came for taking leave of the party and riding off alone on my homeward journey. Every one had been so kind and hospitable that it did seem hard to leave them. But my presence was required elsewhere and I was obliged to go. Some pack animals were to be sent across by the Shoshone Lake trail to a camp on the Upper Geyser Basin, where three of the party were established, and with them my baggage was to go, while I rode around by the Lower Basin to meet the mail carrier. About 10:30 o'clock I set off, reaching Marshall's about 3:30, and then rode on to the Upper Basin. I reached the camp at 6 o'clock, and found it deserted, but shortly afterward the members of the party came in, and a little later the pack train arrived. We spent a very jolly evening together, though it snowed furiously for an hour or two after dinner.

Next morning Sadlemeyer called me at 2:20 under the impression that it wes 3:20, and after building the fire and smoking a pipe, we started out to catch the stock. The moon was just setting, and if it had not been for the snow on the ground, we would never have got the animals in time to catch the stage at Marshall's. As it was we were able to trail them, and easily found and caught my horse on which I had left a rope. Prickly, however, we had to chase until we fairly tired him out. He could not go very well with his hobbles on, but managed to lead us a wretched dance over mud holes, hot springs, and across little creeks. A mule was easily caught, and putting my things on the pack we rode away through the Geyser Basin toward the hotel. It was a cold ride but not an uninteresting one. For curious sounds rose from the bowels of the earth, and the white wreaths of steam that curled up from the geysers and hot springs, took strange fantastic shapes in the frosty air. Then there were tracks in the snow where, during the night, one or two elk had crossed the road, and for a long distance I watched the footprints of a coyote that had trotted along ahead of us. When we had passed beyond Hell's Half Acre, the eastern sky began to pale, and then to grow rose-colored, and by 6 o'clock, when we reached Marshall's, the sun was peeping over the crests of the hills.

My summer's vacation was at an end, and stage and steam in a little more than a week brought me within sound of the salt water. The drive to Beaver was partly through the snow, and its most exciting incident was the attempt of a black-tail deer to dispute our progress. A few miles from Marshall's, while driving through the pine timber, a dog, which accompanied the stage, started a yearling deer some distance in advance, and it came bounding back along the road toward us, not observing the stage until it was within ten feet of the horses' heads, when it turned and disappeared in the forest.

When we passed through the Madison Basin a number of fresh moose hides were hanging up by the hay cabin there, and just beyond the Tyhee Pass, a few lodges of Indians were seen. They were Snakes or Bannocks, who had come up from Fort Hall on a hunting trip, and that they had had some success was shown by the drying stages standing near the lodges, which were festooned with strips of crimson meat.

Having endeavored to give briefly some idea of the character of the country to the south of the Park, a few words of advice to those intending to visit the region may be of assistance.

It is possible to go to the reservation and to see in ten days or two weeks some of its more striking and beautiful features without being exhausted by constant travel, but it is much better to proceed in more deliberate fashion. A party having one or more stages to themselves can travel over the usual roads and visit at their leisure, the more important geyser basins, the falls, the cañon and the lake. Giving plenty of time to the trip these can be examined with great pleasure and profit. It is important, however, not to attempt to do the Park on time. The railway companies' tickets, which limit one to five days in the Park, should be avoided. If your time is limited go to Cinnabar and there make a bargain with the stage proprietors, by which you shall be at liberty to travel as deliberately as you choose. It may cost a few dollars more to travel in this way but the enhanced pleasure of the journey will be worth a great deal more than the added expense. Far better not to go at all than to be hurried along at such a rate that all the enjoyment of the excursion is lost.

A far better way than this, if the party has time, is to procure a couple of heavy wagons and the necessary saddle animals and go through the Park independently. Wood, water and grass can be found anywhere, and you can go as fast or as slowly as you please, and be your own masters. This perfect independence has for most people a great charm. The outfit for such an excursion can be either hired or bought. In the latter case it will, of course, have to be sold at a discount. Which ever method be chosen, the expense will not be very great.

If one desires to go off from the traveled roads to climb the mountains, and penetrate the virgin forest, by all means let him hire a few animals and a good packer who knows the country, and then branch out for himself. All the streams abound in trout, and there is game in the mountains without the Park. A man named Hofer makes a business of taking out parties in this way and has the name of a very reliable and worthy person.

NEW JERSEY SONG BIRDS.—The bill introduced into the New Jersey Legislature by Senator Griggs, forbidding the killing of any nighthawk, whippoorwill, sparrow, thrush, meadow lark, skylark, finch, martin, swallow, woodpecker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, wren, tanager, catbird, bluebird, snowbird, tern, gull or any insectivorous or song bird, not generally known as a game bird, has become a law, having received the Governor's signature last Tuesday. The successful carrying through of this measure is an example of what can be accomplished by energetic and persevering labor. The gentlemen who a few months ago started the movement and have worked for it so faithfully ever since, are deserving of the highest praise. Now let other States pass similar laws. The small bird destruction is a curse in every part of the land from Maine to Florida.

MAINE TROUT FISHING will begin in earnest, according to the legal season limits, to-morrow. Our latest advices are to the effect that many of the fishing waters are so full of rotten ice that angling is at present quite out of the question.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

IV.

THERE is no more liberal, open-handed man than the average American outer. He seldom objects to paying a dollar for twenty-five cents' worth of recreation and fun. But, having paid his dollar, he is a trifle apt to insist on the fun. He is used to overcharge and extortions, which he accepts philosophically as a necessary evil connected in some mysterious way with nearly every phase of what is nowadays called outing; but he likes to feel when his vacation is ended that it has not been all in vain. He is easily interested, diverted, or amused; and, if he has a penchant for field sports—as he mostly has—can be kept in a state of daily contentment by a rather thin show of fishing and shooting, with some rowing, bathing and sailing thrown in.

Nearly every popular resort that I have known has had some special point of attraction to which the attention of the guests was mainly drawn. It might be a fine bit of mountain scenery, a very fine walk or drive, good fishing on a lake or river, or fine shooting. Whatever it might be, it usually overslaughed all other points of interest in its immediate neighborhood, though they might be quite as deserving of attention.

At Tarpon Springs it is Lake Butler that takes the lead, and not without reason. Lake Butler is a crystal gem in an emerald setting of pine and palm. In length it is six and a half miles from north to south, with a slight curve from north by west to west-southwest, and has a general width of two miles, varied by bays, points and indentations usual to fresh-water lakes. The bays are favorite resorts of the heron family and also of cormorants, there being an extensive "roost," or breeding ground, of the latter on the east side of the lake.

The bass fishing is excellent, both big-mouths and speckled bass, or goggle-eyes, as they are called here, being abundant. The other fish in the lake are sunfish and catties, the latter large, solid-fleshed and good. The lake has a shore line of twenty miles of more, and there is not a settler on its banks. As the west side of the lake is flanked by beautiful rolling land, on which many fine sites for building may be found, and as the land and situation are both favorable for orange growing one is surprised that it should have been left in a state of nature through all the long years since Florida was first settled; for, be it remembered, Florida was the first settled State in the Union.

Now, in the Northern Wilderness, and in most places of resort that I have known, such a place as Lake Butler would have at least one good open camp, where visitors could enjoy a night of outing and be on hand with rod and gun before sunrise, also as a place of shelter in case of a storm, and a pleasant place withal for a picnic dinner.

Lake Butler had no such place. But, when I mentioned it to a gentleman interested in the Tarpon House, he thought the idea a good one, and when I offered to build a hunter's shanty if he would find the material he closed with the offer at once. He soon had boards, nails, etc., on the ground, and for three days I went over to the lake and worked leisurely at camp building for a few hours each day. Though it was the sort of work I like, it was not altogether a labor of love. I foresaw that I was very likely to want a camp there myself, and it seemed somehow in line with Camp Tarpon on Oak Point. It was only an eighty-rod carry from that camp to Upper Salt Lake, a mile of fine paddling, and a carry of sixty-five rods over to Lake Butler. So I made the camp in full faith that I was as likely to want it as any body, and I was right.

On March 17 I carried over to Upper Salt Lake and thence over to the camp on Lake Butler, where "Tarpon" was to join me next morning for a cruise up the lake and also up the inlet at the south end of the lake. For the inlet seemed to be little known about the spring and was reputed to be exceedingly tropical in character, full of fish, with a fair stock of water-moccasins, and a favorite resort of birds with handsome plumage.

"Tarpon" was true to appointment; and side by side we cruised up the lake, stopping to examine every point of more than usual interest, and taking the entire forenoon to paddle a little more than six miles. We had one rod and one gun between us. "Tarpon" manned the breech end of the latter and I handled the rod. His desire was for specimens; my duty was to catch as many bass as the camp could use. We both kept fairly in line. He got as many birds as he cared to skin and I did the handsome thing by the bass. I quit when I had a fair supply for present use, and turned my attention to a cormorant which he had just shot. I wanted to know how the cormorant ranked as an edible bird, and so I parboiled and fried the breast of this one in my best manner. Many of my readers will recollect the decision of Charles XII. of Sweden on testing the black bread which his soldiers kicked against. The grim old warrior sate in his saddle and choked down a half loaf of the bread without wine or water, then gave his memorable verdict: "It is not good but it may be eaten." He might have said the same of the cormorant. The meat was very dry, rather sweet and tough. But the bird was an old one. A young one might be passable eating. "Tarpon" had said to me, "I'm pretty handy around camp if you let me do just what I've a mind to." So I, knowing him to be a man wise in woodcraft, let him do it.

What he had a mind to do was to select a camping ground under the shelter of trees near the shore, build a rousing fire, put up the frame for a lean-to camp, cover it with broad palmetto fans, dress the fish, and then set in to bring a supply of night wood. And I let him. Then he got out that multifarious camp-chest of his, skirmished up a coffee-pot and fry-pan, and began to get supper. And I let him do it. Only as his fry pan was small, and I was sensible of being uncommonly hungry, I got out my own, with a slice of fat bacon, and prepared to brown the half of a bass, just to make sure of enough.

The motion was well taken. When we had finished eating there was nothing left of the supper but fish bones and coffee grounds. Then we whittled a while on plug tobacco, filled the pipes and smoked them out; refilled and smoked them out again, the while our old-time friends the owls were serenading us just as they do in summer time at the North. And I remember thinking that "chuck-wills-widow" was an excellent substitute for my favorite whippoorwill.

As the evening wore on, "Tarpon" coaxed the fire to a conflagration, and then swung his grass hammock between two trees, while I spread my blanket on a foundation of saw-palmetto fans, and lay with my feet to the fire, after my usual fashion, while the man in the hammock spun me sea yarns. And most interesting to me are tales of the sea, when told by one who has gone in at the hawse holes and slowly worked his way aft to the weather quarter. I lost him just as he was dispersing a gang of rowdies in Callao with an Allen pepper-box loaded only with powder and wad.

Once during the night I was awakened by a crash, and was dimly conscious of "Tarpon" throwing logs on the fire; but just as I was meditating a midnight smoke I lost it all again, and when I once more opened my eyes it was daylight, and my industrious partner was busy frying fish and brewing coffee. I let him do just as he had a mind to, as before.

NESSMUK.

MOOSE HUNTING IN MAINE.

IN the early part of the month of October, in the year 18—, I was on my annual hunting trip in the wilds of Northern Maine. It had been arranged, as the day was pleasant and gave promise of a calm evening, that two of my Indian guides should accompany me on a trip up a small stream some five or six miles to a large bog known to be frequented by moose, and see what success we would have in endeavoring to obtain one. The stream being very low and rapid, promised considerable hard work before we should arrive at the desired point, therefore supplying the canoe with an axe, and the necessary provisions and camping equipage, as we expected to remain up stream till the next day, we started at about noon on our journey. Twenty minutes' paddling brought us to quick water, at which point I put on hip rubber boots and stepped into the water to wade. The guides jumped overboard, and one at the bow and one at the stern, dragged and pushed the canoe up the tortuous course of the channel, where there was sufficient water to float it, carrying it bodily with its contents where the water was too shallow or the sharp rocks too numerous. Two and a half hours of this work brought us to the foot of the deadwater well warmed up with our exertions. I had noticed some old tracks of moose on the muddy margin of the stream on the way and felt very hopeful of finding fresher ones higher up.

We now embarked again, and with a caution from the Indians to make no noise and to "have you gun ready," we paddled slowly and quietly up the winding stream. Its banks at this point and for a half mile beyond were rather high and dry, supporting a growth of spruce, fir, birch, etc., with alders at the water's edge. Nothing of interest was observed for some time, but as we neared the commencement of the bog the canoe was stopped and worked over to one side, a few words exchanged between the Indians, and I soon saw the cause to be fresh tracks of a large moose, made evidently the previous night. After a careful inspection we resumed our progress, and more signs were pointed out to me, of lily-pads eaten off and more tracks. There was a light wind which blew up stream, and therefore, to prevent the animals getting our scent, we decided to go to the head of the bog to camp. Signs were fresh and quite numerous, and my hunters said, "We get one sure to-night."

Finding a suitable spot, the tent was pitched, fir boughs gathered for the bed, wood cut and brought in, a fire started, supper cooked and eaten, and then after an hour's rest, during which the birch-bark horn had been prepared for calling, we started down stream again to a point where it widened out, making quite a bay, with a wide margin of grass round the edges. An old lumbering road, long disused and grown up with bushes, crossed the stream here and made a favorite trail for moose, caribou and deer to come out to water. The canoe was drawn up to the side so as to be partially concealed by the grass, and then after a space of some twenty minutes spent in listening, the Indian commenced to call, imitating the lowing of the cow moose. This most lugubrious sound was repeated at intervals of some fifteen or twenty minutes, and this was kept up for perhaps an hour.

Suddenly the other Indian whispers, "I hear him," and soon I also heard a rather indistinct grunt repeated at short intervals. It gradually became more distinct as the animal approached us, until it became quite loud, and we could then hear the cracking of dry branches as the huge animal forced his way through the dense undergrowth. When within a distance seemingly of one thousand feet, judging from the noise, the animal stopped and stood for nearly half an hour without making any movement that we could hear, or any response to our call. Then he started off down the wind with loud grunts at nearly every step, and making a loud crashing through the brush. His course was parallel to the stream, but as it was now comparatively dark, it was impossible to see any distance on account of the shadows. As the animal was going away from us and seemed disinclined to approach, we carefully paddled the canoe down stream for a half mile or so, and then stopped and resumed calling. At this time he was so far away that we could hear him only indistinctly, but after the second or third call, it became evident that he had turned and was making for the stream, and within twenty minutes we could hear him enter the water and walk in it. The paddles were now used with vigor, but with very little noise.

The excitement I had been laboring under for an hour and a half now culminated in an attack of what I suppose was "buck fever." I shook as though I had a chill, and in spite of all I could do I could not overcome it. My teeth all but chattered in my head, and I felt that in such a condition the moose was perfectly safe. We soon rounded a turn, and about five hundred feet ahead of us walking down stream close in to shore, we saw an immense dark form, the light-colored hocks glistening with the reflected light from the water. The canoe was forced rapidly ahead, the animal, meanwhile, having stopped to listen, and when within about fifty feet the Indian whispered, "shoot, shoot!"

At first sight of the animal my nervousness had entirely disappeared, and I was as cool and collected as on any ordinary occasion. I carefully drew the rifle to my shoulder, and glanced along the shining barrel, took deliberate aim at a point about six inches above those glistening hocks and pulled the trigger. The loud report was followed by a splash in the water. The smoke hung and spread between me and the animal, so that I could see nothing, but the next instant I felt the canoe jump and then I saw an immense set of antlers attached to a head going down stream at a wonderful rate of speed, the canoe followed as fast as two powerful men could paddle, and we were soon within twenty feet. I fired again and again, but what with the motion of the canoe and the excitement I was under, I was utterly unable to see the sights, and the shots were thrown away. After swimming down perhaps one hundred and fifty feet and across the stream, the moose went out of the water, and into the alders with a rush that swept down everything before him, and for a minute or two afterward we could hear the dead trees snap and fall as he struck them. Then all was still.

It was too dark to see anything, so breaking a bush to mark the spot where he left the water, we started for camp. Arriving there after a brisk paddle of half an hour, the fire was renewed, a cup of fresh hot tea drank, and we turned in. I got but little sleep. I was so excited I could only lie and wonder if I had made a successful shot. The night was cold, and as I could not sleep, I occupied myself in keeping the fire going, till every stick I could get hold of was burned. At last the dull gray of morning began to show in the east, and as soon as it was fairly light, I roused the Indians, for I was anxious to know the results of our last evening's adventure. Short work was made of breakfast, the tent taken down, and with our other effects bundled into the canoe and we were off down stream. Arriving at the spot marked by the broken bush, the first exclamation of the Indian was "blood;" and picking a leaf from an alder bush, he held it up for my inspection

Pulling the canoe into the brush, we took up the trail of blood that was spattered here on the mossy ground, and there on the leaves and twigs of the underbrush, and followed it, winding now one way, now another, for fully a mile through the sparse growth of spruces in the bog. Suddenly the head Indian stopped and listened and then spoke to the other, who put his hands to his mouth and give a low deep-toned blat, and repeated it once. From the woods a short distance ahead there came an answer. Cautiously we approached and saw that the moose was down and unable to rise, in fact was nearly dead. To put him out of misery I raised the rifle and put a bullet into a vital part, and then I had the unbounded delight of examining my first moose. The bullet had entered the rump about six inches below and to the left of the tail, passed clean through and into and through the lungs, lodging in the breast.

He would weigh standing alive at the lowest calculation, 900 pounds. From the tip of the hoof on the hind leg to the bend at the hock outside it measured two feet six inches, and the same measurement from the hock to the point of the hip. The antlers had ten points on each branch and are very uniform; weight with small piece of skull attached, thirty-four and a half pounds; spread at widest part, three feet eleven inches. They hang over the mantle in my sitting-room, and perhaps you can imagine how proud of them I am.

Perhaps I may write at some future time an account of the moose I did not get, and how surprised I was that I did not.

TOM-HEGAN.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

29. *Cistothorus stellaris* (Licht.) Caban.—Short-billed marsh wren.

This interesting but little-known species, like the last, is not evenly distributed, and in many parts of the State is entirely unknown. Like the longbill it is gregarious, and frequents marshy localities, but does not haunt the submerged grounds, rather preferring low meadows, or more particularly, sections that are overflowed during early spring, but which are later provided with a rank growth of coarse grass.

I do not find that the bird is well known to collectors, and it is only recorded in three lists out of the dozen or more before me on Michigan birds. It is first embraced by A. H. Boies in his list of the birds of Southern Michigan, 1875. It has not been captured to the north of 43°, to my knowledge. I first became acquainted with this species in July, 1878, when an old one and some young were secured by Mr. Benjamin Syke. After that date we became more intimately acquainted with it. In 1882 I was so fortunate as to secure a nest and two eggs on June 2, at Gunn Lake swamp, Barry county. We found the birds there in hundreds, and a great many nests were observed, but the one containing two eggs was the only one which was of value to us, the rest being empty.

The nests are built in large numbers, as in the case of the longbill, regardless of time and trouble, and are grouped together in the tall grass and often in small bushes, principally of the wild rose and a stunted species of willow.

The nests are similar in form to those of the last named species, but are about one-third smaller, much more compact in makeup and are lined in a very comfortable manner with soft substances, principally from the blossoms of the willows. The birds are exceedingly shy, and are only procured by considerable effort. The species has the same fluttering, nervous flight as is seen in the longbill, but often flies to a considerable distance. It is very timorous and quickly retreats on one's approach.

The eggs are pure white and very small, and of course strikingly dissimilar to the eggs of the house or longbill wrens. In the year 1883, following the season when we found the birds so plentiful, we again visited the same locality hoping to secure more eggs, but we were compelled to leave without so much as hearing a single bird. The date was June 1, only one day earlier than the previous, but for some unaccountable reason the birds had failed to appear. In 1884 a single specimen was secured by a friend in quite another quarter. The shortbill appears to be an irregular migrant and is not to be relied on. I know nothing of its dates of arrivals or departures.

The song, if the odd notes may be termed such, is simple and composed of few notes. It may be represented by the syllables *chet-chet-chet, dee-dee-dee,* or *chea-chea, dee-dee-dee.* The notes are frequently uttered almost incessantly for a long time, and heard from the throats of many birds in the marsh are not disagreeable. The call notes are simple chirps.

The wrens occupy no inconsiderable place in the great army of insect destroyers, and all of the members of the family are of service in ridding us of the myriads of injurious insects. The food of the Carolina and Bewick's wrens I have had no opportunity of examining, but in the case of the other species, so far as my observations have extended, I am satisfied that the diet of the little fellows is almost entirely of an insect nature, and feel safe in saying that they are of inestimable value to the agriculturist, and therefore to us all.

The house wren feeds upon a greater variety of insects, I believe, than any other bird of my acquaintance. Insects of every order are devoured, to my knowledge, not excepting the wasp, which the wren adroitly captures and eats with relish. The winter wren feeds in summer largely upon the

smaller species of beetles, more especially upon members of the family *Staphylinidæ*, of the smaller kinds of which I have found the crop stuffed full. Larvæ of dipterous insects are also fed upon, and insects of other orders. In spring, before the insects have emerged in any numbers, seeds found on the ground are eaten by this species. Spiders form no inconsiderable part of the winter wren's fare, as in fact is the case with all of the wrens which I have studied. The house and winter wren both feed largely on small caterpillars, principally of the family *Geometridæ*.

The longbilled and shortbilled wrens feed on flying insects, which they catch with great perseverance and cunning; but their food also consists of larvæ of insects of the various orders. The longbill gives great preference to the small larvæ and nymphæ of the order *Neuroptera*, and procures them by dipping his bill just beneath the water, when they are coming to the surface to emerge or are swimming in the murky pools.

The following dimensions are taken from specimens of Michigan wrens in my collection:

Name.	Average length.	Average wing.	Average extent.	Average tail.	Average tarsus.	Average commissure.	Longest specimen.	Longest wing.	Greatest extent.	Shortest specimen.	Shortest wing.	Least extent.
Troglodytes aëdon	4.77	2.19	6.69	1.83	....	....	5 02	2.40	....	4.52	1.98	....
Anorthura troglod. hyemalis	3.91	1.97	5.89	1.30	....	..	....	...	...	....	....	....
Telmatodytes palustris	4.33	....	6 44	....	...	....	....	....	....	...	...	....
Cisto.horus stellaris	4.89	1.72	6.18	1.80	.69	.61	4 57	1.73	6.36	4.21	1 71	5.99

30. *Anthus ludovicianus* (Gm.) Licht.—American titlark. A common spring and fall migrant; rather irregular in its appearance both spring and autumn. The birds always appear in flocks, generally of from twenty to thirty. A small flock of five to ten is occasionally seen, and I have seen hundreds in a flock. The species usually appears in late April and remains with us for a week or more. About the middle of September the flocks reappear, and a great many are seen within the next four weeks. I have observed them in numbers as late as Oct. 23. The birds, although gregarious, keep well apart both in flying and when feeding, and it is a difficult matter to secure more than one at a shot, according to my experience.

The species is recorded from the northern peninsula, and is known throughout the State by collectors generally. It was known here in 1839, and is embraced in all catalogues of any importance. The titlark with us has no song, and a single chirp is the only call note I have heard. It is occasionally repeated, so that it sounds somewhat like a short chatter, but does not approach to a song. The birds are quite similar in many respects to the horned lark (*E. alpestris*), both in manner of flight, peculiarity of perching on fences, and feeding in the highways.

J. B. Steere, in a catalogue entitled "Migration of Michigan Birds," 1880, embraces this species as a summer resident, and says it breeds. He, however, places an interrogation point after the "breeds," showing the uncertainty of the information on which he founded the note. The species may remain in the extreme northern part of the State during summer, but it is to be doubted.

Those specimens examined by me contained seeds only in their crops, but during the summer months I have no doubt but that the species feeds largely on insects. As will be observed in the sketch of this bird, as with others, I have only given a short history, from the fact that the bird does not nest with us, while in cases of our summer residents I have devoted more space.

THE WOODCOCK'S SONG.

JUST at twilight one evening last week, while passing through Briggs avenue, on my way from the station at Williamsbridge to my home at East Chester, a clear sharp sound broke upon the evening air, resembling, as nearly as I can describe it, the word "pake." It brought me to a halt on the instant. More than forty years ago I first heard this sound, and my grandfather, a keen old sportsman, taught me its meaning; it was the love call of the male woodcock. Several times the call was repeated, and then came that swift whistling of wings, which has so often in the cover sent my gun flying to my shoulder. A dark object, outlined for an instant against the fading light still lingering in the western sky, disappeared in the deepening gloom. Then high up in the air began the song of the bird, soft low notes at first, gradually increasing in volume as he rose in the air apparently in circles, until with a louder, wilder burst of melody the song abruptly ceased and he darted silently to the ground very near the spot from which he arose and then rang out the sharp "pake" described above.

I had been told when a boy that this cry, which can be heard a quarter of a mile or more under favorable circumstances, was always preceded by a low, guttural sound resembling the words "coo, ah," which could be heard but a few feet. Wishing to assure myself of the fact—if fact it was—I waited until he rose again, which he did after an interval of two or three minutes, when I gained a position nearer the spot from which he arose; then keeping perfectly quiet a moment after the song had ceased in the air, I saw him come to the ground swiftly but silently. I was still twenty-five or thirty yards from him and unable to hear the sound for which I was listening. Keeping my position until he had uttered the louder cry several times, he again went up in the air, when I moved forward, and lying at full length upon the ground awaited his return. I knew he would re-alight within a second after the song ceased in the air, but he came down behind me, and so silently, that the first intimation I had of his presence was hearing the guttural sound I have mentioned, fifteen or twenty feet from me. After this had been repeated several times the louder cry was heard. Listening until the two sounds had been repeated several times, I made a slight movement and he flew away at once and I heard him no more.

Gifted writers have immortalized both in prose and verse the songs of the nightingale, the skylark and many other feathered songsters, but to me the love song of the woodcock surpasses them all. It brings to mind with pleasure thoughts of those with whom I have for years as the opening seasons came round, hunted this most splendid of all game birds, and with whom, God willing, I trust to have many pleasant seasons again. It brings to mind with sadness thoughts of other friends who have "joined the great majority" and will never again press the trigger or traverse with me the covers. It assures me, too, that although the early extinction of this noble bird has been of late often prophesied, that here almost within the shadow of the great metropolis, when the proper season arrives, my favorite covers on which I first commenced to shoot, more than thirty years ago, and which have never failed me, will not be entirely deserted.

To such of the New York city sportsmen as only know the woodcock as an eagerly sought and much-prized addition to his bag in the field, and who may perhaps never have heard them in the breeding season, I would say: Take a train at Forty-second street for Williamsbridge, arriving there about sundown. Stroll leisurely across the Bronx and by Jerome post-office into Briggs avenue. A little over half a mile will take him to a spot formerly known to lovers of woodcock shooting as the "Fishhawk." Here let him sit down, and when the stars begin to come out he will hear on any pleasant evening during the breeding season all I have described. He can return to the city in time to hear some fashionable footlight favorite trill her sweetest lay, but if he is a true devoted follower of Nimrod he will hear nothing that will please him as well as the love song of that russet denizen of the bosky dell, *Philohela minor*.

J. H. D.

EAST CHESTER, N. Y.

ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

THE committee of the American Ornithologists' Union which has charge of the classification and nomenclature of North American birds has practically completed its labors, and handed in its final report to the Council, by whose authority they are empowered to print the results of their work at the earliest time possible. The report includes the completed new code of nomenclature, with special reference to ornithology, but equally applicable to zoology at large. This is believed to be a positive advance upon previous codes, such as that of the British Association of 1865. The report includes also the new check list of North American birds, embodying the views of the committee, reached after most patient and painstaking investigation, carried on ever since the founding of the Union. This work has been eagerly looked for, and will prove a boon to all who are interested in American ornithology, if it shall succeed in fixing at last the names of all our birds, which have been of late years so unsettled.

It is hoped and believed that the volume will be ready before the meeting of the Union next autumn.

THE CRANE'S BACK.

AN interesting circumstance occurred near this place last season, corroborating the belief noted some time ago by Dr. J. C. Merrill in FOREST AND STREAM that the sandhill crane (*Grus canadensis*) carries birds upon its back during their migrations.

On Fraser River, at a place called Port Hammond, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, cranes have been in the habit of resorting to the railroad track to obtain a supply of gravel during the period of incubation. In this part of the world these birds make their nests in boggy or low lands, and a marsh of this description opposite and across the river from Port Hammond affords numbers of cranes an opportunity for their breeding necessities. Their nests are made upon the ground, while those of the heron tribe (often improperly called cranes) are built in high trees, and the latter, at this particular season of the year, live in communities improperly called "craneries."

One morning, a gentleman living at that place surprised a party of three cranes picking up the gravel on the railway grade. There were two old and one young one. The old ones immediately took wing and flew away. The young one, being unable to fly, was soon captured and placed in a box. It was so young that it had developed no feathers, was wholly covered with down, and was in height about that of a common hen. The parent birds returned in a short time, and by their cries showed their distress, as is usual in like cases of other birds. The young one fed greedily upon berries which were furnished it, nor was it deserted by the old ones, who lingered about the place until its death, which took place in a few days, whether from an improper diet or pining away, could not be determined.

Fraser River at this point is over half a mile wide, and the proof of their nest being upon the other side was this, that in coming to Port Hammond, or going therefrom, they always crossed the river presumably to visit the remaining young one that may fairly be supposed to have been at home on the morning spoken of.

The fact of the young bird not being able to fly, coupled with the fact that it could not walk across the river, may, I think, be taken as conclusive of its having been carried across by one of its parents.

J. C. HUGHES.

NEW WESTMINSTER, British Columbia, April 6, 1885.

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.—A good deal has been written on this subject, and many opinions expressed as to how the noise is made. Three cock birds were brought to me to skin this spring, by parties who had shot them almost in the act of drumming. On removing the skin, I noticed a thin membrane extending from the under jaw to the end of the breast bone. This was partly filled with air, and is evidently capable of being distended like a bladder. Now I think the bird fills this bag with air and strikes it with the ends of his wings, forcing the air through his open mouth, there by producing the drumming noise. This may be a well-known fact to many, but perhaps it is new to some. Who else has noticed it?—SAUGWILLAH (Horse Cove, N. C., April 21).

A SEAL IN LAKE MICHIGAN WATERS.—On April 23, Mr. John Quimby killed a large seal about one-fourth of a mile from Poplar Point in Green Bay. Mr. Quimby was engaged in fishing with gill nets through the ice, when he saw the seal come up out of a hole in the ice. He stunned it by a blow on the head with a club, dragged it out on the ice with a gaff hook and killed it. Green Bay is adjacent to Lake Michigan, and it seems queer that a seal should be found here, so far from salt water. The only outlet to salt water is by way of Lake Michigan, Huron, St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, Detroit River, Lake Erie, Welland Canal (or Niagara River) into Lake Ontario, thence River St. Lawrence to the Gulf. Perhaps some of your readers can throw light upon the matter, but all must admit that the seal was a long way from his native element.—S. E. B. (Menominee, Mich., April 28.

Game Bag and Gun.

A RAINY DAY.

ONE day while Jim and Frank and I were out shooting partridges and were having royal sport, one of my servants came to us bringing a telegram for Jim calling him home on important business.

On the following morning, therefore, very much to our sorrow, we parted with this most companionable friend, who took the early train for his distant home, carrying with him four dozen birds, which, let us hope, did not in any wise detract from the joy his loved ones experienced on his return to his home. Frank and I did not do much shooting that day, but we planned a hunt for the one following, between Deep and Woody creeks, in a section where there had not been any shooting for nearly twelve months, and where I knew partridges could be found in great abundance.

Next morning, although the sky was overcast with dark, watery-looking clouds, we determined to make the venture. I had two horses saddled, one for Frank and one for myself, and tying a game bag behind my saddle, we called Frank's Laverack and my two Irish reds, and after a brisk ride of four miles reached our destination. But alas! our cup of joy seemed about to be dashed to earth, for just as we entered the first field, the rain began to descend with a steady patter, patter, which plainly told us we might expect a rainy day. But we had crossed the Rubicon, and after holding a council of war, we determined that "we had come fur to shoot, and were gwine fur to do it." The dogs, shivering with cold and wet, were growing very impatient, and at the given signal they went off like a rocket, Frank's to the left and my two to the right. The dogs had nearly crossed the first field, and were turning down a small stream, when both Irish reds made game, and by the time I had called Frank's attention to them, both were on point, one with head and tail erect and eyes glaring, the other with head slightly lowered, tail slightly elevated and one forefoot up. The Laverack came up with a quick gallop, and perceiving the other dogs on a point, or catching scent of the game, he too pointed, planting himself firmly, with his body parallel with the others, his head turned to the right side, his whole body stiff and staunch, more as if he had grown up out of the earth than as if he was standing upon it. What a picture that was. Surely such an one as only a true sportsman and lover of nature can rightly appreciate.

Frank and I dismounted, and having secured our horses commenced to advance; but greatly to our annoyance, that bevy of birds, about forty, as nearly as we could estimate, flushed so wild that neither of us got a shot on the rise. Why they should have flushed so wild is yet a mystery to me, for it was still raining steadily, and it is a fact well known to sportsmen that on rainy days Bob White is usually tamer than at any other time. This bevy made a long flight over and across some good cover, and we marked them down in some pine timber. We followed quickly after them, and on entering the timber one of the Irish reds made a beautiful point. I called to Frank that he might have an opportunity of drawing the first blood; but when the bird was flushed, it proved to be but a single one, and that one went up over the tops of such a thicket of young pines that Frank did not, perhaps could not, shoot. The dogs then hunted the ground closely for two or three acres without finding any more birds. Finally we came to a deep dry ravine, running through the timber, and Frank went up on one side and I on the other. Suddenly, without any warning, a hen bird flushed from right under my feet, and as she was crossing an opening in the pines I fired, and as I saw a great cloud of feathers floating down, I sent the dogs to retrieve it, which one of them did. We had proceeded but a few rods higher up the ravine, when Frank's Laverack went down to the bottom of it, and as he turned up the ravine, he suddenly pointed on a scent so strong that he seemed to tremble in every nerve and fiber of his body, while his eyes fairly glistened with excitement.

Frank and I chose the best positions we could, on our respective sides, and then Frank made his Laverack flush. Three birds arose, two going out on Frank's side, one of which he killed, and wounded the other. The third one came out on my side, and for aught I know to the contrary, still lives. The reports of our guns caused the rest of the bevy to get up, and for a few seconds the whirr of their wings made such a noise that birds seemed to be flying to the right of us, to the left of us, before us, behind us, everywhere. We marked them down as best we could, and having seen six or eight go out of the timber into some sedge grass and short brush, we followed this course.

We had proceeded perhaps a couple of hundred yards, when one of the Irish reds pointed, and having called Frank to me, I put the bird up intending to give him the shot, but contrary to our expectations, it wheeled to the right, on my side, so that Frank called to me to shoot it, which I did. A little further on the dogs again made game, but for some time were unable to locate it; finally one of the Irish reds turned back some twenty yards, and came to a point in a gully, or washout, overgrown with tall sedge grass and some low thin brush. Frank chose the right side and I took the left, and when we made the dogs flush, five got up. Frank killed one, his other shell missing fire. I brought down one with each barrel, and when the dogs retrieved mine, I noticed, even before I took it into my hand, that one of them was very much larger than our Virginia partridges are ordinarily. This caused me to examine it more critically, and I found what I had never seen before, veritably a red partridge, not a cardinal red like our cardinal grosbeak, commonly called red bird, but of a color on the back more nearly resembling the rich bronze of the wild turkey, with black throat and neck, and the breast, instead of being speckled with black and white—as the male bird of this species is usually—the color was that which might be produced by a mixture of red clay and pokeberries, with feet and legs as black as a blackbirds, and small warts or corns on both feet and I think on every toe. This bird was evidently an old patriarch, but whether he was the same that Noah had in the Ark to preserve the species this deponent saith not.

Frank and I had some splendid sport after this bevy, bagging ten or eleven of them. We then returned to our horses, and started off again, but had not proceeded far when all three dogs came to a point. We dismounted again, and when we advanced the birds began to rise, but this time within range. Frank brought down two, one with each barrel, as handsomely as any man could have done, and I made what you may call a pot shot, or anything else you please, but I fired only one barrel, and that where the birds seemed thickest, and killed three. I am certain that was the

largest covey of partridges I have ever seen, and that there were at least fifty in the bevy. Of course we followed them up, and shot until Frank's gun and shells got so wet that the shells would miss fire and stick fast in his gun. Some we pulled out with the shell extractor, some we pulled out by cutting into sections with our pocket knives, and some we peeled part of the paper off and in this way made smaller.

It was raining all this time, and we had gotten so wet from the rain that fell upon us, and from wading through the tall grass, that we finally sought shelter under a large bending pine, and having gathered some pine-knots we kindled a big fire, dried ourselves as best we could, ate such portions of our lunch as had not been spoiled by the rain, and returned home. Thus ended our hunt on the rainy day. The next day Frank left for his home, taking with him forty-nine partridges, among the rest the old patriarch, which, as he afterward wrote me, he exhibited to many admiring friends. He also wrote me that he had invited a number of friends to a quail (partridge) supper, at which they had eaten the old patriarch, feet, corns and all. T. E. Epes.

Nottoway, Va., April 10, 1885.

BATTERY-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the various articles on battery-shooting, the pros and cons of which have been so ably set forth by different correspondents. Without hoping to throw much light upon the subject, I should like to put in my oar, and relate a little of my experience. I have hunted and shot more or less every season for the past fifteen years, and most of my life having been spent on the water, have killed numbers of wildfowl. My experience of battery-shooting on the Chesapeake and its tributaries, from Havre de Grace to Eastern Bay, has convinced me that far less injury is done to the ducks from batteries than from points.

Ducks coming to batteries are usually killed instantly very few cripples being made, for the simple reason that they mostly decoy singly or in small bunches, say from four to eight, and coming close to the shooter are instantly killed, very few cripples being made, and for the same reason these are generally secured. Now, in point-shooting, for every duck killed it is safe to say there are more or less injured, and fly on to suffer agony for days unless mercifully put out of pain by the ever-present "poacher," or the darkey and his musket.

Decoy-shooting from the shores of the wide waters is played out, and was for a number of years before batteries were introduced. The geese and ducks have gotten too wise to come within range of the shore, except in narrow waters, and there geese very seldom venture; so the first departure from shore-shooting was in building bush blinds on the bars. Sometimes good shooting can be had from them, but they are open to the same objections that limit the use of the sinkbox, viz., they can only be used when the wind is from the right quarter, and not much of it.

I believe that ducks are as plenty to-day on the waters of the Chesapeake as they were twenty years ago; but of course no two years bring the same number of ducks. When there is an abundance of celery the ducks are bound to be there, when feed is scarce they go elsewhere.

There is no fear of battery-shooting being overdone, as it is more or less controlled by the elements. You may have three or four days' shooting in one week, and perhaps not fire a gun again for three weeks, your boat being frozen up solid or a northwest gale blowing. It may often happen that if one gets two days' shooting a week he is doing well.

In the shoal waters of the bay and the rivers running into it, the ducks often feed so far from shore that it's difficult to see them with a glass. Now how long will a battery live, think you, let alone give you shooting, if even an ordinary winter's breeze be blowing?

And besides, very few men, unless professional shooters, care to take the immense labor and exposure attendant on battery-shooting. Few city men can stand the exposure, few can get the "hang" of how to put out or take up an extensive layout, especially in the teeth of a nor'wester. Unless a man has the love of shooting naturally in him, and in him deep, no graft business, he had better let box-shooting alone. If it were a question of comfort between shore or box shooting, we would all decide in favor of the former, barring a "soft marsh." But as the real thing to decide is, whether battery-shooting drives away ducks, I say, gentlemen, I think not. Saugwillah.

Horse Cove, N. C., April 21.

DUCK NETTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent who signs himself "Wollat," and whose communication is published in the Forest and Stream of this date, betrays a lack of entire familiarity with the subject when he says that "the matter of floats will make no difference with ducks." Did he ever observe a flock of ducks, and witness their solicitude to keep far away from a fish net "having floats?" If so, I am sure he saw the ducks themselves contradict his assertion.

He next gravely informs us that "the angle at which nets are placed for catching ducks will not be interfered with by attaching floats to the nets," etc.

No such claim has been made that I am aware of. The "angle" at which a net is set is of no consequence so long as the ducks are unaware of its existence, but floats over the same say "danger below," in language perfectly intelligible to them.

The bill referred to was drawn carefully, and although the first draft did not except any part of the year from its operation, the drafter, when informed that the restriction might work injury to fishermen unless the summer months were excepted, immediately took steps to have the bill amended in that respect, and at his request it was amended by excepting the months of May, June, July, August and September.

"Wollat's" anxiety lest the game warden should be hampered in the performance of his duty in case the bill becomes a law, is unfounded. Granting that the amendment may prove to be unable to meet all cases, and that under it all its violators may not meet their deserts, it certainly would not, as your correspondent seems to suppose, legalize duck netting carried on with nets with floats, or otherwise invalidate the statute as it already exists.

If a person sets nets with floats, but with intent (to be proven as best may) to kill or capture waterfowl by such means, a plea that he had corks or floats attached to his net would not constitute a defense, but would merely shift the "burden of proof" as to intent upon prosecution, and if proof of such intent could be otherwise obtained, "corks and floats" would not release the netter from the meshes of the law.

All that your correspondent "Wollat" suggests could be done as well under the amended law as at present, but the amendment would place in the game warden's hands a test capable of being instantly applied to any given case.

Your correspondent also says that "there exists an item of proof that nets taken up by a warden were set with intent 'to capture or kill any of such birds,' provided there were no floats attached."

To this I reply, that if the law declares a net set without floats during certain months to be a violation of the law, every such net found by the game warden so set, may lawfully be removed, and the duty of the warden would be in such case, without further proof than the evidences of his own senses, to take up such net or nets and prosecute the owner or owners, upon whom would rest the burden of clearing themselves.

"Wollat's" suggestion that it be made the duty of the game constable to destroy every net found to contain ducks, I fear would be found to work great injustice to honest fishermen in many cases, which I, for one, have no desire to see done.

Without doubt ducks may, and occasionally do get caught in fish-nets set without the slightest intention existing in the minds of the fishermen to catch ducks therein, but it would be hard upon the fisherman, guiltless of wrong intent, to render him liable to have his net confiscated or destroyed merely because a duck by chance became entangled therein. Let us be just to all, and also let the game warden no longer be able to plead the defects in the law as his excuse for not enforcing it. A. H. A.

New York, April 23, 1885.

DEER HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

Last Thanksgiving night found us on the train at Elizabeth, New Jersey, bound for Walter Wyche's plantation in Greenville county, Virginia, which we reached the following Friday afternoon. Our host gave up his work and took his dogs and team and introduced us to the best hunters and people of the country, and in fact made us feel as though we were among friends. We had been on hunting vacations every year for the past ten years in different parts of the United States and Canada, but never before had we known anything to equal the boundlessness of Southern hospitality. We found that the feeling of enmity of the South toward the North, which we as Northerners had heard so much about, is now, if it ever existed, forgotten, and the wish of her sons now was to be and live as one union, one family government and one flag forever.

The first two weeks of our vacation we spent around Mr. Wyche's. We made several short deer drives, hunted quail a little, and took a genuine old-fashioned Virginia fox chase, which our host and his friend, Ben Owens, got up for our special enjoyment. Some day I may give you an account of it. It is too long to tell now, but it was certainly a ride never to be forgotten. Our drives were always successful, so far as starting deer was concerned, but the saying of the old hunters, that "the deer was an awful lucky animal," was proven only too true to us, for each day the deer would avoid his usual run, and we on the favored stands were unfavored by his appearance. He would run across an open field before two men who sat on their horses with guns loaded with buckshot, and let one and on one occasion three deer run by them within twenty-five yards, without ever thinking that they were deer-hunting or that they even carried a gun. Or the deer would run out into an old road and stop still for ten minutes before one of our party. He was afraid of scaring the deer if he took his gun from his shoulder.

Our main hunt we had put off for the last week of our stay, so that we could have something to take home to show our friends that we were sometimes, if not always, successful.

On one of these last days the probabilities of getting two or three shots were very flattering. We were to take our stands near the Melierrin River, and had four men to drive different sections of the country toward our stands. Mr. Smith Green, with his three first-class deerhounds, drove one section; the nimrod of the country, Mr. Jim Powell, with his dogs Rattler, Blackman and Judge, drove another; Mr. Walter Wyche and Mr. Newsen with Florence, Brown and three other hounds drove another, while Mr. Ed. Ogburn with his pack, drove still another section. Mr. Miller and myself were given the choice of stands at the river where the deer had a favorite crossing, and were "dead sure" to come.

We waited and watched patiently and faithfully, and not until near noon did anything occur to disturb the stillness of the day, when all at once I heard the report of Miller's rifle about one hundred and fifty yards above me, and quick bang again. I kept a sharp lookout across the cornfield and back over the river. About a minute after Miller's shot I spied a buck swimming the river for the other side. A moment's sight over my rifle sent a .44 Winchester bullet back of his ear, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. As there was a boat near by, I pulled out for the deer and secured him by one of his horns to a tree in the river, after having been carried by the swift current a quarter of a mile down stream. By the time I got on the bank Mr. Ogburn came along and helped me get the buck out on land. The deer weighed 160 pounds, and to get him out of the tree top and up a steep muddy bank was too much for me alone. When we got him on shore I saw the effect of one of Miller's shots, for the bullet had broken the right hind leg low down in the ham. Although I did the unsportsmanlike thing of killing the deer in the water, the trophy, by hunter's law, and rightly too, belonged to Miller, for he struck him first with a .44 Winchester, and as I afterward learned, at a distance of seventy-five yards, and the deer on a run for dear life besides. The sport we had, however, was a chance one for both of us, for the buck had been run across from the opposite side of the river by a little cur dog that was taking a quiet hunt for his own special amusement, for I saw the cur come to the bank of the river just after I had shot.

By 2 o'clock that afternoon the drivers had all come up to our stands. Each party had started deer, and some two or three, but for some cause, perhaps for the reason that the deer "is a lucky animal," they had taken the water about half a mile lower down the river. The next day we took the same stands, but the deer, as the day before, went down the river, and as we followed down a ways we saw the tracks where five had gone in the day before. It seemed to be our luck that those men could not drive us a deer. They had tried several times, had acted honestly toward us, but not a deer could they persuade to run by us. The deer might have had a premonition that a rifle bullet would do more than stick in the hide like a buckshot, and the deer we killed would bear out that theory, for there were two harmless buckshot loose under his skin.

We made other drives and one day stood on the Dry Bread road at the famous "Willow oak" stand, where "A. F. R." stood, as "A. F. R." mentioned in one of his letters, but the deer ran for us as they did for him, to the uncertain stand, where Capt. Briggs of his party stood and killed two big bucks two years ago, and it was at the Captain's same stand, where one of our party stood, when the big buck that I referred to before came out of the pine woods and stood square in the road watching our man, Capt. Hunt, and saw how manly and commanding he looked with his body erect and gun on his shoulder. Perhaps the buck thought the Captain on picket duty, but he finally passed his line without any pass word, and failed to come back or stop when the Captain fired one load of buckshot in the direction of his tail.

We did not make our trip to pot-hunt or slaughter game, and although only one deer fell to our rifles, we felt perfectly satisfied with our hunt.

We enjoyed the society of the people we met and were well pleased with the country, and can recommend any of our sportsmen friends who want a short, agreeable and pleasant little hunt that they can find no more friendly and honest, whole-souled and good-hearted men than it was our fortune to meet. And now, Mr. Editor, let me thank you that it was through your columns of the Forest and Stream that we were led to that enjoyment of our lives that we shall always remember. N. C. J.

Springfield, N. J., Jan 12.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While woodcock shooting a few years ago on Lyon's Creek, in the county of Welland, Ont., I got into a dense thicket of tall wild rose bushes and low willows. My dog came to a point; a woodcock sprang up, with that peculiar whistle which is such sweet music in the ears of a sportsman, and just as he got to the tops of the bushes I covered him and cut loose—a few feathers floating in the air told me I had "got there." Crushing my way through the tangle of thorns and vines, with the assistance of my faithful dog I gathered him in. As I was about to turn away, the impression grew upon me that at the instant I pulled the trigger I had seen something—a glimpse, a shadow—beyond and in line with the bird at which I was aiming. Going back to the place where I stood when I fired, and getting the direction, I worked my way through the bushes, and after going a few yards further my dog came to a point, and a few inches from his nose I picked up another fine woodcock which had flown into the shot. I had "killed two birds with one stone."

G. B.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was riding along the line of a new railroad route in Western Louisana one evening about sunset and saw a hare, commonly called a "rabbit," sitting on the side of the bridle path. Thinking to have some pistol practice, I dismounted and crept up in easy range. Then leveling a .38 Colts, I took careful aim and fired. The hare jumped three yards and stopped. I thought he must be wounded, and I would make sure of his carcass by another bullet. So I aimed carefully and fired again. He jumped three yards again and stopped. I looked at the hare and then at my pistol and felt perplexed. I crept closer, and taking very good aim I fired the third time. The hare again jumped three yards and stopped. I felt so much exasperated at the conduct of the hare that I reversed the pistol, taking hold of the barrel and throwing it, I struck the hare on the back of the head and killed it outright. Picking it up, I examined for bullet holes, but found none. I found, however, imbedded in the skin of its back and shoulders several large "wolves" in the chrysalis state, which made the animal poor and spiritless. With this same pistol I had killed squirrels, hares, partridges, frogs and alligators, by the direct method I mean, not the reversed. Coahoma.

Memphis, Tenn., April 25.

"THE DEAD SURE."

During the summer of 1871 I experimented with a number of different makes of firearms, both shotguns and rifles, for the purpose of ascertaining the most effective kind. After burning a great deal of powder, with no especial result, a sporting man told me that a man by the name of Egerton, Cyrus B. Egerton, of Syracuse, had just perfected a shotgun that he called "the Dead Sure." I obtained one.

Briefly, the principle of the gun (a double-barreled breech-loader) was this: In sighting for game, the gun was never pointed at the object, but always fifteen degrees to the right or left of it. To accomplish this accurately a small compass was inserted in the butt, just back of the hammers. At the muzzles were small pieces of mechanism called afflectors, connecting with a pointer which moved in a graduated circle, engraved on the stock plate just above the trigger guard. These afflectors could be moved at will by means of the pointer, around the inner circumference of the barrels, and were so constructed as to present a slightly beveled face to the charge leaving the gun. The chambers were smaller than the barrels, the latter resembling reduced blunderbusses. The weapon was guaranteed to "fetch something" every time.

I had no chance to try the gun that year, but during the next one I went up into Lewis county and took it along. Going out with it one day, after a walk of several miles, I caught sight of several young partridges quite a distance ahead, who were acting in the most peculiar manner. At regular intervals of half a minute or so they would leap from the ground, flutter their wings, and then subside. My curiosity was such that I watched them for a while, but, finally, the instincts of a sportsman asserted themselves, and I crept warily within shooting distance. Reaching it, I hastily sighted to the right of the game by means of the compass, adjusted the afflectors through the medium of the pointer, and pulled the triggers. Remember, this was the first time I had tried the gun and I might have been excited. At all events, when the smoke cleared away I looked in the direction of the birds, and saw that they were hopping away more vigorously than before.

Marveling that they did not lie down and die, or at least fly away, I tried again and again, but all to the same effect. Finally I grew disgusted and broke cover, walking straight toward them. As I approached them they made no other movement than the jumping one I have spoken of, and when I reached them I saw to my surprise that they were each fastened to a peg in the ground by a string. I was lost in

amazement for some time, but recovered sufficiently, at last, to look about for some trace of my bombardment. Seeing no signs of it in the shrubberry about, I made wider and wider ranges, until about sixty feet from the birds, and at my right as I fired, I found the corpses of two men yet warm, but riddled with shot. The truth flashed over me; in my agitation I had moved the afflectors to the wrong side of the muzzles, and instead of sending the shot to the left, among the birds, I had fired to the right and brought down the men, who had evidently just snared the partridges. I was immensely disgusted of course, and as soon as I could get to Syracuse I went to Mr. Egerton and demanded my money back, at the same time tendering him the gun and telling him my reasons for so doing.

But he refused to recognize any reason in my statements on the ground that the gun had acted up to its guaranty, and had "fetched something" the only time that I had used it. However, I shall get even, for I have brought an action against him in tort, in the names of the representatives of the two dead men. BEAVER.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 18.

SPRING AT MONTREAL.—Owing to eccentricities of this very peculiar climate the weather prophets thrive and flourish, for the reason I suppose that any horrible weather prognosticated by them is sure to come, but since Vennor's death we cannot place so much reliance on their predictions, as the following will show. On March 16 last I sent you spring notes; that was a mistake, as I should have said winter notes, for during the first week of April we had the heaviest fall of snow of the year (about two feet), which blocked all our railways for days, and generally demoralized affairs throughout the country. The fun of it was, none of our prophets had foreseen this, but afterward all claimed it as their own particular storm. We have had a few bright warm days lately, and the snow is going rapidly, but the St. Lawrence is still bridged with ice almost strong enough to carry a locomotive and train of cars. Perhaps some of our Southern friends can form an idea of the pleasures of living here when I tell them that on April 17, 1880, a locomotive and train of loaded freight cars crossed the St. Lawrence where it is two miles wide, on rails laid on the ice, and which had been in use for months before. A large flock of geese was seen near the Lachine rapids this morning, and quite a number of ducks have arrived, and all seem surprised to see that we have not yet thawed out. The ducks all know a man and a gun, and shy off whenever they see a few cakes of ice piled together in the shape of a blind. Some one further south has been instructing them. Our close season for wildfowl commences April 1, and if the ice holds a little longer our market hunters will have a poor spring harvest. —C. (Montreal, Can., April 21).

PLENTY OF GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Where is Burrton?" It is situated in what is known as the Great Arkansas Valley, on the main line of the A., T. & S. F. R. R., 218 miles west of Kansas City. Here we never hear the cry of "nothing to shoot." The nimrods in this vicinity have been having fine shooting this spring. It opened in March with the advent of the gray goose; then came the white geese, together with the mallard ducks, and now our sportsmen have their choice of teal and spoonbill ducks or the plovers and snipe. The latter are here in great numbers. It is no uncommon thing for three good shots to bag from eight to twelve dozen per day. Our manner of hunting here is as follows: A trusty team is procured, one man drives, the others man the guns and do the shooting from the wagon. The birds are easily approached with a team, and with the pot and wing-shots the slaughter is fearful. The plovers are in flocks numbering from ten into the hundreds. We have a lively market on the east, Kansas City and to the west, Colorado. The quails and prairie chickens wintered well, and we feel sure of splendid shooting in the fall. Our game laws, although we live "way out West," are pretty generally observed.—M. T. (Burrton, Kansas, April 21).

ALEXANDER WADS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 9th inst. "Backwoods" condemns the use of mucilage-edge wads upon the ground that they are apt to gum the barrels. So far as this applies to the Alexander wad, I will say that in order to avoid this very objection the inventor adopted a frilled disk which is reversed in firing, and renders it impossible for the gum to touch the barrels. These wads do not come within the term "mucilage-edge" wads, as there is no mucilage on the wad. I first called the attention of your readers to this invention and claimed for it a good deal of merit, and you may be sure I did so only after a personal test. My experiments fully bore out the theory of the reversible disk, and I never discovered any signs of gumming in the barrels after using his wad. The only fault with the first wads made was that the disk was not securely fastened, but this defect has been entirely remedied, I believe.—SYCAMORE.

BOUNTIES IN WISCONSIN.—I send you herewith a statement taken from the books of our county clerk, showing the number of foxes, wildcats, and wolves killed in this (Dunn) county during this and last winter. As the animals, on account of their fondness for prairie chickens and other game, are great enemies of sportsmen, the following figures will be interesting to many: During the winter of 1883 and 1884, there were killed in this county 53 foxes, 63 wildcats and 30 wolves, the bounties paid for the same amounting to $731. This year, 1885, the county clerk has paid bounties on 4 foxes, 3 wildcats and 1 wolf.—B. A. E. (Menomonie, Wis.).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Brant still linger in Barnegat and Tuckerton Bays in great numbers, but to get a shot at them is next to an impossibility. Thousands and thousands keep on the flats and appear perfectly contented and safe. Friends who returned from these waters last week had the best of shooting, but only at shelldrakes. The Delaware River meadows and marshes are still the abode of numerous flocks of sprigtails, but they have become very cunning and few now are being killed. Snipe are on in goodly numbers, and the warm weather has made them fat and lazy.—HOMO.

A ROYAL SLAUGHTERER.—An industrious statistician has gathered into a statement the hunting record of Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria. The score runs back over thirty-six years, and foots up to 43,138 head, including 14,175 pheasants, 8,270 partridges, 6,456 hares, 1,570 chamois, 1,279 wild boars, 197 foxes, 1 bear and 1,287 rapacious birds, etc.

SALIDA GUN CLUB.—At the first meeting of the Salida Rod and Gun Club, held last evening, the following officers were elected: E. H. Wheeler, President; A. C. Ridgeway, Vice-President; E. S. Bach, Secretary and Treasurer; W. B. Bates, captain of rifle team; A. C. Ridgeway, captain of shotgun team; E. S. Bach, captain of rodsters; H. Knight, chairman of committee on constitution and by-laws; W. B. Bates, chairman of committee on range. The club is limited to fifteen members, fourteen of whom were present at the meeting.—(Salida, Col., April 15).

GIRARD MANOR GUN CLUB.—We have just organized a gun club here to be known as the Girard Manor Gun Club. The following are now members: S. B. Torbert, A. Lorah, M. M. MacMillan, James Lorah, Chance Clark, M. Lorah, Geo. Lorah. Our first shoot takes place May 2, and will be clay-pigeons.—M. M. M. (Girard Manor, Pa., April 18).

YOUNG MEN'S SPORTING CLUB.—There has recently been organized in this city a Young Men's Sporting Club, whose officers for the ensuing year are as follows: C. H. Johnson, President; O. Steffens, Vice-President; W. C. Reinig, Secretary; T. W. Laughlin, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary.—T. W. L. (Fond du Lac, Wis., April 17).

HUNTING CLUB RULES.—Will some of your readers kindly furnish us with a copy of constitution and by-laws for a club of successful deer hunters, as well as rules and instructions for the hunt and camp.—MICHIGAN.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

150.

ON the 5th of November last, Captain Moore and myself went on our last fishing excursion to Timber Lake, about fifteen miles above Burlington, which is celebrated for fine bass. We arrived at the camping ground at 4 o'clock, put up our tent and fixed our beds for the night's rest, to be prepared for the fun in the morning.

At daylight we were up and got our breakfast. Captain Moore took one of the buckets of minnows and went up the lake to a well-known hole. I took the boat, pushed out to the middle of the lake and made fast to a snag. The lake at this point was about twenty yards wide. On the north side there was a steep bank and quite a drift pile. I fished out quite a large minnow, hooked it on, and made a cast as near the drift pile as possible. I cast my hook a little too far and it lit on the edge of the drift. In trying to recover, I found my sinker had caught and I could not get loose. The minnow kept flapping around at a great rate. I found I could not get loose without going with my boat. Just at that moment a large wolf came trotting down the shore. I sat as still as I could; he had his head down and did not see me. He came to the drift pile and went out on it, and spied my minnow and made a lunge for it. The drift pile gave way under him and he went into the lake over head and ears. At that instant I pulled my line taut, and found to my astonishment I had him hooked. The hook had caught in his throat at the root of the tongue. When he found he was fast he made frantic struggles to get loose. He would plunge his head under water and come up half strangled, and made a horrid noise. I held a taut line on him and found I could keep him off from the drift pile.

When the wolf found that he could not get back to the shore, he made a drive for the boat. At first I thought it would be my turn to take the water and leave him master of the situation, but by a dexterous move of the rod, I found I could keep him off from the boat. I reeled up my line so as to give less play. His tremendous struggles and the frequent immersions of his head had now nearly drowned him. I saw he was getting weak swimming around in a circle, and tried to drown him by sinking the point of the rod and pulling his head under water. At first I only partially succeeded. He would get his head above water, making a great noise. By persevering I finally kept his head under water until his struggles ceased and the blubbers came up. I kept him down for some time and then ventured to pull him up and take him into the boat.

It was quite a large wolf, weighed 38½ pounds. I cut the line off, leaving about a foot of line with the hook and sinker in his mouth. Knowing Captain Moore would not believe the story of his capture without the evidence, I took him to the camp, hung him up, and waited patiently for the Captain. He came to the camp at noon having a fine string of bass, six of them averaging three pounds each, and five that averaged two and a half pounds, and one mink. He would not tell how he caught the latter. He was astonished when he saw the wolf, and could hardly believe me, but there was the evidence—with the hook in his throat.

S. D. C.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Dec. 30.

151.

Some months ago, a party of riflemen were being driven from the excellent range at Walnut Hill, Mass., to the railroad station. One of them (a comparative stranger) espying a dark object on a little hill in the distance, remarked: "See that woodchuck?" All looked, and the creature being a little indistinct, one ventured to say: "Is it a woodchuck?" "Of course it is," replied the first speaker, "I know it is; it is remarkable how far I can see a woodchuck." Nothing more was said, and all gazed upon the object until, as we approached quite near to it, it gave a flop, rising a few feet from the ground and showing itself to be a crow with a broken wing. Silence fell on the party until one more venturesome than the rest looked quietly up to the stranger and said: "Doctor, it *is* remarkable how far you can see a woodchuck." CURTIS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

LIST OF PATENTS

Bearing Date April 25, 1885. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

314,565. Rotary Fish Plate.—B. W. Clark, Herndon, Va.
314,659. Rowlock.—O. B. Fenner, Oakland, Cal.
314,745. Flying Target.—C. F. Stock, deceased, N. G. Moore, Peoria, Ill.
315,297. Duck-Shooting Blind.—B. F. Kenly, Baltimore, Md.
315,354. Hammock Support.—J. H. TenEyck, Auburn, N. Y.
315,967. Combination Fish Hook.—C. L. Spencer, Geneva, N. Y.
316,416. Fire-Arm Sight Plumb.—S. W. Taylor, Newport, R. I.
316,419. Hammock Support.—V. P. Travers, New York, N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

BONITO.

IN all the warmer waters of the world,
The skip jacks' swarming shoals are seen,
Where the Sardinian Islands rest
In Mediterranean tides serene,
And where the tumbling billows pour,
Along America's southern shore;
While dense by rocky northern coast,
Wanders the countless host.

Their form symmetric, their sharp fins,
Proclaim their wondrous, matchless speed;
While their white row of vicious teeth,
Are terrors wheresoe'er they feed.
Like birds of passage, they pursue
O'er thousand leagues of sea their way,
Revisiting each well-known shore
Where their great schools were wont to play.
What power directs them thro' the seas,
Impels their myriad hosts to roam,
Prompts to forsake for years a shore,
Then leads them to their ancient home?
We ask the question all in vain,
For skill'd philosophy may not explain.

In August season, when the seas
Are brightened by the finny host,
When the menhaden shoals abound
And weakfish haunt the coast,
Then come the leaping bluefish schools,
The Spanish mackerel, keen for food,
The porpoise, the bonito swift,
Relentless robbers of the flood.

The ocean-angler in his yacht,
Hovers about like bird of prey,
Guides the true helm and trims the sail,
And thro' them ploughs a foamy way;
Then casts his glittering trolling bait,
And lures bonito to his fate.

Up thy vast stretch, Long Island Sound,
Bonitos flash in sportive play;
They cluster in the sunken reef,
They gather in the salty bay,
They seize menhaden as they fly,
They persecute all lesser fry,
And in their turn fall helpless prize,
To the black shark a sacrifice.

—ISAAC MCLELLAN.

CAMPING ON THE JAMES.

IT is very seldom we hear of fishing or hunting down here in Southwestern Missouri. Although we are not blessed with speckled trout, we still have a great deal of sport in our creeks. The nearest to our city is the James Fork of the White River, which can be reached about seven miles south, and about the same distance further south we come to the Finley, which joins the James about twenty-two miles southwest of here. In these streams we have black bass, striped bass, and what they call jack salmon—they resemble the sand pike of Lake Erie—also channel cat, goggle-eye or rock bass, and eels.

Ten years ago fishing was good anywhere along the James, but now the introduction of giant powder compels us to go quite a distance for fair fishing. Four or five of us generally take a trip or two each year. We put our boats in the water about twelve miles from here, at the lower dam, and float down as far as the junction of Finley and James. We usually spend three days on the water, although by land it is only eight miles. We get black bass weighing two and three pounds, big-mouths up to seven, and cat up to ten. One of our late trips was made with one good round-bottom boat and a canvas boat. The large boat carried provisions for five days.

The river was pretty flush and abounds in rapids. We got started, and on striking the first rapids the canvas boat took the left chute and the large boat the right. We were going at a 2:40 gait, and all our attention was required to manage the ship; but as soon as we struck smooth water we of course looked to see how the others had fared. All we could see was an occasional article of clothing floating around, and Joe and Doc, who had been the crew of the canvas boat, holding on to a bush, with their bodies stretched out at full length with the current. After picking up what was floating around, we went ashore and to their assistance. They had run on a log, where there was a heavy undertow, and down went the canvas ship. It was no joke getting her from beneath the log, but we finally succeeded, and made camp for the night right there. The next morning we went on, trolling and casting ahead as we floated.

Everything went well until noon of the second day, when we reached a place at the lower end of a long hole, where there is a sharp bend and a very heavy fall for quite a distance. It is usually fun to shoot the rapid, and with care there is no danger. Our boat got well ahead, but on turning the bend what was our consternation to see right across the channel a large sycamore tree. It was too late to stop; the current was too much for us. So we struck her, bow on, and soon brought up broadside to the current. Spite of all we could do the water would break over the weather rail; but after half an hour's careful use of an axe, we shot through that tree-top as if from a gun, arriving safely in smooth water none the worse for our scare. Doc espied us in time to land and make a carry, or they would have gone under sure.

We got along nicely, getting enough fish for meals, of course. On our last day's floating is an island; before reaching it we differed in regard to which channel to take, and ended by Doc taking the left and our boat the right. Either side is rough and rapid and about 100 yards long. We got to the lower end and turned around to look for the others. They were still half way up, Doc paddling for dear life and Joe down on his knees, and their boat filling rapidly. We reached them just as they struck shore, when down they went. They had struck a snag, and torn a large hole in the canvas. With the aid of some shoemaker's wax and a piece of shirt and fire, we succeeded in repairing her so that she did not leak any.

At length we reached the mouth of Finley, our destination, where we had splendid luck. The James was quite muddy and the Finley clear as crystal, and where the waters meet is where we yanked them out with plenty of good live minnows.

I have narrated accidents enough for so short a trip, but I

must record one more. We were ready to start home, and had everything into the wagon; Joe had caught a four and a half-pounder to take home, and to keep it alive as long as possible had put it on a string. We left the teamster to watch everything while we went to bathe and change our clothes, and after half an hour's absence, we returned in time to see a big sow finishing Joe's fish. Ever since then Joe has been down on pork. And many a one bears his brand since then; he uses a .22 Stevens, and never misses cutting off their tails. R.

Springfield, Mo.

FLY NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to Mr. Ladd's article on trout flies, I would say that I think he is great on theories, and that his criticism goes "too much into trifles," to quote our mutual friend, Mr. M. M. Bachus.

The flies, as represented in my old plate mentioned in his article, are the standard American patterns, as tied by the majority of dealers, and used by the leading anglers in this country, and are the flies that many years of experience have demonstrated to be "the most killing." What we need most are flies to please the trout, and not flies to please the theorists. I would also say that it is impossible to give the fine distinctions in the shades of hackles, etc., on a lithographed plate, even when colored by hand.

If Mr. Ladd will call at Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, I will show him the new and corrected plates.

On the authority of Mr. M. M. Bachus, I would add that the "Rod and Gun" was not written by Prof. Wilson, but by the distinguished naturalist, James Wilson, who invented the "professor." Prof. John Wilson invented the "grizzly king" and the "queen of the water."

There is one great difficulty in the way of keeping flies close to pattern, and that is the different ideas that people have of color. It seems easy to be understood, when you tell a person to tie a fly with a gray wing, a red hackle and a brown body, but if you will let a dozen people tie such a fly, the chances are a hundred to one that any two of them will be alike. Another great trouble fly-tyers meet with is the difficulty of finding proper feathers; good hackles are almost unobtainable, and in dressing flies by the thousand gross the feathers will vary considerably. The flies tied after Mr. Ladd's description would not answer for our waters, even were it possible to obtain the feathers to tie them. W. Holberton.

DEEP-SEA FISHING IN ALASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I first started on my cruise to Alaska, I, as well as almost every one on board, was inclined to bemoan my fate in being sent to such an out-of-the-way place, where the only means of hearing from home, and what was going on in the world, was by mail steamer once a month.

Certainly the first part of the trip from San Francisco to the Straits of Juan de Fuca is anything but a pleasant initiation. Usually the wind is from the north and northwest, almost dead ahead, and with a long, heavy head sea, a combination which is not productive of much solid comfort on board ship. Cape Foulweather is very rightly named I think. I have passed it four times, and I remember distinctly that the weather on those occasions was anything but clear. After rounding Cape Flattery and entering the straits the scene changes, and from thence for a distance of twelve hundred miles the journey is made through inland passages and straits, with an occasional glimpse of old ocean in the distance.

The country is mountainous, and very heavily wooded with a growth of spruce and hemlocks. Most of your readers no doubt have taken the trip through Long Island Sound, and the trip to Alaska is not unlike it in many respects, although much longer drawn out, and the scenery is certainly wild, grand and decidedly novel. One is impressed with the almost solemn stillness that pervades these solitudes, broken only by the sharp cry of an occasional eagle overhead. For hundreds of miles there is not a sign of civilization nor a human being to be seen, save perhaps a few migratory Indians their dug-out canoes. One of the finest reaches is Grenville in Channel, a passage fifty miles long and from one to two miles in width. The mountains rise almost from the water's edge on each side, and are thickly covered with magnificent trees and foliage. The scenery is almost tropical in appearance, everything is so green and grows so luxuriantly. This is due to the large amount of rainfall. I may say roughly that it rains about seven-tenths of the time, but notwithstanding that, it is a singular fact that when it has been raining hard I have seen the wet and dry bulb thermometers indicate a difference of four or five degrees. I cannot account for this dry atmosphere under these conditions, and it was a common expression among us that "water was not wet in Alaska."

Contrary to the ideas that most people have on the subject, the climate of Southeastern Alaska is mild and humid, caused by the presence of the warm Japanese stream which strikes the coast near the Aleutian Islands and follows the general contour of the land to the southward. The average yearly temperature at Sitka is about 40° Farenheit, ranging in summer as high as 80°, and the lowest point reached by the mercury during my winter there was 10° above zero.

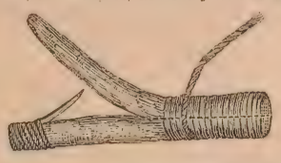
On our first arrival at Wrangle, your humble servant and two other congenial spirits concluded to take a "drop" on the denizens of the waters of the harbor. Taking the dingey we pulled across to the opposite side of the bay and anchored. We had very good luck. Our catch was composed mostly of flounders, and let me say that the flounders to be found at Wrangle are the sweetest I have ever eaten, and in my estimation fully up to the sole. Many times afterward during my several months' stay at this place, and when the trout were not in season, did I indulge in the capture of numbers of this edible fish.

When we reached Kilisnoo, which is a fishing station of the Northwest Trading Co., we learned from the superintendent that we could get some halibut fishing about two miles from there, and as the ship was to remain a few days, several of us arranged to go the next day and try the "heavy weights." Taking one of the cutters and providing ourselves with an outfit of heavy tackle, we started for the fishing ground. We had no difficulty in locating the spot, as we had been furnished with the bearings before we left Kilisnoo. We anchored on the last of the ebb tide, and in twenty fathoms of water with a rocky bottom.

Hardly had my line touched the bottom when it became apparent to me that something had made fast to it, and I proceeded to shorten the distance between us. Great Scott! what a tug it was to start that fellow from the bottom; but after he was fairly turned over on his side I can assure you he made it lively and interesting for me, and also for some of the other lines. The flight of the Patagonian's boomerang is not more erratic than the course pursued by that fish, and when, after a long pull and a hard pull, I got him to the surface, hit him on the head with a boat stretcher and "hoisted him aboard," I found that he had mixed those lines up "in a way I despise."

We fished for about an hour, when the tide turned flood, and presto! the fish disappeared as if by magic, and we concluded we had sufficiently developed our biceps to fit us for a round or two in the prize ring if necessary.

I did not keep a record of the catch, but, as I remember, we had twenty-five, averaging forty pounds each. I was told afterward, in Sitka, that one had been caught off that place, in thirty fathoms, which weighed 700 pounds. When the Indians get a large one hooked it is impossible to get him into the narrow, cranky canoe, and they take him in tow to the shore. The Indian halibut hook is not very graceful in appearance, but answers the purpose very well. It is made of two pieces of wood lashed together, and with a sharp iron point for a barb, in this wise, as nearly as I remember.



That was my maiden experience with the halibut in his native element, and I think I can content myself hereafter in toying with his smaller relations. Reel-Plate.

Washington, D. C., April 9.

LEASING TROUT STREAMS.

THIS question, which is now agitating the minds of certain people in Sullivan and Ulster counties, N. Y., and which has brought out some abusive communications from an excited individual to whom we have alluded, does not seem to be perfectly understood. That a man owning a stream or pond has the right to forbid fishing in it, or to allow only certain persons to fish in it, would seem as plain as that he had the right to forbid trespass in his orchard. It is always the case that when a stream has been free to the public for some time and is then closed by the owner, there are some persons who feel aggrieved at his action. The question whether trout fry were received from the State or not has nothing to do with it. The State has given fry for private waters, but the fact does not make them public ones, as was shown in our last issue by "V. C." The following letter on this subject was written by a resident of the region to the Kingston *Freeman:*

In compliance with the request of friends of mine who are members of the Neversink Club, I wish to put the public in possession of the exact state of facts with regard to the affairs of the club so far as they are connected with Ulster county, and I know no better way than to publish a brief statement, drawn up from information furnished me by those fully acquainted with the facts, in the columns of your paper.

First—A number of gentlemen, for the most part residents of New York and Brooklyn, had been for many years past in the habit of visiting the west branch of the Neversink for trout fishing, when a rapid decrease in the number and size of the fish created alarm, not only among the sportsmen but among the owners of the streams. On investigation it was discovered that the evil was due to the custom of persons, coming from various localities lying within a radius of thirty miles, catching and taking away the trout regardless of size and true sportsmanship. The farmers in the vicinity were anxious to stop this indiscriminate fishing of strangers, but were afraid to incur their possible enmity. At this crisis these gentlemen, having associated themselves together as the Neversink Club, with the cordial good will of the owners of the land and the farmers of the neighborhood, leased three miles and a half of the stream from its owners and stocked it with large trout bought of James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia. The rules of the club limit each member to a maximum catch per day of twenty-five fish, no fish to be taken under eight inches in length, and all fish to be caught with the artificial fly.

The results of this arrangement, so far, have been very satisfactory to the club and to the farmers of the vicinity, checking the decrease in the number and size of the trout, and being generally beneficial to the whole stream, upon which there are twenty-five miles of open fishing outside of the territory of the club.

In fact no resident of the neighborhood has expressed any dissatisfaction. The only persons whose clamor has been of sufficient volume to attract attention have been strangers from cities and towns as far off as Kingston, who are disposed to believe that there can be no such thing as property in a running stream. These strangers have no social connection whatever in the neighborhood, have no abiding place near it, come and go by the day, do not even hail from any summer boarding house none of which is within many miles, and having no more interest in this particular river than in any other fishable stream within their reach, are by no means careful in their sport, and, as has been intimated, were the chief cause of that impoverishment of the Neversink which the operations of the club have done so much to check.

Second—One word in regard to the law applicable to this matter. It has been well settled for centuries that non-navigable streams (that is, streams where the tide does not ebb and flow, or streams which are not and cannot be highways of commerce) are owned by the owner or owners of the land over which they run, who have the exclusive right of fishing therein. If a man own both banks he is *prima facie* owner of the stream. If the banks are owned by different persons, each *prima facie* owns to the middle of the stream. The sole difference in the ownership of such streams and of a private pond consists in the fact that in the case of the stream the water runs, and thus makes itself the object to which the rights of owners of other lands over which it may run attach. Therefore as between the owners of the upland along the same river or stream—the different riparian owners—but as between themselves and no one else—each has but a usufruct in the running water.

As far as the general public is concerned, no man has any more right to fish in a non-navigable stream without the consent of its owner, than to fish in a man's well or his aquarium, or out of his back parlor window, regardless of his protest.

Fishes in a stream are, with respect to the qualified nature of the property which man can acquire in them, like birds in a wood. If you catch them they are yours. But as the owner of the land on which the trees stand owns the woods, so the owner of the land over which the water runs owns the stream. And as you can have no right to shoot birds in the one, so you can have no right to catch fish in the other, in defiance of the owner.

Now, the Neversink Club has bought from the owners of that portion of the river it occupies, not merely an exclusive privilege of fishing, not a mere license, but the bed of the stream for a distance of three miles and a half. For that distance, whatever rights the owners had, the Neversink Club has purchased and now has—no more and no less. That club claims to do no more than the owners of the stream have had the right to do from time immemorial.

If they had the right to exclude strangers from their stream, to withhold from them the privilege of fishing in the owner's own waters, then the club, so far as the territory included in its lease goes, has the same right, and purposes to exercise it.

If the question were put to me, as a legal adviser, what to do with a lone fisherman who, in frantic defiance of the owner or his lessees, persisted in standing up to his knees in the middle of the stream, or rooted upon its banks, with his fishing tackle obstinately bent over that particular point and no other in the whole course of the river—I should answer, without the slightest hesitation, remove him, peacefully if you can, forcibly if you must, but at all events remove him. You have the right, even though he be clothed in the Stars and Stripes. Yours truly, D. M. DeWitt.

Kingston, April 21, 1885.

A contrary opinion is expressed in the following letter from Pennsylvania by a writer who does not seem to be aware that the Bloomiug Grove Park Association owns miles of trout streams in Pike county, Pa., in which none but members or guests may fish, and thousands of acres over which they control the shooting. The club is organized under the laws of the State. The privilege of passing to and fro over the streams does not necessarily carry with it any right to shoot or fish on these waters. Our correspondent says:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 23 a correspondent, under the head of "Leasing Trout Streams," attempts in a very feeble way to substantiate his argument by illustrating the planting of seeds procured from the Agricultural Department. A horse of a different color, my dear sir. Those seeds are planted in land deeded to you in all its rights. Not so with the water courses or tributaries to our rivers in Pennsylvania. The original land grants of this State (Pennsylvania) reserve the right of way to the public, consequently I hold that no organization has the right to usurp the right to exclude the public from fishing in those streams that nature has stocked with trout. I hold that it is all wrong for any organization to have the individual right to say to those along our open mountain streams that the man born along those mountain ways, that has always had the right to fish from early boyhood days, "Thou shalt not fish here now." I think it right and just that organizations shall have full right to fish or say who shall fish in private ponds stocked by their own money; but I say it is all wrong that they shall try to control our mountain streams that are stocked in nature's way, and it is unlawful, at least in Pennsylvania, and the law will bear me out. We don't want fish monopolies; we have a plenty or rather too many now existing for this free America. Let our mountain streams be free. Fair Play.

SOME REMARKABLE CATCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A year ago last June a friend, whom I will call Charlie, and myself started out for some trout fishing in the Adirondacks, arriving at our camping ground at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After we had gotten our camp pretty well settled, I told Charlie to go to the brook, which flowed right past our door, and get some fish for supper, while I made up a fire. As he had little or no practice in fly-fishing, he took some worms and sallied forth. He had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when he called me to see how well the fish were biting. I looked up just as he was making a cast, and saw a fish take his hook. He was a little excited, and jerked so hard on the line that the hook was torn from the fish's mouth, and the trout went whizzing almost straight up in the air to a height of about ten feet, and then fell back right through the opening in the cover of his fish basket, which had swung around in front of his body. Charlie says to this day that the Adirondack trout are the most accommodating fish he ever knew of. Uncle Jack.

Tivoli, N. Y.

How it Seems to a Tyro.—I had never taken a trout until last week, when I went with two others to a friend's farm in New Jersey. At 7:30 A. M. we started from the house for the stream, three miles distant. Arrived there, our host told me my rod would be useless; so he cut for me, as well as my friends, sticks about four feet long, and starting with us up the stream dropped us off one at a time, first showing us how to bait the hooks with the worms, and then going still further up the stream, which at no point is too wide to be jumped across, began himself to fish. In less than two hours I came up with Ambrose, who had taken six nice trout, and I, who only had taken two, suggested that we should go to the wagon and lunch. This we did, and were soon followed by Frank, who had taken seven, and together we exchanged our views on trout fishing, it being the first attempt by either of us. We all agreed that we had had an ample sufficiency of the sport, so after a smoke we curled up on the cushions and took a nap. On waking we went and found Adon, who by his art, with a common shank hook and line and an ash stick, had taken fifteen trout, besides small ones returned to the stream. Let those who delight in trouting indulge in it if they please. As for me, casting over brush and branches, and continually getting your three feet of line hung in a tree, does not please me one half so much as fishing from a boat for catfish with a dipsy or sinker, where a clean strike can be made, and one has a chance of getting his fish. This stream or rather run is within twelve miles of Philadelphia State House.—A. W. B. (Philadelphia, Pa., April 22).

A New Price List.—We have received an illustrated retail price list from Mr. Thomas J. Conroy, dealer in fishing tackle. It numbers 130 pages, and contains everything needed by the angler, with a few hints on fishing, selecting tackle, flies, camping, etc., with an index. It is nicely printed and well worth preserving.

Connecticut Lake.—Colebrook, N. H., April 24.—In your issue of the 16th the printer made an addition of one to the miles to Connecticut Lake from this village. As the drive is a very fine one, and interesting to the tourist, I think it best to cut it off; twenty-five miles will do. The weather is the warmest ever known in this month in this valley. Snow has gone, and the season for fishing will be earlier than usual.—Ned Norton.

Philadelphia Notes.—April 25.—Our trout streams are now approaching to a good condition for fly-fishing, and before the next issue of Forest and Stream many of our anglers will have started on their first trip. The snow is fast melting on the hills, and as soon as the waters subside somewhat we shall have good reports from the interior of the State.—Homo.

Fishing in Georgia.—Mr. Charles H. Andariese, of New York, has just returned from fishing at Cumberland Island, opposite Fernandina, Ga. He reports most excellent fishing there, and took great numbers of sheepshead, channel bass, sea trout (weakfish) and drum. Some of the latter weighed sixty pounds.

Arkansas.—Owing to the late spring, the high water and the heavy rains, there has been little fishing as yet.—J. M. R. (Little Rock, Ark., April 20).

Fishculture.

PHILADELPHIA FISH NOTES.

At a meeting of the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg, April 21, it was agreed to make appointments of fish wardens in the State and to instruct them to enforce the laws, provided there is an appropriation made sufficient to carry out the project. The U. S. Fish Commission will be requested to permit a large supply of shad fry for planting in the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers. The report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission will discuss the subject of fish ways, stocking of streams, etc. The Commission is now engaged in sending fish all over our State, and the brook trout fry furnished is the finest that has ever been distributed from the Pennsylvania hatcheries. About 300,000 have been sent out. On Thursday next over 2,000 carp will be distributed. Next month 200,000 California trout will be given out. Already there are 200 applications for them.

Commissioner Porter, of Erie, Pa., at this meeting showed two fine California trout, eight inches long, which he procured from a boy at Corry, Pa. These trout were planted in the Erie county streams eighteen months ago, when they were only one inch in length.

Senator Nichols, of Cumberland county, N. J., and Prosecutor Stape, of Salem, had an interview with Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey, a few days since, in relation to the fishery trouble. They informed the Governor that the Jersey fishermen were afraid to begin sturgeon and shad fishing on account of threats of arrest by the Delawarians. Gov. Abbett provided each of his callers with a copy of the U. S. Court's injunction, and advised that all fishermen should begin operations at once, and gave assurances that the whole power of the State should be used to protect the Jerseymen in the right given by this injunction to fish in any part of the river and bay, even up to the Delaware shore. Any interference of the rights granted by this injunction will be considered as contempt of the United States Court. Home.

LOBSTERS ABUNDANT.

The receipts of lobsters at this port for the past few days have been remarkably large. During the past two weeks not less than 250,000 have come to hand. Ten or twelve lobster smacks have arrived with from 8,000 to 10,000 lobsters each. They came from the eastern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia shores. Besides these smacks, the Nova Scotia steamers on three or four of their last trips have had 500 or 600 cases, each with 140 pounds or say 70 lobsters to the case. The trade say that the reason for the unusual receipts is that the lobsters were so very scarce and high-priced before the catch begun, rather more than a week ago. "Everybody is lobster fishing." But the price has broken seriously. Three or four weeks ago live lobsters were worth ten or twelve cents per pound: yesterday they were offered from the Nova Scotia steamer as low as $3.50 per case of 140 pounds.

These lobsters are all presumed to be alive, and they are kept in cages by the dealers sunk in the dock, till wanted for boiling. They are fished out of the big cages with nets and put into smaller cages, their bright eyes glistening, and grappling each other with their claws. The smaller cage is set into a tight wooden vat, a few pounds of salt is sprinkled over the doomed lobsters, the cover of the vat is fastened down, and a jet of scalding steam is turned into the vat. In a few minutes the vat is opened, and there is a beautiful cage full of boiled lobsters, which have turned from a dark olive green to a bright red color. They are then ready for the market, and when cool, are packed in ice and shipped as far west as Chicago, and even to Omaha.

But a great many of the steamer lobsters are dead when they arrive, being too long out of water. More than two tons go to "the dump" to-day. It is whispered that some of the dealers have a way of boiling these dead lobsters as soon as possible and selling them. The remedy for the consumer is: Buy of dealers who would not be guilty of such a trick as of breaking the ten-inch law; and there are such. Special.

Boston, April 28.

FROG CULTURE.

About once a year an item goes the rounds of the press setting forth that some person is about to engage in the culture of frogs for market, and giving a glowing account of his facilities for the enterprise and his prospective profits. Any person who knows the habits of frogs knows that they are carnivorous, and that a big bullfrog will devour one of half its size in preference to almost any other food. Also that the tadpoles and young frogs are eaten by birds of all sizes, from the crow-blackbird to the blue heron, and that it is impossible to feed frogs in great numbers. Such an item recently appeared in the daily papers concerning a proposed frog farm somewhere in the center of Long Island, and a reporter sallied forth to interview those who might know something of the business. Here is what he wrote about it:

"What do I think of the establishment of frog farms in the United States to supply the demand in Europe? It is a fine idea in theory," remarked a State Fish Commissioner to a representative of the New York *Mail and Express*.

"Why do you say in theory only?"

"Because it has already been tried. Experiment in frog farming have proved futile and the man who attempts it gets some experience and no recompense for his trouble. Several frog farms have been started, always with the same result. The reason they do not succeed is simply this: It is very difficult to provide proper and sufficient food for them during their infantile period. The birds eat the tadpoles and the aoult frogs live upon insects, leaving their watery, swampy habitation and skirmishing around on the land for them. In a 'farm' they cannot well forage for insects, there are so many confined to a limited area. It is utterly impossible to catch enough insects to satisfy and gourmandize the farm. They prey upon each other. The baby frog is greedily devoured by the large bullfrog, who floats along in a stagnant pool with his mouth open, snapping them up with avidity. It is a survival of the fittest. The fittest in this case are not enough to pay for those that perished. The embryo jelly that floats along covered over with green ooze from weeds, from whose pores a million frogs may germinate, in the war of the hungry and strong over the weak does not escape. A farm started several seasons ago near Caledonia, in Livingston county, this State, proved an egregious failure and dead expense for the reason I have mentioned. If it could be done successfully there would be millions in it. It is a Utopian dream, the fulfillment of which, I think, will be many years from the present."

"Are many frogs consumed daily in New York?"

"Yes. During the summer months from one to two thousand pounds are eaten daily. They are shipped fresh to this market from Canada principally, in large half barrels. The love for frog meat is on the increase. Epicures and men of extreme wealth give exorbitant prices for them. The large green bullfrog is the chief kind sold in market. In Chicago they are called water chickens, because their flesh is as white as that of a chicken when dressed properly."

The import and export partner of a large wholesale grocery establishment said that no canned frogs were exported to Europe. "The fact is, there are no canned frogs for sale worth mentioning. In the eastern part of the British provinces and Canada a few were put up in cans. It did not pay, and they stopped. Then a little while ago the industry was started on Prince Edward's Island, but the facility for shipping live frogs killed it, and to-day canned frogs are a rarity. Thousands upon thousands of frogs are shipped to Europe each summer and fall alive. They are placed in large baskets between layers of damp moss and leaves. When they arrive at their destination they are sound and free from fever. The stock of frogs in Europe is limited. I lived in France twenty-seven years and never tasted one during that period. Although the French are called a nation of frog eaters, yet they do not consume one-tenth as many as the people of the United States. The frogs there are few and of a very inferior size, the largest not being two and a half inches long. They are stunted in growth and do not seem to multiply as fast as here. It has long been the dream of certain French caterers of renown to introduce the American green bullfrog into France for the purpose of propagation. The old stock of dwarfs, he argues, would soon fall victims to the vigorous American breed and disappear. They have no frog farms in France, even of these dwarfed specimens. I do not suppose to-day, if an offer of $100 was made in Paris for a can of frogs, that one could be found there. About fifty cans of snails are imported to America yearly from France. Terrapin, too, is rarely ever canned. If frog farms can be established and furnish enough to do a large canned business, my impression is it would spread and in the course of ten years from now frog farms would be quite numerous. There are men who will try the experiment next summer and raise frogs for the educated palates of Parisians and New Yorkers. If they succeed they will even grow immensely wealthy."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 28, 29, 30 and May 1.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden. Entries close April 14. James Mortimer, Superintendent, 48 Broad street, New York.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

The American Kennel Register, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2312.**

A BLACK AND TAN SETTER CLUB.

There will be a meeting of gentlemen interested in the black and tan setter at Madison Square Garden on Thursday evening, April 30, at 8 o clock, for the purpose of forming a club for the improvement of the breed.

A MASTIFF CLUB.

The following call has been published: Camden, N. J., April 25, 1885. We, the undersigned, breeders of the mastiff, do hereby invite you, or any of your friends, to meet us at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Thursday, April 30, at 2 P. M., to consider the advisability of forming a mastiff club.—W. P. Stevenson, Chas. E. Shaw, Herbert Mead, J. Frank Perry, W. Wade, Edward Dudley.

THE NATIONAL DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since your issue of April 2 the following have been added to the list of entries to the Derby of the National Field Trials Club:

Meteor's Maid (E. F. Stoddard)—White and liver pointer bitch, April 1 (Meteor—Trinket).

Trinket II. (E. F. Stoddard)—White and liver pointer bitch, April 1 (Meteor—Trinket).

Cleo (H. D. Nicholl)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Gath's Hope (R. M. Dudley)—Lemon and white English setter dog, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

Flirt (J. H. B. House)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

Trez H. (Z. T. Hogan)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

Alamo II. (T. W. House)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

Count Solo (T. S. Landrane)—Blue belton English setter dog, March (Count Noble—Countess Mollie).

Daisy (G. R. Stevens)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

Noble C. (W. J. Cannon)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

Maud D. (V. D. Davis)—White and black English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

Cyclone (J. W. Renfroe)—Blue belton English setter dog, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

Renfroe (Paul Jones)—White, black and tan English setter dog, August 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal).

Bendemir (E. A. Wood)—Black and white English setter dog, August (Count Noble—Lassie).

Sachem (S. S. Brown)—Black and white English setter dog, August (Count Noble—Lassie).

Grouse III. (W. T. Mitchels)—Red dog, Feb. 27 (Grouse II. —Colleen Rhue).

Pendennis (Charles Heath)—Black and white English setter dog, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

Diana III. (Charles Heath)—Black and white English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

Bob Gates (B. M. Stephenson)—White, black and tan English setter dog, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

In the first list of entries, the dog entered by S. S. McCuen as Lemon Gladstone (Gladstone ex Lavalette) should have been Sam Sterrett. The mistake was of the handler, who sent me the wrong name. Please make the correction.—B. M. Stephenson.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nothing has done more to degrade dog shows than untrustworthy reports. The beginner is misled by them, and when he learns the truth his vanity is pricked and his feelings wounded. Reports originated with shows and were supposed to be written for the edification of the public and the guidance of exhibitors. A man was not supposed to be eligible for the position of reporter unless he was a good "all-round" judge, and what was of even more importance than knowledge of the dogs was a good character. A man whose opinions could be influenced by pecuniary gain, or one who would take advantage of his position to write dogs down which were owned by his enemies, and laud to the skies those owned by his friends, was never fitted for such a post and never could retain it long. The employers of such obstacles to progress have always been taught that the public will not tolerate that which tends to degrade it in the eyes of its neighbors, and there is no perceptible reason why the rule should be violated now. There are times when exhibitors, breeders and owners of dogs feel disposed to be lenient, and at such times they are willing to overlook much that is distasteful to them. But silence is one thing, approval is another. Without wishing to hurt the feelings of any one, I would suggest that where a paper is laboring under pecuniar difficulties a prize list be printed without comment. A prize list is far more instructive and much less misleading than an ignorant report, pregnant with falsehood and petty malice. Why then should the latter accompany the former? Right before me lies a letter from a very prominent American sportsman and breeder of dogs. He informs me that a certain reporter never misses the opportunity to take advantage of his position to attack men he hates. In my reply I asked him if he thought that a paper of character would allow its columns to be prostituted to so vile a purpose, and he replied that the editor of the paper believed the reporter to be the deity and nothing short of it.

After what has transpired during the last few years I am prompted to ask what is a sportsman's journal? Is it a weekly sheet devoted to a settlement of the editor's personal affairs? or is it utilized for that purpose one week and handed over to the office boy for a similar purpose next week? I have always been given to understand that editors of decent papers are gentlemen, independent sort of fellows of broad and generous views. Men who would empty an office of all that is calculated to lower and degrade sportsmanship. Men who would sooner think of committing suicide than of taking cowardly advantage of the editorial chair. Such at least has been my idea of the editor of a sportsman's journal. But alas, "whither are we drifting?" Only the other day a gentleman told me he had received a letter from the editor of a would-be sportsman's paper, who implored him to tell something about certain gentlemen in order that the editor might "open on them" in his editorial columns. We all have seen how dogs owned by those who refused to advertise in a certain paper are written down, and how persons who are willing to encourage such business are supplied every week with an amount of "taffy" of which there is always a superabundance on hand. We have seen gentlemen charged with unsportsmanlike conduct, and even accused of trying to influence judges' decisions, and when the charges have been shown to be false we have watched the editor saddle the responsibility on his office boy, and sneak behind the statement that he will investigate the matter when the office boy comes home, which, of course, he never does. In such a case action for libel is out of the question. Mushrooms may grow on a dung heap, but gold is not to be found there.

Dog show reports are my text, and so I find myself compelled to hark back to Chicago from whence all funny things do spring. The Aaron business was a mere nothing, but in trying to "creep out" the reporter seems likely to leave some of his skin in the trap. He now says that Erin II. was a good puppy, but "she has not fulfilled her early promise." This is making bad worse. In the first place, the reporter admits that it has taken him nearly three years to find out that Erin II. is a bitch, and, in the second, proves by his own evidence that he cannot judge of the merits of an Irish terrier until it is almost three years old. Erin II. was first exhibited at the little show given by Messrs. Lincoln, Olcott and the Chicago w.seacre, and in its report of the show the indepen dent (?) journal said (June 23, 1883), "He (Erin) is a splendid puppy." Ever since that time "he" has been a very good specimen, but now it dawns on the great "authority" that "he" is a "she," and accordingly "she" is described as follows: "One long-legged, weak Irish terrier, Aaron, was shown and received first prize." The fact is, that the Western reporter in attempting to "kill Mason" was in too great a hurry, and was so blinded by prejudice that he could not tell dogs from bitches, or *vice versa*. Neither could he distinguish between the old champion and the supposed Aaron. Ignorance or prejudice it must have been, and the "young man from Chicago" may perch on either horn of the dilemma he likes best.

A few more words about that New Haven report. When Mr. Porter told the "petty canine czar" to go to the deuce he incurred his majesty's displeasure, but the old warrior is like a dog without teeth, the bark is worse than the bite, and as usual he came out second best. Turn to the sportsman's independent journal of March 28, and you will find the following in the report on the New Haven show: "There were less than six really first-class setters shown." Plantaganet was first in the champion class. In the open class it was Rockingham, Foreman and Mack B. In the bitch class, Princess Phœbus, Forest Dora, Lady May. Now turn to the Boston report in the same paper (April 18) and you can read: "The English setter classes were very good." Plantaganet won in the champion class. In the open class it was Rockingham, Foreman and Mack B. In the bitch class Forest Dora was first; Phœbus not entered. The quality was not so good as at New Haven. The reports were written by the same person, and I ask is that honest journalism? Is it the sort of business that dog owners intend to tolerate?

Read the following in the New Haven report: "The crack St. Bernards of Mr. Hearn's kennel and a number of mastiffs and other St. Bernards which might be [but were not] named, are alone worth all the dogs that were on exhibition." The winners in the mastiff classes were Hero II., Lorna Doone, Ilford Cromwell, Homer, Rosalind, Prussian Princess and Hilda V. Turn to the Boston report and you find "A better show of mastiffs was probably never seen. The classes were well filled and some fine specimens were shown. The remarkable improvement in this breed was freely commented on." The win-

ners were Hero II., Dolly Varden, Prince Waldemar, Ilford Cromwell and Bal Gal. Second prize in the bitch class withheld for want of merit. It is easy to see the mastiffs were better at New Haven than at Boston. Where is the man of honor who is willing to support such unprincipled work as that? The malice and prejudice to be found in the New Haven report was equaled only by the reporter's supreme ignorance and the inconsistency of his statements. By your courtesy I will give examples of each, for surely it is in the interest of our dogs to purge the canine world of such thorough rot.

New Haven Report.

March 28, 1885.—Gordon bitch class: "There were no very good ones among the lot, and the judge placed them according to their merit in giving first to Heather Lass."

SPANIELS.

"First went to a good all round liver and tan dog." [This was a bitch, Newton Abbot Lady].

"In the class for dogs and bitches other than liver or black, Spot, a little high on the legs, but otherwise good, won."

"In the bitch class, Belle, a very pretty bitch, a trifle leggy, received first."

FOX-TERRIERS.

"In the fox terrier classes the good ones were conspicuously absent." Raby Tyrant, Richmond Olive, Scarsdale, Lancelot, Tyra, Clover Belle, Nannie, etc., were shown.

"He was given to Gay Lad, a puppy with a light body and badly-carried ears. He did not deserve any mention."

BULLDOGS.

"The club might have had the crack bulldog Britomartis on their bench * * * He (Mr. Livingston) would not exhibit under the judges selected by the club."

BULL-TERRIERS.

"Americans are not up in a great many things, and faking is one of them."

PUGS.

"Young Toby was decidedly the best and deserved his award."

Boston Report.

April 18, 1885.—Gordon bitch class: "The winner, Heather Lass, is in all respects a good bitch."

SPANIELS.

"The winner, Newton Abbot Lady, would be improved if she was cleaner in neck and better in muzzle."

"In the cocker spaniel class for other than blacks, first in the dogs was given to Sport, a black and white cocker of the old style, rather high on the legs and bad in coat."

"First in the bitch class went to Belle, plain looking with a very weak head."

FOX-TERRIERS.

"Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive had no competitors in the champion classes. It would take almost perfect ones to beat them."

"There was little to admire in Gay Lad, given second. If he had been given he, he would have got all he deserved."

BULLDOGS.

"Britomartis, the crack English bitch, purchased by the Messrs. Livingston, was expected to have reached this country some time ago, but has not yet arrived." (Neither has the apology to the New Haven Club.)

BULL TERRIERS.

"If Victoria had better trimmed ears she would be difficult to beat."

PUGS.

"Punch and Young Toby each got who. The latter is badly undershot and did not deserve his award."

The savory gentleman who penned the above for the edification of the people, wishing to still further enlighten the world, gave the readers of the independent (?) journal a rare example of his marvellous ability to judge and criticise dogs. In the Boston report he says, "He (Count Waldemar) is very much like his sire, Crown Prince, but not quite so large." The individual never saw Crown Prince in his life, and couldn't pick him out of a class of smooth-coated St. Bernards. He proceeds, "His (Prince Waldemar's) head is almost perfection; if it has any fault, his ears are a trifle too small." Perhaps Crown Prince came over to Boston through the Mackay-Bennett cable and returned to London in time for his supper. Dogs do travel like that sometimes. He's a great dog that Crown Prince. I wonder if his ears are too small. Mr. Wynn, you are respectfully requested not to laugh. "His tail is a trifle short." How is that? Hero's tail was too long a few days ago. Exhibitors are requested to take their hats off before reading the following: "Although Ilford Caution has a great many strong points he was entitled to his place." The inference to be drawn from this is that, from a Chicago point of view, a dog to win prizes should not have many strong points. Of course the reporter may have intended to say that, although the owner of Ilford Caution is not a member of any little "ring" or "clique," his dog has a sufficient number of good points to carry him through on his merits. Messrs. Hanbury and Wynn will please unbutton their vests, and Mr. Nichols (who is rather stout) his shirt collar, before I make known to them that the Chicago reporter does not advise people to breed bitches to Ilford Caution on account of his short face. That statement crumbles into dust before this very intelligible criticism. Ilford Caution "was entitled to his place. * * * His faults are objectionable to look at or breed to. * * * He should have been placed behind Bosco."

Newfoundland men are not forgotten, and poor Sam gets the following report: "Third is about the position the winner is entitled to, for a good big dog is better than a good little one." Poor Sam, a good little dog at Boston, but what was he at New Haven, when the reporter was instructed to "kill Watson"? He was "coarse in chest, weak in back and straight behind." Will Mr. Farquharson or some other authority kindly define a "coarse chest"; and will the Chicago reporter please explain how a dog can be "coarse in chest, weak in back and straight behind," and at the same time be a "good little one"? The pointer report, too, was brilliant, very brilliant. Here is a description of Bang Bang: "The latter is, to be critical, a little straight behind and rather coarse in tail." Very critical, isn't it? Go back to the same little man's report of the Cleveland show (April 5, 1884), and you will find: "Bang Bang is not perfect in the quarters either; on the contrary, therein lies his greatest fault. He is like King, light in the stifle; but the bend is better. We would like Bang Bang better if he were straight on the back and hips." What is the public to make of such clap-trap? When the reporter is "critical" Bang Bang has a good back and straight stifles, whereas when the reporter is not critical the dog has well-bent stifles and faulty back and hips.

At Boston, Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive were wonderful specimens. "It would take almost perfect ones to beat them." The same paper's report of the New York show (May 17, 1884) contains this: "Third went to Raby Tyrant, a recent importation, whose prestige from abroad was not equal to the quality he met in this class." Almost perfect, and yet was not equal to beating Belgrave Primrose and Scarsdale. Mr. George Raper will please not go off in hysterics when he hears that our judges (?) are indorsed when they commit such outrageous blunders. Mr. Foster of Bradford and other exhibitors and breeders of pugs will kindly note that wide-chested dogs are of no use in this country. The little man from Chicago said in his Boston report that one of the pugs exhibited there was "wide in front." Would it not pay the Chicago editor to keep his little man at home for the express purpose of writing anonymous letters? I was forgetting the spaniel men, and it would not be considerate to deprive them of anything that is instructive and which is calculated to improve our field spaniels. "She [Newton Abbott Lady] is not a model, but she is good enough to beat one so good as Cutie. * * * Cutie won first at New York, Lowell and Taunton. It should take a good bitch to make such a record as that." This is another Aaron case. Cutie is a misprint for Critic, and although the little man has criticised the latter half a dozen times he didn't know the bitch when entered as Cutie. Any more would, as the alderman's wife remarked, be "superfluffus."

CHARLES H. MASON.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1885.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXIX.

THE secretarial excitement is quite allayed, and I hear that things are again going smoothly with the Kennel Club. The chairman has returned to Ireland, and Mr. Percy Reid has gone "to Africa to shoot," as we are officially informed. This gentleman—we call everybody a gentleman here—Ah! that reminds me of the incident that put that thought in my head. The last time I was in London I went to the Globe Theater, which is not situated in a very choice quarter of the city. On leaving the theater I walked a little way down the street, and saw a common-looking fellow deliberately charge an old man and an accomplice rush up and grab the old boy's watch. "Stop thief!" I shouted, as the rascals fled in opposite directions. They were both caught, and on being led before the inspector, one of the captors, a policeman, said he recognized the bumping ruffian, and had observed him hanging about the theater doors the previous night. "Why that's a lie," quoth No. 1 thief, "cos I wasn't in London at all last night; ask that gentleman there," and he pointed to his pal, No. 2, who didn't look a bit flattered by the description. This is why I shall often in these columns refer to any highly respectable person as a man. I am getting sick of the gentleman.

Well, let's return to our lost sheep, Mr. Reid, who is missed because he used to edit that pompous little periodical, *The Fox-Terrier Chronicle*. The magnitude of this branch of the dog fancy can be appreciated when one knows that in point of numbers their club almost equals the Kennel Club, to which they are, however, quite content to play second fiddle, or rather tambourine. Their paper is hardly ever seen outside their own circle, so I should imagine that it shows no profit, and yet Messrs. Astley and Gibbon have agreed to pay the club an annual rent of £10 (!) for the privilege of publishing it. Perhaps, though, it is not the only paper that is kept going by the sympathetic support of the great advertising firms, Spratt's Patent, Benbow's mixture and Hudson's soap.

Another paper that puzzles me is the *Scottish Fancier*, I suppose it pays its way or it would not be continued. It only appears monthly it is true, but it gives good value for the price, four pence.

The dog talk is chatty and not too local. They publish this month an article by Hugh Dalziel on training dogs. I am sure they don't get that copy for nothing. Somebody who calls himself "Cumbrae" gossips about Scotch terriers and their reports on Scotch shows are quite the best of their kind. I don't know who is the author of a very jaundiced paper on special prizes, one "Blackhall." I agree with his condemnation of such trumpery additions to the prize lists as "silver-mounted meerchaum pipes, new hats, handsome oil paintings, etc.," but how is it he makes no reference to the equally frivolous "one year's subscription to our paper" prize, the value of which would hardly purchase one of the above shop window articles.

"Blackhall" then proceeds to attack the specialists clubs. He charges their promoters with being actuated by personal and selfish ends, and can allow them no credit whatever for the time and trouble they devote to their hobby breeds. He appears to believe that the members only subscribe so much a year, to afterward distribute these funds in prizes that may like chickens come back home to roost. As, however, many of the prizes presented by the specialists clubs are given for open competition some of the funds must find their way into the pockets of those who have not subscribed to them. "Blackhall" errs grossly in attempting to weaken the position of those bodies that have done so much for their breeds, and which are likely, later on, to form the breeders bulwark against the domineering Kennel Club and its humble followers. The channels for doing good are limited. Extra prizes undoubtedly call up more numerous competition, the clubs by their official codes of points fix the type of their dogs; they can, if they don't, bring their influence to bear upon committees to select suitable judges, and I repeat what everybody knows, that the officers and committees of specialist clubs are in their characters above envious suspicion, and that they freely give up time from their work or amusement to their hobby as only animal-loving members of the Anglo-Saxon race will do.

I must admit that too often specialist clubs have not sufficient consciousness of their own power and influence. They generally remain satisfied to be placidly milked for extra prizes by the zealous honorary secretaries. There is a latent force in these bodies that only requires occasion to show itself.

The Irish Terrier Club's coattails have been trodden upon by the Dublin Dog Show which, while coolly accepting the club's special prizes, has ignored their request for one of their own judges, and has even gone so far as to insult the breed and the club by appointing Mr. F. Gresham, who with unparalleled impudence, accepted the post that he knows he is unable to fulfill.

"Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."

Mr. Geo. Krehl, the Irish Terrier Club's secretary, has quickly sprung forward to shield his club from the degrading blow. By his spirited and scathing letter to the *Shooting Times*, he has covered Mr. Gresham with obloquy, and constituted himself one of the champions of the specialist clubs. It seems that the Dublin show firmly declined to appoint one of the club's judges, and in spite of the general discontent, Mr. Gresham insolently refuses to resign. A resolution was therefore put to the Irish Terrier Committee to withdraw their prizes, and I have no doubt that it will pass. Mr. Krehl has made it the opportunity to attack the whole system of all-round judging, and in stirring language that is certain to excite approval and support, falls foul of the men whom he happily terms "bagman" judges, "who career about the country palming off on the easy-going or uninitiated committees their damaged stock of mental wares."

In holding Mr. Gresham up to public opprobrium as the most conspicuous block to the progress of dog-show morality, he has made known the evil and the cause of it. Now that they have got the "lead" over, it will be their own fault if the exhibitors do not follow in a body. They have grumbled long enough, they have now been shown how to act. Their eyes are now thoroughly opened to the fact that we have among us men who for the sake of notoriety will undertake to do that which they have no capacity for, heedless of the harm they do to those breeds by their misleading awards, and possessing no concern for the ensuing confusion in breeders' minds. Is this not veritably dishonest, and is not the offender as guilty of a fraud upon the public as a five-shilling-a-week super who would attempt a leading role? Where is the difference in the deception? The similarity continues to the extra pay for the hungry super, and the eleemosynary remuneration to the judge—"and expenses," which Mr. Gresham, like the rest of his class, may look upon as the best paying part of the job. The exhibitors would even profit by subscribing among themselves the "fiver" that blinds Mr. Gresham's principles, and which he would otherwise lose when they succeed in ousting him from the judging. I hope that the alarm which has been sounded will not abate until the judging rings have been cleared of those unscrupulous interlopers who have taken for their guidance the maxim of the perjured guardians satirized by Juvenal:

"Wouldst thou to honor and preferment climb,
Be bold in mischief."

"Look here, upon that picture and on this." Both judges—Mr. Hugh Dalziel and Mr. Gresham—but of what a different kidney. The one assuming knowledge that brings down ridicule and contempt upon his head, the other born with the "eye for an animal." No man among us all knows so many breeds and so much of each of them as the man you have honored yourselves by inviting to judge at American shows. Mr. Hugh Dalziel's connection with the kennel world is a long and honorable one. The only *faux pas* that can be laid to his charge are those of a hasty, rugged temperament, unable to restrain from expression the angry thoughts born of real wrongs. He swings the flail all day long in the barn of the kennel world. He beats the corn out, unmindful of the discomfort to the husks. Sometimes the flail hits a friend on the head, but the bump goes down and the accident is forgotten. It is not remembered by some of my young friends that he was once kennel editor of the *Field*. How he came to give way to his successor, Mr. Louis Clement (who in his turn was succeeded by Mr. Vero Shaw), I don't know, but confidently guess that it was due to his calamitous habit of "speaking his mind." He next appeared at the helm of the *Country*, but that little craft carried too many big guns for its structure, and one day it went down with all hands. Mr. Dalziel now replies to correspondents in the *Bazaar*, and edits that most beautiful little sheet, *The Kennel Chronicle*. His general books and medical works on the canine race are the best of their kind, though he has been consistently unfortunate with the artistic part of his books. The illustrations in "British Dogs" are very poor.

I hear that Mr. Dalziel sails for your shores on the 14th instant, and that his friends hope the trip will benefit his health. I indorse that wish in bidding him "God speed." Take care of him, my American friends; he is one of the old-fashioned, straightforward sort, that we so highly prize for its present rarity. I don't know whether he will take his hat with him. It would be safer to deposit it at home with his bankers, for the ship might sink and the hat be picked up days after, by the seamen of a wonder-stricken crew, and so find its way into a foreign museum. Well, if he should venture and arrive safely, be careful with this relic. If you do take its owner to look "upon the wine when it is red,"—and be sure he is too good a judge to wait till it turns to vinegar—bid Delmonico's janitor guard the sacred tile from the machinations of the practical jokist, the friendly "bash" and the guilty covetousness of the virtuoso. Let us have it back again, and the guid honest body it covers. We cannot spare for long that genuine and robust character which has so often supplied the thunder to clear the atmosphere of the doggy world.

I have been thinking of a plan to place in Mr. Dalziel's hands a packet for America. It is not easy though, to do this without being found out, still I must scheme to get it to Clapham somehow. The parcel is an old engraving of a couple of beagles, which I desire to offer to the American English Beagle Club, and with it to express the great interest I take in the club's object. The members of the club have my most cordial good wishes in their efforts to preserve an old English breed that by the fatal neglect of my countrymen threatens to become in a few years a stranger in its own home. The picture was given to me by a doggy crony like myself, who knows my weakness for the unaffected sport afforded by the little beagles. He has many a time and oft steamed out of the murky town, leaving his parchments to join me in an off day with my modest though merry "cry." He soon forgot the duty he left behind for the pleasure he found when Cowslip owned to the quest directly after the first cast off, and the rest of the busy little beggars crowded up to answer "with dwelling deep-toned melody." *Eheu! fugaces*, those were tranquil times. We never counted the pleasure of the sport by the number of kills, but rather by the varying incidents of the run and the staunchness of our pack. It mattered little to us if, when we returned home to "change" and dine, that we were in the position of those "Three Jovial Huntsman," who

"——, hunted, and they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun,
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when the huntin' day was done.
Look ye there!"

But, dear me, I was going to tell you about the picture. Well, my friend found it in one of his rambles through old London. He is fond of rummaging in tubsful of second-hand books and looking over the trays of old prints, and now and then he gets a "kill." He learned from the print seller himself, a snuffy little gentleman, clad in a threadbare dressing gown and wearing a greasy smoking cap, and who seemed quite offended at the intrusion of a customer, that this picture is one of a series printed by a man well known in the trade years ago, one Robert Jenning, in the year 1835. It was Jenning's intention to publish a book on the dog, for which this plate and several others were engraved as illustrations; but the plates cost so much money—£50 apiece—that Jenning became uneasy about the expense, and never completed them nor published any letter-press. Some years after Jenning's stock in trade was sold under the hammer and the prints went anywhere and everywhere.

I have received positive confirmation of the news I have been the only one to mention. It is a fact that Mr. Bissell has raised the stud fee of his collie Charlemagne from ten to twenty guineas! Dog breeding has quite risen to a level with the breeding of other thoroughbred stock, but we still wait for the candid man who will publish a year's balance sheet of a large kennel. There is a strange reluctance on the part of doggy men to admit that their hobby pays them, and in many cases very handsomely. If any of my English readers will, for public information, oblige with a copy of his accounts, he can rely upon their being printed discreetly and his identity being as carefully preserved as that of

LILLIBULERO.

APRIL 8, 1885.

NOTICE.—*Letters for "Lillibulero" from American correspondents can be directed to the New York office, letters from English correspondents should be directed to "'Lillibulero,' of* FOREST AND STREAM," *care of Messrs. Davies & Co., 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London.*

THE ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.

THE St. Louis Dog Show opened last Tuesday and closed on the following Friday night. It was nominally the second which has been held under the auspices of the St. Louis Gun Club and the fourth genuine affair of the kind which has taken place in the city. The word nominally is used advisedly, as the only connection between the Gun Club and the dog show, as far, at least, as the outer world can gather, is that Mr. W. A. Albright, the very popular secretary of the Gun Club, has allowed entries to be received at his gun store as a down town office of the show. The predecessors of the show have been held: In 1878, at the skating rink; in 1880, at the Fair Grounds, and last year at the Natatorium. The one under notice took place at the new Exposition Building, in quarters which could not be surpassed for the purpose. For some reason or another last year's show left a bitter taste behind it in the mouths of a majority of local dog men, and the effect of the feeling was very perceptible this year when the count of the canine rank and file was taken. There were plenty of be-ribboned and previously decorated top sawyers on the benches, but the stuffing which it had been expected would be furnished by local owners was sadly wanting. Under such circumstances it is impossible to expect a great financial success anywhere, and it is very doubtful if expenses were made at the show.

St. Louis is a very funny city when it comes down to weigh and calculate on the figures it should put upon its amusements. It has one great artery, Page avenue, for its driving community, every one who wishes to take the air of a summer evening being forced by the east and west arrangement of the streets to patronize this boulevard if he goes out driving. The river cuts him off on the east, and neither north nor south nor other thoroughfares of the west allow him to make any use of his stepper. Hence, Page avenue is a necessity to him. Necessary as it is, however, to the driving community, its wives and other feminine affinities, it remains a fact that until this

present date of writing, the avenue has been left innocent of water, except such as came to it from cloudland, but a wonderful start has been made this year and a most tempting programme is hung out by the Driving Club for an early matinee in benefit of a sprinkling fund. Three big races will be given and will certainly occupy more than half a day, Col. Lew Clarke, the secretary, having already received promises of more than twenty-five entries for the 2:40 class alone. For an entertainment of this quality the ridiculously low admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged. The mere fact that so much fun can be had for so little money tends to keep down patronage of any amusement in such a hand-to-mouth city as St. Louis, and the kick at a half dollar entrance to the bench show has been very decided. The rate was reduced by half on the last day of the show and the receipts quite justified the policy of the change.

As an exhibition of quality the St. Louis show of this season may be pointed to as the best seen in the West, and if it is possible to redeem paucity of numbers by individual excellence, St. Louis has come out ahead. She has produced at least one dog this year which, should he live, can not but be the sensation of the pointer world. The dog in question is Robert le Diable. He is grandly bred, being by Croxteth and out of Spinaway. The dog is white and liver ticked, with not an over-abundance of marking about him. His head is remarkably good, though his forehead might perhaps have been a shade broader with advantage; his legs, loin, feet, barrel, shoulders and stern are all perfect. He has plenty of power without any suspicion of coarseness about him, carries not an ounce of lumber and is all quality from nose to stern. He took the special, a hunting suit, for the best pointer in the show, as well as the blue ribbon in the pointer class.

There were but two pointers shown in the champion class. These were Bravo, owned by Mr. G. N. Appold, of Baltimore, and old Faust. The latter was in very poor order, and covered with sores, but Bravo even under these circumstances ought scarcely to have beaten him. Mr. Appold took the champion pointer bitch premium with Daisy Bravo, a neat enough bitch and a great improvement on her sire in the matter of looks. There were, however, among the talent, many dissentents from the award, and Lady Croxteth had perhaps the public verdict. The heavy pointers were a very moderate lot, but the 50 pound pointer bitch class produced a really good one in Belle Faust. She was in wretched order, yet despite that drawback she won very readily, although she had a smart one to beat in Lulu Faust; she will be very hard to beat when got into show order. Neither of the pointer dogs under 55 pounds nor the bitches under 50 call for remark, and no first was awarded to either. A very likely dog, Beau Faust, won in the pointer puppy class. The Beau will grow into a high class animal and does as much credit to old Faust as anything that has been seen out yet.

As Dick Laverack was not competing, Paul Gladstone had a walk-over for the champion setter dogs, and Bessie A. then ran a similar bye for the bitch championship. A good lot of setter dogs contested the next class, and the premiums were awarded to Gladstone's Boy, Count Glickstone and Roderigo, in that order. In the opinion of many others besides the writer, Major Taylor steered a little wide in this judgment. The Boy has not the quality of Count Glickstone, and has a stern on him that resembles a sickle. Count Glickstone, who was in about the best condition of any dog at the show, ran right away from the winner in the matter of quality, and though he falls off a bit behind, is a remarkably nice dog. Roderigo was in very poor order or he might have appeared the best in his class. Juno A., a nice bitch, took first in the setter bitch competition and subsequently downed Gladstone's Boy in a special for the best setter in the show. Medora, the second in the regular class, is also a very good style of animal. The puppies that scored in the next competition were a fair class.

The Gordon setter classes were small, but the quality exhibited was singularly good. Mr. Chas. R. Taylor took the dog prize with Gem, a very fine three-year old, which, however, looks over-worn for that age, and the bitch blue ribbon with Rhoda, a remarkably nice one. There was present on exhibition a bitch (Grouse) which, if the judging were by the Malcolm standard, would score against anything in the country. Her four puppies, by Othello, took a blue and red ribbon—a vhc. and an hc.

The red Irish setter Brush is a powerful though clumsy dog, is richly colored, splendidly coated, and shows a feather eleven inches long. The waning popularity of this beautiful breed of setters is quite inexplicable. It is but a few years since it was quite at the top of the tree of favor, but at present sportsmen working for field excellence or for winners in field trials scarcely travel outside the English setter or the pointer. The facts would seem to be that breeders of red Irish setters have of late themselves so fallen in love with the good looks of these dogs that they have been breeding for beauty alone, and the only chance of restoring the Irishman again to general favor will be by a very careful resort to the strains showing the best field qualities. No dog living possesses more intelligence than does the Irish setter, and its lithe, panther-like gallop is not only the poetry of field motion, but also makes the dog about the fastest worker known to any of us. Breeders of this variety should move heaven and earth to try and catch the awards of judges of field trials. Let but one Irishman get there, and "the king will have his ain again." Mr. Sprague also showed a very sweet bitch indeed in Megora, an own sister to Brush.

The mastiff exhibit of Mr. W. P. Stevenson was one of the great attractions of the show. Nothing like it has ever been seen in the West. The kennel is so well known everywhere and so thoroughly understood in New York that to give it a lengthy description in FOREST AND STREAM would be like carrying coals to Newcastle, it is enough to say that St. Louis people thought it perfect. If the sowing of grape seed can reward an owner, Mr. Stevenson should be satisfied, as his exhibit was intensely studied and admired from the opening till the close of each day. It must in justice to the West be said, however, that champion Homer was the one of all others best appreciated. His head possesses that absolute perfection scarcely hoped for outside of a Landseer canvas, and the splendid wrinkled forehead, stop, jet black mask and well dropped loose lips were quite revelations to many visitors who had thought that the pictures they had seen of mastiffs were simply visions of the unattainable. Mr. Stevenson took every ribbon that was offered for the breed. Homer can bear the additional feather in his cap that he is the first American bred mastiff which dares hang out a flag of defiance to anything born on the other side.

There was quite a large exhibit of St. Bernards. Tell took the first prize for the rough-coated dogs. Tell is one of a family of prize winners on both sides of the water. If he could only be always looked at from the front when lying down or squatted on his haunches he would be perfect, but as he really is, as a whole dog, it is doubtful whether he ought not to be ruled out of count wherever he appears. His hind legs are exactly like those of an elephant, not a sign of hock being apparent when he is at rest. When the leg is flexed it can be seen that Tell does possess what has seemed to be a missing joint, and it then appears that the trouble is in his stifle, a joint in which a singular number of St. Bernards fail. Rector II. scored a very meritorious victory in the smooth-coated class, but the pearl of the exhibit was to be found in the eleven-months-old puppy Switzer. This dog was brought direct to St. Louis from Switzerland a few weeks ago, and gave so much satisfaction that a mate for him has been sent for. If Switzer fulfills his present promise he will be the grandest dog of his breed in America.

Mr. S. S. McCuen's New Orleans Newfoundland Miro was way above his competitors, although his coat is of an almost suspicious silkiness. The Irish water spaniel exhibit was one of the features of the show. King Slash is a well shaped dog all round and possesses a good coat. Erin is also a remarkably fine specimen, with somewhat more substance than the King, weighing seventy pounds.

The battle of the cocker standard was to a certain extent compromised at this show, two classifications being allowed, the one of 28 and the other of under 23 pounds. The American cocker man is so dead in love with all blacks or livers that he looks askant at mixtures; but Dr. E. C. Franklin's liver and white Lady Mac might convert the most bigoted. There was no better animal in the show than tais, and one look at her led the cocker man of England to, in his mind's eye, once more see the little beauties feathering through gorse after puss or bunny, or crashing from under a holly tree through a bit of brake on flushing the first woodcock of the season.

The Chesapeakes were most moderate in quality. Greyhounds were a marked advance on last year, and the brace of deerhounds, Dick and Maida, would have scored at Birmingham or the Crystal Palace. Though the foxhounds were moderate, the beagles were excellent, especially those owned by Mr. Wilson Hunt. Mr. J. A. Long of St. Louis has, for a long time past, imported collies so liberally that it was no surprise when his exhibit showed up as well as anything on the benches. His champion, Rob Roy, is the peer of any collie living, and his imported bitches are all cake-takers. There is no doubt that, as far as actual service to man is concerned, the collie exhibit was the most useful of the show, and the sheep men of the West and South will no doubt benefit enormously by Mr. Long's enterprise.

The fox-terriers were a remarkably good lot, but were almost singular among the terriers in this regard. D. W. McMillan of St. Louis showed a very sweet Yorkshire, which might take a blue ribbon in most places if in coat or show condition, which Jack certainly was not on this occasion. Mrs. George Hill, of Madeira, Ohio, was again to the front with her champion pug Joe, and Miss Fanny Baker of St. Louis scored again with the pug Lady Dufferin, one that might be heard of elsewhere were she shown. There were but very few toys, and the nine Italian greyhounds (a bit too much inbred) were all owned by one individual.

But one Great Dane appeared, and by far the best of the miscellaneous classes were the English retriever Nuit and her sons and daughtess. Nuit is of imported stock, very handsome, and this strain is fast growing into favor in the West. The judging was performed most impartially by Major Taylor of Louisville for the sporting classes, and Messrs. Whitman and Naylor of Chicago. All of the arrangements of the show were perfect.

Following is a full list of the

AWARDS.

POINTERS (exhibited by the St. Louis Kennel Club).—1st, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway).

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, G. N. Apold's Bravo (Bragg—Kate). *Bitches:* 1st, G. N. Apold's Daisy Bravo (Bravo—Lillie II.).—OPEN—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* Com., F. Fink's Jip (Faust—Musette).—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Missouri Kennels' Belle Faust (Faust—Countess Vista); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Zulu Faust (Faust—Ruby Croxteth.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 2d, B. F. Seitner's Rap (Croxteth—Lass).—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 2d, B. F. Seitner's Lass (Sleaford—Dawn). *Puppies:* 1st, C. J. Bremer's Beau Faust (Faust—Musette); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Lillie Bang (Bang Bang—Lass).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Bitches:* 1st, Memphis Kennels and J. M. Avent's Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armida).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. G. Ware's Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue); 2d, J. A. McDonough's Count Glickstone (Royal Blue—Modjeska); 3d, Memphis Kennels and J. M. Avent's Roderigo (Count Noble—Twin Maude). *Bitches:* 1st, Memphis Kennels and J. M. Avent's Juno A. (Druid—Ruby); 2d, P. M. Rector's Clip (Brackett—Lucy); 3d, Missouri Kennels' Medora (Roscoe—Pocahontas). *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. W. G. Moore's Pelham (Pembroke—Menekaune); 2d, Dr. W. G. Moore's Fannie Aldridge (Brant—Meg's Girl).

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Taylor's Gem (A.K.R. 959). *Bitches:* 1st, C. R. Taylor's Rhoda (Flash—Doane's Chloe); 2d, A. Kammerzell's Nora (Grouse—Dream). *Puppies:* 1st, F. Hayden's Sancho Panza (Malcolm—Grouse); 2d, J. W. Umberhine's Silk (Malcolm—Grousel. Very high com., Dr. J. Whitaker's Don (Othello—Grouse). High com., J. W. Umberbine's Malcolm (Malcolm—Grouse).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION — *Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Sprague's Brush (Elcho Rose). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Sullivan's Effie (Tolstone—Ruby F.).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 2d, T. Kublage's Elcho (Erin II.—Shuffle). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Sprague's Megora (Elcho—Rose); 3d, P. J. McGuire's Flora.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, W. P. Stevenson's Homer (Cato—Queen II.).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. P. Stevenson's Hilderbert (Little Hero—Hilda V.); 2d, W. P. Stevenson's Hector (Nevison—Venus). *Bitches:* W. P. Stevenson's Liberty (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness); 2d, W. P. Stevenson's Hebe (Cato—Queen II.). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, W. P. Stevenson's Minerva and Scipio (Homer—Queen II.).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, E. M. Hull's Tell (Chancellor—Portia); 2d, E. D. Kargau's Puck) (Marco—Ninika). *Puppies:* 1st, R. Henry's Switzer.—SMOOTH COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Garth's Rector II. (Rector I.—Alma II.). *Puppies:* 1st, H. J. Clapham's Girola (Cæsar—Daphne II.).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro; 2d, C. Neiberding's Leo.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. B. Rodes's King Flash and Erin (Pat—Tide). *Bitches:* 2d, C. B. Rodes's High Tide (Pat—Tide). *Puppies:* 1st, C. B. Rodes's unnamed (King Flash—High Tide).

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, G. W. Schenck's Bonanza (A.K.R. 64).

COCKER SPANIELS.—UNDER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. D. Todd's Jet (Tippoo—Woodstock Queen). UNDER 23LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Cummings's Flip (Bozique—Tago); 2d, Dr. E. C. Franklin's Marmaduke (Bozique—Daisy Queen). *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. E. C. Franklin's Lady Mac (Col. Stubbs—Pet).

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—2d, Missouri Kennels' Mermaid (Hunt's Joe—Newby's Nellie).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Missouri Kennels' Don (Prince—Nellie); 2d, A. G. Hain's Sport. Very high com., T. Hunt's Flash. *Puppies:* 1st, F. Meyers's Tuck (Fly—Lydia).

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st, Wilson P. Hunt's Dick.—OPEN—1st, Wilson P. Hunt's Maida.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 2d, W. Kaiser's Driver. *Bitches:* H. Marjenau's Nellie (Blue—Annie).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Fritz Thome's Driver (imported Warrior—Fannie). *Bitches:* 1st, Wilson P. Hunt's Fannie (imported Warrior—Fannie); 2d and very high com., Wilson P. Hunt's Faithful and Fidele (Jehu—Maid).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, B. F. Seitner's Prince (Waldman K.—Fraulein Waldeck). Very high com., Fred Sigmund's Crown Prince (Loeffler's Waldman II.—Gretchen).

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Long's Rob Roy (imported).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. P. Strong's Duke (Glen—Fanrie). *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Long's Flyaway (champion Rex—imported Flora); 2d, J. A. Long's Madge Wildfire (imported); 3d, J. A. Long's Kate (imported).

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, T. McHugh's Punch (Rattler—Lou); 2d Emporia Kennels' Sam-Sam (Buster—Nell); 3d, Mrs. S. A. Kaye's Sting II. (Sting—Flirt). *Puppies:* 2d, D. W. McMillan's Cleveland.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, C. J. Voorhis's Nellie (Napper—Roscoe); 2d, J. Busby's Pete (Billy Hottis's bitch).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS.—1st, J. D. Phillips's Clip.

SKYES.—No awards.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—2d, D. W. McMillan's Jack.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—No awards.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st, Master Voerster's Roger (imported Roger).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Joe (champion Comedy—Clytie).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 2d, G. Lane's Whistler. *Bitches:* 1st, Fannie W. Baker's Lady Dufferin.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE.—1st, C. E. Michel's Rap (Jefferson—Tom Allen's English bitch); 2d, Mrs. S. A. Gaylord's Sara Bernhardt (Oscar Wilde—Mrs. Langtry).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. E. P. Roberts's Lilly (Pet—Blanche); 2d, Mrs. E. P. Roberts's Little Pet (Beauty—Blanche); 3d, Mrs. E. P. Roberts's Topsy (Bennie—Blanche).

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Peter Zimmer's Jumbo (Dane); W. Bascome's Rover (English retriever); T. Hunt's Nuit (English retriever).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best pointer dog or bitch, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable.
Best English setter dog or bitch, in the open class, Memphis Kennels' Juno.
Best Irish setter dog or bitch—J. A. Sprague's Brush.
Best Gordon setter dog, C. H. Taylor's Gem.
Best Newfoundland dog owned in St. Louis, Chas. Neiberding's Leo.
Best Newfoundland dog or bitch, S. S. McCuen's Miro.
Best collie, J. A. Long's Rob Roy.
Best Chesapeake dog or bitch, Missouri Kennels' Mermaid.
Best Yorkshire terrier, D. W. McMillan's Jack.
Best Dandy Dinmont terrier, Master Voerster's Roger.
Best pointer dog or bitch, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable.
Best Irish setter dog or bitch, J. A. Sprague's Brush.
Best fox-terrier, Thomas McHugh's Punch.
Best black and tan terrier, J. D. Phillips's Clip.
Collar for best mastiff, Newfoundland, pointer, setter, collie and pug, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable, W. P. Stevenson's Homer, Miss Lilly Munson's Prince Albert, J. A. Long's Rob Roy, Geo. H. Hill's Joe, W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone.
Kennel man having the best collection of dogs in the best show condition under his care, B. F. Lewis; Philadelphia.
Best dog of any breed entered by a lady, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Joe.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

CHARMING weather and a very good early morning attendance ushered in the ninth annual New York Bench Show, on Tuesday, April 28, at Madison Square Garden, this city. Like all its predecessors it is being held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. These shows have been so often described that it is almost superfluous to remark that they are the most notable events of the New York dog world, and are the means of collecting together not only a large number of sportsmen, but also a select, fashionable assemblage.

The arrangements, as heretofore, are excellent. The Garden is encircled as usual with low benches and pens on which the larger non-sporting classes are displayed. Four long rows of pens and wire cages, the latter for the toy dogs, run the entire length of the Garden, two rows being on each side of the large railed inclosure in which the judging of the various classes was conducted simultaneously. The inclosure, which also extends almost the entire length of the Garden, is divided into five compartments, four of them being separated by a single rail, and the one at the Fourth avenue end by a picketed fence. In this the small dogs are judged. The sanitary condition of the Garden is well looked after by a number of uniformed attendants. Dr. John H. Dancer, of Orange, N. J., is the veterinary surgeon in charge, and says the condition of the dogs is excellent.

The judging began promptly at the hour announced, 10 o'clock, and has continued between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. up to the time we go to press. Considering the large entry, there were not an unusual number of absentees.

All of the judges were present. Mr. Hugh Dalziel, of London, Eng., judges mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, English retrievers, spaniels (all classes), Basset hounds, dachshunde, bulldogs, bull-terriers (and all terriers except fox-terriers), pugs, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous classes. Mr. J. M. Tracy, of Greenwich, Conn., pointers and Irish setters; Mr. John C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del., English setters; Mr. H. Clay Glover, of New York city, black and tan setters; Mr. Isaac Townsend, of New York city, Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. A. Belmont Purdy, of Hempstead, L. I., foxhounds; Dr. J. W. Downey, of Newmarket, Md., collies and beagles; Mr. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, of New York city, fox-terriers; Mr. John G. Heckscher, of New York city, poodles.

There was one great improvement of the arrangements over previous shows, and that was that the judging was not spun out, but was pushed vigorously from the start. Another improvement could be made, and that is that the judges should be provided with judges' books such as are used in England, which are vastly superior to the little books now in use. The English book resembles the style of an ordinary check book. The judge duplicating his award list on the stump, and retains the book in his possession until the end of the judging. This method is an absolute check on the slips torn off, which are handled by attendants.

On the afternoon of Tuesday it rained, and on Wednesday the weather proved to be cold and stormy in the forenoon, but cleared in the afternoon.

A protest has been lodged against the St. Bernard dog St. Elmo, entered by Dan Foster, on account of wrong description. As the protest, which is given below, sets forth, this dog has had a very strange career, and his age has been as fickle as the present spring weather.

To the Managers of the Westminster Kennel Club Show:

I beg to enter a protest against the St. Bernard dog St. Elmo, catalogue No. 63, as not being entered in accordance with rules Nos. 2 and 3, which are as follows:

"2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition only shall be entered in the name of *bona fide* owner. Such entries must be identified by name of dog, its age, and, if known, the names of its sire and dam; if the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at the time of winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, as well as its present name, must be given. If the names of its sire and dam are not known, it may be entered 'pedigree unknown.'

"3. If a dog be entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition."

This dog was shown at Boston as Snip in May, 1882, and entered as 1 year and 9 months old. His pedigree was given as —— out of Fanny. His present owner then bought him and entered him as follows: Washington, February, 1883, by champion Turco—Lady Snowdrift. The dog was there identified by Dr. Sawtelle of Boston. At New York the same year he was entered (75) St. Elmo, formerly Snip, 21 months, by Bruno—Fan. At New York, 1884, he was entered (73) 4 years, "full pedigree." At New Haven this year he was entered as 3 years, by champion Turco—Fanny Snowdrift, and he is now entered as 4 years 2 months, "full pedigree."

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (Salisbury—Venus). *Bitches:* Prize, Ashmont Kennels' Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Moses (The Emperor—Evans's Linda); 2d, Winlawn Kennels' Homer (A.K.R. 1030); 3d, W. O. West's Lion (Salisbury—Tigress). Very high com., Dr. W. Francis's imported Ben (Naylor's Ben—Dutchess). High com., R. C. Watson's Jumbo (imported stock). Com., Wilson S. Phraner's Court (Harold—Dido, Jr.) and William D. Brereton's Noble (Zoedone—Gyp). *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess (Crown Prince—Nina); 2d, Chas. H. Morgan's Lady Gladys (Crown Prince—The Lady Rowena); 3d, Winlawn Kennels' Queen II. (The Emperor—Queen). Com., A. Grant's Regina (Young King—Raunce) and R. B. Holmes's Nora. *Puppies:* 1st, Ad. Lalonguim's Leo (Rob—Gild); 2d, R. H. Derby's Pharaoh (Homer—Queen II.); 3d, Eben H. P. Squire's Duke (Joe—Madge); Very high com., D. P. Foster's Countess (full pedigree); Herbert Mead's Odin and Olaf (Leo—Leonice). High com., J. L. Winchell's Boss (Zulu—Monmouth Meg); Charles C. Marshall's Count Robert (Don—Countess); C. D. Arthur's Vulcan (Prince—Queen); J. C. Smieton's Kaffir (Zulu—Monmouth Meg); J. H. McMannus's Grim (Fraleigh's Grim—Gunther's Sallie); C. B. Gunther's Paris (Fraleigh's Grim—owner's Sallie). Com., James S. Cattanach's Sir William Wallace (Rover—Jip); Anton Miller's Harry (Harry—Flora); Anton Miller's Jim (Harry—Flora) and Winlawn Kennels' Donald (Homer, A.K.R. 1030—Queen II., A.K.R. 158).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535). *Bitches:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. P. Foster's St. Elmo (full pedigree); 2d, Wm. Graham's First Choice (Boniface—Bessie II.); 3d, Alpine Kennels' Rollo (A.K.R. 92). Very high com., Alpine Kennels' Schoonhoven (A.K.R. 795); Alpine Kennels' Carlo (A.K.R. 89); H. E. Newell's Duke (Bonivard—Regie); John P. Barnard, Jr.'s Prince (Alp II.—Flora); Miss Edna Ward's Og (Boniface—Bessie II.). High com., J. W. Burgess' Rene (A.K.R. 410); Leonard F. Beckwith's Dare (Bonivard—Madona's Elsa); R. H. T.

Adams's Jackson (Brave—Alp), Com., S. F. Emmons's imported Cæsar; Arthur C. James's Alp (full pedigree); Koefler & Ritter's Romeo (Rover—Beauty). *Bitches:* 1st, E. R. Hearn's Rhona (A.K.R. 1159); 2d, Fred W. Rothera's Lady Abess (Hero—Lottie). *Puppies:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Königin (Hermit—Theon); 2d, E. R. Hearn's Abbot (Bonivard—Gertie). Very high com., Mortimer Smith's imported Roi (Dan—Alice); Neversink Lodge Kennels' Mountain Maid (Carlisle—Beauty). High com., Y. B. Sweeney's Romeo (Dan—Theckla); Chas. S. Fitch's Alpine Maid (A.K.R. 1940).

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH COATED.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, E. R Hearn's Don II. (The Shah—Dewdrop). *Bitches:* Prize, Fred W. Rothera's Daphne (Rex—Alma).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (Rex—Alma I.); 2d, Herbert C. Whitney's Essex (A.K.R. 931); 3d, H. H. Chittenden's Ernst (Rex—Alma). High com., Walter S. Murphy's Chic (Lohengrin—champion Jura); and Mill Brook Kennels' imported Zeno (Harold—Judy). *Bitches:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Wanda (A.K.R. 1941); 2d and 3d, withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Kobold (champion Hermit—Alma); 2d, E. R. Hearn's Valentine, Jr. (champion Valentine—champion Leila). Very high com., Mill Brook Kennels' Keeper (Mentor—Brunhild); Mill Brook Kennels' Kara (Mentor—Brunhild). High com., Mrs. Pre-ton Stevenson's Grover (Bruno—Bertha). Com., K. E. Hopf's imported Belline II. (Barry—Belline I.).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro: 2d H. Burmann's Pride (Hero—Lady of the Lake). Very high com., C. F. Strauss's Tasso (Pontoon—Fannie). High com., Hon. D. Barnes's Bruno, and Geo. H. Gibson's Brigus (Captain—Fan).

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, H. W. Smith's Friday Night (Master Sam—Polly). *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Solomon (Caliph—Polly); 2d, H. W. Smith's Ben (Cremorne—Lioness). Very high com., Madame F. Restless's imported Washington (Washburne—Lady Barnard); Dr. Mary J. McCleery's Victor (Roi—Maud McGrath). Com., Miss L. De Vivo's King Lear (full pedigree) and Dr. Brandreth Symonds's Master Donald (Ben—Fan). *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike (Pensive Laddie—Playmate); 2d, H. W. Smith's Fan (Buccaneer—Folly). Very high com., C. S. Myer's Belle (Spring—Fan). *Puppies:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Hush Money (Bouncing Boy—Begonia); 2d, S. McCollom's School Boy (Bouncing Boy—Begonia). Very high com., Lady Halifax (Frank—Fly).

DEERHOUNDS. — CHAMPION — Prize, Clovernook Kennels' Mac (Paddy—Lassie).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. F. B. Loring's Brien (Torrum—Leda); 2d, Mrs. Neilson's Samuel. Very high com., Miss Laura Wheeler's Bruce (Bruce—Lorna). High com., Clovernook Kennels' Heather (Clansman—Countess) and John E. Thayer's Bran (Donald—Wyvis). *Bitches:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Perth (Gillie—Lufra); 2d, withheld.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Over 55LBS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* Prize, Chri topher Moller's Water Lily (Skidmore's Don—Skidmore's Dolly).—OPEN—Over 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway); 2d, C. W. Littlejohn's Fritz (A.K.R. 1351); 3d, Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass). Very high com., Neversink Lodge Kennels' Drake (Croxteth—Lass). High com., Neversink Lodge Kennels' Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane). *Bitches over 50lbs.*—1st, Jas. P. Swain's Nan (Sensation—Juno); 2d, withheld; 3d, Neversink Lodge Kennels' Lady (Bang—Belle of Bow). CHAMPION—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* Prize, Geo. Norbury Appold's Bravo (Bragg—Kate). *Bitches under 50lbs.*—Prize, John E. Thayer's Rue (Snapshot—Ruby). OPEN—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Robin Adair (Faust—Madge); 2d, Christopher Moller's Bon Ton (Sensation—Lily); 3d, G. W. Amory's Bob (Price's Bang—Princess Kate). Very high com., Arthur Burt's Hamlet (Croxteth—Lass). High com., Robert C. Cornell's Prince of Orange (Sensation—Seibner's Lass). *Bitches under 50lbs.:* 1st, Neversink Lodge Kennels' Jilt—Croxteth—Lass); 2d, D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d's, Belle (A.K.R. 203); 3d, John E. Thayer's Rhona (Snapshot—Rose). Very high com., J. W. Munson's Modesty (Croxteth—Trinket). High com., Clifton Kennel's Rosa (Boon—Rena) and H. C. Sherman's Dora (Sensation—Devonshire Lass). PUPPIES OVER 12 AND UNDER 18 MONTHS OLD—*Dogs:* 1st, Ramapo Kennels' Duke of Bergen (Bang Bang—Fan Fan); 2d, Mortimer Mills's Tempter (Craft—Temptation). Very high com., John E. Thayer's Result. High com. E. H. Moeran's imported Rex (Rex—dam owned by Mr. Coates). *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies under 12 months old:* 1st, Ramapo Kennels' Happy Medium (Croxteth—Fan Fan); Luke W. White's Bang Grace (Bang Bang—Graceful). Very high com., Clifton Kennels' Lue (Beaufort—Rosa). High com., E. D. McConnell's Mona (Donald II.—Dora).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, Blackstone Kennels' Plantaganet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel). *Bitches:* Prize, Rancocas Kennels' Petrel II, (Pride of the Border—champion Petrel).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.); 2d, Ramapo Kennels' Clifford (Emperor Fred—Fairy Belle); 3d, P. P. Lewis's Rock (Water's Grouse—French's Daisy). Very high com., Louis C Clark's Bob White (Young Laverack—Lady May); F. G. Hughes's Paris III. (Paris II.—Lady Princess); H. L. Cowell's Ranger (Yale Belton—Cowell's Lilly); E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco). High com., H. J. Murvea's Royal Sultan (Racket—Kelp). *Bitches:* 1st, Robert C. Cornell's Modesta (Jester—Modjeska); 2d, L. Shuster, Jr.'s Coomassie (Thunder—Peeress); 3d, E.W. Jester's Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle). Very high com., Ramapo Kennels' Bessie (Ranger II.—Mallard's Belle); F. R.Sheldon's Rose; Rancocas Kennels' Blue Belle (Rattler—Daisy); George C. Sterling's Belle of Allendale (Lava Rock—Liddersdale). High com., Edward Dexter's Marchioness (Dashing Rover—Strother's Frost); M. Theo. Predmore's Maud S. (Jesse Gladstone—Chatelaine); Paymaster Geo. R. Watkin's Lady Enid (Emperor Fred—Crook).—PUPPIES—OVER 12 AND UNDER 18 MONTHS OLD.—*Dogs:* 1st, Ramapo Kennels' Prince Imperial (Emperor Fred—Bessie); 2d, T. P. Mather's Dan. High com., D. T. Kennedy's Prince Bob (Prince—Lorna Doone). Com., H. C. Humphrey's Tearce (Buckelley—Empress Eugenie) and Walter H. Lewis's Davy (A.K.R. 1360). *Bitches:* 1st, Ramapo Kennels' Princess Victoria (Emperor Fred—Bessie); 2d, Walter B. Peet's Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella). Very high com., J. M. Bloomfield's Spright (A.K.R. 1619).—PUPPIES—UNDER 12 MONTHS OLD.—1st, Rancocas Kennels' Dame Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.); 2d, Rancocas Kennels' Stormy Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.). Very high com., A. S. Thomas's Tip. High com., Rodney A. Ward's Jet (Duke—Flora). Com. W. H. Scheffelin's Black Sue (Phil—Memphine).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, John E. Thayer's Argus (Dash—Belle). *Bitches:* Prize, Garret Roach's Lady Gordon (Grouse—Belle). OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Lillian Woodworth's Phil; 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Flash (Crown—Cute); 3d, Dr. H. F. Aten's Glen III. (Old Glen—Juno). Very high com., J. Taylor's Argus (Jack—Nelly); John Jay Griffin's Jet (Dash—dam, property of H. Shadock, M. D.). Com., G. A. Litchfield's Echo (Nell—Blanche); Harry L. Bloodgood's Carlo; C. Valentine's Rock (Duke of Locust Valley—Gibb's Jenny). *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. R. Taylor's Rhoda (Flash—Chloe); 2d, withheld; 3d, A. Week's Bessie (A.K.R. 1464). Very high com., C. Valentine's Rye (Duke of Locust Valley—Gibbs's Jenny). Com., Mrs. Robt. Lyon's Dora. *Puppies:* 1st, Chas. S. Fitch's Madge (A.K.R. 1629); 2d and 3d, withheld. Very high com., Mrs. Vanderbilt Spader's Glen IV. (Glen III.—Queen Vic). Com., Hy. E. James's Dott (Rupert III.—Fanny) and George Ogilvie's Turk, Jr. (Turk—Gypsie).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen). *Bitches:* Prize, G. Budington's Faun (Elcho—Noreen).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. N. Callender's Rory O'More II. (Rory O'More—Norah O'More); 2d, Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck); 3d, E.W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney (Roberts's Bruce—Roberts's Laray). Very high com., J. H. Roberts's Bruce (Elcho—Noreen). High com., H. R. Goetschiu's Chief II. (champion Chief—imported Doe). Com., M. Richardson's Tim (Biz—Hazel). *Bitches:* 1st, M. Richardson's Hazel (Elcho—Rose); 2d, J. H. Roberts's Little Nell (Elcho—Rose); 3d, W. N. Callender's Lady Edith (Rory O'More—Lady Berkley). Very high com., J. H. Roberts's Jessie (Elcho—Noreen). High com., W. N. Callender's Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly). Com., S. L. Pettit's Bell (Chief—Bessey).—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. A. McCollom's M'liss (A.K.R. 1966); 2d, Wm. Dunphy's Molly Bawn (champion Glencho—Biddy). Very high com., Wm. H. Pierce's Pet Glencho (champion Glencho—Lassie). High com.,Wm. Dunphy's Elsie (champion Glencho—Flame). Com., John Hind's Fanny (Don—Red May).

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, Geo. C. Clark's Rose (Jenkins's stock). Very high com., W. W. White's Bruin (Sport—Nell).

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.—Edward Dexter's Belle Tmker (King Coffee—Salter's Belle); 2d, withheld.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Prize withheld.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR, OVER 28LBS.—CHAMPION—Prize, A. E. Foster's Benedict (A.K.R. 61). OPEN—1st, A Clinton Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); 2d, A. Clinton Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or—Ladybird). Very high com., F. P. Magoun's Barrister II. (Barrister—Ferryside). High com., Julius Fehr's Nellie Nell (pedigree unknown); H. K. Bloodgood's Moor (Rover—dam imported); H. K. Bloodgood's Prince Hal (Robertson's Rollo—Broderick's Twopence); James Luckwell's Bob Jr. (Bob III.—Black Bess. Com., E. W. Durkee's Jumbo (Hornell Dandy—Hornell Dinah); Mrs. Thos. Hitchcock's Othello (Bonanza—Gypsey Queen).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, Marmaduke Richardson's Newcastle imp. Ben—Capt. Fred. Vieth's Joan); 2d, Marmaduke Richardson's Tyne (imp. Ben—Joan). Very high com., Marmaduke Richardson's imported Bateman (from Lord Bateman's kennels, England).

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR, UNDER 28LBS.—CHAMPION—Prize, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397).—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jas. Luckwell's Brahmin (Bob—Clew); 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock (A.K.R. 1877). Com., Somerset Kennels' Bobbie (full pedigree). *Bitches:* 1st, W. O. Partridge's Helen (A.K.R. 654); 2d, withheld.—ANY COLOR OTHER THAN LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Sport (Jet—Daisy). *Bitches:* 1st, H. K. Bloodgood's Lilly (Prince Hal—Lulu); 2d, withheld. *Puppies* (field or cocker spaniels, any color, under 12 months): 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Belle; 2d, Minnie Busboy's Jack (Ober—Bessie). Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Negress III. (Lad o' Devon—Dinah), Julius Fehr's litter of puppies (champion Black Prince—Nellie). High com., Miss Lena Schellhass's Black Reno (A.K.R. 1865), Arthur E. Rendle's Carlotta and Jet (Black Charlie—Frolic).

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—1st, Essex County Hunt's Vinegar (full pedigree); 2d, Essex County Hunt's Manager (full pedigree). Very high com., Essex County Hunt's Trueman (full pedigree).

DACHSHUNDÉ.—Equal 1st, W. B. Vogelsang's Fretzel, Jr. (Fretze.—Gretchen) and Miss E. Schleisinger's Schwaerzele; 2d, R. Mortimer's Bobble. Very high com., T. H. Van Norden's Brunette (imported Waldmark—imported Wally); Mrs. M. Vogelsang's Bismarck (Fretzel—Gretchen); F. A. McHerlien's imported Wurszel. High com., Secretary of Essex Kennel Club's Waldmann (Waldmann—Waldine); Secretary of Essex Kennel Club's Nellchen (Waldmann—Gretchen).

BEAGLES —*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994); 2d, Pottinger Dorsey's Fleetwood (Searcher—Maybelle); 3d, Pottinger Dorsey's Rover (Lee—Belle). Very high com., H. Donohue's Frank (Bud—Rose). High com., Richard Pancoast's Dandy (Elmore's King—A. D. Butler's Charmer). Com., Somerset Kennels' Minstrel. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush (Flute—Queen); 2d, Charles Schwein's Marjory (Duke—Midget); 3d, M. F. Schellhass' Music (A.K.R. 1411). Very high com., C. H. Lounsbery's Little Beauty (Driver—Pansy). High com., Richard Pancoast's Lou (Elmore's King—A. D. Butler's Charmer).—UNDER 12 INCHES.—*Dogs or Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Krueger's imported Bannerman (champion Marchboy—Dewdrop); 2d, W. H. Ashburner & O. H. McClure's Blue Maid (Regent—Mayfly); 3d, W. H. Ashburner & O. H. McClure's imported Blue Boy (Regent—Mayfly). Com., A. Kraft's Mamie Ringwood. *Puppies:* 1st, P. P. Lewis's Bell (Rattler—Dot); 2d, P. P. Lewis's Bugler (Rattler—Dot). Very high com., William H. Moller's Grosvenor (Duke—Midget). High com., William H. Moller's Bunthorne (Duke—Midget).

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Maizeland Kennels' imported Nemours (Jupiter—Vivien).

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, J. E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant (Bailiff—Peach). *Bitches:* Prize, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive (Olive Tart—Dickenson's Jess).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Spice (Belgrave Joe—Clove); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale (Joker—Ella); 3d, J. Hammond's imported Jocko. Very high com., W. R. Bingham's Vakeel (champion Volo—champion Spiteful); James Luckwell's imported Richmond Johnie (Richmond Jack—Nancy Lee). *Bitches:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Richmond Delta (Belgrave Joe—Rank); 2d, W. Clark's Phantasy (Dane's Trojan—Fever); 3d, Clovernook Kennels' Clover Fidget (Belgrave Tony, late Catesby—Tricksey). Very high com., Rolfe Creyke's Primitive (Sambo—Myrtle). High com., R. N. Derby's Gyp (Zep—Gill); Clovernook Kennels' Clover Blossom (Dynamite Joe—Puzzle). Com., D. N. Jenkin's Gurrey Gypsey (Racket—Violet).—PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale Joe (Scarsdale—Priscilla); 2d, Chas. Halley's Boxer (Trap—Tu-Tu). Very high com., R. F. Kernan's imported Joe; George B. Inches's Gaylad (Mixture—Jaunty). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Di (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Miss Tackler (Raby Tyrant—Izzie). High com., C. Hally's Topsey (Trap—Tu-tu).

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, John E. I. Grainger's Tyke (Tee Side Lad—Foster's Vic); 2d, John E. I. Grainger's Meg (Nellie II.—Hemp); 3d, L. H. Baldwin's Venom (Venture—Vice). Very high com., B. B. McGregor's Trophy (Toby—Vicks). High com. Robert T. W. Moss's Tip (Tatters—Thatch); L. H. Baldwin's Foiler (Pincher—Venom.

COLLIES.—Champion classes none for competition.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis (champion Eclipse—Meta); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Bruce of Fylde (champion Marcus—Lucy); 3d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Bruce (champion Marcus—Drumlin Isle). Very high com., W. P. Morrisey's Jake; C. V.V. Sewell's Guido Rene (Guido—Oliver); J. W. Burgess's Argyle (Brack—Dora); Martin Dennis's imported Brack (champion Carlyle—Sanfoil); James Watson's Bounce (Tramp—Heather). High com., Neversink Lodge Kennels' Laddie (Bob—Nora); James Liddsay's Hiram (A.K.R. 882). Com., J. Van Schaick's imported Foxey (Druce—Maggie Lauder). *Bitches:* 1st, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Winnie E. (Gairlock—Laurie); 2d, John Gaynor's Daisy (champion Robin Adair—champion Lassie); 3d, James M. Waterbury's Lassie (Eclipse—Meta). Very high com., Geo. H. Whitehead's Lark (Rex—Jennie Nettles), James Lindsay's Fairy (champion Rex—Kitty Mac). High com., Mrs. John S. Ellis's Lady of the Lake (champion Eclipse—Meta), Mill Brook Kennels' Lady Hempstead (Robin Adair—Lilac), Mr. John P. Gray, Jr.'s, Effie Dean (Bruno—Nord). Com., E. Leveque's Lilac (champion Wolf—Sila), J. E. S. Hadden's Trace.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Jas. Lindsay's Craft (Hiram—Lizzie); 2d, J. Van Schaick's Strephon (champion Eclipse—champion Flurry). Very high com., Johnstone and Harry DeForrest's Sandy (Mac—Susan Van Schaick). High com., Jas. Lindsay's Joe Nettles (champion Rex—Jeannie Nettles). Com., E. Leveque's Nigger (champion Robin Adair—Lilac). *Bitches:* 1st, Jas. Lindsay's Gem (Brack—Fairy); 2d, Howard Scribner's Clytie. Very high com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Belle (Scot Guards—Drumlin Isle), Martin Dennis's Ruth (Brack—Beauty). High com., E. Leveque's Toodles and Meg L. (champion Robin Adair—Lilac), Martin Dennis's Stella (A.K.R. 2128). Com., Miss R. Morrissey's Euphemia (Hero—Flora).

BULLDOGS. —CHAMPION — *Dogs:* Prize, R. & W. Livingston's Boz (champion Gamester—Browse's Betsy). *Bitches:* John E. Thayer's Bellissima (Sancho Panza—Romping Girl).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Romulus (Richard Cœur de Lion—champion Peg); 2d, Mrs. Wm. W. Russell's Hamlet (President Garfield—Wheel of Fortune); 3d, W. Mansell Daintrey's imported Panther (champion Sancho Panza—Flirt). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis (champion Monarch—Penzie); 2d, John E. Thayer's Bellona (Layton's Warwick—Clark's Rose). *Puppies:* 1st, Chas. S. Latham's Satan (Moses—Jezebel). High com., M. V. B. Davis's white and black, 5 months old (Boz—Molly Maguire).

BULL-TERRIERS.—OVER 25LBS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke (Hink's Dutch—Young Maguet). *Bitches:* Prize, E. S. Porter's Victoria (Randall—Floss).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1837); 2d, John R. Suydam's Jack (Peril—Nell). High com., Associated Fanciers's Saxon (Young Royal—Empress). Com., Chas. R. Taylor's Young Bill (Yardley's Bill—Dutch). *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. Neilson's Rosa; 2d, Edward Lover's Young Venom (Hink's Old Prince—Old Venom).—UNDER 25LBS.—CHAMPION—Prize, R. & W. Livingston's little Maggie (Hink's Dutch—Young Venom).—OPEN—1st, withheld; 2d, C. C. Miller's Nell (Paddy—Nell); 3d, Edward Griffith's Crown Prince (Tiger—Fly). High com., R. H. Dudgeon's imported Gypsy. Com., C. H. Hay's Snowball. *Puppies:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady); 2d, Joseph J. Doyle's Jessie (Rex—Fly), (No second in prize list). Com., R. R. Williams's Grip (Grip—Virago); R. G. & A. C. Tower's Peggy (Lord Nelson—Peg); H. H. Chittenden's Paddy (Paddy—Nell).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS—1st, Geo. D. Woodill's Queen (Vortigern—Lady); 2d, John F. Scholes's Bessie (imported Nep—imported Taff). High com., Geo. D. Woodill's Victor (Reveller—Lilly II.); Mrs. Neilson's Cuss (imported Nip—imported Topsey). Com., Allen Lee Smidt's imported Spring.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Robt. Hume's Badger II. (Badger—Rosa); 2d, Mrs. John H. Naylor's Pansy (Minstrel Boy—champion Linnet). Very high com., Mrs. John H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton (Border Minstrel—Wee Miss.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Lawrence Timpson's Sheila (A.K.R. 137); 2d, Samuel Eden's Naller (Peter Bolger—Vic).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. B. Lord's Sir George (Elswick Lad—Highland Mary); 2d, John F. Scholes's Blucher (Warren's Peacham—J. A. Baty's Lass). *Bitches:* John F. Scholes's Lillie (Morrison's liver dog—Bland's Lily).

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Prize, Walter J. Comstock's Souter Johnnie (Burkee—Highland Mary).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Morley's Duke (champion Tom—Witch); 2d, Associated Fanciers' imported Watty. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss N. E. Burch's imported Phenix; 2d, Miss Herbert's Mopsey (imported Toby—imported Nelly).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches;* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, John Parker's Punch (Wedeson's Punch—Grimshaw's Judy); 2d, John Marriott's Victor; 3d, Oscar Unz's Punch (imported Punch—imported Judy). Very high com., City View Kennels' imported Bradford Ruby (champion Lovat—champion Jenny), Peter Cassidy's imported Punch, A. Childes Delight's Punch (Jocko—Rosey), Mrs. D. P. Foster's Rowdy (full pedigree). High com., A. V. H. Winans's Teddy (full pedigree), Chas. Preim's Fritz, Jr. (Fritz—Minnie May), Chequasset Kennels' imported Young Toby (champion Toby—Topsy). *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. A. Kisteman's Beauty; 2d, City View Kennels' Flossy; 3d, R. H. Dugeon's To-To. Very high com., Wm. E. Sex's Beauty (Black Diamond—Bessie). Com., Peter Cassidy's imported Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, Miss Bissell's James G. Blaine (Duke II. Codsall's Daisy). Com., Anthony Wenner's Dolly (Punch—Gypsy) and Miss Mollie Wagstaff's Jim Crow (Sambo—Topsy).

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, Louis B. Wright's Boxer (Major—O'Shea's Biddy); 2d, Louis B. Wright's Vic (O'Shea's Billy—O'Shea's Lady). High com., Frank Felton's Toby (Pepper—Vic), Charles T. Thomson's Mustard.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—1st, John Marriott's Prince (Young Dreadnaught—Daughter of Dundreary); 2d, Mrs. W. R. Stewart's Mr. D. (full pedigree); 3d, Mrs. A. Kisteman's Lancaster Star (Bismark—Elmer). Very high com., Miss Addie Vogt's Flora. High com., Peter Cassidy's Ben, Mrs. A. Kisteman's Lass, Com., John Marriott's Bobbie, James White's Minnie and puppies, and Miss Howard's Rosie.—UNDER 5LBS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—1st, Mrs. Jas. Harrimann's imported Minnehaha; 2d, Mrs. Neilson's Sweetness; 3d, Jas. H. Bowdin's Nellie.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 7LBS.—1st, Miss Ella E. Brown's Tiny (Frank—Tip); 2d, Adam Patheuheimer's Fannie. High com., Mr. Gessel's Tiney. Com., Howard Spear's Busy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Duke; 2d, Mrs. A. Kistemann's Charlie. Very high com., John Parker's Countess (Bowen's Duke—Berg's Countess). High com., Associated Fanciers' imported Otto. Com., Peter Cassidy's Prince Charlie.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. A. Kistemann's Daisy; 2d, John Parker's Violet (Scrimshaw's Prince—Countess). Com., Miss Turnure's Frisky.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. Eugene Clarke's Kobe (imported Charlie—imported Flo); 2d, J. Hammond's Young Ching (imported Ching—imported Fanny).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Edith M. Van Buren's Fanny; 2d, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Babe. Very high com., Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Romeo. Com., E. W. Jester's Pearl (Douglas—Gypsey Queen).

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Rolf Creyke's Sarchsdon (Victor—Judith II.); 2d, Capt. R. Wynne Roberts's Halifax (champion Lawyer—champion Dido). Very high com., Capt. R. Wynne Roberts's Portia (champion Lawyer—champion Dido). Com., Rolf Creyke's Ishtar (Donald—Bran IX.).

MISCELLANEOUS OR FOREIGN CLASS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, Miss Evans' Marko; 2d, Wm. Clark's Cafe au Lait; 3d, T. Suffern Hamilton's Stein Blau (Gelert—Dora). High com., Louis DeFernix's Alim I. (Pio IX.—Bella); Louis DeFernix's Nair III. (Alim I.—Nair II.); Fred M. Brasher's Don. Com., H. Grothusen's imported Harris; Miss Ada S. Watson's Bruno.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, Mrs. H. T. Footes's Mexican hairless Me Too; 2d, A. B. Palmer's Mexican hairless Meda; 2d, Mrs. H. T. Footes's Mexican hairless Veuve Clicquot. Very high com., Eddy Schwind's Chinese crested Spot (Jocko—Lill); M. Bernreither's Chinese crested Nellie. Com., Mrs L. D. G. Hurd's Pippo.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Eastern Field Trials Club prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in any of the field trials that have been held in America, club medals to each: Best English setter bitch, Ramapo Kennels' Bessie; best English setter dog, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. Best pointer dog, Neversink Lodge Kennels' Drake; best pointer bitch, John E. Thayer's Rue; best Irish setter dog, Stoney Point Kennels' Claret; best Irish setter bitch, J. H. Roberts's Little Nell.

Westminster Kennel Club's medals: Best black English setter in show, Henry DeGroot's Ponto; best basket beagle under 12 inches, not less than three to compete, A. C. Krueger's imported Bannerman.

Medford Fancy Goods Co. collar prizes: Best English setter, Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet; best collie, J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis; best fox-terrier, Clovernook Kennels' Spice; best English mastiff, Winlawn Kennels' Moses; Moses also took W. K. C. member's $50 prize for best mastiff, and Moses and Rosalind took prize for best pair of mastiffs.

Best kennel of mastiffs, Winlawn Kennels' Moses, Homer, Rosalind, Prussian Princess and Queen II.

Class for best brindle mastiff did not fill.

The American Fox-Terrier Club's special prizes (six silver cups, value $25 each), open only for competition to members: Best smooth-coated fox-terrier dog, Clovernook Kennels' Spice. Best smooth-coated fox-terrier bitch, John E. Thayer's Richmond Olive. Best fox-terrier, rough or smooth, dog or bitch, bred in America, John E. Thayer's Di. Best fox-terrier dog puppy, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale Joe. Best fox-terrier bitch puppy, J. E. Thayer's Di. Best wire-haired fox-terrier, J. E. I. Grainger's Tyke.

Mr. T. H. Terry's silver cup, valued $50, for best collie, J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis.

Best kennel of collies, to consist of five, $25 cash, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels.

Member Fox-Terrier Club's cup, for best fox-terrier in show, Clovernook Kennels' Spice.

Best pair of fox-terriers, Clovernook Kennels' Spice and Richmond Delta.

Class HHH and III, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke.

TORONTO SHOW.—Specials are offered in English setter, black and tan setter, pointer, cocker spaniel, foxhound, harrier, greyhound, fox-terrier, collie. Bedlington terrier, bull-terrier, Yorkshire terrier, black and tan terrier, rough-haired terrier, toy terrier, toy spaniel and King Charles spaniel classes. The entry to all specials will be free, and they will be awarded to the best animal in each instance, without allowing option. A dozen more have been promised, the particulars of which have not yet been received, and it is expected that a large number will be donated before the opening of the show. The intention of offering challenge classes instead of championships has been to throw the championships of Canada open only to those dogs that have qualified by winning a first in a challenge class, for future shows. But to meet the wishes of owners of dogs that already stand at the head of the list in their respective breeds, dogs that have won three or more first prizes at the shows mentioned in the regulations printed in the prize schedules, may on payment of $3 entry fee at option compete for medals representing the championship of Canada in the following breeds: Setters, pointers, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, greyhounds, fox-terriers, collies and bulldogs. Others will be provided for in such cases as the entries may warrant. The dates of the show are May 13, 14, 15. In Regulation No. 10 for Wednesday read Friday.

MR. HUGH DALZIEL, who arrived in this city on Friday morning, had a delightful voyage across on the Baltic. He was accompanied by young Mr. Bevan, who has come here to make this country his home, and seek employment as a dog breaker. Mr. Dalziel was met on landing at the Barge Office by Messrs. Terry and Smith of the Westminster Kennel Club, Mr. J. P. Keene, Mr. John Wills and Mr. Satterthwaite of the New York *Herald*. The famous English judge was looking well. He brought to Mr. Grinnell, of this paper, a picture of beagles from the mysterious "Lillibulero." Mr. Dalziel has been asked to judge the non-sporting classes at Chicago.

MINSTREL WHELPS. — Bernardsville, N. J.— *Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of April 23 an advertisement of Thos. Allen, 2039 North Twelfth street, Philadelphia, offering for sale a black, white and tan beagle dog, by imported Minstrel, etc., whelped Jan. 18, 1884. I would respectfully ask Mr. Thos. Allen how this can be, as Minstrel, Foreman and Deborah arrived in America on Feb. 27, 1884. Comment being made on these dogs by "Rusticus" in FOREST AND STREAM of March 6, 1884, page 110. Will Mr. Allen kindly explain?—F. C. PHEBUS.

THE MASTIFF MOSES.—Mr. Stevenson, for the Winlawn Kennels, has purchased through Mr. Thornton the mastiff Moses. The price paid was 200 guineas, and the order was given by cable. Moses is an excellent dog, and will, no doubt, do much for the breed in America. His record on the bench in England is a creditable one; and he has just taken first at New York.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Zara. By James W. Bullock, Cincinnati, O., for brindle mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884, by Ilford Cromwell out of Ashmont Lady.

Gambler. By J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 18, 1885, by Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue) out of Gem (Gladstone—Gazelle).

Paris IV. and Victress II. By Alex. G. Habbick, Galt, Ont., for blue belton English setters, dog and bitch, whelped Dec. 26, 1884, by Paris III. (Paris II.—Lady Princess) out of Forest Ida (Dick Laverack—Forest Fly).

Sport's Debut and Major M. By Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn., for lemon and white and white and orange English setter dogs, whelped March 18, 1885, by Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue) out of his Gem (Gladstone—Gazelle).

Sport's Alpha and Gem's Ruby. By Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn., for white and lemon and white, black and tan English setter bitches, whelped March 18, 1885, by Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue) out of his Gem (Gladstone—Gazelle).

Chase. By J. A. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Luke. By Charles Myers, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Flossie Belle. By J. Middleton, Washington, D. C., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 3, 1885, by Nimrod (A.K.R. 631) out of Lyda Belle (A.K.R. 626).

Daisy By Charles P. Ferguson, Springvale, Me., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 21, 1883, by Ringwood out of Music III.

Dick. By Chas. P. Ferguson, Springvale, Me., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1884, by Flute M. (A.K.R. 1990) out of Skip (A.K.R. 1997).

Argyle Beaufort, Bessie Beaufort. Grace Beaufort, Lill Beaufort, Lizzie Beaufort, Maggie Beaufort. Nellie Beaufort and Vinnie Beaufort. By R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa., for liver and white pointers, one dog and seven bitches, whelped April 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of his Grace (A.K.R. 1250).

Pet Allen. By Dr. E. P. Kremer, Lebanon, Pa., for orange and white setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, by Brackett's Don out of Maud.

Faustina. By E. A. Melzar, Milton, Mass., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 25, 1885, by Dash III. out of Nellie Dale (John Staples—French's Daisy).

Dit S., Cal S., Harry C., Lotta S., Pattie L. and Janie L. By W. L. Steele, Jr., Rockingham, N. C., for setters, three dogs and three bitches, whelped March 23, 1885 (Joe P.—Lola S.).

Susquehanna Kennels. By Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., for his kennel.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ripple—Rags. Dr. F. B. Greenough's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Ripple (A.K.R. 68) to Geo. Mixter's Rags (Foam—Ruth), March 28.

Midget—Croxteth. J. C. Vail's (Warwick, N. Y.) pointer bitch Midget (Match—Belle) to A. E. Godeffroy's Croxteth, April 22.

May Belle—Robin Hood. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch May Belle (A.K.R. 1540) to his Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), April 23.

Jersey—Nevison. F. L. Crane's mastiff bitch Jersey (Pluto—Old Jersey) to C. H. Mason's champion Nevison, April 27.

Maud—Beaufort. T. B. Dorsey's (Ellicott City, Md.) pointer bitch Maud (A.K.R. 1157) to C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), April 28.

Ruth—Robin Hood. Thos. Blyth's (Peale, Pa.) English setter bitch Ruth (Llewellin's Prince—Ruby) to Dr. J. R. Housel's Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), April 9.

Roberto Laverack—Wagner. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Roberto Laverack (A.K.R. 1071) to his Wagner (A.K.R. 1620), March 4.

Floss H.—Tipton. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Floss H. (A.K.R. 56) to his Tipton (A.K.R. 1098), March 18.

Lady Nevison—Nevison. Harry Hollis's (Wellsville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lady Nevison (Nevison—Brenda) to C. H. Mason's champion Nevison, March 24.

Theon—Cæsar. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Theon (A.K.R. 91) to the Forest City Kennels' imported Cæsar (A.K.R. 22), Feb. 20.

Heidel—Verone. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Heidel (A.K.R. 2045) to the Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (A.K.R. 418), April 10.

Brunhild—Hermit. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Brunhild (A.K.R. 28) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), April 12.

Lady Flossie—Young Toby. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) imported English pug bitch Lady Flossie (A.K.R. 1446) to their imported Young Toby (A.K.R. 473), April 22.

——— *Napoleon.* F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch ——— to City View Kennels' Napoleon (A.K.R. 2037), April 14.

Cricket—Luck. N. B. Nesbitt's (Saxton, Mo.) English setter bitch Cricket (Coleman's London—Come) to Luck (Dick Laverack—Fausta II.).

Fidget—Whisper. N. B. Nesbitt's (Saxton, Mo.) English setter bitch Fidget (Rake—Madam Llewellin) to Whisper (Gath—Lit).

Lufra—Gladstone. N. B. Nesbitt's (Saxton, Mo.) English setter bitch Lufra (Dog Whip—Juno) to champion Gladstone.

Dot Hunter—Royal Ranger. S. C. Hunter's English setter bitch Dot Hunter to Howard Hartley's champion Royal Ranger, April 17.

Countess Flirt—Glen Rock. F. M. Fuller's (Uniontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Countess Flirt (Tempest—Flirt) to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), April 8.

Nell—Glen Rock. H. Davidson's English setter bitch Nell to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), April 16.

Beauty—Jack. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) beagle bitch Beauty (Lead—Cecil) to H. A. Dennison's Jack, April 18.

Grace Gladstone—Sportsman. J. A. Tresevant's (Houston, Tex.) English setter bitch Grace Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), April 13.

Rosey—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Rosey (Mark Antony—May Belle) to his imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), April 15.

Blue Maid—Bannerman. W. H. Ashburner's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Blue Maid to imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), April 14.

Katie—Bannerman. S. C. Graff's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Katie (Rattler—Fannie) to imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), April 12.

Lilly—Young Sleaford. Jos. Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa.) pointer bitch Lilly (A.K.R. 354) to Chas. L. Dick's Young Sleaford (A.K.R. 467), April 14.

Kit—President. J. D. Bodman's bull-terrier bitch Kit to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208), April 20.

Blue Belle—Dashing Monarch. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99) to their Dashing Monarch, April 2.

Petrel II.—Count Noble. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Petrel II. (A.K.R. 2063) to Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora), April 8.

Mona—President. Frank Williams's bull-terrier bitch Mona to E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208), April 20.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Zanetta. W. F. Todd's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zanetta (A.K.R. 1261), March 31, eight (three dogs), by Glenmark (Rush—Romp).

May. Prof. W. C. Sparry's (Hartford, Conn.) pointer bitch May (Sam—Countess Nellie), April 13, eleven (four dogs), by A. C. Collins's Fritz (A.K.R. 1249).

Tantrums. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tantrums (A.K.R. 220), April 5, four (one dog), by their imported Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Victory. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Victory (A.K.R. 1265), April 15, six (two dogs), by Treasure (A.K.R. 472).

Alma. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Alma (A.K.R. 27), April 13, nine (eight dogs), by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705).

Irma. The Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Irma (A.K.R. 1051), April 12, three (two dogs), by Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

Grace. R. E. Westlake's (Olyphant, Pa.) pointer bitch Grace (A.K.R. 1250), April 13, eight (one dog), by C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Toodles. George W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147), April 12, two bitches, by champion Joe (A.K.R. 925); both since dead.

Zelpha. Henry C. Burdick's (Springfield, Mass.) Italian greyhound bitch Zelpha, April 2, three (two dogs), by Puck.

Queen Maud. T. B. Walker's (Ashland, Ky.) English setter bitch Queen Maud (Racket—Kelp), April 2, six (five dogs), by Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno).

Lucy. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Lucy (Inno—Old Bess), April 12, five (four dogs), by his imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty); all white, black and tan.

Syren II. Thos. McAlpine's (North Attleboro, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Syren II. (Elcho III.—Mag), April 16, eight (two dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' Arlington.

Red Maud. A. C. Stott's (Stottville, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Red Maud (Larry—Lassie), April 2, nine (four dogs), by champion Glencho.

Vannette. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Vanette (Count Dick—Petrel), April —, seven (five dogs), by their Dashing Monarch: three black, white and tan, three black and white, and one lemon belton.

Trump. Fenton Harris's bull-terrier bitch Trump, April 2, four (two dogs), by E. S. Porter's President (A.K.R. 1208); all white.

Vesta. C. M. Ingersoll, Jr.'s (New Haven, Conn.) Clumber spaniel bitch Vesta, April 8, eight (four dogs), by W. P. Trowbridge's John Halifax; all lemon and white.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Sportsman—Gem whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 18, 1885, by Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn., to G. R. Stevens.

Lofty. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz, A.K.R. 268—Bird, A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to W. S. Yale, Waterloo, N. Y.

Livery. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz, A.K.R. 238—Bird, A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to J. Whitney, Dykemans, N. Y.

Fritz (A.K.R. 268)—Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1043) whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 28, 1885, by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to J. R. Craig, Newark, N. J.

Countess Dash III. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 420), by A. Wyness, Jr., Toronto, Ont., to Dr. O. Totten, same place.

Lady Gladstone. English setter bitch, 5yrs. old (Gladstone—Juno), by W. T. Dortch, Clarksville, Tenn., to Edward Drane, same place.

Zara. Brindle mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884 (Ilford Cromwell—Ashmont Lady), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to T. W. Bullock, Cincinnati, O.

Mixture—Nettle whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by W. H. Cookson, Troy, N. Y., to Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md.

Twilight. Pug bitch, whelped September, 1884 (Treasure, A.K.R. 472—Pudgie), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. Scott, Waterbury, Conn.

Maid. Beagle bitch, 1½yrs. old (Rally—Shoo Fly), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Amory R. Starr, Marshall, Tex.

Flossie Belle. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 3, 1885 (Nimrod—Lyda Belle), by E. A. Starkey, Brattleboro, Vt., to J. Middleton, Washington, D. C.

Lady Bislow. Black, tan and white Gordon setter bitch (A.K.R. 605), by H. J. Bennett, Trenton, N. J., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Leander. Mustard and pepper Dandie Dinmont terrier dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884 (Badger—Needle), by Robert Hume, Orange C. H., Va., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rugby. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2289), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. J. Bennett, Trenton, N. J.

Gleadvoric. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 2294), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to John S. Brown, same place.

Prince Vic. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 2295), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. I. Landell, same place.

Veta. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped October, 1880 (Warrior—Rosey), by Walter Egginton, Corning, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Zany. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 11, 1884 (Rowett's Rally—Veta), by Walter Egginton, Corning, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Watty. Imported steel blue Skye terrier, 3yrs. old, by Geo. Sanderson, Monckton, N. B., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Countess Bang. Lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 2135), by F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tony Sensation. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2141), by F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hermit, Jr. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit, A.K.R. 23—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Rev. G. W. Chandler, Portland, Ore.

Klaus. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit, A.K.R. 23—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to L. Kountze, New York.

Kaiser. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit, A.K.R. 23—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Theo. Gimbel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Keeper. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 11, 1884, by imported Mentor II. out of Brunhild (A.K.R. 28), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mill Brook Kennels, New York.

Kobold. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped October, 1884 (Hermit, A.K.R. 23—Alma, A.K.R. 27), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Anno. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped August, 1884 (Cæsar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne II.), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Pet Allen. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Don—Maud), by O. J. Swain, Melrose, Mass., to Dr. E. P. Kremer, Lebanon, Pa.

Countess Flay. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July, 1883 (Count Noble—Fly), by Dalliba & Munhall, Cleveland, O., to W. Talman, South Attleboro, Masss.

Donald II. Liver and white pointer dog, 2½yrs. old (Donald—Devonshire Lass), by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to G. W. LaRue, New York.

Dora. Liver and white pointer bitch, 2yrs. old (Sensation—Devonshire Lass), by Dallibe & Munhall, Cleveland, O., to H. C. Sherman, New York.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Smut (A.K.R. 858) whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 17, 1885, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to A. M. Webling, same place.

Clipper—Countess Nelly (A.K.R. 913) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, age not given, by R. E. Jenkins, Dover, N. H., to Wyman Brown, same place.

Flashing Beaufort. White and liver pointer dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Beaufort—Nellie Bird), by Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to W. C. Tuthill, Salina, Kan.

Mabel Beaufort. White and liver pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Beaufort—Nellie Bird), by Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to Geo. S. Criswell, Franklin, Pa.

Glad Rock. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Dec. 26, 1884 (Gladstone—Flounce), by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to L. A. Swearingen, Oskaloosa, Ia.

Ringwood—Mary whelps. Beagle dogs, whelped Feb. 28, 1885, by N. Elmore Granby, Conn., two to the Hokeby Kennels, Barrytown, N. Y., and two to Geo. Newcombe, West Fitchburg, Mass.

Lofty. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given (Royal Blue—Lynn), by E. E. Hamis, Waltham, Mass., to Dr. J. R. Beecher, Lebanon, Pa.

Cheno. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 16, 1885 (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Critic, A.K.R. 303), by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., to L. R. Paige, North Cambridge, Mass.

Cano. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 13, 1885 (Ronald—Kate), by Geo. Snyder, Patoka City, W. T., to Fred G. Harford, same place.

Bunny (A.K.R. 1118)—Bessy (A.K.R. 1117) whelp. Beagle bitch, age not given, by Haven Doe, Salmon Falls, N. H., to A. S. Fowler, Newburyport, Mass.

Forest Dora. Blue belton English setter bitch (A.K.R. 500), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to G. E. Osborn, New Haven, Conn.

Bonnie Bairn. Collie bitch (A.K.R. 1735), by Chas. S. Fitch, New York, to Miss L. Eidlitz, same place.

Lurline. Lemon and white English setter bitch, age and pedigree not given, by James M. Bloomfield, New York, to Charles S. Fitch, same place.

Bradford Ruby. Pug dog, whelped May 14, 1882 (champion Lovat—champion Jenny), by Wm. Graham, Belfast, Ireland, to City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn.

Cupid. Pug dog (A.K.R. 2245), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Miss Emma Euerle, same place.

Chief—Yoube whelps. Red Irish setter dogs, age not given, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., one each to Messrs. Van Dusen and Burns, Passaic, N. J.

Count Fosco. Black and white English setter dog, 11mos. old (Dash III.—Donna), by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to G. P. Palmer, Boston, Mass.

Pascha. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 16, 1885 (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Critic, A.K.R. 303), by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., to Geo. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Mixture—Nettle whelp. Fox terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by W. H. Cookson, Troy, N. Y., to Rev. R. G. Hamilton, same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Mignon. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1821), owned by Charles S. Fitch, New York, March 30, by accident.

Floss. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree not given, owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., from poison.

Dandy—Beauty whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 18, 1884, owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., from poison.

Gold Coin. Pug dog, 5mos. old (champion Joe—Bo-Peep), owned by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., March 5.

Nym. Mastiff bitch, age not given (Turk II.—Madge), owned by Burr Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., from hemorrhage of the bowels.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. M. C., Hartford, Conn.—Give nourishing food and plenty of exercise.

E. V. L., New York.—Let her have her own way, do not encourage or restrain her.

M. N. F., Foxburgh, Pa.—The breeding of the dam is good, we know nothing of the sire. We do not know the gentleman you mention.

S. W. E., Weldon, N. C.—My setter puppy has good appetite, good coat, but his eyes are quite red, and the lids are very much swollen at the corners. I have tried several eye washes, but with no good result. Ans. Try the following: Acetate of lead, five or ten grains; laudanum, one drachm; rose water, two ounces. Drop two or three drops in the eyes twice daily. Satisfy yourself that the general condition of the puppy is good.

W. K. P., Athens, Pa.—What shall I do for a wart on the tongue of an eight-months-old pup? The wart is white, and seems to be growing. Ans. Get a stick of nitrate of silver and apply freely over the surface of the wart every day. Pure nitric acid is quicker. It should be applied by means of a pine stick, match or toothpick. In using the acid care should be taken not to allow any drops to fall on tongue or throat, as it is very corrosive.

J. F. I.—My setter dog, three years old, was taken last summer with some kind of skin disease, which I thought was the mange. I tried Glenn's sulph r soap and Glover's mange cure; neither of them did any good. He has commenced to dig and bite himself this spring just the same. What shall I do? Ans. Wash the affected parts carefully with carbolic soap, and after drying apply with your hands the oxide of zinc ointment, rubbing it gently into the skin. Give the dog five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in his food.

W. C. W., Titusville, Pa.—A cocker pup, 5 months old, is troubled with lameness in front for nearly a month past I cannot locate it exactly, for it does not seem always in same leg. He has no external sore, and he does not flinch on examination. It is better at times, and sometimes wholly disappears. Pup sleeps in dry shavings in dry cellar, has been kept indoors a great deal—quite a house pet. What is the best work on general management and training of dogs? Ans. Your puppy has rheumatism in all probability. Give him ten drops of the iodide of iron, morning and evening. Keep his bowels easy, and feed nutritiously, but not too stimulating diet. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" is the best book on that subject. Hill's "Diseases and Management of the Dog" is a good book.

BEAUTY, Newark, N. J.—My dog is an Italian greyhound, the hair on her back is very short and thin, has been so for a year or so. I took her to a dog fancier and he said it has not the mange, but gave me a preparation to rub her with; it has not done her any good. There is growing on her back, about a finger's length from the tail, a lump, it looks like a tumor. It is almost the size of a hazel nut, and disfigures her very much. Ans. To keep the skin in good condition a certain amount of grooming is necessary. Fowler's solution of arsenic in five or ten drop doses in the food is an excellent internal skin medicine. Extreme applications of the most service are carbolic salve or soap, or the ointments of zinc oxide or lead. The swelling is, of course, a tumor. If freely movable on the parts below it is probably fatty and could easily be removed with no disfigurement. It can probably be removed in any event and leave no scar behind.

S. V. S., Troy, N. Y.—An Irish setter bitch, nine months old, always been perfectly well and full of life, fed mainly on meal. Five weeks ago she did not eat as heartily as usual, and whimpered a little when she opened her jaws. This continued for two or three weeks. Two weeks ago we noticed a bunch on her face about as large as a medium-sized egg just where the jaws hinge together. She still whines when she opens her mouth, and refuses anything but soft food. The bunch is hard, like bone, and is not at all sensitive to the touch, but the bitch will not permit her mouth to be opened. She never opens her mouth more than three-quarters of an inch. Her general health is perfectly good, and she is always in high spirits except when eating. Ans. It seems as though your dog had either broken her jaw close to the articulation, or what is more probable, she has a synovitis or inflammation of the joint on that side. You had better cut or shave the hair from a space an inch to an inch and a half square. To this apply a coating of cantharides and collodion. After the blister has formed apply a hot flaxseed poultice. You can keep it on by a muzzle. It will be three or four hours before a blister forms.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

LITTLE BULLETS AND BIG SHOTS.—In looking over the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for a small cartridge with penetrating power and accuracy, and I found the very article in the shape of the conical bullet caps, which for target practice cannot be excelled, even at a 75ft. range they are the article to be used, as I have now several bullets taken from a 2in. pine board at 75ft., and they settled 1½in. below the surface of the board, and took quite a time to get out, and with the exception of a little flattening they almost retain their natural form. Another cartridge worthy of notice is the .22-caliber long rifle cartridge, and as I have used a good many cartridges of every variety and of different makes, I ought to know whereof I write, and having given the above named cartridges a most thorough and rigid test, I recommend them to all who use bullet caps or cartridges either for target or for the field. I have made several remarkable shots, one at long range and the other was not quite so far. The first shot was this: I caught one day a large rat in a wire trap, and not knowing in what way to dispose of the rodent, when my friend Steve C. suggested that we shoot it. I got the rifle and loaded it with a .22 long rifle cartridge, took aim and fired the bullet, passing through the rodent's body and 1in. below the surface of a 1½in. plank at 50ft., the plank being 2½ft. away from the rat. This was not such a remarkable shot, but it showed the penetrating power of the bullet. Another one which might be termed a remarkable shot is this: There being a number of large rats about our stable, it being over a creek, I saw two rats on the stone wall each presenting a fine target about 6in. apart, but on a direct line opposite each other. I aimed at the one nearest me and fired, when to my surprise both tumbled in the water with a splash, and on investigation it showed that the bullet passed through the neck of the first, glanced along the stone and hit the other in the body.—KULL (Pottsville, Pa., April 18).

BRIDGEPORT vs. CANTON.—The return match was shot at Collinsville, Conn., April 25, on the well-appointed range of the Canton Rifle Club. Score:

Bridgeport Club.															
Marsh	9	11	11	11	12	11	8	12	12	10	9	11	11	11	—160
White	11	9	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	12	10	12	9	12	10—156
Bassett	11	9	12	9	10	10	10	7	8	11	12	11	11	11	10—152
Nothnagle	6	11	11	11	12	10	12	10	10	10	11	8	8	9	12—151
Quitmeyers	8	10	10	9	10	9	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	7	—149
Betts	11	9	7	11	7	10	9	10	10	11	11	12	11	9	10—137
Beers	5	7	7	12	7	10	11	9	8	8	12	11	9	11	10—137
Botsford	7	11	6	9	11	9	11	11	9	4	10	11	10	7	9—135—1188

Canton Club.															
Andrews	10	8	10	10	12	12	8	7	10	11	12	12	10	11	11—154
Lyon	7	10	11	10	10	11	10	11	11	12	11	8	10	11	10—153
Laubenstein	11	10	10	8	10	9	11	12	8	11	8	12	10	11	10—151
Higley	9	9	10	12	9	11	12	10	8	11	8	10	12	8	8—148
Hull	9	10	6	9	11	8	10	12	11	10	12	9	9	10	10—146
Hawks	10	12	10	8	10	8	10	8	7	9	10	10	10	10	12—144
Case	9	7	9	11	11	7	7	10	9	12	10	9	11	9	11—142
Hamilton	11	7	10	10	9	8	7	12	10	11	10	8	9	11	8—141—1179

After the match some scrub shooting was indulged in until 3 o'clock, when all repaired to a sumptuous banquet.

BOSTON, Mass., April 25.—There was a very good attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, but the conditions were not so good as could be desired. During the early hours of the day the wind was from the northwest, but later it shifted to the east. The light was quite trying, but after 5 o'clock the condition improved, and some very good scores, as given below, were made:

Creedmoor Match.

O M Jewell	5545545555—47	N F Tufts	5454454554—45
A Landers	5545545445—46		

Creedmoor Practice.

C W Hodgdon	4445444445—42	M White (mil)	4445854445—41
W M Merrill	4444444554—42	F Stetson	4434445544—41

Decimal Match.

W Charles	10	6	8	9	8	10	9	10	5	9—84
B G Warren	10	5	9	4	7	8	6	8	7	8—72
J P Bates	7	9	7	6	5	8	5	4	4	10—65
N F Tufts	6	6	5	10	6	4	4	5	5	3—54

Victory Match.

W Charles	10	10	7	10	9	8	5	8	9	9—85
E F Richardson	10	4	8	10	10	6	4	10	10	8—80
E F Lawrence	8	9	7	7	6	9	6	7	6	10—75
J B Fellows	8	7	8	4	7	7	6	10	9	7—73
J N Frye	8	7	7	4	9	9	6	6	6	8—70

Rest Match.

S Wilder	9	9	9	10	8	10	10	10	10	9—95
S Winchester	10	7	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	10—93

LAWRENCE, April 26.—There was a slim attendance of marksmen at the regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club Saturday afternoon, although the weather conditions were favorable for the sport. The best scores made in each match are appended:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

G J Boardman (mil)	5455444554—45	O S Webster	4444554484—42
W O Webber	4445454455—44	R G Jordan (mil)	4444444854—40
W N Payson	5544444554—43	T B Bull (mil)	5543432434—39

Creedmoor Prize Match.

A W Howland	4545454455—44	O S Webster	4444444444—40
G J Boardman (mil)	5434544445—43	P H Howe	4454444345—40
W H Authar	8544454444—41		

BOSTON SCHUETZEN CORPS, April 25.—The East Boston Schuetzen Corps turned out a large attendance at the range at Oak Island to-day, and passed a very enjoyable day. The weather conditions were good, and some very good scores were made, as follows, at 200yds.:

Creedmoor Match.

C M Guth	5445454544—44	J E Bauer	4444404444—36
L W Lombard	4544544444—42	F Perkins	3434444443—35
G H Wilfert	3445444331—39	D Bauer	8343254434—35
W Litzes	4444434444—38		

Rest Match.

C M Gueth	9	9	10	8	10	10	8	10	7	9—90
L W Lombard	7	10	9	10	9	6	7	7	9	9—83
J Kalbskopf	6	5	6	9	8	9	9	9	7	10—78
J Wessel	10	6	6	9	9	9	6	10	8	5—73
G H Wilfert	9	0	9	0	7	9	7	9	7	6—72
F Perkins	9	4	2	9	9	8	9	8	4	8—70
J E Bauer	9	9	9	2	1	7	0	10	8	6—56

THOMASTON, Conn., April 25.—A bright light with the wind changing from the four to seven o'clock quarters were the weather conditions at Bridgemoor Range to-day. Position standing, off-hand, 200yds., Massachusetts ring target:

G C Gilbert	9	12	11	9	11	9	9	12	11	11—104
W H Dunbar	9	10	10	10	9	8	12	12	11	12—103
A S Hubbard	11	11	9	10	11	10	10	6	12	12—103
G A Lemmon	9	10	9	12	8	9	12	10	10	9—99
A Fox	11	8	11	7	10	9	8	12	8	9—93
Fred A Perkins	8	11	11	10	9	3	9	10	11	10—92
C F Williams	8	3	11	11	11	9	11	9	10	7—90
C L Alling	9	9	10	3	12	11	10	11	7	6—88
F Carr	11	10	9	9	0	8	10	9	9	10—86
B H Sutliff	10	8	9	8	9	11	9	8	6	6—84
C P North	8	4	9	9	7	9	7	7	5	8—73

At our annual tournament the last week of May, cash prizes aggregating $247.25 will be given. The list will be supplemented by many valuable articles of use.—FRED. A. PERKINS.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club held their regular weekly practice shoot April 25. There were but four members present and four marksmen from Amherst. It was a good day for rifle shooting. The following scores were made, 10 shots each, 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts target:

J D Marks	10	12	11	12	10	10	9	12	11	10—107
E Stephens	12	10	11	12	12	11	11	11	9	10—109
C E Knox	10	10	9	11	10	12	12	10	11	12—106
E S Field	10	8	11	9	8	9	10	10	11	11—96
T Johnson	7	8	7	10	6	10	12	8	10	9—87
J O Jones	8	8	6	7	7	10	11	9	8	12—86
S Harrison	9	8	8	10	8	5	8	11	9	9—85
J J House	9	9	7	8	11	10	8	7	6	8—83

NEWARK, N. J.—The Essex and Frelinghuysen Rifle Clubs will shoot a series of three matches. The conditions are as follows: 1st, date of matches, 7th, 14th and 21st of May; 2d, first match to be shot on the Frelinghuysen range, the second on the Essex and the third on the Warren, 3d, any rifle, .22 cal., 3-pound pull, and regular association distance, Zettler ring target; 4th, teams to consist of ten men and ten shots per man; 5th, matches to commence at 8 P. M. sharp; 6th, time to be limited to fifteen minutes per man; 7th, each club to appoint a scorer and the scorers to appoint a referee, the teams to shoot alternately; 8th, the losing team to pay for the match shot; 9th, no sighting shots allowed; 10th, the position of the referee to be at the firing point. The Frelinghuysen team will be taken from the following members: G. D. Weigman, J. K. Walsh, E. O. Chase, R. Westerman, Geo. Zimmer, Wm. P. McLeod, A. C. Neumann, W. F. Lyon, F. Brant, J. L. Tobin, James Dainty, T. Malcolm, A. Vreeland, S. Shackelford. Essex team, G. Snellen, Wm. Watts, C. Cooper, J. Coppersmith, S. Welter, A. Lake, Wm. Germayne, E. Neil, J. McCullum, C. Meisel.

CONNECTICUT MARKSMEN.—Practice of the Connecticut Militia will extend from May 1 to October 31, and the new orders make some important modifications of existing rules. Any position without artificial rest, may be taken at the mid-range targets. The men are to be divided into three classes instead of two as heretofore. Heretofore all members making 50 per cent. of the possible score were called "marksmen," and those making 80 per cent. were termed "sharpshooters," but the new division gives members making 52 per cent. of the possible score at 200 and 500yds. a title of "marksman" and those making 66 per cent. are termed "first class marksmen," and those making 80 per cent. to be "sharpshooters." All contestants must previously have qualified in the lower grades.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

THE board of directors of the Association has spent no small thought on the question of how best to bring the more distant and at present unassociated shooters into intimate action with the main body. With the view of centralizing the friendly rivalry between the most distant members of the Association it is proposed, in the course of time, to divide the latter geographically into a number of divisions or sections, with the principal cities as the centers, where the principal offices of the gun clubs shall be established, and to, at least one of which, each member of the Association may be assigned, that is, with which he shall be entitled to shoot and to assist generally in carrying out the main objects of the Association.

It is proposed to name these clubs after the prominent Indian tribes, who originally frequented the respective localities, or other local names.

Until further notice the members will be divided into five divisions or tribes, with centers and names as follows, respectively:

New York city, the Manhattan Gun Club; Chicago, the Wyandotte Gun Club; Cincinnati, the Miami Gun Club; Nashville, the Choctaw Gun Club; San Francisco, the Modoc Gun Club.

As the number of members of the association in the vicinity of other cities increases, additional clubs will be formed, with the main office in said cities.

In the course of time it is proposed that these clubs shall rent shooting grounds, maintain an office and employ a salaried secretary or manager, whose duties shall be those usually pertaining to this office, and in addition shall assist and encourage those whose duty it is to enforce the game laws in their respective sections. This shall be done only when the number of members of each club shall be sufficiently large so as to justify the expense, which must be secured from the extra annual dues of club members, and various items of profit, such as sales of pigeons, admission fees to grounds of non members, etc.

No member of the National Gun Association is obliged to join either one of these clubs; it shall be entirely optional; it being understood moreover, that nothing contained in this prospectus shall derogate in any way from the rights and privileges of member of the National Gun Association as set forth in the constitution, by-laws and rules of said association.

It is in order that the above club expenses may be equitably divided among the club members, some of whom reside in the city and others at a distance, into the following (though a member of Class 2, 3 or 4 can, if he so chooses, be assigned as a member of Class 1):

In addition to the honorary members, there shall be four classes of members of this club, to be determined by the governing committee and depending upon the residence of the members, viz:

First Class.—The "city members," who live in the city or immediately adjoining, and who expect to avail themselves daily of the Club rooms, privileges, etc.

Second Class.—The "suburban members," who live in the suburbs of the city, outside of corporate limits and within 25 miles of the city, and who therefore do not expect to avail themselves daily of the club privileges.

Third Class.—The "distant members," who reside beyond 25 miles from and within 100 miles of the city, and who occasionally desire to avail themselves of the club privileges.

Fourth Class.—All members residing beyond 100 miles from the city.

An approximate estimate will be made of the annual expense, and divided among the club members in the following ratio:

First class, 5 (annual dues guaranteed not over $5).
Second class, 3 (annual dues guaranteed not over $3).
Third class, 2 (annual dues guaranteed not over $2).
Fourth class, 1 (annual dues guaranteed not over $1).

In other words, the annual dues may be less than the latter amounts, but they shall not be more.

When the Board of Directors of the National Gun Association have ascertained, by direct correspondence, that sufficient club members have been obtained whose annual dues, at the above rate, would meet the above-mentioned expense, then they will call a meeting of said members for the election of officers, the renting of grounds, the appointment of a salaried secretary, etc., after which meeting the above pro rata annual dues shall begin, payable semi-annually, in advance.

Upon becoming a member of the National Gun Association, the secretary of the latter will assign the same to one of the above clubs, or where a member is distant from all the centers, he is requested to state as to which of the clubs he prefers to be assigned.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly permit me to inform your numerous readers that preparations are now completed for making our First Inter-State Tournament at Springfield, O., May 5 to 9, one of the most inviting occasions of this kind of this season. The ground cannot be excelled for the purpose—few climates can be compared to that of Springfield in May—$1,50 to $2.50 per day secures good board and lodging; reduced railroad fares have been promised on routes centering at Springfield. A large attendance is expected, not only of the best shots, but also of the medium shots, as the handicap rules will enable the latter to successfully compete with the former.

This issue of your valuable paper is the final one before the tournament; hence, we desire especially to call the attention of those who do not shoot at the trap to the meeting of the members on the evening of May 4, 8 p. m., at the Arcade Hotel, for the general discussion of the affairs of the association. We especially invite the presence of such with the hope that their suggestions may enable us suitably to provide for other objects than that pertaining to the trap. Committees of various kinds will be appointed. Future tournaments will be decided upon.

Orders have been issued for 20,000 clay pigeons and 4,000 live pigeons. There will be three trap-stands for the former and two for the latter. The working of the association rules will receive a thorough test, the criticisms of all comers being invited to assist therein.

The Springfield "Big Six" brass band will enliven the daily programme with suitable music.

Refreshments will be provided on the grounds (but no liquor can be sold thereon) under the directions of the association.

L. E. RUSSEL, President.
WASHINGTON A. COSTER.
J. E. BLOOM.
F. C. BISHOP, Secretary.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot now tell you when, but I remember that a year ago, more or less, I advocated the use of the .32-cal. extra short rim-fire cartridges for revolvers. In FOREST AND STREAM, March 12, your correspondent "Paddle" agrees with me, and though I have carefully read all that you have published on this subject, yet "Paddle" is the only one of your correspondents who thinks seemingly as I do on revolver shooting.

What is a revolver to be used for? Do you want it to carry, through a 3in. barrel, a Winchester rifle cartridge, model 1873 and .44-cal? Do you want to be able to kill a man at 500yds., if you can hit him? Do you expect to engage in conflicts with grizzlies, lions, tigers "and chimeras dire?" If not, of what use is such a weapon? Who will answer?

Let me quote from "Paddle;" he says: "I use the extra short rim-fire cartridge which gives perfect satisfaction. It will not penetrate thirteen inches into a pile of pine boards, but this does not affect my peace of mind. It will go through a rabbit at 30yds. and is powerful enough for anything ordinary. With this cartridge revolver shooting becomes a pleasant pastime without the bang and kick of the heavier charge." "O! excellent young man." My idea regarding a revolver is that the cylinder should be arranged with reference to the cartridge used. There is no revolver, to my knowledge, that does this. In every one there is a jump from the point where the ball has been seated into the barrel proper. My ideal revolver is of same weight as old Smith and Wesson .32, but with cylinder shortened to just admit a .32 extra short rim-fire (or central fire when so ordered) but the mode of locking the barrel changed to the Smith and Wesson new model style. The barrel could be 3in. instead of 6, as in their old model. The cylinder should be so bored that the bullet from its very start would be confined in a tight chamber, and the single barrel should be bored of exactly the same bench size as the muzzle of the cylinder. In other words there should be no jump at all. The trigger should have a guard, etc., and not be sunk in a mere projection from the weapon. The .32 extra short might be made with an enlongated bullet.

The advantages I claim for such a weapon are increased accuracy, comfort to shooter and safety to others. A .32 extra short will not carry more than 250yds. I have tried them on water. Any person can tell whether he will probably shoot somebody or something unintentionally with only that distance possible. AMATEUR.

SOMERSET, Pa.,

SEATTLE, W. T., April 16.—The Rod and Gun Club of Seattle held their first shoot for the season of 1885, at their grounds at the Driving Park. The shoot was at 20 birds, 5 single blackbirds, 5 single clay-pigeons and 5 pairs of doubles, doubles consisting of a clay-pigeon and a blackbird, 18yds. for singles, 15yds. doubles:

	B. B.	C. P.	Doubles.				
Clarke	00101	11111	00	11	01	11	11—14
Boarman	10100	11111	10	01	10	11	01—13
Stackpool	01011	11110	01	10	10	10	11—13
McDonald	11010	11011	10	10	10	10	11—12
Perry	01000	01101	11	01	01	01	11—11
Harris	10010	10010	11	01	01	11	00—10
Robertson	00010	11101	10	10	10	10	01—10
Collins	01011	01110	00	11	10	10	00—10
McNaught	01010	01100	00	10	10	10	11— 9
Booth	10101	01000	01	10	00	10	11— 9
McMicken	01010	00110	01	10	11	00	01— 9
Edwards	00100	10111	10	00	00	10	10— 8
Brown	10010	00110	10	10	00	00	01— 8
Hardy	00101	00000	00	10	01	11	10— 7
Lewis	10103	10001	00	00	10	01	10— 7
Jones	00101	00010	00	00	00	00	00— 3
Louch	00000	00000	00	00	01	00	00— 1

First sweepstakes—5 single blackbirds: Collins 3, Lewis 2, McDonald 4, Booth 4, McMicken 1, Perry 3, Brown 2, Edwards, 4, McNaught 1, Louch 0, Stackpool 3, Robertson 4, Harris 5, Clark 3. Boarman 2, Hardy 1. Harris took first, Booth Edwards and Robertson divided second and third.

Second—3 doubles: Collins 3, Lewis 4, McDonald 3, Booth 4, McMicken 3, Perry 3, Brown 3. Edwards 4, McNaught, 3, Stackpool 3, Robertson 2, Harris 1, Clark 2, Boarman 4, Hardy 1. Lewis, Booth, Edwards and Boarman shot off at doubles: Lewis 1, Booth 3, Edwards 2, Boarman 1. Booth first, Edwards second, Boarman and Lewis divided third.

Third—5 single clay-pigeons: Collins 4, Lewis 4, McDonald 4, Booth 2, McMicken 4, Perry 3, Brown 2, Edwards 3. Louch 2, Stackpool 3, Robertson 5, Harris 4, Clark 5, Boarman 3, Hardy 3. Clark and Robertson divided first and second, Collins, Lewis, McDonald, McMicken and Harris shot off for third, miss and out: Collins 0, McDonald 1, Harris 1, Lewis 1, McMicken 0. McDonald took third.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 30.—The Cushnoc Gun Club reorganized at Fairbank's gun store this evening with the choice of the following officers: President, J. F. Pierce; Vice-Presidents, P. O Vickery, S. B. Glazier; Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Fairbanks; Executive Committee, W. T. Jones, G. M. Dana, C. R. Whitten. It was voted to have a shoot on Fast Day, at 2 o'clock P. M.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 12.—The Forester Gun Club held its first shoot of the season at Agricultural Park to-day. The weather was delightful, the birds first-class, and everything passed off successfully. The principal event was the contest for the gold medal, and eighteen members participated, the score standing as follows at the close:

Todd, 26yds	00110010101—6	Coffey, 21yds	10011000010—5
Schroth, 21yds	11110100111—9	W E Gerber, 21yds	11111011111—10
Eckhart, 26yds	10101110110—8	Watson, 26yds	11100011111—9
Verity, 21yds	10011001010—6	Kane, 21yds	11100111111—10
Hotz, 21yds	10011110100—7	Ruhstaler, 21yds	11010111110—8
Stevens, 21yds	10111011111—10	Ackerman, 21yds	01000111100—8
H Gerber, 26yds	01100111 1101—8	Dase, 21yds	11000011111—8
Miller, 21yds	01001100001— 4	Chapman, 21yds	11111011111—11
J Gerber, 26yds	11111011101—10	Zuver, 31yds	10111010111— 9

Messrs. Gerber and Chapman shot off their tie on 11 at double birds, and the former won the medal:

Gerber	11 10 11—5	Chapman	11 00 10—3

After this had been decided, a match was made between Coons and Zuver, 10 birds, for $25 a side, and Coons won easily, Zuver showing far from his usual form.

BOSTON, April 22.—The trap shooters assembled in large numbers at Walnut Hill to-day. The day was all that could be desired for the sport. Below are the records: 1. Five clay birds, five traps—Dickey first, Souther second, Bancroft third, Simon fourth. 2. Three pairs birds—Dickey first, Eager second, Simons and Gilman divided third, Webber and Brown divided fourth. 3. Seven single birds—Dickey and Webber divided first, Hart, Stark and Gilman divided second, Little, Lovejoy and Souther divided third, Knowles four h. 4. Five birds straight away—Gilman Stark and Mitchell divided first, Dodge second, Simons and Henry divided third, Souther and Moore divided fourth. 5. Three pairs birds—Gilman and Lee divided first, Bancroft second, Dickey third. 6. Seven birds, five traps—Lovejoy first, Bancroft second, Faulkner and Russell divided third, Souther and Henry divided fourth. 7. Three pairs birds—Dickey first, Eager and Shattuck second, Bancroft and Brown third, Little and Black fourth. 8. Ten single birds—Eager first, Gilmore and Stanton divided second, Dodge, Webber and Souther third, Nichols and Henry fourth. 9. Five straightaway birds—Nichols, Henry and Stark divided first, Stanton, Eager and Gilman divided second, Dodge and Souther divided third, Brown fourth. 10. Ten clay-pigeons—Stark first, Souther and Eager second, Mitchell and Moore third, Bancroft and Knowles fourth. 11. Bancroft and Stanton divided first, Hart and Eager second, Dodge and Nichols third, Souther fourth. 12. Five birds, 30 yards rise—Faulkner first, Gilman second, Mitchell third.

Team Match.

Massachusetts Rifle—First Team.				Worcester Sportsman Club.			
	Straight-				Straight-		
	S'gles.	D'bles.	away.	Total.	S'gles.	D'bles.	away.	Total.
Black	8	4		16	Eager	10	5	4	19
Stanton	9	5	4	18	Webber	8	3	4	15
Dickey	8	6	4	18—52	Gilman	9	2	4	15—49
Lowell Gun Club.					Malden Gun Club.			
F'lkner	7	3	4	14	Shatt'k	6	5	5	16
Moore	6	4	5	15	Warren	8	2	5	15
Lovejoy	9	2	4	15—44	Nichols	7	1	5	13—44
Lawrence Gun Club.					Massachusetts Rifle—1st Team.			
Lee	2	4	1	7	Little	6	3	3	12
Dodge	8	2	3	13	Russell	7	2	4	13
Banc't	6	4	5	15—35	Henry	7	3	5	15—40
Suffolk Gun Club.					Individual Badge Match—Stark first, 15 birds; Gilman second, 14; Eager third, 13; Knowles fourth, 12.			
Simons	9	2	4	15				
Hart	6	3	3	12				
Souther	8	4	3	15—42				

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn., April 22.—The following scores were made by the Manchester Gun Club to-day:

W B Cheney	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0—13
J H Cheney	0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0—10
Dexter Cheney	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—14
W Hyde	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—18
F E Watkins	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
M White	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18

TRAP NOTES.—The Country Club, of Pelham, N. Y., announce a programme of trap shooting to take place during May and June.... An offer has been made to match the English wing-shot, Captain Gwynne Price, of St. Louis, against Mr. Penrose, of San Antonio, Texas, who defeated W. F. Carver. The conditions are to be English rules, 100 live birds each for $500. ..Henry Ockerhausen, John Tilson, Richard Costello, Andrew Doyle, and others have organized a new gun club at Clifton, S. I.....The Carteret Gun Club, of Bergen Point, N. J., announces a weekly shoot for a silver cup to be won twice by a member before becoming his property.

EMERALD GUN CLUB, New Dorp, S. I., April 21.—The supply of birds was a little short of the number that we generally shoot at, however, we had a very enjoyable day and finished the shoot with clay-pigeons. The following is the score, the last three shots of each man being at clay-pigeons. Grainger, Glaccum, Hudson and Otten 30yds.; Sidley, N. Measel, Cody and Godfrey, 25yds.; rest 21yds.:

C M Grainger	0100011110— 5	J Measel	1111111111—10
W Glaccum	1110011111— 8	J Howard	0101010011— 5
H Rubine	0010101000— 3	Counsellor Cody	0101011100— 5
J P Connor	1111110000— 7	J W Godfrey	1110111110— 8
L Schermerhorn	1101110000— 6	P Heenan	0101010000— 3
R Regan	0011100010— 4	W Turner	0100010000— 2
Dr Hudson	1011010111— 7	H Mackin	1101100100— 5
H Otten	1100101111— 7	A McHale	0100100100— 3
J Mackin	1001010000— 3	P Butry	1010111010— 6
J Sidley	0010111110— 6	M W Murphy	0110101111— 7
N Measel	1011111110— 8	T Strader	1011111000— 6

J. Measel wins first prize.

Ties for second at clays: W. Glaccum 1, N. Measel 3, J. Godfrey 2.

Ties for third at clays: Dr. Hudson 1, H. Otten 4, J. P. Connor 0, M. Murphy 3.

TOPSHAM, Me., April 24.—Annual shoot of Riverside Club for club badge, 20 clay pigeons, 10 singles at 18yds. rise, 5 pairs at 16yds. rise, use of one barrel for singles:

M C Hall	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0	01	10	11	10	00— 8
A Q Goud	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0	10	11	10	11	10—14
A S Alexander	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	01	11	01	11	11—16
G N Goud	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1	10	10	00	10	11—11
S Strout	0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0	00	00	00	00	10— 7
G Strout	1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0	10	00	00	01	10— 5
G E Keen	1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0	00	00	00	01	10— 8
C L York	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1	10	11	00	10	00— 8
C Goud	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	10	11	11	00	00—12
C Simpson	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0	00	00	11	00	11— 9
A E Hall	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1	10	00	01	00	00— 6

WELLINGTON, Mass., April 25.—Wing-shooters were not very numerous at the range of the Malden Gun Club to-day. The few who were there shot the following events: 1. Five clay-pigeons—Stanton and Souther divided first. 2. Six blackbirds—Herbert and Loring divided first. 3. Six blackbirds—Shaffer first. 4. Three pair clay bird—Shaffer, Ellsworth and Scott divided first. 5. Six blackbirds—Stanton first. 6. Three pairs doubles—Shaffer first. 7. Five clay-pigeons—Ellsworth, Jones and Shaffer divided first. 8. Five blackbirds—Shaffer and Wheelock divided first. 9. Three pairs blackbirds—Shaffer first. 10. Six blackbirds—Loring first. Sanborn won the gold medal.

THE GREENWICH (CONN.) GUN CLUB, lately organized as follows: Arthur E. Rendle, President, W. Miner, Vice-President, J. M. Tracy, Treasurer, L. Contoit, Secretary. Executive Committee, Messrs. Marshall, White, Ritch and Stackhouse. The president offers a Greener $85 trap gun to the member making the highest score in the eight monthly shoots ending November this year. Regular monthly shoot for the Rendle prize, Greener gun, 20 glass balls, 4 traps, 18yds. rise.

White	0001000000110000000— 3	Ritch	0010010110110110000— 8
Mead	0100100000100001001— 5	Marshall	1110100 001010000101— 9
Miner	1011001010 0101011110—11	Contoit	1001010000000 000000— 3
Tracy	1110010001100000100— 7	Merritt	1100101111000000100— 9
Rendle	1011010001101101010—10	Brush	0100010010000000000— 3

Two special prizes were given, one to the member making the best score in the first 10 balls, won by Mr. Merritt, the other to the member making the best score in the last ten balls, won by Vice-President Miner. Sweepstakes, 5 balls, 3 traps. 18yds. rise, five entries.

White	01011—3	Rendle	11011—4
Marshall	11111—5	Ritch	11010—3
Miner	01010—2		

The next monthly shoot takes place on May 13 at the same place.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—All who would foster "The Gun" as a healthy outdoor sport are invited to join the National Gun Association, organized New Orleans, Feb. 10, 1885. Incorporated Covington, Ky., March 4, 1885. Membership fee $5. Annual dues $1. Life membership $25. A series of inter-state and international tournaments, open to members only, will be announced shortly, the first at Springfield, Ohio, prizes $2,000 guaranteed, May 5 to 9. Handbook with full details, constitution, trap shooting rules, etc., price 10 cents. Dr. L. E. Russell, President, Springfield, Ohio; Fred. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1,292, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. E. Bloom, General Manager and Treasurer, Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May 2—San Francisco Y. C., Opening Day.
May 3—Newark Y. C., Opening Cruise.
May 9—L. Y. R. A., Annual Meeting, Toronto.
May 25—N. J. Y. C., Match—Catamarans.
May 30—Oswego Y. C., Opening Cruise and Pennant Matches.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 11—Hull Y. C., First Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE CUP RACES.

A MEETING of the committee of the N. Y. Y. C. was held on Friday last to consider Mr. Beavor Webb's letter, lately received. The races will be sailed early in September, Genesta first sailing three, and in the event of her losing, Galatea also sailing three. Each series will probably consist of one triangular ocean race from Sandy Hook, one 20 miles to windward or leeward from the Hook and return, and one over the New York course, each being about 40 miles. The trial races will probably be held about July 1.

CRUISE OF THE WANDERER.

ON the morning of the 12th of December last, at 7 o'clock, I shoved the bow of my 17ft. catrig off Summerlin's wharf at Punta Rassa, situated at the lower end of San Carlos Bay, Florida, with three weeks' provisions, bound for a cruise through Charlotte Harbor, up the Wyaka River and return. My companion on this cruise was my father, a thorough sportsman, and one of the very best men I ever saw in the art of woodcraft, and many were the pleasant evenings spent with him around a cheerful fat-pine camp-fire during our three months roughing it in Florida.

We had the wind W. N. W. dead ahead, and freshening every minute. On the way across to Middle Point on Sanibel Island, I turned in a single reef, but with the strong tide and wind conflicting, we soon had plenty of the briny driving over us. Kept on, however, and reached under the lee of one of the numerous oyster bars with which these waters are studded, and concluded to come to under the point, from which a beautiful bay makes into the land some one and one-half or two miles, very shoal in spots, but full of swash channels, by which we felt our way inside. We smoothed the water at once, and sounding as we went along, soon found that we had plenty of water close into the beach. Came to twenty yards from beach, and paid out on the cable until the stern of our dingey just touched the sloping sand, so that we could use her as a ferry by pulling her up to our stern and shoving her ashore. Right here let me say, that during my stay in Florida I found a grapnel of much more service than an anchor, as the bottom is so full of oyster shells and 'coon oysters that an ordinary anchor fails to hold.

We went ashore and soon had a good fire going and the coffee pot singing, for we were somewhat chilly even in that land of perpetual sunshine, as a Florida norther brings nasty disagreeable weather. By this time the wind was howling for keeps, baffling from N. W. to N., accompanied by dashes of rain. My paternal, whom I shall call the Captain, for convenience, smiled as he stretched his fins over toward the warmth and said, "Guess there's no hurry," and immediately afterward made a frantic grab at the coffee pot as it had began to boil at a fearful rate, and that Captain swore by good coffee.

Ate our dinner of Boston baked beans, clams, bread and coffee, and taking my small caliber rifle, a .32 Winchester, and pulling across to the key opposite, walked around the beach. While groping under the thick mangroves I heard a sort of snarling sound, and peering carefully through the thick green foliage I saw two 'coon fighting over some 'coon oysters. Drew a bead on one and floored him, the other ran a yard or two and stood up on his hind leg, offering a pretty shot, which I accepted. At the sound of my rifle a big flock of white egrets, cranes, etc., etc., rose and flew over me, alighting in a thick cluster some twenty five rods distant. I drew a fine sight on a bunch of fifty or more and cut loose leaving one in his gore on the mud, took his plume, about half formed, and went to camp.

When about half way across the bay I heard the smothered report of a rifle way over in the middle of the island. Never dreaming it was the Captain, I pulled away, arriving at camp found it deserted and made up my mind something had been killed, for the old gentleman is one of the kind that never shoots at small game when deer hunting. Poked up the fire and lighted the old consoler. An hour dragged along and no one showed up. A good sign, for if he had killed nothing he would have been in long ago. It was getting dark rapidly and I set about getting supper of fried bacon, potatoes and coffee. Had everything nearly done and began to worry, as it was no child's play to go through a howling and strange wilderness and keep your bearings, and I began picturing the Captain lying alongside of a big fire alone that night with half a hurricane blowing, when a short, sharp whoop to my left caused me to let out an ear-splitting yell that would have done credit to a genuine "injun." The Captain soon put in an appearance, lugging a 100 pound buck, and such a sight; mud from head to foot and leggins hanging in pieces from frequent contact with the saw palmetto, but nevertheless his sunburnt face had a smile that was "childlike and bland" as he murmured: "Holy smoke what a hole I got into."

We ate supper, skinned and hung up the deer, and turned in after rigging our mosquito bars, which a man can hardly live without in Florida. I obtained the design of my bar from Dr. R. J. Levis, of Philadelphia, but improved it a great deal after using the original one some two weeks.

Turned out at 6 in the morning and found that the norther was still howling. No getting away that day, sure, so I went to work at a cabin for the yacht. It proved a mighty lucky thing for me that I served an apprenticeship of eight years before the mast in my father's ships, as I had on more than one occasion on this cruise to use the palm and needle. Turned out next morning and found the wind had gone to the eastward and had lulled somewhat. Concluded to make a start, and after boiling a big pot of beans and cooking some venison to eat on the way, made sail, steering W. N. W. to the two short stakes on middle ground on starboard hand, from thence N. W. to China Island, and N. ½ W. from China Island to Patricio. The wind hauled with us and we began to fly. Passed close by Useppa and saw the genial Irishman standing on the beach. The channel lies very close to the island here, and as we passed him he cordially invited us to land and lay in a supply of limes and guavas, the cultivation of which occupies his attention. Had just time enough to yell that we were going to the Myaka and wished to use this fair wind when we were out of hail, and hauled her up N. by E. ½ E., ranging Patricio with southwesterly end of Useppa Island. This course took us out of the ship channel to the black and red buoy off Cape Haze. Rounded the cape, wind hauling east and kicking up a nasty beam sea. Kept her going, and just at sundown reached into the mouth of the Myaka River. Made a camp on a rather high point, well pleased to have come the fifty odd miles in one day.

Turned out next morning and got up a breakfast of venison, potatoes, coffee and bread that would do to set before a queen. Saw before us a wide river, the surface of which was covered with ducks (salt water), which the Captain called "shell crackers." The point on which we had camped had one single palmetto tree close to the water, so naming it in accordance, we pulled off to the yacht, and getting under way, stood off up the river.

Laying our course about north, and as nearly in the middle of the river as possible, we bowled along up the Myaka in good shape. Having no charts, we were obliged to go it blind, judging from the lay of the land where to look for shoals. The wind freshened up due south, and we were not long in covering five miles, where we had been told as many as a thousand islands would appear. Made island No. 1 and attempted to pass it to port; brought up standing on a sandbar, and all hands went overboard to shove her astern. Got her off all right, and the skipper took an oar and went on a sounding tour; found that the channel lay close to the west bank, and shoved the yacht over that side. Dropped the peak and felt our way along. Passed a white bird rookery to starboard, and the river widening out before us we began to smile, thinking we were out of the woods; found to our dismay that the channel ran out in a shallow bay, showing not over 8 to 10in. water. Didn't find it out, however, until the dingey tried to play leap-frog over us. Captain said something in Spanish, and overboard we all went and stood back close hauled into deep water.

How to get out of that pocket was what bothered us. Nothing but solid pine woods to port; sandbars, oyster beds and marsh to starboard. I was letting her slide along easy, with the luff of the mainsail shaking, when I was startled by "Holy smoke, Ed, look at that snake. Hand me the gun, quick." Well, just at that time I was peering around on all sides for a channel between the islands, and in attempting to pass the gun let her luff on to an oyster bed. The snake dove, just showing a powerful rail, rather blunt at the end. I took it to be a moccasin, but soon forgot all about it in getting the yacht off her hard bed. Lit my pipe and went overboard; as I did so a porpoise rose right between two thick clumps of mangroves, thus showing us a channel; how far it would take us remained to be seen. Shoved the Wanderer back into deep water, hulled away, and half a minute later kept her square after Mr. Porpoise. The passage was so narrow we had to haul the sheet flat aft in order to clear the mangroves. She kept her way on, however, shooting out into a sort of lagoon; the tide being low the bars showed the channel, and the whiff on my pipe grew longer as I felt her slipping along with at least three feet of water under her. Ran her bow against the bank and cooked some venison, onions, potatoes and coffee, hurrying in order to make the most of the fair wind.

Got under way at two bells. Had the river stretching away before us now and couldn't help smiling at the manner of our escape from the shoal pocket, and taking a vote concluded that porpoises amounted to a great deal. At eight bells, river narrowing rapidly and crooked. Found a good camping place and landed. Water yet salty, and as darkness came upon us the ruddy glow of the pine logs drew numerous schools of mullet close to the bank. Rigged the grains and soon had five fine ones for a fry. I found this fish to be the best one to eat in the South, to my notion, either as a frying fish or boiling fish. They looked beautiful, darting and leaping over each other, throwing the phospores cence from their silvery sides in their eagerness to see what our camp fire was.

After supper I took the jack lamp and with the Captain to scull me, went up the river and killed nine large 'gators, skinned three of them next day, also secured some teeth. Found the 'gators plentiful and rather tame up the river. Turned in at 11 o'clock, figuring we had made about 15 miles northing, or forty miles actual sailing.

Turned out at sunrise, and after partaking of a hasty breakfast of boiled rice and syrup, shoved off and stood up the river. Soon the live oaks began to appear, and made a landing to look for turkey signs. Found a few and also deer tracks. Took in our mainsail at 11 A. M., the river growing too crooked and narrow to admit of sailing. Manned the poles after lashing boom firmly amidships, and the way we shoved the Wanderer up that creek would have done credit to a genuine flat-boatman.

At 4 P. M. the live oaks were plentiful, and we made a camp in their midst and bordering a cabbage palmetto grove. Father disappeared to the eastward with his rifle and turkey caller, for we had found any amount of "scratchings" in the sand. It could not have been over twenty minutes when four turkeys flew past me, crossing the river and lighting in the live-oak tops. I knew the Captain had started them, and stood listening for his shot. The birds across the river began to gobble, and an old gobbler flew down and strutted up and down the river bank. I couldn't stand that, so made a quiet sneak for my .32, secured it and threw it to my shoulder. Just as I glanced along the barrel—crack! went the Captain's gun to my left, causing my old gobbler to stop, raise one foot, and jog his head from side to side, a motion peculiar to this noble bird, either tame or wild. I seized the opportunity offered and put a bullet square through the butt of his wings. The captain now appeared with a fine hen turkey over his shoulders and a smile on his face.

We smoked our pipes with a silent satisfaction and turned in, resolved to remain in our present location for a time.

HUGH, JR.

TESTS OF ANTI-CORROSIVE AND ANTI-FOULING PAINTS.

WITH a view of determining the best coating for the new cruisers now building, the Naval Advisory Board ordered a thorough test of various compositions and paints to be made by Naval Constructor S. H. Park, Inspector of Paints. Makers of paints were invited to furnish samples for tests, sufficient to cover a 300sq. ft. area, to be sent to the navy yard at Washington, the Department agreeing to furnish to each party an official report of the results of the trials, the makers of any samples which failed to be allowed to furnish a sample for second trial. The results of the tests have lately been published in a pamphlet issued by the Naval Department. As the tests were only made on steel ship plates they are of comparatively small value to yachtsmen. Should a second test be made, as recommended by the Board, it would be a comparatively inexpensive matter to add some wooden test plates to the steel ones, thereby obtaining knowledge that would be useful both to the yachtsman and also to the Navy Department. In the method of testing employed a number of plates of ship steel, the same as used in the new cruisers, each 4ft. square and weighing 4 pounds per foot, were cleansed by immersion for one hour in a bath of one part sulphuric acid to 8 parts water, after which they were dried, weighed, painted with the composition to be tested and again weighed. Cages were prepared holding eight plates each, in which they were held for submersion, each plate being insulated by rubber packing. Two plates from each lot were sent to the following places: Portsmouth, N. H., Norfolk, Va., and Key West, Fla.; two also being kept at Washington. With each set were also sent four plates painted with three coats of red lead paint, two of them being first pickled and cleaned, and two as they came from the mill. The cages, those at Washington and Portsmouth being of wood, the other two of iron, were immersed for a period of about eight months, being inspected at intervals.

The circular first sent out to the makers of various compositions brought twenty-eight samples of paint, with which plates were coated and sent to the localities named, the paints being applied either by the makers or the Government.

In inspecting the plates after immersion but one cage at the time was taken out, all the plates being examined when it was replaced and another raised. The points specially noted were as follows: Proportion of plate from which paint is peeled, proportions of plate on which paint is loose or blistered, or on which the composition is dissolved, nature of fouling, grass, oysters, weeds, scum, barnacles, etc., with characteristics, evidences of corrosion or pitting, to be determined by cleaning the paint and examining it; lastly, the condition of the metal found by removing the paint from a space 5in. square. The rubber packing was also carefully examined and replaced when missing. As an additional test, the iron tug Speedwell was hauled out at Washington, carefully scraped and painted with a sample of each kind of paint. She was launched in December, 1883, and for eight months was about the waters of Washington, Portsmouth, N. H., New York and Norfolk, principally the latter place. In June, 1884, she was docked and examined, and again in December, 1884. From the results of the tests the Advisory Board concluded that the best paint was that made by P. G. West of Wilmington, Del., the next in order being the Gould Elastic Paint, made in Newark, N.J., both of which were recommended for use on the iron ships of the navy. Two others, that of F. W. Devoe and that of J. T. White & Co., were recommended as satisfactory.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Oceanus Y. C. was organized in San Francisco on April 2, with the following officers: N. Sweeny, Commander; James Young, Vice-Commander; E. E. Drees, Secretary; H. E. Besthorn, Jr., Treasurer. Members—N. Sweeny, E. E. Drees, H. J. Carlin, F. S. Davis, James Young, H. E. Besthorn, F. W. Barry, C. W. Pierce, J. W. Oxmo.

San Francisco Y. C.—April 7.—Commodore, C. H. Harrison; Vice-Commodore, I. Gutte; Secretary, Chas. G. Yalo; Financial Secretary, H. T. Gibbs; Treasurer, F. Bangs; Mariner, Mathew Turner; Directors, C. W. Kellogg, John Lee, W. Letts Oliver, J. D. Grant, N. B. Underhill, Jr.

MELUSINA.—Mr. Horace Binney writes us that the name of his new cutter is not Moya, but Melusina. The Moya, his former boat, still retains her old name.

LIGHTSHIPS ON THE ATLANTIC.

THIS plan was first suggested somewhat over a year ago by a member of the British Institution of Civil Engineers, who, however, confined himself strictly to the scientific aspect of the project. Recent statements in connection with the subject are to the effect that experience with lightships proves a vessel, if properly constructed, to be capable of riding out the fiercest storms at anchor, except on rare occasions, and that the light steel cables of recent construction have been successfully used to anchor ships in the deepest water.

Let us suppose a chain of lightships, seven in number, to be stretched across the ocean from the Grand Banks to the shores of Ireland. Then the distance between shore and ship and between the ships themselves would be about 250 miles. Each ship would ride to a mushroom anchor, which would permit it to swing to the tide without fouling. Only a small dynamo-electric machine and engine would be required to keep an arc light aglow in the tops.

The deep-sea cable extending along the whole line and connecting the lightships with the shore could be brought to the surface near each ship and buoyed, so that electrical connection could be made or broken at will. Each vessel would have permanent moorings, the anchor cable being made fast to a buoy, and not the lightship itself, so that, in case of peculiarly unfavorable conditions of weather, such as a hurricane, for instance, a lightship could slip her cables and run before it or be hove to under a small trysail, or permitted to drift to leeward under a floating anchor, regaining her moorings when opportunity offered.

The advantages of such a system of lightships must be apparent even to the most pronounced landsman. The stations being 250 miles apart, no ship upon the high seas, if following the alignment of the lightship, need at any time be more than 125 miles from telegraphic communication with the shore or from succor in case of mishap. This would be only an eight hours' run, and even much less, for a first class steamer, and about twelve hours' run for a sailing vessel with a fair wind. The position of each lightship would, of course, be accurately determined and laid down on the United States Coast Survey and Admiralty charts. The progress of the Great Atlantic liners could be telegraphed daily to both America and Europe, if kept within sight of the lightship, and that painful suspense which now attends the breaking of a shaft or rudder, would rarely, if ever, be experienced.—*The Iron Age.*

YACHTING NOTES.—The Stranger has been on the screw dock to receive a new four-bladed Delamater wheel. ..Galatea, Miss Mary Anderson's steam yacht, was sold at auction last week for $2,100 to Mr. W. H. Bender, of Lake George. She was built at Pamrapo by McGiehan, in 1882, and is 52ft. long and 9ft. 6in. beam. The "French-rigged boat" advertised to be sold with her, was an ordinary yawl with a spritsail. It brought $75....Norseman, schooner, Mr. Ogden Goelet, arrived at Fortress Monroe from New York on April 23. Mr. James O. Proudfit, treasurer N. Y. Y. C., and Mr. James B. Toler are also on board....Daphne, sloop, ex-Commodore James R. Maxwell, was launched from Mumm's yard last week....Norna, schooner, is now overhauling at Mumm's....Radha, steam yacht, is overhauling, after her cruise, at the foot of Fifth street....Magnolia, steam yacht, Mr. Fairman Rogers, arrived at Charleston, S. C., on April 22. She is bound from Florida to New York....Gannet, sloop, Mr. Oliver Adams, has had her centerboard removed and an iron keel 1ft. deep and of 2,300 pounds added. Thos. Webber, of New Rochelle, made the pattern, and completed the work in a very satisfactory manner....Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The new book is now in press and will soon be ready. It shows a fleet of 96 sail, divided into 13 steamers, 15 schooners, 18 cutters, 23 sloops and 27 open boats....Mr. Chas. J. Clarke, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has bought from E. E. Roberts his launch No. 21. She is 29ft. long, 6ft. beam, with 4x4 engine and vertical boiler 28x 42in. ..Knickerbocker Y. C. A new bridge 150ft. long and 6ft. wide, with a float 25x90ft., replaces the old one swept away last winter. The sloop Wacondah, K. Y. C., has six electric lights in her cabin, of two-candle power each, supplied by a storage battery good for four days' use.

HOW TO STOW THE DINGEY.—At the present season a few remarks on this difficulty may possibly be of use, and the following I have found a good arrangement: Let the after bulkhead dividing the cabin from the well, in lieu of being fixed, be movable, and let it be made of ¾in. board in divisions each a foot wide. These boards should be connected in pairs with brass hinges, so that when not in use they can close like a book, and be easily stowed away. The side seats in the well should always be made to flap down on strong hinges, to admit of getting as near as possible to the vessel's side both for standing and stowage, and a groove be made at the after end of the cabin deck or hatch, with a corresponding one on the well platform. The grooves should not continue the whole distance across, either at top or bottom, but a break should be left for the insertion of the bulkhead boards, which can thus be slid into their places on each side. It often happens that either in running a long distance, or going round a headland in a disturbed tideway, means of securing the dingey should be ready, and no method can ever be so safe as placing it below the deck level. By removing the after bulkhead the bow of the boat can be introduced into the cabin for the time, and lowered down on the platform. If it is desired to retain the platform for stowage space during the run, a couple of boards may be laid across the side seats to stow the dingey at this level. A small yacht of 8 tons, in which I went a few days' cruise some years since, was thus fitted, and had a sliding hatch on top of the fixed one, or cabin-head, which could be drawn aft and cover up the whole well if desired. Of the many small yachts I have met with, I never saw any plan which so thoroughly answered its purpose.—*J. C. Wilcocks in London Field.*

GALATEA.—We learn from private sources that Lt. Henn's new cutter is of exceptionally strong construction. It is now determined to enter her in the early races before starting across and she may enter the Brenton's Reef and Goelet Cup races on this side. Cranfield, of the Miranda, will command her. Our correspondent adds: "I expect that she will reach away from Genesta, but I doubt her being more weatherly, as I do not think it possible for any craft propelled by sails to be closer winded than the latter. If Galatea is as good on that point as Genesta, and can reach with irex, she will be a 'nailer' and will give the new sloops some trouble."

SWINGING KEELS FOR YACHTS.—Exeter, N. H., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there anything more to be said in favor of swinging keels for small boats? No doubt there are many who would gladly use them if it is a practicable thing. I have watched to see if your paper had anything more from correspondents in relation to this kind of keel, and I thought perhaps those who had written about it may be waiting for some one to suggest something in favor of the swinging keel. If or one should be glad to see more favorable comments on it than have yet appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM.—E. O. LEAVITT.

OSWEGO Y. C.—The following are the officers of Oswego Y. C. for 1885: Commodore, John T. Mott; Vice-Commodore, W. B. Phelps, Jr.; Captain, Allen Ames; Secretary, Chas. A. Worts; Treasurer, J. D. Henderson; Fleet Surgeon, J. W. Eddy, M. D.; Directors, J. B. McMurrich, Swits Conde, J. B. Donnelly; Regatta Committee, B. F. Fitch, W. Gordon, G. D. Hart, F. Conde, R. S. Sloan, W. B. Burt, A. N. Ratcliffe; House Committee, J. P. Phelps, E. B. Mott, J. P. Tuttle. The following are dates arranged so far: May 30, opening cruise; May 30, champion pennant regatta.

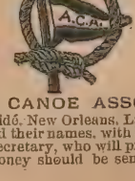
THE NEW STEEL STEAMER.—The new steam yacht, building at Piepgrass & Pine's, was not launched on Wednesday, on account of low water. She will be put over on Saturday next.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

FIXTURES.

May 29, 30—Pittsburgh C. C., Camp on Monongahela.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.



CANOE CLUB HOUSE PLANS.

A CANOE CLUB HOUSE.

As our canoe clubs grow in members and means, the question of a house is one of the most important that they have to consider. The expense of building even a small house is often a heavy burden for a young club, added to each man's private expenditure for boat, etc., but the growth and prosperity of an organization depend largely on the inducements it offers to members. A good shelter for the canoes, suitable racks and lockers, and a dressing room, coupled with a convenient location and facilities for launching, are the prime requisites. Next to these is needed a suitable meeting room, neatly furnished and clean, in which are kept the books, papers, models, etc., of the club. To put all under one roof at first is beyond the reach of most new clubs, who must begin in a small way, adding each year as they can afford it. The value of land along the water usually makes it desirable to build with the smaller side or end facing the water, but where room can be had for a house running parallel with the shore, there are some advantages in the style of house shown above, which we will call the "stall" plan. The main feature of the system is the division of the space into stalls or alcoves, each giving stowage room for 4 or 6 canoes, with a locker and dressing room at the end for the owners of the boats. A cheap house for a small club can be built with a floor space 20x10ft. The sills, floor joists and flooring being laid on suitable foundations, a light frame is built and sheathed with "novelty siding" or weather boards. The dimensions of this frame will be 8ft. high at ends. The sides will of course be 8ft. high where they join the ends, rising to 18ft. at the center, the roof pitching from the middle of the building toward the two ends. A door 5ft. wide in the water end gives exit for the boats. The boat room is 10x15ft. with 3 racks on each side, leaving a 5ft. gangway. The dressing room, with a small door opening on the street, is 5x10ft., with lockers for 4 or 6 men. Some stowage room is also left in the roof. This house can be built very cheaply and can be enlarged when needed by the addition of a duplicate on one or both sides. This addition can be continued indefinitely, each giving room for 6 canoes and 6 men if required. As the club increases an upper story 20x20 may be added if the lower be built strong enough to carry it. A wide piazza can be run along the front. If desired, instead of a second story, a space or two in the center can be taken for a club room. Such a building can be of very light framing, little material being required, the cost of labor will be very small, and additions can be made as required. The plans given above are for a large house on the "stall" plan, but under one roof, now building by the Hartford C. C. Instead of racks above, the lower tier of canoes, which rests on the floor, tables CC are built, supported on posts, each holding 2 canoes, while the dressing rooms accommodate 4 men each.

The house is located opposite the steamboat dock under a small grove of trees, well protected from floods, about 25ft. above low water mark, and about 80ft. back from the river. It can be reached by a ferry which the janitor will run at stated intervals during the day, and also run by call through the telephone, or by walking or taking a car across the bridge.

The main floor of the house is 60×30ft. A piazza runs across the entire front (60ft.) from the center of which an incline extends to the float which is 15×20ft. On the incline will run a car for the transportation of the canoes to and from the float. The north end of the house is furnished in two stories, on the second of which is the janitor's room, etc.

The interior accommodations are ample, as will be seen by looking at plan No. 1, first floor.

L R., locker rooms, 10×6ft., are designed to accommodate four persons each, who will keep their canoes on and under the racks C C. S S are staircases, the interior ones leading up to the janitor's quarters and down into the basement, where there is an earth closet, etc., and the outside one being for ordinary ingress and egress. W W are windows and D D doorways, the larger one for canoes to be taken through to the incline and the small one for ordinary use.

Plan No. 2 shows the front of the house, with incline, piazza, doors, etc., and No. 3 is an end view of the house. The house, incline, float and all complete cost $1,300, and was built by contract.

"PADDLING CANOES AND PADDLING RACES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your April 16 number contained a surprise for me in the article written by "Boreas." To accuse a builder, in the columns of a sportsman's journal like Forest and Stream, of publishing in his catalogue "statements likely to mislead the canoeist" and "untruths," is a grave charge, and one not to be passed over in silence. As the Forest and Stream has given space for the accusation, we trust it will also give space in which it may be refuted.

The "misleading statement" is nothing more or less than Article II. of the constitution of the A. C. A., and has been published in the writer's catalogue since 1882. Rather queer that the sharp eyes of "Boreas" had not seen it before. However, we hope that the A. C. A. will amend its constitution so that the publication of any of its articles will not "mislead."

Now to the second and graver charge;

I quote from "Boreas": "Again on page 20, in describing the Princess model, Mr. R. says, *re* the Nellie, 15×31½; She was also second in a half mile race, the first in the race being Mr. Johnson, in a canoe built especially for racing. *This is not true* [italics are the writer's] and is unfair to Mr. Johnson."

The record as published in Forest and Stream, shows that Mr. Johnson brought three canoes to the meet of '84, viz.: Maggie, 18ft.×24in.: Hillcrest, 16ft.×28in., and Mamie, 16ft.×31in. If these canoes were not built for racing, then it is a singular coincidence that one of them crowded the limit to a fraction and the other two were full length and but 1in. over beam for the events in which they could enter, and that Mr. Johnson went into every regular paddling race of the meet, using in each race whichever of these canoes it was to his advantage to use. This he had an undoubted right to do under the rules. Still, Mr. Johnson's persistent efforts to contest for and win every paddling race led to the belief that he was a professional (which was indignantly denied by his friends), and more than anything else led to the adoption of the rule that thereafter members should use but one canoe in A. C. A. races.

"Boreas," with far less than his usual perception, seems to have overlooked the fact that the language which he complains of was not found in a newspaper article where the reader might feel in doubt whether the point arrived at was to compare the merits of men or canoes, but in a catalogue describing canoes, and where there could be no possible doubt of its meaning, viz.: that the 15x31½ Princess (said by some to be unfit for paddling) had, in one event at least, proved nearly a match for a canoe "built especially for racing," and paddled by a man of Mr. Johnson's acknowledged prowess. We fail to see where the language used was "unfair" toward Mr. Johnson. Certainly nothing of the kind was intended, and as to the "untruth," we believe the record of events as above recited is circumstantial evidence strong enough to clear us from any imputation that our male parent was the individual who tempted Eve.

As regards Mr. Johnson he may well be proud of his record as a paddler. The writer is unacquainted with him but has always heard him spoken of as a genial and pleasant gentleman, whose hand he hopes to grasp at the next A. C. A. meet. J. H. Rushton.

Canton, N. Y., April 20.

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.

The regatta committee thank the undermentioned members for their kind promises of prize flags and other prizes, received since the last acknowledgment.

The Rochester C. C., per Mr. Geo. H. Harris, one flag.
Mr. R. W. Baldin, Ottawa, for Miss Baldwin, one flag.
Mr. J. K. Bakewell, Washington, D. C., for Mrs. Bakewell, one flag.
Mr. Will Brooks, San Francisco, Cal., for Mrs. Brooks, one flag.
Mr. W. J. Root, Brooklyn, one flag.

Making a total of twenty-four flags. Forty-five are required. Offers of special prizes received from Mr. S. D. Kendall, a flag for canoeist making the longest independent cruise, and from "Dorsal Fin" of a camp kit as prize for an appropriate contest.

R. W. Gibson, Chairman Regatta Committee.

AROUND STATEN ISLAND.

Starting from "Marmalade Lodge" one bright spring morning, the Red Rover bounded off under full sail, as if she enjoyed the prospect of her first cruise for the season, and indeed it was a joyous scene; the sun shining brightly and warmly after the long cold winter, the waters dancing and sparkling as if glad to be relieved of the icy intruders, who had bobbed up and down on their surface for weeks and weeks, and the skipper as light-hearted as if he had thrown away work forever instead of a couple of days.

Dashing along at a merry rate, the Red Rover made short work of the distance between "Marmalade Lodge" and the entrance to Staten Island Sound, over whose waters she was soon speeding. Sometimes passing oyster skiffs whose owners watch the little canoe at first with derision and then with envy at the easy way in which she slipped through the water, and answered her crew's cheery "good morning" with different degrees of gruffness, varying with the condition of their individual digestive organs. Sometimes shooting by a quiet farmhouse, whose neat exterior showed that thrift and comfort reigned; sometimes gliding past a pebbly beach or steep bank. Although it was not yet noon, the skipper began to feel hungry (some claim that he always feels so), and decided to lunch before reaching Tottenville. In order to carry out this excellent scheme, the Red Rover was run aground on a mud flat about five yards from the shore and preparations for the feast begun. After rummaging around in the "fore hold" the flamme forcée lamp and alcohol bottle were produced, along with some canned salmon, tea, sugar, salt and crackers. The tea being made and the salmon warmed, after the lamp had nearly consumed the skipper's lower extremities, which were in "wading trim," the Red Rover's captain and crew proceeded, without any regard for rank, to enjoy the good things set before them. Some small boys who had thus far watched the proceeding in idleness, were now impressed into the service, and a couple of tin pails and some orders given them to fetch fresh water. The messengers having returned, the crew set to work restowing the cargo and hoisting sail.

Running down to Tottenville, the Red Rover was soon busy dodging the numerous sloops and schooners that lay before that ancient town, some of them at anchor and some of them sailing about, and all of them apparently bent on being destroyed by the sharp nose of that little vessel. To increase the difficulties of the gallant skipper of the festive Red Rover, the wind and tide were now dead ahead, and the laziness of the crew even stronger than usual. Somewhat daunted by this combination of difficulties, it was decided to go into camp, although the afternoon was yet young. Accordingly the canoe was run ashore about a mile below Tottenville, and camp pitched in the worst place the skipper could possibly find.

Having "slicked up" a little the skipper started for town, leaving his craft to take care of herself. After wandering around the town for awhile and exciting general comment by his appearance, the skipper returned toward evening to his camp, and was muchly relieved to find things all right.

The "inner man" again raising a howl, supper was considered in order, and the preparations therefor begun. Searching for fire wood for some little time, a pile of old shingles was found near a deserted house, and immediately appropriated, and contrary to all sayings about stolen goods, etc., made an excellent fire which cooked a first-rate supper. While the culinary art was being indulged in, the skipper of a coaster happened along and kept the Red Rover and her crew company till the latter turned in, and then went away declaring that the "hull bizness" looked like a corpse in a coffin, and indeed the resemblance must have been strong, as the skipper lay on his back in the bottom of the canoe with his upturned face gleaming in the starlight.

The next morning was foggy and squally, and the weather gave every promise of being as dirty as possible for the remainder of the day. After breakfast the cargo was restowed and the canoe restored to her natural element, was soon banging away at the short, sharp seas, under the pressure of her mainsail. That day seemed to be made up of fog, squalls and desolation, for the whole coast was deserted save for an occasional fishing party, who were out in spite of the weather, and who gazed at the canoe with wonder as she went along over the big seas that the wind was rolling up in the lower bay. The wind increased steadily till toward four bells it was blowing almost half a gale, and what was worse, the fog had become so thick that it was impossible to see fifty yards in any direction. In spite of this the Red Rover kept on till she ran onto a shoal, over which the surf was breaking violently, and was half filled by the foam of one big fellow. How she ever got out is still a mystery to her skipper, who only knows that get out she did, and no sooner was she out than she lay as straight a course as possible for a lighthouse, which she had passed but a few moments before entering the breakers. Arriving opposite the light the skipper quickly lashed the sail to the deck (the Red Rover was lateen rigged), and put the hatches out of harm's way, then grasping the paddle he backed her through the surf, jumped out, seized the forward end of the cockpit, and with the help of the willing lighthouse keeper soon had her out of danger. As it was useless to attempt to continue on that day, it was arranged with the lighthouse keeper to leave the canoe in his charge for a day or so. Accordingly, after having donned dry raiment, the crew of the Red Rover walked to New Dorp, where the train was taken for the city.

Monday afternoon sees the Red Rover afloat again, but under very different circumstances. The fog is gone, the wind is to be scarcely felt, and the glorious spring sun again makes the water dance and sparkle and glitter as her skipper lazily swings his paddle to the tune of his favorite songs, and partly drifts to the "Narrows," where the breeze being favorable, sail is hoisted and the dear little craft glides through the gathering darkness to the boathouse. Friday.

New York, March 19.

THE NEWBURG MEET.

At a meeting of canoeists representing four different clubs, held at Newburg, March 30, it was decided to hold the spring meet on the last Friday and Saturday (29th and 30th) of May. The camp will be ready for canoeists on Thursday, 28th. The location will be at Plum Point, near the camp ground of last year.

The float will be anchored off the northern extremity of the Point, and all races will start from and finish at that point.

The course for sailing races will be three miles, in form of a triangle, the base running one mile due east from the float, thence northwesterly one mile and back to starting point.

The paddling course will be half a mile south from float and return.

Wind and weather favoring, the regular races will be sailed Friday afternoon, 29th. Should there be no wind the sailing races will be postponed till next day, to be sailed either morning or afternoon, as the regatta committee may decide.

There will be four races, in following order:

First—Class 4, paddling.
Second—Class A, sailing, three miles.
Third—Class B, sailing, three miles.
Fourth—Class 2, paddling, one mile.

Saturday will be reserved for special races and other events of interest. For that day the committee in charge would like a race between four canoes to be selected, one each, from the four leading models in the races of the day before. Would also like a race in which all unclassified canoes could enter.

The committee are well aware that the time is limited and that crowding too many events into the programme would destroy all the pleasure of the meet, so limit the number of regular events to four, with two extras if found expedient. Any additions or alterations may be made later, or at time of meeting. Any special races may be arranged at that time. The committee will make races for beaching canoes, and will endeavor to have the float securely anchored. If the secretaries of clubs will at their earliest convenience report to our purser, Mr. H. A. Harrison, the number of their men likely to be present, they will greatly aid us in making the necessary arrangements.

Transportation from New York may be had by steamer James T. Brett from foot of Rector street, Pier 6, at 11 o'clock A. M., and from West Twenty-first street at 11:15. She will stop at the Knickerbocker Club House and at Rockland Point or Haverstraw for the Shattemucs of Sing Sing if desired. This boat is the successor to the "Milk-slinger," much larger and with good accommodations for passengers

and freight. Canoeists from up the river may come by Albany Day Line, Newburg and Albany boats or West Shore R. R., the freight yard of latter being close to the water. Those on line of O. & W. R. R. may come to Cornwall, one mile from camp. The "bunkboat man" will be on hand to furnish provisions to those who may need them. Any further information will be furnished on application to H. A. Harrison, Lock Box 512, Newburg, N. Y.

NATE S. SMITH, for Committee.

A CRUISE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

WEDNESDAY, July 30, 1884. Wyalusing to Terrytown, three miles. We started about 4 P. M., after much trouble, amid great confusion and excitement, weather suffocating, horns blowing and pennants flying, in the first race to see who would win the laurels for taking the first stroke in the river, from the tail of the mill race where we launched our canoes. I lost my burgee and also all hopes of honors. After passing into the river and towing about an hour, we came to good paddling, and as F. wished to sail or try to, I paddled on and came to a place which I thought would make a good camp, and soon had fire started and supper cooking. F. came in and we set up tent, fixed bunks, ate supper, wrote letters, and to bed but not to sleep, being used to something a good deal softer than the earth; it was a long night but ended at last.

July 31. Terrytown to Rummerfield, seven miles. At the first streak of light we were up and packing, a strong south wind blowing, and we did not mean to lose any time. [The reader will please bear in mind that we were going up the river.] Came to camp early, having to tow but once or twice; rained a fine rain all day, very disagreeable, camped early, supped and wrote letters home, and then laid down on Mother Earth again, but not to stay awake after 8 P. M.

Aug. 1. Rummerfield to Standing Stone, three miles. We camped here at 2 P. M., slept till 9 this morning and not rested yet; foggy morning but nice day.

Aug. 2. Standing Stone to Breakneck, fourteen miles. With a light north wind, stopped at Towanda and got some things to eat. Camped about 6. F. caught a few fish but broke his paddle digging worms. Made a bed of hemlock browse, got ready for the morrow; good camping ground, but no water but the river.

Aug. 3. Breakneck. Nothing like a hemlock bed on a camping expedition if you have time to make it. About 8:30 A. M. a track-walker came down to camp, and after asking a few questions of him he began, "Hanny hatchet," picking up the camp ax, "Very handy little hatchet, rather have it than a hammer with the claws on." So he kept going for an hour or hour and a half. I guess he was a lunatic, and we were glad to see him go. About 10:30 A. M. two friends came up having walked from Wysox, 7 miles below here, where they expected to find us; they brought papers and letters from home which were acceptable. I walked about ½ mile down to the railroad to a mile post and found we were 27 miles from home by that, but by the log 31; fixed F.'s paddle.

Aug. 4. Breakneck to Sneshequin, 4 miles. South wind blowing a young hurricane, but we were going to try it. The boys got off early for Ulster to catch train for home; sailed 4 miles in two hours; blowing, but did not try it again.

Aug. 5. Sheshequin to Athens, 10 miles. Reached Athens at 7 P. M.; a warm day; a good many riffs (rapids) and lots of towing; saw some friends and got some victuals. Started down at 7:30; it seemed very nice to be going down; ran about a mile below town and slept on cobble stones covered with blankets, slept very well, however.

Aug. 6. To Breakneck, no camp stuff to pack; breakfasted on tinned goods, and an early start; everything as we left it, let the canoes float down about 13 miles to-day.

Aug. 7. To Rummerfield, 17 miles. Same camp as we were in a week ago to-day.

Aug. 8. Home, 10 miles. A nice day; a tip over and an immense time in an old scow; caught a nice string of fish; we were out about 10 days and made 85 miles, one-half of which was against the current. We had 200lbs. burden which was 100 or more too much. Next season we think of shipping our canoes to some point north and then cruise down 150 or 200 miles on the beautiful river of many bends, Susquehanna.

DOMINE.

ROYAL CANOE CLUB.—The first races of the season came off at Hampton on Saturday last, prizes being offered by Mr. J. W. Clayton. The wind at the time fixed for the sailing race being much too light for sailing, it was decided to start the paddlers first. The course was half a mile down stream. S. Futcher, Claud Scott and E. A. Leach were the only competitors. Scott was unfortunate enough to break his backboard just after starting, and Leach not being in training, Futcher had an easy win. At the conclusion of the paddling race a light easterly air sprung up, and it was decided to send the canoes four rounds of the Thames Valley short course, that club having been kind enough to place their club house and course at the disposal of the R.C.C. for the day. The entries were: Nautilus, W. Baden Powell; Pearl (No. 6) A. H. Tredwen; Pearl (No. 7). Moskva, W. E. Graham, did not start. Diamond and Wave were also expected, but had been carted over to Hendon Lake for the races there, so they still remain dark horses for the present. The new Pearl was first to feel the light air, and slipped away with the lead, which she maintained to the finish, Nautilus and the old Pearl alternately heading one another during the first three rounds, when the latter fouled the upper buoy badly and had to retire. The rig of Mr. Powell's new boat, a combination of sliding gunter and battened lug, did not appear suitable for an up-river course, but on Hendon, or any other open water where a true breeze can be obtained, will no doubt show to better advantage. The races over, the members of the club, to the number of thirty-three, were entertained by Mr. Clayton with his wonted hospitality at his house on the river, and the events of the coming season were discussed far into the evening.—*London Field.*

AN EASTER CRUISE.—A correspondent in England writes us of a pleasant little cruise at Easter, as follows: "We had two fairly warm days on which during several hours the sun shone, and one day when, although it rained, the wind was strong and fair. Our party included six men and five boats—two canoe yaw's two open gigs (a 12ft. keel and a 10ft. centerboard) and a Clyde canoe. On Easter Monday an outrigged canoe (14×30) turned up with American lateen sails. They are splendidly simple, but can hardly be considered safe for running, as there is no possibility of lowering away for a squall or a heavy jibe. I lived the whole day in terror of the upset which came at last, though not in consequence of the sails, but because her skipper managed to run her on to a chain with which a horse boat was grinding across the Brent. As I had fortunately kept close to him all day I was able to come to the rescue with dry clothes. After emptying the canoe I rowed her on after the rest of the flotilla, leaving my mate and the half-drowned one to bring my yawl. The 10ft. centerboard gig was upset in a revolving squall while beating up a canal with sheets fast and sculls out, but fortunately plenty of help and dry clothes were at hand. You will see that our little cruise was not without incident. My boat was the only one that completed the journey by water, all the rest finishing by steamer; but I had to leave her for a few days until the wind moderated and the cold became less intense. The stopping places were: Thursday evening, Ganisboro; Friday, Torksey; Saturday and Sunday, Lincoln; Monday, Omston Ferry; Tuesday, Burton Stather. I rowed down the last twenty miles to Hull on Saturday, wind light ahead, then home by train."

TAUNTON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The officers are: Commodore, T. R. Breed; Vice-Commodore, L. C. Bryant; Purser and Secretary, William Fox, Summer street, Taunton, Mass. This club was formed one year ago with a membership of twenty, with nineteen canvas canoes and one Stella Maris. At the annual meeting held April 15, 1885, the old board of officers were re-elected. The signal of the club is a blue field, with T. C. C. in white letters in the center. Commodore's signal, two crossed paddles.—T. R. BREED, Commodore.

HARTFORD C. C.—The loss occasioned by the withdrawal of a few dissatisfied members last winter has been more than made up by the addition of new members, and the roll is now larger than before. The club is in a very prosperous condition, and will soon be as well housed as any club in the country.

N. Y. C. C.—The new constitution was finally adopted at the meeting on April 23. It was decided, if possible, to build a floating house, to be anchored near their present location. Mr. Vaux, in company with Mr. Coudert, paddled the new Sea Bee from Williamsburgh to Marmalade Lodge on Saturday evening. After supper a reception was held in honor of the new addition to the fleet. She will soon appear with a suit of sails of new design, 70 and 30ft. balance lugs, planned by her owner.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. A. C., Providence, R. I.—Can you tell me where I can get a temporary binder for the FOREST AND STREAM? ANS. We can furnish it. Price $1.50.

F. M. T., Brockville, Canada.—The various "spar compositions" in the market are all patented, and their ingredients are known only to the makers.

L. R. K., Hampden, Mass.—How can I capture minnows, and how can I make a net to do it? Ans. Write to any of our tackle dealers for price of minnow seines. You can get them with leads and floats ready to haul.

J. T. C., Cincinnati, O.—Is there any fish known which produces its young alive and fully developed? If so, please settle a dispute by stating its name, and where it is found. Ans. Yes. There are several. Some of the sharks and dogfishes do so, but the best known and most interesting fishes with this habit are in the family *Embiotocidæ*, inhabiting the Pacific coast of North America, commonly known as viviparous perches. They are common in California.

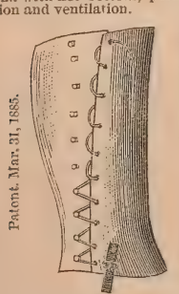
J. M. R., Little Rock, Ark.—I want to ask you a question. I see numerous references in your paper to small-mouthed black bass. What is a small-mouthed bass? We have in our lakes a black bass with a mouth like a cellar door, average size three pounds, though they grow to seven and eight. They have a stripe on the side. In the Ouachita and other clear rivers we have a black bass, smaller every way, without the stripe, and blacker. Both are vigorous biters and make a hard fight, the river fish fighting the hardest, though a good deal of that is due to swift current I think. Is this river bass a small-mouth? If so he is a misnomer. I never tried a fly on him but he will take a troll. Ans. Close the mouth of the fish and if the maxillary bone reaches beyond the eye it is a big-mouth. In the small mouth this bone reaches to the front or middle of the eye. The latter has minute scales on its dorsal and anal fins. The stripe usually denotes the big-mouth.

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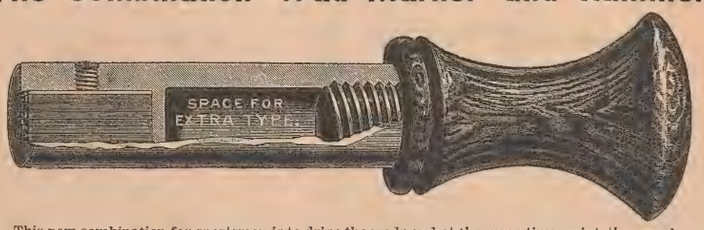


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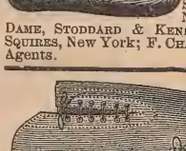
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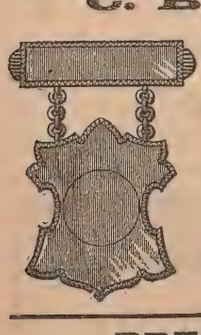
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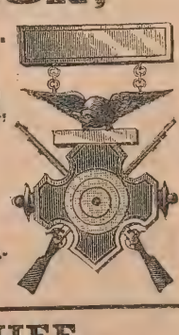


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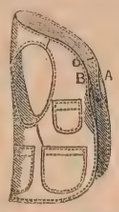
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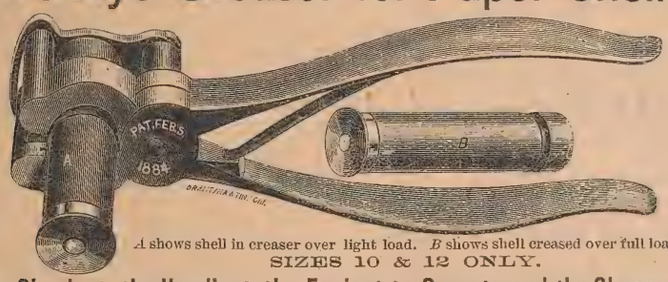


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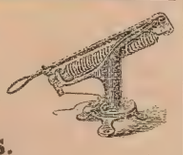
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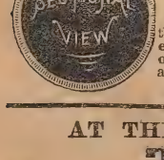
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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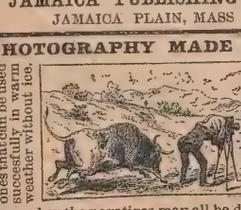
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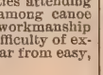
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 15. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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AMERICAN ARMS AND FOREIGN WAR.

WILL the war in Europe, which is now so imminent, bring any grist to America's small-arm shops? This is a question which has often been asked during the past few weeks, and answered by seeming experts by directly opposing replies. It is undoubtedly true that the private armories are now working along under double pressure, turning out weapons and ammunition. Where all the product is to go is, of course, kept a deep mystery, and it is not at all unlikely that there is a bit of speculation going on by the manufacturers who are making up stock in anticipation of expected orders.

It should be borne in mind that both England and Russia have rifle making plants of the most extensive sort. In Russia the army is provided with the Berdan & Mauser rifles, made up after German models, though much of the machinery came from this country. These rifles are somewhat antiquated, being complicated in construction, carrying cartridges which give a very high trajectory and consequent limited killing space, while the low initial velocity and large bore make them very unsatisfactory as an arm of precision.

England has been making certain changes in her small-arm supply. The Snider has been discarded, and even the Martini-Henry, fine weapon that it was, has been crowded from a portion of the regular army to make way for later models supposed to be of superior design. The result is that the resources of the Woolwich Arsenal would prove far too limited to meet the great demand which would come upon this great firearm factory if war should be declared. It has been discovered that the practice of putting inferior arms into the hands of the native troops, such as those of the Indian regiments, is not a wise one. These allies of England have found out that to do the best work they need the best tools, and are no longer to be put off with such rifles as have been condemned for use by English troops.

Another point of more than ordinary importance in all this discussion is the trouble which constantly threatens from the confusion of ammunition. Each rifle carries its special cartridge, which will not serve any other weapon. The result is that in the hurry and scurry of train dispatching, it very often happens that the wrong cartridge cases are sent to the fighting men in the front, and they are left with magnificent rifles, yet of no more use than so many hay-sticks. This condition of affairs was met again and again during our late civil war, and it would require the most careful sort of management of the supply trains to prevent its happening along the enormous fighting line which will open with the Anglo-Russian war.

America's opportunity will come in supplementing the arm-producing capacity of the European arsenals, or in furnishing the machinery to be put in charge of English or Russian workmen. The supply of fixed ammunition for both sides in the war could all come from the American Cartridge Company pool, with prompt delivery guaranteed.

The war would be doubly interesting to those who have made small arms a study if it will tend to settle many of the open questions in this branch of ordnance practice. The new rifle for the English regulars has had no end of adverse criticism directed against it, some dubbing it the M. M. (miserable malformation) rifle, and it is described by one of the war correspondents who saw its use at the Soudan, as certain to jam after firing a few rounds. It is to be hoped that the new models magazine rifles may be given a fair trial in the hands of picked troops. These rifles certainly represent the best result of the inventive efforts of late years, and it only remains to give them that last and final test which only actual warfare and firing at living targets can give. Then it will be seen whether they are as really destructive as theory points out they should be. This class of weapon has received the special attention of American inventors, and none of the foreign models can compare with those offered in this country. Should they be found to fulfill expectations, it will only prove that this country is still in the front rank and unrivaled in this branch of manufacture.

THE NEW TROUT LAW.

FROM all sides we hear echoes of the opinions expressed in our editorial of April 23, condemning the way in which an act was passed suddenly, and without a day's grace, closing the trout season after it had been legally opened, as well as in exempting Queens and Suffolk counties from its action. We have fully pointed out the injustice of the sudden closing while a man might have been legally fishing in the morning and subject to arrest in the afternoon, but the more we consider the exemption of the two counties the more idiotic it seems. The fish are protected in April in the counties of New York and Kings, where there are none, but where the great markets are, and allowed to be caught in the same month in Queens and Suffolk, the two greatest trout-producing counties in the State, but where there are no markets.

Why it is that to every law pertaining to fish and game Long Island should be excepted we fail to see. It was excepted from the provisions of the bill forbidding the hounding of deer, when the fact is that the few deer left on the Island might be forbidden to be killed in any manner, at any time, and no injustice be done. They are worth more to look at than to kill. But the trout that a Brooklyn gentleman may legally kill he dare not take home, a distance of twenty miles or so. Let us have a law passed that there shall be no legislation concerning fishing without the approval of the Commissioners of Fisheries to the proposed act. In this case the majority of the Board of Commissioners knew nothing of it until it was passed. Messrs. Roosevelt and Blackford never heard of it until it had received the Governor's signature, and Gen. Sherman saw a draft of the bill in which there was no extension of the close season until May 1, that being added afterward. Whether Mr. Bowman knew of the matter or not we cannot say.

We have not objected to make the opening of the trout season May 1, but we did object to the manner in which it was done and to the exception of the counties named. If New York city and Brooklyn had also been exempted, then it would not deprive our club men of bringing home their catch, nor the markets from selling trout from the great source of supply. That there will be changes in the law before next April is certain, for the anglers of New York city and vicinity are indignant.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.—Up to the time of our going to press, Wednesday, the deer hounding bill had not been signed by the Governor. The time for its signature expires to-day. We profoundly hope that it may become a law. The Otis bill relating to duck netting passed the Assembly yesterday.

COL. STUART TAYLOR, well known to our readers as the wielder of a most facile pen in yacht and dog discussions, has been appointed Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco.

NEEDS OF THE PARK.

AN attentive reading of the recently printed letters sent us by a staff correspondent from the region of the Yellowstone Park will convince one of the urgent need of Congressional legislation for this reservation. Matters in the National Park are at present in an unsatisfactory condition. Senator Vest's bill, if it had become a law, would have brought about a better state of things, but even then there would still have been room for improvement. We have been at no little pains to thoroughly inform ourselves on all points connected with it, and after a careful study of the subject offer certain recommendations for the government of the Park.

Three most important objects are to be attained by having a proper form of government there. These are the protection—

First, of the forests;

Second, of the natural curiosities, and

Third, of the game.

Besides these are the minor considerations of providing easy access to points of interest by means of good roads.

FOREST AND STREAM has so often insisted on the three points above enumerated, that their importance is acknowledged by all who have given the matter any thought.

1. From an economic standpoint, the most important and pressing requirement of the National Park is the protection of its forests. In the mountains which lie within the reservation, are the sources of two great rivers. The forests, which clothe the slopes of these mountains, protect the springs which give rise to these streams, regulate the melting of the snows in spring, and store up in their spongy floor moisture, which is given forth during summer and autumn, and renders the flow of these rivers equable. These two streams, the Snake and the Yellowstone, water a vast territory to the west and east of the Rocky Mountains, and all through this territory crops can be grown only by irrigating the soil. If these forests were to be destroyed, the result would be that the volume of these two great rivers would be decreased, or if not at once lessened, would be rendered irregular. If this takes place, the settlers along their banks, down on the plains on either side of the divide, will suffer incalculable injury.

2. To those who are interested in the preservation of this wonderland, the protection of the natural curiosities from destruction by the vandals who desire to carry them away with them seems scarcely less important than the conservance of the forests. For nearly fourteen years the work of tearing down these marvelous specimens of nature's handiwork has been going on, and the supply is well nigh exhausted. Unless steps are promptly taken to stop the destructive work, a few years more will see the last geyser crater leveled with the ground.

3. All enlightened people, and above all, all scientific men and all sportsmen, are anxious that the game of the region should be preserved. It is within the recollection of all of us that the buffalo were so numerous on the plains of the West that one could travel for days and never be out of sight of them during the hours of daylight. They have passed away, but the destruction of other species of our wild game goes on; and although their extinction cannot be compassed so speedily as was that of the buffalo, it will come just as surely, unless some place be set apart where these animals can be free from molestation. Such a region is the Yellowstone Park, if enlarged and properly protected, and there is still game enough within its boundaries to amply stock it, if the work of destruction is stopped at once. There are even a few buffalo still left there, a very few to be sure, but perhaps enough, if rigidly protected, to keep alive this noble race for a few years longer. But protective measures, if they are to be of any use, must be adopted at once, and must be sternly enforced. In a few years it will be too late to save the game, and how desolate this reservation will be if it is without life.

The necessity for such protection being acknowledged, it is evident that the only means of effecting it for so large a region is by providing an efficient force of officers whose duty it shall be to patrol the Park, and by arresting and bringing to justice those who violate the law, make it evident to such offenders that punishment will follow the commission of illegal acts. The existing law provides for the appointment of such officers, but unfortunately does not clothe them with the powers of sheriff or constable, nor authorize them to make arrests. At present, therefore, if an assistant superintendent surprises an individual in the act of destroying any natural curiosity, or slaughtering

game, or firing the forest, he has no power to do more than to order him to cease his work of destruction. To have him arrested, he is obliged to ride off to the nearest Justice of the Peace, obtain from him a warrant, find a constable and bring him back to the spot where the offense was committed, and then see that the constable arrests the individual—if he can. To do all this may require from fifty to one hundred miles of riding, occupying a couple of days, and it is very evident that the chance of apprehending the culprit at the end of this time is small.

If it had not been for the enlightened action of the Territory of Wyoming, even this weak attempt at enforcing the law would be impossible. Almost the whole of the Park lies within Wyoming, and at a recent session of the Legislature of the Territory, funds were appropriated to build a jail, and to pay justices and two constables for the Park, so that as a matter of fact the local government of the reservation to-day depends on Wyoming, and not upon the United States, which professes to own and preserve it. That such a state of things exists is surely a disgrace to Congress.

The appropriations annually made for the Park are very inadequate. Last summer the sum available for engineering work, including the building and mending of roads and bridges amounted to about $27,000. The bill authorizing this appropriation was passed July 7, and on account of red tape at Washington, it probably was not available for a month after this date. At all events the engineer officer in charge of the work had not reached the Park the last of August, and up to that time, we understand, not a stroke of work had been done. Travel may be expected to cease about Sept. 15, but even if it should last into October it is evident that three months out of the four during which work can be carried on in the Park, were wasted by the delay in furnishing the funds. It has been clearly shown that the mending of the roads should be done as early in the summer as possible, since the spring floods from the melting snows and rains do a vast amount of damage to roads left in good condition in the autumn. Much of the work completed in the fall is undone by the elements before travel sets in the following summer. The meagre appropriations are thus expended in the most wasteful manner; not through any fault of those who have the work in charge, but solely because Congress fails to appreciate the necessities of the case.

An absurd condition of things exists here so far as the Superintendent and his assistants are concerned. The former is the nominal head of the Park, but has control of no money and no men. He has no laborers to keep things in order, no buildings in which to store supplies, no tools. There is no one under him to carry out his orders. If a bridge breaks down, or a lot of trees fall across a road, or a washout occurs, there is no one that he can send to repair the damage or remove the obstructions, and if there were any one to send, he has no spades nor picks nor axes nor saws to be used in the work of repair. If an assistant chooses to ride off to some camp or hotel, borrow some tools, and attempt the work, he can do so, but he has no Government property which he can make use of for such a purpose.

The Superintendent is thus at present a mere figurehead, occupying an office which ought to be important, honorable and responsible, but which under the present state of affairs is merely nominal. If the Park is to be properly cared for there must be some one man who shall be responsible for the way in which things are attended to there; some one on whom the blame for neglect, or the credit for good work, should rest. No such responsibility is incurred by the Superintendent at present. He should have in his own hands the nomination of his assistants, who should be removable at once on his recommendation. Thus with an honest and efficient Superintendent, the assistants would feel that their continuance in office depended on the prompt and faithful performance of their duties. At present the positions of assistants are filled by appointment of the Secretary of the Interior, and several of those occupying this office are relatives of members of Congress. This, of course, would be nothing against them if they were competent men, but many of them are not. On the contrary, a number of them are men from the East, wholly unacquainted with the region and its requirements, its game, its natural features, its forests. They cannot find their way about, and are utterly helpless when they get off the roads and trails. They do no good whatever. We do not mean to do injustice to any of these officials who are conscientiously striving to carry out their instructions. We know that there are among them several who are good men, and who are thoroughly in earnest in their efforts to do all that they can in protecting the reservation, but they are terribly handicapped in their work because of their lack of power and of material to work with.

This is all wrong. The proper men for the positions of assistants are those who are familiar with the country and competent to travel through it, to look after themselves and to care for the natural curiosities, the timber, and the game. There are many such men to be found in the neighborhood of the Park—old mountaineers who have lived there for years, and who know the country well. Such men—although they do not often express it—have a real enthusiasm for the Park and its wonders, and would value, and most acceptably fill, such positions. They would be thoroughly competent, and their love for the beautiful region which has long been their home would render them enthusiastic in guarding it from injury and would insure their fidelity to the trust committed to their charge. At the same time it may be said that a number of the present assistants have now been stationed for a couple of years in the Park, and have no doubt learned a great deal which makes them better fitted for the position than any new men from the East would be.

The whole government and management of the Park, as at present constituted, are radically wrong. The Park should not be under the immediate control of the Secretary of the Interior. Any one who will think about it for a moment will see that it is impossible for this official to give the subject the attention which it requires. The Secretary's duties are enormously numerous, and subjects even more important than the guardianship of the Park are constantly claiming his attention. Even if he had the time to give to the matter the consideration which it requires, it is impossible that he should do so. He is too far off. It is absurd to think that every time the Superintendent feels the necessity of taking certain action he should be obliged to send to Washington for an authorization to carry out his plans. The conditions which govern the Park are constantly changing, and we do not yet know what is required there. The government of the Park is now, and will be for a long time, made up of a hundred matters of detail, which can only be determined by one who is on the spot, and the proper person to have control of all these details is the Superintendent, who can then be held to a strict accountability for all his actions. Give him plenty of power and some money to spend, so that he may accomplish something, and then if he does not do his duty, off with his official head and replace him by a better man.

But there must clearly be some men or some body of men over the Superintendent, for he must be looked after more sharply than can be done by the Secretary of the Interior. The readiest way of accomplishing this would be to give the control of the Park to a Board of Commissioners, who might be styled the Commissioners of the National Park. The Commission should consist of at least five individuals, and probably this number would be better than any larger one. It would seem fitting that the Governors of Montana and Wyoming Territories should *ex officio* be members of this Commission, and in the same way the engineer officer, who is for the time being the Chief of Engineers of the Department of the Missouri, should be one of its number. A scientific man familiar with the Park ought by all means to belong to it, and the position is so important, that it should be held by one of the Chief Geologists of the United States Survey. The fifth member should be some intelligent man, not in politics, who takes an enlightened interest in the reservation, in timber preservation, and in game protection. Such a man would not be difficult to find, and would be a very useful member of this body.

Such a Commission of five individuals would not be so large as to be unwieldy, and at the same time it would be sufficiently numerous to insure a proper inspection of the Park at frequent intervals. Several of the members being experts upon the various subjects of most importance in the conservancy of the Park, a wise supervision would be exercised over the roads and ways, the natural curiosities, the timber and the game, and suggestions and advice would be given to the Superintendent as to all these matters.

The Commission would no doubt be willing to serve without pay, but their expenses should be paid to the Park, and transportation furnished them through it, by the Government. They should visit the Park once or twice each year, and by December 1 report to the Secretary of the Interior as to the condition of the reservation and the improvements most necessary to be made. They should look after the Superintendent and his assistants, and see that they perform their duties properly, and should have the power to recommend the removal of any and every official connected with the Park in case it appears to them that such changes would be for the benefit of the reservation. In fact they should be the ones to whom the public should look for the proper supervision and care of this whole region.

The failure of Senator Vest's bill has put off for a year the extension of the Park and the providing of adequate laws for its government. The delay will prove an expensive one, and the culpable neglect of Congress on this matter is disgraceful, and on all accounts to be deplored. Whether the next Congress will be equally remiss cannot be told, but it is discouraging to those who have for years labored in behalf of the people to save the National Park from ruin, to see all their efforts go for naught. That these efforts will eventually be appreciated at their proper worth cannot be doubted, but in the meantime the old work of irreparable destruction, of forest burning, and of game slaughter will go on. As things are now, it is only by vigorous action of the Territories that anything can be done to save the most interesting features of the Park.

One step which should be taken without delay by the executives of the Territories of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming is to appoint the assistant superintendents of the Park constables or deputy sheriffs for those Territories. This would give them the power to make arrests themselves, instead of being obliged, as is now the case, to hunt up a constable. The appointments need not entail any expense on the Territorial governments, for the assistant superintendents, or at least those of them who are sufficiently interested in the Park to be anxious to do their duty by it, would no doubt be willing to accept these Territorial appointments and to serve without pay. The men who would not do so should be replaced by others who would.

To sum up, then, the National Park should be placed under the control of five Commissioners, who should be responsible for its care, and should make annual reports with recommendations to the Secretary of the Interior, who would thus be relieved of all detail work in connection with the reservation. All he would have to do would be to carry out the recommendations of the Board. To these Commissioners should be transferred most of the powers now vested in the Secretary. They should be authorized to lease lands, to grant licenses to run stage lines and pack trains, and to give permits to erect buildings and corrals. They should have authority to recommend the cancellation of any lease for cause, or the revocation of any license or permit. They should be the source from which the assistants appointed by the Superintendent should receive their commissions, and should be at liberty to refuse to issue the same at their discretion.

The Superintendent should be directly responsible to the Commission, on whose recommendation the Secretary of the Interior should remove him in case he does not appear to them the proper man for the place, and who should nominate to the Secretary his successor.

The powers of the Superintendent should be considerably enlarged, and a reasonable portion of the annual appropriation placed at his disposal. He should have authority to hire laborers and to make requisition on the engineer officer in charge of the roads for Government property—tools and supplies—to a reasonable extent. He should watch the Government tenants in the Park, and promptly report to the Commission any violations by them of the Park regulations.

The engineer officer in charge of the roads and bridges has an important part to perform in the Park. It is not necessary that his powers should be enlarged or curtailed; but he should certainly have more money given him, and it should always be ready for him by June 1, so that he may begin work just as soon as it is possible to get into the Park. In this way he can make his work show for something, and the visitors to the Park will be able to travel over good roads.

Finally, the assistant superintendents who are appointed in the future ought to be Western men; not loafers about the towns, but men who live away from them and out in the open air, who know the country and its needs; who can follow the trail of the man who fires the forest and kills the game until they have caught him, and then—just bring him into camp.

Take the offices in the gift of the Commission out of politics, and let that body manage the Park economically and well, as they would manage it if it were their private property.

This matter is one requiring careful thought and attention to detail, but the plan here outlined is one which can be carried out. If it be adopted the future of the Park is assured.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

V.

I WRITE you from the Oak and Pine—a curiosity worth going many miles to see. There are two trees, one a low, sturdy, spreading live oak with three heavy, horizontal arms, gnarled and crooked, and the other a tall, umbrella-topped Florida pine growing up between two branches of the oak and firmly embraced by the angle of the strong limbs. And the two trees have become welded or grafted together by some strange chance, until the union seems perfect and indissoluble. The graft or weld is two and one-half feet in length perpendicularly, and seven feet in circumference at the junction, and the trees seem in perfect health. There is no apparent reason why they should not remain so for a century. Of course it will not be claimed that a tree of the genus *quercus* drains sustenance from a resinous conifer, or *vice versa*, but it looks like it. Hundreds have visited the trees the past season, and only one man claims to have seen anything like it before, and that on a smaller scale and much less perfect. The trees, including the camp, were photographed a few days ago, and I shall send you a copy of the same.

My last letter left us—Tarpon and the writer—about to explore the inlet of Lake Butler, called Brooker Creek. We had made camp on the west shore of a bay at the head of the lake and south of the narrows, and in going to the mouth of the inlet we headed north through the narrows, then turned to the east, skirted a shore lined with lily-pads, and soon came to a high, arched opening in the swampy forest where, under the meeting limbs of moss covered cypresses, the inlet debouched. It all had a decidedly tropical look, except the lily-pads, which I do not remember to have seen in the tropics. But the cabbage palms, palmettoes, vines, etc., looked much as they do on a Brazilian cano.

As the Captain quietly paddled under the lofty moss-covered trees he suggested that I get a feathered spoon in order, and take bass enough for dinner, as it might take us all day to explore the stream to the head of navigation, while he went ahead with the gun. So I, being all ready with Henshall rod and a gaudy silver and scarlet spoon with a showy tail of ibis feathers, got good headway on the canoe and sent the tinseled cheat far out on the port quarter, away from the lily-pads. It was short work. Hardly had the spoon got down to regular twirling than it was savagely snapped; and, as I don't lose time monkeying with a good fish where roots and lily-pads are handy, I reeled in at my best gait. He pulled hard and leaped out of water frantically; but I kept him coming until he had little more than ten feet of line, and then I drew him rapidly back and forth

with all the strain I dared put on the line, whopping him quickly at each turn, until he seemed to have lost his compass points and all notion as to where he wanted to go. Then I led him up to the canoe, and before he had time to take scare, had my thumb in his mouth. He was so dazed that he hung limp while I knocked him in the head. It is a pretty sure way to save a large fish—if your tackle be strong enough. Weighing him carefully with thumb and four finger, I said, "Four pounds (river weight), and enough for dinner and supper. Bismillah! Am I a cormorant? And there goes the Captain's gun; belike he has shot a turkey or a duck, at least."

So I paddled silently up stream, and found the Captain gazing earnestly at a wilderness of Spanish moss that hung in festoons and masses from the limbs of a huge cypress. He said, "I just wounded a hammock squirrel, but he dodged into the moss, and he is the same color. Might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack." And he took up the paddle again while I followed noiselessly behind, to give the gun a chance. Presently he laid in the paddle and raised the 12-bore. I backed water silently, as before, and his shot was followed by the splash of a dead squirrel which struck the water close to my canoe. "There," he said, "that's the hammock squirrel you've been wanting to examine. Look him over and say what you think of him." I did look him over carefully from nose to the tip of his tail, and he was just the same in every particular as the gray squirrel of the North. They are identical in all points, and not different varieties. And they are not as handsomely marked or as large by half as the fox-squirrel of this region. The latter being to my thinking the finest squirrel I have ever seen.

As we work our way leisurely up the dark, tortuous stream, the banks grow higher, dryer and show an occasional landing spot, at one of which the Captain pauses and says, "This is as far up as I have ever been. I came here with Mrs. K. last summer, and we tied up at this point for a lunch. Just as I was making the canoe fast I noticed a large water moccasin coiled up in easy reach of the canoe. It didn't take long to come down on his neck with the edge of the paddle and put him under. But it spoiled Mrs. K.'s appetite. And 'Nessmuk,' old boy, don't pride yourself too much in not being afraid of snakes; you might cruise all your life in Florida without being bitten, but the snakes are here, and if you do get bitten fairly and deeply either by the water moccasin or diamond rattler, you may as well sing your death song. Many cases have occurred in the south-western part of this State, and nearly all have proved fatal in a few hours after the bite was received. A little caution costs nothing."

Which is all very true. But all the same I am watching the chances for a black diamond rattler and a healthy, well-grown moccasin, that the skins of the same may adorn the sanctum of FOREST AND STREAM.

Cruising leisurely up the stream we suddenly opened on a burst of bright sunlight, and there was the usual Florida landscape; dry palmetto ground, wire grass and scattering pines, with a dry sandy bank on one side and thick hammock on the other.

We landed for a better view of the country, and the Captain suddenly ducked his head, came back to the canoe for his gun, took sight along the ground and cut loose. A bevy of quail got up and scattered off in different directions, while the Captain picked up three birds as the result of his ground shot.

"I'm aware it's not scientific shooting," he said, "but I'm shooting for the camp-pot. Besides if you undertake to flush them here they will mostly run off and hide under the palmettoes."

As the birds just filled the bill on fish and meat for one day's rations, I voted the shot as being in order, and we continued the cruise, but not for long. The stream narrowed, became more crooked, and was much obstructed by vines, hanging limbs and fallen trees. A few more crooked turns and we came to a huge trunk lying straight across the course. As it was a few inches above the water, the Captain, whose canoe is low in the rise and with little sheer, thought he could work her under, while the Bucktail with more rise and higher stems would have to be carried. So he straddled the log and wriggled his canoe under it, got in again and commenced to work his way up stream, while I landed the Bucktail, and being doubtful as to much more cruising in that direction, got out the pipe, selected a nice log and commenced whittling navy plug. It was a pleasant lonely nook for a contemplative, philosophical smoke, and I felt willing to resign the honors of discovery to the Linnie and her crew, while I enjoyed it.

I think it was ten minutes before I lost sight of that red shirt and black skull cap, wiring and twisting among vines, logs, bushes, etc., and in ten minutes more a voice hailed from above.

"You needn't come any further. Here's the head of navigation."

"I wasn't coming any further; I was smoking. Drive a stake and come back."

"No; you come up here."

So I went, and found the stream had degenerated to a forest rill, hardly big enough to float a bread tray. And it was scarcely a mile and a half back to the lake, and only 10 o'clock A. M. This was the tropical, mysterious and little-known Brooker Creek, where deer and turkeys were said to be plenty, with lots of wildcats and a few bear thrown in as extras. We saw fresh deer tracks, but no bear nor turkey signs; and the only living thing we saved was a large, black woodpecker, with a very bright scarlet crest, which, being only winged, fought and screamed like a demon, driving its strong, lance-like bill into the Captain's hands until they were covered with blood as he vainly tried to extinguish it by gentle strangulation, so as not to injure the feathers for a specimen.

Then we got into the canoes and headed down stream. We had packed all our traps and come prepared to camp on the inlet, but decided to go back to our camp on the bay, loaf around until evening, then shoot birds and fish for bass to take home. Man proposes, etc. When we had paddled half way to the lake, and were in the swamp where there was no landing, the Captain hailed sharply with, "I've cut a hole in my canoe; leaking fast."

"Dig out for a dry landing," I yelled. And with his long, muscular arms and nine-foot double blade he turned the canoe and soon sent her out of sight up stream. I followed at a leisurely stroke and found him landed on a dry, sandy bank, the canoe unpacked and turned up to dry, while he had started a fire and was busy with bits of canvas, wax and the usual duffle of those who go down to rivers and lakes in canvas canoes, and as he stuck the hatchet-head in the fire to heat he remarked sententiously, "The beauty of a rag canoe is that she is so easily mended." And I rejoined, "The beauty of a clinker-built cedar is that she takes ten times the amount of snagging and don't need any mending at all." "And costs twice as much," said he. "And lasts four times as long and will float a man when she is swamped," said I.

On the whole, it was not so unlucky that cut in the canvas. For in unpacking the canoe the Captain missed his favorite camp axe, which he remembered to have left sticking in a log where he had turned to go down stream; and that axe could never be made good by a new one. It had cruised with him all the way from St. Johnsbury, Vt., to Tarpon Springs in the Solid Comfort, and thousands of miles besides, and it had to be retrieved if it took all summer. Then it struck me that we were in a very good place for a camp; there was plenty of wood, pure, cool water, and dry ground, with pine timber for a frame in the hammock near by. The Captain had made the camp on the bay, and I volunteered to make one on the inlet while he went for his axe. So, the mended canoe being dried, he paddled out and I proceeded to cut crotches and poles for a frame. It was not a long job, and when he came back with his axe I had the camp all ready for the palmetto thatch, which he assisted in laying on properly; and by the middle of the afternoon we had a snug camp for the night. Dinner was a little late, but good, and we feasted on fried bass and squirrel to our heart's content, with coffee made in the Captain's best manner—and no man makes it better.

Then he, doing as he had a mind, paddled off in search of specimens, while I took the Bucktail down to the lake intent on trolling for bass; but fishing was a failure. There was a strong breeze directly up the lake, and the sharp, chopping sea made work for both hands with the double blade. Lake Butler can kick up a stiffer sea for its size than any sheet of fresh water this side of the Adirondacks that I am acquainted with. I paddled back and spent the balance of the afternoon slicking up the camp and making things cosy for the night, and just before dark the Captain came back with a long-legged, ill-looking bird that was new to me.

It was a pleasant camp that. The weather was fine, the wind went down with the sun, the tea had a flavor that it only has in the woods, the pine burned brightly and steadily, and our pipes drew to perfection. And when, having swapped yarns until a late hour, we drew our blankets about us, there came the old familiar Voices of the Night. Voices familiar, yet unknown. Voices that I knew fifty years ago, but the owners thereof have always been to me a mystery. And not to me alone, but to all the naturalists with whom I have ever spent a summer's night in the forest. And there were the voices, too, that I had known from childhood as belonging to the owls, the night-hawks, frogs, and best of all, that incarnation of a woodland sprite, the stately loon.

Then, as my eyelids drooped, I remembered nights passed in a cabano barrata on the Amazon, where the lofty forest that is so silent and lonely by day becomes a pandemonium of racket at night, with not a single voice that a northern ear can recognize. And then—and—I forgot all about it—to waken and find it daylight, with the Captain making coffee in that two-story tin invention of his, which really does make admirable coffee.

We had planned an early start down the lake to avoid the strong sea breeze that was pretty certain to be against us. For the Bucktail, being light and high on the water, does not take kindly to a head wind. And when she jumps the crest of a sharp sea, catching the wind under her flat bearings, I don't seem to get on. Perhaps we dallied too long over an epicurean breakfast of broiled quail and spent too much time with the pipes, or were dilatory in packing the canoes. Anyway, it was so rough when we reached the mouth of the inlet that I was tempted to turn back. But the Captain encouraged me, and laying his course diagonally across the lake, gave me a chance to paddle under his lee quarter. And when he luffed, taking it square in the teeth, I managed to catch on to his wake, which made things go a deal smoother. (I am not above taking a little help from a younger, stronger man, and an abler canoe).

What with winding in and out of bays, stopping to examine points of interest, shooting and fishing, with an hour for lunch on a palm-shaded point, it was late in the afternoon when we doubled the carry over to the Salt Lakes. And when we said good-bye at the neat sandy landing on Oak Point the sun was sinking behind the Anclote Keys.

NESSMUK.

REMINISCENCES.

"And quhan to the Norroway shouir we wan,
We muntyd our steedis of the wynde,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
And we left the shouir behynde.

"Fleet is the roe on the grein Lommond,
And swift is the couryng grew;
The reindeer dun can eithly run
Quhan the hundis and the hornis pursue.

But nowthir the roe nor the reindeer dun,
The hynde nor the couryng grew,
Can fly owr muntaine, muir and daile,
As our braw steedis they flew."

RETURNING at eventide from a snowshoe tramp through the forest, I loose the slings, stand the "raquettes" in a corner of the piazza, and congratulate myself that we of the frozen North have blessing denied the sojourner under tropical skies. No saw-grass, no sand-spurs, no moccasin snakes, no alligators, no cutting your way with a machete through the first thicket you wish to penetrate in search of game, no—well, never mind the rest; and I turn my gaze where the cold light of the waning moon rests on the frozen lake. The chill wind rustles the leafless vines around the porch, where moth and humming bird erst held high carnival, and I bethink me that away down South there are, after all, some comforts and many good things. North—South, both good, neither best; and with a slight shiver I open the door and pass into my sanctum. The wind rises, the chimneys roar, the occasional snapping of frost-work is heard. "Pau-puk-kee-wis is gathering in his harvest." It is a wild night—a good night for reminiscences.

I punch the fire, and betake myself to an easy chair and a meditative meerschaum. The smoke-wreaths curl around the grim trophies on the walls, and the mellow light of the reading-lamp falls on weapons and mementoes from pole and tropic—of peace and war; on spur and spear and sabre, creese and kandjar. There rest at last from chase and battle the axe and arrows of the pre-historic man, chipped by our brother hunters in the silent past; the knife of the Norseman in its silver sheath, the channelled buffalo shafts of Sioux and Pawnee, and the mighty bow and more than cloth-yard arrows of the Carib savage; beside the snaky African assegai and the deershorn naligeit of the Arctic seal hunter. Hum-m. That old hirschfänger reminds me of Herman, and there, from the antlers of a mighty stag, swing the pistols of other days—long, damasquined muzzleloaders, whose carved butts shone at my saddle-bow, as side by side with Colonel Delles, and hard in the wake of his stalwart hounds, we swept the plains in the long ago at the break of the breezy morn.

But one sad eve, the prairie stained with blood, we watched the last gleam of the Pawnee spears disappearing over a ridge, and gathered around our fallen leader, wounded, we feared, to death.

A jolly party of ten, well mounted and armed, we had fallen into a trap. Too strong for capture or extermination, we yet had lost our outfit—arms and buffalo horses excepted—and the scalps which hung at the belts of the guides but illy paid the loss. Contrary to our expectations, the morning found the Colonel able to ride, though slowly; and it was voted in council that we lose no time in making the best of our way to the nearest settlement.

I have spoken of the Colonel. A born leader of men, his was the kingliest presence I have known. Of the best blood in England, his ancestors had ridden at Hastings in belt and byrnie; in buff and corslet at Marston Moor, and the curtal-axe of him who rode by Baldwin's side under the walls of Jerusalem, still hung beneath his helm in the old hall in Kent.

At the breaking out of the Sepoy mutiny in India, he had been besieged, with his family and a few faithful followers, in his country residence, and fought with desperation in their defense. When at last he stood at bay, with sabre in hand, above his dying wife, and with yet no hope of rescue, he cursed the foemen with the curse of steel. The rattle of scabbards announced that help was near—it came, and he was saved, the only living one. He rendered good service throughout the war, then sought to forget his grief, as far as possible, in the excitements of Continental wars; these failing, then in travel and the chase. Not one of our party but would have followed wherever he might lead. Calm and courteous, he never smiled except when engaged in some act of kindness; as when, to rescue a comrade in imminent danger of captivity, he rode, with never a look behind, against the Pawnee spears. It was then he received the lance wound which had nearly proved his death.

Our homeward progress was necessarily slow, and game proved scarce, so that on the evening of the third day we encamped without food upon the bank of a small river, which skirted a low range of hills. The indomitable spirit of the Colonel had thus far sustained him, but he was weak and fevered, and we feared the worst. His tall German servant, Herman, prepared his couch, and made him as comfortable as possible, and it was arranged that with the first streaks of light those who could, should leave the camp and seek for game.

I have spoken of Herman as the servant of the Colonel, but he was, rather, a familiar companion and friend. Of brilliant prospects in his native land, he had quitted home for political reasons, and after a time found himself in this country, half starved, and but imperfectly acquainted with our language. He chanced to attract the attention of Colonel Delles, who, commiserating his forlorn condition, addressed him in German, asking if he could be of service, and Herman, rejoiced, was only too glad to join the train of his new found friend. Finely educated and accomplished, he proved a decided acquisition. A capital rifle shot and an expert horseman, he moreover possessed a magnificent voice. Our lonely camps were often cheered by the notes of his flute, or some wild Switzer lay, and the chorus of the Kuh-lied, or the Zingaresca, oft roused the deer and antelope from their grassy beds on the slopes of the western hills.

Slowly passed the hours of that night, and ere yet the day had dawned, one after another of our party arose from his bed of leaves, saddled his horse and silently rode away through the heavy mist.

At daybreak there remained only the Colonel, the old Indian guide, E-ta-pe-tah, (Fire-face), and myself. I was sitting by the sulky fire, repairing a rent in my leather chaparejos, while the Indian was engaged in performing a similar office for one of his moccasins, when, much to our surprise, the Colonel raised his head from the macheers of his saddle, and announced his intention of riding westward in search of deer.

Said he, "I marked the slot of a large buck near where we crossed the stream last night, and it seemed quite fresh. I may get a shot; if not, and we rouse him, we will try the hounds." Mounting wearily his Irish hunter, he rode away, the well-trained dogs following quietly at heel, while we continued our labors.

Soon after the mist lifted, and I saw the Indian drawing his tomahawk from his belt. A moment later it whirred across the stream and stuck quivering in a tree, while a rabbit sprung from a clump of bushes near, into which E-ta-pe-tah had seen it hop. A sharp whistle, the twang of the bow of the Fire-face, and the little animal, transfixed by the arrow, lay dead on the river's bank. "Ugh, good for Colonel," muttered the savage, as he proceeded to retrieve the game, while I, having finished my task, caught up my horse and rode slowly westward along a faint trail which followed the course of the stream.

Suddenly I checked my horse, as the note of a hound struck upon my ear; another. "That was Turco." Then sounded a deep bay from Nona, a crash from both the hounds, and a thundering "tayho" burst from the summit of the hill above my path, as a mighty stag broke covert on its side, and then appeared the wide-awake of the Colonel above the black crest of his horse, Shaunbuie, as they crashed through the brushwood in pursuit.

The stag was plunging down the hill, at that point steep, and covered with loose boulders. To my utter amazement the Colonel hardly checked his pace, but hallooed to the hounds and held his course. Surely, in his weak condition he will not try that slope. But the blood of the old East Indian hog hunter was up, and the spirit of the Neilgherries was upon him, and sitting well back in his hunting saddle, with a strong pull on the snaffle, he went down the hill like an avalanche and reached its foot in safety.

My horse was trembling with excitement, but now "ride" was the word, and I loosed the rein. A bound and we reached the river's gravelly brink that crashed to the dint of the spurning hoofs, as we soared across and lighted on the plain, with the sun just cresting the eastward hills, and the tall deer full in view.

"Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek, fling
Thy head aloft, and like a wing,
Spread on the wind thy cloudy mane,
The hunt is up."

Harkaway! heyaway! Over the prairie we swept like

breeze, the Colonel in the lead, well up with the hounds, his face like ashes, though a red spot glowed in either cheek, and lifting steadily forward his mighty steed. I, hard at his back, on my horse Malinche, his lips tossing the creamy foam, and steadily closing on the black.

The hounds were running almost mute so furious was the pace, yet was the air vocal with stirring sounds that swelled the morning breeze. With hark and whoop, and wild Comanche yell, from glade and coppice on either hand, and sweeping over the prairie rolls came our wild riders to join the hunt.

With floating plumes and tossing manes, with singing lariats, whirling quirts, and locks and fringes flying, with ring and rattle of bridle and spur, and clash and thunder of the horses' hoofs, the hunt rushed on

"As the Bourbon's *preux* were wont to dash
Still after the toss of his white *panache*."

or like a pulk of Cossacks in their wild hourra, swarming down through birchen wastes upon the decimated legions of Napoleon.

How long that race, I never knew, it seemed but a moment—it seemed an hour, when the chase had reached the foot of a low range of hills which crossed our path—the hounds still thirty yards behind, and the stag sprung up the steep front of the Sierras, seemingly as fresh as when he bounded from his couch.

A shrill neigh burst from a fallen treetop on the left, a puff of smoke, there came the ring of a rifleshot, and the stout buck bounded into the air and went rolling down the slope. A moment later we had checked our steeds beside the quarry, as Herman emerged from the leafy covert with his smoking "yager" in his hand, and his long *couteau de chasse* in readiness to perform the duties of huntsman.

"In the name of Typhon and all the rest of the Egyptian saints," said the Colonel with some emphasis, "Why did you shoot that deer?" "He vas making for a pig slough chust ofer de hill, Colonel, und I vanted mein preakfast." "The deuce take your breakfast, sir," replied the Colonel, "But it was a glorious burst;" and then he quietly dismounted from his horse, dropped the bridle-rein, seated himself upon the grass and fainted.

Colonel Delles was delirious that night, and talked and raved incessantly. Now in his yacht, close-reefed, and scudding before a gale in the Bay of Biscay, while, lashed to the weather shrouds, he saw the gleam of the following seas sweep over the deck beneath his feet, and watched the lurch of the staggering masts as he shouted to his crew; then, once more beneath the sun of India, he dressed his ranks in face of the charging lances of the mighty Scindiah and his sister Beema, with their turbaned hordes. Now he called fondly for his wife, then ordered that the slayers be brought before him and bound to the mouths of cannons. Then he led through jheel and jungle a party on desperate service, storming at last a hill-fort, where ginjall and matchlock poured their fire against rifle and bayonet, and tulwar clashed on sabre; and again, he was spurring his horse in a cavalry charge, where man and horse went down like reeds before the terrible cuirassier.

Anxiously we watched; at last sleep came, and for a space the weary soul found rest.

Some days after the occurrences I have related, we were riding late in an afternoon on a trail which wound along the eastern slope of an oak-timbered hill, when Colonel Delles, who was borne in a horse litter, raised his hand, and the cavalcade came to a halt. "Were I north of Tweed as I am east of the Neosho," said the sick man, faintly, "I would say that I heard the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee;" and as we listened there came on the evening breeze the stormy swell of a wild northern pibroch. Two of us instantly rode in advance, and in a few minutes reached a homestead, whose rude, but extensive building and broad fields of cultivated land, promised rest and abundance for our weary train; and the warlike strains, which sounded from the house, indicated that something was in progress a little out of the common way.

This was the home of a substantial German farmer, and the occasion of the present jollification was the birthday of his aged father, in the celebration of which event several friends from different parts of the country had come to join; one, a Scotsman, having brought the great war-pipe, which he had played, as he said, when His Majesty held the last "drawing room" at Holyrood Castle.

We were heartily welcomed, accommodations provided for our sick companion, and a horseman dispatched to a temporary military post, some twenty miles distant, for a surgeon, who arrived in the course of the night.

Here our party dispersed, Herman and myself only remaining with the Colonel, and after a few days, he being apparently convalescent, I prepared to take my leave. I had incidentally observed that Herman seemed to have found favor in the eyes of the blue-eyed Margaret, one of the daughters of mine host; but as that was none of my business, I one bright morning bade good-bye to all, and with mutual good wishes and hopes for reunions in the future, I mounted and rode toward the rising sun.

The Colonel returned to England, and his bones now rest besides those of his mailed ancestors beneath the floor of the ancient chapel. Herman finally went to the wars, "with his wild harp slung behind him," and I lost sight of both.

Many years after, I was one afternoon riding through the great pine forests east of the Keshena reservation, in Northern Wisconsin. Old Snowstorm had put me on the trail, and given me directions how to reach a certain "half-way house," but either in consequence of his ignorance of English, or mine of Menominee, I missed my way, and it seemed likely that I should be obliged to camp in the forest, with no provender for myself or my horse.

It was nearly sunset when I heard the baying of a pack of hounds, and riding along an old log road, I paused at a point where they seemed likely to cross. Nearer and nearer in full cry on they came, evidently the scent was hot. As I looked, two splendid deer darted across the path, when from behind a giant pine in the dim shadow of a deep ravine shot forth a stream of flame. Another followed, and the reports of the rifle echoed through the ancient forest, whose giant arches crashed and rang to the bay of the deep-mouthed hounds.

The deer had passed from my sight before the shots were fired, but I was sufficiently near to note the dull sound of the bullets striking on their mark and knew that neither shot had failed.

Riding forward, I soon saw that one deer had fallen at the shot, while the other scarce had run two hundred yards before the strong hounds had pulled him down. I approached the successful hunter to offer my congratulations on his success and inquire my way to some place of shelter for the night, and he came forward, a tall, strong man, whose features told plainly his nationality, so that I was not surprised at the slight German accent which marked his courteous greeting. A few words put him in possession of the facts concerning my present predicament, and after telling me that it was quite too late for me to think of reaching my destination that night, he said that his own house was within half a mile, and that he would feel obliged if I would accept such hospitality as he could offer. This I was ready enough to do, and the deer having been bled, we moved onward and soon reached a farm of considerable extent, whose substantial buildings and well-kept fences showed evidence of thrift and prosperity.

After calling one of the farm hands and sending him for the venison, my host walked into the house, where, amid a bevy of bright children, we were met by a neatly-attired lady, whose blue eyes had somehow a familiar look, and to whom I was introduced as Mr. K. Surely, thought I, I did not tell him my name. And he merely called her his wife Margaret. I wonder what his name is. I won't ask him just yet, though. The house was comfortably, in some respects elegantly, furnished. Large bookcases with well-selected volumes in many languages, a grand piano, a guitar, and other evidences of culture and refinement, satisfied me that I had lighted on something rather unusual in that region; but supper was announced and I followed my hostess into a large dining-room, in which my eye was attracted by a sideboard made of the beautiful birdseye maplewood of the country, and over which was a trophy of ancient arms, offensive and defensive. Seeing the direction of my gaze, my host remarked, "You seem interested in those arms, sir?" and, as I assented, he added, "They were sent me not long ago by my good father. They used to hang in the old hall at Breslau."

There was something in his voice which stirred old memories, but for my life I could not think where I had met this by no means ordinary man. He seemed to divine my thoughts, for he regarded me with a quizzical expression, and I saw that the lady was smiling. Confound him, why didn't he tell me his name. "It seems to me, sir, that we must have met before, but when, I cannot tell." The lady laughed merrily, and her husband, putting on a comical look of simplicity, and assuming as far as possible the air and language of a young and newly arrived emigrant from the Vaterland, said, "Then you ton't remember Margaret unt Herrmann." K.

Natural History.

BIRDS IN QUEER PLACES.

THE past week we have had beautiful weather, at times real "snipy." A few scattering *Scolopax* have been shot, one winter yellowleg, one beetlehead (*S. helvetica*) and one jack curlew (*N. hudsonicus*) have been seen. Woodcock have been here for a week or two. I saw two that met death accidentally, one flew against the telegraph wires near Wakefield, and was picked up by a track hand, and one flew against a building in Boston and fluttering down to the sidewalk directly in front of a gentleman was picked up, and handed to a friend with whom I saw it. Accidental deaths must, I think, be more common than most people are aware of. I saw a song sparrow once fly in front of a swift moving locomotive, come in collision with the same and in a very few minutes the little fellow breathed his last in my hand. I have a grouse now stuffed which was picked up in Siberia by my late shipmate, boatswain Cole of the Jeannette. This bird had broken its neck by flying against a telegraph wire. Other personal incidents might be mentioned. Birds get into funny places. A man recently found a woodcock alive in the back shop of his store in Lynn. The bird's head was bruised. How it got there the proprietor of the store does not know. Three rails (*P. carolina*) were recently discovered in a large box used for storing dry tan in the yard of a tannery in Salem. They were set at liberty. I saw a cock quail in the yard of a friend of mine not long ago. He was out of his latitude, yet fully able to care for himself. Two years ago, while driving toward Danversport, I passed a cock quail right in the road. I drove by close to him, say within five or six feet. The bird just lay close to the ground, apparently not knowing what else to do.

Lots of geese went over us recently, bound for higher latitudes. I am told that brant were very numerous a week ago near the Monomoy club place on Cape Cod. They would not decoy well and therefore comparatively few were shot. By the way, can any one tell why (so far as I know at least) these birds do not breed in confinement? The Canada goose breeds, but the brant, so far as I can ascertain, will not. Red-shouldered, red-tailed and rough-legged hawks, white-bellied swallows, fox sparrows and bay-winged buntings were seen a week or more ago. Bluebirds are nesting. An albino female robin was shot yesterday near Readville, Mass. Blue herons and bitterns are along. X. Y. Z.

Salem, Mass., April 27.

HABITS OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.

THE opinion expressed by "H. J. R.," in your issue of April 9, that the prairie dog manages to exist without drinking, is one that is held by many of those who are most familiar with the habits of this curious little quadruped. Untenable as such a conclusion appears to be, it has been forced upon them by observations that made such a decision more reasonable than any other.

In the fall of 1867, I visited the little town of Abilene in Kansas, which was then the terminus of the great Texas cattle drive, or at least of that portion of it destined for the Chicago stock yards. In the center of the town, which then consisted of about twenty houses, nearly all of them stores, restaurants and saloons, was a grass plot, plaza or square about 100 yards wide, in which was a small colony of prairie dogs, all the descendants of a single pair that had been caught, tamed and finally turned loose by a rather eccentric old man, one of the first settlers of the place. There were, I should judge, twenty-five or thirty of the dogs, some of them so tame that they would readily approach a stranger and eat out of his hand, although they declined being handled, and all the rest would feed about perfectly unconcerned while persons were constantly passing within a few yards of them. They were a source of much pleasure to me while I remained there, and I gathered all the information possible about them from the inhabitants.

One point on which I remember of making particular inquiries, was whether they were ever seen to drink. They replied that the old man who owned the original pair and kept them a long time confined, declared that they never drank, and that on one occasion, when he forced one of them to swallow a small quantity of water, it was immediately thrown up again, having evidently produced nausea. I never took much stock in the theory that they dug for water, although I do not deny that it is possible, but if it is a fact that they can live without drinking, it is hardly more astonishing than the well-known one that they will not only live, but keep extremely fat when the whole village is as bare of vegetation as a billiard table.

On the vast alkali flats of Utah, Nevada and Arizona, where in summer there are no running streams or standing water, no rain and not even dew, the horned toads and lizards live and thrive in localities where, with their limited powers of locomotion, they could not get to water in a week; and the hotter and dryer the locality the better it seems adapted for their existence. Where the sun comes down with blistering strength, and the deceptive mirage is continually tantalizing the rider and his horse, there the great lizards, eight or ten inches long, beautifully colored with red, brown and yellow, and quick as a flash, bask in the sun evidently perfectly happy; but as you approach the mountains they become stunted, sluggish and almost perfectly black. They can live without water surely, and if they then why not the prairie dog? Forked Deer.

San Francisco, Cal., April 28.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

31. *Mniotilta varia* (Linn.) Vieill.—Black and white creeper.

First embraced by Professor Sager, in his list published in the "Geological Report of the State of Michigan," 1839, since which time it has held a place in the lists of not less than fifteen different collectors, and is now known to almost every boy interested in making collections. The lists of Cabot, 1850, and Kneeland, 1850, do not contain the name of this species, and it has thus far not been reported from the Upper Peninsula.

The black and white creeper reaches the southern part of the State during the last week in April or the early days of May. My earliest recorded arrival is April 22. The birds were not seen until May 7 one season. A fair average may be placed at April 27. As a rule the males precede the females a few days, I think. The habits of this so-called warbler are so entirely different from those of any other member of the interesting family, that it is hard for one not versed in technical classification to understand why it is embraced in the *Sylvicolidæ* in preference to the *Certhiidæ*, creepers proper. In its habits it embodies the peculiarities of both creeper and warbler, and while securing its food, we may say mainly from the trunks and larger limbs as in the case of *Certhia*, it also gleams among the foliage with the elegance and vivacity of the typical warbler. I have occasionally observed *Mniotilta* in the act of securing his prey on the wing, and though perhaps an unusual method of capture with him, he acquitted himself with such expedition as to lead me to think him anything but a novice in that line of feeding. We often find him feeding on the ground, and he is a great fellow to scramble over logs and stumps in the woods. His usual habit is to keep well up in the trees, however, and the large majority of the birds are seen from fifty to sixty feet from the ground.

On his arrival he is inclined to keep silent, and only an occasional call note is heard from him as he circles around the trunks, but after deciding on a mate and while selecting a nesting site, he becomes very noisy, and few species of the family are equal to him in small talk and chatter. The mating season begins about May 15 as a rule, and the commotion caused by a few pairs of creepers in a patch of woods is surprising. The birds fight savagely, and I have witnessed several battles in which feathers were torn out by the bitter rivals. The lady in the case sits demurely on a limb near at hand and watches the conflict apparently unconcerned, while the gallant warriors flit hither and thither, alternately pursuing and retreating, and almost constantly in battle; now on a limb, the next instant on the ground, then a rush over a dead log or up the side of a stub. The combat often takes place in the air, and the little contestants flit among the branches or scramble and half fly over and under the underbrush, often coming within a few feet of the observer. During this amusing scene the birds keep up an incessant chattering and guttural chirping which may be heard at some distance and is characteristic of the species, no other bird of my acquaintance possessing notes in any degree similar.

The regular call notes of the creeper warbler are simple *tweeks* or *tweets*, and are uttered faintly by the caller during spring, summer and autumn. There is also a note which I have only heard a few times during the mating season—*creeeee-e-e e-p*—which much resembles the faint call notes of the little brown creeper. The notes commonly heard during battle, though greatly modified under excitement, are a sharp chatter often repeated, and so incessant is the noise, that one wonders how the bird manages to get breath. The notes may be described by the prolonged *chat-t-t-t-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r*, the same being varied with an occasional *Tset-set-sit s-i-t-t-t-t* uttered very rapidly. The last are the common notes of both parent birds during nesting. The song is agreeable. It has been variously described by writers, all of whom in the attempted imitations on paper, have allowed but little or no variation in the repetition of the notes. I think it fair to allow that the creeper warbler has a greater compass in song than is usually admitted. To me the song sounds like this: *Che-wheepy-teepy-seepy-ka-wheepy-cheepy*, all of which is modulated to a degree of nicety little known to any but a careful observer. The song as usually heard from the top of the trees is not musical and is rarely noticed, but if the bird is heard near at hand, the listener will be surprised at the sweetness of the notes. Other notes, perhaps constituting a song, have reached my ears, but they appear to me to be only a modification of the above song.

In the proper place reference will be made to many peculiarities in the songs of our birds, and it is hoped that the growing interest in bird songs which has of late awakened, will cause the readers of this series of articles to refrain from too severely criticising these attempts at description.

The black and white creeper continues to sing in its nesting haunts until about July 10, and occasionally a little later. After this date it is rare to hear the song. In late August and rarely during the early part of September, a faint song may be heard, but never so strong or vivaciously uttered as

during the period of nidification. The chattering is heard, however, more or less throughout July, August, September, and at the time of the arrivals of the birds from the north, and when the little fellows are contemplating their autumnal journey, the chattering and call notes are almost constant in the thickets. The birds do not all leave us until late September and occasionally even as late as Oct. 20.

This species, although abundant during migration, is not really common (during summer) in any locality that I have visited south of 44° north latitude. During the last week in April the birds usually make their appearance, and by May 10 are abundant; but the large majority pass north to breed, and, notwithstanding the fact that the creeper is found breeding in Texas and many other southern sections, in Michigan very few remain to breed south of 43°. This is one of the birds which has become more abundant during the past few years, and it is reasonable to suppose that it is found at present in the Northern Peninsula, although not recorded from there by lists of twenty-five and thirty years ago. Few nests have been recorded as Michigan captures from the fact that in the localities where the birds are more often found in the breeding season there are no collectors. The nest is invariably placed upon the ground or near it in all Michigan examples. The site selected is usually near the roots of a stump or by the trunk of a fallen tree, the parent birds' object in building in such a situation undoubtedly being to seek partial protection from the weather. The nest is frequently built in a form similar to that of the golden-crowned thrush or oven bird, the cover or upper part extending nearly over the eggs. In composition it is similar to the nest of that species. One nest was lined with a profusion of horse hair. Another nest was composed, bottom and sides, of grapevine bark and dead maple leaves, and lined with fine roots and grapevine and some hair. In choice of location the birds evidently prefer a high and dry woods, usually beech and maple; but low woods are also resorted to quite frequently, as I have often observed the birds in such situations during the nesting season.

The eggs are three to five in number, the set being often augmented by the addition of cowbird's eggs. In color the eggs are of a creamy white background, with the larger end more or less covered by numerous dots, points and blotches of reddish brown. The egg is dotted and speckled also over its entire surface with fine markings of the same color, but not nearly so densely as at the crown or larger end of the egg. The average dimensions of some Michigan eggs are .63x.51. The eggs are laid from May 20 to June 1. A second brood may be reared, but to this I cannot attest.

The habits of this creeper warbler are very interesting, and an afternoon spent in watching their vivacious, varied movements is sure to be prolific of amusing incidents in bird life. The note book quickly contains valuable remarks on habits and movements which are read with great interest later in the year, when the chilling winter winds are sighing in the leafless branches, and we are longing for gentle spring to appear. There are few families if any in bird life which are as attractive in their ways as the warbler family. The woods would indeed be deserted if these gems of the woodland were absent.

The food of the creeper is, so far as my knowledge extends, entirely of an insect nature. I have not examined any birds in the autumn, and doubt not but that a change of diet is indulged in to the extent of an occasional taste of fruit or a few wild berries, but during the spring migrations I have been unable to detect anything of this nature in the crops. The food is principally of insects of the order *Coleoptera*, and large quantities of the partially digested bodies of beetles are found in the gizzards. Many representations of the order *Diptera* are also devoured, but it is more difficult to distinguish them, as they are so readily dismembered in capture and swallowing. All classes of insects are found, however, in the stomachs, and the active birds appear to eagerly feed on anything of an insect nature which comes in their way.

FOX SPARROWS IN SPRING MIGRATION.—Under heading of "Spring Notes," in your issue of April 23, "C. L." mentions the securing of the first specimen of fox sparrow "in the vicinity of Buffalo on the spring migration," while they have formerly been secured during the fall migration. My experience in this vicinity has been just the reverse. For the past five years we have secured one specimen every spring. In April, 1882, my son shot one out of a maple tree in front of the house; April 21, 1884, I secured a female; on April 22, 1885, I was in a small piece of woods a mile from the city limits; was talking with a woodchopper, when a bird came into the woods and stopped within gunshot. After looking at it through my glass, I exclaimed, "You are just what I want," and the next minute I held in my hand the finest specimen of *Passerella iliaca* I had yet obtained, a male, measuring 7¼x11¼ inches; weight, 1¾ ounces. The only specimen obtained during the fall migration I secured in the same piece of woods, Oct. 22, 1883. It was also a male, measuring 7¼x11 inches. I never thought they were common during migration, but did not know they were so rare during spring migration that they had never been secured in the vicinity of Buffalo; and if I secure another specimen this spring shall certainly send it to "C. L."—J. L. DAVISON (Lockport, N. Y., April 30).

WELCOMING MR. ALLEN.—On Tuesday last Mr. J. A. Allen, the distinguished ornithologist, was the guest of the Linnean Society of New York. The dinner was given at the Murray Hill House, and was a very enjoyable occasion. Among those present were, besides the guest of the evening, Mr. E. P. Bicknell, the president of the Linnean Society, Drs. Merriam, Fisher, Morris, Allen, Willis, Elliott and Grinnell, and Messrs. L. S. Foster, J. H. Sage, G. B. Sennett, L. A. Zerega, Woodward and Wm. Dutcher. After Mr. Bicknell's address welcoming the guest of the evening, speeches were made by Messrs. Allen, Sennett and Foster, and by Drs. Merriam, Willis and Grinnell. The advent of a naturalist of Mr. Allen's fame and attainments was the subject of general congratulation. The meeting broke up at a late hour.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.—The Commissioner of Agriculture and Mr. C. V. Riley, U. S. Entomologist, have appointed Dr. C. H. Merriam, of Locust Grove, N. Y., as chief of the Department of Economic Ornithology, under the Department of Agriculture. The appropriation of $5,000, while it will not permit any great amount of new work to be undertaken, will at least enable Dr. Merriam to get the material accumulated last season in shape for publication. The choice of Dr. Merriam for this position will be received with satisfaction by ornithologists at large. We understand that Dr. Merriam has appointed Dr. A. K. Fisher, of Sing Sing, N. Y., his chief assistant, and that the latter has signified his intention of accepting.

A WHOLESALE TRAGEDY.—A friend brought me this morning a female woodcock and four young, dead. They were picked up on the railroad track about two miles from town. The old bird having been struck by the train and killed, the young ones were, I suppose, killed by the fright or starved to death, being between the rails and unable to fly. They are being mounted, and with the addition of a male bird this fall will make a beautiful group.—DALY (Hackettstown, N. J., May 4).

LARGE EAGLE.—A large eagle was killed about five miles from this place, on Sunday last, by Mr. Jas. W. Hamilton. The bird was carrying a lamb in its talons when shot at and wounded. The second shot carried away the entire top of its head. From its yellow feet it was judged to be a bald-headed eagle, and measured 7 feet 9 inches from tip to tip. Another was seen near here to-day.—BURNETTE (Romney, W. Va., April 12).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE DUCK NETTERS.

THE following sensational "special dispatch" appeared in the *Evening Telegram* of May 1:

SOUTHAMPTON, May 1.—Sporting men throughout the town are in a state of excitement to-day over the arrest of a number of well-known citizens, who are charged with the illegal capture of ducks in the waters of the Shinnecock and Peconic bays by the method known as "netting." The arrests are the result of investigations made by the State game detectives under the direction of State Game Protector Whittaker. The offenders will be held for the next Suffolk County Grand Jury. During the past three months netting of ducks has been carried on with impunity, hundreds of birds being taken, to the injury of the gunners and destruction of the birds.

Unfortunately the story is made out of whole cloth. There were no arrests of duck netters. State Game Protector Whittaker went before the Grand Jury of Suffolk county to secure indictments against Ellis Squires and Fletcher Skidmore, but the Grand Jury failed to find a bill against them. State Game Protector Whittaker will find that this will always be the case, it is almost impossible to secure the indictment and conviction of persons by jury made up of their own friends and neighbors. For years the owners of the ducking shores of Maryland attempted unsuccessfully to have the big-gun night shooters of Havre de Grace punished by the juries of Harford county, Maryland. Each trial of the law breakers was a farce, and considered a joke by them, and it was not until the Legislature of Maryland passed an act whereby the night shooter should be tried for his offense against his State in another county from the one in which he resided, that the big-guns were seized and confiscated and the law breakers found guilty and punished.

WITH THE QUAIL IN FLORIDA.

THE wind was blowing directly from the Gulf, tempering the cold breezes that come to us from the North, until the mercury stood at 68° in the shade, when we started out for a day's sport with the quail. It was the 20th of December, and we could hardly realize that the snow and ice in our Northern homes were making such pleasures impossible. My companion, a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, furnished dog and buckboard, and advised that we should choose a section of country which lay about a half mile from town, and is known here as the Flat Woods. It is covered with a growth of saw palmetto, interspersed with an occasional pine tree. We were soon jogging through the woods regardless of roads or trails, for the fires which rage here every spring keep the undergrowth in such a condition that a wagon can be driven anywhere through the woods. This is a paradise for lazy sportsmen. Sitting in our buckboard watching the maneuverings of our well-trained dog, with our guns in readiness, we were certainly a picture to make a Northern sportsman envious.

We had driven nearly half a mile when our dog struck a scent and began to trail. I wished to get out at once, but my friend told me to keep cool and wait, for the quail would run some distance before they would stop for the dog. We followed them at least three hundred yards before the dog came to a point. Hitching our horse and hurrying forward, we found the birds scattered under a fallen pine tree. We flushed them and got in four shots, killing three birds, the balance of them flew a few rods and scattered in fine shape; and as they rose one by one we dropped fourteen out of seventeen; but could not find any more, although we were confident there were more. We had given up the search and started away, when I happened to glance into a small pine tree and discovered eight sitting on the limbs. I shot one, supposing, of course, the others would fly, but they did not and I killed every one. I have hunted quail in the North and East, but never saw them take to the trees before; but here when a flock is flushed some will invariably do so, and on one occasion I saw a flock of about thirty take to the trees and sit there motionless, while I killed twenty-four, when, my ammunition giving out, I left the balance still on their perches. On another occasion I flushed a small flock and a few went into the trees, none of them more than ten feet from the ground, when they sat within six feet of the muzzle of my rifle until I picked their heads off.

While I was "potting" the birds in the tree my friend had found another covey and I hastened to him and we were soon knocking them right and left and finished with ten birds to our credit. Our next covey was found within five hundred yards of the last; but the birds had been shot at and when they rose flew so far we did not follow them; but we got three as they rose. After a short rest we started again and soon had another covey scattered, and had killed nineteen birds when our ammunition gave out. We returned to our buckboard with seventy empty shells and fifty-seven dead birds. It did not take us very long to reload and eat our lunch, for we were still anxious for more birds, and we soon had a large covey scattered, the birds buzzing away in all directions. They did not lie well and rose in small bunches, so that we did not get but eight. Our next bunch was the largest I have ever seen and contained at least seventy birds, but we had the misfortune to flush it near a swamp, into which a greater part of them flew at once. We flushed thirty and killed twenty-three, and then came to the conclusion that we had all the birds we could eat or give away, so we started for home. In the evening, reviewing the day, we found that we had been gone seven hours, killed eighty-eight quail, all found within a radius of a mile, and I for one will never think of Florida without wishing another chance at the quail there.

Our quail are about one-third smaller than those in Connecticut, and owing to the fact that they are not much hunted are not such rapid flyers, although if necessary, they get along equally as fast. They are as plump, and as their favorite food is the acorn, which grows here profusely, their flesh is delicious. This country furnishes some excellent hunting and fishing, but like all other places one has to be conversant with the habits of the game here. I have seen men who pretended to be sportsmen leave this place in disgust after a stay of one or two weeks, while if they had had a guide or understood how, they could have had excellent sport.

The greatest drawback, and a very serious one, too, is the scarcity of good dogs. I know of only two or three good ones in this section, but I suppose we should be thankful for that, for if there were plenty of dogs the birds would have no peace, as the law (if it is of any avail) is never enforced here, quail and other game being killed in all seasons. My experience has taught me that pointers are by far the best for this country, as their hair is short and easily washed and curried, for wash and curry you must if you wish to keep the fleas and ticks from killing your dogs. The quail breed here in April and May, and if they increase as rapidly this season as last, a person with a good dog and light gun next fall when the North is frozen up, can find quail to his heart's content here. I am neither a land agent nor am I writing in the interest of Florida, but am only telling your readers where they can surely find good shooting and fishing.

F. P. S.

EUSTIS, Orange County, Fla.

THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose to you a concurrent resolution which has just been passed by the Legislature of Michigan, making special request to Congress to set aside the St. Clair Flats or territory as a National Preserve for the people of the United States, and also requesting the State senators and representatives in Congress to give their earnest support to the same. The resolution sets forth clearly the good reasons for the measure, and also recounts the past Government policy with reference to disposal of this class of territory—U. S. unsurveyed, overflowed and marsh lands bordering the public waters—recounts their legitimate and desirable relation to the public, protests against the old-time policy of selling the same going any further, and proposes a new one more consonant with public propriety and justice, making statement of good cause for such change. The full text is as follows:

WHEREAS, The United States unsurveyed shoal water lands in Lake St. Clair, in the State of Michigan, generally known as the St. Clair Flats, are and long have been a place of favorite and great resort by the people, even from abroad, for boating and sailing, recreation and health, and for fishing and hunting, the same being a world famous resort for game, in season;

And whereas, it is a grateful convenience and a beneficent privilege to the public to have at hand an inviting resort conferring as does this territory especial favors, where the people may go for proper and healthful pleasure and for relaxation and recuperation from the wearing pursuits of business;

And whereas, this territory has for so long been a place of free resort for all the people for the purposes aforementioned that they would not know how to do without it, and situated as it is adjacent to the great and growing city of Detroit—a just pride of the whole country—it too would most justly, deeply and forever feel its irreparable loss as a place of public resort, while the sum for which it would be sold as a part of the public domain would constitute but a trifling one which would never be felt to be of account;

And whereas, attempts have been made by various parties to possess this territory by private acquisition for the purpose of converting the same into close private preserves, thus arbitrarily excluding the public forever from all rights therein and constituting the territory a permanent and most aggravating monopoly against the people for all time, a bill for which purpose was introduced into the preceding Congress but which went down under the strong and earnest protest by the people against it by petition and otherwise, aided by private efforts;

And whereas, other attempts are being made for the private acquisition of this territory, its possession being very desirable, and it being probable that if not formally set aside for the people it will pass to private occupation either by free-booting right or by private acquisition;

Therefore, this territory being a part of the public domain and believing such measure to be in the line of a wise and beneficent public policy;

Be it resolved by the Senate of the State of Michigan (the House concurring therein) that Congress is hereby requested by proper statute to set aside the St. Clair territory as a national preserve for the people of the United States, subject to wise and proper regulations which it shall prescribe; and also that our Senators and Representatives in Congress are requested to give their earnest support to such measure, and efficiently oppose all private claims and efforts to obtain possession of said territory which are not plainly warranted by unmistakable legal right and justice.

And whereas, we deprecate the policy which the general Government has extensively practiced in the past of selling to private parties the United States unsurveyed overflowed shoal water and marsh lands which in many localities in extensive tracts border the nation's public waters—as the inlets of the ocean, our navigable lakes and rivers—to be converted by said parties into close private shooting preserves to the perpetual exclusion of the people therefrom, such exclusion greatly abridging, as it does, the freedom and desirable privileges to the people which should be afforded by the public waters, which exclusion is already, and in the future will more and more be felt to be a public aggravation and outrage of magnitude, for the people habitually, largely and very properly, and will more and more in the future resort to the public waters for recreation, tripping, health, fishing, sailing and shooting;

And whereas, these lands are of much account to the people for the purpose of public resort, and also as they come of or belong to the public or people's domain, there is eminent equity and propriety in the demand that they be preserved for public use;

And whereas, the majority of this class of overflowed favorite territory for fish and game, and for public resort in the nation, has already passed to the exclusion of private ownership and control; therefore, we express our earnest belief that the unwise and injurious policy of selling these lands to private parties should go no further; and therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate (the House concurring) that Congress is respectfully requested to interpose against their further private acquisition, and to set aside, by proper enactment, this class of territory belonging to the public domain, as a common preserve for the use of the people, subject to such regulations as may be established by rightful authority; and that our Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to use their best endeavors to secure such proper legislation.

The resolution passed the Senate April 17, the House on

the 21st, without a dissenting vote in either case. The St. Clair Flats have been a very famous territory in the past, and its final disposal is of much public account in the future. Well considered views also relative to the disposition of the like class of public territory have public interest and are of account. F. M. WILCOX.

ROCHESTER, Michigan, April 28.

JERRY'S SUNDAY DINNER.

I WAS riding in a buggy to a marsh about four miles from the little country hotel where I had been staying for a few days, to kill a few English snipe. Jerry, my guide, philosopher and friend, was at my side driving, and the dog was lying between our feet comfortably, but insisting on poking his nose out from under the lap robe to snuff the fine breezes of the country, as dogs always will. Jerry pointed out a little tumble-down shanty and said, "Mr. E., I used to live there once, and I shall never forget a Sunday dinner that I took in that house."

There was something peculiar in Jerry's manner of saying it that led me to inquire into the particulars.

"Well, you see it was the winter when me and Miraldy was first married; and I got a job from old Skinner to haul cord wood for him at seventy-five cents a day. It wasn't as much as other fellows was getting for the same work, but times was hard and money was mighty scarce with me that winter, for I'd only been working off and on for some time, you see. Well, when Saturday night came there was three dollars coming to me, and as I knew that Miraldy had nothing but a little cornmeal in the house, I asked old Skinner for my wages. He said that he hadn't any money just then, but would pay next week. Sez I, 'Give me a dollar on account, then;' but he said he hadn't even that. I knew that he was lying, but at the same time, as it was a long job and I didn't want to lose it, I hated to quarrel with him; so I tramped home with my heart thumping way down, like it was trying to knock my boot heels off.

"Miraldy met me at the door and 'Where is the meat?' sez she. 'I haven't any,' sez I. 'Well,' sez she, looking up smiling-like, 'Jerry,' sez she, 'we'll have corn dodgers for dinner to-morrow,' and put up her mouth to kiss me. I tell you that made me feel bad to think that a big, strong fellow like me couldn't give that dear little woman anything better than corn dodgers for dinner; so I walked out through the snow behind the house to—to—" Jerry turned his head away from me as though looking at something behind us as we rode along, but I thought that there was a little moisture on his cheek, which, "God save you, honest gentlemen," was no dishonor to his manhood.

"Seems funny, don't it?" said Jerry, looking at me wistfully, as though afraid that I was laughing at him.

"No," said I gravely, "I see nothing funny in it."

"Well," continued Jerry, "about forty yards from the house I see a good many rabbit tracks going from one little copse to another; and, thinks I, if I can kill one of them there'll be meat for us to-morrow. So I went and got old Crazy Jane—this very same gun I've got here in the wagon; she don't look like much, but she'll drop a snipe every time at forty yards, if the man only holds her right—reg'lar—and I waited and waited, and sot there; but none of 'em seemed to be trading, and so I went home and undressed to go to bed. Then as I stood before the window I saw in the bright moonlight something a-jumping and a-jumping in the very tracks that I'd been watching nearly all night. Sez I, 'Miraldy, there's the rabbit I've been watching for.' So I lifted the window quietly, very quietly, and when I got the gun, this very gun, she came up behind me in her night clothes, and, sez I, 'Here goes for fur.' 'Stop, Jerry,' sez she, 'be sure it isn't my cat.' Sez I, as I took sight, 'Think I don't know the difference between a cat and a rabbit.' So I let fly and fetched him down."

Just then we arrived at our stopping place at the edge of the meadow where we intended to shoot. Jerry got out and hitched the horse to a rail fence, while I took out the guns and ammunition.

"Jerry," said I, as we shouldered our guns, "what was it you shot?"

"Come, Sanch," and he whistled the dog to his heels. "Come, Mr. E., the snipe are waiting for us," and strange as it may appear, the most careful and guarded inquiry on my part has failed to elicit any information from either Jerry or Miraldy as to whether it was a rabbit (*Lepus americanus*) or the family cat (*Felis tomcatus?*) that made their memorable dinner on Sunday. FRANCIS ENDICOTT.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Game and Fish Protective Association of Central Pennsylvania was incorporated at Harrisburg April 27, 1885, for "the preservation of game and fish by the enforcement of all laws now enacted or which may hereafter be enacted for said purpose; to inculcate a spirit of respect for the game and fish laws; to assist in the study and dissemination of the natural laws of the propagation of game and fish; to propagate fish by artificial process; to increase the desire for gunning and fishing in forest and stream in a rational way."

The officers are: Walter H. Powell, President; John M. Peddicord, George W. Boyd and John B. Nicholas, Vice-Presidents; Albert J. Fager, Secretary; Horace Lutz, Treasurer; Walter H. Powell, Albert J. Fager, Samuel Fitzgerald, David Davidson, William Kutz, David G. Krause, Jacob Hess, Moses H. Brensinger and Charles Muffitt, Executive Committee; Daniel W. Seiler, John Vallerchamp and William S. Rutherford, Auditing. Peter Ludwig has been appointed fish warden, and he will see that no obstructions such as "Nessmuk" complains of will be allowed in this part of the Susquehanna River. The association is very large and at present consists of the active sportsmen of this section, who are determined, come what will, to see that the game and fish laws are enforced and that violators shall be brought before the proper officers and punished. It is intended to get the farmers interested and have them join the association and protect them in their rights against trespassers; to stock their farms with quail and have them looked after in the closed season and during severe weather. In this way they expect to draw the farmer and sportsman in sympathy for their mutual protection. The association will act with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in the enforcement of the laws relating to the protection of fish, and hope to be able to make fish and game more plentiful. KEONK.

WAKEFIELD (MASS.) SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—The Wakefield Sportsman's Club held its annual meeting recently and reorganized for the ensuing year, with its old president, C. I. Goodale, re-elected, and Geo. Clothey, secretary. This is a live club of law-abiding gentlemen.

WISCONSIN DEER LAW.—Fond du Lac, Wis., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This summary of the deer law is correct, as the law is now in force in this State: It is unlawful at any time to take, catch, kill or destroy any deer for any purpose except for consumption thereof as food within the State. It is unlawful to take, catch, kill or destroy any deer or have in possession any part of the carcass of the same for consumption as food, within the State, except during the months of October and November in each year. It is unlawful for any person, company or corporation to expose for sale or have in possession except alive any deer or any part of the carcass of the same with the intention of sending or transporting or having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of this State. Every violation of any of the provisions named in the foregoing sections shall be a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of fifty dollars, and any person so offending shall on conviction and in default of payment of such fine be committed to the county jail until such time not exceeding thirty days, as such fine shall be paid. It is unlawful to hunt after night fall by or with the aid of artificial light of any description. The penalty for each violation is a fine of twenty-five dollars. It is unlawful to chase, hunt, drive, worry or kill any wild deer by or with the use of dog or dogs. The penalty for each violation is a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars. It is unlawful to set or use any traps, snares or set-guns for the purpose of killing or capturing any wild deer. The penalty for setting guns is imprisonment in the State prison not less than six months and the penalty for setting traps or snares for deer a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars. One half of the fines collected shall be paid to the informer and the remainder shall go to the State. Tribal Indians while hunting on their reservations are not restricted by the foregoing statutes, but they are subject to all the penalties named for violations when found outside the limits of their reservations.

THE STATE GEOLOGIST OF NEW JERSEY in his report says there are more than 10,000 acres of land subject to overflow by freshets in the Passaic at any season of the year, which could be saved from this disaster by lowering the obstructions at Little Falls and Two Bridges seven feet. The other portions of the channel are already so low that very little expense would be required to bring them to a uniform grade with the lowered obstructions mentioned above. The damages to hay on these lowlands, from being overflowed by roily water last summer, could not have been less than $40,000 or $50,000, and the land itself is damaged to the amount of more than half its value by the uncertainty of its crops from the same cause. The water which is left stagnant on these flowed lands in summer is a fruitful source of disease. The project would result in reclaiming large tracts of land almost worthless, and the manufacturing interest, it is said, would also be protected by constructing a second dam at Little Falls, below the one now in use. It is the old dam that causes the overflowing of the lands by artificially raising the level of the river. Should these lands be drained, of course an end will be put to the snipe, duck and woodcock shooting. This year the snipe shooting has been a failure, owing to the late season and dry weather, but early in this month and in March the duck shooting was excellent, far better than for many years.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—May 3.—Snipe are yet plentiful south of Philadelphia in both Delaware and Maryland, the lateness of the season causing them to remain. A large flight occupied the borders of Milton Creek about the middle of April, and have been undisturbed up to this time. Milton is six or seven miles from the railroad, and the creek grounds at least three more from the town, and as none of the local shooters of the place kill them, the birds find undisturbed feeding places. The tramping there, however, is very soft, and top boots are advised for rheumatic individuals. I know of no better spot for longbills within a reasonable distance of Philadelphia than this same Milton Creek. Twenty years ago it was Dr. Clapp's favorite ground and he kept it all to himself. When birds are on they can always be found there. At Atlantic City quite a number of ducks are still being killed by sportsmen starting out from that town. Black ducks are fairly plentiful yet, redheads scattering, and shelldrakes are present in large quantities. The smooth water outside of the surf is black with coots, and some brant yet remain in Tuckerton Bay.—HOMO.

MAINE VENISON STEAKS.—It is a rather startling story that comes to us from a well-known Maine correspondent. It appears that in the first week of April there were hauled into Kingfield, for shipment south, no less than 2,700 pounds of venison, being all hindquarters. The owner registered as A. R. Smith, of New Haven, Conn. He affirmed that the deer had been killed across the line in Canada, and to give color to this statement he sent for a customs officer, had the meat appraised, paid duty on it, and sent it off by railroad to market. Kingfield is, we believe, forty or fifty miles from the border, and this duty dodge is very suspicious. It is believed by our correspondent that the deer were actually killed in Maine, all but the hindquarters being left in the woods, and by this ruse shipped to market in evasion of the law. Despite the fact that notice of this case was given to the Maine game officials, no adequate investigation appears to have been made to determine where the deer were actually slaughtered. There is something rotten in Franklin county, Maine, and it is something besides a deer's carcass, too.

THE MERINO WAD.—To-day ends the season (in this State) for duck shooting. It was very poor, birds few and very wild. Ducks all gone north, a few snipe and plover linger still. Quail are nearly all winter killed. More prairie chickens are left over this year than for the past five years; if hatching season is good there will be abundance in this part of the country next fall. Would like to say a word in favor of the merino elastic felt gun wads. I have been trying them the past season, and also have induced a number of our sportsmen to try them, and we all say they are capital.—J. R. O. (Dwight, Ill., April 30).

QUAIL IN MISSISSIPPI.—The quail have wintered remarkably considering the unusually severe and protracted cold weather. A natural abundance of food helped them through all the hardships. If the plentiful supply to be seen now is any criterion of future numbers, the shooting will be excellent the coming season. There is no snipe shooting in this section.—B. WATERS (Lamar, Miss., April 11).

KANSAS.—Columbus, April 28.—The goose, duck and snipe shooting was not so good as usual, and most of the above have gone north. A few fat, lazy plover, curlew and English snipe remain with us yet, and the last furnishes fine sport for dog and gun.—T.

CARD FROM MR. J. P. SQUIBOB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to say that no account of any "bear-scrape," bull fight, assassination, or other amusement in which I have been, am, or am to be a party, is to be considered authentic, unless it has appended my signature, with my qualities in full. I am, sir, with sentiments of the highest consideration, your most obedient and most humble servant, JEHOIACHIM PREPOSTEROUS SQUIBOB, Knt. Grand Cross of the Iron Crown, and Professor of Blood-and-Thunder in General. (Elk Rapids, Michigan, April 18, 1885).

THE SPENCER GUN.—Seattle, W. T.—Will not some of your readers who have used the new Spencer repeating shotgun give us the benefit of their experience with the gun? They have not yet appeared in this section, and I, for one, would like to know something of their performance at the trap and in the field. I see frequent mention of them in the columns of your paper, but beyond vague expressions of approval, have seen nothing further. The principle seems to be good, but do they pattern well and shoot hard?—ALKI.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE.—Adirondacks, April 27.—Although we have had a severe winter here, deer have wintered well and seem to come out in greater numbers than the past few seasons. I saw plenty of fresh signs to-day when going to my otter traps. Grouse have also wintered well and are quite plenty. Our fish were protected last fall while on the spawning beds, and we anticipate good sport this spring.—R. M. S. (Indian Point).

NEWPORT, R. I., May 2.—I am happy to inform you that we have organized the Newport Fish and Game Association with the following officers: J. P. Cotton, Vice and Acting President; F. H. Wilks, Secretary; W. H. Hammett, Treasurer; W. P. Sheffield, Jr., D. LeRoy Dresser, E. S. Hammond, Thos. Burlingham, S. E. Greene, Directors. We have a membership of thirty.—F. H. WILKS, Secretary.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing Mr. Harrington Keene's article in your paper this week, I must say it has brought recollections back to me of thirty years ago, in mentioning the king of flies, Spary's fancy. I had not forgotten it, but did not name it as I thought no one here knew there was such a fly. Mr. J. G. Lane, of Hartford, last season caught his largest basket of fish with Spary's fancy, sent him by my brother in England, and he is undoubtedly the best fly fisher and shot in Hartford. Wickham's fancy is also a good fly here. In speaking of Messrs. Currell and Wickham, two gentlemen that tied their own flies, and true sportsmen, I doubt if here they would use any larger hook than from No. 10 to 16 midge. I find as far as names of flies are concerned in this country, you can send to different makers and not two flies of the same name will be tied alike, and probably on different size hooks. Therefore I think as Mr. Ladd does, if there were a fly-fishers' association formed in this country, and it decides on a regular standard fly or flies, there would be a great deal less argument in regard to the best killing fly, and a great benefit to sportsmen in remote places where they have to send perhaps three or four hundreds of miles for their flies, where perhaps they will get a coachman with a red tail or a professor with gut body, according to the maker's fancy, for we all know not one out of ten fly-makers ever casts a fly, and what is more, anything fancy and neat will suit most dealers, anything to sell the fly. I met a gentleman in Maine with two books of flies, only one of which took a fish. If Mr. Russell should see this, being a New York gentleman, I would like him to mention in next issue the flies that he did kill with at Tyler and B. Cove. They were the red spinner, cow dung and yellow dun. In the evening we killed with white moth and sedge fly. A good killer also is the May fly on No. 8 hook, all of which I tied on the sneck bent hooks, Nos. 10 and 12.

Talking of a society of anglers, why not as well as your dog shows and cat shows? Certainly there is more science in casting a good fly than judging a cat or a dog. Let a man get a two-pounder on his fly, and get back and watch the expression on his face while playing his fish, and you will experience almost as much pleasure as he.

I would like to ask any fisherman why, this last few years, so many flies of different names and kinds are introduced? Is it because the flies have changed from thirty years ago? I see no difference in the small flies, such as the duns, gnats and dark flies. The house fly, mosquito, wasp, bee, etc., certainly have not changed in my time; why should the water flies? Take the dobson, a good bass bait. He's the same old dobson every year, except perhaps his horns might be a little longer. One fly, I admit, is a little smaller here than in the English waters, that is the May fly and green drake; as for duns, etc., I see no difference. Then why not, gentlemen of the rod and line, stick to nature? Have a society and let every flymaker tie five or six dozen flies from his own State and compare them, and let the society decide on a regular set of standard flies, and do away with this "Jack's fancy" and "Bill's favorite," and so on. Let every man who sends for a certain fly get it the same of one dealer as of another, and that will be a guarantee that you get what you call for. I will agree to tie six dozen of flies from the Connecticut waters, and if all will do the same we shall get at the standard fly. This is rather a poor State for fishing, that is, for the majority of sportsmen. As I say, there are a few good fly-casters here, but very poor fishing.

Now a word of advice to your friend from North Middletown, Ky. If your are fully determined to give up hunting worms go to some good flymaker and learn to tie your own flies, by study and observation on the streams in any State. Watch the fly taken and you will find it's a dun of some kind, or gnat. Carry your box of materials for tying, and imitate as near the natural fly as you can, and by studying the colors you can, after a little while, get a good imitation which will insure you a good day's sport. My first experience in fishing was in 1852, with my brother, on the River Itchen, between Winchester and Bishopstoke; the grayling were rising finely at a small fly called the willow fly. At that time I could tie a very bad fly. I got my brother's box and sat down and tied two, my brother, I suppose to encourage me, called them "big heads," but the color was there and I caught three brace of fine grayling. From that time to this I have tied my own flies, and several gentlemen in Providence, Elmira and Boston, use nothing but Spary's

"big heads." A new fly was sent to me last week by E. Spary, called the Alexandria fly, tied on a No. 10 long shank hook, with silver body, black legs and peacock tips for wings, to end of barb, a good killer here.

As I said before, give me the old flies, such as yellow dun, May fly, Wickham's fancy, Spary's fancy, coachman, sedge fly, black gnat, cow dung, alder fly, small red spinner, stone fly, and small gnats of different kinds on No. 14 hooks; with those flies you may depend on good luck on almost any stream. In my last, for May fly No. 3 read No. 8, and for ledge fly sedge fly. E. W. S.

HARTFORD, Conn.

FLY-FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So much has been said and written on fishing with the fly, that it would seem that there was nothing to add, yet how many writers agree in their rules and laws as laid down by them?

One of the rules followed by myself for twenty-five years was given me by Mr. Harry Pritchard, and yet, after I had proved its worth, and the fact that it was a rule, Harry himself, in an article on the subject published in the FOREST AND STREAM, says it is all bosh. The rule as given me by him was this: "When I find the water smooth, with no wind to make a ripple, I cast my flies lightly upon the water, but when there is a good breeze and a strong ripple, I send them into the water quick and sharp." And yet, while I have proved the rule a good one on lake and stream in a number of States, he at the Harlem Mere, in Central Park, has proved it all bosh.

Dr. Henshall says in "Fishing with the Fly," page 236, "The black bass will rise to the fly only in comparatively shallow water, say from one to six feet in depth." Now, while the rule is a good one, it is not by any means general. The line dividing deep and shallow water in most of the lakes in Central New York is very marked. A bank of weeds by the middle of July showing above the surface defines it. Outside the weeds, ten feet or less, the water is from ten to twenty-five feet deep; inside, from six feet to shore. The bass are all taken outside of the weeds in many of them, in fact I may safely say all, where the bank of weeds exists. Experience has taught me that black bass will be found in all waters where they have been placed, near old logs, boulders, or banks of weeds in water from one foot to twenty-five feet in depth. Some few years since, while fishing in the Skaneateles Lake, crossing a small bay, thinking the water too deep for casting, I had reeled up and sat looking at the waving grain in a field a quarter of a mile distant, admiring the different shades and colors as the breeze swept over it, when I was startled by the appearance of the top of a log showing just above the surface of the water in front of the boat. Calling to my companion, who was rowing, to change his course quickly, we passed some six or eight feet outside of the log, while four large bass swam leisurely away on the inside not six feet from the surface. Upon dropping a lead over the side I found about twenty-seven feet of water. Profiting by the observation, upon our return we halted a good distance away, and two bass of over two pounds weight each rewarded us for our pains. Again, "Uncle Reube" and I spent a day upon the larger of the Tully Lakes; our catch of twenty-three small-mouthed bass was nearly all taken around what we called the Rush Island, in water from eight to fifteen feet deep.

Now for the Doctor's side. On that same day upon our first tour around the lake (prospecting, as we had never fished it before), we had been passing through deep water between an island and the east shore. I, sitting in the bow of the boat, made a cast toward shore, and while telling the oarsman to head out or he would be aground, had a rise and hooked a bass in one foot of water; after landing him, I arose to my feet to see why that fish was in such shallow water, when I readily saw the reason; there was a sunken log half bedded in the white marl, with which the bottom of that lake is mostly covered.

That summer I camped upon the shores of that lake for two weeks, and that log I counted on for one or two fish each day. In that two weeks I learned more about bass fishing from the bass themselves than all my former fishing or "book larnin'" had taught me. And to give to my brother anglers of the FOREST AND STREAM (if this does not get into the waste basket instead of the paper) some of the traits of the black bass there learned, is what incited this scrawl.

Near the above-mentioned log, where the waters were narrowed by a point from shore running well out toward an island, I almost invariably, morning, noon, or night, struck a fish. A clear white bottom, no log or obstruction of any kind to draw them, the why was a mystery to me until the morning I broke camp, when at the earnest solicitation of my boy I went with him "above the point" to take a final bath. After wading out until the water was waist deep, I struck out. Well, if you could have heard me snort and my boy laugh, to see me "strike in" again, it would have caused you to smile. I had solved the "why" the bass were found there. There was about as cold a spring of water bubbling up there as I care to drink from in a warm day, much colder than I care to swim in again.

Shall the flies be kept on the surface or allowed to sink beneath? has been well argued. Here is what a bass in that lake told me. Being alone one day in the boat, the wind blowing quite strong from the south, I swung under the lee of a point on the west side of the lake. The shore was densely wooded, on a steep hillside, the slope of which was continued into the lake, so that ten feet from shore there was at least ten feet of water. The bottom was interlaced with old logs and trees that had lain there for years waterlogged, and covered with the marly deposit of the bottom—white spectres made to assume fanciful shapes by the heavy ripple of the water and the shadows cast by the swinging boughs above. With no thought of a fish in that clear water where the bottom was as plainly visible as the trees on shore, I was simply playing my flies to keep them from sinking to the logs below, when my rod was nearly perpendicular and my line slack, in no position to strike a fish, out from beneath my boat darted a bass. With really no thought that it would take a fly under the situation, yet to see what it would do, I recovered and cast again, dropping my rod well down. As I recovered the line the fish darted under the boat again, but as the flies landed upon the water it turned toward them. Ah, could you have seen that fellow; he swam leisurely toward them but about three feet to the right, no motion of the body indicating his intention, but his eyes! Talk of the brilliancy of diamonds; they are nowhere. I did not move the rod while the flies slowly sank, and Mr. Bass as slowly swam in shore. The upper fly on my leader was a grizzly king. Every particle of the wings and hackle was floating separately, and the green body glinting beneath. What a sight to see the fish and lure slowly approaching. As they arrived abreast of each other, I drew the flies with a quick movement about six inches toward me, when like a flash the bass sprang upon his prey and inclosed it with his capacious jaws. Not an inch beyond, stopping the moment he took the fly, nothing but sight to tell me he had the fly, I struck. The hook was well down, caught in the root of his tongue. War? Well, that is just the word; he bound to get under some of those logs, and I bound that he should not. Ordinarily to feel the struggles of the lordly bass is joy enough for any angler, but to not only feel but see him in all his strength dart, dive, spring to the surface, and with mouth wide open try to shake the barb that holds him prisoner from its firm seat, is the experience of but once in a lifetime, and is indescribable.

Now, brother angler, from the method of that fellow's springing upon that fly and giving me no intimation that he had it, taught me a lesson in casting for bass that has since served me well. Who has not often, when casting from a boat, if casting abreast as the boat passed on, the line curving out as the flies drop astern, seen his line straighten for a moment as though caught upon a weed and then assume its old motion of quietly floating astern? Strike, and my word for it, you will find a bass on your fly. In casting, let your flies sink for a moment before you begin to draw; then with simply the contraction of the muscles of the hand grasping the rod, and the raising of the tip correspondingly, you slowly draw the flies toward you. That Tully Lake bass taught me that the bass, when sure of his prey, is like a cat; he loves to hold his desire in check and enjoy in anticipation his food. So, when the flies are under the water he is sure of them, and is in no hurry to strike.

One of the most successful bass fishermen on Onondaga Lake seldom or never casts his flies, but by the aid of one or more "B" shot on his leader sinks his flies, and trolls them seventy-five feet astern, using a fly-rod. He gets all the play out of his fish and saves himself the fatigue of casting, and he gets his fish.

In fishing from a boat, is it best to sit down or stand up? If you are thoroughly familiar with all of the shoals, rocks and sunken logs, sit down and take it easy; if not, stand up and your eye will have in sight a greater expanse of ground than your line can cover, rocks, logs and bars, invisible to the eye when sitting, can then be seen, and your flies can be placed with certainty on the spot that, were you sitting, can at best be guessed at. Methinks I hear the tyro in fly-fishing say, "When the old hands differ so in their judgment of how to catch the various fish that will rise to the fly, how is the beginner to be guided?" Learn from the fish, boys. Study their habits, tastes, etc., learn the various forms the bottoms of your streams and lakes possess. Then with the light you have, study and get more, and rest assured none of us know it all, for life is too short to learn it. Give the fish credit for possessing some sense, else will you wake up some fine morning and realize that instead of the fish being fools, the fool has been at the other end of the rod. IRA WOOD.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 1.

TROUTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The warm weather has started our fly-fishermen, and I am hearing daily of good catches. I have noticed that some papers which devote a part of their columns to angling have frequently stated that we have no fly-fishing in Pennsylvania. The following letter received by me this A. M. from a friend who is on the ground, goes to show the trout are not all gone yet, and fly-fishing proper is yet to be had in our State:

"I was out fishing one day last week—made a full day—and filled my creel with good-sized trout. The day was warm, and the fish took the fly with avidity. There were three of us in the party, two bait-fishermen and myself, who you know have not carried a worm or other than artificial fly to a stream for years. We left home about 3 o'clock A. M., and drove some twelve miles over one of the worst roads you ever saw to the foot of the Pocono Mountains, reaching our destination a little after sunrise. The stream was small and so completely overgrown that it was not possible to cast a fly without first clearing a place for that purpose. This I did at one or two likely-looking holes, and went from one to the other catching a few at each as often as I returned to them; but this soon became monotonous, the fish were small, and I threw back all that were not badly injured by removing the hook. It was just the kind of fishing my friends enjoyed, however, and I left them to look for an old dam some two miles down stream. I found it after a long, tedious walk; but it was not much of a dam, being filled up with mud and dead leaves, and not over a foot or so in depth, not a very likely place to find big trout. To make the matter still worse, there was not wind enough to cause a ripple on the surface of the pond. After taking a few small ones at the head of this slack water, I moved down stream to ground that I had been over before years ago. I found a dam there and some cleared land, fished through the meadow down to a farmhouse, taking a few fish as I went; but the dam presented no better appearance than the pool above, it was as smooth as glass, not a breath of air to create a ripple.

"I made my peace with the owner of the dam, drank not less than a quart of good fresh milk, which his wife brought from the spring house, lit a cigar and sat down to chat with them and wait for a breeze. It came much sooner than I expected, but only struck one part of the dam and was gone before I could get there. I sat down among the black alders that lined the bank to wait another puff of wind; it came in a few minutes, but there did not appear any trout in that part of the dam. Some time during the afternoon the wind sprang up and ruffled the whole surface; this gave me a chance to select my own position to cast from. I had previously gone all around it and taken in the position of things—knew exactly where the channel ran and where the shoal places were—my first rise was a failure, but I succeeded in taking him at the next, not a very large fish (almost 10 inches long) but I had out about forty feet of line when he struck and gave me a lively fight before the landing net was put under him, more than once he jumped clear out of the water and shook himself like a big Newfoundland dog, then he went to the bottom and turned up the mud, tried all kinds of dodges, but came to grief at last. I pitied him and had a mind to put him back in the water, he was such a plucky little fellow.

"I took several larger ones during the evening. One big, broad fellow, that measured a full foot, was a perfect lunk head, had no fight in him, and gave right up after the first struggle. I was surprised at this, but the matter was explained when I came to unhook. I found he had a great bait hook half way down his throat, with three inches of snood fast to it. He had all the vim taken out of him, but could not resist the tempting early fly, as he supposed. I took another that had one of my flies in his mouth. He bit first early in the afternoon and again in the evening. When fish do that they are hungry. The dam had not been fished with a fly this spring, and while I enjoyed the sport all alone, I kept wishing for my friends, who were to join me when they had enough worm-fishing.

"They came along a little after sundown with something over a hundred small trout, weighing not much more than half as much as my catch. I caught three or four good fish after they came, just to show them how it was done; but my creel was so full they would not go in, and we concluded to start home, all well satisfied with the day's sport—they to think they had more heads and tails than I, and I that one fish at the end of forty or fifty feet of line, big enough to fight for his life, was worth more to me than the whole of theirs." HOMO.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting and instructive discussion on the most killing fly was started by a question asked by "Kokomo." He had reference to the best fly for a true trout—the Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo virginalis*). Some of your correspondents seem to have lost sight of this, and their articles are about the best fly for a fish that is not a true trout, but only a charr, the so-called brook trout of the East (*Salvelinus fontinalis*). A recent letter on the subject stated that the majority had mentioned the red ibis as the best fly. This is an error. Nothing of the kind was written by those who referred to the best flies for Rocky Mountain trout. I notice that many think it is impossible to state which is *the* most killing fly. This is their opinion, unbacked up with any statistics.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hold that a man who has kept no record of flies used can not give as good testimony as the man who has kept such a record carefully, provided the latter has fished as much, and over as extensive a country, as the former. There is some difference between putting down, year after year in black and white, the fly that has caught the trout, and only generalizing from memory about the best fly. Such a record I have, extending for five years. I first caught the Rocky Mountain trout twelve years ago, and have caught it from the Wind River country, in Northwestern Wyoming, to the southern part of New Mexico, a stretch of country over eight hundred miles long; and I think this does entitle me to speak more positively than those who have only general ideas of the subject. Especial care was taken to guard against using too much a favorite fly because it was a good one; and often when trout were rising well to a fly it was changed to see how they would act with others. Pains were taken to try all flies used equally, with favor shown none.

Now for results. The red ibis so well spoken of by some for the so-called brook trout of the East, caught during these five years only eleven-hundredths of one per cent. of the trout caught. I will repeat again that the coachman is by far the best fly for the Rocky Mountain trout, fifty-three per cent. being caught by the coachman. The next best fly, the black hackle with peacock body, falling to fourteen per cent. The next fly, the black prince, thirteen per cent. The June spinner, four per cent.; the silver black, three and a half per cent.; the March brown about the same, and so on down a long list.

Some popular Eastern flies caught as follows: Red hackle, three-fourths of one per cent.; stone, one-third of one per cent.; claret, one-tenth of one per cent. The gold spinner caught none at all, green drake none. As your correspondent "Sport" wrote, the Rocky Mountain trout seem to prefer a peacock-bodied fly to the same fly without the peacock body. For instance, black hackle with peacock body, fourteen per cent.; black hackle with black body, seven-tenths of one per cent.; gray hackle with peacock body, three per cent.; gray hackle with red body, four-tenths of one per cent. The brown hackle with peacock body caught nearly three times as many as the brown hackles with colored bodies. A good fly is a hackle made from the hairs out of the tail of a deer. I have also found it very good for the big-mouth black bass of the Gulf States. But for bass, the addition of a red body adds to its attractiveness. On the contrary, the Rocky Mountain trout do not like red in any quantity in a fly, I have noticed. The only exception of red in a good fly is in the case of the black prince, which has a red tail. The grizzly king, which also has a red tail, was way down on the list. CYRTONYX.

FORT STANTON, New Mexico.

MAINE TROUT.

MAY 1 gives everybody the right to catch trout in Maine, but the best lakes and ponds are still ice-bound with ice so rotten that the fish are now safe from the ice fishermen. Would that it had been so all the spring. But, unwisely enough it seems to the sportsman who only hopes for a few days each year on the Maine waters with rod and fly, special laws allow inhabitants of the State to fish through the ice for trout for their own use, beginning March 1. Such special laws are bad—they have worked very badly this year if accounts are true. One local paper, which pretends to work for the interest of its locality in the way of advertising it as a sporting resort, emblazons the story that 500 trout were taken in one day by a party of three from one of these ponds where the law permits of such fishing after March 1. The paper asks: "How is this for a starter?" Butchery!—that is the word. The editor of that country paper does not appreciate the situation. His item makes one of the best of reasons why anglers whom he desires should come later will avoid his locality. He has let out the fact that the worst sort of pot-fishermen are stripping the ponds of North Franklin county.

I learn that there has been too much of this ice fishing done in that country this spring. Tuft's Pond, in the town of Kingfield, has been very remarkable for its trout. I shall never forget the 10th day of May, 1873, spent on its waters. The wind blew a stiff breeze from the northwest. Our boat was old and leaky. We began with bait—Sim and I—but the trout actually took the bait before it touched the water so freely that a red ibis or two, which we happened to have, were hitched to our lines. It was too early to think of fly-fishing in those waters, but they rose nevertheless, and to the extent that our flies were quickly worn out and broken. Pieces of red flannel were substituted by the ingenuity of Sim, who was one of the best fishermen I ever knew. These worked just as well. Toward night our boat, half full of water, began to be alive with trout from a quarter to a half a pound. We camped that night, as we had done the night before, in a "lean-to" on the shore of the pond. The next morning we

counted our catch. Over 400! I have vowed I will never do it again, and I am ashamed of it now. Trout enough for the table are enough for me. As for Sim, he is in Colorado, and I pity the trout stream that is within reaching distance, unless he has become a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM and learned better things.

Such fishing soon stripped Tuft's Pond. In 1882, I think, Kingfield people asked the Maine Legislature to make a close time on that pond and one or two above it for three years, and it was done. The close time was up this spring, and the special law made it legal to fish after March 1. Bad work has been done there. Three, four and five hundred trout a day have been taken through the ice. One year will strip the pond as badly as ever.

It is understood that but little fishing has been done through the ice on the Androscoggin lakes this spring, and now the hot weather of the past few days has so badly rotted the ice that the fish are safe for this year till the sportsman arrives. By the way, the real opening is likely to be earlier than at first expected. The unusually hot weather has actually about started the ice in the Sebago waters—ice which was one foot thick and solid a week ago. If the hot weather is continued, the Sebago lakes will be opened next week and the landlocked salmon season opened. Local fishermen and Portland, Saco and Biddeford sportsmen are making great preparations. The Maine Commissioners themselves will probably be there, the same as last year. Eleven-pound land-lockers were taken, and bigger ones are looked for this year.

Guides and sportsmen of long experience now expect the Moosehead waters to clear of ice as early as May 13, and the Androscoggin waters—erroneously called Rangeley Lakes—to be clear by the 15th. SPECIAL.

WHAT KILLS THE GAMY BASS?—It is an admitted fact by those who fish the Hudson River, between this place and the mountains on the west, that year by year the black bass therein have decreased in numbers until now few are taken during an entire season; but the cause of this decrease is not so well established. When sawdust is suggested as a possible factor in their extinction, the reply is that the mills were contributing sawdust before the bass were introduced. The charge is next laid at the exit from the paper mills, only to meet with the answer that water fouled at Luzerne or Palmer's Falls would become purified before reaching Big Bay; so we are left to conjecture among the general vicissitudes that bring destruction to fish life. Mr. Fred Mather, one of the most experienced of our fishculturists, offers a solution of the mystery in one of his reports to U. S. Fish Commissioner Spencer F. Baird. Mr. Mather, as superintendent of the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery on Long Island, had occasion to hurriedly enlarge his works to receive a consignment of Maine salmon ova, and some of the troughs in which the fish are hatched were in the haste imperfectly coated with tar. He soon discovered that the eggs in these troughs were unhealthy, and the first salmon that hatched died, and then he removed the remainder and began an investigation which resulted in finding that the trouble came from the improperly coated pine wood. The following is taken from Mr. Mather's report as showing his conclusions: "In this connection it has occurred to me that the reason that trout do not flourish below sawmills is on account of the water being impregnated with either pine or oak. In 1875 I lost a lot of California salmon at Blacksburgh, Va., in an oaken trough, which one of the then fish commissioners insisted upon my using. The impregnation of tannin was perceptible to the taste, and the fry died as fast as hatched. The theory of the fishermen near sawmills is that the sawdust gets into the gills of the trout and kills them. This may be true to some extent, but I doubt it, for the reason that sand or other material does not appear to injure the gills, and I have taken adult trout below sawmills. I incline to think that the mills are destructive merely to the young, by covering the spawning beds to some extent with sawdust, but more by absorption of turpentine from the pine or tannin from the oak, the evil effects of which we know too well."—*Glens Falls Republican.*

REMARKABLE CATCHES.—Washington, D. C.—In your issue of the 16th inst., I noticed an article from "R. P. L." detailing how a black bass was captured by jumping into a rowboat. In the summer of 1878 I was sent, by order of Col. M. McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries for Virginia, to Saltville, Va., to procure breeding black bass from the native stock in the north fork of the Holston River. I procured the services of a native, who was the owner of a flat boat 50 feet long and 10 feet wide. The plan followed was to quietly work the boat to one side of a still pool and then rapidly pole her broadside across the pool. When nearing the opposite bank the bass would commence to leap into the boat like sheep over a fence, sometimes eight or ten, ranging from fingerlings to six-pounders, being taken at a single "haul." On one occasion a magnificent fellow cleared the entire width of the boat. In a few days we procured all that was wanted. They were then transferred and deposited in one of the tributaries of New River at Martin's Stations. At that time New River possessed only the catfish, some of which would go over 75 pounds. Now the catfish are getting scarce, but the black bass are plenty. The black bass here spoken of are the small-mouth bass. Holston River is a small mountain stream oftentimes less than 100 feet wide. —W. F. PAGE.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.—Lake Linden, L. S., April 29.—Those who have arrangements made for a trouting or bass trip to Lake Superior this season should not get here before the latter part of June. We are at least four weeks behind this spring. I took a run out to a favorite stream last week to see how things looked, and they look blue enough for anything earlier than June. The drives will not be down any of the streams in this part till late in May, and it takes two or three weeks for the water to settle down to the quiet that is indispensable for good trouting. I had to snowshoe fourteen miles out of eighteen, going and coming, and should judge there is at least over two feet of snow yet in the bush. The weather is very cold, and the ice has not broken up yet in the lakes. Several dams washed out.—W. S. S.

THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB, of London, recently elected two Americans to be honorary members of the club. They are Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Mr. Fred Mather, of Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., both well known to our readers. The club is purely a social one, has no prizes nor competitions, and has for members some of the best-known anglers and angling authors in the world. Its rooms are at No. 10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand.

HIS WILD DOMINION.—Kennedy Smith is fifty-one years old. He is erect as an arrow. He has a woodsy look, from the graceful circle of his wide-brimmed soft hat to the sole of his thick boots. He is bearded like the pard. Threads of silver are in his hair. He is a Kennebec boy, and was born in Readfield and has brothers living in New Sharon and in Mt. Vernon in this State. In 1858 he was in the California gold mines, and after that in New Granada. His father was a tailor, and would have made a tailor of the son if it hadn't been for his love of the woods, the perfect horse and quiet days by the trout brooks. Kennedy Smith was a roving blade, born and bred, and one day he packed his valise and sailed for the gold mines of California. He didn't make his pile there, though he delved hard and deep into the earth. He went into the army in the first of the war, and for five years was enrolled in service. Then he came home and saw the folks and determined to travel north into the quiet of the Maine woods and build a home on the mountain side and find, perchance, gold in the pine woods. Kennedy Smith bought land cheap three miles from Eustis on the side of a mountain where he can look old Mt. Bigelow in the face, with Saddleback as a right bower, and all the grand panorama of the Dead river valley spread out before him with its noisy lakes and rivulets. Over beyond him, he says, are hills piled on hills, while off to the east stretches the Kennebec valley, with the Kennebec winding through it like a silver ribbon. He says that he likes it for a home and bought it, and there he has moved his family. He has had a rough time and a tough time, but every year finds an improvement. At first it was hard sledding. Smith's farm is more beautiful than good. War prices clung longer in the woods, and farming was costly, but what a country it was! The game, big and little, was on every hand. Grouse fraternized with the chickens and caribou with the cows. It was the land of the pine and the spruce. Kennedy Smith is monarch of a big tract of land and water in northern Maine, a paradise for hunters and fly-fishermen. He has leased Tim Pond, famous in annals of big trout fishing, and has all that he wants of Seven Ponds. On the map, if you will take pains to spread it out, Tim Pond will be found as a moderately large dot in the west part of Franklin county. It is in the grand valley of the Dead River. Twelve miles above Tim Pond is the first of the Seven Ponds. Tim Pond is near Eustis, and almost under the shadow of Mt. Bigelow, up which Maj. Bigelow ascended when Benedict Arnold was leading a forlorn hope through the gathering winter of the Dead River valley. Maj. Bigelow climbed the mountain that bears his name, hoping from its summit to see the spires of Quebec. Tim Pond is 2000 feet above the sea level. On its south shore is Tim Pond Mountain. Travelers who have been there say that no lovelier sheet of water sparkles in Maine than Tim Pond.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

HOME-MADE MINNOW NET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your issue of 30th ultimo an inquiry, 'How can I capture minnows?" etc. At Harvey's Lake, Pa., the net is made of the small mesh black netting, generally sold in dry goods and millinery stores, and is fastened all around to a frame of quarter-inch round iron, 36 inches square. At each corner is tied a heavy cord about a yard or more long, and these are brought together at the end of a stout stick, to be used for a handle and there fastened. The net should "bag" about eighteen inches. The net is generally used from a boat and by means of the handle. A stone is placed in the center of net to aid in sinking it, and it is lowered into the water as far as may be necessary and convenient. Into the water over the net well-soaked corn meal (best) or light bread is thrown to attract the fish, and if there are no black bass or pickerel, which abound in this lake, near by, the minnows come over the net by the hundreds, and a fair proportion are captured by slowly drawing up the net. This last operation must be carried out quietly, at least until the net is near the surface, or the small fry will take alarm and quickly glide out of danger.—FATHOM.

PROTECTION IN WISCONSIN.—Oshkosh, April 25.—The Governor's veto of the Fish-Warden bill is not going to deter a few enthusiastic devotees of the piscatorial art in this city from having the existing State law enforced so far as it appertains to the lakes and rivers adjacent to this city. The first move has been the organization of a fish protective association comprising the cities of Oshkosh, Fond du Lac and Neenah for a united action in prosecuting fishermen who are operating with nets. The organization is not wholly completed, but will be at a meeting to be held in a few days. The next step was the arrest of thirteen fishermen on complaint of Geo. F. Stroud. These thirteen men were all brought in at once, and while two were fined $50, the trials of most of the others have been set for future dates, stringing along for the next two weeks. It is the determination to repeat these prosecutions as often as necessary to break up net-fishing entirely. The fishermen are much incensed at Mr. Stroud, and threaten all sorts of dire vengeance. Rumor has it that Stroud has increased his life insurance $10,000, but that may be only a joke.—C. J. P.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—The backward run of shad has begun, and as is always the case, weakfish or striped bass are following. Several large ones were taken last week in Brandywine Creek, and many of our down-river piers are thronged with anglers, tempting daily the fish with shad roe, and what is much more disgusting to use, the undeveloped eggs of the sturgeon. The water is yet too cold for successful fishing for striped bass, but in a week we shall hear of good catches at many points. At Delano large catches of white catfish with roe bait were made last week under the railroad bridge. It is said by experts that they can distinguish the flavor of a shad caught in the Delaware River within a mile of the mouth of the Schuylkill, as the fish caught either in the latter river or very near it has an unmistakable taste of gas tar.—HOMO.

BASS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some of your readers be kind enough to inform me, through your columns, in regard to the fishing near Morganton, N. C.? Is there good black bass fishing in the Upper Catawba and Upper Yadkin? How far from Morganton, or from Lenoir, N. C., does one have to go for trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*)?—CYRTONIX.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT.—Lancaster, N. H., April 27.—The streams are all open here now, and from present indications the fishing will be good by the 10th or 15th of May. We find the best fishing here before the water gets very low, and some good catches are frequently made on the 1st of May.—S. J. G.

Fishculture.

THE NORTH CAROLINA OYSTER INDUSTRY.

[Paper read before the Fishermen's Convention, Raleigh, October 16, during the progress of the State Exposition. By Lieut. Francis Winslow, U. S. Navy, by kind permission of Hon. Mr. Chandler, Secretary Navy.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I think I have reason to congratulate myself that I am to address you under auspices so favorable to the reception of novel ideas. You have brought together an exibit of the resources of the State which must be not only gratifying to each citizen, but which also cannot fail to impress every one with the advantages to be derived from intelligent and progressive policies. To a stranger like myself, the exhibit is not only interesting, but significant. Superficial as my examination has necessarily been, I am impressed forcibly with the fact that the State is advancing on those roads that lead to ultimate wealth and prosperity, and that the people of North Carolina are inclined to put into practical operation any theory, however new it may be to them, if it appears likely to be of benefit. Therefore, I am to speak to you and at this time. For I come to preach a new gospel and I want to preach it to open ears; I am here to suggest a practical way of utilizing one of the great gifts of nature, and the indications are that you readily receive such suggestions. Certainly no man, under the influence of what we have about us, can fail to see how much science, energy, labor and original genius have accomplished during these last two decades. All the qualities I have enumerated are, I am sure, among you; and I wish now to point out a new field in which they can be exercised; a field, too, which will repay cultivation a thousand-fold.

Numbers of people coming here are conversant with agriculture and thoroughly understand and appreciate all its possibilities in the present and future. Numbers, also, who have visited the exposition, are equally well informed as to the raising of stock and of the perfection to which that process has been brought. But I fancy both the agriculturist and the stock-breeder, as well as a large proportion of all men, will be astonished when I tell them that there is a field for exertion closely resembling in its methods of operation the processes of agriculture, of which the agriculturist has never dreamt; a species of animal, a veritable food product, to be raised and improved according to the same general laws that govern stock breeding, but of which stock raisers are profoundly ignorant. And when I state that this agricultural field is the bottom of the sea, and the stock to be raised is a shellfish so familiar to all Americans as the oyster, I know full well that agriculturist, stock breeder and the great mass of the public will be inclined to think me a visionary person who sees imaginary rather than real relationships. Yet, though I am addressing men who, like myself, are of the sea; to whom the ocean and its inhabitants are as familiar as the potato to the farmer and the calf to the stock raiser, yet nevertheless, it is actually of operations which more closely resemble farming and stock raising than the fisheries, that I have to speak to you who represent the fishermen of North Carolina.

I would therefore ask you to dismiss from your minds all impressions due to your ordinary vocation and forget, if possible, that I am speaking of denizens of the salt water.

I suppose that I may safely assume that you, in common with all other citizens, are anxious to increase the prosperity and material wealth of the State. To others belong the investigation and development of the uplands; but to you, the population of the coast, belongs the development of the water. You are responsible for the condition of the fishery interests. Assuming you to be willing to undertake your natural duties, I shall try to point out how one of those fishing interests—the oyster industry—may be greatly developed. To properly understand the problem it is necessary for us to look at the actual state of affairs. I have not made very close calculations, but I doubt if you have at present a grand total of 3,000 acres of productive oyster ground, while you certainly have two hundred times as much acres that can be made productive. The last census shows that North Carolina produced but 170,000 bushels of oysters per annum, or about fifty bushels for each acre now yielding a product. That amount, so far as statistics can be relied upon, is about the maximum yield of natural beds when in a normal state. In other words, you are getting nearly all you can get from your oyster beds as they now are, without endangering their productive life. Assuming that to be the case, and supposing you want more oysters than you now have, the question is, how are you to get them?

Possibly, just at present you think that you do not want any more and therefore do not care how you are to get them. But, as I have already said, I believe you to be a people ready to take advantage of an opportunity when it offers, and I think you will see before I am through that the possession of a large number of oysters will be of considerable benefit a few years from now.

The great Chesapeake Bay produces, or did produce some four years ago, eighty per cent. of the oysters used in the country. We hear of "Blue Points," "Rockaways," "Shrewsburys," and other local brands of the North, but they represent only "fancy stock." The real bulk of the product is derived from the Chesapeake. Of the 23,000,000 bushels consumed, the Chesapeake and its tributaries yield over 17,000,000. Of the 37,000 fishermen and laborers engaged in the industry, Maryland and Virginia employ 28,000. Of the $10,500,000 capital invested, over $8,000,000 is located in the two States bordering on the Chesapeake Bay.

Yet, notwithstanding the importance of the interest involved, the people of Maryland and Virginia are allowing their great industry to perish. For years the oystermen have lived upon the accumulated stores which nature supplied in the past. But, like the boy in the fable, they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Warnings enough had been given, but no heed was paid them. Advice as to the remedy to be adopted has been freely proffered to be met with only a like neglect; the outcome is, that the yield of the beds has fallen off enormously, the price of oysters increased to more than a proportionate degree, and still no remedy at all likely to be adequate has been adopted. All persons who have studied the matter at all, agree in prophesying the ultimate extinction of the beds. The beds once extinguished, from whence will come the 17,000,000 bushels of oysters now produced by the Chesapeake? Where will the 28,000 people find employment? and to what locality will the $8,000,000 of capital transfer itself? Unquestionably the capital and labor will seek the oysters. Unquestionably if the oysters are located in North Carolina's waters some eight or ten million dollars will eventually rest in the State and some twenty-five or thirty thousand people be employed by it. It is evident then that there is great probability that you will need more oysters before many years. The next question is how to get them. Here I would ask you to follow me through a brief summary of the experience of other localities and then judge for yourselves if my conclusions be correct.

On the Schleswig-Holstein beds the oysters decreased about ninety per cent. in sixty years; the beds were managed and controlled by the government and cultivation by private persons was not attempted. In the vicinity of Falmouth, England, the oysters decreased in ten years from a catch of ten thousand a day to a catch of one hundred a day. The beds were common property and controlled by the government. Private cultivation was absent. At Guesworth, England, the catch ran down in eighteen years from twenty-four thousand a day to nothing. The government controlled the fishery and it was common property. The French beds in the districts of Maremus and

Isle d'Oliron were reduced in eight years from 15,000,000 to 400,000 oysters in annual yield. The government managed the beds, and private persons had no share in the administration. The Bay of Cancale, on the French coast, produced 70,000,000 oysters in 1845. In 1867 it produced 2,000,000, a falling off of 68,000,000. The government controlled the beds and the fishery was common to all men.

The pond of Caraguette, on the New Brunswick coast, at one time produced 5,000 bushels per annum. In less than six years the production ran down to 425 bushels. The Shediac beds also ran down from 1,000 barrels to 200 bushels in a comparatively short space of time. In both cases the government controlled the fishery, which was open to any and all.

All along the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, oysters were found in the past in considerable numbers. The fishery was a common one, and the beds are now extinct. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, have all had the same experience. They have all had large and prolific oyster beds; they have all been controlled by the State; they have all been subjected to a common fishery, a fishery of all men, and they have all eventually either run out completely, or greatly deteriorated. So much for that side of the subject.

Abroad, in England and France especially, attempts have been made to increase the supply through elaborate systems of cultivation. In some localities these systems have been in operation a long time. In others they are of recent origin. It is a noticeable fact, however; that the first modern attempt to assist nature in supplying the market demand was made by the French government, and it is still more remarkable that, despite all the resources of the Empire, the attempt was, in a commercial sense, a total failure.

Indirectly, however, it was a great benefit. People along the shores were stirred up. The experiments of the government were followed, when possible, by private individuals, and with general success. For a time in France oysters had a "boom" and oyster culture was the fashion. Capitalists formed companies, people invested liberally, and the coast in oyster-growing localities was the scene of great activity. In other words, the era of speculation had set in. Naturally a good deal of money was lost, for great fortunes are not made hastily in oysters any more than in anything else. But eventually skill, knowledge, hard work and business capacity won the success in this field that they win in all others, and while the government's direct efforts failed, yet, indirectly, by starting the movement, they caused an eventual increase in the supply; and at the present day there is hardly an oyster from a natural bed to be found in a French market, though the annual production of the private beds exceeds 600,000,000 oysters.

The methods of the French oyster culturists spread to England, and though following the well-established Anglo-Saxon principle, that private persons should, where possible, undertake and manage all affairs of a private nature, the English government did not attempt to cultivate oysters or establish government oyster farms, yet concessions of bottom were made to corporations and stock companies, whose operations have generally been successful. The South of England Company and the Whitstable Company are notable examples of this success. While the natural areas were fast being depleted, these two companies have had well-stocked beds and a certain and assured supply for all demands made upon them. Summing up for Europe, before turning to this country, I find that of the 2,000,000,000 oysters marketed abroad, only 6 per cent. or 7 per cent. are from the natural beds, while from 65 to 75 per cent. are artificially raised. In other words, the common public property produces in Europe less than 170,000,000, while the private property produces nearly 2,000,000,000.

Turning now to our own country. In Canada and the provinces no steps have been taken to remedy the condition of things I have outlined, and the oysters are still disappearing.

In the United States only two instances exist of a recuperation at all adequate to the increasing demands of the markets. These instances are the cases of the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and both are exceedingly instructive and significant. In common with all other States, Rhode Island, up to 1865, maintained the old practice of holding her oyster ground as common property. Also, as with all other States, Rhode Island saw her oyster beds and oyster industry gradually disappear. Prior to 1865 the oyster crop was derived almost solely from the natural beds—the common property. These beds now yield only a small seed oyster, unfit for market, so great has been their deterioration! In 1865 a law was passed which virtually allowed private individuals the right of preëmption of unlimited tracts of bottom. Under the influence of this law the industry revived, and Rhode Island at this day proudly contrasts the exhibit of 1865 of seventy acres under cultivation yielding 71,000 bushels, with the condition in 1883, when she had 11,000 acres under cultivation yielding over 1,000,000 bushels.

Connecticut has about the same story to relate. She held her oyster ground as common property until 1855, when individuals were allowed to pre-empt small tracts and their proprietary interests were acknowledged. No great advance followed for some time, principally on account of the restriction of the grants to small tracts of two acres. Ten or fifteen years later, however, enterprising individuals began to evade the law by procuring assignments of two-acre lots from a large number of persons. Thus, virtually, the possession of sufficiently large tracts was secured to one man. Then the industry began to flourish. In 1880 the Legislature passed an act which legally recognized the existing state of affairs, and authorized the continuance of its essential principle—the right to hold forever as large a tract of bottom as a man could afford to buy. Under this law an extraordinary advance has taken place. Connecticut's natural oyster beds do not cover quite 5,000 acres and produce nothing but small seed oysters, no larger than a thumb nail. But through the wisdom and liberality of her laws she has now 100,000 acres of artificial beds yielding a splendid harvest of great profit to the State. Steamers by the score are engaged winter and summer over this area. Thousands of men are employed winter and summer in the cultivation of the beds or in harvesting of the crops. Millions of bushels of oysters are produced from those bottoms of the sound that have been, heretofore, for countless ages, totally barren and unproductive, and no more forcible indication of the value of the two systems of treating the oyster interest by Legislatures could be given than the mere mention of the fact that during the last year Connecticut has sent from her private artificial beds oysters to supply the Baltimore markets.

From the foregoing, I am sure, you must reach the same conclusions as I have. Reviewing the history of all localities, we find that so long as the fishery is common property and the industry controlled and managed by the State, deterioration and eventual destruction ensues. So long as it is managed and controlled by private individuals, and as soon as it ceases to be common property and becomes individual property, then it prospers to its fullest possible extent. These are the first general laws governing all successful oyster fisheries, and I commend them to your earnest, careful consideration. To them you may also add one other deduction from the history of the oyster fisheries. That is, that remedial measures are not usually adopted until it is too late to save the natural beds—until, in fact, they have in reality ceased to be of value.

Here then is indicated the first great and important thing to be done. The law must permit indefeasible proprietary rights to oyster bottom, and the control of the fishery must pass to the private individual. Adopt that principle, by suitable legislation, and all else will follow. At least, so the history of other localities tells us, and you cannot but agree with me in thinking the evidence overwhelmingly conclusive.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CLAMS FOR SCOTLAND.—New York, May 2, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a visit to Scotland, I suggested to the Duke of Sutherland the advantage to be gained by planting our clams and oysters along his coast line. At his request I shipped him a lot last fall. They were detained at Liverpool and all died. I made a second shipment by the Anchor Line in February last. A letter received from Mr. Henry Wright, secretary of the Duke, dated Stafford House, London, March 16, conveys the gratifying intelligence that they arrived at Dunrobin Castle, Sutherland, Scotland, alive; were immediately planted and began excavating in the sand at once. Only the hard clams or "quahog" (*Venus mercenaria*) were sent. Mr. Wright now requests that the soft-shelled clam (*Mya arenaria*) be forwarded. I believe this is the first successful transplanting of the quahog or hard clam from this country to the shores of Scotland. Mr. Wright informs me that as yet nothing has been seen of the twenty-one black bass which I conveyed to Scotland in 1882. As they were placed in a loch six miles long and half a mile wide, perhaps it is hardly time for them to be noticed.—GEO SHEPARD PAGE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2312.**

THE PITTSBURG PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mason, in reply to the cold facts I gave him in my former letter, as is his usual custom, shuns the issue and says he has bred, owned and exhibited winners at Birmingham and the Crystal Palace, England. I say that I have carefully searched the records of the "English Kennel Club Stud Book," and I cannot find an instance where he has won a first prize with a pointer which he had himself bred. If I am wrong, why does he not come out squarely and give the name of the dog with which he won, when the dog won, and which show, and where it is to be found in the "English Kennel Club Stud Book."

Mr. Mason's memory is extremely tenacious when there is anything to be remembered that will accrue to his own advantage, but seriously defective when the reverse is the case. I will prove that he does not always write the truth. He says he sold the bulldog Blister for twenty-five dollars, and when a man stoops to prevarication to prop up the flimsy foothold on which he stands, his case must be a weak one, and like the notorious Buddensiek's buildings, need a new foundation.

I bought the bulldog Blister from Mr. Fred Duckworth, of England, showed him successfully, and afterward sold him to Mr. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., the enthusiastic breeder and exhibitor of bulldogs. He after a short time made an exchange with Mr. Mason, on what terms I know not, for the bulldog Romulus. Mr. Mason, having found by previous experience that raffling dogs was a profitable way of getting rid of them, proposed to raffle Blister, and for that purpose placed him on exhibition in a liquor store on the corner of Twentieth street and Eighth avenue, in this city, known as "The Kennel." The chances were put up at $1 each, reduced rates to clubs. I myself went there and was invited by Mr. Mason to take a chance. But "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc. Blister was troubled with a villainous temper, which before the raffle came off brought him to an untimely end. He made a savage attack on the bartender and succeeded in destroying the latter's trousers, for which piece of bad behavior the bartender very properly shot and killed him. Can Mr. Mason deny this? If so, let him tell to whom he sold the dog for $25; or, if he sold the dog for $25, how it happened that he (Mason) offered him at a raffle, or why, if the dog was not his property, the bartender held him responsible for the damaged garment? Mr. Mason seems to object to my styling him a "self asserted authority," but I will take him from his own standpoint.

He condemns me as a judge because I have not been an extensive breeder of dogs, and therefore says, "I have done myself and brother fanciers a great injustice by acting in that capacity," consequently I take it that he must mean that no man can be a judge of any breed unless he has been a successful breeder of the particular breed of dogs which he undertakes to judge. I have already shown by the English Kennel Club Stud Book, that Mr. Mason never bred a pointer which he had exhibited successfully in England. I will now ask when and where he ever bred mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, or any other breed of dogs? "A man who is not a successful breeder of dogs cannot be a judge of dogs," says Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason has never bred any breed of dogs except pointers, ergo, he cannot judge any breed of dogs except pointers, and from his record and his more recent comments on pointers and pointer judging at the late Boston show, I, with many others, am inclined to the belief that he has but a very superficial knowledge of the breed he affects most to admire.

It is true his name appeared in a book, but what is that worth? FOREST AND STREAM once said that I was a good judge of dogs, now they allow Mr. Mason to repeatedly say I am not.

There have been and still are pointer breeders in England, whose names will never die as long as the noble pointer lives. We have heard of Garth's Drake, Lord Sefton's Shot, Whitehouse's Hamlet and Price's Bang, but who ever heard of Mason's anything? Nobody, nor ever will, because Mr. Mason is not a breeder, is not even a lover of dogs, except to the extent of the dollars and cents he can get out of them at a raffle or otherwise.

In conclusion I would refer Mr. Mason to a letter which appeared in the *Kennel Gazette*, London, England, a few sentences from which I will quote: "An Englishman well known in this country as a fairly successful exhibitor, but certainly not an authority on any breed * * * * * * Englishmen should at all times learn to be modest before they begin to spread their opinions broadcast. If they know sufficient, and can write sufficiently well, they can find plenty of employment in their own country, and by the time they become authorities their writings and opinions will be quoted in foreign countries; but to commence as teacher or censor in another country is an intolerable piece of egotism."

This letter was quoted in a Western contemporary during the week in which the first Louisville show was held. I read it to Mr. Mason, and never shall forget the unutterable expression of anguish and mortification which came over his features as he gasped out, "This is the work of my inveterate enemy, Vero Shaw," notwithstanding the fact that Vero Shaw was not at that time on the editorial staff of the *English Kennel Gazette*, and that it was in Vero Shaw's work on the dog that Mason's name "appeared in a book," as he is so fond of quoting.

When I have more leisure I will, with your permission, propound for Mr. Mason's special perusal a few questions on certain dogs, which I will guarantee will be interesting to him, however much it may try the patience of your readers.

JAS. MORTIMER.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The most healthy sign I have seen for some time is the statement of your correspondent "Rosecroft," that there will be no representation from the Eastern clubs at the association meeting at Cincinnati. The scorn with which "construction" has been received, has scotched the snake concealed in the association, but it is not killed yet. The same stupid fatuity that concocted "construction" is at work to further its own ends and has chosen Cincinnati as the field of operations. Nothing is needed to completely kill this snake further than leaving it to its own devices. The genius that elevated "construction" to its commanding dignity, suffices to cover a continent with—well, we won't call it glory. I suppose the outcome will be two associations, an Eastern and a Western one. This seems the likeliest solution of the present mix. One thing is sure, the association that promulgated "construction" got up the meeting at Cincinnati, and finally snaked through the postponement of the annual meeting to Cincinnati this year, can never command the respect of the honorable, sensible men in dog circles of America. When a sensible association is gotten up, let us hope that it will sit down on all such tricks as proxies, except, perhaps, in voting for officers, no more such business as referring the whole conduct of affairs to a "hole and corner" meeting of "dearly beloved Roger and I." I do not see why a club or clubs cannot be organized on a liberal basis, one that will invite the confidence and respect of the exhibitor, even if it does not give him a share in its actual work. This will probably be the easiest way out of present difficulties, and for the present will do well enough. As soon as we get a sufficient number of specialist clubs, they can keep the association straight by creating a congress of their delegates to keep an eye on the association. Pray, may I inquire of the members of the A. K. C. who constituted the meeting at Boston, what in the world they were at when they approved the minutes of the "last meeting"? Wasn't that the meeting at Cincinnati that gave us proper "construction"? And didn't all the Eastern members repudiate "construction," or did the same wise "proxies" that met "in the woodpile" outvote them? Now, come up to the rack, don't keep family secrets, in the present state of public mind nothing will be satisfactory but a clean breast of it. The proceedings of the Boston meeting will leak out gradually, but a frank confession will clear all the innocent ones, but until we get it they will be lumped in with the black sheep.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., April 24, 1885.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE ninth annual New York dog show, given under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, was held at Madison Square Garden last week. The arrangements were excellent, and Mr. Mortimer, who superintended the show, is to be congratulated upon the success of his first attempt. We gave last week a description of the show, with a list of nearly all the awards. The remainder will be found below. The number of entries was not quite up to the average of previous shows, the falling off being mainly in the pointer and setter classes. The condition of the dogs was equal, if not superior, to that of any exhibit we have seen. The quality of the animals, especially in the non-sporting classes, was also better than usual.

The judging was not in all cases satisfactory. Mr. Dalziel is an acknowledged authority upon many of the classes which came before him, and we cannot quite understand how so good a judge could make some of the mistakes that occurred in his decisions, although we have the best authority for stating that some of the dogs were overlooked, and that had a more careful examination been made the result would have been different. Mr. Tracy is a true artist and shows wonderful skill in transferring to canvas life-like pictures of the dogs he portrays, but in passing judgment upon a group of animals we fear that his artist's eye is prone to dwell upon the lines and curves of beauty rather than upon the oftentimes less pleasing outlines that denote greater worth.

The comments on the dogs are for the benefit of the public, and as a guide to the breeder who has no opportunity to examine them. No dog is perfect, and it is only by judicious breeding that improvement of the various breeds can be accomplished, and it is of vital importance that a thorough knowledge of the faults of each animal should be had in order that the mating may be so intelligently done, that these faults shall not be intensified in the offspring by the careless mating of animals that have the same bad qualties.

MASTIFFS—(MR. DALZIEL).

Hero II. and Lorna Doone were the only entries in the champion classes. The son of Salisbury was looking well, and his kennel mate better than when exhibited at New Haven. In the open dog class four out of the eleven entries failed to put in an appearance, and the judge was not long in selecting Moses for premier honors. The newcomer has a good head, but is heavy in ears and has a superabundance of dewlap. We will reserve our opinion of his body until we see him in better condition. His legs and feet are fairly good. Homer—the much abused—was well placed second. He is on the small side, but has a very nice mastiff head, and is much above the average in body, legs and feet. Lion, placed third, is a big, handsome dog, good in body and coat, but lacking in mastiff character. His head is much too long and his ears are heavy. Rex is houndy in head, and so is Jumbo. There were only eight bitches in the open class, six of which were present. First went to Prussian Princess, a bitch with a good head, but faulty in the legs and heavy in ears. Lady Gladys came next, and a rare good bitch she is. She has a very good head that might be improved a little below the eyes, stands on good legs and feet, and has plenty of length between the couplings. We would like her tail better if it were longer, reaching to the hocks, and perhaps she is a bit slack behind the shoulder. Third went to Queen II., whose good and bad points we have frequently alluded to. How Mr. Dalziel managed to overlook Rosalind we do not know. She was in nice condition, and is at all times a good bitch. She should have been second, if not first, with Prussian Princess third, and Queen II. vhc. Twenty-one puppies made a big class, but the quality was below par, and we failed to find anything among them that is likely to develop into first-class form. The printed list of awards sent out by the club gave Vulcan as the winner, but the prize went to Leo. He is a big, fine dog, but is much too long in the face and heavy in ears. He has a ring tail, stands too high behind and is weak in second thighs. Pharaoh, winner of second prize, is of better type, but too much dished below the eyes and long of ears. He lacks size and is faulty in back and tail. Duke, placed third, was our choice for first. He carries his tail too high, is throaty and lacks in color of ears.

Vulcan, hc., stands on good legs and feet, but lacks depth of muzzle and is a bit leggy. We liked him better than the winner. Count Robert, hc., is too long in the face and carries his ears badly. Countess is not square enough in muzzle and her eyes are light in color. Kaffir is heavy of ears, leggy, and not massive enough in head. Olaf and Odin are faulty in head and ears. Paris is deficient in ears, muzzle and back.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. DALZIEL).

Duke of Leeds, wonderfully improved in body since last year, and but for his faulty tail a grand dog, defeated Otho for the champion prize. Otho is immensely the superior in front of any dog we have had, but shown as he was, he can never beat a conditioned dog such as Mr. Hearn always brings out. Bonivard did not compete. Mr. Hearn's Gertie had a walk over for the champion bitch medal. In the open dog class Mr. Dalziel got the wrong one first. Besides being improperly entered, as was stated in the protest published last week, St. Elmo is a cripple behind, and his queer pedigree can be detected in his color and appearance. First Choice was the best in the class. His ears are set on a bit too high, face like his half brother Plinlimmon's, rather long, but he is young enough to allow of some improvement, and he gets his tail too high. His color and markings are good; he is a large dog and has plenty of bone. Rollo, the winner of third, was rated too high; he is heavy in ears, and has a curly, open coat. Carlo is good in head and color, but is cowhocked and very weak in his hind legs. The typical little Rene was the second best in the class. He was well shown and had improved since New Haven. Duke, like Rene, is small and lacks character in head. Dare is faulty behind, and his left eye gives him a sour expression. Barnard's Prince, though undersized, is a good dog, and how Mr. Dalziel overlooked him we do not understand. The well-known Rhona beat the equally well-known Lady Abbess in the bitch class, these being the only entries. In the smooth champion classes, Don II. and Daphne had walks over. Verone, fully described in our Boston report, was at the head of affairs. Two visits to Essex Kennels failed to find him, and we must pass him. Castor, entered as imported from the Hospice, is not worth his passage money as a St. Bernard. Ernst, third, is still light in body, is large, but plain in head and has a ring tail. Chic is dish-faced and full in the eye. The highly commended Zeno was easily detected as a son of Harold; he is too small to take high rank on the bench. The plain-faced Wanda won easily in her class, the others shown against her being properly passed over. A poorer lot of puppies we have seldom seen. Konig, first, was a long way the best. Roi looked for all the world like an overgrown collie, and Mountain Maid is a snipy-headed, poor-coated one, quite unworthy of such a mention as vhc. Alpine Maid is plain in face, lacks squareness of muzzle and is weak in jaw. Abbott is at present only a fair puppy, but he may improve. In smooth puppies we preferred Valentine, Jr. for first, though Kobold, great in bone, may outsize Valentine when mature.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. DALZIEL).

The winner, Miro, came all the way from New Orleans, and his only close rival was Tasso. They are both above the average, but Tasso was handicapped by being badly shown. Pride, who split the pair, has a long, plain head, and is not good in coat. Bruno is curly, as was any number of the passed over division. Crank should have been noticed, as he is of fair size and has a straight coat.

GREYHOUNDS AND DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DALZIEL).

Friday Night, faulty at both ends, was the only entry in the champion classes, and in the open dog class Mr. Smith's great dog Memnon fairly smothered his opponents. No fault could have been found with the judge had he withheld the second prize for want of merit. Faulty behind and without teeth, Ben looked a miserable picture when standing by the side of his handsome kennel companion. King Lear is light of bone, plain in head and prick-eared. Master Donald is light of bone and faulty in head. Victor is not a show dog—too coarse and weak in muzzle. In the bitch class it was Mother Demdike first, and the rest nowhere. Fan, checky, snipy, light of bone and weak in the pasterns, came next. Maud McGrath was given hc. She is a coarse bitch. Belle is light of bone, faulty behind and full at the brow. The puppies were a seedy looking lot, excepting perhaps the winner, Hawthorne Belle. Zulu is leggy and faulty in ears. School Boy is plain in head and shallow. The winning deerhounds are well known. Mac and Perth were the best of the lot.

POINTERS—(MR. TRACY).

The marked falling off in the number of entries in these classes shows that something is wrong, and it is to be hoped that next year the club will appoint a pointer man to handle pointers. There were only 91 entries against 149 last year and nearly 20 dogs were absent. The judge worked hard, and no doubt did his utmost to give satisfaction; but it was easy to see that he was not at home with the breed. There were no entries in the champion dog class, and in the bitch class, Water Lily, looking very well, was alone. In the open dog class Mr. Tracy had not more than a dozen dogs before him, and yet it took him exactly two hours to judge the class. There were only four or five dogs in the race, and a man gets "mixed" if he spends two hours in examining dogs which might easily be judged in a fourth of the time. The winner turned up in Robert le Diable, a "flash"-looking son of old Croxteth and Spinaway. He is a white and liver-ticked dog of very "catchy" appearance, the very sort of dog to mislead a man who is not up on the breed. His head is by no means good, being deficient in stop. His eyes are light and his ears are placed too high. He has plenty of length of neck, and his forelegs are good until you come to the pasterns, which are light. He carries his tail well, and his stifles are beautifully bent. His loin and feet are bad, and he lacks substance all through him. In appearance he resembles Donald II., but is not so stout. If Robert le Diable was deserving of first, Donald should beyond doubt have been second. The latter has improved very much during the last twelve months, but our first opinion of him will never be changed, and we do not hesitate in saying that if this dog and Robert were stripped of their "beauty spots" they would have fewer friends. The pointer is a dog possessed of great bone and substance; strong loins and good feet must he have. These are indispensable requisites, and without them no dog can be first-class. Weeds can gallop, but cannot stay, neither can they beget good stock. Fritz, placed second, is a much better built dog than the winner, but he has not improved on his old form. Tammany disappointed us. He is splendidly bred and should beget capital stock if put to the right type of bitches. Glen is too coarse for a show dog. How Mr. Tracy managed to overlook Pilot we do not know. He was one of the best dogs in the class. Rush III. is faulty in shoulders, light behind, and slack in the back. Jimmie may be a workman but he lacks true pointer character. Carlo, Mr. Munson's recent importation, is one of the worst looking animals we have ever seen entered in a pointer class. Drake got more than he deserved; he is not nearly so good a looking dog as his kennel companion, Sefton. Croxteth, too, is a better looking dog. Drake is very faulty in loin and feet. In the bitch class Mr. Tracy got all wrong. Nan, the winner, is long and round in the barrel, faulty behind, and her color is "washy." The judge withheld second prize for want of merit, and to make matters worse, gave third prize to a very much better specimen than the winner, whereas he never mentioned Bonnie Kate, about the best bitch in the class. She is not quite straight in forelegs, or strong enough in second thighs and is too wide across the chest, but in other respects she was away in front of the class. These were a very poor lot. In the champion small dog class Bravo had matters all to himself. If he showed more character in head, and was not quite so round in the barrel he would be a red hot one. Rue, in the bitch class, is a sweet little specimen, but too heavy in whelp to show. The quality in the next class was much above that in the same class last year, and the judging was equally bad. Last year Mr. Sterling overlooked Bon Ton's good points, and didn't even commend him. (Dash was his name at that time.) This year Mr. Tracy gives the dog second prize when he is not entitled to it. He is round in barrel, light of bone and cheeky. Third was about his place. Robin Adair, placed first, is very like Meteor, but is shorter on the legs and better in head. Second was his place. Bob, a dog that Mr. Sterling never noticed, but which we said was deserving of notice, now takes third in a very much better class. He. is what he deserved. He is wide in front and faulty in shoulders and stifles. Prince of Orange, hc., is very weedy and snipy; he got at least one letter more than he was entitled to. Mr. Tracy missed the best dog in the class, and didn't give him a commended card. Doctor is his name. He is not a "flash-colored" dog, but he looked something like a pointer. The small bitch class was better than the same class last year, but the judging was even worse. Jilt, the winner, is a good little bitch. We said of her last year that she was too throaty for so young a bitch; she is now very throaty, but her worst fault is behind her shoulders. She is at all times a nice one. Second was her place. Belle, that should have been second last year, takes second this year when she is not entitled to it. Rosa should have been higher up on the list. In head and stifles she is faulty. Flash, faulty in feet and light of bone, deserved a card. Belle of the Glen, too, should have been noticed. She is wide in front and coarse in tail, also a bit light of bone. Dora is snipy, light of eye, and heavy in shoulder, but deserved her card. Modesty, vhc., was away in front of anything in the class. How Mr. Munson could enter such a bitch for sale at $150 and bring Vanity out as a world-beater is a mystery to us. Mr. Hitchcock took the bitch at the catalogue price, and she is a bargain. Her fault is in loin, which is not good, too much "tucked up," and she is a bit throaty. Head, legs and shoulders remarkably good, tail well placed and equally well carried. She was the best small pointer in the show, and her owner never need be afraid to exhibit her in any light-weight class. There was nothing in the puppy classes that is likely to develop into anything first-rate. In the class for dogs and bitches over twelve and under eighteen months, Duke of Bergen, from the Ramapo Kennels, was properly placed first. He is too high on the legs and is very throaty for a youngster; his ears, too, are not properly placed. Tempter, placed second, is throaty, shelly and lacking in character. We preferred Beausire, good in legs, feet and body, but snipy, for the place. In the class for dogs and bitches under twelve months old, Happy Medium, placed first, was not deserving of premier honors, being faulty in eyes, ears, shoulders and feet. The New Haven and Boston winner Lou, was points the best puppy in the class. Bang Grace, placed second, will never make a good one. She has a very plain head. The hc. Mona should have been second. She is heavy at the shoulders and is a bit snipy. Chloe, a fair good black, deserved a card, and so did little Butterfly, a niceish four months old puppy. Viola is bad in loin and feet, and is very throaty for a puppy. She has lots of bone, her best point. It is to be hoped the classes will be better filled and better judged another year. Such confusing awards as were made on his occasion mislead the public and muddle beginners. The result is that progress cannot be made.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. HIGGINS).

These classes were much better judged than the pointers, and we regret there was such a marked falling off in the quantity and quality of the exhibits. There were only 76 entries against 154 last year, and New York has always until this year eclipsed other shows both in quantity and quality. Plantaganet represented the champion dogs, and was looking well. In corresponding bitch class Petrel II., a handsome bitch, not well shown and too light in bone, was alone. The quality in the next class was not good, and Foreman, faulty at both ends, scored an easy win. Mr. Goodsell's exhibits were in wretched condition, and Rockingham, although entered, was "not for competition." Second went to Clifford, who is too long and round in barrel. His head is not good and he was out of coat. His legs and feet will do. Bob White, vhc., is a catchy-looking dog, but does not improve on acquaintance. His feet are not good, and he is a bit throaty and slack in the back. He gets his flag up too high and is light in second thighs. Some people liked him better than the second prize winner, but we think Mr. Higgins was right. Storm, not mentioned, although faulty in tail, short of coat and leggy, deserved mention. His legs and feet are good. Count Tempest is curly, throaty and cheeky. Paris III. is heavy in head, throaty and wide in front. Ranger, vhc., was shown too lusty. His ears are not well carried, and he is heavy in shoulders and too straight from the hocks down. Sandy was worth a c. card, although he is leggy, faulty in tail, short of coat and a bit weak in pasterns. Ponto won the special offered for the best black setter. We don't know why, seeing he is a black and white dog. Rock is faulty in tail, neck, muzzle, carriage of ears, and thighs. Jester, apple-headed and underhung, has some rare good legs and feet to recommend him. We have seen him looking better. Glen Rock, vhc., is not up to Mr. Jester's usual form. He is faulty in hocks, curly behind, besides being a bit leggy and plain in face. The bitches were a much better lot than the dogs, and Modesta, a nice bitch, was perhaps the best of them. She has improved since Boston, but is not yet in full coat. She does not carry her ears well, and is a bit heavy at the shoulders and faulty in gait. Second went to Coomassie, a decision we cannot indorse. She is a pretty weed, faulty in shoulders and thin through the thighs. Blue Belle, placed second, and Dashing Belle, third, are worth a street full like her. Blue Belle is not so good as she might be, either in coat, bone or feet. Dashing Belle was shown too fleshy; she is a bit sheepish in expression and light in hind parts. Marchioness, hc., deserved another letter. She has good legs and feet and a fairly good head. She is light of bone and not so good in loin as she might be; neither do her ears lie close enough. Bessie, vhc., is faulty in feet, neck and ears. Lady Suffern, unnoticed, is a better bitch. In feet, neck and eyes she might be altered to advantage, but she is a nice bitch. Paris Belle is faulty in head, ears, neck, pasterns and coat, and is too round in barrel. Maud S., hc., got more than she deserved. She has a short stumpy head and a bad tail. Crete II., a little faulty at both ends, deserved notice. Rose did not, whereas she took the vhc. card. She is light in body, faulty in eyes, bone, elbows and feet. Mac's Bijou, of poor color, was worth hc. In the puppy class we only noticed four that are likely to be seen in future prize lists. Prince Imperial and Princess Victoria, owned by Mr. Donner, and Dame Petrel and Stormy Petrel, owned by Mr. Lorillard. Prince Imperial, good in legs, feet, bone and coat, and above the average in head, is a bit faulty in the back. Victoria is faulty in tail, neck and eyes, but good in coat and bone, and not bad in head. Dame Petrel is better in head than her kennel companion, and not so light in eye. Tip, vhc., has a sour face. We liked Lady Blanche better, but her age (six months) was against her.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

Argus and Lady Gordon was the order of things in the champion classes, and in the open dog class, Phil, by no means a crack, took first. He is straight behind, has a plain, sour head and faulty ears. Flash, curly, throaty and leggy, came next. Vhc. was as much as he deserved. Glen III., that took third prize, is a better dog. He is faulty behind and lacks bone. Echo, c., is of poor color and is sour in expression. Angus, vhc., is faulty in head, eyes and color. Jet, vhc., is faulty in muzzle and color. Carlo, c., is faulty in color and at both ends. Jack is too heavy. Rock is dish-faced and poor in color. Carlo is snipy, faulty in ears and was not well shown. They were a very poor lot, and the judge was liberal with the cards. The bitches were even worse than the dogs. Rhoda, hc. at Boston, took first. She is heavy in shoulders, short of coat and her head is too much of the Irish type. Bessie, curly, light in head, but nicely marked, came next. The second prize was withheld for want of merit. The puppies were a wretched lot, and only the first prize was awarded. Madge was the best. She is faulty behind and too weedy.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. TRACY).

The entries in these classes were very few compared with previous shows, but the judging was bad. In the champion classes the judge could not get wrong, as Elcho, Jr., and Faun were alone. But in the open dog class he got all astray, and when the number of the winning dogs appeared on the blackboard, dissatisfaction was expressed on all sides, and it never subsided until the Garden was emptied of dogs and their owners. The judge took great pains to arrive at correct decisions, and no man could possibly have tried harder to give satisfaction. The first prize went to Rory O'More II. This decision we must dissent from most emphatically. Three other dogs were shown in the class that can beat Rory O'More II. all through, and there were still others left as good as he. Blarney, placed third, was our choice for premier honors. He has improved since Boston. He has the head of an Irish setter, and he is an Irish setter. We would like him better if he was not so broad across the chest or so long in the back. Chief, placed second, is a much better dog than the winner. His head is not equal to Blarney's, but his color is superb and he is remarkably good between the couplings. He is too straight from the hocks down, and his head, though not bad, is below first-class form. Bruce, vhc., is a beautiful little dog; his clean-cut typical head, nice coat and color and raking appearance made for him many friends. If he were stronger in forearm, firmer in back, and a bit larger he would beat any dog living. If the judge had placed Blarney first, and Bruce and Chief equal second, the decision would have been well received. The condition in which Blarney, Chief and Bruce were shown did credit to the owners. Rory O'More II. has not improved upon his puppy form. He shows too much of the English type for an Irish setter. His head is faulty; it is too flat, the muzzle is wedge-shaped, and he is light in the eyes; his neck is thick and short, while his hocks are straight, and close together when he moves; in color he is too dark, and his coat is not flat. Burke, faulty in tail, shoulders and ears, deserved a card, and so did Rory O'More, Jr., who is light behind but fairly good in front. Scamp and Chip, were each worth hc. Chief II. is faulty at both ends but deserved his card. The bitches were a poor lot, the best of the entries being absent. Hazel's appearance could be improved by condition. Her ears are set on high and she does not move well behind. Little Nell was not at her best. Her coat requires attention and her ears are not good. They were properly placed first and second. Lady Edith, third prize, is faulty in ears, curly and flat in skull. Bell is faulty in ears and light in color. Gerald and Molly Bawn were the best of the puppies, and we did not see anything else that is likely to be heard of in the future. Gerald is good in coat, color, legs and feet, but is not clean enough below the eyes, and is faulty from the hocks down. Molly Bawn is good in head, bone, color, legs and feet. M'liss is heavy in head, which will get worse with age.

SPANIELS—(MR. DALZIEL).

The spaniels made a good showing in point of numbers, but there were many absentees, and these withdrawals lowered the average quality very much. Taking them altogether, the New York display was nowhere near as good as what was seen at New Haven. The only Irish water spaniel shown was a mongrel, and the prize was withheld. Benedict, now owned by Mr. A. E. Foster, secured still another championship and the spaniel special. Mr. Dalziel transposed Mr. Watson's judging in the field spaniel class by placing Black Prince over Newton Abbot Lady. They do not now need description. Barrister II. is a trifle too leggy and has a light eye, otherwise a very good dog, with a nice, flat coat. Moor is high on the leg and short of coat. Nellie Neil was off her bench. Prince Hal was quite deserving of his card, a fair good dog. Bob, Jr., is well known. Jumbo is good in coat, a fair head and ears, but not low enough, still the plain commended was not enough for him in such company. A bad Bedlington was shown in this class by Capt. Paul Boyton, and on looking among the terriers we found it was a transposition of numbers no one had sense enough to detect. He was meant to be shown in the rough-haired terrier class. Othello is weak in muzzle and was badly shown. Mr. Richardson, who has gone in for Clumbers, had the field to himself with Newcastle, Tyne, Bateman and Blondy. They were placed in that order. Newcastle is the heaviest and longest Clumber spaniel we have seen in this country. He is only ten months old and will yet improve. He is low on the leg, is of good color, and excellent coat. His head, however, will never be strong enough for his size and his feet are also too small. Tyne is better in head than her brother, but is higher on the leg and shorter backed. Bateman is well-known. Last year Bateman was placed ahead of all the Clumbers, but the Clumber special medal Mr. Mortimer awarded to another dog on the ground that Bateman was not a Clumber. Mr. Dalziel, who ought to know something about the breed, gave Bateman vhc. on this occasion. In black or liver cocker dogs, Brahmin won, he is too much like a small field spaniel. Hornell Jock, second, has a good body, but is too high stationed and is weak in muzzle. In bitches Miss Nance, Shina and Juno W. were abscut, and first went to Helen. Hornell Silk, who walked over for the champion prize, was shown as curly as a poodle on his quarters. Sport, previously described, was alone in any other color dogs, and out of three poor bitches Lilly was chosen as the best. The winning puppy, Belle, is too fine in muzzle. Negress III., her kennel companion, will walk away from the winner in fine style in a very short time as she is long in the barrel and has a head not likely to go wrong. Black Reno is leggy and coarse. O'Donovan Rossa is aptly named, the expression of his face would convict him of any canine crime. Dash II., c., was to our mind the best in the class, but there was also a splendid litter by Black Prince in which there looked to be several future winners. It was a large class but contained a lot of rubbish.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. PURDY).

There were only five entries in the foxhound class. First went to Vinegar; he was in fair condition and deserved the place. Manager, second, is also a good dog, with not so good a head as the winner. He has plenty of bone and looks a workman. Major, third, is a fairly well-formed black and tan, his head is of the bloodhound type, and he has a surly look that detracts from his appearance. We liked for the place Truman, vhc., he is a trifle coarse in muzzle, and is a little out at the elbow; he has a good head and capital legs and feet. Sis, unnoticed, is of the harrier type.

BEAGLES—(DR. J. W. DOWNEY).

Well judged was the verdict in the beagle classes, and although the entries were not numerous, there was a decided improvement over past years. The good of a specialty club was clearly evidenced in beagles, as there was something like type about the exhibits, an appearance of something definite being aimed at. Fleetwood has a nice head but is light of bone and slack in the loin. Rover is throaty, is short in the head but has good body, legs and feet, and a working coat. Mark Anthony is coarse, light of bone and leggy. Minstrel having no pedigree, it is safe to assume from his appearance that his father was a half-bred bull-terrier. It was a mistake giving such an animal a card at all. Little Duke is a smart little hound, a little off in carriage of ears, which are not long enough. He is the best beagle ever shown at New York. Frank has no bone and is too long cast. In the bitch class Music showed badly in the ring; she has nicely placed ears and

good legs and feet, but is too long in the couplings. Lou is coarse and leggy. Little Beauty, too long in the couplings. Marjory showed mange, is leggy and wants character. Fly is not a beagle. In the class under 12 inches, Blue Boy and Blue Maid, brother and sister, led off the catalogue. They are the tallest 12-inch beagles we ever looked at, and they are not extra good-looking. Their heads are coarse and wedgy, and lack the neatness and finish of such a head as Little Duke. The best point about them is their good legs and feet. Bannerman's domed skull and toy-terrier muzzle is his great fault. Behind the head he is a model miniature hound, without that slackness of loin so marked a characteristic of American beagles. Mamie Ringwood was put down as a five-year-old—a dog dealer's five years—for she looks as old as the hills. Marchboy II. is simply a toy, but Magnet would probably have been in the money but for arriving too late for the judging. The puppies were well treated by Dr. Downey, but we could see nothing in the class to arrest attention.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. DALZIEL).

This breed is improving, but there was nothing first-class. Fox-terrier heads, short ears, tight skins and light limbs were too conspicuous, and it is to be hoped breeders will set about to get rid of such defects.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. L. M. RUTHERFURD, JR.).

Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive led off Mr. Rutherfurd's classes, and earned bloodless victories for their respective championships. In the open class, our notebook says, Sir George is coarse and overgrown. Mr. Tinker deserved a card; he wants more length of head; but he is a terrier. One Dollar and a Quarter—his name is the best criticism we can give of him, perhaps one dollar would be nearer the mark. Grover was put down as hc., and had such a card over his bench. Why, it was impossible to see, for he is a leggy weed with a snipy muzzle; no terrier about the dog at all. Scarsdale every one knows all about, and placed next to Spice his cheekiness was more noticeable than ever. Spice, entered as four years old, is over six years of age and his mouth shows it. If his tail had not been docked, it would have crooked over on his back. Coat soft, and when he stands at attention he gets up in the air so as to look leggy and straight in the shoulders. He is just off the ship, and looked a little light all over. He won without difficulty. His legs and feet are still perfect. He is a capital terrier, but we are somewhat disappointed in him. Jocko is weak in front of the eye and out at elbows, but is a nice cobby little dog. Vakeel has not improved at all since last year. Sancho is coarse and houndy. Richmond Johnnie is heavy-eared and too strong in head. The bitch class contained Richmond Delta, for whom Mr. George Raper gave over $500 at auction a few months ago. We thought Mr. Raper a better judge of a terrier. She is far too fine in muzzle, her legs are like pipestems and her mouth is all gone. The absence of the teeth from one jaw in front would indicate that her mouth might not have been level. At any rate, if Mr. Rutherfurd had looked at her mouth he could not have placed her first in this class. This is another of the animals with a great English reputation which is not deserved. Gurrey Gypsey is very wide in front. Her best point is her nice, small ears. She is a well bred one, too. Izzie is a liver, tan and white nondescript. The wire-haired terriers were badly handled. Tyke was shown a mass of woolly hair, as were all of Mr. Grainger's. Trophy is the proper sort, a smart terrier of the right size. He was out of coat, but what was left of the old one showed it to be of the proper length and harshness. Tip was the second best in the class. Whitethorn is faulty in muzzle and had no coat. Venom is only a wreck, is small and pinched in muzzle, soft coat, undershot, and her mouth all gone. Foiler is coarse, heavy in ears and woolly. The dog puppies were again led by Scarsdale Joe. Di won in the bitch class. She is rather strong in muzzle for a bitch, but has good ears, legs and feet. Mr. Rutherfurd made an unpardonable blunder in awarding the special for best dog and bitch to Spice and Richmond Delta over Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive. Mr. Kelly requested him to judge by points, and he gave Spice 95 and Delta 55, total 150; Raby Tyrant 55 and Olive 80, total 145. Taking Spice as equal to 95 points, which is preposterous to begin with, both Olive and Tyrant are rated far too low. In point judging Olive is pretty well bound to beat Spice, and the difference of thirty points between Spice and Tyrant, who were judged together, is simply ridiculous.

COLLIES—(DR. J. W. DOWNEY).

Mr. Terry entered his kennel of collies "not for competition;" there were therefore no champions, Mr. Terry having so far the only eligible competitors. Ben Nevis once more came out at the top of the tree in the open dog class. He was shown in marvellous condition and deserved his success. The heavy-eared Bruce of the Fylde, who since his first appearance on the bench has grown coarse, was given second, and his kennel companion, Kilmarnock Bruce, third prize. This was wrong. Kilmarnock Bruce is better in head, though he is far from perfect in that respect; has more freedom, and his mane, frill and coat were far better than on Bruce of the Fylde. The third best in the class was Bounce, a light sable, shown in splendid coat. His skull is not flat enough, and his head loses in length. He was the best-eared dog in the class. Robin Hood is weedy and has no bone. Marquis is curly. Sambo is almost a pure Gordon setter. Jake, vhc., is the open-coated setter-collie Dr. Downey gave first to in 1883. The dog would be well off with a commended card. A great mistake was made in passing over Carlo; he is the proper stamp of dog we want, and but for being a little out of coat should have ranked high. Foxey (late Darnley), with a commended card, was another great mistake. Unfortunately for the judge, Foxey and Jake were benched close together, and it was only too evident their cards should have been transposed. Foxey is a collie and Jake is not. Laddie's mention was still another mistake. His coat is curly and there is no collie look about him. No card for such a dog as that. Guido Rene has heavy ears, a plain face, and was placed too high. Argyle has the same faults as Guido Rene. Brack is showing age and was out of shape. Hiram is well known. Talisman is aging very fast, and was quite out of condition. The bitch class was well filled. Winnie, so often described, got first, but that place we considered belonged to Lady of the Lake, a splendid Eclipse bitch, and winner of first in the puppy class at the Non-sporting show. Her ladyship's sister, Lassie, was shown as fat as a prize hog, but even then her quality made her worth her vhc. Daisy, the Boston puppy winner, was properly placed next to Winnie. Lark is too small and toyish, but she is a nice-looking bitch. Fairy, as every one knows by this time, is heavy-eared. She was well shown. Lilac is short and thick in head, and lacks character. Lady Hempstead is about the best Robin Adair bitch we have seen, and would have done with a higher card, and Mr. Gray's Effie Dean we liked, notwithstanding her short head and her not being in good coat. The Kilmarnock Kennel entered no end of puppies, but as a general thing they were not well reared. Madge, for instance, was simply a bag of bones. Craft owned his place to his good coat, as Strephon, the second in the dog class, will make a clinker if he ever gets in good coat. At present he is shedding and looked light and weedy. Joe Nettles was this time hc., and he was not well treated. Dr. Downey, by leaving out Joker, corrected about the only mistake Mr. Apgar made at Boston. In the bitch class, Clytie might well have been left out altogether and Belle given second place, and the promising Adelia should have been noticed.

BULLDOGS—(MR. DALZIEL).

With the exception of Britomartis the winners are well known. The newcomer resembles her litter brother Robinson Crusoe very much, but she is a decided improvement on him. Her red fawn coat is relieved by a few brindle stripes, which are a great improvement. Her head is a study, both for size of skull and shortness of face. Her faults are that she stands on her legs in place of between them and she wants more length to her back, which is well roached.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. DALZIEL).

Another walk-over for Grand Duke in the champion dog class, and Victoria scored in a similar manner in bitches. Dutch Jr., who has been described before, was placed first in dogs, and Saxon should have been second. Jack is cheeky and faulty in forelegs and feet and was very soft. Young Bill is getting worse and worse, and now will probably be retired. Rosa, first in bitches, was in no condition, is long in the back and her feet turn out. Young Venom, notwithstanding her white eye and weak muzzle, is much the better bitch. She has splendid legs and feet, a good body and was shown as hard as nails. Little Maggie had no opposition in the small-size champion class. In the open class for both sexes Gypsy, though approaching rather too much to the terrier type, was infinitely superior to Nell, while Crown Prince would have been well off with commended. The Earl stood out in bold relief in the puppy class.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. DALZIEL).

There were four entries. Sheila, weak in jaw, won without difficulty from Nailer, who is bitch faced and was out of coat.

TERRIERS, OTHER THAN FOX—(MR. DALZIEL).

In the black and tan class Queen, weak in face and lacking in substance, won. She was in splendid condition and is a smart bitch, good in coat, color and markings. Bessie, placed second, is a better terrier, but was not nearly so well shown as Queen, and it was perhaps on this account that the judge put her back. Victor, hc., is strong in head and his markings are not distinct. Cuss, hc., is plain in head and heavy in shoulders but good in color. Spring, c., is round in skull. The rough-haired terriers were, as usual, a medley lot. Half-bred Irishmen were to the front. In the Dandie class Badger, II., soft in coat, was first. His mouth has gone. Pansy, faulty in head, coat and eyes, came next, with Bonnie Briton, out of coat, vhc. Among the Bedlingtons (dogs) we marked Blucher down for premier honors, and Sir George, faulty in head and coat, for second. Beresford, vhc., is faulty in head, and so is Elswick Lad who was hc. In the bitch class Lillie was the best and won. Souter Johnnie took the valuable medal offered for champion Skyes. He would do with more coat. In the open dog class Duke, a fair good dog, scored an easy win. He, too, would be better with more coat. Watty is a bit woolly, but was well placed second. Phœnix, in the bitch class, is a fair good specimen, much better in head, ears and coat than Mopsey, placed second. Mr. Dalziel handled these classes well.

PUGS—(MR. DALZIEL).

The awards in these classes caused some dissatisfaction. There were no entries in the champion classes, and in the open dog class the judge made an unaccountable blunder in giving first to Punch (Parker's). His ears are badly placed and badly carried, forelegs crooked, and he has no trace. Victor was in his right place—second. His tail is not close enough in curl, and his legs are not good. He carries one ear badly, and his trace mark is not distinct. Tootsey-Wootsey, with an equal second, got more than he deserved. He is faulty at both ends. The third prize, Punch, is a better dog. In eyes and wrinkles he will do. His ears are heavy, trace mark not well defined, toes not black, and tail not close enough in curl. Toby, a bit apple-headed, was worth another letter. Young Othello, hc., has a good head, but he is smutty in color and heavy in ears. His condition was first-rate, but that will never pull him through in good company. Rowdy, vhc., is smutty, small of eye and plain in head. Away ahead of everything in the class was Bradford Ruby, vhc. He is the best specimen we have seen in this country, and we hope Mr. Dalziel will reverse the decision before he leaves us. In the bitch class Beauty, placed first, is much too large; her ears are heavy and badly carried, eyes light in color, and tail very faulty. Flossy, placed second, was the best of the lot. The class was not a good one. The puppies were a wretched lot. James G. Blaine, faulty in ears, eyes, muzzle and color, was the best, and won. Dolly, commended, is very poor in head and ears. Jim Crow is apple-headed and faulty in eyes end markings.

YORKSHIRES—(MR. DALZIEL).

There were no champions, and among the twenty entries in the over 5lbs. open class, we failed to find a good specimen. Prince, light in color and minus tan markings, was about the best of the lot and took first, but he was closely pressed for the place by Ben, who was hc. He was the best formed and best colored dog in the class, but his coat is not so profuse as the winner's. Flora lacks in color, and so does Bobbie. Lancashire Star is short of coat and light in tan. Lass, hc., got more than she deserved. She is of poor color, long cast and faulty in head. Rosie C. is light in color and short in coat. Mr. D., who took second, is light in color and lacking in coat. All of the winners in the light weight class are deficient in color. They were better judged than the heavy weights.

TOY TERRIERS OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES—(MR. DALZIEL).

This was a poor class, and Tiny, the first prize winner, was about the best of the lot. She is faulty in head, and her face markings are not well defined. Fannie is faulty in tail and her color is too light. Busy was lucky in getting a card.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. DALZIEL).

There was not a good one in the lot. In the King Charles class Duke, who took first, stands badly on his hind feet and is not very good in eyes and ears. Charlie, placed second, is long-faced and curly. Countess is faulty in skull and muzzle. All of the Blenheims are faulty in head, eyes and ears. The first prize Japanese spaniel is faulty in ears and is too large.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DALZIEL).

Only four were shown, and Fanny, faulty in color, had no difficulty in taking the blue ribbon to Englewood. Babe, placed second, is prick-eared and is too large. Romeo is as big as a rabbit-coursing dog.

POODLES—(MR. HECKSCHER).

These dogs are improving, but most of them are still too open in curl and long in coat. Rajah II. was not looking his best, and Romeo and Cognac are both too woolly.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. DALZIEL).

A medley lot, as usual, but much better than we generally find. The heavy-weight class was divided for bloodhounds and boarhounds; the latter lack the tiger appearance in head that we like to see. All of the bloodhounds are well-bred specimens, but they fall below the standard in head. In the light-weight class Mexicans were in demand. Me-Too, the best of the lot, was placed at the head of affairs.

THE SPECIAL PRIZES.

The judging of class EE, for the best pointer or setter, was a complete farce, and although there were but four dogs in the race it took the judges exactly four hours to arrive at a decision, and as might have been expected, they gave the prize to the worst dog instead of the best. Stonehenge was strongly in demand, and the tape was frequently unrolled and stretched to test the proportion of the competitors. We are informed the pointer won by two points. Either Rockingham, Plantaganet or Elcho, Jr., is many points ahead of the pointer, and the score, which showed a different result, should be printed. The prize for the best Irish setter went to Elcho, Jr., we thought him uncomfortably pressed by Blarney. Phil won the special for the best black and tan setter. We thought Argus and Lady Gordon many points ahead of him. We liked Don II. the best for the smooth St. Bernard prize, and Rosalind and Lady Gladys for the mastiff prize. Spice scored fifteen points more than Richmond Olive, how or why, we cannot say. Bradford Ruby was the best pug in the show. The light weight pointer prize went to Rue. Modesty is a better bitch.

The following awards are additional to the list published last week:

In the class for rough-coated St. Bernard dogs H. E. Newell's Duke was very high com. and reserve. In the class for greyhound bitches Dr. Mary J. McCleery's Maud McGrath (Victor—Bella) was very high com. In the English setter bitch puppy class, H. S. Bevan's Lady Blanche (Tam O'Shanter—Lady Margaret) was high com. In the class for spaniel puppies Miss Mary D. B. Wagstaff's Dash II. was commended. In the foxhound dog class Wm. Darrow, Jr.'s, Major was third. In the fox-terrier dog puppy class, Rustic Flash was said to be over age and was ruled out. He was afterwards proven to be eligible and the class was rejudged as follows: 1st, Wm. Clark, Jr.'s Rustic Flash, 9 months (Mark—Dingie Bell); 2d, Scarsdale Joe. Very high com., Boxer, Joe and Gaylad. In the class for bull bitches, Bellona, winner of second, is owned by R. & W. Livingston instead of J. E. Thayer. In the class for Bedlington terriers Edward Lever's Beresford (Sting—Wasp) was very high com. and W. S. Jackson's Elswick Lad II. (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.) high com. In the class for pug dogs Mrs. Elsie Lee's Young Othello (Othello II.—Clytie) was very high com.

IRISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, Frank S. Parrott's Gerald (Glencho—Zelda); 2d, William Boswell's Rex (Nerwood—Clara Belle). Very high com., C. W. Vincent's Rory-of-the Hills (Glencho—Red Lassie). High com., C. H. Dayton's Glenmar II. (Glencho—Lassie). Com., C. T. Pierce's Bena (Cap—Sweet).

COCKER SPANIELS—ANY COLOR OTHER THAN LIVER OR BLACK, UNDER 25LBS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Sport (Jet—Daisy). *Bitches*: 1st, H. K. Bloodgood's Lilly (Prince Hal—Lulu); 2d, withheld.

POODLES.—BLACK—*Dogs*: 1st, Dr. O. H. Presby's imported Jack; 2d, William Clark, Jr.'s Sabot (Puff—Jet II.). Very high com., Miss Work's imported Rajah II.; Miss C. L. Ryder's Nigaud (pedigree unknown). High com., Miss Claire Condert's Bourbon (Rajah—Mignon). Com., S. S. Howland's Romeo: John Hammond's imported Cognac. *Bitches*: 1st, William Clark, Jr.'s Jet II. (Brussels—Lolotte); 2d, S. S. Howland's Rosamond. Very high com., S. S. Howland's Juliet and Desdemond.—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, Eugene Faehner's imported Beleau; 2d, A. Kraft's imported Alonzo. Very high com., Mrs. Merrill's imported Montonu

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

The special of the Eastern Field Trials Club for the best Irish setter dog with field trial record, was won by Max Wenzel's Chief instead of Claret as published last week. Westminster Kennel Club's medals: Best kennel of pointers, Neversink Lodge Kennel. Best kennel of English setters, no entry. Best kennel of Irish setters, Rory O'More Kennel. Best kennel of black and tan setters, no entry. Best collection of five pugs, no entry. Best Clumber spaniel, M. Richardson's Newcastle. Best pointer, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable. Medford Fancy Goods Co. collar prizes: Best pointer under eighteen months, Ramapo Kennels' Duke of Bergen. Best red Irish setter, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. Best black and tan setter, Miss Lillian Woodworth's Phil. Best greyhound, H. W. Smith's Memnon. Best brace of greyhounds, H. W. Smith's Memnon and Mother Demdike. Best rough-coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds. Best smooth-coated St. Bernard, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone. Best bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis. Best field or cocker spaniel, A. E. Foster's Benedict.

Deerhound Challenge Cup, Clovernook Kennel. Best pointer or setter, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable. Best cocker spaniel dog owned by a member of the A. C. S. Club, Jas. Luckwell's Brahmin; best bitch, W. O. Partridge's Helen. Best rough-coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds. Best smooth-coated St. Bernard, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone. Best English setter over 12 and under 18 months, Ramapo Kennels' Prince Imperial. Best smooth-coated St. Bernard in open class, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone. Best pug, John Parker's Punch. Best English setter in open class, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. Best light-weight pointer, J. E. Thayer's Rue. Best pair bulldog puppies, M. V. B. Davis's Adonis and mate. Best kennel of greyhounds, H. W. Smith. Best pug dog, John A. Parker's Punch. Best pug bitch, Mrs. A. Kiseman's Beauty.

BROCK—DIANA II.—New York, May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot under the circumstances accept Mr. Chas. Heath's challenge to run my Irish setter Brock against his Diana II. a six days' race; were I to do so I would be placing my dog at a great disadvantage. It is known to the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club and to many other sportsmen that Mr. Heath had his Diana II. in North Carolina and Virginia, handled by a professional trainer, during the whole of the past shooting season, which in those two States is from Oct. 1 to March 1, and doubtless now has secured the services of the same trainer to handle his dog in case the race takes place, whereas my dog Brock was shot over only five weeks during the fall of 1882, four weeks during the fall of 1883-4 respectively, and during the interim allowed to run at large, and has not been in the hands of a competent trainer for nearly three years. Besides, were I to accept his challenge, I am not sure that I could secure the services of John N. Lewis, who broke him, to prepare and handle him in the proposed match. For these reasons I have to decline. Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to make a friendly match with Mr. Heath, to run my dog Brock against his Diana II., under the published rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club, a two or three days' race for a club dinner for the Field Trials Club members present at the trials which take place in November next at High Point, N. C., owners to handle.—GEO. T. LEACH.

PROTEST OF ST. ELMO.—The following is a copy of the reply to the St. Elmo protest: Dear Sir—Your protest *re* St. Elmo received. We do not understand that it touches the question of ownership or owner, therefore that so far it was properly entered. We received a challenge before its entry and investigated the question of age, and are convinced that four years and two months is correct. You do not state that as Snip the dog won a first, the failure to give that name is therefore not within the rule. The entry was made "full pedigree" under the following circumstances: When Mr. Foster called to make his entry, we questioned him as to the numerous statements as to sire and dam, and were satisfied with his explanation, which was briefly that an employe had blundered. We asked him to put the correct pedigree in his entry, but he stated that he did not have "the papers" with him. On his assurance that he could and would produce his proof on demand, we permitted him to enter "full pedigree." —Yours, ELLIOT SMITH, Manager (April 29, 1885).

THE BLACK AND TAN SETTER CLUB.—There was a meeting of gentlemen interested in the breeding of black and tan and Gordon setters on last Thursday evening, at Madison Square Garden. The club was organized under the name of the Black and Tan Setter Club, and the following officers were elected: President, H. Clay Glover, New York; Vice-President, Jean Grosvenor, Boston, Mass.; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. S. Fitch, New York. The meeting then adjourned to meet on May 20 at 8 P. M., at the Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia.

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—The first annual meeting of the Fox-Terrier Club was held at Madison Square Garden on April 30. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, William Rutherfurd, New York; Vice-President, J. E. Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward Kelly, New York. Board of Governors—J. E. I. Grainger, John G. Heckscher, Thos. H. Terry, F. H. Hitchcock, A. E. Godeffroy and Prescott Lawrence.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—Pittsburgh, Pa., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, held April 29, it was resolved to hold a bench show of dogs the first week in October next.—C. B. ELBEN, Sec'y.

SPRING STYLES.—The latest "fad" with society young ladies is a visiting card for their pet dogs. The card is about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide and bears the name of the dog with that of the owner, such as "Miss R——'s pug Toodles," or "Mr. O——'s poodle Smike." I know a number of dogs that received Christmas and New Year's cards. A Rembrandt lace collar is now considered the proper thing for a pug's evening dress, and the silver-blue blanket, bound with gold braid or satin ribbon, is the thing to wear while walking out. Nevertheless, it looks as if the pug must go; his popularity is on the wane, and it seems very much as if the black and tan or Prince Charles would fill the vacancy his departure will leave. The change is not to be wondered at; the pug is not the most intelligent of dogs—even the common cur of the streets has more ability to learn; he can only look beautifully ugly, learn tricks, and has a moody temper.—*Boston Beacon.*

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.—The first annual dog show of the Illinois Kennel Club, will be held at the armory of Battery D, Chicago, on June 2, 3, 4 and 5. The prizes offered are $10 in champion classes, $10 and $5 in open classes, and $7 and $3 for puppies. Exhibitors can have cash or medal prizes as they may prefer. The superintendent writes that the special premiums will be numerous and valuable; he also states that the many applications for entry blanks from all parts of the country leads him to believe that the show will be one of the best of the year. Major J. M. Taylor will judge setters, pointers and Chesapeake Bay dogs, and Mr. Hugh Dalziel will judge the remaining classes. The address of the superintendent is, L. F. Whitman, 108 East Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Entries close May 23.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—Entries are coming in rapidly now that the New York show has closed, and the members of Philadelphia Kennel Club are assured of a fine exhibition. The display of foxhounds will be a feature of the show, and packs will be kenneled in circular inclosures in the center of the room. In addition to the main hall of the Industrial Art Building an adjoining room has been secured in which the toy and small classes will be caged. There is a large list of special prizes and more are promised.—HOMO.

ST. LOUIS SHOW.—The report of the St. Louis show in our last issue should have been signed, as it was written by a special correspondent in St. Louis.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. A. C., Providence, R. I.—Can you tell me how to reduce the weight of my black and tan dog? Ans. Reduce his feed and give plenty of exercise.

E. C. M., Ontario.—A cocker spaniel pup, ten weeks old, has a large lump on the side of the throat, pretty hard. It must have come the last two or three days, as I have not noticed it before. Ans. Shave the hair from the pup and apply a "fly blister" or any hardies, with collodion. The latter is the best blister, and should be painted on with a brush. After six hours a large blister will have formed. This can be snipped with a scissors, the fluid evacuated, and the parts dressed with vaseline.

T. H. H., Norfolk, Va.—My setter dog is about one year old. Some time ago he showed symptoms of canker of the ear. Was weak and in poor condition at the time, but with good feeding and plenty of exercise the trouble seemed to leave the base of the ear, and I did not see anything the matter for some two months. A day or two ago while running my hand over his ear he whined, and I found on the very point of the pendulous part of his ear a hard lump about the size of a chestnut. It looked as if pus was oozing out of the ear on the point, matting the hair and forming a hard lump. At the present time the other ear is nearly as bad as the first one was. I have washed the affected part with soap and warm water, but I think the trouble is internal. The dog is in good condition otherwise, and is casting his coat. Ans. Continue to syringe the ear two or three times daily with warm water. Having cleansed the ears and dried them, drop in a few drops of the following solution: Bromo-chlorali and laudanum, of each a drachm; water, six drachms. Mix. Do not use a glass syringe, and never put any solid instrument in the ear. You may use a syringe for applying the warm water, but use a dropper or camel's hair brush for the medicine.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 28.—About ten months ago some of the "boys" thought that there was material here for a rifle club, and accordingly a few got together and formed the Haverhill Rifle Club. There were a few older riflemen here who had not outgrown their love for the sport, and with their co-operation the club was soon in practice and all interested. Now there are some thirty active members. We have a shooting house and are generally getting things fixed at the range, so that we are looking forward to many friendly contests. We have a match every Saturday afternoon, and the last Saturday in each month a shoot for medals. We use the Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand. Inclosed is the score of the last shoot, Tuck winning the gold and Worthen the silver medal:

H Tuck	5345454455—44	J Johnson	4443445444—40
W Worthen	4545555344—44	E Brown	4554433444—40
J F Brown	4444544455—43	J Choate	4434445443—39
J Busfield	4454453451—42	J W Jackson	2433643433—36
R Griffin	4454444444—41		

The officers for the present year are: President, J. F. Brown; Vice-President, S. E. Johnson; Captain, H. Tuck; Executive Committee, J. Busfield, G. F. Floss, N. H. Hildreth; Secretary, J. P. M. Green.

GARDNER, Mass., April 28.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range the American decimal target was used, distance 200yds., off-hand, with a possible total of 100, two strings were shot with the following result:

G F Ellsworth	87	87—174	C Shumway	61	73—134
A Mathews	80	81—161	G R Warfield	45	65—110
H C Knowlton	74	76—150	W Austin (at rest)	86	86—172

WORCESTER, Mass., April 30.—At the regular meet at Pine Grove Range, of members of the Worcester Rifle Association, the Massachusetts target was used, out of a possible 120 the score was as follows:

M G Fuller	10	9	11	9	11	12	11	12	11	10	—106
S Burton	12	11	9	9	11	8	11	9	12	12	—104
J N Morse, Jr.	11	11	7	9	10	10	10	10	11	11	—100
A L Rice	12	10	10	10	8	11	11	11	11	7	—101
A Williams	10	9	9	11	11	11	9	9	9	9	— 99

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Club had a fair good attendance at their weekly shoot, Saturday, May 2, Lake Lookout Range, when the following scores were made:

E C Knox	12	12	10	10	10	11	9	11	8	11	—105
Re-entry	11	10	11	10	8	9	11	11	11	10	—102
Z C Talbot	12	12	11	8	10	9	11	10	10	10	—104
F B Wilson	11	11	7	9	10	10	11	11	12	9	—101
E T Stephens	10	12	11	9	9	7	11	10	10	11	—100
Re-entry	10	9	10	11	8	10	10	9	9	11	— 97
T T Cartwright	11	10	10	9	8	9	11	7	11	12	— 97
Re-entry	9	10	10	10	11	10	8	12	10	6	— 96
J A Sterling	10	9	2	5	9	4	8	10	11	8	— 76
Re-entry	8	9	7	5	6	3	11	6	0	— 69	
F C Douglass	9	6	6	2	2	10	8	2	4	11	— 60	

A record match will be started next week, also two $10 gold pieces as badges for first and second class marksmen, competitions to take place weekly, the best score for the month to win it, to be won six times before it becomes private property.—PINHEAD.

MASSACHUSETTS ARMS CO.—In the description of the target shown in our advertising columns and made with the new .22-caliber Maynard rifle, nothing has been said for several issues about the distance at which it was made. The omission is this week remedied, and the reader will see that this remarkable target was made at 100yds.

THOMASTON, Conn., May 2.—A very strong, gusty wind veering from the four to twelve o'clock quarters, with a bright light during the first part, and cloudy during the latter portion of the shoot, were the weather conditions at Bridgemoor Range to-day. Position standing, off-hand, 200yds., Massachusetts ring target:

W H Dunbar	12 10 10 9 9 11 10 11 11 10	12—104	
G A Lemmon	12 8 12 10 12 11 10 10 9 9	—103	
G P North	12 7 9 10 10 11 10 10 8 11	— 98	
A S Hubbard	11 9 12 8 7 12 10 9 9 10	— 97	
C F Williams	12 9 11 8 9 10 10 7 10 10	— 96	
G C Gilbert	10 11 9 9 10 11 9 11 9 7	— 96	
F Carr	12 7 9 10 10 8 9 9 10 11	— 95	
F A Perkins	9 10 6 9 10 12 8 8 7 12	— 91	
A Fox	5 8 10 9 11 11 10 8 9 10	— 91	
C L Alling	7 12 6 8 10 11 8 8 10 8	— 88	

Our open to-all prize shoot occurs May 19, 20 and 21. All riflemen cordially invited.

The Lawrence, Mass., Rifle Club has challenged the Empire Rifle Club to shoot a telegraph match May 7.—.32-CAL.

BOSTON, May 2.—There was a fair attendance of Riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, and for a stormy day some good shooting was done; the wind, fish tail all day, blowing from 11 to 1 o'clock. A team match between members of the association was shot, the Tuft's team being victorious. Private W. M. Merrill of the cavalry battalion, made scores of 22 and 21, securing the silver badge. The records were:

Creedmoor Match.

J Haisy	4555455544—46	N F Tufts	4444545434—43
S T Lowell	4545455444—44	Re-entry	4445444454—42

Decimal Match.

R Reed	7	9	5	10	9	7	8	5	9	9—73
W Charles	8	8	4	7	9	7	10	10	7	8—76
N F Tufts	6	8	9	8	10	3	6	8	8	9—75
J P Bates	9	5	10	8	6	9	3	10	5	2—67

Victory Match.

W Charles	10	9	10	8	10	8	8	7	7	9—86
J B Fellows	9	5	5	8	10	8	9	10	9	7—80
C E Berry	8	10	5	9	7	7	8	7	8	10—79
H Howard	5	9	10	5	3	8	7	8	9	7—71
J N Frye	4	7	3	7	9	10	5	7	3	9—64

Rest Match.

S Wilder A	8	9	10	10	10	10	8	7	10	10—92
S Winchester	8	10	8	10	9	7	10	10	9	8—89
J N Frye	9	10	6	10	10	8	9	10	10	8—90

Team Match.—Capt. Tuft's Team.

J B Fellows	9	5	8	10	8	9	10	9	7	—80
N F Tufts	6	8	9	8	10	3	6	8	8	9—75
J Haisey	9	6	5	6	10	7	8	7	9	8—75
E B Edwards	10	6	9	4	8	5	8	7	8	4—69—299

Capt. Bates's Team.

R Reed	6	4	9	9	9	4	7	10	9	9—76
W Charles	6	8	4	7	9	7	10	10	7	6—76
J P Bates	5	5	3	10	5	8	5	8	10	7—66
J N Frye	6	6	1	6	5	7	4	6	6	6—53—271

Although several of the well-known long-range shots, whose big scores at Walnut Hill have made that range famous, will not be able to take part in the new match, which is to begin May 14, there are still enough to revive the interest of former years; and after the first competition, there will be, as the committee is advised, many contestants.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—A practice shoot for the match with the Minneapolis (Minn.) Rifle Club was shot by the Schuetzen Verein, Tuesday, April 21, when the following grand score was made by the champion marksman, Captain W. Milton Farrow. The Captain shot the new model .32 cal. Farrow rifle. The score, when complete, was the first full score of 10 shots made here with a .32-cal. The team telegraphic match was shot Wednesday, April 22, and was won by the Schuetzen Verein with the score of 466 to 459. The conditions were, 7 men, 15 shots each, 200yds. off-hand, Creedmoor target. The following were the individual scores:

F R Bull	4455455555445455—69	J D Marks	4445555444444551—66
W M Farrow	4544454455455554—67	Z C Talbot	4554555444444451—66
M W Bull	4445445555445554—67	S S Bumstead	5444545455544444—65
T B Wilson	5454545454444445—66		

After the match the contest for the six months gold badge commenced, the member winning it the most number of months out of the six becomes the owner, it is shot for weekly. April 29 commenced a contest, match conditions, for a second class marksman's badge. The following scores were made for the badge, German target:

Capt W M Farrow	22 18 20 21 24 20 24 22 24 21—216		
Z C Talbot	22 24 23 24 15 22 20 20 20 22—212		
J Allen	17 23 21 23 22 21 32 22 21 16—208		
Lieut Kron	20 24 18 20 18 9 20 25 19 25—193		
A Folsom	18 23 21 10 22 16 20 11 24 18—183		
Capt Buchholz	16 21 20 10 18 19 16 10 14 20—164		

During the afternoon T. B. Wilson and Z. C. Talbot shot a seven string match, Creedmoor count, both using the new model .32-cal. Farrow rifle, grooved bullet, without cleaning, the score of Mr. Wilson was very fine, his sixth shot only being out of the bull about a sixteenth of an inch. The scores were:

T B Wilson	5555545—34	Z C Talbot	0345455—30

LAWRENCE, May 2.—Regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club, at the club range in Riverside Grove. Despite the strong wind that was blowing from the northwest, some credible scores were made as follows:

Creedmoor Match.

O M Jewell	5555555455—49	H Schouland	4454444444—41
J Merrill	5554555454—47	J S Henry	4444434454—40
M S Jones	5555555444—47	C A Strout	4453444444—40
A W Howland	4454555545—46	W Arthur	4444443444—39
J M Otis	4544554455—45	R T Webber (mil.)	3303334443—30

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	8	8	10	9	9	9	9	7	10	9—88
S J Morris	9	8	9	5	9	8	9	6	10	6—79
M S Jones	9	10	10	10	9	9	8	4	6	4—79
A W Howland	8	8	9	4	10	6	7	10	9	7—78

RIFLE NOTES.—A very liberal programme has been arranged for the spring meeting at Walnut Hill, to occur, as before announced, May 28, 29 and 30. The matches will be off-hand, and the value of prizes in the Creedmoor match will be at least $350. A. G. Gould of Boston has started a monthly paper to be styled *The Rifle*, and devoted exclusively to topics connected with the rifle. The first and May number contains the first of a series of articles entitled "America's Crack Rifle Shots." It describes the position adopted by H. G. Bixby in rifle shooting, accompanied by his record and illustrated by an engraving showing his manner of holding the rifle. Location of different rifle ranges, directions for reaching them, and the shooting days are given; the record of rifle shooting in America, which will be revised each month, and such news from different parts of the country as will be interesting to devotees of this sport.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TEKAMAH, Neb.—Match of Tekamah Gun Club, 7 clay-pigeons:

J F Beard	1001111—5	A T White	1110110—5
C E Bardwell	1100101—4	Geo Atwater	1101000—3

Ties of 5 divided.
Second match:

J F Beard	0111011—5	Geo Atwater	0100010—3
W R Fitch	1100110—4	A T White	1011100—4
C E Bardwell	1101100—4		

Shoot off ties of 4, won by Bardwell.
No 3—Seven glass balls:

J F Beard	0111111—6	Geo Atwater	0111100—4
A T White	0101111—5	C E Bardwell	1011111—6
W R Fitch	1101111—6		

Bardwell won shoot off.
No. 4—Seven glass balls:

Bardwell	0111110—5	Beard	0111111—6
Atwater	1101101—5	Fitch	1111111—7
White	1011111—6		

Ties of 6 divided.
Bardwell and White shot a private match at double clays:

White	10 11 11—5	11 10 10—4	10 10 11—4—13
Bardwell	00 11 10—3	00 10 11—3	11 11 01—5—11

COLUMBUS (KAN.) GUN CLUB.—April 28.—Ten clay birds and 10 glass balls, 18yds. rise, screened trap, use of one barrel:

	Glass Balls.	Clay Birds.
Willis	1011111101—8	1001111001—6
W Best	1000111010—5	0111011101—7
Beam	0111111110—8	1111111010—8
Morris	0311101111—7	0011111011—7
B Best	0101001101—5	0111111110—8
Deal	0000101100—3	1100100001—4
Lewis	0011101000—4	1111111010—9

WORCESTER, Mass., May 1.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club, with friends and guests, went out to Coal Mine Run Range for a field day. The principal event of the day was the contest for the New England individual clay-pigeon badge, held by H. W. Eager of the Worcester Club. The contestants entered were J. B. Bartlett, C. Wilber and W. H. Allen of the Brockton Club; O. R. Dickey and J. H. Faulkner of the Massachusetts Rifle Association: G. A. Spring and C. M. Stark of the Walnut Hill Club, and H. W. Webber and D. H. Gilman of the home club. Faulkner and Wilber did not put in an appearance. The rule allowing only seven to contest, Gerrish and Stark were thrown out. The prizes were the badge, 500 cartridges and $10 to the first, 300 cartridges to the second and 200 cartridges to the third. The cartridge prizes were offered by the United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, the cash prize by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. G. J. Rugg and L. G. White were the judges, and C. H. Gerrish referee. The contestants shot in the following order:

G A Spring	1110011011 1001001011 1101110101 0101001100	withdrew—23	
H W Eager	1101001101 1110111111 1111111001 1110111101	1111101111	—40
W H Allen	1111101111 1111010101 1011111110 1111111110	0111011011	—40
M D Gilman	1111111101 1101111101 1111111101 1111111011	1101111011	—43
H W Webber	1101010111 0110010111 1111111110 1010110011	1111111010	—37
O R Dickey	1110001011 1111110001 1111111111 1111110001	1111111111	—40
J B Bartlett	1111011111 1110011110 1111111010 1111111110	1101100010	—39

The first prizes were awarded to Gilman, and thus the badge for the third successive time is held by the home club. The tie of 40 was shot off and the second prize awarded to Dickey, while the third went to Bartlett.

Sweepstakes were as follows: First—5 clay-pigeons: Holden and Gilman first, Gerrish and Rugg second, Eager third. Second—7 clay-pigeons: Houghton first, Holden second, White third, Allen fourth. Third—5 singles and 2 pairs: Holden and Brown first, Eager second, Stark third, Gilman fourth. Fourth—7 single birds, teams of two: Eager and Gerrish first, Holden and Gilman second, Allen and Bartlett third, Rugg and Webber fourth. Fifth—The individual badge contest. Sixth—3 pairs: Dickey first, Eager and Webber second, Whittier third, Gilman and Gerrish fourth. Seventh—10 singles: Eager first, Dickey second. Eighth—7 singles: Eager and Spring first, Gerrish and Webber second, Dickey third. Ninth—3 pairs: Dickey first, Welsh and Webber second, Gerrish third. Tenth—5 singles: Gerrish and Eager first, Brown second, Stark third. Eleventh—3 pairs: Eager and Weittier first, Dickey and Stark second, Gilman and Bartlett third, White fourth. Twelfth—7 singles: Allen, Houghton and Eager first, White and Gilman second, Gerrish, Webber and Brown third, Dickey and Welsh fourth. Thirteenth—7 singles: Dickey, Allen and White first, Eager and Rugg second, Stark and Holden third, Brown fourth. Fourteenth—3 pairs: Webber and Bartlett first, White and Houghton second, Gerrish and Holden third, Brown and Allen fourth. Fifteenth—7 singles: Dickey first, Eager second, Webber third.

There were nine other events, "miss and outs." During the day there were over 1,700 clay-pigeons used. The meet was a success from first to last.

H. W. Eager had an experience which his associates would like explained. He was shooting "doubles." As he pulled on the first bird he felt an unusual recoil to his gun which nearly lifted him from his feet. As soon as he could recover himself he examined his gun; he found the hammer to the right-hand barrel down, the left up. Both cartridges had been exploded and both had been punctured.

FIRST GERMAN N. Y. GUN CLUB.—Quarterly shoot, Woodside, L. I., live pigeons:

Dr Hudson	1010101010—5	A Goetz	0111111111—9
Fr Plaender	1111000000—4	F Jenner	0101111110—7
H Rubino	0010019000—2	C Pfaff	1010101100—5
J Carvin	11100110 0—5	F Bockelmann	0111111000—6
H Meyer	1010010111—6	John Goerlitz	1100111111—8
L Maisch	1110100111—7	F Oppermann, Jr	0101101111—7
H Eckenberg	0011001000—3	H Zahn	0110011010—5
P Neusch	0101100110—5	Julius Grau	1111110101—8

J. Grau took second.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—The Minneapolis Gun Club has secured grounds of Mr. James Adams, near Minneapolis Falls, and will proceed at once to erect a club house. The grounds chosen are well adapted to gun-shooting and are situated within a few rods of the Motor line. Friday, April 16, a large number of the club turned out to participate in the regular shoot. The wind blew a gale, sending the birds some eighty yards from the trap, and preventing old, experienced shooters from scoring, no matter how firm or steady was the aim. Thirteen sweepstakes were shot and the feathers were dusted from about 500 birds. The gold medal was won by I. Hoblitt, the following being the score:

Hoblitt	1110111111111111011—18	Kreuger	0110111100111111110—16
Rookey	0011111011111110111—16	Miller	1000111101101110110—13
Bendeke	1110111101110111111—16	Leopold	1001100001710111100—11
Lawrence	1110101111110111110—17	Gallop	0011031111011111000—12
Kimble	1110111110001111011—16	Ward	1111110010001110011—12
Skinner	1110011111011111111—17	Ames	1100111010110100010—11
Sabolio	1111101101111101111—17	Spalding	1111110110011111011—16
Harrison	1110110111111110011—16	Howe	1001100110000100010— 9

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—The Dirigo Club held its first regular shoot at Bird's Point, Alameda, to-day. The match was a handicap at twelve birds each, Hurlingham rules. The club was well represented as far as the lookers-on were concerned, but there was not as large a number of shooters as was expected. The shooting, however, was exceptionally good, the eight contestants making over 90 per cent. of kills. Fred Johnson and Matt Fuller each made clean scores, Johnson has not shot for two years and somewhat surprised himself with his good score. Fuller was in excellent form and never shot better. Hicks and Hamilton both did good work, the shooting of the former being especially good. Each of them scored eleven good kills. Woodward came next with ten, while Bell took the leather medal with six. The following is the club score:

Kilgariff	101111011011— 8	Woodward	011111110111—10
Hodges	110100101111— 8	Bell	001101001101— 6
Hamilton	011111111111—11	Johnson	111111111111—12
Hicks	111111110111—11	Fuller	111111111111—12

A freeze-out was then shot off. There were five entries, and after tieing at six kills each, Hicks and Fuller decided to divide. Not content with so much success, Fuller won the next freeze-out with two kills against Hicks's one and Kigariff's miss, and was again the winner of another match with the same men shooting. The last two shoots were at 33 and 35yds. Altogether Fuller killed twenty-eight straight birds. It must, however, be taken into consideration that the day was all in favor of the gun. There was little or no wind during the greater part of the day, and the weather was quite hot.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, May 2.—Regular monthly shoot to-day, the following is the score:

Fountain	1111011101111111110001111—20
Rue	1101010011111011101101110—17
Moore	0011000000010010001111011—10
Snook	1110101111100111000010011—16
Terwilleger, J H	0111110111110001111111101—19
Terwilleger, C R	0110111010100111010111111—17

Sweepstakes at clay-pigeons:

Fountain	11111—5	Terwilleger, J H	11111—5
Roe	10110—3	Terwilleger, C R	10001—2
Moore	11010—3		

Fountain and Terwilleger divided first, Roe and Moore second.

GIRARD MANOR, Pa.—Our first shoot took place under very trying circumstances. The wind was blowing a perfect gale. Many pigeons were broken 45 and 50yds. from trap. The following is the score:

Chance Clark	11010101—5	Geo Loroh	00101111—5
Geo Stauffer	10010001—3	Jas Loroh	01011101—5
S B Torbett	10010110—4	M Loroh	10111001—5
Macmillan	00110101—4	C Kleckner	01111000—4

The club has now the full number of members. The following are the officers: President, M. M. MacMillan; Vice-President, Chance Clark; Secretary, James Loroh; Treasurer, S. B. Torbert. Our next shoot will be at glass balls, May 9.

ATHENS, Pa., May 4.—The Athens Gun Club has lately been reorganized with about twenty active members. At the last meeting the following officers were elected: A. H. Sheridan, President; E. W. Davies, Secretary and Treasurer. The club will hereafter hold a shoot once a week. The score at the regular shoot, May 2, 15 glass balls, Card's rotary trap, 18yds. rise, resulted as follows:

Knasboro	111010101011001—10	Park	011111111101111—13
Welsh	000101100101111— 8	Stroud	001010100101101— 7
Davies	100011111111100—11	Marks	000010100111111— 8
Nevins	011110110101110—10	Lewis	011101011100110— 9
Armstrong	001010001100101— 6		

THE ROCKLAND COUNTY (N. Y.) GUN CLUB was recently organized at West Haverstraw, N. Y. Its officers are Mr. Frederick Tompkins, President; Mr. Peck, Secretary, and O. S. Williams, Treasurer. It has a membership of 25. Thursday of each week the members practice shooting.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 2.—The number of shooters of the Malden Gun Club at Wellington to-day was not as large as usual, owing to the tournament of Thursday and wet weather. The shooting was, however, a little better. The result: 1. Five pigeons—Loring first. 2. Five pigeons—Shumway first. 3. Five pigeons—Ellsworth first. 4. Five blackbirds—Loring first. 5. Five pigeons—Sanborn, Parkhurst and Ellsworth first. 6. Five blackbirds—Loring first. 7. Five pigeons—Jones first. 8. Five pigeons—Jones and Shumway first. 9. Five pigeons—Souther first. 10. Five pigeons—Loring first. 11. Five pigeons—Stanton, Jones and Sanborn first. 12. Five pigeons—Loring and Souther first. Sanborn was the winner of the gold medal.

On the 30th ult. a large number of gentlemen were at Wellington to participate in the annual spring tournament of the Malden Gun Club. In the shoot for the gold medal, at 12 singles and 12 doubles, there were 25 entries, Mr. H. W. Eager winning the trophy by a score of 18.

In the other events, Mr. Eager stood first eleven times, second once and third four times.

THE FOURTH OF JULY MATCH.—The manager of the National Gun Association, responding to a note of inquiry, sends the following to a correspondent, touching the proposed telegraphic match on Independence day: "Cincinnati, April 27, 1885. Robert Hayson, Esq., Swanwick, Mo. Sir—In reply to your favor of the 24th inst. received this A. M., inquiring as to the 4th of July telegraphic match; please note conditions on page 73 of the handbook, all National G. A. Rules; besides Art. 15, Rule 60 will govern the contest. Ties will likewise be shot off per telegraphic match, same conditions, on the 20th week day thereafter. As to enforcing the rules rigidly, the honesty of each member contesting is relied upon to secure this end.—THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION."

HARRY G. MILLER.—This popular keeper of the Fountain Gun and Rod club house, died on the eve of April 30 from an attack of apoplexy. He kept the club house for the past sixteen years, a favorite resort of the lovers of pigeon shooting and fishing. He was one of the organizing members of the Fountain Club, and was also a member of the Prospect Club, Coney Island Club and of the State Sportsmen's Association. He furnished large quantities of the pigeons used in the various shoots. "Harry," as he was familiarly called by sportsmen, was a genial host and an ardent admirer of the sports of the field, forest and stream.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

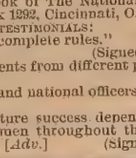
"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 29, 30—Pittsburgh C. C., Camp on Monongahela.
May 30, 31—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

NEW ENGLISH CANOES.

THE new Pearl, No. 7, built under the amended rules of the Royal C. C., which limit weight of canoes and fittings to 200 pounds, sailed her first race on Saturday, April 4, only ten days after her keel was laid. She is 14ft. 6in.×32½, and is 15in. deep at gunwale amidships, her sheer being only 2in. at bow and 1in. at stern. In model and fittings she is very like No. 6, the moulds being spaced a little further apart to give the extra 6in. length, while her beam is reduced ¾in. The mainmast is 8in. further aft than in No. 6, and the boat is lighter, being built of planks barely ¼in. thick, her weight being under 105 pounds. The new Nautilus, No. 10, we believe, is of ribbon carvel build, planking ⅜in., with mahogany ribbands. Her frames are of sawn oak spaced 12in., and her weight is 125 pounds for hull, 156 pounds in cruising trim, and centerboard and ballast together 44 pounds. Her mainsail is 60ft and mizzen 10ft.

CANOEING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE following letter from a correspondent in San Francisco gives some interesting particulars of the weather and water which canoeists have to contend with. A comparison of speed with Eastern boats is difficult, as the craft mentioned would not be considered a canoe strictly speaking, and would not be eligible for our races. The speed certainly seems high for such a sail area. Our winds are evidently much lighter, as a 15×30 canoe will easily carry 100ft. of sail in a good breeze, with little ballast but with crew on deck.

"The last noteworthy event was the trip of our Oakland fleet to Saucelito about Washington's birthday. 'Folly,' of the San Francisco club, gave you some items relative thereto. We have had many discussions since as to the advisability and safety of such expeditions. Saucelito is located on Richardson's Bay, formed by a peninsula of the mainland on the northern side of the Golden Gate, while San Francisco is on the southern side. Alcatraz Island lies in the Straits about a mile and a half from San Francisco. It is about four and three quarter miles direct from San Francisco to Saucelito. The fresh westerly breezes blow direct from the ocean through the Golden Gate and through the Straits and across the bay. Angel Island, which forms part of the easterly side of Richardson's Bay, is separated from the mainland by Racoon Straits, a narrow pass perhaps a half mile wide. Goat Island, which is well over to the Oakland shore, is about eight miles from Saucelito, and I should judge about three from Alcatraz. As the tide sweeps in it breaks to the north and south, up and down the bay of San Francisco, scurrying through Racoon Straits, and eddying around these various islands, forming great tide rips, which seethe and boil with vicious strength. All the islands named and the mainland are very high ground, from 100 to 300 feet elevation, and more or less broken by canyons and gulleys. When the breezes blow the wind comes sweeping down in ever-varying puffs and flaws, and one never knows how to prepare for it.

"These tide rips too are apt to bubble up at any time and locality, and when there is a strong breeze it makes desperate sailing for light boats. The commodore of the S. F. Y. C. only a few days ago said we would run much less risk on the broad ocean than cruising around that part of the bay. Of course these conditions are not always to be encountered. In the winter months the weather is mild, and except during a storm the winds are likely to be gentle. Then, too, by proper calculation as to the tides we can time our start so that we go under favorable conditions.

"Our party left Oakland about 5 o'clock Saturday evening, Feb. 21, in the face of a strong westerly breeze, and under escort of the sloop yacht Gracie. It was after 8 o'clock when we cast anchor, having beaten about half way down Oakland Creek. After supper the Talisman and Undine kept on to Goat Island, the Sunbeam (the smallest canoe in the fleet) having missed it in the dark and paddled out into the bay, and presumably on to Goat Island. We (that is the crews of the Gracie, Mystic and Zephyr) slept in our boats and made an early start next morning, and about 9 o'clock the whole fleet rendezvoused in the cove at Goat Island. But you have already had the details of our trip from that point. The Mystic was obliged to leave the party at Saucelito and return a day before the time set. It is more particularly in regard to this return trip that I wish to write, that comparisons may be made with some of the canoes in the East. The Mystic is a Racine, Saranac model, 15ft. long, 36in. beam, well-rounded deck, and with a good flat floor, carried well forward and aft. Her mainsail, cut after the Mohican pattern, had about 48ft., and the mizzen a lateen, 21ft., say 70ft. in all.

"We had a fair wind and as much as we needed of it—strong tide in our favor—and we made the trip, say about thirteen miles, in two hours and seven minutes, which would represent about six miles an hour. I was very particular in taking the time and the distances I have measured on a coast survey map. Now then, I read of the performances of certain canoes in the East, but generally there is some factor missing to make a fair comparison. I note that some of the larger canoes are carrying 100 to 150sq. ft. of sail. Last Sunday we had a pretty stiff breeze, and the Mystic under reefed mainsail 25ft. and driver 10ft., had plenty of sail—plenty. The Eastern boats are generally much less beam, and I am at a loss to know how they manage it to carry so much sail on less beam. I am taking it for granted that the winds do not vary so very much. I will endeavor to ascertain the average velocity of our regular trade winds, and I'd be glad to have you note the velocity of the winds about New York. I find there is a great deal of science needed to determine just the right amount of sail to get the most speed, as too much sail (even although the boat will carry it) does not seem to conduce to speed.

"The Government is still at work dredging and enlarging the Oakland Harbor. I will some time send you a diagram of the whole lay out. It is the prettiest canoeing ground about the bay.

"A gentleman of the Mosquito fleet has lately presented two very pretty champion pennants to be contested for; one specially for canoes, and the other for the yawls. The suggestion is that a contest must take place at least once a month, and whoever wins the most races shall own the flag at the end of the season, the winner of each race to fly the pennant until the next race. The flags are about three feet long and five inches wide, two stripes of red and one of white; the material satin. The word champion is worked in blue rustic letters, and 1885 in red. The club pennant is also worked on the white stripe for the yawls, simply a red field with a white star, the canoes a red field with a white circle and a blue star in it."

W. W. B.

THE EXTENSION OF THE A. C. A.

IT HAS long been apparent to all who have watched the rapid spread of canoeing from the vicinity of New York, first to the North and East and then to the West, that it would be impossible to cover so great an extend of territory by one meet at any point, however central. This year sees the first effort of the Western canoeists to organize a meet at a point practically accessible to the majority of them, the general plan of the meeting being similar to the A. C. A. Although the promoters of the scheme are mostly A. C. A. men, the meet is not under the direct auspices of the Association, but it will be left to those present to decide on a plan of organization, either independently or as a part of the A. C. A. The advantages of unity are well shown by the rapid growth of canoeing under the influence of the Association, as after ten years of hard work on the part of a number of individuals it hardly obtained a foothold in this country; while five years under the care of the Association has put it in the foremost rank of outdoor sports.

There is no doubt that some organization is necessary to aid it in the West, and the present system does not meet the recent needs. Several plans for the extension of the Association to meet new requirements have been proposed of late, the details of one of which, embodying the main ideas of all, we give below. This plan will divide the National Association into such branches as may in time be necessary, placing them under such general laws as will conduce to a healthy growth, but leaving the details of government to each branch, all being on an equal footing in every way. We submit the plan to canoeists, especially the Western men who will attend the Erie meet and will be called on to decide the question in July next, and we invite comment and suggestions from all interested.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I. This Association shall be called the American Canoe Association, and be composed of such geographical divisions as may be deemed advisable by the Executive Committee.

ART. II. Same as now.

ART. III. Same as now.

ART. IV. Same as now.

ART. V. The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore and a Secretary and Treasurer, and to each geographical division a Vice-Commodore, a Rear Commodore, and a Secretary and Treasurer. The Commodore and Association Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected by the Executive Committee at their annual meeting. The Vice and Rear Commodores and Division Secretaries and Treasurers shall be elected by the members at the annual meetings of the respective Divisions. All officers shall be elected by ballot and shall hold office until their successors are elected.

ART. VI. The officers of the Association and three active members elected at large from each division shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association. They shall have the general government of the Association, and power to elect members and to fill vacancies until the next annual meetings of the Divisions. They shall hold the annual meeting before Oct. 15, at such time and place as shall be specified by the Commodore.

ART. VII. It shall be the duty of the Commodore to visit, if practicable, each of the Division meets during the year, to assume command of the same during said visit, and to see that all rules and regulations are properly enforced. He will also preside at the meetings of the Executive Committe, and within thirty days of his election appoint a Regatta Committee of three for each Division.

ART. VIII. The Rear Commodores shall organize and in the absence of the Commodore preside over the annual meetings of their respective divisions, and perform all duties pertaining to the Commodore in his absence. In the absence of the Vice-Commodores the Rear Commodores will act in their stead.

ART. IX. It shall be the duty of the Association Secretary and Treasurer to keep a record of the proceedings of the meetings of the Executive Committee, to keep a correct roll of members, to notify each member of his election, to print each year the Association Book, to receive all moneys due the Association, to pay all bills passed by the Executive Committee, and to make an annual report of finances, and to pay to the Division Treasurers one dollar for each member duly elected and assigned to his Division. Division Secretaries and Treasurers shall receive and expend for Division meets, subject to the approval of the Division officers, the money received from the Association Treasurer. They shall also forward to him a record of the canoes in their Divisions, and shall publish annually a list of the cruises made by the Division members, and make an annual report to the Executive Committee.

ART. X. Substantially the same.

BY-LAWS.

ART. I. Substitute two dollars for dues. Substitute payable annually before May 1.

ART. II. Same as now.

ART. III. Meetings for business, camping and racing shall be held in each Division annually, the date and place to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

ART. IV. Same as now.

ART. V. Same as now.

ART. VI. Same as now.

ART. VII. Same as now.

ART. VIII. Same as now.

CONSERVATIVE.

NEW YORK C. C.—The first dip of the season befell an unwary canoeist who slipped overboard this week. The Tramp has the finest suit of sails yet seen in the club, a mainsail of 105ft., rigged like the Pearls with 3 reefs and reef gear, and a roller mizzen also fitted *à la* Pearl. She has not yet tried her new after centerboard. Sea Bee made her first essay under sail this week, starting out with a mizzen forward and smaller mizzen aft. Her rudder not being hung, she was worked by the sails only, coming about and wearing easily and showing good speed under the small rig she carried. Her new sails are extremely handsome, and though somewhat "angular" are also "flat" enough to suit the most particular sailor. Four new members have lately joined the club.

DEATH OF MR. DELANY OF GRINDSTONE ISLAND.—New Orleans, La., May 12—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received notice of the death of Mr. J. J. Delany of Grindstone Island, Sunday, April 12, the result of blood poisoning from a wound in his hand received while opening a stone quarry. I do not believe this will make any difference in our camp arrangements, as his sons will probably carry on the farm for Mrs. Delany. I have written to the latter, and as soon as I learn who the executers of the will are, will open a correspondence with them. On April 25 I sent Tiffany & Co. a list of fifty-one members of the A. C. A. who had ordered badges. I have received no additional orders.—CHAS. A. NEIDÉ.

BROOKLYN CANOE AND SAILING CLUB.—A new house has been contracted for and will be ready in about two weeks. It is built on a raft composed of four large spars, and will be moored at Bay Ridge. The membership of the club is increasing, and additions are expected when the house is once opened.

"NESSMUK" is cruising in Florida with "Tarpou," who was erstwhile known as "Barnacle," the captain of the Comfort, on that trip down the Mississippi with Dr. Neidé in the Aurora. "Nessmuk's" accounts are given in our Sportsman Tourist columns. Don't miss them.

SHATEMUC C. C.—We have received a neatly printed copy of the constitution of this club lately formed at Sing Sing, N. Y. The roll shows a membership of nine, the officers being: Commodore, J. H. Carpenter; Captain, W. M. Carpenter; Purser, T. J. Hand, Jr.

GOLDEN STAR C. C.—Will "Senorita" send us his name and address, which has been mislaid.

Yachting.

MONTAUK AND POCAHONTAS.

ABOUT one hundred yachtsmen were present at the salesroom of Brown & Lecomb on May 6, presumably in search of bargains in shoal draft property, as the schooner Montauk and sloop Pocahontas were advertised to be sold at auction. No response was made to Mr. Brown's call for bids or to an attempt to start the Montauk at $30,000, and it was some time before a bid of $15,000 was offered. This ran up slowly, and after half a dozen bids Montauk was bought in by Mr. E. Houghton for $24,000.

Pocahontas was started at $1,000, Mr. Brown informing the audience that she cost over $14,000, was as good as new and fast. After some slow bidding she was disposed of to Mr. J. F. Tams for $2,950.

THE FUTURE OF LAKE YACHTING.

WITH as fine natural advantages as can be found anywhere, and with ports and havens at convenient distances along their shores, the Great Lakes are fitted in every way to be the home of a large pleasure navy. On none of them, however, except perhaps Ontario, has yachting yet found a secure foothold, or any firmer foundation than a number of independent clubs in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and some other places, all in a more or less healthy condition, but entirely disunited, and doing nothing to aid each other or the general prosperity of yachting. On Lake Ontario matters are somewhat more promising. For many years yachting has been popular on both shores, and a number of small clubs have existed independently but with no very startling growth. The conditions of their existence have not been such as to build up a firmly established system of yachting which should be successful and progressive, a self-sustaining body, not depending on any one club for its support, such as the Yacht Racing Association in England. The lack of any policy or government, the difference in sailing rules, and above all, measurement rules not only bad in themselves but differing in each club, have made any concerted action almost impossible, and hindered greatly the advancement of yachting. Last possible, and hindered greatly the advancement of yachting. Last year a successful effort was made to secure unity of action, and as a result, the Lake Yacht Racing Association was formed, composed of the principal clubs on Lake Ontario. Officers were elected, rules were adopted for the government of the Association, a round of races were planned, and most important of all, the old length and breadth rule was thrown aside, and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. rule—length plus square root of sail area divided by two—was adopted by the Association. The programme was followed out, the cruise and races were successful, the new rule worked well, and though the change has been in operation barely a year, it has exerted a highly beneficial effect on the yachting of Lake Ontario. At the formation of the L. Y. R. A. invitations were sent to all the other clubs on the Lakes to join, in fact, the name Lake Y. R. A. was chosen so as to include them, but none accepted the invitation. Some made no reply, and some objected to the distance, so thus far the Association is confined to Lake Ontario.

The situation we have sketched exists now on all the other lakes, lack of unity or definite purpose, diversity of rules, with the accompanying absence of vitality and backbone in the yachting system. Under such a state of affairs yachting may and probably will increase slowly, but it must be years before it is in a position even to begin a healthy and vigorous growth. At present the evils are hardly apparent, the yachts are mainly of one type, and races between the clubs are so few that the clashing of rules is little regarded; but if the present state of affairs continues, each club will build up to its own rule, the difficulties of inter-club racing will increase, and all influences will tend to disintegration. When the time does come—as it must some day if yachting is to reach its full development—that an effort will be made to organize, each club will be loath to submit to a common rule, however good it may be, which taxes their peculiar boats. Vested interests, an infant now, will be a strong and powerful giant in the path of all improvement, as it has been for years abroad.

The functions of a rule are not merely to rate boats fairly, but to offer a standard and safeguard in building, taxing excessive development in any direction, and enforcing a certain equality, while allowing full liberty in design. Under a suitable rule boats of all types will exist according to their qualities; keel or centerboard, wide or narrow, deep or shoal, should each have its fair chance for existence, and survive or disappear according to the manner in which it stands the test. To-day the entire yacht fleet of the lakes is undeveloped and plastic; though mainly of the beamy centerboard type, the boats are mostly small and comparatively few in number, and would soon fit themselves to a common rule of measurement on all the lakes. We cannot tell what types may be prevalent five years hence, or which will be the most powerful; but it is certain that yachts will increase greatly in size and numbers, and that then any attempt to enforce a common rule will meet with powerful opposition.

The present year promises to be a remarkable one in American yachting. Not only will the coming international races give an impetus greater than ever before to all yachting on the coast or inland, but the question of type is involved to an extent that it never has been in the previous contests for the Cup. In any event, great changes will be made in our yachts, following the impetus of the movement in favor of deeper boats; but in the event of a cutter victory, such as is now extremely probable, we may see the evolution or adoption of a type radically different from the well-known deep centerboard sloop. We are, in all probability, at the commencement of a thorough change of type, and no more favorable moment could be found for the adoption of new rules. A year or two and a fleet may be formed that, whether of good or bad design, will be very hard to bring under any rule; but now, on the lakes at least, such a difficulty exists in a comparatively slight degree. The general interest in yachting affairs created by the coming races is in itself an aid to any effort at improvement, inducing men to take an active part, and an additional opportunity is offered just at this time in the meet at Ballast Island, in Lake Erie, in July next. The promoters of the plan have prepared for the reception of a large number of boating men, yachtsmen, canoeists, and all interested in water sports. Provision will be made for their amusement by various races, and further, an opportunity will be given them to form organizations. If the action of the canoeists there is little doubt; an association, either independent of or in union with the present national body, will be formed there, and arrangements will be made for annual meets and for suitable government. The machinery is at hand, either to adopt and improve or to imitate as they see fit, and as a body they are fully awakened to the benefit of co-operation. The action of the yachting contingent is more uncertain, as the idea of union has not been as thoroughly canvassed among them and its importance so clearly demonstrated by actual practice. The opportunity, however, lies open before them, and in a form which they may not have again for years.

The most important question is, What is to be done? We suggest, first, the formation of an association which shall have entire control of the yachting interests of the lakes, the power to be vested in a general government, with sub-divisions (probably one for each lake) having control of local matters. The details of such a scheme are easily arranged; in fact a similar one is outlined in our canoeing columns this week. Secondly, a definite policy of development, looking to the firm establishment of yachting on the lakes and for its future growth. No one man or club can grasp the entire question. The area covered is a large one; the possibilities of yachting, in even a few years under proper management, are immense, and require to be treated liberally and without petty local considerations. What is required is a body composed of the leaders of lake yachting, chosen from all localities, who shall consider what is best, not for to-day or to-morrow, but for the future. Such a body canoeists have already found, and certainly yachtsmen must be able to do as much. Thirdly, or perhaps as a part of the second proposition, the question of sailing rules and measurement must be dealt with broadly and liberally, dealing as fairly as possible with existing boats, but not deterred by mere local considerations from adopting and enforcing a broad and comprehensive scheme that shall at once tend to develop good boats, and shall be at the same time capable of adaptation to future needs. The advantages to yachting of such a liberal and well-arranged scheme must be apparent to all. A body constituted as above could survey the entire field of operations and work intelligently with a definite end in view; now we have a few clubs stumbling along without any special aim or policy. The results of the deliberations of such a body, arrived at after thorough discussion and embodying the ideas of many, would certainly be better than the crude regulations which hinder our clubs; and the lively contests, and the healthy sport of rivalry between the various branches, as well as between the clubs composing each branch, would be far more effective than any similar feeling that now exists between neighboring clubs.

Two objections only stand in the way of the successful carrying out of such a scheme, distance and the apathy or inertia of the interested parties. The former may seem at first sight a serious difficulty, but it is not with such a plan as we propose. For the fleet of Lake Ontario to visit Lake Superior for a race would be impracticable, or even for shorter joint cruises, but the interests of all are identical and best subserved by a general government. With such an arrangement of fixtures as may readily be made, it will be possible for some yachts from each lake to join the cruises of the other branches each year. At the termination of the Ontario cruise and round of races, some of the yachts, perhaps with some Erie yachts that have cruised with them, will proceed to Lake Erie for the races there, while others from the West will also join the Erie fleet. All are under one rule, races are sailed and yachts measured as in the home club wherever it may be, and yachtsmen are as much at home on one lake as another. Those whose time is limited can confine themselves to their home cruise, but even they reap the advantage of additional entries by visitors, enlivening races, and the competition and exchange of ideas between them and their neighbors. In purely local affairs the division or any club must decide for themselves, but in general matters they have the benefit of wiser and better councils than any one club can command.

The second obstacle is rather more intangible, but still more potent than the first. Yachting in any locality goes through several stages in its development into the grandest of sports. First the era of sailing and cruising in such craft as the locality affords; second, the racing between these craft and their immediate successors, and third the improvement of boats and refinement of racing rules, as racing becomes a more important feature. All clubs at some time pass through these stages, but many American clubs have as yet only

reached the second. In this and the previous stage it is a most difficult matter to convince men of the absolute importance to them, not only from a racing point of view, but for the general good of their yachting, of suitable rules. Usually in such a case the boats are of one type, any rule works fairly well, and members do not realize the necessity for a change. Some day a boat of a different type comes into the club and perhaps under the rules has an unfair advantage. Such a case occurred with the cutter Aileen, in Toronto, where, under the old length and breadth rule, she received time from smaller and beamier centerboards. In such cases the rule is usually changed, but the other extreme is more frequent here. Under the prevailing length rules in which half or less of the overhang is measured as so much boat, the beamy stubtails have the advantage over anything of the cutter type with long overhang, and the latter are practically excluded from races. Either of these cases may awaken a club to the faults of their pet rule, in use perhaps for years, but until something of the kind occurs, even to an extent bordering under the old rule until a change is difficult or impossible to inaugurate. In this stage too, yachtsmen are apt to undervalue the importance of a strict interpretation and observance of the sailing rules and rules of the road, and to race in a half-hearted and slipshod manner that is death to the sport. Sooner or later they come to learn that even where cruising rather than racing is the object of a club, a strict observance of yachting rules and etiquette is necessary to success. The club that has the best boats, the most skillful sailor men, and the fullest entries for races or cruises, is the one in which the greatest attention is paid to details, however small.

This week is the date of the annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, at Toronto, and the question of the Erie meet will be discussed, and probably some action taken to have representatives present. Should the yachtsmen of the lakes, from superior to the St. Lawrence, see fit to adopt such a plan as we have laid before them, a beginning is already at hand, and half the work of organization already done in the L. Y. R. A. Arrangements can easily be made at Ballast Island to extend the Association over all the lakes, adapting its rules to go into effect at once or at some time in the immediate future. No violent change is needed, all can be done easily and quietly now, and all the clubs brought to work harmoniously under the rules in a year, or two at most. Should the general plan be approved, the details may be arranged as desired; but we believe no better rule could be found than the present one of the L. Y. R. A. We have spoken of it at some length a year since, April 17, 1884, and after another season have no reason to change our opinion. Those who have watched the set of the measurement question carefully for a few years past, both here and abroad, know that it is drifting strongly in the direction of a length and sail area rule, and this particular form is probably the best of the three. Any measure to be successful must deal broadly and boldly with the questions that present themselves, and it must not only be up to but in advance of the yachting of to-day; but we believe that lake yachtsmen are safe in following the course given them by the present L. Y. R. A., and we hope to see this summer at Ballast a hearty indorsement and adoption of the good work they have done.

A CRUISE IN FLORIDA WATERS.

ON Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1884, a bright, warm day, at the Palma Sola wharf on the Manatee River, lay a small sloop bearing the euphonius name of the Sneezer. Why it was so named I have never been able to learn. The Captain's somewhat emphasized remark, "I call it the Sneezer," with a sort of don't-question-me-any-further air, being sufficiently discouraging to a timid mortal like myself. At 12 o'clock M., our little party, consisting of Mr. C. H. Babbitt of New York, Mr. Curtis and myself, having seen the last of our provisions and multitudinous bundles of clothing, etc., stowed on board, took our places on the stern seats of the boat and swung slowly out into the channel, our two small boats towing behind. We proceeded on our way, but had not gone far when we saw Mrs. Babbitt in a small boat in hot pursuit, waving something in her hand. The something proved to be some mail which she thought might be important. There were no further hindrances, and soon the familiar landmarks along the shore were hidden from our view as we swept out with the tide toward the gulf. The wind was light and we sailed very slowly. A little before dark we anchored off Hunter's Point, just at the entrance of Big Sarasota Bay, and all went ashore. Mr. Babbitt set a trap for 'coons, 'possums, or whatever might come that way. We caught a few fiddlers for bait, and returned to the boat and soon retired, each one making up his bunk to suit his individual idea of comfort. During the night we heard a 'coon crying and snarling. Mr. Babbitt remarked he had one in his trap, but in the morning he found only a bit of fur, which led him to resolve thereafter to get up and attend to his trap next time he heard any disturbance from that quarter if he wished to secure his game.

The next day, after breakfast, we went through Sarasota Bay, anchoring about noon at Long Boat Key, and all went ashore. We set the trap and saw a large flock of pelicans, also heard deer running, but did not get a shot at either. Early next morning we left our moorings. The wind was quite fresh and rapidly increased, being dead astern. After sailing some distance, our little boat, the Hope, turned wrong side up, and the little blue box seat went bobbing away on the waves. As soon as possible the Captain put into a little harbor, took the Hope on board and lashed her on the roof of the cabin. We then resumed our course, the wind freshening so rapidly that we were obliged to lower our mainsail, and shortly after our jib, and sped under bare poles a distance of twelve miles, the bay being as rough that often it seemed as if Mr. Babbitt's boat was far above us and must be dashed over the stern and into the cabin. It, however, escaped with a few severe bumps. We saw at intervals a sloop at some distance from us, which Mr. Curtis thought might be one belonging to his cousin, Mr. Giles. As we came around a point into the little channel just inside of Big Sarasota Pass, we saw the aforesaid sloop anchored near. It proved to be the Grace Darling of Cedar Keys, Captain Wilson, and we soon discovered that not only Mr. Giles but Dr. A. Ferber was on board. We hailed them as we passed, Mr. Curtis using a small hunter's horn for the purpose, of which Mr. Giles possessed the counterpart. The latter soon replied, and later came over to our boat which lay near.

About 11 o'clock next morning Messrs. Babbitt and Curtis went in the former's boat some miles up the bay to get a young man, Mr. Gildehaus, who had agreed to join the party at this point. They met with many difficulties, and it was so late when they at last found Mr. Gildehaus, that although they started on their return at once, the night was so dark, and they met with so many obstacles, that they concluded to remain all night at a settler's house, which they did, sleeping on the floor. As I kept vigilant watch from the Sneezer the next morning I espied them about 9 o'clock coming around a bend of the bay, Mr. Gildehaus in his own odd-looking craft. They were tired and hungry and did ample justice to the warm breakfast awaiting them. The following morning the gentlemen from both boats went hunting and fishing together, while I took a long walk about the outer beach, where the surf came roaring up on the white sands, and shells lay in long rows. The next day we explored the various bits and nuts of the shore, the gentlemen walking down to the spot which marked the entrance to the Pass. As I stood on the beach I saw Whisky, Mr. Giles' dog, rushing toward me, making a strange moaning noise. I called him and he came near, as though in answer to my call, but rushed past me and up the beach out of sight. Search was made for him, but he was not found until late that night, when Mr. Giles found him lying on the ground in an exhausted condition. He took him in his arms and carried him back to the Grace Darling.

Mr. Giles told us when we met him later, that he nursed poor Whisky carefully for two or three days, but was finally obliged to shoot him, as he was taken with a fit that resembled hydrophobia, rushing about the boat snapping at everyone, the foam flying from his mouth. His grave was made on Sanibel Island, near which they were anchored at the time. In the evening (Sunday) Mr. Gildehaus and Mr. Curtis had gone over to the Grace Darling, Mr. Babbitt was on shore attending to some skins he had put out to dry. He soon came back, and after packing everything preparatory to leaving us in the morning, he sat down and sang with me a number of hymns (he has a fine baritone voice). At 8 o'clock Mr. Gildehaus and Mr. Curtis returned in one of the Grace Darling's boats. Mr. Curtis was all wet, and in explanation he said that just as they started to return he stepped over into Mr. Babbitt's dingey, but the tide was so fearfully swift that it whirled the boat from under him. He caught at the rail of the Grace Darling and his cousin Mr. Lewis Giles reached over the side, caught hold of him and helped him on deck. If he had fallen in there would have been small chances for his life, if any, as the tide was so strong and the night very dark. Mr. Gildehaus only just escaped falling over. The tide swept the boat away into the darkness in a moment. Early next morning Mr. Babbitt went out and found the boat far up the beach, half full of sand and one oar gone. No other damage was done except that he broke one of the oars in trying to pry off the boat.

As we were lying idle inside the Pass, we concluded to go about and take Mr. Babbitt to Sarasota; then we could return to run out when the sea was calm enough, consequently we came and just now are anchored in front of Sarasota's one store. Some of the party have gone ashore to purchase some necessaries and to bid good-bye to Mr. Babbitt, and I sit on the stern seat dodging the sunshine as the boat swings around. After leaving Mr. Babbitt at the store, we turned about and ran down to the Pass again, but again found it too rough so we lay at anchor just inside the point. Toward evening we tried again, but just in the most needed place the wind failed and the strong tide carried us up to shore; so, being baffled, we again turned back and anchored. To day (March 3) the wind and tide were more favorable, the Grace Darling hoisted sails and went out, we soon followed and proceed to run down to Big Sarasota Pass. We followed the shore for about thirty miles, when we came to Stump Pass, through which we sailed, and dropped anchor just inside in the mouth of Kettle Harbor. We all turned out on the beach for exercise. After breakfast on the following morning, we ran up the harbor to a deserted lemon grove for water; the latter was not good, but we brought away about half a bushel of lemons. After dinner we started down the harbor for Pass Huevo or Egg Pass. The wind was contrary, so we were obliged to anchor inside for the night. Next morning before breakfast we ran a little further down the harbor, anchored and had breakfast, after which we went on shore. The others fished while I took a long walk on the beach down to the Pass. Just on the point I saw a large flock of white pelicans, who were very tame and did not fly till I was quite near them. After dinner we sailed for Pass Huevo, but found it too rough, the tide rushing like a millrace through the narrow channel. The captain concluded to run down to Big Gaspirilla inside the harbor. A head wind and shoals made our progress slow, and having found deep water, we anchored for the night. We think Kettle Harbor very pretty. It rained during the night, so they say, but I slept too soundly to hear it. We are really in Charlotte Harbor at last, just in the edge of it.

Saturday, 11:35 A. M.—We are still on the spot where we spent the night, i. e., anchored in front of a fish ranch. There are five or six houses built of palmetto leaves and one wooden shanty. On one of the former is a large wooden board, evidently part of a ship, bearing in large black letters on a white background the name "Northampton;" hence we christened the place the Northampton Fisheries. The wooden shanty is just now occupied by two young men from Massachusetts who are taxidermists, and who have a fine collection of birds and shells. Mr. Gildehaus (whom I will hereafter call Professor for short, as Mr. Curtis has dubbed him Professor Wiggins, on account of some weather predictions I believe) and Mr. Curtis have been washing clothes. It was amusing to see them. Armed with a bag of soiled clothes and plenty of soap they went ashore, and having borrowed some tubs (improvised out of syrup barrels) went bravely to work. The water was brackish, the clothing impregnated with salt water, and in spite of tremendous efforts and the wonderful soap, their success was not a matter of congratulation. Meanwhile I made biscuit, and having left the Captain to superintend the baking, I took a stroll on the outer beach, whence I returned laden with pretty shells, and wading to the sloop lost my footing, and stumbled and fell in the water (but saving my treasures), greatly to the amusement of the fisherman's family, who were grouped about the door of their curious house, thus commanding a good view of our movements. We are anchored in the curve of a very pretty bay, only separated from the gulf by a narrow strip of land, so we can hear the surf while we lie in perfect calm, and two or three minutes' walk brings us to the very wide, shell-bestrewn beach. We hope soon to be where there are plenty of deer. The fishing here is superb, sheepshead and channel bass abounding. I was fortunate enough to catch one pompano, which is esteemed as a great delicacy, and we certainly considered it so when, well browned, we discussed it for breakfast next morning.

Sunday, March 7.—We passed quietly in the same place. The following morning, having a fair wind we hoisted sail and steered for Boca Grande entrance to Charlotte Harbor, passing which we sailed all day and until long after dark. We were now fully in Charlotte Harbor, and the beauty of the scenery fully justified the enthusiastic descriptions we had previously heard of this lovely haven. Island after island rose into view and faded into the distance behind us; some mere clumps of mangrove trees, others of greater extent, showing a charming variety of foliage. Flocks of snowy heron, crane and curlew arose from the rookeries and sailed majestically in long undulating lines to more distant and undisturbed resting place. Some of the islands we passed deserve more than a passing notice, among them were Petruchio, known to many as Cayo Casino, Maudango, Palmetto and Useppa islands. As we intend to visit one or more of these islands on our return trip, I will reserve the description of them until then. We were unable to make the desired haven, Punta Rassa, that night, as the fair wind which had sped us on our way all day suddenly failed us when we were about thirteen miles from that port. After an interval of comparative calm the wind again rose, but from a less favorable quarter, and after vainly striving through the darkness for some time, the wind having again shifted, but this time dead ahead and blowing very hard, we took shelter behind Buck Island, seven miles from Punta Rassa, where we anchored for the night; the tide running against the wind made a chop sea and the boat rolled and pounded all night, so we had but little sleep. Indeed our situation was anything but enviable.

Next day we got under way and sailed the remaining seven miles to Punta Rassa, reaching there about 7:30 A. M. Punta Rassa is an important cable station and post office, so we were surprised to find that the whole settlement consisted of only two buildings in consequence, one being the post office and telegraph station, and the other Summerlin's Hotel. The landlord of the hotel is one of the cattle kings of Florida. A young taxidermist was preparing a collection of birds for two foreign noblemen. In the evening we enjoyed some nice vocal and instrumental music, after which we returned to the sloop and turned in. The following day after breakfast we started out, intending to run over to Sanibel Island, which is just opposite; but seeing the Grace Darling coming in, we turned about and anchored. The Grace Darling came to anchor near us. Mr. Giles came over in a small boat with an invitation for us to join the party. We accepted the invitation, accompanying him immediately. The Grace Darling soon headed for Oyster Creek, the Sneezer following in her wake. We all went deer hunting, but returned unsuccessful. After tea our party returned to the Sneezer for the night.

Next morning the Grace Darling bade us good-by for the present. We were out of water and ran back to Boca Captiva, a fish ranche; we found excellent harbor but no water; we lay there over night, and next morning weighed anchor and came five miles further to Boca Grande. Here we found very good water, good harbor, good hunting and fishing grounds near. There is a fish ranche here kept by Spaniards. Eleven palmetto houses, a wooden barn, several curious frames for drying fish seines, making altogether quite a picturesque looking settlement, framed in by the lovely green of the varied foliage. Our captain is busy in the culinary department, while he awaits a good opportunity to run the Sneezer on shore so that he can fill all the water casks. Professor is fishing in the lee of some of the small islands here. Mr. Curtis and I are on board awaiting the next turn of events. We all went deer hunting and found plenty of deer tracks, and once heard true deer running, but the thick growth of underbrush, cactus, etc., was not favorable to hunters without dogs. We saw also many panther and wildcat tracks. Next day, Sunday, we took a long walk to the outer beach. We found no new shells. We discovered a pretty looking fruit, resembling the lady apple of the North in appearance, its pulp white, sweet, and slightly astringent, the seed inclosed in a fibrous husk. The Spaniard called it the opossum plum.

The next day we left Boca Grande. The water here so we ran into Boca Captiva at about 10 A. M. Professor, in his explorations, found a well of good water which we failed to find on our first visit, and having filled everything available, we wandered about on the beach, gathered shells, tried to catch fish, but found only "cats;" we saw many wildcat and 'coon tracks and heard the 'coons fighting at night. Had our friend Babbitt remained with us, with his trap, he would doubtless have rejoiced in a multitude of spoils. We left Boca Captiva Wednesday, March 17, and after five hours of sailing, part of the time beating, we ran into the entrance of Oyster Creek, and prepared for a stay of several days. About an hour before sunset we went in the Hope, and Professor in the Wash Tub (as he laughingly styled it on account of its awkward shape) up into the rookeries after birds of plumage, but the gnats were so thick, it was impossible to take good aim at anything, we were nearly frantic with the sharp, incessant stinging. I struck one white ibis, but it fell in such thick growth we could not get it. Meanwhile the Professor had been off to the open flats after snipe, of which he brought back quite a number. Next day, after breakfast, we all went up to the flats, leaving our boats anchored, we waded some distance to the fiddler grounds. Professor and Mr. Curtis went their separate ways, the former after snipe, the latter following a deer trail. The Professor brought back thirty-five snipe, and Mr. Curtis shot two brown curlew, but could only get one. I dug fiddlers in the meanwhile, and explored around generally, found a number of beautiful shells, like the so-called coffee shells, only, I think, larger, also some trees laden with a kind of pear-shaped fruit, evidently half grown, internally like a pomegranate, an outer case of pulp inclosing a softer portion of small flat seeds.

Next day, Friday, we again took our line of march to the fiddler grounds; more wading. We walked a long distance, over flats and shallows, through long grass full of trails, a strip of tropical woodland, and there, the rain beginning to fall, and with the prospect before us of an interminable walk should we persevere in our purpose of finding the outer beach in that direction, we retraced our steps. Found fresh deer tracks in our own recent footprints, and after some time, saw two deer running in the distance. Unfortunately our hunters had not brought their guns, being on a quest after fiddlers only. The tide was low, and we alternately waded, now pulling the boat by its painter, then poling, till in one shallow we rolled the Hope on its oars across a narrow island to the deeper water on the other side. On our way up we had stopped at one of the small islets to eat 'coon oysters, which we found very good. While so engaged, a saw fish about three feet long passed near the stern of the Hope followed closely by a shark; indeed, we saw plenty of the latter during the day. On the way back we investigated the old oyster beds, but the oysters had all been killed, probably by the northers creating low tides. Having stopped in a favorable place to fish, we caught several sheepshead and one curious spotted fish, which our captain called a "divil fish," but which we called a rock bass; also several little kittens. Returned to the Sneezer and had some fish fried for supper, reserving the rest for breakfast, including our devil fish, which we found very good.

The following morning Professor and Mr. Curtis went off in their respective boats for snipe, fish and whatever else might fall in their way, leaving me with the Captain on the Sneezer. I helped the latter put things in order, finished Vol. II. of the "Mysterious Island," and wrote thus far in my log; and now, just 12 o'clock, I see the boats coming with our hunters. They brought more snipe, of which I at once proceeded to make a couple of pies. Soon after dinner I rowed to a little island near, and walked about until I saw a very large snake, light brown with stripes running lengthwise. Thinking "discretion the better part of valor," I left his snakeship to his native heath, and made good my escape to the boat. About an hour later Professor and Mr. C. went over to the rookeries, whence they returned at nightfall with six birds of plumage—ibis and herons. The mosquitoes and gnats were so thick there the next day the Captain decided to run down the coast to Sanibel Island in search of Salt Inlet, of which we were told, and which is the narrowest part of the island, where I could readily walk across to the outer beach for my coveted shells. Therefore this morning at 9 o'clock we left Oyster Creek; and after about two hours sailing we turned into a large, round bay which we thought must be the place we sought; but on investigation no indication of the outer beach could be discovered. So the Captain again weighed anchor and sailed out what he called Deception Bay, coming to anchor just around a sandy point on the south side of the aforesaid bay. We have all been ashore, walked along the beach for exercise. There we saw plenty of fiddlers and fresh deer tracks. Mr. C. is ashore now, Professor and I are writing, Captain is doing a wonderful amount of thumping and rustling overhead.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CRUISING SLOOP ALICE.

THE yacht whose lines are given above is a keel sloop now building for Mr. D. W. Tryon of New York, by F. C. Smith of New Bedford, about which latter place she will be sailed by her owner, who intends to use her for cruising only. Her dimensions are:

Length, on deck	24ft.
Length, at waterline	21ft. 6in.
Beam, extreme	10ft.
Beam, at waterline	9ft.
Draft, extreme	3ft. 6in.
Keel, iron	3,000lbs.

She will be sloop-rigged, with single jib only. Her cockpit is of moderate size, with tight deck and scuppers, while a house gives over 4ft. height in cabin. There will be two berths or lockers, ice-box, water-tank, oil-stove, pantries and shelves for stores and utensils, and she will be comfortably fitted for living aboard. In model the Alice is similar to the usual type of centerboard boats in use in the locality, but in this case the board has been dispensed with, and a keel 2in. deep added, making the total draft 3ft. 6in., with which she can run in almost anywhere along the coast where she is intended to be used, while the entire cabin is available for living room. Her builder and modeller has modelled a number of similar boats, and in the Alice, while the extreme dimensions do not afford many possibilities in the way of fine lines, he has turned out a very shapely and fair craft. She is built of oak, with yellow pine planking and white pine decks, and in quality of material, fastening and workmanship, she speaks well for her builder as a strong, substantial and workmanlike production.

NOTES FROM THE DELAWARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

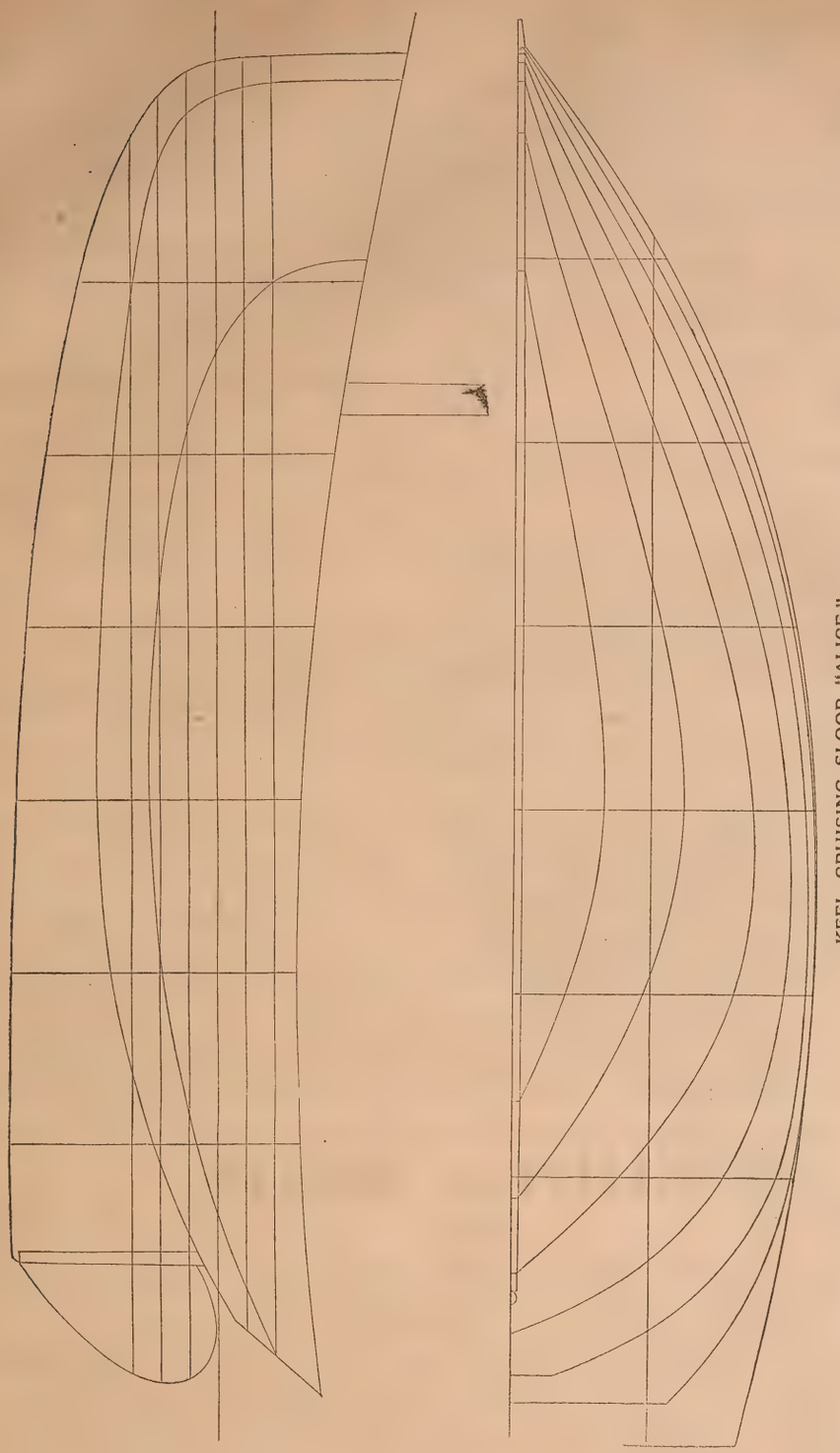
The iron steam yacht Dione, built for speed only by Mr. Harvey, of the firm of McDaniel, Harvey & Co., anchored this evening at Cooper Point with the sailing yacht Zimmerman in tow, from a winter cruise in Chesapeake Bay. The Dione has a snake-like appearance, reminding one of Herreshoff's 100, the smartest type of steam yacht in the world. The owners use the yacht for pleasure excursions in the magnificent stretches of Chesapeake Bay and the Southern coast. A letter before me from Mr. McDaniel states that they get 18 miles average per hour out of the yacht even in rough water. After stopping with us over night she left again for her Southern home. The 28ft. yacht Mascotte, built by Jos. Nixon, of Kensington, for Thad Chambers, Atlantic City, is a fair sample of the Ledyard type, and no doubt will be speedy. Fenimore, of Burlington, N. J., has just completed a 27ft. yacht on the dish order. Her transom is rather wide, but she has been lined with care, and the whole structure is the work of a mechanic and a practiced eye. In short she is a beautiful boat, perfect in every detail of workmanship, the result of long experience. Mr. Fenimore is one of the oldest yacht builders in the Delaware, and although not professing to be scientific, his quick perceptive eye never fails him. This man taught the New Jersey builders how to shape an oyster boat, and the coastwise people how to build boats suitable for their necessities. His first efforts, however, commenced at home, on the Delaware, where his superior skill as a builder elevated our yachts and working vessels to a standard unsurpassed in his country. He has never from business pursuits, but his old love for fine lines cannot be suppressed, and so it is that in his leisure moments his active brain sets his willing hands to work. Mr. A. Colburn's 55ft. yacht Butler, purchased, I believe, in Boston, built some years ago in New York, will remain in our waters. Will mention her again in my next letter in connection with other local matter.

R. G. W.

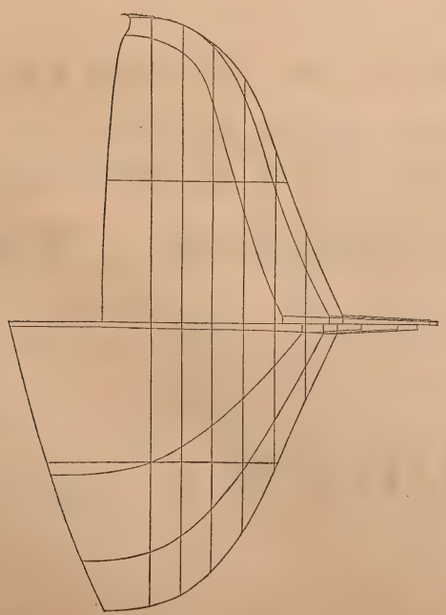
THE STEEL STEAM YACHT WANDA.

IT is a long time since the old time fame of New York as a ship building center departed with the decline of wooden vessels. All of the famous yards about the city have practically disappeared, and for many years their custom has gone to the iron shipyards of the Delaware. Iron shipbuilding has never found a home in New York, but now that it in turn promises to be superseded by the adoption of steel, it is encouraging to note the establishment of the new industry along the East River. Last year the first steel vessels on the lakes were launched, the first steel yachts built in this country, the Nourmahal and Electra, were launched on the Delaware, and in New York two steel ferryboats were built at Greenpoint by the Continental works, and the keel was laid for their first essay in steel shipbuilding by Messrs. Piepgrass and Pine at their newly fitted up yard in Greenpoint. This vessel is a steam yacht of novel design from the drawing board of Mr. John Harvey, heretofore known here only from the success of his cutters, and is to the order of Mr. Wm. Woodward, Jr., of the firm of Woodward & Stillman, of New York. The dimensions of this yacht, intended for long cruises with greater ability under sail alone than is common here, vary greatly from those of American steam yachts. Her length over all is 143ft., on waterline 127ft. and her beam is 18ft., a proportion of 7 to 1. The depth of hold is 11ft. 6in. and the draft is 10ft. 2in., her displacement being 190 tons. Her midship section resembles more a cutter widened out than it does the steam yachts of American model, and with its depth and lead ballast promises excellent results under canvas alone. Above water is seen the long overhang of an English schooner, with a handsome clipper stem forward. The entire vessel is of steel, the keel and stem being 5½x1⅛in., with sternpost 5½x2⅜in. Angle iron frames 2¼x2¼x¼ are spaced 18in. centers, and 22in. at ends, with reverse frames 2x2 abreast of and for 10ft. fore and aft of the engines and boilers. The plating is of ¼ and 5-16in. steel. Five bulkheads of 3-16in. steel divide the hull into six watertight compartments. Forward of the engines are the captain's and officers' quarters and the forecastle for the crew, while the cabins are aft of the engine space. A deck house contains a pilot house in the fore end and a galley aft. The rail and fittings on deck are all of teak. The engines were designed by Mr. John Haug and built by John W. Sullivan, of New York. They are of the usual inverted compound type with cylinders 23 and 38in. by 24in., connected to a steel shaft 8in. in diameter. The wheel is of iron, 8ft. 6in. diameter, and 14ft. pitch. The boilers, two in number, were designed and built by David M. Nichols, of New York, and are horizontal tubular 9ft. 6in. long, 6ft. 6in. wide, and 9ft. 6in. high over all, with ⅝in. steel plates. Each contains 187 tubes 2¼in. diameter and 7ft. 3in. long. The grate surface of each is 35 sq. ft. The stack, 3ft. 5in. diameter inside, turns down out of the way in sailing. The yacht is schooner rigged, with foresail of 690ft., mainsail of 1072ft., staysail 312ft., jib 327ft. and mainstaysail 281ft., or 2682 sq. ft. in lower sails. All her canvas was furnished by Sawyer.

The launch was to have taken place on Wednesday of last week, but low water prevented. On Saturday morning all was ready, however, and by noon the workmen had the wedges under the chains in which the yacht was slung and had started to rally up. Soon the weight of the handsome vessel rested entirely on chains and cradles, the keel blocks were split out, and the dog shores knocked away. The grease on the ways had hardened, owing to the postponement, and the yacht lay motionless until some sharp blows from battering rams started her. As she moved slowly and gracefully down the ways little Miss Edith, Mr. Woodward's daughter, broke a bottle of champagne over her forefoot and named her Wanda, while a little German band stationed near by rent the air with variations on "Hail Columbia." Gathering way she entered the water easily, made her bow to the shore as she left it and floated lightly on the East River. Her engines and boilers will at once be put in place, and her joiner work, designed by Mr. Eldlitz, will be completed by her builders,



KEEL CRUISING SLOOP "ALICE."



AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS ON NAUTICAL SUBJECTS.

THE following list will answer many of the questions as to information on various subjects connected with yachting and canoeing which are frequently asked us, and will no doubt prove useful to many of our readers. Most of the books can still be obtained, though a few are out of print. The demand for this class of literature is rapidly increasing with the growth of water sports, and it will probably not be many years before the list is doubled.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed herewith I send you a catalogue of American publications on nautical subjects.

An idea of the work involved in its preparation may be gained when I state it was necessary to carefully examine the catalogues of about thirty publishers, our principal library catalogues, and all the government lists available.

Owing to the desultory manner in which works on these subjects were published, I fear many omissions and errors have taken place, and trust your readers will kindly point them out:

THOS. I. MILLER.

NEW YORK.

BOATING.

Boating Trips on New England Rivers, H. P. Fellows, 1884. Cupples, Upham & Co.; $1.25.

Four Months in a Sneakbox, N. H. Bishop, 1879. Lee & Shepard; $2.50.

Up and Down the Merrimac. P. S. Boyd, 1879. D. Lathrop & Co.; 50c.

Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (A), H. D. Thoreau, 1867. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50.

CANOEING.

American Canoe Association Book (pamphlet), 1881, 1883, 1884.

American Canoeist, vols. 1, 2 and 3, 1882, '3 and '4. Brentano Bros., New York city; per volume, $1.

Canoe and Camera, T. S. Steele, 1880. Orange Judd Co.; $1.50.

Canoe and Flying Proa (The), W. L. Alden, 1878. Harper & Bros.; 40c.

Canoeing in Kanuckia, Norton and Habberton, 1878. G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

Canoe Trip, or a Lark on the Water, F. H. Seymour, 1880. Detroit Free Press Co.; 30c.

Canoe and Boat Building, W. P. Stephens, 1885. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.; $1.50.

Canoe Aurora, C. L. Neidé, 1885. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.; $1.

Canoe Handling, C. Bowyer Vaux, 1885 (in press). Forest and Stream Publishing Co.; $1.

Cruise of the Canoe Club (The), W. L. Alden. Harper & Bros.; $1.

Paddle and Portage, T. S. Steele, 1882. Estes & Lauriat; $1.50.

Voyage of the Paper Canoe, N. H. Bishop, 1878. Lee & Shepard; $2.50.

Woods and Lakes of Maine (The), L. L. Hubbard, 1883. J. R. Osgood & Co.; $3.

YACHTING.

American Pastimes, Yachting, Etc.; C. A. Peverelly, 1866. New York.

American Yacht List (The), 1832, '3, '4, Neils Olsen; per vol., $3.

America Cup (The), a nautical poem, H. Morton, 1874. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

American Yachts, F. S. Cozzens, text by J. D. J. Kelly, a collection of twenty-six colored plates, 1884. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star, J. O. Choules, 1854. Gould & Lincoln.

Cruise of the Alice May (The), S. G. W. Benjamin, 1885. D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.

Camping and Cruising in Florida, J. A. Henshall, 1884. R. Clarke & Co.; $1.50.

Cruise of the Montauk (The), J. McQuade, 1884. Knox & Co.; $3.

Camp Life in Florida, Chas. Hallock, 1876. Forest and Stream Co.

Florida and Game Water Birds (Sharpie Heartease's trip to Florida), R. B. Roosevelt, 1884. Orange Judd Co.; $1.50.

Instantaneous Marine Views, twenty illustrations of yachts, etc., with text, D. M. Little, 1883. Cupples, Upham & Co.; $3.

Manning's Yachting Annual, Thos. Manning, 1875. New York.

Practical Boat Sailing, Douglas Frazer, 1879. Lee & Shepard; $1.

Rigs for Yachts and Boats, R. B. Forbes, 1880. The Nautical Gazette; 15c.

Romance of Yachting, J. C. Hart, 1848. Harper & Bros.

Starboard and Port (cruise of the Nettie), G. H. Hepworth, 1876. Harper & Bros.; $1.75.

Sailor's Handy-Book and Yachtsman's Manual (The), E. F. Qualtrough, 1881. Chas. Scribner's Sons; $3.50.

Shooting, Boating and Fishing, T. R. Warren. Chas. Scribner's Sons; $1.

Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England (A), R. Carter, 1864. Crosby & Nichols.

Sailing Boat and its Management (The), C. E. Prescott, 1883. Orange Judd Co.; 50c.

Vacation Cruising in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, J. T. Rothrock, 1884. J. B. Lippincott & Co.; $1.50.

Yachtsman's and Amateur Sailor's Primer (The), T. R. Warren, 1863. Carleton & Co.; 50c.

Yachtsman's and Coaster's Book of Reference, Cape Hatteras to St. Johns, N. B. W. A. Pratt; $1.50.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND SHIPBUILDING.

Construction of Ships for the Merchant Service, R. B. Forbes, 1866. Boston.

Forbes Rig (The), R. B. Forbes, 1862. Boston.

Forbes's Rigs for Fore-and-Aft Vessels, Steamers, etc., R. B. Forbes, 1880. The Nautical Gazette; 15c.

Method of Comparing the Lines of Vessels, etc., S. M. Pook, 1866. D. Van Nostrand; $5.

Naval Architecture, a Treatise on Shipbuilding, etc., R. W. Meade, 1869. J. B. Lippincott & Co.; $10.

On Technological Education and Shipbuilding, J. W. Nystrom, 1863. H. C. Baird & Co.; $1.50.

Progressive Shipbuilder (The), 2 vols., J. W. Griffiths, 1875. D. Appleton & Co.; $12.

Protection of Ships from Lightning, R. B. Forbes, 1848. Boston.

Shipbuilding, Theoretical and Practical, T. D. Wilson, 1880. J. Wiley & Sons; $7.50.

Shipbuilder's Manual (The), J. W. Griffiths, 1853. New York.

Theory and Practice Blended in Shipbuilding, J. W. Griffiths. New York.

Treatise on Parabolical Construction of Ships, J. W. Nystrom. Philadelphia; $1.25.

Report on the Shipbuilding Industry of the United States (a part of Vol. 13 of U. S. Census Report), H. Hall, 1884. Washington.

NAVIGATION.

Beverly Tables for Rapid Calculations of Latitude, etc., J. M. Beverly, 1880. New York; $1.25.

Common-Sense Navigation (The), H. Patterson, 1880. New York; $1.

Dead Reckoning, or Day's Work, E. Barrett, 1863. D. Van Nostrand; $1.25.

Guide to Practical Navigation (A), E. McNevin, 1878. San Francisco; $5.

Magnetism of Ships and Deviation of the Compass, Moore, 1872. The Nautical Gazette.

Navigation Simplified, Geo. N. Comer. Harper & Bros.; $2.50.

Navigation, M. F. Maury.

Navigation, Byrne, 1875. Jersey City.

New American Practical Navigator (The), N. Bowditch, 1883. Washington; $2.25.

Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, J. H. C. Coffin, 1868. D. Van Nostrand; $3.50.

New Method of Finding a Ship's Position at Sea, T. H. Sumner, 1866. Boston; $1.75.

Requisite Nautical Assistant (The), J. Hayden, 1881. S. Thaxter & Son; $1.50.

Remarks on Magnetism, etc., R. B. Forbes, 1857. Boston.

Theoretical Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, L. Clark, 1872. D. Van Nostrand; $1.50.

Treatise on Nautical Surveying (A), W. N. Jeffers, 1871. D. Van Nostrand; $5.00.

Way to Avoid Center of Violent Gales, G.W. Blunt, 1866. New York.

SEAMANSHIP.

Kedge Anchor or Young Sailor's Assistant, W. N. Brady, 1864. D. Appleton & Co.; $3.50.

Seaman's Friend (The) (Practical Seamanship, etc.), R. H. Dana, Jr., 1872. Boston; $1.25.

Seamanship, S. B. Luce, 1884. D. Van Nostrand; $10.00.

Young Seaman's Manual, compiled from various authorities. New York, 1880; $3.00.

Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor, D. Lever, 1843. New York.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

Charts of the coast of the U. S. and the following books:

ATLANTIC LOCAL COAST PILOT.

1. Passamaquoddy Bay to Schoodic, 1879; 60c.
2. Frenchman's Bay to Isle au Haut, 1879; 60c.
3. Penobscot Bay and Tributaries, 1881; 60c.
4. White Head Island to Cape Small Point, 1879; 60c.
5. Cape Small Point to Cape Ann, 1879; 60c.
6. Cape Ann to Cohasset, 1879; 60c.
7. Boston to Monomy, 1880; 60c.
8. Nantucket to Vineyard Sounds, 1880; 60c.
9. Buzzard's and Narragansett Bays, 1880; 60c.
10. Block Island and Fisher's Island Sounds, Gardiner's and Peconic Bays, 1880; 60c.
11. Long Island Sound and East River, 1880; 60c.
12. Harbors in Long Island Sound, 1880; 60c.
13. South Coast of Lond Island, New York Bay and Hudson River, 1880; 60c.
14. New York to Delaware Entrance, 1882; 60c.
15. Delaware Bay and Tributaries, 1883; 75c.

Tide Tables Atlantic Coast, 25c.; do. Pacific, 25c.; published annually.

PUBLICATIONS U. S. HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

Charts of various parts of the World made from U. S. and Foreign Government Surveys, and the following books; among others:

4. The Way to Avoid the Center of our Violent Gales, 1866; 30c.
6. Regulations for Preventing Collisions on the Water, 1867; 15c.
8. Magnetism of Ships and the Deviations of the Compass, B. F. Greene, 1867; $3 00.
9. The New Am. Practical Navigator, N. Bowditch, 1883; $2.25.
13. Bowditch's Useful Tables, 1882; $1.25.
15. Memoir of the Dangers and Ice in the North Atlantic, 1868; 25c.
16. Rules of the Road at Sea and in Inland Waters, T. A. Jenkins, 1869; $1.50.
18. Barometer, Thermometer, etc., as Aids in Foretelling Weather, T. A. Jenkins, 1869; 37c.
19. Snip's Compasses. Swinging Ship, etc., T. A. Jenkins, 1869; 37c.
21. Flags of Maritime Nations, 1876; $2.50.
29. Hurricanes, with Nautical Directions for Avoiding and Mauevering in them, 1872; 15c.
30. List of Lights (No. 1) of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts of the United States. (Issued yearly); 60c.
40. Steam Lanes Across the Atlantic, 1872; 20c.
57. Tables for Finding the Distance of an Object by Two Bearings, 1874; 20c.
62. Finding the Compass Error on Board Ship, B. F. Green, 1875; $2.75.
71. Azimuth Tables for Parallels of Latitude between 61° N. and 61° S.
67. International Signal Code, 1882; $2.60.

The books not given in this list are mostly sailing directions and pilots for foreign waters.

COAST PILOTS.

American Coast Pilot, L. Furlong, 1806 Newburyport.
American Coast Pilot, E. M. Blunt, 1810. New York.
Eldridge's Coast Pilot, No. 1. Chatham to St. John; $3.
Eldridge's Coast Pilot, No. 2. Chatham to the Rio Grande, Geo. Eldridge. S. Thaxter & Son; $3.50.
Eldridge's Tide and Current Book. Boston to New York. (Annual), G. W. Eldridge, 1884. Geo. Eldridge & Son; 50c.
Long Island Sound Pilot, B. S. Osbon (in press). The Nautical Gazette.
Yachtsman's and Coaster's Book of Reference, Cape Hatteras to St. Johns, N. B. W. A. Pratt; $1.50.

MAGAZINES DEVOTED TO CANOEING, YACHTING, ETC.

Aquatic Monthly and Nautical Review, June, 1872, to March, 1879, inclusive.
Brentano's Aquatic Monthly and Sporting Gazetteer, April, 1879, to March, 1881, inclusive.
Gentleman's Magazie, June, 1881, to ——— (monthly).
American Aquatic Magazine, Vols. 1 and 2, 1884 (monthly) Hearne & Co.; per annum $3.
All of the above were edited by Mr. Chas. A. Peverelly.
Forest and Stream, Vol. 1 to 24 (to date) weekly; per year $4.
The Nautical Gazette, Vol. 1, 1871, to Vol. 22, to date (weekly); per year $4.
Outing and The Wheelman, Vols. 1 to 5, to date (monthly); per year $2.
The American Ship (now suspended) was published for about two years; by J. W. Griffith (weekly).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Physical Geography of Sea (The), M. F. Maury; 1885. Harper & Bros.; $4.

Nautical Routine and Stowage, etc., Murphy and Jeffers, 1849. D. Von Nostrand; $2.
Naval Encyclopedia, L. R. Hammersly, 1881. Philadelphia; $10.
U. S. Naval Institute, Papers and Proceedings, Vol. 1; 1875. New York.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

BOATING.

Boating Down the Alleghany, J. M. Mulligan. Knickerbocker, vol. 45.
Boating Trip from Toronto to Gulf of Mexico, R. Tyson. Canadian Monthly, vol. 17.

CANOEING.

Canoe Convention on Lake George, C. L. Norton. Canadian Monthly, vol. 20.
Construction of Canoes, W. L. Alden. Harper's Monthly, vol. 56.
Cruising Canoe and Outfit, C. E. Chase. Harper's Monthly, vol. 61.
Canoes, C. L. Norton. Old and New, vol. 7.
How to Build and Manage Canoes, W. L. Alden, Scribner's Monthly, vol. 4.

CANOE CRUISING.

Canoe Voyage Through Maine to Canada, J. C. Hoyt. Scribner's Monthly, vol. 14.
Macgregor's Rob Roy on the Rivers of Europe, A. H. Guernsey. Harper's Monthly, vol. 33.
Modern Canoe Voyaging, R. Tyson. Canadian Monthly, vol. 19.
Canoe Voyaging in the Baltic, M. Titcomb. Harper's Monthly, vol. 35.
Canoeing in the English Channel, H. H. Alden. Harper's Monthly, vol. 36.
Canoeing on the Jordan, A. H. Guernsey. Harper's Monthly, vol. 41.
Canoeing on the High Mississipi, A. H. Siegfried. Lippincott's Magazine, vol. 26.

YACHTING.

Yachting; A Tale, S. Hyde. Putnam's Monthly, vol. 16.
Yachts and Yacht Sailing, W. F. G. Shanks, Scribner's Monthly, vol. 4.
Yachts Built on Wave Principle, Dr. Phippe. Journal Franklin Institute, vol. 43.
Yachts and Quaint Craft, W. L. D. O'Grady. Lippincott's Magazine, vol. 16.
Cheap Yachting, H. D. Jarvis. Harper's Monthly, vol. 47.
The Modern Yacht. J. D. J. Kelly. Harper's Monthly, August, 1883.
The Evolution of the American Yacht, S. G. W. Benjamin. The Century, July, 1882.
Steam Yachting in America, S. G. W. Benjamin. The Century, August, 1882.

YACHT CRUISING.

Yachting in Blue Waters, T. R. Warren. Harper's Monthly, vol. 55.
The Cruise of the Nameless. Harper's Monthly.
The Cruise of the Alice May, S. G. W. Benjamin. The Century.
The Cruise of the Wallowy, Barnet Phillips. Harper's Monthly, January, 1885.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nautical Astronomy, American Works on Quarterly Review, January, 1876.

Besides the articles given above, many on boatbuilding, canoe-building, shipbuilding, etc., were published in the Scientific American supplement, New York, and Journal of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

ULIDIA.—As Madge after a successful career as a racer finally was outbuilt and succumbed to Verve and later boats, so Verve has in turn given way to newer craft, and, like Madge, found a home in America. One of Verve's successful rivals, Ulidia, a newer boat, has in turn been eclipsed by one still newer, and (under the present Y. R. A. rule) a faster boat, and like the other two, she is to be sold, as advertised in another column. She has been most successful as a prize winner, her only fault being that, like all other English racers, she has been outbuilt under their faulty rule, and her value as a racer in English waters has depreciated, as in course of a very short time must happen to her successors. Her speed and good qualities were proved in her races and passages. She is strongly built and fully rigged and equipped, and will make a handsome addition to the fleet of any yacht club, and we hope some day to see her in New York waters or on the lakes, for which latter she is specially adapted.

MANNING'S YACHT AGENCY.—This firm have issued a list of yachts and vessels for sale, including all varieties of craft for business or pleasure purposes. Their reputation is well known, many of our yachts having changed hands through their aid. They are also agents for the Coast Survey and other charts, the "Coast Pilot," and nautical and yachting works generally. At their basin at Twenty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, a number of yachts for sale may be seen, and owners desiring to lay up their yachts at any time can have them cared for.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—A largely-attended meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held at their club house, foot of Tenth street, Hoboken, last Thursday evening, Commodore Longstreet presiding. Mr. James A. Reed and Mr. Martin V. B. Evesson, owners of catamaran Nemesis, and Mr. H. W. Sagendorf, were elected members, and the names of two candidates were proposed for membership. The amendment offered at the last meeting of the club by Mr. Dilworth to Section 9 of Chapter VII. of the by-laws (noticed in FOREST AND STREAM), relating to the sails, was taken from the table and that section was amended so as to read, "All cabin sloops, in addition to mainsail and jib, shall be allowed to carry working gaff and jib topsail, and cutters shall be allowed an additional staysail, and catamarans shall be restricted to use of jib and mainsail only." The amendment offered at last meeting by Mr. Garland to Section 15 of Chapter VII., relating to the time required to complete a race, was taken from the table for action, and that section was amended so as to read, "* * * nor shall a prize be due to any class except the distance shall have been sailed over by the winning yacht in its class in eight hours." The steamboat Blackbird has been engaged by the Regatta Committee for its regatta on June 9, and will leave Fifth street dock, Hoboken, at 9:30 A. M., West Twenty-second street, New York, at 9:45, and Pier 8, N. R., at 10 A. M.

CAROLINE.—This little keel schooner is advertised for sale in our columns this week. She is specially fitted for cruising and for a comfortable family boat such as may be run at a moderate expense and yet make a pleasant home for the summer.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. F. C., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The address of Mr. Von Culin is Delaware City, Del.

W. H. J., Argentine, Mich.—The bird you send for identification is a specimen of *Dendrœca æstiva*.

M. M. M., Girard Manor, Pa.—How can I prevent my gun from leading? Ans. Use a wire brush with plenty of oil.

W. K. A., Bloomsburg, Pa.—If the instructions for curing gun-shyness, contained in Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" do not help you, we know of nothing else that will. We can send the book, price $1.

SUBSCRIBER, Marblehead.—1. For railroad rates apply to the Boston & Maine Central Railroad. 2. For taxidermy consult Gibson's "Tricks of Trapping," price $1; we can supply it. 3. You will not find unoccupied free huts at the Rangeleys. 4. Quail are not trapped; it is forbidden by law.

W. P. M., Missoula, Montana.—Would you kindly inform me the name and location of the most reliable kennel where I could get some deerhounds in the West? Ans. We would recommend Dr. Q. Van Hummell, of Denver, Colorado, in the West, and the Clovernook Kennels, 185 Fifth avenue, New York, in the East.

GEO. H., Wagon Works, O.—For detailed description of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers of which you write, see Dr. Neidé's book "Cruise of the Aurora," advertised in our columns. A tent 14x20 ought to be amply sufficient for your needs. The Gordon's Pass country on the west coast of Florida is a capital hunting ground.

S. B. D., Rosendale, Wis.—In your answer to correspondents, April 16, to H., Spring Valley, N. Y. "Three shooters are members of two gun clubs; a match is to be shot between the two, and the club to which they have belonged for the longer time claims the right to draw them on its team. Ans. The matter is one to be decided by the men themselves. They can elect with which team they will shoot." Would either club have a right to pass a by-law to conflict with said right of individuals? Ans. Yes.

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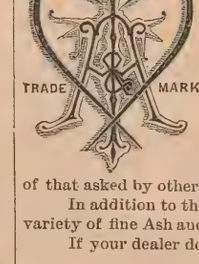
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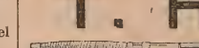
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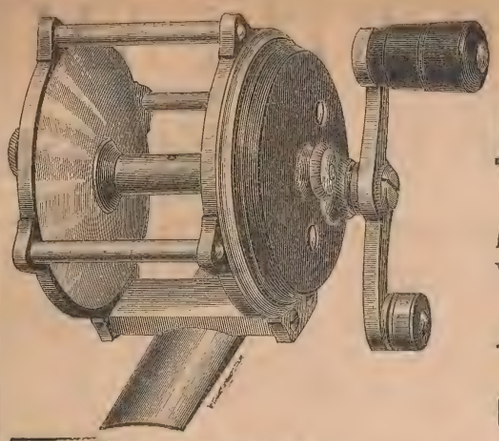
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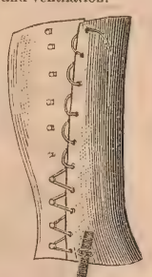
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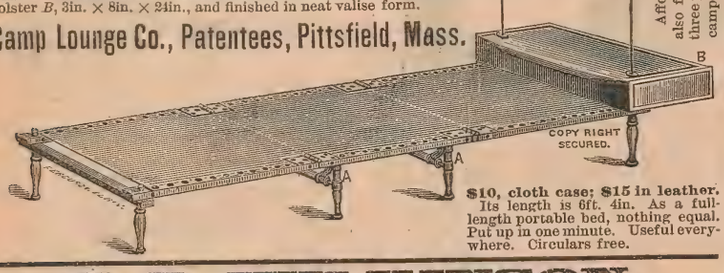
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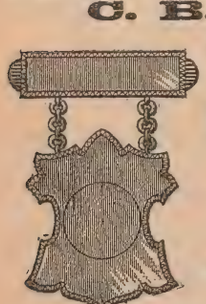
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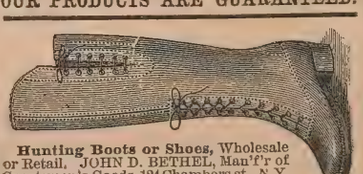
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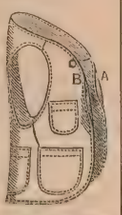
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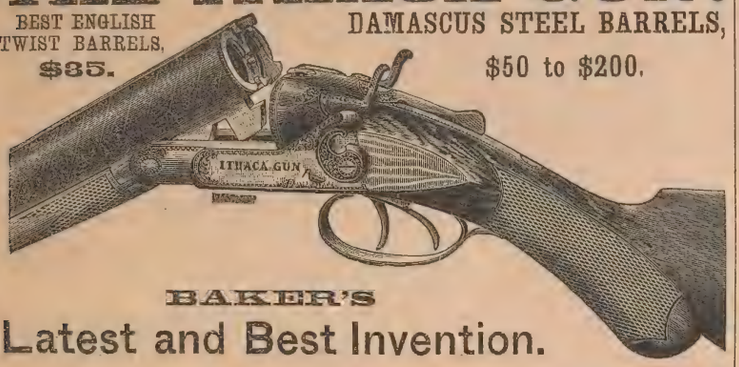
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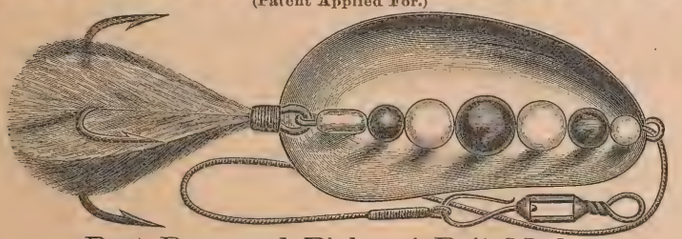
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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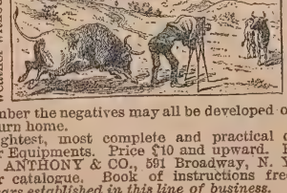
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 16. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, Loudon, Eng.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE PARK NEEDS A SUPERINTENDENT.

HERE in America we are too much accustomed to the discovery of inefficiency and unfaithfulness in our public officers to have it cause much surprise. The practice of appointing men to office as a reward for political services has long prevailed, and the natural result of this pernicious system has led to gross maladministration in many places, high and low. The appointee is apt to look upon his position not as one in which he is bound to do faithful service for the government which pays him, but rather as a sort of a claim which opens up to him various avenues, either for the accumulation of wealth, or for the strengthening of his political influence, and consequent paving the way to further and more desirable political honors. That this view of a public office is a low and degrading one is so evident, that to a man of ordinarily keen perceptions no demonstration of it is needed. It is apparent and is daily becoming better understood, that the public servants who hold their positions in such estimation as this are unfit to longer occupy them. A man who uses his official position for his own private gain is out of place in an office, and should give way to some one who has more just ideas of his duty toward the public.

We pointed out several weeks ago that the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park had in a variety of ways shown an utter failure to comprehend what he owed to the public, whose interests he was appointed to guard. He entered on his duties last fall, but left the Park in December and passed most of the winter in Washington, where he held close relations with one of the Hobarts, who was a principal of the notorious Park Improvement Company. The vigorous, but, happily, unavailing efforts of this company to obtain a monopoly of the National Park are too familiar to our readers to make it necessary to recall them. This close affiliation of the Superintendent with the Improvement Company was of itself enough to destroy his usefulness in his position, for the relations which that corporation holds toward the Government are so well known in the Territory that the mere suspicion of an understanding between the executive officer of the Park and the company would at once destroy all respect for laws and regulations. Trespassers and poachers would feel that the Improvement Company was to receive favors and privileges which could not with justice be denied them. The authority of the Secretary of the Interior would thus be brought into contempt, and there would be nothing in the way of the lawbreakers, who would renew the work of destruction and slaughter.

It is with the actions of the Superintendent and the results which would follow these actions that we have to do. No matter what his motives, the worst results will ensue if he be allowed to retain his position. A fool can often accomplish more harm than a knave. Besides taking, by his relations with the Improvement Company, a position hostile to the public, the Superintendent has proved himself inefficient. His duties are in the Park, but he had scarcely shown himself there, and taken a look about him, when we find him back again in Washington, where—with but a short interval—he passed the winter. During his absence almost all the horses were withdrawn from the Park, and it was made impossible for the assistants who wintered there to see what was going on, except in the immediate vicinity of the points at which they were stationed. Thus he not only neglected his own duty, but prevented his assistants from performing theirs.

The crowning act of culpability, and we may also add stupidity, was the filing a claim to a portion of the National Park. It is difficult to understand how any one could be guilty of such a hopeless blunder. If Carpenter knew anything at all about the Park, he must have known that a number of people were watching closely the course of events in it, and if he had thought of the matter a little, he would have seen that it was impossible for his course to remain long unknown. His action indicated either the height of audacity or a most dense ignorance. Whichever it may have been, the action of itself showed most clearly how unfit a man Carpenter is for the important position of Superintendent.

The season for active work in the Park is at hand, and it is important that an efficient and honest Superintendent should be on the ground when there is so much work to be done. The responsibility in the case rests with the Secretary of the Interior, who alone, under present conditions, has the power to remove a delinquent official and appoint his successor.

FISH LEGISLATION.

IN the State of New York there is pressing need of some law restraining legislation on questions relating to fish and fishculture. Hardly a winter passes without the laws being tinkered by some well-meaning but ill-advised persons in the interests of what they believe to be for either the protection or propagation of fish. This in its turn necessitates counter-tinkering, and confusion is the result. The remedy for this state of things is to pass a law that all bills relating to the fisheries or to fishculture shall receive the approval of the majority of the Board of Commissioners of Fisheries before being sent for the signature of the Governor. These gentlemen have for years paid attention to the needs of the fisheries, and in their zeal have served the State faithfully without other pay than occasional abuse from unappreciative people who fancy that their locality is neglected or who have some private grievance.

We have recently said much on the last trout law, which was amended in the Senate after one of the Commissioners had seen and approved it, and it is not our purpose to refer to it again at this time. We wish to call attention to a bill which some one had introduced to compel the Commissioners of Fisheries to stock Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, and which compelled the Governor to veto the entire appropriation for fishculture in order to defeat this scheme. The Governor's veto is sensible and just, and the only regret is that it must include the other appropriation, for the objectionable item cannot be separated from the others. In his message the Governor gives the following reasons for his veto:

" 'For the Commissioners of Fisheries, to be expended as they may deem proper upon the vouchers to be approved by the Controller, for the purpose of replenishing the lakes, rivers and other waters of this State with fish, as provided in chapter 285 of the laws of 1868, chapter 507 of the laws of 1870, chapter 74 of the laws of 1873, chapter 523 of the laws of 1875, and chapter 309 of the laws of 1879, $26,000, of which sum the Commissioners are hereby directed to expend $2,500 in stocking Lake Ontario with pike, whitefish and salmon trout, and $1,000 in stocking St. Lawrence River with black bass and California trout.' This item is objected to and not approved for the reason that in the last clause the Commissioners are directed to spend $3,500 in stocking Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. The high character and fitness of the Commissioners are well known, and the Legislature has very properly recognized these qualities in appropriating $22,500 to be expended as they may deem proper. I see no reason why they should be 'directed' to stock this mighty lake and river, half the waters of which belong to a foreign government, even though they may deem it useless. They are the best judges of the needs of the State, and should be permitted to expend the money untrammeled. If, in their judgment, waters can and should be stocked, I doubt not they will attend to the matter. The principle of directing expert officials how to expend money appropriated for their uses I believe to be wrong, and should not be countenanced even in so small a matter as this. The Fish Commissioners should receive all the money the public means demand, and they should expend it as they deem proper."

The only remedy now at hand is to have another bill framed which excludes the items objected to, or to pass the whole over the veto. We entirely agree with the reasons given by the Governor, and believe that the Commissioners should have something to say on all legislation pertaining to their department, which their experience and years of study qualifies them to judge of. This would prevent the passage of all hasty and ill-advised bills and would not be productive of evil in any case.

NEW YORK FORESTRY BILL.

THE Assembly passed last week a compromise forestry bill, which has been approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade. It provides for the appointment of three Commissioners, to serve six years, without pay; and these Commissioners are to employ a forest warden, inspectors, agents, etc.

All State lands now owned or which may be acquired in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster, Delaware and Sullivan shall constitute the forest preserve. These lands shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be sold, nor shall they be leased or taken by any person or corporation, public or private.

The Commissioners are to maintain and protect the forests, and through the wardens as agents they are to punish trespass; and town supervisors are made forest protectors. The Commissioners are to take measures to impart through the public schools elementary instruction upon forestry. A very important and wholesome provision relates to the precautions against forest fires to be taken by railroads passing through forest lands. The bill, on the whole, is a capital beginning, and if it becomes a law, New York State will be well started in forestry reform.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.

THE bill to forbid the hounding of deer in this State is still unsigned in the hands of Governor Hill. After hesitating to give it his signature, the Governor last week intimated that his objections to it referred to the clause of the bill which concerned the giving of evidence. Upon this the bill was recalled and passed a second time by the Senate and Assembly, receiving a larger vote than on its first passage. Now that it has again come to Governor Hill with the objectional portion removed, we cannot conceive any reason for this delay. The bill is what the people want. Public sentiment demands, and this with no uncertain voice, that the water butchery of deer in the North Woods be stopped. Governor Hill cannot afford to disregard this sentiment; he cannot afford to withhold his signature from the bill, not even to please the few personal friends who are seeking to influence him for their own selfish ends.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts Senate is considering a new game bill, of which the provisions have become by repeated amendments so vague that in the present stage it is quite impossible to forecast what the character of the several sections may be when they come up for final action. One clause provides for the posting of land, and declares that the game on such land "shall be the exclusive property of the person preserving the same." Another clause permits the snaring of ruffed grouse "by owners of land upon their land, or by any person or persons authorized by them," between certain dates. This might do for the interior of Africa, but the Massachusetts Legislators under the gilt dome ought to be heartily ashamed of it.

THE DUCK NETTING BILL.—Misled by an erroneous report from Albany last week we stated that Senator Otis's duck netting bill had passed the Assembly. On the contrary, owing to the opposition of his constituents on Long Island, Senator Otis has withdrawn his bill. So the Long Island duck netters will have things all their own way, and can play heathen a while longer.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WILD BOAR SHOOTING IN SYRIA.

ON an April morning of a year not yet attained to the rusty dignity of antiquity, a traveler might have been seen (in the language of novelists) riding along the shore at the head of the Dead Sea. By his side rode an Arab, swathed up in the lavish folds of his blanket and turban-cloth, and mounted on a miserable specimen of the equine race. But why this Arab should have thought fit to make a human chrysalis of himself in this manner is not to be explained, save by mention that it was a little way of his, for the traveler aforesaid being the present writer, he will vouch for it that the day was about as hot as the average wicked mortal could hope to experience in this world. Indeed, the tablets of his memory were so fused and blended together by the heat, that it is not altogether easy to separate and reproduce some of the incidents of that day. A fierce sun, already high overhead, blazed down upon this drear and desolate corner of the world. Gaunt hills and sterile plains of dust and sand reflected back its glare tenfold, and between the rays of one and the terrestrial oven of the other, the air danced in angry ebullition as though fretting over its futile attempts to play the role of peacemaker in the warfare above and beneath. Great fissures and cracks gaped in the sun-dried bridle path, so that the horses had to be allowed to pick their own way, which they did with many a stumble and slip suggestive of foundering like a ship at sea. Countless green, brown and bronze lizards lay basking on the blistering rocks, and startled by the clattering hoofs, would scuttle away in precipitous haste to dive down into the darkness of these cracks which filigreed the road. Stretching far away into the blue hills of Moab shone the Dead Sea, in the near waters of which could be traced the blue meandering line of the entering Jordan wandering disconsolate in the "lake of sorrows," till it spread in undefined limits, and was lost.

Most gloomy is the aspect which this tomb of the cities of the plain wears at all times, and not less now that the full noonday sun mocked with glittering its saline waters; redoubled the grimness of the bordering hills with lights and shadows, and intensified the ghostly glare of its shores, decorated with the whitened ornaments of death, withered leafless branches, camel bones and debris cast up to bleach upon these stony, colorless margins. So weird an attraction had the lake for me that I rode down to its brink, and announced to Hassan, my attendant dragoman, my intention of having a dip in it—for experience and novelty's sake. But strenuously did Hassan endeavor to dissuade me, saying, "the howaga no bathe in bad lake, or the sun hit him plenty heavy, and he then come fool," which being interpreted (Hassan's English being a little shaky) meant that a dip in these bituminous waters, combined with the heat of the sun overhead, would in all probability land me with a sunstroke. However, I insisted on having my own way, and forthwith set about putting my purpose into execution. But I confess that the game was not worth the candle, and I would not recommend invalids from any hospital, except a lunatic asylum, to "take the baths" of the Dead Sea. Water has an aggravating way of finding entrance to the bather's mouth, be he never so wary, and that of the Dead Sea has a very much more pronounced flavor than warm flat irons. I tasted it well, so I know. A faithless stone giving way under my foot precipitated my immersion, and the exclamation which involuntarily sought for expression was cut short in its career by a thorough and most disagreeable acquaintance with a taste of Sodom and Gomorrah, and to judge by the sample, I have now no doubt that the sins of those twin go-as-you-please cities had that strong odor which is said to have ascended even to the skies. You cannot sink if you try in these waters, wherefore would-be suicides had better look for some other watery grave, and the best thing you can do when you bathe in the Dead Sea is to do as I did and get out again as quickly as possible. On emerging I was a veritable pillar of salt, and long after Hassan and I had ridden back into the hills too far to look back into the hollow of the lake whereon the angry sun rained fire, I had an uneasy sensation that I was not quite so comfortable in the saddle as I had been before my dip. Nevertheless it was necessary to ride now as hard as the rough road and stumbling horses would let us if we hoped to catch up with the rest of the party, and reach our destination, Jericho, before night should overtake us.

Traveling with me at the time was my sister, and knowing that the day's journey would be long and tedious, I had arranged that she should set out early from our last resting place with our four or five Syrian servants and the baggage mules, so that the requisite pace might be easier for her. The usual midday halt was to be made at the well of Hagdar, and to this rendezvous Hassan and I now made all haste. And a welcome sight to us after our quick ride was this wayside fountain, overshadowed by a gnarled and ancient sycamore, and watched over by the spirit of the Moslem sheykh, whose white-domed tomb shone out among the neighboring rocks—a guiding landmark for all thirsty travelers in these sandy wastes. The scene had an uniqueness of its own, and with the Eastern party resting under the shade of the patriarchal tree, the horses and mules browsing on the sparse desert grass, and the sterile framework of the picture, seemed a cameo of Semitic history. One could hear in fancy the flocks of a Nathan bleating on the hillside, and see in one's mind's eye the Arab shepherds chatting round the peaceful fountain, whereto

> All the daughters of the waters
> Brought their pitchers there to fill.

Nor had we long to wait before, in some sense, we realized the traditionary imaginings of the place. Shortly after rejoining my party another cavalcade appeared, issuing from an opposite gorge in the hills, consisting of some half dozen loaded camels and a few donkeys ridden by a motley assortment of Syrians. Arrived at the well, they likewise dismounted, and after watering their beasts produced their bags of dates and bread for the noonday meal. They were a band of merchants carrying their wares to southern bazaars. At their head was a good-looking young Arab who, from the respect shown him by his fellows, was evidently a man of means, and one that "hath two coats." After the customary salams had passed between us, and we had jointly and severally wished that prosperity might wait upon each other's households, silence reigned between us for awhile. I noticed that every now and then this young trader cast furtive glances at my sister, but believing them to be partly due to astonishment that any girl should go unveiled, I was not at all prepared for the somewhat abrupt remark which suddenly broke the silence between us, nor the conversation which followed in this wise:

"What would the howaga be willing to sell her for?"

"Disappointment vex not my brother, but I could not sell her."

"I will give the howaga a camel and two donkeys for her."

"The offer is generous, but I have no wish to part with her. She is the howaga's sister."

"Tiab, but your brother is rich, and will give even two camels and a donkey for her. The offer is great."

"No, I desire not to bargain. It is impossible that she be bought."

"Does the howaga speak as a true man not wishing to sell, or even as one who desireth a large price?"

"As a man that meaneth what he hath said."

"Good."

And here our exchange of ideas relapsed into silence again, and so continued until I had once more started with my own party from the well of Hagdar, wishing that ardent youth before departing some choice and florid Syriac expressions of good will, and praying that success might follow him in all his journeyings.

This incident combines instruction with amusement or I would hasten to apologize to my reader for resting so long by the wayside when wild boar shooting is what I promised to discourse upon. But all in good time. Rests are necessary, even to the sportsman, and have I not the authority of Scott's lazy minstrel to justify me in finding that "the way was long and the wind was cold," with the slight difference that in the present case there was a most deplorable lack of wind, cold or otherwise. Yet, oh most patient reader! the longest lanes have turnings, even Syrian ones, which wind among mazes of hill and plain as though inclined to thwart the adage, and as the sunset hour approached, ourselves and jaded steeds took heart of grace to see in the distance the many tiny white-domed houses of our goal, Jericho, "the city of palm groves." Why so called I know not, for its gardens hardly justify the name, and far more apt had been the title "the city of dust, dogs and fleas." For this trio reigns supreme in the squalid huts and tortuous streets—the human burrowings of an animated dust-heap.

Of all the grimy, dirty towns that I have seen (and they are not few) commend me to Jericho, where a thorough experience may be gained of the practical working of Mohammed's tenet that for purposes of ablution dust may be used in lieu of water. Exists there not among English colloquialisms, the retort courteous to undesired company, "Oh, go to Jericho?" Such a wish is filled with all uncharitableness, and should be uttered only in dire necessity. Fearful will be the fate of him who followeth such advice and goeth there. The dust of trumpet-crumbled walls has seemingly never settled, but with the augmentations of ages drifts homelessly upon the air; ragged, hungry dogs prowl round the narrow streets seeking a precarious living on rubbish by day, and making night hideous with canine serenades; and fleas—well, this is a delicate subject, but I may suggest that it is always advisable to turn the bed clothes down before reposing, and to brush some of them out with a broom. That unregenerate traveler, who, when informed by the pastor that Noah took two and only two of every living thing into the ark with him, could not reconcile his experience of Easterns with the idea that Noah and his family had only two fleas among them, had perchance been to Jericho. A visit there would justify any scepticism on the subject.

For all which reasons and sundry others, we elected to make our camp outside the town rather than endure the manifold ills of its cabined, cribbed and confined interior. But the disposition which the dogs evinced to howl at the departing sun was proof enough to me that their welcoming of the moon would be a prolonged agony, and play havoc with the mists of Morpheus. Moreover, the heat retained by the sun-baked earth already made oppressive the evening air and warned me that sleep would be of the feverish kind this night; wherefore I cast about me for some excuse for wakefulness. There is a wondrous solace to the nerves in thwarting the enmity of circumstance, and in Mark Tapleyian mood making your desire that which you foresee Fate means to thrust upon you. So now I took occasion by the hand, and together we went forth in search of a reason for turning into a vigil a night which to all appearances was destined to be a sleepless one. Kind fortune befriending me, I had not wandered far from camp before I met a group of Syrians returning from the town to their homes in some outlying village. They were wild-looking fellows enough, clad in very dilapidated attire, and armed with heavy sticks and matchlocks. Evidently these were the indigenous sportsmen of the soil—native correspondents of a future Jerichonian FOREST AND STREAM—and to their company I accordingly betook myself for advice. In answer to my inquiries as to whether there were any hyenas about, or where I could watch for the early morning flights of geese, they either did not know or did not wish to betray their own hunting grounds, for they asserted that I should find neither of these hereabouts.

However, I was bent on hunting something, and so entered into a general sort of conversation with them, in the course of which it leaked out that in the immediate neighborhood there were plenty of wild pigs. Now, as the Moslem hates the "kanseer" with fanatical zeal (as full many a Coptic pig, whose daily existence is embittered by the beatings received from Arab children, could tell—he could hardly "unfold a tail"), and as I had an equally strong desire to wage war upon the unoffending, but nathless Koran-condemned swine, arrangements were soon made with these natives for a regular out-and-out moonlight hunt; I taking some care to promise a largely increased backsheesh if success attended on our excursion. My brave porcine conspirators told me that just before daybreak would be the best hour, and that their own party of men would be amply sufficient for all purposes, only, they added, they must first go home and procure dogs, guns, sticks, tobacco, dates, and all the paraphernalia which a Syrian considers due to the dignity of a hunting expedition. All this being agreed upon—I being in blissful ignorance of where and by what means the Jericho pig was to be lured to destruction—it was finally settled that the spokesman of the party, who seemed to be the one having authority, should come to my camp, which I pointed out to him, some hours later, and I would be ready to go with him whithersoever he listed. According with this understanding we parted for the present; they to their homes to procure all needful armament, and I to my cheery little camp, lifted up in heart, and knit to do great deeds against the "wild hog that breaketh into the vineyard by night and rooteth among the vines."

On regaining the camp, I found that the faithful Hassan had duly seen that all was in order for the night. The two tents had been pitched and the baggage stored, the beasts hobbled and turned loose upon the hillside to find their supper, while round the camp-fire were squatting in a ring the men laughing, smoking and telling those tales which Easterns, like children, are ever ready to listen to. Gradually night settled upon town and camp, a moon, half waned, rose bright above the shadowy hills, and countless stars peeped down through the cracks of the great black sky. One by one the figures at the smouldering fire crept noiselessly away to wrap themselves in their camel-hair rugs, and sleep till the sun's warmth should awake them, and no sounds disturbed the universal peace save the subdued murmur of the two watchmen at the fire, the plaintive cries of those aerial elfs of darkness—bats, and the occasional yelping of some prowling dog which lifted up its voice and wept exceedingly. How I longed for those quiet hours to pass, as I sat before my tent weaving in my mind the warp and woof and weft of many useless theories, and wondering where could be my ciceronian sportsman who should lead me forth to a new experience in hunting. Tediously the minutes went by, until I almost feared that he might have forgotten his promise except for a knowledge of the magnetic power of "backsheesh," and an inward consciousness that the kettle of time, even like unto other kettles, boils slowly when watched.

But more punctually than my expectancies gave him credit for, my cicero appeared at last. Emerging from the shade of a sont-tree a muffled figure walked softly up to the watchmen by the fire, and saying something which distance rendered unintelligible, received an answer and came on toward me. "Is that Salami?" (the name he had given me). "Yes; is the howaga ready?" "Quite;" and telling him not to talk until we should be beyond hearing of the sleepers, I picked up my rifle and cartridge case and together we walked forth into the quiet gully lying below the town. There is always to my mind something strangely uncanny in the ways of moonlight, and weird was this walk of mine with my silent companion trudging on ahead. I was in no mood for talking, my thoughts being filled with the twisted fancies betaught of those air-sprites who whisper their secrets to mortals at such times, and, as I stumbled and groped my way among the rocks and hollows of the moon-checkered path, hobgoblins and gnomes haunted the no-man's land which lay among the light and shadow draperies of the ground, and danced and vanished at my feet. Now and then some sudden word of warning from my guide would jar upon my reveries, or a knock against some harder stone than usual recall me to a world more tangible than that of dreams, but otherwise the night was spectral and the stillness of the air seemed the deeper when, in contrast to its silence, some owl, startled from its prey, sped away into the dark with a ghostly shriek, or a village dog whined piteously its woes to a sleeping world.

Steadfastly on kept the muffled figure before me, and closely I followed. All villages we had seemingly left behind, and to judge by the roughness of the path, and the dim outlines of the hills around us, we were in some wild and lonely gorge to the south of Jericho. Where was this strange guide leading me to, who spoke not, turned not, rested not, but hidden in the copious folds of his cloak which must have been handed down through many generations of prophets, so ragged and time-worn was it, held on the even tenor of his way? Was it quite well, I wondered, to trust too much to him when I had other cares than myself to attend to? I began almost to doubt his good faith, and whether I ought to proceed any further, so stepping up to his side, I asked him how far had we yet to go before reaching our destination. "Can the howaga see down in the hollow a clump of trees? Those trees stand at the mouth of the valley where we will hunt the kanseer, and the men and dogs are awaiting us there." All right, thought I, we will humor your little ways as far as the trees at least, and on we went as before, he leading in eloquent silence, and I following and wondering divers things. A little more stumbling over stones which looked shadows, and treading on shadows which looked like stones, with oftimes a sad shock to the nervous system, and we arrived at the clump of sont-trees which Salami had pointed out.

Whether the men were there or not, I could not at first see, but as for the matter of dogs his statement was promptly and thoroughly justified. No sooner had we clambered up the hillock whereon was the rendezvous, and taken on us the semblance of mortal visitors, than a pack of every kind and colored quadruped, which by distant relationship with canine ancestors could call itself a dog, came rushing down the slope at us and commenced sniffing and snarling and growling in most unwelcome unison. Big dogs and little dogs; shaggy-coated and smooth-coated; dark, light, medium, parti-colored beasts; puppies and patriarchs, all were here. This, if you please, was the Jerichonian idea of the necessary dog element in a wild boar hunt. Obviously the members had been gathered from the highways and hedges, and apparently seemed accustomed to such calls of emergency. Obedience they appeared to owe to no one in particular, but consistently played the role of jovial freebooters on their own account, tempered by a due respect for flying stones and uplifted sticks; and it occurred to me that if they worried the kanseer with half the zeal they worried me there was every prospect of my getting a shot at the Eastern piggy.

Among the trees were five or six dusky sportsmen awaiting our arrival, carefully muffled up like my guide to guard against the chills of the night air. Two of them were armed with long Bedouin matchlocks, the muzzles of which I took care to shun as a Hottentot is said to shun his mother-in-law, and the rest carried the "nebut" or thick quarter-staff which all Syrians and Arabs possess.

All things being now considered ready, my guide, philosopher and friend commenced to marshal his forces into working order. It appeared that the *modus operandi* of betraying the Jericho pig was to be in this wise. From our tree-crowned hillock a narrow valley led westward, which, at a short distance beyond its neck, bifurcated into three divisions, wherein the wild boar held nocturnal revelry. The plan was for the entire party of men and dogs to start from the far end of each of these radiating valleys in succession, and spreading over the hillsides drive before them the game, whose haunts they thus purposed so unceremoniously to disturb. Meanwhile I was to be conducted to some hiding place at the joint entrance of these valleys, and from my vantage ground stop any porcine rambler that fortune should send me. All this appeared to be simplicity itself, and on my acquiescing to the arrangement, everybody forthwith proceeded to put his own part of the performance into execution. With a rush and a tumble the dogs vanished into the dark as if anxious for the fun to begin, and the men, shouldering their matchlocks and nebuts, started off in an apparently different direction to that destined for their energies—a fact which my faithful Arab explained to be necessary in order to

enable them to reach the head of the valleys by a round-about route, so as not to disturb the animals to no purpose.

As soon as they were all lost to sight, Salami and I set forth upon our travels again. By this time some experience had made me clever in frustrating the ill designing traps of the road, and as the men and dogs had yet far to go before reaching their working ground, and dawn was still lingering somewhere down in Persia, hurry was out of the question. But steadily on kept this involved guide of mine, nor made the way short by being other than silent company. Happily we had not far to go, for I was beginning to grow something weary of communing only with stars and earth, and it was not an unwelcome sight, therefore, to see Salami suddenly pull up in his impetuous career, and hear him greet me with the announcement that we had at last reached our lair. He had stopped at a ruined well, long since barren as the hills around, whose envious enmity had choked its thirsty throat with wind-drifted sand and splinters from their overhanging crags. Its crumbling walls of brickwork promised, however, the needful screen, and so into the tumbling remnant of "better days" we clambered, and built ourselves rude chairs from stones whereon the pitchers of Leahs and Rachels had perchance one time rested.

Here then amid these weird surroundings were we to keep our midnight vigil. And a lonely and silent vigil it was too, for the sense of the glen's solitude was appalling, and our murmured conversation sounded like sacrilege to its silence. How slowly the minutes seemed to pass. Time, who dies all too readily in his natural death, makes a brave fight against his would-be killer, and when weary of watching you nod, tilts the run-out hour glass up again. So it was with me, and I was trying inanely to answer self-invented mental riddles, when suddenly Salami aroused my dormant faculties by saying, "Listen, howaga." I could hear nothing and told him so. "The howaga had better be ready, Salami can hear the dogs." I needed no second advice, but from my ruined well eagerly listened for the sounds which my keen companion heard, and strained my eyes peering forth into the dark, but could hear nothing and only make out the dim outlines of the three valleys, and some hundred yards of moon-checkered, rock-bestrewn ground around me. However, my hopes were awakened now, and I kept open ears and eyes, until presently a long, deep baying sounded down the glen—then silence again. Five minutes more and a distant babel of shouts and barking sets the wild echoes flying, growing subdued once more, to break forth in fitful yells and yelps. Nothing moving; oh for the eyes of an owl or the vision of an Oberon! Salami is by my side searching the shadows, as quiet as the stone he leans against. How fast the air sleeps. "Ah, Salami, what's that, a rock? see it moves; no, it's down again; what is it, a shadow?" Suddenly it moves. A grunt, another, "Aiwah, aiwah, kanseer;" up goes the rifle—bang, and the shadow tumbles from a ledge into the moonlight, where it moves a moment and then is still, while far up into every cave and hollow of the hills the startled silence hurries off in rumbling echoes.

Then follows quiet, broken by the occasional cries of the men and dogs who are out upon the hillsides, and for awhile nothing visits our lurking place. My companion is gazing away from the place from whence the boars should come, and whispers that he heard a stone fall among the others in that quarter. Can he make out anything? No, not for certain; but in the dark shadow underneath that big rock there lies a darker. Can I see it? Which rock; point it out! "There, there; quick, howaga, the smaller shadow is creeping off." Ye gods of daylight, roll your sun here a moment, for my eyes are mortal and I cannot see the quarry caught in this tangled web of black and silver. Is it yet there? Yes, and motionless again. Now, hold your arm out in the direction—what, in that big shadow shaped like a camel? His answer is drowned by a furious barking on the distant hills, and in a moment that camel's neck has left the body and is up and trotting across the glen, all innocent of our biding so near. Suspense proves itself bad for the nerves, for my hand shakes as I fire, and I hear the thud of the bullet striking on a rock in front of the runaway. For an instant the hog comes to a standstill, uncertain of the whereabouts of the danger so rudely announced, and I see his ugly tusks glisten in the moonlight, but apparently deciding that he had best flee from the dogs on the hill, he gives an angry grunt and comes briskly down the glen toward the well. This makes it difficult to see him clearly among the rocks, but chancing the second barrel at what I take to be his shoulder, down on his knees he topples. He is only wounded it seems, however, for staggering to his short legs, he savagely grunts and looks round him for an enemy. His small dark eyes glitter like glow worms in the sand, when he turns his shaggy head to me, and presage ill-luck for us should he discover our whereabout, before we are ready. Bah, why won't the empty cartridge case come out, hasty fingers make least speed. There, it's out at last, and two others in. As I close the rifle breech he hears the click, and turning his fierce head sharply toward us, rushes forward with a quavering uncertain gait, straight for our low mud wall. Now for a steady and cool hand, for those tusks look better white than red, and two's company and three's none, even in a ruined fountain. Into the shade, into the light; over the rock, and down the path; seventy paces, fifty, thirty, bang, and with a tottering rush he falls, rises, and falls as quiet as his shroud of shadow.

After this incident quiet again reigns for a time. Once or twice we think we hear the expostulations of retreating kanseers, and the sounds of trotting feet among the stones; but distance and darkness (for the moon has well nigh disappeared) screen their protegés faithfully. The cries of the men and dogs seem to come from the third and last valley, but they are so varying and will-o'-the-wisp-like, that we cannot be certain even of this. Dawn should be breaking soon, for the air bites shrewdly with that eager nippingness which heralds morning on the desert, and which so troubled Hamlet on the turret walls of Elsinore. I hope that this deserted well is not the home of some eastern ghost, to appear and say in sepulchral tones, "follow me"; no Undine protectoress of the glen to arise in misty draperies and carry me off to those fair watery palaces of Gothic myth. Perhaps at another time I could reconcile myself to the latter fate, but just now I have other business in hand—business which surely a golden-tressed, blue-eyed nymph can take no heed of, nor for which she could upbraid me. If she spoke at all, it should be like the lispings of some falling fountain that—why! what a voice she has; listen Salami, for all the world it's like the squeaking of young pigs, clamoring because—"kawam, howaga, kanseer"—ah! reveries, there you go again; it is pigs that I hear, thank Juno, and not Undine, and the faithful Salami has got hold of a considerable portion of my arm under the impression that it's my coat, and is wildly persuading me to be ready. Ready! I should think I was; just hear those squealers, there must be a whole family of them. It's so dark that I can barely see sixty yards ahead in the gloom, but Salami and I are all ears and eyes. What a commotion the frightened little ones are making, and how angry the old mother is, to judge by the deep grunts with which she chides her offspring every now and then. They ought to be in sight in a moment—yes, there they are, one big black object and six or seven lesser black objects, hurrying down the glen to the encouraging strain of a running full-choral ditty. It would be a misfortune to waste a shot, yet I dread to risk losing the chance they are giving me, so up goes my rifle, a moment more and —no, gallantry forbids, and the old lady passes on all unconscious of her danger. Not so her eldest son, for youthful piggy will be welcome in to-morrow's camp, and with a mild utterance of reproof he falls to the first barrel. Then such a rush and skurry and *sauve qui peut*. The members of the family being divided in council flee pell mell in every direction, the mother disappearing up the slope of the hill grunting anxiously to her scattered litter, and the little ones answering her from all quarters with frightened squeaks and porcine sobs. But no longer can they say that "we are seven," for near the dead body of the elder brother lies another pathetic little corpse beyond the need of squeaking, a victim to the second barrel. Poor betrayed animals! ill-starred innocents! forgive a Herod whose camp is hungry.

Their deaths was the last this night. Slowly the black sky grew lighter, the stars faded, and across the east crept the streak of gray which the Arabs call the "wolf's tail" or "false dawn," and which precedes the real eastern sunrise. This disappeared for another spell of darkness, to be succeeded by the breaking of the true morning in all its Syrian colors, tinting the desert hills with golds and reds, binding the shades of night in sunlight; and the horses of Apollo shake from their manes the day which rouses the birds, and sends them crying through the air, to wake the sleepy world.

No more we dream amid the ruins of a Syrian well. Men, dogs and day have joined us again, and while these allies retrieve the slain, Salami shall lead us back to camp where rest will be welcome to reader and J. B. A.

DUKTECH, Scotland.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

32. *Protonotaria citrea* (Bodd.) Baird.—Prothonotary warbler.

A rare accidental straggler, only mentioned by one authority in the State. I have never met with it and consider it as merely an accidental visitor.

33. *Helminthotherus vermivorus* (Gmel.) Salo. and Godm. Worm-eating warbler.

First embraced by D. D. Hughes in 1868, who mentions it as taken by a Mr. Hurd in June of that year. A. H. Boies, in his "Birds of Southern Michigan," 1875, which in fact is a list only of the birds of the southern counties of the Lower Peninsula, and not of the entire southern peninsula, as one would infer, says of this species: "Summer sojourner; breeds." Mr. Boies's inference that the species breed is undoubtedly drawn from his knowledge of the fact that the birds are found during the summer, for as yet no one has offered observations of the nesting habits of this species. A. B. Covert, in a list of the birds of Michigan, 1878 (?), published in the FOREST AND STREAM, includes this bird and gives it as an accidental visitor. No other collector has as yet reported the worm-eating warbler, and we may consider it as a rare bird in Michigan, rarely, if ever, taken north of 42° north latitude.

34. *Helminthophaga pinus* (Linn.) Brd.—Blue-winged yellow warbler.

A bird of local distribution, but not common in any section. Given as rare by all the lists at hand, excepting one. Jerome Trombley, of Monroe county, gives this bird as a transient and very rare. He resides in the extreme southeastern corner of the State, while Mr. Boies, living one hundred miles west of him, reports it as a summer sojourner. It may be called a rare bird in Michigan, and I prefer to think that it rarely goes north of 44°. It has been secured but once in Kalamazoo county, about 42°. It is a species which will undoubtedly appear in greater numbers as the country develops, more common at present in certain localities than is generally supposed, but has been overlooked by the collectors.

35. *Helminthophaga chrysoptera* (Linn.) Baird.—Golden-winged warbler.

Our most common representative of the genus, and the only one as yet known to nest with us. Abundant during May, June and July north of 42°, and very common north of 44°. Reported from the southern counties, but is not as frequent during summer as further north. A beautiful and very interesting species known to nearly all collectors in the Southern Peninsula, but not as yet reported from the northern, although undoubtedly a visitor to that region.

I have known it to appear as early as April 26, while one season it did not reach us until May 11. About May 1 is the usual time for the males to arrive, the females appearing a few days later. Soon after arriving, the males make their presence known by their peculiar notes, which can scarcely be termed a song, although the little fellows make a great effort in their anxiety to appear musical, and, like the conceited yellow-winged sparrow, keep up the refrain in evident admiration of their own effort. The ordinary note or notes may be best described by a long-drawn *Z-w-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e*, or often more like *Wh-e-e-e-e-z-e-e-e-e-e*. The sound is quite penetrating, and can be heard at a considerable distance. It has a peculiarity which makes the listener quite uncertain as to the exact locality of the performer. The notes often appear to come from beneath our feet, when in reality the singer is twenty or thirty rods away. Again we are led to believe that the bird is at a distance, while he is overhead in a tree or is flushed before we walk a rod. The note is always long-drawn out, and is pleasing from its very oddity. Sometimes, more often while the female is sitting, we hear the song modified to *Whe-zee-zee-zee-ze*, and there are various changes occasionally heard, all of them variations of its common song, I think. There are also some low call notes common to both sexes, which are heard from the birds as they skip among the weeds and low bushes.

The females are rarely seen after the first week with us, and are difficult to secure as specimens, as they remain concealed during the entire summer. The only ones I have taken were birds flushed near or from the nest, or during migration. The males on the contrary are often seen; but during the nesting season are rarely taken because of their extreme wariness. The nesting habits of the blue and gold beauties, therefore, are but little known. There are not a dozen recorded instances of nest discovery in the State.

One sultry afternoon, June 5, 1876, while hunting for a nest of the yellowthroat in a partially cleared tract, surrounded by low basswood and elm forest, a female goldwing was flushed at my feet, and feeling satisfied from her actions that a nest was near, she was dropped from a neighboring bush in order to identify her with certainty. Judge of my disappointment, after a few minutes' search, on discovering that five young birds occupied the well-concealed nest. Leaving the motherless creatures to their fate, the trip was continued with caution, as many males were heard along the edge of the woods. In a short time another bird was flushed, this time a male, which shows that both sexes perform the duties of incubation. I was also led to hope from this instance of the male's attention to domestic affairs, that the helpless nestlings before mentioned would be properly cared for. The second nest contained five eggs, which were so far advanced in incubation as to make very poor specimens This nest like the first was placed on the ground, and was supported by small shoots and dried grass of last year's growth. In make up, the structure resembles in no way the nest of any bird with which I am acquainted, unless it be that of the Maryland yellowthroat. The body of the nest is composed of coarse leaves and grasses, with plenty of grapevine bark intermingled to give it strength and form. The lining is of fine roots. The whole is a very bulky structure, large for the size of the bird.

The eggs are white, covered more or less thickly, mostly at the larger end, with fine reddish dots. They are exceedingly fragile. Average dimensions .65x.54 of an inch. No more nests were found, although a number of males were seen, and a few females observed in the long grass. The indications are that the species breeds in isolated scattered colonies. The following year a thorough search was made in the same quarter, but not a trace of the birds was discovered, probably from the fact that all of the weeds and tall grasses usual to a new clearing had been burned, allowing no chance for the seclusion which the species seems to favor.

The goldenwing evidently prefers low sections of land, and appears most at home in quarters where deep woods surround marshy tracts. I have yet to meet with the birds in very high localities, although they are occasionally seen in elevated swampy lands if beech and maple, or elm and basswood forests adjoin the marsh. I have never found the birds in oak or hickory lands or in sandy districts.

Mr. Jerome Trombley, of Monroe country, writes me that a favorite location for a nest as selected by this species is a low group of spice bush sprouts, *Lindera benzoin*, he has also taken nests in thickets of hazel and briers, but the nests are always on the ground or within three or four inches of it, and invariably in low sections of land.

After the nesting season is over the males become nearly silent, and the song is but rarely heard. I have been unable to satisfy myself as to the date of their departure because of their being so rarely seen in late summer. The goldenwing is rarely if ever seen in villages or thickly settled localities, and unlike the Nashville and Tennessee warblers which invade the hearts of the cities in quest of trees and bushes during migration, they keep in dense brambles or in marshes at the edges of wooded tracts.

NEW YORK AND SCIENCE.

AN interesting address was recently delivered by Dr. C. H. Merriam at the dinner given by the Linnæan Society to Mr J. A. Allen on the occasion of his coming to New York to assume the curatorship of birds and mammals at the Central Park Museum. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Merriam alluded to scientific work in New York early in its history, and to the fact that naturalists and scholars who have labored here failed to receive that support from the people which is so essential to permanent progress. Continuing he said: "That this cannot be attributed to lack of ability, enthusiasm and earnestness on the part of the workers themselves is clear from their character and writings. Among the founders and early members of the Philosophical Society, and of the Lyceum of Natural History, we are proud to enumerate such names as those of DeWitt Clinton, Samuel Mitchell, N. F. Moore, John Terry, J. LeConte, John Anthony, James DeKay, Issachar Cozzens, Joseph Delafield, Julian Verplank, George Catlin, H. C. DeRham, Asa Gray, George N. Lawrence, James Giraud, James G Chilton, Martin Zabriskie. Of these but one naturalist remains, the veteran ornithologist, Mr. George N. Lawrence, who has spent a fruitful lifetime within the precincts of this city. His name and labors are known and honored all over Europe, and yet but few of our citizens are aware of the extent and importance of his writings. He has outlived his comrades, and for many years has toiled alone, away from the stimulus and support of sympathetic associates. It is impossible to disguise the fact that these men—men whose untiring labors have left a lasting impress upon the science of the nineteenth century—have been unappreciated by their fellow-citizens. The city and the times were not yet ready. The first great effort to convert New York into a center of learning and culture failed. The Philosophical Society has long since passed out of existence, and the old Lyceum of Natural History has been transformed into the present Academy, which is devoted chiefly to the physical sciences. Leaving out of consideration the more or less constant progress that has been made in the physical sciences, literature and the fine arts, and confining ourselves to the branches of knowledge commonly spoken of under the somewhat indefinite heading, 'Natural History,' it may be said that the first period of activity reached its maximum development about fifty years ago, when the Lyceum was in its most flourishing condition, and that the second period of activity began with the organization of the Linnæan Society in March, 1878. Between the two was an interval of general inactivity, broken only by the labors of Torrey, Lawrence, Prime, Sanderson Smith, and that distinguished explorer and naturalist, Professor John S. Newberry, now one of the most eminent of living geologists and palæontologists, who for the past nineteen years has honored our city by his presence. For some time Professor Whitfield has been at work upon the fossil invertebrates in the American Museum of Natural History of this city, and has published several valuable bulletins containing the results of his labors. This museum has long been in possession of mammals and birds of great value, including the Prince of Wied's birds, among which are many types and other unique

specimens. To guard these from injury, and also (let it be hoped) to promote original work, its trustees have finally secured the services of one of the foremost of American naturalists. Foreign naturalists have hailed this movement with expressions of unfeigned joy, and we can but regard it with the utmost satisfaction. We congratulate ourselves both upon the accession of so distinguished a person as Mr. Allen, and upon the significance of the fact of his appointment. The citizens of New York, surfeited with the cultivation of purely commercial interests, have come at length to look for something which will adorn their city with more lasting monuments—which will enable it to take rank with the other great cities of the world in promoting the advancement and diffusion of knowledge by the encouragement of natural science. The more thoughtful of them are slowly but surely arriving at the conviction that no true progress in higher civilization can be made until science, literature and the arts receive the hearty support of the people and of the commonwealth. We are gathered about this table to celebrate the coming to our city of a man whom all honor and esteem. The guest of the evening, in his younger days, accompanied the elder Agassiz to South America. He has crossed the mighty Amazon, and, following the immortal Humboldt, has explored the pathless tropical forests of the Orinoco. Among his multifarious publications is one on the vertebrate fauna of Lake Titicaca, nestled in the heart of the higher Andes. In our own country his travels have extended from the tangled everglades of Florida to the dark coniferous forests of the North, and from the shores of the restless Atlantic to the highest summits of the Rocky Mountains. His journeyings have not been those of the idle tourist, for wherever he has gone he has been a tireless student of nature, and the results of his researches have vastly enriched our knowledge of the natural history of America. His masterly memoir on the 'Mammals and Birds of Florida' contains an essay on the distribution of species which, together with his subsequent papers on the same subject, has won him everlasting renown in all the countries of Europe. His monographs of North American bisons, living and extinct; of the seals, sea lions and walruses, and of various groups of rodents, are universally recognized as models of exhaustive research and philosophical treatment; while the multitude of his minor papers as well as the able manner in which he has conducted the 'Bulletin' of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, now the *Auk*—have placed all working naturalists under the deepest and most lasting obligations. It is in feeble recognition of your services to science, Mr. Allen, that we have done ourselves the honor of making you our guest this evening. We welcome you in the name of the citizens of New York, firmly believing that your coming to the American Museum may be regarded as marking the beginning of a new era in the progress of science in the Empire State—and let us trust that the impetus thus gained may never cease, but transmitted like an earthquake wave upon the ocean, may spread in ever-widening circles till the remotest corners of the earth have felt its irresistible influence."

PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN BISON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a very small herd of buffalo on the western range of Texas, bordering on New Mexico. Herders on the Good Night ranch have seen them due west of Hall county, near Palaicedo Cañon.—ALMO (Henrietta, Clay county, Tex.).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One female otter (*Lutra canadensis*), one common crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*), one male California quail (*Lophortyx californicus*), and two Gambel's partridges (male and female) (*Lophortyx gambeli*). Presented—One female prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*), one male Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), two cayenne rail (*Aramides cayennensis*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two yellow birds (*Chrysomitris tristis*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), and one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Born—One female mazame deer (*Cervus campestris*) and three prairie wolves (*Canis latrans*).

Game Bag and Gun.

NOTES FROM ROCHESTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dreary winter had a rather depressing effect on sportsmen in this vicinity, and scarcely anything was done during the cold weather, except gallery shooting, in which line of sport several Rochester men excel, both with pistol and rifle. Some of the more hardy and enthusiastic of the fishing fraternity were not prevented, even by prolonged zero weather, from indulging in their favorite sport, for they cut through eighteen inches of ice on Irondequoit Bay and drew out pickerel and perch in large numbers.

The return of fine weather has reawakened the old instinct in all our sport-loving fellow citizens and they are again ready with rod and gun to try what fortune awaits them in forest and stream.

Before the season closed I made a flying trip to Braddock's Bay after ducks, and was fairly rewarded. During the day, while my companion and self were in a blind on the sandbar between the bay and Lake Ontario, we heard at intervals of half an hour a strange noise out on the lake. It began in an indescribable tone and increased until it seemed to be the united cackling of a thousand geese. There was nothing in sight to which we could attribute the noise; but there was a large field of ice floating down the lake, three or four miles out from shore, and we thought that the birds or demons which were making the welkin ring might be among the ice. The improbability of the last-named class of creatures being found on ice did not occur to us at the time, but its force must be apparent to every reflecting mind. The lake was very calm, and in order to ascertain if possible what the noise did proceed from, I rowed out until I discovered an unusually large gull cavorting in and over the water. It did all the cackling, and how it managed to emit such a volume of sound will ever remain a matter of wonder to me. The ice field gave one a good idea of the appearance the ocean must present in the far North. There were peaks of ice towering above the water to an amazing height, giving all the scenic effects of genuine salt-water icebergs. I am not sure but that the effect was produced by the phenomenon of looming, rather than by the actual elevation of the ice, for looming is a very common occurrence here.

Snipe shooting has been going on here briskly for about two weeks. One man had rather hard luck this week, for while driving along with a valuable setter tied under the wagon the rope in some way got around the dog's neck, and when his owner got out to to enter a field he found the dog strangled.

Robert Tangneuy, the veteran sportsman and inventor of fishing tackle, has just returned from a winter's sojourn in the woods of Michigan. He went up last fall and had rare sport fishing before the small lakes closed. His recital of the details in contests with muscalonge set the blood of anglers bounding. Up to the time the season for deer shooting closed he had shot seventeen of them, and one large bear. He kept no account of the number of small game bagged, the amount being too great. Grouse, rabbits and foxes were particularly abundant, and he has one trophy in the skin of a frightful porcupine of unusual size. Bob, as he allows his familiars to call him, accomplished a noteworthy feat in angling last season. He long entertained the belief that whitefish could be caught with a hook, and to test his theory went out on the lake several miles and fished in water a hundred and fifty feet deep, early in the morning. As the result of his first morning's effort he hooked four or five whitefish and drew them to the surface, but did not succeed in getting them into the boat. He intends to experiment with bait and improve his tackle until he can offer both to anglers with assurance that they will take whitefish as surely as a minnow does a bass. E. REDMOND.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The shot fired at Lexington and heard around the world was the report of a potato popgun in comparison with some you have cheeked the public with in your collection now being aired through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. "The woods are full of them," but all do not come out.

Did I ever tell you about "a remarkable shot" I once saw made upon the stage of the Boston Theater? The Ravels were playing one of their pantomimes, and in the piece the clown comes upon a scene set in the fourth grooves, taking up a large portion of the stage. This scene represented a street or square with many gabled houses around three sides. Upon a high gable in the center through the dim light could be seen a cat. The clown had a gun in his hands, and spying the cat took good aim and fired. The result was a surprise both to him and to the audience, for such a shower of cats responded to that shot as to be perfectly wonderful. They fell from all parts of the flies absolutely by the dozens, first augmenting in numbers with every moment until there were several hundreds upon the stage, completely covering it. The poor clown stood for a few moments in perfect surprise, and finally took to his heels for safety. These cats were of all colors, Maltese, black and white, all white, all black, tabby, gray, gray and white, and so on through the full gamut of possibilities in cat skin, and were skins stuffed. I laugh even now when I think of it.

One time we were on Montauk shooting woodcock. There was a gully with some fair-sized trees upon each side growing down part way, and the rest filled in with dense bull briers and bushes so thick no human being could penetrate it; toward the lower end a path had been cut for carts and a sort of road established. Our party separated, a portion going each side; and sending the dogs in we were prepared to take the birds as they were flushed and flew out. One of the party was an Englishman, and we had stuffed him quite a good lot during the day, as he was one of the kind who was seeking information, and all of our ways were so very odd to him, "you know." John Hull, the sportsman landlord of the Atlantic House, Bridgehampton, had poured into his ears the most outrageous lies all day, and the poor fellow had taken all as gospel. It happened that John, the Englishman and myself were together upon one side of this gully, and had arrived opposite the road or path before mentioned, when "Mark!" was shouted, when Hull threw up his gun and fired across through the opening at a woodcock coming directly toward us. The bird was killed, but such was his momentum that Hull as he dropped the muzzle of his gun held out his left hand and caught the bird as cleverly as one could have caught a ball with preparation to do so. The Englishman opened his eyes, and Hull coolly remarked, "I always like to retrieve my birds that way, for I don't like to have the dogs tumble their feathers." Johnny Bull said, "Do you do that thing often, you know?" "Yes," replied Hull, "we don't consider it much of a feat—when you know how." REIGNOLDS.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The effect of encouraging hunters to tell of their remarkable shots is undoubtedly to cultivate an army of liars. Either Munchausen did not die, as is commonly reported, or he has left some very near of kin who emulate their renowned ancestor.

I should think that "J. C. B.," in your issue of Jan. 8, could claim blood relationship with the old Baron, for he just as coolly tells his remarkable shots and just as much expects us to believe them, too, as that truly magnificent liar, the venerable Munchausen.

"J. C. B." does not quite reach the sublimity of lying the old Baron did, for he had reduced it to a science. As, for instance, see how fruitful of expedients, when upon seeing a pond full of ducks he ran toward them with his big gun; but finding that the flint had been lost from the lock, he leveled the musket at the fowls and struck his eye with his fist, producing such a shower of sparks as fired off the piece and killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons and three couple of teal.

There is nothing like being exact. Let "J. C. B." and others read Munchausen and learn his style. H. B. S.

MARIETTA, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours inclosing remarks on remarkable shots, by "H. B. S.," received. I think he does us remarkable shooters, and especially the undersigned, much injustice. In the few items I gave I was very careful to state the inelastic facts. In truth I cramped myself somewhat, so that I feared the little narratives would seem stiff and heavy. I retained other items, and have them in my mental system yet, simply because of this danger of encountering factious skeptics. There are people who haven't been abroad with a gun, who don't know the luxury of occasional good luck and jolly recompenses in the way of unexpected pot shots, to mitigate the asperities of many misses and surprising disappointments. Some of these remarkable shots are of excellent pattern and penetration, and I for one have been very much interested in examining them, noting the good hits, and seeing what a large proportion was well calculated to make game of odd experiences, and contribute to amelioration of mankind.

I once shot at a sketch of a black-tailed deer, made by an artistic Indian on the side of a rock, and wondered it didn't fall; I have shot at a moss-covered bump on a log, and scattered the surroundings of a pair of glow worms, thinking I was peppering the head of a wildcat, and I suppose if these experiences were carefully elaborated, giving accurate measurements, river weights and other vital statistics, some cool calculator would rise somewhere and try to prejudice the minds of readers in relation thereto. All right, give me the good camp story with its tested tension and all-inclosing scope and power, and "H. B. S." can have the undeviating prose to his heart's content. J. C. B.

P. S. What a charming writer "Nessmuk" is! Bless his facile pen and out-door sympathies and inclinations! He is my beau ideal of a camper, sportsman and gentleman. May he live long and prosper, and never fail to let us hear from him as long as he is able to paddle his canoe, fry bass, and smoke in rapt contemplation on a log. B.

THE BORE OF GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Without pretending to "know all about it," I will give my deductions from a very extensive experience with small-bores, and a rather limited one with medium and large calibers. The first small-bore I ever owned was a 20-bore, 30-inch barrels, weight 8 pounds 7 ounces. Why the maker put so much metal in it I never could conjecture. I used this gun a good deal on ruffed grouse and pigeons, and now and then on ducks, generally shooting heavy charges. Sometimes I would kill a duck at 50 or 60 yards, but more often I would fire both barrels at from 30 to 40 yards and get never a feather. My next purchase was a 16-bore 6½-pound single, with 34-inch barrel. It was made for a celebrated railway contractor, and his sons sold it to me when they were about to follow him to Texas, whither he had "skipped." This was the most deadly small-bore I ever used, and with it I made all my heaviest scores on ruffed grouse. Anything it hit at from 25 to 35 yards was cleanly killed, beyond that range I seldom used it. In course of time this gun had to step aside for the breechloader, and I resolved to get a heavy one.

The glib-tongued clerk at the gun store where I dealt, assured me that the little 6½-pound double 14-bore, to which I took such a fancy, was heavy enough, and I bought it, though I had probably done more shooting in a week than he had in his entire life, and should have known exactly what I wanted. A man is usually ready to take advice, if it is the kind he wants, no matter how poor the quality. This gun fitted me and would make a target equal to the last 16-bore, save, perhaps, the smallest trifle in penetration, but never could equal the performances of its predecessor on game. The last two months of the season of 1879 I shot a double 20-bore, 26-inch barrels; it was good, considering its size, but I voted it a nuisance on ruffed grouse. For three or four years I used on ducks a heavy single-barreled, muzzleloading, 11-gauge, weight about 11 pounds (estimated). Some idea of its length of barrel may be gleaned from the facts that I am over six feet high, and when the butt of that gun rests on the ground the muzzle is on a level with my chin. That is the deadliest gun I ever handled, and it is probably at this very moment doing its work among the geese less than ten miles from where I write. I tried to buy it but failed, though, strange to say, other hands than its owner's usually do the shooting with it. When my guns all "went up" in a holocaust, August, 1880, I resolved to buy, as a "make-shift," a heavy 10-bore single breechloader, but in the end I yielded to a "sneaking desire" for a light gun, and bought a 6½ pound 12-bore.

I know, Mr. Editor, that you newspaper men do not care to have the work of makers who are considered respectable run down, or spoken lightly of in your columns; but I cannot refrain from saying, and I wish it to go on record, that aside from the Remington, which has a good, safe action, and the American Arms Company's semi-hammer, which I have not examined, I do not know of a single-barreled breechloader manufactured in America that I would take as a gift. It is a pity to waste good barrels on such flimsy actions as some of them have. Mine is now unsafe, as are also two others (of other manufacturers) that are in use in this neighborhood; but it will outshoot any of the small-bores mentioned above. The man with whom I board here has a 7-pound 16-bore muzzleloader, which he deemed invincible. Last Tuesday, during a discussion before a number of witnesses on rifle-shooting, "breech vs. muzzle," I offered to shoot with a breechloader against him for $10 a side. He wouldn't do that, but he would shoot me a match with the shotguns, distance 43 yards, BB shot. I accepted, and he put 8 shot in the target and I 32—penetration a little in my favor. He'll not shoot against any more shaky breech loaders this week.

To sum up, I always shot better with single guns than with double, with long barrels than with short, and all other things being equal, with the larger gauges than with the smaller. A small-bore may be all very well for a man who shoots nothing but quail and snipe, or is able to own two or three guns, but I believe there is no work that a 16 will do that a 12 will not do better, and the latter gun is made as light as seven pounds, which is a weight that most any one can handle and carry with ease. As for the difference in cost of ammunition, I am poor enough, but I consider it to be too slight to be regarded, and by the time you fire two 16s to do the work of one 12, the balance is in favor of the latter. My main objection to small-bores is the number of cripples they make. To any one wanting an all-round gun for duck, grouse, snipe, etc., I would say get nothing smaller than a 12, and get a 10 if you can handle it. You will find plenty who will tell you that a 16 will shoot as hard as a 10, but I challenge published last spring failed to bring out one of those wonderful 16s. When I place an order for a new gun, as I hope to do before many months, it will not be a small-bore, and I have not come to that conclusion hastily, for in addition to the guns mentioned above, I have shot two more 14s and one 18, but they call for no special notice.

QUEENS COUNTY, N. B. L. I. FLOWER.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was a fluttering in my throat and more than a suspicion of moisture of the eyelids when I reached the conclusion of "Uncle Lisha's Shop." Perhaps one needs, like me, to be reared in a backwoods settlement to fully enjoy the beauties and merit of those chapters. As far back as I remember I longed for stormy days and winter evenings that I might make one of the charmed circle at the village shoemaker's. What happiness I have enjoyed as man and boy in that old shop. Happy days were those, and I lived them over again in "Uncle Lisha's Shop." Alas, that they are concluded. I have looked forward for their coming from week to week till it seemed they were a part of my life and being. Dear Uncle Lisha, how much he will be missed.—MARLIN.

AN EXERCISE IN PARSING.—Probably no one would suspect the Committee on Agriculture of the Massachusetts Legislature of a tendency to humor, but Senate Document No. 209, reported by that committee, is as full of unpremeditated and unconscious humor as an egg is of meat. Here is a specimen: "Sec. 10. It shall be unlawful to willfully take or kill any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken or heath hen, unless upon ground owned by him, and, unless placed thereon by the owner, shall be punished by fine of twenty dollars for every such bird." Even Mr. Toodles, at his drunkest, was never more wildly maundering or more deliciously inconsequential. The imagination is fairly appalled at the ability of the Committee on Agriculture to muddle the syntax of the English language. Section 10 ought to be introduced into the schools and colleges as an exercise in parsing, and the pupil who could extricate the English grammar from the horrible mess into which the committee have plunged it should be entitled to graduate *Summa cum laude.—New England Farmer.*

ANTIQUITY OF WILDFOWL NETTING.—Netting wildfowl has been a custom with many people all over the world for hundreds of years, yet in these times the palm must be awarded to the "pot-providers" of the Chesapeake and Long Island waters. In the lower portion of the first named bay thousands of "flock ducks" are netted every winter. At times the supply greatly exceeds the demand, and in warm changes of weather many of the drowned fowl spoil and are fed to the hogs. As an instance of old-time netting, Boich, in his book of "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," says: "Geese are still common on the banks of the Nile. The ancients used to catch them in a wild state in clap-nets. The fowl were brought to the poulterers who salted and potted them in earthenware vessels." This method should commend itself to the Shinnecockers.

SNIPE SHOOTING AT SOUTH OYSTER BAY, L. I.—For the last few days the yellowleg and other snipe have been coming in the bay in great numbers, and the gunners and some of the sportsmen of New York have had good shooting at them. The snipe as well as the ducks were very late in getting here this season, but they have arrived at last, and if the weather continues warm, we expect plenty more to drop in on us and give us good shooting for three or four weeks longer. They then start for their breeding places, and pay us another visit about the middle of July to stay with us until November.—O. C. (South Oyster Bay, N. Y.).

SOUTH DUXBURY, Mass., May 4.—Quail wintered very well. Have seen several coveys this spring, and if hawks let them alone there will be some good shooting this fall. A few ruffed grouse can be heard drumming, but are not plenty. Word comes to me from Southern New Hampshire that they are very plenty there this spring. We shall pay them a visit in October if nothing prevents, and would be pleased to take any Boston sportsman with us that can shoot in brush and that has dogs that will work in the same.—SOUTH SHORE.

MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS.—Savanna, Ill.—I have just returned from a hunting and trapping trip South. I went down the Mississippi 700 miles in a fifteen-foot clinker-built skiff, and spent the winter in the swamps of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas. Bear and turkeys are plenty. The first week in January we killed two large bucks, one of them apparently old. Both had dropped their horns. The old one had tusks in the upper jaw about three-quarters of an inch in length. Is this usual in old deer?—S.

KANSAS GAME.—Columbus, April 29.—At this point I have had the best English snipe and duck shooting that ever fell to my lot. There are splendid prospects for good quail and chicken shooting this fall, but the best sport is found about thirty miles south of here in the "Nation," and as I am looking for the cream it is more than likely that I will get down in that country before locating permanently. I will drop you a line from time to time with all points of interest.—H. D. T.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—May 9.—The flight of shore birds has begun to arrive, word reaching Philadelphia to-day to that effect. This news has started those who are fond of the sport to load shells, and many sportsmen will start the first of the coming week for the New Jersey bays.—HOMO.

ELDORADO GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Eldorado (Wis) Gun Club the following officers were elected for the current year: President, S. B. Dilley; Vice-President, F. Sharratt; Secretary, Buell Anderson; Treasurer, M. M. Anderson.—S. B. D. (Eldorado, Wis., May 2).

RIPON GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Ripon (Wis.) Gun Club the following officers were elected: President, W. G. Lambert; Secretary, J. E. Follett; Treasurer, F. W. Kingsbury; Captain, S. B. Dilley.—S. B. D. (Ripon, Wis., April 30).

COLORADO.—Yampa, April 26.—The deer and antelope are now with us as thick as mosquitoes on a Jersey shore. This is the finest game country in the world.—F. DE G.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

LAKESIDE.—The laws will be printed as soon as the session is over.

ASHBURNHAM.—We cannot tell you what the eggs were, for you do not describe them definitely enough.

R. M.—The data for determining longevity of brook trout are very meagre. Perhaps 15 years is the average limit.

J. S. C.—The make of gun is a good one, and for the price named you ought to get a serviceable and perfectly safe arm.

J. S. S., Jr.—What flies would be most suitable for the Moosehead Lake region about the first of June, both lake and stream fishing? Ans. Montreal, grizzly king, queen of the water, silver doctor, brown hackle and coachman.

W. C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Can you suggest some place in the mountains and as far away from the usual summer resorts as possible, where I can find good black bass fishing in July? Ans. You will find good black bass fishing in the north fork of Holston and in New rivers, Virginia. These are not much fished except by the natives. Some bass can be taken in Adirondack waters, especially in Raquette Lake and adjoining lakes.

Sea and River Fishing.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

IT is perhaps a pardonable weakness in an angler that he is slow to believe that any fishing water should, for the game qualities of its finny inhabitants, be rated above some well-known local stream or pond that has filled boyish hopes to repletion. Born nine miles from Lake George, in New York, and having fished its clear, pure waters almost from the short-dress period of my existence, I have learned to love its wooded shores, quiet bays, shadowing mountains and its many islands whose shore-lapping waves are, summer after summer, sounding to the prow of each passing fishing-boat an invitation to rest. But however much these settings may excite my admiration—and they are always attractive, whether the season be spring, summer or autumn—it is the gem itself, the crystal water, and the game fish therein that have penetrated most deeply into my heart and esophagus. Guide books and the advertisements of hotel proprietors have, perhaps, helped me out in forming a proper estimate of the general plan of the "Como of America;" but of the beauties of its interior arrangements I learned from days and weeks spent in dragging its depths with a trolling line for lake trout or whipping its surface for black bass. I can produce evidence that I have performed the dragging and whipping thoroughly if not well—so thoroughly at least that I have been on quite intimate terms with many of its fish. I have frequently differed with them, it is true, but after a misunderstanding that might almost be termed a fight, we have generally gone together to the same table, and, speaking for myself, I have always risen up from these love feasts at peace with all the world. If the fish treasured resentment they made no sign except on one occasion when they caused the nightmare, or rather a squadron of nightmares with a battery of artillery and other things, that discounted the "Greatest Show on Earth," to charge over me while I was sleeping after an exceedingly pleasant "first day of the open season."

From my long and close acquaintance with the black bass in this lake I had come to regard them as a trifle better than the "standard"—a sort of XXX brand— of bass from lake or pond waters. Why not? Where were to be found superior conditions for producing fighting fish? Was not the lake one vast spring of clear, cold water, filled with food in plenty and variety; with acres of breeding shoals and miles of shores of clean white sand, gravel and broken rocks, and other acres of fine grass under twenty or thirty feet of water? Was there not an absence of reeds, rushes and other rank water vegetation that enervates even bass of good training and lofty aspirations if they look upon it when it is red with the larva or pupa of water insects, or tarry long therein at other seasons? Yea, verily.

When fishing for black bass in other lake waters I have always, if I caught fish, compared them with the Lake George bass, and found them, if memory is to be trusted, lacking in the performance of some of the more difficult acrobatic feats, at which my favorite bass would, also in memory, give a flirt to its caudal fin and turn up its disreputable looking, blood-shot eye, as much as to say, "The handwriting on the wall was not aimed at me."

Now begins another period for the black bass of Cooper's Lake Horican—not Horicon, as some writers and steamboatmen make it—for they got into the balances once too often and were "downed" by some bass that I will write more about; but let me say:

> "No words suffice the secret soul to show,
> For truth denies all eloquence to woe."

Which means that an angler must not set his favorite fish upon a pinnacle to show that they are better than some other fellow's fish, for under a republican form of government a cyclone is liable to come meandering along and upset the fish and the pinnacle too. My chagrin at the downfall of my old friends is deeper because the bass that have, in my estimation, beaten them are from a lake that I have considered as a fit home only for catfish, ling and eels. Be it understood that in making a comparison between the black bass of two different lakes, I group the entire catch or series of catches from each, for it would be manifestly unfair to select individual fish as representing all. I saw a black bass after being hooked jump from the water seven times before he was brought to net; but many bass that I caught from the same water did not jump once, and it was not because they were hooked in the gullet. As a general rule, I have found that when a black bass, after being hooked, bores to the bottom without breaking water, he has swallowed the hook until it is fast in the inner recesses of his food ventricle. This action is explained usually in this way: The fish, when hooked in the gullet or stomach, suffers pain and makes every effort to find refuge at the bottom, where he can repair damages; but when hooked in the cartilage of the mouth he feels no pain, and devotes himself to freeing his mouth from the hook by leaping. This is plausible, but if there is any portion of a fish's anatomy that is sensitive to pain it would seem to be the eye.

One morning while fishing in Schroon Lake near the boat of a friend, I saw his boatman catch a black bass by hooking him foul in the eye-ball, and the fish acted as though the water was not his native element, and he must get out of it or perish. In the afternoon of that day I hooked a bass in identically the same manner—there's a fish story for you—that did not once break the surface of the water until he was brought to net. A few days later at the same place I hooked a bass through the skin just under the dorsal; this one did not break water either, and I thought for a time he would weigh about eleven pounds. Each of the three bass weighed three and one-half pounds. When Mr. Levison narrated his wonderful catch I thought of writing of these burglarious catches somewhat in detail—the first mentioned bass had parts of two baits (crayfish) inside of him that he had taken from my hook only a moment before—and sending the account to FOREST AND STREAM, but before I could do so Mr. Mather went under the wire an easy winner with his croppie story, and the distance flag shut me out.*

The water in which I found the gamest black bass that it has ever been my good fortune to catch is the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain. When first a friend wrote of the fishing at this place, I admired his enthusiasm but deplored his knowledge of what constituted proper water for the small-mouth black bass. When he wrote again and described the clear, sparkling water of Back Bay, I was convinced that either his mind was wandering or there was a part of Lake Champlain that had been secreted from my eyes, for the color of Lake Champlain water and the water of the North River at New York were to me identical; but another youthful creation was in a decline, and I was soon to attend its obsequies. I did not don the usual habiliments of woe, but imitated the early Christians of Rome upon the death of a friend, rejoiced in bright garments that a better land had been reached.

Finally my friend Mr. Backus wrote me from Back Bay, where he was spending the summer, and described the place and the fishing as he had found it, and the Texas Club was immediately fired with a desire to share his good fortune; but let me introduce the club. The president is Major Benj. A. Botts, of Houston, Texas. The treasurer, William D. Cleveland, of the same city. The secretary, the writer. We have no more members because there are no more offices. Besides four would make a dead-lock, for we never agree. If the president desires to go to Schroon Lake the treasurer and secretary are sure to vote for the St. Lawrence River. If the treasurer wishes to go to Brant Lake, his associate members feel that they are called to Long Pond. If one really wishes to go to a particular fishing place he suggests some other place, confident that the other two members will combine and suggest still other places, and in fishing around at random strike the desired spot. This club peculiarity may, to the casual reader, appear embarrassing, but it is not at all so. It keeps the mind as active as in a diplomatic training school; teaches one to get up early in the morning so that he will not "get left;" tones down hasty tempers, or tires them out—when two men sit down on one; forms the habit of patience, in waiting for one's own turn to come to lead the procession; furnishes entertainment as a continual "circus" and altogether comes nearer to the miraculous fountain of perpetual youth than anything discovered by Ponce de Leon.

The club has a prudant in the person of Louis or "Mr. Scroggins, the Navigator." Louis is body servant to the president, when he is not navigating or wrecked. He has a system of rowing called the "creek system," which is so complicated that but few can grapple with it; but, in one sense, it is economical, for with boats hired by the day two days' work is pulled or rowed into one. The course between two given points is like that of a magnified rail fence, so the person who sits in the stern of the boat can, without moving his head, watch for squalls from any point of the compass. Had Samuel Lover ever fished with the Texas Club there would have been no need for him to tax his fertile brain to give birth to "Barny O'Reirdon, Navigator."

The club began to start for Back Bay in July, but owing to the peculiarity previously mentioned, other waters were fished for more than a month before the actual start in September. Just here let me say that if any angler proposes to go to Back Bay, I advise him to start from New York, Boston, Liverpool, Khartoum, or any other place on the globe rather than Glens Falls. Another thing, don't go at the time the Vermont State Fair is held unless you go on foot. It was the treasurer who finally fixed the day for our departure on the coming Wednesday, Sept. 10. At the last moment the treasurer wavered, and if his rod had been at the depot, he would have joined the majority when they took their seats in the car on that Tuesday morning.

We reached Rutland for dinner after making two changes in cars, and after dining were ticketed to St. Albans by the Vermont Central Railroad. We had been traveling along a footpath and had struck one highway. The cars of the Vermont Central—and it was a long train—were full, and so was one of the passengers. The State Fair was in operation at Burlington, and such a variety of old-fashioned coaches as had been gathered together to transport the people I never saw on a railroad. It is a pleasant ride along the valley of Otter Creek except for the dust and the long stops. These were filled in by the hilarious passenger, who, I suppose, was going through Vermont in bond to Canada, with interesting personal reminiscences of agricultural horse trotting. At Essex Junction we again changed cars, but this was an agreeable change, for before the rods were deposited in the racks of a comfortable modern car, we were greeted by Mr. Herbert Brainerd, an accomplished angler, and also one of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont.

We fought over several old struggles with fish that were saved and fish that were lost; discussed rods, flies and tackle, in the midst of which Mr. Brainerd, pointing from the car window, showed us Back Bay, the water looking like molten silver as, unruffled, it reflected the afternoon sun fast sinking to its rest among the peaks of the Adirondack Mountains, across the lake. I made a memorandum of the weights of some small-mouthed bass that were reported to the Commissioner as having been caught in an interior pond of Vermont, but I cannot now find it. My impression is that one of the fish was said to weigh eight pounds, and others to weigh over seven pounds each. If I am wrong about the weights I am willing to be forgiven. Mr. Brainerd is thoroughly familiar with all the fishing grounds of the great Back Bay, and it was with pleasure that I accepted his invitation to fish one day with him, provided he could release himself from other engagements. Upon reaching St. Albans we found a carriage from the hotel waiting to meet us, and we were quickly seated behind a rattling pair of horses for a five-mile drive over an excellent road. The sun had disappeared, there was no dust, and as we sped along the driver told us of the catches of bass that had been made during the summer, and this added to our enjoyment, for we believed that what had been done could be done again.

Three miles from St. Albans the road touches and then skirts the head of St. Albans Bay, which is a small part of the so-called Back Bay. Passing the model dairy farm of ex-Governor Smith on the right, we cross over St. Albans Point, and soon the smell of damp earth tells us we are nearing the low lands. The bay and its islands spread out before us at a turn in the road, and our driver locates some of the fishing grounds for us and points to incoming boats as those of guests of Lake View returning from a day's fishing. It was all very pleasant to look upon, but the glassy surface of the water prompted us to ask our charioteer if the bay was given to this repose, and he replied that it was not, although it had been resting quietly for a week past, and consequently the fishing had not been of a superior order. There was an exclamation about some nation or other that must have come from the front seats. I was not thinking of governments or peoples, and I don't think the Major was, for he asked if I could tell how many times we had been too late or too early by a day or a week for the best fishing, and I could not, as I lost the count after it reached one hundred. In the gloaming the horses drew up at the door of the hotel, having done the five miles in 28 minutes. Of the anglers

* I notice that anglers have become discouraged and that there have been but few entries in the "Remarkable Catch" column since Mr. Mather took the cup, and I would suggest that in the future there be two classes for remarkable catches, one for amateurs and one free-for-all.

gathered at the hotel some were old acquaintances, and while smoking our cigars after supper we had an experience meeting on the piazza. There was but one complaint and that was universal; there had been a dead calm for several days and but few bass taken, as the fishing was in comparatively shoal water where the fish could see each motion of their would-be captors. Even as we were talking there came a fresher air from lakeward, and before bedtime there was a gentle beating of the waves upon the shale beach. After inspecting the bait—crickets, crayfish, minnows and frogs—and learning that the boatman we had telegraphed for would present himself at an early hour we, as "Nessmuk" says, "prepared to turn in."

Back Bay deserves to be distinguished as a lake of itself. It is about twenty miles long and five wide, and is separated from the lake by the islands of North and South Hero on the west; upon the south it is cut off from the lake by what is called the sandbar bridge; upon the north there is an opening into Missisquoi Bay, which, in its turn, opens by a narrow strip of water—Alburgh Passage—into the lake. Between North and South Hero is "The Gut," a still narrower passage, and this and Alburgh Passage form the only communication between the lake and the bay. The charts of the United States Coast Survey show that no streams of importance flow into the bay from Vermont, but there is every indication that the bottom abounds in springs and the water, to my surprise, is as clear as crystal. From a hasty examination of the soundings, as shown on the charts, I should judge nearly one-half the bay had a depth of water of from five to forty feet, and there are innumerable reefs, shoals and sandbars, furnishing acres upon acres of breeding and feeding grounds for the black bass. If there are weeds and other noxious water growth, I did not discover them. There is fine grass to be sure, but the bottom is largely of boulders, gravel and sand—

> "And the deep pool hath not ooze and sludge
> To mar your fishing."

As I read the series of entertaining papers in FOREST AND STREAM entitled "Camp Flotsam," I became deeply interested in one of the many admirable descriptions therein found. "Wawayanda," in making a trial of a new rod, casts over a bed of water weeds and moss, and fastens to two black bass of a total weight of four and a half pounds, which immediately take themselves into the moss only to emerge when clad in ulsters of weeds and wraps of moss. I have witnessed such proceedings, and the description was so real that the bending of "Wawayanda's" rod gave me a severe pain under the pectoral fin caused by the fear that its maiden cast would also be its last. I breathed a sigh of relief when the bass were captured without injury to the rod, and my thoughts brought Back Bay vividly before me as free from this particular style of handicap. I do not know how many times I have challenged fish to combat in places that I knew must give them almost every advantage, and when safely out of it resolved that I would not again subject a rod deliberately to such an imposition, but I presume I shall continue to be too weak to resist the temptation; if I do, the resolutions shall have justice done them on each occasion. I was tempted and fell during the trip I am trying to write about. Should I fail to mention the particulars, it will be because the editor's patience gives out before my paper.

Situated within easy distance of the hotel are Butler's, Knights, Gull, Wood's, Pop Squash, Potter's and Diadama islands, Gull Island Reef and Long Point Shoal. These are all favorite fishing places, and I presume there are others deserving of recognition; but I have named sufficient places for a first-class retail business, or even catching bass by wholesale. Of the places visited, Diadama Island pleased me full as much as any for the variety of fishing ground about it. Stretching out northward is a shoal of sand and gravel with a sudden pitch toward the east into deep water and grass. On the west is a collection of huge boulders that forms an attraction for bass, and on the northeast is a rocky shoal extending to Butler Island, half a mile away. On the east of Wood's Island is a sandbar reaching midway to the main shore, which makes the finest bottom for fishing when the bass are on it. Perhaps the most extensive ground in one bunch is Gull Island or Middle Reef. Soundings developed rock and rock and grass in combination. West of Gull Island the shoal pitches down into the deep water of the steamboat channel, and by anchoring on the edge of the shoal the bass are intercepted as they come out of the deep water to feed in the shallows.

We found that it was the custom to get breakfast about 7 o'clock and make what we considered a late start, for the Texas Club believe in being on the fishing ground by daylight in the morning in order to catch the larger black bass. The first morning we did as the Romans did; even then our boatman did not put in an appearance. Without the boatman, who had been engaged for us, we would have to content ourselves with a good oarsman, but one who knew nothing about where to fish. All the anglers had departed except Mr. W. W. Ladd, Jr., of New York, who very kindly waited to see that we were properly provided for or to put us on to the grounds himself. The gentle wind that had survived the night gave evidence of an early death, and all were eager to avail themselves of its last moments; therefore, Mr. Ladd's politeness was being exercised at the expense of his fishing, and we took the oarsman and pushed off. Diadama was our destination, and it was three miles away. We anchored near the boulders of which I have spoken, and immediately I had a strike from a bass of three and three-quarter pounds, and the Major followed suit with one just a pound less. The next one was of the same weight, also to the Major's rod, and then I just had time to catch three in rapid succession that varied little from two pounds each, when the wind failed utterly, giving us an opportunity to compare notes. Every fish made a vigorous fight, leaving nothing to be desired, so far as we could discover. Even a pike (*E. lucius*) seized my bait and made a rush and leap after the manner of a bass. The only thing lacking was wind to ruffle the surface of the water, beneath which we could see a score of big bass lazily sculling around, perfectly indifferent to everything we offered them. We wished for wind with such vehemence that we overdid the matter, as we found the next day. There was nothing to do but to row around, armed with Mr. Ladd's chart, and examine the different fishing places. This became monotonous after a time, and we headed for Butler Island and lunch, to escape the heat and reflection of the sun upon the mirror-like water. We had missed the best fishing of the day by our tardy start. Mr. Ladd's boat showed several fine bass, and while we were lounging and smoking after our lunch Mr. A. Lee Wager and a friend, on their way to shore to escape the heat, paused long enough to say that they had three bass of over three pounds each, and Dr. Ferber and Mr. Louis Giles, fishing together in the first boat out that morning, had caught about a dozen large fish, but there had been no strikes since the wind ceased.

While we rested in the shade we saw several bass make rushes into the shoal water near our landing place to prey upon the small fish playing about, which proved that they would feed if the water was still, provided there were no steel intestines inside the minnows, and they were sharp enough to make discrimination between those tied to a string and those not. Just as the sun was sinking we pushed out to have another try at them with our rods. There was no wind, but we hoped for aid from the twilight. Several anchorages were drawn blank, when half an hour after sundown we anchored near the steamboat channel west of Gull Island; directly north and about thirty feet away was a channel buoy sticking from the water at an angle of about 45°, and pointing a little to my right on N. E. After trying all about us without a strike from a bass I remarked to the Major that I believed there was a bass directly under the leaning buoy waiting for a chance to wind some one's line around the stick, and I should gratify him. Putting a crayfish on my hook I dropped the "craw" and hook within a foot of and almost under the leaning warning post. The bait had hardly settled a foot beneath the surface of the water when such a swirl as the blade of an oar will make, replaced the widening circles caused by the plunge of the crayfish. Striking, as much at the sight of the swirl as in response to the communication telegraphed up the line, I was fast to a good fish. There was a whir of my reel, and from the other side of the buoy appeared a four-pound bass shaking his head as though he were a terrier worrying a rat.

I was using a new Nichols bamboo rod that had tasted its first blood that day, and although it was comparatively untried, I knew the family characteristic from the use of its brother. As the bass jumped I saw only too plainly that the line from my reel to the fish formed an obtuse angle with the vertex of the angle down in the water under the stub. Quicker than I can write it there was another leap, and this time it was a right angle that the line made, with the vertex in the same place. I saw that it was a mathematical bass, and I expected the next demonstration would be an acute angle or a circle around the buoy. I was not idle during these exercises in geometry, but getting to the bow of the boat I pulled in the slack of the anchor rope with one hand and held the reel up with the other, so that the next figure described was a straight line and a curved rod. Reeling rapidly, I managed to get the bass barely past the danger signal, but he discovered his error and tried to regain his vantage ground. With my rod erect and thumb on reel, I backed the leader against the strength of the bass and won. The struggle was worth the price of admission while it lasted, and although it is half-past two o'clock in the morning at this very writing, the thought of the contest tempts me to hurrah just once, even though it wake the family. If fish were provided with eyelids, I don't think that black bass would ever use them to veil their eyes, for

> When the hand of man has brought them low,
> They look the defiance they can no longer show.

That was not premeditated. In fact I did not know it was loaded until I stumbled over it; then, I admit, I attempted to change the architecture of the two lines, but when the paper looked like one of Balzac's proof sheets, I gave it up and fell back upon the original inspiration. The treasurer is the poet of the club, and his training as a verse builder enables him to keep in stock a sufficient amount of poetic license to properly weigh all fish that escape.

We reached the hotel after dark that evening to find that the treasurer had arrived, and that Dr. Ferber's boat was high hook with fourteen bass, twelve of which weighed 43¼ pounds. The next morning the president pushed out in solitary state, leaving the treasurer and secretary to join forces. I neglected to state that before leaving the Gull Island shoal or buoy the previous evening we baited the ground by throwing over the dead crayfish in the bait bucket, in consequence of which this anchorage promptly returned ten bass of 26½ pounds. Diadama Rocks and Wood's Island sandbar returned eleven other bass weighing 26¾ pounds, or a total of 53 pounds for the day. Before the morning was half gone the returns from a week of wishing began to come in in the shape of wind. Fishing was out of the question, and we pulled to the hotel, just beating a heavy shower from the west. After dinner, the sea having gone down, we went to Wood's Island bar, where the fishing was excellent until another heavy shower came down as though there was a break in the sky water-works. This was followed by wind in such force that we concluded that New York must have joined Vermont in the petition for a breeze. One bass that Mr. Cleveland caught when the wind was blowing its hardest made six vigorous jumps from the water, and when exhausted it turned side up to be seen sixty or seventy feet away on the crest of wave after wave that tossed and caressed and fondled it and held it back with the assistance of the wind until it gathered fresh vigor to make another valiant but hopeless fight. It was a splendid fish, but when safely in the net the treasurer decreed that it should go back to the water it was so loath to leave, and there remain to breed others of its kind for anglers of a later day. I fished but little this second day, and such fish as I did catch I returned to the water, for it was evident that we were to get more fish than we ought to keep, and as it was the treasurer's first day he could not be expected to throw all his fish back. I was not idle, however, as I had some of the treasurer's own poetry that I read aloud to him in installments of one stanza, until he offered me a large part of Texas not to repeat more until I could get the president alone in the boat. This gave me a sure thing on the Lone Star, for I knew the president would give me the balance of the State and part of Mexico if I would contract to postpone the recital indefinitely. It was good, satisfying poetry, very little of it satisfied every one, but it was getting too familiar.

I did not see any bass brought in that would weigh less than one pound each, and very few of the pound size; but there were too many fish saved for the number of people to eat them. No matter how plenty the fish may be, such fishing should be discouraged. Last winter the Vermont Legislature passed a law that forbids the catching of, or having in possession, any bass less than ten inches in length; but there is an unwritten law that should also be observed—do not retain more fish than can be eaten while they are at their best. If the desire to catch more cannot be controlled, return the excess to the water.

The boats at Back Bay, although rather large for racing purposes, are perfectly safe, and the men handle them with as much skill as the famed St. Lawrence boatmen. Our ride in from Wood's Island bar was through a sea that frequently presented a wall of water between the Major's boat and ourselves, and the wind was on our beam, but we did not take in water faster than I could bale it. The boatman explained this by saying he never could become interested in a series of magnificent fishing exploits—the treasurer did most of the talking—and express the proper degree of admiration without taking in a little water. When we reached the hotel the treasurer found one of those telegrams that follow a man everywhere, and he was obliged to take the back track in the morning, so we concluded to go in a body. Some one caught a sheepshead, or really a fresh-water drum, during the day, and our boatman took out its ear bones and presented one to Cleveland and one to me for "lucky stones." Every angler ought to have one. We have carried ours for six months and are both alive to-day; but there are some few things in which the lucky stones are not potent.

The club left Back Bay in the morning, and reached St. Albans safely; but at Burlington we missed the train for Rutland, whereupon the Major suggested that lucky bones did not work well on land. We then took steamer for Port Kent to catch another train on the Canada Railroad, and when within a half mile from the dock, we saw the train depart from the station, the Major remarked that they did not work on the water, and it must be that in order to receive benefit from them we must learn to fly. I still think they will work if we can discover the proper combination of elements. Having missed the train at Port Kent, we drove to another Lake View House—I think a pot-shot in Northern New York would bag several Lake Views—near Keesville for dinner, and then went through Au Sable Chasm. We managed to strike the Montreal sleeper in spite of the lucky stones, and reached Glens Falls early in the morning. Mr. Wager wrote me that the day we were in search of a train of cars or a steamboat (for we missed one steamer that I have not mentioned) that would take us home, he was fishing in a high wind at Back Bay, and caught twenty-one bass weighing forty-four pounds. The bass that we caught proved themselves gamer than any other pond or lake bass that we have taken.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

SNELLING HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Cheney has not replied to the questions asked by "J. W. T.," under the above caption, in your issue of March 19, I will venture a few remarks, although I well know that either of these gentlemen is better qualified to discuss this question than I am. "J. W. T." asks whether the wax would not be improved by substituting linseed oil for tallow (my receipt says lard). He says linseed oil possesses the drying element. For that reason I would not use it. I am using this season wax that I made last year, and I find it unchanged. I have not used the wax he mentions, and have no doubt it is a good one, but the difficulty of removing it from the hands is an objection. The wax I am using is not my own invention. I adopted it on seeing it recommended by a well-known English angler, whose interesting contributions have recently adorned the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. The wax I have found perfect for the purposes for which I have used it up to date. When it fails me I will, like "J. W. T.," look for something better.

I inclose two snooded hooks, tied with this wax, which I used last season. They are complete wrecks, but the waxed silk wrapping, or at least that part of it which was not chewed off by the fish, is still there, and the gut still adheres firmly to the hooks. On one of these hooks about one-third of the wrapping is gone, the worn off part being in the middle, leaving two ends of the thread entirely loose and unprotected. I have tried and failed to pull the gut from the hook, and request the editor to do the same, and if he fails also, to send the hooks to "J. W. T." for a final test. These hooks and snoods have been wet and dry many times and show no effects of expansion and contraction complained of by "J. W. T." As to the "knotty" question, these snoods will show the kind of knot I invariably use not only for loops, but for joining gut lengths together to make leaders. It may be trimmed as closely as possible and will never come open.

The hooks are Harrison's No. 4. sproat, and I had a number break off just under the beard, like sample inclosed. I think they are tempered too hard, and that too much temper in a fish hook is worse than none at all. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 8.

A HOME-MADE MINNOW NET.

IN your last issue your correspondent, "L. R. K.," asks how to make a net to catch minnows. I will describe a net which I have used for the past three seasons, and which I think possesses several points of superiority over any other which I have seen. It is made from a worn out umbrella, only the steel bows and the ring which slides on the handle being used. An ordinary sized umbrella with eight bows is the proper kind to use. Take the umbrella apart, remove the small clamps from the bows, the clamps I refer to are those that attach the ends of the braces to the bows, fasten the upper ends of the bows to the ring, or tube, which formerly slid up and down the umbrella handle in opening and closing. This fastening is effected with a piece of stout wire, just as the braces had been fastened at the same place. The net is octagonal in form and fastened at the eight corners to the other ends of the bows. To spread the net use a hard wood block, three inches in diameter at the large end. One end is trimmed down to such thickness as to fit loosely in the tube, and long enough to extend through about an inch when the net is spread. Insert the block from underneath, and force up between the bows until the net is spread taut, and the bows sprung out slightly. Bore a small hole through the block just above the tube and insert an iron pin to hold it in place. A nail or a wood screw will answer the purpose, and must be so loose that it can easily be removed with the fingers. The netting must be flat, not bagging. Ordinary mosquito netting will answer the purpose, and should be white, or a very light shade of color, so you can see when the minnows are over your net.

Attach a short string to the middle of the net, to which tie a small piece of stale bread, Put a stone the size of a hulled walnut in the net to sink it. Where the water is from two to three feet in depth allow the net to settle to the bottom, if deeper the net may be suspended by a cord. If fishing from the top of a perpendicular wall the cord may be held in the hand, but if from a sloping bank, a handle five or six feet long will be necessary. The net must be raised with a quick, strong pull. Every part of the net frame must be strongly made or something will give way. A hard pull will catch the large minnows; a slow, easy pull will catch only small ones. If they are slow about coming to the net, a few

crumbs of bread scattered on the surface of the water will attract them. Some use no bait on the net, but depend altogether on the crumbs scattered over the net.

With such a net the lone fisherman can catch enough bait in a few minutes to last him for a few days' fishing, and need not depend on any one for assistance. The net can be folded up in one minute by simply removing the block, and occupies less space than any other net of the same capacity. The size I use measures thirty-six inches across. I used mosquito netting two years, but last year I got a square yard of good, strong netting at a fishing tackle store for which I paid ninety cents. This net complete, made up with mosquito netting, will cost about twenty cents. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 5, 1885.

PROTECTION FOR THE POTOMAC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Act of Congress approved March 2, 1885, in reference to fish and fishing in the District of Columbia, is of considerable importance, more for the moral effect, perhaps, than for the legal power that may be exercised under it. Heretofore the Potomac River has been filled with the nets described, and it has been almost impossible for a bass, perch, shad, mackerel, anything, in fact, but an eel or catfish to escape being caught. Consequently fishing with rod and line has been of very little consequence for the past twenty years. Even with the act given, the situation will not be much improved, as the territory of the District is very limited, and Maryland and Virginia do not agree in providing suitable enactments in reference to the waters of the Potomac and the tributaries.

SECTION 1. That from and after date of passage of this act, for a term of five years, it shall not be lawful to fish with fyke-net, pound-net, stake-net, weir, float-net, gill net, haul-seine, or any other contrivance, stationary or floating, in the waters of the Potomac River within the District of Columbia.

SEC. 2. That any person who shall offend against any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon sufficient proof thereof in the police court or other court of the District of Columbia, shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every such offense, and shall forfeit to the District his nets, boats, and all other apparatus and appliances used in violation of law, which shall be sold; and the proceeds of such sales, and all fines accruing under this act shall be paid into the treasury; *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit angling or fishing with the outline, or to prevent the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, or his agents, from taking from said waters of the Potomac River in the District of Columbia, in any manner desired, fish of any kind for scientific purposes or for the purposes of propagation.

It is made unlawful to allow any tar, oil, ammoniacal liquor or other waste products of any gasworks, or of works engaged in using such products or any waste product whatsoever of any mechanical, chemical, manufacturing or refining establishment to flow into or be deposited into the Potomac River, or any of its tributaries within the District of Columbia.

This latter clause is important; whether it can be enforced remains to be seen. In any event the step is a step forward.

J. C. B.

WASHINGTON, April 22.

THE PIONEER SEA FISH.

TO us dwellers by the shore your editorial of some months ago upon "Salt-Water Fishing" seemed a good-humored challenge for stories of our favorite amusement. We were told that the pursuit of the innumerable variety of denizens of the deep induced a morose, selfish and taciturn disposition. That the salt-water angler became a solitary, a rogue among the craft, and that he grudged communicating to his fellows the localities where he achieved success. The truth of this contrast to the hilarious welcome which the fresh-water brother gives the adventurer who attempts to share his trout stream, or the likely spot which he is trying for bass, explains why the challenge for "copy" of the kind sought for has not been accepted.

Let those who like take the fresh-water brooks for their recreation. It is a matter of taste the scrambling over rocks and through underbrush and fallen timber, and the hardships of a life absolutely separated from every comfort or convenience, and stimulated into angry activity by impertinent entomology. There are those who love better the breath of ocean, the unvarying brilliancy of sky and sea, the social life of the comfortable hotel or the roving vessel after the day's labors, the almost certain success in the pursuit of the fish, their variety and super-excellence for the table, than the odor of reeking decay, the frequent storms, the very many unsuccessful days, the swarming insect pests which make darkness a relief and torment inevitable, not to mention the general worthlessness of the rare trophies of the angler's skill. We of the shore have enjoyed the charming stories of camp life told by "Kingfisher" and others as skillful literary work; but they are very much like the "Ride to Khiva," good to read, but bad to imitate. The man who tasted his own capacity for enjoyment more keenly than any other, sums up his experience:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore!"

But I did not intend to ramble into controverted ground. I merely wanted to convey to the fly (and insect) fishers that there are gross and vulgar souls who like to try conclusions with weightier prey. The opening season of sea fishing is upon us. Ten days from this time the drum will enter Delaware Bay, and the shore opposite the "drum beds," just above Cape May, will be dotted over with the skiffs of the fishermen, ready on "the young flood," to cluster a mile from shore, and await the coming of the "wallowing herds" of their favorite fish. It is a tradition, verified by long observation, that the drum appears with the dogwood blossoms, and outside my window the swelling buds indicate that it is time to overhaul the lines which have served me well these many seasons.

The drum is a large fish, weighing from twenty to one hundred pounds, the average weight about sixty. They congregate from the middle of May to the middle of June upon the Cape May shore of Delaware Bay from Diamond Beach, which is about four miles above Cape May to Fishing Creek four miles further. About a mile off shore at intervals are beds of clams or quahaugs, and upon these the fish feed, crushing the hard shells in their powerful jaws. Parties of fishermen come in large vessels from the different harbors along the bay and anchor on the grounds, and great numbers of small boats put out from shore on the rising tide, and all form a compact cluster so soon as any boat strikes the run of the fish. Usually the pursuit requires patience, but at times the bait is taken freely and excitement runs high. A sixty-pound drum on a rod and reel requires some skill in manipulation, besides thoroughly testing the muscles.

There is not much selfishness in sea fishing, and any one who wishes to try these fish should do so about the middle of May, and no one will begrudge his presence and competition. He will find good accommodations at the Bay View House, at Pierce's Point, to be reached by stage from Court House Station on the Cape May Railroad, distance four miles. For a large party, probably a better plan would be to go to Port Norris by way of Bridgeton, and engage a boat there. There is a good hotel at Port Norris, and the town being the center of the oyster industry, plenty of boats and competent sailors can be procured. In the latter case notice should be given to Mr. Middleton, the landlord.

F. S. J. C.

CAPE MAY, May 1, 1885.

THE WILLEWEMOC CLUB'S WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A gentleman lately negotiated with me to buy one of the twenty shares of Willewemoc Club, par value $250, and yesterday I received his finale saying, "Inclosed I return you the Willewemoc Club By-Laws. If later on the hotel men and others do not interfere with your rights, and you do not dispose of your stock I will make arrangements to take it."

Now is it not a shame that the illogical, and doubtless irresponsible person (Best, is that his name?), who has been writing in a Kingston paper, has been able to damage me so much, absolutely without cause? No hotel keeper nor other person ever interfered with our rights in ten years past; our neighbors are our friends; we have several thousand dollars worth of property back in that wilderness, and have spent hundreds there yearly; our lake is surrounded by our own 160 acres of land, bought and paid for; we have never put any State trout in our waters; and if the names and addresses of our members were published it would be admitted at once that no more reputable gentlemen can be found in the whole country. The same is true of the Balsam Lake Club, and, I have no doubt, of the Neversink Club, with some of whose members I am acquainted. The statements of this outrageous person in the Kingston paper are absolutely without foundation in fact, as regards the clubs I know about. Nor do the members of these clubs kill, or take away very many fish; all small ones are put back, and in the Willewemoc Club but six can be taken away from the premises by any one at one time, it is true they will run from one pound to two and a half pounds apiece in weight.

The fact remains that I am damaged $200 cash by this person, and have no redress. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN.

NEW YORK, May 7.

THE TARPOM AS A GAME FISH.

THE brilliant success of Mr. W. H. Wood in the killing of five specimens of the tarpom on a rod in Florida, shows what can be done by a skillful angler with the proper weapons. I have always believed that this was a possible feat, and it has turned out to be less difficult than I supposed it to be. Less difficult because the fish are killed in much shorter time than I expected. Mr. Wood's five fish averaged 100 pounds each, and were killed in the average time of twenty-six minutes, according to the published accounts. This is, I think, less than the average time consumed in the capture of a large salmon, striped bass, or channel bass. That the tarpom is a very active and powerful fish and a furious fighter, I think there is no doubt, but he probably exhausts his strength by long runs and lofty leaps. I myself have several time shooked a tarpom at Halifax Inlet while fishing for channel bass with rod and reel, but my line was instantly cut by the knife-like labial bones, so that there was no contest.

Some armature of the line is necessary, such as wire or chain, and no doubt something will be devised by the tackle makers for the purpose.

Mr. Wood's capture is, however, not the first of that kind. A tarpom was killed in the Indian River, East Florida, with rod and reel, by Mr. S. H. Jones, of Philadelphia, some years ago, I think about 1878. This specimen measured over seven feet in length, 32½ inches in circumference at the dorsal fin, and weighed 174 pounds. The contest lasted more than three hours, if I remember right, and was carried on from a boat which was towed some distance by the fish. I heard of this affair in Florida the year after it happened, and got the dimensions and weight of the tarpom from the boatman who waited on Mr. Jones, who himself gave an account of the capture to an angling friend of mine, so that I have no doubt as to the correctness of the story.

In writing the name of this fish, I follow the spelling of Captain B. Romans, who in his "Concise Natural History of East and West Florida," New York, 1775, mentions the "tarpom;" and also the pronunciation of the fishermen of the East coast, who call it "tarpom" or "tarpum." S. C. C.

WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this organization, held last evening, the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Curtis J. Hillyer; Vice-President, William Lee; Secretary and Treasurer, B. E. J. Eils; Auditor, W. C. Woods; Executive Committee, C. C. Glover, S. H. Kauffmann, Andrew McCallum and the President and Treasurer. The report of the retiring president showed the club to be in good condition, financially and otherwise, with a highly satisfactory outlook for the future, in every respect, and only four vacancies existing. There is, by the way, good reasons to believe that gunning and angling on the estate of the club will alike be better the coming season than ever before, as both fish and game seem to be rapidly increasing in that locality. Ground for this belief as to the last named recreation was afforded by the experience of a party of members and guests who went up to the club house on Saturday. The party numbered ten, but only six really indulged in the fascinating diversion, and their catch, extending a little over two days, aggregated one hundred and sixteen fine bass, weighing from a half pound to three pounds and a quarter. Of these about twenty were taken with the fly. This result was regarded as very satisfactory, considering the backwardness of the season and the coldness of the water in the upper Potomac. Especially does it apply to fly-fishing, as experience generally shows that bass will not rise to the artificial lure until the weather is hot and the water warm. The champion of the party for this visit, it may be added, was Mr. Levi Woodbury, who took not only the heaviest fish but the greatest number.—*Washington Evening Star, May 1.*

NETS SEIZED AND BURNED.—The ice has only been out of the St. Lawrence River a few days, but the fish thieves have been at work already with their nets at various points. Tuesday, General Sherman, of the State Commission, placed State Game Protector Schwartz, of Rochester, Special Protector Drew, of Washington Mills, at the service of the officers of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River for a tour of inspection. They had an assistant from this section and made a trip along the lines. The water in the river is very high, but the pirates were found getting ready for their unlawful work. Nothing was heard of the State officials until 4 P. M. yesterday, when the following telegram was received by the President of the Association in this city: "CLAYTON, May 1.—We have just returned from Chippewa Bay with two large gill-nets, one 40 rods long and the other 50 rods. We had the steam yacht Junita, Captain Elliott. The river was very rough, and it was very difficult to get them. A northeast wind made things lively. The nets are now burning at the dock.—SCHWARTZ AND DREW." Gill nets measuring over a quarter of a mile in length are liable to draw in a large number of fish that belong to the State and the taxpayers thereof. It is not known thus far who the owners of the nets are, but it is known that some of the pirates who operated successfully in Oneida Lake for a long time have been stealing fish at Chippewa Bay and other points. These fellows know State Protectors Steele and Leonard, of the St. Lawrence and Jefferson districts so well, that it is difficult for them to get within sight or reach of a net; this is why the agents from other districts were sent out. This good work will be kept up until every fish pirate on the river is exterminated and his nets destroyed. Protector Schwartz captured and burned twenty three nets in his district last week, and Protector Drew has been doing excellent special work at various points. Both are trusty and intelligent men, and they fear no one. Other reports are expected from them before they leave the St. Lawrence, although the weather is unfavorable for stretching or capturing nets.—*Utica (N. Y.) Observer.*

JUNE ANTICIPATIONS.—Boston.—I have been counting the days and weeks looking forward to the approach of June, that month of all the year the best for trout fishing and woodland recreation. And just now I recall the fact it is the month in which I first saw the light of day, how many years ago I will not state. I wonder if for that reason the month and its sports, its rose-perfumed and health-giving air, have for me any special influence. Perhaps so, perhaps not; for I love the lakes in July, and I love the forests always. Be that as it may, at the approach of June I always have a presentiment that to retain my present vigorous health and fit myself for battling through the heated term soon to follow, I must go a fishing, ramble and row, paddle and pack, and so develop and harden the muscles and strengthen the brain. I always have many excuses for going trout fishing, but the most important and potent is that I like it. Now we are admonished that the season is near at hand, and that we may be ready, we must begin to overhaul last year's duffle. The rods must be repaired, the lines and reels tested, this stock of well-worn flies and leaders renewed, get a new net, and don't forget the blackfly cream. What's this? a flask, and full, left over from last year's trip? How unlike a flask, and yet, how like some men to remain "full" during the entire trip. We took it along as a preventive; we love old friends proved by age and experience, so we will put it in and give it another opportunity to render service. The box is packed, and right here let us thank "Nessmuk" for that word "duffle." We have for years insulted good guns and rods and the various gems of artistic workmanship that comprise the outfit of the shooter or fisherman by calling them "traps," "stuff" or "tackle," and have often felt the need of a name. So now the duffle is packed and ready.—M.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, May 9.—At the monthly meeting of the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, last evening, Mr. Penrose Collins, the corresponding secretary, stated that arrangements had been made for bringing several hundred rock bass from Lake Erie and putting them in the Schuylkill and other streams in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The Association will pay all the expenses. This is a good move and one your correspondent has long advocated, as the rock bass will take the fly readily and furnish excellent sport. Shawmont Dam should be selected as one place in which to liberate the fish and the water of this part of the river will be suitable for them. The sunfish in Shawmont Dam rise to artificial flies. How much better it will be then for practice when the rock bass increase in these waters.—HOMO.

MAKING TAPERED HOOKS.—Several of your correspondents have said they did not know why tapered hooks were not marked. I wrote it had been suggested to me that it was because their shanks are too slender. Now, Mr. Allcock shouts from across the stormy Atlantic that the suggestion is an error. Before he snoods hooks he marks them. I think he is wise. I do the same but I wish the manufacturer to do it for me. If marked tapered hooks are not too good for him and me, they are right for other sportsmen. If it does not cost too much to mark straight hooks it does not tapered ones. If straight ones need to be marked, tapered ones need it more. If Englishmen can afford to purchase them, Americans can and will. By all means let us have them now, before August.—J. W. T.

SPLICED LEADERS.—We have received a patent spliced salmon leader from Messrs. Samuel Allcock & Co., Redditch, England, the well-known makers of hooks and fishing tackle. The ends of the gut are indented and placed side by side, and bound firmly together, making a knotless cast. A loop at each end is also made without a knot. The whipping of joints appears to be done with silk covered with some sort of varnish, and it makes a neat finish and a handsome leader.

THE RANGELEYS.—Richardson, Me., May 7.—The Rangeley Lakes will probably all be clear of ice by the 12th or 15th of the month. The first trout of the season was taken by Capt. Crosby from the wharf in front of the Mooselookmeguntic House. It weighed 6¾ pounds—a pretty good one for a starter.—CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

MEACHAM LAKE.—Duane, N. Y., May 7.—The ice is out at last and the fishing begins good. Yesterday four rods took 312 trout; weight, 106 pounds. To-day four rods took 225 trout in half the day; weight, 74 pounds. The water in the lake is not unusually high, and everything indicates good spring fishing.—A. R. FULLER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—The streams on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, within fifteen miles of Philadelphia, where trout are known to be, are teeming this year with fish too small to be taken. On some of these brooks dams have been made which back the water and the larger trout resort to them altogether. These ponds are the only places where fly-fishing can be had, but the owners of the land bordering them will not allow fishing. It is impossible to fish the streams proper with anything else than a rod a yard long, and worm must be the bait, as the underbrush prevents fly-casting.—HOMO.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Brooklyn, N. Y., May 6 —The fishing interests of the club will be confined to Coney Island Creek and Gravesend Bay, and it is expected that the gamy striped bass and the beautiful weakfish caught in these waters by our members during the fishing season will be the means of securing some club prizes. Our monthly shoots at Kings Highway during the year will also offer prizes to the best marksmen in their respective classes.—GEO. L. AYERS, Secretary.

MR. WALTER BRACKETT, the well-known artist of Boston, has recently completed a trout painting, which is said to be one of the best, if not the best, picture he ever painted. It goes to Paterson, N. J., we believe.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

(AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.)

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the Society, and the first under the new name, was held in Washington, in the lecture room of the National Museum, on May 5 and 6. The meeting was called to order by the President, Hon. Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, with the following remarks:

GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY: We are at a season of the year when important events repeat themselves. It is the spring. Baneful influences have passed away. Ice-bound winter, as by a miracle, has given place to southern breezes, and—still more strange—Congress has adjourned and gone home. Good things come to the front, full of hope and energy, and intent on growth and reproduction. Asparagus protrudes its welcome green nose from the soil; the suggestive pea flourishes defiant of late frosts. The English sparrow industriously builds its nest in spots carefully selected to render it as much a nuisance as possible; the cows go forth to pastures green and reward the aqueous milkman with abundant flow of milk pleasingly redolent of garlic. Nor do the waters less respond to genial warmth; for now the shad and the herring, intent on spawning and oblivious of the fatal seine, push up the Potomac and seek the safe shores of the District of Columbia, where they may breed under the parental protection of a special act of Congress. Last and greater than all these come the members of the American Fisheries Society, pregnant with great ideas and anxions to deposit them in Washington for the benefit of an ichthyophagous nation.

Gentlemen, I bid you welcome. You are surrounded here by great traditions and mighty influences. From the capstone of yonder monument ten entire weeks look down upon you. In the grand pile of the War, State and Navy Departments, you will have a valuable lesson of what is to be avoided in architecture. The hurrying crowds of office-seekers will prove to you how the busiest bee may, under adverse circumstances, collect no honey, and how the earliest bird may fail to catch the truly astute and resolute worm. The numerous hansom and herdic cabs will point the moral, that however long or agreeable or smooth be the road, we must all pay a price at the end. The suave manners of our negro population will bring to your minds the fact that some of the most agreeable lights in life, like those in a cathedral, come through a colored medium. In a single word, then, I bid you welcome to a sojourn which cannot fail to be profitable alike to humanity and to fish.

On motion of Col. M. McDonald that a committee of three be appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws of the Society and report at the next annual meeting, the president appointed Messrs. F. Mather, W. V. Cox and F. N. Clark.

The following gentlemen were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Prof. G. Brown Goode, W. L. May, T. B. Ferguson, E. G. Blackford and Dr. T. H. Bean, and a recess was taken until 2 P. M. The following is the list of papers announced to be read at the meeting:

1. "The Giant Clams of Puget Sound," Prof. R. E. C. Stearns.
2. "Hibernation of the Black Bass," James A. Henshall, M.D.
3. "Smelt Hatching," Fred Mather.
4. "The Porpoise Fishery of Cape Hatteras," F. W. True.
5. "Results of Artificial Propagation and Planting of Whitefish in the Great Lakes," Frank N. Clark.
6. "Does Transplanting Affect the Food or Game Qualities of certain Fishes?" A. Nelson Cheney.
7. "How to Restore our Trout Streams," J. S. Van Cleef.
8. "Exhibition of Complete Series of Salmon and Trout of North America," Tarleton H. Bean.
9. "Objective Points in Fishculture," M. McDonald.
10. "A Glance at Billingsgate," W. V. Cox.
11. "Work at Cold Spring Harbor," Fred Mather.
12. "Oyster Beds of New York," E. G. Blackford.
13. "On some of the Protective Contrivances developed by and in connection with the Ova of various species of Fishes," John A. Ryder.
14. "The Use of the Throwing-Stick by Eskimo in Fishing," O. T. Mason.
15. "The Chief Characteristics of North American Fish Fauna," Theodore Gill.
16. "Suggestions as to the Development of Oyster Culture in the Chesapeake Area," M. McDonald.
17. "Biennial Spawning of Salmon," Charles G. Atkins.

During the meeting the following were proposed and elected to membership: Hon. Geo. M. Robeson, of New Jersey; Dr. E. W. Humphries, Commissioner for Maryland; W. W. Ladd, Jr., New York city; Frederic R. Ryer, New York city; Prof. H. J. Rice, New York city; Prof. Chas. V. Riley, Agricultural Department, Washington; S. H. Kauffman, *Evening Star*, Washington; W. A. Butler, Michigan Commissioner; Gwynne Harris, Inspector of Marine Products, Washington; S. C. Brown, Register National Museum; J. P. Wilson, W. E. Bailey, Engineer, Geo. H. H. Moore, Newton Simmonds, W. F. Page, J. F. Ellis, J. J. O'Connor, J. E. Brown, A. Howard Clark, W. W. J. Murphy, Thomas Lee and Peter Parker, Jr., all of the U. S. Fish Commission; Ed. H. Bryan and Henry W. Spofford, both of the Smithsonian Institution; Major G. I. Lydecker, U. S. Engineers, and Lieut. Pietmyer, U. S. N., commanding steamer Fishhawk.

On the second day the following officers were elected to serve the coming year: President, Col. M. McDonald, U. S. F. C.; Vice-President, Dr. W. M. Hudson, Commissioner of Connecticut; Treasurer, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Commissioner of New York; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. M. V. Cox, National Museum; Recording Secretary, Fred Mather, FOREST AND STREAM; Executive Committee—Prof. G. Brown Goode, National Museum, chairman; Roland Redmond, New York; Geo. Shepard Page, New Jersey; W. L. May, Nebraska; F. N. Clark, Michigan; Dr. J. A. Henshall, Kentucky; S. G. Worth, North Carolina.

During recess the Society called on the President of the United States and visited the carp ponds and the central hatching station in the Armory building.

On Thursday, 7th, a trip was made on the Fishhawk down to Fort Washington, where planked shad were served, and then a visit made to the station for hatching shad, where 4,000,000 eggs were in process of packing for the central station. On the return a meeting of the Executive Committee was held, and it was decided to hold the next meeting in Chicago.

The Committee on the Constitution offered the following, to be considered until the next meeting, when it will be voted on:

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

The name of this Society shall be The American Fisheries Society. Its objects shall be to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success, and upon all matters relating to the fisheries; the uniting and encouraging of the interests of fishculture and the fisheries; and the treatment of all questions regarding fish, of a scientific and economic character.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERS.

Any person shall, upon a two-thirds vote and a payment of three dollars, become a member of this Society. In case that members do not pay their fees and are delinquent for two years, they shall be notified by the treasurer, and if the amount due is not paid within a month, they shall be, without further notice, dropped from the roll of membership. Any person can be made an honorary or a corresponding member upon a two-thirds vote of the members present at a regular meeting.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the Society shall be a president and a vice-president, who shall be ineligible for election to the same offices until a year after the expiration of their terms, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee of seven, which, with the officers before named, shall form a council and transact such business as may be necessary when the Society is not in session, four to constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE IV.—MEETINGS.

The regular meetings of the Society shall be held once a year, the time and place being decided upon at the previous meeting, or in default of such action, by the executive committee.

ARTICLE V.—CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION.

The constitution of the Society may be amended, altered or repealed, by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of April 9 that a correspondent from Brooklyn, N. Y., states the points made by me in your paper of Feb. 21, 1884, in regard to our fisheries, are incorrect. If so why not produce facts to refute them, simple denial is not argument. I now reiterate every statement made in that article and challenge him to refute a single point. At a meeting held by the U. S. Menhaden Oil and Guano Association, January, 1885, the following figures were given: Number of steamers in use during 1882, 83; number of menhaden taken, 346,638,555; number of steamers in use during 1883, 69, number of menhaden taken, 613,461,776; number of steamers in use during 1884, 59; number of menhaden taken, 858,592,691. The question comes up, why the increase in fish and decrease of fishermen? The first question is answered by the fact that menhaden were plenty during 1884 on all the menhaden fishing grounds of our whole coast west from Rhode Island, and the decrease of fishermen is explained by saying that as a whole it is not a paying business on account of low prices of oil and guano, and high cost of men and material.

Your correspondent speaks of his long experience and tells of shore seines and there not being used as of old. It is the old man's lament for old times with stage coaches instead of railroads, sailing vessels instead of steam, mounted messengers instead of electricity. Why is it that fishermen can't keep abreast and utilize the improvements of the age without being kicked at not only by fossils but by the editor of FOREST AND STREAM? It is an industry that stands on its own bottom and fights its own battles and asks only to be let alone and would, if it was rightly understood, be fostered, protected and encouraged, instead of being hampered by unjust laws administered by men that know practically little or nothing of fish or fishing.

I submit the following facts for his digestion. During summer of 1885, between Fire Island and No Man's Land, and between Newport and 25 miles off shore, there were over 1,600 square miles of water that swarmed with menhaden, and a Rhode Island steamer called the Humphrey caught in ten weeks 35,000 barrels of menhaden and did not go west of Montauk to get them. Steamer Seven Brothers started after menhaden one month after they made their appearance and with a crew of two men and six boys caught over 17,000 barrels, and most of them in Narragansett Bay. Sloop Ida Lee with one boat to freight fish began to cruise last of June and caught between Providence and Beaver Tail over 11,000 barrels. Why menhaden did not slip down to Westport is of course known only to themselves, they did visit West Island, Seaconnet, and our Little Compton friends sent us word that the waters in that vicinity were full of them. Westport is only six miles east from West Island and if the menhaden come to this coast this season his old heart may be made glad by the sight of menhaden on their old grounds and in quantities more than equal to those seen in his youth.

Does your friend recollect the menhaden oil factory that was built on Penikise Island, Buzzard's Bay, forty or more years ago? If so, he knows it was put there because there were plenty of menhaden in the vicinity. Does he recollect that soon after it was built menhaden disappeared from that locality and on that account it was not used for years and at last rotted down? Does he recollect of menhaden swarming around Penikese, Cuttyhunk, Martha's Vineyard and in all the waters from Montauk to Nantucket, outside and inside during the year 1876, and that they were so plenty that the bass fishermen could catch their bait by standing on the shore and throwing hand lines with hooks attached into the schools and haul them ashore? What a chance for shore seines! Does he recollect that during 1882 there was not a single school of menhaden seen east of Montauk? If he is familiar with the above facts will he explain, or give us a reasonable theory for their presence and absence for years together at and from the same locality? I have heard a great many men explain and give reasons but no two agreed. The fishermen report that during 1884 there were with the menhaden more sharks than usual, schools from one acre to five acres in extent were common. The result was wholesale destruction, which if continued, will in a short time wipe out the 1884 crop.

Provably more menhaden were destroyed every day last season by sharks than all the menhaden fishermen of the United States could catch in ten years. It is a fact well known to those posted and familiar with the subject that man is only a cipher in comparison with the engines of destruction furnished by nature to destroy fish that live, breed and have their homes in our rivers, bays and the ocean.

DANIEL T. CHURCH.

TIVERTON, R. I., April 18.

SHAD GO OVER A FISHWAY.—The superintendent of fisheries for South Carolina reports to the U. S. Fish Commission, under day of May 5, as follows: "The fishway on the Saluda River is working nicely. I was told by the superintendent of the factory yesterday, that shad and round fish are going over it constantly. This I do not doubt, as while inspecting the way myself I found fish on it near the head." This is the older form of the McDonald fishway, erected in 1882, and is very crude in construction and inefficient as compared with new designs.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2386.**

BRUNO.

THY coat of arms, the symbol of thy knighthood,
Is thy coat of shaggy black and fawn;
Thou comest doubly of a house that's knighted,
For deeds of valor and courage done,
Thy fawn is the fawn of thy sires who peril'd
Their lives for life in the Alpine snows,
And thy black is their black who knew the waters,
When dark death lurked in their ebbs and flows.

Thy deep, glad bark at my call, and thy bounding,
Touch my heart with a flush of joy,
For the trust of a dumb, dependent creature
I count a blessing without alloy.
Be many thy joys, faithful friend, that gladden,
Few, faithful friend, thy sorrows that ache,
For thine is the depth of love and devotion
Even to death for thy master's sake.

Thine eyes have almost more than human pleading,
Brimming with eloquent mute appeal;
And thy brown head's reassuring pressure,
Doth thy loyal sympathy reveal.
If speech were thine, what thoughts were thine to utter,
What emotions thine to be expressed,
Expressed what floods of staunch and steadfast feeling,
Surging and glowing within thy breast!

There is a touch of pathos in the offer
Of thy paw, when on my lap 't is laid;
Thine honest paw no traitor pulses flutter,
Thou hast no taint of blood that e'er betrayed;
And the clan of nature's nobles that claims thee
Insures thy fealty till life shall end;
So I hold thee one of my best and truest,
We are pledged together friend and friend.

JENNIE MAXWELL PAINE.

CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Before offering any observations on the above-named show, permit me to hark back to that of New York, held the previous week, to remark upon and reply to the criticisms on my decisions, which I have read in your columns and that of your Western contemporary.

On the points I desire to touch you are in agreement, and I am told similar expressions of opinion have appeared in other papers, which I have had no opportunity of reading.

I am not surprised at the unanimity in the mild censure on the particular decisions with which you differ from me, and that for two reasons: Firstly, because the manner in which adverse opinion has been expressed is characterized by the courtesy to a visitor which has marked my reception here, and which past and present experience teaches me is a prominent trait in the American character. Secondly, because my publicly expressed criticisms on several awards made by me is in accord with that of your own and other reporters.

In the two cases of the mastiff bitch class and the pug dog class, I must now recall my admission that I was in error in my decisions, for having had a second opportunity of seeing Rosalind and Prussian Princess together, and to take a more leisurely survey of them, and with time to consider the subject in its various bearings, I am prepared to stand to my first decision, as in fact I have done, as the Cincinnati prize list given below will show.

It would, however, be wanting in respect to all concerned, if, apparently seesawing from one opinion to another and back again, I did not offer the reasons by which I justify myself, at least to myself.

In your introductory remarks to your critique of the New York dog show, you very justly say that "comments on the dogs should be for the benefit of the public and as a guide to the breeder who has no opportunity of examining them;" and your further observation in reference to mating, with the view of eliminating faults and improving desirable qualities, I thoroughly indorse.

I believe that every one of your readers will agree in that view, and that difference of opinion will only begin when we come to discuss the methods to be pursued to attain that desired end. The subject is too big to be exhaustively treated in the preliminary of a dog show report; I will, therefore, confine myself to an explanation of the principle I laid down for my guidance and which I followed as well as I was able, and as the circumstances of the case (the classes of animals before me) permitted of, merely premising that I shall be pleased to return to the subject to discuss it with any one interested.

You are in this country engaged in founding a breed which, whatever we may call it now, will in future be the American mastiff.

In doing so you naturally and wisely seek your parent stock in its home; and I looked upon it as my duty to select from the specimens before me those of the best type of English mastiffs, as that type is defined and accepted in England at the present day. I say nothing of the old English mastiff, for although a club of that name exists, under the pretension of preserving the ancient broad-mouthed dogs of Britain, it would be as absurd to speak of a show dog as at all resembling his progenitor of the bear garden as to speak seriously of the present existence of the mastodon. It is my opinion that Prussian Princess is nearer to the present accepted standard than Rosalind in type or family character, and that for breeding purposes, for stamping the character on the breed in this county, she possesses the requisite qualities in an intensity which Rosalind does not. I am not overlooking her physical defects in legs, but such faults are oftener due to bad kennel management than inheritance, and treated as a loss in calculating the ideally perfect animal, is of less consequence from a breeder's point of view

than lack of family character, and taking these two things into consideration, I look upon Rosalind as the better dog, Prussian Princess as the better mastiff. I am not "a kicker," and I look for and can stand the brunt of criticism without flinching; all I desire is that to mutually benefit each other—which should be the primary object—we should take into consideration the different standpoints from which we severally view the case.

The pug case I will deal with further on.

"It's a lang cry tae Loch Awe," says the Scotch proverb, but the originator of the saying would have found it a still langer cry tae Cincinnati; that at least was my experience, beautifully picturesque and charming as many of the surroundings of that journey are, and the length of the way must be my apology to the reader for not having introduced him to the dog show there half a column sooner.

Arrived at the St. Nicholas House, I was soon in the presence of General W. B. Shattuc, to whose kindness and attention I shall ever remain indebted.

Quickly driven to Power Hall, a part of the Music Hall, an imposing and handsome building, I found a show of 407 dogs, divided into 125 classes, well arranged and comfortably benched, under the superintendence of Mr. W. A. Coster.

I had been requested to begin my work on Thursday morning, but Major J. M. Taylor, who adjudicated on the setters, and Mr. Seitner, who did the like by the pointers, having completed their duties, I soon had champion mastiffs before me, with the result given in prize list. Hero II. is a well grown dog, and as I looked at him thoughtfully I remembered a ring in "Bonnie Dundee" when I could not persuade Vero Shaw that Hero's sire, Salisbury, was better than the sinister-faced Cardinal (sire of Ilford Cromwell), and Rawdon B. Lee (London *Field*) as umpire, deciding in favor of the former, laughed at us for being so long over so easy a task. Hero is not quite the style of head modern fancy demands, but whether better or worse is open to argument.

One thing is certain, short heads means short bodies, and that again means loss of activity. As I have already said, I endeavored at New York and again at Cincinnati to arrange the mastiffs in the order of their approach to the modern type, and it is for American breeders by association to lay down a standard most suited to the uses to which they mean to put the dog, and for such purposes of breeding they possess already a good foundation, and I hope in doing so they will be bound by no straight-laced shibboleths of English fanciers, but modify the dog to suit his new conditions and uses. It is over a century since you cut your mother's apron strings over a caddy of tea; do the same in regard to dogs. In the open class Ilford Cromwell won easily; he is the best, although not the biggest brindle I have ever seen, and has little of that forbidding expression of countenance which characterize his sire and his grandsire Wolsey. Adam J., a young dog, only fourteen months, is a nice clear fawn or fallow, well built, with a good type of head, though not quite massive enough; he will, however, improve, and I expect to read of this American bred dog holding his own in the best of company. Moses was entered but absent. Hildebert is a good specimen. I need say nothing more than I already have done anent the bitches except to notice the handsome Bal Gal, shown in splendid order. Minerva and Scipio are both promising puppies, only requiring care in management to take their place hereafter in the highest competition.

St. Bernards.—These numbered but sixteen in all, but were, on the whole, a very fair lot. In rough-coated dogs, Turk, a large orange tawny and white, entered without pedigree given, hails from Chicago, and however bred, he shows so much St. Bernard character and is of such good shape and finish, he should hold his own at his home show a fortnight hence. In the corresponding bitch class, the very good and exceedingly well-shown Bertha took the prize. In smooth dogs, Verone repeated his New York victory, here defeating a big, upstanding, red and white, a handsome dog, but not a particularly good St. Bernard. He is prettily marked, and doubtless spoken of by "everybody" [that indefinite entity, that misleads so many dog owners of inexperience] as a "handsome dawg;" but he is what we call in English kennel jargon, "a flat-catcher;" a dog that imposes on the eye but fails to satisfy the judgment. Wanda was alone; had she dark shadings, the plainness would give way to perfection of finish.

Newfoundlands.—In this class there were three very good specimens, Miro, Major and Ponto, placed as named, the rest out of court. Miro repeated his New York win, but he was very closely pressed by Mr. Laidlaw's Major, who rather lacks size.

Irish Water Spaniels.—It was a pleasant surprise to find no fewer than eleven of these thoroughbred Irish dogs so far from the Emerald Isle; in fact, I am not sure that I ever saw eleven at any Irish show, and I am pretty sure so large a number never put in an appearance at an English one. What is still more pleasant to record is, that all were good save "wan," and that was not "wan" at all, for it was a poodle, so it was. Sinbad II. victorious over Count Bendigo! How have the mighty fallen? Ahem! I mean, how the poor judge will be scarified by those terrible fellows who write to newspapers. Worse still, King Slash, first in his class, beat the champion for the special prize. Well, I think he is an exceedingly well-made dog, good, straight forelegs, well feathered all round, his head is of the right shape, fairly domed in the skull, muzzle not too square, the head with sufficient, but not overdone in topknot; in body, too, he is good, the loin strong and back ribs well let down, saving him from even an approach to "tuckedupness," which spoils some otherwise good specimens of the breed. Praise of King Slash, be it understood, is not disparagement of the competitors that ran him so close; the two bitches, and especially Judy, are a credit to their race.

Field and Cocker Spaniels.—But that I fear launching into a too lengthy dissertation, I would cut the division of spaniels that now obtains into very small ribbons. It is based on a stupid fallacy which a study of the history of the spaniels as used for sport would correct, but to study cockers first and spaniels after as seems to be the fashion, is to reverse the natural order of things as much as it would be to teach a youth the genera and species of plants before he knew the difference between an exogen and an endogen. These classes were too much sub-divided so that a walk over was the order of the day. The prize list will show well-known names, including several winners at New York. Mr. Andrew Laidlaw carried off the special prize with his very handsome and useful team.

Chesapeake Bay Dogs.—I had the assistance of Major Taylor in this class, and to that gentleman I am also indebted for relieving me of the classes of American foxhounds. I could not, in justice to exhibitors, the show committee or myself, award prizes of merit in classes I did not understand, for the hounds in these classes are totally different from English foxhounds with which I am familiar.

Greyhounds.—Major and Memnon competed in champion class and whatever chance the former might have stood, his soft condition heavily handicapped him, muscles flabby and feet open and spreading indicates want of work and grooming and injudicious feeding. In the open class, which was a very good one, Death, a big strong black, won, but by a close shave from the brindle and white Ben. Death also was in bad form for either work or show, but he is built on right lines and if put into strongish work in the hands of a judicious trainer so as to reduce him eight or nine pounds he would come out well. This was a very good class. The bitch class was also good, Queen, a handsome fawn, winning over the blue Daisy with nothing to spare. In the puppy class a smart one, Lufra, of a smutty red color, won, the next best being Dave, a nice white puppy of ten months, and the blue Skelper was another one of good promise.

Deerhounds.—There were only four of these in three classes, but the quality compensated somewhat for scarcity of numbers.

Beagles.—A dozen very nice specimens made up the three classes; they were not, however, nearly equal to the lot shown at New York the previous week. In dogs Mort was awarded second prize only, first being withheld. The bitches were better, Mrs. C. E. White's prettily flecked little Bonnie taking premier honors. Marjory might be better in ear and was closely pressed by Linnie for second place.

Dachshunde.—From an English standpoint these were below par, and on a review of my own work, I felt disposed to think I was wrong in not having placed Waldine III. first prize.

Collies.—With Ben Nevis and Robin Adair both absent, Rob Roy had a walk over. Gordon is a neat dog and of pleasing expression. This breed does not appear to be appreciated in the West, and yet a more intelligent and agreeable companion dog does not exist.

Fox-Terriers,—A very poor show—Raby Tyrant entered as by Bailiff II.—Peach; but still certainly not *the* Raby Tyrant, was here and won second prize. The two winning bitches, with Scarsdale, saved the class from mediocrity. The bitches were by owner both entered as Clover Blossom. The winner, a white one, has a lot of dash in her, and reminded me of Tom Fir in build and carriage as well as color.

Bull-Terriers.—In a middling class of three, Young Bill, sadly gone off, won over Saxon, but with nothing to spare.

Black and Tan Terriers.—Prize withheld for want of merit.

Skye, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington Terriers.—First prize in Skye dogs withheld, ditto in bitches. Mr. John H. Naylor exhibited a genuine and really good hard-haired Scotch terrier or Die-hard, Rosie, a dark grizzle, whose only fault is a too gay carriage of the tail. The same gentleman showed two excellent Dandies. These valuable breeds would be more cultivated in America if better known. The Bedlington, Elsick Lad II., was too good a specimen to be denied the prize.

Bulldogs.—Alas, there was but one, Leon by name, with a back long enough to please your reporter of New York show; but long backs in bulldogs is not a feature I admire, so first prize withheld.

Great Danes.—Three good ones. A magnificent slate-colored pup of eleven months, with immense limbs and well-knit frame; he will be a splendid dog, but is rather too truncated in muzzle. Pinto, a tiger Dane, more matured but slighter built; better in head than winner.

Pugs.—When I took a second look at the pugs at New York and saw Bradford Ruby with the others on the bench, I thought and said I had made a mistake. I have changed my opinion. Bradford Ruby excels in wrinkles, in color, in trace, in tail; he has a structural defect, which is a very bad feature in a pug; he is as flat-ribbed as a Bedlington, and this shows his too long legs. Shown fatter, he would look better; but nothing can make him a first-rate pug, and I defy the Pug Club's appointed judges in England to justify the prizes they have awarded this dog by the standard they adopted from my book, "British Dogs." The toy terriers were pretty, but none up to my idea of good specimen; and nothing else calls for special notice.

As circumstances compelled me to make my visit to Cincinnati a very hurried one, I, with much regret, had to content myself with a very general and too cursory examination of the setter and pointer classes to enable me to offer remarks on many of the specimens.

I was very favorably impressed with the setters, and thought that, as a lot, they were even better than the classes at New York. The famous Gladstone I saw under favorable circumstances, and can reiterate the praises of his handsome appearance and the evidence of his sustained vigor, and I have no doubt he will leave his mark on many American setter kennels of the future.

Dido II. was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, so that a good look at her on the bench was impossible. On getting her out where it was possible to see her points, I was impressed with her perfection of form, and consider her the handsomest setter bitch I know of at the present day.

The special prize for the best puppy of any breed, donated by a young lady of Cincinnati, was very properly awarded to a beautifully-shaped and altogether very promising orange belton bitch.

The foxhounds, slim build, and with long folding bloodhound-like ears, appear a cross of that hound and the pointer. The broken-haired variety are much nearer to English foxhounds in appearance. If I understand correctly the work required of these hounds, I am of opinion it might prove of great advantage to introduce the German Schweisshund for crossing, as they possess great staying powers. The Schweisshund is described, the points accepted by German sportsman being given, in "British Dogs."

HUGH DALZIEL.

AWARDS.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, G. N. Appold's Bravo (Bragg—Kate). *Bitches*: Prize, J. W. Munson's Spinaway (Garnet—Keswick).—OPEN—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs*: 1st, E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway); 2d, Will Davidson's Landsdaun (Bow—Gipsey). Very high com., C. L. Dick's Young Sleaford (Lort—Lass); A. Sander's Duke (Bodine—Dare). High com., Mrs. John Schrink, Jr.'s Lamplighter (Ranger—Queen). Com., J. W. Munson's Carto (Sefton ——).—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches*: 1st, E. C. Sterling's Belle Faust (Faust—Countess Vesta); 2d, Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Flirt (Glenmark—Girt). High com., R. R. Moore's Fanchon (Bow—Queen).—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. B. C. Lucas's Monarch (Bow—Keswick); 2d, John E. Zimmerman's Glendale (Bodine—Betz). Very high com., R. Cornell's Prince of Orange (Sensation—Lass). High com., Geo Ligowsky's Mack, and Miss Louise Devereux's Captain Dash.—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches*: 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Modesty (Croxteth—Trinket); 2d, Stocky & Baker's Ray (Brownie—Clip). Very high com., S. A. Kaye's Fannie (Young Sensation—Nellie). *Puppies*: 1st, C. J. Bremer's Bow Faust (Faust—Musette); 2d, J. R. Daniels's Daisy Donald (Donald II.—Fan). Very high com., E. C. Sterling's Gen. Gordon (Meteor—Beta). High com., W. R. Huntington's LeRoy and R. H. Wood's Sister (Meteor—Jewess). Com., J. R. Daniels's Royal (Donald II.—Fan).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette). *Bitches*: Prize, Howard Hartley's Queen Alice (Druid—Cubas).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Dr. G. G. Ware's Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue); 2d, C. F. Loudon's Stanton (Gladstone—Frost). Very high com., W. B. Mallory's Dave B. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie); J. M. Avent's Roderigo (Count Noble—Twin Maud). High com., G. B. Hawley's Brenta (Dashing Berwyn—Maud Miller); F. S. Hughes's Paris III. (Paris II.—Lady Princess); Ontario Kennel Club's Ontario Ben (Druid—Star). Com., Joun Overman's Dandy Cambridge (Cambridge—Lucky Dean); Dr. G. G. Ware's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby). *Bitches*: 1st, J. M. Avent's Juno A. (Druid—Ruby); 2d, S. A. Kaye's Madonna (Roscoe—Armida). Very high com., P. Wolfenden's Vixen III. (Dash—Vixen II.); T. Potter's Glen (A.K.R. 1953). High com., P. O. Butler's Early Dawn (Gath—Lit); Ontario Kennel Club's Ontario Myrtle (Druid—Star). Com., H. L. Kyler's Slip (Royal Lothair—Nonie); R. B. Morgan's Appelle Belle II. (Mark—Betsy). *Puppies*: 1st, J. S. Louis's Lady Rock (Royal Rock—Nellie); 2d, Mr. J. N. Macklin's Gath's Mark (Gath—Gem). Very high com., J. S. Hudson's Gath Lit (Gath—Lit). High com. and com., R. B. Morgan's Akron Girl and Akron Boy (Lug Dhu—Mollie). Com., Chas. Schwein's Dolly S. (Gath—Lit).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Prize, Charles R. Taylor's Gem (A.K.R. 928). *Bitches*: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, S. M. Strader's Ben (Hal—Lill). *Bitches*: 1st, Charles R. Taylor's Rhoda (Flash—Chloe); 2d, J. W. Amberhue's Grouse (Dart—Fly). Com., H. R. Parker's Gip. *Puppies*: Withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, Dr. (Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen). *Bitches*: J. T. Walker's Reeta (A.K.R. 1338).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, W. D. & B. L. Mallory's Duke (Biz—Lady Clare); 2d, J. H. Roberts's Bruce (Elcho—Noreen). Very high com., J. T. Walker's Glencliare (A.K.R. 1192). High com., F. F. Blythe's Red (Norwood—Virginia Reel). Com., Henry Overman's Brad (Norwood—Nelly). *Bitches*: 1st, H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff (Glencho—Daisy); 2d, W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone (Berkley—Madge). Very high com., J. A. J. Sprague's Megorra (Elcho—Rose). High com., Mrs. Patrick Nolan's Flora (Norwood—Effie), J. F. Blythe's Blanche (Norwood—Virginia Reel). Com., H. C. Bradley's Lotti (Norwood—Nelly). *Puppies*: 1st, W. Hoyt's Noreen IV. (Elcho—Noreen); 2d, E. Duval's Fidget (Norwood—Effie). Very high com., Tagan & Burran's Addie B. (Norwood—Clara Belle). High com., W. E. Limberg's Wick's Fly (Norwood—Clara Belle).

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (Salisbury—Venus). *Bitches*: Prize, Ashmont Kennels' Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Ashmont Kennels' Ilford Cromwell (Cardinal—Cleopatra); 2d, A. C. Johns's Adam J. (Jumbo—Rowdy). Very high com, Winlawn Kennels' Hildebert (Little Nero—Hilda V.). High com., Winlawn Kennels' Hector (Nevison—Venus); James Barker's Mej (Frank—Flop). *Bitches*: 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess (Crown Prince—Nina); 2d, Ashmont Kennels' Bal Gal. Very high com., Winlawn Kennels' Rosalind (Crown Prince—Lady Rowena). High com., Ashmont Kennels' Juno (Turco—Queen II.); Winlawn Kennels' Liberty (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness). *Puppies*: 1st and very high com., Winlawn Kennels' Minerva and Scipio (Homer—Queen II.).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs*: 1st, H. Weinhardt's Turk. Com., H. C. Dinklake's Carlo (—— —Nelly). *Bitches*: 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Bertha (Bruno—Elsa); 2d, withheld. *Puppies*: 1st and high com., R. J. Sawyer's Noma and Clio (Cantoni—Mona).—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs*: 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (Rex—Alma); 2d, J. Hick's Mark Anthony (Fido—Rosary). High com., F. D. Emerson's Rex (Sultan—Finnette). *Bitches*: Withheld. *Puppies*: 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Kobold (Hermit—Alma); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Keeper (Mentor II.—Brunhild). High com., Mill Brook Kennels' Girola (Cæsar—Daphne II.).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Major. Very high com., J. S. Carter's Ponto.

SPANIELS.—IRISH WATER—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, R. B. Morgan's Sinbad II. (Sinbad—Queen). *Bitches*: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, C. B. Rodes's King Slash (Pat—Tide); 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Club's Mack (Mike—Judy). Very high com., John R. Daniel's Pat (—— —Fanny). High com., W. R. Huntington's Texas (Barney———). *Bitches*: 1st, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Club's Juda (Barney—Judy); 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Club's Tipsey (Barney—Irish Nell). FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, A. Laidlaw's Toronto Jet (Nigger—Belle); 2d, W. Reiring's Lucky. BLACK COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (Obo—Chloe II.). *Bitches*: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jack (Dandy—Spider) only entry. *Bitches*: 1st, W. O. Partridge's Helen (A.K.R. 654); 2d, A. Laidlaw's Dido (Bengal—Rose). *Puppies*: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Belle (Silk—Woodstock Flirt).—OTHER THAN BLACK.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, A. Laidlaw's Sport (Jet—Daisy). *Bitches*: No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; equal 2d, A. Laidlaw's Dart (Sport———); and C. W. Sander's Bob (Dan—Nellie). *Bitches*: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Ruby (Brahmin—Sim's bitch); 2d, withheld. *Puppies*: withheld.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, S. A. Kaye's Mermaid (Joe—Nellie); 2d, Geo. W. Kierstead's Barnum (Monday—Maryland).

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, H. W. Smith's Memnon (Caliph—Polly). *Bitches*: Prize, Fan (Bucaneer—Folly).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, G. W. Rodenberg's Dash; 2d, H. W. Smith's Ben (Cremorne—Lioness). Very high com., E. W. Murphy's Doctor (imported dog—Fannie). High com., A. C. John's Captain (Ivory—Flora); Monteith Kennels' Major (Ranger—Lady); A. E. Heighway's Prince (Major—Fannie). *Bitches*: 1st, A. E. Heighway, Jr.'s Queen (Major—Fannie); 2d, Mike Schrank's Daisy (Sport—Queen). Very high com., Capt. Jas. Thompson's Maud S. (Sport—Gipsy). High com., Monteith Kennels' Lady (Ranger—Lady). *Puppies*: 1st, Miss Ellison's Lufra (Dash—Fly). Very high com., Monteith Kennels' Dave (Major— ——); E. Harrold's Skelper (Dash—Fly). Com., E. Semple's Lady (Major—Maud); G. C. Brownall's Queen (Major—Maud); E. Harrold's Spring (Dash—Fly).

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, Clovernook Kennels' Mac (Paddy—Lassie). *Bitches*: Prize, Clovernook Kennels' Perth (Gillie—Lufra).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Judge N. Longworth's Dart (Lance—Lorna); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Heather (Clansman—Countess). *Bitches*: Only entry absent.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Robin Hood. *Bitches*: 1st, L. Runninsland's Girl, only entry.—SHAGGY—*Dogs*: 1st, E. H. Howard's Trinket (Billy—Clara); 2d and very high com., E. H. Howard's Clipper and Pierce (John—Dido). *Bitches*: 1st, E. H. Howard's Lana (John—Dido); 2d, E. H. Howard's Tot (Dick—Cloudy). High com., E. H. Howard's Maud (Dick—Gip). Com., E. H. Howard's Whitney (Billy—Clara).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. C. E. White's Mort (King Pat—Old Sis). *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. C. E. White's Bonnie (Searcher—May Belle); 2d, Chas. Schwein's Marjory (Duke—Midget). Very high com., F. J. D'Arcy's Linnie. Com., J. Moerlein's Gypsy (Spot—Beauty). *Puppies*: 1st and high com., Chas. Schwein's Maud and Minnie (Duke—Midget); 2d, Mrs. C.E. White's Myrtle (Rustler—Bonnie). Very high com., Louis Ruehl's Topsy (Duke—Dilly).

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Seitner's Countess (Nero—Lota).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, B. F. Seitner's Prince (Bergman—Gretchen); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Wallexie (Waldman K.—Fraulein Waldeck). Very high com., H. Goodman's Waldine III. (Bergman—Gretchen). Com., D. R. Herrick's Waldeman Ray (Waldeman K.—Fraulein).

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, J. A. Long's Rob Roy (Champaign—Nellie). *Bitches*: No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Miss Lillie Downey's Gordan (Robin Adair—Lassie). *Bitches*: Equal 1st, J. A. Long's Nellie (Carlyle— — -) and J. E. Dougherty's Nellie D. (A.K.R. 1922); 2d, J. E. Dougherty's Bessie B. (A.K.R. 1914) *Puppies*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Lassie Girl.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale (Joker—Ella); 2d, A. N. Spencer's Raby Tyrant (Baliff II.—Peach). Very high com., W. R. Bingham's Vakul (Volo—Spiteful). *Bitches*: 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Clover Blossom (Catesby—Puzzle); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Clover Blossom (Belgrave Tony—Tricksey). Very high com., W. B. Bruckner's Spot; J. A. B. Scarsborough's Mossy (Bitters—Moss). WIRE-HAIRED—1st, L. H. Baldwin's Venom (Old Veteran—Vice); 2d, L. H. Baldwin's Foiler (Pincher—Venom).

BULL TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Chas. R. Taylor's Young Bill (Bill—Dutch); 2d, Associated Fanciers' Saxon (Young Royal—Empress). Very high com., Geo. Keller's Gypsy (Joey—Lady). *Bitches*: 1st, L. King's Jessie G. (Jeff—Jess). *Puppies*: 1st, L. King's Peg (Braid—Floe).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—No awards.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Waltz. Very high com., C. Schwemberger's Fan Herbert, Bennie Bonner and Nellie Herbert. *Bitches*: 1st, withhdld; 2d, —— Rags (Dick—Nellie Herbert).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Mrs. I. Engelhart's Paddy. High com., Charles Schwemberger's Brendamour (Sir Robert—Fan Herbert). Com., J. Engelhart's Fritz (Tommy—Topsy).

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. James H. Naylor's Rosie (Tony Dodd—Rosa); 2d, John H. Naylor's Scotland Yet (Robert le Diable—Rosie).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. John H. Naylor's Pansy (Minstrel Boy—Linnet); 2d, Mrs. John H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton (Border Minstrel—Wee Miss). High com., Associated Fanciers' Brinnie (Peel—Kelpie).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, W. S. Jackson's Elswick Lad II. (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.).

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. J. Thompson's Leon.

GREAT DANES.—1st, August Trinkle's Brock; 2d, Paul Merker's Pluto (Rolf—Cora). Very high com., August Trinkle's Flora.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: Prize, G. Gillivan's Treasure (Fritz—Banjo). *Bitches*: Prize, Harry L. Goodman's Bo Peep (Fritz—Minnie May).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jennie); 2d, Dr. W. F. Harper's Pug. High com., J. Engelhart's Roderick II. (Roderick—May). *Bitches*: 1st, withheld; 2d, G. W. Garrard's Lady Elizabeth. *Puppies*: 1st, G. Gillivan's Peggy (Joe—Flora).

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. John Grandy's Dot (—— —Nellie); 2d, Chas. Dickhant's Fly (Czar—Fannie). Very high com., A. W. Hitch's Dot (Tipp—Pippy). High com., Miss Alice McGraw's Daisy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Charlie; 2d, H. Mulertt's Lura.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. Englehart's Puck (Silk Socks—Naughty); 2d, H. Detmering's Dolly. High com., J. Engelhart's Pearl (Sport—Pearl).

POODLES.—1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. D. H. Stone's Lill.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Peter Schwan's Hans and Arthur LeBoutillier's Mix; 2d, Mrs. John J. O'Connell's Bonita.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best kennel of six St. Bernards, Mill Brook Kennels. Best kennel of six mastiffs, Ashmont Kennels. Best greyhound, Memnon. Best kennel of five cocker spaniels, Andrew Laidlaw. Best collie in open

classes, Gordan. Best St. Bernard owned in Cincinnati, Rex Best English setter puppy, Lady Rock. Best Irish or Gordon setter in open classes, Duke. Best English setter in open classes. Juno A Best greyhound owned in Cincinnati, Dash. Best decorated kennel of dog owned by lady, Mrs. I. Engelhart's Paddy. Best non-sporting dog in open classes owned by a lady in Hamilton county, O., or Newport or Covington, Ky., Paddy. Best sporting dog, same conditions, Lamplighter. Best Irish setter bitch puppy, Noreen IV. Best pointer in open classes, Robert le Diable. Best greyhound in open classes, Dash. Best bull terrier in open classes, Leon. Best stud pointer, no entry. Best greyhound in champion class, Memnon. Greyhound making highest leap, Queen. Best Irish water spaniel, King Slash. Best pointer puppy in Hamilton county, Sister Best pointer puppy, Bow Faust. Best English setter puppy, Lady Rock. Best setter in open classes owned in Hamilton county, Stanton. Best pointer in open classes owned in Hamilton county, Lamplighter. Best kennel of St. Bernards, Mill Brook Kennels Best kennel of mastiffs, Ashmont Kennels. Best kennel English setters, no entries. Best toy dog in open classes owned in Hamilton county or Newport or Covington, Ky., Dot. Best pug dog, same conditions, Roderick II. Best Great Dane, same conditions, Brock. Best black and tan terrier, same conditions, Dot. Best dog in miscellaneous class, same conditions, Mex.

THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret that Mr. Mortimer should feel aggrieved at my having placed his record (?) in the hands of the public. In protecting owners of dogs against "bagman" judges, "who career about the country palming off on the easy-going or uninitiated committees their damaged stock of mental wares," I had no intention of wounding supersensitive feelings or hurting sham pride.

Mr. Mortimer appears to have mistaken my object in replying to his last letter. It never was my intention to carry on a prolonged discussion with the W. K. C.'s employes, but now that Mr. Mortimer says he intends to "propound for Mr. Mason's special perusal a few questions on certain dogs," I feel disposed to continue the controversy, believing as I do that Mr. Mortimer's queries will be the means of eliciting a stock of information about certain shady transactions that have taken place during the last few years.

Mr. Mortimer's resolve to get rid of temper and malice in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM is much more commendable than that of a certain person who politely invited a gentleman to step outside of Madison Square Garden, with a view of settling existing troubles in a chalk-marked ring on the sidewalk.

The heading is the only part of Mr. Mortimer's document that touches on the subject under discussion, "The Pittsburgh Piece of Paper." If I refuse to reply to his irrelevant production, a false construction is sure to be placed upon my silence, and deliberate falsehoods may be mistaken for facts. Mr. Mortimer's imperious policy is as much lost upon me as was his policy of coercion in the New Haven dog show business. In a letter to the New Haven Club he said: "In judging at shows like yours, when there would be other judges, I would only undertake the following classes: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers and bull-terriers; had I these classes I would be willing to take greyhounds or any other classes the committee might wish." Considerate Mr. Mortimer! Never owned a sporting dog in his life, and is willing to judge all the dogs in a show. Will he please reconcile the contents of the above letter with the following notice from the Philadelphia Kennel Club? FOREST AND STREAM, April 23, 1885: "The judges so far selected for the May show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club are as follows: * * * James Mortimer, Esq., New York, deerhounds, greyhounds, pugs, poodles and miscellaneous classes." The game of "bluff" is played out, and Mr. Mortimer is beginning to realize that a record is of some value, and that even James Mortimer, Esq., cannot get along without one now that "the influence that put him into the judges' ring and kept him there no longer exists." Let us dissect Mr. Mortimer's "cold facts." He says I proposed to raffle Blister, and for that purpose placed him on exhibition in a liquor store, that the dog made a "savage" attack on the bartender, and succeeded in destroying the latter's trouser's, and that the bartender shot the great champion and founder of Mr. Mortimer's record (?) and then held me responsible for the damaged garment.

May I "respectfully approach Mr. James Mortimer on the leeward side, so as not to get between the wind and his nobility," and ask him what that has got to do with "The Pittsburgh Piece of Paper," or with the superb cheek in undertaking to judge all the dogs in a show when, as the record proves, he is not qualified to judge one class? Mr. Mortimer's last "version" is another per-"version" of the truth. The facts as regards Blister are as follows: A real estate agent, who was transacting business for me, one day found himself the owner of a billiard and wine rooms. He put a man in to manage the business, until such time as he could dispose of it, and asked me if I could let him have a dog to guard the premises at night. I had just had the misfortune to become the owner of Mr. James Mortimer's champion bulldog Blister, and was not very long in learning that he was not quite the sort of beast to take into a kennel of valuable dogs. Consequently I handed him over to the agent with a word of advice to keep an eye on him. At the same time I asked him to sell the dog for $50, if anybody wanted him. I believed the price to be reasonable, seeing that Mr. Mortimer had previously disposed of the dog for the modest sum of $200. Well! Nobody cared to pay $50 for Mr. Mortimer's great champion, and an individual who said he would take him at $25 never came for him. Finally somebody proposed to raffle the brute, but it never came off. It is not true that the bartender held me responsible for a damaged garment. I had nothing to do with the dog from the day I loaned him to the agent. Mr. Mortimer's statement that Blister was "troubled with a villainous temper" is correct. But why didn't Mr. Mortimer tell us where the brute was educated? and why did he not inform "Mr. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., the enthusiastic breeder and exhibitor of bulldogs" about it, before Mr. Thayer paid him for the "very cheap dog?"

Mr. Mortimer will please pardon me for refusing to discuss either tumble-down buildings liquor, or bartenders. Mr. Mortimer's experience with such things, extending over a number of years, gives him a decided advantage over an opponent, and I never undertake to write on subjects I am not familiar with. How would it be for Mr. James Mortimer to adopt a similar resolution? Mr. Mortimer again states that he has carefully studied the records of the English Stud Book, and cannot find an instance where I have won a first prize with a pointer that I have bred, and a little further on he writes, "I have already shown by the English Kennel Club Stud Book that Mr. Mason never bred a pointer which he had exhibited successfully in England." Again I tell Mr. Mortimer that he never has studied the English Stud Book, or that he states what he knows to be false. My name runs through the stud books from the first volume (1859 to 1874) down to 1881. If Mr. Mortimer will turn to Vol. IV., he will find the following entry, and he can have some others if he is not satisfied, or if I have not succeeded in showing that what he writes is almost as unreliable as his judging: "6059. Viscount—Mr. C. H. Mason's, Higngate House, near Bradford, Yorkshire; breeder, owner; whelped Feb. 9, 1874; color, lemon and white, evenly marked head and lightly marked on body. Pedigree; by Sultan (No. 1025, Vol. I.) out of Pride (No. 1265, Vol. I.). Chief Performance: Birmingham, first prize, and twenty-eight prizes and cups at local shows."

Nobody will expect an apology from Mr. Mortimer, but it will be amusing to watch him "creep out." Mr. Mortimer says I condemn him "as a judge" because he has not been an "extensive breeder of dogs." Nothing of the sort. Mr. Mortimer never was a judge. His business in England prevented him keeping dogs, and he was never known either as a breeder, exhibitor or owner. Let him deny it if he can. In America he has a worse record than almost any other man. Fifteen prizes all told, and not one of them taken by a better dog than Blister. Let him deny it if he can

Mr. Mortimer says that the fact of a man's name being given in three standard works as a successful exhibitor and breeder proves nothing, and to support his argument he shows that the author of one book is my enemy. Vero Shaw stated that I am one of the oldest and most successful breeders because I am his enemy. Great man this Mr. James Mortimer. Will he please tell us how Mr. Dalziel, who is my friend, managed to get my name into "British Dogs"? If Shaw introduced my name because I am his enemy, why in the name of common sense did Dalziel give the name of a friend? It's just like Mr. James Mortimer to begin preaching about "the noble pointer." He has been with the W. K. C. about twenty-five minutes and of course he is a judge. Why not?

Mr. Mortimer's statement that I am not a breeder and not even a lover of dogs, etc., may be passed without comment. The record is the best denial of such malicious falsehoods. But then Mr. Mortimer says a record is good for nothing, because he can't show one. Mr. Mortimer has never been asked to consider me a judge, but I thank him for having told people that "Mason is much the best judge in America." What a splendid indorsement! But how does Mr. Mortimer know when a man is or is not a judge? Mr. Mortimer's irrelevant production is answered, and I now request his attention to my letter of April 23:

"When giving his first version, Mr. Mortimer said: 'The whole affair was so trivial that he had forgotten it.' If Mr. Mortimer had 'forgotten it,' why should any one believe him when he says my statement is 'false and exaggerated.' It is not the custom of gentlemen to accuse people of falsehood, and especially when they admit they don't know what they are talking about. Will Mr. Mortimer state over his own signature that this 'self-assorted authority' has never coached him on other occasions? Does Mr. Mortimer remember the little show held in Chicago under the auspices of Messrs. Lincoln, Olcott and a Chicago editor?

"Mr. Mortimer has 'carefully studied the English records.' but failed to find where I have been a successful exhibitor with any dog which I have bred. Mr. Mortimer must have been mixing matters, and appears to have mistaken his own record for mine.

"Now for Mr. Mortimer's record. In England he never exhibited a dog, was never known to have bred one, and some people say never owned one. In America he never showed a better dog than Blister, an animal that I sold for $25. I have not had very much trouble in looking up a complete record of prizes won by Mr. Mortimer, and here it is. As a breeder of dogs he is unknown:

Breed of Dog.	Champion and first prizes.	Second Prizes.	No. of prizes won with each breed.
Bulldog	7	..	7
Bull-terrier	3	3	6
Fox-terrier	1	..	1
Pug	1	..	1
	12	3	15

I must not ignore the fact that there is just one dog entered in the English Stud Books, which may at some time have been owned by Mr. James Mortimer. Here it is: "No. 4961. Dismal Jemmy (late Lucky Sixpence)."

Mr. Mortimer concludes his masterly work with a quotation from a foreign paper. There is lots of good reading nearer home, and if Mr. Mortimer will refer to the *Sporting Life* of this week he will find some of it. CHAS. H. MASON.

MAY 11, 1885.

CANINE THERAPEUTICS.

UNDER the title "Dogs; Their Management and Treatment in Disease," "Ashmont" gives us one of the most valuable treatises on canine management and therapeutics that has appeared on this side of the water. In his preface the author states succinctly the object of his work. He says: "The rapid advancement in science has wrought many changes in the principles and practice of medicine; added new remedies to the resources of the physician; exploded many old theories, and dissipated countless fancies and prejudices * * * No finished treatise is attempted * * * * but in simple, comprehensive language and expression, on these pages are described the prominent appearances in disease, and the manner of applying remedies, sustained largely by the results of personal observation."

The author's aim is rigidly adhered to throughout the pages which follow. In the first chapter he deals with the care of puppies after weaning, and with the general management of dogs in health under the following headings: Feeding, Exercise, Washing, Kennel Arrangements, Grooming and Vermin. Under "Feeding" he remarks that in health "the instinctive desire of animals for certain substances is the surest indication that they are in reality required for the nutritive process." This is in entire accord with physiological principles as applied to man, but it is true only within certain limits. He goes on to say that the diet should be varied, but that meat should always enter into it as a prime factor. In this we cannot altogether agree with him. It must not be forgotten that there is a vast difference between a dog in a state of nature and one which for many thousand years has been man's assistant, companion and friend. The wolf or wild dog is continually seeking food. With this sole object in view he undertakes long journeys, and is constantly on the move. The enormous amount of exercise thus taken keeps him constantly hungry. If he can obtain food he gorges himself with it, because he does not know when he will again be able to eat. Under such conditions the dog or wolf requires concentrated nourishment in the form of meat, and in his most remote descendants this craving remains. But the conditions of the animal's life are wholly changed. No longer forced by hunger to wander over the country, it has lost its gauntness, its look of constant alertness, its desire to be ever on the move. It is now a pet and favorite, receives its meals regularly, runs perhaps a mile or two each day, but it has still the appetite of its ancestors, and will still, if the opportunity occurs, gorge itself on meat. But this meat the changed conditions of the dog's existence make no longer a necessity, it is rather a positive injury to the animal for it is often not properly assimilated. Under the other headings of this chapter many practical suggestions are given.

Chapter second is one of the most useful in the volume, dealing, as it does, in the more common varieties of poisons which may be swallowed, such as arsenic, strychnine, carbolic acid, phosphorus, mercury and the lead salts. Some rules of vital importance are laid down in his general methods of treating such as, first, "get rid of the poison;" second, "stop its action;" third, "remedy the mischief it has done." On page 16 he gives a number of rules in the use of medicines, and says that every owner of kennels should at least keep the following drugs on hand: "Sulphate of zinc for emesis," "laudanum or paregoric for pain," and "chloral hydrate solution for convulsions."

Chapter three is devoted to the explanation of some of the most familiar medical terms in disease, such as pathology, diagnosis, prognosis, and a few words are added on the mode of administering drugs to our canine friends.

In chapter four he begins with the diseases of the respiratory system, first describing what the disease is pathologically, then follow in terse succession, causation, symptoms, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment.

Affections of the mouth and tongue follow in chapter five.

Chapter six is an important one, treating of diseases of the digestive system. In this chapter is found important information regarding the symptoms and treatment of these very common diseases, indigestion, diarrhœa, dysentery, constipation and stoppage.

Chapters seven, eight and nine treat respectively of the solid organs of the abdomen, urinary organs and genitals.

In chapter ten are some good prescriptions for the different diseases of the eye.

The diseases of the ear are systematically treated in chapter eleven. The anatomy of the ear is simply described and some pages are devoted to "canker," what it is, and how to treat it.

Eczema or mange in its various forms is described, together with a half dozen other less common skin diseases in chapter twelve. "Ashmont" hits the point exactly in eczema when he states that it is often a constitutional as well as local disease, and that it should be treated as such. He gives some excellent prescriptions and lines of treatment to be followed in this exceedingly common disease.

In chapter thirteen he treats of the intestinal parasites, ascaris or round worm, and tænia or tape worm, with the appropriate remedies for each.

In chapter fourteen he gives us the diseases of the nervous system. Under this heading is first found hydrophobia, which is here described in a scientific and exhaustive manner. It contains historic allusions to the ancient beliefs regarding the dread malady, and ends with a quotation from the paper of M. Pasteur read before the International Medical Congress at Copenhagen last summer. In this chapter are also found convulsion, apoplexy and chorea.

Under "General Diseases," in chapter fifteen, is found distemper. The author gives us a definition of the disease—causation and the symptoms seriatim. This is an important, perhaps the most important, portion of the work. Surgical diseases are but lightly touched, the author thinking that beyond slight injuries these troubles come within the professional province of the skilled surgeon.

As a whole this work is a most valuable addition to the literature of its kind. Its great recommendation is that it is scientific and up to date, and at the same time quite intelligible to non-medical men. Its appearance might have been improved as regards type, but this has probably been subordinated to the idea of putting the work into compact, almost pocket size.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL AND FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

PURSUANT to a call signed by a number of well-known owners and breeders of dogs resident in New Jersey, among whom were the names of Messrs. Pierre Lorillard, Percy C. Ohl, Geo. L. Wilms, E. R. Hearn, James Lindsay, J. W. Burgess, Max Wenzel, Charles J. Peshall and R. T. Greene, a large and enthusiastic meeting of sportsmen and dog owners assembled at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., on Tuesday afternoon, May 12, for the purpose of organizing an association of the breeders and owners of thoroughbred dogs of the State of New Jersey.

Among those who were present were Messrs. C. J. Peshall, J. H. Phelan, G. E. McCollam, Geo. W. La Rue, H. H. Hamilton, Percy C. Ohl, representing Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Rancocas kennels, Chas. R. Thorburn, H. C. Sherman, Geo. L. Wilms, Geo. W. McNeil, Jr., L. Livesey, James Lindsay, Max Wenzel, Prof. H. J. Rice, H. Pape, A. C. Wilmerding, L. F. Brigham and Capt. J. E. Jones.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Wilms, who said the subject of the call was to form an association composed of the dog men of New Jersey, or those who kenneled in that State, for the purpose of giving annual dog shows and field trials in the State or in other places. Mr. C. J. Peshall was chosen chairman, and Mr. Max Wenzel, secretary. On motion of Mr. Hamilton, seconded by Mr. Ohl, it was decided to call the organization "The New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club."

Mr. Ohl spoke interestingly about the plan to hold field trials every autumn in South Jersey. He said that he knew of a large tract of land where quail were as plentiful as they were out West, and that the expense of holding such trials so near at home would be very slight, and thus would enable a large number of sportsmen in this vicinity taking part in a sport which heretofore had been denied to them.

The secretary then read letters from A. P. Vredenburgh, W. W. Tucker, of the Mill Brook Kennels; K. E. Hopf, of the Hospice Kennels, and a number of other well-known dog men regretting their inability to be present.

The chair then appointed the following committee to draft a constitution. It was composed of Messrs. Ohl, La Rue, Brigham, Lindsay and Wilms. The appended constitution was submitted to the meeting, and after a lengthy discussion was unanimously adopted.

The subject of joining the American Kennel Club was talked over in an informal way, and although no action was taken, the spirit of the meeting seemed to be against any hasty action to join that association. The meeting was a protracted one and finally adjourned to assemble again on May 26, at 7:30 P. M., at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, when the election for officers will be held. The club extends a hearty invitation to the sportsmen of New Jersey to join the club, and it is thought that it can be made to be one of the most powerful organization in this country.

CONSTITUTION.

NAME.

The name of this club shall be the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this club shall be to encourage the breeding and improvement of thoroughbred dogs; to protect the interests of its members by every means within its power; to issue such publications as may be considered for the best interests of the club, and to hold bench shows and field trials.

MEMBERSHIP.

This club shall consist of an unlimited number of members; each of whom shall sign the constitution as a guarantee of good faith.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Application for membership must be made to the secretary on blanks furnished by the club for this purpose.

THE ELECTION TO MEMBERSHIP.

The power of election to membership shall rest with the executive committee, but it shall take a two-thirds vote of the members of the committee present to elect to membership. No persons elected to membership shall have their names placed on the list of members or become members until the annual fees are paid.

MANAGEMENT.

The management of this club shall be intrusted to an executive committee of fifteen members, of which the officers of the club shall be *ex-officio*, and the president shall be chairman of the committee. The said committee shall be elected at the annual meeting, to hold office one year, or until their successors are appointed. Vacancies in the membership of the executive committee, arising from any cause whatever, shall be filled by the executive committee till the next annual meeting of the club.

MEETINGS.

An annual meeting of the club shall be held in Jersey City, N. J., on the first Wednesday in March in each year. A special meeting of the club may be called by the secretary, on the written application of five members; at the same time the secretary shall notify each member of the club by mailing a

notice, stating time of meeting and the business for which such meeting is called.

OFFICERS.

The officers of this club shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, an executive committee of eleven members, and a finance committee of three to be elected by the executive committee from its members.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The president or vice-president shall preside at all meetings. The secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings of the club, shall conduct the correspondence, and have charge of and be responsible for all books and papers. The treasurer shall have charge of all moneys belonging to the club, which shall be deposited in some Jersey City bank, subject only to drafts signed by the treasurer, and countersigned by the secretary. The treasurer shall pay all bills when properly approved, and submit a report thereof to the finance committee when called upon by them to do so.

FEES.

The initiation fee shall be $5, and the annual dues $5. No member whose dues remain unpaid shall be entitled to vote at the annual meeting, and any member in arrears for dues shall not enjoy the privileges of membership until said dues are paid, and any member in arrears for dues three months shall thereby stand suspended.

EXPENSES.

Any expenses incurred by the treasurer, secretary or by the executive committee, for or in behalf of the club, shall be defrayed out of the funds of the club.

PAYMENT OF BILLS.

All bills must be presented to the treasurer, who shall have them approved by the finance committee, who shall affix their signatures and date of approval, after which the treasurer shall be authorized to pay.

DISCIPLINE.

The executive committee shall have power, by a full vote present, to suspend from membership any person who may be found guilty of fraudulent or dishonorable action in connection with dogs, and shall report the name of said member at the next annual meeting, and the cause for which such member may have been suspended, when said member may be expelled or reinstated, as the club shall decide by a majority vote. Any person violating this constitution or the rules of the club shall forfeit their membership.

REPORTS.

An annual report and abstract of the accounts, duly audited by the finance committee, shall be open to inspection of members of the club at the annual meeting.

SPECIAL.

No expenses shall be incurred by any committee of this club beyond fifty per cent. of the amount in the treasury at the last annual meeting, unless a further sum shall be voted by the club at a special meeting; and at no time shall any expense be incurred bringing the club in debt beyond the amount in the treasury.

AMENDMENTS.

No addition, alteration or amendment to this constitution shall be made except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at the regular annual meeting of the club. At least thirty days' notice of any proposed change must be given to the secretary, who shall at once notify in writing the members of the club.

THE BENCH SHOW NOVICE.

THE feelings of a novice who exhibits a dog at a bench show for the first time and gets a round "O" are not to be envied.

He always manages to reach the show bright and early on the opening day and goes carefully over the class in which his dog is entered, comparing each canine with his own. To the novice this comparison inevitably confirms the opinion formed when he entered his dog that the first or second prize will surely fall to him.

When his class is called for judging he leads his dog into the ring with a pitying glance at the other exhibitors. But after a little while he becomes convinced that the judge, for some unaccountable reason, is strongly prejudiced against his dog. No matter how cunningly he maneuvers to get the animal directly in front of the judge a passing glance is all that dignified personage will condescend to give him. A great lump comes up into his throat as he thinks of the many weeks he has spent in conditioning his dog and how he has groomed him until he has felt personally acquainted with each particular hair of his coat. And for what purpose! The judge will not even look at him closely.

At last the prizes are awarded. A dog is given "first" that the novice considers the poorest one of the class, and his own does not even get a c.

As he angrily leads his dog back to his stall he meets plenty of disappointed exhibitors who console with him. "What a shame," says one. "It is an outrage," exclaims another. "No exhibitor outside of the ring can win," chimes in a third. "Come with me and I'll show you some judging even more fraudulent than in your class," says a fourth.

This last person drags the novice down the aisle of benches before a stall in which is a dog wearing a blue ribbon, and then to one containing a dog without a card of any kind; and he is asked if he could explain how any judge could honestly prefer the former to the latter dog. The questioner is the owner of the dog who did not win. Knowing nothing of the breed in question, the novice after gazing at the two animals for full one minute answers, "It's wrong, very wrong—it's outrageous."

Brooding over his wrongs for a couple of hours he at length determines that the judge shall look at his dog, so he hunts up that much-abused person and accosts him with:

"Sir, will you look at my dog and tell me why he was not noticed."

The judge, always obliging, says "Certainly," and goes with him to the stall.

Fault after fault is pointed out to the novice (many of which the latter considers points of real merit) until at length he begins to think that the judge is actually trying to make him believe that his dog has a combination of all the bad qualities that an animal of his breed could have.

"Has my dog any good points?" ironically asks the novice finally.

"I am afraid he has but very few," replies the candid judge.

Then the novice takes his dog off the bench and after a fight with the door-keeper about the deposit money, pulls out five dollars, saying, "The show is a d—d swindle," goes home with his canine friend and under a non-de-plume berates the judge, the prize winning dogs and the show, in the sporting papers.

PAUL LOGIC.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—As the entry books for the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show are being footed up we find we will have between 500 and 500 dogs. The quality of both setters and pointers will be of the highest order, and it is a question whether such a number of cracks will ever meet together again. Several packs of foxhounds will be on exhibition and will be displayed in a circular inclosure in the center of the room. Special arrangements will be made with the railroads for carrying dogs, full particulars of which will be sent to exhibitors with their tags and identification tickets. —HOMO.

THE TORONTO DOG SHOW.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

TORONTO, Ont., May 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The best show ever held in the Dominion opened this morning. The pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, in which the show is held, is located in a splendid park, which is thrown open to exhibitors and affords the best exercising place I have ever seen at a show. There are about three hundred and sixty dogs, but a large number of entries were refused. Quality of dogs very good. In the champion setter class for dogs Rockingham beat Paris and Leicester, and in the bitch class, Belle, a good bitch, beat Liddersdale and Blue Belle. All of the judges are here. Not many mistakes so far. Among the cracks not yet judged are Memnon, Beaufort, O'Shea's hounds, Mr. Thayer's bulldogs, and others. The weather is splendid. Warmer than in New York. All running smooth. A little confusion just at first. You will see the quality is better than at any previous show held in Canada.

AWARDS TO 2 O'CLOCK P. M., MAY 13.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—*Dogs*: Frank Wiadholz's Rockingham. *Bitches*: L. H. and M. A. Smith's Belle.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, L. H. and M. A. Smith's Bristol; 2d, T. G. Davey's Prince Phœbus; 3d, F. G. Hughes's Paris III. *Bitches*: 1st, T. G. Davey's Genevieve; 2d, O. Totten's Countess Dash; 3d, O. Totten's Lady Princess. PUPPIES UNDER 12 MONTHS—*Dogs*: 1st, T. G. Davey's Jupiter; 2d, O. Totten's Rosedale. *Bitches*: 1st, George Scofield's Diana; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Nastey.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—Max Wenzel's Chief.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Robert Douglass's Comet; 2d, Max Wenzel's Chief, Jr.; 3d, Sam Stanel's Sam. *Bitches*: 1st, Max Wenzel's Yoube. No second. *Puppies*: 1st, Jas. Kennedy's Dan; 2d, J as. Stewart's Don.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS,—1st, H. E. Kerstemann's Rocky; 2d, John Fitzgerald's Torey.

CLUMBERS.—1st, C. E. Robinson's Judy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—BLACK OR LIVER, 28LBS. AND OVER—J. Luckwell's Bob, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Kelly's Lad o' Devon; 2d, G. C. Thompson's Raven; 3d, John Wilson's Beau II. *Bitches*: 1st, J. A. Roche's Fan II.; 2d, John Wilson and R. Tinning, Jr.'s Strathaven.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, A. Pearce's Sappho; 2d, James Gower's Jumbo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—UNDER 28LBS., BLACK—*Dogs*: 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Rex; 3d, Henry Talford's Black Graf. *Bitches*: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Belle; 2d, James Luckwell's Woodland Queen; 3d, J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Gipsey.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Dart; 2d, F. E. Curtis's Sport; 3d, Geo. H. McFarlane's Drum.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—*Dogs*: Raby Tyrant. *Bitches*: Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, John E. Thayer's Surprise; 2d, D. G. Booth's Venator; 3d, W. M. Langdon's Brokenhurst Reveller. *Bitches*: 2d, W. R. Bingham's Daisy; 3d, W. M. Langdon's Flirt.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, A. St. G. Boulton's Bristles; 2d, J. Richmond's Jasper. *Puppies*: 1st, J. Thayer's Di; 2d, W. R. Bingham's Blanch.

MASTIFFS —*Dogs*: 1st, C. H. Mason's Nevison; 2d, Hugh Scott's Nelson. *Bitches*: 1st, C. H. Mason's Miss Nevison; 2d, H. J. L. Lawes's Norah.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Burgess's First Choice. 2d, Fred W. Rothera's Priam. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Fred W. Rothera's Daphne and Orta. X.

A CLOSE CALL FOR SCOTTIE.—Napier, New Zealand, March 22.—Placidly perusing FOREST AND STREAM to-day, I am incited by a column of remarkable shots to narrate a little incident which occurred some thirteen years ago, when I was managing one of the largest sheep and cattle runs in the Province of Otago, in the South Island of this colony. One morning the station butchers told me that some sheep were wanted in the yard for killing, and it happened that the only dog then at the home station was a clever, but capricious old collie of my own, named Scottie, who rarely did any work. The killing wethers were, however, in a thirty-acre paddock, and I essayed to get them into the yards: but Scottie was in one of his inoperative moods and made a hash—in fact, several hashes—winding up with a dead failure of the performance; with the final result that, having got a (not very severe) thrashing, he retired from public view, and that I instructed the butchers to run in a bullock to kill. On my return in the evening old Scottie came sheepishly up to me after the manner of the average "chidden hound;" and, on inspection, I found that he had received a fearful wound, which at first sight appeared to be right through the middle of his neck, but which after inspection showed to have just missed the vital parts. I questioned all the men about the place, but they, with one consent, at first pleaded total ignorance. Eventually, however, the stockman admitted that the first shot he fired at the bullock missed the mark, and that, immediately on the shot, old Scottie had jumped up howling from a little grassy hillock not many yards off and about in the line of fire, where he was lying unnoticed, and had run away. This was all the evidence I could collect, but there could be no moral doubt that the bullet went through that dog's neck. Strange to relate, no serious injury was inflicted; the wound sloughed for some time and gradually healed, and the old dog's spirits and appetite were but little affected.—L. M.

ENGLISH AND NATIVE FOXHOUNDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that "Homo" wants the standard for judging foxhounds changed, and I heartily agree with him. For my part I should as soon start out to drive a fox over granite hills with a pack of yearling calves as with English foxhounds, but for thoroughbred city fox hunters they are just the thing, as a tame fox or an anise bag is not hard to catch, and the excitement of not letting your horse stumble over them is immense. I have one of them with a pedigree a yard long, about a year old, and as like those shown at the last Boston show as can be, and he is a worker and will make a good show dog, but never will be able to keep in hearing of the best of my hounds, which are part Byron and the others the same style dogs as Dixie Jim and Topsey, shown at Boston. I did think of entering mine, but when I saw the prize winners I was glad I did not, for they would not have been noticed, though between Oct. 1 and Dec. 10, twenty-seven foxes were killed ahead of them. For an open country I presume the English hound may suit, but I would like to see how far a pack of them would drive an old dog fox on Monadnock Mountain, where a fox need not step on anything but ledge for a mile at a time, and the music from some of our native hounds on those hard spots is little like the English yelp. I hope we can have a different standard; if not, good foxhounds will be scarce at dog shows.—H. C. NEWELL.

"THE PUG MUST GO."—Must he? The Boston *Beacon* has said it, but not Beacon street. Puggie must go—yes, from England to America, and for the price of $100 to $500, to delight the hearts and homes of his new owners in every case. All who know puggie for what he really is, the happy, good-natured, thoroughly sweet tempered, devoted friend and companion of children, the waggish, merry pet of their elders, the alert little watchman, the amusing, fearless enemy of tramps and vagabonds, all who know puggie smile at the idea that his popularity is on the wane. We grant the exquisite beauty of the silky-coated Prince Charlies and Blenheims during the brief period when those troublesome coats are at their very glossiest and best, but memory recalls the handsomest specimen we ever owned clinging by his sharp little teeth to the nose of our little sister, and the picture is no more pleasing than was the real incident years ago. Silly masters or mistresses can make fools of dogs, and there must be a percentage of stupidity among our canine friends to keep pace with humanity, but let us not insult little puggie by supposing his whole race stupid. His bright, beautiful eyes and quick movements do not belie his intelligence, and though his countenance is black and wrinkled, his temper is as smooth and serene as ours ought to be. Do not malign puggie.—CONSTANT READER.

COLLIE AWARDS AT ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis, May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the report of the St. Louis show contained in your last issue, there is an error in the placing of the awards in the open bitch class for collies. First went to Nellie instead of Flyaway, as appears in your report. Second to Madge Wildfire, vhc. to Flyaway, and hc. to Kate. All are owned by me, and while I esteem Flyaway as a very fair collie, yet the others are a long way in front of her.—J. A. LONG.

A RETRIEVER.—Weldon, N. C.—A few days ago I went to my trout lines and got a catfish off of one of the hooks. I threw it on the bank. When I got ashore I bade my seven months old puppy to bring it to me, and to my great surprise he took it up and brought it as gracefully as if it had been an old cock partridge. I then broke its fins off and sent it up to town to my father's office. Every one that saw it said it was hard to beat for a puppy.—TAR HEEL.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. E. P., Cleveland.—My Scotch collie, 18 months old, has some trouble with his eyes. They seem weak, and at times there is a watery discharge from the corners, and at other times, especially mornings, the discharge is thick, but never very profuse. The light appears to hurt him, and he keeps his eyes closed or partially so either when out in the sun or by gas light. The eyes seem inflamed, but I cannot see that the lids are swollen. Has been troubled for two months. His hair has come out a little all winter, but he appears to have a good coat. Otherwise appears well, good appetite, very playful and active. Ans. As a general tonic give your collie five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in his food. Keep it up for three weeks. Your dog has ophthalmia. Wash eyes twice daily with a sponge and warm water. Try the following wash: Ten grains of borax to one ounce camphor water. Apply with dropper four or five times daily. If this does not benefit, use a mild solution of nitrate of silver, two grains to the ounce of water, and apply with camel's hair brush once daily.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Conn. By W. T. Newton, Brookline, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 17, 1884, by Major (Keno—Madge) out of Primrose (Elcho—Zelda).

May Eye See. By Lehigh Kennels, Lehighton, Pa., for English setter bitch, whelped March 24, 1885 (Romeo—Lara).

Dottie Dimple. By Samuel Clark, Kennebunk, Me., for imported Skye terrier bitch, whelped April 12, 1882.

Dandy. By Jas. Bennett, Boston, Mass., for imported Skye terrier dog, whelped Feb. 16, 1882.

Loyos. By Victor M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pa., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1884, by A. E. Sherman's Nep out of Josie.

Belgrave Jockie, Belle and Fairy. By W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y., for fox-terriers, one dog and two bitches, whelped Feb. 15, 1885 (Mixture—Nettie).

Metis. By Thomas Bratson, Newark, N. J., for orange and white pointer bitch, age not given, by Bon Ton (A.K.R. 1436) out of I. E. Decker's May.

Darkey. By Geo. W. Fisher, Luzerne, Pa., for pug bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1884, by Don Juan out of Chloe.

Count On-him. By L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for white, black and tan English setter, whelped March 28, 1885, by Blue Dick (Blue Dash—Jolly May) out of Burlesque (Belton—Rose).

Hero, Rebel and Custer. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for black and tan, red and chestnut and tan dachshund dogs, whelped March 14, 1885, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of Babette (Bock—Waldine).

Gust, George, Otto, Louise, Mina and Flora II. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for one black and tan and two red dachshund dogs and one black and tan and two red bitches, whelped April 12, 1885, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of Crawl (Waldmann—Waldine).

Faust Jr., Crook, Dove, Lilly and Chet. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for two red dachshund dogs and one black and tan and two chestnut and tan bitches, whelped April 21, 1885, by imported Bergmann out of Diana (Waldmann II.—Babette).

Planter. By Jas. L. Anthony, New York, for liver pointer dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1880, by Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation (A.K.R. 217) out of Black Rose.

Graphic Kennels. By James L. Anthony, New York, for his kennel of pointers.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Brimstone—Buckellew. Field Trial Kennels' (New York) English setter bitch Brimstone (A.K.R. 29) to their Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), April 23.

Jolly Daisy—Buckellew. Field Trial Kennels' (New York) English setter bitch Jolly Daisy (A.K.R. 955) to their Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), May 1.

Bessy—Bunny. Haven Doe's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) beagle bitch Bessy (A.K.R. 1117) to his Bunny (A.K.R. 1118), April 29.

Nelly—Donald II. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nelly (Tam O'Shanter—Nelly II.) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), April 30.

Frost—Dashing Rover. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Frost to Dashing Rover (Count Wind'em—Norna).

Leah—Dashing Rover. Dr. W. A Strothers' (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Leah (Gladstone—Frost) to Dashing Rover (Count Wind'em—Norna).

Wallixie—Prince. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) dachshund bitch Wallixie (Waldman K.—Fraulein Waldeck) to his Prince, April 27.

Viola—Nip. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Viola (Sensation—Lilly) to G. F. Jordan's imported Nip (Pilkington's Lake—Duke of Portland's Juno), April 17.

Leo—Dan. The Elm City Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) greyhound bitch Leo to their Dan (Hector—Beauty), April 21.

Dora—Don. C. R. Bernard's cocker spaniel bitch Dora (Romeo—Dora) to Elm City Kennels' Don (Dot—Floss), May 3.

Countess—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Countess (Sensation—Lass) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), April 8.

Lotta—Bang Bang. John Vail's pointer bitch Lotta to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R 694).

Pocahontas—Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York) pointer bitch Pocahontas to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), April 24.

Lady Croxteth—Bang Bang. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), April 27.

Trinket—Bang Bang. E. F. Stoddard's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Trinket to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), May 2.

Lassie—Robert le Diable. Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 208) to E. C. Sterling's Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway), May 2.

Princess Pearl—Gladstone. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Princess Pearl (A.K.R. 1460) to champion Gladstone, April 20.

Dottie Dimple—Dandy. Samuel Clark's (Kennebunk, Me.) imported Skye terrier bitch Dottie Dimple to James Bennett's Dandy, April 23.

Darkey—Boggey. George W. Fisher's (Luzerne, Pa.) pug bitch Darkey (Don Juan—Chloe) to John Mahoney's imported Boggey, April 27.

Kate Claxton—Dulier Bey. A. J. Crovatt's (Brunswick, Ga.) English setter bitch Kate Claxton (Guy Mannering—Flash) to A. Wylly's Dulier Bey (Druid—Princess Draco), April 6.

Lady Bell—Robin Adair. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Bell (A.K.R. 1788) to their Robin Adair (Faust—Madge), March 21.

Lady Bang—Donald II. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698) to their Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), April 20.

Terry—Dutch, Jr. H. L. Gillon's (Chester, N. H.) bull-terrier bitch Terry to T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887), April 23.

Nellie—Dutch, Jr. E. S. Porter's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie (Rover—Kit II.) to T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887), March 8.

Congo—Waldmann II. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn) dachshund bitch Congo (Scamp—Tdora) to his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), March 18.

Juliette—Waldmann II. Geo. Poppert's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Juliette (Unser Fritz—Waldine), to Wm. Loeffler's Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), April 2.

Venom III.—Spice. F. O. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Venom III. to Clovernook Kennels' champion Spice (Belgrave Joe—Clove).

The Banshee—Roderick Dhu. C. B. Gilbert's (New Haven, Conn.) deerhound bitch The Banshee (A.K.R. 1228) to Dr. W. H. Carmalt's Roderick Dhu (Lufra—Mona), May 7.

Juno—Paul Gladstone. Jerry Cockrell's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Juno (Rake—Fanny) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Clara F.—Paul Gladstone. Miami Kennels' (Madiera, O.) English setter bitch Clara F. (Lofty—Prairie Belle) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), April 26.

Belle—Paul Gladstone. Vaiden & Houston's (Uniontown, Ala.) English setter bitch Belle (Count Rapier—Reign) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), April 17.

Lill—Count Rapier. W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Lill (Harry Elgin—Nellie) to his Count Rapier (A.K.R. 498), May 4.

Molly Bawn—Glen Rock. I. Yearsly, Jr.'s (Coatesville, Pa.) English setter bitch Molly Bawn (Lincoln—Kirby) to Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), May 5.

Nellie—Planter. Jas. L. Anthony's (New York) pointer bitch Nellie to his Planter (Sensation—Black Rose), April 12.

Belle—Ringwood. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Belle (Darwin—Millie) to his Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202), May 8.

Brenda—Nevison. J. A. S. Gregg's (New York) mastiff bitch Brenda (A.K.R. 1139) to C. H. Mason's champion Nevison (Gurth—Juno), March 14.

Kittie—Count Fritz. Field Trial Kennels' (New York) English setter bitch Kittie (Laverack Chief—Zarrah) to their Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny), April 7.

Shot—Gyp. Dr. M. F. Young's (Littleton, N. H.) beagle bitch Shot to N. Elmore's Gyp (Racket—Fly), April 21.

Silver—Gyp. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Silver (Flute—Bess) to his Gyp (Racket—Fly), May 6.

Trinket—Ringwood. John Morroway's (Southington, Conn.) beagle bitch Trinket (Flute—Queen) to N. Elmore's imported Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202), May 5.

Curfew—Mainspring. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) imported pointer bitch Curfew to their Mainspring (Mike—Romp), April 8.

Reeta—Glencho. Claire Reeta Kennels' (Troy, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Reeta (A.K.R. 1303) to champion Glencho, April 15.

Romaine—Glencho. G. T. Wells's (Faulkner, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Romaine (A.K.R. 688) to champion Glencho, April 24.

Nell of Efford—Graphic. Jas. L. Anthony's (New York) pointer bitch Nell of Efford (Don Juan—Kate) to his champion Graphic (E.K.C.S.B. 13,366 , May 7.

Maud—Royal Ranger. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Maud (Hartley's Rake—Pera) to his Royal Ranger (Royal IV.—Novel).

Hops—Priam. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) pointer bitch Hops (Mike—Romp) to Sir T. B. Leonard's Priam (E.K.C.S.B. 8, 124), April 12.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Fanny. Geo. Sanderson's (Moncton, N. B.) imported prick-eared Skye terrier bitch Fanny, April 6, two dogs, by his imported Watty.

Nancy Lee. Alfred Heald's (Lancaster, Mass.) pointer bitch Nancy Lee, April 17, seven (four dogs), by Locust Grove Kennels' Dean (Sensation—Daisy Dean).

Morning Star. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), April 25, seven (four dogs), by Gun (Gladstone—May B.); all black, white and tan.

Countess. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) basset hound bitch Countess, April 17, eight (four dogs), by imported Nemours.

Bas Bleu. Old North State Kennels' (Weldon, N. C.) English setter bitch Bas Bleu (Dashing Berwyn—Dolly Varden), May 3, nine (six dogs), by Count Rake II. (Rake—Meg Merrilies).

Beauty. Old North State Kennels' (Weldon, N. C.) English setter bitch Beauty (Sussex—Grace), April 21, nine (five dogs), by Count Rake II. (Rake—Meg Merrilies).

Nelley. Oscar Greene's (Somerville, N. J.) beagle bitch Nelley (A.K.R 234), April 27, five (three dogs), by his Joy (A.K.R. 140).

Bellona. Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Bellona (A.K.R. 204), April 14, eleven (five dogs), by their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394); all lemon and white.

Maida. Westminster Kennel Club's poinler bitch Maida, May 3, eleven, by their Tramp (Sensation—Psyche); six lemon and white and five liver and white.

Luckystone. Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory—Moonstone), May 5, ten (three dogs), by their champion Sensation (A.K.R. 217); all liver and white.

Topsy. F. G. Stewart's (Hoosick Falls, N.Y.) foxhound bitch Topsy (Warchir an—Starlight), April 14, two bitches, by imported Stormer.

Collette. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Collette (Chanter—Beauty), April 28, six (two dogs), by his imported Ringwood (A.K.R. 2202); all white, black and tan.

Princess Phœbus. T. Windholz's (New York) English setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287), May 8, six (five dogs), by his imported Rockingham; all blue belton.

Lola. Field Trial Kennels' English setter bitch Lola, May 5, nine, by their Count Fritz; all since dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Graphic. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped April 15, 1881 (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon Juno), by E. C. Norrish, Shobrooke Crediton, Eng., to Jas. L. Anthony, New York.

Pendragon. Black, white and tan English setter dog, age not given (Count Noble—Floy), by T. S. Dumont, Summit, N. J., to Dalliba & Munhall, Cleveland, O.

Ringwood—Birdie whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 26, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Dr. E. C. Nichols, Troy, N. Y.

Musette. Pug bitch (A.K.R. 1593), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to E. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Gun—Pearl Blue whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Feb. 9, 1885, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., two to H. Clay Glover, New York, and one to H. F Sides, Boston, Mass.

Dutch, Jr. Bull-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1887), by T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., to R. H. Dudgeon, New York.

Mixture—Nettle whelp. Fox-terrier dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y., to F. Miller, Claverack, N. Y.

Billy. Black and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 4, 1884, by Haven Doe, Salmon Falls, N. H , to Fred N. Marchant, Gloucester, Mass.

Victoria. Bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 1893), by E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn., to T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H.

Queen Bess. Gordon setter bitch (A.K.R. 424), by Elm City Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Robert Wilson, Branford, Conn.

Alpine Maid. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1940), by Chas. S. Fitch, New York, to Frank L. Stott, same place.

Vic. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 358), by L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Frank Wilcox, Dunkirk, O.

Dai y Vernon. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 812), by L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Frank Wilcox, Dunkirk, O.

Lofty. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 7, 1884 (Hazel Blue—Lynn), by Edgar E. Haines, Waltham, Mass., to Dr. J. Reily Bucher, Lebanon, Pa.

Dora. Gordon setter bitch, 2½yrs. old (Dash—Mona), by Robert Lyon, New Brighton, S. I., to Chas. S. Fitch, New York.

Duchess. Collie bitch, age not given (Dash—Lassie), by Charles S. Fitch, New York, to Robert Taylor, same place.

Darkey. Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1884 (Don Juan—Chloe), by W. K. Knight, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. W. Fisher, Luzerne, Pa.

Watty. Imported prick-eared Skye terrier dog, age and pedigree not given, by Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Loyos. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1884 (Nip—Josie), by A. E. Sherman, Sandy Creek, N. Y., to Victor M. Halderman, General Wayne, Pa.

Pope. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1594), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Edward Hale, Haverhill, Mass.

Ky Ky. Pug bitch (A.K.R. 1592), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to E. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Goldie. Italian greyhound dog, whelped April 2, 1885, by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Chas. J. Turner, Topeka, Kan.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady Dufferin. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 7yrs. old (Dash—Fan), by John G. Heckscher, New York, to the Westminster Kennel Club.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

C. O. D. Lemon and white pointer dog, age not given (Joker—Viola), owned by J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., from worms.

Auld Reekie. Dandie Dinmont terrier (A.K.R. 1639), owned by Thos. H. Bell, Troy, N. Y., April 13, from enteritis.

Pride of Elm Villa. English setter dog (A.K.R. 1066), owned by L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., March 10.

Royal Beaufort. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2031), owned by L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., April 9.

King Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 2096), owned by H.W. Fuller, Hartford, Conn., from inflammation of the bowels.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

GIVE THE PROOF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM the advertisement of the Bullard Arms Company, claiming for their .40-75gr. rifle a trajectory of 6in. rise in 200yds., and for their .45.85 rifle a trajectory of 6½in. rise for same range; this with factory ammunition; that is, the former with 75grs. of powder and a 225gr. bullet, and the latter with 85grs. of powder and a 285gr. bullet.

There are a good many sportsmen who agree with me that there is a mistake in this claim that will be made manifest in a public trial. Forming an opinion from the published experiments for several years past appearing in your columns, and from an understanding of the result of similar experiments in England, such a flat trajectory has never been made with much larger charges of powder. The express rifle giving the greatest speed to its ball, as far as published, was a .45-cal., using 150grs. of powder and 270gr. bullet, and that was 2,000ft. per second. Even this ball has a trajectory of at least 8in. rise in going 200yds. Yet here we have a rifle with a lighter ball (giving it a speed of 1,700 to 1,750ft. per second) and yet making a trajectory of only 6in. (or 2in. less) going 200yds.

There is no record of as flat a trajectory ever having been made by any rifle, in any locality, and a good many sportsmen will agree with the writer, in thinking that the Bullard Arms Company are doing injustice to a doubtles meritorious arm, by claiming for it what cannot be substantiated in a public trial. Its cost will be little, but the advantages to the Bullard Arms Company in case they can substantiate their claim will be very great in the increased sale of their rifle. By a public trial is not meant the method where the shooter first sights the rifle for 200yds. and then goes up to the point 90yds. from the target and shoots a group of shots, using the 200yds. sight and then measuring to the center of the group. This is not a public trial, for there is no one beside the shooter who knows how the aim is taken and there can consequently be no witness.

The only reliable way is to catch the position of the bullet in flight at its highest point, by its puncture through very thin paper, and then measuring from the puncture down to the line joining the center of bullseye on the target, and the center of bore of rifle at the firing point. This process is very feasible and very reliable when the line is fixed by disinterested and competent persons.

We think the Winchester Company claim somewhat too flat a curve for their Express, and for their .40-60 rifle, and this could be settled at the same time. The opinion is hazarded that either of the Bullard rifles above referred to will not make a flatter trajectory in 200yds. than any good sporting rifle, using the .70-405 Government cartridge; *i. e.*, about 11-inch rise. RIFLEMAN.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 2.—Scores of the eight best men competing for prizes during March and April, Creedmoor target, reduced from 200yds. to the gallery distance. A shot to score a bull must cut half the ball in. Position, standing, free from all artificial support, 20 strings of twelve consecutive shots to constitute the prize score, making a possible 1,200 count. Seven out of the eight men whose scores are reported shoot with both eyes open, and some wonderful improvement has been made by beginners in that way of sighting. The contestants were allowed a handicap of from one to ten points on each string of twelve shots:

Burns	59	58	59	58	58	58	59	58	58	58—583
	58	59	59	59	58	59	58	58	59	59—586—1169
3 Blakesley	56	56	59	57	56	57	56	58	56	56—567
	57	57	59	56	57	57	58	58	57	58—574—1141
2 Moore	57	56	58	58	56	57	56	57	57	59—571
	58	57	57	58	56	56	58	56	56	57—569—1140
3 Starr	54	55	54	54	57	56	57	57	54	58—556
	57	57	59	57	55	57	56	57	55	54—565—1121
5 Ahlstrom	54	55	54	51	56	58	55	56	56	51—546
	52	54	56	53	56	54	57	57	54	57—656—1102
6 Winslow	53	55	55	53	53	54	55	54	52	54—558
	52	53	54	53	53	53	54	57	54	54—536—1074
10 LeRoy	51	54	53	52	53	53	54	51	52	53—526
	52	53	52	54	55	53	54	51	51	56—531—1057
5 Perry	54	54	53	57	54	48	53	55	52	56—536
	54	50	48	54	50	49	46	50	46	44—491—1027

Opposite each man's name is the class he shot in, or the number of points allowed for each 12-shot string.

BOSTON, May 9.—There was a good attendance at Walnut Hill to-day, but the wind was somewhat troublesome, and during the latter part of the day the light was bad. Next Saturday there will be a match with the Pittsburg Rifle Club, and Thursday next the long range men will participate in a match. Following are the scores to-day, all at 200yds.:

Creedmoor Practice Match.—A. B. Archer 45, C. D. Palmer 44, F. Stetson 44, W. Meadows, 43, C. W. Hodgdon 80, H. Payson 40, H. White 39.

Decimal Match.—H. Cushing, A. 79, C. E. Berry, A 76, R. Reed, A 75 B. G. Warren, C 71.

Victory Match.—E. E. Berry 77, J. B. Fellows 75, J. N. Frye 72.

Rest Match.—S. Wilder, A 94, J. N. Frye, F. 92, D. L. Chase, A 92, Wm. Stone, A 85.

500yds. Match.—S. Wilder 47, B. G. Warner 47, W. M. Merrill (mil.) 43.

Team Match—Captain Charles's Team.—W. Charles 114, R. Reed 111, A. C. Gould 101, A. B. Archer 97, H. Cambridge 91; total 514. Captain Fellows's Team.—J. B. Fellows 115, C. E. Berry 110, B. G. Warren 99, Wm. Stone 90, J. N. Frye 80; total 494.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

THOMASTON, Conn., May 9.—The Empire Rifle Club shot a telegraph match with the Lawrence, Mass , and the Jamestown, N. Y. rifle clubs to-day, on the following conditions: Teams of ten men, 15 shots per man, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target. The weather conditions were a bright light during the first part of the match, cloudy the latter portion, with a very tricky wind veering from the 8 to 12 o'clock quarters. As we had not time to shoot two different scores, we let one score stand against both clubs:

G C Canfield	555445445555—69	G C Gilbert	445451344445444—62
W H Dunbar	554445451445554—67	C L Aling	435444444444454—61
G A Lemmon	544454554554444—66	C F Williams	544544443431154—61
F Carr	454544431455554—65	B W Pease	334544535355154—60
F A Perkins	444454445454444—63	G P North	544354443134444—59
			633

Subjoined are scores for the badge, Massachusetts ring target: Lemmon 106, Dunbar 106, Carr 106, Canfield 104, Perkins 97, Gilbert 92, Aling 91, Pease 90, North 89, Williams 89, Fox 84.

CREEDMOOR.—N. R. A. matches during May and June:

The Champion Marksman's Class Match.—Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y. (except as hereafter noted) and members of the National Rifle Association, the latter, however, not being eligible to win the principal prize; 200 and 500yds, five shots at each distance; the Remington rifle (N. Y. State model), standing at 200yds., lying head to target at 500yds. Entrance fee fifty cents; competitors allowed re-entries in each competition at the discretion of the executive officer, but only one score to count. Members of the N. G. S. N. Y. in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may record their scores in this match as qualified for the N. Y. State marksman's badge, provided that, if ordered, they have attended or do once in the season attend general practice, and provided they have previously qualified in the second class—100 and 300yds. See Qualification Match. First prize, a gold marksman's badge for 1885, offered by Brigadier General Charles F. Robbins, General Inspector of Rifle Practice, S. N. Y. The badge to become the property of the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1885, shall have won it the greatest number of times. In case of a tie the highest aggregate score of all the competitions participated in up to that time to decide. Second, third and fourth prizes, five, four and three per cent. of the entrance money respectively; fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth prizes, two per cent. each of the entrance money. The same man can only win one cash prize during the season. Winners of champion marksman's badges for the past 9 years, Messrs. A. B. Van Heusen, Wm. Robertson, Jas. L. Price, C. H. Eagle, Thomas J. Dolan, H. T. Lockwood and G. W. Munson and John S. Shepherd, winners of the gold marksman's badges for 1883 and 1884, are not eligible to win the principal prize in this match. Shooting days, May 23, June 6 and 13.

The Qualification Match of 1885.—Open to members of the N. G., S. N. Y., and N. R. A., the former being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made as qualifying them to shoot for the N.Y. State marksman's badge distances 100 and 300yds., standing at 100, kneeling or sitting at 300yds.; five shots at each distance with the State Remington rifle. Entries 50 cents each, re-entries permitted at the discretion of the executive officer. Shooting days, May 23, June 6 and 13.

Army and Navy Journal Match.—Open only to members of the army, navy marine corps and national guard or militia of any state or territory. Rifle, the U. S. service, .45-cal, or the Remington State model, .50-cal. Competitors to shoot in uniform, jacket and cap or helmet, position standing, 200yds., rounds seven, entrance fee 25 cents, re-entry allowed. First prize, a fine Webley double-barreled breech-loading shotgun; chokebored and rebounding locks, value $200, presented by Col. W. C. Church on behalf of the *Army and Navy Journal*. The gun to be shot for semi-monthly and during the fall meeting, and to become the property of the competitor whose ten best scores, made previous to the close of the fall meeting in September, 1885, shall aggregate the highest. Second, 3d and 4th $10 cash each; 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, $5 cash each, by N. R. A., the highest aggregate of five scores to determine the winners of the cash prizes. Shooting days May 23 and 30, June 6 and 13.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club had a good number of marksmen at their range Lake Lookout, May 9, it being the first competition for the badges offered by the club. The first class was won by I. De Clair with the good score of 110 points; the second class was won by E. S. Field with 99 points. The record match was taken also by I. De Clair, with another total of 110. De Clair used a new Farrow rifle, .32-cal. Field used a Bullard, .38-cal.:

I De Clair	11	10	12	11	11	11	12	11	10	11—110
E T Stephens	11	10	12	11	11	9	10	10	11	12—107
C Maynard	9	12	12	10	7	8	10	11	10	9—102
Z C Talbot	10	12	12	10	7	8	10	11	10	9—99
T B Wilson	11	10	11	10	10	9	9	10	11	8—99

The scores of the second class were:

E S Field	7	8	7	7	8	9	8	8	10	9—81
Re-entry	11	12	9	10	7	10	12	9	11	8—99
T T Cartwright	8	9	9	9	10	10	8	8	11	11—93
J A Whiting	10	9	6	6	9	9	8	10	9	11—87
Jas Morgan	9	7	7	7	10	7	11	10	5	6—76
J A Stirling	9	4	8	6	8	8	8	9	5	5—70
R H Hawes	7	2	10	7	2	6	2	2	2	8—48

Record Match.

I De Clair	11	10	10	10	11	12	12	11	11	12—110
Z C Talbot	11	11	10	8	10	10	11	9	12	10—102
E T Stephens	9	8	10	8	12	12	8	12	11	11—101
T B Wilson	7	9	9	10	10	11	12	10	9	10—97
C Maynard	11	7	8	9	8	10	10	11	0	11—84

PINEHEAD.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—Scores of May 9, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target:

J F Brown	4444554545—44	J Busfield	4334544455—41
H Tuck	4544455445—44	E Brown	5334344446—40
R Griffin	5445444444—42	L W Jackson	4434444444—39
S Johnson	4444444445—41	W Worthen	4543443444—39

The club has opened a members' prize match, to continue at discretion of the directors. Prizes aggregate 75 per cent. of the entrance money.

NEW MAYNARD RIFLE.—In the advertisement of the Massachusetts Arms Co. this week is shown a remarkable target made with the new .22-cal. Maynard rifle, at 200yds.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

THOMASTON, Conn.—The Empire Rifle Club, of Thomaston, Conn., will hold its third annual meeting on May 19, 20 and 21. $275 in prizes will be given in a shoot at Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand; any rifle of three pounds pull and upward allowed; five shots to constitute a string, aggregate of best three strings to count, entries unlimited, price fifty cents.

GARDNER, Mass., May 5.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, there was not a large attendence. Each man shot two strings with a possible 100. The shooting was off hand, distance 200yds., with the new American decimal target. The totals were as follows:

A Mathews	87	85—172	G G Ellsworth 73 78—151
J N Dodge	67	86—153	Geo R Warfield 47 57—104
		At Rest.	
A Williams			86 88—174

BULL'S HEAD RIFLE CLUB.—May 1.—Twelve-ring target, possible 120: M. Dorrler 116, A Lober 116, G. Zimmerman 115, C. Rein 113, E. Holzmann 113, A. Stolzenberger 109, J. Jordon 119, D. Holland 107, D. Louitzki 104, B. Wragge 103, H. Sindlinger 102, J. Shaw 101.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 7.—At the regular meet to-day at Pine Grove of members of the Worcester Rifle Association, the Massachusetts target was used, 10 shots, with a possible 120 was the rule, and in the face of a strong and variable wind, the results were as follows:

A Brown	12	10	11	9	12	11	10	11	11	10—107
S Clark	10	11	10	11	8	12	11	10	11	12—106
M G Fuller	9	9	10	11	10	11	12	11	10	11—104
Thos Leighton	8	18	9	11	12	10	11	10	10	12—103
A Williams	10	10	6	8	7	11	10	9	9	8—88

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the Association, pursuant to adjournment from New Orleans in February last, was held at the Arcade Hotel, Springfield, O., May 6.

Meeting called to order at 8:30 P. M., the president, Dr. L. C. Russell, in the chair. Present, Messrs. Bloom, A. H. Bogardus, Bishop, Bull, Chamberlin, Folsom, Russell, Stark, Sloan, Von Lengerke, Watkins, Kelley, E. Bogardus, Kirkpatrick, Whitney, Wagener, Brewer, S. E. Meyers, Allen, George, Walker, Drake, Powers, Sheldon, etc.

On motion of Chamberlin, seconded by A. H. Bogardus, Resolved, that proceedings of meetings held in New Orleans February last, as contained in first forty-two pages of first handbook, be approved. Carried. Reports of General Meige, treasurer and secretary, read and adopted. Remarks by Messrs. Russell and Bloom on subject of legislation affecting matters of interest to sportsmen.

Moved, That a committee of five on National and State legislation be appointed.

Laid before the meeting communication from representatives of Philadelphia gun clubs inviting the National Association to hold a tournament in that city during the present season.

On motion, Resolved, that a committee of three be appointed on future interstate tournaments for the year 1885. Carried.

The subject of opening a regular New York office being taken up, it was decided that same would be inadvisable at present. On motion, duly seconded and carried, Resolved, that the offer of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold to make their office the temporary office of the Association in New York city for six months gratis be accepted, and that Mr. J. von Lengerke be appointed the executive officer *pro tem.* to represent the Association in New York city.

Mr. J. E. Bloom, general manager of the Association, speaking to the members upon the adoption of the report of Secretary Bishop, said:

Gentlemen: There is little for me to add to the report of the secretary, to which I have taken pleasure in affixing my countersign. The Association is now fairly started; its eventual success on the broad basis upon which it is outlined depends entirely upon the support which the shooting fraternity extends toward it. All sportsmen are doubtless now watching its course; a few are predicting its failure, but the many feel gratified to see the enterprise safely on its feet, and upon such especially do we wish to impress the importance of their now giving the Association not only their silent approval, but also and more especially their active financial support, without which the main objects of the Association cannot be successfully accomplished. As your daily experience shows you, it requires money as well as brains to carry out any project. We flatter ourselves that the 118 and odd members we now muster furnish a fair nucleus for the latter

element. We ask all fair-minded sportsmen to add themselves to the latter and contribute their mite to the former.

If you who are in doubt about joining the Association, and who, admitting the merit and the worthy cause it upholds, yet hesitate and ask yourselves, "Why should I join? How can I be benefited thereby?" we would answer, in the words of our Mr. Perry, when he subscribed for his member's share at New Orleans, "Here's five dollars for the cause." Do you ask what cause? We answer, that of the sportsmen. It is a fact well known to you all that twenty years ago we were looked upon almost as the proverbial tramp of the present day. Happily this ignorant prejudice has almost disappeared, though traces are still visible upon every side. I know an eminent solicitor who uses a cognomen among his shooting friends, simply because he knows many of his clients would leave him on account of their ignorant prejudice against the hunter and the trap shooter. It was only yesterday I heard an amusing account of a distinguished member of the shooting fraternity from New England, a dentist. Last May he made his arrangements to attend the tournament in Chicago. Numerous patients came to ask for appointments for the same dates. "Ah," said he. "I cannot give you a date until week after next, for next week I must attend a convention;" and the fair clients accepted the explanation, presuming of course he would attend a convention of dentists. Probably they would have been horrified to have known it was a convention of sportsmen he attended, where he found the exhilaration and the new vigor resulting from the outdoor open air amusement at the trap, and from which he was enabled to return to his daily life with a strength of arm and a clear brain he would not otherwise have obtained.

Now, I hold that a national association such as this, numbering many hundreds, and let us hope thousands will present so strong a front, that their cause will command a fair and favorable hearing from the world at large—and which will inure to the benefit of every individual sportsman by bringing him the respect of all his neighbors and the assistance of the lawmakers in protecting his rights and in fostering his game and fish to an extent never before attained. It is for these ends that we are striving, for these ends we propose to fight. We ask the above doubters: Do you wish to profit by our struggle and without lending your assistance? Most assuredly "no." Then

"Give us the hand that true sympaty shows,
And clings to a messmate whatever wind blows;
And says, when Aspersion, unanswered, grows cold,
Wait, one story's good till another is told."

BOSTON, May 6.—The usual semi-monthly competition at glass balls and clay-pigeons took place at Walnut Hill to-day. There were several interesting and close matches shot. Team match:

Lowell Gun Club.	Ten single.	Three pairs.	Five straight.	Lawrence Gun Club.	Ten single.	Three pairs.	Five straight.
Faulkner.	6	3	4	Bancroft..	8	4	4
Lovejoy..	9	5	5	Dodge....	5	2	3
Piper....	7	2	4	Russell...	5	1	5
Totals..	22	20	13—45	Totals..	18	7	12—37

Mass. R. A.—First Team.				Boston Gun Club.			
Law.....	7	4	4	Henry....	4	3	2
Stanton..	8	2	5	Evans....	7	4	4
Snow....	6	4	5	Crosby...	8	4	1
Totals..	21	10	14—45		19	11	10—40

Massachusetts Rifle Association—Second Team.

	Ten single.	Three pairs.	Five straight.
Souther.....	5	2	4
Knowles.....	6	2	3
Little.....	7	5	4
Totals....	18	9	11—38

WOODSIDE, L. I., May 6.—Fifteenth regular monthly shoot North Side Gun Club, 5 traps, live birds. S. Lyons referee, G. Siems, scorer. Badge to be won three times before securing ownership. Winholz at 27, others at 25yds.

Winholz	1111101—6	Tapken	1111110—6
Krumbeck	1111100—5	Stocky	0000011—2
Kroeger	0111111—6	Eberhardt	1111111—7
Wahlen	0111111—6	Oppermann	0110001—3
Siems	1101111—6	Beck	0010000—1
Manning	1013011—5	Leunon	0100010—2
Grau	1111000—4	Terrett	1110111—6
Lyon	1110111—5	Dr Franz	0101111—5
Barlow	1111001—5	Pfaender	1111111—7
Goetting	1110111—6		

Tie, 27yds., Eberhardt 101, Pfaender 001.

ILLINOIS SPORTSMEN.—The fifth annual tournament of the Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association will be held at Mt. Vernon, Ill., May 27, 27 and 28, on the fair grounds of the Jefferson County Agricultural Society. There are twelve matches as follows:

May 26.—Shoot No. 1, 7 single glass balls.

Shoot No. 2, 10 clay-pigeons.

Shoot No. 3, association special, team shoot, any 2 members of same club to compose team, 7 Peoria blackbirds to each man.

Shoot No. 4, 5 clay-pigeons.

May 27.—Shoot No. 5, 5 Peoria blackbirds.

Shoot No. 6, association special medal shoot, 20 single glass balls. Prize, association gold medal. The contestants for this medal must be members in good standing of the Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association, and must live within the State south of the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. The party winning it must give bond to the Association for its safe keeping, and return it to the Association at its next annual meeting; when won by the same person three times in succession, it then becomes the property of the party so winning, and he shall be entitled to the record of champion glass ball shot of Southern Illinois.

Shoot No. 7, association special, 7 glass balls, 7 clay-pigeons and 7 Peoria blackbirds.

Shoot No. 8, 5 clay-pigeons.

May 28.—Shoot No. 9, 7 live birds, ground traps.

Shoot No. 10, team shoot, any 2 members of same club to compose team, 4 double blackbirds to each man.

Shoot No. 11, citizens' purse of $100 in gold, 5 balls, 5 blackbirds, 5 clay-pigeons to each man.

Shoot No. 12, club prize of $50, to be made by and donated by various clubs of the Association, team shoot, any 2 members of same club to compose team.

BROCKTON, May 5.—The tournament held on the grounds of the Brockton Shooting Club, to-day, at which a five-men team match for the gold badge of the State Association, held by the Brockton Club, was shot, resulted in the Brockton team making the largest score ever made for the State badge:

Brockton Shooting Club.

Allen	1111111111111111111—20
Howard	1011011011011110111—14
Bartlett	1111111111101101111—18
Wilbur	1011111111101111111—18
Tirrell	1010111110100111111—15—85

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

Jones	1111101100111111111—17
Holden	1111111110101110110—16
Davis	1111100111110111111—17
Webber	0111111011111011111—17
Gilman	1011110111001110111—15—82

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2.—Sixteen members of the Alameda Sportsman's Club met at Bird's Point to-day to shoot for the club's prizes, decided by the best aggregate scores of the season. Some excellent shooting was done by the club as a whole, no less than 71½ per cent. of the birds shot at being killed. As usual the shoot was at 12 single birds, Hurlingham rules and 100yds. boundary. Those using 10-bore guns stood at 30yds. and the 12-bore at 28. Havens deserves especial credit for his good work, for he shot for the first time with a new hammerless gun. The following is the club score: Slade 11, Mayhew 7, Adams 10, Havens 11, Ingalls 9, Cadman 9, Bell 9, Hopkins 9, Norton 7, Houghton 8, Batchelder 6, Brown 7, Pollock 9. West withdrew, Smith 8. After the main match, two freeze-outs, $2.50 entrance, were shot. The first was divided between Al Havens, Mayhew and Bell, with three kills each. The last, between Smith and Bell, with a similar number. The birds were a fine lot of good, strong flyers, and were assisted by a stiff breeze from the bay.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

WINCHENDEN, Mass., May 6.—A few of the members of the Winchenden Gun Club met at their grounds to day, and shot clay-pigeons with the following results:

Jas Sutherland	1101101111—8	F F Hopgood	0110110001—5
P S Davis	0111111100—7	J G Henry	0110010100—4
L F Martin	0110100111—6		

TEXAS.—At San Antonio, Texas, May 16, a match will be shot between H. R. Penrose, who lately defeated Carver, and Gwinne Price.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—The Occidental Club held its regular monthly shoot at the Six-mile House to-day. The weather was unfavorable, the wind at times amounting to a perfect gale, sending the clay pigeons beyond the range of the guns. The first three shoots of this club will be with terra-cotta pigeons and the last three with live birds. Hurlingham rules. In the opening match the score stood: Pete Walsh 14, F. Williams 9, Jack Ford 7, J. Headley 9, J. Fanning 14. The regular club match for the annual medals then took place, with the following score: Pete Walsh 12, Phil Funke 9, H. Reichstetter 6, E. Dunshee 12, J. Fanning 10, H. Blanken 7, T. Headley 9, J. Headley 12, W. Dunshee 10, F. Williams 12, J. Ford 3, W. Heyer 9, B. Honan 10, F. Stone 10, E. Funke 9.

BOGARDUS TEAM MATCH.—Capt. Andy Meaders and Mr. W. E. Watkins have accepted the challenge of Capt. Bogardus and son Eugene for a match at 100 singles and 50 doubles for $250 a side and the championship, under the National Association rules. Capt. Meaders and Capt Bogardus will also shoot an individual match soon. Meaders and Watkins had a practice shoot recently. Each broke 89 out of a 100 singles; Meaders 45 and Watkins 43 out of 50 doubles. Nashville people are inclined to think that they have the coming champion in Capt. Meaders.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 5.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Manchester Rifle Association last evening it was voted to hold the annual spring meeting on May 14, 15 and 16. There are twenty five prizes in all, and their valuation exceeds $200. The event will be open to all comers, and the firing will take place upon a Creedmoor target, distance 200yds., position standing, rifle any within the rules, rounds 7, 3 cards to count, entries unlimited, entry fee 50 cents, re-entries 25 cents. Riflemen will be invited from all the rifle associations of New England, and an extremely enjoyable meeting is promised.

JACKSON GUN CLUB.—The second annual tournament of the Jackson Gun Club will be held at Jackson, Mich., June 2, 3 and 4. The club will endeavor to make this the most satisfactory tournament ever held in the State of Michigan. The adjourned meeting of the contemplated State Association will be held on the evening of the 3d, when it is hoped a constitution, by-laws and shooting rules will be adopted and officers elected. Every club in the State should be represented at this meeting. During the tournament a team match will be shot, five men in a team, at clay birds for the championship of the State and a suitable trophy. The programme, which will be out on May 15, will be made as interesting as our means will permit and a cordial invitation is extended to all. B. F. Burgess, John N. Squiers and A. Crittenden, executive committee.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

May 23—K. C. C. Spring Regatta.
May 29, 30—Pittsburgh C. C., Camp on Monongahela.
May 29, 30—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
June 27—Merrimac River Meet.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, New Orleans, La. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

SHERBROOKE C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have the pleasure of announcing the birth of a canoe and boat club in this city on the evening of the 29th ult. Thirty-two of us gathered together and decided on the building of a two-story house and the formation of a club. A large portion of the capital required was subscribed for on the spot, and the committee appointed to canvas for the balance are meeting with abundant success.

We have to thank Messrs. Parmelee of Hartford, Shedd of Springfield, Van Deusen of Rondout, and Tyson of Toronto, for valuable assistance in the way of sketches and suggestions, which have been of great assistance in our deliberations on the subject.

Our opportunities are grand, and enthusiasm is in proportion. Will be happy to report progress. JOS. G. WALTON, Sec. pro tem.

SHERBROOKE, Ont., May 3.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Springfield C. C. has been incorporated, and is now known as the Springfield Canoe Association. The annual meeting of the association was held May 7, and these officers were chosen:

Frank D. Foote, Commodore; Chester W. Bliss, Vice-Commodore; Fred L. Safford, Secretary; Emil C. Knappe, Treasurer.

Executive Committee—F. D. Foot, C. W. Bliss, F. L. Safford, E. C. Knappe, Geo. M. Barney.

Regatta Committee—G. M. Barney, Secretary; F. A. Nickerson, C. M. Shedd. Canoe Measurer, F. A. Nickerson.

It was voted to raise the dues to $18 a year for active members and $15 a year for associate members. The membership is now 27.

It is proposed to have weekly meetings and three regattas during the season, beside the regular weekly races.

Mr. Rushton is building a fine St. Lawrence canoe for Commodore Foot.

Mr. Bliss has purchased the Joi, and is refitting her in good shape.

E. H. Barney is building a canoe on lines designed by himself, and is different from anything yet afloat. She looks like a fast one, and has a great many new details about her sails and rigging.

Mr. Shedd is having a canoe built by Rushton after the Joi 14½×30.

Mr. Nickerson is waiting to see some of the new canoes before ordering. We hope to turn out a good number May 29, to go on the cruise to Long Island Sound; our Hartford brethren will turn out strong. C. M. SHEDD.

"CANOE HANDLING;" a book that contains about all there is to be said on that subject, will be ready next week. The author is C. B. Vaux, the publishers are the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and the price is one dollar, postpaid.

THE ASSOCIATION BADGES.

To Members of the American Canoe Association:

Up to this date I have received and forwarded to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, New York, orders for fifty-two badges. The manufacturers inform me that they will require one month in which to complete them. As I expect to leave here for the North by the 18th or 20th, please change my address in FOREST AND STREAM to Schuylerville, N. Y. Money to be sent in registered letter or by P. O. nores, or orders on Saratoga Springs. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 4. Secretary A. C. A.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. SPRING REGATTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual spring regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. will be held off the boat house, 152d street and Hudson River, on Saturday, May 23, at 3 P. M. At least one sailing race will be open to members of any canoe club and we hope the canoeists of this vicinity will take advantage of this opportunity to get in trim for the Newburgh meet. We hope to commence next Saturday our regular club races for the all-round record prize and the Whitlock sailing trophy. The new float has arrived and is in place; it is 33x18ft. and has a pointed end so arranged as to offer a convenient side to a canoe approaching from any direction. Among the new boats is the Lorelei, an Everson 15ft. Shadow No. 2, fitted with Radix board and Mohican sails of 65 and 15ft. The latest arrival is the new Sunbeam Inertia. She was christened the dude boat of the club and merits the name. Is rigged with Vaux-Stephens-Oliver-Joiner-Stoddard combination settee sails of 72 and 36ft. and an extra dandy of 18ft. The mainsail and larger dandy can both be reefed twice with the instantaneous reefing gear and the smaller dandy has one reef, same gear (Baden-Powell). She is fitted with a Radix folding board of extra size, a Joiner drop rudder, Tanner friction clutch tiller, rigging from Wm. Good & Son, of London, has three water-tight compartments and a Kalderstein life preserver and swings a 9ft. 6in. Mitchell paddle. She was sailed up under double-reefed mainsail, and with the exception of running down the Russian corvette, behaved admirably. K. C. C.

WHISPERED (ASIDE) TO THE NOVICE.

THE canoeing season of 1885 is upon us. Probably a greater number of novices will step into canoes this year than ever before in one year. The major part of all published matter on the canoe and canoeing deals only with one side of the subject, the bright side. This is natural; the disagreeable part is forgotten or so much outweighed by the pleasures experienced by those who have the true enthusiasm that it is ignored in the accounts of cruises and short trips. No canoeist yet has written of the mosquito, the perpetual head winds, the unpitying rain, or the thousand and one natural ills that canoeist flesh is heir to. These exist, however, and frequently completely overshadow the joys looked for and confidently counted on by those who have a roseate view of canoeing, without really knowing anything about it. How many such there have been who now would actually go out of their way to kick a canoe.

The reports of drowning accidents from sailboats and rowboats are beginning to come in. Are the canoeists exempt from such accidents? Up to last year we thought so. Now, after three fatal accidents last year is it not well for the novice to ponder well before he attempts too much?

How often it is that a man plans a trip, buys a canoe, and starts off, having overestimated his own endurance and paddling strength, the capabilities of his canoe, and next to totally ignorant of the topography of the country he is intending to travel through. These are the men who fall by the wayside. It is the duty of every canoeist of any experience whatever to do his best to undeceive the enthusiastic novice who has an exaggerated idea of the possibilities, and to state moderately the actual capabilities of the canoe. It is much better to err on the side of caution. If the new hand finds more in the canoe than he has been led to suppose there was, he is naturally pleased and elated. If he finds less than he counted on, disappointment and even disgust may result. Men may knowingly take certain risks—such as the running of rapids, or carrying sail in rough water and in a smart breeze—but to put sail up in a canoe without knowing how to swim nor anything about sailing is a foolhardy thing for any man to do, yet how often it is done every canoeist knows. The less a man knows, the less caution he displays frequently.

DIALOGUE.

NOVICE—What make of canoe shall I get to carry two for a long cruise on inland waters? I must get the canoe within a week, as we are to start by rail then.

CANOEIST—Have you ever done any canoeing—ever been in a canoe?

NOV.—No.

CAN.—Have you ever camped out?

NOV.—Yes, two weeks in the Adirondacks with guides last summer but we don't propose to camp out.

CAN.—Does your friend know about canoeing? Can he paddle?

NOV.—No; but I have been told it is very easy to learn, and then we expect to sail a good part of the time.

CAN.—Then you want a canoe to carry sail, do you? Of course you understand sailing of larger boats?

NOV.—No. But canoe sailing is much simpler than the sailing of larger boats, and we would learn while we are cruising.

CAN.—You and your companion both swim, of course?

NOV.—No. Why? Is canoeing dangerous?

CAN.—Not if a man goes into it gradually, acquiring the knack of the paddle and sail on still water, where he can wade ashore in case of an accident, and can swim well enough to right the canoe after an upset—bail her out and get in again without difficulty.

NOV.—Our trip has been laid out so it can be written up. We plan to go 1,000 miles in about a month, and have time to stop a day now and then to write up a place for the papers, and thus pay part of our expenses. We would have no difficulty in making from fifty to seventy-five miles a day, would we?

CAN.—If you average twenty-five miles you will be doing very well at the start. I advise you to leave your sail at home and depend alone on the paddle if you are determined to go. But why not put off your trip two weeks and try a short trip near home to learn a little about it?

NOV.—Oh, we have no time to do this, we have about made up our minds to get a double canoe with a centerboard and sails complete and start off anyway. One of the dailies has agreed to publish our communications.

CAN.—You have written for the press before and know all about it no doubt.

NOV.—No. But that is simple enough. If I can't do better than many who have articles printed I will sell out.

CAN.—My dear sir, if you will not try this business on a small scale near home, and you insist on taking sails with you when you are totally ignorant of their use and management, and moreover, you cannot swim, my only advice to you is, *à la* Punch. Don't.

This conversation actually occurred last week, right here in New York.

THE CANOE FEVER.

HAVE you ever had any experience with the canoe fever? Yes, quite extensively.

Is it dangerous? The fever itself is not, but it may have dangerous accompaniments if not properly treated.

Does the weather have any effect upon it? No, some of the worst cases occur in midwinter when snow and ice are most abundant.

How long a run does it have? The length of the run depends entirely on the patient, some runs lasting for weeks, and even months, and the "canoeist" (as the patient is called) is no better, and many times is worse than when first attacked.

Is it confined to any one section of the county? No, it extends from Maine to California, through Canada, England, and even to South America.

At what age does it yield most easily to treatment. At about one hundred and ten years unless heroic treatment is applied before.

What are the first symptoms? Catalogues, magazine articles, cruising logs. Later on useful and useless purchases. Silence, deep meditation, route maps, etc.

Is patient ever enthusiastic? Well, rather, rides his hobby like a balloonist.

Ever despondent? He never owns it.

Ever pugnacious? Laugh at him, or make light of his canoe or idea, and see.

Does he ever feel foolish? He may have such periods while going to the water in an outlandish costume, especially if alone, but when afloat he is too crazy to be anything but happy.

Does he see sights while canoeing that cannot be seen otherwise? He says so, and seems to believe it.

Have any patients ever become cured? Yes, a sudden cold bath has cured several. One now avers that an ocean steamer isn't safe from a capsize. Want of opportunity has cured more.

Is it safe to canoe? Every canoeist says yes. Every sane man and woman knows better. This little difference of opinion is probably the occasion of the disease being styled the "canoe craze."

Which is the best canoe? Mine.

Which is the worst? Some other make.

How long have you had the fever? Only a few years.

How bad have you it now? Most severe case on record.

How does it compare with the bicycle, baseball, polo and roller

skate craze? They are not to be compared with it at all. They may die out, but the only sure way to kill the canoe craze is to take the patient by the heels and thoroughly drown him, then smash his canoe and bury it with him.

Does he affect clubs? My son, he does; and if he can only become interested in a parliamentary or debating style of club, whose members all want to be boss, his chances of rapid recovery are good.

How far should a canoeist live from canoeable water? The best distance is about four thousand miles, but in some cases even eleven thousand would not be too much.

Does he have comfortable nights camping out? Of course! There may be a few who are twice enough to sleep at hotels and farm houses, and put up with their discomforts, but your real canoeist has the luxury of the bare ground (roots and stubs included) on marshy land, small fire of green wood, tent out of order or left behind, one blanket, wind, mosquitoes, showers, dogs, shivers, spring water (from the river), soft bed of clay or mud, nicely cooked beefsteak sliced from the end of the chunk of salt pork and toasted on a stick, flavored with ashes instead of the salt and pepper that were not worth carrying; also, hot biscuit direct from the cracker bag, hot baked potatoes (in imagination). These many advantages over the hotel plan induce an early morning start, sometimes an earlier start for home than was at first intended.

Does canoeing ever induce rheumatism? Never! Rheumatism may attack the canoeist, but in such cases it is either inherited or caused by a draft at home, or by becoming overheated while at regular employment. Sawing wood often causes it. Do you expect a relapse in your case? Yes, just as soon as vacation from work comes. DAD.

COFFEE.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* I am glad to see that "Nessmuk" appreciated the coffee made from that two-storied tin invention by "Tarpon." Perhaps he will give up altogether the boiling method recommended in "Woodcraft." Last winter on my cruises in Florida I used what seemed to me the "ne plus ultra" of a coffee pot. It is an ordinary tin pot with a rib on the upper part of it, which supports a wire ring. From the wire ring is suspended a chee-secloth bag, in which the coffee is placed. The advantages are that you can use finer ground coffee and get more from a given amount. Then there are fewer parts and it is easier to clean. —WINDWARD.

CANOEING NOTES.—Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly will start next month on a cruise down the Delaware, in company with Dr. Guiteras and Mr. Butler. . . The Oakland C. C. gave a hop at their house on Saturday, April 25, the fleet turning out first for a paddle by moonlight, with dancing afterward. . . Dr. C. M. Douglas, of Peterboro, is at present in the northwest, in charge of the field hospitals of the Canadian troops.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May 25—N. J. Y. C., Match—Catamarans.
May 30—Oswego Y. C., Opening Cruise and Pennant Matches.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 1—Williamsburg Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 20 Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Penuant Matches.
June 24-27—American Y. C. Cruise.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 11—Hull Y. C., First Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE CUP RACES.

THE cable brings the news that Genesta sailed on Saturday last from Portsmouth for New York, and that her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, will leave by steamer in time to meet her here. The report of her departure has not yet been confirmed, but it is probably correct, though she was not expected to leave before the end of this month. If she has really started it will not be long before she is off Sandy Hook and ready for work. According to the *Field* she has had 10 tons of lead added to her keel, making 70 tons in all, and an addition of 3ft. to her hoist. Galatea, now afloat, is described as follows by a correspondent of the *Field:*

"She has not so much sheer as Genesta or Vanduara, and will come nearer Ives in look, but Galatea will not be mistaken for any other cutter. She looks fuller aft than Genesta and carries more of her side into her quarter than that cutter, and she has the look of a powerful vessel. Her deck fittings have been designed to occupy the smallest possible space. Her steel bitts leave the forecastle clear for handling head sheets, and a capstan and mast bitts complete what is wanted for gear. But Galatea's deck, like other recently built yachts, shows novelties. The forecastle scuttle is an oval galvanized steel pipe, round which a line might be hitched or a turn taken. Besides the forecastle skylight there is a scuttle for the sail locker and another for lowering the spinnaker boom to pass it under the for stay. There are, of course, the main saloon skylight, the cabin companion and the skylight for the after cabin. Another sail locker scuttle completes the arrangements. The deck fittings, bulwarks and stanchions are all of teak. The hull of the vessel is wholly of steel, with the lead ballast run into the hollow keel, Vanduara fashion. The keel has not so much camber and she looks like a vessel that would reach fast, and this may possibly be her point. Her plating has been admirably done. Neither bolt nor edge is seen, and, under a coat of paint, the surface looks as smooth as glass. Indeed, the Galatea looks the most perfectly built yacht to be seen, and must reflect great credit on the builders. While the exterior of the cutter is so faultless the internal fittings are equally complete. The forecastle, unusually large and airy, is not too much so for a numerous crew. The fittings are plain and comfortable, and, being ceiled with mahogany, the crew's quarters are superior to the state cabins in the older vessels. The pantry is large and complete, and adjoining is the captain's cabin, and a spare sleeping cabin, which is also a bath-room. The main saloon is panelled in walnut and maple, and has been designed with much taste. The after cabin is in walnut and Hungarian ash. The cutter will be launched about the beginning of May, and go round to the Thames. Lemon Cranfield will sail the yacht, and, after competing in the Thames, Channel and Clyde matches, is intended, I believe, to sail Galatea across to New York, and challenge for the America Cup should Genesta not be successful in carrying it off."

On this side the Sybil is well forward and will probably be launched next week. Her sails, spars and rigging will be ready on her arrival at Poillon's, where she will be fitted out. The Puritan has her decks laid and is partly planed off outside. Her cabin work is partly completed, and she too will soon be ready for the water. Pidgeon, of East Boston, is at work on the spars, and McManus & Son are making the sails. N. Boynton & Co., of the Russell Mills Duck Co. of Plymouth, are making a special lot of canvas for them. Next week a meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. will be held to perfect the programme of the races.

A CRUISE IN FLORIDA WATERS.

II.

AFTER breakfast on the following morning Professor and Mr. C. concluded to make another attempt to explore the coast in search of Salt Inlet; they therefore started immediately after the morning meal, and after a walk of fully three miles, partly through water, the tide being high, their efforts were at last rewarded. After exploring for a time and gathering a few sample shells from the outer beach, resting, etc., they retraced their steps to the Sneezer. In the course of their explorations, they found the grave of poor Whisky, as well as the remains of a large sanitarium which had been erected a few years ago. Early the next morning the Captain hoisted sail and started for Salt Inlet, all parties in high spirits in view of good hunting and beautiful shells, which we had been told we should find there. We anchored opposite a fish ranch which was inhabited by a couple of Spaniards. Here we found the best water we had during the trip. A walk of a quarter of a mile brings us to the outer beach, where, at low tide, we had already found some very nice shells. The end of the island is about three-quarters of a mile below. Near the lower point there is a long wharf, several houses, sheds, work shops and tents, occupied by two score of workmen encaged in building the house which is to be occupied by the keeper of the light.

During the evening the Mignon, of Chicago, came down the harbor wing and wing and anchored near us, and that evening the two owners (Chicago gentlemen) came and called on us and introduced themselves. They had a quantity of clams which they begged us to accept; so we were happy in the prospect of clam fritters for breakfast next morning. Next day Professor and Mr. C. caught fourteen fish—sheepshead and channel bass. They offered some to the gentlemen on the Mignon which were thankfully accepted, and soon after she left on her way to Key West. To-day we had a very high wind and rough sea. Professor and Mr. C. went ashore in the morning, and toward evening endeavored to come on board again, the Professor just managed to get here in the Wash Tub, but Mr. C. found it impossible to launch his boat safely, so he took off his clothes and swam to the Sneezer with terrible visions of sharks making him accelerate his movements. We had a very rough night, the boat rolling and pounding all the time. By morning the sea was still rough, but calming a little, and at 11:15 was comparatively quiet. Monday, March 21, the wind was still very high, discouraging alike to fishermen and hunters. Professor and Mr. C. went down the beach to visit the projected lighthouse and the workshops, returning at sunset. Shortly after supper we retired, hoping the wind would change during the night. Tuesday, April Fools' Day, wind still high, but as it abated toward noon, we decided to start immediately after dinner, which we did. The wind having veered to a more favorable quarter, but still blowing fresh, we hoisted but the jib and reached Punta Rassa in three-quarters of an hour. We stopped for the mail, then proceeded up the Caloosahatchie River to Fort Myers (still sailing under jib), which we reached at about 3 P. M. We went ashore to purchase provisions; this occupied but a short time. We then proceeded up the river (the wind freshening), a distance of about six miles, to where the Captain said we should find a good anchorage. On the right bank of the river was the small new house of a recent settler, embowered in a luxuriant growth of palm and water oaks. Just above us the river grew narrower, and was interspersed with small islands, consisting mostly of mangrove trees, and as the day drew to its close, the long lines of birds that wheeled above and settled among the branches, proved that some of these islands, at least, were rookeries, teeming with feathered inhabitants.

Next day we got into our small boats, rowing up the river, as we supposed, but about noon we espied the Sneezer in close pursuit; Captain hailed us and told us we were going down instead of up. We crept meekly on board the Sneezer, which put about and brought us up to the "Ferry" (it does not seem to have any other name). An Englishman keeps the ferry, and his house, store, and a house occupied by a workman composed the settlement. Mr. P. is a very pleasant gentleman, and we enjoyed some hours of quiet rest and refreshment in the comfortable chairs in the cool verandas about his house, as well as some fishing and hunting in his company on the river. We were at his wharf a little over a week, and after wishing him goodbye and thanking him for his very kind hospitality, we came down to a little below the mouth of Trout Creek, where we now are. The bird hunting is very good, and the black bass fishing superb in the creek. Professor has secured the skins of three alligators to take home; I believe he intends having a pair of boots made of them. We have also many fine plumes of different kinds, wings, etc.

April 13. Easter Sunday. A beautiful Sunday. Had we been conveniently situated so to do, we should have decked the Sneezer with lilies, in celebration of the day, but the best we could do was to gather some sweet white jonquils with rosy tips to their petals.

At evening, when the last glimmer of daylight had faded, we sat silently watching the myriads of fireflies darting here and there. The water was full of phosphorescence, and wherever a ripple broke the surface there would be caught a train of fire. As the fish were jumping in all directions and all manner of insects were flitting about, dipping their wings in the surface, the river seemed a restless mass of flashing lights. But later, when the rain began to fall, the scene was beyond description; every falling raindrop rebounded. We were spellbound, and took no heed that our garments were growing damp until the captain ruthlessly put up the sailcloth to shield us and our belongings, thus obstructing our view; but we peered out through the various crevices till the rain ceased. A broad band of white light appeared to extend across the river below us, which gradually drew nearer, assuming meanwhile a semi circular form till it half encircled our boat, then fading away. So passed our Easter Sunday. While at Mr. P.'s wharf we went up Telegraph Creek, a wild and most beautiful stream, where we caught a trout, black bass, hooked a tarpon, and secured a number of beautiful birds of plumage, among them one of the somewhat rare forked-tail hawk, a splendid specimen.

We ate our luncheon under an arching tree which was covered with crimson and purple flowered air plants. The banks were high on either side and covered with lovely ferns, flowering shrubs, vines and trees. Now and then the various birds of plumage, blue and white herons, lovely green bittern, redbirds, etc., glanced across our path, disappearing in the shadowy depths of the moss-hung trees on either side or falling victims to the unerring shots of our marksmen. Here and there, at bwart our bows, a dark line of ripples betrayed the silent course of some huge alligator, and we shuddered as we thought of the scaly monsters that doubtless lay in waiting under the deeply shadowed waters. Here and there a sunlit space in the stream revealed scores of fish, mullet, bass and silvery shiners darting hither and yon. On our return, as we neared the last bend of the creek, and I sat somewhat dreamily holding between my fingers the fishing line, some huge thing caught the hook and spun the line off, burning my fingers to a blister. In my surprise, I dropped line, rod and all overboard, but succeeded in recovering them. The game escaped, however, and we were left to lament the loss of a tarpon. I learned a lesson for the future, which was, not to try holding a fine line in a stream frequented by such large game, unless I was anxious for scars to show in after days.

In the evening Professor and Mr. C. stretched a line across the river, fastened one end to a telegraph pole (the line from Key West to Punta Rassa to Tampa, etc., passes here), and the other to a tree, with several large hooks fastened at intervals and baited with catfish. They were rewarded the following morning by catching three large sharks. The Little Anna, a steamboat from Punta Rassa, was expected up the river with an excursion party, and a number of people who had come to the ferry to meet it were interested spectators of the capture. A tarpon hooked himself on the line, but succeeded by terrific plunges in freeing himself. The shark skins were taken to add to the trophies of the trip.

April 14 we left the anchorage where the above record was made, intending to run to Fort Myers for provisions. Wind and tide were adverse, and we anchored six miles above Fort Myers. The following morning we anchored near the wharf, obtained the needed provisions, and lay there all night. In the morning we ran up the Caloosahatchie again, to Twelve Mile Creek, and anchored off the mouth of the creek all night. On the morrow we ran further up to replenish our casks with water. Having all the water we need we came back to Twelve Mile Creek, where we anchored. We expect to start to-morrow for Punta Rassa, for our last mail there, run over to Sanibel for one day's hunting, and then work our way to Palma Sola, Cedar Keys, up the Suawnee River, to Jacksonville, Palatka, Jacksonville again, Savannah, New York, etc. Not so fast! We are still in the Caloosahatchie, although just in the mouth. Our progress is certainly not by express, and I at least, begin to wish that our trip were over, as it is very warm and mosquitoes hold high carnival in our cabin, and then one tires of the best of things in time.

The next morning we left the Caloosahatchie River. Stopping a few moments at Punta Rassa for the mail, we came over to Sanibel, and the wind and sea were so rough and high that we were unable to get away. Thursday, April 24, was a marked day in our calendar, not only because old Neptune tossed our little bark about like a bubble and bumped us on the beach with small regard for consequences, but our nimrods wending their separate ways in search of game, came back in triumph about 4 o'clock P. M. laden with spoils. First appeared the Professor with eight fine ducks, and immediately after Mr. C. stepped into view with a good fat doe in tow. We had a feast of venison steaks for supper, and, to say the least, we did justice to them, for although the Captain prepared a liberal supply, I saw Mr. C. looking at the empty platter with a mournful, Olivertwistish expression of face quite indescribable; but then he had brought that venison about four miles over rough walking after shooting it, which would excuse an Herculean appetite.

Mr. C.'s account of the capture of the deer was as follows: "As the Professor was busy writing, I shouldered my gun and ammunition and walked up the beach for some distance to a burned clearing; then I turned to the left and bent my steps toward a hummock. After walking some distance, through and beyond the latter, I concluded to stop and light my pipe (which I lost, to my great sorrow, on my way back), so leaning my gun against a neighboring palm tree I took out my pipe, tobacco, etc. As I did so I espied a doe feeding quietly about seventy yards away. I at once seized my gun and crept cautiously behind a large clump of grass. In doing this I lost sight of the deer, and when I peered out from my covert I could see nothing of it. Concluding that it had seen me and run away, I shouldered my gun and walked forward a few steps, when to my surprise I again saw my game feeding near me. I took aim and fired, the shot passing through the fore shoulders and vitals.

"Having secured my deer, I now thought with dismay of the distance between me and the Sneezer (between four and five miles). It was just possible that the Professor might come that way and meet me, but at the moment there seemed no better plan to offer than that I should carry my game. So I dressed and filled the carcass with fresh grass, tied the feet together with a rope I had brought in view of such an emergency, and slung it over my shoulders. I soon found the load too much for me, so dropping my burden, I severed the head from the body and the spine midway. Leaving the head to mark my trail and making two bundles of the severed trunk, I fastened the hindquarters around my waist, dragging the rest behind me. But this, too, soon became a burden too great for me to bear, so fastening all together, I tied the end of the rope around the barrels of my gun, and dragged with both hands behind me the whole the remainder of the distance till I came near the fish ranch, when the Spaniards ran out and helped me bring my game into one of the huts. There, on long tables used for preparing fish, we cut up the meat, leaving a portion with the Spaniards, and piling the remainder up in a wooden pail they lent me, I endeavored to get to the Sneezer; but after various vain attempts to launch the Hope, the waves being very high, I took the pail on my shoulders and waded to the Sneezer (the water not being over 2½ to 3½ feet deep) pretty well exhausted with my efforts."

Previous to the arrival of the hunters, the Captain had prepared me mentally for a ducking; the tide was falling rapidly and threatened soon to bring the bottom of the Sneezer into violent contact with the beach, in something less than 2ft. of water. When that should occur the Captain said she was bound to fill, and I must wade ashore. The constant rolling and pitching of the boat had brought my stomach into a similar condition, and it was fully able to appreciate the full force of the lines,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"

And I lay helplessly wondering whether it were worth while to make the effort of wading ashore or lie still and take my chances. But our sagacious Professor appeared in the nick of time, so to speak, grasped the situation, cast off his clothes, sprang into the raging billows, seized the anchors "ain by ain" and dragged them further out. So the Sneezer rolled in safety, thanks to the Professor. What a night we passed, when our fitful slumbers were disturbed with dreams of trip-hammers and giant pile drivers. Morning still found us rolling about, and so at 10:45 A. M. we continue, though the sea is growing calmer by very slow degrees. The next day the wind still blew a gale; Professor and Mr. C. went down to the lighthouse and around the point, whiling away the time as best we could. Captain B., not deeming it advisable for us to start until the wind and sea calmed a little.

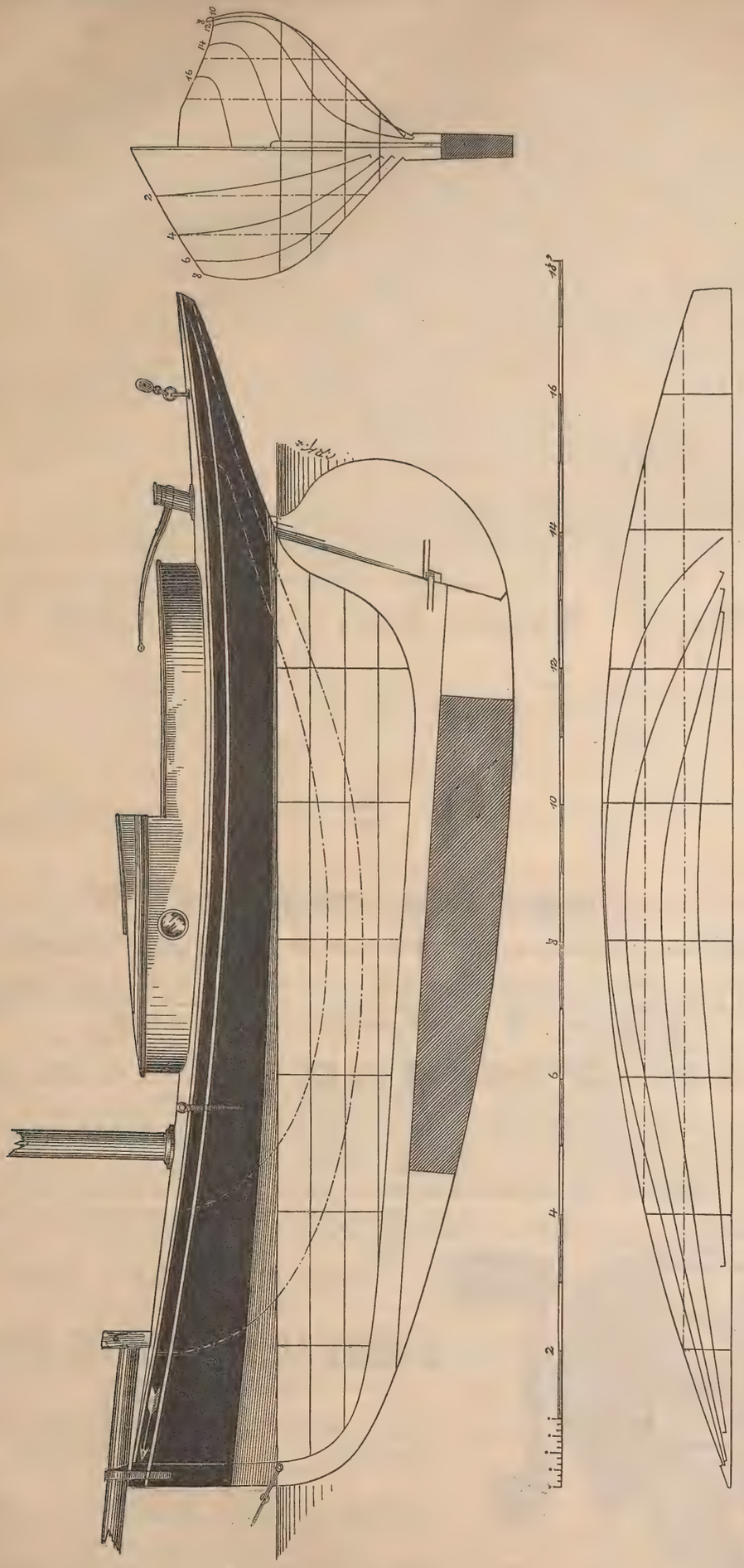
Saturday, April 26.—We bade a final adieu to the fish ranch, and ran before a fair wind nearly all day, anchoring at night in a little land-locked harbor at the upper end of Sanibel.

Tuesday, April 27. The wind still fair and we soon came up to Petruchio or Cayo Casino, where we had decided to stop and explore the island. Professor and Mr. C. went ashore before breakfast, and came back with glowing accounts of the beauty of the island. After breakfast we all went ashore. The island includes about thirty-seven acres of land, the northern side being between thirty-five and forty feet above the level of the sea; the land sloping from this high ridge to the opposite shore, the width being about one eighth of a mile. The ruins of a palmetto but still remain, and bits of brick masonry, broken glass, etc., would seem to indicate the site of more substantial residence of former days. Nearly all of the available land has been under cultivation, and we found the remains of quite an extensive grapery, also lemon, lime, citron, guava, plum and other trees. Among the wild growth of the island we found some magnificent gum-mastic trees, covered with a yellow, sticky fruit. These trees have a very thick foliage of a dark, glossy green, and their habit of growth is much like that of the water oak. Many of the trees and shrubs were covered with a luxuriant vine, laden with leguminous fruit, the polished black bean surrounded by a bright rose-colored pith, hung from the spiral pods in showy profusion. Two large cocoanut trees rear their plumed heads on the northeast side of the island, and at that time there were a quantity of nuts, in all stages of growth, from the blossom to the half-grown nut. Many of them were lying on the ground with the pulp scooped out, showing that opposum were fond of the fruit and did not scruple to help themselves. We took one or two of the hollowed shells with the husk still on, back with us to the boat, filled with seeds, specimens of stone, shells, etc. On the summit of one of the shell mounds was a lonely grave marked by a wooden cross, upon which was a nearly effaced inscription, the only word at all legible was the first name, John. A picket fence surrounded the grave which is said to be that of a sailor who died of a fever on some vessel passing near. Perhaps for this John who sleeps on this lovely island some one is "watching and waiting" the long years through, still cherishing a hope of his coming which shall know no fruition till "in the hereafter angels may roll the stone from its grave away."

That evening the Captain sculled the Sneezer down to the end of the island, that we might make a favorable start in the morning. We saw the Mischief, Captain Harry Warner, of Palma Sola, pass the other side of the island. We made an early start Monday morning, and directed our course to Stump Pass, so called because of a ragged stump which lies midway in the pass. Leaving the harbor through Big Gasparilla Pass, we sailed along the coast to Stump Pass, where we remained one day, gathering Panama shells, of which we found a quantity. We saw here some very beautiful jellyfish, shaped like a perfect fish, and of a lovely transparent blue. Tuesday morning early we again went outside, sailing fifteen miles up the Gulf to Casey's Pass, which we entered, anchoring just inside. While we walked on the beach, Professor took the Wash Tub and went across a narrow inlet or pass to the beach above, to take a bath in the surf. An hour or two had elapsed, when we saw him returning waving, as it appeared to us, his red handkerchief; but as he came near, we discovered that his hand was covered with blood. As soon as he drew near enough, he exclaimed: "A shark tackled me, let me get in, I never fainted before in my life, but believe I am going to now," and he did. We laid him on the cabin floor and applied restoratives, which soon caused a return of consciousness. His hand was badly torn and bled profusely.

As soon as he was able to speak connectedly, he related the circumstance of his accident as follows: "I was standing well out in surf with my arms outstretched, waiting for the next big wave, intending to take a header in it, when a shark came up and seized my hand. I pulled it away so suddenly that he did not have time to bite it off, but his sharp teeth tore through the flesh to the bone. I made for shore, bound my handerchief around my arm above the elbow as tightly as possible to check the flow of blood, and attempted to dress myself; but feeling weak from the fright and loss of blood, I lay down on the beach. I, however, soon got up, thinking I had better try to get back to the boat before my strength failed; so I managed to finish dressing and with the strength of desperation to get into my boat and scull with one hand to the other beach, hallooing now and then. The roar of the surf drowned my voice, and when at length I came near the boat, I felt as though I could no more than reach it and drop useless on the deck!" I bathed and dressed his wounds as well as I could, being fortunately well provided with old linen for such contingencies, and when that operation was over concluded it was time for me to faint (I will not say whether I did or not, but if I did it certainly was with a clear conscience).

Next morning we went out through Casey's Pass, sailed fifteen miles and entered Big Sarasota Pass, went up the bay to Sarasota wharf, which we reached about 5 P. M. We walked up to the post-office, a distance of about one-half a mile. Mr. Abbey, the postmaster (lately foully murdered), and his wife very kindly invited us into the house to rest, and when we started to return to the boat Mr. Abbey offered to show us a nearer way, and at the same time give us a peep at his groves, orange, lemon, pineapple, etc. We were much pleased with all we saw, the groves being in fine condition. It was growing dark when we returned to the Sneezer. We were weary after our walk, and soon after retired with the thought that it was our last night on board. At midnight, when the tide turned, the Captain sculled the boat into the channel, and early in the morning put up sail and soon we were in the Manatee River. The wind was ahead and we beat our way but slowly. How eagerly we watched, as we rounded Shoals Point with its cluster of palmetto huts, and one familiar object after another came into view. The white warehouse, the mill, the red tank poised high in the air, the brown hotel on the hill wherein we had so pleasantly spent the earlier days of the season, and when at last we drew up beside the smaller wharf, and good Mrs. Scott and Charlie came hurrying down to meet us with smiling faces, we felt that our voyage was most happily ended. We had been gone just seventy days up to May 1. KAT Y. MONDA.



THE KEEL CUTTER DART.

THE little boat, whose lines are given herewith was described in FOREST AND STREAM of March 12, in a letter from her owner, Dr. A. H. Buck, for whom she is building, by Thos. R. Webber, of New Rochelle; and as there stated, she was designed as a safe little cruiser for Long Island Sound. Her extreme length is 18ft., on loadline 14ft., beam, 4ft.; draft. 3ft. 8in.; least freeboard, 13in.; freeboard at bow, 27in. She is fitted as shown, with a small house, leaving a cockpit 8ft. 9in. long. Her iron keel weighs 1,018lbs., the remainder of the ballast being stowed as low as possible inside. The keel is of white oak sided 5in. and moulded 7in. The frame is of oak and hackmatack, 1¼in. sided, 1¾in. moulded at heels and 1¼ at heads. She is planked below with ¾in. cedar and her wales are of ¾in. yellow pine. The cabin and cockpit are of white pine with mahogany fittings, hatches and companion. The deck is of pine ¾in. square sprung to sideline. She will be sloop rigged, with pole mast, 18ft. deck to truck, and 13ft. 6in. deck to ½ ounds. The bowsprit is 10ft. over all and 8ft. outboard. Boom 13ft., gaff 8ft.; hoist of mainsail 11ft., hoist of jib, 11ft. 6in.; foot of jib, 11ft. 6in.; topsail on luff, 13ft. 9in.

The Dart is now ready for launching and will soon make a trial trip, when we hope to give a further description. The drawings show the moulded breadths.

NOTES FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season which is now opening promises to be one of the most brilliant ever enjoyed by the yachtsmen on Lake Ontario. The Kingston Yacht Club has decided to join the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and Hamilton, in which the yachting spirit revived very greatly last season, will probably add another club to the association, with several new competitors for the honors. As to these a Toronto journal supplies the following:

"The deep-draft cutter Whistle-Wing, built for Mr. Æmilius Jarvis of Hamilton, from his own designs, will be launched at Hamilton on the 5th. The Whistle-Wing is a 10-tonner, 40ft. over all, and 7ft. 4in. beam. She will set with her ordinary sails nearly 2,000 sq. ft. of canvas, and is expected to be a flyer. Her outside ballast is an iron shoe weighing about eight tons. Her frames and planking are white oak and very stout. Her sticks are pine and spruce from the Georgian Bay. The new cutter will be enrolled in the yacht club that is proposed to be formed at Hamilton, and may be looked for as a contestant in the races of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. Her lines include some noveities in a lake cutter, and as she is strictly a Hamilton production, from the model to the canvas, it will be interesting to compare her perfcrmances with those of other cutters and sloops.

"Messrs. H. L. Bolstien & Son have built a handsome new centerboard sloop from their own designs, which will be launched next week. Geo. Webster has also built a fine sloop, which will be put into the water in a few days. She is called the Cruiser. Altogether the yachting season of 1885 on Burlington Bay promises to be a very lively one"

The Belleville craft, which swept the board last season, will be in excellent trim to meet all comers, and their owners will spare no expense to keep them to the front.

The unfortunate Atalanta got a bad wrenching in the ice when it broke up. She was taken from her moorings to a comparatively shallow spot, where she lies, sunk to her deck. As the ways at the local ship yard are at present occupied, the work of repairing must perforce be postponed for several days. PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

THE VOYAGE OF THE CARMELITA.

THE schooner yacht Carmelita, Captain W. Y. Snow, which sailed from New York on March 9 for San Francisco, arrived at Rio Janeiro on April 16, after a successful passage of 39 days, as shown by the following extract from her log. Captain Snow writes of her as follows to Mr. A. Carey Smith:

"According to promise, I send you a few lines and abstract of schooner's log. We arrived here to-day, April 16, all right and well, after a good and pleasant passage of 39 days, which is not often beaten I think. I take great pleasure in informing you that the yacht has proved herself in every respect a staunch and able sea boat. I don't think I was ever in a better one. She has not shipped a barrelful of water since leaving New York."

LOG OF THE CARMELITA—NEW YORK TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

Date.	Dist	Lat.	Long	Wind and Weather.
March 9...	180	37° 32′	73° 32′	Strong northerly wind, clear and cold. Heavy sea running.
March 10...	165	36° 05′	70° 00′	Fresh W. N. W. wind and clear. Large sea following.
March 11...	135	35° 14′	67° 25′	Mod. north wind and cloudy.
March 12...	97	33° 54′	67° 03′	Light airs and calm.
March 13...	206	33° 32′	63° 09′	Fresh south'ly wind. Fine weather.
March 14...	119	33° 22′	59° 15′	Strong southerly wind, heavy seas. Under short sail.
March 15...	87	33° 20′	57° 30′	Mod. to light and calm, large sea.
March 16...	85	32° 34′	55° 13′	Light airs and calms. Fine weather.
March 17...	113	31° 40′	54° 39′	Light westerly winds.
March 18...	140	31° 03′	52° 05′	Strong breeze and heavy cross sea.
March 19...	130	30° 35′	49° 27′	Strong south breeze, short sail, heavy cross sea; schooner making good weather.
March 20 ..	97	30° 37′	47° 37′	Hard southerly wind; cross sea; under short sail.
March 21...	112	30° 47′	45° 30′	Fresh southerly wind and large sea.
March 22...	67	30° 42′	44° 13′	Mod. to light breeze; sea decreasing.
March 23 ..	92	29° 02′	43° 51′	Fresh breeze from S. E. by E.; beginning of trade winds.
March 24...	175	.....	.....	Strong trades and squally; heavy swell.
March 25...	168	23° 09′	42° 56′	Fresh trades; squally; large sea.
March 26...	200	20° 09′	42° 00′	Strong trades and squally; large sea; spoke the Br. bk Isle of Bath, bound to Queenstown from S. F.
March 27...	184	17° 22′	40° 47′	Fresh trades and squally; winds E.
March 28...	184	14° 33′	39° 30′	Fresh trades throughout.
March 29...	170	12° 13′	37° 15′	Fresh to moderate trades.
March 30...	195	9° 41′	36° 03′	Fresh trades and fine weather.
March 31...	170	12° 13′	37° 51′	Fresh to mod trades; fine weather.
April 1 ...	180	4° 32′	32° 17′	Moderate trades; fine weather.
April 2....	150	2° 48′	30° 25′	Mod. and fine; spoke Swed. brig Astrea.
April 3....	145	42′ S.	29° 18′ W.	Light winds; made St. Caul's Rocks; crossed equator.
April 4....	78	38′	29° 20′	Light airs and calms.
April 5....	90	2° 08′	29° 33′	Light airs and calms; latter part light breeze from E.
April 6....	118	4° 04′	30° 02′	Fine weather; beginning of trades.
April 7....	160	6° 45′	30° 39′	Light winds; fine weather.
April 8....	150	9° 04′	31° 18′	Moderate trades and squally.
April 9....	160	11° 33′	32° 20′	Moderate trades; fine weather.
April 10....	165	13° 55′	33° 39′	Mod. trades; passed a brig going to south'ard.
April 11....	164	16° 17′	35° 07′	Squally and light; latter part fresh.
April 12....	170	18° 47′	36° 42′	Moderate trades and fine weather.
April 13....	135	20° 33′	38° 12′	Light trades; occasional squalls.
April 14....	120	22° 00′	39° 10′	Light easterly airs and calm.
April 15....	118	22° 54′	41° 45′	Light winds; 10 A. M. made Cape Freo.
April 16....	70	.....	.....	Mod. breeze; middle and latter part calm; arr. in Rio de Janeiro harbor, making passage in 39 days.

YACHTING NOTES.—Petrel cutter, Mr. E. A. Stevens, is having a new suit of sails of English canvas, by Berglund of Brooklyn ... The dome steamer Meteor, which proposed, a year or two since, to revolutionize ocean travel, has been turned into a tug and is towing on the Kennebec River, Maine....Nebula, cutter, was launched last week by the Lawleys....Oceanic Y. C.—The peculiar little sloop mentioned a few weeks since is almost completed. Her owner, Commodore Lynch, has named her Trio ....Edith, steam yacht. Mr. Wm. Woodward, has been sold to Mr. E. C. Benedict, of New York, for $6,000. She was built by the Herreshoffs in 1880, and is 60ft. long....Nourmahal, Mr. Wm. Astor, was at Gloucester, Mass., on May 8 ....Norseman, schooner, was out this week for painting. She is now afloat again off Twenty-eighth street....Knickerbocker Y. C.—The club have engaged the iron steamer Sirius for May 30, to accompany the yachts at their spring regatta ...Sphinx.—Mr. Henry Taylor has sold his steam yacht to Mr. H. F. Hendouker for $4,000....Brenda, schooner, lately purchased by the government, has arrived at Jacksonville in charge of Col. McFarland and Lieut. Derby. She will be engaged in experimenting with explosives on the St. John's River ...Frolic, schooner, is still in New York, but has been transferred to her new owner, Mr. Arthur Fuller, of Boston....Gracie, sloop, is fitting out at Glen Cove. She will have new canvas this season....Rosalie, sloop, Dr. B. F. Dawson, former owner of the Valkyr, has purchased this sloop from Mr. Canfield ...Lucille, Herreshoff's, No. 122, was lately tried on Narragansett Bay, and made 17 miles. Her length as already given is 90ft. ....Aida, steam yacht, Vice-Com. Douglas, N. Y. Y. C., has received her new boiler at Bristol and has left there ...Utowana, steam yacht, has had a bridge added over the pilot house, and has been docked, cleaned and painted. She will finish fitting out at Edgartown, Mass. ....Radha, steam yacht, has also been on the screw dock for cleaning and painting... Haze, schooner, Messrs. Hogan, has been on Mumm's ways for repairs after grounding in the Horseshoe in the blow of last month. She is all in shape again and off to the Eastward.... Larchmont Y. C.—The Sylvan Dell has been chartered to accompany the yachts on July 4... New Schooner.—The centerboard schooner building for Mr. G. W. Winslow, of Boston, by James & Co., of Essex, was launched on May 4. She is 64ft. over all, 19ft. beam, 6ft. 4in. depth of hold, and measures 60 tons. The cabin contains three staterooms finished in mahogany and oak, and the galley and forecastle in ash....Mohican, schooner, is now refitting in Boston after her winter cruise....Hull.—A part of the steamboat wharf has been opened to yachtsmen, making a good landing for their boats....Gitana, schooner, has replaced her winter spars with longer ones, and is also scraping and painting ready for the summer work....Wanda.—The engines and boilers have been placed aboard Mr. Woodward's new steam yacht....Grayling, schooner, has been hauled out for scraping and painting....Mischief, sloop, is now hauled out for painting at Port Richmond, S. I.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A cruise is proposed in June, starting on the 25th with a race from Larchmont to New London, on the 25th a run to Newport and New Bedford, and thence back to New York on the 27th, with a steamboat to carry the guests of the club. A meeting was held on May 12 at their rooms. The Regatta Committee submitted a report, and two dates were suggested for the regatta, but neither was finally decided on. Several designs for prize cups were submitted to the club. The next meeting will be on May 19.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The racing programme for the year has been decided on and most of the dates fixed. Five regattas will be sailed, the yachts winning the most times to take the championship prizes. The regatta committee are Messrs. A. J. McLeod, chairman; J. J. Bligh, secretary; Henry J. McKee, F. G. Cooley, W. C. Sherrington, C. L. Braman and F. Williams. The following details are given in the circular of the races. The classification of yachts will be by "waterline" measurement as follows: Keels—First class, over 24ft. and under 30ft.; second class, 24ft. and under. Centerboards—First class, over 20ft. and under 26ft.; second class, 20ft. and under. Schooners will be allowed to enter at ⅞ of their measurement. Time allowance will be figured on "waterline" measurement, plus ½ of after overhang. Schooners on ⅞ of waterline measurement. All yachts will be restricted to working sails only. No shifting of ballast will be allowed during the races, and the judges shall reserve the right to place a man on all yachts competing to see that the rules are strictly adhered to, particularly the last. Flying start with 3 minutes' allowance in which to cross the line; time will be taken from time of crossing the line. Two prizes will be awarded in each class. The committee have laid out the courses with the intention of allowing a full view of the races from the club house, City Point, from start to finish as follows: Course No. 1, for first-class "keels" and first-class "centerboards."—From judges' boat off club house, City Point, to black spar buoy No. 1, west of wharf on Thompson's Island, leaving it on port, to can buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, leaving it on the port, to black spar buoy No. 1 again, leaving it on the port to can buoy No. 7 off Fort Independence, leaving it on the port, back to judges' boat, passing between it and stakeboat, a distance of 7¼ miles. Course No. 2, for second-class "keels" and second-class "centerboards."—From judges' boat to cow pasture spar buoy No. 6, leaving it on the port, to red star buoy No. 2, north end of Thompson's Island, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, leaving it on the port, to black spar buoy No. 2, west of wharf on Thompson's Island, leaving it on the port, to red spar buoy No. 2, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, passing between it and the stakeboat. Distance 5¾ miles.

AN ENGLISH BUILT STEAM YACHT FOR AMERICA.—A steam yacht is now nearly ready for the water on the Clyde, which is intended for use in America, and will be enrolled in the American Y. C., her owner, Mr. John Clark, residing at Newark, N. J. She will be of steel, 212ft. on deck, 200ft waterline, 27ft. beam, 17ft. depth of hold. Her engines are of the new triple expansion type, taking steam at 140lbs. She will be built under Lloyd's supervision, and the steel will be tested to 6,500lbs. tensile strain. She will have three masts and a large sail plan.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting was held on May 7 at New Orleans, the officers elected being: Commodore, Emile J. O'Brien; Vice-Commodore, Alexander Brewster; Rear Commodore, Charles Schmidt; Treasurer, J. B. McConnell; Secretary, H. P. Hopkins. An entertainment will be given by the club about June 1.

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.—The annual meeting of this club was held last week at Belleville, Ont., Commodore Biggar being in the chair. Messrs. J. McGregor Young, H. E. Burdett, F. Fellowes, Alfred Coleman, R. E. Lazier, W. Fellowes, E. L. Fellowes, A. Richardson, C. Hostage, Dr. Abbott, S. E. Lennox, R. H. Fenwick, W. P. McMahon, John H. Mackie, W. Morris, and J. L. Morkill were elected members, and Messrs. W. H. Biggar, R. S. Bell and R. M. Roy were elected as delegates to the annual meeting of the L. Y. R. A. at Toronto. The protest entered by Mr. Robertson of the Laura, against the award of the second prize in the second class at the fall regatta was considered, and the decision of the judges sustained. A motion of condolence over the death of Mr. C. J. Starling was moved and passed, after which the following officers were elected: Commodore, R. M. Roy; Vice-Commodore, Wm. Pike; Captain, D. B. Robertson; Honorary Secretary, R. S. Bell; Assistant Secretary, F. S. Campbell; Treasurer, Geo. N. Leavens; Measurer, Geo. N. Deavens and W. S. Drewry. Regatta Committee, E. Force, Chairman; W. Webster, S. A. Spangenberg, W. N. Ponton, F. S. Campbell, J. W. Johnson, Jas. Jenkins, S. R. Balkwell and W. L. Fellowes. Executive Committee, W. H. Biggar, chairman; G. S. Sutherland, W. H. Campbell, H. McKinnon, J. W. Johnson, Geo. F. Hope, Thos. Ritchie, S. A. Spangenberg, E. Corby, S. R. Balkwell, H. Corby.

QUEBEC YACHT CLUB.—This club, formed on March 6, has now a membership of 130, and fifteen yachts on its list. The officers of the club are as follows: Patron—His Excellency the Most Honorable the Marquis of Lansdowne, G. C. M. G., Governor-General of Canada. Vice-Patron—His Honor the Honorable Louis Roderique Masson, P. C. Lieutenant-General of the Province of Quebec. Commodore, J. U. Gregory, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, J. Ritchie, Esq.; Captain, J. J. Thom, Esq.; Secretary, Wm. McLimont, Esq.; Treasurer, G. C. Scott, Esq.; John Hamilton, Esq.; Albert Peters, Esq. Sailing Committee, Charles McKenzie, Esq., F. Falkenberg, Esq., Eugene Chinic, Esq., John Shaw, Esq., E. G. Meredith, Esq. An anchorage will soon be provided for the yachts, with a janitor. The pennant is triangular, with red, white and blue triangular stripes and a yellow star in the center of the white stripe.

LAUNCH OF THE BRUNHILDE.—Mr. J. J. Phelps's schooner yacht Brunhilde was launched on April 30, at Nyack, where she was built by J. E. Smith. The Brunhilde is 112ft. on deck, 102ft. waterline, 25ft. beam, 11ft. 3in. depth of hold, 11ft. draft, and was designed by C. H. Bliven, who has also superintended her construction. The interior will be finished in redwood and cherry, upholstered in blue plush. The Brunhilde will leave New York as soon as completed for a cruise around the world. Captain Frederick Evans will command her.

YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.—Owing to some small errors in the time scale a new edition of the sailing rules has been issued. We have before spoken of these rules as containing much that is of value to young yacht clubs, being the result of many seasons' hard sailing and practical tests. Copies may be obtained of the publishers, Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's lane, London, England, their price being 1 shilling each or 9 shillings per dozen.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—Most of the yachts are now ready for work after thorough overhauling. Rajah, Commodore Beecher, and Zephyr, Vice-Commodore Dudley, are in fine condition. The club list includes the Wild Duck, Alexander Lutz, whose spars and canvas have been increased this year; the Ceres, J. H. Parrish; Thistle, Mr. Zeigler; Nellie R., Mr. Warner; Hydras, late Roxanna, Mr. Gardner; Viola, Mr. C. N. Wayland, of the Thimble Islands; Starlight, Mr Merrill White; Vivienne, Mr. Sheffield Phelps; Brunhilde, Mr. J. J. Phelps; Marguerite, Mr. C. M. Peck; the Wave, once the unlucky Mystery; the Eva, formerly Lorelei; the Wild Pigeon, Mr. Frank Wheeler; the Mascotte, Messrs. Jacobs and Weld, the Sea Belle, Mr. Seymour, with more canvas and lead keel; the Vixen, Mr. C. W. Ranson; the Rival, Mr. Converse; the Happy Thought, Mr G. M. Graves; the Ino, Mr. Cheney; the Wanda and Louise, Mr. T. C. Hall. The steamers include the Lucy, Messrs. Andrews, and the Nereid, Mr. Osgood. The most exciting feature of this year's work will be the ocean race around Block Island, the date for which is not yet decided on.

YACHTING AT SALEM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yachting matters are looking up just now. Capt. J. W. Collins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, is now at his home in Gloucester, where I believe he is to superintend the building of a schooner after ideas of his own, one good point of which will be an honest under-water body. Being a thoroughly practical man, we shall watch developements with interest. When completed I think she will be used to further advance the most efficient work of the Fish Commission.—X. Y. Z

SILVIE.—The new canvas of the Silvie, schooner, Com. C. V. Whitten, Hull Y. C., will measure 5,948ft., divided as follows: Mainsail, 2,122ft.; foresail, 1,085ft.; jib, 672ft.; flying jib, 630ft.; staysail, 598ft.; topsail, 841ft. This area is more by 1,690½ft. than her old jib and mainsail when sloop rigged. Her new topmasts are 38½ and 37. As already noticed, she has had her deck sheathed and many alterations made below.

QUINCY Y. C.—All the dates for the club and championship matches of this club have been settled upon, and the racing courses have been laid out nearer the shore, so that the entire course is in view of the spectators. Another innovation is the adoption of the flying start instead of a start from anchor. The membership has lately been increased to 14.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The season at Larchmont was opened on May 2, when the first monthly meeting was held, a number of members being present. Sixteen new names were added to the roll.

ALBANY Y. C.—The officers for 1885 are: Commodore, W. W. Grey; Vice-Commodore, Walker Melius; Secretary, Henry Sann; Treasurer, G. H. Waggoner; Measurer, C. S. Babcock.

YALE Y. C.—The officers for 1885 are: Commodore, Thos. B. Van Buren, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, Oliver G Jennings; Secretary, George E. Haven, Jr.; Treasurer, Louis K. Hyde.

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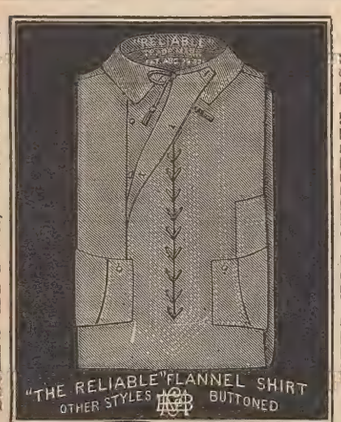
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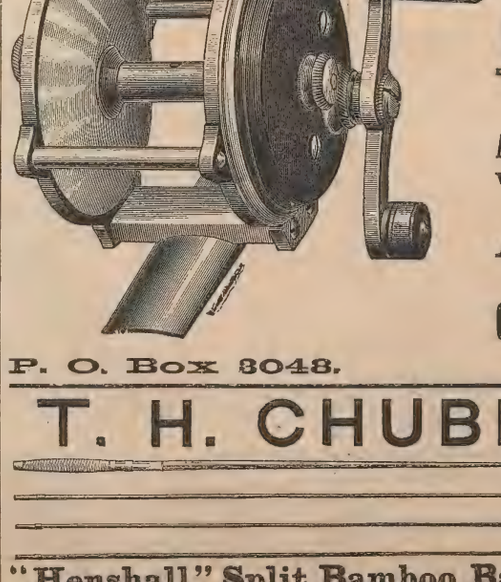
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T. S. VAN DYKE.
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New Publication.

CANOE

THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

In addition to the numerous diagrams in the body of the work, twenty-four large plates are printed on bond paper, containing the working drawings of canoes for paddling, sailing, cruising

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and racing, with their sail plans, rowing sailing boats, large canoe yawls, and various boats for special purposes, such as gunning boats, yacht boats, and the widely known sneakbox.

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AMATEURS.

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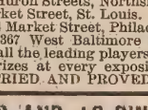
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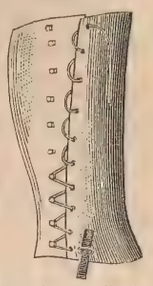
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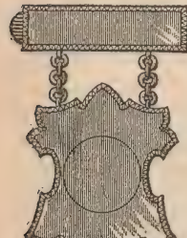
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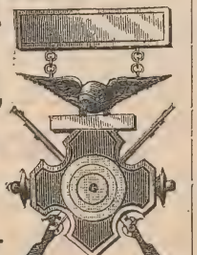
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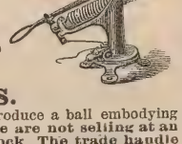


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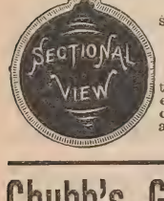
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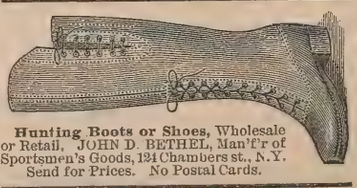
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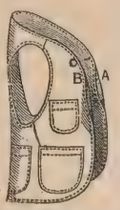
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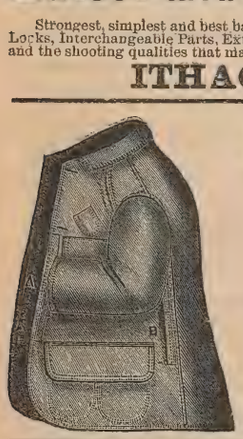


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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 17. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

Address all communications.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS MUDDLE.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is not warm in its support of the mass of incongruities and absurdities which the Committee on Agriculture has offered the Legislature for indorsement. In fact, that society is doing its best to have the bill changed, at least enough to make it a sensible one, and the probable result will be that no bill at all will be passed this year. The friends of fish and game protection in Massachusetts are becoming more than ever convinced of the utter inefficiency of the Committee on Agriculture, composed, as it generally is, of good enough farmers or theoretical agriculturists, to comprehend and intelligently handle the precarious interests of game birds, greatly depleted and fast going to extermination. This one point is always topmost: "We want our boys to have all the partridges"—just when the boys choose, and against the city sportsman, they mean. This celebrated committee, which usually roosts on Beacon Hill from the first of January till the weather gets absolutely too hot—and it can stand considerable heat—is responsible for the most of the defeat which true game protection has suffered in Massachusetts for a couple of years at least. An effort will be made next year to have a special committee appointed to look after an interest of so much importance. In no other way can Massachusetts hope for any advance in the fostering of her game supply.

FOREST FIRE LAW.

THE Province of New Brunswick has a new forest fire law, which is in many respects similar to the provisions respecting fire in the forestry law recently enacted in this State. Certain sections of the New Brunswick statute are specially directed against the practices of careless campers and sportsmen, to whose thoughtless unconcern so many destructive conflagrations have been due. It is directed that every person who, between May 1 and Dec. 1, may start a fire in or near the forest, for the purpose of cooking or obtaining warmth, shall: *First*, select a locality in which there is the smallest quantity of vegetable matter, dead wood, branches, brushwood, dry leaves or resinous trees. *Second*, clear the place in which he is about to light the fire, by removing all vegetable matter, dead trees, branches, brushwood and dry leaves from the soil within a radius of five feet from the fire. *Third*, exercise and observe every reasonable care and precaution to prevent such fire from spreading, and carefully extinguish the same before quitting the place.

It is further provided that any person who shall throw or drop any burning match, ashes of a pipe, lighted cigar or any other burning substance, or who shall discharge any fire-arm within any forest or wood-lot, or other place where there is vegetable matter, shall be subject to the penalties imposed by this act if he negligently omit wholly to extinguish before leaving the spot, the fire of such match, ashes of a pipe, cigar, wadding of the fire-arm, or other burning substance.

And that the idiot who starts a forest fire may not have the excuse to plead that he did not know that there was any law away off there in the woods, the further provision is laid down that every person who may be in charge of a party requiring camp-fires for cooking or other purposes in the forest shall provide himself with a copy of the law and read and explain it to his companions.

This is excellent law for New Brunswick, and it is excellent law for every State and Territory in the Union.

HE IS EVERYWHERE.—It matters little toward which of the thirty-two points of the compass your way is turned, you are sure to encounter the fellow who masquerades in the guise of a sportsman, and in that guise acquits himself worthy of a carnivorous brute. In the recesses of the forest he plies his murderous work, and the fair streams are polluted by the stain of his butchery. Here are two recent instances that have come to our notice. In the Indian River country, last winter, a party of three Englishmen, rigged out in corduroys and baggy trousers, kept up a perpetual fusilade with their 8-bore guns at every living thing that came in their way. The gulls, the white herons, even the buzzards fell victims to these men. They had an Arkansas record of 500 ducks shot and left to rot, and by the time their Florida trip was over they had in that State a record which equalled the other. The Wisconsin summer sky looks down on deeds of this nature quite as aggravated as this Florida case. Last summer Lake Gogebic was a virgin lake, teeming with black bass, and by reason of well directed effort on the part of railroad managers, large numbers of fishermen were attracted thither. Men from Chicago and Milwaukee going in the guise of anglers, hastened to the new grounds, and in numerous instances left the dead fish in heaps on the shore, to poison the air and offend the nostrils and the souls of decent men. Why is it that such things are tolerated? Why is not public spirit so strong on this subject that the low minded creatures whose instincts lead them to commit such slaughter should be deterred from it by the very fear of being branded with shame by that public sentiment? One reason, perhaps, is because sportsmen do not do enough missionary work, each one in his own neighborhood.

ADIRONDACK FORESTRY COMMISSION.—The Governor's appointment of Messrs. Dowd, James and Basselin as Forestry Commissioners for the State of New York appears to have been most unfortunate. The first two gentlemen are well-known public-spirited citizens, who have been friends of the forestry movement, and had they time to give to the work their places could not be better filled. It is understood, however, that neither Mr. James nor Mr. Dowd can give to the Adirondack work the necessary time, and so as a matter of fact the working member of the commission, if it remains as at present, will be Mr. Basselin. Mr. Basselin is a lumberman. He is said to have represented the lumbermen and to have acted as their principal agent in the Albany lobby that has fought so persistently to defeat forest legislation. Such a man is surely not fit to be entrusted with the office which has been given to him. The success of this new movement will depend upon the wisdom, faithfulness and honesty of purpose of the Commissioners. New York can hardly afford to entrust the work to other than those whose attitude toward forest preservation is known to be right.

CANOEING is one of the growing recreations, if any inference is to be drawn from the rapidly multiplying literature devoted to it. Within as many months the publishers of this journal have issued three books on canoeing; first Mr. Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building," then Dr. Neidé's "Cruise of the Aurora," and now comes Mr. Vaux's "Canoe Handling."

THE HOTEL MAN comes in for frequent mention in the correspondence sent to this journal by the sportsman tourist. Sometimes the over praise given to a landlord is blue-penciled by the manuscript reader, and sometimes the mention of the host is permitted to appear. The rule governing this is not very well defined. It is to be taken for granted that sportsmen wish to know what sort of accommodations are to be had at the various places of resort. This is an important consideration, and when a writer refers to such matters for the evident purpose of conveying this desired information to his readers, the communication is generally printed in full. On the other hand, there are very many individuals, not much used to traveling, who, when they are well-treated at a hotel (as the landlord is presumed to be paid to treat them) are quite overwhelmed with gratitude therefor, and try to discharge a portion of their supposed debt by singing out the host's praises in the FOREST AND STREAM. Such correspondents sometimes complain because their letters are trimmed, but we cannot believe that aside from the correspondent and the landlord any one else misses the expunged sentences. The sportsman who finds nothing more interesting than his hotel experience to write about cannot be said to have an ideal outing.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB has just taken out incorporation papers, the charter members being Messrs. H. F. Aten, J. L. Hill, G. Walter, J. W. Douglass, P. J. McDermott, I. C. Monroe, J. McKewen, J. L. Logan and G. J. Seabury. The club has secured a lease of 6,000 acres, on which it has been preserving the game with encouraging success. During the past season it has put out fifty-nine dozen of quail, making a total of one hundred and sixty dozen which it has brought from the South to Long Island. Three pairs of blue quail from Texas have been liberated on the club's preserve, and are reported to be doing finely. An effort will be made to introduce the Scotch grouse. The Brooklyn Gun Club is one of the few organizations in this vicinity that practice game protection as well as they preach it. They have set to work in a sensible way to replenish the Long Island game lands, and their present success promises well for the future.

A FISHWAY FOR SHAD.—For the past ten years our fish-culturists have been looking for evidence that shad have passed over any of the numerous models of fishways which have been built on our rivers. Other fish have gone over most of them, but the wary shad has declined to even enter their passages. In another column we quote from a letter from Mr. C. J. Huske, Superintendent of Fisheries for South Carolina, in which he says he has been told by good authority that shad have passed the fishway on the Saluda River. If this proves to be true, as there seems to be no doubt, it will give an impetus to fishway building all over the country, for many have been waiting to find a form of fishway which shad would enter, hence the passage of shad over a fishway is an event worthy of especial notice.

THE RECEPTION held Monday last at the American Museum of Natural History at Central Park, was an interesting and enjoyable occasion. One of the most instructive of the recent additions to the collections is the Jessup collection of woods. This embraces most of the species of trees occurring in the United States, and is designed to illustrate the forest wealth of this country. The specimens of the woods are polished on a portion of their surface. Accompanying these are a series of life-size water colors, sketches of foliage, flowers and fruit. An herbarium accompanies the collection, which is for the present on exhibition on the first floor, the hall of mammals.

AMICABLY ADJUSTED.—We are much pleased to be able to state that Major Joseph Verity and Mr. J. P. Squibob, who have been glaring at each other across a thousand miles of this fair land, have come to an amicable adjustment of their little differences. Each of these old gentlemen is a bit choleric, but neither one of them is vindictive nor long permits the clouds of uncharitableness to overshadow the calm serenity of a green old age. So they have patched up their differences, and in future, like the lion and the lamb of inspired vision, will lie together in sweet unison.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL has not been heard from since it was a second time passed by both houses at Albany and sent to the Governor. Why does not Governor Hill put his signature to it and have the credit of doing so?

The Sportsman Tourist.

SANTA BARBARA IN SPRING.

THE smooth bay spreads in front its level floor,
Walled by the distant islands' rugged chain.
No southern storms beat on this guarded shore,
But placid rollers break with low refrain.

Seaward, where wide-winged pelicans flap by,
Some forager now leaves the laboring line,
Drops plummet-like, splashing the spray on high,
And pulls his wriggling booty from the brine.

Landward, a hawk, sailing in mounting rings,
Watches the banded wildfowl cleave the breeze.
Hark! to the whirr of his down-rushing wings,
And the scared croakings of the scattered geese.

Along the lowlands spread the fruitful farms;
And canyons, whose steep sides are hung with bloom,
Stretch to the lofty hills their branching arms,
Where cool brooks gurgle in the shady gloom.

The Spanish mason's ponderous old-time walls
Still on the ridge hold their commanding place,
The square-built towers and colonnaded halls
Crowning the landscape with a massive grace.

Above, a flock of doves in doubtful flight
Wheel till their white wings flash; then, stooping low,
Fluttering uncertain, daintily they light,
Flecking the russet roof with spots of snow.

Here grow the fig and olive. Here the vine
Throws on the sunny slopes its verdant cloak.
Here tower the plumed shafts of tropic pine,
Here spread the dark-leaved groves of sturdy oak.

The flowering flax gleams blue as mountain lakes,
Tall wheat and barley crowd the fertile fields.
Impartial nature no distinction makes,
Fruits of all zones her equal bounty yields.

Now the in-drifting fog-bank gently trails
Along the circling hills its fleecy flow.
Then, feathering out its foam of creamy veils,
Wraps in their folds the peaceful plain below.

Blurred by the gathering mist, the paling light
Fades into darkening gray. The evening bell
Tells that calm day has passed to quiet night,
And all is silent save the ocean's swell.

H. G. Dulog.

LOST IN THE DEAD CREEK COUNTRY.

TO become lost, or at least bewildered, is something that is almost certain to occur sooner or later to the man who spends much time in the pursuit of large game in a heavily-timbered country, and to extricate oneself is sometimes quite a problem, and one not always attended with the most delightful of memories.

The summer of 1881 was an exceedingly wet one in the Adirondacks, especially during the month of August, and day after day we looked up at leaden skies, or if we caught a glimpse of blue, the driving clouds soon obscured it, and daily we had from one to five thunder storms, with wind squalls and disheartening downpours between times. Everything was soaked, and our spirits would have been sadly dampened too, but that Tom had a fund of jokes, to say nothing of considerable ability on the mouth organ, which was a source of constant amusement to us, while his guide, ordinarily quiet, when once started could tell any number of stories and chose a variety of subjects that was sometimes bewildering. As for my guide and myself, we had spent so many months in the woods together, that we had come to regard rains, storms and hunter's luck as something to be expected in a long campaign. When Willard's tongue tired from story telling, and ours from laughing, we had a well-thumbed and greasy pack of cards to fall back on, and there were some wonderful hands shown down on the blanket in our tent as we passed the time with casino, old sledge and penny ante, with beans for chips.

We had camped on a little knoll on the windfall near Dead Creek, something like a mile or more from where the creek emptied into the Grass River, and were about four miles from Cranberry Lake.

It was but a short distance to a log cabin where a guide and his family lived, from whom we were able to obtain fresh bread, raspberry pies, and the greatest of all luxuries in the woods, fresh milk, while their home was often a retreat when the driving rain pelted through our tent despite the fly, and drove us soaked and disgusted to seek a warm corner back of their stove to dry out, while songs and music on the organ from Tom, adventures, stories, and hunters' experiences from the rest passed round the circle, and our discomforts were forgotten as we laughed and joked till dry and warm.

The constant thunder seemed to have driven the trout to the deepest holes, and it was only by the most persistent fishing that we obtained enough for one meal per day, and all our efforts to obtain venison amounted to *nil*. Except hounding and trapping, every means had been tried. We had watched, still-hunted and floated, and had tried several times to drive by hand, but all without success. Finally, after working faithfully for nearly two weeks, we tried the dogs, and Tom's performance on that occasion is worthy to be chronicled among the Fireside Flickerings.

The spot we selected for running was down the Grass River, encamping at the Deer Lick Rapids, so called from a large spring that boils up near them, making a large pool fully twenty feet across and forming a natural deer lick, as the ground about it was trampled down until it was hard as a floor, yet there was no perceptible taste to the water different from any other spring.

The greatest runway on the drive was about three-quarters of a mile below the rapids, where the river was quite wide and deep, with a large rock rising out of the river in the middle and offering a superb watch, and to this station Tom was assigned, he being the novice and of course anxious to kill his first deer, and although he had never shot at one, we had every confidence in his judgment and in his being proof against buck fever, as his nerves had been well tried at the trap and in the field. Willard took the rapids to watch, while I chose a runway in the woods. George took Tom and the two hounds in the boat and started down the river, and as they started off could hear him cautioning Tom about sitting still and keeping quiet while watching, as a cliff off to the right was a regular echo sounder.

Willard and I took our stations and listened for the welcome sound that should tell us the game was afoot. An hour passed, and I could hear one of the hounds in full cry, apparently heading directly for Tom's watch. Straight toward him the game seemed to go, and I expected every moment to hear him shoot; but suddenly the chase turned and headed up toward me, then took another runway and swung round a hill off a hundred yards to my left, until it died away in the distance toward Cranberry Lake. After waiting another hour and hearing nothing, I returned to camp, and a few minutes later saw Tom and George coming up the river. The expression on Tom's face was one of sublime content, but George's face was a study. He had gone down the river about a mile below Tom, and waiting until he had found a big track, had let one of the dogs go, and the deer had apparently gone direct toward Tom, and he too expected to hear his shot, but no shot sounded; and he also heard the chase go out of hearing, after which he let the other dog go on another track, but the deer ran off toward Chimoux Pond instead of toward the river; so retracing his steps to his boat he pulled up the river, wondering what could have turned the deer from Tom. Rounding a bend he suddenly pricked up his ears. Could he believe them! Was some wildwood nymph trying to beguile him, or was that the Lurlei, transported from her rock in the Rhine to the Grass, and bringing him to his doom by the witching melody. The illusion was almost complete; the rock was there, the melody was there, but the fell enchantment resolved itself into a very red-faced and thoroughly baked young man dressed in gray, lying on his back, with his hat protecting his face from the sun, his heels in the air, and most complacently playing the waltz from Boccaccio with a supreme air of contempt for such worldly matters as deer or dogs. He blandly informed George that he heard the dog bark, and heard something smashing away in the bushes, but he hadn't seen any deer and didn't believe there were any around there; and he further said he had kept very quiet, only amusing himself by playing on his harmonica to pass away the time and save himself from thinking that he was the victim of some modern form of inquisition, in which the rock represented the broiler and he the victim over the coals. When a few days later he learned that the hound George put out first had driven a big four-pronged buck into the lake, and that a fishing party had killed it, he came to the conclusion that while his harmonica had achieved signal success in attracting and charming one kind of dear on the trip, it was a sad failure on the other variety.

George and I floated on the river that night, but the rain still pursued us, having cleared off beautifully while running the deer, only to return with persistent force as night approached. As a result not a step was heard, and as soon as it was light we all returned to our Dead Creek Camp the next morning.

The day following our return it was arranged that Tom and Willard should go to an oat patch belonging to a farmer a mile or so away, and while one should watch that the other should guard a deer lick in the edge of the timber, George would try the Wolf Ridge and Sampson Pond ground and attempt to still-hunt a deer, while I was given a course, after crossing the windfall that would take me to a burning where there was a fair chance of getting a shot, as there had been no hunting done there in about a year, partly on account of its being a hard place to reach, and partly because being near a swamp it was said to rival the Mud Lake country for mosquitos and punkies during the warm season. We had an early breakfast, and I ate so heartily that it did not seem to me hunger could be known again that day, so the usual lunch was neglected, and I prepared myself in light marching order for the tramp and hunt. I knew I was bound to get wet any way, and one might as well carry a tin pan as a rubber coat through the busnes if still-hunting; accordingly a light suit of old clothes was donned that would dry quickly in case the sun should deign to shine. When nearly ready to start a heavy rain storm swept down the windfall, and lasting nearly two hours delayed our start, so that it was nearly 9 o'clock when I headed for the blasted pine across the windfall, from which George had directed me to set my compass and take my course. The brakes were waist high, and in five minutes my suit was soaking wet; but that had been expected. Crossing the creek on an old log, I stopped for a moment to watch the movements of some mergansers, that, all unconscious of my presence, were feeding and preening their feathers but a few rods away. Clapping my hands and whistling I sent them all scurrying off, and how they did make the water fly as they tore it up with feet and wings to get away as fast as possible.

When nearly across the windfall and about three-quarters of a mile from camp, I came to a spot where the brakes were all broken down for a space ten or twelve feet long and five or six feet wide.

I could not quite understand the manner in which it was trampled down and torn up, until some hornets buzzing angrily over the ruins of their nest explained the cause. "Br'er bar" had been there, and since the rain, too, for where the trail led off the water had been shaken from the ferns, and those broken down had not begun to straighten up.

This looked like an unexpected piece of luck, and throwing in a cartridge the trail was carefully followed up, and after a little the fresh sign was found, showing that he was but a short distance ahead. The hornet stings must have bothered him, for twice before reaching the line of timber were spots rolled down and brakes torn up, and on almost the first tree were some black hairs, showing he had rubbed his sides to get rid of the stings. The timber began on a hardwood ridge and the trail was rather hard to follow; but a disturbed bed of leaves, a bit of moss knocked from a rock as he scrambled up, and now and then an oozy spot where the rains had formed a pool and where he had taken another roll, all helped, and after following the top of the ridge for about a quarter of a mile he turned down into a swamp and there the trail was perfectly plain, for aside from the broken twigs from the tamaracks, the ground was so soft that he sunk in a couple of inches, while with my shoes I went him two better in following. As soon as the soft ground was reached I was able to form some idea of his size, for until then I had not seen the exact print of the paws, and I was somewhat disappointed to find that the bear could not be much more than a yearling, judging from the size of the track.

Crossing the swamp, the bear ascended a high hill, with rocks, fallen timber, high witch hopple and many gullies and ravines, making the pursuit a terribly laborious one; but pushing cautiously ahead, I reached the edge of a narrow gully, some ten feet deep, thickly skirted with bushes, and a tree that had fallen across with the butt broken off and lodged on a rock opposite showed plain marks of the passage of the bear. Almost out of breath, I sat down on the log to rest, when to my surprise I heard a great commotion on the opposite side of the gully, and could see the old stub left standing after the fall of the tree violently shaken; and by the sound of the scratching at the rotten wood I knew that my game was very near me and must be tearing the stub to pieces in search of pismires, of which bruin appeared to be very fond. Cocking the rifle and taking it in my left hand, I cautiously crept up the log, and was certain I would have a "dead open and shut" on that bear, for being above him I could command a view in every direction as soon as the rock on which the butt rested could be reached, and there would be no bushes to cut off my view, as would be the case if I had been on the same level. The bear was entirely unconscious of danger and scratched away, now and then making a sort of sucking noise, as though he were licking something. The log trembled under me, but inch by inch I drew near to the rock, and my heart was beginning to thump with expectation, when, with a smash and a crash the log parted under me, and without any warning I found myself amid a mass of rotten wood at the bottom of the ravine. The gun went off with the fall, and when I could collect myself the only sounds of the bear were some rapidly vanishing "whoof-whoofs" and the crashing of sticks as he tore away, evidently as much astonished and demoralized as was his pursuer.

As soon as possible the trail was taken up, but my trousers were torn, the buttons on my vest were ripped off, and my head ached, while a bleeding nose completed the ruin.

Now and then taking a look at the compass, the pursuit was continued through a tract of country where there was not a sign of man, neither blaze nor trail showing that it had ever been traversed.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the trail was very fresh, and in a burning that had become overgrown with red raspberry bushes, the waving tops showed the presence of the bear, but it was impossible to get a glimpse of him. Finally I mounted an old log and yelled and whistled, but the bear refused to sit up to investigate, so, tired and mad, I made a rush in the direction he seemed traveling, and with a snort that I could plainly hear, away he went faster than ever, and as he disappeared a perfect deluge of rain began to fall. Tired, hungry, bruised and lame, it occurred to me that camp was a good place to head for.

Consulting the compass, the direction it told me to go seemed directly away from camp, but comparing it with one on my watch-guard and finding they agreed, I knew that they were right, and that my bump of location was muddled. Sitting down under the protecting limbs of a huge pine, I carefully thought out my exact course, and having been told to follow my compass, for that would never lie, while one's faculties, when a trifle bewildered, were almost certain to, I went by that. After resting I began my homeward tramp and soon came to a ridge, on the opposite side of which was a heavy tamarack swamp, and across this rose another ridge which looked to me exactly like the first one I had descended when beginning the pursuit in the morning.

I flattered myself that the windfall would be just beyond and that an hour more would bring me to camp, but the swamp crossed and the ridge surmounted, another swamp stretched below me with still another ridge beyond. The lightning fairly hissed through the air, the thunder roared and the torrents drenched me, while the windfall was still beyond the ridge ahead. Darkness began to fall before the second growth of hardwood was reached, and when still another swamp loomed up below me, my heart sank, but I plunged ahead, sometimes knee deep in mud and mire, and on and on over three more "hogbacks" and three more swamps, lighting matches to get my course from the compass, then stumbling, blundering on, my only light the flashing gleams from the skies. I determined to reach the windfall before stopping to rest, and when after 9 o'clock my trembling limbs bore me to the top of a hill and the windfall was in sight below me I gave a cheer of delight. The sound of my own voice gave me encouragement and I began to look about for a place to camp. A flash of lightning showed two pines ahead, and a fringe of bushes near them gave hopes of water, and when the spot was reached I found myself on the banks of Dead Creek and knew that camp could be easily found in the morning, for the creek was the only stream running through the windfall, and by following it down I was bound to get there some time, but whether I was within a mile of camp or ten miles I had not the faintest idea.

After quenching my thirst I built up a rousing fire and then gathered several armsful of the ferns, after which I stripped off my outer clothing and hung it to dry before the fire, as the rain had ceased by the time my fire was built, although the thunder still rolled and rumbled. While my clothes were drying I made up a bed of the ferns and as soon as thoroughly warmed, donned my suit, and flanking my bed with lines of fire, lay down, and in a few moments was sleeping the sleep of the just. The last thing I did was to fire my rifle after wiping it out with a piece of my hunting shirt for a swab, for considerable water had run down the barrel and I did not want my pet to become rusted. I was awakened before my fire had died down, by the snorting of a deer that had evidently come to the creek to drink and had winded me. As I sat up and tried to look into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the deer, far away up the windfall came the sound of three shots in quick succession; a few moments more and three more; a pause, and then three more, and I knew that the boys were shooting for me, and no time was wasted in replying. The shots continued but each time sounded nearer, as from time to time I answered. In about two hours I could hear the "hello!" of George, and a little later he appeared on the opposite bank with a lantern and overjoyed to find me alive and well, for he had imagined every form of disaster had occurred to me.

After quite a tramp down the creek I crossed the creek on a log, and in two hours was safe in camp, receiving the congratulations of Tom and Willard, who had become very much alarmed about me.

While changing my clothes they prepared a tremendous meal for me, during the discussion of which I gave them an outline of my experience, and then just as the first glimmer of the coming day began to appear in the east I sought my bed of boughs, and when I awoke from the long dreamless sleep the stars of night were twinkling above, our season of rain was over and my experience as a "lost hunter" was something of the past, to dream of by fireside and to relate when the story passes from lip to lip in camp.

Onondaga.

FROM CHOLERA TO COLORADO.

MANY of your readers have doubtless before now become alarmed at ravages of cholera in the various European cities during the past year, and many feel certain of its reaching the American seaport towns at the beginning of warm weather. To such as well as sportsmen tourists I wish to point out a paradise full of all the essentials that go to make up pleasure and contribute to robust health.

Come West; visit the Rockies; not to "grow up," but to grow fat and robust by basking in their sunshine and climbing high peaks, through deep gorges, and lure the artful trout from his shaded nook or perchance send a bullet after a leaping deer or growling grizzly. Millions of people in the East have no conception of the greatness of America. They have lived in the East; and when recreation or travel has become a necessity, they have gone to Europe because it was fashionable, neglecting their own country. Now that cholera has invaded Europe, every mail brings hundreds of letters to Colorado making inquiries about the great West. All contain the same query, "Where and how can we spend the heated term in the West?" Having received many such letters myself, I will try to give an answer to all.

Leave the East June 1. Come West to Kansas City over any of the numerous trunk lines. Long before you reach Kansas City you will be astonished at the great expanse of fine and fully developed farming country. But your astonishment will be increased when you are told that the great West begins at Kansas City. Here you take the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, destined for Silver City, New Mexico. Here you will find good hotel accommodation, and living can be made as comfortable as in your own home. Here we have the very best mountain climate in the world. Within easy reach one may find elk, deer and wild turkeys in plenty, while the mountain streams abound in large trout, many of them weighing as high as three pounds. By going far into the mountains you can find bear, "provided you have lost any." You can camp out or live at hotels, and travel nearly in all directions from the various railroad stations by stage lines, nearly all of which have very comfortable vehicles.

After you have had your fill of game and trout, take in the various wonders of this ancient territory. Vast, boldly outlined, filled with strange sights and peculiar people, it appeals strongly to the imagination. There are signs of gradual development. The long neglected fields are being tilled. American houses stand beside the old adobe. The tame Indians mingle with the white strangers, who have come to enlighten their country. The old is not yet swept away, but remains at various places to lend enchantment to the new processes. Visit the city of Santa Fe, also the various Pueblos, Zuni and Navajo Indian villages. Here you will find curiosities such as cannot be equaled in all Europe. If you have any ailment, try the various hot springs along the road, and be certain to make a stop at the Las Vegas Springs. In this way you have spent the month of June and part of July. Return to La Junta and come to the Rockies in Colorado. Visit the city of Denver, the wonder of the plains, a city of 80,000 people, with its fine business blocks, fine hotels, and a grand opera house, not equalled in America. By this time the fashionable season will be at its height at Manitou, the Saratoga of the West. Tarry only a few days and take the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, through the Royal Gorge to Salida, where you will find a good hotel, balmy air, cold nights, streams filled with small trout. Continue over Marshall Pass on rail 10,500 feet high. Soon after you come to the Gunnison River, when you can stop at any station and find fair accommodation or good camping grounds, and all the large trout you wish to catch, with game of all kinds. You can camp at any altitude that you may wish, have heavy frost every night in July and August, or not, and not move more than a mile. Cimmaron Station, at the west end of the famous Black Cañon, is probably the best station on the road for comfort, trout, game of all kinds and wild scenery. Montrose and Delta, towns still further west, offer all necessary inducements to the lover of rod and gun. Several fine lakes situated near these towns, reached by stage, contain more trout than the writer dare tell. Here you will find where the wild geese and ducks hatch and rear their young. If you like, go on to Salt Lake City, which contains many strange sights. Take a bath in the Great Salt Lake. Return to Colorado by Oct. 1, and take a month's hunting trip into one of the parks. Follow this advice and cholera cannot catch you this season.

Q. VAN HUMMELL, M.D.

DENVER, Col.

Natural History.

HYDROIDS.

"Involved in sea-wrack, here we find a race
Which science, doubting, knows not where to place;
On shell or rock is dropped the embryo seed,
And quickly vegetates a vital breed."

SO wrote the poet Crabbe, a hundred years ago, referring to that curious race of beings which the naturalists of his time, not knowing whether they were plants or animals, and finding in them the characters of both, ingeniously called zoophytes, a word which means animal-plants. But they are now well known to belong exclusively to the animal kingdom and so, while the strains of Crabbe are undoubtedly poetic, they are far from being scientifically accurate, for the "vital breed" of which he speaks does not "vegetate" but grows and lives according to the laws of animal nature. However, the error into which he fell is very commonly made nowadays. Visitors at the seaside, to whom these animals are among the most common objects of interest, almost invariably look upon them as a kind of seaweed. The names by which they are commonly known, sea mosses and sea firs, testify to the mistaken view generally taken of them. In the nomenclature of science they are called hydroid zoophytes or simply hydroids. They are very abundant everywhere on the sea shore, being attached, near low tide mark, to common seaweed, rocks, the timber of wharves, the bottoms of boats, floating driftwood, etc.

These little creatures are among the most wonderful forms of all living things, and well repay a brief study from any one. Their symmetry of form and delicacy of structure enlist the interest of the most casual observer, and when their habits are studied and some knowledge of their wonderful life history gained, they can hardly fail to awaken the deepest interest, even in the most unenthusiastic. Let us take for a brief examination one of the most common forms, a campanularian hydroid. It looks very much indeed like a plant. There is a central stem or trunk which gives off branches at regular intervals and which is immovably attached at its base to a rock or seaweed just as a plant is rooted to the ground. The ends of the branches are expanded into forms not at all unlike buds and flowers. A little closer examination, however, will disclose some features that make it apparent that the object of study, if a plant, has some very marked peculiarities. If, for example, the vessel in which it is contained (it has to be examined in sea water) be given a slight jar, what appear like the petals of the flowers will be quickly drawn in, just as if the flower had suddenly transformed itself into a bud. In a short time, if left perfectly quiet, it will assume its former shape.

Looking at a hydroid with a hand magnifying glass, one can readily make out that the central stem and its branches are hollow, and that their cavities are continuous. At the ends of the branches these cavities are open, and these openings form the mouths of the animal. Each mouth is surrounded by a crown of tentacles, and each crown of tentacles provided with a cup formed by an expansion of the



outer layer of the branch, into which the tentacles can be drawn. The cup, with its expanded tentacles, forms what we have compared to a flower. Now, as these tentacles are capable of being extended to a considerable length, and of moving about freely in the water, and as the mouth of the animal is situated at their base, it is quite evident what the function of this flower-like organ is, viz., to capture food for the animal and receive it into its body. Hence, to each of these organs the name nutritive zooid has been given, and as we have seen that their cavities are continuous with that of the main stem, it is plain that what is food for one zooid is food for the whole community. Under the microscope it can be seen that the cavities are filled with a thickish fluid, and that by the action of vibrating cilia the fluid is in constant motion. In this way nutritive matter is conveyed to all parts of the body.

If a hydroid be examined in summer, very likely there will be found near the base of the tentacles a new set of buds, somewhat spherical in shape and unprovided with a mouth and tentacles. The office of these new buds is to reproduce the species, and they are therefore called reproductive zooids. The changes through which they pass in their development are among the most remarkable exhibited by living things. For, after a time, an embryo hydroid is set free, and strange to say, is a creature altogether different from the parent which produced it. It is, in fact, nothing less than what is familiarly known to seaside visitors as a jelly fish. These curious umbrella shaped animals are known to many by their power of stinging pretty severely when taken hold of by the hand. They may be seen most abundantly on a quiet evening, gaily swimming about on the surface of the water, propelling themselves along by alternately opening and shutting their umbrella-like bodies. After these jelly fishes, or medusæ, as they are called, have thus led an "independent and locomotive existence" for a longer or shorter period, they themselves produce embryos. They, too, are free swimming bodies at first, but after enjoying their independence for a time, they fix themselves to some rock or weed and develop into the plant-like hydroids from which the medusæ were derived. We have in these changes an example of a principle which operates in many of the lower forms of life, both plant and animal, and which is called "alternation of generations."

We have thus seen that a hydroid may be made up of two kinds of zooids, nutritive and reproductive. In some species there is yet a third kind called protective zooids. They consist of a single unbranched trunk which is usually in the form of a spiral. They have no mouth and no tentacles, but their free ends have a ring of knob-like projections which are loaded with "lasso cells." These lasso or thread cells have in them coiled, barbed filaments, and the animal has the power of suddenly throwing them out for the destruction of the enemies of the community, and probably also for the capture of its prey. It is by the use of the same organs that jelly fishes sting. Being thus provided with instruments of defense and offense, it is readily seen why the protective zooids were so called. Unlike the nutritive, the protective zooids are not attached to the trunk of the main "person" of the community. There is, however, vital communication between the two by means of the substance to which the bases of their trunks are attached, this substance being an excretion made by the animal itself. And so it is seen that the three kinds of zooids constitute together but a single individual.

One of the most interesting species of hydroids is that called *Hydractinia*. It consists of a single, rather short, unbranched trunk, bearing on its free end a mouth and crown of tentacles. Curiously enough the little creature always selects as its place of attachment a shell tenanted by a hermit



crab. The latter animal, as is well known, appropriates for its use the cast-off shell of some mollusk, carrying it about just as its original possessor did when alive, and drawing itself completely within it when danger threatens. Now, just as if the shell had not already been of sufficient usefulness in serving as a place of refuge for two different orders of animals, it is taken possession of by yet a third, the *Hydractinia*. No reason has ever been suggested for the creatures selecting this curious place of abode, except that it is thus afforded, by the movements of the crab, better opportunities for capturing food.

One of the most beautiful species of hydroids is the *Coryomorpha*. It lives at the bottom of the sea and only where the water is of considerable depth. It is therefore rarely seen by ordinary observers, but can easily be obtained by dredging, the animals attaching themselves in large numbers to the meshes of the net. It is one of the largest species, being about four inches in length. It consists of a single unbranched stalk, white below and striped with pink above, and ending in a pear-shaped head furnished with two sets of tentacles, the shorter of which form a circle immediately around the mouth. Attached by thread-like roots at the bottom of the sea, it spends its life swaying about in the water on its long flexible trunk, and thrusting its arms to and fro in its endless search for food.

There are very many other species of these animals, but those we have described are among the most interesting, and are fairly representative of the whole group. No visitor at the seaside should fail to examine for himself these wonderful little creatures. They are found on all shores; most of the forms are easily obtained, and they are sufficiently large to be studied very well with a hand magnifying glass.

As it was for a long time a matter of doubt and dispute as to which of the two kingdoms, plants or animals, the hydroids belonged, it is interesting to consider on what grounds they were finally relegated to a place among the animals. The chief characters by which their true nature was determined were the possession of a body-cavity, in which their food was digested, and which therefore performs the office of a stomach, and the nature of the food itself. It was found that they lived altogether upon organic compounds, and as this is the most marked characteristic of animal nature it went very far toward settling the much disputed question. After all, their resemblance to plants is hardly more than a superficial one. The mere facts that they are plant-like in form, and that, like them, they are fixed immovably to one place, are of comparatively little concern when the more fundamental characters mentioned above are considered. S.

UNION COLLEGE.

FLOWERING TREES IN CENTRAL PARK.

WITH gradual advances, the season of flowers has become definitely established. The various species of trees flowering early in Central Park unite in attesting that a prolonged slumber among their kind is not detrimental to an awakening in high strength and vigor.

It is understood by experienced horticulturists that the *Magnolia conspicua* is subject to be cut off in youth and during its first year after transplanting through cold and variable winter seasons; but that this admired variety is hardy in our locality, after becoming firmly established, is evidenced by the present condition of our park specimens of this beautiful Chinese magnolia, known in its native soil as the yulan. This indeed has seemed "in haste to bloom," as one of its faithful admirers has represented. It is unfortunate for observers that it hastens equally to cease to bloom. One of its finest examples with us, a pyramid of large, snow-white, fragrant flowers, appearing in the Ramble before a green leaf gave hint of arrival, began to drop feather-veined petals to the earth, almost as soon as the solitary terminal flowers had been unfolded at the tips of its twigs in all directions. This multitude of great white cup-shaped flowers of the yulan, or lily magnolia, forms a charming as well as conspicuous herald of the flowering season.

Near the specimen mentioned and within sight of it is a single representative of the *Magnolia soulangeana*, a variety much esteemed by arboriculturists. This is a hardy and vigorous tree, distinguished by a purplish tinge within the cup of the flower and on the outward base of the petals. It is somewhat later than the *M. conspicua*, coming into full flower when the beauty of the other commences to wane. An attractive specimen of the kind is also seen off the lake road on the west side, nearly on a parallel with the Museum of Natural History.

These two Chinese varieties which have been successfully introduced into the park are followed closely by the American magnolias, more numerously represented, and which are commencing to open their buds in the vicinity of upper and lower lakes, on the Terrace, and in other places.

Among other early flowering species is the *Cercis canadensis*, or Judas tree, the latter name having followed from the modern opinion that this, instead of the elder tree as long believed, was the kind on which Judas hanged himself. This is a species hardly less distinct and striking in its floral display than that of the magnolia. A fine specimen is seen near Bridge No. 3, a short distance westward from the menagerie; others appear singly near the western wall not far from 100th street and elsewhere, while a rich mass of color is formed by a group of these trees in the horse shoe plot between the Terrace and Webster monument near the center drive, at about the range of Seventy-second street. A large magnolia is about flowering in the same locality, in showy contrast with the purple Judas tree. The latter also is without a visible green leaf. It is readily distinguished at a great distance by the pinkish purple color of its sessile, thickly clustered flowers. The species is native in North America, being found from Canada to the Southern States. Its most abundant growth is witnessed near the river margins, and it is stated that in the South the courses of streams may sometimes be traced by it when in flower. The species is familiar in English gardens, and in France it has been largely cultivated. Its buds are used for pickling, and otherwise for culinary purposes.

A species flowering in soft yellow all over Central Park is the Norway maple, of which the foliage, appearing at the same time, is similarly colored. The tree will be again of a fine yellow in decay. Its cordate leaves are smooth, their fine lobes being acuminated with a few coarse acute teeth; the flowers issuing in loose pannicles are hardly brighter than the tender early foliage. The whole mass is suggestive of a body of sunshine, the idea being aided by the profuse and even distribution of specimens. This variety parts less quickly with its flowers than the red maple (*Acer rubrum*) which a few days since was more highly conspicuous. The latter—called also soft maple, swamp maple and scarlet maple—recently in its bright crimson or scarlet flowers crowded in whorls on the purplish branches, is already past the height of its magnificence. The leaves succeeding the flowers are three to five-lobed with sinuses acute and varying greatly in form, being irregularly serrate and notched, with the middle one usually longest. From the leaves being

whitish underneath they form with the reddish twigs a piece of pleasing color even without flowers, and the foliage becomes bright crimson in early autumn.

A short distance from the Casino southward are seen some specimens of the weeping poplar with their very ornamental catkins. In other localities also throughout the park appear the flowers of poplars, with the red tinge of their anthers producing a considerable effect of color in the mass in cases where the catkins are numerous. This species might be more familiar than it is in New York, aside from the park, as it is known to be capable of thriving in towns in the closest situations.

The birch (*Betula*) is another of the species showing flowers in the form of catkins, in which the leaves simultaneously make their appearance. While very beautiful and picturesque, the common species (*Balba*) is found one of the hardiest and most useful trees in cultivation. The records of forestry represent it as forming gigantic forests from the Baltic to the Eastern sea, and forests in Italy up to 6,000 feet altitude, while in Greenland, although of diminished size, it is discovered as the only arboreal vegetation. It is traced in the United States from New Brunswick to Delaware. In middle regions the silver, white or common birch grows from fifty to sixty feet in height; its round, slender branches—which are proverbially connected with the discipline of the young—give it a trim and stately appearance. According to the best authorities, the birch is highly useful for skirting and protecting more tender subjects, and being specially desirable for clothing mountainous and exposed districts. It has also the advantage of growing quickly in bare places, although best adapted to moist situations. The leaves of this species, which are rapidly coming forward, are ovate, acute, somewhat deltoid. Their autumnal tints will be distinguished in rich yellow, scarlet or red.

Along water margins and elsewhere in Central Park are specimens of the different varieties of the willow or osier (*Salix*), of which the flexible branches and long pointed leaves are familiarly known, as well as the catkins issuing from single scales, which are two-flowered, the calyx of four little scales being inherent with the scales or bracts of the catkin. Among the island shores at the lower end of the park are also numerous alders, of which one variety of flowers began to appear in the latter part of last summer, being then perfectly formed, and thus remaining in long cylindrical pendulous catkins during the winter. These began to expand as early as April, being delayed like other floral growths about two weeks beyond the usual time of development. These are the sterile catkins, the fertile ones, produced only in spring, being of short, ovoid form somewhat resembling a fir cone, the flower cup being four-parted and showing four stamens.

The flowering of the elms—which is sometimes polygamous, showing at once sterile, fertile and perfect flowers—is quickly succeeded by the peculiar fruit called samara, containing a seed within a membranous envelope surrounded by a wing-like border. The samaræ or mature seeds fall to the earth as the leaves expand. The species is not here represented by extraordinary dimensions, the celebrated giants being found in the New England States, of which some have been reported as measuring upward of twenty-five feet in circumference. The various forms of the tree are classified as the Etruscan vase, the plume, and the roundhead, which shows a hemispherical top. The cherry trees have also shown a profusion of white flowers at 105th street near the western limits, and visible from the roadway, as also in the neighborhood of the greenhouses and in different places. On Sunday last thousands of dogwood flowers displayed their loveliness to visitors at the East Drive and adjacent walks, with a few specimens to be seen elsewhere in their dim tinges of salmon and red enlivening the creamy tone of the heart-shaped petals.

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.—The pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*) is quite often seen in this State. Here it is commonly called a woodcock or cock of the woods, while some assert that it is "the real English woodcock." This bird is one of the handsomest of the woodpecker family, the ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*) alone excelling it in beauty. Its plumage is glossy black above, and it has a large flaming scarlet crest which stands erect on its head; underneath the wings some white feathers are seen when it is flying. Its long, strong, wedge shape beak is dull black; its feet are also black. Its whole length is about twelve to fifteen inches. It is somewhat shy and difficult to approach within close gunshot, although they often alight on trees quite near by when one is standing still. They make a shrill, cackling noise, somewhat resembling the bluejay. When on hollow, dead trees, they make a tattoo that can be heard half a mile. They are rarely seen on the ground, and never search in the earth for food like the golden winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*). I have only seen one of these birds in middle and northern Wisconsin, and none in Michigan. They used to be quite common in Illinois. In all my rambles, during several years' residence in Florida, I have never come across an ivory-billed woodpecker. I very much desire to know more of this rare bird, and I would ask any one who reads this article who happens to have seen and killed them, or watched their nests, to give a description of same. I wish those who have seen them would state the fact in a short item in these columns, so that we may know where they are to be found, and in what State they predominate.—RED WING (Glencoe, Fla.). [A correspondent informs us that an ivory-billed woodpecker was killed at Lake Ohame, Fla., the past winter.]

HABITS OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.—I have read with interest the many letters of your correspondents about the habits of the prairie dog in regard to his drinking water. Now I should like to add my mite. I know nothing whatever about the animals in their wild state, but have been watching the small village in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden a long time. They are always supplied with water there, and last week, while I was looking at them, I saw two drinking at once, and on speaking to the keeper about it, he said that he also had seen them drinking, though very seldom. This is conclusive to my mind that they do drink water, and I suppose in their natural state they find some means of procuring it if it be a necessity with them.—H. H. M. (Philadelphia, May 12).

WHITE PELICAN ON LONG ISLAND.—An adult female *Pelecanus erythrorhynchus* was killed May 11, at Roslyn, L. I. It was seen flying about for some time by two men who were gunning, and when at length it alighted in the marsh, they approached it by way of two different creeks. When the bird rose it flew within shot of William H. Setuk, who killed it.

HOW MANY DISASTERS.—I must tell you about our bad luck with the birds this spring. There are a good many cherry, apple and pear trees around the house, and grape vines too. These are the homes of robins, bluebirds, sparrows, wrens, kingbirds, yellow-breasted flycatchers, orioles, yellow warblers and catbirds. Every year, and with wonderful regularity, they return to their accustomed haunts. Last year I put up a new box for the bluebirds and one for the wrens; both were occupied. The old bluebirds and their brood have been about, at odd times, all winter. This spring I noticed a pair of them as usual, but they seemed to have weakened on their house in the pear tree, and to have a fancy for the vicinity of the "Hotel Brahma," as we call the new chicken house. One day the female disappeared. Her mate remained near by, but seemed uneasy and disconsolate. We solved the mystery when we took the stove pipe down, for in it was the little mother, starved to death. She had mistaken the hood at the top for a new and possibly improved style of dwelling, and once in could not get out and so perished miserably. The widower has not re-wived, though we are in hopes that he will return to some first love and go to housekeeping in the old spot. On the 27th of April, ten days before the usual time, a wren appeared. He did not occupy his last year's quarters, he did not even inspect them, but took up his abode in a neighboring garden, and scarcely even makes a call on us. Yesterday I noticed that the roof of his old home had curled up with the weather, and climbed the tree to nail it down, when lo, the second mystery was ravelled. There, in the nest that he and Jenny Wren had built last year, were the shrivelled and wasted forms of their little family, three in number, lying on their backs with feet extended, side by side. No wonder he moved on the 1st of May. I would have done the same. One more disaster and I have finished. A pair of cowbirds have been making themselves quite sociable with us. They are not very pretty as you know, but they are harmless and useful. The female sat on a butternut tree the other day in the midst of a snarl of branches, and in a thoughtless moment, "just for fun," I fired a bullet breech cap in her direction, meaning only to startle her and not expecting to come within a foot of her. She was just thirty-six yards off. Did I hit her? Well, I would give a dollar if I hadn't.—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, N. J., May 9).

Game Bag and Gun.

A HUNTER'S CAMP ON THE ILLINOIS.

SOME time ago I sent to the FOREST AND STREAM an account of a camping expedition on the Illinois River, in the fall of '83. Most of the same company pitched their tents there in November, 1884, above Sharp's Landing and within a stone's throw of the river on the right bank. We missed the Senator, the Mate and the Bantling, but in their places came Frank, a dominie who seemed to take naturally to rubber boots and a "shake down" of dry leaves, and Roll, whom we will surname the Baron, as he had evidently been reading "Munchausen" just before he left home.

Frank and the Parson were the last to arrive at camp as night came down, and they blessed the Deacon, whose good cooking had just been put on the table and surrounded by the boys. They had rowed up the river a couple of miles against the sluggish current, from the landing. The water, unruffled save where the feeding fish leaped up and showed their shining sides, reflected every leaf and twig of the overhanging elms and willows. Nature's color box must have been emptied to have stained the trees so richly. All sounds were magnified, a distant train rumbled like an avalanche, the voices of children laughing a mile below, a gun fired, probably on the distant Sangamon, a dog barking on the bluffs, sounded as though they might be just around the next clump of willows. The evening sun shone through a thin haze that made it look red and near.

Appetites were sharp under the trees that night, and every day afterward for that matter. Not a drop of rain fell on the camp nor threatened it, and though a little cool at 5 o'clock in the morning, the outdoor dining room was used clear through the week.

With the first faint light of another day the eager hunters were up and off. Tom and the Parson pulled a boat over to Big Lake, and Isaac took possession of another that had been hauled over the night before. The ducks streamed over the lake by thousands, but not within gunshot. In vain were decoys put out temptingly; the birds would not decoy. The boys who crossed the river and tramped through the tall grass of the "open" places were better rewarded, bringing back a dozen mallards.

By this time the Deacon had the inevitable by-laws ready. Hours for meals were clearly set down, with the usual penalty that for every tardiness each hunter was to forfeit one duck to the cook. This is his favorite penalty, and several other offenses were threatened with the same dire punishment. Nor did the good Deacon propose to tolerate profanity or ill temper. The one involved the transgressor in potato-paring, and the other in fire-building. One fellow, who had just been trying to rake his face dry with a rusty-looking towel, wanted to add to the by-laws that towels should not be used after they could stand alone. As a penalty for breaking all the by-laws, a man was to have the tip of his ear shot off. This regulation was suggested by the fate of an old sow, who, with her following of a dozen pigs, kept cruising about the tents until some one's gun went off, and then she went off, but left an ear behind her as a keepsake for the boys. This plan for getting rid of the swine worked better than the Baron's, who baited a big fish-hook with a biscuit for them. Some way or other they did not find the biscuit.

The Parson and Tom went back to the lake, and had little better luck than in the morning. Clouds of mallards and bluebills rose out of range from among the "yawker" nuts upon which they were feeding. But it is one thing to see ducks, and another thing to get a chance to shoot at them. The mud hens were innumerable. As they ran along the water for a rod or two, spatting the surface with their swiftly-moving feet to give themselves a "rise," they made a terrible clatter and commotion. Tom managed to restrain himself from shooting but a single time, though that was enough to diminish the multitude by one, not an easy thing to do always, for though the bird looks as large as a good-sized duck, its body is really small. But the Deacon outdid the crowd on the mud hen business. An hour's hunting at a pull usually satisfied this philosophical student of human nature. At the end of the hour he was generally quite content, no matter what his luck, to return to camp, and fill out the day in devising some new convenience or viand for the nimrods. Remember, he was no hired cook, but filled that office because he loves camp life and his fellow men. Lots of the milk of human kindness has the Deacon.

But to return to his mud hen which is getting out of sight, which it did most effectually, as the sequel will show. Tramping along the shores of Big Lake, he discovered what he thought to be a duck, but which was really a mud hen. He blazed away and the bird keeled over, but only to revive and start for the tall weeds which fringed the lake a few rods from shore. He couldn't bear the thought of losing that, his first and only bird, so in he dashed, regardless of the cold bath, and the game was soon his. That was glory enough for one day, and he went to camp. John was there when the Deacon arrived, and he told of his proud entry. With a gleam of triumph in his eye he put the trophy of his marksmanship on the ground, and both were looking at it. It began to draw itself together. Suddenly it stood up. The Deacon grabbed wildly as the bird started. Away they both went, and if ever a mud hen made tall tracks for deep water that one did, and it got there.

Did you ever sleep in a "sardine" bed? that is, with half a dozen men or so in a row? Good enough in cold weather, but on a warm night, whew! It came near being purgatory one night. John on one side and Frank on the other, were anxious for me not to get cold, and I didn't. But on the whole, our nights averaged more sleep to the man, I'll venture, than if we had been at home on spring mattrasses.

The next day Tom and the Parson stubbornly stuck to the lake, and were still unlucky. The Parson make a good sink-box by taking an empty coal oil barrel, and staking it down in about three feet of water and at the edge of some thick grass. Four stout stakes with crotches at the top, were used to hold it down. The only trouble with it was, it seemed too far away from the ducks. Tom's live ducks had been brought out to reinforce the wooden decoys. An old hen mallard was tied in the grass where she could not see the others, and she kept up an incessant quacking. But it did no good. The birds would not decoy. Just at dusk they came plumping in from every quarter, and then the guns grew warm. A dozen ducks were soon tumbled upon the water, but only half of them could be found in the dark.

The rest of the boys came back, each with a string of ducks. Steve declared he would have had another bird, but just as he was about to shoot it, an enormous mosquito, which had seized his ear, jerked his head around so as to make him miss his mark. Frank insisted that he, too, would have brought in one duck more, but just as he was about to shoot it, he discovered it was not a duck, but a gallinipper. The boys may have been telling yarns, I can't say. The mosquitoes were quite large this last fall. The Notary and Isaac came back as usual with a moderately good string of birds. The regularity of the thing soon began to make the sapling, where they hung their game, bend with a new kind of fruit.

The next morning all crossed to the tall grass. All the rest of the shooting was done here. The grass reached sometimes to the waist, sometimes to the shoulders. It grew where, in spring, there are shallow lakes; and there was in November, though there is not in midsummer, six inches or a foot of water. Here the mallards were lying, alone or in pairs. It was slavish work to walk them up, but if a man had wind and muscle enough to stick to it, he could, in a day, get many fine shots, the huge birds rising at thirty or forty yards and going away across the top of the grass.

Some of us concluded that luck, as well as good shooting and staying powers as a walker, helped John to make the best score in the camp. Four of us one afternoon walked abreast through the elbow brush and grass. The first bird that rose must have been almost walked over by Frank and the Baron. It rose when we had passed on out of range; and then "Kismet"—it was fate—it circled back to the right of our line, and came square to John. Of course it tumbled at his feet. In an hour he had all he wanted to carry. The Baron declared that John shot some birds so high that they had time to spoil before they struck the ground, and added his favorite exclamation, "Or I'm a liar." Of course no one denied it—that is that the ducks were killed high.

By this time some of the boys were getting sore arms. Heavy loading made their guns set hard, and they began to wear what some one dubbed "bustles"—a padding of newspaper tied just where the rebounding stock struck the arm; not a bad idea, by the way, if your gun should some time take a kicking spell.

Part of the last evening was spent in listening to a sermon from Frank. This was a new way perhaps to close up a hunting expedition, but the boys insisted on it, and, seated on a camp stool, Frank talked to us in a brotherly way that did us all good. Steve, Isaac and the Notary had dropped down the river in the afternoon, and the rest followed the next morning. The hunt was over. We would hear no more the Baron's "Bet your neck," John's familiar "Now listen to me," nor the Notary's hearty laugh, unless perchance a passing year should bring us all together again. For this we went home heartily wishing. RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

QUINCY, Ill.

THAT MAINE VENISON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM you call attention to the report of 2,700 pounds steaks of venison, hindquarters, having been hauled into Kingfield for shipment during the month of April. I must say, if this is correct, it is a disgrace to Maine, but I think there must be another side to this story. Protection has enemies, and some where we least expect. There have been a number of communications during the last six months, purporting to be from friends—some from Massachusetts, I think—which have shown our border protection, or properly, our game wardens, in bad light; in short, the object seemed to be to find fault. Some things, I feel, were not properly represented. I know the lumbermen are not all poachers, especially those that operate, but that there is a class of law-breakers throughout the whole State that nothing save the full enforcement of the law can prevent from destroying all our fish and game I know too well, but is faultfinding with a few officials to correct this wrong? Our Commissioners are doing their best to save our game this spring, and, as a rule, throughout the State the laws have been well enforced. Yet many deer have been stolen, for it has been an unusually hard spring on account of the long time the crust continued, and the large number of idle men. In Washington county the wardens have been active since January, and have saved the game; and now the prospects for all sorts of game is better than for years; but the wardens were backed by the citizens, and all criticism of the ways and means used does not come from the friends of protection, but from its enemies.

If Washington county had depended upon officials alone and had not taken interest in protection, it would not now dare to boast that it is the best deer park in New England, if not in the United States, although small.

I would have the citizens of Franklin county form a fish and game association at Farmington, and have it work under or with the direction of the Commissioners. Skowhegan or Waterville would be another point where an association could do good work. I know the Commissioners would aid in such a move.

I see no difference in nationalities as to their poaching proclivities. Our appropriation should be large enough to have a good police around the whole border, but as it is our efficient wardens can do a great deal to preserve our privileges. If we know laws are broken, we should inform at once the proper officers or else be silent and remain recreant to our duty and enemies to law. There is no such thing as neutrality to protection, for we are either for or against, say what you please. It has ever been a great help to us in Maine that you have given us a chance in your paper to discuss this subject of game protection. I do not wish you to think in this hasty communication that I am finding fault, but I do wish to ventilate this whole subject of game protection in Oxford, Franklin, and all counties upon the border. I know our Commissioners are not parties to rottenness. OLD TUG.

MACHIAS, Me., May 11.

[If we correctly interpret the above, the writer means to hint that the report of the venison case came from some of the enemies of Maine game protection. This is quite far from the fact. Our information that the 2,700 pounds of venison had been hauled into Kingfield came from a source which we cannot for a moment question. The venison was there; that is a fact that can in no way be disputed. The record of the weighing can doubtless be had from the customs official.]

AN UNVARNISHED TALE.

OUR party usually consists of from four to six persons who have had a deer hunt annually for the past fifteen years, sometimes camping, but of late boarding in some private family. Three of our former number have passed over the river and we miss them, for better hunters are not to be found. We have our party kept up by the addition of new members. Mr. P. of Penn Yan, N. Y., has been one of the party for more than fifteen years, and has not failed to put in an appearance at the appointed time each season. We made arrangements to leave Palo, Mich., Nov. 10. Our party consisted of four, P., the Doctor, Cob, and myself. Our arms were two repeating rifles .44-cal., one double shotgun with auxiliary barrel .38-cal., and a Baker three-barrel, 10-bore shot, rifle .44-cal. We arrived at Baldwin and found P. and Caster with the team, ready for a ride of seven miles over a rough road and the night so dark that if the horses had not been white we would have been unable to have seen them. Mr. Caster being familiar with the road, we arrived safely about midnight.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.—As we had hunted on this ground more or less for a number of years, each one took his own course, with a view to looking over the ground and to see what the prospects were for deer. Comparing notes in the evening we found that not one of the party had seen a deer. The weather was warm, leaves dry, and the hunting noisy, and it continued so for nearly two weeks.

12th.—Cob brought with him an old dog for the purpose of trailing deer, wounded or otherwise. This morning Cob took his dog, P. and myself going with him. Cob led the dog and carried a bell. The dog was trailing two deer. P. and I were keeping near, but somewhat in advance of the bell. About 11 o'clock we raised the deer, and P. got in some three or four shots as they were running through the oak grubs. On examination we found blood and that the two deer had gone into a narrow strip of thick oak and pine bushes, a clearing being on each side and a road on one end. I ran around to the road and took a position where I could command a view of the brush bordering on the road. P. took a position in the field on the west side. Cob followed the track with the dog. I had been at my stand but a few minutes before the wounded deer came in sight, within range, and I made my first shot, scored a miss, but got a second, which took effect in the shoulder. The deer now ran across the field where P. and Cob were at this time, and now the shooting match commenced, which resulted in bringing to bag our first deer, after twenty-six shots. On this and on another occasion I was using a .38-cal. repeater, very kindly furnished me by Mr. Caster. I went to the house and reported progress. Mr. Caster took his team and brought in the deer, and from now on we had venison to eat. This was a forked-horned buck and fat. The other deer passed out on the east side and escaped. In the afternoon P. and Cob trailed a fawn and wounded it in the hind foot, and after a long tramp failed to get it. Doc hunted by himself, but failed to kill, although he had some shots.

13th.—Cob took his dog and trailed the fawn they left the previous evening. He soon raised it and shot it. Second deer. No others reported to day.

14th.—I was standing on a runway this morning, when a fawn chased by a small dog belonging to a resident here, ran past me within six rods, and I scored a clean miss. And right then and there I thought of my own gun and the ammunition that was not within my reach. A nice deer lost by some one's carelessness. I think my box came this evening, and from this time I used my own gun. The week closed without bagging another deer, although the party got in a good amount of running shots among the oak grubs.

16th.—Sunday was a day of rest, and occupied chiefly in reading.

17th.—I think that this day Cob shot a forked-horned buck. Some day before this, three of the party were hunting in company, when P. got a running shot at a deer which ran to the Doctor who shot at it, then it went away. The Doctor claimed it was crippled. Cob started this forked-horned buck near the same place, and found when he got it that one foreleg was broken, and we concluded that this was the deer that P. and the Doctor had shot at. This evening we had an addition of two to our party, Harv and Bill of Muskegon. Harv had been one of our party in a number of hunts in former years, and for getting shots and missing deer he will hold his own with any of the party. Bill was a new man in the party, young, large, excitable and full of hunt; so much so, that he was sure to be in advance of any of the party when hunting in company with them. They were armed with Kennedy rifles, 44-caliber.

18th.—We started out this morning six strong, and went to hunting grounds about four miles northeast, where we had killed many a deer on former occasions. Within a few years there had been three logging roads built, on which are used locomotives, and large tracts of pine have been cut and removed, and fire has run through the choppings, leaving the ground almost destitute of any cover for deer, yet the deer feed on the grass and other green things that grow very quick after a burning. We usually find an abundance of tracks on these choppings where the deer have been during the night, and occasionally find a deer there in day time, but they generally go to the thickets and lie down during the day. Cob, with dog and bell, started through the chopping, the rest of the party, some on each side of him, keeping within hearing of the bell. It was not long before Harv saw a large buck some two hundred yards distant in the slashing, and commenced shooting, the deer at the same time coming nearer to him. But just at this time a fawn that had been started came near running over Harv, which took his attention for the moment. Without going into details, I will say that he pumped his magazine empty, and both deer escaped without a scratch—thirteen shots.

19th.—Cob made three shots at a very large buck. One of his cartridges missed fire and he tried it the second time, and it failed again; he then threw it out, but as the deer was doing his level best in getting through the brush, Cob laid the blame all on the bad cartridge for his not getting that buck. Some of us were not so fortunate as to have misfires to help us out when we did some poor shooting.

20th.—Hunted with a bell, and took a big tramp. A number of deer were seen, but all at long ranges, except a fawn which ran the gauntlet between three of the party, each making two shots at it. I never felt more as though I would like to be somewhere else than when that shooting was going on. It appeared to me that they were shooting right toward me, and I was not far off. I caught a glimpse of the deer as it passed me, and it was going for all it was worth, and so I let it go and did not shoot. Perhaps I ought to make some apology for the Doctor, Cob and Harv for their bad shooting at this time. Well, in the first place, the deer was being chased by that little dog that I referred to on another occasion; and secondly, the deer was in the midst of them without any warning, the bushes being quite thick, and the dog gave no tongue. We feel disposed under such circumstances to let them down easy, for we know how it is ourselves. After this we proceeded, and came to where another party were hunting with dogs. A boy with a Zulu had broken the leg of a doe with buckshot, and the party were after it with a dog, when it came within range of P., who shot it. They paid us $1 25 and took the deer, and were well pleased. Thus ended this day's hunt.

21st.—The weather continued dry, and still-hunting was a dry business, so we took two small dogs to start deer out of the thickets. I took my stand where I was when I missed the fawn with the repeating rifle, but misjudged her position, for I only got a quantity of hair and a small piece of skin. The party now got together and went in the direction taken by the doe, and soon started three deer, a doe and two fawns. The Doctor and Cob had gone to some runways about a mile distant. I with some others of the party were following through with the dogs when we heard the shooting begin. Cob saw the deer coming, and as they were going to pass below him he had to run about fifteen rods to the brink of the hill so as to see them as they passed, but being young and a good runner he got there and put in about seven shots, and the Doctor, being further on, got in two shots. Cob had laid out one of the fawns, but the Doctor failed to stop the other fawn. Cob when running to get where he could see the deer sprained one of his ankles, which accident came near spoiling the rest of his hunt. After hanging up the fawn, P., Harv and I went to some stands a mile or more distant and waited for the rest of the party to drive through with the dogs. They soon started the doe, which soon came in sight, and P. got in three or four shots. Harv being some eighty rods in advance, got in four or five shots. I had taken a position across a valley about sixty rods in advance of P., and saw the deer as soon as P., but at his first shot the deer turned to pass out of the valley between us. I ran to get a view of the valley, but his second turned her, and she passed directly in front of where I had been standing. I got back in time to see Harv make his shots, and to see the deer run some eight rods with flag hoisted and making good time. As soon as we came to Harv, he said he had shot the deer through, and that she had lain down within a few rods of where he had shot her. We took the trail and found some blood, only occasionally a drop. Something very singular happened. After following some distance, P. picked up a piece of fat some three inches or more across each way, and as we followed on we found a number of smaller pieces. I don't recollect of seeing anything of the kind before, although I have hunted for more than forty years. As the trailing was difficult, Harv went to the house and got Cob's dog. We waited until he came, and then started on the trail, and raised the deer within a mile and shot her, and on examination found she had been shot through the paunch, and that there was protruding from the ball hole quite an amount of fat. This finished this day's sport.

22d.—P. and Cob shot a deer which, after being wounded, ran on to a pond that was frozen over, but the ice would not bear a man. In the evening Mr. Caster took his team and boat and some of the party went and brought the deer home.

23d.—Sunday. During the past night it rained, and today the weather changed, grew cold, and snowed some.

24th.—Fair tracking snow this morning. The Doctor killed a small buck to-day. Have had a number of shots today at long range, but failed to kill. Cob got some hair from a buck. Just before dusk the Doctor got a shot at a large buck at long range, and shot him through rather too high. Bill followed the track and found him lying down, and found he was bleeding some, but he got away, Bill shooting as he ran. The doctor had started for home and was in a road when the buck crossed near him, when he put in a couple of shots. It was now getting dusk and they came in. The Doctor did at times the thing that he did not wish to do, and this was what was the matter to-day. When he intended to shoot buckshot he was sure to shoot the rifle, and that was his excuse for not killing the buck when he crossed the road.

25th.—It snowed during the night. The Doctor and Bill went for the wounded deer but were unable to track him. This was one of those unlucky days when, with a good snow, we failed to get a deer.

26th.—The Doctor and Cob still-hunted—Cob got two fawns. The Doctor found the buck he had wounded dead, and he brought home the skin. P., Harv, Bill and I concluded to try the bell again to-day. I took the bell, and soon found a track which I followed a long distance without starting it, but started four others which ran past Bill, who got in about eight shots, wounding two slightly. I then took their tracks and followed till near night, but we failed to get any of them. Deer act very strangely at times, and these were not an exception. I followed them to within about four rods of a large tent and stable where there was a party camped, and one person in the tent and five deer hanging in front of the tent, and it appeared from the tracks that the deer had stood and took a view of all the surroundings, and then walked away without being frightened in the least, while four of us had been doing our best and failed to get a shot after Bill's first shooting.

27th.—All of us started in company this morning and found two deer not far away. Harv got the first shot and wounded one, and now four of the party commenced pumping their magazine guns, and kept it up as long as there was a deer in sight. One was killed; the other got away without being hit. After hanging up the one, P., Cob and I went for the one that ran away, and after following it a long distance and starting it a number of times without seeing it, and finding it was coming back to near the place we started it, P. and Cob proposed to go and get on some runways, while I followed the deer through. After eating my lunch, being very cold, I put on my mittens and started off, without any idea of getting a shot myself but hoping that P. or Cob would stop it on the runway. After following about a half mile I came within about forty feet of it, lying just on the opposite side of a log from me, and looking directly in the opposite direction from where I stood. I got that mitten off pretty quick and shot it before it got up. This was my first deer. Bill shot a fine doe, making three for this day's hunt.

28th.—We started out this morning and soon found the track of a buck which had gone into a piece of dry timber and thick undergrowth and lain down. P. was on the track, Harv was on one side and I was on the other. P. started the buck, and he came sneaking along, jumping very low, with tail down. When passing me within a few rods, I gave him a charge of buckshot, which brought him down without more shooting. This was the only large buck killed during our hunt that was got in good condition, the Doctor being unfortunate in losing the one he shot.

29th.—To-day we gathered in and skinned out our venison, packed our boxes with about eighty pounds each of the best of the meat, which we took home and divided with our friends.

30th.—Mr. Caster took us to Baldwin, where we took the early train, arriving at Palo in the evening, having spent three weeks very pleasantly, feeling that our hunt was a success, not in slaughtering deer, but in the sport and recreation that the true sportsman only knows how to enjoy. I have made this hunting story too long, and if it needs an apology, all I have to say is, that I will not be likely to tell many more, as I have passed my sixty-ninth birthday. If my health permits, I hope to take another hunt next fall. If this goes into the waste basket, I have enjoyed thinking over the hunt and the evenings enjoyed in telling over the incidents connected with each day's sport.

STILL-HUNTER.

PALO, Ionia County, Mich.

OUR PANTHER.

IT is now about a month since, in writing from New Orleans to the Northern papers I represent, I related my first experience as a huntress; experience which had but lately come to me out in Western Louisiana. Other papers took up the item, copying and recopying, until my friends began to write me, inquiring what it all meant. "You ninety-pound disciple of Eli Perkins," says one, "do you think anybody will believe all that? *You* out hunting!" "I know your constitutional terror of firearms," writes another, "you quake at the sound of the shot in the hem of your riding habit." And so they have all beset me, with an effect, to say the least, discouraging on a young writer. I would, therefore, be glad of an opportunity to narrate, in prosaic and unemotional sentences, the actual facts concerning the panther that we *did* shoot.

We were part of a happy party of excursionists (chiefly from the North) who had left New Orleans early on Ash Wednesday for a fortnight in the western portion of the State. We were chaperoned by an estimable Louisiana millionaire, his brother-in law and sister. We numbered over thirty, only three being ladies. We had all sorts of objects in view. We wanted a change of scene; also a good time; also to pluck oranges with our own hands and shy them at the pigs; also to witness the wonderful marsh-reclaiming operations on a certain million-acre tract of land; also to do some fishing; also some hunting; also to take "a day off." Nearly all the gentlemen were provided with guns, and we were so fortunate as to have with us the champion shot of Louisiana, Mr. Granville Shaw. We took this route: Left New Orleans at 8 A. M. by Air Line to Lake Charles, a pretty town 218 miles directly west. At Lake Charles, on the lake of same name, boats awaited us, which were specially victualled, cabined-off and provided with colored servants. Nothing had been left undone for our extreme comfort and happiness. And I am sure none of the company will ever forget those happy, adventurous days. When our fleet had circled about a bit in the lake, we started southward through the Calcasieu River into Lake Calcasieu. Here we loitered several days and watched the immense pumps, engines, plows, ditchers and drainers at work making fine land out of desolate swamps. Then we at last proceeded on to the Gulf. Meantime our gentlemen had had some trifling shots by the way. Plenty of ducks, blackbirds and even alligators had presented themselves. But shooting in earnest was deferred until we should have passed up the Sabine and anchored at Orange. This we did safely after an uneventful thirty-six hours space on the Gulf. Our hunters were now all ready and anxious to proceed to business. Such of them as I am at liberty to mention are: J. B. Watkins, of New Orleans; Prof. Thompson, of Lake Charles; Granville Shaw, of Abbeville; Dr. McCoy, of Kansas City; Duval Sweeney, of San Francisco, Thos. Rees, of Springfield; Major Foley, of Cincinnati; E. D. Calkins, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*; W. A. Croffut, of the New York *World*, and Hon. E. Moody Boynton, of Boston. Besides myself, there were two ladies (one a chaperone) whom I may only mention as Mrs. F. and Miss G. In attire we strove to approach as nearly as possible the regulation outfit, at the same time endeavoring not to lose sight of the picturesque. Rubber jackets and boot-leggins for the men, while we poor women did the best we could in our plainest dresses, skirts looped high, stout boots, gossamer waterproofs and "lone-fisherman" head-gear. It seemed a pity that we could not be photographed as we looked that cloudy morning; we thirteen gunners.

We had purposed penetrating the forests north and east of

Orange City, but a change of programme was now suggested by two mercurial and sanguine members of the company (any one acquainted with Messrs. Croffut and Boynton will readily comprehend the allusion). These gentlemen proposed to investigate the country midway between the Sabine and Lake Calcasieu, where, they had it upon excellent authority, we should find bigger game than duck. Their persuasive and magnetic utterance had its effect. Within an hour we had engaged horses and wagons, piled in blankets, tents, a supply of food, and, lastly, ourselves. Whoop! Off for the wilderness, on a grand cross-country drive. The air was delicious, the riding easy, save in one or two instances. I think we struck one rut. I have a distinct recollection of turning a somersault in the air and landing with some force among a lot of reeds and palms, from which the gentlemen finally extricated me with tender compassion and politely suppressed merriment. I was only scratched a little.

It was long past 4 o'clock when we halted to locate our camp, in good clear space, having only an occasional live-oak. We were all tired, and after our camp supper were glad to crawl into our two tents—a small and a large one—and sleep serenely. The weather of the next day was highly propitious. Breakfast consumed, we set forth in twos, each lady appropriating a gentleman; six gentlemen doomed to walk with those of their own sex, and the thirteenth leading the way with evident spirit. We were all good walkers, and not one complaint was heard when we began the entrance of a deep wood, where the cypress stumps made footsteps rather uncertain. I think my only regret was that I had to carry a pistol for my own use, and risk the chance of borrowing a gun from one of the men, if I really couldn't do without killing a duck or two.

We had wandered for an half hour in this forest, when some one cried out sharply: "Oh, look quick!" I turned; it was Miss G.'s voice. She was very pale, and her gaze was lifted to the lower branch of a massive live-oak a few yards ahead. I put on my glasses quickly. Now a murmur ran from lip to lip, and yet the men seemed paralyzed by the sight. It was beautiful and strangely fascinating. A creature larger than a large-sized dog, yellow-coated, sleek, supple, fiery-eyed and at liberty. It awed one; it shamed one to think of destroying such a magnificent living shape. And then there was the quick sound of raising guns. Mr. Boynton and Granville Shaw were in the lead, the first-named dangerously near the beast, which now showed signs of intense anger. Every one seemed to take aim save the poetic Mr. Croffut, who stood next me and appeared powerless. "I can't," he whispered hoarsely, "I can't kill anything so beautiful."

"Give me your gun," I cried, snatching it from him.

And to this minute I believe I might have covered myself with glory, but the poetic gentleman interposed with another dramatic and imploring whisper: "For heaven's sake, don't!"

Of course I didn't. One doesn't like to be made feel a murderess. Bang! It was Boynton's gun. Then a wild cry from all. The beast had suddenly leaped from the tree down upon the Boston gentleman. Another stunning sound! Then the smoke rolled away. Man and beast lay prone among the harsh undergrowth, beast atop; but a hopeful voice reassured us:

"I am all right, but he's awful heavy; please get him off me."

Granville Shaw's cool head and steady arm had saved all. The panther, for such it was, was quite dead. It was truly a strange experience. I have given it here as prosaically as possible, and with strict regard for the truth. But I shall always maintain—and feel a little regretful thereat—that but for the poetic sentiments of the New York journalist, whose gun I had snatched, *I* might have been the one to shoot the panther.

LILY CURRY.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16.—Shore birds are on in force, and the passing flights on the New Jersey coast are now being well saluted on their way north. Few flocks stop to feed, but every southerly wind forces them to keep close to the bay side of the beaches within sight of the decoys and within hearing of the gunners' whistle. The grounds near to Cape May Court House, N. J., have been visited this week by a number of Philadelphia sportsmen with only moderate success. A party of three, just returned from Ocean City, on Sinnepuxent Sound, killed over 200 in two days, mostly brown larks and willets. The birds "went a begging" when they reached Philadelphia, and none but the unsophisticated could abide their sedgy flavor, which is more noticeable in the spring than in the autumn, when it is bad enough.—HOMO.

THE WOODCHUCK AS A TREE CLIMBER.—Chester County, Pa., May 13.—This morning while walking in the meadow back of my boarding place, I heard the farm dog barking loudly a little distance ahead behind a knoll, the note indicating that he had treed something. I hunted him up and found him at the foot of a large chestnut tree, to the bare body of which, at a height of about twelve feet, clung a large woodchuck or ground hog. There was no limb near the animal nor below it, the trunk being smooth from the ground to the fork (some distance above the spot where the frightened creature had flattened itself against the bark), and here the tree was easily eighteen inches in diameter. The trunk was perfectly straight and perpendicular. He sleeps in the valley.—S.

COLIN INSTEAD OF QUAIL.—A North Carolina correspondent again calls attention to the fact that the bird which in this country is called variously quail, partridge and Bob White, is properly the colin. The Michigan Sportsmen's Association, it will be remembered, some years ago made an effort to reform this nomenclature, but the term colin was not taken to very kindly, and we doubt if it ever will be.

A JOKE WITH A GREAT FUTURE.—Long after many other kinds of wild animals have been exterminated, Ephraim will hold his own in the fastnesses of the wilderness, and long after the pelt of the last grizzly shall have been done up into a rug, that fine old joke about "not having lost any bear" will do duty as a choice specimen of indigenous American humor.

CONNECTICUT GAME LAWS remain unchanged.

"SUN" CHOLERA CURE.—Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose fifteen to thirty drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

152.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is like a trick at euchre, if you don't take it you never can get the fun back. I would not have lost the last number, which contained a narrative of "A Long Shot at a Swan," for a great deal. It was intensely exciting, especially that part which introduces "the small boy." So accurately does "Amateur" describe the loading of his gun, its weight, the charge of ducking and system of wadding, that it induced me to anticipate as I progressed that he had finally rammed the "small boy" into the shell, and that the trumpeter had come fluttering down with the youngster bestride of its back. Laugh not—there is nothing original in the idea to one who has seen the statuette of Leda and the feathered Jupiter in the Accademia della Belle Arti, at Venice. I feel grateful to "Amateur," for he reminds me of a still more remarkable shot than the one which he recounts, which I made myself. It was in the good old days of the muzzleloader, long before chokebores became the most powerful of all game preservers. It was the custom of those times for thorough sportsmen to stick a tallow dip in the muzzles of each barrel and let them burn down while holding his fowling piece in a perpendicular position. This prevented the outside of the gun from rusting and greased the way for the deadly charge. I had been shooting and had exhausted all my shot at an endless flight of ducks, "and the old gun was shooting as slick as grease."

Presently I observed a "whiteness" of swan feeding far up in the mackerel sky. Knowing that I had no lead in my gun I naturally concluded that the birds must be fishy. Still they were provokingly in shot, certainly not more than a mile and a half off. I had two clay pipes in my pocket. I broke the bowls off, dropped a stem down each barrel, and instantly fired. The well greased stems no sooner had issued from the gun than the air rushing through their apertures began sounding sweet and mellow notes, singularly like those uttered by extremely young cygnets. This attracted the attention of the swans who answered, and two large male birds left the flock and began descending with terrible velocity. They had almost reached the ascending pipe stems when they discovered their mistake and hastened to retrace their flight. Then came a most exciting and exhilarating race to contemplate, between the two swans and the two stems, both giving forth strange sounds. At first the birds were ahead, but finally the pipe stems overtook them and entered the thorax of the swans, thereby producing an escape of air and thus depriving the fair birds from uttering those sweet songs with which they are said to celebrate their death.

JOSEPHUS.

KENNEBUNK PORT, Me.

Sea and River Fishing.

EARLY AND LATE FISHING.

THE early bird catches the first worm, and the early angler generally catches his first trout with a worm. But the early anglers are none the less anxious for the ice to go out of their favorite waters. The weather is cold and the season is very backward. One week ago nearly fifteen inches of snow fell in Bangor, Me., and the lumber regions beyond, and eight to ten inches in the Moosehead Lake region. Further west, in the section of the Androscoggins, but little snow fell, but the weather has been cold ever since, and some nights ice has formed nearly an inch thick. Hence but slow progress has been made toward the clearing of the old ice from the celebrated Maine trout waters. The ice cleared from Moosehead last year about the 8th of May; from Richardson on the 11th; from Mooselucmaguntic and Rangeley, one day later. Capt. Fred C. Barker, whose experience dates back fifteen or twenty years, writes that the ice should leave Mooselucmaguntic by the 12th, but since that letter was written the weather has been cold and it is probable that these lines will reach the eye of the reader before the Androscoggins are clear of ice.

It is possible that somebody may think I attach too much importance to this ice question, but they should look at it from a Boston standpoint. More than one hundred merchants, tradesmen and men in the professions are deeply interested. Part of them have special arrangements for getting the news of the clearing of the Maine lakes by telegraph. They vie with each other in being the first to announce it. The fever is on them, and nothing will cure it but the annual spring trip to the Maine lakes. They will many of them go early, because they cannot wait. The fever runs too high. Some of us talk patience, and picture the miseries of cold winds and woods full of snow, but the ardent ones—the early fishermen—retort upon us with the horrors of black flies and mosquitoes and mosquitoes and black flies. We preach moderation and the beauties of nature in the late spring time; the evil of taking hundreds of small trout with a worm, as against the ecstacy—the skill—of taking a few noble fish with a fly. Again they retort with "black flies and mosquitoes and mosquitoes and black flies."

Well, a man who is afraid of a mosquito and is not master of a hundred black flies should not go a-fishing. It is mean to rush off the moment that the ice is out and destroy the trout by thousands just as soon as they catch the daylight after their six-months' confinement. The fish are hungry then, and it is as much sport to take a lordly trout then as it is to "hook up a sucker" in August. But just here let me explain how one may actually endure the woods, even in black fly time—from the middle of June generally, till about the middle of July. In the first place put on a handkerchief. Not one sportsman in a dozen knows how this is done. Even "Nessmuk" has not described the process on the blade of his hatchet. Tie a good-sized handkerchief around your neck, not by the opposite corners, but by the corners at one side. It will now hang down your back in the form of cape. Take hold of the two corners at the other side and bring it up over your head. Tie these corners together in a knot just above your forehead. If you have drawn the last knots down tight, your head, neck and ears around to your very eyes, will be completely protected. By the way, this form of handkerchief hood makes an excellent sleeping cap when camping out.

Now put on your hat. Well, but the front of your face is exposed. Use the Oil of Joy. We gave it this name ten years ago, when on a June trip to Molechunkamunk, because the only joy we felt was when it was fresh on our faces and hands. The mosquitoes and flies were thicker than—the workmen at the Upper Dam; tough Canadian Frenchmen were driven "to smudge" by them. Relief from misery would have been a better name. Take one part of Carolina tar—not coal tar—three parts of sweet or olive oil, and shake them well together. Enough essence of pennyroyal should also be put in to give the mixture a strong perfume, like the Carolina forest in spring time and the pennyroyal sheep pasture in August. This constitutes the Oil of Joy. Use it, like royal incense, on your face and hands freely. It will need renewing once every hour, when the sun is hot and the flies are particularly bad. Watch the result. The flies come up like a swarm of bees, within two feet of you. They can go no further. The tar and pennyroyal are too much for them. They form a complete halo around your head. Crazy flies outside, next the Oil of Joy, inside the fisherman!

Bah! You hold up your hands in holy horror. The nasty stuff on my face! Never! Not quite so fast. It acts exactly like a soft tar soap. It actually makes a good lather when you come to wash up. Even ladies have found it to protect the skin from tan and sunburn.

SPECIAL.

MAY 19.—The ice is out of the Maine trout lakes, and the sportsmen with rod and reel are on the wing. Three or four Boston parties started on Friday and Saturday, and another party of six will go on the 23d. Besides these, all the New England towns are represented. The wonder is that there is room for so many of the disciples of the gentle Izaak, and even a few trout for all, in the wilds of Maine. Truly some movement should be made for the perpetuation of so much health-giving recreation. The Maine woods and waters ought to be preserved forever from the vandalism which has so nearly depleted the Adirondacks.

A FISHING TRIP TO LEWIS POND.

THERE is a town in Northern Vermont near the New Hampshire line that until within a few years had never been lotted and was an unbroken wilderness. The former owner having died, commissioners were appointed to survey and lot it, and they spent several weeks during the latter part of the summer in the work.

From their account of the wonderful quantities of fish and game to be found there, Will C. and myself made arrangements for a trip to Lewis Pond, a body of water lying somewhere in the limits of the town. I saw one of the commissioners and got directions to enable us to find it without employing a guide. He told me to go to North Stratford on the G. T. R. R., take a team to the "Stone Dam," on the Nulhegan River, and take an old logging road to the mouth of the "Black Branch," thence about six miles to the Lewis town line and follow that until we found a "spotted" tree marked "three miles," where was a spotted line leading at right angles to the left that would take us directly to the pond. I didn't think to inquire the distance from the "three-mile tree" to the pond, but we found out all about that later.

One afternoon about the middle of August, we packed our outfit, taking but a small quantity of provisions, for we intended to live principally on trout, and we didn't want to carry any more than was absolutely necessary, for it was a long tramp. If we had known how long, perhaps this would never have been written. We took the evening train from Lancaster to Groveton Junction, changed cars for North Stratford, where we arrived at 8:30 o'clock P. M. The moon was at its full, and it was almost as light as day, so we concluded to take a team to the Stone Dam, four miles, and camp, thus giving us so much of a start on to-morrow, instead of staying at the Willard House over night. We hired a team and driver of "Heme" Folsom, and in about half an hour were landed safely at the dam with our luggage at just 9:30 o'clock. The evening was so light and pleasant, that we shouldered our traps and started up the road which followed up the Nulhegan River. It was pretty good traveling, and we soon came to where the Black Branch emptied into the river. We left the river and followed up the branch for perhaps an hour, when coming to thicker woods it became harder walking, so we found a dry knoll and built a fire, and concluded to wait till morning before going further. Toasting a liberal slice of bacon on a forked stick, we made a hearty meal on that and a slice of bread and a dipper of water from a small stream that noisily came tumbling down a hill within a short distance of our camp-fire. We didn't sleep much that night, for we had no shelter except that afforded by the trees, and our fire got low before morning, when it came on foggy and quite chilly.

We ate breakfast as soon as it began to be daylight, shouldered our knapsacks and were off. In a short time our legs were wet to our knees, for the old road was grown up with bushes that were dripping with water.

We passed two or three sets of old logging camps, and around one we saw where a bear had trampled down and wallowed in the raspberry bushes that grew with the greatest luxuriance, and probably eaten his fill of the luscious fruit. I have several times come quite close to them while they were busily engaged in berrying before they saw me, when with a sudden "woof" they would turn, and smashing through the bushes, be off without waiting to make a close acquaintance. They are still quite plenty in the backwoods in this vicinity, and when wild fruits and mast are scarce in the woods do considerable damage to fields of late corn and oats, and by killing sheep. Last fall bear steak was for sale in Lancaster village several times, and I know one man who trapped ten and killed eight of them last season, before the middle of September, when he moved his traps to another locality, but as I didn't see him after that I don't know how many more he caught.

After awhile the fog cleared away and we came to an old dam, partly burned away on one side, leaving a fine pool and eddy with a large flake of foam circling 'round on its surface, and as it had quite a fishy look I thought we would try it. We put together our rods, and while Will put on a bait hook and impaled a big grasshopper that he had caught coming along I had looped on a leader and with a Montreal for a trial fly, made a cast, dropped it on the ball of foam and no sooner had I drawn across, and it struck the water than with a sudden flash a tail came out of the water and I had him hooked. Will dropped his 'hopper on the foam, and it had hardly sunk below it when he had a strike, and lifted out a trout that would weigh over a pound. Meanwhile mine had begun to circulate around, and was trying his best to tangle my leader around the timbers of the old dam, and I trying my best to keep him in the open water. Soon he seemed to think I was getting the best of it, when he made a sudden dash down stream, and as the current was very strong he made the reel buzz right merrily. As I gave him more line and moved down the stream I kept him in toward the nearer shore and turning him into shallow water, inside a large rock, he gave a flop and broke away. I dropped my

rod and went for him and grabbed him in both hands, but he went through them like a flash, when I dropped on him bodily. That changed the affair considerably, for he couldn't get away with so much on his back, not very much; and I carefully reached under me and got him by the gills and I had him. "Who's got the biggest one?" said Will, and we compared them together and they were perfect mates, weighfully a pound each. We tried the eddy again, but not another did we find, so we started again with renewed courage, for now we could have trout for dinner. We did not try the stream again, but judged it might be very good fishing earlier in the season, but the old logs and obstructions having been removed to facilitate driving logs, thus destroying their favorite hiding places, and the trout had probably gone further up stream to seek cooler water.

We found the "three-mile tree" all right, and found a newly spotted line leading from it at right angles to the left, and we thought we were almost to our destination. We found a cool, shady place, built a small fire, cooked and ate our dinner, and our two trout were all we could eat at one meal. It was a very hot, still day, the sun coming down in the old cuttings with almost furnace heat, so we lay down under the trees and waited for the shadows to lengthen. Our route now lay through the unbroken forest, so after resting a couple of hours we started off on the line that had been "blazed" but a short time before, so we had no trouble in following it; and we didn't hurry, for all we cared for was to get to the pond in time for the evening fishing.

After we had gone, as we thought, about a mile, we came to a blazed tree marked "200 rods." Could it be possible we had come only that distance? A mile is a long ways in the woods, and the marking was probably correct, so it still lacked considerably of being a mile from the "three-mile tree." We now came to a bog of several acres in extent, covered with thick moss and short, stunted spruce bushes, the blazing being on the low bushes of not more than two inches in diameter. We sank half way to our knees in the moss but didn't break through into the mud, but we were soon across and into an almost impenetrable growth of firs and spruce, but they had to swamp a path for the chainmen, so we found no trouble in getting through. Soon another tree marked "400 rods," but no signs of the pond.

"How much further do you suppose it is?" said Will. "Oh! I don't know; but we are probably most there." "Well, I hope so, for it is awful warm, and I feel as though I had walked about far enough for this kind of weather." We now came up on higher ground with a larger growth, mixed with birch and maple, with now and then a white pine towering far above all the others. It was so thick overhead that we were entirely in the shade and the traveling much easier than in the swamp, and crossing a low ridge we came to a large clear stream that we supposed was the "Black Branch." I made a bridge by falling a small tree across and we were soon on the other side. I saw two or three trout dart under the bank as I crossed, but as we were anxious to reach the pond we did not stop to catch any. We had not gone but a short distance further, when we came to another blazed tree marked 600 rods. "There ain't so much signs of a pond as there was an hour ago," said Bill, throwing down his pack, "and I don't believe we are on the right line." But I was positive we were following our directions, so I persuaded him to go ahead, and we passed trees marked 800 rods, 1,000 rods and 1,200 rods. This began to get monotonous, and it looked as though we should have to camp on the line, when Bill suggested that "probably somebody had cut off the end of that line." After discussing the matter awhile, we said we would run it into the pond or the ground if it took us all the rest of the week. Off we were with renewed vigor, for it was the pond before dark or no trout for supper.

We soon crossed quite a large stream that we afterward learned was the Logger Branch, and the outlet of Lewis Pond. While standing a few moments at the side of the stream, I saw a mink coming up the stream, and keeping perfectly still he came along and jumped over my feet, and continued on his way without noticing us at all. The line took a diagonal course along the side of a small mountain, where we saw plenty of deer sign, their paths running in all directions where they had come to the stream to drink.

Another blazed tree marked 1,400 rods, and after traveling awhile longer we saw water glistening through the trees, and soon came out on the shore of the pond where we found a tree marked "1,512 rods from the 3-mile tree." It was nearly sunset, and we said if we ever started to find another unknown pond, we would inquire the distance so as to have some idea of how far we should have to walk. Lewis Pond is very pleasantly located, surrounded with hills, and contains 125 acres. The water is very clear, the shallow water covered with lily pads, and its shores are a favorite stamping ground for deer. Its waters contain only trout; they were formerly very plenty and of very large size, specimens having been taken weighing nearly five pounds. I saw where the inlet had been staked across, and in spawning time, as I was afterward informed by one of the party, they caught by staking the inlet and driving the fish down from the spawning holes above, when they threw out with their hands more trout than four of them could carry away, some of them weighing more than four pounds!

We crossed on a raft to the camping ground, where we found a good bark camp and wood enough cut for the night. We didn't have time to do any fishing that night, and after eating supper we very soon went to sleep and did not wake till broad daylight. I took my fly-rod and went out to get a mess of trout for breakfast, and Will said he would do the cooking and try them later. They were rising in all directions on the pond, but after fishing about two hours, came in with only one fish that would weigh perhaps half a pound. We didn't have a very heavy trout breakfast, but noted the flavor of that one as first-class. After breakfast we fished till nearly noon, and I tried nearly every fly in my book, and Will used angle-worms, and we didn't catch a fish. They were rising all the forenoon among the pads, and we judged from appearances that some of them were large ones; but after fishing the best I knew how, was unable to get a rise. After eating our dinner of bread and pork, we lay back in camp and concluded that they would probably bite better toward evening. We started out again about 3 o'clock. There was a slight ripple in the open water beyond the lily pads, but it was one of the hottest August days, with a hazy, smoky atmosphere, and if we had caught any in the forenoon we shouldn't have tried them again till about sundown, but we were getting trout hungry and were bound to have some for supper. We fished faithfully till long after sunset, when we had to come in without a fish.

This was a new experience; plenty of trout all around us, and we couldn't catch one. Will was usually a very successful fisherman, and I supposed I could catch trout anywhere where there was any. This was a damper. Couldn't catch trout enough to eat. What would the boys say? Only one trout in all day's fishing. That meant short rations soon.

The night was almost as light as day, and we could hear the trout jumping all the evening, and one big fellow within five or six rods of the shore would rise every few minutes, and Joe could hear others in different directions, and they appeared to be feeding all night. We fished the next day without getting another one; that evening tried them again with the same result. After fishing until 10 o'clock the next morning without getting another fish, we went ashore feeling that those trout were "too many" for us. After eating nearly all our provisions for dinner, we saw, as Bill said, something had "got to be did." After talking over the matter, we concluded to strike for the headwaters of the Black Branch and fish that down to the line on which we came in. So we packed our knapsacks and crossed the pond to the "1512" rod tree, and left the pond, having caught but one trout while there. We followed back on the line for about a mile and struck across the Logger Branch to our left and over a ridge of high land, and across a level tract of land perhaps a mile wide, and struck the stream above the falls, and found it nearly as large as where we had crossed it on the line coming in, but here it was a quick, rapid stream. We put our tackle together and began fishing, and found the water literally alive with trout of a fair size, and a fly could hardly touch the water before it would be taken, and at 5 o'clock we had a sixteen-pound basket nearly full, so we stopped fishing and built up a fire and began to fry trout. Just how many we ate that night I shall not tell, but Will said after breakfast the next morning that "something must have carried off a lot of them during the night." We ate all our bread for supper, so we had only trout and pork for breakfast. We camped that night by the side of the brook and built our fire by the side of a large birch tree. We slept well, with no covering over us and nothing but the trees for a shelter.

We were astir quite early, and leaving our axe for the next comer, we began fishing again, saving only the largest ones, and soon came to the falls. Here the water tumbles down between two hills for perhaps half a mile, and every few rods we came to a large pool containing from half a dozen to perhaps twenty trout. We would only take two or three of the largest and move on to the next one. After we came to the level land below the falls the trout were larger, and soon we had all we wanted to take home with us. It was a beautiful stream, and probably had not been fished before that season up so far as we were. We caught several that would weigh three-quarters of a pound each, and I presume if we had fished further down stream we should have got some still larger.

After catching enough more for dinner, we followed down till we struck the line where it crossed the stream, and followed it back to the "three-mile tree," and we ate our dinner of trout at the old dam, where we caught the two big ones when we came in.

When we arrived at North Stratford that afternoon and showed the agent our catch, he said it was the best he had seen that season. We took the mixed train to Groveton Junction, where we had to wait for the train on the Boston & Lowell road till evening, when we arrived at Lancaster at 8 o'clock P. M., feeling perfectly satisfied with our catch after all.

What the reason was that we only caught one trout at the pond I cannot tell. I used the same flies that I have been successful with at other ponds. I never went fishing to a pond where there were trout before or since but what I could catch enough to eat, although I have noticed it is a poor time to fish for trout during the full moon in August. Can some old fisherman tell the reason?

I have always intended to try that pond again; but the fishing times have come and gone, and I have never returned to cast a fly upon the waters of Lewis Pond. But if nothing hinders I mean to take a week's provisions and visit it again this summer if I can find some one who is not afraid of the tramp.

My companion on that trip was one of the most skillful bait-fishermen that I ever went fishing with, a good tramper, and we never failed in the many excursions that we made together of having a pleasant time, if we did not bring home a great many fish. He has since passed over to the "other side," with the "boatman pale," and perhaps sometime we may again, with other disciples of the Great Master, who said, "cast your nets on the other side," fish fairer streams, flowing through far more beautiful meadows than any we have ever seen in our pleasantest dreams. S. J. G.

LANCASTER, N. H.

RAGGED LAKE CLUB.

SOME of your readers will be glad to know that the ice has disappeared from the lakes in the North Woods, and that the trout are on deck again and as beautiful as ever; they can scarcely wait for the June and July days to come that will bring the city man to them with his fancy rod and flies.

A party of four, including Hon. James Geddes, Fred Frazer, F. P. Denison and H. S. Holden, came to Ragged Lake to look over the club's possessions, which we have an interest in, and found everything had wintered well under the care of Adam, our resident director. The first day's fishing was done along the margin of the ice, but last Thursday the wind broke up this legacy of winter, and since then we have good fishing all over the lake.

The mountains and forest have very little beauty in them at this season of the year, the dense foliage that in the summer time looks so cool and inviting is not here now, and one can not help regretting the absence of it, not because the shade is needed to keep cool, but because all the dead timber that lies in a tangled mass in the woods is visible. The charm of the woods is broken, but within a month from this date all this will be changed, the trees and underbrush will renew their age and put on their green leaves, making fairyland of what now looks desolate. TROUT.

RAGGED LAKE, Adirondacks, May 13.

"FISHING WITH THE FLY."—A second edition of this readable book, by Messrs. Orvis and Cheney, has appeared. The first edition bore the imprint of Mr. C. F. Orvis, 1883, and the second is published by H. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y., 1885. Two additional chapters appear, "Fly-Fishing for Trout in the Rangeley Region," by Henry P. Wells, and "Fly-Fishing on the Nipigon," by Henry H. Vail. The plates of flies are the same, and as we have said before, are both elegant and truthful.

KALAMAZOO TROUT.—Kalamazoo, Mich., May 11.—May 1 found the streams about this city teeming with fishers for trout, though few were posted as to the best streams. A few of us were, however, and among those whose catch is worth mentioning is that of Doctor Gibbs and the gentleman accompanying him. They caught about seventy, a number of them weighing over a pound. My party caught about fifty; several weighed over a pound, while another friend of mine caught one weighing 2½ pounds. I make mention of this as illustrative of the good work done in this State by the Fish Commissioners. It is but five years since the first were put in our streams. Now the fishing is superior by far to that of Northern Michigan. Much unlawful fishing is done, for the detection of which our gun club offers a suitable reward, and we mean to put them through when we do catch one.—G. H. W.

CHAZY LAKE, P. O. Dannemora, N. Y., May 11.—This lake is the least known of any in the Adirondacks, but should be the best known, as it has the finest speckled and lake trout fishing. About a dozen fishermen have got their support and that of their families from this lake; for that reason they do not want sportsmen here. There is a small hotel, with accommodations for twenty-five. Until last summer the proprietor of this house has been in league with the fishermen, has bought and sold their trout, and allowed them to use night lines and nets. Last season the fish were protected on the spawning beds, and will be protected from night lines and nets this season.—M. A. C.

MONSON, Me., May 9.—The ice is not yet out of Lake Hebron and the other lakes and ponds in this region, although in the former the water is open near the shores and a very few trout are beginning to show themselves in these openings. A Swede laborer on the 6th inst. caught a "squaretail" that weighed four pounds, near a place known as the "Cove Dump." From present appearances nearly all of these ponds will be free from ice within the next week. Spring fishing will open in earnest on or about the 30th of this month. Gentlemen from Lynn, Mass., are making arrangements to erect a club house the coming season at Bear Pond.—ANGLER.

FASTENING DROPPERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you be so good as to allow me, through your columns, to thank your correspondents who so kindly answered my queries about leaders, mode of attaching flies, etc. I appreciate their kindness, and am their debtor. Permit me to say, however, that they all omitted to describe the manner of fastening to the leader the large flies that are tied with a loop instead of the ordinary snell. This is easily done in the case of the tail fly, but how about the droppers?—M.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16.—Striped bass, weighing from a half to one pound in weight are taken in numbers at most all the wharves extending into the Delaware River below Philadelphia. The villainous sturgeon roe is the favorite bait, and it seems that this and shad roe are the only lures that will tempt the rockfish to take hold.—HOMO.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 16.—Fishing is reported good in all the lakes around here, and in such streams as are not too high. Fly-fishing reported good in Bearskin Lake. Parties returning from Rosebaum Lake report goggle-eyes large and biting freely.—CASUAL.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR, Ex-Secretary Lincoln, Mr. J. B. Battle, of Cleveland, O., and others, were at Pelee Island, Lake Erie, last Monday, bass fishing.

Fishculture.

PROFITS OF FISHCULTURE ABROAD.

A LARGE class of poorly-informed laymen and a few journalists are still only too ready to sneer at fishculture and denounce it as a humbug and failure. They regard it as a business to be engaged in only by the man of leisure and wealth who may have a few thousands of dollars per annum to dissipate in it as a means of amusement, or as satisfying a whim, which might as well be gratified perhaps in the possession of highly-bred running horses or hunting dogs. The same kind of criticism, often partially justified at the outset by the fact that many failures were encountered by the inexperienced, was aimed at bee-culture in its early days, when Langstroth and Quimby in this country began to apply the results of the labors of Dzierzon, Siebold, Huschka and others, to place apiculture upon a scientific basis. Now that bee-keeping has become a success as practiced under the guidance of well-determined scientific principles, which are to be mastered in the same way that any other sort of technical knowledge is to be acquired and applied, we hear nothing more of bee-keeping as a humbug, because at last it has been recognized that it can be followed as a business provided he who pursues it has ordinary business qualifications and the adequate skill, as well as practical and scientific knowledge. Bee-keeping has now become a profitable business, and I know of no more humane achievement of science than that of the abolition of the "sulphur match" formerly thought to be necessary in order to obtain the golden sweets which the industrious insects had so laboriously gathered, their only reward for which was cruel death at the hands of man.

So too in fish breeding, especially in the case of those species of Salmonoids and Cyprinoids which lend themselves readily to the purposes of domestication. Ages of careful selection have enabled the Japanese to produce the most grotesque modifications of the feral form of the goldfish, just as pigeon and fowl fanciers have bred choice strains of birds true to a feather by care in selection so as to reproduce at will those characteristics of form and markings most prized by the connoisseur. Of such achievements we may expect even greater results in the future, but while the production of new races has gone on in order to minister to a taste for the beautiful and the novel, no less remarkable progress has been made in an exact knowledge of the conditions necessary in order to successfully breed and rear fishes for profit as an article of food.

On the continent of Europe where every available field for profitable effort is occupied as soon as it is explored and tested, the cultivation of fishes for market is pursued on a large scale for profit alone, not simply by the wealthy nobles, but by commoners, who may be wholesale dealers in market towns. Enterprising wholesale fish dealers, such as Mr. G. Ebrecht, of Geestemünde, Germany, have found it profitable to invest capital to the amount of $50,000, mainly in trout culture, as a business venture. This gentleman's trout cultural establishment, now said to be the largest in Europe, was designed, built, organized and operated for the last four years by Mr. Josef Swetitsch, an Illyrian German by birth, who has recently arrived in this country seeking employment in a similar capacity. This gentleman is as yet unable to speak

English; fortunately the writer has been enabled to discuss with him in his mother tongue quite fully his methods and designs, which show him to be not only an able fishculturist, but also a competent draughtsman and engineer.

Mr. Swetitsch, now residing temporarily in Hoboken, N. J., has related to the writer his interesting and important experiences in organizing and equipping two establishments for Count Moritz Palfy, and another for Count Stefan Keglowitz, both in Hungary. Count Palfy, from whom Mr. S. bears the most flattering testimonials, has the most extensive establishment in Hungary. Mr. Swetitsch also organized and built an establishment for Mr. Frederick Busse, in North Germany, but the establishment of Mr. Ebrecht, at Scharnstedt, is by far the most interesting, from the circumstance that the proprietor contracted with Mr. Swetitsch to build and equip his establishment with the guarantee that it should yield ten per centum per annum upon the capital invested. Not only was this accomplished, but was even exceeded, under conditions admitted not to have been the best possible for trout culture. The designer of this establishment informs me that trout can be raised at a cost of about twenty-three cents per pound, if sent to market dead; they are sold in Germany at sixty cents per pound; sent alive they bring a much higher price, viz., $2 per pound.

The establishment at Scharnstedt is arranged with a suite of 124 ponds. The aggregate length of the series is 1,000 meters and its width 100 meters. Springs feed the ponds; some additional water is also obtained from two pumps operated by windmills. The temperature of the water is 47 degrees F. in winter and 56 degrees F. in summer. Each pond may be emptied independently of every other by means of an ingeniously contrived system of piping and sluice-ways. The work is supervised with the greatest thoroughness by experts, and the eggs and fry are counted and registered in books kept for that purpose. At every transfer of the young fish, as they grow larger, an account is kept, and a record made so that the loss from mortality is known with the greatest exactitude at every stage of the growth of the fishes. It is then so arranged that with increasing age and size the growing fish are given more and more room in proportion to their dimensions as they are transferred from pond to pond in the great series. In the last of the series, or in those remotest from the hatchery, are found the full-grown, marketable fish.

It is obvious from what has been said above that the work at Scharnstedt is not an experiment but a commercial success, and that the work is conducted upon scientific as well as business principles, which are applicable the world over. The transportation of the living fish to the markets is also accomplished in an ingenious and simple way, which would be well worthy of more extensive imitation in this country, and would doubtless be the means of affording both the culturists and dealers increased profits, as has been found to be the case in New York.

The foregoing notes are not intended to convey the impression that American methods have not been successful; on the contrary, it is merely the intention to again point out to the skeptical that such a thing as fisheulture as a business enterprise is feasible, and, be it remembered, with species the culture of which has not yielded the largest measure of success to those who have undertaken their culture in this country.

The successes of such American fishculturists as Garlick, Ainsworth, the Clarks, Stone, Atkins, Mather and Green, are too well known to need comment from one who does not pretend to skill in this direction. It is only Mr. Swetitsch's presence among us, and the interesting data and attested records which he brings with him that leads me to assume the role of apologist for an industry which should have long since engaged more capital than it now employs. I am informed that the quintessence of fisheulture consists in permitting the competent superintendent or *Fischmeister* to have absolute and unrestrained control of all the details of pond construction and their subsequent management if financial success is to be expected. That the *Salvelinus fontinalis* or American brook trout grows faster than the *S. fario* of Europe is an interesting fact, and one which is very significant in this connection.

JOHN A. RYDER.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1885.

THE NORTH CAROLINA OYSTER INDUSTRY.

[Concluded from page 293.]

Supposing then that the State recognizes the principle and does its part, what is the next step to be taken in order to increase the supply? Naturally, under the new order of things, this is a problem to be solved by each individual oyster culturist for himself. But some general directions and advice can be given. First let us look over the natural conditions under which oysters live. Let us understand something about the animal we propose rearing.

In the American oyster the sexes are separated; that is, the animals are male and female. During the spring and summer months the generative organs, the "spermanis" in the male and the "ovaries" in the female, become distended and filled up with ripe generative fluids, known as "spermatizoa" in the former and "ova" in latter. As these two fluids ripen they are expelled into the water by the animals; but each individual performs his function without reference to any other in the community, and it may, and possibly does happen, that one sex may expel all its fluid some time before the other. After the expulsion, should the male fluid meet with the eggs of the female, it immediately attacks them, the eggs are fertilized and the life of the oyster may be said to begin. But this contact of eggs and male cells must occur very soon after the fluids have been expelled from the parent oysters, for the lifetime of the spermatizoa is limited to a few hours, and that of ova or eggs to a few minutes after exposure to the water. Here enters the first evil influence. Though the female oyster expels from 10,000,000 to 60,000,000 eggs, yet several days are consumed before the act of expulsion is complete, and it can readily be seen that a large number of these millions of eggs may fail to meet the male fluid at the proper moment, and for want of fertilization, will be destroyed. Indeed, from this and other causes, it is estimated that fully 15,000,000 eggs perish for one that survives. After the egg, a mere speck, 1-500th of an inch in diameter and invisible to the naked eye, has met the male fluid and been fertilized, it sinks to the bottom and begins its development; in from ten to twenty hours it is supplied with swimming powers and begins an exceedingly rapid, erratic motion through the water. This swimming period varies in duration from one to several days, but as the development of the little animal is continuous, and as the frail embryo of the shell continually grows and becomes heavier, the power of movement gradually diminishes and the buoyancy of the animal decreases. Finally it sinks to the bottom, or fastens to some object in the water, and becomes fixed forever; just where or how this fixation occurs we are as yet unable to say. Probably no very great period elapses after the fertilization of the egg before it becomes fastened, but as during this period the animal is moving about, more or less, in the water, exposed to tides, currents, winds and waves, it is evident that the longer the interval between the expulsion of the eggs from the body of the parent and the time of fixation, the greater the chance of the dispersion of the young brood. The free-swimming period, as it is called, is the one most full of hazard to the young. A change of a few degrees of temperature will kill them, and a slight variation in the density of the water will have a like effect; fishes, crabs, shellfish, and in fact nearly all marine animals, consciously or unconsciously, devour enormous numbers of them; they are so small that an ordinary drop of sea water can hold one hundred in active motion, and a quart of water left stagnant in some hole on a beach may easily contain embryo oysters exceeding in number the population of the State. If the swimming embryo has survived all the dangers it encounters while at large in the water, it still may be unfortunate in finding a final resting place. It will fasten itself to many objects, but three conditions are absolutely necessary.

The object must be moderately rough, moderately hard and exceedingly clean. Obviously these conditions do not exist in mud, sand or grass, and hence mud, sand and grass hold no oysters. But where shells, stones, branches of trees, piles of wharves and bridges, and innumerable other objects that are hard and rough, are exposed in the water near an oyster-bed, provided they are clean, the young oysters will settle and fasten to them in large numbers. Once fastened, the valves of the shell, indeed the whole oyster, begins to grow at an enormous rate, and in a year will have advanced an inch or two in diameter. This growth, though continuous, gradually diminishes from year to year, but is sufficiently rapid to make the Virginia oyster marketable in from three to four years, when it is, on an average, from three to four inches in length. Though the growth during the first year is so rapid, yet the shells are very thin and delicate and easily destroyed by the many enemies that prey upon the oyster. Therefore this first year of existence is a precarious one, and more than 50 per cent. of the young oysters perish in passing through it. The mortality during the second and third years is about 30 per cent.

Having followed the individual oyster from the egg to maturity it now remains to show the manner of life of a community known as an oyster bed. The original formation of the bed must have occurred somewhat in this way: The embryo oysters, drifting about during the swimming period, came in contact with some suitable substance, such as a heap of stones or shells, lying at the bottom of the river or estuary, and fastened themselves to such portions as had been swept clean by the current. Year after year these oysters grew and sent forth "spat" or young, which became attached to the shells of the parents; thus the community increased steadily in numbers, and as they increased they attracted enemies, and many were devoured; many others perished for want of room for development, and the empty shells were probably swept by the current some little distance beyond the borders of the bed, thus affording new material for the annual brood to settle upon. Thus the bed was slowly extended, accidental circumstances occasionally assisting or retarding the growth until at last all the available ground was covered, that is, soft, muddy, or sandy bottoms, very shoal water, grass or weeds were reached, where oysters could not live, and necessarily all further expansion ceased. Future growth was not of area but of numbers, and generation after generation would be deposited upon one another until the strata of oysters became too thick to permit the further existence of the first generation. When this occurred the bed may be said to have reached its limit of natural increase.

While this growth in area and numbers is going on, the community has to battle with numerous enemies and destructive influences. Freshets may bring down heavy deposits of mud or vegetable matter, which by covering the oysters and shells not only destroys the living animals by smothering them, but prevents the attachment of the young brood. Severe winters may pile great masses of ice on the beds and destroy every oyster in shoal water. A very cold or very warm spring and summer may so interfere with the formation and emission of the generative fluids that the spawning season will be a complete failure. Heavy rains and continued freshets may not only have a like influence, but may also cause the destruction of large numbers of marketable oysters by forcing them to consume a large quantity of fresh water. Heavy gales may sweep sand, mud or vegetable material over the beds, thus destroying mature oysters and preventing the advent of the young brood. All these are accidents that may and do occur at any time, but whose presence or absence cannot be safely predicted.

But besides such disadvantages, the community has constantly to struggle with the elements that make the oyster their natural food. These are too numerous to mention in detail, but comprise several fishes. Nearly all the carnivorous, gasteropods or sea snails, and many species of crabs and star fishes.

Besides the direct depredations of active enemies, the oyster has to contend in the struggle for existence with innumerable marine animals that seek the same food and live under the same conditions. Among these are nearly all the large bivalve mollusks, such as clams, mussels, etc., and many gasteropods and crustaceans that are not in other ways harmful. It, therefore, can readily be seen that in so closely settled a community of various species of animals a very exact balance is maintained. The conditions necessary to life, such as the amount of food, are constant. Only so many lives can be supported, and evidently, if the number of one species diminishes, the number of other species will tend to increase. That is, if the number of oysters diminishes, the mussels, clams and other shellfish will become more numerous, and the places of the defunct oysters will be occupied by other animals. This is a principle of considerable importance and deserves consideration in any scheme looking to the recuperation of an oyster-bed.

Now, how are we to utilize this knowledge of the animal, its habits, its manner of life? If we intend establishing an artificial oyster bed, we know that we must first stock our ground with a considerable number of mature oysters. We also know that this ground must be suitable, first, for the mature oysters; second, for the young brood. In other words, we must render our ground hard enough to keep the old oyster from sinking and being smothered, clean enough to insure the attachment of the spat, and sufficiently prolific of food to support the colony. The proper conditions of water have also to be considered. Generally speaking, a moderately hard bottom, consisting of clay, with a light covering of mud or sand, is preferable; but almost any bottom hard enough to support the oyster will answer. The character of the current must also be considered. It must be swift and strong enough to convey the minute forms of life which compose the food of the oyster; swift and strong enough also to carry off any sediment likely to be deposited. Yet not so swift nor so strong that the animals will be moved by it. It is also necessary that the area should be protected from the effect of a heavy sea, such as are raised by gales of wind. This is a very important point.

Having selected the ground, the oyster culturist has two methods of procedure open to him. He can obtain small seed oysters, six months old, and spread them out over his ground to grow to a remarkable size. That process is a very simple one and requires but little elaboration or care. But evidently it is directly dependent for its original supply upon some other area; and in attempting to largely increase the production in North Carolina waters it would be wise to depend upon the already producing beds as little as possible, for they have little to spare even now. The second method is to take advantage of our knowledge of the habits of the oyster, especially the young or spat, and attempt to raise more than nature unassisted can accomplish. As this method is probably new to you in North Carolina, I will briefly describe the operation as practiced in the North. A tract of bottom having been suitably prepared by covering it with a layer of sand, gravel, shells, or other substances which will support the oysters, a number of large, spawn-bearing animals are spread over the ground during the spring months. In the summer, just before the spawning season begins, a large quantity of shells are scattered over this same tract. It is particularly necessary that these shells should be clean and free from slime or mud.

From what I have told you of the habits of the young or spat you will readily foresee the object of this operation. The young, when about to attach, find conveniently located a large number of clean, suitable material, and naturally a much larger attachment occurs than would be the case if natural conditions alone were maintained. In fact, so great is the attachment at times, that the oyster farmer is compelled to go over his ground before the end of the first year, and several times subsequently, thinning out his crop and transplanting his stock to areas less thickly populated, where they will have more room for development. Nor is his labor ended then; each successive season before his harvest can be reaped brings him accessions to his crop; the transplanting, therefore, must be continuous. But what I wish you to particularly observe is, that he has taken a barren area of bottom and has turned it into an oyster bed. He has increased the supply to an extent out of all proportion to his original draft upon it. That is exactly what you want here—your need is, that your 3,000 acres should be increased to 300,000 acres; that your product should be not 170,000 bushels, but 17,000,000 bushels.

It is evident, however, that this work of cultivating some 300,000 acres of bottom cannot be undertaken by the State. It would involve an annual expense of about $3,000,000, and no State could spend or would be justified in spending such a sum. Equally evident is it that private individuals will not pay any such enormous capital into a business which, in addition to all other risks, permits the profit to be reaped by the general public.

If, then, the 300,000 acres are to be added to the present domain and the present product increased to ten and twenty million bushels, only private persons will do it, and private persons will not sow a crop which they have no certainty of harvesting. What must be kept steadily in mind is the result to be obtained. In other words, how to get 300,000 acres under cultivation; how to produce 17,000,000 bushels per annum.

I do not mean to say that this is an easy thing to do or that it can be accomplished in a day. But it can be done. Indeed it will be done if you are but wise. Not so very wise either; but just a little bit wiser than the Maryland and Virginia people. It will not do to overlook the many obstacles that are to be encountered. It will not do to overestimate the value of your natural advantages. Candidly speaking they are not, at present, very great. Your waters do not, generally, produce the highest grade of oyster. You have a warm climate which renders transportation difficult and hazardous. You have no great market in close proximity to the oyster ground. You are remote from the great oyster-consuming centers. You have not an abundant supply of labor and such as you do possess is not of the best quality. You have no readily reached machine shops for the repair of engines and apparatus. Nor have you close at hand sufficient supplies of coal and stores. But you have one thing which just now is worth all the rest. You have the opportunity.

If you but take advantage of it, you will have done much to bring about the desired end. Unable to compete with Chesapeake in natural conditions—unable to compete with Maryland and Virginia in the commercial advantages at present offered by the two States, you can at least compete with them in the liberality and wisdom of your laws. While they are waiting to be taught by bitter experience that the Chesapeake fishery cannot be an exception from the operation of the general law, you may take time by the forelock, and adopt the principle which the history of all oyster fisheries shows to be essential to success, and which Maryland and Virginia wilfully ignored. That principle may be concisely put. It is well-known to all political economists as the very key-stone of all progress and material success. It is the principle of ownerships in severalty as opposed to ownerships in common. That principle once recognized in relation to oyster ground and all possible development will follow. That principle ignored, and not only will there be no development, but certain destruction of existing beds will most certainly ensue. The elaboration of the principle so as to meet the practical requirements of this particular locality, I will not here and at this time attempt. But I would earnestly impress upon you, and I hope you will as earnestly impress it upon others, my conviction that a great opportunity now offers for North Carolina to obtain an advantageous position in the oyster industry of the country; and that the only possible manner in which this opportunity can be fully utilized for the benefit of the State is by liberal encouragement to private enterprise to enter this field.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. F. A. Diffenderfer, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2386.**

THE W. K. C. SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the W. K. C. show is over and gone, I feel like saying that it was by all odds the most enjoyable I ever attended. It was especially interesting as a study of dogs. To see the same swarm of setters, pointers, collies, mastiffs, etc., over and over again, is surely no chance for study, and the novelties at New York were decidedly interesting; for instance, that pair of braques. I do not believe that the breed has ever been shown here before. I suppose pointer fanciers thought them worthless brutes; so they may be for all I know of pointers, but they looked as though they were an ancient race from which the pointer may have been evolved, and I thought that I could see where and how an admixture of foxhound and terrier blood could produce our pointer from these braques.

Then the bloodhounds were a revelation to me. I have always wondered where our native "Virginian" hound could have gotton his head, ears and general type, so different from the English hound. After seeing these bloodhounds, that conundrum is easily guessed. That "Russian" collie of Mayor Grace's was another curiosity. He looked like a pure bred dog of a strain distantly related to our present collie, perhaps starting with the same root, but bred in a different direction; he could hardly be a mongrel, he had that indescribable look of "well bred," although I do not take much stock in the "Russian" business; that looks like some sailor's yarn. Who owned that beautiful brindle gray dog midway between a mastiff and a boarhound with uncropped ears? He was being led around by a keeper every time I saw him, and he had no number on. I suppose he was a mongrel, but as fine a set of legs and as powerful symmetrical a body I do not think I ever saw on a dog; he was just what Capt. Graham is hunting for in the "Irish wolfhound," able to catch a wolf, and to smash him when caught. That mastiff puppy Duke was a puzzle to me; his pedigree does not give any recent importations, but where did he get his compact frame, excellent head, pale brown mask and ears (and alas, his straight hocks) from, but from the Crown Prince litter?

This brings me to my hobby. The mastiffs there were a revelation to the American fancier of the absurd degree to which head has been carried in England, and the mischief that is sure to follow elevating any one point to a supreme importance. I didn't see one of the crack dogs there that was good on its legs; not one that walked as though hind legs were anything but disagreeable incumbrances, merely tolerated as unavoidable evils—as for springing on a man, they could not have jumped over a walking stick.

It is funny how all the carefully prepared standards and elaborate scales, with the solemn deliverances of the most distinguished breeders, are but empty words when brought face to face with fashion. As an instance, no dog (or bitch) at New York would stand a ghost of a chance with Ilford Cromwell if judged strictly under either of the scales or standards, that of Mr. Wynn or that of the Old English Mastiff Club, for Cromwell is fairly good in every point. Yet there were four animals there that would take much higher rank in England simply because they are much more pronounced in head. The standards and scales are meant to portray a perfect dog, yet "A," very good all over, will be beaten by "B," who has wretched hindlegs, a miserable, shambling, rickety gait, with no power or poise, because "B" excels in head; and after all, the difference between the two dogs may not be more than five per cent. even in head. But this five per cent. in head overlies weakness of body, legs or feet, that amount to real disqualification for a mastiff's use.

Then I thought the management of the show was better than I had ever seen. There was nothing new that I know of, but the old style was thoroughly well done. I never saw foul smells as quickly suppressed, and the attendants seemed to know that the orders of the superintendent were given to be obeyed, and not the usual practice, say "yes, sir," and do nothing. The "disappointed exhibitor" was rather more virulent than usual, and the amount of knowledge I got concerning various breeds that I never paid any attention to before, was enough to set me up as a canine Solomon. Unfortunately I have forgotten it all, and I fear I must remain a know nothing for another while. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., May 9.

IRISH SETTERS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was considerably interested in the perusal of Mr. James Mortimer's letter, in reference to Mr. Charles Mason, and contained in your last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Mortimer at the recent New York bench show, and was exceedingly well pleased with him, from his gentlemanly and courteous manners, and his efforts throughout the whole show to please and satisfy the exhibitors, and with his general supervision and management throughout of the whole affair, a better than which I have never seen since my first bench show debut at New York in 1877, and up to the present time, although a participant and exhibitor every year (since the one above referred to). Mr. Mason has been quite an enigma to me as well as to many others with whom I have conversed in regard to him. A man who never appears to be satisfied with results but is always finding fault. No judge (be he one of his own countrymen or an American) seems capable of pleasing him, but each in his turn must take a back-handed hack from his axe at his will and pleasure. An exhibitor at a number of bench shows, but, as a rule, I believe, an unsuccessful competitor, he evidently takes grim satisfaction in perpetuating his dislike to every one in the shape of a bench show judge. A man who seems to have made a specialty of pointers and one or two of the non-sporting breeds of dogs, he passes judgment and attempts to criticise certain breeds and specialties which are apparently as foreign to him as success has been, both in pleasing the dog sporting fraternity as well as in winning on stock of his own which could not bear competition. A man who never can see a dog so perfect save his own but what he will find blemishes and defects that no one but himself can discover, evidently the result of egotism and a distorted vision; one who will pronounce as a flat head on an Irish setter a cranium that is unusually fine and most beautifully rounded and perfect, with ears that are hung well back and low; eyes called too light, because they are not black but a rich mahogany brown; the muzzle wedge-shaped, because not freighted with lips like those of a hound; a superb neck called short by him, because heavily and beautifully coated with hair, instead of being deprived of that latter ornamentation, or in other words having a scarcity of it, whereby the neck would appear leaner, longer and more lanky, in which three combined latter conditions the required length would be found much more in harmony with his majesty's (Mason's) taste. He also finds the coat not flat enough to please him, simply because it is heavy, as nature and the best English and American authorities require for the Irish dog, in order that he may the better withstand the heavy brush and briers, which no dog is better fitted and adapted for than the Irish setter. And again, and a feeling of pity comes over me for the man, as I listen to him and to what appears more like the talk of a seven-year-old child than of a man who is fully grown, but evidently not mentally matured on some subjects in which he professes to be *au fait*. He says the coat is too dark. Well, I admit that the dog in question has a very rich, dark and glossy coat, darker than the great majority of Irish dogs have; but that is just what every breeder and exhibitor of the Irish setter dog is aiming and working for, and has been for years—notwithstanding what the owners of the light-coated ones may say to the contrary—viz., to get the natural rich dark coat. The Rev. Mr. Macdona, one of the best judges of the Irish dog, or indeed of any other, that ever came from England to judge at a bench show in this country, said of Rory O'More, in giving him the first prize at New York in 1877, "He is one of the finest, handsomest and richest-coated dogs that I ever saw." Stonehenge says that an Irish setter dog should be generally of a rich dark red in color. It would be well for Mr. Mason to study up on the subject. I understand that his specialty has been principally that of pointers, and it seems to be a very difficult matter for him to lose sight of the fact that an Irish dog should not be both coated and built exactly—nose, head, neck, body, tail and limbs—like the dog of his most ardent admiration (the pointer). But it will be a long cold day when Mr. Mason can form a club of one member, and that member himself, and establish a standard of his own for the Irish setter, different from the one now apparently recognized by both English and American authorities. Mr. Tracey, who judged the Irish classes at New York, is pronounced by Mason himself as a true artist. He further says that he shows wonderful skill in transferring to canvas life-like pictures of the dogs he portrays. He further says, using the conjunction, but, "in passing judgment upon a group of animals, we fear that his artist's eye is prone to dwell upon the lines and curves of beauty rather than upon the oftentimes less pleasing outlines that denote greater worth" (see FOREST AND STREAM, May 7). Mr. Tracey's selection as a judge of Irish setters by the W. K. C. (at the recent New York show), was made, I believe, at the suggestion of a gentleman, who is a noted breeder of Irish setters, and one who has done much toward helping to elevate the standard of that breed and to help bring them to their present state of perfection, a man with whom I have frequently come into competition, but a gentleman toward whom I entertain only the most friendly feelings. I think that the selection was a most excellent one, not alone because I was fortunate enough to win in my class, and also to receive the club medal on my five Irish setters, but for the simple reason that I consider that no one should be better calculated to pass upon the merits and demerits of a subject than that person who has made the subject in question one of special study for many years, and one who has attained a most enviable name and a national reputation, where time alone and the most careful observation and the closest scrutiny and skill were required. Mr. Tracey has been a frequent attendant at both our field trials and bench shows, whither he has gone for the further purpose of still better perfecting himself in his noble work as an artist. No man should be better able to detect either the beauties or defects of a dog in detail than such a person. Mr. Mason speaks of Mr. Tracey's apparent inability to judge of animals in groups. That is just where Mr. Tracey showed his thorough adaptation for the position of judge. Mason would judge them in their stalls. No good judge living can decide correctly as to the respective merits of as fine a lot of dogs as were exhibited in that open class of Irish setters at New York without having them together and comparing them point by point, in order to reach the end desired, and to establish the maximum of excellence, and which is to possess the greater number of points out of the hundred. No, it will not answer in this country any more than it will in Europe, for Mr. Mason or any other man to criticise or condemn an Irish dog, or in fact any other dog of a different kind and of other breeding (unlike a pointer) simply because he is not built and coated like a pointer from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail, limbs and ears included. The people who know his peculiarities, as also this to be his standard of criticism, will soon tire of reading his comments, which may be well deemed as worthless. The FOREST AND STREAM has a large circulation, and much good or ill—socially as well as pecuniarily—may inure to some one whose stock may be misrepresented (wittingly or unwittingly) through its columns. Some one, and many persons in fact, must be disappointed in not sometimes or always getting awards at our bench shows. I have been successful many times in winning prizes, and have been unfortunate in losing, yet I have tried to take the bitter with the sweet, and have universally sympathized with the judge in the performance of his arduous and oftentimes unappreciated and thankless duties. So I think that it is the critic's duty as well to show that leniency which common courtesy demands of him, and instead of placing too much stress on the importance of being continually adverse to the judge in his decisions, he should display less pedantry, exhibit more charity, and study up on subjects that are and have been for years the specialties of others, and a knowledge of the fine points, the details of which (embracing all the beauties and defects) are as foreign to him (the critic) as a knowledge of the subject on which he descants. W. N. CALLENDER.

[We publish the above communication in full, though it is not quite clear to us what Mr. Callender is driving at. He appears to have some personal grievance against Mr. C. H. Mason, and proceeds to draw an imaginative picture of that gentleman as a child might conjure up the dreaded form of a bogie. Mr. Callender is also disgruntled at the FOREST AND STREAM's comments on his dogs, which comments, by an hypothesis entirely unsupported by the facts in the case, he assumes to have been written by Mr. Mason. On the contrary, they were our own comments, and were in line with what we had previously written of this dog, Rory O'More II. We said of his class at the New York show last year, "Irish setter puppies are notoriously uncertain, as they often change in form and color. Rory O'More II., who was first in the dog class, was rightly placed. He is grand in color, and if he matures well he will be heard from again." We next saw him at New Haven, where he won he., with Elcho, Jr., first, Bruce second, and Blarney vhc. reserve. We then said of him, "A nice dog, well worth the three letters." At New York both Bruce and Blarney were shown, the latter in improved condition, while Rory was not quite up to his New Haven form. We carefully examined him and our rough notes made with the dog under our eyes read as follows: "409 has not improved, neck large and short; good shoulders, forelegs and feet, fair chest, muzzle not square enough; he is a bit under size; coat too wavy and dark, light eye, English type, head too flat on top, straight in stifle, does not move well; vhc." Mr. Callender's chief concern appears to be a fear that our comments may hurt the sale of his "stock," the development of the Irish setter being to him of less importance than the profits accruing from breeding. Mr. Callender exhibits his dogs for advertising purposes, and resents anything that detracts from the advertising value of a prize wrongly given to one of his exhibits. The week of the show, after his dog had been awarded this prize, Mr. Callender gave himself the trouble to call at this office to ask that as he had long been an advertiser in the FOREST AND STREAM, our comments on his "stock" should be toned down. In other words, Mr. Callender, having bought so many inches of space in our advertising columns, assumed thereby to control the editorial opinion of his merchantable "stock." He at the same time stated, in support of this brilliant notion, that he had seen one C. B. Whitford in order to secure, on the same plea of advertising, a like favor from the paper represented by that individual, and had been assured by Whitford that his paper always had been considerate of his (Callender's) stock, and would be so now. At present Mr. Callender appears to be dissatisfied with the result of his call at this office, but we trust that he may sometime see and appreciate how really ludicrous it all was—funnier even than his column diatribe against Mr. Mason for the offending criticisms that that gentleman never (if ever) saw until they were printed.]

"WILDFOWLER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Mr. Kent had better see the post-office and ask how it is that letters addressed to him are not delivered. I sent you one already marked "dead." I expect I shall have to send you another shortly, for one was written to him on Feb. 25, as follows:

To Mr. Charles Kent, Monticello Kennels, New York:

Dear Sir—I have the beagle hero ready and am arranging for his sailing by next New York steamer. His name is Victor, formerly Pleader. He was given by Philip Egerton, Esq., to the Chester Beagles on February, 1883.

PEDIGREE OF VICTOR, LATE PLEADER.

Sire, Stormer (late J. Houghton's).		Dam, Mischief (late J. Houghton's).	
Counsel.	Sportsman (J. Houghton's).	Countess (Major Torrens's).	Changeable.

I will write you date of sailing as soon as arranged. I am sorry I have kept you waiting so long, but good looking pedigree beagles are very hard to get, and though I advertised for the last seven or eight months I could not get one until now fit to send away.

As he makes no reference to that letter, I expect to receive it back also marked "dead."

Therein, however, you will observe the pedigree which Kent says he never saw. And now a concluding word to Kent: I advertised for a dog for him for seven or eight months, and he is perfectly well aware of that. The first beagle I sent him (which he hints was never sent) was bought by me from Mr. Fauntleroy (the Crystal Palace judge, from whom he could readily inquire), and the dog slipped his collar at Liverpool street station. (From Mr. Fauntleroy and from Baines, the kennel official at Liverpool street station, he could also inquire.)

As to freight, I had arranged to pay here to the shipping agents, therefore Mr. Kent could have claimed the dog without any charge. I shall not notice his letters any further now, as they breathe a spirit of blackguardism and antagonism in which I cannot follow him. L. CLEMENT.

LONDON, Eng., April 25.

LONDON, E.C., May 4.—I have just received a letter from Mr. Fantleroy concerning the beagle for Mr. Kent. I inclose you a copy for publication.—L. CLEMENT. "Dear Sir—I certify that I sold you on Aug. 27, 1884, a very handsome beagle dog, Songster, which dog slipped his collar at Liverpool Street Station, London. I called there about another dog, and saw Songster's collar upon Barnes, the kennelman's, table. He then told me about it. I made every inquiry about this dog, went to Leadenhall Market and the Dogs' Home, but up to the present time I have heard no tidings of him. Yours faithfully, C. FANTLEROY (London, May 2, 1885)."

THE WESTERN FIELD TRIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting for the purpose of organizing a Western Field Trial Association was held at the office of J. A. Bolen, on Missouri avenue, last evening. Considerable interest has been developed in this enterprise throughout Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and more distant points, and something like forty names have been received of persons desiring to become members. The meeting was held on an unfortunate evening for securing the attendance of outside members, and owing to the meeting not having been advertised, there were not many of the sportsmen of this city present. There is no question, however, of the enterprise receiving the cordial support of the sportsmen of this section. Those present were H. P. Dillon and A. C. Waddell, of Topeka; N. B. Nesbit and J. Hayward, Jr., of St. Joseph; D. Underwood, J. A. Bolen, N. B. Childs, A. A. Whipple, W. A. Alderson, Louis Kuntz and F. N. Wood, of Kansas City. Hon. N. B. Childs was called to the chair, and A. A. Whipple was elected temporary secretary. On motion of Mr. Haywood, the constitution and by-laws of the National Field Trials Association were adopted, subject to revision by a committee appointed by the chair, consisting of N. B. Nesbit, J. A. Bolen, H. P. Dillon, W. A. Alderson and A. A. Whipple. The election of permanent officers resulted in the choice of E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, for President; J. A. Bolen, of Kansas City, First Vice-President; A. P. Dillon, of Topeka, Second Vice-President; A. A. Whipple, of Kansas City, Secretary and Treasurer. It was decided that the trials be run on quails at some point in Kansas, beginning on Nov. 9. The date for the close of the entries was not agreed upon. The committee will meet and perfect the organization at some time in the near future. A. A. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

KANSAS CITY, May 11.

THE NATIONAL DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send complete list of Derby entries for N. F. T. Club, 1885. All were whelped in 1884. The bitch, Sue Gladstone, was entered by W. B. Gates as Jessie Gladstone, and afterward changed.

SETTERS

JOE NOBLE (Memphis and Avent Kennel)—Black, white and tan, Feb. 27 (Count Noble—Countess A.).

SUE GLADSTONE (Memphis and Avent Kennel)—Black, white and tan, April 10 (Gladstone Sue).

CANADA PEG (Memphis and Avent Kennel)—Black, white and tan, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

GLAD (Memphis and Avent Kennel)—Black, white and tan, July 8 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

MINNIE S. (Will Davidson)—Black, white and tan, July (Dashing Berwyn—Romp).

GATHLIT (J. S. Hudson)—Black, white and tan, June 20 (Gath—Lit).

BELLA (W. B. Stafford)—Black, white and tan, July (Gladstone—Coomassie).

CAD (E. S. Wanmaker)—blue belton, April 25 (Tom—Maiden).

NETTLE (Dr. Otto Mobes)—Blue belton, March 23 (Don Gladstone—Lady Elgin).

JACKSON (J. A. Ellison)—Orange and white, May (Baden Baden— ——).

CRESS (F. D. Stone)—Black and white, May 12 (Gladstone—Zell).

BEAUTY GLADSTONE (L. S. Colyar)—White, black and tan, Aug. 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal).

LOTTA (Boyd Ewing)—Black and white, May 12 (Gladstone—Zell).

FASHION (G. R. Stevens)—Orange and white, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

COUNT RUSH (H. Pape)—Blue belton, May 15 (Count Noble—Lady May).

BOB BOWLES (Wm. Bowles, Jr.)—Black, white and tan, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

TARQUIN (W. B. Gates)—Black, white and tan, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

NORTIER (W. B. Gates)—Black, white and tan, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

LOGAN (J. M. Avent)—Orange and white, June (Lightning—Kate).

NANNIE GLADSTONE (P. H. & D. Bryson)—Lemon belton, April 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

NELLY BLY (Edward Dexter)—Black, white and tan, Nov. 3 (Count Noble—Nelly).

PEGJIM (N. Rowe)—Blue belton, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGBID (N. Rowe)—Blue belton, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEG III. (N. Rowe)—Blue belton, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGPEEP (N. Rowe)—Blue belton, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGFLY (N. Rowe)—Black, white and tan, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

DORA BERWYN (J. N. Maclin)—Black, white and tan, April 12 (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A.).

GATH'S MARK (J. N. Maclin)—Black, white and tan, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

TOPAZ (J. W. Murnan)—Orange and white, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

NANNIE S. (Dr. G. G. Ware)—Black and white, April 12 (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A.).

MINNIE (Dr. G. G. Ware)—Black and white, June (Ben Hill—Leona).

MAGGIE GLADSTONE (A. P. Gillian)—Black, white and tan, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

GUY GLADSTONE (C. Tucker)—Black, white and tan, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

LADY DONCASTER (C. Tucker)—Black, white and tan, May 1 (Doncaster—Bessie Brown).

CLARA G. (B. F. Wilson)—Lemon and white, Jan. 8 (Count Noble—Dashing Romp).

SAM STERRETT (S. S. McCuen)—Black, white and tan, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

CARLOTTA (W. H. Parsons)—Black, white and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

TOM HENDRICKS (W. H. Parsons)—White, liver and tan, Aug. 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal).

DIMPLE (J. W. Renfroe)—Black, white and tan, Aug. 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal).

DAN GLADSTONE (P. H. & D. Bryson)—Black, white and tan, Nov. 15 (Gladstone—Sue).

DIDO'S DAUGHTER (Gen. W. B. Shattuc)—Black, white and tan, Aug. 9 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

DIDO'S PET (Gen. W. B. Shattuc)—Black, white and tan, Aug. 9 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

POLKA DOT (Gen. W. B. Shattuc)—Black, white and tan, Aug. 9 (Cambridge—Dido II.).

NOBLE C. (W. J. Cannon)—Black, white and tan, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

BOB GATES (B. M. Stephenson)—Black, white and tan, April 23 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

DRAKE (W. H. Venable)—White, liver and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

LEAP YEAR (J. W. Renfroe)—Black, white and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

BON SELENE (J. W. Renfroe)—Black, white and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

CYCLONE (W. I. Heyward)—Black, white, and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal.

RENFROE (Paul Jones)—Black, white and tan, Aug. 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal).

MAUD D. (Dr. K. D. Davis)—Black, white and tan, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

PENDENNIS (Charles Heath)—Black and white, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

DIANA III. (Charles Heath)—Black and white, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

GROUSE III. (W. T. Mitchell)—Red, Feb. 27 (Grouse II.—Colleen Rhue).

BENDEMIR (Dr. E. A. Wood)—Black and white, August (Count Noble—Lassie).

SACHEM (S. S. Brown)—Black and white, August (Count Noble—Lassie).

GATH'S HOPE (R. M. Dudley)—Lemon and white, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

DAISY (G. R. Stevens)—Black, white and tan, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

COUNT SOLA (T. J. Laudrum)—Blue belton, April (Count Noble—Countess Mollie).

ALAMO H. (T. W. House)—Black, white and tan, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

TRIZ H. (Z. T. Hogan)—Black, white and tan, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

FLIRT H. (J. H. B. House)—Black, white and tan, July 24 (American Dan—Countess House).

CLEO (H D Nicholls)—Black, white and tan, April 25 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

POINTERS.

EARL (F. R. Hitchcock)—Lemon and white, May 22 (Bang Bang—Graceful).

DUKE OF BERGEN (Ramapo Kennel)—Liver and white, June 6 (Bang Bang—Fan Fan).

BOB V. (H. M. Short)—Liver and white, March 11 (Vandevort's Don—Luck).

MALITE (J. W. Munson)—Liver and white, May 6 (Meteor—Dell.

METEORITE (J. W. Munson)—Liver and white, July 19 (Meteor—Vanity).

DRESS (E. S. Wanmaker)—Liver and white, July 16 (Donald—Darkness).

KING SHOT (Chas. Whealen)—Liver and white, July 24 (Meteor—Diana).

BANG JOE (Chas. Whealen)—White and black, July 11 (Bang Bang—Josie).

PAP SMIZER (Gus Sander)—Liver and white, July 24 (Meteor—Diana).

RUMPTY (Gus Sander)—Liver and white, July 24 (Meteor—Diana).

HALF AND HALF (Edward Dexter)—Liver and white, Jan. 27 (Priam—Malt).

METEOR'S MAID (E. F. Stoddard)—Liver and white, April 1 (Meteor—Trinket).

TRINKET II. (E. F. Stoddard)—Liver and white, April 1 (Meteor—Trinket).

B. M. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

LA GRANGE, Tenn.

THE PACIFIC COAST DERBY.

THE entries for the third annual Derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club closed May 1, with seventeen nominations. Following is the list:

HAROLD (Post & Watson)—Orange belton English setter dog, May 24 (Gath—Gem).

COUNT ROUGE (Post & Watson)—Irish and Gordon setter dog. Nov. 30 (Rouge—Dido).

AILEEN ROUGE (Post & Watson)—Irish and Gordon setter bitch, Nov. 30 (Rouge—Dido).

CZAR (A. G. Platt)—Lemon belton English setter dog, July 19 (Regent—Madge).

CLEO (Samuel Allen)—Black and white English setter bitch, Oct. 24 (Grouse—Nell).

SUE (Samuel Allen)—Black and white English setter bitch, Aug. 24 (Grouse— ———).

TAFT (W. W. Van Arsdale)—Orange and white English and Gordon setter dog, May 26 (Dorr—Daisy).

LEO ROUGE (H. Wachhorst)—Irish and Gordon setter dog, April 9 (Rouge—Dido).

BARON ROUGE (John T. Baker)—Irish Gordon setter dog, April 9 (Rouge—Dido).

CARL II. (J. H. Burnham)—Orange and white English setter dog, Aug. 2 (Carl—Topsey).

TOPSEY'S LASS (Geo. W. Ellery)—English setter bitch, Aug. 2 (Carl—Topsey).

FROST (H. C. Brown)—Black and white English setter bitch, age not given (Rowdy—Nellie).

SPOT (N. E. White)—English setter dog, age and color not given (Rowdy—Nellie).

VICTOR II. (G. W. Bassford)—Lemon and white pointer dog, June 14 (Glen—Josie Bow).

SOLANO B. (Henry A. Bassford)—Liver and white pointer dog, June 14 (Glen—Josie Bow).

TOM PINCH (J. M. Barney)—Lemon and white pointer dog, April 25 (Tom—Beulah).

DAN (E. L. Craig)—Liver and white pointer dog, March 18 (Stud—Flight).

THE TORONTO DOG SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE show here has been the best in quality ever given in the Dominion, and the affair has passed off with much credit. Owing to the distressing news from the Northwest the city has been in poor humor for supporting very heartily any form of public entertainment, and for that reason the attendance has not been nearly so good as the merits of the show called for, and the managers are probably something out of pocket. Great credit should be given to the secretary, Mr. W. S Jackson, who by his courteous and efficient efforts won golden opinions from all with whom he had to deal. One of the "unaccountable misses" of the show was the blunder of somebody by which Mr. John E. Thayer's dogs, which were here, had not been properly entered. It is understood that the entry blanks were sent by Mr. Thayer, but were not received. The dogs were benched and awarded prizes, and the managers waited until the last day for the necessary entries to turn up. But they failed to come, and accordingly all of Mr. Thayer's dogs were disqualified, and the other winners in their classes advanced in their places.

A meeting of gentlemen was held Friday evening to consider the formation of a Canadian Kennel Club to take the place recently filled by the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club. A committee was appointed to issue circulars to be sent to owners and admirers of dogs throughout the Dominion, requesting them to guarantee an annual subscription of not more than $5. The committee consists of Messrs. J. F. Kirk, W. S. Jackson, J. Massey, Baldwin, Malloch and Scully, of Toronto; Messrs. Tinsley, Hamilton and Kelly, of Woodstock.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Cambridge, Paris and Rockingham were the three exhibits in the challenge class, and Mr. Davidson was not long in selecting Rockingham for the blue ribbon. This dog looks better every time he is shown, and if his owner would give him more work he would look even better still. We have already pointed out his many good points and his few defects. Cambridge disappointed us much, and the puffing he has had from certain quarters was never merited. He is found wanting in merit at both ends, and although his breeding is good, he is not the sort of dog that is likely to sire good-looking stock. Paris, shown in wretched condition, is a much better looking dog than his kennel companion. He is eleven years old, but looks a younger dog than Cambridge. Our note book says: "Heavy in head, throaty and light in stifles, good legs, feet and bone." This dog should get good stock from weedy bitches. In the corresponding bitch class Messrs. Smith showed one that is much more to our liking, and it was early apparent that she was too much for her two opponents, Liddersdale and Blue Belle. She is a grand bitch, stands on capital legs and feet, good bone and back—every inch a setter. Her head is a bit doggy, not fine enough for a bitch, and she was shown a trifle short of coat and feather. Liddersdale is a good bitch, deficient in stop, chest and forelegs. Blue Belle is also a nice bitch, faulty in muzzle and a trifle slack behind the shoulder. First in the open dog class went to Bristol, a dog possessing many good points. He was all out of condition, is a bit heavy in head, throaty and curly on the quarter, and looks light of loin in his present condition. In bone, legs and feet he will do. Second prize went to Prince Phœbus, whose faults are found in head, eyes and forelegs. Paris III. came next and was well shown. He is heavier than he should be in head, flat in feet, throaty, and does not carry his ears so well as we would like to see them. Dashing Storm, vhc., possesses many good points. His worst faults are in head, ears and neck. Cambridge II. inherits the rather sour face of his sire, and is faulty at the shoulders. He was looking well. Dan Gladstone, vhc., like every other dog, has his faults, and it is in head, ears, tail, shoulders and hindlegs, where he might be improved. Delham, c., is full at the brow and light of middle, and was not in good shape, being much too soft. Among the bitches Genevieve was our choice for first, and so thought the judge. Her coat is her worst fault. It is much too hard, and she lacks a bit in head, bone, feet and shoulders. Countess Dash made a good second. She is a bit faulty at both ends, and not heavy enough in bone; legs and feet good. Lady Princess was close up. She is heavy in head, her ears are not very well hung and the pads of her feet are thin; tail well carried, but too long. Among the dog puppies Jupiter outscored his opponents. He is a bit faulty at both ends, but is good in chest, legs and feet. Rosedale, faulty in ears and long in tail, was the runner up, with Sport, strong in head and faulty in eye and loin, next. Diana was very properly placed first in the bitch class. Her faults are in head, eyes, shoulders and tail. Mr. Davidson is the best judge of English setters we have, but we cannot indorse the decision which gave second to Hastey. She is shallow in chest, faulty in loin, and neither her head nor tail is good, whereas her feet are hopeless and her forelegs crooked. Forest Fern, vhc., is a better bitch, but not a good one. She is a bit long cast, weak behind, and is faulty in eyes and neck. Hamilton is plain in head. The awards (with the exception alluded to) were well made, and if English setters were always judged as they were at this show, improvement in the appearance of our dogs would be the happy result.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Chief, looking well, represented the champions. His color is superb. Comet, placed first in the open dog class, lacks Irish character and has a very poor head. Chief, Jr., that took second, is a much better dog. His faults are in head and loin. Sam, placed third, has a very sour head and a long tail. He was in good condition. This was a poor class, and the bitches, with the exception of the winner, were no better. The recipient of premier honors is a bit flat in skull, lacks in stop, and is too round in barrel. In coat and color she is good. Meg is faulty in head, neck and color. Dan, placed first in the puppy class, is faulty in head and color, and so is the Dan that took second.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Argus scored in the challenge class, but being disqualified, Lottie was advanced to the position vacated by him. She is faulty in head and color, but has a nice flat coat and was shown in excellent condition. The winner in the open dog class is a fairly good specimen, faulty in head and shoulders. Jason is heavy in ears, a bit throaty and faulty in tail. Sep, third prize, is too much like an Irish water spaniel, both in head and tail. Sandy, vhc., is tucked up and has white feet. The winner in the bitch class is faulty in coat and shoulders, and Fairy Queen, placed second, lacks in head and eyes, but has good bone and feet. There was little to choose between them. Only one puppy, and he is not a future winner. We thought these classes very well handled.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Beaufort was alone in the champion or challenge class, and was looking well. Mr. Davidson pronounced him the grandest large pointer he has ever seen. Beaufort's brother, Bradford—a fair good dog—came to the front in the open dog class, and Shot made a creditable second, but he lacks the true pointer character of the winner. Snipe, third prize, is faulty in head, tail and chest. Majesty, vhc., looks the workman he undoubtedly is. He is faulty in loin, tail, head and shoulders. Sport, hc., is too weedy, and is not very good in head. There were only two bitches and the same number of puppies. We failed to find a good one among them. They were well judged.

SPANIELS—(DR. NIVEN).

The Irishmen proved a poor class, and Rocky, faulty in head, ears and tail, was placed at the head of affairs. Why the judge gave a second to Torey, faulty in head, ears, tail and coat, we cannot say, neither do we know why he disqualified Fly for being "faked" and then gave her the hc. card. A dog that cannot take a first for being "faked," most certainly should not be given a card. The Clumber Judy is not first-class. Bob, Jr., is well-known. Lad o' Devon, in the class for field spaniel dogs, black or liver, must have had a hard time to beat Raven. He is leggy, faulty in eyes, color and coat; his ears are set on too high, and he is light of bone. Raven is faulty in head and is light of body. Beau II. was equal to anything in the class, but his head and forelegs are not of the right stamp. The winner in the corresponding bitch class is leggy and faulty in head, and Strathaven lacks in head, ears, tail and shoulders. In the class for dogs and bitches under 28lbs. of any other color, Sappho, just a fair bitch, won, and Jumbo, faulty in legs and feet, was the next on the list. Shina had things all to herself in the lightweight challenge class, and we were glad to see this grand little bitch has recovered from a severe attack of distemper. She was not looking her best, but is good enough in her present condition to beat any bitch we know of. In the open dog class, Rex and Black Graf are poor speciments. One of them is curly and faulty in head. The other, curly, leggy and light of bone. Belle scored in the bitch class, but we preferred her kennel companion (Juno W., vhc.,) for the place. The good and bad points of these bitches have frequently been alluded to of late. Woodland Queen, second prize, was deserving of third place. Woodstock Gipsey has a very poor head, but her coat is straight. Gipsey is leggy and faulty in head. We would have given first to Juno W., second to Belle, and third to Woodland Queen. In the class for dogs under 28lbs. weight, any other color, Dart, the winner, is leggy, faulty in head and crooked in forelegs. Sport, Jr., second prize, is leggy and light of middle. Drum, third prize, is deficient in coat, head, neck and length of legs. Sport, Jr., was our choice for first. Dr. Niven went all astray in the corresponding class for bitches, and missed the best one of the lot, Lady Mack is her name, and she is too short in back and too dark of color. Woodstock Ruby, first prize, should have been second. She is faulty in color, back, and in carriage of ears, she is also underhung and stands too high on the legs. Rosedale Dot was in her proper place, third. She is short in back, leggy and faulty in head. Georgetown Ruby, second prize, has a wretched head, and should not have been in the race. Belle was the best of the puppies, but it was a fearful blunder giving second to Dash. He is neither black nor liver, and his head alone is sufficient to keep him back. Queen, vhc., is a much better specimen, and so is Princess Tiney, unnoticed. We never have seen Dr. Niven make so many mistakes as he did upon this occasion, and are at a loss to know how to account for them.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were thirteen entries in this class, but we failed to find a really good specimen of the breed. Roxey, first prize, was the best of them, but he is light of bone and faulty in feet, besides being deficient in loin and hindlegs. Ruler, second prize, is better in legs and feet, but is faulty between the couplings and light in second thighs. Many of the dogs exhibited in the class have the feet turned out. The toes should be turned in somewhat. This is an indication of speed, and any man who has ridden to hounds knows that the fastest dogs "toe in" a trifle.

HARRIERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

This has always been a poor class, and Ontario proved no exception to the rule. Leader, faulty in shoulders, feet and strength of limbs, was well placed first. Driver, second prize, is a "yellow dog" but not a harrier, and Mr. Davidson was generous in not withholding second money for want of merit.

BEAGLES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

This was a good class, and Mr. Dan O'Shea was well to the front with Rattler and Music. Ringwood, hc., is long cast and short of ears. Bee, vhc., is long cast, short of ears and wide in front. Stump, vhc., is too wide in front and has faulty shoulders and ears. Stormer is light of bone, long cast and thin in tail, ears not well carried. They were correctly placed.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Mr. Thayer took first, vhc. and hc with his well-known Lance, Lorna and Bran, but they were ruled out, and Wyvi's, the second prize winner, was promoted to first place. She is faulty in head, shoulders, legs, feet and coat.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Friday Night and Memnon were the pick of these classes. Misterton, in the challenge class, is plain in head and heavy in ears. The winner in the open dog class is light of bone and faulty in feet. He has a fair good head, good chest, loin and stifles; a racer, but not a stayer. Jolly Boy, second prize, is faulty in head, loin and tail. Ben, third prize, should be kept at home. He is all out of shape and shows age. First in the bitch class went to a racy-looking little bitch. She is a bit too light all over. Fern, second prize, is faulty in head, eyes and ears. Silver, vhc., has "prick ears." Among the puppies we fancied Hawthorne Belle for first. She shows more quality and less lumber than the winner, and is better in head, eyes and ears.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were carefully judged and little fault can be found with the awards. Raby Tyrant had an easy win in the challenge class for dogs, but had to give way to Vakeel, who broke one of his forelegs en route to the show. Scarsdale was absent. Village Belle took Richmond Olive's place in the bitch class. She is light of bone and faulty in skull. Tip is faulty in legs, feet, shoulders and coat. Mr. Thayer was again the winner in the open dog class with Surprise, but Venator came out best at the end and took the blue ribbon. He is faulty in head, shoulders and ears. Enhurst Reveller, second prize, is faulty in shoulders, light of bone and leggy. The first prize bitch is light of bone and leggy. Daisy, second prize, is faulty in head and is too long cast. Boston Flirt, third prize, is short in head, wide in front and light of bone. The wire-haired class was not good, at the same time it was above the average. Bristles, faulty in head and light of middle, but good in legs, feet and bone, was just about the best. Jasper, second prize, is faulty in head and ears, and is too leggy and long cast. His color, too, is against him. Venom, hc., is faulty in head, coat and mouth. There were eleven entries in the puppy class. The winners were the best of the lot and we did not see anything that is likely to leave a mark at future dog shows.

MASTIFFS—(MR. BARLOW).

Nevison scored an easy win over Nelson. The latter is too long in the face but is of good size. Miss Nevison, winner of first in the bitch class, is a well grown youngster, good in legs, feet, bone and color, but too long from eyes to nose. Norah, placed second, is faulty in head and ears.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. BARLOW).

The dog class was a good one, and brought out Otho, Priam and First Choice. The latter compensated his owner for the New York defeat. He is a promising young dog, and Martin had him in tip-top condition. Had he more bone and a better tail, he would be a very difficult dog to beat. Otho has not improved, and was not in good condition. His grand front makes for him many friends. Priam's fault is behind, and his color is not as desirable as that of First Choice. Daphne, in the bitch class, is a good, lengthy bitch, and should throw something good to Otho. Orta is a fair puppy.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. BARLOW).

This was a good class, and Mr. Barlow was not long in sifting the wheat from the chaff. Boxer, faulty in ears, eyes and tail, beat Bruno, faulty in coat and tail. The others in the class are all to curly in coat.

COLLIES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Mr. Rothera had the challenge class all to himself, and Laddie beat Argyle in the open dog class. The former shows some collie character, but his ears are much too heavy, and his head and tail are faulty. In frill and mane he is very good, and his legs, feet and back will pass inspection. Argyle, better in head, ears and tail, was our choice for first. The others were well placed. In the bitch class, Jean, faulty in head, eyes and coat, was placed second to a fair good bitch that might be improved at both ends. There was really only one smooth-coated specimen among the seven entries, and she has far too much hair on her brush. The puppies were better. Laddie, the winner, is a fair good specimen, a bit behind the standard at both ends.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

With Tippoo, Rhodora and Romulus out of the way, Bill had no trouble in securing the blue ribbon. Guillermo is faulty in head and body.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Dutch, Jr. repeated his New York victory. He is a good little dog, and but for the patch on his body would be a very difficult one to get rid of in any company. He might be better below the eyes, but he has a rattling good body, capital legs and feet, and an almost perfect tail. One of the best dogs that was ever exhibited in England was a patched dog, and he won all before him. Yes, it may be many a long day before there will be another Young Victor. Gypsey, placed second, is a fairly good bitch, but not the winner's equal in any respect, and her ears have not been well "cropped." Dick, third prize, is bull in head and tail.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Thanks to Mr. Jackson, these classes were the best we have seen. Elswick Jock took first, and is by no means a bad one. His head and tail are not quite to our liking, and he stands a bit too low on the legs. Blucher, placed second, has a good head to recommend him. The winner in the bitch class is better than any of the dogs and is a nice specimen. Her worst fault is from the eyes to nose. She was not looking her best, as she was nursing a promising litter by Elswick Jock. The puppies were not good, and if Ananias had been on hand, he would have scored an easy victory.

YORKSHIRES AND SKYES—(MR. BARLOW).

Dandy was points the best Yorkshire in the show. He would do with more coat and he lacks in color of tan. Prince, in the

Skye class, was away ahead of the others. He carries his tail too gaily. Kitty is faulty in head, ears and tail. Skye, rather soft in coat, was almost if not quite as good.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Bessy beat Teaser, which was no reason why a gentleman who was faithfully discharging his duties should be insulted. A man that has had experience either as exhibitor, owner or breeder, can see other dogs equally as well as his own, but inexperienced persons cannot. Mr. Heasley removed his dog from the show and the club decided to refuse his entries at any future show which may be held under its auspices. Bessy is better both in head and color than Teaser, and these are important points in a black and tan. Teaser is better in shoulders and a trifle better in body. We did not see the dogs out together, but are inclined to think Mr. Barlow arrived at a correct decision.

OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

There was nothing really first-class and in the smooth-coated toy class we thought the second prize winner the better of the two. There was the usual conglomeration of Irish, Scotch, die-hards, etc.

PUGS—(MR. BARLOW).

Bradford Ruby was away in front of the class. This dog has been banged about so much of late no wonder he looks light. From New York he was sent to Cincinnati, and from there to this show. That is hard work for any dog, especially when the effects of a rough passage across the Atlantic have not been overcome. We cannot indorse Mr. Dalziel's opinion that Ruby is flat-sided. He is a grand little dog, and when he puts in an appearance in good condition it will take a clinker to beat him. Flossy was away behind her kennel companion, and Smut is properly named, as he is much too smutty in color.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. BARLOW).

The class was divided for King Charles and Prince Charles spaniels. Among the black and tans, Toronto Charlie was well placed first, and is a fairly good specimen. Another Toronto Charlie took vhc., but he is not so good in head as the winner. Among the black, white and tans, Napoleon III. and Gipsey Queen were points in front of Romeo and Juliet. They are better in head, ears, eyes and body.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASSES—(MESSRS. DAVIDSON, BARLOW AND NIVEN).

Patrick, a dachshund, and Hornet II., a white English terrier, were the pick of these classes. The former is faulty in forearms and is tight in skin. Hornet is not good in head. Druid, the bloodhound, lacks in head and size.

Following are the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—*Dogs*: Frank Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus—Bess). *Bitches*: L. H. and M. A. Smith's Belle (Dime—Princess Blanche).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, L. H. and M. A. Smith's Bristol (Paris—Coomussie); 2d, T. G. Davey's Prince Phœbus (Tam O'Shanter—Prue); 3d, F. G. Hughes's Paris III. (Paris II.—Lady Princess). Very high com., Mrs. R. W. Boyle's Dashing Storm (Royal Sultan—Reign); A. Wyness, Jr.'s Cambridge II. (Cambridge—Belle). High com., T. G. Davey's Dan Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno). *Bitches*: 1st, T. G. Davey's Genevieve (London—Dawn); 2d, O. Totten's Countess Dash (A.K.R. 420); 3d, O. Totten's Lady Princess (A.K.R. 2278). PUPPIES—*Dogs*: 1st, T. G. Davey's Jupiter (Prince Phœbus—Gypsey); 2d, O. Totten's Rosedale (A.K.R. 2289). Very high com., John Ayre's Sport. *Bitches*: 1st, George Schofield's Diana (Knight of Snowden—Ailsa); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Hastey (Albin—Countess Dash). Very high com., Thos. Hutchinson's Lady Hamilton (Tom—Netty Lee); T. G. Davey's Forest Fern (Princess Royal—Forest Ruby).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Robert Douglass's Comet; 2d, Max Wenzel's Chief, Jr. (Chief—Doe); 3d, Sam Staneland's Sam (Bang—Spot). High com., Alex Purse's Grouse (Dick—Belle). *Bitches*: 1st, Max Wenzel's Yoube (Echo—Rose); 2d, Thos. Thompson's Meg (Sport—Bang); 3d, Jas. Kennedy's Kate (Dick—Alice). *Puppies*: 1st, Jas. Kennedy's Dan (Drake—Kate); 2d, Jas. Stewart's Don (Sam—Belle).

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—F. W. J. Ball's Lottie (Bran—Charmer).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, E. Tinsley's Brant (Blossom—Milly); 2d, R. V. Somerville's Jason (Argus—Medea); 3d, S. Goulden's Lep (Grouse—Maude). Very high com., J. W. Dick's Sandy (Bob—Bloom). *Bitches*: 1st, P. D. Hart's Gyp (Jack—Gyp); 2d, Jas. Cox's Fairy Queen (Pride of Canada—Flirt); 3d, withheld. *Puppies*: 1st, E. Tinsley's Young Blossom (Brant—Sheila).

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—Charles H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Charles H. Mason's Bradford (champion Bow—Beulah); 2d, W. J. Dandy's Shot; 3d, A. E. Roe's Snipe. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Majesty (Faust—Musette). High com., J. S. O. Carter's Sport. *Bitches*: 1st, Cooper & Donuelly's Duck; 2d, Mr. Mason's Fanchette. *Puppies*: 1st, W. J. Dandy's Jack; 2d, C. H. Mason's Beau (Beaufort—Grace).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, H. E. Kersteman's Rocky; 2d, J. Fitzgerald's Tory (Tory—Belle). High com., J. W. Hutor's Fly (Jack—Duck).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, C. E. Robinson's Judy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—J. Luckwell's Bob, Jr. (Bob III.—Black Bess).—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Kelly's Lad o' Devon (Toronto Beau—Toronto Jet); 2d, G. C. Thompson's Raven; 3d, J. Wilson and R. Tinning's Beau II. (Beau—Creole). *Bitches*: 1st, I. A. Roche's Fan II. (Toronto Beau—Gip II.); 2d, J. Wilson and R. Tinning's Strathaven (Beau—Creole).—OTHER THAN LIVER OR BLACK—1st, A. Pearce's Sappho (Rollo—Ouida); 2d, James Gower's Jumbo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—J. P. Willey's Shina (A.K.R. 1484).—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Rex (Doctor—Dolly); 3d, H. Fullgood's Black Graf (A.K.R. 646). *Bitches*: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Belle (champion Silk—Woodstock Flirt); 2d, James Luckwell's Woodland Queen (Tippoo—Woodstock Queen); 3d, J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Gipsey (Rollo—Woodstock Judy). Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Juno W., (Obo II.—Darkie). High com., H. G. Charlesworth's Gipsy.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs*: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Dart; 2d, F. E. Curtis's Sport, Jr. (Sport—Bess); 3d, Geo. H. McFarlane's Drum (Rambler—Bright Eyes). *Bitches*: 1st, J. W. Kelly's Woodstock Ruby (Brahmin—Bijou); 2d, J. C. McIlay's Georgetown Ruby (Captain—Diamond); 3d, Henry Fulford's Rosedale Dot (Beau—Bonny Kate).—FIELD OR COCKER SPANIELS—*Puppies*: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Belle (champion Silk—Woodstock Flirt); 2d, W. J. Harrington's Dash. Very high com., Anthony W. Croft's Queen (imported sire—Nellie). High com., Bernard Saunders, Jr.'s Chum. Com., E. T. Carter's no name (Raven—Roxie).

FOXHOUNDS—1st, Dan O'Shea's Roxey (Ringwood—Roxey); 2d, J. Beauchamps's Ruler (——— —Bailey's Juno); 3d, Arthur Jackson's Bounce (Old Bounce— ———). Very high com., W. Evans's Jewel (Trooper—Princess); same owner's Driver (Foreman—Kate); Arthur Jackson's Bugle (Old Bounce— ———). High com., H. G. Jackson's Music (Freeman—Music). Com., W. H. Rackham's Fowler (Rock—Music) and A. Andrew's Lucy.

HARRIERS,—1st, Alex Stiner's Leader; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Driver (Tomboy—Gypsey). Very high com., Fred Habart's Roger (Rattler—Echo); Fred Habart's Range (Bugler—Music). High com., Fred Habart's Belle (Range—Jessie).

BEAGLES.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Rattler (Rover—Music); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Music (Rover—Music). Very high com., John S. G. Cornell's Bee (Lee—Diana); A. Harris's Stump (Flute—Queen). High com., S. P. Maybee's Jeff (imported Storm—Music); Chas. C. Baldwin's Ringwood (Lee—Venus).

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, A. H. Malloch's Wyvis (Torrum—Leda).

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Prize, H. W. Smith's Friday Night (A.K.R. 753).—CHALLENGE CLASS—*Dogs*; H. W. Smith's Memnon (Caiph—Polly). *Bitches*: H. W. Smith's Fan (A.K.R. 10).—OPEN—*Dogs*, 1st, J. G. Kent's Robert the Devil (Master McGrath—Lady Lurgan); 2d, Fred Habart's Jolly Boy (Crib—Fly); 3d, H. W. Smith's Ben (A.K.R. 899). Very high com., A. B. Cooper's Spring. High com., M. J. Graham's Ringwood (Ringwood—Nelly); Wm. H. Hall's Neptune (Ringwood—Jessie) and R. A. Temple's Fly. Com., Alex Fo.d's Arabi Boy (Pilot—Speed). *Bitches*: 1st, H. Habart's Fly (Pleasant Boy—Peerless); 2d, H. M. Pellatt's Fern (Ringwood—Jessie). Very high com., T. G. Gillespie's Silver (Fly—Gipsey). *Puppies*: 1st, Scott Munson's Fleet (Speed—Nellie); 2d, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorn Belle (Doubleshot—Clio); 3d, H. W. Huntington's Harlequin (Doubleshot—Clio). Very high com., J. W. Dixon's Spring. High com., Mrs. Agnes C. Thompson's Beppo (Swift—Nellie).

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE CLASS—*Dogs*: W. R. Bingham's Vakeel (champion Volo—Spiteful). *Bitches*: W. R. Bingham's Village Belle (champion Volo—Beauty).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, D. G. Booth's Venator; 2d, W. M. Langton's Brokenhurst Reveller (Brockenhurst Rally—Rollick); 3d, J. Luckwell's Richmond Johnnie (Richmond Jack—Nancy Lee). Com., J. F. Crean's Thorne, Jr. (Thorne— ——); T. W. Defries's Jock (Jack—Judy), and G. Gibson's Bowler (A.K.R. 666). *Bitches*: 1st, D. S. Booth's Nellie (Trap—Nettie); 2d, W. R. Bingham's Daisy; 3d, W. M. Langton's Edgbarton Flirt (Dixie—Mineral).—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, A. St. G. Boulton's Bristles (A.K.R. 1707); 2d, J. Richmond's Jasper (Jasper—Venom). Very high com., W. C. Niblett's Wasp (Rasper—Vixen) and Nettle (Pincher—Venom). High com., L. H. Baldwin's Venom (Old Venture—Vice), and Foiler (Pincher—Venom). *Puppies*: 1st, W. M. Fisher's Busy II. (Bowler—Nellie); 2d, A. Von Turchiem's Fay (Vakeel—Mab). High com., Mrs. Wm. Scully's Venatrix (Venator—Nellie). Com., J. Riggs's Bessie (Vakeel—Village Belle), and A. V. Beardmore's Vic.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs*: 1st, C. H. Mason's Nevison (Gurth—Juno); 2d, Hugh Scott's Nelson (Turk—Nellie). *Bitches*: 1st, C. H. Mason's Miss Nevison (Nevison—Brenda); 2d, H. J. L. Lawes's Norah.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. W. Burgess's First Choice (Boniface—Bessie II.) 2d, Fred W. Rothera's Priam (A.K.R. 485). Very high com., Fred W. Rothera's Otho (A.K.R. 483). Com., R. Walder's Duke of Albany (Barry—Rosa). *Bitches*: 1st, Fred W. Rothera's Daphne (A.K.R. 488); 2d, Fred W. Rothera's Orta (Otho—Novice). Com., W. A. Damer's St. Bernard (St. Bernard—Griffith); R. Walder's Lady Hughes (Leo—Bern).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, John Struther's Boxer (Carlo—Juno); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Bruno (Carlo—Nell). Very high com., John Le Brocq's Leo (Cæsar—Grace); Geo. W. Verral's Bruce; Chas. A. Gianell's Don Pedro, Jr.; W. H. Taylor's Rover. High com., John F. Scholes's Nellie and Arthur Meeres's Net. Com., Chas. Kuees's Pontum (Ponto—Emma) and Thos. Laugton's Major.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE CLASS—Fred W. Rothera's Lorne (A.K.R. 446).—OPEN—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs*; 1st, Miss Adelaide Beardmore's Laddie; 2d, J. W. Burgess's Argyle (Brack—Dora); 3d, D. McKenzie's Sly. Very high com., W. M. Fisher's Baggs. High com., H. E. Suckling's Tyke (Jodie—Gyp). *Bitches*: 1st, John Govenloch's Jenny; 2d, J. W. Burgess's Jean (A.K.R. 538); 3d, S. Davis's Fanny (Bob—Yarrow).—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, D. McKenzie's Bess; 2d, T. G. Williamson's Ken; 3d and very high com., Alan F. Campbell's Jennie (Driver—Nell) and Robin (Laddie—Jennie). High com., J. Tyler's Belle (——Jess). *Puppies*: 1st, Dan O'Shea's Laddie; 2d, Alex. Croman's Juno (Sly—Miss Timmins); 3d, H. E. Suckling's Tyke (Jodie—Gyp). Very high com., D. McKenzie's Woodbridge Laddie.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Jas. Patterson's Bill; 2d, Thos. W. Mills's Guillermo.

BULL TERRIERS.—1st, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. (Dutch—Nell); 2d, R. H. Dudgeon's Gypsey; 3d, John F. Scholes's Dick. Very high com., A. White's Spring (White Star—Violet). Com., Dan O'Shea's Royal III. (Royal—Scarlet II.).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, *Dogs*; W. S. Jackson's Elswick Jock (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.); 2d, J. F. Scholes's Blucher (Peachem—Jess); 3d, J. Massey's Atlantic (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.). *Bitches*: 1st, W. S. Jackson's Tynesider II. (Petrarch—Topsey); 2d and 3d, J. F. Scholes's Lillie and Lady (Sting—Wasp). Very high com. and high com., W. S. Jackson's Elswick Belle (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.) and Stonehouse Lass (Temer Lad—Blue Belle). *Puppies*: 1st, J. F. Scholes's Jerry II. (Sting—Wasp); 2d, Chas. W. Diggle's Young Nailor (Elswick Lad—Tynesider II.).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. F. Campbell's Dandy; 2d, Wm. H. Doel's Tom (——Maggie); 3d, H. G. Jackson's Toby (Charlie—Nell). *Bitches*: 1st, Wm. H. Doel's Una (——Belle).

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Alex Bertram's Prince and Kitty (Muff—Nellie); 3d, J. N. Rogerson's Skye (Shagg—Jumbo). Very high com., J. W. Dick's Punch (Pepper—Whiskey).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, J. F. Scholes's Bessy (Gaff—Nett); 2d, Jas. T. Heasley's Teaser (Dazier—Smut).

SCOTCH, IRISH, OR DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Gem (Garryowen—Glean); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Erin (Rock—Norah). Com., J. F. Scholes's Shamrock.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS.—1st, T. L. Champney's Dan; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Boxer (Major—Lady). Very high com., J. F. Scholes's Sandy (Jack—Fan). High com., Wm. Smith's Pepper (Sandy—Vic) and R. Williamson's Jack (Charlie—Rosie). Com., Jas. Lumsden's Crib.

TOY TERRIERS.—SMOOTH-COATED, 7LBS. AND UNDER.—1st, J. F. Scholes's Jessy; 2d, Miss J. Harrison's Paddy (Howden—Dot). High com., Paul Patillo's Queenie (Sandy—Tipsey) and Miss E. Roach's Tiney (Shot—Jennie). Com., Chas. Dailey's Flirt.—ROUGH-COATED—1st, Frank Abbott's Prince; 2d, John Somers's Olly (Frank—Nellie).

PUGS.—1st, Mrs. Walter D. Peck's Bradford Ruby (champion Lovat—Jenny); equal 2d, H. R. F Sykes's Smut (Echo—Biddy) and Mrs. Walter D. Peck's Flossy (A.K.R. 2250). Very high com., J. F. Scholes's Echo and Mrs. Dr. Sheard's Ellen Terry. Com., Mrs. Lucia Falconer's Gipsey.

TOY SPANIELS.—BLACK AND TAN—1st, J. H. Mackie's Toronto Charlie (Convent Garden Charlie—Jessie); 2d, E. Bradford's Juliet (Charlie—Flora). Very high com., A. M. Trebil's Toronto Charlie (Young Jumbo—Jennie) and E. Bradford's Romeo, Don and Minnie.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Gipsey Queen (Block—Flossie) and Napoleon III. (Block—Rose).

FOREIGN CLASS.—Equal 1st, J. F. Scholes's Chinese dog Turk, A lady's Thibetian sheepdog Sambo, and F. Newberry's dachshund Patrick (Fritz—Vixen).

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.—1st, H. P. Harrison's white English terrier Hornet II. (Hornet—Juliet); 2d, A. R. Andrews's bloodhound Druid (Merton—Viola).

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best and largest exhibit. Charles H. Mason.
Best kennel nve English setters, L. H. & M. A. Smith.
Best English setter dog, Frank Windholz's Rockingham.
Best English setter bitch, L. H. & M. A. Smith's Belle.
Best pair of setters, L. H. & M. A. Smith's Bristol and Belle.
Best pair English setters owned in Toronto, Dr. O. Totten's Rosedale and Lady Princess.
Best sporting dog or bitch owned in Toronto, Mrs. R. W. Boyle's Dashing Storm.
Best Irish setter, Max Wenzel's Chief.
Best Irish setter puppy, James Kennedy's Dan.
Best black and tan setter, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie.
Best black and tan setter puppy, E. Tinsley's Young Blossom.
Best black and tan setter owned in Canada, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie.
Best pointer in challenge class, Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort.
Best pointer, Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort.
Best pair of pointers, Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort and Bradford.
Best Irish water spaniel, H. E. Kersteman's Rocky.
Best Clumber spaniel, C. E. Robinson's Judy.
Best field spaniel, Jas. Luckwell's Bob, Jr.
Best field spaniel owned in Canada, Jas. Luckwell's Bob, Jr.
Best field spaniel owned in Toronto, John Wilson's Beau II.
Best pair black field spaniels, John Wilson's Beau II. and Strathaven.
Best black cocker spaniel by A. C. S. Club's standard, Andrew Laidlaw's Rex.
Best cocker spaniel dog owned by a member of the A. C. S. Club. A. Laidlaw's Dart.
Best bitch, J. P. Willey's Shina.
Best cocker spaniel in open classes, A. Laidlaw's Belle.
Best cocker spaniel owned in Canada, A. Laidlaw's Belle.
Best foxhound, Dan O'Shea's Roxey.
Best harrier, A. Stiner's Leader.
Best greyhound, H. W. Smith's Memnon.
Best pair greyhounds, H. W. Smith's Memnon and Fan.
Best greyhound owned in Canada, Fred Habart's Misterton.
Best fox-terrier, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best fox-terrier bitch, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best fox-terrier puppy, W. M. Fisher's Busy.
Best fox terrier owned in Canada, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best fox terrier owned in Toronto, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best fox terrier puppy owned in Toronto, W. M. Fisher's Busy.
Best fox terrier bitch with litter under four months, D. S. Booth's Nellie.
Best with litter under two months, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best exhibit of fox-terriers, W. R. Bingham.
Best mastiff dog, Chas. H. Mason's Nevison.
Best mastiff bitch, Chas. H. Mason's Miss Nevison.
Best St. Bernard dog, J. W. Burgess's First Choice.
Best St. Bernard bitch, Fred W. Rothera's Daphne.
Best Newfoundland dog, John Strather's Boxer.
Best Newfoundland bitch, J. F. Scholes's Nellie.
Best collie, Fred W. Rothora's Lorne.
Best collie puppy, Dan O'Shea's Laddie.
Best pair of collies, Fred W. Rothora's Lorne and Lassie.
Best collie owned in Canada, Fred W. Rothora's Lorne.
Best bulldog, J. Patterson's Bill.
Best bulldog owned in Canada, Thos. W. Mill's Guillermo.
Best bull-terrier, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr.
Best bull-terrier under 24lbs., John Somers's Billy.
Best kennel Bedlingtons not less than four, W. S. Jackson
Best Bedlington terrier, W S. Jackson's Tynesider II.
Best Yorkshire terrier dog, J. F. Campbell's Dandy.
Best Yorkshire terrier bitch, Wm. H. Doel's Una.
Best silver gray terrier, R. Junor's Daisy Dean.
Best Skye terrier, Alex Bartram's Prince.
Best black and tan terrier dog, T. Heasley's Teaser.
Best bitch, J. F. Scholes's Bessy.
Best black and tan terrier owned in Toronto, J. F. Scholes's Bessy.
Best Dandie Dinmont, no entry.
Best rough-haired terrier over seven pounds, Thos. L. Champney's Dan.
Best smooth-coated toy terrier, J. F. Scholes's Jessy.
Best toy terrier owned in Canada, J. F. Scholes's Jessy.
Best toy terrier owned in Toronto, J. F. Scholes's Jessy.
Smallest dog or bitch, Miss Lizzie Somers's Tiny.
Best toy dog or bitch owned in Toronto by a lady, Miss J. Harrison's Paddy.
Best King Charles spaniel, Jas. H. Mackie's Toronto Charlie.
Best toy spaniel owned in Canada, Jas. H. Mackie's Toronto Charlie.
Best pug, Mrs. Walter D. Peck's Bradford Ruby.
Best Clumber spaniel, C. E. Robinson's Judy.
Best fox terrier bitch, W. R. Bingham's Village Belle.
Best non-sporting dog owned in Toronto, J. F. Scholes's Bessie.
Best dog owned in Toronto by a lady, Mrs. R. W. Boyle's Dashing Storm.
Best three cocker spaniels, A. Laidlaw's Belle, Juno and Dart.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.

THE Philadelphia bench show opened Tuesday and will close this evening. The quality of dogs exhibited is of a high character and the display of English setters is especially noticeable for numbers and merit. The judging was all completed on the first day and a catalogue with the printed awards was issued yesterday. The attendance was good. Owing to insufficient ventilation the dogs have suffered some from the heat. Following is a full list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*; 1st, C. H. Mason's Nevison (Gurth—Juno). *Bitches*; No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*; 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Homer (Cato—Queen); 2d, W. S. Johnson's Dread (Prince Charlie—Dorothy); 3d, Winlawn Kennels' Hildebert (Little Nero—Hilda). Very high com., J. E. & C. A. Rudolph's Don (Major—Beauty). *Bitches*; 1st, W. P. Stevenson's Prussian Princess (Crown Prince—Nina); equal 2d, W. P. Stevenson's Hebe (Cato—Queen II.), and C. R. Colwell's Dido II. (Cato—Queen II.); 3d, C. R. Colwell's Zara. *Puppies*; 1st, C. R. Colwell's David (Danger—Dido II.); 2d, Winlawn Kennels' Minerva (Homer—Queen II.); 3d, Winlawn Kennels' Xerxes (Homer—Queen II.). Very high com., C. R. Colwell's Brother (Danger—Dido II.). High com., C. R. Colwell's Dora (Danger—Fido II.). Com., V. M. Haldeman's Hero III. (Hero II.—Madge).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs*; 1st, J. W. Burgess's First Choice (Boniface—Bessie II.). *Bitches*; 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Beryl (Bayard—Richmond Brenda). *Puppies*; 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Konig (Hermit—Theon); 2d, Miss A. E. Watson's Margery (Bonivard—Bounce); 3d, T. H. Doan's Victoria). Very high com., Miss. I. R. Allison's King (Sancho—Jack).

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED — CHAMPION—*Dogs*; 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (Rex—Alma I.). *Bitches*; 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Wanda (Askam—Switzerland).—OPEN—*Dogs*; 1st, H. Chilenden's Ernst (Rock—Juno); 2d, Jacob Loab's Nero. *Bitches*; No entries. *Puppies*; 1st, G. Roach's Barkis (Lohengrin—Judy); 2d, L. Blank's Nellie (Dirk—Alva); 3d, Mill Brook Kennels' Ion (Cæsar—Brunhild).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CHAMPION—1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Major; 2d, J. A. Nickerson's Jalma (Jack—Nell); 3d, W. Patton's Riley. Very high com., C. R. Baker's Jack. High com., W. H. Webster's Rover. Com., W. B. Collin's Driver (Nero—Bear). *Bitches*; 1st, W. Lendrum's Nell.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*; J. D. Shotwell's Ben Nevis (Eclipse—Meta). *Bitches*: Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Winnie (Gairlock—Laurie).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, W. Atlee's Bobbie (Napier—Fly); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Bruce of the Flyde (Marcus—Lucy); 3d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Bruce (Drumlin Isle—Marcus). Very high com., J. W. Burgess's Argyle (Brock—Dora); J. Lindsay's Glencove (Rex—Beauty). High com., J. Watson's Bounce (Tramp—Heather); J. Lindsay's Joe Nettles (Rex—Jamie Nettles); G. A. Drape's Roy. Com., J. R. McFadden's Grimesey (Oscar—Rose). *Bitches*; 1st, J. Lindsay's Gem (Rock—Fairy); 3d, Hillbrook Kennels' Lady Hempstead (Robin Adair—Lilac). Very high com., J. W. Burgess's Jean (Marcus—Flora); T. H. Terry's Lass O'Lowrie (Robin Adair—Zulu Princess). High com., T. H. Terry's Lorna Doone (Robin Adair—Zulu Princess). Com., H. Watkins's Nell (Jock—Daisy E.). *Puppies*; 1st, J. Lindsay's Craft (Hiram—Lizzie); 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Belle (Drumlin Isle—Scot Guard); 3d, D. O'Shea's Collie. Very high com., T. H. Terry's Nell Gwynne (Bruce of the Fyide—Zulu Princess). High com., J. Lindsay's Grover (Ayrshire Laddie—Fan); C. A. Gross's Pat (Pugh's Tom—Lassie).

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Absent.—OPEN—1st, J. E. Thayer's Bravo (Donald—Wyvis); 2d, Clovernock Kennels' Heather (Clansman—Countess); 3d, Mrs. F. B. Loring's Brian (Torrum—Leda). Very high com., E. A. Coleman's Stag (Bob—Lizzie).

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: 1st, H. W. Smith's Memnon (Caiph—Polly). *Bitches*: 1st, H. W. Smith's Fan (Buccaneer—Folly).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, H. W. Smith's Ben (Vemore—Lioness); 2d, A. Kemp's Captain. *Bitches*; 1st, H. W. Huntington's Begonia (Born-a-Demon—Belladonna); 2d, E. Loab's Saturday Night. *Puppies*; 1st, S. McCollom's School Boy (Frank—Fly). Com., J. H. Y. Shepard's Lady Halifax (Frank—Fly).

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OVER 55LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, C. H. Mason's Beaufort (Bow—Beulah); 2d, Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass); 3d, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tory—Moonstone). Com., J. Schick's Nero. *Bitches over 50lbs.*: 1st, B. F. Seitner's Lulu Faust (Faust—Croxteth); 2d, E. J. Martin's Princess I. (Princess I.); Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Lucille (pedigree not received).—UNDER 55LBS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: 1st, Clifton Kennels' Robin Adair (Faust—Madge). *Bitches under 50lbs.*: No entries.—OPEN—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs*; 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (Bang—Princess Kate); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Rapp (Croxteth—Lass); 3d, A. W. Tobey's Adonis. High com., Rancocas Kennels' Shot (Sensation—Rose), F. R. Hitchcock's Prince Hamlet (Sensation—Seitner's Lass). *Bitches under 50lbs.*: 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Modesty (Croxteth—Trinket); 2d, Clifton Kennels' Rosa (Boone—Rena); 3d, Knickerbocker Kennel Club's Polly (Beaufort—Nymph). Very high com., F. R. Hitchcock's Pocahontas (Tramp—Grace), A. Brock's Virginia (Tramp—Grace).—PUPPIES UNDER 12MOS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Castor (Bang Bang—Polly) 2d, L. White's Bang Grace (Bang Bang—Graceful). Very high com., F. B. Fay's Tempter (Craft—Temptation). *Bitches*: 1st, Clifton Kennels' Lou (Beaufort—Rosa); 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Nancy (Bang Bang—Polly). Very high com, B. F. Seitner's Carrie (Lort—Lady Croxteth).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs*; 1st, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone. *Bitches*; 1st, H. Hartley's Queen Alice (Druid—Cubas).—OPEN—*Dogs*; 1st, F. Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus—Bess); 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.); 3d, A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel). Very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Mac B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), C. F. Louden's Stanton (Gladstone—Frost). High com., H. Hartley's Royal Ranger (Royal IV.—Novel); J. H. Goodsell's Don Juan (Pride of the Border—Petrel); J. H. Goodsell's Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine); E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco). Com., J. O. Donner's Clifford (Emperor Fred—Fairy Belle); Rancocas Kennels' Dashing Monarch (Dash II.—Countess Moll); Dr. J. R. Housel's Wayne (Robin Hood—Leah). *Bitches*; 1st, R. C. Cornell's Modesta (Jester—Mojeska); 2d, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Juno A. (Druid—Ruby); 3d, J. H. Goodsell's Fairy III. (Prince—Fairy II.). Very high com., G. E. Osborn's Forest Dora (Dick Laverack—Forest Fly); J. H. Goodsell's Queen Petrel (Thunder—Petrel). High com., J. H. Goodsell's Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel); E. W. Jester's Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Bells). Com., Blackstone Kennels' Grace B. (London—Dawn); Blackstone Kennels' Chica (Royal Blue—Diana); H. M. Wilson's Countess Mollie (Count Noble—Spark); T. B. Stubb's Bell (Dan—Rue); J. O. Donner's Lady Suffern (Thunder—Bessie). *Puppies*; 1st, Rancocas Kennels' Storm Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.); 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Fairy King (Foreman—Jessie). Com., E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Rowdy (Dashing Monarch—List); G. B. Calhoun's Brier (Ray—Countess Nell).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—1st, I. H. Roberts's Lady Clare.—OPEN—*Dogs*; 1st, M. Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck); 2d, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney (Robert's Bruce—Luray); 3d, I. H. Roberts's

Roland (Elcho—Noreen). Very high com., I. H. Roberts's Bruce (Elcho—Noreen); W. W. Kendall's Glencore (Blaze—Lorna Doone). High com., M. Richardson's Tim (Biz—Hazel). Com., H. B. Goetchius's Chief II. (Chief—Doe); C. W. Rodenburg's Chap (Chief—Doe). *Bitches:* 1st, M. Richardson's Hazel (Elcho—Rose); 2d, M. Wenzel's Yoube (Elcho—Rose); 3d, I. H. Roberts's Little Nell (Elcho—Rose). Very high com., I. H. Roberts's Jessie (Elcho—Noreen). High com., I. H. Roberts's Hebe (Chief—Hazelnut); W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone (Berkley—Madge); A. S. Richardson's Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly). Com., I. H. Roberts's Leigh Doane (Elcho—Rose).—*Puppies—Dogs:* 1st, F. S. Parrott's Gerald (Glencho— ——); 2d, R. A. Spaulding's Garry (Glencho—Lassie). Very high com., J. D. McGlathery's Rob (R. Bob—Killarney). *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. A. McCollom's Miss (Glencho—Biddy); 2d, T. J. Farley's Nellie (Glasey—Glencove). High com., I. H. Roberts's Luray II. (Chief—Leigh Doane).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Argus (Blossom—Moll III.). *Bitches:* 1st, G. Roach's Lady Gordon (Grouse—Belle).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Maher's Royal Duke (Bob—Nell); 2d, E. S. Dixon's Little Boy (Pilot—Fly); 3d, Blackstone Kennels' Flash (Crown—Cute). Very high com., H. Hoopes's Rex (Hector—Fly). Com., C. B. Hatch's Robert. *Bitches:* 1st, C. R. Taylor's Rhoda (Flash Chloe); 2d, H. M. Taylor's Jennie (Pilot—Fly); 3d, E. R. Coleman's Lady Bislow (Argus—Neoma); Very high com., Dan O'Shea's Bell (Blossom—Moll).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, C. B. Rodes's King Slash (Pat—Tide).

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—OVER 28LBS.—1st, P. H. Clark's Coaley (Burdett's Bob—Carroll's Gip); 2d, J. C. Harrison's Jack. *Puppies:* C. DuBois Wagstaff's Dash II. (Dash—Magoun's Ferryside).

COCKER SPANIELS.—UNDER 28LBS., ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—1st, W. O. Partride's Helen (Obo II.—Critic).—LIVER OR BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Rendle's Brahmin (Clew—Eustin's Bob).—*Bitches:* 1st, Miss E. B. Roberts's Rhea (Doctor—Tippence).—ANY OTHER COLOR THAN LIVER AND BLACK—Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Sunlight (Rattler—Blanche); 2d, F. Thomas's Wanda T., (Col. Stubbs—Belle). *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Tuck's Othello (Obo, Jr.—Darkie, II.); 2d, F. Smith's Minnie (Imported Charley—Queen).

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, M. Richardson's New Castle and Tyne (Ben—Joan).

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rockland Hunt's Lead (Pipe—Tan); 2d, same owners' Stormer (Stinger—Music). Com., A. R. Zimmerman's Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Roxey (Ringwood—Roxey); 2d, Rockland Hunt's Doxey (Light—Fly); 3d, Rockland Hunt's Margret (Stinger—Music).—BEST COUPLE—Rockland Hunt's Lead (Pipe—Fan) and Doxey (Light—Fly).

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—OVER 12 INCHES—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Rattler III. (Rattler II.—Music); 2d, P. Dorsey's Rover (Lee—Rill); 3d, H. C. Wolfe's Duce (Rattler—Sprightly). Very high com., A. C. Kruger's (Grand Duke (Prince—Flora), and H. C. Wolfe's Frisky (Rattler—Sprightly). *Bitches:* D. O'Shea's Mischief (Rattler I.—Music); 2d, Associated Fanciers' Veta (Rowell's Rosey—Lee); 3d, O. H. McClure's Blue Maid (Regent—Mayfly).—UNDER 12 INCHES.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop); 2d, W. F. Streeter, March Boy II. (Marchboy—Myrtle). *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. C. E. White's Bennie (Searcher—May Bell); 2d, W. F. Streeter Magnet (Marchboy—Myrtle); 3d, A. C. Krueger's Flirt (Prince—Daisy). *Puppies:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Fair Maid (Rattler—Music).

BASSETS.—1st, P. Dorsey's Ranger (Frank—Venus); 2d, J. V. Heidrich's Punch. Very high com., J. V. Heidrich's Sport.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, F. Phillips's Waldine; 2d, W. Hagen's Driver.

WHIPPETS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Sheriff's Whip; 2d, A. Chambers's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. Chambers's Sallie and Maggie; 3d, F. A. Bankers's Nigger. High com., F. P. Kirby's Nell (Rob Roy—Fannie.)

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—1st, J. E. Thayer's Bellissima (Sancho Panza—Romping Girl).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Romulus (Richard Coeur de Lion—Peg); equal 2d, J. E. Thayer's Remus (Byron II — thodora) and C. R. Snowden's Cribb (Boxer—Joanna); 3d, E. H. Norris's Punch (Leon—Ida). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis (Monarch—Penzie); 2d, J. H. Sanderson's Bonnie Duchess. High com., Capt. Melville's Juno (Leon—Ida). *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Juanita (Tippoo—Josephine).

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—T. R. Varrick's Victoria (Roocroft's Randall—Floss).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. (Hinck's Dutch—Hinck's Nell); 2d, F. H. Dale's The Earl (Marquis —Lady); 3d, Associated Fanciers' Saxon (Young Royal—Empress). Com., J. Hoosey's Nipper (Nelson—Judy). *Bitches:* 1st, R. H. Dudgeon's Gipsey; 2d, E. Lever's Young Venom (Hink's Old Prince—Hink's Old Venus). *Puppies:* 1st, F. W. Howe's The Czar.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7 LBS.—CHAMPION—E. Lever's Vortigern (Viper—Gypsey).—OPEN—1st, G. D. Woodill's Queen (Vortigern—Lady); 2d, Dr. T. Biddle's Beauty.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant (Sailiff II.—Peach). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive (Olive Tart—Dickenson's Jess).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Spice (Belgrave Joe—Clove); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale (Joker—Ella); 3d, J. E. Thayer's Surprise (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive). Very high com., Miss Nichols's Nick. High com., W. Henry's Crisp (Patch—Bella). Com., R. N. Caldwell's Bruce (Rattler III.—Myrtle). *Bitches:* 1st, I. W. Clark's Phantasy (Danes's Thrapy—Fever); 2d, J. E. Thayer's Jaunty (Joker—Torment). *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Di (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive); equal 2d, W. S. Ellis's Belvoir Scamp II. (Belvoir Scamp—Groladys); J. W. Clark's Rustic Flash (Marks—Dingle Bell). Com., H. A. North's Dan.

IRISH AND ROUGH HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Jem (Garryowen—Han); 2d, A. Priestley's Sir Garnet (Brack—Gipsey). High com., C. T. Thompson's Mustard.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, F. P. Kirby's Beresford (Sting—Wasp); 2d, F. P. Kirby's Young Sting (Vagabond—Wasp). Very high com. and high com., D. O'Shea's Wasp and Sting (Sting—Wasp).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Withheld.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—1st, W. P. Sanderson's Jim (Berkie —Highland Mary).—OPEN—1st, W. P. Sanderson's Queen Mab (Tommy —French); 2d, W. P. Sanderson's Scott (Jim—Queen Mab). Very high com., J. Howard's Skye (Jim—Skye); Associated Fanciers' Watty. High com., W. S. Lieber's Mr. Mitt.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—1st, Mrs. J. Parker's Charlie (Dreadnaught—Nellie); 2d, Associated Fanciers' Togo. Very high com. reserve. Associated Fanciers' Mistress Mary. Very high com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Daisey (Ben—Minnie); Mrs. W. R. Stewart's Mr. D. (Ren—Fanny). High com., Anna Fries's Lady. Com., Peter Butler's Beauty (Beauty—Lane); L. S. Boraef's Daisey.—UNDER 5LBS.—1st, J. R. Gildersleve's Jerry. Com., J. C. Hensler's Fonzo.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 7LBS.—1st, F. W. Sutterle's Pawsee; 2d, W. Bryans's Romeo (Jack—Nellie).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. G. H. Hill's Joe (Comedy—Clyte). *Bitches:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Mrs. W. D. Peck's Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny); 2d, Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's Tu-Tu (Young Peter—Zoe); 3d, J. Parker's Punch (Punch—Judy). Very high com., Mrs. E. A. Pue's Ned (George—Daisy); W. R. Dunton's Harry (Snip—Kate). High com., T. F. Nealis's Smut. Com., Miss M. Nealis's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Moore's Miss Kitty (George—May); 2d, Mrs. W. D. Peck's Flossy; 3d, Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's Victoria (Alias—Lue). Very high com., W. E. Lex's Beauty (Boz—Beauty). High com., Miss B. St. Clair Morton's Laura (Morrison's Punch—Morrison's Minnie). Com., A. L. Green's Ruby (Othello—Malta).—*Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. E. A. Pue's Sarah (Tu-Tu—Ruby).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Otto; 2d, J. Parker, Jr.'s Prince (Bevan's Duke—Boggs's Queen).

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, J. Parker's Charlie (Prince—Violet); Equal 2d, J. Parker's Rubes (Prince—Violet) and Miss Lilly Hart's Chappy (Randolph—Lady Churchill). Com. J. Parker's Daisy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION.—1st, Miss E. M. Van Buren's Fanny.—OPEN—1st, Mrs. E. W. Jay's Beauty; 2d, A. L. Belleville's Tiney. Very high com., Mrs. A. M. Kramer's Romeo.

POODLES.—1st, Dr. Presby's Jack; 2d, I. W. Clark's Sabot (Puff—Jet II.). Very high com., I. W. Clark's Jet II. (Brussels—Loiotte).

MISCELLANEOUS OR FOREIGN.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Big Kate; 2d, G. Kerr's Don; 3d, J. A. E. Walk's Charlie.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, J. Parker's Noble (Prince—Victoria); 2d, C. H. Mason's Napoleon, Prince Charles spaniel (Black—Rose); 3d, J. R. Gildersleve's Nellie (Dan—Nellie).

MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOGS.—1st, Mrs. H. T. Foote's Me Too; 2d, A. B. Palmer's Mede.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best mastiff in open class, Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess.
Best mastiff bitch, Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess.
Best mastiff dog, C. H. Mason's Nevison.
Best rough-coated St. Bernard dog, J. W. Burgess's First Choice.
Best smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, Millbrook Kennels' Verone.
Best smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, Millbrook Kennels' Wanda.
Best Newfoundland, Samuel S. McClure's Miro.
Best kennel of collies, five or more, Kilmarnock Kennel.
Best collie dog, J. D. Shortwell's Ben Nevis.
Best collie bitch, Kilmarnock Kennels' Winnie.
Best cocker spaniel, W. O. Partridge's Helen.
Best Clumber spaniel, M. Richardson's New Castle.
Best greyhound, H. W. Smith's Memnon.
Best deerhound, John E. Thayer's Bravo.
Best pug owned in Philadelphia, Mrs. Edwin A. Pue's George.
Best pug bitch, A. H. Moore's Miss Kitty.
Best pug puppy, Mrs. Edwin A. Pue's Sarah.
Best English setter dog that has been placed in field trials, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone.
Best bitch, B. Ridgeway's Leda.
Best English setter dog and one of his get, Rancocas Kennels' Dashing Monarch with Plantagenet.
Best kennel of five English setters, Blackstone Kennel.
Best English setter, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone.
Best Irish setter in open classes, Max Wenzel's Chief.
Best bitch, M. Richardson's Hazel.
Best Irish setter, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr.
Best pointer dog in open class, C. H. Mason's Beaufort.
Best kennel of five pointers, Clifton Kennel.
Best kennel of three pointers, Clifton Kennel.
Best beagle over 12 inches, D. O'Shea's Rattler III.
Best beagle, A. C. Krueger's (three) Bannerman.
Best pair imported beagles under 2yrs., O. H. McClure's Blue Boy and Blue Maid.
Best beagle bitch under 12 inches owned by a member of the A. E. B. Club, O. H. McClure's Blue Maid.
Best Gordon setter, J. E. Thayer's Argus.
Best in open class, E. Mahar's Royal Duke.
Best pack foxhounds, Chichester Club (Leiper, Bolter, Pilot, Hunter Ringwood, Lillie, Jenny, Boxer, Tiny, Flash).
Second best, Rockland Hunt.
Best couple, Chichester Club's Boxer and Tiny.
Best bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Romulus.
Best bull bitch, J. E. Thayer's Bellisima.
Best bull-terrier, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr.
Best black and tan terrier, Geo. D. Woodill's Queen.
Best fox terrier dog in open class, Clovernook Kennels' Spice.
Best fox terrier puppy, John E. Thayer's Di.
Best black and tan terrier over 7lbs. sired by Duke, Mrs. W. H. Ashburner's Dot.
Best Skye terrier, W. P. Sanderson's Jim.
Best Skye terrier owned by member of club, W. P. Sanderson's Jim.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to the protest made against my St. Bernard dog St. Elmo, by James Watson, I will state the circumstances of the case. During my absence in Canada in July, 1881, I had in my employ one Chas. Williams, that was recommended to me in Boston, who turned out to be untrustworthy, by giving the services of my champion dog Turco to a bitch in Boston without my knowledge or consent, but it leaked out through a confederate of his. I came to the Boston show in May of 1882 and saw the St. Bernard pup Snip entered there, better known as St. Elmo, and was told by Williams's confederate that that was the pup by Turco. He took first prize in puppy class, P. D. Bardman's Naino took first prize in the open class. The printer made a mistake in the age of Snip, as he was only nine months old instead of a year and nine months. They gave the name of his dam but not of his sire, for reasons better known to themselves. I then bought him and when I saw him I knew he was a pup of Turco's. I entered him at the Washington bench show in February, 1883, as "St. Elmo, formerly Snip, age eighteen months." There was a mistake made by the clerk both in age of dog and name of dam; it should have been Turco ex Fannie Showdrift, and not Lady Snowdrift. Her name was Fannie Snowdrift, but for short they called her Fan. Mrs. Foster entered him in her name at the New York bench show in the same year as "St. Elmo, formerly Snip," instead of Turco, ours. Mrs. Foster made a mistake and put down Bruno, as that was a favorite St. Bernard pet of hers, also mistake in the age. At New Haven this year, he was entered as four years and not as three, that was the printer's mistake, because I entered at the New York dog show this year as four years and two months old, full pedigree, because I have seen other exhibitors do the same thing. As for Dr. Sawtelle identiying my dog in Washington, why he was there for everybody to see. Dr. Sawtelle, like James Watson, remembers that he entered his bitch Sappho imported, but she was raised in Boston. She was bred between the Alpine spaniel and the Newfoundland. He bought her for thirty-five dollars. Afterward he had the services of Mr. Pope's dog Bayard Jr., afterward known as Fritz Emmet's dog. I was connected with the first dog show that was held in America, when Francis Butler and myself were selected by gentlemen to act as judges. Our motto was to give the prizes to the dog and not to the man.—D. P. FOSTER.

BROCK—DIANA II.—Newark, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Leach's reply evidently means no race. It was his assertion that Brock could defeat Diana II., which I was not willing to accept as a fact until he had done so. Mr. Leach then suggested that I send a challenge to him through the FOREST AND STREAM, which when accepted would be binding upon both parties. His excuses are no doubt satisfactory to him, but rather poor to me. He knew before offering to make the race that all my dogs are given the benefit of the open season South, and as a rule are not kept in the hands of an amateur. He also saw Diana II. handled by her trainer, and should have known about what she was capable of doing. If the services of Mr. Lewis cannot be obtained, there are probably other handlers that could bring out Brock's good qualities equally well, as there would be about two months to prepare him. If after the six days' race is decided Mr. Leach is desirous of running a two or three days' race for a dinner, I will agree to run it.—CHAS. HEATH.

HAZE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any one give me the pedigree of the liver and white (slightly ticked) pointer bitch Haze? [N. B.—She is called the above name, but whether it is an abreviation of Hazel or should be spelled Hayes, I do not know.] She was brought to this section from New York a year or two ago by a Mr. Townsend. Is about five years old, I think. Any information will be gladly received and paid for by her present owner.—C. H. COE (Glencoe, Volusia County, Fla.).

SUGGESTION TO CATALOGUE MAKERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why do not the committeemen who have charge of our bench show catalogues put the pedigree of the entry immediately after the name, instead of interjecting between them the age, color, etc.? That would make the information more intelligible, and to my notion that is the natural and sensible sequence to be guided by. A very simple alteration in the entry blank would accomplish this change.—HECTOMBORUS.

WHO CAN BEAT IT?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thomas's Pearl, a Laverack setter bitch from the Rock family, and owned by A. C. Ware, Hartford, Conn., has just had her third litter by Nemo, an inbred Elcho. The first, twelve dogs, four bitches; second, eight dogs and six bitches; the third, eight dogs and seven bitches, making forty-five for the three litters. Who can beat it?—(Hartford, Conn., May 7).

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—A meeting of the A. K. C. was held at Philadelphia, Tuesday. The old officers were re-elected with the exception that E. S. Osborn, of New Haven, was elected secretary in place of E. S. Porter, and E. Comfort, treasurer in place of G. N. Appold. A full report of the meeting will be given in our next issue.

A REPORT OF THE WARWICK SHOW which has been in type for two weeks, is again necessarily deferred.

INCORRECT PEDIGREES.—Ellicott City, Md., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the *American Kennel Register* of February, No. 2105 reads thus: "Clover Blossom, by Catesby (Belgrave Joe ex Plot) out of Puzzle;" No. 2106 reads: "Clover Fidget, by Belgrave Toney (Belgrave Joe ex Tingle) out of Tricksey." So far, so good. In the New York show catalogue appears the following: "No. 597, class 74, Clover Blossom, by Dynamite Joe ex Puzzle; No. 598, Clover Fidget, by Belgrave Tony (late Catesby) ex Tricksey." Now what I want to know is, how many names and how many parents has Catesby. Is he Proteus, or is he Dynamite Joe or Belgrave Tony? Is his dam's name Tingle or Plot? And what is the rule regarding incorrect entries? An answer through your columns will greatly oblige—FOX-TERRIER.

MINSTREL WHELPS.—Philadelphia, May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to apologize for not correcting the mistake in the date which appeared in my advertisement in your issue of May 23, as I noticed it and corrected it, in writing to all parties who made inquiries concerning the dog. Minstrel arrived here in February, 1884, and was mated to Nellie (then the property of Mr. J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa.) the following April. The advertisement should have read, "whelped June 18," instead of "Jan. 18." The mistake was caused, I suppose, by my not writing the date as distinctly as I should have written it.—THOMAS ALLEN.

CINCINNATI SHOW.—New York, May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of Cincinnati show, you give in prize list of St. Bernard smooth-coated bitches, withheld. Please note Mill Brook Kennels' Wanda took first in smooth-coated bitches. Kindly correct same and oblige, MILL BROOK KENNELS. [Our prize list was taken from a catalogue marked by Mr. Dalziel, who neglected to mark the award to Wanda.]

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—Boston, May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular monthly meeting of the N. E. K. C., held May 14, Mr. Jean Grosvenor was elected secretary and Mr. W. O. Partridge treasurer, in place of J. A. Nickerson and L. T. Field, resigned.—JEAN GROSVENOR, Secretary.

GRAPHIC.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A public notice that the Knickerbocker Kennel Club had purchased the pointer dog Graphic was made on the strength of Mr. E. C. Norrish accepting by cablegram their offer accompanied by draft, to purchase.—GEO. L. WILMS, Secretary.

GLADSTONEKOFF.—Mr. J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass., has recently imported the celebrated bulldog Gladstonekoff. He is a brindle dog, five years old, and is by Gamester out of Miss Nipper. He has won many prizes in England, including champion prize at Crystal Palace.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—The preliminary prize list for the forthcoming meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon has just been issued, and shows several alterations and additions, of which those in the Queen's Prize contest are the most important. A sum of £2292 is added to the Queen's Prize list, thus bringing the total amount to be fired for in this, the most important shooting event of the year, to the substantial total of £1,960, divided into 260 prizes. It is in the conditions, however, that the change is most marked, as there are now to be three stages instead of two as formerly, and the final shooting for the possession of the most coveted honors will consequently become more interesting than before. Under the new arrangement the silver medal, silver badge, and £60 become the second prize in the contest, and the "Sixty" will all receive prizes according to their places in the three stages together. The Queen's prize list and conditions are as follows: First prize, Her Majesty the Queen's Prize, £250, and the gold medal and badge; 2d prize, the silver medal, badge and £80; 3d prize, the badge and £40; 4th prize, £30; 5th prize, £20. Then follow 10 prizes of £15, 30 of £12, 15 of £10, 100 of £4, 100 of £3, and 100 of £2. Conditions—First stage, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each. The first 300 in the first stage will be entitled to fire in the second stage, and the next 60 below the 300 will receive prizes of £2 each. Second stage, 500yds, 10 shots, and 600yds., 15 shots. The places of the 300 competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the first and second shots. The first 60 will be entitled to shoot in the third stage, and the remaining 240 will receive the 240 prizes next below the first 60 in the prize list. Third stage, to be fired in the order laid down for the second stage. Distances, 800 and 900yds., 15 shots at each distance. The places of the 60 competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the three stages.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club held their weekly shoot May 16, at their Lake Lookout range. They also shot their telegraphic match with the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Rifle Club, which ended in favor of the Rod and Gun Club by 3 points—802 to 859—the last match with the Pittsburgh club being won by the Rod and Gun Club by 1 point—800 to 799. The conditions of the match were 20 shots each, 200yds., off-hand, Mass. decimal target; highest count 10; the club to shoot as many members as it thinks proper, but the six best scores only to count; no re-entry. The following scores were made:

J De Clair	9	8	6	9	10	8	8	8	8	7
	9	6	7	9	6	8	10	8	9	8—161
T B Wilson	5	10	7	6	8	7	10	9	9	7
	8	7	8	8	5	9	7	8	6	9—153
F R Bull	10	8	3	7	6	8	4	10	9	5
	7	7	8	8	8	7	9	7	4	8—143
E T Stephens	9	9	7	10	10	9	10	8	3	7
	7	6	7	8	4	7	1	9	4	6—141
W C Garner	6	9	5	8	9	8	3	7	7	5
	6	3	5	4	10	8	4	9	8	9—133
Z C Talbot	3	4	6	7	9	10	10	9	5	5
	5	5	10	10	4	4	5	4	10	6—131

The other members who shot were: J. Kimball 123, E. S. Field 121, L. H. Mayott 119, J. Allen 117, O. W. Horr 94. The first class badge was taken by Z. C. Talbot with the score of 110:

Z C Talbot	10	11	11	12	12	9	11	12	11	11—110

The second class badge was taken by E. S. Field; score, 96:

E S Field	10	10	7	9	10	9	11	10	8	11— 96

The City Guards had a team out who shot an individual match, Mass. target, Springfield military rifles. Government ammunition:

J S Whiting	11	8	10	10	12	8	8	9	10	—97
G Sterling	4	4	9	11	6	3	11	9	8	7—72
J C Morgan	8	10	5	5	9	5	8	7	10	4—71

The score of De Clair is the largest made in this city in a 20-shot string on the Mass. decimal target.—PINHEAD.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

A SMALL ARM MUSEUM.—Capt. John Bliss, of Middleton, Conn., has a fine collection of old style pistols and arms. Among them are two brass-barreled flint lock pistols used in the revolution by the major of the Ipswich troop of Massachusetts. They are ornamented with filagree work in silver and have an ivory tip at the end of the muzzles. They are exactly like a pair of pistols used by Major Pitcairn at Bunker Hill, which are now at the Old South, Boston. With the Ipswich pistols are a pair of silver plated steel spurs and an odd one; also two huge brass silver plated buckles. These were used by the major of the troop. A pair of old pistols—London make, as all the best were in those days—with steel barrels and flint locks are also in the collection, as well as one having an octagonal barrel of steel, flint lock; and one with the same kind of barrel and a cap lock. When the late O. F. Winchester, of New Haven (founder of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company) first went into the manufacture of arms he was associated with the Volcanic Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven. Captain Bliss has one of the magazine

pistols made by the company, February 14, 1854. It is a strange looking thing with its magazine under the barrel, and its machinery for bringing the cartridge into place and removing the shell.

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 16.—The spring meeting of the Manchester Rifle Association closed this afternoon, although the first two days were unfavorable to good shooting, to-day was very favorable. A goodly attendance of out-of-town riflemen made the meeting the most interesting of any held in Manchester. The following are the scores of the prize winners:

A B Dodge	34	34	31—102	C Curtis	33 33 32—98
C D Palmer	34	34	31—102	E Partridge	33 32 32—97
G F Ellsworth	34	34	34—102	J M Frye	33 33 32—97
G A Leighton	34	34	34—102	E C Paul	33 32 32—97
A C White	34	33	34—101	G N Foster	33 31 32—96
J Lawrence	33	33	33— 99	F Austin	32 32 32—96
J B Fellows	33	33	33— 99	C W Lyman	32 32 32—96
O M Jewell	33	33	33— 99	R Reed	32 31 31—95
W Dennison	33	33	33— 99	J B Anthory	32 31 31—94
A Chestnut	33	33	33— 99	T Pinch	31 31 31—93
W Charles	33	33	33— 99	W Morris	31 31 31—93
E Munson	33	33	33— 99	F J Drake	31 31 30—92
M Wadleigh	33	32	33— 98		—RIFLE.

BOSTON, May 16.—There was only a fair attendance at Walnut Hill to-day, and high scores were made well nigh impossible by a very bad wind that was blowing from the direction of 8 o'clock. A team match was shot with Pittsfield, and the score sent by mail to be published later. The following are the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.

J Halsey	5555555454—48	A Keach, A	4545554554—46
R Reed	5445455455—46	C W Hodgden	4554454554—43

Decimal Match.

A M Jewell	10 8 10 10 9 6 7 8 9 8—85		
J Francis	8 9 6 7 9 9 6 8 7 10—79		

Victory Medal Match.

E F Richardson	5 7 7 8 7 9 8 10 10 7—79		
J Francis	9 6 5 9 9 6 6 10 10 7—77		
R Davis	5 5 7 9 10 10 7 7 6 7—73		

Rest Match.

S Wilder, A	10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10 9 9—96		
B G Warren F	10 9 7 10 10 9 8 10 10 9—91		
S Winchester, F	9 10 9 10 9 10 10 7 10 7—91		

300yds. Match.

B G Warren	5554545545—47	S Wilder	4455445554—45

The spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will take place May 28, 29 and 30.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 8.—The Jamestown Rifle Club telegraph match with Thomaston, Conn., 10 men on a side, 16 shots to each man, 200yds., Creedmoor target.

Ayres	4545555554447 55—70	Dowler	4555445454364—64
DeLisle	4544445554554—67	Fenner	5444445444445—63
Perry	5445544554554—67	Kapple	4345444455444—63
Moore	5544544454444—66	Ahlstrom	4443654444444—60
Burns	4445354554554—66	Warner	4444434544454—59—645

THE CANADIAN MILITIA ORGAN.—The militia forces of the Dominion of Canada, numbering some 37,000, of whom about 5,000 are on active service in the Northwest, have at present no organ of their own in which to keep constantly before the public, and before each other, their wants and aims. It has therefore been deemed advisable to establish at Ottawa, the headquarters of the militia force, a weekly periodical styled *The Canadian Militia Gazette*, in order that through its influence the several branches of the service may obtain at the hands of the Canadian public that consideration to which they are justly entitled. The new journal is a very creditable one, and its low subscription price of $1.50 per year ought to bring it within the reach of all.

GARDNER, Mass., May 13.—The new American decimal target was used at the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack range. Each man shot two strings with a possible total of 100. The shooting was off-hand, distance 200yds. The totals were as follows:

I N Dodge	88 90—178	H C Knowlton	74 80—154
G F Ellsworth	88 77—165	Geo Warfield	57 71—128
A Mathews	79 79—158	C Shumway	73 52—125

At rest—A. Williams....90 83—173.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Rifle Club scores of May 16, Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand:

W W Orthen	5444454554—43	R Griffin	5344544444—41
E Brown	5444444445—42	J Busfield	4553444443—40
H Tuck	4445454444—42	C H Poor	4344343544—39
C Brown	5444443554—42		

WORCESTER, Mass., May 14.—The few men who went out to the Pine Grove Range, of the Worcester Rifle Association, report a good time in spite of the storm. The Massachusetts target was used. Out of a possible 120, the following is the score:

J N Morse, Jr	10 0 11 12 10 11 12 10 11 11—107
M G Fuller	10 10 11 11 11 12 12 9 12 8—106
S Clark	10 12 12 9 11 10 12 11 9 9—105
T Leighton	7 11 10 11 11 10 12 10 11 11—104

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

CREEDMOOR.—The fall meeting of the National Rifle Association of America will be held at Creedmoor, beginning Sept. 16. The following are some of the principal matches, showing an increase over last year's list: Judd match, 21 prizes; President's match, 41 prizes; Shorkley match, 800, 900 and 1,000yds, 12 prizes; continuous match, 200yds., re-entry, 39 prizes; governor's match, 500yds., re-entry, 18 prizes; marksmen's match, 200 and 500yds., re-entry, 32 prizes; team match, 200yds, teams of 4 men, 4 prizes; Wimbledon cup match, 4 prizes.

LAWRENCE, Mass.—The spring meeting of the Lawrence Rifle Club will take place at the range at South Lawrence, May 21, 22 and 23. The shooting commences at 9 A. M. each day, and closes at 5 P. M. Saturday. There is but one match, a Creedmoor match at 200yds., open to all. Any rifle within the rules, seven shots to a score, three scores to win. The list of prizes aggregates thirty-six in number and $332 in value.

THOMASTON, Conn., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A mistake was made in the report sent you of the telegraph match of the Empire Rifle Club with the Lawrence, Mass and the Jamestown, N. Y. rifle clubs, which I wish to rectify. The score of F. Carr should be 344044434455554=58, making the total for the match 624, instead of 633, as reported.—FRED. A. PERKINS.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

THE tournament of the National Gun Association at Springfield, O., extended from May 5 to May 9, and displayed some good shooting. The programme, with but few exceptions, was carried out with good management. Winners took the prizes in all cases with either perfect scores or very close bids to perfection. The handicapping gave rise to some discussion, and will need to be most carefully watched in the future. The record of the tournament in the order of matches stood as follows, 10-gauge guns being used, except where otherwise noted; distances in parenthesis:

MAY 5.

Match No. 1—7 clay-pigeons: Watkins (20yds.) 6, Stark (20) 5, Eugene Bogardus (18) 6, Teipel (20) 7, Chamberlin (19) 4, Perry [12-g.] (18) 5, Drake (18) 5, Allen (18) 6, George (18) 6, Sheldon (19) 5, Von Lengerke [12-g.] (18) 7, Whitney (20) 4, Wagner (18) 4, Powers (18) 6, Beecher (18) 3. Von Lengerke and Teipel divided first, Watkins second, Drake and Sheldon divided third.

Match No. 2.—7 clay-pigeons: Perry [12-g.] (18yds.) 7, Meaders (20) 5, Stice (20) 4, Allen (18) 3, Stark (20) 6, E. Bogardus (18) 4, Brewer (12 g.) (17) 4, Sheldon (19) 6, Von Lengerke [12-g.] (20) 6, Kelley (18) 3, Teipel (22) 6, Drake (18) 5, Whitney (20) 5, Folsom [12-g.] (19) 6, Wagner (18) 4, Watkins (21) 4, Powers (18) 5, George (18) 1, Chamberlin (19) 4, Beecher (16) 3, Lane (18) 3, McCartney (18) 4, Hinkle (18 4, Hazlett [12-g.] (16) 5. Perry first, Folsom and Stark second, Whitney, Meaders and Drake third, Stice fourth.

Match No. 3.—7 clay-pigeons: Meaders (22yds.) 6, Teipel (22) 6, Russell (18) 3, Stark (22) 5, Chamberlin (18) 6, Whitney (22) 6, Ackerman (18) 3, Kelly (19) 6, Wagener (18) 5, E. Bogardus (22) 7, Line (17) 2, Watkins (22) 4, L. V. Simmons (18) 4, Brewer (20) w, Von Lengerke [12-g.] (20) 4, Stice (22) 3, Perry [12-g.] (20) 4, Sheldon (21) 6. E. Bogardus first, Chamberlin, Meaders and Sheldon second, Stark third.

Match No. 4.—Five pair double clays:

Perry [12] (18)	10 11 11 11 11—9	Folsom [12] (19)	10 11 10 10 11—7
Stice (20)	11 10 11 11 01—8	Sheldon (19)	11 10 01 10 00—5
Watkins (20)	11 11 11 10 11—9	George (18)	10 00 00 01 01—3
Kelley (18)	11 00 00 11 11—6	Whitney (20)	10 11 11 11 11—9
Lane (18)	00 11 10 10 01—5	Meaders (20)	11 01 11 11 11—9
Von Lengerke (20)	11 01 01 10 10—6	Teipel (22)	10 10 11 10 11—7
Stark [12] (20)	10 10 10 10 10—5	Russell (18)	10 10 00 10 10—4
Drake (18)	11 01 11 01 10—7	Wagener (18)	10 10 10 11 11—7
Chamberlin (19)	00 11 01 11—7	E Bogardus (18)	11 11 11 01 10—8
Powers (18)	10 10 01 10 11—6		

Watkins first, Stice second, Drake third, Powers and Kelley fourth.

Match No. 5.—Teams of 2, 10 clays each: Meaders (20) and Watkins (20) 11, Powers (18) and Sheldon (19) 13, Perry (20) and Stark (21) 18, Wagener (18) and Whitney (21) 16, Lane (18) and McCartney (18) 12, Bogardus (19) and Von Lengerke (20) 18, Drake (18) and George (18) 10, Teipel (22) and Stice (21) 17, Hinkle (18) and Rice (18) 15, Kelley (18) and Russel (18) 12. Perry and Stark, and Bogardus and Von Lengerke first, Teipel and Stice second, Wagner and Whitney third, Hinkle and Rice fourth.

MAY 6, SECOND DAY.

Match No. 6.—7 clays each: Watkins (20) 5, Perry (18) 4, Allen (18) 11, Kelly (18) 5, Lane (18) 2, Loring (18) 6, Meaders (20) 7, Von Lengerke (18) 7, Wendt (18) 2, Sheldon (19) 7, Teipel (20) 7, Whitney (20) 6, Wayper (18) 6, Stark (20) 3, E. Bogardus (18) 6, Drake (18) 3, Stice (20) 6, Chamberlin (18) 4, Powers (18) 5, Capt. Bogardus (20) 5, George (18) 4. The first class divided, E. Bogardus and Stice second, Watkins third, George fourth.

Match No. 7—Six clay-pigeons each: Chamberlin (18yds.) 3, Pierson (18) 4, Brewer (19) 6, Watkins (20) 5, Perry (18) 6, Whitney (20) 4, Stark (20) 6, Wendt (18) 3, McCartney (18) 6, Lane (18) 4, Folsom (19) 5, Bull (16) 5, Ackerman (18) 5, Walker (16) 4, Powers (18) 4, Bailey (18) 4, Von Lengerke (18) 6, Hazlett (18) 5, Meaders (20) 4, Teipel (16) 6, Stice (20) 5, Kelley (18) 3, Wayper (18) 6. Perry and Von Lengerke first, Watkins and Folsom second, Meaders and Whitney third.

Match No. 8.—Ten single clays each: Stice (21yds.) 6, Meaders (22) 7, George (18) 6, Von Lengerke (20) 7, Sheldon (21) 8, E. Bogardus (20) 10, Brewer (19) 7, Whitney (20) 8, Perry (18) 10, Teipel (22) 9, Captain Bogardus (20) 7, Watkins (20) 9, Stark (20) 9, Wagener (18) 5, Kelley (18) 9, Drake (18) 6. E. Bogardus and Perry first, Stark and Drake second, Sheldon and Whitney third, Brewer fourth.

Match No. 9.—5 singles: Perry (20yds.) 3, Stice (20) 5, Sheldon (19) 4, Meaders (20) 4, Loring (18) 4, Bull (16) 4, Kelley (18) 2, Von Lengerke (20) 5, McCartney (18) 2, Hinkle (18) 4, Walker (18) 1, Whitney (20) 4. George (18) 4, Beecher (18) 0, Teipel (22) 5, Stark (22) 4, Cowers (28) 5, Watkins (20) 2, Chamberlin (19) 4, Brewer (20) 2, E Bogardus (20) 1, Drake (18) 2, Wayper (18) 4, Lane (18) 2, Wagner (18) 3. Teipel first, Whitney second, Perry third.

Match No. 10.—Freeze out: Teipel and Watkins divided on account of darkness.

MAY 7, THIRD DAY.

Match No. 11.—Seven single clays each: Brewer 3, Teipel 7, Messerly 2, Stice 5, Perry 7, George 5, Stark 6, Meaders 6, Watkins 5, Sheldon 4, E. Bogardus 6, Whitney 3, Wagener 2, Von Lengerke 5, Hinckle 3, Chamberlin 5, Drake 5, Kelley 3, Capt. Bogardus 5, Powers 2. Teipel and Perry first, Stark, Meaders and E. Bogardus second, George and Watkins third, Sheldon fourth.

Match No. 12.—Ten pigeons each: Watkins 10, Kirkpatrick 4, Sheldon 6, Teipel 10, Chamberlin 4, Perry 8, Sam Hazlett 7, Meaders 10, George 5, Wagener 6, Whitney 7, E. Bogardus 10, Brewer 9, Von Lengerke 7, Stice 10, Stark 8, Kelley 7, Wayper 0, McCartney 4, Lane 9. Watkins and E. Bogardus first, Brewer and Lane second, Perry and Stark third.

Match No. 13, 10 singles and 5 pair doubles, for diamond badge:

Watkins (20yds)	1111100111—8	11 10 10 10 10—6—14
Perry [12-g.] (18)	0111110111—8	11 11 10 10 00—6—14
E Bogardus (20)	1101101111—8	11 10 10 10 01—6—14
Chamberlin (18)	0011111001—6	01 01 11 01 10—6—12
Brewer (19)	1100111111—8	11 11 11 11 10—9—17
Sheldon (19)	1111111101—9	10 11 00 11 10—6—15
Whitney (20)	1110111111—9	11 11 11 11 00—8—17
Stice (20)	1011011111—8	11 10 10 11 10—7—15
Stark (20)	1011111000—6	10 10 10 10 11—6—12
Kelly (18)	0011111011—7	11 10 10 11 11—8—15
Meaders (20)	0101101101—6	00 11 10 00 10—4—10
Teipel (20)	1111110011—8	11 11 11 10 11—9—17

Tie—Brewer, 11111—5 11 11 (won); Teipel, 11111—5 10 10; Whitney, 01010—3.

Match No. 14.—5 singes: Stark, Whitney and Ackerman first, E. Bogardus and Stice second, Perry third. Score: Meaders (22) 1, Myers (18) 3, Russell (16) 5, E. Bogardus (22) 4, Sheldon (21) 5, Stice (21) 4, Chamberlin (18) 2, Watkins (22) 2, Simmons (18) 4, Ackerman (18) 5, Pierson (18) 0. Perry [12-g.] (20) 3, Wagener (18) 3, Whitney (22) 5, McCartney (18) 3, Lane (19) 2. Ralston (18) 4, Stark (22) 5, Kelly (21) 3, Wendt (18) 3, Kirkpatrick (16) 1, Drake (18) 5, George (18) 4, Von Lengerke (20) 5, Powers (19) 4, Wayper (18) 5, Teipel (22) 4, Walker (16) 1.

FOURTH DAY.

Match No. 15.—5 singles: Stice and Perry first, Wagener second, Meaders, Hazlett and Sheldon third. Score: Teipel (20yds.) 2, Stark (20) 4, Stice (20) 5, Meaders (20) 3. Watkins (20) 5, Perry (18) 5, Whitney (21) 5. Folsom (19) 4, Bull (16) 2, Chamberlin (19) 0, Hazlett (16) 3. Drake (18) 2, George (18) 1, Myers (16) 2, Wagener (18) 4, C. C. Lane (18) 0, Sheldon (19) 3, McCartney (18) 1. J. Wayper (18) 2, Hinckle (18) 1, Von Lengerke (18) 3, Kelley (18) 1.

Match No. 16.—6 singles: Stice and Whitney first, Meaders and Fisher second, McCartney third. Score: Stice (20) 6, Von Lengerke (18) 4, Ackerman (19) 4, Wendt (18) 1, Drake (18) 4, Kelley (18) 4, Messerly (18) 3, Fisher (18) 4, Perry (18) 5, Watkins (20) 3, Stark (20) 4, Whitney (20) 6, Meaders (20) 5, Wagener (18) 3, Lane (18) 3, McCartney (18) 4, Simmons (18) 0, Sheldon (19) 5, Powers (18) 4, Brewer (19) 3, Russell (16) 2, Bull (16) 3, Myers (18) 2, Allen (18) 2, Teipel (20) 4.

FIFTH DAY.

Match No. 17.—Five singles: Watkins, Perry and Stark first, Teipel, E. Bogardus and Whitney second, Meaders third. Score: Watkins (20yds.) 5, Teipel (22) 4, E. Bogardus (20) 4, Meaders (20) 3, Perry (19) 5, Stark (20) 5, Von Lengerke (18) 5, Chamberlin (18) 5, Whitney (20) 4, Stice (21) 4, Sheldon (20) 4, Ackerman (19) 2, Dr. Russell (16) 1, Wagoner (18) 1, Hinckle (18) 1, Kelley (18) 1, George (18) 3, Messerly (18) 4, Lane (18) 3, Brewer (19) 2, Drake (18) 2.

Match No. 18.—5 live pigeons: Watkins 2, Stice 1, Allen 3, Teipel 5, George 0, Chamberlin 4, Linneman 4 Teipel first, Linneman second.

Match No. 19.—10 live pigeons, teams of two: Perry [12-g.] (23) and Stice (25) 19, Stark (25) and Sheldon (25), 17.

Match No. 20.—Shot with one Spencer repeating shotgun; 10 singles 5 pair doubles: Kirkpatrick first, Strong second, Duffy and Hinckle third.

Duffy	0010110101—5	10 10 10 10 00—4— 9
Hinkle	1110101110—8	00 00 10 00 00—1— 9
Wilson	1100001000—3	10 10 11 00 10—5— 8
Weller	0010110110—5	00 10 10 10 00—3— 8
Kirkpatrick	0100110110—6	10 11 01 10 00—5—11
Belzod	0010100000—2	00 00 01 00 00—1— 3
Perrin	1000111010—5	10 00 11 00 00—3— 8
Walsh	0100110101—5	00 00 11 00 00—2— 7
Slack	1100010000—3	00 10 10 10 10—4— 7
Strong	1101010100—5	00 10 01 10 11—5—10
Crain	0000000000—0	10 01 10 10 00—4— 4
Rose	0101011110—6	10 10 11 00 00—4—10
L Rice	0101011000—4	10 00 00 00 10—2— 6
Warden	1110101100—6	01 10 00 10 01—4—10

A number of extra matches, sweepstakes and freeze-outs followed in doubles and singles, live and clay-pigeons, and some of them were well contested with good scores. The winners were Stice, Watkins, Teipel, Allen, Sheldon, E. Bogardus, Perry, Kelly, etc. In all, about thirty of these extra matches were shot. There were many incidents of the tournament which went to break up the monotony of the regular match work.

Gene Bogardus amused the crowd by shooting, with a Winchester rifle, half-dollars, nickels and coppers tossed into the air. One gentleman contributed a half-dollar coin of ancient date to be marked by the young marksman's bullet, but the coin was sent whizzing into returnless space, so to speak.

Messrs. Stark and Teipel gave an extra exhibition of practical hunting after two killdees that happened to alight on the grounds. Two shots by Teipel—lost birds.

Captain Bogardus matched himself to shoot 100 clay-pigeons in six minutes. He succeeded in breaking 109 in five minutes. The birds were tossed by hand.

There were important changes made in the rules at the business meeting. In the handicap for winners the maximum was fixed at 18yds. instead of 20, thus abolishing former rules for future tournaments. The handicap on guns remains essentially the same. Live bird rules were changed in shooting of ties to 31yds. for singles and 25 for doubles.

The match between Capt. Bogardus and Lineman was declared off. Bogardus and son were compelled to leave to fill an appointment in the West, and Lineman by some means missed train connections and did not arrive in time.

The Association met on the evening of the 7th, at the Arcade Hotel. President Russel in the chair, Messrs. A. H. Bogardus, Stice, Stark, Watkins, Von Lengerke, Kelley, Wendt, Meyers, Chamberlin, Teipel, E. Bogardus, Meaders, Whitney, Walker, Ralston, Ackerman, George, Bailey, Bloom, Hornberger, Sheldon, Powers, Wagener and Bishop present. Resolved: That first International Tournament be held at Boston, during the year 1886. Resolved: That a committee of three members be appointed to which all questions arising under the rules shall be referred. The chair announced the following as members of committee: Messrs A. H. Bogardus, Stark and Meaders. Resolved: That the maximum handicap for 8 gauge guns be 18yds., for 12 and 14 gauge guns, 8lbs. or under, 16yds., 10-gauge guns, 7lbs. or under, 14yds. In ties shooters go back 3yds., which shall be the limit. Resolved: That Rule 63 be amended to read as follows: "Ties on single birds shall be shot at 31yds. rise, or double birds 24yds. rise."

The following correspondence was read to the Association and determined its choice of Philadelphia as the place of the next meeting: "Philadelphia, April 29, 1885. At a meeting of the Central States Clay-Pigeon League this day, a resolution was unanimously adopted to invite the National Gun Association to hold an inter-state tournament in this city the coming summer or fall. The representatives of the following gun clubs were present, viz.: Girard, Orion, North End, South End, West Philadelphia, Item, Sportsmen's, Rose, Keystone, Quaker City, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Norristown, Eureka, Pa.; and Montgomery, of Norristown, Pa.; and the Camden, of Camden, N. J.; and signified their willingness to endeavor to assist to make it a success.—T. P. Greger, V.-P. and representative." In pursuance thereof the meeting resolved to hold the next tournament at Philadelphia, July 1, 2, 3 and 4. An executive committee for the same will be appointed by the 28th inst. All members residing in or near Philadelphia (as also those who join by said date) are requested to meet on said Thursday, May 28, at 8 P. M., at the Girard House, Philadelphia, for the purpose of appointing sub committees and arranging the details of the tournament—securing grounds.

STATEN ISLAND.—The Jersey City Heights Gun Club, on invitation from the Stapleton and Aquahonga G. C., of Staten Island, were present at a very enjoyable shoot on the 13th inst., at Foley's Grove. Col. Endicott, of the Aquahongas, and Mr. Cahill, of the Stapletons, met the Jerseys at the landing at Stapleton. Stages were in waiting and the party were conveyed to the club grounds of the Stapletons and the ranch of that prince of bonifaces, J. J. Foley. The club house is very advantageously situated in the edge of a fine grove. The Jerseys had a good time, and they unanimously pronounced the Islanders jolly hosts and triggermen the genuine sort. The following are some of the sweeps:

First sweep, 25yds. rise, 80yd. boundary, both barrels, 4 birds each:

Endicott	1111—4	Goggin	2112—4
Cummins	0112—3	Til-on	2111—4
Mager	2100—2	Wameke	2120—3
Cahill	1110—3	Polworth	1211—4

First and second divided, Mager taking third alone.

Second sweep, same as first:

Cummins	021—3	Endicott	101—2
Cahill	121—3	Polworth	111—3
Tilson	111—3	Mager	101—2
Warmeke	112—3		

Third sweep, same as before only J. C. H. Rules, second barrel count ½ bird:

Wameke	1211—3½	Cummin	1112—3½
Cahill	1101—3	Polworth	1121—3½
Endicott	2221—3½	Mager	0001—1

Divided. JACOBSTAFF.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

CANNON vs. CRACKNELL.—A very close match took place at Dexter on the 15th inst. between W. C. Cannon, the one-armed shooter of J. C. H. G. C., and Dr. Cracknell, of the N. J. G. C. The match, thirty birds each, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, both barrels, was well contested, resulting in a tie, each killing 17 birds out of their thirty. The birds, furnished by A. Heritage, were a splendid lot. Al knows a good bird and where to find them. On the shoot-off, Cannon killed his three straight to Cracknell's one, thus winning the stake, and saving his friends, who backed him enthusiastically.—JACOBSTAFF.

J. C. H. G. C.—The regular shoot for the club badge of the J. C. H. G. C. took place on their grounds, Marion, on Thursday, the 14th inst., and resulted as follows, Holcomb and Bird tieing. Bird takes tne cup and the handicap for next shoot. Score:

Hughes, 27yds...	1 1 0 1 1 1 0—5	Baier, 25yds...	1 0 1 1 1 0 1—4
Holcomb, 27yds..	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Berkery, 25yds.	½ 0 1 0 1 0 1—3½
Heritage, 26yds..	0 1 1 1 0 0 1—4	Toffy, 23yds...	1½ 1½ 0 0 1—4
Bird, 25yds.....	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6	Still, 22yds....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0—5
Burdett, 25yds...	0 1½ 0 1½ 1—4	Maher, 23yds...	1 0 1 0½ 0 0 2½

JACOBSTAFF.

HARVARD SHOOTING CLUB.—The Shooting Club held a well-attended meeting on the afternoon of May 15, on the grounds of the Middlesex Sportsmen's Club at East Watertown. Weather conditions were excellent. It was the second in a series of three competitions in which the aggregates of the best two scores in the competitions will count for prizes. The best scores made were as follows: Match A, 10 clay-birds, 18yds. rise, 5 angles—First, W. H. Slocum, 9; second, W. L. Allen and F. S. Mead, 8 each; third, F. S. Palmer and X. Y. Z. Fredericksen, 7 each; fourth, F. B. Austin, P. Chase and F. S. Coolidge, 5 each. Match B, 5 pair double birds, 18yds. rise—First, W. H. Slocum, 8; second, J. D. Bradley and F. S. Mead, 5 each; third, F. S. Coolidge, J. C. Ayer and X. Y. Z. Fredericksen, 4 each. Practice match, 10 single birds, 18yds. rise, 5 angles—F. B. Austin 8, F. S. Mead, F. S. Coolidge and J. C. Ayer 7 each. Four prizes are to be awarded, a cup and three medals.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB, May 15.—National Flying Target Company's gold medal, shot at blackbirds, conditions, 15yds. rise, 5 traps, 25 birds: Dr. Deaderick 19, J. W. Slocum 17, J. C. Duncan 17, A. H. Hebbard 16, M. O. French 16, T. C. Eldridge 16, Jacques 16, J. M. Ross 15, E. W. Armstrong 15, C. C. Hebbard 15, Wm. Jenkins 14, Frank McClung 13, H. Washam 12, S. R. Dow 11, E. Post 11, Townsend 10, G. Woods 10, C. M. Woodbury 9, J. B. Kelly 9 Dr. Deaderick winner. The beautiful new gold medal given to the club by the National Flying Target Company was shot for to day, the first time. The new hubless blackbird was used, and for rapidity and evenness of flight gave universal satisfaction.—C. M. S.

BOGARDUS VS. MEADERS.—The match for the championship of the world between Capt. Meaders, of Nashville, and Capt. A. H. Bogardus, will come off the latter part of this or the first of next month, either in Chicago, Louisville or St. Louis. The cup won by Capt. Bogardus in England will be shot for. They will shoot at 100 birds, 50 single and 25 double, under the National Gun Association rules.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., May 18.—The East Hill Gun Club organized April 29, and elected the following officers: President, Z. Stamm; Vice-President, S. H. Brown; Secretary, John Hutchinson; Corresponding Secretary, Z. Stamm; Treasurer, W. Curtin; Trustees, Z. Stamm, E. R. Curtin, John Fay. Saturday of each week the members practice shooting; regular monthly shoot the last Saturday of each month.

NEWARK, N. J., May 12.—The Nimrod Club held its first glass-ball match on Saturday, May 2. Members shot at 10 balls each for the club medal, which was won by W. J. Beatty, who broke 9 out of 10 balls. May 9 the club held its first rifle match this season for the club medal, 100yds., 10 shots each, Creedmoor target. On account of wind the scores were below the average. O. E. Bedford won, scoring 40 out of a possible 50. The club has a very pleasant room at No. 46 Bloomfield avenue, with rifle range of 70ft. The members are some 40. The officers are: Lewis Bush, President; S. A. Goldsmith, Vice-President; C. R. Brown, Secretary; W. J. Beatty, Financial Secretary; O. E. Bedford, Treasurer.

THE NIAGARA FALLS SHOOTING CLUB has elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Hiram E. Griffith; Vice-President, Geo. H. Salt; Secretary, Wm. Pool; Treasurer, John S. Pierce. Board of Direction—John Tierney, Andrew Murray, Antoine Biron, Henry C. Howard, Charles L. Krull. The following were chosen to attend the State Sportsmen's Association: Delegates—H. E. Griffith, Wm. Pool, J. S. Pierce, H. C. Howard and E. H. Smith. Alternates—S. T. Murray, G. H. Salt, H. F. Pierce, James Bampfield, H. Nielson.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May 23—Quaker City Y. C., Opening Cruise and Review.
May 25—N. J. Y. C., Match—Catamarans.
May 25—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—Atlantic Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—New Jersey Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—Oswego Y. C., Opening Cruise and Pennant Matches.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Day.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
May 31—Harlem Y. C., First Regatta.
June 1—Williamsburg Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 6—Larchmont Y. C., Spring Pennant Regatta.
June 6—Quincy Y. C., First Club Race.
June 8—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Spring Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 16—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Quincy Y. C., Review.
June 17—East River Y. C., Annual Regatta,
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 18—New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—South Boston Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 21—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3 13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.

THE CARE OF SAILS.

WE have many inquiries for a receipt for removing mildew from sails, but with the exception of the following, which is only a partial remedy in extreme cases, we know of none which we can recommend as being safe to use. Strong solutions of chlorine or other bleaching agents will rot the sails and are to be avoided. A sail may be cleaned by scrubbing with fresh water and brown soap, and after rinsing it is sprinkled with whiting wherever mildew is visible. The whiting is left on the sail until it is dry, when it is brushed off. We published some two years since a receipt for liming sails in order to clean and preserve them, as follows: One barrel of salt water, 3 pounds chloride of lime, 3 pounds of soda ash, 2 pounds of whiting, 2 quarts of salt. The sail is laid on a clean floor or beach and the mixture thrown on and well scrubbed in with brooms. The sail is then thoroughly washed with clean salt or fresh water to remove all injurious substances, and is turned over and the other side cleaned in a similar manner. It is then left on the sand until dry. When once thoroughly mildewed, canvas cannot be restored and the only safeguard is continual care, airing sails thoroughly, especially when new, and never furling them tightly and leaving them to dry when wet.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

THE second annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held on May 9 at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto, Mr. John Leys, the president of the Association, being in the chair. The delegates present were: Oswego Y. C., Com. J. T. Mott, Messrs. J. McMurrish and Higgins; Royal Canadian Y. C., Com. John Leys, Messrs. Beverly Jones and Robert Cochran; Bay of Quinte Y. C., Com. R. M. Roy and Mr. W. H. Biggar; Toronto Y. C., Com. McGaw, Messrs. Geo. E. Evans and Wm. Dickson. A letter from Major Fairclough of the Kingston Y. C., stating that the club wished to join the Association and would hold a regatta under its rules at some date not yet decided on. The secretary also read letters from the commodore and secretary of the Cleveland Y. C. inviting the Association to the meet at Ballast Island, and also a letter from the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of lake yachting.

After a discussion it was decided not to send delegates to the Erie meet this year, but to devote the efforts to the thorough organization of the yachting of Lake Ontario. Some amendments were next made in the sailing rules and the secretary was instructed to have a new book printed. The following fixtures were decided on: Toronto July 30, with a cruise to Niagara and a hop at the Queen's Royal hotel on August 1. Oswego, August 4; Kingston, August 7, and Belleville, August 12.

After a vote of thanks to the secretary for his labors in behalf of the Association, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. John I. Mott; First Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Biggar; Second Vice-President, Mr. McGaw; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George E. Evans (re elected), after which an entertainment was served at the Queen's Hotel. Though invitations have been sent, both this year and last, to the Lake Erie clubs, they have shown no interest in the Association and have made no response, so that for a time at least, it is confined entirely to Lake Ontario.

THE SAIL AREA RULE AND FIXED BALLAST.

ABOUT a year since the Knickerbocker Y. C. of New York, resolved to try the new sail area and length rule in place of the length rule then in use by them; and after a thorough discussion of the subject, the rule was adopted. Though tried for one season only, it has thus far worked very well, the club having a number of cabin boats of various types, some of which would be shut out by a mean length or similar rule; but on the other hand, there are a number of open boats, of 23ft. and under, with large rigs, whose owners are opposed to the present rule. These latter have organized a strong opposition to it, and resolved to secure its abandonment in favor of some form of length rule more favorable to their special type of boat, and at the last meeting a resolution to change the rule was introduced; somewhat to the surprise of its friends it was badly defeated, a very large majority voting for the retention of the present rule. We can congratulate the club heartily in having sufficient foresight to enable them to look ahead and to stand by a rule that will aid their growth and prosperity, rather than to succumbing to the efforts of a few and going backward to a rule that would hinder and seriously injure the late rapid growth of the club fleet.

The whole drift of small yachting to-day is in the direction so long pointed out by the FOREST AND STREAM, toward safe and able cruising boats and to the extinction of the sandbagger; and the length and sail area rule is a most important factor in the encouragement of the former type. Already the club list includes a number of cutters and keel sloops, and not only are other new ones being constantly added, but the old boats of the club are adding outside ballast, cutter rig, and conforming to the new fashion. Whatever the difference in point of mere speed may ultimately prove to be when the keel fleet, now scarcely more than in its infancy, has reached a similar stage of development as the shoal draft contingent, no unprejudiced yachtsman can deny the many advantages enjoyed by the former on all points save that of merely floating in shoal water and being easily beached. Safety, comfort, ability, accommodation, are all on the side of the keel boat, and we may safely add speed also as at least equal. These are the boats directly encouraged by the length and sail area rule; and those who voted for it voted directly for them and their advantages.

It would be too much for any club to say that any certain class of boat should be extinguished and to legislate them out of existence; and the open boat sailors have, of course, rights of their own, but it is not only within the power, but it is the duty of every club and association to consider in what direction their best interests lie, what policy will most conduce to the future benefit of the club, and to act on the conclusions derived from such deliberation. In any case, it is likely that there will be some special craft that will suffer under any rule that may be chosen (of old the various length rules have practically excluded anything but wide and shoal boats without counters from our courses), but the unchanging law of the survival of the fittest must prevail, and the fairest rule possible being enforced, boats must adapt themselves to it or disappear. Should local circumstances, shoal water, landlocked lakes, etc., demand a certain peculiar type of boat, as happens on some of our shallow bays and on Lake Winderemere in England, the policy of the club would be to encourage, by suitable rules, the building of such boats, perhaps to the exclusion of really better craft, but no such considerations exist in the case of the Knickerbocker Y. C. The keel fleet, even in its present crude state, has proved itself well adapted to their wants, and with the same skill and ingenuity directed to keel boats as has in the past been expended on the sandbagger, we may count certainly on a boat that will be speedy, in addition to its other recognized advantages. The day of the sandbagger has passed away in New York waters, depth and fixed ballast have their recognized place, whether other considerations dictate a keel or board. The little yacht of moderate beam and considerable depth, is a fixed fact, virtually accepted by all; and the secondary questions of relative beam and length, depth, ballast, etc., may be left to experience and actual trial to settle.

In this connection we are glad to notice that the Brooklyn Y. C., on their reappearance on the harbor, have decided in favor of fixed ballast, limited crews, and amateur sailors, and have shaped their policy for the encouragement of the smaller boats. While still adhering to a length rule, they have been wise enough to recognize the demand, both of to-day and of the future, for small tonnage and Corinthian principles, and we hope some day to record them as following the example of the Knickerbocker Y. C. in the adoption of the same rule. The fields open to these two clubs are certainly large ones. With a good anchorage at Port Morris, good water in the Sound, and near to upper New York, the Knickerbocker club have every facility for a healthy and rapid growth, and with similar advantages in respect to Brooklyn, lower New York, and the harbor, the Brooklyn club are as well off in their location and may hope for equal prosperity.

CRUISE OF THE IOLANTHE.

HAVING been in port some time from a cruise to the Chemoix or Snow Islands in Lake Huron, that restlessness of one fond of cruising again got hold of me; so inviting a couple of friends whom I shall call Jim and Frank, we decided on a look at Grand Traverse Bay. Neither of them being yachtsmen, we took aboard a heavy-weight English "man-o'-war's-man" named Luke, who proved more of an adept heaving biscuits at meal time than as crew of a 5-ton cutter. Laying in a good stock of canned provisions, ice and bottled Milwaukee, the tail end of a three days' blow last August found our noble little ship climbing the big combers of Grand Traverse Bay, headed for Old Mission Point, distant about 35 miles. Starting about 3 P. M., we were anxious to make the Point before dark, because of the dangerous shoals thereabout. The wind being on our starboard beam, we gave her all lower sails and jammed her into the seas at a rate which would have been at least unpleasant to any boat but a well-built cutter. But therein lie the pleasures of cutter sailing. The absence of noundering beam, the ability by reason of a narrow, deep and heavy body to cleave the waves asunder and stick to the course as dictated by the tiller, instead of making a foot of leeway for every two of headway, to say nothing of the confidence such stability infuses into amateur yachtsmen like those aboard the Iolanthe.

Holding our course until well into the bay we squared away before the wind, up went the big spinnaker, and with main and topmast backstays set, fairly flew from one big wave to another. Everything in shipshape, the skipper then detailed the crew to their respective duties. Frank, being handy with the frying pan, was commissioned chief of the forecastle; Jim, a connoisseur with the corkscrew, had charge of the ice locker; while that relic of the English navy was assigned to various duties. The wind holding steady we concluded to set small topsail which was set flying without yard and works well before the wind. 6 P. M. found us abreast of the point, and at 6:50 we were off Old Mission resort. Jim got out his shotgun and as the anchor found the bottom fired both barrels in place of the cannon we didn't have. The gun had some Kankakee duck loads in and as a consequence he had to resign the corkscrew championship. Hardly had the sails been furled and things slicked, ere we had visitors; two gentlemen from shore. Wishing to be hospitable Jim was doing the corkscrew act in the cabin, when they introduced themselves as the Rev. —— of Chicago, and Rev. Dr. ——, of Minnesota; he tried to stop the pop, but alas, too late. But imagine his pleasure on hearing the reverend gentlemen remark it sounded good. That settled it and the beer too. A day pleasantly passed and we weighed anchor and started for Traverse City, distant about 40 miles. Again a fair wind favored us, and after spending a few hours there pleasantly we headed for New Mission Point. There we found some Cincinnati people erecting a fine summer hotel. The harbor is very fine, characteristic of the bay harbors. In making our way out we encountered some heavy swells. Frank was making apple sauce on the oil stove by a combination of props and other adjustments for keeping a big pan on a little stove top. He had given me instructions to notify him when we put about, but having a poor memory I shoved her about without the timely warning, and such a clatter of tinware and disconnected sentences as issued from the forecastle as he tried to catch the apple sauce in his hands was never heard before.

We laid our course for Charlevoix, bearing N.N.E. 40 miles, and had a little contest with a lumber schooner in sailing by the wind, at which we soon showed our superiority, for these lake craft are mostly shallow centerboard boats which make more leeway than headway in a sea. It is curious to listen to these lake sailors comment on a cutter—a type of boat they are entirely ignorant about, both as regards construction and sailing, as well as ability—the general verdict being, "She's got too much ballast." But a number in the Traverse region know of a certain little 28ft. boat which has given them to go often be relished. Night coming on and the wind going down found us about 10 miles from land, pitching in a head sea, which soon had its effects on the new hands and made more room at the mess table for the skipper. The table being suspended from the cabin top and bunkers used as seats, it made in a sea a kind of "catch as catch can" business of it, and a hand was as likely to come in contact with a bean can as the teacup. Supper over and the cockpit cushions laid out, we stretched ourselves on them; the long-stemmed pipe in good working order soon made us forget the fitful wind and uncomfortable pitching. Relieving each other during the night the morning found us off Charlevoix, when the fresh breeze of the morning soon carried us in.

I hope to attend the Put-in-Bay meet next July and would like to cruise down with other Lake Michigan or Huron yachts which might be going to attend, just for company's sake. Any reading this and wishing to join us may address as below. G. H. WINANS.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., May 11.

THE YAWL FREDA ON THE LAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have been putting in a lazy morning, but very enjoyable one, with a pipe and lot of back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, which I had not had time to digest before. Notably I enjoyed the discussion between Mr. Kunhardt and his opponents, heavy vs. light displacement, and I remembered that I had promised to send you an account of the performances of the Freda, whose lines I sent him over a year ago, and whose points he was kind enough to discuss at length in two letters to me. Well, he was nearly right on every point. Freda did not turn out very fast, she was too much of a medium for that, and she was a little bit tender, which failing I expect to correct in her this season by putting more and heavier ballast inside, lead or iron instead of stone; but for her purpose, as a knock-about, handy cruising boat to be lived in comfortably, she was, for her size, almost perfection, and as a sea boat I never sailed her equal. Her dimensions are 30ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 6ft. beam and 4½ft. draft, with a good deal of Mamie's cross-section; her displacement is about 4 tons, and her sail plan a schooner yawl, with mizzen out of the cabin and cockpit and well out of the way, but not sufficiently far aft to render an outrigger necessary, the sheet working on a traveler on the taff rail, and the whole sail readily accessible without danger of being pitched overboard. With jib and mizzen she handled beautifully, and after having tried almost every fore and aft rig under the sun I consider this the handiest I have seen.

Let me narrate one little episode in her career last summer. Weighed and stood out of one of the harbors of Lake Superior about dusk of a gloomy and threatening evening, with a light breeze, which failed altogether on reaching the open, and left us wallowing in a high, lazy swell. Getting tired of this and sleepy, we paddled and drifted into a little cove and let go, all turning in, 7 A. M.—Boat straining at the cable and a fierce nor'easter blowing straight into the cove, whose horns were only a few feet apart and to windward of our anchor; no room to work in, too deep to pole, and we must, if possible, get to our destination at once. Mizzen was hoisted, and jib run out to bowsprit end and sheet made fast; two hands at the cable brought it in hand over hand, and with the slight headway thus given she obeyed her helm and canted off toward the shorter horn of the cove. Directly mizzen drew, jib went up like a shot, and without any hesitating, paying off, so backing up she walked out of that cove with the steady, unwavering motion that only weight and depth can give, and the skipper went a mighty sigh of relief as he cleared the point by a few inches and the first comber outside sent a little drizzle of spray over the weather bulwarks. Will some of your skimming-dish men inform me where a sloop would have been had she tried such an experiment with a centerboard drawing at least two feet more than we were and three reefs in the mainsail. The draft of a centerboard at anchor is her draft with board up and is light enough for anything, but if you want to beat through a shallow channel, the cutter has the least draft, especially when she heels over.

Another point in which my boat excels is in beating into the narrow fiords of this wild northern coast of Superior against the furious gusts which so often tear out of them in constantly varying directions. With great care and a watchful hand at the helm, and another at the foresheet, we got in, time and again, with the light drafts, for the water was always smooth; but it was slow, anxious work, and we never attempted it except in daylight. With the Freda it was merely a little exciting, nothing more, and we watched her rail and a foot of her deck disappear with the most perfect complacency, and the dead certainty of her coming up smiling again a second or two afterward; and when the puff had passed and a dead calm succeeded, how she would head reach and get comfortably round on the other tack with ample steerage way still on before the next one struck her. I have said she was not particularly fast; she has never been tried much alongside of other boats, but for a 4½ tonner she made one or two remarkable runs, when hard pressed—on one occasion, 5 miles in 31 minutes with an off shore gale, and on another, between 80 and 90 miles in 13 hours, part of the time closehauled under mainsail alone, and a short choppy sea. Freda has beam enough even for room inside. Her great fault is, as it is Mamie's, that her bilge is too high, and her narrow keel does not allow her to place her ballast without reducing headroom in cabin. A shorter boat with the same beam carried lower down to give same displacement, would no doubt be more roomy. I doubt much if she would be as quiet and easy in the short, high head seas she had so often to tussle with, or so fast in running down wind. As to buoyancy and dryness, I have never seen her ship a sea and never expect to, though I hope to sail her more and further than I have yet done. H. K. M.

OTTAWA, May 8, 1885.

THE NICE REGATTA.

THE annual regatta was held at Nice this year on April 7, 8 and 9, French, English and Italian vessels taking part, but no American yachts being present. The usual winter fleet of cruisers was present as spectators, the only English yachts entering being the Sleuthhound, cutter, 40 tons, Cythera, yawl, 317 tons, Atalanta, yawl, 84 tons, and Zingara, steam yacht, 542 tons. Sleuthhound is a modern lead mine similar to Annasona, whose return home after starting for the Mediterranean a year since gave grounds here for some unfavorable comments on the seagoing powers of modern cutters. Sleuthhound, a boat of the same type, this year made the same trip, and has besides proved successful in the races. Cythera is the yawl which we mentioned some time since as bound for America. She will probably go from Nice to Canada and visit us this summer. The first day of the races was calm, with a violent squall which caught many of the yachts with their kites aloft, compelling them to withdraw.

The first race was for the Grand Prize of Nice, open to any rig of 30 tons or over: 1st prize, 4,000 francs and gold medal; 2d prize, 2,000 francs and silver medal, with 1,000 francs for the first yacht of French construction. The course was triangular, three rounds, a total distance of 25 miles. The starters were Sleuthhound, Cythera, Mageli and Atalanta. The first was the only one to complete the course, her time being 5h. 58m. The second race was for yachts of 5 to 15 tons, for the Baie des Anges prize, the entries being: Phare, 8 tons; Amit, 5 tons, a boat 36ft. ×5ft. 9in., with large lead keel; Mascotte, 10; Paul et Leon; Flamberge, 9; Myosotis, 5; Bondinella, 13, and Mandolin. The squall struck the fleet, carrying away the mast of the leading yacht, Phare, the deep draft Amit going on easily and winning first prize, with Mascotte, Bondinelle and Flamberge in order for the other three prizes.

Nine yachts started for the prize of the Maritime Alps, 2 to 5 tons, Papillon, Louise, Union, Sirena, Nike, Goeland, Adreina, Lei and Gerfaut. The winners were Sirena, Louise and Gerfout. Of the thirteen starters for the prize of the Littoral, only four finished the first round, and one, the Petcheli, went over the entire course. On the second day, Wednesday, the steam yacht races were held. The yachts were in two classes, 30 tons and over, and under 30 tons. In the first class were the Zingara, 542 tons, Sir D. Currie; Eros, 357 tons, Baron A. de Rothschild; Korrigan, 90 tons, Count de Montaiqu; and Gabrielle, Mr. Sieber. Korrigan won, Zingara not starting. In the small class but two yachts entered, Eclair, Mr. Verany, and Rollo, Mr. Blount, the former winning.

On Thursday the Prize of Honor was sailed for, besides four prizes offered by the Yacht Club of France for French yachts. Eighteen yachts started, both races being sailed together. The wind was southerly and light, though during the race there was enough of it to take out Sleuthhound's topmast. A number of the yachts withdrew, the Sleuthhound finally coming in first, winning the first Prize of Honor, with Rigoletto second, Henriette third and Miss Mary fourth. The Yacht Club of France prizes went to Rigoletto, Henriette, Miss Mary and Ville de Marseilles. Henriette also took the prize of 1,000 francs for the first yacht of French construction, though on what grounds it is difficult to understand, as she was built by Camper & Nicholson, of Gosport, England, from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dates of the fixtures of the Quaker City Y. C. are: Opening review and harbor cruise, May 23. Annual spring regatta, June 8. Review and harbor cruise, June 21. Corinthian cruise and regatta, July 3, 4 and 5. Review and harbor cruise, Aug. 2. Annual cruise in Chesapeake and Delaware bays, Aug. 15 to 30. Review and cup races, Sept. 13. Closing review and cruise, Sept. 17. Mr. Arthur Colburn, of this city, was elected a member of the club, and his yacht, Venizia, was enrolled in the fleet. She was formerly the Henry Butler, of Providence, R. I., and is a centerboard sloop, length over all, 54ft. 3in.; load water line, 50ft. 3in.; beam extreme, 18ft. 4in.; depth, 5ft. 7½in. Her internal arrangements have been altered to suit the owner's ideas, her long cabin giving ample room for modern fixtures. The finish is very handsome, and in good taste. One is surprised on going below deck to see how space has been utilized without conflicting with the harmonious make up. She is furnished with a cuddy forward, the major part box reaching well aft, and blending with the middship section about ¼ of the length from the stern. She is stylish, head well up, sheer line graceful and easy, save in the after body, quarters full, and transom low. The sudden rounding of the lines gives her a cut-off appearance. She will probably be lengthened aft above water. The Sunbeam, in the same class, was launched on the 14th, having undergone a thorough rejuvenation, and iron bolted to keel. Minerva, same class, sprung her mast on trial trip, and a new one, a trifle longer, has been stepped. She has new sails throughout, and I hope she will not fail to sustain the old reputation. The M. S. Thomas, third class, has been fitted with new sails, somewhat larger than the old, and on her trial trip behaved admirably. The Naima, of Trenton, same class, beaten by the Thomas by eight seconds over the thirty-mile course, has been lengthened aft above water and now approaches the Thomas's length on deck; both boats are in fighting trim. The Consort, the only yacht in the squadron, I am sorry to say, handled by the owners, is in good form and is likely to have a walk-over in her class (second). The Nepenthe, first class, will join the club as soon as the new rules of measurement become a law. She is seagoing and is also navigated by her owners. Rocking chairs on deck when underway are not suggestive of sailormen. James Collins has just finished two open yachts for your correspondent; they are deeper with less beam, and will carry more dead weight than former productions. They are big, deadrise to the half floor and are built for rough water. —R. G. W.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—After being absent from the water for half a dozen years the Brooklyn Y. C. will make its appearance this season under new auspices. A club house and anchorage has been secured at Grassy Bay, and the club will be headquarters in addition to the promotion of the interests of the smaller boats. On June 11 the first regatta will be sailed, the classification being as follows: A, catboats less than 20ft.; B, catboats 20ft. and longer; C, open sloops less than 25ft.; D, open sloops 25ft. and over: C1, cabin sloops under 25ft., C2, cabin sloops 25 to 30ft.; C3, cabin sloops 30 to 35ft.; C4, cabin sloops 35 to 45ft. The sailing length includes waterline length plus ¼ of overhang, the Herreshoff tables being used in computing time. Shifting ballast is forbidden, and only one man for every five feet of deck length is allowed, professionals being excluded. On Decoration Day the club will open their season with a sail on the Lower Bay. The officers for 1885 are: Commodore, Franklin Beames; Vice-Commodore, J. B. Trilokin; Rear Commodore, C. H. Oliver; President, S. M. Whitesell; Secretary, Wm. M. Moorehouse; Treasurer, Thomas R. Brown; Regatta Committee, John M. Sawyer, W. S. Livermore and T. M. Breckenbridge. New York certainly is suffering from no dearth of yacht clubs, large and small, but if the Brooklyn Y. C. follow out their present programme they may find a place of their own and gather a large fleet of small boats under their flag. Of the large clubs the interests of the Atlantic Y. C. lie mainly in the larger boats, and though their location is convenient for Brooklyn men, the club offers few inducements to the handlers of small craft. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. have always been active in the encouragement of the smaller yachts, but without marked success of late years, and the larger boats are the most important. The New Jersey and Jersey City clubs provide for the Corinthian, but they are far from Brooklyn and even from some parts of New York city, and with disadvantages in the way of anchorages or courses. As long as the interests of the smaller yachts and of amateur sailors are kept in view, without any efforts to attract the big yachts to the ultimate exclusion of the little fellows, or to compete with their neighbors at Bay Ridge or Tompkinsville, the Brooklyn Y. C. can hope for a full share of prosperity and we wish them all success in their new effort.

SOUTH CAROLINA Y. C.—This club have lately added three new yachts by McGiehan, of Pamrapo, to their fleet. One 16ft. 2in. long, for Mr. H. M. Bowden; one 16ft., for Mr. John Watkinson, Jr., and one of 19ft. 9in., for Com. Pembroke Jones. The annual regatta will be sailed on July 4 over an eight-mile course on Wright's Sound. The Charleston and Savannah clubs have been invited to enter also in a sail on the Cape Fear River next month. The club allow only ama-

teur sailors in their races. The following officers were lately elected: Commodore, Pembroke Jones; Fleet Captain, Norwood Giles; Flag Captain, W. L. Smith; Purser, M. G. Willard; Governing Board, H. M. Bowden, W. L. Paisley, G. H. Smith; Marshal, H. McL. Green.

SHORT BRANCH BOAT CLUB.—A race was sailed on Saturday, May 16, from Frank Bates's to buoy 17, off Robbins Reef, thence to buoy 18 and home, two rounds, making 10 miles. Six boats, all cat-rigged, started as follows: Little Saunders, J. McMahon, 11:15 A. M.; Dore, A. Turner, 11:15:20; O. K., Wm. Traine, 11:16:10; Mary M., Jas. Merriman, 11:17; Josie, W. Dixon, 11:17:10; Annie B., C. Van Buskirk, 11:17:20. The wind was fresh from southeast, and soon pushed Mary M. into first place before buoy 17 was turned, which position she held all the distance, winning by 40 seconds in 2h. 18min. 56sec. Dore was second, Little Saunders third and Annie B. fourth.

SMALL BOATS AT WINTHROP.—On Saturday, May 16, the first race of the season for catboats under 17ft., was sailed over a triangular course, from Hutchins's pier, thence around the middle ground buoy, Jeffries Point buoy, and back to the start, a distance of 7½ miles. Six boats entered, mostly new ones built this winter. Their names were Mischief, D. Belcher; Cadet, Dunham & Belcher; Dot, S. A. Freeman; Flirt, J. A. Hildreth; Edith, Henry Turner; Thera, H. Hutchinson. Mischief, 16ft. 2in. long, designed and built by her owner, won the race in 1 hour 36 minutes, being 28 seconds ahead of Cadet. Another race will be sailed shortly.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The following programme for the season has been arranged by the club: Pennant regattas, June 6 and Sept. 5; annual regatta, July 4. The club is in a prosperous condition with a large membership and fleet, and good entries are promised in all the races. The small keel cabin class will be well represented this year by the Aneto, yawl; Gannet, sloop; the former Mignonette, now Nora, and a fourth boat, all of similar size and fairly matched, all being cruisers, but they will take part in the races and make good sport in their class.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The opening day of the season will be on May 30, when the members and guests will assemble at the club house at the foot of Jersey avenue at 9 A. M. The signal to sail will be given at 10 A. M. from the flagship. The rendezvous will be in Gravesend Bay.

A PILOT BOAT AND A WHALE.—On May 12, when cruising off Nantucket, the pilot boat Alex. M. Lawrence, No. 4, ran violently into a whale, throwing the boat on her beam ends, but doing no serious injury to her. How the whale fared is not stated.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GENESTA.—The Canton Paint and Oil Co., whose advertisement appears in another column, are sending out handsome little photographs of Genesta to all who write for them.

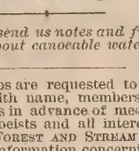
Canoeing.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, traps, and information concerning their local waters. Drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

May 23—K. C. C. Spring Regatta.
May 29, 30—Pittsburgh C. C., Camp on Monongahela.
May 29, 30—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
June 24—Vesper Boat Club, Annual Regatta.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.

THE regatta committee thank the undermentioned members and friends for kind promises of prizes received since the last acknowledgment:

Mr. S. C. Titus, Deseronto C. C., one flag.
Miss Mary Burnet, Peterboro, one flag.
Miss Sophie Burnet, Peterboro, one flag.
Mr. S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla., one flag for cruising rig race instead of for longest independent cruise as previously announced.
Mrs. E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, one flag.
Mrs. R. B. Lundy, Peterboro, one flag.
Miss Hall, Peterboro, one flag.

Thirty-one flags are now promised; forty-five are required.

Offers of special prizes are received from Mr. Hugh Neilson, a pin, and Mr. John Clindinning, Toronto, spoon-blade paddle.

Special prizes will be considered and races arranged (according to the suggestions of the donors) by the committee at the meet.

MAY 18, 1885. ROBERT W. GIBSON, Chairman Reg. Com.

PADDLES AND ROCKERED KEELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your canoeing columns I notice that there is still a difference of opinion as to which is best and most powerful, the single or double paddle. I have used both, and think I can say I am unprejudiced, though the use of the single paddle has become to me, after years of constant use, as natural as the use of a knife and fork at table or my legs in walking. I think "Single or Blade" puts this side of the question very well; but I can't quite go as far as he does, for paddling end on and generally straight ahead, the double blade is more powerful. I think simply that there is none of the stroke lost in shifting behind as a rudder to correct the deflection of the canoe's head, and it is especially more effective in such canoes as are coming into general use, taking a crew of one in the center or near it, and with a straight keel. But I quite agree with "Single Blade" that no one who has wielded the double, and has only cruised in such boats, can have the slightest idea of how one of our rockered-bottomed keelless canoes, such for instance as the Ontario Company are building in such numbers, can be maneuvered by a skillful hand, kneeling a little aft of the center, with a single-bladed paddle. She can be made to waltz, go sideways, backward, forward or diagonally without shifting sides, or even, if necessary, without lifting the paddle from the water.

No one who has run rapids only in the way I see so often described in the logs you publish, with a hard bump and a scrape almost as a matter of course, can have the slightest idea of the perfection to which the art is brought in the backwoods of Canada, or of the wild waters these craft are every day brought through without danger to vessel or crew. A scratch on the smooth varnished bottom is frowned at. A bump or break needs the most elaborate explanation, and an upset is a disgrace, pardonable only among young and green hands. But to have perfect control of himself and his vessel, the canoeist must of necessity kneel, and here with many is the rub, this being a position which is only comfortable after long practice. The Esquimau wants to be able to paddle through rough seas and open water. He sits low in his craft and in the center, and uses the double paddle and a decked canoe. The North American Indian cruises through narrow streams and swift, difficult water. He generally builds a canoe with considerable sheer, always with a rockered bottom, and without the slightest approach to a keel, and although I have seen them use oars in rapids, I have never once seen the double paddle. This, I think, shows that centuries of experience have enabled these people to come to precisely the same conclusion as myself.

A word more on this subject of rockered keels. Why is it that every one of the otherwise beautiful boats which are built in the States and which you sometimes illustrate—Snake, Dot, Stella Maris, Sunbeam—have always a straight keel, or at least keelson? They are little, if any easier to build, as I know from personal experience. They are very much harder to turn; are heavier in proportion to their floating capacity, and the little that is saved in draft by carrying the V frames at bow and stern down to a point instead of rounding off is not appreciable. Is it to give a deep rudder a protection? A skeleton frame would do that, or is it to prevent their wobbling under the alternate strokes of the double paddle? The Esquimau does not seem to find this sufficient reason, for he does rocker his keel. It gives them more lateral resistance for sailing, but in larger sailing craft your columns prove that this is generally effected by carrying the keel down amidships and rounding up the ends. If any, the light draft is what is aimed at, but I am certain this is only apparent in most cases.

A canoe in river work generally grounds in going over sharp, steep pitches, the bow and center get over and the former becomes immersed in the level water below and immediately rises, bringing down the stern with a crash on the crest of the obstruction making the fall. If the water is so shallow as not to allow the stern to go down sufficiently, the bow sometimes finds bottom as well and the canoe remains supported by both ends, and in all probability turns over and dumps its crew. This operation I have seen described and pictured more than once. To sum up, the finest sea boats in the world have plenty of sheer and rockered keels. The best and most weatherly sailing craft go in for the same thing, and the boats which have been for centuries considered best in rapid waters are all cambered (I am speaking of small boats). The only small craft which have been long studied and which still stick to straight keels are the row-boats built for going with tolerable directness and as speedily as possible in smooth water, and very few canoes are built for that purpose. H. K. M.

OTTAWA, Canada, May 8.

[Many of the earlier decked canoes were built with a decided rocker and we know of no reason for the abandonment of the custom, as the canoe is better for it. We should prefer a rocker at least 2in. in 5ft., as shown in the design of a cruising canoe published last November in the FOREST AND STREAM, as the boat turns much more easily and yet will paddle a straight course.]

THE NEWBURGH MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly mention in your next issue that clubs and individuals intending to participate in the Decoration Day meet at Plum Point, will confer a favor, as well as facilitate matters with our committee, if they will notify of their intention, together with a memoranda of the probable number of men and canoes, what tent space is needed, and their expected time of arrival, and by what route. The Mohicans, of Albany; Shatemucs, of Sing Sing; and the Brooklyn club have already handed in their "notice," and we are waiting now to hear the voices of New York, Kit Kat, Knickerbocker, Bayonne, Rondout, Amsterdam, and other knights of the paddle. I would also add that if either clubs or individuals desire to contribute prizes of any kind, notification of the fact will be appreciated by the committee. Address as regarding these matters as below.

HENRY A. HARRISON,
Purser Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association,
Lock box 512, Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, May 16, 1885.

OUTFITS FOR CAMPING AND EXPLORING.

WE extract from a valuable paper on the subject of exploration and outfits, by Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding, published the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, some directions which are of special value to canoeists as well as to all campers. Though some of the suggestions do not apply to travel by water, they are of sufficient value to warrant their reproduction, as they may be of value to the other readers of FOREST AND STREAM:

Stores.—These must be sub-divided under the headings of (*a*), provisions for the mouth; (*b*), materials for obtaining food, or for offense and defense; (*c*), materials for facilitating the locomotion.

In the choice of provisions, care must be taken to select such articles as are wholesome, nourishing, small in bulk and not liable to deteriorate by keeping. There must also be variety, so as to promote health, and a proper proportion of such articles of consumption as would diminish the risk of scurvy. Of meat the best sort is preserved meat in tins. There is very little to choose between that preserved in Australia and that preserved in America, north and south. The tins should not be too large, and they should be rectangular and not cylindrical in shape. Essence of beef (Brand's or Liebig's, in tins or in skins) is a most valuable form of meat. Flour and oatmeal should be packed in block tin boxes of various sizes, containing from 1lb. to 4lbs. each. Sugar should be cane sugar, powdered and packed in ¼lb. rectangular canisters. Tea—the best for the purpose is Goundry's compressed tea, manufactured in tablets of ¼lb. in weight, and subdivided like chocolate tablets, into eight portions, one of which is ample for tea for three or four people. Being wrapped in lead paper, it stands any climate, and I have known it to keep good for five years. Salt should be kept in stone or thick glass jars, with screw or cork-lined stoppers. Lard should always be taken, and should be kept in stone jars, capable of being rendered air-tight. There is an excellent form of compressed and dried vegetable tablet manufactured in France; and there is also a preparation of dried potato, in powder. No expedition should be without these to keep off scurvy, that terrible scourge and bugbear of all explorers. Ginger, peppers, red and black, should be carried in thick glass pickle bottles, with air-tight glass stoppers, edged with cork. Brandy for medicinal purposes should be carried in small wooden kegs, covered with thick felt, and with a locked covering to their bungs. A provision of lime juice should be similarly carried in kegs of different sizes. There should be several spare kegs of the same description, kept constantly filled with fresh water. In addition to this provision of water, each animal should have a canvas water-bag slung by a strap round his neck. These bags keep the water cool, and each should have the neck of an old soda water bottle sewn into the orifice used for filling it; the vessel can thus be easily used, without detaching it from the animal carrying it. Water-bags on the same principle, only much larger, are made of well-seasoned leather, and are slung by straps and iron rings on to a pack saddle. At first the water has a nasty flavor; but the bags soon cease to affect the taste of the water, and are indispensable on long waterless marches in a hot climate.

While on the subject of water, it may, perhaps, not be out of place to impress upon you the necessity in observing the greatest care in the selection, and, generally speaking, the after treatment of water. As a general rule, the only water which can be drunk with safety, without fear of evil consequences, is that which springs directly out of the ground, from rocks, or which is obtained from a permanent running stream, the bed of which is not muddy, and on the banks of which there is not an exuberant vegetation. Even in the case of water issuing from rocks, care must be taken to avoid water issuing from copper or lead-bearing rocks. In these cases a small quantity of sulphuric acid would at once detect the presence of the mineral in dangerous quantities, as the water would become discolored.

In most countries subject to drought, the water requires special treatment; mechanical filters are not practicable, or even safe. I have come across it as thick as pea soup, and sometimes covered with a growth of green or red weeds. In such cases, the first operation is that of skimming with a skimmer made out of a forked stick, with a pocket handkerchief or other piece of linen stretched tightly between the forks. This done, scatter a pinch of powdered alum into the vessel in which you have collected the skimmed water; this will cause a great deal of the matter in suspension to precipitate. Then pour the water slowly into a filter filled with the charcoal of your last night's camp fire, mixed with any sand or fine gravel which may be obtainable, and which you have previously washed. It must then be boiled, and skimmed while simmering, and only when no more scum arises on the water is it really fit or safe to use. It is a good plan always to fill the kettle—or, still better, the cooking pot—with water the last thing at night, and put it at the edge of the camp fire to simmer (not to boil) and always to fill up the water kegs and bottles from what is left over from each morning's cooking. It is also a good rule never to drink plain cold water in the tropics. Each man should carry in his pocket half a handful of oatmeal, and put a pinch into his pannikin of water when he fills it for drinking.

I once traveled 1,400 miles across a portion of the center of Australia, and began my journey after a drought which had then lasted eighteen months, and which only broke up the day I reached the sea coast. It was only by the strict enforcement of these precautions that (under Providence) I never had a case of illness from fever or from dysentery. Personally I always carried in my pocket a few "thirst lozenges," which are, I believe, nothing except a compressed form of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.

Before closing the enumeration of the *provisions de bouche*, it is well to add a list of the medicines and surgical instruments necessary to every expedition. Rhubarb, essence of ginger, about 100 pills of colocynth and henbane, about double the quantity quinine pills, made up in small doses of three grains each, some opium pills, a couple of bottles of Dover's powders, four bottles of sweet spirits of nitre, about 100 pills of podophyllin in small doses, camphor and chlorodyne. Two lancets, two abscess knives, two catheters, two enemas, some surgical needles and some silver wire thread for sewing wounds, a silver probe and two pair of artery forceps, a syringe with various nozzles for various uses. Sticking plaster of various sorts, and some prepared lint and medicated wool, and some vaseline, carbolic acid and carbolic soap. All the medicines should be in glass-stoppered bottles, the stoppers having been lubricated with pure glycerine previous to insertion. The medicines, etc., should be divided into at least three portions, so that each wagon, or each detached party, should have a complete set of everything. There is no greater mistake than to have everything in one medicine chest. All boxes should be avoided, as in a very damp or a very dry climate boxes are apt to come to pieces with the rough handling that every package gets at the hands of those who often have to do the packing and unpacking of animals two or three times each day.

Clothing.—Take as little as possible when starting from England, as you can get most articles necessary for explorers at the place from which the wagons would make their start. Of personal attire, the following are those which I consider sufficient for most expeditions: Four shirts made of gray flannel, with two buttons on each wristband, to admit of them being worn loose or tight. Four long merino drawers, double seated and double down the inside of the thighs. Four pair of thick knitted woolen long stockings. Two cholera belts, one of knitted worsted, the other of flannel about a quarter of a yard wide and three yards in length, to be wound round the body or fastened with a safety brooch. Six silk pocket handkerchiefs (white) and of the thickest and best quality. They are useful sometimes when traveling in the very early morning, to serve as a curtain against the sun's rays, which often at that hour strike with great force on the nape or side of the neck under the hat. A Norfolk jacket of good woolen serge or light tweed, made double-breasted, so as to be worn either open with the lappels buttoned back, or buttoned across double over the chest and stomach. It should be made like a garment known by miners as a jumper, not cut in at the waist, but kept in at the waist by a belt. This belt should be made of two pieces of soft leather, about 2½in. wide, and stitched together at the edges so as to admit of dollars or other coins being kept in the belt and slipped in at either end, and prevented from falling out by a flap and button at each end.

If a sword has to be carried, it is best carried fastened on to the side of the cantle of the saddle by a round strap and button of leather. If a revolver has to be worn, it is best carried in a frog supported by a webbing belt over the right shoulder, which should be kept in its place by the waistbelt.

The best hats are of gray felt, of a helmet shape, with means for ventilation round the edge and at the top. They should be provided with a chin strap, to be worn when riding fast or against a strong wind. The best boots are those known as the Palisser boot. They reach nearly to the knee, and are laced up for about six inches from below the instep, so that the boot can be always easily got on and off while remaining watertight. I prefer those made of porpoise hide to any other, as they are lighter and more supple in wear.

Dogskin driving gloves should always be taken, as their use prevents sun boils, blisters and many sores arising from thorns, etc., on a journey. Breeches should be made very loose, except just below the knee, where they should be fastened with a buckle and strap, or tied with thongs of porpoise hide. A hunting whip with a hammer handle and a long brown leather lash is always useful, and is a necessity where there are many spare horses to be driven along with the party.

Camp Necessaries.—India rubber buckets, two to each wagon, should always be carried, to be used for watering the horses while in harness. Palkee hammocks, made of waterproofed canvas, are the best and most portable form of bedstead, and it is always unadvisable to sleep on the level of the ground. The blankets should be loosely sewn together round three sides so as to form bags. This plan saves many a sleepless night. Moreover, it keeps snakes from getting in between the blankets. A waterproof sheet, with eyes round the edges, is most useful, as when thrown over the ridge pole of the hammock it can be lashed to the sides of the hammock, and serve as a complete shelter even in the heaviest storms of rain and wind. A light folding chair, or if this be too large, a beach seat with a back, is a great luxury, and is almost a necessity in wet ground.

We have now to consider the selection of such materials as are necessary to procure supplies of fresh provisions to protect life. First and foremost are guns. These should be breechloaders of the simplest possible construction, and of 10 bore. Each gun should be provided with 20 steel cartridges. These are really indestructible and are very easily reloaded and recapped; and having a female screw turned for a distance of an inch inside the cartridge, there is no difficulty in making the wads to keep in position.

For ammunition, shot of all sizes should be taken, the larger slugs for use against man or large animals. Powder should be carried in two small copper magazines, each containing about 7lbs of powder in half-pound canisters, fitting into the outer cylindrical copper case. These canisters should have screw tops with leather washers to them. The canisters should always be kept full so long as there is any powder in them. When a canister cannot be filled with powder, it should be filled up with cotton, wool, rags, or even crumpled up soft paper. It must be remembered that any expedition is liable to be reduced to pack animals only, and then the attrition is so great that everything which can rub, soon gets rubbed to the finest dust.

When it is known that there are rivers or lakes, it is well worth while to take a casting net, or even a small seine net of strong tanned twine. A large provision of hooks and fishing lines of all sizes should always be taken, as they are not only useful in the obtaining of a change of diet, but are very valuable as an article of barter with natives.

For personal defense the best weapon is the largest sized Colt's revolver, with a stock which can be used at the shoulder, and is detachable. When on horseback it is best carried in a bucket, like our cavalry carry their carbines. A good one shoots with wonderful accuracy up to 100yds. A hunting knife, of a pattern of my own, I have found the best, as it is light, and yet strong enough to cut away a fairly large branch. The sheath is of bamboo, and there is room in it for a knife and fork of steel, flat, with wooden handles screwed on each side of the shaft. The blade of the hunting knife is made light by having two deep grooves cut out of the thickness near the center of the blade, so that, while the blade is made lighter, it is also thereby rendered much stiffer.

As a rule, from ten to fifteen miles may be considered an average march in a new country, in which there are no physical difficulties. I have, however, more than once, only been able to progress two miles in the day; while in order to reach water I once had to make, in three successive days, marches of forty-one, forty and forty-three miles. These were, however, made with pack animals, and without wagons. Before concluding this paper, it may be interesting to most of you to hear a few remarks on the manner in which exploration for water is generally conducted. Experience, and even common sense, tells us that in a hot or a dry climate, animals and birds are but very seldom found far from water towards sunset, and that at sunrise they generally leave the vicinity of water on their search after food. Observations as to the direction of the flight of birds, and especially of all the parrot tribe and the carrion birds, will generally lead to the discovery of water.

In almost every country there are some descriptions of shrubs and trees which will not grow except in the vicinity of water; and even where this water may not be obtainable on the surface, it can, under such conditions, be found by sinking in suitable spots in the beds of the streams where those shrubs or trees are found. I once traveled for three days down the bed of a river which was quite dry, and yet by sinking from six to ten feet in the bed, a sufficient supply was obtained. It seems to be a provision of nature that in very hot and dry countries the streams almost invariably run for considerable distances under ground. With a very rudimentary knowledge of geology, and by the observance of the natural signs of water peculiar to each country, travelers may, and do, often find water where an unobservant man might die of thirst.

"CANOE HANDLING."

THE literature of canoeing, both English and American, is already quite extensive, covering all phases of the sport, but it is inaccessible to the general canoeist, being scattered through many books, papers and magazines, and even if attainable, there is much that is useless as well as out of date, and that would mislead any but an expert. None of the books specially devoted to canoeing have answered that purpose, dealing either with some special feature, as building, or being mere accounts of cruises, and of little use to the novice, or in fact, to the more experienced canoeist. In "Woodcraft" and "Canoe Building," the Forest and Stream Publishing Company have given to canoeists two valuable aids in certain departments of canoeing, and to them they have just added, in "Canoe Handling," a book that will be as indispensable to the general canoeist, either old hand or novice, as the first two have already become to the specialists.

Those who have seen the skipper of the Dot unpack his canoe, and have examined the vast number of useful and fancy articles that he has contrived to carry in a very limited space, will not be surprised at the amount of really practical info mation that Mr. Vaux has compactly stowed between the covers of his book: information of equal value to the historian of canoeing, the novice, the paddler, the sailor, and to all who have any interest in boats propelled by paddles. The widely different meanings attached to the word canoe in various localities makes a definition or description of all canoes a very difficult matter, but the author has gone at once to the beginning, and after a few words descriptive of modern canoeing, what the sport is and for whom it is best fitted, he starts with the most primitive types, the Indian birch and the Esquimau kayak, showing the essential features of the canoe; and thence traces the development of the Rob Roy, the Nautilus and the many later models, making clear incidentally the differences of build and model so perplexing to the beginner, and also the many advantages of the canoe over

other boats. The complicated question of types and models is dealt with in a very simple and satisfactory manner, all canoes being placed under one of five classes according to the purpose for which they are used, paddling only, paddling and sailing, sailing only, etc.; a scheme at once easily understood and comprehensive enough to include all possible models or sizes, and avoiding the rapidly increasing complication that comes from the addition of new models. If canoeists and builders will henceforth follow the system, it will save a great deal of trouble and misunderstanding.

After making clear what a canoe is, and in what different forms it is found, the author takes as an example a representative sailing and paddling canoe, the class most in use by canoeists, and describes in detail every part, giving a technical definition as well as such a simple explanation as will be clear to the merest tyro in canoe handling or building, illustrating all with diagrams. In being once understood what a canoe is, the reader is introduced to the simplest form of the craft, the paddling canoe; he is shown the various parts and their uses, and is aided in selecting a canoe according to the purpose for which he intends to use her. Being provided with a suitable boat, he is shown how to handle her on shore, how to launch her, and is invited to step aboard, a paddle is placed in his hand, and in company with the Dot he starts on a trial trip. All the details of paddling are explained to him as they are met with; steering, passing vessels, landing, boarding the canoe from the water, the varieties of single and double paddles and their uses, and the accessories, such as seats and backboards. When familiar with this, a small sail is given to him, and as the boat runs before the wind its use and also the simpler points of sailing are explained and fully illustrated.

When it is once made plain what a sail really is, the question of rig is taken up, the different sails and their details are carefully described so as to teach each man to select the best for his special purpose, and when this is understood, the sheet is hauled in, the two canoes come on the wind, and the art of close-hauled sailing is fully explained. When once conversant with the main points of sailing the canoeist is introduced to such additions as are indispensable in a sailing canoe, rudder, foot gear, centerboard, etc., including a detailed description of the various reefing gears now so much in demand; after which, being fully equipped for sailing or racing, he is taken for a sail on rough water, to windward and all points, until he can hand, reef and steer, and do everything, as a sailor should, "shipshape and Bristol fashion."

Mr Vaux has probably had a longer experience than any other canoeist in initiating novices and in training them in the actual use of a canoe, and he has taken the same course on paper that has proved so successful afloat, going from the simpler points to the more intricate ones, making each clearly understood in its proper order. What he says is specially valuable to the younger canoeist, but there is also much that can be learned by those of greater experience, while all are sure to be deeply interested from the manner in which the subject is treated. The latter portion of the book will, however, be more valuable to the older canoeists and racing men, who have so often wondered why they had such a good view of the stern of the Dot in racing, as the author deals at length with paddling and sailing races, giving to all his long and valuable experience. In the appendix are given the rules of the American Canoe Association with the programme of the coming meet; a draft of a club constitution, house rules, and similar details of value to club members, or to those about to organize clubs.

Mr. Vaux's book marks an era in canoeing, as in place of much random advice and unreliable information that has long been showered on canoeists through various mediums, it gives to them in a thoroughly practical shape the information they demand, and although the author disclaims in the preface any intention of teaching a man to sail or paddle by mere reading, he has come as near to it as is possible, and deserves the thanks of all canoeists for the manner in which he has accomplished a difficult task. The illustrations throughout the work, which add greatly to the clearness of the description, are mostly by the author, and the entire book will add to his widely known reputation as the first among American canoeists.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. CANOE RACES.—The Jersey City Y. C. will offer a prize for canoes on the occasion of their regatta on June 25. Entries must be made by June 6. We are glad to see that our yachtsmen are recognizing and encouraging the hardy sailors of these small craft, as canoe sailing is a capital training school for young yachtsmen. The practical details of sailing and rigging are taken hold of by the wielders of the paddle in a real businesslike way that puts to shame some of the larger clubs. The canoeist follows the sport from pure love of it, and should he some day graduate into a larger craft, he is ready to work in earnest, and makes the most valuable kind of recruit that a yacht club can gain. The three clubs now about New York number some fine craft in their fleet, and we hope they will show an appreciation of the action of the J. C. Y. C., by turning out in full force on June 25. Entries should be made to the regatta committee, Messrs. Geo. Hawes, T. E. Burley and T. S. Metler, 94 Montgomery street, Jersey City.

PHILADELPHIA C. C.—The first spring review of the fleet was held on Saturday, May 9, on the Delaware, just beyond the club's quarters at Cooper's Point, Camden, N. J. Nine canoes followed Commodore Faulkner in the Whitecap from the slip to the appointed position. The paddlers, under command of Frank Thibault, canoe Imp, included Wm. Sharpe, canoe Crescent; Frederick Thibault, canoe Elf; T. D. Finletter, canoe Spurt; Geo. K. Fischer, canoe Iota. The sailing canoes were the Vic, C. H. Hagert; Sonyea, Vice-Commodore S. J. Creswell, Sr.; Midge, J. C. Harrison, and Lalage, Purser T. S. Wescott, in command. After proceeding a short distance, the canoes formed in single column and passed in a circle around the commodo e's canoe, saluting as they passed to port. Three sailing and four paddling canoes of the fleet were not launched on this occasion, not yet being ready for service. The commodore had been watching with his weather eye a dark cloud that was rapidly rising out of the west, and like the prudent mariner that he is, gave signal for return. The paddlers reached the house in good season, but the sailors, who had to beat down against wind and tide, caught the hurricane in mid stream, having kept every inch of canvas spread till the last moment. They were driven ashore under bare poles, reaching land in the condition known to the initiated as "fisherman's luck." The club now possesses two Rushton canoes, a Peterboro open, three Racines and nine or ten very well-made canvas boats, with sixteen active and ten associate members. Among this number we can muster ten A. C. A. members. A delegation of five or six may be expected at the Thousand Islands this summer.—WESTCOTT, Purser.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—A meeting was held on May 13, at which the committee on the site for the Eastern meet reported in favor of Winn's Bluff, on the east bank of the Merrimac, one and a half miles above Woodlawn, and the date was fixed for June 27. It was also decided to hold the annual regatta on June 24, with races for single and tandem canoes as well as rowing boats. Invitations will be sent to all New England canoeists to attend the meet on June 27.

HUB C. C.—This club held its annual meeting on May 6, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chas. F. Dodge, Captain; F. A. Walter, Mate and B. R. Clarke, Purser. The club is now one year old and numbers seventeen members with fourteen canoes, ranging from a small paddling canoe to a Mersey of 4ft. beam.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ASHBURNHAM.—The eggs sent were identified as those of the land tortoise or box turtle.

C. P. B., Lynn, Mass.—Will you please inform me if trout are ever caught in white or clear water brooks? I have noticed that they were not, and have heard anglers say you must have dark waters for trout. Ans. Trout are taken in the clearest water as well as in dark streams.

C. Z. & Co., Glens Falls.—Will you inform us the proper method to construct a fishway over a dam six feet high with a stream two feet wide and six inches deep running over it? Ans. To plan a fishway requires special knowledge, without which the work is apt to be a failure. Write to the McDonald Fishway Company, Washington, D. C., for particulars and estimates.

TOM ALLEY, Boston, Mass.—My pointer bitch was bred to a pointer dog May 4 and 6. On May 10 she was lined by a collie. What will be the result, and is it likely to injure her for future breeding? Ans. It is impossible to foretell the result. As cases of superfœtation are not uncommon, this may prove to be one. Some writers contend that the offspring of a bitch is often "influenced" by the sire of a previous litter. We have known of many cases similar to the above, and have carefully watched for the appearance of this influence in subsequent litters, but have never been able to find the slightest evidence that such is the fact.

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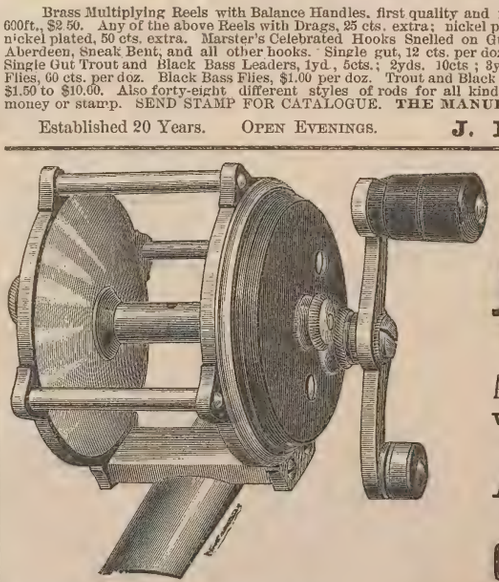
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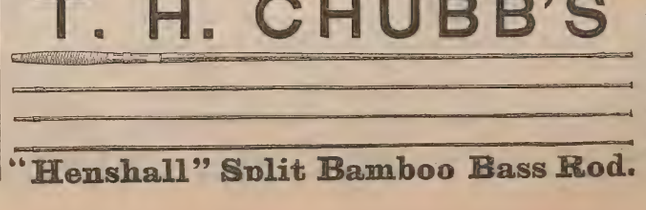
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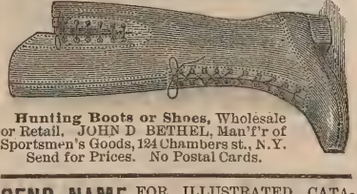
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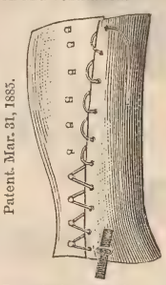
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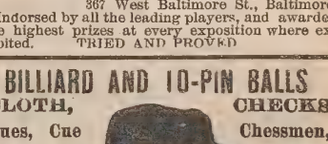
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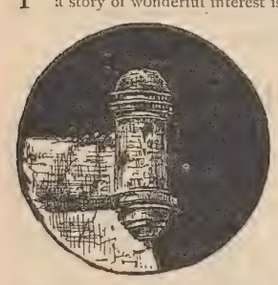
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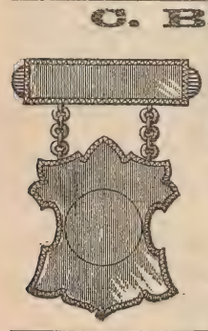
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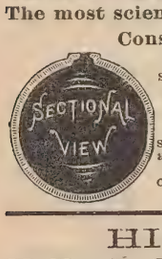
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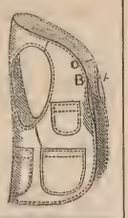
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FOR SALE.—TWO BLACK COCKER SPANIEL pups, dog and bitch, by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) ex Smut (A.K.R. 858), whelped Feb. 17. This is an exceptional chance to procure the correct type. For particulars address H. C. BRONSDON, 18 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. may21,3t

FOR SALE.—IMPORTED ROUGH-COATED ST. Bernard bitch Stella (Shor—Augusta), winner of 1st and special, Philadelphia, 1884; 2d, New York, 1884, and 2d, Boston, 1885. Can be bought after weaning litter of puppies. Address S. H. MOORE, 35 Wall street, New York. may21,1t

FOR SALE.

Fine bred English setter pups. Price $10 each. Address J. E. COLFORD, Sherborn, Mass. 1t

FOR SALE.—THE THOROUGHBRED NEWfoundland dog Othello II. (A.K.R. 2133). This pup is out of Fly (A.K.R. 553), winner of 1st at Boston, 1885, by Sam (A.K.R. 556), winner of eight 1st and four specials. Address W. H. TUCK, 68 Public Square, Wilkes Barre, Pa. may21,1t

ENGLISH BEAGLE PUPPIES FOR SALE.—Extra fine at from $10 to $15 according to age and quality. N. ELMORE, Granby, Ct. ap9,tf

WANTED.—DOGS TO TRAIN. REFERENCES given. J. B. STODDARD, Kouts, Ind. may14,3t

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FIVE LLEWELLIN SETTER PUPPIES, WHELPed April 25, 1885 (two dogs), by Gun (Gladstone —May B.) out of Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisey Starlight). For further particulars address CHAS. YORK, Bangor, Me. may14,tf

FOR SALE.—TWO BEAGLE DOG PUPS, 4 MOS. (Blue Cap—Blue Bell); one extra fine, $10; other a little rough, $5. Address W. L. CRITTENDEN, Pine View, Va. may14,3t

FOR SALE.—ENGLISH MASTIFF DOG, 20 MOS. old, has fine head, great bone and excellent pedigree. S. N. SMITH, 2402 North Broad street, Philadelphia. may14,2t

ENGLISH SETTER BITCH, LIVER AND WHITE. Any gentleman wanting a perfect brush and field dog (has had the greatest experience in hunting partridge, quail and woodcock) at reasonable price, communicate with W. H. McQUAID, Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y. may7,3t

PURE BYRON HOUND PUPPIES FOR SALE. Price $20 each; $35 per pair; $60 for two pair. THOS. GOODE TUCKER, South Gaston, N. C. apr16,6t

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This celebrated pure Laverack setter **EMPEROR FRED, Champion of England and America,** is offered for sale. Price $350. Stud fee charges $50. Inclose stamp for answer. For information apply to E. A. HERZBERG,
mar26,tf 357 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Kennel.



DO YOU WANT A DOG?

If so, send for DOG BUYERS' GUIDE, containing colored plate to engravings of different breed prices they are worth, and where buy them. Also, cuts of Dog Furnishing Goods of all kinds. Directions for Training Dogs and Breeding Ferrets. Mailed for 15 cts.

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Very handsome, evenly marked, black, white and tan setter puppies, by celebrated champion Plantagenet out of Matchless; full pedigree. Price, dogs $30, bitches $25, at 8 wks. old. Address A. D. GOODWIN, JR., Newburyport, Mass. may14,tf

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FOR SALE—ITALIAN GREYHOUND PUPS from imported stock. HENRY C. BURDICK, 150 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass. mar19,tf

WM. GRAHAM, NEWTOWNBREDA, BELFAST, Ireland, is prepared to purchase and ship dogs for importers. Dogs purchased from him had the following prizes awarded to them: At New York and Chicago, 1883, sixteen firsts, nine special, three second and one third. At New York, 1884, seven firsts, six specials and one third.

CHAMPION BRED ST. BERNARDS, CHAMPION BRED ENGLISH PUGS. Enclose stamp. CHEQUASSET KENNELS, Lancaster, Mass.

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For Sale—Smooth-coated dog Essex (A.K.R. 931), winner of 2d prize, New York, 1885. Also rough-coated pup Julien I. (A.K.R. 1600), 10 mos. old, winner of 1st and special, Boston, 1885. Full pedigree. ESSEX KENNELS, Andover, Mass. may21,1t

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Rory O'More Kennels.

For Sale—Thoroughbred red Irish setter stock, full pedigreed. Address with stamp,
W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.

For Sale at a Bargain.

My Irish setter bitch Syren (Elcho ex Rose). She won 1st and special, Boston, 1885; also 2d, N. Y., 1880. A. S. GUILD, Lowell, Mass. may21,1t

FOR SALE.—THE MASTIFF McMAHON (A.K.R. 550), 19 mos. old; price $50. A fine, handsome dog, good tempered, but so nervous that none but a good, gentle hand with dogs has any use for him. W. WADE, Hulton, Pa. apr23,5t

FOR SALE.—HAVING RECENTLY ADDED several fine brood bitches to the Landseer Kennels of Scotch deerhounds and greyhounds reduced the price of puppies. Some choice greyhounds now ready to ship. DR. VAN HUMMELL, Denver, Col. apl16,tf

WANTED.—A POINTER DOG, THOROUGHLY broken on woodcock and partridge (ruffed grouse); one that can be warranted in every way. Do not care for pedigree, color or appearance, but do want a dog that will hunt. A dog broken and hunted in Western Massachusetts preferred. Address with price and particulars, HUNTER, Forest and Stream Pub. Co. apr30,1mo

FOR SALE.—COMBINED DOG CRISTY, 3 YRS., king of dogs on treeing gray squirrels, trees 'coon, 'possum, barks up and in, trees pheasants, trails rabbits to gun or to ferrets. Five dogs trained on 'coon. No better time than now to buy a trained dog. Also pit game fowls, Irish gray, brass backs, Irish Belfast reds. My brood cock Irish B. red weighs 7lbs. tested, stands steel, warranted to stay to the death. Eggs packed carefully at $2 for 13. I breed foxhounds, beagle hounds. Write me before you purchase. H. C. GRAFF, Kensington, O. apr30,tf

DOGS. DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FINE bred dog of any kind? If so write and name the kind you want. EDMUND MAURER, 1026 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE.—BULL-TERRIER ARCHIBALD (A.K.R. 1884), 1st prize, Meriden. R. & W. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 36th st, New York. may14,2t

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 18. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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A NEW PARK SUPERINTENDENT.

THE change has been made. R. E. Carpenter, recently the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has been removed. A little more than a month ago we called attention to the fact that this individual was inefficient, and that in more ways than one he had proved himself unfaithful as a public servant. We pointed out to the Secretary of the Interior that he was thus in no respect a proper person to longer occupy the responsible position which he then held, and urged his prompt removal from office.

The charges which we brought forward were not made hastily, nor on insufficient information, and, knowing that they were true, we felt the utmost confidence that they would be carefully looked into by Mr. Lamar. It is characteristic of the present administration that it moves deliberately. Its actions are well considered beforehand, and so few mistakes are made. We were, therefore, quite willing to await with patience Mr. Lamar's decision, which, in fact, has come rather more speedily than we had expected. We have reason to know that the Secretary of the Interior takes a deep and intelligent interest in the National Park, and we believe that he may be counted on as one of the staunchest friends of the reservation.

Carpenter's removal is the direct result of the ventilation of his acts by the FOREST AND STREAM. We said last spring that "the new Superintendent of the Park will have an opportunity during the season that is coming to show what stuff he is made of. He may be sure that his actions will be scrutinized closely. If he does his duty he will be applauded, but if he fails it will soon be known." The promise to watch his actions we have fulfilled, and the result of this observation has been the publication of Carpenter's shortcomings, and his consequent removal from his position. He proved an utter failure as Superintendent. Would it not have been better policy for him to have tried to do his duty? He has been but six months in office, and is now turned out. He has demonstrated his unfitness for his position and has no one but himself to thank for his removal.

Mr. D. W. Wear, the newly appointed Superintendent, is a native of Missouri. Our representative who inquired about him from Senator Vest, quotes that gentleman as saying: "Colonel Wear is about forty years old, active, intelligent and honest. He commanded a regiment in the Union Army during the war, and was a gallant officer. He is now a State Senator from the city of St. Louis. He is an earnest sportsman and in every respect a gentleman. His appointment means a new and better era in the history of the Yellowstone Park." We are glad to hear so good an account of the new Superintendent. He enters upon his office at a time when he can do much for the Park, or by neglecting it can do a great deal of harm. It will not be difficult for him if he is a man of the right stamp to gain the respect and hearty support of that portion of the public who are interested in the Park. We hope that he will take this course. We need a good Superintendent. Another bad one would be a great disappointment.

SKINNING THE ST. REGIS COUNTRY.

THE lumberman has invaded the St. Regis country in the Adirondacks and his axe is converting that famous realm of forest and spring and stream, and game and fish into a scarred and barren wilderness of desolation. One lumbering concern now owns the entire district extending from near Meacham and St. Regis lakes on the east almost to the Raquette River on the west, and from St. Regis Falls on the north to McDonald Pond on the southern line beyond the west branch of the St. Regis—a territory about thirty-five miles square. This district they are systematically skinning. Not only is all the soft timber, as pine and spruce, cut off, but all the hard wood is taken too. Mills have been erected for the manufacture of wooden ware, hoe handles, fork handles, and numerous other implements. During the past winter many thousands of cords of firewood have been cut off. Some of this is burned in the company's engines, and the rest goes to supply the Ogdensburgh & Lake Champlain Railroad. Everything is cut off, big and little, old trees and shrubs. The skinners are doing their work thoroughly; they are making a clean sweep. When they have finished, when the game preserves have all been destroyed, the springs and brooks dried up, the river flow lessened, they will leave the bare ground and the rocks and go off to lay waste some other fair forest land.

It would not be sensible to blame the lumbermen and the hoe handle manufacturers, who have wrought this havoc. Sentiment and a regard for public welfare usually go to the wall when they run counter to personal aggrandizement. The promoters of this St. Regis lumbering concern's work of devastation doubtless saw lots of money in the enterprise. So long as they can fill their own pockets by skinning the Adirondacks, they are oblivious of the rights of the community. They do their work of destruction with a good conscience, and sleep soundly at night, unvexed by even a thought of the outrages they have perpetrated in the North Woods.

The parties to blame for such a great public loss as this forest destruction are the men who have been sent to Albany from year to year by the people to care for their interests there. The senators and the assemblymen of the State of New York, who have been so intent on plunder and boodle and all sorts of black and white and checquered jobbery, that they have devoted their attention and the people's time to filling their own pockets, and who, in this disgraceful hustling for spoils, have been blind to the forestry needs of the hour—these are men who have richly earned and ought to bear the responsibility for Adirondack ruin. They can plead no excuse. Year after year, for more than a decade, this question of Adirondack forest preservation has been broached, and at session after session it has been thrust aside because there was "nothing in it" for "the boys."

A change has come. It could not help but come. The scales are falling from the eyes of the people, and the sentiment of the public on this subject is growing so strong that the Albany spoils hunters dared not longer ignore the question. How much of a change it will prove remains to be seen. If the movement can be kept out of the control of the interested parties who are openly and covertly doing their best to get it into their own hands, there will be no possibility in the future of such an outrage as that of the St. Regis.

OUT-DOOR CLUBS.—Hartford has a Camera Club, whose members go out in company to take pictures. The Y. M. C. A. of New York has an Outing Club, whose members go in company for rambles in the country.

GAME LAW CHANGES.—Will correspondents favor us with a memorandum of whatever changes may have been made in their State and local game laws.

THE SITUATION IN MASSACHUSETTS is told by a correspondent whose communication is published elsewhere. The game Association, whose headquarters are at Boston, have not the unity of action, the strength of solid combination, and the money backing, which are so potential in shaping legislation at the Hub. The dealers have a strong lobby. They work hard because their immediate profits are at stake. They succeed every year in bamboozling the Legislature into perpetuating a law which, so far as it permits the sale of game long after the open season for its capture has expired, is a standing disgrace to Massachusetts. The marketmen's crafty agents by their lying misrepresentations also succeed in making the country members believe that the Association members are a crowd of dudes who are wholly selfish in their efforts to have right game and fish laws on the statute books. It is exceedingly unfortunate that the petty jealousy and prejudice, which have always existed between dwellers in the town and dwellers in the country, should be used, as in this case, to defeat the common good of all. The Old Bay State, mother of so many scholars and statesmen whose worth has adorned the nation, ought to have a game law equally just to all, whether for most of the year brick walls form their horizon, or whether they dwell where the eye may rest on far-stretching fields of living green and rolling hills purple in the decline of day.

DECORATION DAY.—Next Saturday will be observed as the anniversary of the day set apart for honoring those who died in the Civil War. There will be parades and orations and the decking of graves with the flowers of spring—a ceremony ever beautiful and touching. By some of the veterans of the war there has been of late an expression of regret that this day should have become so much of a holiday, given up to games, pleasure excursions, and other forms of popular amusement, which bid fair to sink the prominence of the other observances. This feeling is very natural. The memorial purposes of the day should not be forgotten nor neglected. But it is only human nature—as demonstrated by the history of all holy days which have become holidays—that the pleasures of the day should gradually usurp the position at first accorded to its solemnities. But however great this change in mode of celebration may be, there is little reason to fear that the true purpose of Decoration Day will be forgotten; and while it is a vain effort to attempt to prescribe how the holiday shall be spent, it is enough that each man so conduct himself that by his conduct and bearing and influence as a citizen, he is worthy of the country for whose integrity these soldiers gave their lives.

MR. WHITNEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA (we do not know his address any more definitely), will be interested in that clause of the new law of this State which declares it a misdemeanor to retain trout of less than six inches in length. We are led to think so because we are told that Mr. Whitney has every summer for some years dispatched from the Adirondacks to his home in Pennsylvania his annual firkin of fingerlings. When it comes to filling a firkin full of fingerlings weighing seven pennyweights each, we are at a loss which the more to admire, the fingerlinger's diligence in yanking them out or his patience in cleaning them. There are lots of men who do this sort of business. Some have big firkins and others have bigger firkins; and some have short fingerlings and others have shorter fingerlings. Never judge a man's brains by the hat he wears, nor seek to gauge the small-fry expert by the size of his firkin, but rather by the want of size of the by-and-by-would-be-fish that are in it.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION.—It is to be hoped that Messrs. James and Dowd will accept their appointments as Forestry Commissioners of the State of New York, at least for the present and until the Senate convenes again. That will prove a check to any improper appointments, which might be made should they refuse to serve. It is highly desirable that a forest warden should be appointed at once, that the practical work may be begun this year. The State can afford to try no experiments with inexperienced officials, provided experts can be found. There are men in this State to-day who have had practical experience in forestry work abroad, and to such a man the management of the Adirondack forestry undertaking should be intrusted. This is the part of economy.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL.—The deer hounding bill, twice passed and sent to the Governor, has not yet been signed.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

VI.

LET me commence this letter by answering several inquiries (by letter) concerning the double-bitted pocket axe, an article of much value to any hunter, camper-out or canoeist, but hard to obtain in anything like perfection. First as to dimensions:

Entire length	11¾ inches.
Width of blade at eye	2 inches.
Width at cutting edge, corner to corner	2⅝ inches.
Length of blade, center to center of cutting edge	5¾ inches.
Weight when ready for use	18 ounces.

I have written to several axe-making companies with a view to having such hatchets made in quantity, that I might supply them to the hundreds who would be glad to get them at any reasonable price, but I have found none who cared to undertake the job. There is, however, an old hunter, angler and mechanical genius away up on the headwaters of Pine Creek who makes all my hatchets, fish spears and grains, and he does it well. I presume if one should send him an order with about two dollars cash for a double-bitted hatchet and mention me, he would, if not too badly driven with hunting and fishing, turn out something that would do to keep, and one such hatchet would last a lifetime. His address is, Gabe McKinney, Pike Mills, Potter county, Pa. And I will write him to-morrow, putting him up to make pocket axes.

Also, I want another pair of grains. For he made me the lightest and best grains just before I started on this trip that I ever handled, which the same went off down the bayou this very week, sticking in an immense sheepshead that I struck at the Springs. And you may take my word for it, there is sport to be had on this coast throwing the grains, equal, in my opinion, to the best fly-fishing. But tastes differ. I should say, however, that a tarpon of 100 pounds with the grains in him, flying for his life at the end of 200 feet of line backed by a small pine log by way of steadier, and to mark his course, would afford as exciting sport as an eight-ounce speckled minnow at the end of a light leader backed by a four-ounce rod; for the silver king is a handsomer, stronger, quicker fish, and a harder fighter than the lordliest salmon that ever ran up from the sea.

The silver king does not take kindly to the lures of the angler. He has no need. His favorite food, the mullet, is never far to seek, and his great speed enables him to follow up a school quite at his leisure, snapping up a mullet as often as he likes. And yet he will take the hook when properly baited and handled. When he finds himself hooked the fun commences. He makes a lightning-like, straight-away dash for open water, springing high in air every few yards, glistening, glittering in the sunlight like a streak of burnished silver, and bound to free himself from the hooks though he tears his under jaw to shreds, as he sometimes does. Said an old Florida fisherman to me a few days ago: "I have fished this coast for twenty-five years, and never caught but one tarpon with hook and line. I was fishing for sharks with a powerful double hook, and he got it deep down, in his gills, and he tore them all to pieces tryin' to get away. I have harpooned a good many, mostly with a lilly iron, which is the sure way to kill them."

I have not tried my hand on the silver king as yet. But the season for him is just on, and I have a strong pair of grains sharpened and bent on purposely for him. Also a train of hooks on a line that would hold a wild hog, and I humbly hope to have some hefty sport before the season is over, for I have spent seven weeks of the off season in the camp where I now write, and it is time to swing the double blade for the new grounds.

Not that there is any lack of interest in the region, or that I have cruised it out (it would take a year to do that). But "Tarpon" and I have two new canoes *en route* that we wish to try along the coast among the keys and up some of the rivers. Notably the Weikawatchee and the Cootie (Pithlochascottee of the maps). The Weikawatchee is a deep, clear stream, only twelve miles in length, born of an immense crystal spring and full grown at its birth. It abounds in large black bass (called trout here) and is not deficient in other fish or alligators. It was a noted place during the Seminole war, and there are many interesting points connected with its history.

Then, if plans do not "gang agley," we have a cruise of 200 miles down the coast to make in "Tarpon's" yawl-rigged sharpie, 33 feet long and able for outside work. She has a comfortable cabin and plenty of room to stow our canoes, with which we propose to do that mythical and mysterious region put down on the maps as the Ten Thousand Islands, and lied about in the loosest manner by the natives, who will tell you they "have no use for such a dogoned mudhole." And when you mention wildfowl and fish, they will say, "A man can fill his boat with fish and birds quicker than he can work his way in and out of that hole for three miles, and do it outside in safe, pleasant cruising, too. Stranger, it's a place no white man wants to go projec'in' around in. There's 'gators among them islands more'n eighteen foot long, and they ain't used to being shot at, and would just as soon charge on your boat as not; and if you get in there and had your boat wrecked, you might as well be a cat without claws. As to mosquitoes and big gnats, they'll just eat a man alive." That is about the way an old sponger put it up to me, and he added that the "islands" were about fifty miles across, and no man had ever fairly gone through them—unless he were an Indian. All of which gave an added interest to the projected cruise, but was not all true.

The unsurveyed and unmapped portion of the Ten Thousand Islands is about thirty miles long in a S. W. by N. E. direction, and about eighteen miles wide. The Indians cross it in two days, and, as they take no water, it is evident that fresh water is to be found among the islands. Whether a boat 33 feet long can be worked through is a question. But she can be worked in a far as she will go, and she can come out where she went in. Cruising and "projec'in'" among the islands can be done with the canoe.

I dare say all romance and mystery connected with the region will fade to a muddy, marshy, uninteresting reality when tested by a little sound horse sense, as it did with Ponce de Leon, who once sought his fountain of perpetual youth in that very bay, which still bears his name. Still, it is new ground, and cannot fail to contain much that is novel and interesting. At any rate it will be a capital place to test the efficacy of the fly-medicine. And "that reminds me."

A correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, whose signature I forget, some time ago criticised the recipe for fly medicine in "Woodcraft," on the ground that oil of pennyroyal, being volatile, would not evaporate when simmered with oil of tar and castor oil. In the first place, there is no oil of tar in the recipe, but simply pure pine tar of the North Carolina stamp; secondly, the evaporation theory is quite correct from a scientific standpoint. Practically, I made just twelve ounces of the medicine last spring according to the recipe, and it did not shrink perceptibly in simmering. I gave some away, used a little in cruising on the Tiadatton, and have used more this spring. It is the only dope I have yet tried that just fills the bill, and I have tried several kinds. Most of them, when freshly applied, are good as against mosquitoes, black flies and red bugs (or mooquims). But the punkie dope is the only thing that beats the multitudinous sand fly, and he is the worst of all.

Just now and here we are suffering from a six weeks' drouth, and the hot white sand is dry for a foot in depth; and the sand flies are numerous almost past belief. I have a notion that, if I were to measure accurately a peck of this sand and let it stand in the sun for an hour or so till the sand flies could escape, it would fall short about three pints. When I attempt to write by candle light they get into the ink on my pen, blot the paper, and swarm out my light. Kerosene light is worse. I was trying to write this morning at 2 A. M., thinking to get the cool of the day; but they swarmed me out. And now (10 A. M.) the air looks sort o' fuzzy with them. I am going to suspend literary effort until a smart rain drowns them partially out; and meanwhile turn my attention to the new canoe, weighing, as Rushton writes me, "a little less than ten pounds." How is that for a clinker built cedar to cruise the Gulf Coast?

IN CAMP, May 13. NESSMUK.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By far the best and most feasible route by which to enter this health-giving resort is as follows; it is easy and quick, with good boats, good guides, good roads, good hotels, good accommodations, good fishing and hunting. This section has been comparatively unexplored by sportsman, and, as in St. Lawrence county, hounding at all seasons of the year is prohibited. Deer are plenty, while in other sections, by reason of hounding, venison has become scarce and hard to get.

Leave New York on the evening train via N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. to Rome, thence via R. W. & O. R. R. to Potsdam, at which place you will arrive about 12 M. the next day. Leave Potsdam by stage or livery conveyance. Passing over a good road twenty-one miles, three and a half hours' ride brings you to Munger's hotel, called Forest House, which, by the way, is a first-class woods hotel. This house is located at the foot of the "Bog," where you are to all intents and purposes essentially in the woods, and can go into camp anywhere along the banks of the Bog. This is a bog only in name. In fact, it is as fine a stretch of still water as can be found within the North Woods. At Munger's one can procure good boats and guides; and, as you are at the foot of navigation on the Raquette River, you can reach any point by boat, or if you desire, by stage, in the Adirondack Wilderness.

Six miles by water or seven miles by land brings you to the head of the Bog, where a good hotel is kept by Geo. G. Orton, called Jordan House. Mr. Orton also keeps boats, guides and teams, which can be had at reasonable rates, and holds himself in readiness to transport you to any point you may desire to reach. Six miles further (via stage or Orton's teams) brings you to John Sevey's, a good, old-fashioned farmhouse hotel with the very best kind of good, old-fashioned folks inside of it. John knows the woods like a book, and is every inch a gentleman and sportsman, and can take you where the deer feed and the trout do congregate. Four miles further on you arrive at Childwald, a small hamlet named after its founder, Mr. Addison Childs. Two miles further brings one to Massiwepi Lake or Gale's Pond View House, one of the best, if not the very best location for hunting and fishing that can be found in the State of New York, and when you consider that this point can be reached in forty-eight hours from New York city via routes as above described, we think that we are fully warranted in saying that this is the shortest, easiest, and beyond all odds, the best route to the Adirondacks. From Gale's one may swing to the right via Cat Pond, Massiwepi Lake (which, by the way, is one of the finest little lakes in the Wilderness) down the outlet of that lake to Grass River, up this river to Burnt Bridge, Dog, Lily Pad ponds and Silver Lake, all first-class points for hunting and fishing. Or should you desire to push on up the Raquettee to Tupper's Lake, one and one-half miles over a good road to the left brings you to Gale's Landing on the Raquette River, where you can take boats up or down, as you like. If up, six hours' time will land you at Tupper's Lake or Mark Moodus's hotel. But as this locality has almost a national reputation, it needs no commendation from me, but should you conclude to go down stream, as you undoubtedly will if you desire good hunting, as the grounds below are unequalled for sporting, you can paddle your canoe over alternate rapids and still water back to the place of starting, to wit, head of the Bog.

Having arrived at the Jordan House again, if you are in for a tramp and do not mind roughing it a little, you can swing to the right, taking in Church, Blue, Beaver, Clear, Wolf, Lem, Crooked, Sampson and Three Brothers ponds, with the last branch of Grass River, also Dead Creek, a small tributary of that river, all of which are equalled by few and excelled by none for fishing and hunting grounds. Or should you desire to look in at one of the finest and best arranged camps that can be found anywhere in the Adirondacks, a drive of six miles over a fair woods road due east brings you to Jordan Lake, as fine a little lake as the sun shines on, located on the bank of which stands the famous Webb Vanderbilt camp, or the camp of the "Kildare Club," and should you be so fortunate as to find any of that gentlemanly club present, you will be entertained in right royal style.

In and about this locality one may spend a month and have new fields every day. The small streams in this section are well stocked with trout, and if you desire you can visit Rock, Deer, Willis, Windfall, Mountain, Big Wolf, Little Wolf and McDonald ponds, together with the west branch of St. Regis River, all of which furnish comparatively an undisturbed home for trout and venison. Should any of your readers desire further information, I will be only too glad to furnish such information as may be required by applying personally or addressing, MARTIN V. B. IVES.

POTSDAM, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM from time to time during the past six years I have recommended its readers to that portion of the Adirondacks bordering on the headwaters of the three branches of the St. Regis River, in the vicinity of Blue Mountains, as a locality where good sport could still be had with both rod and gun. But I can no longer so recommend it. A large portion of these waters, including the Sixteen-mile Level on which I have camped for the past seven seasons, has been nearly if not quite ruined for hunting and fishing during the past year by the lumbermen. In August last the lumbermen cut down and cleared away from both banks of the level, its whole length, all trees and shrubbery growing or standing within fifteen or twenty yards of the water, and cleared the stream of all obstacles in the shape of running logs and timber. There were waiting, as I am informed, 400,000 logs, scattered along the [illegible] level, ready to be run down at the breaking [illegible] of the ice.

During the past three years no less than five large saw mills have been erected on the middle branch [illegible] Sixteen-mile Level, and during the coming [illegible] a large mill will be built at its head, to which [illegible] railroad (now running within five miles of its foot, is to be extended). Several large mills will also be built on the East Branch during the summer. Work on them has already commenced. The point at the head of the level, where the railroad will terminate for the present, is only eight miles west of the outlet of St. Regis Lake, on the shores of which Paul [illegible]'s hotel stands. A wagon road between these two [illegible]s already been surveyed and marked out and work on it will commence as soon as the frost gets out of the ground.

With all these things going on in this region, and with from two to three hundred workmen scattered along the river banks, and as many more on the line of the railroad, the prospect for sportsmen and anglers cannot be very encouraging in this part of the Wilderness. Without doubt the whole of this district will soon be ruined for sport with rod and gun. The time is not far distant when the whole Adirondack region, with the exception perhaps of those tracts bought up by the wealthy game clubs and private individuals for game preserves, will be like the St. Regis and many other districts in them, ruined for the sportsman and angler. But for those who visit the Wilderness merely for recreation, or those who seek the woods and mountains in the hopes of regaining or improving their health, the above statements will not be unwelcome news. The railroad when it is completed will enable them to reach the heart of the Wilderness with but only eight or ten miles of travel by stage or wagon, or to reach within that distance by rail a point from which they can travel by water or boat through the greater portion of the Adironduck region.

ADIRON ONDACK.

NOTES OF A SOUTHERN PILGRIMAGE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM abounds in descriptions of Southern grounds and sport. Naturally one of its readers, on turning his face toward the Great Gulf, would be alert for signs of successful sport in the land of mild winters. In the States through which I passed on the way to and from New Orleans, the streams seemed too muddy for any game fish save the ubiquitous black bass. Perhaps in summer these yellow streams change their complexion. The pine forests of Central and Southern Alabama look as if they might harbor plenty of game. A citizen of a way-side station told me on the depot platform that he reckoned a man might get a deer every day in the woods if he had a dog. And if hounding would be justifiable anywhere from a sportsman's standpoint, it would be among these pines, where every little distance there is a swamp thicket to block up the way of the hunter. Few wagon roads cross the railroad, showing that there are wide ranges of uninhabited country.

A visit to the market in Mobile, and the French market in New Orleans, showed the splendid variety of fish from which the epicure may choose his brain food, and in whose capture the angler may tax his skill. Chief in size and most striking in appearance is the "red snapper." This fish looks a royal fellow—a king both for the hook and the pan. His dainty white flesh is much finer in grain than that of other fish of equal size.

I had expected to see plenty of wildfowl in the salt marshes east of New Orleans, but there was nothing to be seen, save a few teal and coots. The latter (*Fulica americana*) were numerous in the markets. In Illinois they are not considered fit for food, but since coming home I have had one cooked for the purpose of testing the flavor of the flesh, and found it passable, equal to several of the kinds of duck commonly eaten.

As our train swept through the marshes east of New Orleans an exciting race took place. A small hawk, swift of wing, kept abreast of the train watching for the small birds that were startled from their coverts by the noise. Every now and then the hawk would dart away in pursuit of one of these, and failing to take it, back he would come to skim along the surface of the water in the wide ditch beside the track. For at least a dozen miles he continued the chase, the passengers watching him with no little interest.

At the Exposition more display of stuffed birds and animals is made than at the Centennial Exposition. The finest of these of course are from the Smithsonian Institution. Notable among them is a white heron trying to pull an arrow from its breast, a fight between two hawks, frogs in the following characters: The dancers, the drum major, the shoemaker, a bridal couple, the duel, an old smoker and a bootblack. One huge case holds fine specimens of all the game birds of the United States. Everywhere in the great Government building are magnificent specimens of water, woods and field fauna.

From Nevada there is a huge piece of bark stuck full of acorns by woodpeckers—stores laid up for winter. Just the points of the acorns show, holes having been bored to receive them.

In the Texas display I saw two stags' heads with antlers interlocked, to which was attached the following very interesting description: "This curiosity, altogether unique, is a pair of stags' heads, with one horn of each antler so entwined and interlocked that the united strength of two men cannot pull them asunder. The capture of this trophy was made about six years ago by Mr. Willis Blue, who, in Richland Creek bottom, coming upon the place where the encounter had occurred between the two bucks, followed the trail caused by one dragging the body of his dead enemy to where the town of Kerens now stands, a distance of fifteen miles, and finding the victor still alive, dispatched him with a hunting knife. Both stags were full grown, their antlers indicating them to be at least five years old, of equal size, and the battle must have been a long and terrible one, as both were in a badly lacerated condition, and the victory of the stronger a worse fate than that of his dead antagonist. Deer are still plentiful in Richland and Trinity bottoms, in Navarro county." RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

36. *Helminthophaga leucobronchialis* Brewster. — White-throated warbler.

Only one specimen has been secured in this State. On May 25, 1879, while collecting with W. A. Gunn, Esq., in a partially cleared tract overgrown with brambles, bushes and weeds, we observed a small bird which was at first taken for the female of the goldenwing, but which, on being secured, proved to be a new species to us. The bird was a male, and was taken in Ottawa county, about 43° north latitude.

Supposing that a new bird had been discovered, and having looked over every available work in vain for a proper description, the bird was named *H. gunni*, in honor of the possessor by myself. At that time I had not seen the plate and description presented in an early issue of the "Nuttall Ornithological Bulletin," which was the first information offered to the public regarding this species. Corrections quickly followed through the "Bulletin" and other papers.

So far as observed, the white-throated warbler which Mr. Gunn shot was similar in its movements to the goldenwing. It kept in the low bushes or upon the ground, and did not sing or even utter a call note. The locality was the edge of a pinery, and the dead trunks of the trees were scattered about, with the stumps and briers forming a labyrinth of brambles, bushes, weeds and dead trees, in many places almost impenetrable.

37. *Helminthophaga ruficapilla* (Wils.) Baird.—Nashville warbler.

Arrives in early seasons by May 3, but in late seasons the birds are not seen until May 9. The average arrival may be placed at May 5 or 6. The birds linger with us some seasons until the last of the month, although the large majority of those seen pass along in a leisurely way without stopping. It may prove that the species remains during summer, as I have met with many birds in the last week in May occupying a large tract of swampy land covered with tamaracks. The Nashville has never, as yet, been known to nest with us. I have one data as late as June 17, which indicates a summer residence; but if the birds do remain, they are so rare as to be but seldom seen, and nothing has been offered on this point absolutely conclusive. The rufous-crowned warbler is especially fond of sections of country where tamaracks are plentiful, and I have more often found them in such localities than any other. The birds are vivacious, active and very pleasing, and from their cheerful disposition and small size are particularly noticeable to the collector, or, I should say, the ornithologist.

The song of the little fellow is very pleasing, and may be described by the syllables *Ca-twee, ca-twee, ca-twee, ca-twee, twee-twee-twee-twee-twee,* or often *Ca-weet, ca-weet, ca-weet, tweetle teetle-teetle.* The notes are loud and clear, the latter ones becoming rapid and sharper. The singer enters into his song with great animation, and, throwing his head back as he sits perched on a twig, is evidently entirely lost in his ditty. At the time of his singing he may be approached within a few rods, but upon his observing the collector he immediately drops into the bush or flies to the dense top of a neighboring tamarack. The song is harmonious and is readily remembered by a practiced ear.

The birds are much more common some seasons than others, and this peculiarity is common to many members of the family, and is observed in many parts of the State. Mr. Trombley, of Monroe county, writes me that the Nashville is rare now, although quite common several years ago during spring migrations. The species is found with us again in July, sometimes by the 20th, and from this date to Sept. 1. The birds may be taken in their accustomed haunts. Later than this I know nothing of them, but one Michigan collector writes me that he has secured specimens from Oct. 10 to 15. Not reported from the Upper Peninsula as yet, but known to nearly all collectors in the State.

38. *Helminthophaga celata* (Say) Baird.—Orange-crowned warbler.

Embraced by Boies in his list of birds of Southern Michigan, 1875; and by Covert and Steere. Not mentioned by any of the earlier lists and known to but few collectors. A straggler, or more properly a rare migrant. Dr. Atkins, of Ingham county, about 43° north lat., writes me that the first he observed was on Sept. 11, 1880, and the last was taken Oct. 1 of the same year. Three were shot in all. I have never met with it.

39. *Helminthophaga peregrina* (Wils.) Baird.—Tennessee warbler.

This is one of the last birds of the family to reach us in spring, and in fact is one of our latest migrants, very few species arriving later. The birds undoubtedly appear by May 15, but as yet the earliest record in my notes is May 18, and he rarely if ever arrives before the elm trees are in full foliage. The birds remain generally in the tops of the trees, selecting the densest foliaged trees, usually the elms. In this position they are rarely seen, and the collector often seeks in vain for a shot at the olive green birds while they are chirping in the trees above him by the score. By watching he can see a specimen fly out from the treetop for a second and return almost instantly, or the bird may dash into the next tree, but at this season—late May—a series of specimens is difficult to procure. When they descend to the bushes, which occasionally occurs, or more often to the apple trees, is the time to shoot them.

I do not think this species nests in the State. In all parts of Michigan that I have visited it is completely a migrant. The birds appear again in late August on their southern journey, and are found in scattered flocks until Oct. 10, or even later. The song, which I have only heard in the spring, is a sharp chatter, difficult to describe. They also have a soft call note.

40. *Parula americana* (Linn.) Bp.—Blue yellow-backed warbler.

Occasionally seen as early as April 22, but usually appears about May 1. This season it arrived April 28. Some years the birds are quite late and do not appear until May 11. These records apply more particularly to Kalamazoo county, where I have spent more time collecting than in other parts of the State. A calculation may easily be made, however, from observations in any part of the State as to time of arrival in other localities; but the rule is not always reliable, for I have often observed birds in one section from fifty to one hundred miles north of my home, while the same species were not observed in the neighborhood of my home for several days later. The species passes leisurely through the southern counties on their way to the north, and are often found south of 43° as late as May 25. Few remain south of 43° during the summer, but as we go north the species is found more common, and becomes an abundant summer resident in limited sections. This bird is known to nearly all collectors and is embraced in nearly every list. It is not as yet recorded as a bird of the Upper Peninsula, but has undoubtedly been overlooked there. It appears in the advance guard of warblers usually, and is frequently gone before the Tennessee and other late arrivals have appeared. I have met with it in several different counties in various parts of the State, and considered it a well-distributed species in Michigan.

While with us, the blue yellowback is quite musical, and the variety of notes is greater than is generally acknowledged. Few writers have carefully studied the songs of our birds, and many have written that certain species now well-known to sing with great spirit are devoid of musical ability. Wilson says that this bird "has a few, feeble, chirruping notes scarcely loud enough to be heard at the foot of the tree." On the contrary, the diminutive songster has at least two distinct songs which are quite penetrating when we consider the size of the singer. I have often heard the chirping notes of the yellowback, referred to by Wilson—the call notes we may term them; notes which are common to many species of warblers of the various genera, and so similar in many instances that it takes a practiced ear—much better than I possess—to distinguish the birds in the foliage. But the songs of the warblers can all be determined by cultivation of the ear.

The principal song of *Parula* is *Zuee-zuee-zuee-dee-dee-deeee,* uttered in a steady even strain, as he searches among the branches. It is occasionally modified to *Zuee-dee zuee-zuee-dee-dee* or even *zuee-zuee* and rarely *dee-dee,* as if in finishing the song which has been interrupted. These notes are very deceptive and often appear to come from over our heads when in reality the singer is in the top of a tall tree ten or fifteen rods away. After the foliage has appeared it is often extremely difficult to secure a specimen because of our inability to locate the singer. There is another song which is not heard so often as the last, and which I do not feel satisfied in describing as I am not sufficiently familiar with the notes as yet. It is more variable and nicely modulated.

The yellowback is more partial to tall trees in timber lands, but is often found in oak woods, and frequently among the bushes near streams. In early morning, when the birds are in delightful chorus and frequenting the small streams which flow through the forest, the subject of this sketch may be found bathing in the edges of the rivulets. Now dashing the water about with their tiny wings and fluttering over the surface of some little side pool, again shaking themselves and skipping from twig to twig among the low bushes or hopping upon the ground, these little gems give evidence of the life and happiness which abounds within the sylvan glades away from the haunts of man.

I consider this bird a common one, but it is not regularly abundant in its migrations, and I have frequently collected an entire season without meeting with a specimen. One collector in the extreme southeastern part of the State informs me that the birds are not nearly so common with him as they were twenty years ago. It has never been found nesting in Kalamazoo county, but a female containing an egg ready for the shell was shot by Mr. Syke June 5, 1880. A. H. Boies in his list of the birds of Southern Michigan, embraces this species as a southern sojourner. Nests in Washtenaw county according to A. B. Covert. It was first embraced in a list by Professor Sager in 1839.

Of its nesting habits I know nothing. The blue yellowbacks depart for the south in late September.

41. *Perissoglossa tigrina* (Gml.) Brd.—Cape May warbler.

A peculiarly variable species in its migrations, occasionally appearing quite common, and again extremely rare. The birds are probably more common each season than is generally supposed, but are not observed from the fact that they pass by us so rapidly. I have met with the Cape May about half the years that I have collected, and am satisfied that the species migrates more rapidly than any other bird in the family of which I have any knowledge. The birds may be found quite abundant in the morning, and not another seen during the day or season. Again I have seen them in tamarack swamps in considerable numbers as night was coming on, while in the morning not one could be found in their usual haunts. The birds may be found in the budding fruit trees, deep beech and maple woods, low elm wood or pine lands during the vernal journey, while in the fall they appear more partial to the tamarack swamps, in which they are also found in spring.

The Cape May is an exceedingly active bird, and gleans among the foliage in a very lively manner. Few species cover as much ground as he. He is ever on the move and skipping from twig to twig in an exceedingly restless manner; dashing out from the treetop, seizing an insect with a loud snap of his bill, and returning to his perch in a flash. Running along a small limb and clinging to the bark of the trunk, flitting from tree to tree, and rarely descending to a bush the little meteor appears ever on the move, and is seldom shot while quietly sitting on a twig. A flock will appear in the treetops and pass by so rapidly that few specimens are taken unless the collector hurries after them and shoots at every opportunity. While with us the birds are not musical, and I have only heard the single, rather loud chirp or call note. I do not think that this species remains in our State during the summer, and judge that all go to the north to nest. They return to the south in late August, and are not so anxious to reach their winter home as they were in the spring to find their northern haunts, remaining with us frequently until late September. The Cape May appears first in our southern counties from May 10 to 15, and is seen some years as late as May 20. After this date the birds are rarely seen excepting in more northern parts, until the fall migration. We may mention this species as an irregular straggling transient.

PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN BISON.—Cimarron Kan., May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by mail the Garden City *Sentinel* with item in regard to buffalo. There are a few (perhaps 200) buffalo southwest of here, south of the Cimarron River about sixty miles. They were driven from the head of the South Beaver and the country between there and the head of Palo Duro, South Beaver is in the neutral strip, Palo Duro is in Texas, about sixty miles apart. There are about 1,000 there, in bunches of five and ten, and very wild. Their range proper begins 125 miles southwest of Cimarron. I am going to them on Oct. 15. The newspaper slip reads: "Hon. C. J. Jones returned from his buffalo hunt last week, and, as a matter of course, was successful. If never before, he has well merited the title of 'Buffalo' Jones on this trip, which extended as far as New Mexico, and resulted in the capture of fourteen of the quadrupeds. He brought with him eleven calves, which he means to raise. We have always contended that Kansas, and especially this part of Kansas, takes the lead; now she can boast of a real buffalo ranch. While John Robinson, Barrett & Co., and other shows, ignore our city this season, we have the drop on our neighboring cities in the fact that we now have one of our own."—W. J. D.

SPRING NOTES—Of the birds expected to date, we find most of the different ones represented. Song sparrows and bluebirds have young. Among the shore birds we find bee-tleheads (*S. helvetica*), chicken birds (*S. interpres*), winter yellowlegs, ringnecks (*A. semipalmata*) and the peeps. Of the wood birds I have seen and heard of redpoll and pine creeping warblers, yellow-rumped warblers, black and white creepers, chestnut-sided, Wilson's, black cap, black and yellow, Blackburnian, yellow, Maryland yellow-throated, and redstarts, all of the warbler family; also tanagers, thrushes, and one yellow-breasted chat. Some humming birds along, and orioles (*I. baltimore*) are numerous. Cherry birds are uncommon. One tern (*S. caspia*), female, was recently shot near here.—X. Y. Z. (Salem, Mass., May 25).

THE DEADLY BLACKSNAKES.—Everybody knows that the blacksnake is not a poisonous reptile. Few know, however, how destructive they are among birds and young animals, such as squirrels, rabbits, etc. Last year I killed one which had just swallowed two old birds and their five young ones. Yesterday Mr. J. W. Gow shot a large blacksnake which had climbed a large oak. Noticing a bunch about the center of the snake's body, he cut him open, and there was a half grown gray squirrel which his blacksnakeship had just swallowed. Kill the blacksnakes, boys.—A. E. M. (Steubenville, O.).

PILEATED WOODPECKER.—In the month of November I met with this bird in the dense woods near Ocean City, Md., where its peculiar clacking cry was heard at frequent intervals, although the bird itself was rarely seen on account of its wariness. I do not know that it breeds in the above locality, the natives (who know it by the terms wheeler and woodcock) being unable to furnish any information on the subject. The specimen secured was extremely tenacious of life, clinging to the dead limb, until repeated shots dislodged it.—WILMOT (New York, May 25).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BOSTON DUMPING GROUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For several years the friends to game protection have been endeavoring to obtain more stringent game laws, or those that could be more easily enforced. A petition or bill emanating from the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, after much delib ration, is presented to the Legislature, which is referred to the Committee on Agriculture. A day is appointed for a hearing; the friends and opponents of the movement appear and give in their testimony, which sometimes takes a very wide range. The petitioners, very few of them sportsmen, are somewhat scattered, differ widely as to the best means for protecting our birds, have only a general interest, and do not largely attend the meetings. On the other side—the opposition side—is a large, well-organized set of men, mostly game dealers from Faneuil Hall Market and its environs, who are easily rallied, organized and drilled to act as a unit, ready to resort to almost any device to counteract and overthrow the designs of the protectionists. Some of the testimony is very curious, and their specious arguments are well calculated to deceive the committee. Here is a specimen. Fearing the influence of the petitioners, and the justness of their cause, like cunning unscrupulous lawyers, they must attempt, by some means, to break down the testimony of their adversaries. They represent the Association to be awealthy, aristocratic, selfish set of fellows, who want the laws so framed that they can go out when they please, and get all the game, to the exclusion of the country boys upon whose land it was grown. Was ever anything more monstrous, wicked or untrue? And yet these damaging stories, whereby the people are prejudiced against the Association and its efforts in favor of game protection, are widely circulated, and seem to so stir the country members, that when they arrive at the State House, they bring their prejudices with them. In vain do we plead for the birds. In vain do we urge the necessity for a uniform close time for market and field. In vain do we prove by the most incontrovertible evidence the imminent danger of the destruction of several species of game birds, and the wanton destruction, for millinery and other purposes, of our most useful insectivorous and song birds. In vain do we pray for immediate action in behalf of agriculture and the welfare and happiness of our people. To all this, and more, the committee turned a deaf ear, while it seems to listen with pleasure to the siren song of the game dealer, wherein he sets forth his grievances, which in the main are, that any change in the game laws "will ruin our business." And so these tender-hearted gentlemen usually report, "The petitioners have leave to withdraw," and the slaughter goes on.

So thoroughly is the committee impressed with the importance of the game business, so inextricably are they in the hands of the game dealers, that no law can be wrenched from them to give the least satisfaction to the petitioners or protection to the birds.

The dealers go so far as to testify that Western game can be kept in good condition in refrigerators all summer; that it is good, wholesome food, a million of people in this State want it, and that they should have the privilege of selling it all the year round! They failed, however, to inform the committee how long their business would last if all the States were to adopt the same rule. Now, it so happens that the Western States, becoming alarmed by the rapid waste and destruction of their game, have with great unanimity passed stringent laws to prevent shipping out of those States any grouse, quail or deer after the month of January. The Eastern States—with the single exception of Massachusetts, where the game dealers rule the Legislature—have with commendable promptness passed corresponding laws to aid and sustain the other States. But here we are placed in an awkward and unfriendly attitude by having laws passed which controvene and nullify those of the West. In the

natural course of things this must engender some bitterness against us, which, if persisted in, will in the end do great damage to our commerce with those States. Yes, we say to the merchants of Boston, your best interests require you to look well to it and see that the West is fairly dealt with in this matter. We shall find in the end that covering up others' wrongs, aiding them in shipping goods contrary to law, is bad policy and will not pay. This trite maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," is as true now as ever, and never appears more lovely or in brighter colors than in our business intercourse with our sister States. And why should the fair escutcheon of Massachusetts—God bless her—be blotted and stained by this unfriendly act? Why should Boston have the stigma of being the "dumping ground" for all the prohibited and proscribed game of the country? Simply this, to gratify the avarice, the cupidity of a handful of game dealers! This is all there is to it in a nutshell, magnify, distort, or diminish it as we may, and we appeal to the committee, we appeal to the Legislature, we appeal to the people of this ancient Commonwealth to redress these wrongs.

It is said that about three hundred thousand dollars worth of game comes to this market annually, a large portion of which we presume to be the off-scourings and scrapings of the other markets after sales are prohibited there. What is this paltry sum compared with the loss of the good will, the friendship, and to some extent, in other branches, the trade, the commerce of those large, powerful, wealthy and growing States? Suppose we lose this year one-half—$150,000—of that trade? Would not $150,000 worth of game left on the prairies or in forest wilds to breed, bring us four times that amount, or $600,000 worth, next year? Any yet there is not a game dealer in Boston that will allow that he can see through this. He mourns the loss of the small profit on this year's business, and sees not the large profits of the next. At the "hearing" they allowed that they received large quantities of game from New York and elsewhere, after the close of the open season there, much of which is unsold on the first of May—the commencement of the close season here—and they appealed to the generosity of the committee to allow them to put it into the freezing houses to be kept till the next season. Does any one suppose that that game would be found there on the 15th day of October? Or does any one presume that any game dealer would at that time take those old birds out of his refrigerator and undertake to sell them in competition with nice fresh-killed young birds? And moreover, we have always understood that game and poultry, after being in refrigerator all summer, is tough, has lost flavor, and is no longer considered a luxury; nor do we believe the people want it, especially in these cholera times. Why, then, is it necessary to keep our markets open till May? New York and other cities close theirs in January. Why could not ours be closed at that time? Are our game dealers willing to admit that they are less intelligent or enterprising than their neighbors? From what we have seen of them we do not credit it. Setting aside all sympathy for the birds, we think it to be for the interest of the game dealer as well as for the trapper and consumer to close our markets for game in January. Suppose at that time or on the first of May, the dealers have on hand 10,000 quail. Would it not be better that those 10,000 quail had been left in the fields as breeding stock, rather than be thrown into freezing houses to lie as idle capital till the next October? Ten thousand quail—5,000 pair—would on an average produce 10 young birds to the pair, or 50,000 young fat birds ready for sale on or after the 15th day of October.

It has been demonstrated beyond a peradventure that where an open market exists, game laws cannot be enforced. There are unscrupulous persons in every community who will shoot or trap birds at any time, even down into the breeding season, so long as they can sell them for a big price, and the meanest poacher or pot-hunter will not kill birds that he cannot sell. It is more difficult to enforce the laws against trappers than gunners. If a man goes out with dog and gun, out of season, in open fields and blazes away, he will be heard, watched and ordered off or prosecuted. But the same individual may quietly bait the birds, entrap them, pack in a box or barrel, mark "eggs," "poultry" or what not, shove them into a refrigerator car, and as the game wardens have no authority to "break and enter," they arrive in good order at the "dumping ground" in Boston, where—we blush to say it—they are gladly received. These birds are regarded as a source of revenue by the landowners, who at a proper time intend to gather and sell them. They have fed and cared for them, and they reckon them in some sense as their own. We can faintly imagine with what indignation the owner denounces the poacher when he discovers that his game has all been trapped and sent to market. Here is an absolute wrong, a species of robbery perpetrated on an honest farmer, and we think the anathemas he pronounces against the game dealer who has encouraged the poacher to commit the offense, are right and proper and well deserved. The dealers admitted at the hearing that they were receiving game all the time down to the 1st of May. Of course they must know—it does not admit of a shadow of doubt—that this game was killed and shipped contrary to the laws of the State from whence it came. The dealers have all the way resisted with vigor that part of our statute that makes possession *prima facie* evidence of guilt. It might compel them to show their hands and prove where the birds came from, and to escape from this dilemma they testified that "they could not always tell where the birds came from!" We do not say that the dealers want this clause stricken out, so that they can at any time receive and sell birds that are killed here. We only say they have squirmed more about this than any other part of the bill. We could not, however, repress the desire to ask some business man if he supposed it was a common occurrence among the dealers after having received and sold an invoice of game, and made up "sales" of the same, they did not know where or to whom to remit the "net proceeds." It was argued with much force and small effect by the protectionists that where Western birds were sold down so late as the 1st of May, Eastern birds of the same species would be liable to get mixed and sold with them, and although the statute prohibits the sale of the latter at that date, yet so difficult a matter is it to prove the one from the other, that no one will undertake to enforce the law.

We have seen haunch upon haunch, carcass upon carcass of venison in March or April around the market, a target for every dog, and we could not help thinking how much more profitable it would be for dealer and consumer if these deer were capering about to increase and multiply in the wilds of Michigan. The dealers claimed that they could not get game here till it was frozen by cold weather, and offer this as an excuse for keeping the market open later. Still as we have said, they do get the game through to New York and other places, dispose of it, and close the market in January. Are there not hundreds of tons of poultry, beef, mutton, and other meats, brought to this city every year in good condition that were never frozen? And this we take to be another "little dodge" of the dealers.

It was represented by the opponents to game protection that sportsmen belonging to the various clubs or associations through the country were in the habit of going out early in the season, shooting and wasting the game or sending it to market, much to the injury of the farmer upon whose corn it has been fattened. That some individual member of a club may have committed such impropriety we do not deny. But we do deny that the wanton waste or destruction of game is sanctioned or approved by any respectable game association in this country. Nor is a "sportsman's club" necessarily a "game protective association." The name itself indicates a very different purpose from game slaughter. How many western grouse that have been shot does any one suppose ever come to this market? For years we have been in the way of buying grouse for our table, but we do not remember ever seeing one that had been shot, nor among the thousands that we have seen about the market, not one killed in this way. They are choked, strangled, or otherwise killed in hand. And further, we are told by the dealers themselves that shot birds are not wanted for the freezing houses. They do not keep well, lose flavor rapidly, and are always rejected if observed. We do not like the epithet "poacher." It seems belittling when applied to a man. But if a man wants a more agreeable cognomen he must not poach. If a man does not wish to be called a "thief" he must not steal. Worcester defines "poach" "to carry off game privately in a bag." And this is just what the fellows under notice do. One prominent witness before the committee has had for many years the reputation of being a notorious poacher, and shooting and selling in this market woodcock out of season. He was challenged on this point and stoutly denied ever violating any game law—in *sotto voce* —"which I consider reasonable." The committee smiled and the "hearing" went on. We cite this case simply to illustrate the sentiments of a poacher.

There is another set of men—men of wealth, but not of the purest morality—who feel that they can and must have what they want, regardless of law and the rights of others, which class we regard as more reprehensible and dangerous than the poacher. We mean the class of men who demand woodcock and other game out of season. It is a low, contemptible thing for a rich man to tamper with a game dealer or poacher, and attempt to seduce him into the service of pandering to his appetites. We all know how easy it is to obtain woodcock on the first or any other day of July—a month before the open season—or any other inhibited day. Go to a certain dealer in Faneui Hall Market, name the day and the number of birds you want, and they are sure to come, not from the freezing house, but from a neighboring covert. The procurer drops a line to his pal, the poacher, the game is delivered on time and served at the hotel as "chicken gulls," "squab owls," etc., and no doubt relished by the meanest of the trio, the tempter gourmand.

Deer are about the only animals in the commonwealth that are recognized as of much value, and they are confined to a narrow strip of land of little worth on Cape Cod, where they are very wisely left to the care and keeping of the good people of that locality. These beautiful creatures are regarded by the local inhabitants as a sort of pet, and are cared for with the same solicitude they would care for other pets. The territory is also esteemed as a sort of deer park where they can remain unmolested, and they feel sad when a stranger enters and carries one off. Yet so restless and malicious are certain outsiders on seeing how much these animals are prized that they petitioned the Legislature for leave to invade the territory with dogs and guns to destroy this last remnant of the friends and companions of Carver and Brewster, and Bradford and the rest. We pray this privilege may never be granted, but that these noble animals may be preserved from generation to generation so long as water runs and forests are green, as sacred memorials of by-gone ages.

If we have the feeling of envy to one person more than another, it is to that fortunate rural resident whose soul is from day to day stirred by the matin and vesper song of birds. When we are sad and weary, they come to refresh and cheer us. The farmer, too, listens with pleasure to their merry notes as he watches them searching up and down every limb of the fruit and ornamental trees, destroying thousands of noxious insects that would mar their beauty or deprive him of their richest fruits. Of all the beautiful and useful of the feathered tribes that visit us, we regard the golden robin as standing at the head of the honored list. It is he alone that will attack and destroy the tent caterpillar and his nest, and no fruit grower could make a better investment than to buy a lot of these birds, if he could protect them from the skin-hunters, and let them loose upon his premises. If a butcher bird comes on to my premises and slaughters my pets, the birds, I can rid myself of him by a charge of No. 8 shot. But if a butcher boy comes on to my inclosure and murders my musical companions, it is quite different. My breechloader has no terrors for him. When I threaten him with prosecution, he replies, as nervously as a game dealer, "You will ruin my business. I get ten cents a piece for these birds, and make good wages at it." "'The wages of sin is death'—to the birds," I whisper, and turn from the gory sight away. This is not an isolated case, but one of common occurrence. We are informed that persons in the Connecticut Valley make a regular business of it during the spring or breeding months. It is stated on the very best authority—FOREST AND STREAM—that last year in one locality on Long Island 30,000 skins passed through the hands of a single dealer, most of which were cut up for millinery purposes. From another locality on the same island a dealer in four months bought from the local gunners 70,000 birds. From Cobb's Island comes an immense number of gulls and terns. "An enterprising woman from New York has contracted with a Paris millinery firm to deliver during the summer 40,000 or more skins of birds at forty cents a piece." People have no idea of the monstrous waste of bird-life that is going on, nor do they put forth any effort to stop it. We have tried in vain to rouse the farmers to the importance of the subject, but they do not seem to appreciate our efforts. The M. F. and G. P. A. is about the only one that has moved in the matter, and they are indebted to that association for what protection the birds have.

There is, however, a proper time to gather the products of the field, the growth of fruit and the natural increase of beast and bird. There may be an honest difference of opinion as to the best time to gather certain crops or secure the year's growth of fish, fowl or fruit, but that they should be gathered some time no one will deny. If a man should kill all his hens in the spring he would hardly expect fresh eggs in summer or chickens in autumn. It would be unwise for the owner of a cattle ranch to kill all his cows and breeding stock for the sake of exhibiting large profits on the present year's business. The full fat steers might, with propriety, be sent to market as the natural growth and increase of the season. The farmer who should cut his grass when half grown, or gather his fruit when half ripe, should be restrained by law from waste and want. And so of game. The poacher who shoots woodcock in April or May (and it is done) deserves a permanent home in a penitentiary. But in October when the birds are full-plumed, methinks there is not in the whole realm of field sports more satisfactory or exhilarating exercise.

It is in the hope of restraining the improvident, the short-sighted, the unwise destroyer, as well as to conserve and perpetuate the bounties and blessings of an all-wise providence that further legislation is prayed for.

A MEMBER OF M. F. AND G. P. A.

[A portion of the above communication, referring to fish, will be found in our Fishculture columns.]

NEW YORK TRESPASS LAW.

FOLLOWING is the full text of the new law: SECTION 1. Section 16 of chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, entitled: "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended so as to read as follows: SEC. 16. Any person who shall knowingly trespass upon inclosed or cultivated lands, for the purpose of shooting or hunting any game protected by this act, or shall take any fish from private ponds or private streams not stocked in whole or part by the State, or after public notice has been given by the owner or occupant thereof, or person, association or corporation hiring or leasing the exclusive right to shoot or hunt thereon or fish therein from the owner or occupant, as provided in the following section, shall be liable to such owner or occupant, "or person, association or corporation," in addition to the actual damages sustained, exemplary damages to an amount not exceeding twenty-five nor less than fifteen dollars.

SEC. 2. Section seventeen of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: SEC. 17. The notice referred to in the preceding section shall be given by erecting and maintaining sign-boards, at least one foot square, upon at least every fifty acres of land upon or near the lot lines thereof, or upon or near the shores or banks of any lake, stream or pond, in at least two conspicuous places on premises, or by the personal service upon any person of a written or printed notice containing a brief description of the premises, the name of the owner or person in possession thereof, and such notice to have appended thereto the name of the owner or occupant, or person, association or corporation having the exclusive right to shoot or hunt thereon or fish therein. Any person who shall tear down or in any way deface or injure any such sign-board shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

SEC. 3. Nothing in this act contained shall be construed as authorizing the leasing of any of the lands or waters belonging to the State, to any person, association or corporation for a fish or game preserve, except for fish-hatching purposes. SEC. 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

CALIFORNIA GAME AND SPORTSMEN.

LIKE those of all communities who wholly or partially respect game protective laws and the desires of the forest denizens to multiply their species, the sportsmen of California are just now having a dull season. There is no gunning of any kind—always excepting the deer slaughtering that goes on at all seasons in certain mountain localities, and such as is done at the trap.

The last season was not what we call a good one out here, at least so far as waterfowl were concerned. Less ducks and geese came down from the North than for many winters past; so few, in fact, that not a complaint was heard even from those chronic growlers, the wheat growers. Quails were plentiful enough, but as usual they were not at all accommodating, preferring to stay generally where the cover was thickest. Occasionally they may be found, however, in fairly open ground in the lower foothills, and then they furnish excellent sport to that comparatively small class of sportsmen who prefer hunting them to shooting ducks on the marshes. There are few parts of this State in which tolerably good duck shooting may not be had, and it would seem as if the majority of shooters had become wedded to that branch of sport. I suppose the reason is that it requires a little more exertion to get to the quail grounds, and the expenditure of more muscle in tramping constantly over the hills than to get out to the nearest slough and squat on a stool, there to wait for the game to come to you. I verily believe there are scores of old gunners right here that never shot at a quail, but they are always ready to go for ducks.

And this reminds me of a little incident that occurred last fall. A friend of mine, who is an ardent lover of field sport, and who never shoots ducks, had a very promising setter with him one day, and meeting a duck-shooting sportsman began expatiating on the good qualities of his dog. "I've got a dog that can beat him for coin," remarked the other, "for he's got away with everything he has tackled." "All right," replied the field-trial man, "I'll run you a three days' race on the best quail ground to be found within twenty miles." "Quails be blowed!" exclaimed the disgusted marsh-tramp, "I work my dog on ducks! That's the kind of field trial I mean." And yet you'll find that man sitting regularly on that empty powder keg in a certain gun store and talking dog and gun with the same crowd, night after night, the year through.

As further evidence of the benighted condition of some would-be sportsmen's minds, here is another incident: A well-to-do business man purchased a nice Irish setter puppy, and when it was eight or nine months old he gave it into the hands of a hunter to break. The latter took the hard-headed Fenian out and labored with him faithfully. Meeting the owner one day, he related to him how well the pup was showing up. After listening for some time to a recital of the manner in which the youngster acted among the quails, the owner seemed to become impatient and did not enthuse. Finally he interrupted the handler with the query: "Yaas, but how ish he on rabbids?" "Oh! he's all right now on that score," replied the breaker, "I gave him a little dose of shot once, and now he would walk over a hare or rabbit and not notice it." "Vat you say? he no dake nodis ofe der rabbids! Mein Gott, I vanted him broke for a rabbid dog!"

I have frequently seen it stated in letters written from along the southern coast of California that the black brant is never found in the interior, and at but few points on the coast between Alaska and San Diego. This is a great mis

take. All through the winter and away late into the spring they may be found in our local markets more plentiful than any of the half-dozen species of wild geese shot about here. They are usually the latest in market, after the honkers, the gray geese, the snow geese, etc., have all departed for the icy north.

As an advocate of small bores, I am pleased to note the fact that the big No. 10s are going out of fashion here as elsewhere. When a man can offer no better argument in favor of his arm-breaking cannon than that "he can kill more game with it" than with a No. 12 or 14 gauge, then I say he has a poor cause. He can get a singlebarreled 8-gauge that will not weigh more than 12 or 13 pounds (just a couple of pounds more than his 10-gauge), and with that he would be able to pile up his heap of game still higher. I say give us smaller bags of birds, more skill in the use of the gun, and a greater amount of pleasure with less toil.

The late Legislature had bigger fish to fry and did not get down to game legislation—at least, the Senate did not. But if even the present laws were enforced in all cases, there would be little cause for complaint; but, as before stated, they are wholly disregarded in some localities.

We lately had the handsome, entertaining Tucker, of Parker gun fame, with us, and now he's down among the Texas cowboys (I wonder if there are any cowgirls down that way). "Tuck" is a jolly good fellow, a fine shot, and all that; but he's a better business man than either. He has a good gun to work for, it is true; but he's the chief in his line. SMALL-BORE.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 11.

WISCONSIN GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From information that I get from the farmers of this and adjoining counties, more game has lived through the past winter than usual, and consequently our shooting prospects for next fall are promising. I am very sorry the bill to create game wardens in this State did not receive the Governor's signature and become a law. I am satisfied that we cannot preserve our game and good shooting without an officer whose particular business it is to look after the parties who are continually shooting out of season. It is difficult to understand how we can protect our game so as to get moderately good shooting in the future as we have had in the past. Almost half the population of this vicinity are armed against attacks from game with Winchester rifles and breechloading shotguns, mostly Winchester rifles, and it is well known that when those parties want a prairie chicken to eat, especially those who live in the country, that they shoot it. I believe there is more game killed out of season than in season in this part of the State, and the reason for it is plain; the great number of fine shotguns and repeating rifles that are constantly being offered for sale and their perfection and cheapness, especially of repeating rifles; the popularity of wing-shooting among the owners of guns, and the skill that is developing in wing-shooting by gun clubs; the natural desire of most gun owners to want to kill something, and add to this that where game is known to have been killed out of season, no one feels like making enemies for life by reporting the law-breakers. Altogether it looks as if game must go unless something is done to stop illegal shooting, and when game becomes scarce the gun dealers will realize it. Without game birds to hunt it will be a difficult matter to keep up the interest in trap-shooting; very few will care to purchase fine guns without a prospect of using them in the field. Trap-shooting (with the majority of shooters) is indulged in chiefly as practice for field shooting. The whole gun business depends for its existence on game, and when game goes there will be a good many guns offered for sale cheap.

MENOMINEE, Wis. WING-SHOT.

KANSAS LARGE GAME.—Cimarron, Kan., May 20.—The antelope are being driven back by settlers, who are coming in and locating on bare prairie, where one has to dig 150 feet to water, and where you can't raise enough to keep a goose on 100 acres. There are just as many antelope, but I have to go 100 miles for good hunting. I bought a .40-60 repeater last winter, and had it resighted by A. P. Clarke, of New York. It holds up well and shoots accurately. Had it sighted for 125 yards, and don't have to change my sights up to 200 or a little over. But the ball is too light for antelope shooting on prairie. I am going to get a .45-85 and try that. A great many cattle died from starvation and cold on the range last winter, and I never saw coyotes so thick as they are now. The spring flight of geese and ducks was very light through here. They were reported to be plenty seventy miles further east at Larned, and from there east. Cowboys are quite plenty this spring. A large one was killed near Dodge City last week; but they are not hunted much at this season of the year, nor in fact at any other.—W. J. D.

SHORE BIRDS AND WOODCOCK.—Philadelphia, May 23.—The spring flight of shore birds still continues. Some of the varieties have already passed north, but the robin breast and black-breasted plover, which are usually later comers, have only begun to arrive. These latter named varieties will stay on our shores but a few days. The wildfowl, which remained with us late this spring, have left for the north. A few straggling snipe still linger. I am told that rail birds have been heard in the marshes below Chester on the New Jersey side; if this is true, they will breed here. More woodcock than for some years back are breeding on the borders of the creeks running into the Delaware through New Jersey, and I get it from good authority that as many as three broods were discovered in one wet woods. It looks as if there would be good woodcock shooting in July. How much better would it be, though, to let them rest until autumn.—HOMO.

CALIFORNIA.—San Diego, May 11.—I have seen numerous coveys of quail about one-third grown; and rabbits are very numerous, two-thirds grown.—D. B. H.

GAME LAW CHANGES.—Will correspondents favor us with a memorandum of whatever changes may have been made in their State and local game laws.

LIST OF PATENTS

Bearing Date May 25, 1885. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

316,775. Wire-Floating Livebox—J. F. Hardman, Rensselaer, Ind.
317,521. Ball Trap—F. C. Damm, Peoria, Ill.
318,190. Fishing-Reel—John Kopf, Brooklyn, N. Y.
10,593. Fishing-Tackle Case (re-issue) H. F. Price, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

MUSKOKA.

THE old proverb holds. There are not only as good fish in the sea, but in the rivers and lakes, as ever were caught. All that is necessary is that you shall go where they are. When once there, it is only a question of season, skill and the right kind of tackle. Ten years ago, when I first began to fish and simultaneously to read the FOREST AND STREAM, I was both grieved and disappointed to find that nearly all the interesting accounts of successful fishing expeditions in choice waters were dated a generation earlier, and that little remained to the younger fishermen but the tantalizing reminiscences of the "good old days" as described by our elders. I have since discovered that I was in error.

Two of us last summer, while casting about for a new territory, had our attention called by a friend to the Muskoka country. The very name had an attractive sound to us from the first. It was round and mellow, full of vowels, and easily spoken. The tales that were told us about the lake country which bears the name were even more alluring to us than the sound of the name itself. This was by no means conclusive, however, to a couple of cynical sportsmen, who for years had wandered up and down the lakes and streams which are so beautiful in the excursion pamphlets and railway folders, and so utterly barren and unattractive in reality. But we afterward found that not the least singular feature of the stories told us about the Muskoka country was that they were true. This, however, is anticipating.

It might be remarked, apropos of setting out, that the lucky number in a fishing expedition is always two. That number represents the happy mean between solitude and a crowd. Two in a party are company, and as there never can be more than two opinions as to any plan, the chances of disagreement are reduced to a minimum. Two men never quarrel on an expedition, because they have no third parties to take sides, while for efficiency and mobility the party of two cannot be equaled. Lastly, there are only two sides to a penny, one for each man, and when in camp a "toss up" will settle the most perplexing question to the entire satisfaction of both. Of course no record is made in a calculation of this kind, of guides and camp men, who form the "working corps" and who do not vote on questions of route, etc., unless they are invited to do so.

Every fisherman knows that if one should attempt to take note of the preliminary talk and time expended in preparing for a fishing expedition he would never get to his story. And so I may simply say that our point of rendezvous and departure was Detroit, and our route over the Grand Trunk to Toronto, thence over the Northern & Northwestern Road to Gravenhurst (or more strictly, Muskoka wharf), and from there we could go onward and upward in as many directions as there are fingers on one hand by the lively little steamers of the Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Company. Any one who will remember these points, "blazed" as above, can never lose the trail to the Muskoka country, and having once traveled it, he will need no summer guide book to tempt him to repeat his visit.

The man who goes into the Muskoka country on a piscatorial trip ought to be thoroughly equipped both for fly and bait-fishing. The great variety, not only of the waters of the Muskoka country, but also of the fish, renders this absolutely essential; unless, perchance, one is willing to confine himself to a particular locality and provide himself accordingly. Our trip was made in the middle of August, and while we went in one direction for bait and another direction for fly-fishing, we would not for any consideration have willingly foregone the pleasures of either.

Leaving Detroit in the evening, the next day found us at 1 o'clock in the afternoon on the docks at Muskoka wharf, and that same evening, after a charming steamer ride over lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, with an incidental diversion up the Muskoka River to Bracebridge, we landed at Rosseau happy and hungry. We were without any preconceived plans as to the waters in which we should first wet our lines, but a lucky accident directed us toward Crane and Blackstone lakes, and starting bright and early over the Parry Sound road, we "rounded to" at 5 o'clock in the afternoon on the banks of Blackstone, still somewhat incredulous, but none the less ready and anxious to test the stories we had gathered at Rosseau, and which had been the moving cause of our last day's journey. For there were maskallonge in these waters, we had been assured at Rosseau, and we had examined and cross-examined the guides and hotel people in that quiet little village till we had accumulated testimony concerning the habits and doings of these fresh-water tigers that made our blood run hot and our fingers tingle.

The shores of the Crane and Blackstone lakes are capital specimens of the primitive wilderness, and long may they so continue. The broken beer bottle and the disemboweled tin can do not disfigure their borders, and the few who have visited their teeming waters have mostly been genuine fishermen, who are happiest when furthest from the conventional summer hotel, and wholly indifferent as to their accessories. Each lake had only one family living upon it, and one small clearing on Blackstone was all that broke the majestic sweep of the grand old forests. Within the sheltered bays the loons laughed undisturbed, and the wild birds splashed in the marshy edges or upon the sandy shores, with none to molest or make them afraid.

When an angler goes forth to catch the maskallonge, it is necessary to be careful lest the maskallonge should catch him. Here are the precautions suggested by actual experience against so untoward a result: A 10-ounce split bamboo rod, 9½ feet long, a quadruplex reel with adjustable click and drag,* and carrying 200 yards of No. 5 (or smallest size) braided linen line, at the end of which is attached by a swivel 2 feet of medium sized copper wire, and lastly a No. 4 or 5 spoon and double hooks. Finally a good gaff.

"Better leave them little rods," said our guide, philosopher, etc., as we prepared to start over to Crane Lake the first morning. "You can't use them rods; they are no good."

"We'll take them along," said I; "they are not hard to carry."

[The proper method of taking the maskallonge, on the primeval waters of Canada, is by a small clothes line, hauled in by main strength when the fish bites.]

The old man smiled, but when he found later that the assurance that we would break our rods did not change our intention of fishing with them, he indulged in a little prospective enjoyment of our discomfiture as we rowed toward the lower end of the lake.

For myself, I confess that underneath my placid outward mien I felt a little nervous. I had been fast to a maskallonge but once, years before, and the result of that experience was a panic that overwhelmed the boatman, my partner and myself, and lost us a magnificent fish through a piece of strategic and brilliant stupidity. [Perhaps I may write that experience some day.] But I really meant to hook a maskallonge with my "little rod," and I didn't mean to back down till compelled.

Swinging around a little point, with some twenty yards of line astern, before fishing a great while, I felt a sudden movement at the spoon that was more like a "crounch" than a bite. It took only a second to give the rod a turn that fixed the hooks, and another second to discover that I had hung something. Scarcely had I tightened the line when the fish started. I do not know that I wanted to stop him, but I put my thumb on the reel, and felt the line slip rapidly from beneath it, as though attached to a submarine torpedo. The first run was a long one, but the line was longer and the fish stopped before the reel was bare. This was my opportunity, and I had the boatman swing his craft across the course, and reeling in the slack line I turned his head toward the deeper water. Forty-five minutes of as pretty a fight as one could wish to see left my new acquaintance alongside the boat, and before he recovered his surprise the gaff was in his gills and the boatman lifted him on board. He weighed fourteen pounds on the steelyards, and was my heaviest fish.

This little encounter and its termination was a revelation to the boatman, and in the course of the day there were others of a similar character, but none which developed quite so protracted a contest. As for myself and my companion, I think we should not have been afraid of the largest veteran in the lake, and our nerves were as steady as clockwork. Our time was limited (shorter than my story), and in a word a day and a half on Crane Lake gave us ten maskallonge whose weight aggregated 110 pounds (on the scales), an average weight of eleven pounds per fish. This was taking no account of black bass and pickerel. It seems strange to talk of shaking off black bass and making disrespectful remarks about these gamy gentry when they insisted on taking the hook, but they were so plenty as to be really troublesome. "When I go a-cattin' I go a-cattin'," said our colored friend.

If the editor doesn't put his finger down (and his foot too) I hope to say something another time about the black bass and the trout in the Muskoka waters. JAY BEBE.

* I want to express the opinion "'umbly" that the bobtail rod and the superfine tackle that some of our fishermen talk of are a delusion for anything but fingerling trout. There are a good many reasons for this opinion as applied to black bass fishing, but cannot stop to give them now.

SKINNED STREAM.

THE stream that I am attempting to describe, and along whose banks I am about to give my experience, is in Litchfield county, Conn. Possibly it may have been stocked since I waded its pure waters. It certainly ought to be, for if ever I tried my skill in a "lovely" trout brook (to use a lady's expression) it was in that brook and in one of its branches. But no doubt many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will think of several just such brooks in all of our Northern, Eastern and Middle States—streams that have been fished in out of season, and netted to supply a boarding house demand, and scooped when their waters were low, and whipped on all days of the week and hours of the day, not even Sunday excepted.

But the way I came to call the brook in question Skinned Stream was this: The morning after our arrival at Maple Grove House I was asking Sam, the proprietor's brother, if there were not some trout streams in the neighborhood. I remembered that among the attractions of the place this was named. "O, yes," said Sam, "there are plenty of beautiful streams here, but not many fish." This was a new idea to me. I thought of many other just such places—first-rate brooks to fish in, but very poor places to catch any. However, I learned all I could from Sam, and will give his account of the stream in question as well as I can remember it.

"Yes sir," said he, pointing to the stream running through the meadow in front of the house and winding down to the left of it, "that is a good trout brook. When I was a boy we used to get lots of them there, and an old codger around here even now picks up a good many. Two years ago I caught a pounder off of that bridge you see there. But the fact of it is the stream is skinned now; and it is skinned every year almost before the law is up. I have seen three or four fellows every day for nearly six weeks in the spring poking along there, and then they drop off to one and two a day until June. Sometimes one of them will get a fish, but I think there are more fishermen than trout, and they break down our fences and tread down the grass."

This is in substance all that I could learn from Sam, but he told me that he knew of a good trout brook about six miles from there, and that his brother had a fine team and an easy-riding wagon. However, Sam had told me enough and I thought at once of what I would do when I got stronger. I would try the Skinned Stream for myself.

It was now July, and I knew that the farmers' sons living in the neighborhood in all probability had not fished the stream for some weeks and would not be able to again that season unless they went out on a rainy day. I knew also that the boarders in the place were in the habit of going to the lake for their fishing. It had been stocked with bass some years before and now they were allowed to catch them. The fishing, too, I had learned, was quite good in the lake. So I gave myself no uneasiness about any one troubling the Skinned Stream and said, now I will just wait until I am well enough to travel and then I will explore its waters for myself. I will try and be ready for the next rainy day. For this I had to wait a week; may be it was just as well that I had to wait so long. But I felt strong enough by the morning of July 20. We had had a thunder storm the afternoon before and it had not cleared off as usual, but promised to be cloudy and overcast the next day. It was so.

I left the Maple Grove House about half-past 8 and commenced to fish just below the hotel. As I was going out the proprietor told me he hoped I would get some; that if I did it would be a good thing for his house. I thought he was very candid for a Yankee; but it seemed he had taken a fancy to me, and was very careful to tell me what I would come to on my way down and where I would find the road to come home. Joe smiled as I went off, and said, "Good luck, sir, but don't feel disappointed if you do not get any."

But now I am by the stream. On my side the alder bushes have recently been cut off close up to the water's edge. They are lying on the ground preparatory to being piled up and burned, and are continually catching on this lame foot of mine. What a beautiful hole that seems to be! There must be fish under that bank, close to that bush. I am trying a worm now, using it as I would a fly on the top

of the water. This is a favorite plan of mine after a rainstorm, where trout are scarce and when the brook is falling. What! none; is it possible? Try again. I do so, and again. No! Not even a rise nor the sign of one. Let the bait sink. It disappears. Ha! there is one at it; a little one. Come along fishie. What! a miserable chub? Go back. You were only intended for trout food. Another bite. Here he comes. A, redfin I think they call you. I have caught plenty of trout with your kind in their maws. I am beginning to be disgusted. What! a shiner this time? Why, what kind of a place have I come to? I will go to the bank and look into the stream and see if I can see anything. Just at this moment a gleam of sunshine comes through a rift in the clouds. I peer over carefully, and there, so far as I can see, is a peck or more of suckers and chub and redfins and shiners, all spread along the bottom of the hole and seeming to feed in the utmost harmony. This don't look like trout, I say to myself. But here is a nice place to get bait for bass and pickerel fishing. But now I put on some flies, a coachman, a red hackle and brown gnat. Here goes. There may be a trout in the neighborhood that will be tempted by one of these. Yes, here goes. Whew! Is the water alive? A fish on every hook, and every one seems to have found the very fly that he was in search of, chub and shiner and redfin, but no trout. Will try again by that log. It looks deep there. I do so, and again these miserable bait fish have seized my flies. It would be no use to attempt to catch them all out in the hopes of getting a trout, I would have to fish for a week, and you may be sure there are very few trout where these fish are so plenty. There is everything indeed to make me think that this is a skinned stream. But here I would interrupt my narrative to say that when a few days after this some of the boarders in the house wanted bait fish to take to the lake, and asked me if I would not catch them some or help them get minnows, that I put on three small flies one evening and in half an hour had all the fish they wanted. Those too large for bait were thrown back again into the stream.

But now I go in, and my ardor is cooling—I try the worm again. What splendid woodcock ground, I say to myself as I walk along, has been destroyed here. But there is plenty of it here, and untouched. Now I am crossing a sweet little brook, with a grand bottom, clear as crystal. There must be a fish at its mouth, where it runs into the larger stream. That is a deep hole there. Stand back from it and cast a long line. No, nothing! Is that so? Let the hook sink. A bite! Here he comes. Another check, and then another, and another. Oh, go on. Now, there is a rock in the stream; try behind it; and there are more bushes and trees by the side of the bank. No; none here either, and the moment the line sinks a redfin or a chub is on. But wait. There must be a fish in that hole by the bridge. I feel that there is—feel it in my arms. I wonder if I have lost my skill since I have been sick? The old rod will get disgusted directly. Well, the trout here, I say to myself, are really a little too scarce for pleasure. I did not count upon this. I am afraid Sam will have the laugh on me. He said I would get none; that if the boys around here could not get any, the city chaps had not much chance. But I try, and I declare not one yet.

Now I am coming to more alders, and just below that place where it ripples so there seems to be a hole. Don't give up yet. Have the fun of fishing even if you do not get any. If it were only the season of birds I could enjoy myself; but all, except a few thrushes and occasionally a sparrow or a robin or a vireo, seem to have stopped singing around these parts. But try there. Stand far back and let your bait float down. That is it. Whew! what a thrill goes through my arm. I have him, and there is a spluttering on the water away below me. Reel up quick. Don't slacken on him. It may be a trout. Here he comes. Yes, it is a trout. Let me look at you, you pretty fellow. It does seem a shame to kill you; but I am not well now, nor is Mrs. Stillaboy, and we have an invalid friend at the house. Ah, what apologies we can make for our sport; but you were made to eat, and, like a strawberry, with an extremely good flavor. He is a nice fish, nine inches long, and as beautifully marked as a trout could be. And now my spirits begin to revive. I have one fish, and I am coming to the woods and may possibly get more.

I have waded the stream (it is not deep), and am approaching a bend in it where it turns from the meadows above into the alders. The tall woods are not far below me. I can just manage to peep over a bush and see my bait as it touches the water. A fish rises to the surface and seems to push his nose against the bait and then goes down again. I raise the rod and drop the bait again, and again the fish does as before. I know what he wants. He won't take the bait. He wants a fly. Now he rises and has caught a miller that was floating on the water. I wonder what kind of one it was. I will try him with a coachman and a red hackle. He jumps again. But now I am ready. I have him. A trout, too, and good sized—and I think I saw another one come to the surface when he took hold. But I try again and I have another one. I wonder is he large enough to keep. Yes, he is a good six and a half inches. I am almost sorry for him. He looks so much smaller than either of the other fish. There is no use trying here any more. But what is the meaning of this wave coming up the stream and disturbing the quiet surface of the little pond? Let me see. I approach carefully, and there, in his brown coat of summer, is a large mink, that swims away down stream as he sees my head over the bushes. His bright beadlike eyes look at me, as much as to say "why what are you doing here?"

And now I am nearly half way to where Skinned Stream empties into the Shepang River. I have been working hard for two hours and have three fish. The features of the stream are changing now. It is becoming more rapid. I am passing under very tall alders as I wade. The waters are spread out over a gravel bed some fifteen feet wide and a hundred feet long. They are only three or four inches deep and the alders arch overhead, forming a beautiful avenue as you look down the stream. What a spawning ground this must have been, I say to myself, in past days. But I am playing my line away below me, when the first thing I feel a bite. The line has searched the lower end of the gravel bed, when the stream contracts and passes into what is seemingly a pool. I strike and I have a fish on. It is not large I know. Feels like a chub. I reel away and here he comes. Why, he is a little trout, five inches long. He is not hurt, so I take him carefully off, and away he shoots. But I must try that place again. Another bite. What have I now? You do not splatter or kick much. I have you, you nasty redfin, and he drops into the water. No more for some time, and I have to pick my way over rocks and fallen trees until I come to a place where the stream makes a plunge of about six feet and then rests for a moment in a long pool about twenty feet wide. Ah, here is a place I say to myself. I will have one here. I will stand above it behind that arch and let my line float down. I do so, saying to myself, if I should get a large one on how will I manage to draw him out? No need of saying it. I try a fly with the same result. I let the fly sink. No use.

There is a large rock at the lower end of this pool that turns the stream to the left in its course, and I see there is an opening at the side of the pond that will allow me to cast my line there. I make for it, and after tumbling over a log and scratching my face I am by the stream again, and the perspiration is running, it seems to me, from my head to my boots. But I make a cast with bait again. And good! I have a fish. I am dreadfully afraid I cannot get him in. I will pull my basket around in front of me and open it and take him off. I cannot afford to lose a fish, and this left hand is so weak. I do so and he is safe. This one was eight inches. I try again, casting up and down. No more. Now the stream is running by a high bank, and there are a succession of deep holes, and a little meadow on one side. That looks like a nice place to fish, and I am not far from the river, I guess. Try a grasshopper here. This seems to be a good hole, and you can screen yourself well behind those low alders. I am ready. Swing your hook out if you can. I have one. Come out here—seven inches. Try again. Hah! that is a trout, but he is a small one. I have him, though. He has to go back; he doesn't come up to the measure. I try another hole, and no luck, and another, with the same result. Now I am coming to a place where the water glides over a shelving rock into a great pool. Go carefully now, and see to your bait. I do so, and here comes another fish. I am too much interested in securing him to notice that kingfisher that has passed so near me and that humming bird that has darted at my head. I have not time to think that he may have a nest on one of the limbs of that beech tree opposite. No, no time for birds now. This is a nice fish, and I must see if I cannot get another. I hear the Housatonic as it madly rushes down over the rocks at my right. But there is no more fish in this pool. Now I am to cross the road and try under the foundation of that old bridge. That is the last place. Try a fly there. Now try and make a good cast. I do so; and, glad again, I have a seven-inch one. See if you cannot get another on that red hackle. Let it sink a little, like a drowned miller. Ah, I have another, have I? and a good one. My, you make my rod bend. But are you tired out so soon? Then you may come in here. You worked too hard at first. But I never saw a trout act so strangely. Oh, you disgusting thing; you are a pumpkin seed—a sunfish—and never in my life before did I fish for trout and catch one of your kind.

It is after 12 now and I return home. I have fished about a mile and a half of stream, and have now to walk almost that distance to the Maple Grove House. I do not let every one see what is in my basket. But Mrs. Stillaboy and myself have a small dish of trout set before us at tea time that we distribute around to our particular friends, while I take care that Mrs. S. has a nice one for herself. Sam and his mother regard me as quite a fisherman, and tell me that I must try the stream the other way. That really the best fishing is above their house. I promised them that I would do so the first good day we have.

The week after my excursion down "Skinned Stream" there came another good day for fishing, and as I had not fallen in the brook, nor hurt myself, nor taken cold, as Mrs. Stillaboy predicted, she made no objections to my going out again. This time I was to go up the stream, and had to slip away from the house before the boys were around. The fact of it is, I was watched. Several of them wanted to go with me. Now, don't think that I am not fond of boys. I am fond of them generally. But any man who has ever fished where trout were scarce knows what it is to have inexperienced lads talking to him all the time, or stamping around the bank of the creek.

I had to get up pretty early and take breakfast with the proprietor. He said he knew I would get some fish, and Sam seemed to think that I would get more than I did the first time. My directions were to take the road we had driven recently to a bridge near an old cider mill. Sam thought about a mile and a half away. This he said would be all that I could fish before dinner, and take me over some of the best ground. He remembered when it was good, he said, before the Litchfield boys and Boston fellows found it out. Among the things that the proprietor advised was to carry a rubber coat—if I had one, and if I got lost to inquire for Maple Grove House.

I had a coat with me, a thin one, not fit for the woods, but Sam said I would not meet with any tall trees, although I might expect to find some thickets of alders along the edge of the stream. I hoped this, for I knew that my chances would be slim indeed if I had to fish in open meadows at this season of the year. So the coat was put in the basket, and my readers will see what use I had for it before I got home.

The place described was found, and about 8 o'clock I commenced fishing. The stream was very full and where I began was deep and narrow, as it came through a meadow that had once been a bog. I should think the brook here was about half the width that it was below. Here it was not more than four feet wide, there it was six and eight. Two of its smaller branches came in below, and these, too, were streams for trout. But now the success. Not a bite nor a rise, nor, as I occasionally went to the bank and looked into the clear, cold water, could I see a fish of any kind. There did not seem to be even a minnow here. But I worked, starting up a flock of meadow larks as I got over the fence and nearly breaking the tip of my rod as I caught the line on a stake. There were alders below me, and before you came to the alders quite a steep bank. A tree grew opposite the bank on my side, where the ground was low and the water ran rapidly down a gravel incline before it comes to this place. I could not see distinctly from where I stood; but I said I must try there. That tree is a good shade for the pool that is beneath it, and that rippling stream coming in, if I know anything about fish, is just the spot; so I reel off some thirty or forty yards of line. Then I get close by the side of the stream, bending down as low as I could, so that my head should not appear above the grass on the margin, cast just above the pool so that the water would carry my hook into it. It is in now and r-r-r-r-r sings my reel, while I see my line going toward the bank. It is a trout, I say to myself. Check the reel. What were you thinking about that you did not keep your finger on it? He is not even hooked. But now he is, and he don't like it at all. Reel up. He makes considerably flapping as he comes. But he is in—an eight-inch fish. I have not gone near the pool and hope to get another one. No such good luck. However, I solace myself with the reflection that I have at least one fish, and will most likely get a few more.

Now I come to another deep hole just above the alders. Hope leads me to think I will get another here. No; no signs of a fish neither small nor large. But see; see that snake four feet long at least uncoiling himself from that bush and gliding into the water. I wish you were where I could kill you. But my, I have not gone thirty yards from this place, peeking into the alders as I go along to see if the water is deep or there are any holes before I see, in a little opening just in front of me, half the body of a huge black snake disappearing in the grass. I should judge from what I have seen that he must be a good six feet. And now I am getting over a fence into a bog meadow where the grass had neither been cut nor fed down. It comes up to my waist and higher. But before I go through this grass let me peer into the stream again where the fence crosses it. There is a chance here to throw my line. The water I see is deep on my side of the fence, but shallow on the other and it is filled with sticks and roots. This is a place I say to myself for trout to hide and live, if the snakes do not eat them up. There is one place in the stream there where men cannot get at them at least, and that is among these thick alders. But I am going to try this hole. After some maneuvering I get my line in near the fence. Something is on. Pull up. It is another trout, the least trifle over six inches. I try again with no success. And now I shall have to pass for some distance down the stream and through that tall grass. The alders on each side of the stream seem to overlap each other here, forming a complete tangle. I never saw just such a condition of things before. The tops of those on the opposite side of the creek are on this side and *vice versa*. I say to myself there is no wading that stream.

I am in the meadow now, working my way down by the side of the alders; and all the time I am thinking of snakes. I say to myself I wish I had not seen them, while I know they will be careful enough to get out of my way. But then suppose one should wind around my leg, as that one did one day when I jumped upon his tail. And these bogheads will upset me directly, for I cannot see them. There, I am over. I hope there are no snakes here. Why did I not let one of the boys come? But I am up again. When will I get through this bog? I never in all my life met anything to equal this. I am nearly wet through with perspiration, and it is going to rain directly. Well I was a fool. Think of me leaving a quiet home to come here; and if anything should happen who would ever think of looking for me in this place? And now I am down again, and my nose peels the bark off of an alder bush; and the nose is peeled a little too, I guess. But don't give up, Stillaboy. Only the next time you go fishing know where you are going. But there is a fence, and an opening on the other side. Yes, keep up your courage. You were not wise, especially to come alone; but it is a good thing you led no one but yourself into this scrape. What an old bridge! And an old road by the side of the fence. Why, how nice. I must try again under the bridge. Yes, I have one seven inches. Oh, I guess I shall get some yet, and I feel better now.

And here I am in a meadow that is pastured and the walking is better. The stream still runs through alder bushes, and there are no openings nor chances to get to the water on this side except those we have tried. For nearly half a mile this has been the case, and the waters have been sluggish and spread out to a width of ten feet or more. But a current is very perceptible in them, and it is evident that years ago this stream was much larger than it is now, and for this whole length that I have found it so difficult to travel was once deep and still. I should judge from some of the alders and the way the bark is peeled from them, and the grass and sticks along the bank, that there must be considerable ice passing down here at times, and that the bogs are overflowed in spring and fall.

But now the current is swifter, and I see coming a rocky section. I hear a rumbling below me too that sounds as though there might be a fall there. I have not seen the sign of a woodcock boring, nor have I noticed any birds but field sparrows and goldfinches since the larks flew up. However, I am after fish now, and here is another chance to reach the stream. I got over another fence, and just below it is a large rock in the center of the stream with the water foaming around it. It looks like a good place, and I approach with extreme caution. I cast just over the rock, and in a moment my hook is taken. But alas, he is a little fellow and does not come up to the measure, and consequently is thrown back. I try again with fly and grasshopper. No success.

Now I am walking by the edge of a good grass field, and the noise of a waterfall is increasing, when all of a sudden my foot goes down and I tumble headlong. I have stepped into a little stream that comes trickling through the tall grass that conceals it, and enters the brook close to my left, beside those brier bushes. I must try there. Surely a trout will be lying in that cold water. No. As I turn around I see the little stream some five hundred yards away, tumbling down from the uplands over a ledge of rocks some thirty-feet high. It seems to fall that distance in three little cascades, and is a gem of scenery from where I stand. I say to myself I will go to it. There may be a pool above the fall. I do go, and after climbing the rocks and trying the little pools, look for some distance up the almost dry bed of what was once a mountain torrent, that is arched over with alder bushes as perfectly as though they had been planted there. But as I return to Skinned Stream again, I say there may be a trout in the meadow where this little brook runs through the grass. I have known very nice trout to seek such places at this season of the year. Nor was I mistaken, except as to the sort of trout.

The moment I cast my line where the stream ran under the fence, I had a fish about five inches long. He had gorged the bait, and as I unhooked him his gills were injured, so I had to kill the little fellow and put him in my basket. I try again, and again the same thing happens, only this time the fish is uninjured. Again and I have a little fish. I am determine to get over the fence where the grass is tall and see if I cannot find out what is under that fence rail. I approach very carefully and part the grass with the butt of my rod and look down, and there, in a hole about three feet deep and two feet wide, I see a half dozen or more little trout. As the grass is parted they hurry and skurry from side to side. I wait until they all get settled and straightened out, so that I can have a good look at them through my peep hole and then go on, saying to myself some of these days the creek skinners will find you out and catch you all. As I follow the little rill down I find an opening in the tall grass, and I drop my hook in, and again I have a little trout. This is one of the supply brooks no doubt to Skinned Stream and perhaps is so small that no one suspects that there are any fish in it.

I am at the stream again. It is running very rapidly, and I can see by the formation of land that there must be rapids or a fall here somewhere. It is beginning to rain now. What a good thing it did not come on while I was in the alders. No chance to fish yet. Alders and rock and rapids, but only for a few hundred yards, and now a fall, or rather a steep incline, almost like a pair of stairs, and about fifteen feet high. There is a deep hole at the foot of it, and a large rock stands out from the low cliff on the other side. The pond is about twelve feet across, and, best of all, some low alder bushes are growing on my side near the edge of this stony basin. I am in just the place I want to be to fish that pool. Send your hook over by the rock. It has gone, and from behind my alder screen I see two fish come to the surface, and one of them has the bait, and now I have him, a 6½-inch trout. I cast again, and now I have one a little larger. Must try again. Quite a large fish comes to the surface now and pushes his nose against the bait, and then goes down. I can see his brown form just as I saw the forms of the others as they came up to the surface. The water, dark and black over that side, is the reason; and I see this in spite of the rain drops that are falling on the pool. But I have no time to see much; I must put on a fly—two of them, a white miller and a coachman. I cast them. There is a swirl on the water, the top of my rod bends down, and I know I have a fish. He is a nice one, too; not large as some men count size, not one where we speak of pounds, but the largest that I have caught in Skinned Stream yet, 11 inches long and plump and round as possible.

Of course I try again and again and again; but no more. My, how it rains. And now I am coming to a succession of meadow lands where there is not an alder bush, it appears to me, for a quarter of a mile. Once I had too much of alders to-day, now I have not enough. It seems a pity though, that the farmers of Connecticut could not leave a few bushes here and there along a trout stream. But I suppose such a thing would not agree with their ideas of thrift. But I try and try for some distance. I am now within half a mile of the house, and know perfectly where I am. That is a relief. But I get no fish and now is the very time to take trout if they are here. I change from fly to grasshopper and then worm, and no fish. Splendid holes I have tried too. Now I get the bite of a redfin or a chub. I have caught one chub. He was a good sized one and the redfin too was large. I am tired trying and it is now half-past twelve, and yet I make one more cast, just below where the water runs so close under the bank. I have forty feet of line out. My! That was really a bite. I have him. Why, he is lively. He jumps out of the water way down there. Here he comes though, a nice fish, nearly nine inches. This was the last trout I caught. I tried most carefully at the next branch of the stream and in all the deep holes until I came in sight of Maple Grove House. Nothing but redfins and chubs rewarded me, even when I promised myself I would certainly catch a fish.

But I must end here. It leaked out in some way that I had caught trout in Skinned Stream, and almost every day fishermen were seen passing up and down the brook. One of the boarders, I understood, sent to New York to get an outfit. He gave every one to understand that he could catch them too. I never heard of his getting any, nor any other person, while we were in the neighborhood. Nor can I wonder at it. If I succeeded myself it was by dint of more labor and painstaking than I ever expect again to spend upon any fish. And I would only say to men who really want to catch trout not to go to a skinned stream for them.

STILLABOY.

JOINING GUT LENGTHS.

IN reply to a corrrespondent's inquiry, Mr. Leopold writes as follows: The knot is tied as follows: The two ends of the gut required to be tied are laid side by side for the space of three inches. Then a circle of these is formed and the right hand end is passed through twice. The knot is then drawn tight. I will try to explain more fully. The two gut lengths are laid together with the ends overlapping each other three inches, just as two sticks would be laid together for splicing. Now, the knot is to be tied in the part that is double, the part which constitutes the splice. In making the tie, handle this double part exactly as though it were a single strand. In fact it could be whipped together with thread and the tie made afterward. A knot is tied in the middle of the splice, not a single knot but a double knot. The single knot I speak of is the simplest form of knot that can be tied in a single strand of gut, and is formed by making a ring and passing one end through. The double knot is formed by making a ring and passing one end through twice, then drawing tight. Of course I do not advocate whipping the splice before the knot is tied, because in that case the knot could not be drawn into a neat and compact shape.

To tie a loop on the end of a snood or leader, double the end of the gut back two inches. Then treat this double part as a single gut, tying a double knot in it. To draw right, put the forefinger of the left hand through the loop, hold the long end of the gut in the right hand, grasp the short end of gut between the teeth and see-saw.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 22.

HOME-MADE MINNOW NETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in E. A. Leopold's article in May 14 number of FOREST AND STREAM, on "Home-Made Minnow Nets," but either I am particularly stupid in comprehension, or his explanation of its construction is too meagre for me to grasp the idea fully. What does he refer to as the "upper ends" of the bows to be attached? The outer points or the ends attached to the handle? How long is the three-inch diameter wooden block to be made, and is it inserted between the netting and the tube? How does he strengthen the outer rim of the netting? Please ask him to give a fuller and more lucid description. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By "upper ends" of bows I meant the ends fastened to the handle. The extreme length of the block is about four and one half inches. Its length depends somewhat upon the length of the tube to which the bows are hinged. I find it difficult to describe the exact shape of the block without the use of a diagram. It is something like an umbrella turned wrong side out by the force of the wind, or like a mush-room with the top amputated, inverted, and replaced on the stem. It can be made on a lathe by turning a hard wood block down to three inches diameter. Then turn one end down, making a straight stem or handle small enough to fit loosely in the tube. The stem and shoulder should form an obtuse angle of about 130 degrees. The block is inserted between the net and tube, the head of the block spreading the bows apart and stretching the net. If mosquito netting is used, run a stout cord around the lower ends of the bows, attaching it firmly to each bow, and sew the netting to this cord. If heavy, strong netting is used, no cord is needed. After catching your minnows let your net dry thoroughly before folding. To fold the net remove the block, grasp the net in the center and raise it slowly. This folds the net inside the bows. There are several other ways of doing it but they lead to much profanity. Mental profanity is the kind alluded to. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 22.

TO ATTACH THE DROPPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "M.," is at a loss as to the manner of attaching a short looped fly, as a "dropper," to his leader. These flies are not only tied so as to be used for stretchers, and to use them as droppers he simply needs to take a spare length of gut, tie a loop in each end, as described by Mr. Cheney, and then loop one end to the fly and the other to the leader. It is a very simple operation, and I wonder he has not seen it himself. He can readily knot up a dozen or two lengths of gut into these hookless snells, and carry them in his fly-book, all ready for use.

I came up here a day or two since, hoping to try some of my old haunts along the mountain brooks, but find myself rather too early. However, we are getting a soaking rain to-day, and after it clears and the brooks get settled I hope to get a few small trout; but the glory of this region is departed. The advent of railways, and the clearing of the forests for sleepers and fuel, has dried up nearly all the brooks in the summer and exterminated the trout, and it is yet too early for black bass in the Connecticut River.

I propose next week to try a fly on some of the largest and more open streams, where I do not believe a fly was ever cast, and where the "small boys" do not fish with "wurrums." Should I have any success will advise you.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 23. VON W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last issue of FOREST AND STREAM "M." asks how to fasten the looped flies to his leader. The most common way is to tie two loops in either end of a length of gut; one small loop simply large enough to fasten the gut length to the leader, as in the case of an ordinary fly. The other loop large enough to admit of passing the looped fly through it. First fasten the double-looped gut length to the leader by the small loop which leaves the large looped end free as though it were the end of the leader. If the fly is first fastened it will not pass through the small loop. This is the way to fasten bass flies; but for looped trout flies a length of gut with a hard knot in either end may be used, and the fly fastened as the reel line is fastened to the leader, and then fasten the other end of the gut to the leader with a simple knot. A. N. C.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

FLORIDA FISHING REMINISCENCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I read from week to week the interesting account of "Nessmuk's" experiences in Florida, memory brings pictures of like experiences during some years of residence there. How often, while watching for ducks, or fishing, or in camp, have I seen the upper half of a sail gliding over the prairie, the hull that it propelled hidden by the rushes as it turned this way and that, following the devious ways of the typical Florida stream; and how often have I been in that boat on that crooked stream, wanting badly to go somewhere when the wind couldn't accommodate itself to the twist of the channel, or the bushes or palmettoes acted as a barrier to the breeze, and an ash breeze had to be substituted, with the sun blazing furiously, and none but brackish water to quench an unsatisfied thirst. But how good it was when the day drew to a close to run in to shore, where the cabbage palms in close array lined the bluff, and make camp beneath the ample canopy that rustled soothingly in the dying breeze. A fire is easily kindled with dead fans and bloom stalks, the old coffee pot is put on, while a few casts with the whirling spoon or minnow secures the necessary bass. With what enjoyment the apppetizing meal is attacked, while darkness thickens and shadows dance on the palm tree's netted bole, the overhanging leaves or on the surface of the smoothly flowing river. Then follow pipes, jest and story until the luxurious beds of soft moss invite repose.

Yet it was not always thus. I have laid me down to sleep with a good fire at my feet, and awoke to find the coals just dying, a wild wind raging, rain falling and weather cold enough to freeze the marrow. Then how pleasant it was to turn out, hunt the axe and skirmish for dry wood, while the wind blew the rubber off the nest and wet it thoroughly.

"Nessmuk's" account of the shooting of the squirrel and its falling into the water, brings to mind many such occurrences when hunting in the hamaks bordering on bayous, the little fellows getting their death while jumping about on limbs overhanging the water. And what forlorn looking objects they were, all bedraggled. I think "Nessmuk" errs when he says "they are identical in all points" with the gray squirrel from the North. I never saw one as large as the average gray squirrel of New York, and I have shot many hundreds, if not thousands of each. In every other respect I believe them to be identical. The fox-squirrel of Florida is a fine fellow, both in size and coloring. I have shot them weighing over two and one-half pounds. They are very wary and inhabit only the open woods, while the gray or "cat" squirrel chooses the hamaks almost exclusively. Not only gray squirrels, but quail, rabbits, deer, native cattle and horses are smaller in Florida.

How well I remember fishing the quiet reach of water overhung with moss-draped cypresses where Soldier Creek empties into Lake Jesup, the counterpart of the one described by "Nessmuk," and of which there are so many in Florida. My last fishing excursion was made to that spot with a friend in an Osgood canoe. It rained at intervals all the forenoon and we got pretty damp, but what sport we had with the pickerel and bass; seventeen of the former ranging from two to four pounds, and a goodly number of the latter accompanied us home. I always loved to visit that spot. When the waves were rolling on the lake it was still and quiet there.

Speaking of fishing for bass, reminds me of Mr. Ira Wood's article on "Fly-Fishing," in your issue of May 7. My experience has taught me that the open water, regardless of depth, just outside a bank of weeds, is a first-rate place to cast the fly for bass. They lie in wait and cover there waiting for a good morsel. How often while sitting in my boat in such a bank of weeds have I seen great (and small) fellows glide through the grass, on the lookout for stray minnows, and this where the grass is so dense that it would seem folly to expect bass to harbor there. One of my favorite methods of fly-fishing was to let the fly sink to quite a depth, and then by little jerks draw it to the surface. If a bass took it, it was almost invariably just as the fly reached the surface, and sometimes by a leap after it left the water. I have repeatedly seen bass allow the fly to pass them under water without apparently noticing it, and when the fly was about to disappear, turn like a flash and seize it; the disposition being apparently, as Mr. Wood says, that of a cat with a mouse—as long as the mouse is in no danger of escaping, all right, but let the mouse make for cover and the paw comes down. Many times have I, while casting the spoon or minnow on the banks of the St. Johns, seen bass follow the bait (which was some six inches beneath the surface) for a good many feet leisurely, and only seize it when with slightly accelerated motion it was about to leave the water. The sense of satiety seems to have been omitted in bass, the instinct being strong not to let anything good escape, for I have caught them under conditions mentioned, when their maw was so full that it seemed impossible to introduce anything more.

Speaking of fishing, can any of your readers inform me where, within a few hours' ride, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I can enjoy tolerable trout fishing? I should be greatly obliged for such information. S.

CHESTER COUNTY, Pa.

FISH LAWS OF NEW YORK.

THE following is the last bit of tinkering done by the New York Legislature. It will be seen that under the plea of protecting "bullheads" (catfish) in Lake George, it is forbidden to take any fish until July 1, except pickerel, of which none exist in the lake. It is said that the bill was amended in the interest of the hotel keepers, who wish to prevent all fishing until their guests arrive. The original bill was one to protect fish on their spawning beds, but in its passage this clause was stricken out and the time limit smuggled in. We give the law in full:

SEC. 21. No person shall catch or kill any black bass in the waters of Lake Mahopac or of Columbia county (or in the waters or Schroon Lake or river or Paradox Lake, in the counties of Essex or Warren, or in the waters of Friend's Lake, in Warren county, between the first day of January and the first day of July), or in Lake George, or in Brant Lake, in Warren county, between the first day of January and the twentieth day of July, or catch or kill any black bass, Oswego bass, or muscalonge in any other waters of the State between the first day of January and the first day of June, unless alive for artificial propagation, or the stocking of other waters, except that bass and muscalonge may be caught in the St. Lawrence, Clyde, Seneca and Oswego rivers, Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, Lake Conesus and Niagara River, above Niagara Falls, on the American side, between the twentieth day of May and the first day of January. No person shall catch, kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass or striped bass weighing less than one-half pound, or less than eight inches in length from end of snout to end of caudal fin, at any time. No person shall expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass, Oswego bass, striped bass or muscalonge, save only from the twentieth day of May to the first day of January. Nor shall any person catch or kill, or attempt to catch or kill, any bullheads or other fish in the waters of Lake George or in the waters of any of the inlets or creeks emptying in said lake, between the first day of April and the first day of July in any year. Nor shall any person catch or kill, or attempt to catch or kill, in the waters of Lake George or in the waters of the inlets or creeks emptying into the same, any fish with any set line, or with any device whatever except that of angling with hook and line held in the hand. Nor shall any person catch or kill any pickerel in the waters of Lake George between the fifteenth day of February and the fifteenth day of June, in any year. Nor shall any person expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, any bullheads or other fish caught or killed in the waters of Lake George, or in the waters of the inlets or creeks emptying into the same, between the first day of April and the first day of July in any year, or any pickerel caught or killed in the waters of said Lake George between the fifteenth day of February and the fifteenth day of June, in any year. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each fish.

Sec. 24. Any person having in his or her possession upon any of the waters of this State, or upon the shores of or islands in any waters of this State, inhabited by salmon, salmon trout, lake trout, black bass, Oswego bass, striped bass or muscalonge, without the permission of the Commissioners of Fisheries, any snares, nets, stake poles or other device used in unlawfully taking such fish, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars, but nothing herein contained shall apply to that portion of the Hudson River south of the dam at Troy, or to Lake Ontario, or to the waters of the Walkill River in Ulster county.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

KILLING FLIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a cast of flies which, under certain conditions of water and atmosphere, I have found "most killing." They are duplicates of a cast with which I killed 42 trout, averaging four to the pound, one bright still day last August; water low, clear and still; while my two companions, equally expert, but using larger flies and coarser tackle, only got about thirty between them. Try them under same conditions, and I feel confident the result will prove satisfactory.—H. [The flies are egg, claret gnat, and Montreal dressed as midges. We will try the cast, but do not know the conditions of water, etc., hinted at.]

FOOD OF TROUT.—Paterson, N. J., May 19.—While dissecting the stomachs of trout recently caught, I find that their food consists chiefly of dobson, crayfish and shells containing insects about five-eighths inches long, one-eighth inch in diameter. I have found them in brooks clinging to rocks. The shell is composed of sand-like material. What is this insect called? [It is the caddis worm.]

GAME LAW CHANGES.—Will correspondents favor us with a memorandum of whatever changes may have been made in their State and local game laws.

That Wax Recipe.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am receiving many letters asking for recipe for making wax, referred to in my recent remarks about snelling hooks. Will you please say that the recipe can be found in your issue of Jan. 22, 1885, page 508.—E. A. Leopold. We repeat it here: "The mode of preparation is as follows: Get a common jam pot, and to two ounces of the best yellow rosin in powder, add one drachm of white beeswax sliced in minute pieces. Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, taking care that no water gets in the jar. Stir thoroughly with a stick when melted. Add two and a half drachms of lard (without salt), and let the whole remain ten minutes, stirring it the while. Pour it into cold water, and while warm pull and knead it, to give it toughness, until nearly cold. With a pair of greased scissors cut it into twelve balls. Give eleven of these balls to your friends; the one which you keep for your own use will last you a year or more. Keep the wax in a cellar or other cool place. Extra heavy salmon gut makes a good snood. Soak it in warm water, bite the end flat for a distance of three-eighths of an inch. Tie on with heavy sewing silk well waxed. When winding on the silk be careful to draw so tight that the wound part shows a glossy surface. This is caused by the wax oozing through the fibres. If the part that is wound does not show this glossy surface, the work has not been properly done. Either the thread was not waxed sufficiently or it was not drawn tight and kept so until secured. If a fine finish is desired, varnish with shellac dissolved in alcohol. This varnish may or may not hold throughout a whole season; it is a small matter. The wax is there to stay, and will do its work until the snood is worn out. I used this wax last season, tying all my own hooks and a large number for my friends, and I have yet to hear of the first one to give way in the binding. I have never used gimp, but I believe it would hold on gimp, as it has never failed to hold on to anything with which I have seen it come in contact. It can easily be removed from the hands by using soap and warm water."

Fly-Fishing for Shad.—Holyoke, Mass., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shad season is opening with a boom and promises an improvement on the last two years; 1883 gave up no shad until June, when for a week the fishermen rejoiced over their catch of from one to three shad per day—hardly a bone for each fisher; 1884 commenced a week earlier with about the same number of shad. On the 12th of this May, 1885, when cleaning out the fishing ground with a small net one shad was taken. On Wednesday evening, 20th, they ran out the large net for the first time; result, one dead and one living sucker. Not discouraged, they (the fishermen) were up with the lark yesterday (Thursday) morning. The day's work counted forty shad; this (Friday) morning up to noon forty shad and one pike of seventeen pounds. The shad are good in quality. Hope the number will keep increasing and give us a little good angling. The shad have not been tried with the fly yet. Expect to see a couple of boats out this or to-morrow evening. Will give them a trial myself next week if the prospects are good. Will expect to see your Mr. H. along, with tip and landing net in position. His little hands were never made to lift a shad out of the water into the boat. Quite a number of shad hatched here last year. With the exception of a few days at a time, there was a good flow of water. After the fishing season was over there were more and better fish up than all through the open season, and many were visiting the spawning beds late in September.

Pennsylvania Fish Notes.—It is not generally known that fair bass fishing can be had about a mile above Trenton, N. J., where the first rocks show themselves and the water begins to tumble. One or two railroad employes have been taking bass from this ground by trolling for them with spoon bait at the end of twenty or thirty yards of line. It has struck your correspondent that fly-fishing could be had there early in the season from what has been told him by these railroad men, and I shall make the attempt when June opens. At the dam, which is situated on the Susquehanna River at Wrightsville, Pa., fly-fishing for rockfish or striped bass can be had when these fish begin to run, in fact they will jump at anything which is skittered over the water in imitation of a living object. I got my information from friend Krueger, of beagle fame, and would ask him to enlighten the readers of Forest and Stream on the subject. Now that the bass season is drawing near, our anglers are looking over their traps and I hear of many trips in prospect. The trout fishing in our State has not tempted many to indulge in it yet this spring. Only those who have had permits to fish in streams protected from the "trout-hog" can return and speak enthusiastically of their outings.—Homo.

Elkhart, Ind., May 20.—At the regular meeting of the Elkhart Sportsmen's Club, the following were elected: President, Col. A. M. Tucker; Vice-President, Ed. R. Kerstetter; Secretary, J. M. Hughes; Treasurer, P. J. Parmater; Executive Committee, W. L. Gilmore, Dr. F. L. Miles, Frank Sell. The club numbers thirty-four members, and owns fine and commodious club and boat houses at Cristiano Lake, Cass county, Mich., six miles north of this city, and is making extensive improvements in them. The annual competitive fishing contest takes place May 26, 27 and 28. Captains Frank Sell and Thomas Turnock, the two veteran fishermen of northern Indiana, have selected their teams for the contest, the losing party to present to the winning team a silver medal beautifully and appropriately engraved. Several members of this club are expert anglers, and in the art of casting a fly Capt. Kerstetter has no peer.—A. M. T.

Worcester, Mass., May 25.—Next Thursday will be the annual fishing day of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The rules provide that all fish must be caught in a lawful manner, and no trout less than six inches in length will be counted. The points allowed are: Trout, 16 per pound, and all over 8 ounces an extra point per ounce; perch 2 points per pound, pickerel 4 points and pouts 2 points.

Vermont.—East Berkshire, May 13.—Our spring flight of ducks has been very poor, and the sportsmen do not take kindly to the new law forbidding fishing with hook and line till June 15, and the brooks are so high yet that but few trout have been taken, consequently sportsmen about here have the blues.—L.

To Keep Lampreys.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly ascertain for me from some of your numerous readers the best method of keeping lamprey eels, and how long they can be kept alive under the most favorable circumstances?—Giarc.

Pelee Island.—Southport, Pelee Island, Lake Erie, via Sandusky, O., May 20.—We are having some very fine bass fishing on the Pelee reefs. The catches have been running from 40 to 100 per day for each boat, with two fishermen. Self and partner took 61 good fish yesterday.—B.

Lake George.—In fifteen years I have not found the lake trout fishing in Lake George so poor as this year. I hoped to try the brook trout to-day, but a heavy rain prevented my starting.—A. N. C. (May 23).

Fisheculture.

AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

The Giant Clams of Puget Sound.

BY ROBT. E. C. STEARNS.

Dr. STEARNS, referring to the fact that his paper was the first on the programme, said: At the time my friend Prof. Goode asked me to say something to you about the big clams of the west coast, I supposed that my place would be toward the close of the feast, somewhere near the nuts and raisins, or the special delicacies and dainties of the dessert. However, as this is a fish convention, and the Professor's request may be considered as semi-of-fish-ial, I accept the place assigned me, and you must regard what I have to say as being in the nature of grace before meat.

When an illustrious stranger from a remote country visits a great civilized center, it is customary to introduce him into the distinguished society of the place with some formality, if not ostentation. Gentlemen, permit me to make you acquainted with *Glycimeris generosa*, the boss clam of North America, recently from Puget Sound.

You will see that he is in that condition which prevents him from saluting you. Besides, he is by nature somewhat reticent. He is evidently in high spirits (95 per cent. alcohol), but nevertheless speechless (as an Irishman might say), "as many a gentleman has been before."

This clam, *Glycimeris generosa**, by far the largest found on either coast of North America, was first described by Dr. Augustus A. Gould from specimens (probably of the shells only) obtained by the exploring expedition commanded by Commodore Charles Wilkes, during his famous cruise in the years 1838 to 1842 inclusive.

It was detected in Puget Sound and subsequently collected in Awatska Bay, Kamschatka, by the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, under command of Commanders Ringgold and Rodgers; the late Dr. William Stimpson was the naturalist of the latter expedition.

The range of distribution, it will be noticed, is quite extensive, as from the above points in the North Pacific it extends southerly along the west coast of America to San Diego, Cal., where it has been found by Mr. Hemphill. A range northerly and southerly twenty degrees of latitude. It is apparently much more abundant in the north, for Mr. Hemphill states that at the southern locality I have named, in the course of several years he had not been able to find more than a dozen.

From Captain J. S. Lawson, of the U. S. Coast Survey, I learned some years ago of its frequent occurrence in Budd's Inlet, Washington Territory; from others residing in the same general neighborhood I had heard of its presence at various points in Puget Sound.

Aside from its large size, which would naturally attract attention, its excellence as an article of food is attested by all who have eaten it, and it holds by common consent a place in the front rank, in the opinion of the epicures of the northwest coast.

In the spring of 1882, Professor Baird, being desirous of obtaining further and more definite information as to the occurrence, habits, quality and abundance, etc., of *Glycimeris* or geoduck,† as it is called by the Indians, and also more special knowledge of the principal (so-called) clams of that region, I went up to the sound at his request in June of said year, and fixed upon Olympia, at the head of Budd's Inlet, as a base. The character of the sea bed here may be described as varying from sandy mud to muddy sand, occasionally gravelly, and there is sometimes found a patch of hardened or compactly indurated clay of a light blue color.

The most striking peculiarity of the environment, and the principal one relating to the presence and obtaining of geoduck, is the extreme tides which occur here from about the middle of May to the summer solstice in June, or a little later, during which period the rise and fall of the tides, or in other words, the difference between high and low water, is twenty to twenty-five feet. Now it must be borne in mind that it is only during the season of these extraordinary tides that the big clam can be obtained. I found that by the 23d of June, "the long run-outs," as they are called by the people there, had nearly ceased. The white man and Indians employed by me, who had been sent out in various directions, returning at night or early in the morning for three consecutive days, had met with "fisherman's luck." I was not disappointed for I knew the cause, not having been able myself to reach the low water line of three or four days before.

By this we are able to perceive more clearly the force of the common expression, "as happy as a clam at high water."

It is presumable that the scarcity of the geoducks along the ocean coast as far to the south as the species is found, is more apparent than real. The rise and fall of the tides along the main coast is, say, about six feet, and not sufficient to uncover that portion of the zone preferred by the geoducks: again the temperature of the water at the southerly stations may be too high and cause them to seek a cooler temperature by living at greater depths. As to the more special habits of the geoduck, such as burrowing, etc., the following is not without interest.

Captain Lawson informed me that upon one occasion he saw the end of the large siphon tube projecting above the surface of a small shoal. Upon examining the spot it was found to be sandstone; in order to capture the clam the stone had to be broken with a crowbar. Beneath this superstratum was found sand and gravel, in which the huge mollusk was "at home." Its communication with the water above being by means of a hole in and through the sandstone capping; through this hole it extended and protruded its siphons. The hole, no doubt, was originally made by the clam, when quite small, in its younger stages, in order to reach a permanent and suitable burrow or bed, and of course the principal growth was attained after it had reached the more favorable substratum of easier material; the hole or perforation through the sandstone being enlarged coincident with its growth as needed to meet its requirements.

As may be supposed it is quite a job to remove a good-sized geoduck from its native bed without injury; to do so with proper care as many as three persons are needed, otherwise the clam will be more or less mutilated. The length of the siphons when extended indicates the depth of the burrow, if this word may be used, and an excavation equal to the size of a flour barrel has to be made. The instance related of Captain Lawson's specimen shows the difficulties which are sometimes met with in collecting these big fellows.

This mollusk may well be called *generosa*, for its ample and generous size makes it at least the mammoth clam of North America. According to the testimony of Captain Lawson it has been known to reach the weight of sixteen pounds and frequently seven to ten pounds, while the siphon tube may measure one and a half to two feet in length. Those collected and observed by me weighed from three and a half to seven and a half pounds.

More might be said of the many virtues, which in connection with high water, may be the cause of the clam's happiness, such as pertain to its gastronomic excellencies, etc. Geoduck is, however, a real delicacy, and skillfully cooked, would completely puzzle anybody tasting it for the first time, as to whether he was eating fish, flesh or fowl.

The nearest guess that I have heard was by a person to whom I gave a piece, "That it tasted a little perhaps like nicely stewed crab," which hits the mark very nearly. The proper way to cook geoduck, or one way, is to parboil thoroughly, then remove the skin and cut in strips about one inch and a half wide by a half an inch thick (no thicker) and fry the pieces in good batter, in very hot salt pork fat. I dare to say that parboiled, then stuffed and baked or roasted geoduck would prove satisfactory to the daintiest epicure. Mr. Hemphill thinks it tastes somewhat like poached egg, but the taste to me did not suggest that of eggs cooked in any form. If fresh and well cooked, it is, as I wrote to Professor Baird in my report, "suitable food for good men of scientific proclivities."

*Etymology—*Glycimeris* from *glukous*, sweet, *meris*, bitter; *generosa*, from its ample size, etc. Sometimes placed in the genus *Panopæa*, from *Panopê* a nereid, ancient mythology.

† Accent the second syllable and pronounce hurriedly, with a hard g and a short o, as if spelled ge-wo'; gewo'duck.

THE ILLINOIS COMMISSION.

We have the report of the Fish Commission of Illinois for 1884. The principal work has been, as in former seasons, the taking and distribution of native fishes. These are gathered from the low, flat places, levee pits, etc., along the Mississippi River, where they are left by the freshets to die in summer. In this way many thousands of valuable fish have been saved. To facilitate this work a boat 34 feet long and 12 feet wide has been built, containing a cabin and an office, with storeroom for nets, etc. Two other boats are also owned by the Commission, one of which is for the storage of tanks, small boats and cans, while the other is fitted for a man to live in to protect the property and the fish which may be in the boxes. There has been no effort made to hatch fish, but the Commissioners think the time has come to do some work in that direction.

In the matter of fishways, the laws requiring their erection have not been enforced, and the opinion of Justice Walker is given at length, wherein he interprets the law as constitutional, and the best form of fishway is now sought. We think the Commissioners are wrong in their interpretation of the manner in which the meshes of nets should be measured, they following the mode of some inland fishermen of measuring from knot to knot, instead of measuring the mesh stretched to its greatest length, four knots making a mesh, as is done by net makers and all marine and most lake fishermen. The report gives the laws regarding the netting of fish, streams in the State, tables of distribution of carp by the State and United States Commissioners, and two valuable articles by Prof. S. A. Forbes, Professor of Zoology in the Illinois Industrial University, one a catalogue of native Illinois fishes, with illustrations, and the other on the food of fishes.

MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER LAW.

The M. F. & G. P. Association has since its organization accomplished much, and it is in the hope of further usefulness that we are again kneeling at the feet of the Legislature. We have obtained a close time for smelts, lobsters, trout and other fish—prohibited the netting of smelts, restricted the sale of lobsters to ten and a half inches, secured some protection for our game birds, and, were our laws enforced—absolute immunity from danger to our useful birds; and yet we are charged with a selfish design to monopolize all the sporting and angling of the commonwealth. If we could imitate the State of Maine—which so far as game is concerned, is a hundred years ahead of us—and secure the appointment of some efficient game wardens to enforce the laws we already have, there would be less need of further legislation. As a rule, longer close time means more protection to the birds. Close your markets during the breeding season and your birds are safe. Acting upon this principle we think it wise to give to the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) and also to our quail the entire month of December. What few of both species are left on hand at the first day of the month are worth more to the sportsman and consumer left on the field as breeding stock than taken to bag after that date.

We need more protection for our brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). They are poor, and have an earthy, muddy flavor until they begin to "feed at top," and we think April should be a close month, nor should any ever be caught during or after the month of August. And further, all trout less than four and a half or five inches in length should at once be returned to their native element. Black bass we have no love for, do not believe they are worth as much or give as much sport to the angler as the species they have displaced. The selling length of lobsters we honestly think should be increased to twelve inches. "Ruin our business," the lobster men would say. Yes, partially, for one year, but then such luscious fellows as we should get after that—three, four and five pounds—a thing hardly known to the present generation. A catches lobsters down to ten inches, B is in the same business and he must beat A, and so he goes down to nine and a half. C also is "buffeting with lusty sinew" time and tide for a bare subsistence. He has customers who want small lobsters for bait, canning, or domestic use—there is an open market—the Fish Commissioner isn't around very often, and it is easy enough to elude him, so he takes all the nine-inch crustaceans, and this in time gets to be about the standard length; nor are we quite clear that this is in all cases respected. Well, a nine-inch lobster will weigh about three-quarters of a pound, nearly half of which is shell. Query: How many lobsters would it take for a full meal for a man, his wife and six children? We give it up. We are not, however, surprised at the universal complaint that there are no large lobsters. Let these nine-inch lobsters live another year and they will weigh one and a half pounds. And just give them one year more, and lo, you have three-pound lobsters. Does it pay to keep them? Decidedly, yes. But we cannot make any lobster man understand that if he would give these little loosters two years growth, his business would be increased three hundred per cent. What will the people do for lobsters during the next two years? Just what we are told they are doing to-day, sending smacks down to the British Provinces, Newfoundland or Labrador, where lobsters are cheap and of good size.

Member of the M. F. and G. P. A.

Boston, Mass.

FISHWAYS ON THE NEPONSET.—Boston, May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please inform me to whom I must apply to have the fishways on the Neponset River put in repair? They are in a terrible condition, and as the shad and herring or alewife are now running, I think it high time they were fixed. A friend of mine, and also one of your old subscribers, Mr. Geo. T. Esty, stocked the river a few years since, and while he lived they were in perfect repair. Since his death I am quite positive nothing has been done to them, and even if the water was allowed to run through them they would be no good, as the pieces that alternate are, half of them, knocked out. Mr. Esty died some three years ago, and for the last two seasons there has been a marked falling off in the number of fish running up our stream. Would it not affect the smelts too? I know some of them go up a small creek that finally becomes fresh and should suppose they would go up river if they could get there.—H. E. [Apply to the Commissioners of Fisheries of Massachusetts. They are E. A. Brackett, Winchester; F. W. Putnam, Cambridge, and A. W. Lathrop, Springfield.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc., (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2386.**

THE NATIONAL DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you four entries to the Derby of the N. F. T. Club, in addition to those published last week:

SETTERS.

JUDGE FLIPPIN (R. H. Rivers)—Black, white and tan dog, Aug. 12 (Startle—Floy).

COUNT GLAD DRACO (B. Crane)—Black, white and tan dog, March (Gladstone—Princess Draco II.).

DUKE GLAD DRACO (B. Crane)—Black, white and tan dog, March (Gladstone—Princess Draco II.).

LADY GLAD DRACO (B. Crane)—Black, white and tan bitch, March (Gladstone—Princess Draco II.).

B. M. STEPHENSON, Sec'y.

LA GRANGE, Tenn., May 21.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY ENTRIES.

SETTERS.

PEG III. (N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.)—Blue belton bitch, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGPEEP (N. Rowe)—Blue belton bitch, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGFLY (N. Rowe)—Black, white and tan bitch, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGJIM (N. Rowe)—Blue belton dog, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGBID (N. Rowe)—Blue belton dog, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

ONTARIO LUREY (Wm. Davidson, Chatham, Ont.)—Black, white and tan bitch, July 18 (Dashing Berwyn—Romp).

KING DRUID (Wm. Langdon, Detroit, Mich.)—Black and white dog, June 26 (Druid—Nell).

GROUSE III. (W. T. Mitchell, Lynch's Station, Va.)—Red dog, Feb. 22 (Grouse II.—Colleen Rhue).

LOGAN (J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.)—Orange and white bitch, 1884 (Lightning—Kate).

SHARPLESS (L. Shuster, Philadelphia, Pa.)—Blue belton dog July 12 (Gladstone—Coomassie).

STORM PETREL (Rancocas Kennel, Jobstown, N. J.)—Black, white and tan dog, July 25 (Don Juan—Petrel).

DAME PETREL (Rancocas Kennel)—Black, white and tan bitch, July 25 (Don Juan—Petrel).

REGENT (C. DuBois Wagstaff, Babylon, L. I.)—Black and white dog, March 29 (Bruce—Lorna Doone).

NANNIE GLADSTONE (P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.)—Lemon belton bitch, April 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

DAN GLADSTONE (P. H. & D. Bryson)—Black, white and tan dog, Nov. 15 (Gladstone—Sue).

SUE GLADSTONE (Memphis & J. M. Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.)—Black, white and tan bitch. April 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

JOE NOBLE (Memphis & J. M. Avent Kennels)—Tri-colored dog, Feb. 27 (Count Noble—Countess A.).

GLAD (Memphis and J. M. Avent Kennels)—Tri-colored dog, July 8 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

CANADY PEG (Memphis & J. M. Avent Kennels)—Tri-colored bitch, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

GLENCLAIRE (Jas. T. Walker, Troy, N. Y.)—Red dog, April 10 (Glencho—Claire).

BELLE (E. H. Height, Allaire, N. J.)—Black and tan bitch, January (Dan—a native bitch).

GROVER CLEVELAND (J. L. Young, New Albany, Miss.)—Lemon and white dog, May 23 (Gladstone—Nellie).

JIM BLAINE (J. L. Young)—Black and white dog, May 23 (Gladstone—Nellie).

NOBE (James Verner, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Tri-colored dog, Feb. 23 (Count Noble—Hazel).

COUNT KNOWLES (E. Gray, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Tri-colored dog, March 18 (Count Noble—Rosa Lee).

AMERICAN GAILY (Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Lemon and white bitch, June 16 (Royal Ranger—Gaily).

CARLOTTA (W. H. Parsons, Atlanta, Ga.)—Tri-colored bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightening—Dora Royal).

FAIRY KING (F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.)—Orange and white dog, Aug. 3 (Foreman—Jessie).

BELVA (F. E. Lewis)—Tri-colored bitch, Aug. 3 (Foreman—Jessie).

CLARA G. (Sanborn Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Orange and white bitch, June 8 (Count Noble—Dashing Romp).

RODNEY (Sanborn Kennel)—Tri-colored dog, March 25 (Doc V.—Katy D.).

NELLIE BLY (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.)—Black and white bitch, Nov. 3 (Count Noble—Nellie).

BOB GATES (B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.)—Tri-colored dog, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

DAISY (G. R. Stevens, Keeling, Tenn.)—Tri-colored bitch, May 22 (Gath—Gem).

FAERIE (S. Fleet Speir, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Tri-colored bitch, Feb. 7 (St. Elmo IV.—Lady Fayre).

PRINCESS LOUISE (T. C. Vail, Warwick, N. Y.)—Orange and white bitch, March 28 (Bronze—Paris Belle).

GUY GLADSTONE (C. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.)—Tri-colored dog, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

LADY DONCASTER (C. Tucker).—Tri-colored bitch, May 1 (Doncaster—Bessie Brown).

SAM STERRETT (C Tucker)—Tri-colored dog, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

PENDENNIS (Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.)—Black and white dog, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

DIANA III. (Chas. Heath)—Black and white bitch, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

TARQUIN (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.)—Tri-colored dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

NORTIER (W. B. Gates)—Tri-colored dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

BOB BOWLES (Wm. Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.)—Tri-colored dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

PRINCE IMPERIAL (Ramapo Kennels)—Orange belton dog, Feb. 28 (Emperor Fred—Bessie).

BLUE SPECKS (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Blue belton dog, March 28 (Bronze—Olivette).

GATH'S JOY (James N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.)—Tri-colored dog, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

GATH'S MARK (James N. Maclin)—Tri-colored dog, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

CLEO (H. D. Nicholls, Chicago, Ill.)—Tri-colored bitch, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

KAISER (S. W. Everitt, Weldon, N. C.)—Orange and white dog, July 11 (Count Rake II.—Bas-Bleu).

WINFIELD (Jas. H. Goodsell, New York city)—Lemon and white dog, July 8 (Plantagenet—Queen Petrel).

PRINCE ROYALTY (Chas. L. Dick, Johnstown, Pa.)—Lemon and white dog, April 28 (Royal Rock—Nellie Laverack).

LADY ROYAL (Chas. L. Dick)—Lemon and white bitch, April 28 (Royal Rock—Nellie Laverack).

JERRY (J. A. English, Mount Olive, N. C.)—Blue belton dog, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

BESSIE (T. E. Smith, Stockholm, N. J.)—Red and white bitch, April 24 (Pat—Lill).

NANNIE S (G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.)—Black and white bitch, April 12 (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A).

MINNIE (G. G. Ware)—Black and white bitch, June 20 (Ben Hill—Leora).

DIANA (W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.)—Black and white bitch. July 18 (Mingo—Fausta II.).

PHYLLIS (W. B. Wells)—Tri-colored bitch, March 8 (Nixey—Grace Dormer).

LA BELLE (I. R. Henrichs, Pittsburgh, Pa.)—Blue belton and tan bitch, April, 1884 (Count Gladstone—Queen Laverack).

POINTERS.

EARLE (F. R. Hitchcock, New York)—Lemon and white dog, May 22 (Bang Bang—Graceful).

FANITA (F. R. Hitchcock)—Liver and white bitch, July 28 (Croxteth—Fan Fan).

UNCAS (F. R. Hitchcock)—Liver and white dog, December (Tammany—Grace).

COMET (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.)—Liver and white dog, April 7 (Meteor—Trinket).

NANCY (Westminster Kennel Club)—Lemon and white bitch, July 26 (Bang Bang—Polly II.).

PICKET (D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York)—Liver and white dog, April 16 (Scout—Ruby).

OLD PEBO (Chas. D. Ingersoll, New York)—Liver and white dog, Sept. 19 (Bang Bang—Lill).

HALF AND HALF (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.)—Liver and white dog, Jan. 27 (Priam—Malt).

MITER (Jesse M. Whaite, Newton, N. C.)—Liver and white dog, May 14 (Lort—Lady Croxteth).

DIXEY (J. R. Andrews, New York)—Dog, Oct. 30 (Sensation—Loela).

MALITE (J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.)—Liver and white bitch, May 6 (Meteor—Dell).

METEROITE (J. W. Munson)—Liver and white bitch, July 19 (Meteor—Vanity).

BANG GRACE (Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.)—Lemon and white dog, May 23 (Bang Bang—Grace).

RESULT (J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.)—Liver and white dog, May 4 (Shot—Floy).

BILL (James P. Swain, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.)—Lemon and white dog, July 27 (Rush—Nan).

DUKE OF BERGEN (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Liver and white dog, Jan. 6 (Bang Bang—Fan Fan).

HAPPY MEDIUM (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Liver and white bitch, May 3 (Croxteth—Fan Fan).

LUCKY MEDIUM (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.)—Liver and white bitch, July 28 (Croxteth—Fan Fan).

BELLE OF THE BEAUTIES (J. F. Jackson, Washington, Ga.)—Liver and white bitch, Sept. 15 (Peter White—Beauty).

HUGUENOT (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.)—Liver and white dog, July 25 (Croxteth—Fan Fan).

NEVERSINK (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.)—Liver and white dog, Oct. 16 (Croxteth—Gwendoline).

JEWEL (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.)—Liver and white bitch, Oct 16 (Croxteth—Gwendoline).

CITRON (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.)—Lemon and white bitch, May 16 (Bang Bang—Rose).

PHILADELPHIA BENCH SHOW.

THE Philadelphia bench show last week was most excellent in the arrangement, management, quality of exhibits and attendance. The affair was throughout a credit to the club, and we presume that it was financially a success.

The manager was F. A. Diffenderfer, who did well; the dogs were well benched by him. B. F. Lewis cooked the food for them and served it fresh. This was better than the usual biscuit provender, and the improvement in the well being of the dogs was manifest. The customary bench show noisome odor, consequent upon a biscuit diet, was delightfully missing. The building was not well ventilated, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the room was oppressively close, but Thursday and Friday were cooler and comfortable. The dogs were, as a rule, shown in good condition, there being fewer poor coats than usual. The foxhound display was very attractive, but not equal to the exhibit of last year. The great feature of the show was the English setter classes; their name was legion, and a more beautiful collection has never been seen in this country. The judging was finished on the first day and the marked catalogues were out on the second day; this wrinkle was introduced by the National Breeders' show in Philadelphia last October, and it is a pleasure to see the clubs following the example then set. The show was one day too long. Three days are enough. The judging rings were badly lighted, which may account for some of the decisions rendered by the judges. Below are our comments on the classes:

MASTIFFS—(MR. DUDLEY).

Nevison was the only entry in the champion class. He was in splendid condition, and easily secured the special for the best mastiff in the show. In the open dog class, the good-headed Homer had a clear win over Dread and Hildebert. The last named does not fill out, but we like him quite as well as Dread, who is very faulty in hindquarters and deficient in head. Don's head is not typical, and he is light of bone. Prussian Princess was once again to the front in the bitch class, and was way ahead of her kennel companion Hebe, who is a niceish bitch on the small side. Dido carries a pretty good head, but is faulty in ears, feet and shoulders. Zara, third prize, was not entitled to the honor. She is small and very faulty in head and ears. The puppies were judged as one class, but afterward they were divided into a dog and bitch class. In the dog class, Hero III. is a big dog but is leggy, deficient in head and ears and character. David has a fairly good head, but his ears are not well carried, neither are his forelegs straight, and his tail is faulty. Xerxes is very like his kennel companion Minerva, winner in the bitch class, except that he is not so good in feet. Minerva, badly shown, was the best of the puppies. She is small, light in bone, and faulty in eyes. In head she shows a great deal of mastiff character. Dora lacks size and is wanting in head and ears. With the exception of third to Zara in the bitch class, the classes were well judged.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

The champion classes for rough-coated dogs and bitches did not fill, and First Choice was the only entry in the open dog class. He will prove a stumbling block to many at future shows. Beryl was alone in the corresponding bitch class. Konig, better in condition than Margery, took the blue ribbon to Bergenfield. He is a bit straight behind, and might be improved in tail and ears. Margery has a niceish head, and is of good size. She would do with more bone. Victoria is by no means a bad one, but was handicapped on account of age, and had the misfortune to get one of her legs injured before the judging commenced. Mr. Dudley made a blunder in giving vhc. to King; he is not a St. Bernard, and his pedigree is funnier even than his appearance—by Sancho out of Jack. The Millbrook Kennels won both the champion prizes for smooth-coated specimens with Verone and Wanda. The former is a much-improved dog. Ernst, in the open dog class, is faulty at both ends. Nero is an immense dog, but he lacks character and is faulty behind and weak in the pasterns. Barkis, the winning puppy, is fairly good in front, but short of back and a bit off behind. Nellie's head and ears are deficient, and Ion lacks in stifles.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(DR. DUDLEY).

Miro and Sam were the champions on this occasion, and Mr. Nickerson's dog was easily defeated. The open class contained the usual medley of fair, indifferent and bad. The winner is faulty in head, eyes and coat. He was in nice condition. Jalma is faulty in head, ears, tail and shoulders. Riley, placed third, is more to our liking, but neither his head nor tail is good. Mr. Dudley was generous in giving a first prize to Nell. She is faulty all over.

COLLIES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Ben Nevis and Rex fought out the battle in the champion class, the result being as usual. Robin Adair was outclassed. Winnie, in the bitch class, is a bit faulty in head, ears and coat. The winner in the open class has very bad ears, and is soft of top coat and lacks undercoat. Bruce of the Fylde and Kilmarnock Bruce are better specimens. We would have given the latter first prize and his kennel companion second. Bounce deserved another letter, and we like Joe Nettles better than Glencove. Bitches were better judged. The winners are all well known to our readers, and there was nothing good behind them. In the puppy class Craft, faulty in ears and coat, was very closely pressed by Kilmarnock Belle, a niceish sable and white with faulty ears. The class was a poor one, and none of the winners will develop into first-class dogs.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Perth was the only entry in the champion class, but we did not get a view of her. In the open class, Bran, wrongly entered as Bravo, was placed first, and Heather, bad in feet and on the small side, was next. Brian, placed third, was our choice for first.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The Philadelphia Kennel Club allowed Mr. Smith one page and a half of catalogue space in which to advertise the performances of his dogs. If such a precedent is to be established, the price of catalogues will have to be raised, and it is high enough already. In the champion class for dogs Memnon won. He should have been ordered out of the ring. He was not only in wretched condition, but had a large and angry wound on the off forearm. Surely such a grand dog is deserving of some attention when suffering from a wound that is reducing him ounce by ounce. Mr. Smith, his owner, was absent from the show, or he would not, we feel sure, have allowed the gallant runner-up for the Waterloo purse and winner of other stakes to suffer to such an extent. But Mr. Smith should be severely censured for sending Memnon to the show at all. Fan, looking fairly well, had things all to herself in the bitch class, and in the open dog class (a very poor one), Ben, in bad condition, was declared the winner. Captain is bad in loin and feet, light in stifles and plain in head. Fleet is not a show dog. In the corresponding bitch class, the gamy-looking Begonia beat a smartish little bitch named Saturday Night. She is racy-looking but lacks substance. The puppies were a poor lot, and School Boy, plain in head and shallow, was rightly placed first. Lady Halifax is shallow and light of bone.

POINTERS (MR. APPOLD).

There were no entries in the champion class for large pointers. In the open dog class Beaufort, looking well, scored an easy win. Donald II. came next: he was in fair condition. Tammany, not quite up to his New York form, was third. Nero, c., lacks character in head; his ears stand out and his tail is bad; he has a fair chest, legs and feet. Sport, unnoticed, is heavily made and has a split nose. Only three showed up in the corresponding bitch class. Lulu Faust, placed first, is not mature; she has a fair head and legs and a good tail; she is throaty, slack in back and has open feet. She should have changed places with Princess II., the winner of second. She is rather a nice bitch with a fair head and neck, good shoulders and legs; she is a bit lathy and weak in pasterns. Lucille, the only other entry, was placed third. Robin Adair was alone in the champion class for small dogs. He was looking well and deserved his prize. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class Bang Bang was placed first; he was not in first rate condition and was badly broken out with blotches the second day and was sent home. Rapp was placed second; he is a good dog with no glaring faults, and should have been first. Adonis, third, is a fairly well-formed dog with fair chest and loin and good legs and feet; he is weak in head, a bit snipy and has a bushy tail. Shot and Hamlet, both hc., are fair specimens and deserved their cards. Bangor, unnoticed, is a useful looking dog and deserved mention. In the corresponding bitch class Modesty, looking fairly well, had an easy win. Rosa was correctly placed second. There was not much to choose between Polly, third, and Pocahontas and Virginia, both vhc. All are rather pretty, but none of them are first class. The dog puppies were a very ordinary lot. Castor, first, is quite taking at first glance, but he is weedy and his fore feet stand close together. He is fairly well formed, and may improve with age. Bang Grace was placed second. Owing to his peculiar name and appearance he figured as a bitch in our report of the New York show, and he met the same fate at the hands of the printer here, but was transferred to the dog class. Tempter, vhc., got all that he deserved. In the bitch class Lou, looking well, was deservedly placed first. Nancy, second, and Carrie, vhc., are both fairly good. The classes were as a whole rather above the average.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

The English setters were the grandest lot that we have ever seen together. In the champion dog class there were three entries, Plantagenet, Gladstone and Paul Gladstone. Gladstone being absent. Greatly to our surprise, the prize was given to Paul Gladstone. He is rather a taking-looking dog with some good points, but his weak head, crooked tail and lack of bone and substance, place him far behind Plantagenet. In the bitch class, Queen Alice, looking well, was placed over Petrel II., not in the best of condition, as she was heavy in whelp. In the open dog class, Rockingham won the pride of place, which he deserved, Foreman making a very good second. Gus Bondhu was placed third. He has greatly improved since we saw him last, having put on lots of muscle behind, which gives him a more symmetrical appearance. He was in capital condition. Mack B., vhc., was also well shown. Stanton, also vhc, is a nice little dog, a bit weak in head and straight behind. There were several others in the class that were deserving of the three letters, among them were Royal Ranger, hc., not in good condition, Chalkey D., unnoticed, Prince and Don Juan, both hc., although they were not well shown. Many of the others are deserving of mention in almost any company. We do not believe in an indiscriminate bestowal of commendation cards, but in a class like this the judge could not be blamed if he had been more liberal. The bitch class was fully up to the dog class in quality. First went to Modesta, looking better than we have seen her. Juno A., winner of second, should have been content with vhc. in this company. She is a fairly well made bitch, but lacks quality and substance, and is out at elbows. Fairy III., winner of third, is a much better bitch, indeed, we think her a little better than the winner, although she was not in so good condition. Petrel III., hc., we fancied for third place. She was not well shown but her beautiful form entitled her to the place. Queen Petrel, vhc., was close to these three, all of them being remarkably good and of very nearly the same type. As we remarked of the dog class, there were a large number of good specimens that well deserved mention. In fact after the winners in both classes had been

selected there remained very good classes. In the dog puppy class Storm Petrel, winner of second at New York, was placed at the head, and Fairy King, a son of Foreman's, came next. Rowdy and Brier, both c., are not quite up to the others. In the bitch class the judge got all astray. Dame Petrel, much the best in the class, was given only hc. She was looking well except that the hair has been clipped from her flank, giving her a tucked up appearance. Lady Rock, placed first, is rather a moderate specimen; her head is not first-class and her ears stand out and are small and set on too high; she has a fair neck, good loins, legs and feet. She is a trifle wide in front and might be better in bone and tail. Nancy Dawson, placed second, was perhaps entitled to the place, although there was not much to choose between her and Lady Rock. Hasty, vhc., was very lucky; she is far from first-class and her feet should have prevented her from being noticed.

IRISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

The Irish setters were not so good an average lot as we expected to see, although there were many fine specimens present. In the champion dog class, Elcho, Jr. was alone, as was Lady Clare in the bitch class. She was looking fairly well except that she was a little off in coat. In the open dog class, Chief was placed over Blarney. This should have been reversed. Both are capital dogs and were looking well. Blarney is better in head and hind legs, and Chief beats him in color and back, but Blarney is more the type of an Irish dog. Roland, third, we do not like so well as Bruce, vhc. Roland is coarse in head and straight in stifle, otherwise he is good. The bitches were not of so good quality as the dogs. We thought them well placed. The puppies were nothing extra. Gerald was the best of the lot.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. BERGEN).

The Gordon setters were not numerous, but of better quality than we have seen for some time. In the champion dog class, Argus, in good condition, beat Gem, his only competitor, not at his best. In the bitch class Lady Gordon was alone; she was looking well. In the open dog class, Royal Duke came out in capital condition and won the prize. Little Boy was placed second; he has a very good coat, of nice color, is good in bone, and shows quality. He is weak in head and too light in muzzle; his tail is too long and badly carried. Flash, third, has improved somewhat in appearance. Rex, vhc., has a fair head and body, with good bone, legs and feet; he was in poor coat and color, and has a coarse tail. In the bitch class Rhoda was placed first. She is heavy in shoulders and light in head and pricks her ears at times. Jennie, second, is rather a nice bitch of heavy type. She is a bit round in barrel and too wavy in coat. Lady Bislow, third, was in good condition and deserved her prize. The classes were well judged.

SPANIELS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There was only one Irishman, but he is quite a nice dog—might be closer in curl to advantage. The field spaniels were a poor lot. Coaley, the winner, is light of bone, not clean enough in head, leggy, and faulty in coat. Jack, the only opponent, is very leggy and has a bad neck. Of the two champion cockers under twenty-eight pounds, Helen was much the best. Hornell Silk, curly and short in back, is well known. In the open class Brahmin was well placed first. He stands too high on the legs, and is light of bone and middle. In head and coat he is fairly good. Hornell Jock is also too long on the legs, short in back, and faulty in muzzle. In coat, legs and feet he will do. The winner in the bitch class is faulty in head, eyes and coat, and her opponent is lacking in head, shoulders and ears. In the class for cockers other than liver and black, Hornell Sunlight is light of bone, snipy and short of coat. Wanda T. is deficient in head, coat and bone. Othello, in the puppy class, promises well. He has a good flat coat, nice legs and feet, and by no means a bad head. He is a bit leggy, but will let down with age. Minnie is a long way behind him in good looks, being much too curly. Mr. Richardson's team of Clumbers had a walk-over for the honors. Newcastle, long and low, is much the best dog we have seen in the country. Poor Bateman had the misfortune to lose one of his ears. He slipped his collar, went off on a ramble, and returned minus a piece of the organ of hearing. He was last seen in the company of a bull-terrier, and it is thought the latter relieved him of the ear in settlement of an old account. These classes were carefully and well judged by Mr. Davidson.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. STOVELL).

Three packs of foxhounds of five couples each, with one or two single entries, made up the exhibit. They were shown in a circular enclosure of wire, in the center of the building, subdivided into kennels to accommodate each pack. The space was entirely too contracted, crowding the dogs too much, and they did not show to advantage. The first pack in order of merit was that of the Chichester Hunting Club, of Linwood, Delaware county, Pa. This was a very sorty lot of hounds of the true old Southern type, large in size, heavy in bone, long pendulous ears folded at the tips, deep set eyes, showing the haws, square cut muzzles, and lips deeply flewed. The judge very properly selected these as winners of the special for the best pack, but as two of the dogs had been emasculated the contesting clubs entered a protest on the ground that they were not perfect dogs, which protest the Kennel Club sustained. Unfortunately none of this pack were entered for the individual prizes, and therefore this meritorious lot received no recognition. The contest for the special, therefore, narrowed down to the two remaining packs, the Rockland Hunt and the Silver Brook Club, of Wilmington, Delaware. There was not much uniformity in either of these lots, the dogs varying in size and type. The Rockland was chosen as the best. In the open class for dogs first went to Lead, a large red and white dog, with good body, legs and feet, but whose sour face and defective carriage of ears were objectionable features. Stormer, the winner of second, is a fair dog but troubled with the same faults as Lead. A commendation was given to Dash. This dog was a mongrel and unworthy of notice. In foxhound bitches first went properly to Roxey, a good bitch whose head and ear is of the best; second to Doxey, a bitch built on speed lines, but very weak in ear; and third to Margaret, her counterpart, but not quite so good. For the best couple of foxhounds Lead and Doxey received the club prize and special. The Rockland pack got the special for the best pack, while the Silver Brook pack was awarded a special prize for the second best. The entire class was as well handled as was possible under the circumstances, for owing to the fact that the rings were occupied by the other judges, the hounds had to be adjudicated in their kennels, a very difficult task.

BEAGLES—(MR. SLOAN).

The beagles were a capital class. The influence of the Beagle Club is being felt, and we no longer see the list spoiled by a medley of nondescripts partaking largely of foxhound and other crosses. Exhibitors have learned that under the standard of the club such dogs have no chance of being placed. There were no entries in the champion class. In the open dog class over twelve inches, Rattler III. received first award. He is a neat white, black and tan dog, with good head and well hung ears. He is rather long cast and does not carry his tail as well as he might. In other points he is a very taking dog, and was deservedly first. Rover, another white, black and tan, got second. He has a wonderfully good body, compact and cobby; he carries his ears well, but they would be improved by being a trifle longer. His only other defect is that he is slightly out at elbow. Third went to Duce, a good little dog of very nice type, who, with his mate Frisky, vhc., were a well-matched couple. They would be improved by a little more length of ear and a better carriage of tails, but in bodies, legs and coats, were up to the mark. Grand Duke, vhc., was another good one, just a shade long in body and not quite as fine in beauty lines as some of the above mentioned, but made up of the stuff for a workman. Monroe, a useful-looking dog, is short of leather and his ear thick and boardy. These, with a tendency to open feet, are his worst faults. In bitches over twelve inches, Mischief was first, and by odds the best. She is good in all points, and clearly outclassed her competitors. Veta, white, black and tan, loaded with fat to the extent of deformity, was second; she shows lots of breeding and in proper form would do herself credit. Blue Maid, blue mottle, is fairly good with nothing pronounced about her. She was awarded the third prize. Lucy, mottled black, white and tan, plain looking, large (in fact we thought her above the standard height), was outclassed, as was Belle, the other contestant, neither filling the requirements of a true beagle. Dogs under 12 inches brought out Bannerman and Marchboy II.; Bannerman won; this dog has been described before in the FOREST AND STREAM, but we may say that his only defects, apart from his unfortunate color, are too great breadth of skull and weakness of muzzle. In other points he is nearly perfect, and he may be accounted the most perfect dwarf beagle that has ever appeared at any of our bench shows. The dog was shown in grand form. Marchboy II., winner of second, an excellent puppy, was heavily handicapped in meeting such a dog as Bannerman, of course an undeveloped puppy could have no chance; a year hence he can enter the lists again on more equal terms. Beagle bitches, under 12 inches, brought out three. First went to Bunnie, a little beauty, full of breeding and quality. Magnet, black, white and tan, another nice one, got second; there was very little between these two bitches. Flirt, winner of third, we did not like particularly well, her light bone and thin tail are against her. Puppies had only one entry, Fair Maid; she was awarded the prize, but hardly deserved it. The special for the best beagle in the show was won by Bannerman, as was also the Beagle Club Cup for best under twelve inches. Rattler III. won the Beagle Club Cup for best beagle over twelve inches. There were two other specials, one for best couple imported English beagles, the other for the best English beagle bitch under twelve inches. This latter prize went to Blue Maid, a bitch over twelve inches, while the brace prize should seemingly have gone to Marchboy II. and Magnet, both imported and both winners of second prizes. Instead of which the cup was given to Blue Belle and Blue Maid, the former unnoticed and the latter winner of a third prize. The judging in the regular classes was so consistent, and the breed so thoroughly well handled that we are at a loss to understand these discrepancies in the award of the two specials referred to.

BASSET HOUNDS (MR. STOVELL).

Sport, the only entry, was vhc. The judge considered the breeding of this dog as very questionable; if Nemours is the type there is certainly a difference.

BENCH LEG BEAGLES—(MR. STOVELL).

Ranger got first, a very fair dog, but deficient in crook. Punch, second prize, has better bent forelegs, but is deficient in head properties. Judy is very little behind the others. The class was fair, and well judged.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. STOVELL).

Waldine, black and tan, first; Driver, fallow red, second. Neither is a typical specimen. They were rightly placed.

WHIPPETS—(MR. STOVELL).

The winners are not typical specimens. Whip has prick ears and is faulty in head, but he looks like galloping. Jack is light of bone, faulty in head, and too straight behind. In the bitch class, Sallie is light of muzzle and faulty behind. Maggie was absent when we made our call. Nigger is round in barrel and heavy in shoulders. Nell has a bad head and shows too much terrier, and too little greyhound character.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were very well handled, and Mr. Barlow has shown himself an excellent judge of bulldogs. In the champion class for both sexes, Mr. Thayer's great bitch Bellisima was alone. From stop to tip of nose she is a trifle too long, but little, if any, fault can be found with her in other respects. In the open class for dogs, the whelpish-looking Romulus beat his younger rivals. Remus is a promising pup, but is too narrow in front and was not well shown. Cribb is pinched in muzzle and wanting in depth. His body hangs well, but his ears are inclined to prick. Punch is not up enough in face, and his shoulders are not well thrown out, neither are his legs well put on. Toper is a mongrel. Britomartis, a grand bitch, stood out in bold contrast to the others in her class. She is a bit tucked up at the shoulders, but has a magnificent head. Bonnie Duchess and Juno were outclassed in such company. The former is light in skull and faulty in muzzle, deficient in bone, and her body does not hang well. Juno is leggy, faulty in skull, muzzle and color.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Victoria, the handsome and well-known, was alone in the class for champions, and Dutch, Jr., the patched son of Old Dutch and Nell, repeated his New York and Toronto victories in the open dog class. The Earl, a bit faulty at both ends, came next, and Saxon, another patched dog, was next on the list. "Cheeky and faulty in tail," says our note book. Nipper was lucky in getting a c. card. Among the bitches, Gipsey was the winner. She is faulty at both ends. Young Venom, placed second, should have been first. That wall-eye is against her, but it is more than counterbalanced by Gipsey's patched and weak head. The winning puppy is faulty below the eyes and is coarse in tail.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

There were only three entries, and Queen, shown in beautiful condition, scored a very easy win. She is weak below the eyes and lacks substance. Beauty is faulty in head, legs and tail, but is fairly good in coat, color, legs and feet. Old Vortigern had the champion class all to himself. We never saw him looking better.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive represented the champions on this occasion, and in the open class for dogs Spice scored a very easy win. This dog is six years old, not five, as entered in the catalogues. He is a good, game-looking terrier, rather high on the legs and long in coat. His mouth is going, and we would like him better if his hocks were nearer to the ground. Scarsdale, well known, was away behind his distinguished kennel companion, and so was Surprise, who is coarse in muzzle and heavy in ears, besides being in wretched condition. Nick is faulty in skull, ears, eyes, bone and coat. Crisp is wheel-backed, leggy and coarse in skull, but on the top of these faults he shows considerable terrier character. Bruce is faulty in head, wide in front, long between the couplings, and light in coat. Phantasy, winner of first in the bitch class, is light of bone and soft in coat, but she shows a lot of terrier character. Jaunty is faulty in ears, skull, chest, bone and coat. The winner in the puppy class is a rare bred one, a bit heavy in ear and thick in muzzle. She is good in body, legs and feet, but would do with more bone. Belvoir Scamp, good in head, but faulty in body, and Rustic Flash, were placed equal second. Dan is coarse in skull and light of bone. They were well handled.

OTHER TERRIERS (MR. BAROLW).

In the class for Irish and rough-haired terriers, Gem, faulty in head and color, was first, and Sir Garnet, big and soft in coat, second. Mustard, hc., is a poor Irishman. Beresford, the winning Bedlington, is faulty in head and coat. He stands too low on his legs. Sting is long, low, faulty in head and soft in coat. Young Sting is faulty in head, tail, coat and eyes. Mr. Sanderson's kennel of Skyes took all before them, being longer, lower and better in coat than their opponents. The Yorkshires were as usual a poor lot. Charlie, the winner, is short of coat and tan. Togo is long cast, dark on the back and lacks tan on head and legs. Mr. D. is faulty in coat and color, so is Lady, and the same may be said of Mistress, Mary and Daisey. The toys, rough and smooth, were poor classes. Romeo, better in coat and color than Pawsee, should have won first.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the champion class for dogs, Joe beat George. The latter seemed to have the call among the talent. Effie was absent from the bitch class. Bradford Ruby won easily enough in the open dog class. He is looking very light and requires rest. Tu-Tu, heavy of ears, small of eyes, and not straight on his forelegs, came next, and Punch, the fortunate winner at New York, took third. Smut, shown in wretched condition, did not deserve the hc. card, and Harry, long in face, heavy in ears, leggy and faulty in tail, got at least two letters more than he deserved. Miss Kitty, small in skull and faulty in mask and ears, won in the bitch class over Flossy. The latter is faulty in ears and tail. The puppies were a wretched lot.

KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS—(MR. BARLOW).

Otto, the winner in the King Charles class, lacks skull and is too small in eyes. He is leggy, curly and is not of good color. Prince is snipy, curly and small of eyes. Chappy was about the best of the Blenheims, but is faulty in head. Rubes is faulty in head, ears and coat. Charlie has a poor head and small eyes. Daisy is faulty in head, eyes and coat.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Only four were shown, and Fanny was much the best in head, ears and size.

POODLES—(MR. MORTIMER).

Jack, a good dog, took first, and for second we preferred Jet II., who is closer in coat than Sabot.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASSES—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the heavy-weight class a boarhound, shown in good condition, took first, and third was given to a very poor retriever. He has a bad head and very light eyes. We failed to discover the merits of the second prize winner. In the light-weight class Napoleon was a long way the best, but the judge gave first to a big, long-faced specimen, and to make matters worse, said that Prince Charles spaniels should be entered in the King Charles class. He never even turned up the ears to see if the underside had the necessary markings. Napoleon beats the winner in skull, muzzle, eyes, ears, body, coat, frill, feather, markings and size. Dog shows become a farce when such decisions are made. The skull of a toy spaniel should be high and full, the stop well pronounced and the muzzle short and blunt, the eyes should be large, dark and mild in expression, the ears long and set low, body compact, legs short and well feathered. In size the dog should not resemble the Irish water spaniel. A toy dog is a little dog.

ADDENDA TO AWARDS.

Following is a list of awards in addition to those published last week: The mastiff puppies were divided into dog and bitch classes. In the dog class David was first, Xerxes second, Brother vhc., and Hero hc. In the bitch class Minerva was first, Dora second, and hc. was given to A. D. Campbell's Zoe (Homer—Zara). In the deerhound class first went to J. E. Thayer's Bran, misprinted Bravo. In English setter dogs J. C. Johnson's Duke of Devon (Doncaster—Fan) was rejudged and given vhc. In English setter dog puppies Fairy King is owned by F. E. Lewis instead of the Blackstone Kennels. In bitch puppies, first, Jos. Lewis's Lady Rock (Royal Rock—Nellie); second, R. B. Pense's Nancy Dawson (Emperor Fred—Mollie); vhc., Dan O'Shea's Hasty; hc., Rancocas Kennels' Dame Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel II.). In champion Irish setter dogs Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr., won. In Gordon setter bitches Dan O'Shea's Bell was wrongly credited with winning vhc. In liver or black cocker spaniels second went to Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock (A.K.R. 1877), and in bitches second went to C. N. Lewis's Virginia. There was but one entry in the Basset hound class, J. V. Heidrich's Sport; he was given vhc. The bench-legged beagle awards were given last week under the head of Basset hounds. Sport, vhc., should read Judy. In Yorkshire terriers, over 5 pounds, L. S. Boraef's Paul was commended. The special awards followed the decisions in the open classes in most cases. The special for the best kennel of five English setters was won by the Blackstone Kennels, beating the Rancocas and Goodsell kennels. The Goodsell Kennel should have won the prize for the best stud dog, with one of his get, was won by Rancocas Kennels' Dashing Monarch with Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet against Foreman with Fairy King, Prince with Fairy III., Flash with Rhoda, Don Juan with Storm Petrel, Chief with Chip, and Elcho, Jr., with Bruce. The Chichester pack of foxhounds were disqualified and the Rockland Hunt pack were awarded the prize, and the special for the second best pack went to the Silver Brook pack. The special for the best mastiff, dog or bitch, was won by C. H. Mason's Nevison. Paul Gladstone was awarded the special for the best English setter. There were several better ones and the prize should have gone to Rockingham or Fairy III.

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The entries for the Illinois Kennel Club's first bench show of dogs are coming in at a lively rate, and from present appearances it will be the largest ever held in the West.

The club has made additional classes for Gordon setter bitches, beagle bitches and Irish water spaniel puppies. They also offer a special premium of $50 cash for the best kennel of St. Bernards, to consist of five over one year old. An entry fee of $5 per kennel will be charged each entry for this special. The same on like conditions for mastiffs. Also $25 cash for the best kennel of greyhounds, to consist of not less than five over one year old. A good list of specials has so far been offered by other parties.

The committee on special prizes are canvassing for the same, and will be able to secure a large number.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel having been compelled to return to England, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont., will judge in his place. The list of judges is as follows: Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., setters, pointers and Chesapeake Bay dogs; Dr. E. C. Franklin, St. Louis, Mo., cocker spaniel classes, to be judged under the standard of the International Cocker Spaniel Club, and Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont., will judge the remaining classes.

All the railroads running east from Chicago will carry dogs to and from the show free when crated or boxed, and in charge of owner or care taker. The New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railroad running east of Buffalo, will do the same.

L. F. WHITMAN, Supt.

DEATH OF LEICESTER.

THE champion English setter dog Leicester died on Tuesday, May 19, aged nearly thirteen years. He was one of the most famous dogs in the country, and his name is a household word among sportsmen throughout the land. His winnings on the bench have been many and valuable, but the chief glory of his name rests upon a more enduring foundation. The blood of the dead champion coursing through the veins of his numerous descendants is a far more valuable and lasting monument than the highest honors of the show bench can establish. Leicester was imported by Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Canada, in 1874, and sold by him about six years ago to Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, who owned him at the time of his death. His winnings on the bench in England and America are appended.

English Bench Winnings in 1874: first, Glasgow; second, Wolverhampton; third, Crystal Palace.

American Bench Winnings.—1875: First, Memphis. 1876: Second, Chicago. 1877: Championship and stock dog cup, New York. 1878: Championship and stock dog cup, St. Louis and Baltimore. 1880: Championship and stock dog cup, St. Louis. 1881: Championship and stock dog cup, best English setter, second best setter any strain, and special with Berkely,

Pittsburgh; champion (31), best English setter stud dog, best English setter, dog or bitch, one of five best kennel English setters, New York. 1883: At Washington, D. C., he was presented with a silver collar, value $50.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the A. K. C. in Philadelphia, May 19 and 20, Major J. M. Taylor was elected President; Mr. Elliott Smith, First Vice-President; A. W. Pope, Second Vice-President; G. E. Osborn, Secretary, and E. Comfort, Treasurer. The Committee on Constitution, By-Laws, etc., reported, and with few alterations and amendments were accepted.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held after the adjournment of the association, a committee of three on each different breed of dogs was appointed to investigate as to standards and report at a meeting to be held in October.

A protest, entered by Mr. James Watson against Mr. D. P. Foster's entry of St. Elmo at the late New York show, was referred to a sub-committee of three, consisting of Elliott Smith, of the W. K. C.; Mr. Faxon, of the N. E. K. C., and Mr. Wade, of the Pittsburgh Club, who are to investigate and report. It is proposed to give the shows next season in a circuit, and the clubs are invited to give their views on the subject. G. EDW. OSBORN, Sec. A. K. C.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., May 25.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB.—A meeting of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club was held May 25 at Jersey City. Those present were: Percy C. Ohl, Geo. L. Wilms, E. R. Hearn, A. P. Vredenburgh, J. H. Phelan, K. E. Hopf, James Lindsay, A. C. Wilmerding, Louis Brigham, H. C. Sherman, G. W. McNeil and H. Pape. The following gentlemen were selected to pass on the names of persons for membership: Messrs. Lindsay, McNeil, Vredenburgh, Ohl and Pape. They reported favorably on twenty-eight names, and these were elected. After slight revision the constitution was adopted. Officers: President, Chas. Heath, Newark; Vice-President, C. J. Peshall, Jersey City; Secretary, A. P. Vredenburgh, Bergen Point, and Treasurer, E. R. Hearn, Passaic. With a view to give representation in the executive committee of persons from all over the State, and that each breed of dogs should have its champion, the committee elected was: Max Wenzel, P. C. Ohl, J. Lindsay, Geo. L. Wilms, K. E. Hopf, N. E. Hamilton, G. W. La Rue, W. W. Tucker, L. F. Brigham, A. C. Wilmerding and J. D. Shotwell. A committee, Messrs. La Rue, Wilmerding and Wilms, was appointed to draft suitable by-laws to be referred to the executive committee for adoption. The new club starts well, and promises to enliven dog matters in New Jersey, as it contemplates giving both annual dog shows and field trials.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., claims to be ahead of most other places in its appreciation of good dogs. Says the *Republican:* "It was not a startling scene just about dusk the other day that made foot passengers in a little alley in this city stop and stare into a dark corner. There was nothing there but a dirty, tired little newsboy who had sunk into a restless doze with his ragged cap pulled over his eyes—and close beside the dreaming urchin a pert little terrier, keenly watching every living thing that approached with an air that betrayed an intent to defend with the whole of his fiery little body the bundle of papers that lay at the boy's side. There was not much to the picture, to be sure, but somehow or other nearly every one gazed at it with a curious eye, and not a few smiled at the comically fierce attitude of the dog. It was a bit of the doggish which would have delighted to its uttermost the soul of good old John Brown, whose friendship for Rab is well-nigh immortal. The popular interest, too, centered rather in the dog than the boy, and no doubt aroused in the mind of more than one thoughts of stories heard before, touching canine fidelity and intelligence. The link of attachment between man and dog is a stout one and more firmly welded in this city than in perhaps half the places of its size in the country."

DEATH OF MAIDA.—The well-known setter bitch Maida, owned by Dr. S. Fleet Speir, died last week at Robins Island. She was 7¾ years old. Her sire, Dick, was of a capital strain of native English setter, and her dam was the Gordon bitch Clio. Maida was a grand field dog, as her public performances testify. We can pay no better tribute to her memory than to quote our comments upon the heat between her and Grouse Dale at Robins Island, in November, 1881: "Both dogs worked splendidly, pointing in grand style, and backing superbly. It is very rare that one sees such good work as this. We were nearly fagged with the hard tramping that had been done, but from the time that Maida had opened the ball until they were taken up, 'we were a boy again,' and although lunch intervened, we felt no fatigue, and even now our pulse quickens and the very ends of our fingers tingle as we review the scenes and incidents of this well-contested struggle for supremacy. We shall long remember the graceful evolutions and intelligent performance of this wonderful brace of dogs."

FOX-TERRIER PEDIGREES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerning "Fox-Terrier's" notice of erroneous entries of our bitch Clover Blossom, as regards pedigree, I would say that Clover Blossom's pedigree should read either "By Dynamite Joe ex Puzzle" or "by Dynamite Joe (late Catesby) ex Puzzle," and Clover Fidget's pedigree as "by Belgrave Tony ex Tricksey." Such pedigrees as have appeared differently are erroneous and were occasioned doubtless by haste in writing entries. Subsequent to the entry in the *American Kennel Register*, I noticed in the Stud column of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle* that Catesby was now known as Dynamite Joe. Wherefore the appellation.—CLOVERNOOK KENNEL.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—London, Ont., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your reporter on the above show needs a little information before he so sweepingly condemns my judging of the spaniel bitch class. I may state that the dogs of Mr. Carter did not arrive in time for judging. I never saw Lady Mack off the bench; Sport, Jr., I was asked to give second prize to, which I withheld; I did so several hours after the classes were judged. One of the best puppies, Jill, I never saw till late in the evening, and the same I can say of Princess Tiney, she was not in the ring and was marked absent.—J. S. NIVEN.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners Gay of Greensburg, and Porter, of Corry, were at Erie last week and arranged for securing a large quantity of rock bass from the bay with which to stock the head waters of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers. This is a move in the right direction, and we have not the slightest doubt but that the attempt to stock our waters with this fish will prove successful.—HOMO.

WINLAWN KENNELS.—Mr. Stevenson informs us that he has secured the services of Mr. H. W. Lacy to take charge of the Winlawn Kennels, and that he will at once assume the entire management.

NEW YORK SHOW.—The special for the best greyhound at the New York show was won by Mother Demdike instead of Memnon, as reported.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Madge. By W. H. Burr, Phœnixville, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1883, by champion Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Samson's Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly).

Excellence. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 15, 1884, by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of his Rena (A.K.R. 1727).

Standard. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1885, by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of his Rena (A.K.R. 1727).

Flirt. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April, 1884, by Prince out of Daisey.

Hospice Kennels. By K. E. Hoph, Newark, N. J., for his kennel of imported St. Bernards.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rattler II. to Grand Duke. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1881 (Prince—Flora), owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Novice—Otho. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) St. Bernard bitch Novice to his champion Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 2.

Daphne—Otho. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 488) to his champion Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 6.

Queen—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (King—Lucy) to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 3.

Roxy—Gyp. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle bitch Roxy (Rattler—True) to his Gyp (Racket—Fly), May 9.

Juno—Glencho. Geo. Langran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Juno (Berkley—Tilly) to W. H. Pierce's champion Glencho, April 12.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bismark. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Dec. 25, 1884 Ayrshire Laddie—Fan), by James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to J. Raners, Savannah, Ga.

Kate. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped Jan. 25, 1885 (Hiram—Flossie), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to J. Raners, Savannah, Ga.

Ringwood—Birdie whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 26, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Dr. W. N. Holcombe, Canton, Conn.

Ida Nettles. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1884 (Rex—Jennie Nettles), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to S. M. Cleaver, Brownsville, Pa.

Hiram (A.K.R. 882)—Flossie (A.K.R. 536) whelps. Black, tan and white collies, whelped Jan. 25, 1885, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., a dog and bitch to E. H. Nicholls, New Haven, Conn.; a dog to Wm. Dohl, Brooklyn, N.Y.; a dog to Dr. Malcolm McLane, New York, and a bitch to Dr. P. D. Wycoff, New York.

Fairy. Sable and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 1222), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Arthur Wallack, New York.

Glen. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Ayrshire Laddie—Nellie), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to C. B. Gregory, Brick Church, N. J.

Adelia. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1884 (Rex—Jennie Nettles), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Wm. H. Hamilton, New York.

Blue Cap. Imported white, black and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree not given, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rosey. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 21, 1883 (Mark Antony—May Belle), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich.

Hiram. Sable and white collie dog (A.K.R. 882), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to J. C. Cady, New York.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Cleopatra. English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1879, owned by James B. Tilley, Catskill, N. Y., April 27, from poison.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., May 7.—There was a small attendance at Oak Grove Range. The shooting being done on Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand. W. H. Taft of our club, made the best score ever made on Massachusetts target. The rifle used was Maynard, .38-cal., 50 grains, 255 bullets:

Taft	12 12 12 10 12 12 11 12 12 14—117
French	11 10 11 10 12 11 12 11 12 12—112
Nichols	12 10 10 11 10 10 11 9 10 11—104
Sargent	11 11 11 10 10 10 9 10 10 8—100
Barnes	5 9 11 11 9 10 10 9 10 10— 94
Parker	8 10 9 11 12 10 10 10 6 6— 92

H. C. F.

GREENVILLE, O., May 16.—The match here to-day between the Richmond and Greenville clubs, resulted in a victory for the home team. The following is the official score, Creedmoor target, range 200yds.: Greenville—Himes 43, Habney 41, Culbertson 43, Schwable 42, John 40, total, 209. Richmond—McNinnie 42, Sanders 39, Howley 41, Hampton 44, Morris 39, total 205.

THOMASTON, Conn., May 16.—The weather conditions at Bridgemoor range to-day were a bright light and a very tricky 9 o'clock wind, position standing, off-hand, 200yds., Massachusetts ring target.

C F Williams	8 10 10 10 9 10 12 11 12 12—104
G A Lemmon	10 11 12 10 10 11 8 11 11 9—103
W H Dunbar	9 10 11 8 9 11 7 12 11 8— 96
Fred A Perkins	12 10 8 7 8 11 9 10 10 8— 93
B H Sutliff	6 11 10 9 8 9 8 11 10 11— 93
F Carr	11 9 9 11 10 7 9 8 10 2— 92
C L Alling	10 9 10 11 5 11 10 6 4 12— 88
B W Pease	9 10 10 6 7 7 9 8 8 11— 84
A Fox	5 10 11 7 7 10 5 9 11 3— 83

FRED. A. PERKINS.

THOMASTON, Conn., May 21.—The third annual tournament of the Empire Rifle Club closed this afternoon and proved a perfect success in every respect. The weather was splendid throughout the whole time, though a rather tricky wind baffled the riflemen somewhat on the third day. Riflemen were present from nearly every New England State, New York and New Jersey. Subjoined are the winners: G. F. Ellsworth 174, E. J. Cram 171, J. D. Marks 171, O. B. Hull 171, L. DeClair 170, D. E. Marsh 170, S. J. Lyon 169, P. S. Fenning 168, A. C. White 168, W. H. Beardsley 161, A. Henry 161, W. H. Dunbar 160, E. T. Stephens 158, E. L. Holmes 157, G. E. Betts 157, G. A. Alling 157, A. H. Merriman 156, B. W. Pease 155, G. C. Canfield 152, P. M. Beers 152, D. B. Wilson 150, W. B. Daniels 149, D. H. Ferris 145, B. H. Sutliff 144, P. Simons 143, S. P. Williams 143, C. F. Williams 138, S. D. Bland 133, G. P. North 131, G. C. Gilbert 131, F. Whitlock 128.

ELGIN CLUB.—The Elgin (Ill.) National Rifle Club was organized May 1 with the following officers: C.W. Cole, Captain; H. A. Wyman, Secretary; C. A. Jonnson, Treasurer. Executive Committee—C. W. Cole, J. M. Adams, H. A. Wyman, G. N. Spencer, J. T. Zander. The Charter Members are: J. F. Zander, J. M. Adams, S. M. Adams, G. N. Spencer, J. A. Fairbanks, C. W. Cole, G.W. Bullen, H. A. Wyman, C. A. Johnson, J. J. Rodda, D. A. Barker, G. E. Hawthorne, E. De Barthe, L. S. Wright, C. A. Rickert, W. L. Weatherill, C. E. Lightner, J. H. Ward, E. H. Heath, A. H. Heath, Mark Yarwood, J. D. Child, C. S. Mixer, C. Stone, A. E. Rigby, F. Guptill, J. J. Sowers, J. J. Osmer, E. C. Grant, A. Bielingburg, A. Kobler, R. Jackson, H. F. Downs, M. D. Lull, C. W. Halsey. The club adopted a model constitution, short, sharp and concise, and the members evidently intend to treat rifle shooting as a rational enjoyment.

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB.—May 22, 12 ring target, possible 120.

M Dorrler	114 A Koster 105
O Rein	113 H Wasmuth 107
J Schneider	113 A Bradfish 104
H Lindlinger	110 J Jordon 104
C F Geusch	109 B Wragge 103
G Zimmerman	108 J Shaw 101
A Kroeger	106 D Louitzki 99

LAWRENCE, May 25.—The spring meeting of the Lawrence Rifle Club occurred on its range May 21, 22 and 23, and was a success financially and otherwise. Some of the most brilliant shooting ever made was shown. E. F. Richardson's 21 consecutive bulls on a paper target in a regular match has never been beaten or equalled, so far as the writer has knowledge. Appended are the winning scores. 200yds., any rifle within the rules; three best scores to count as one continuous score: Creedmoor rules to govern:

Rich'dson	5555555555555555555555—105
Crane	5555555455555455555555—103
Fellows	4555555555555445556555—102
Dodge A B	5555545555555445555555—102
Jewell	5555455555545555545555—102
Austin	5555545555455545555555—101
W'tworth	5454555545555554554555—100
Dennison	4555455545554545555455—99
Francis	4555554545545555545554—99
Leighton	5454555545455545554555—98
Reed	4544545555555455544455—97
Smith	4455545545555455554544—97
Webber	4454545554545445545555—96
Lawrence	4454455545545545455—96
Fisher	4555545545545545545—96
Frye	5554545455554445554455—96
Curtis	4545454544445555544—95

Saunders	4454554544545455544454—94
Joseph	5444544544554554555544—93
Vining	5454314454454554554555—93
Elliot	4544544454544554554544—92
Putnam	5445455454444454544444—92
Williams*	5445443835455555344445—92
Howland	4445454545454445454444—91
Franklyn	4544554544544443444444—88
Dodge, A S	4444544544454443443544—87
Winship	4534444434445544454444—86
Libbey*	4444443545334354354345—85
Payson	5444444444384445443854—84
Neal	5055543444544445444384—84
Coon	5443534444443434444443—81
Strout	3433243445504434403048—68
Wild	2434403433803443403483—60

*Military, add 2 points.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 24.—The Wheeling Rifle Club held their first practice shoot yesterday on the new range just finished on the old Fair Ground on the Island. This is the first good range the club ever had, the ground in this section being so very hilly that a level range is hard to find. The present range, however, is as level and pleasant as the famous Creedmoor, and sliding targets and a good, solid back wall to stop the lead have been erected during the past week, and shooting bids fair to be more popular than ever here this year. A new club has been organized during the past winter, under the name of the Wheeling Schuetzen, and gallery practice has been kept up, so the members are now about to make their first trial at the 200yds. range on the Island, which will be used by both clubs. The following are the scores of the Wheeling Rifle Club of yesterday, 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts target, possible 120:

First Match.

C E Dwight	9 12 11 7 12 11 12 9 10 10—103
Wm Cox	12 11 12 11 9 8 7 9 10 9— 98
R S Stewart	10 9 10 10 11 11 8 10 11 8— 98
Otto Jaeger	9 11 10 9 12 8 9 10 6 8— 94

Second Match.

Otto Jaeger	11 12 12 11 10 11 10 10 12 11—110
R S Stewart	12 11 12 12 12 10 8 12 8 9—106
C E Dwight	7 11 11 10 11 11 10 12 9—103
Wm Cox	7 8 11 10 10 11 12 9 10 12—102

To-morrow, the 25th, the Germania Singing Society give a grand picnic on the new State fair ground, and three elegant badges are offered as prizes for rifle shooting. The distance is 30yds., with 22 cal. rifles, off hand, at a decimal target, one-inch bullseye, with 9 and 10 counts in it. On Saturday, the 30th, the Wheeling Club go to Pittsburgh to shoot a return match with the Pittsburgh Rifle Club. This will be the third meeting of these clubs, the other two being won by the Wheeling team. The rifles used by the club here are Sharp's midrange, 40-cal., 70gr., 330gr. bullet respectively. Some of us expect to try the Farrow 22-cal. soon.—D.

NEWARK, N. J., May 25.—A series of three matches between the Essex and Frelinghuysen rifle clubs, teams of 10, 10 shots per man, Zettler ring targets, gallery distance, off hand, army .22-caliber rifle, minimum pull of trigger 3 pounds, no sighting shots. The first match at the Frelinghuysen range, May 7, was won by the Frelinghuysens, score 1,086 to 1,040. The second match, at the Essex range, May 14, was won by the Essex, score 1,105 to 1,079. The third match was shot at the Warren range, and proved very interesting, both teams doing their best. Shooting was so close that when eight men a side had shot the score stood a tie; on the ninth man the Essex gained the lead, and won the match with the highest score attained by any team in a match. Mr. Jackson, of the Celluloid Rifle Club, acted as referee at all matches. Ring targer, possible 120; Creedmoor, 50:

Essex Rifle Club.	Ring.	Creedmoor.	Frelinghuysen Rifle Club.	Ring.	Creedmoor.
Mie el	109	46	Chase	110	47
Heil	112	48	Brant	109	48
Cooper	114	49	Vreeland	114	48
Germayne	112	48	Dainty	112	49
Watts	113	49	Lynn	111	47
Lake	110	48	Walsh	115	49
Snellen	116	50	Shakleford	112	48
Welter	114	49	Weigman	117	49
McCallum	112	48	Zimmer	102	43
Coppersmith	116—1128	50—485	Neuman	114—1116	49—477

CREEDMOOR, May 23.—The opening matches of the National Rifle Association were shot to-day at Creedmoor. Owing to the threatening weather the attendance was small, only about forty riflemen being present. During the morning the rain somewhat interfered with the shooting, but in the afternoon the conditions were all that could be desired, and some good scores were made. A team from the Fourteenth Regiment was on the ground for their first practice of the season. The following were the best scores:

Qualification Match.

	100yds.	300yds.	Total.		100yds.	300yds.	Total.
J S Shepherd	25	22	47	F Van Lennep	20	21	41
C F Robbins	20	23	43	W A Robinson	18	22	40
J F Klein	22	21	45	R M Kallock	20	20	40

Champion Marksman's Match.

	200yds.	50yds.	Total.		200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J S Shepherd	22	24	46	T A Bartley	22	20	42
F Van Lennep	20	23	43	C F Robbins	20	21	41
G C Power	18	24	42	J P M Richards	22	19	41
J F Klein	21	21	42	G F A Bondres	20	17	37

BOSTON, May 23.—There was a small attendance of riflemen a Walnut Hill to-day, due doubtless in part to the absence of many members who were attending the meet of the Lawrence Rifle Club, as well as to the disagreeable weather. The telegraphic match between the Pittsburgh Rifle Club and the home association resulted in a victory for Massachusetts. The score stood:

Victory Medal Match.

H Cushing	10 9 9 8 10 8 8 10 8 7—87
J E Dolman	9 8 8 4 10 6 7 8 7 8—74
C W Hodgdon, A	7 8 5 5 6 6 9 9 5 8—63

Creedmoor Match.

C E Berry, A	5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5—47
H Withington, B	5 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 5—45
Jas Medford, B	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 4—43
C W Hodgdon, A	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—42

Rest Match.

J Francis	10 10 10 10 9 10 9 10 10 10—98
B Dreffer	9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 9—97
W H Oler	9 9 9 10 10 10 9 10 8 9—93

Telegraph Match—Massachusetts Rifle Association.

O M Jewell	10 9 10 8 10 5 10 9 9 10 8 8 9 5 7—127
E F Richardsen	7 7 10 7 5 10 8 5 9 9 10 9 10 7 7—120
H Severance	10 7 3 7 8 9 10 7 9 7 4 6 10 6 8—111
J Francis	7 8 9 10 8 8 5 6 6 8 9 7 4 9 7—111
R Reed	3 9 7 8 3 9 5 7 9 5 8 10 3 4 8—98
C B Edwards	6 4 7 5 5 6 3 7 9 9 5 4 7 7 5—90—657

Pittsburgh Rifle Club.

Jas Brooks	6 6 6 5 6 5 8 6 10 10 7 9 8 8 5—105
F Stolte	8 6 8 5 10 9 5 5 9 5 10 10 7 10 6—113
Geo Hodgdon	8 4 6 3 7 6 4 9 9 5 7 5 9 5 5—92
J A Higgins	7 10 7 8 7 9 9 9 9 7 7 7 8 8 8—120
J B Sutch	4 6 9 6 10 8 9 9 10 9 4 8 7 5 5—112
G E Painter	7 7 5 8 10 10 5 10 4 5 5 7 7 10 10—110—652

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 23.—But few marksmen assembled at the Rod and Gun Club's regular weekly shoot to-day. On account of rain the shooting was not up to the average for the first class, while the second class was better than their average.

Second Class Medal.

E S Field	10 8 10 8 10 12 11 11 11 9—100
T T Cartwright	12 12 9 11 8 9 8 10 10 11— 99

First Class Medal.

T B Wilson	10 8 11 9 10 11 8 10 12 9— 98
T C Talbot	9 9 10 8 11 10 10 9 10 10— 96
E T Stephens	10 11 10 10 10 10 11 5 9— 96

Record Match

Dr Carl	9 12 11 9 8 11 10 10 9 11—100

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 23.—Rifle club match at Riverside range. 7yds., Creedmoor target. A rainy afternoon and small attendance:

S Busfield	4545554541—45	W Worthen	43 4455534—42
R Griffin	4444555445—44	J Manners	4445444434—40

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 11.—There is quite a stir these days among our local trap shots. A $50 match was shot a couple of weeks ago in this city, between F. L. Coons and G. W. Watson, at which some $1,500 changed hands. Beside numerous outside bets there

was $1,100 in the pool box. Since then friends of James Parrott offered to bet $500 to $250 that their man could beat George Routier in a 100 bird match. The challenge was accepted and the match was to have been shot last week, but has for the present fallen through. And now Coons comes out with a challenge to Routier, even up, and it is understood that they will shoot such a match very soon.—SMALL-BORE

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 19.—The Fall River Gun Club held its first shoot to-day for two prizes of $10 each, one match at glass balls and the other at clay-pigeons; screened traps, 18yds. rise:

	Balls.	Clay-Pigeons.
Hall	1111111111111011111111—24	1101001111111111111101111—21
Braley	0101111111111111111111110—22	1101010110111111111101101—19
Mangam	1110011111111101101011111—20	0101110101111101001001111—16
Wood	1003110010101111011111111—17	00000 0101110100011100000— 8
Buffinton	1001111100011101110011011—16	0000011111100111010011001111—14
Burrill	0001100010001101110100101—11	1100010000111001101011011—13

KNOXVILLE VS. LOUISVILLE.—Louisville, Ky., May 21.—Match at the Knoxville black birdsbetween the Louisville Sportsmen's Association and the Knoxville club. Each team consisted of ten men and each man shot at 20 single birds, 18yds. rise, 3 traps. The scores were exchanged by telegraph. Annexed is the result. The club will shoot same match again Saturday, with great big promises of success by the Knoxville club:

Louisville Sportsmen's Association Team.

I Hutchings	1101101110011111111110110111—24
J B Hutchings	1111111111111101111111011101—27
R P Bonnie	1111011011111111101111101111—26
W O Bonnie	1110111011111101011111111100—24
W P Griffith	1101110111111011111111101011—24
J B Williamson	1111111011111110101001101111—24
G G Berry	1111111111101110110111011011—25
N Gordon	0111011110110101111101101111101—22
C Roberts	0111111110101011101111111111—25
J P Barbour	1100111010111011101111100111—22—243

Knoxville Team.

J M Ross	1111001101111111111101001111—24
F W Armstrong	0110111110111011111111110110—22
Howard	1011111101011010100110110110—19
T C Eldridge	1111111011101111111111011111—26
J W Slocum	1111111111011111111011011110—27
Wm Jenkins	1111111010011011111111101010—23
Jacques	0010111111111111011100111011—23
J C Duncan	1111111101101111111111111111—28
C C Rebbard	0111101111010011111110011001—21
C Deaderick	1101111111111111101111101110—25—238

KNOX.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 23.—The annual election, barbecue and shooting matches of the Montgomery Shooting Club took place at the club's grounds, Jackson's Lake, yesterday, and was largely attended. In the early part of the day the crowd enjoyed fishing on the beautiful lake and shooting birds in the grounds. About a barrel of fish, mostly bream, were caught, and the following is the shooting score:

First Match—10 birds, 25yds.:

H D Long	1111101111— 9	D Ledyard	1111111111—10
S T Westcott	1111111111—10	H Crommelin	0111010110— 6
F C Randolph	1011111101— 8	W K Jones	1111111011— 9
G M Marks	1101011011— 7		

Ties, 30yds.: S. T. Westcott 111—3, D. Ledyard 110—2. S. T. Westcott won first prize, diamond badge.

Four pairs double birds, 21yds.:

Randolph	01 11 01 11—5	Marks	10 10 10 11—5
Jones	10 11 11 11—7	Long	10 10 10 11—5
Westcott	10 11 10 00—4	Ledyard	10 11 00 11—5

Ties of 5: Randolph 10 10—2, Marks 10 00—1, Ledyard 10 11—3, Long 11 00—2.

Third Match—5 singles, 2 pair doubles; 21yds. double, 30yds. single:

Randolph	11111 11 01—8	Westcott	11100 10 10—5
Ledyard	11011 11 10—7	Marks	11111 10 11—8
Long	10010 11 10—5	Jones	11101 10 10—7

Ties of 8: Randolph 10111 01—5, Marks 11011 11—6. Ties of 7: Ledyard 110—2, Jones 111—3.

Fourth Match—Miss and out, 45yds.: Randolph 1101—3, Ledyard 0, Marks 0, Long 0, Westcott 1100—2, Jones 0.

It was a miserably rainy day, the birds were lively, the smoke hung close to the ground, making double birds especially difficult. Election of officers: President, H. B. Metcalf; Vice-President, Dan Ledyard; Secretary, H. C. Davidson; Directors—H. D. Long, S. T. Westcott and Ben Sutter. President Metcalf made an eloquent speech. In substance he said: "I am grateful for the high honor you have conferred upon me, gentlemen, and I hope to prove myself worthy. I have been a member of this club for thirteen years, and you all know that I have been always first to reach the barbecues and last to leave. (Applause.) My heart has ever beat warmest when thinking of Jackson's Lake, where we shoot birds, catch fish and have a good time generally (Applause). And when this day shall have ended—and I am sorry it has to end—I shall begin to think of the 4th of July, the time when we shall once again meet beside this pearly lake amid these beautiful trees and enjoy our sport, and enjoy one another in true shooting club style. (Applause.) These are enjoyable occasions which come too seldom into our lives and we must make the most of them. Gentlemen, again I thank you (Applause)." At the conclusion of President Metcalf's remarks, the club presented Secretary Davidson with a handsome silver souptureen, which called out a charming little speech from that gentleman. The retiring president, Hon. Warren S. Reese, who was especially happy in his attentions to the guests, announced that dinner was ready. It was a genuine old-fashioned Southern barbecue, and was very fine. The party remained at dinner about an hour, which is sufficient tribute to the excellence of the dishes. The club now owns about twenty-two acres of land, which is really one of the prettiest parks in the country, controls Jackson's Lake, the loveliest sheet of water in Central Alabama, and is entirely out of debt.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Since the last published report of the membership, the following gentlemen have joined the Association: Phil. C. Belles, Amboy, Ill.; H. Amberg, Cincinnati, O.; J. H. Gates, Hartford, Conn.; Henry Miller, Chicago, Ill.; H. Kaufman, Cincinnati, O.; T. D. Kimball, Clarendon, Tex.; Jas. Richards, New York; Jas. Tatham, New York; J. C. Palmer, Hartford, Conn.; M. Spencer, Windsor, Conn.; E. A. Folsom, Windsor, Conn.; F. J. C. Swift, Falmouth, Mass.; Fred Tompkins, Stony Point, N. Y.; M. W. Bull, Windsor, Conn.; D. Kirkwood, Boston; W. B. Witherell, Boston; G. W. Watson, Sacramento, Cal.; T. M. Flood, San Antonio, Tex.; Wm. M. Parker, Elizabeth, N. J.; Wm. Pryor, Elizabeth, N. J.; H. C. V. Harsel, Elizabeth; N. H. Astralt, Elizabeth; Adam Keming, Elizabeth, N. J.; W. J. Dean, Elizabeth, N. J.; G. W. Fenstermaker, Amboy, N. J.; C. A. Bragg, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. R. Park, Baltimore, Md.; E. A. Sharretts, Baltimore, Md.; W. H. Beecher, N. Industry, O.; A. C. Goodrich, Portland, Conn.; John Lane, Deborah, Ia.; Sam Hazlett, Washington, Pa.; R. E. Sheldon, Cleveland, O.; H. C. Powers, Cleveland, O.; Frank Wake, Bradford, Pa.; A. B. Walker, Bradford, Pa.; J. M. George, Miles Grove, Pa.; A. G. Allen, McPherson, Kan.; J. C. Myers, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. L. Brewer, Hammonton, N. J.; Chas. Wagener, Pultney, N. Y.; H. B. Whitney, Oaks Corner, N. Y.; L. C. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; H. Hinkle, Springfield, O.; Eugene Bogardus, Elkhart, Ill.; L. C. Lane, Bellefontaine, O.; J. D. Kelley, Greenville, O.; J. McCartney, Huntsville, O.; Robt. Pierson, Huntsville, O.; A. E. Messerley, Greenville, O.; W. Gresham, N. Monroeville, O.; John Casper, Norwalk, O.; F. C. Perceval, Cincinnati, O.; R. G. Waddell, Cincinnati, O.; J. Von Lengerke, New York city; G. Holmes, Grand Rapids, Mich.; F. C. Randolph, Montgomery, Ala.; Clarence W. Taylor, Camden, N. J.; L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del.—F. C. BISHOP, Sec'y.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9.—The Neophyte Club held its third shoot of the season at Bird's Point to-day. The match was under Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, with single birds, both barrels. The pigeons used were mostly tailers, and as such gave the members considerable trouble, no less than eight dropping dead out of bounds. This fact accounts probably for the meager score, the poorest yet made by the club since its organization. Up to the eighth round Brown had a clear score of ciphers and on the ninth a bird came almost to the muzzle of his gun. This he succeeded in killing, amid the wildest enthusiasm. Chas. W. Kellogg is the best shot of the club and kills his birds with the ease of a practiced sportsman. Young Golcher made some neat "kills," particularly on the seventh round, when he brought down a tailer at 70yds. The weather was all that could be desired, the breeze being just strong enough to carry off the smoke. The club does not make any pretensions to being crack shots and meets only for the sport of shooting. The following were the scores made:

Kellogg	101101111111—10	Chapman	111011001111—9
Chapin	111111011100— 9	Sprague	010111011001—7
Pollock	1111111101010—10	Dean	011011011011—8
Brown	000000001100— 2	H C Golcher	111001011111—9
Rambo	111101110010— 7	Roache	010100010002—3
Davis	111001001111— 8		

At the conclusion of the club shoot a freeze out was made up, $2.50 entrance, and resulted with the following score: Chapman 0, Pollock 10, Halton 0, Davis 1100, Golcher 1101, Mangel 1101.

WELLINGTON, May 23.—The grounds of the Malden Gun Club were visited by many spectators to-day to witness the challenge match between Bartlett, of Brockton, and Dickey, of Boston, and to participate in 21 other events, the winners of each were as follows: First, 5 pigeons—Dickey, Bartlett and Sanborn. Second, 5 blackbirds—Wilbur and Wood. Third, 3 pair pigeons—Wood, Tirrell and Parker. Fourth, 5 pigeons—Parker. Fifth, 5 blackbirds—Wood, Dickey and Wilbur. Sixth, 3 pair pigeons—Bartlett and Papanti. Seventh, 3 pair blackbirds—Bartlett. Eighth, 7 pigeons—Loring. Ninth, 7 blackbirds—Barker. Tenth, 5 pigeons—Parker. Eleventh, State clay-pigeon badge—Bartlett 47, Dickey 42. Twelfth, 7 pigeons—Loring. Thirteenth, 3 pair pigeons—Wilbur. Fourteenth, 7 blackbirds—Wilbur and Wood. Fifteenth, 3 pair pigeons—Wardwell, Sixteenth, 5 pigeons—Wood. Seventeenth, 5 pigeons straightaway—Wardwell. Eighteenth, 5 pigeons—Snow and Wardwell. Nineteenth, 5 pigeons—Dickey and Wardwell. Twentieth, 5 pigeons—Sanborn, Dickey and Wardwell. Twenty-first, 5 pigeons—Sanborn and Dickey. Twenty-second, 5 pigeons, Dickey. The challenge match for the State clay-pigeon badge, between J. B. Bartlett, of Brockton, and O. R. Dickey, of Boston, took place at 1 P. M. These gentlemen shot at 50 birds each, and Bartlett won, breaking 47, while Dickey broke 42. Bartlett broke his second 25 straight.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., May 24.—The annual pigeon and blackbird shoot of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's Association, at Idlewood station, attracted a large number of local patrons of sport. The weather was all that could be desired, barring a brisk wind which blew directly toward the sportsmen; but instead of interfering with them it favored them by forcing the birds to the score when thrown from the trap. In order to avoid the practice of "laying back" for prizes, the list of trophies were not announced until the end of the shoot. It was known, however, among the contestants that the Hague cup would be contested for the last time and would become the personal property of the winner. Nearly 300 pigeons at thirty cents each were purchased. Club rules governed, 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundry, two barrels allowed to each bird. Mr. C. D. Donnell, who made a clean score and won the Hague cup last year, only killed ten birds. On his final shot Mr. C. A. Painter made a glaring miss and he was accused of purposely missing the bird so as not to tie with his brother. He tied with Mr. C. B. Lovatt, but won the shoot-off at 31yds. by one pigeon, securing first prize. The ties between the remainder of the contestants were shot off this afternoon. Mr. Edward Gregg and W. W. Speer did some excellent shooting. The eighth bird of Mr. W. S. Bell was challenged by Mr. Hostetter because he held his gun above the elbow. The protest was not allowed. G. E. Painter was awarded first prize, the Hague cup, which is now his private property. His brother was awarded second prize, a silver sugar bowl. The third prize was a silver mug, valued at $50. The fourth was a set of gun-cleaning implements, and the fifth a recapper and decapper.

G E Painter	1111111111111—15	C A Painter	1111111111110—14
W H Brown	1010111110110—10	W S Bell	1001101011000—8
C W Hostetter	1111110111001—11	C B Lovatt	1101111111011—14
J Spencer	0010111011101—10	J Lovatt	1110111111011—13
R S D Hartrick	0010101011011—9	C G Donnell	0110110011111—10
E Gregg	1011111111011—13	W W Speer	1111011110101—12

NIMROD GUN CLUB.—The Nimrod Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., gave a reception last Thursday evening to the South Side Gun Club, at their new headquarters, 46 Bloomfield avenue. The occasion proved to be a very enjoyable one. A number of crack shots with rifle and shotgun were present, and the evening was enlivened by the stories of adventure with rod and gun in woods and waters. The rifle range, which was recently completed, is 75ft. in length, and the visitors used it with evident satisfaction. The Nimrod Club is composed mostly of young men, and has its headquarters in the northern part of the city. The South Siders are somewhat older gentlemen, and have their rooms in the southern part of Newark, and between the two there is a very pleasant feeling. Since the Nimrods were organized, the members have shot ten glass-ball and eight rifle matches. The game around Essex county promises to become very scarce through the unerring marksmanship of some of the members.

TRAP NOTES.—The Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn has elected these officers: President, Abel Crook; Vice-President, Dr. Chas. R. Weed; Secretary, Henry Thorpe; Treasurer, Robert Wells.... The Carteret Gun Club will hold a shoot at Bergen Point on Decoration Day, when members are privileged to invite their friends.... The Poningoe Gun Club, of Portchester, N. Y., will shoot on Decoration Day for a handsome cup, presented by Mr. Quintard, of the Morgan Steamship Company.... Dr. George B. McClellan, who says he wants to compete with Dr. Carver in an all round rifle contest for $1,000, is a native of New York city, who has made a fortune in Montana and Idaho, where he is better known as "Diamond Dick."... The annual election for officers of the St. Louis Gun Club took place May 11, and resulted in the choice of L. D. Dozier, President; H. C. West, Vice-President; W. A. Aloright, Secretary and Treasurer. H. C. Pierce and D. A. Marks were elected members of the Board of Directors. The following were selected as a team to shoot for the State medal June 2: Messrs. L. D. Dozier, H. C. Pierce, H. P. Wilson and J. G. Parish, M. D. Messrs. Dozier, West, Pierce, Card and Lucas were appointed delegates to represent the club at the State Association meeting.

OLEAN GUN CLUB.—The officers newly elected are: F. R. Eaton, President; E. M. Johnson, Vice-President; W. R. Page, Secretary; A. P. Pope, Treasurer. The Directors chosen are: F. H. Oakleaf, H. W. Moore, G. H. Strong, E. M. Johnson, A. P. Pope. Friday afternoon of each week was determined upon for field day during the summer.

MICHIGAN.—The second annual tournament of the Jackson Gun Club, will be held at Jackson, Mich., June 2, 3 and 4.—A. W. McNAUGHTON, Sec'y.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [Adv.] (signed) U. M. STARK.

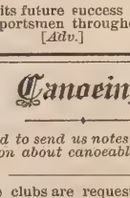
Canoeing.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

May 29, 30—Pittsburgh C. C., Camp on Monongahela.
May 29, 30—Hudson River Meet.
May 30 to June 1—Connecticut River Meet.
June 8 to 10—Canadian C. C., First Spring Meet.
June 24—Vesper Boat Club, Annual Regatta.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

A LOCAL MEET IN CANADA.—Deseronto, Ont., May 18.—The first spring meet of the Canadian canoe clubs will be held here on the 8th, 9th and 10th of June next. An excellent camping ground has been chosen on an island opposite this place. All arrangements have been made to make the meet a success. There will be at least three sailing and three paddling races, for which the courses have been buoyed. All canoeists are invited to attend.—F. S. RATHBUN, Vice-Com. A. C. A.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

TO-MORROW, with the opening of the camp at Plum Point and the cruises on the Monongahela and Connecticut, the canoeing season of 1885 really begins. A late season that has re arded work afloat has only served to make canoeists more eager to be under way again, and all are ready for the first outing, either in company, or in distant localities for a two days' cruise alone. A new world of pleasure opens to the cruiser who launched a well equipped canoe for a cruise alone, the sole possession and command of a boat, the perfect sense of freedom, the exhilaration of fresh air and water, the release from the care and worry of business give an irresistible charm to solitary cruising that attracted and retained many recruits in the earlier days of canoeing. Of late, however, with increasing numbers, canoeists have grown more sociable, or rather have been able to disprove the charges so often made that they were a cross-grained, misanthropical, selfish set of men who went off alone and preferred their own society. The social features of canoeing are yearly becoming more prominent, and while the great charm and attraction of individual ownership and command still exists, there has arisen the custom of holding frequent meetings, in winter under city roofs, and in summer under canvas.

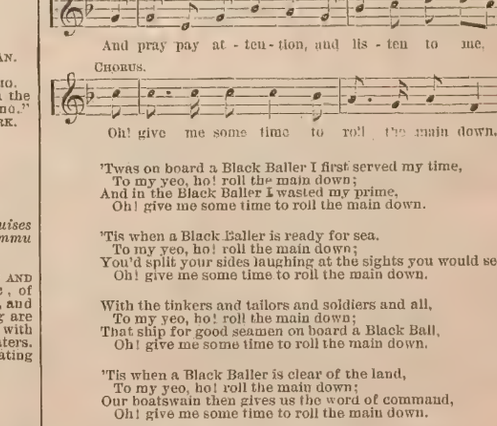
The annual and local canoe meets have become most prominent features in American outdoor sports, attracting attention from their unique character from a class little interested in general sporting matters. The races, sports and amusements of the day are not only interesting to the canoeists and their friends, but attract many outsiders to witness the novel sports; but it is at night that the real charm of the life is most apparent. Tired after the labors of the day but still eager for fun, all gather about a huge camp fire, grouped in picturesque attitudes, sitting or lying at length, the soothing pipe is lighted, the melodious banjo is tuned up, and soon the woods and hills echo with the sound of many voices. Beside the long list of college songs which all know, and the private repertoires of the more musically gifted, are several songs which have become general favorites with canoeists, not from any musical or literary merit of their own, but simply because they have hit the taste of the hour. Two of the most popular of these we reproduce herewith, "Roll the Main Down," by permission of Messrs. Pond & Co., who have inserted it in their interesting collection of "Naval Songs," lately published; and "Allouetté," furnished by Mr. C. M. Wilson, of Montreal, from the song book of McGill University. The other two songs are comparatively new to canoeists, being first heard last summer, but both promise to become quite popular. They were written by Mr. T. S. Westcott, canoe Lalage, purser of the Philadelphia C. C., whose genial face, surmounted by a big red and blue "Tam," will be remembered by all who were at Grindstone last year.

The song "Roll the Main Down," it may be necessary to explain, is a sailor's "shantey"—a corruption of "chanter," to sing—and is one of the many peculiar songs used by sailors to lighten their labors. Every sailing ship of any size, such as the famous old Black Ball packets from which the song takes its name, has a "shantey man," who leads the singing when such work as weighing anchor, hoisting topsails, etc., is to be done. He has his own collection of songs, some of the verses of his own composition, and hence varying on different vessels, but the airs being the same. In working together the "shantey," who usually does none of the work, sings a line or couplet, the crew joining in the chorus, and at the same time uniting their strength in one pull. The principal object of the singing is to secure unity of action, in time with the music, but further than this, in accordance with the old saying "a fiddle is as good as ten men on a purchase," it encourages and stimulates the men. The song given is commonly known as "Roll the Man Down" or "Blow the Man Down," but we have preferred the original version, "Roll the Main Down," as it is the mainsheet shantey, used in hauling in the sheet. The little song "Allouetté"—the Lark—is of French Canadian origin, and was brought to Grindstone last summer by some Canadian students, where it became popular with all who heard it. Another similar song was the one sung by the cook of the Deseronto C. C., "En roulant, ma boule, roulant," in the patois of the French Canadian lumbermen. Vice-Com. Rathbun has kindly furnished us with the words, but as yet we have been unable to obtain the music; perhaps some of our Canadian friends can supply it.

ROLL THE MAIN DOWN.

(BLACK BALL "CHANTEY" SONG.)

By permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.



'Twas on board a Black Baller I first served my time,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
And in the Black Baller I wasted my prime,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

'Tis when a Black Baller is ready for sea.
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
You'd split your sides laughing at the sights you would see,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

With the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
That ship for good seamen on board a Black Ball,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

'Tis when a Black Baller is clear of the land,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
Our boatswain then gives us the word of command,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

"Lay aft!" was the cry "to the break of the poop!"
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
"Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot,"
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

'Tis larboard and starboard on the deck you will sprawl,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
For "Kicking Jack Williams" commands the Black Ball,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

Pay attention to orders, now lads, one and all,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
For see high above you there flies the Black Ball,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

When I was a walking down Madison street,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
A burly policeman I happened to meet,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

Said he, "I perceive you're a packet sailor,"
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
"I know by the cut of your togs that you are,"
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

"I am no packet sailor, you are wrong,"
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
"I'm a deep water sailor, bound home from Hong Kong,"
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

'Tis when a Black Baller comes back to her dock,
To my yeo, ho! roll the main down;
The lasses and lads to the pier-heads do flock,
Oh! give me some time to roll the main down.

THE WOODEN PADDÉL.

Air—"*The Leather Bottél.*" *Words by* T. S. Westcott, *Phila. Canoe Club.*

Allegro.

1. I've trav-el-ed all the world around. From Chi - na seas to Pu-get sound, In
2. For he knew that dan-ger lurked ahead. From jag - ged rocks on ar - row sped From
3. Then we'll drain a bumper to the dregs. All hands stand by to man the kegs, We'll

eve-ry sort of craft that floats. From schooner down to jol - ly boats. And for
am-bush, so the pad - dle planned, And watch'd his course on ei-ther hand, Tho' we
toast him till the strong-est fall, And stands the ta - ble o - ver all. For

calm or storm my choice is made Of a staunch ca-noe or a paddle blade, So I
fear no foe as this brave of yore, There's beauty lurks by wooded shore, And
though his name no le-gends tell, U - nit-ed we his chil - dren dwell, One

toast the man, who - e'er he be, Who first shaped pad - dle from.... the
cool - er zeph - yrs fan the brow, As we see the rip - ples kiss..... our
tribe, one to - tem, broth-ers true, So we'll pledge his health and his pad - dle

sf *sf* *sf* *sf*

tree.
prow.
too.

ALOUETTÉ.

From the McGill University Song Book.

1. Alou-et - té, gen - til - le A - lou - et - té, A - lou - et - té,

* *Fin.*

je te plum - er - rai, Je te plu - me - rai la tête. Je te

D.C.

plu - me - rai la tête. rai la tête, rai la tête, O——h!

(After the O——h! the first part is repeated as a Chorus, down to where it is marked with a star.)

2. Allouetté, gentille alouetté, allouetté je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec je te plumerai le bec,
Rai le bec, rai le bec, rai la tête, rai la tête.
3 le nez. 4 le dos. 5 le pattes. 6 le cou, etc.

I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY CRAFT.

Air from Falka. *Words by* T. S. Westcott, *Phila. Canoe Club.*

1. Tho' my coat may be rusty, And my trowsers not new; Tho' my shoes are quite dusty,
2. So when evening descending, Grub-struck land I with haste; Steam from kettle ascending
3. Tho' my hold's not capacious, Room for one man at ease; Yet, when Beauty is gracious

sf *sf* *sfz*

And my toes peeping thro', Yet I care not a fraction, Whate'er fortune may do;
Mess-table placed quickly, My cooks never are grumpy, (Ev - en dish-washing bless.)
Two 'twill hold on a squeeze, But this serves as confection, To the stern care of life;

sfz *sfz* *sfz*

Faith! there's great satisfaction, When you've a mod-el crew..... I am the
Oat - meal never is lum-py, Crew never swears at the mess;..... I am the
"Mum" is cookie's direction, Not a word to your wife..... I am the

sfz

Cap - tain of my craft,..... My word is law from fore to

aft,..... I am the cook and stew - ard too,..... I am the

sf

pas - sen - gers and crew, And though 'tis said I'm hard to

sf

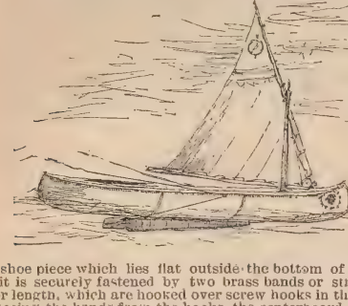
please,..... I'm not a - fraid of mu - ti - nies,..... In fact, my

com - ple - ment at sea,..... Is as per-fect as can be.

rfz *sfz*

A NEW CENTERBOARD FOR CANOES.

A NEW form of centerboard and rudder for boats and canoes has lately been patented by Mr. J. W. Rough, of New Rochelle, N.Y., under the name of the "Perfection Centerboard and Rudder Attachment." It is intended to be applied to any boat without cutting or altering the hull, the only fixed pieces being four hooks on the gunwale. The board, which is shown in the accompanying cut, is fitted



with a shoe piece which lies flat outside the bottom of the boat, to which it is securely fastened by two brass bands or straps, adjustable for length, which are hooked over screw hooks in the gunwales. By releasing the bands from the hooks the centerboard is detached and floats to the surface, and may be stowed below. The rudder is hung on the after end of the centerboard nearly under the middle of the boat, and is worked by lines to each side. The entire device is cheap and simple and easily adjusted to any canoe.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. RACES.

THE annual spring regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. took place at the club house at the foot of 152d street and North River, on Saturday, May 23. The rainy morning prevented the attendance of many canoeists that were expected to attend from other clubs and enter the races open to all. The first race for sailing was called at 4 P. M. Course from K. C. C. dock around stakeboat across the river. Entries:

Inertia, Class B, E. W. Brown; time 1h.
Guenn, Class B, W. Whitlock; time 1h. 1m.
Lorelei, Class B, E. C. Griffin; time 1h. 4m.
Nettie, Class B, Prof. E. Fowler; withdrew.
Nettie, Class A, A. W. L. Green; time 1h. 7m.
Manche, Class A, A. Dormitzer; time 1h. 11m.

The first part of the race was confined to drifting with the tide toward the Mohican Club House; however, a light wind arose which enabled the canoes to sail over the course with the result that E. W. Brown, in the Inertia, received the first prize, and William Whitlock, in the Guenn, the second. After the finish of this race the time remaining being too short for the two paddling races only the Tandem race was called. Course, from half a mile up the river down to the club house. Entries:

Laura, M. G. Foster and P. W. Foster; time, 6m.
Lorelei, E. C. Griffen and E. A. Gardner; time, 6m. 2s.
Freak, W. Whitlock and E. Gould; time, 8m. 2s.
E. Adele, Dr. Chas. A. Neide and Col. C. L. Norton; time, 8m. 45s.
Lackawana, L. W. Seavy and R. B. Burchard; time, 9m.

One of the K. C. C. members has recently presented to the club a medal to be held by the winner in club races, subject to challenge from any club member when two weeks have elapsed from the race at which the wearer won it. The first race for this medal took place at the regatta, when Mr. Brown won the right to wear it. In spite of the discouraging morning many ladies attended from the Heights, and added to the enthusiasm of the contestants.

A PARISIAN ESTIMATE OF DR. NEIDE'S BOOK.—"The Canoe Aurora: a Cruise from the Lakes to the Gulf" (2). L'Amérique est le pays du "canoeing" par excellence; ses lacs, ses fleuves immenses y convient aux grands voyages et, avec leur esprit aventureux, les Américains qui ont des loisirs préfèrent aux moyens de locomotion vulgaires et rapides, steamboats ou railways, la flânerie au fil de l'eau, dans une pirogue où ils ont juste la place de transporter leur personne et leur mince baggage, c'est à dire une couverture, une tente, un rifle, et quelques ustensiles de cuisine. Le voyage raconté dans le petit volume que nous signalons à nos lecteurs n'a pas été de moins de 3,000 milles, ou de près de 5,000 kilomètres, des lacs du Nord à l'embouchure du Mississippi. Il a été accompli par deux amateurs, naviguant de conserve, chacun dans son canoe, et c'est l'un deux, M. C. A. Neidé, secrétaire de l'"American Canoe Association," qui en a fait le récit Ce récit, très varié et qui dépeint avec une sincérité pittoresque les incidents, les tribulations, et aussi les satisfactions et les joies d'une semblable expédition, a été extrêmement goûté en Amérique. Nous sommes persuadés qu'il le serait également de ceux de nos lecteurs qui ont une connaissance suffisante de la langue anglaise, et qui, s'ils étaient plus familiarisés avec ce genre de sport, pourraient le pratiquer, dans des proportions plus modestes, mais tout aussi agréables, sur les rivières de notre vieux continent.—*Le Yacht.*

CANOEING IN LOWER CANADA.—A largely attended meeting of the Lake St. Louis C. C. was held at the club house at Lachine, on Wednesday evening, May 20, for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The club consists of 48 members, 22 of whom are actual canoe-holders up to the present time, but doubtless others will join before the season is very far advanced. A cruise has been organized for May 23, 24 and 25, up the Chateauguay, one of the most historic rivers in Canada, running into the St. Lawrence a few miles above Lachine. On the south shore it is navigable at present about 70 miles from its mouth. The secretary would be very pleased to answer any canoeists making inquiries relating to navigation of rivers or distances around Lachine, or in the vicinity, and would welcome any brother canoeists passing their boat house. By writing the secretary treasurer advising him of the probable time of arrival, he would look up suitable accommodations and make any canoeist as comfortable as possible. The officers are as follows: Commodore, W. H. Kintoul; Vice-Commodore, M. R. Grahame; Secretary-Treasurer, George Auldjo, Lachine, or Box 2141, Montreal; Committee—Gordon Brock, Chas. E. Howard, H. W. Shearwood, C. L. Shaw.

BROOKLYN CANOE AND SAILING CLUB.—This new club have lately built a house, and on Wednesday of last week it was towed from the foot of Rutgers street, East River, to Mumm's Basin, at Bay Ridge, where it will be permanently moored in smooth water just inside the basin. The float is a raft of large spars, the platform being 22×70ft. The house, which is near one end, is 50×19ft., the second story being 19ft. square. Below is a fine boat room with space for nearly fifty canoes, and upstairs is a locker and dressing-room. On the front end is a platform, 22ft. square and about 8in. above the water, from which the canoes can be launched directly, no float being required. This platform is fitted at each corner with a mast step for rigging sails. The club now numbers eighteen active members and nearly as many canoes. The will send a delegation to Newburg and also to Grindstone.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—This club opened the season last week with a cruise on the Salmon and Merrimac rivers. Sixteen went by barge to Dunstable, where eight others were awaiting them. Half the distance was quickly run, as the Salmon is narrow and rapid. A halt was made at Nasoua for dinner, and the group was photographed, including an instantaneous capsize. A halt was made at the site of the spring meet, Winn's Bluff, the party reaching home by evening. Rowing has declined of late in the Vesper Club, but on the contrary canoeing has grown rapidly in favor, and the old oarsmen are becoming converted to the paddle. The club is greatly interested in the coming meet, and will have a large representation at Winn's Bluff. A number of new canoes of various models have been added to the fleet.

CANOEING NOTES.—Ex-Com. Longworth has lately built a little steamer in Cincinnati for his own use. She is 80ft. long, 20ft. beam, and has a cabin 28×16ft. with 8 folding berths.... Dr. Neide has returned home and called on us on Saturday on his way. He is looking well and hearty after his winter in the South.... The many members of the A. C. A. who have met Mr. J. L. Weller, of Peterboro, at the meets of the Association, will be interested in hearing that he is at present in the field, being Staff Adjutant to Gen. Laurie, with headquarters at Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., Canada. He will probably be absent from Grindstone this year, but we hope to meet him in '86, and hear something about canoeing in the far northwest.

MR. ROBERT W. GIBSON writes to Mr. C. B. Vaux concerning the latter's "Canoe Handling" as follows: "I have read it with more pleasure than I would a novel, and the only criticism I have to make is that there is not enough of it. I see you have intentionally kept it down in size, and I suppose you and your publishers know best, but I should have liked to read more of your views than I did. I think the arrangement of the different subjects is first-rate, and as to the instructions given, all that I know agrees with them, and all that I don't know will be supplied by them."

N. Y. C. C.—Mr. J. F. Newman has resigned his office as secretary in consequence of his active connection with the new Brooklyn club, of which he is the president, requiring all his time. At a meeting on Monday, May 18, Mr. Vaux, formerly commodore and also secretary, was elected in his stead to the position of secretary-treasurer. The club have purchased a new scow, and the old club house at New Brighton has been torn down and a new one built on the scow. This house, which will be ready in a week or ten days, will be 50×20ft. below, with dressing room and racks for 30 to 40 canoes, as may be required. Above will be a meeting room 20ft. square, opening out on fore and after decks each 20×15ft. The new house, which will be moored near the site of the old one, will give the room so long needed, and being only a few hundred yards from the new ferry, on which boats will run every 20 minutes, it will be readily accessible, as it can be reached from the Battery in 25 minutes. The upper portion will be reserved on race days for the guests of the club, being entirely separated from the boat and dressing rooms.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

May 30—Atlantic Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—New Jersey Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—Oswego Y. C., Opening Cruise and Pennant Matches.
May 30—New Haven Y. C., Opening Sail.
May 30—South Boston Y. C., Regatta, City Point.
May 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Newark Y. C., Regatta.
May 30—Dorchester Y. C., Club Race, Dorchester Bay.
May 30—Fall River Y. C., Open Regatta.
May 30—S. C. Y. C., Opening Race.
May 31—Harlem Y. C., First Regatta.
June 1—Williamsburg Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 2—Atlantic Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 6—Larchmont Y. C., Spring Pennant Regatta.
June 6 Quincy Y. C., First Club Race.
June 8—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Spring Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—Brooklyn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 13—Winthrop Y. C., Sweep-takes Race.
June 16—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Quincy Y. C., Review.
June 17—East River Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 18—New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—South Boston Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 21—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 27—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 30—Eastern Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. C. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Chamoun Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE CUP RACES.

ON Thursday last, early in the morning, before work began in the yard, the new yacht built for the New York Y. C., was launched by Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth at their yard in Wilmington. She was christened Priscilla by Judge Houston. She was taken in tow by the tug Ocean King on Saturday and started down the Delaware, making an easy passage, as the weather was rather bad, and putting in an appearance here at noon on Tuesday. She was at once towed to Poillon's yard where her spars are waiting for her. Her dimensions, as previously given, are 95ft. over all, 81ft. waterline, 22ft. 5in. beam, 9ft. depth of hold and 7ft. 9in. draft. The hull is entirely of iron, the plating being ⅜in. thick, laid flush with straps 5½in. wide over all seams. The rivets are spaced 2½in. The frames are of single angle iron 3½×2½in., spaced 21in. except for five frames abreast the mast, which are doubled. The deck beams are also of angle iron 3x2 double on double frames and 2½×2½ on the others. They are joined to each frame by gusset plates of 3 16in. iron, no knees being worked in the length of the ship. The shelf is 21in. wide and of 5-16in. plate. The centerboard trunk is 25ft. long and 7in. wide, of 5-16in. iron, lined inside with wearing pieces of half round iron on the sides to take the wear of the board. The latter, 21ft. long and 4in. thick, is of yellow pine, heavily banded with plate iron. Special hand holes are provided in the case for lowering the board when it is necessary to remove it. The deck is of white pine, 2½:2½, strengthened by iron plates wherever bolts or fastenings for fixtures on deck are necessary.

From the forehatch to the centerboard trunk a plate of 5-16 iron, 4ft wide, is laid on the deckbeams, through which the mast is stepped. The partners are made of two rings of angle iron, one above and one below this plate, to which both are riveted, making together a ring 21in. diameter and 7in. deck. The rudder stock is 2½in. diameter. Below nothing is done beyond ceiling the forecastle in white pine and laying an ash floor for the whole length; but Mr. Vandeveer, the joiner, has already started in with the fittings. The waterways, of oak, are 8in. wide, rail 5½×3in., and iron bulwarks 15in., or 18in. to top of rail. All cleats, eyebolts, chain plates and similar fittings are in place. Forward is one of the American Ship Windlass Co.'s yacht windlasses, and with it patent iron bitts, forming step for the heel of the bowsprit, as well as two bitts, both of which are fitted with screw caps, serving as ventilators to the forecastle. Aft of the windlass is the forecastle hatch, then a small sail hatch forward of the mast, then a large sail hatch, while over the trunk are two skylights, and aft of them the main companion. She is fitted with a Welles patent steerer and 36in. wheel. On each side of the deck amidships is placed a post and kevel, and also one on each quarter. About the mast is a handsome pinrail of mahogany, on locust stanchions, the holes for the pins, both here and in the rails, being bushed with brass. The chain plates are four in number on each side, with plate iron channels 11ft. wide.

Mr. Phillip Low has the rigging ready to set up, and will step the mast in a few days; the sails are ready at Wilson & Griffin's; part of the lead ballast is now on the dock, and there is apparently no reason why the Priscilla should not be fully ready before the time set for the trial races. Captain Gibson, of the Vixen, will command her.

The Puritan was also launched from Lawley's yard on Tuesday last at 10 A. M. Sails, spars and rigging are all ready, and she will be in the Eastern Y. C. regatta, after which she will come to New York for the trial races.

The dates for the latter are not yet fixed, but the following circular has been sent out by the committee:

MY DEAR SIR.—A series of races under the auspices of the New York Y. C., will take place at New York in the latter part of June or early in July. These races will probably be completed within the period of one week. They will be open to all single-masted vessels of not less than 60ft. in length on the waterline belonging to any duly organized yacht club in the United States, with the condition that any vessel taking part therein shall be subject to selection by the committee in charge as the representative of the New York Y. C. In the coming races for the America's Cup, the committee reserving to themselves the right of forming their own judgment as to the fitness for the purpose in view, irrespective of the actual result of the races. The dates of these races will be fixed as far as possible to suit the convenience of those taking part in them, and owners who intend to enter their vessels are requested to place themselves in communication with the committee as soon as possible by addressing the secretary of the committee, Mr. Charles L. Minton, New York Y. C. House, No. 67 Madison avenue, New York city.

THE COMING SEASON.

ALTHOUGH owners advance or delay fitting out according to the prevailing weather, and each March or April sees some of the hardier ones afloat, it has of late come to pass that by common consent Decoration Day, May 30, is the real commencement of the season, and the most tardy make it a point to be in commission by that time. Nearly all the clubs celebrate the day in some manner, either by a scrub race or a sail for the ladies, with a repast of some sort at night, and this year the usual events are announced. Some of the clubs have supplanted the usual aimless squadron sail by a race, all the fleet being expected to enter, and regular prizes being offered. While not approaching the dignity of the June contests, these little races furnish a pleasant diversion, and afford the Corinthian, ambitious of a well-tanned cheek and horny hands for the June races, a chance to raise a few blisters and renew his acquaintance with the smell of tarred rigging. While the cry of hard times is still heard, and some doubtless have flown their kites too high in Wall street to spread much canvas this summer, the prospects are good for a lively season in yachting all over the country and in all classes. The glory of large tonnage and twostickers has evidently departed when Montauk begs an owner and goes off at a low figure considering her age and reputation, and we shall not see off the Forts or at Newport or Greenport, any such fleet as took part in the former races for the America's Cup. The perennial flyer that first won it is still afloat in a hale and hearty old age, and ready, under the pennant of her bold skipper, to defend it if need be, and Columbia and some others will be on hand to witness the combat; but the day of these ancient beauties have passed, lead and iron have helped their younger rivals to first place at the line, and they must perforce play wall flowers.

While the fleet of to-day is smaller in length and tonnage than the famous ones of fifteen years since, it is no sign that yachting has degenerated or even stood still; but, on the contrary, in all respects but size we are well ahead of the former generation. Great as was the interest taken by all classes, the actual points of the contest are far more generally understood to-day, and the results will be more correctly appreciated; while in place of the many who looked at the fleet of big schooners with patriotic pride but no very clear idea of what it was all about, there is to-day a host of yachtsmen, owners of their own craft, large or small, who feel an intense interest in the coming struggle and are ready to weigh every point and clean every idea that may aid them in their sailorizing. Not only about the scene of the struggle is this so, but in the West and throughout the country a deep interest is awakened, and all yachting feels its influence in a revival in spite of the condition of business generally.

About New York the clubs are generally in a prosperous condition. The New York, while still without such a headquarters on the water as becomes the first club in America, retains its large membership, though owners are dependent on the smaller clubs for anchorage or club houses. A large yacht club, on such water as New York Bay, without any quarters for yachts, is rather an anomaly, and the only wonder is that the N. Y. Y. C. has prospered so well. Its age and standing have kept it thus far ahead of younger rivals; but it is time to look out that some of them with more life and enterprise and offering better facilities, do not step into first place. By their policy of encouraging Corinthian yachting, and of keeping up a really live interest, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have in a few years won a place of their own in New York waters, and a reputation widely extended as active sailors and thorough sportsmen. Thus far the difficulty of securing a permanent anchorage has somewhat hindered them, but that is now removed, a good house and basin have been secured in a location that is easily accessible from the city, and the club is still to the fore in prizes and racing programmes for all classes of Corinthians, from the owners of large cutters and schooners to those budding yachtsmen, the canoeists, for whom a race is provided each year. A new feature this season and one that promises to become popular, and to work good results on the personnel of the club is the establishment of a club yacht, owned and kept in commission by the club for the use of non-owning members. The plan gives to this class, that up to this time has been rather neglected, an opportunity to sail at any time throughout the season, and should prove valuable as an inducement to join the club. As now located and under the management that has thus far made it so successful, the club has every promise of a brilliant future. The fleet is large and constantly improving, and not only in numbers, but in the class of boat.

Across the bay at Bay Ridge, the Atlantic Y. C. are still at their old quarters. The portion of their grounds formerly occupied by Mumm's yard is now vacant, as Mr. Mumm has removed to a new site just outside to the north, which property he has purchased, and where he has laid down a large set of ways. The club is in a prosperous condition, with a large membership of men and boats, and with every outlook for a successful season. This season, for the first time in many years, the red flag of the once famous Brooklyn Y. C., will float over their new quarters at Gravesend Bay. After lying dormant for so long, the club has been revived with the avowed purpose of encouraging the smaller classes of yachts. Starting out with fixed ballast and limited crews, they should find plenty of the little fellows to gather under their flag, and a continuation of the same policy, without ambitious bids for the presence of the big ones in the lists and races, will leave them with a large field to work in and a good chance to establish themselves once more. At the other end of the city is another club devoted to the smaller boats, the Knickerbocker, now firmly settled with a first rate anchorage and good sailing ground, and a large and growing fleet. Here the influence of modern ideas and a fair measurement rule have operated in favor of a class of staunch and handy little boats of good depth, many of them keel craft, while the once despised cutter, an extreme narrow lead mine, has not only found recognition, but has enforced respect. The club still number some of the open boats whose speed has made them famous, but the general movement is into craft of greater accommodation, even at the expense of speed.

On the North River the New Jersey Y. C. are still at their old home at Hoboken, but of late have moved the starting point of their races down to Bedloe's Island, avoiding the tedious work among the numerous ferry boats. With fixed ballast and limited crews they are doing good work among the small open boats, which class they chiefly favor, while they have extended their aid and protection also to the catamarans, and will doubtless enjoy some fine sport with them this season. Several new ones have been built and a number of matches are on, and the owners of these peculiar nondescripts are highly excited over the result. It might be thought that being lacking in many of the good points of a yacht they would be equally free from the questions that vex the latter; but alas, the never ending problem of keel vs. centerboard strikes the catamaraner with double force, as he has not one but two keels or boards.

Further down, by Communipaw, is the Jersey City Y. C., also devoted to small yachts, but numbering a lot of small cabin craft in their fleet, whose owners are apt to prefer a trip to the Hook of a Sunday or a run with the trolling lines out, to much spreading of kites and sweating over mainsheet. However, they will have a race in a week or so and have invited the mosquito fleet, or that portion who wield the double paddle in a calm, to have a try for a prize in a separate class of their own.

While the many smaller clubs about the city are generally flourishing, and have every prospect of a lively season, the interest in the sandbag fleet is each year decreasing as rules are changed favoring fixed ballast and limiting areas; and this feature, once so prominent and potent in yachting, is disappearing more rapidly each year. No one can say that it will be any loss to yachting in general, or that the supplanting of the wide, shoal and dangerous traps overloaded with men, sand, and often a ca go best carried in kegs rather than tags, by deeper and safer boats in which skill is required in the crew as well as the skipper, rather than mere gymnastics and weight; is other than a gain. Just outside of New York is one of the most prosperous of our country clubs, the Larchmont, whose beautiful grounds and convenient anchorage offer especial advantages to yachtsmen in the shape of pleasant country villas and good sailing ground close together. It is quite the fashion to belong to the L. Y. C., and many large yachts are enrolled, but the mainstay of the club is the small-boat contingent with its Corinthian sailors.

This year the small keel class will be a noticeable feature in the races, there being boats enough in it to make good sport. The in-

terest in this class of boat is growing in the club as they become better known, and several new ones have been added. As a class they have not yet received much attention from yachtsmen, designers or builders, and their ultimate possibilities have not yet been realized. Under suitable encouragement, and with the care expended on them that some other classes have received, the little keel craft of 25ft. waterline or under should afford as good sport as anything afloat, and be within the reach of many young yachtsmen. Speaking of this class of boat leads us back to Newark, N. J., where an enterprising and active club exists with a large fleet, mostly of the wide centerboard type, as their waters are of limited depth. While the keel class would probably be unsuited to the wants of many, they are too venturesome and fond of far-away cruising to be tied down to the ordinary skimmer with all its faults as a cruiser; and a crossing of some of their craft with the keel boat we have mentioned, resulting in such craft as the Brighton Beach boats, narrower, deeper, but retaining the board if necessary, and for some with moderate keels, would add new zest to their sport.

To the eastward along the Sound yachting matters are lively, especially in the New Haven Y. C., which now musters a goodly fleet of cutters, keel sloops and centerboards. At the smaller ports are a number of yachts and some clubs, while Newport is becoming more of a center each year, especially since the increase of the steam fleet. The various club cruises through the Sound, the American, New York, Atlantic, New Haven, Seawanhaka, Newark and others, serve to stimulate the interest in the small ports. The waters of Rhode Island and the neighboring coast of Massachusetts offer rare sailing grounds to the large fleet of small yachts that hail from Newport, Bristol, Providence, Warren, Fall River and New Bedford, and that make plenty of sport for the lovers of small craft. The latter place, with its yacht club and handsome club house, besides a fleet of large and small vessels and a fine harbor for sailing, is destined some day to become a favorite point with yachtsmen.

Boston is the center of a small yachting system of its own, including many clubs devoted mainly to the smaller boats and amateur sailors. Beverly, Lynn, West Lynn, Swampscott, Jeffries Point, Hull, Dorchester, South Boston, Boston and others, all of which are awake and ready. The visit of the Cruiser last fall gave an new impulse to the smallest class, and many new boats have been built and matches made for cats and sloops of about 20ft. loadline. The class for which this locality is best noted, the small keels, both wide and narrow, still flourish, and some important additions have been made, besides many changes in the directions of increased weight outside and cutter rig in the older craft. Shadow still holds her place among the centerboards, her rival, Maggie, now hailing from New York; two new keels, Melusina and Nebula, we have already noticed in detail. The crack club east of New York, the Eastern, has already come into general notice this season from its efforts to provide a vessel to defend the Cup; and all good yachtsmen east of Cape Cod already swear by the new Puritan, launched on Tuesday. While the defense of the Cup properly rests with the New York Y. C., so long its custodian, it speaks well for the spirit of the Eastern yachtsmen that they have of their own accord taken up the matter, and have done a full share toward furnishing a suitable American yacht. Whatever may be the result of the trial races, they deserve all credit for their earnest effort. The contagion of the great races has affected Boston as New York, and has extended as well to points further east and on the Maine coast. The presence of more large yachts each season in the harbors along the coast adds greatly to the local interests in the sport and strengthens the local clubs. The New England Yacht Racing Association, formed last year, has united nearly all the clubs, and as it prohibits shifting ballast and enforces uniform racing rules it exerts a good influence on all Eastern yachting.

Distant as the lakes are from the Atlantic seaboard they are still connected to a certain extent, and yachting there has felt the effect of the movement on tidewater. Ontario is the most advanced in matters of organization, in fact with its Lake Yacht Racing Association, it can set a good example to some clubs nearer Sandy Hook, and this season the "round" will be more interesting than ever before. A series of races at the different ports visited will give good sport to the participants, and better still, will give a thorough stirring up to the local clubs. Lake Ontario has long been the home of a breed of skimming dishes, second only to that once prevailing in New York, fast in smooth water but lacking in every other good point, and worse even in the rough water of Lake Ontario than in New York Bay. The deep cutter, however, has lately found a home there and made many friends and is working the same change in design that has followed her introduction here. To the westward of Ontario yachting has always been less permanently established and has shown the want of proper organization and general supervision. Nevertheless there are a number of clubs between Buffalo and Chicago all progressing steadily; but some more rapidly than others. Buffalo has lately taken a new start; Cleveland is busy with the grand meet in July, and Chicago will soon have increased facilities for yachting. The coming meet at Ballast Island in Lake Erie will give a needed stimulus to lake yachting generally, and even though no permanent organization is effected this year it will bring many yachtsmen together, promote acquaintanceship and good feeling among them, and pave the way for the union which must come some day. Last year for the first time the waters west of Niagara were stirred by the deep lead keel of a modern cutter. Like Madge here and the older Verve and Aileen on Ontario, the newer Verve showed what length, depth and weight could do in a sea.

Separated by half the width of the continent, and with different weather and water, San Francisco has little in common with the East in yachting matters, but there also yachtsmen are busy in the matter of improvements. The fleet has been overhauled and refitted this winter in anticipation of the advent of the Carmelita, built in New York, and of a type as yet unknown there. In matters of rig and finish she can teach something to the Western yachtsmen, and will no doubt exert an excellent influence on their craft, and we hope set a pace for the races. Along our southern coast yachting has not attained a very rapid growth, being confined largely to small open boats; but the yearly exodus to Florida is taking many yachtsmen there, and the sport is obtaining a foothold which will be greatly strengthened should the proposed plan of a rendezvous near Fernandina be established.

Taken all together the outlook for a busy season is excellent, the general interest in yachting is growing with the increased appreciation by the American public of the value of recreation and outdoor sports; the special interest and knowledge of the sport is growing each year, and yachtsmen are everywhere devoting more attention to the improvement of their craft and to increased skill in handling them; little by little local feeling is giving way to a broader view, and national characteristics are being developed.

As we have noticed, the interest everywhere is centered in the grand series of contests that will follow the advent of the visitors from abroad. Genesta is reported as having already started, and though the report is not yet confirmed it is probably true, and we shall soon have her with us. Curiously enough none of the English sporting papers make any mention of her whereabouts for the last two weeks, or say whether she has yet started. In any case both she and Galatea will probably be here on time, and the question with us is, "Are we ready to meet them?" Thus far all has gone well, two sloops are well advanced, and will soon be ready for their trial trips.

Not the least important feature of the contests will be the trial races to decide on the best boat to represent us. The races to be held in about a month will be open to sloops and cutters of 60ft. waterline and over, which will include more different types and perhaps be of still greater value than the main races. The latter will be restricted to three boats—two English cutters and an American yacht, while the former will bring out a mixed lot, Gracie, Fanny, Mischief, the latter with reduced spars and ballast, and possibly Hildegarde, of the old sloops; Thetis, the compromise from Boston; Huron, also of Boston, on the line between sloop and cutter; Bedouin, thus far at the head of the heap and ready to stay there if hard work by all hands, owner, skipper and crew, can do it; Ileen, in new hands this season and from Diaper's reputation abroad, about to show what she can do when properly handled.

Last of all are the new ones. Mr. Warren's Stranger of forty-seven tons, in size between Ileen and Bedouin—a modern cutter in all respects—has not yet left the other side; but may be expected here in time for the trial races. Boston contributes a new sloop, the Puritan, designed by Mr. Edward Burgess; of considerable beam and depth and with a heavy lead keel; and New York adds a new one, another Puritan, Priscilla, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, of more moderate beam and depth and with a different ballast plan. The former is of wood, the latter of iron, and both are largely cutters in rig. Such a fleet has never met in American waters, larger and more elegant vessels in some respects may have been seen here, but never a finer and abler racing fleet. The only pity is that this aquatic "happy family" is not made complete by the addition of a sharpie. The opportunity offered to this type to distinguish itself in such good company may not soon occur again, and it is greatly to be regretted that none of its friends have put their ideas into wood and iron instead of ink and paper, on a sufficiently large scale to test her fairly with so many representative yachts.

Looking over the list it will be seen that the question of type is more deeply involved in these than it is likely to be in the main races; as the extremes range from Fanny to Ileen by all the intermediate steps of the chain from the shoal American sloop, in all the glory of centerboard and single jib, to the thoroughbred "lead mine"; while in the main events the contest is likely to be between the extreme cutter, Genesta or Galatea, on the one hand, and a medium type of sloop with part cutter rig, as the two new ones, on the other. Of course, in any event it is unlikely that Bedouin, Ileen or Stranger would be chosen on our side, even should they prove superior to the others, but we may count on them in the trial races.

Naturally the sympathies of the great body of yachtsmen are with sail, as steam is restricted to the favored few, but the latter now demands more than a passing remark in any review of American yachting, as it is rapidly growing in importance. Last year marked a most important date in its history, as the first steam yacht club in the world, the American Yacht Club, of New York, was then organized. Its growth thus far has been satisfactory in every way. Club quarters have been established in New York, where regular meetings are held and where the foundation of a collection of books, models, etc., relating to steam navigation, has already been laid; while the club have commenced in earnest to deal with the many interesting and intricate questions involved, and to offer all possible encouragement to owners and others interested in the improvement of engines and hulls. The young fleet is already a large one, numbering two of the largest steam pleasure vessels afloat. The club is energetic and active in carrying out the liberal policy laid down, they have already taken up the subject of steam yacht racing, and besides their effort of last year have laid out a programme for a cruise and races this season, and in only one year have done much to systematize and establish on a firm and solid basis steam yachting in America. Taken all in all, the outlook both for a brilliant season and for permanent improvement has never been better, and in whatever manner the Cup races terminate, we believe that the record of the season in our columns and the final summing up in November, will not give any cause for disappointment.

A CATAMARAN RACE.

THE first race of the season was sailed on Monday last, between the catamarans Duplex, Messrs. Ogden and Longstreet, and the Ægir, Mr. S. D. Field. The former is a well-known centerboard craft, 40ft. over all, 37ft. 6in. on water line, and 19ft. beam, with a centerboard 9ft. long and 3ft. drop in each hull. The Ægir is of the same dimensions, but her hulls are deeper and narrower, with keels and no boards. She was built by Thomas Fearon last winter, and this was her first race. Both carry the same area of canvas, but the new boat has her mast further aft, and is rigged with a larger jib, of the rig shown in our issue of April 2. The course of 30 miles was from Bedloe's Island around buoy 8½ and return. Mr. Fearon sailed the new boat, while Mr. Fred Hughes handled the Duplex, and Ex-Commodore W. H. Dilworth, N. J. Y. C., was judge and referee; the race being under the rules of the same club. The tide was ebb, the wind directly up the Bay, and a light rain falling when the signal was given from the judge's tug, Lyndhurst. Ægir crossed at 11h. 27m. 27sec., and Duplex 21sec. later, both sliding well off to windward under the swift ebb tide. Ægir led for a time but lost by running into the slack, while the strong midchannel ebb swept Duplex steadily on. When they tacked near Quarantine Duplex was ahead and held her lead all the way to windward, gaining still more on the turn. The times at the buoy were, Duplex 1:49, Ægir 1:58:09. Wind and tide were both fair for home, while the weather also had improved. Ægir showed up better with lifted sheets, cutting down her opponent's lead, but still she was badly beaten, the finish being, Duplex 3:46:40, Ægir 3:52:27; a difference of 6m. 8sec. The next races will be a series, the first one on June 1, between the Jessie and Isis, for $250 a side, and on June 23 Duplex and Isis will race.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

A MEETING was held at Delmonico's on May 20, at which Com. Rogers presided. Mr. Wm. B. Simonds, for the Board of Trustees, reported the election of Mr. Geo. H. Warren. Mr. Simonds also read the correspondence between the Board of Trustees and Mr. Chas. H. Leland, a member of the club, in which the latter offered to present to the club the sloop yacht Venture to be used as a club boat. The trustees having accepted Mr. Leland's offer, the yacht has been placed in the hands of Mr. Wm. Foulke, Jr., to put her in commission at once, and she will be ready in a few days, when the regulations for her use will be made public. As she could not be formally accepted until the club was incorporated, the trustees recommend that steps be taken at once to this end. The secretary moved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare resolutions thanking Mr. Leland for his gift, and to have a copy of them and of the minutes of the meeting engrossed and presented to him, and also copies printed and sent to each member of the club. The motion being carried, Messrs. D'Oremieulx, O. E. Cromwell, and W. L. Suydam were named as members of the committee. The flag officers had no report to make, but the secretary reported the resignations of Messrs. W. F. Kingsland and J. A. Wheeler, Jr., the latter dating from last year, both of which were accepted.

Mr. Beekman, chairman of the Law Committee, made a report showing the necessity for the incorporation of the club, and it was moved and seconded that the trustees be authorized to incorporate the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., under the laws of the State of New York. Mr. Simonds also stated that a new site for the club house and a good anchorage had been secured, but in the absence of Mr. W. A. W. Stewart, he was not prepared to report. As the property of the Yacht Anchorage Company, Limited, may be turned over to the club, the Trustees asked for authority to accept it at their discretion; a motion to that effect being made and carried.

The Commodore made some remarks on the question of a squadron cruise, and some discussion followed, it being finally decided to rendezvous at Larchmont on July 3, and from there proceed to the eastward. It was also decided that the Decoration Day cruise should be an informal race, to start at 11 A. M. from off the club house, to and around buoy 10 and return. A prize of $25 will be offered in each class, no entries being necessary and professional crews allowed. The sails will be those permitted by the sailing regulations, yachts to sail in their usual trim, but not compelled to carry boats. The usual time allowance will be given, with a one-gun start, all to be at the discretion of the Sailing Committee. It was also moved and carried that the same sums as last year be appropriated as prizes in the Annual Corinthian Race on June 13, and also that the Knickerbocker and New Haven yacht clubs be admitted in this race. All other matters were left to the Sailing Committee. The meeting then adjourned.

The difficulty of securing permanent quarters, which has so long hindered the development of the club, has at length been overcome, as in place of the old basin, held only from year to year and needing repairs and dredging, they have secured a good location just south of the Tompkinsville landing, about one-quarter mile north of their old quarters. The club house has been moved there and a good basin is provided inside the dock with 8ft. at low water. It is easily accessible from New York, as the boats land alongside of it. The new experiment of a club yacht, which is about to be tried, will no doubt be fully appreciated by the non-owners and will prove a benefit to the club. Their present location is an excellent one; the removal to it will mark a new era of prosperity in their history. The schooner Ranger, purchased by Dr. B. F. Dawson from Mr. John Morris, has just been added to the fleet, and also the new cutter Stranger, as well as Maggie. Mr. John E. Brooks, of the Montauk, is a candidate for membership, also Mr. Wm. Gray, Jr., of the Huron, Mr. Alfred Bierck and Mr. A. C. Ledyard. The club book will soon be ready.

A CHAT WITH THE CLUBS.

THIS week, the recognized opening of the American yachting season, we publish the notice of twelve events to take place on Decoration Day among the yacht clubs, besides others in canoeing. As these are scattered over various parts of the country and at wide distances apart, it is of course impossible to attend to all personally, and we must rely largely on the clubs for information in regard to their movements. In the interest of yachting and of yachtsmen, the FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to chronicle each week the doings of the yachting world of America, a field of no small magnitude, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern shores of the lakes and St. Lawrence, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In this task we shall be glad of the aid of all yachtsmen, whether detached or members of clubs; but especially of the officers of the latter, who are presumably more interested in the advancement of yachting than are individuals. In many cases the secretaries furnish club book reports of fixtures, elections and minor notes, and in a few we receive more fully detailed accounts of cruises and races; but a large number of the clubs make no effort to supply any information, while at the same time they expect full and correct notices of events.

In the cases of clubs at a distance we are obliged sometimes to rely on information furnished by correspondents not fully posted, or on the more or less incorrect accounts in the local papers, neither of which sources is reliable. The season just opening promises to be a notable one in our yachting annals, the impulse given by the advent of Genesa and Galatea on the eastern seaboard will be felt on inland rivers and lakes, and even on the Pacific, in all clubs, and must awaken a fresh interest in yachts, small as well as large.

The FOREST AND STREAM will endeavor still, as it has successfully done for many years, to keep in advance of the improvement and growth of yachting; and in this effort we ask the aid of all, especially of the club; through their proper officers, in the collection of yachting news. From those clubs that have not yet reported we shall be glad to have full lists of the officers for the current year, of fixtures, notes of new boats, club matters, and all items of interest, and especially the annual club books. Notices of meetings, races and cruises should be sent as soon as the dates are decided on and abstracts of meetings immediately on their occurrence. Our yearly lists of races and winners is compiled with all possible care, but nevertheless many errors creep in that are displeasing to owners. To avoid this they should send, if possible, correct accounts of the races won by their boats as they occur, and also call attention to any errors in the current reports in our columns as they appear.

All club men are directly interested in seeing that their club is properly represented in the FOREST AND STREAM by full and accurate accounts of their proceedings. It may be urged by some that they are private parties enjoying themselves as they please, and that the general yachting public has no business to know what they do; but no club can prosper under such a narrow and exclusive policy. They are a part of the great system of American yachting and must share its growth and be in full sympathy with its interests or must fall to a subordinate place. What news they give to others through our columns they are more than repaid for by similar information. Everything tending to unity and organization is a direct benefit to yachting in all departments down to the smallest, and benefits more or less directly each individual owner; and no other agent is as powerful for good as the interchange of ideas and the thorough knowledge of what others have done and are doing, that are offered in the yachting columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. In the coming season the races will be of especial interest and we hope to publish accurate accounts of all, large and small, together with a complete summary at the close of the season, to which end we request the aid of each club, and also of the owners of racing craft. Next week we shall endeavor to give full accounts of the events of the various clubs that take place on Decoration Day; and we hope to receive from each such official information as will aid us in so doing.

YACHTING AT CHICAGO.

AT the spring meeting of the Chicago Y. C. it was decided to have races late in June and early in September, the exact dates being left to the regatta committee. A cruise to Milwaukee (or some other point within a hundred miles) has been ordered for July 4.

This club expects to be represented at the Cleveland regatta by Idler, schooner; Wasp, sloop; and Verve, cutter.

Liberal prizes for steam yachts and launches have been offered by Mr. Chas. P. Willard, a member of the club and a builder of marine machinery. It is hoped that three or four steam craft will come into the club this season and as many sail; also it is rumored that "something" is being built that will prove an eye opener, whether it be the club's or builder's eye that is to be opened is still to be told.

It was publicly announced at the meeting that a company had begun to build an island near the shore ten or a dozen miles south of the river's mouth, and that all the stock had been subscribed for. It is to have an area of about 18 acres, 8 acres of which will be left as a harbor that can be made in all winds by yachts drawing two fathoms. A suitable lot on this harbor has been offered the club for a permanent club house. Good shelter is promised by the end of July; the island will be finished by winter, and probably by the following summer an ideal summer hotel will be erected to accommodate from 500 to 1,000 guests.

It would be difficult for one unacquainted with Chicago's yachting possibilities or impossibilities, to appreciate how much this island can and will do for yachting on the upper lake.

In the present busy lives of most of Chicago's would-be yachtsmen, there is no time for an extended cruise. After a season or two, sailing "round the crib" lacks novelty, and even a straightaway run from shore and back again, all alone, becomes somewhat monotonous, but with the island and the life and interest that it will have and give, all of this it may be expected will change.

There will be some definite objective point for an afternoon's sail. Owners of small yachts and sailboats will have a place to dine. An evening's sail home will be a pleasure. A few hours at the club house and a sail home in the early morning will give one such a getready for the day's work as now out to be had—for turning out with other yachts for a morning's sail home is rather more to like one's bed for than getting up, dressing, going a mile or two or three to one's yacht, and then sailing out all alone, with one's freshness already gone. It will give a regular yachting highway.

The club is very jubilant over its near future, for it is believed that this island in three years will do more for yachting than would ten, or even fifteen years, were it left entirely to the slow moving processes of time. D. S.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE STRANGER.—The new 47-ton racing cutter Stranger, Mr. Warren, was out for her first sail on Friday, and on Saturday she was out again, in company with the Marguerite, racing cutter, 60 tons. Mr. Foster Conner, when there was a hard wind and considerable hail and rain. On Monday the Stranger went into Fay's, Northam, where she was built, and had about two tons of lead cut off her keel aft, and she was towed out again on Tuesday. The lead taken out was moulded and put inside amidships, and on Wednesday the Stranger went out for a trial with the Tara, 40-ton racing cutter, while the Irex and Marguerite were also out at the same time. There was a good southwest breeze, and the course arranged upon for the trial was from off the Town Quay, out round the Calshot Spit Lightship, thence round Lepe and the East Brambles Buoy, and back to Southampton, passing the Calshot Lightship on the way home. It was a beat out of the river, Tara quickly going into the leading position, and a reach from the Calshot Spit Lightship, where the Tara was seven minutes in front, the Stranger having gained fifteen seconds on her in the reach. From thence they beat to the East Brambles Buoy, where the Tara increased her lead to eleven minutes. From this mark it was a run back to the starting point, and the Stranger gained somewhat on the Tara in the run back, the latter not being severely pressed on account of her new mainsail. The Stranger had some difficulty in keeping up her canvas in going to windward, and her new gear stretched considerably. Those who watched the race concluded that the Stranger is no match for the Tara in beating to windward, but she reaches and runs wonderfully well, and in these points is quite as good as the Marguerite. The latter does not seem to be improved by her alterations, while the Irex is undoubtedly much better than last year. The alterations effected in the Stranger since she was launched have improved her appearance. To see Irex, Stranger, Marguerite and Tara beating down Southampton Water and out in the Solent together, reminded one of a match in August, barring the weather, which was cold.—*London Field, May* 16.

YACHTING NOTES.—Port Jefferson—Phantom has refitted with new sails and left for Boston; Alarm will probably loom up this season; Rambler will be out in another month; the little cutter Merlin lies afloat, but with her winter covering still on; the Sylph will soon be in commission; the Proteus, a large catboat, is ready to start for Larchmont; the Curlew is still in the harbor.... The Hera, sloop, is now afloat with new sails by Wilson & Carney, and two feet more hoist and 3ft. more gaff.... Mischief is off the ways after painting, and has been down the Bay.... Mascotte, Mr. Osgood's sharpie, has had her spars shortened, as they were too big for her. She has also had a new figurehead added, and been painted black instead of white.... Nebula, cutter, Mr. C. W. Jones, has done very well on her trial trip, and all who have seen her under sail are pleased with her.... Montauk, schooner, is reported as sold to Mr. J. E. Brooks, and Resolute has been taken in part payment by Mr. E. A. Houghton.... Isis, cutter, Mr. A. Cass Canfield, has sent her new Lapthorne sails. Mohawk, schooner, once the property of the late Com. Garner, and so well remembered from her sad capsize off Staten Island in 1876, is once more in the harbor. Under her present name of Eagre she is engaged in the survey of the East River, and has laid for a week past in Buttermilk Channel. The various red, blue, and white flags that have attracted the attention of travelers on the ferries have been placed in connection with her work.... Stranger, cutter.—Randall, who formerly sailed Maggie here, will bring Mr. Warren's new cutter across as soon as she has been tried.

LUCILE.—The Herreshoff yacht Lucile, No. 122, left Bristol on May 23 and made the run in 12h. 53m., from the builders' yard to Poillon Bros.' yard in Brooklyn, an average of 14 miles. From Brooklyn she continued to Sing Sing where she was delivered to her owner, Mr. Chas Kellogg, of Athens, Pa., who will take her to Chesapeake Bay for some cruising. Messrs. Herreshoff have taken in part payment the yacht No. 110 built for Mr. Kellogg last season, as she was too small for his use. This yacht, 69ft. long, has a record of over 18 miles on a measured course. She is fully described in our advertising columns. The two new launches, Adelante and Ollie, built by Messrs. Poillon, were success-fully launched, one on Monday night and the other Tuesday morning, and the Herreshoff Co. are putting in boilers and engines of their make at Brooklyn. Poillons have also Mr. Bush's schooner planked up and ceiled, and a very handsome deck of clear pine laid, and near by, under the sheds, are the spars of the new sloop.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Y. C.—This club opened the season on May 2 by a reception at the club house with a dance, the fleet lying anchored off Saucelito. At 11 A. M. on the following day the fleet got under way for a cruise, starting with a light wind. The Frolic, Com. Harrison, took the lead, followed by Nellie, Startled Fawn, Whitewing, Chispa, Rambler, Emerald and Idle Hour. A squadron drill by signals was on the programme, and when in Raccoon Straits the order was signaled to form into line abreast on port side of flagship, which was finally accomplished. Next a similar line was formed on the other side, followed by the signal to steer for Red Rock, which was performed in fine style. The cruise ended with a beat home. The Casco has had her mainboom lengthened 6ft., with a new mainsail. Her jib also has a new boom. Halcyon has had lead added to her keel, putting her down by the head and improving her speed.

PACIFIC Y. C.—Saturday, April 25, was the opening day of the Pacific Y.C., and an entertainment was given at the club house. Dinner and dancing over, the guests went on board the yachts and at 6 P. M., all were under way for Vallejo in the following order: Annie, Nellie, Rambler, Whitewing, Fleur de Lis, Halcyon, Frolic and Lurline. The wind was light at first, coming fresher off Point Pinole. Fleur de Lis was first in, her time being 2h. 32m., with Lurline 2h. 34m.; Annie was first on corrected time with Rambler second. Before morning the fleet was increased by Emerald, Ella, Virginia, Solita, Ripple, Nellie (sloop), Syren and Red Cross. Next morning brought a reefing breeze when they started, and Fleur de Lis was soon disabled, first with a broken block on her gaff, and then with the loss of her jib tack. Halcyon, with the 3½ tons added to her keel, (4 tons in all), sailed in fine shape, coming in first, with Lurline second and Nellie third.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A meeting was held on May 21, at the club house, the Cup committee reporting progress. They are still waiting an answer from Mr. Beavor Webb before settling all details. The date of the cruise was discussed but not finally decided upon. Mr. John R. Platt presented to the club a painting of Montauk. The following gentlemen were elected as members: John J. Phelps, of the schooner Brunhilde; H. W. Collender, of the schooner Speranza; C. A. Robbins, of the cutter Mu iel; Geo. G. King, steamer Ludoga; J. Stickney, steamer Falcon; Daniel S. Appleton, J. Nelson Howard, Brent Good, Prescott Lawrence, Thos. F. Rowland, W. Lloyd Jeffries, J. H. Ladew, Addison Thomas, Charles Sweet, Thos. J Cassidy, Henry B. Belknap and Henry Breevort. Judge J. W. Wallace, of the United States Court, was elected an honorary member.

LLOYDS REGISTER.—We have received from Lloyds agent in New York, Mr. Thos. Congdon, a copy of the Yacht Register for 1885. A comparison with that of last year shows 3,284 yachts now listed, in place of 3,086 then. The dimensions of some most interesting to Americans are as follows: Genesta, composite, length, stem to sternpost on deck, 85.6ft., beam 14.6ft., depth from main beam to floors 11 75ft. Galatea, steel, length 90.42ft., beam 15ft., depth 13.33ft. Stranger, composite, Mr. Warren's new cutter, length 67.8ft., beam 13.6ft., depth 9ft. Bayadere, Mr. J. M. Forbes's new cutter, designed by Watson, length 46ft., beam 10ft. The book contains the full tables of scantling, anchors, chains, etc., which have come to be recognized everywhere as the standard in building, and a list of American yachts not rated by the society.

NEW 5-TONNERS.—Besides the new 5 for parties in Hamilton, Ontario, which Mr. Wm. E. Paton has lately designed and whose dimensions are 32ft. waterline by 5ft. 11in. beam, he has had proposals for another yacht of the same length for Lake Ontario, and he has also designed a racing 5 for English waters, 33ft. 4in. long and 5ft. 8in. beam. He has lately been at work on the designs for a 20-tonner, 53ft. 4in. waterline, 8ft. 9in. beam, and 9ft. 5in. draft; and also a little craft for Australia, 32ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and 7ft. 4in. draft. Mr. Paton has thus far been very successful in the smaller classes, having designed and built Trident, 5 tons, six years since and raced her successfully for five seasons, while Olga and Currytush have since added greatly to his reputation as a designer.

NAVAL SONGS.—There are always times when music is welcome on the water, and especially in yachting where ordinary occupations sometimes fail to amuse, or when at the close of the day all are disinclined for even the exertion of reading. Almost any company of yachtsmen can boast musical talent sufficient to render the many simple airs so popular with all. A collection specially suited for the use of yachtsmen has lately been issued by Wm. Pond & Co., of New York, under the title of "Naval Songs." It includes all the well known and popular sea songs, besides an interesting notice of the songs peculiar to the sea and sailors, with a number of examples of the "shanty songs," one of which we reprint on another page.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A meeting was held on May 19, at which the following programme of races was arranged. The yachts will leave the Larchmont club house on the morning of July 16, sailing direct to New London. On the morning of July 17 there will be a boat race of small boats and captains' gigs opposite Pequot House. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the squadron will leave for Shelter Island. On Saturday, July 18, the steamboat carrying non-yacht owners will return to New York, and afterward the yachts will be under the command of Commodore DeCordova, who will direct the future movements of the fleet.

A NEW SINGLEHANDER.—Dr. W. H. Winslow, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has ordered from E. L. Williams, Boston, a little keel catboat, 24ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft, with an iron keel of 1,500 pounds.

CAMBRIA.—This schooner was at Bermuda on May 20, forty-four days out from Cowes. She is bound for New York. Her former owner, Mr. Jas. Ashbury, was in New York this week.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The annual cruise of the New Haven Y. C. will begin on Aug. 8., on which date the club will sail to the eastward.

HARLEM Y. C.—The date fixed for the annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. is June 16. The races will be held off Oak Point.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. D. F., Boston.—Deer shed their horns annually.

W. H. T., Schuyler, Neb.—The article was published on April 16.

J. C. R.—We published the lines of a Clapham sharpie on Sept. 13, 1883.

C. G. B., Providence, R. I.—The paint will be of a yellow color, we cannot give the quantity required. The receipt is as good as any of the others.

A. B. C., Toledo, O.—We can furnish you "Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing," price $10. "Frazer's Practical Sailing," price $1, will aid you with the ropes.

G. C. Lynn, Mass.—You will require 75 to 100sq. ft. of cedar ¼in. thick, for 14x30 canoe. It can be had of boatbuilders in Boston. The price is from 4 to 8 cents per square foot, according to quality.

W. E. N., Lewisburg, W. Va.—Can you give me name of some person or firm (one that is reliable) who make greenheart bass bait-rods? Ans. All our advertising tackle dealers are reliable men, write to any of them.

E. J. F., Boston, Mass.—The term Corinthian is synonymous with amateur. Its origin is not known, but it has been applied for many years in England to gentlemen sportsmen, though of late years used only in connection with yachting.

T. W. B., Odessa, Ont.—I had two bitches served by a dog belonging to another man. When there was no distinct understanding about a money consideration for the service of the dog is there any law, written or unwritten, that allows the man owning the dog to have first choice of the pups of both litters? Also please give me the main points as to color and markings that show best breeding of pugs. Ans. It is generally understood, unless some other arrangement is made, that the owner of the dog has first choice of the litter. 2. Consult a good dog book such as Stonehenge or Dalziel's "British Dogs." We have not room here for the description which you ask for.

J. M. H., Oakland, Cal.—Stingaree is a corruption of sting-ray, applied to several fishes of the family *Trygonidæ*, genera *Urolophus* and *Dasyatis*, both of which are found on the Pacific coast. We do not know what the oil is used for.

W. T. L., Little Falls, N. Y.—Will you give me the title and price of some good work on ichthyology? Ans. Get the "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," by Jordan & Gilbert, published as a bulletin of the U. S. National Museum, 1882, no illustrations.

M. M., Fort McHenry.—Please send me this piece of information: Does the vessel that is filled with water with a fish the weight of five pounds therein, weigh as much as it would with the fish out of it? Ans. This is older than the days of William the Conqueror. The weight of vessel, water and fish is five pounds more than that of vessel and water without the fish.

V. Z., New York.—Is there trout or bass fishing in Lake George? If a person would have to have a guide to find them, and also what the best flies are for August? Ans. No brook trout, but lake trout and black bass. The former must be taken with bait or trolling spoon. You would need a guide or boatman if a stranger. Use red ibis, Cheney, oriole, Mather or jungle cock for black bass.

C. P. W., Westboro, Mass.—I this morning noticed a bird I have never seen before. It was the size of a catbird, colored and marked as follows: Head, wings and tail black, breast white, a deep scarlet heart-shaped spot underneath the throat, three narrow white stripes across the wings, its note resembled that of the thrush, but clearer and not so long; it was on an elm near my barn, and quite tame. Can you tell me what it was? Ans. It was a male rose-breasted grosbeak (*Goniaphea ludoviciana*).

L. T. R., Louisville.—Where can I find some fair trout fishing in Western Pennsylvania or Central New York not more than a day's ride from Buffalo? How would Potter county, Pa., do? Ans. The county named has some trout streams, so has Tioga, Clinton and Lycoming counties, Pa. In the latter you strike Pine Creek. In Central New York there is little good fishing in public streams. If you want to fish a preserved stream, write to James Annin, Caledonia, N. Y. The fish there are plenty, but shy biters, and small flies and fine fishing are necessary.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH.—A truthful elucidation of the attractions of the country, and a careful consideration of the question of profit and loss, as involved in amateur farming, with much advice and instruction to those about purchasing large or small places in the rural districts. New and enlarged edition. By Robert Barnwell Roosevelt. Price $1.50. O. Judd Co., New York.

THE WOODS OF THE UNITED STATES [Jessup collection].—With an account of their structure, qualities and uses. By C. S. Sargent, New York. D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Price $1.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM.—Italian language, Part I. Boston, Meisterschaft Publishing Co.

LUCK OF A WANDERING DANE.—By Hans Lykkejaeger, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

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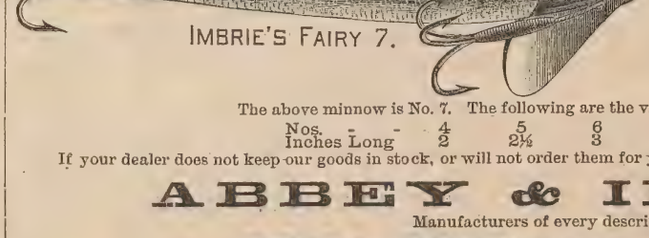
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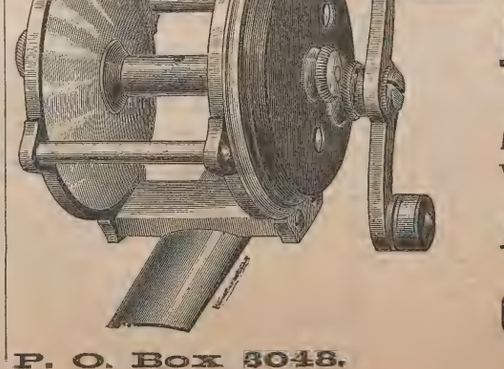
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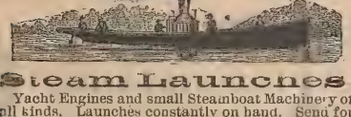
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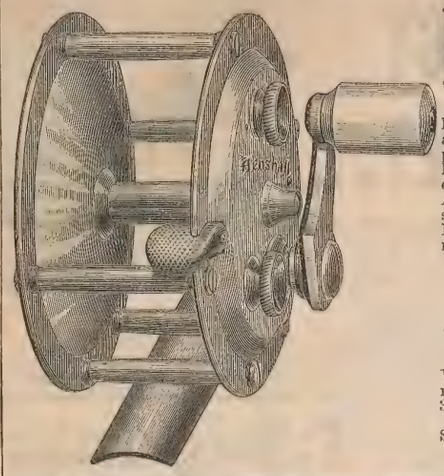
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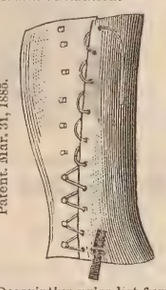
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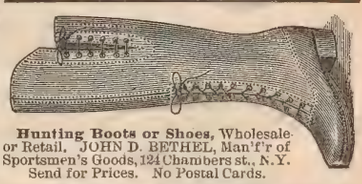
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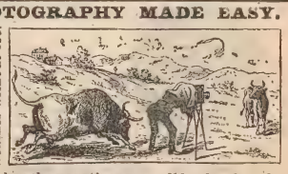
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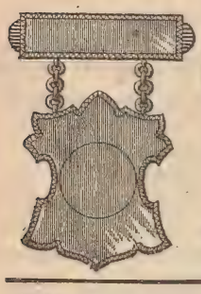
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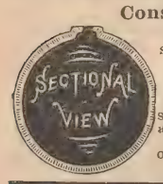
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Whereas a suit at law respecting the ownership of certain territory on the north shore of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, between Cape Cormorant and the northeastern boundary of the Province of Quebec is now pending in the Superior Court of this Province; and whereas a notice has been published by the Labrador Company, offering to lease the fly-fishing in certain rivers flowing through the said territory. Public notice is hereby given that any person or persons making use of the fishing privileges in any of the rivers flowing through the said territory under lease or permission from the said Labrador Company will render himself or themselves liable to prosecution for trespass upon Government property.

E. E. TACHE.
Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
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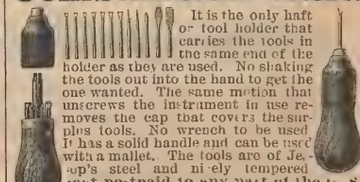
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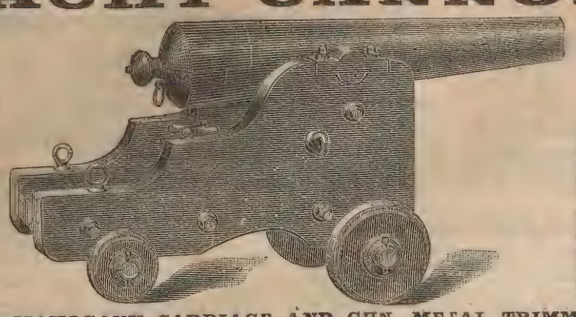
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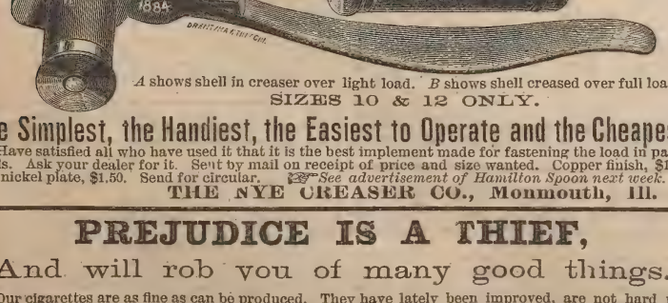
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NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 19. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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PAST AND FUTURE.

BY no means everything has been told as to the extremely unsatisfactory condition of things in the National Park under the late Superintendent. As time passes, new facts come to light, showing his hopeless inefficiency. Travel had already begun in the Park by the middle of last month, and tourists were arriving in considerable numbers. Game was very plenty on the reservation at that date, and hunters were preparing to begin their work of destruction. The presence of all these visitors made it important that the assistant superintendents should be alert and active, moving about from place to place and protecting the game from molestation, the geysers from destruction and the forests from fire.

At this time there were in the Superintendent's corral at the Mammoth Hot Springs five mules and four horses, and about the headquarters were seven assistant superintendents, two constables and a game keeper. These men were unable to do any work, because they were not allowed to use the horses, but Carpenter's family used them whenever they wished to for their own riding or driving, and in fact it is said that the sole duty of one of the assistants was to drive about the members of the Superintendent's family. These subordinates were literally unable to get horses to patrol the Park, and it seemed as if the then Superintendent expected them to walk, packing their grub and blankets on their backs through the snow in pursuit of violators of the law, who were well mounted and equipped.

Ex-Superintendent Carpenter's shortcomings are such unpleasant ones, that we are very willing to bid them farewell, and we shall not refer to them again except when necessary.

The future promises better things. From various quarters come to us comforting assurances of the interest which is felt in the Park by prominent members of the Government at Washington.

A well-known gentleman, in whose judgment great confidence is felt, and who has met Col. Wear, the new Superintendent, says of him: "He is a man with a backbone and, I think, a level head."

When the new Superintendent reaches the Park, he will find an abundance of work to do. We hope that he may select as his advisers men of the right stamp, and we have reason to know that he has already made an admirable beginning in this respect. Col. Wear may feel assured that it will be an easy matter to win the cordial approval of all those who feel an intelligent interest in the Park.

We hope that better times are coming.

THE NEED OF EXPERIMENTS.

THE season of 1885 is to be a busy one on the home ranges. There is not, it seems, any chance of a match against a visiting team of foreign riflemen, but with the growth of shooting here and the multiplication of clubs it is coming to be recognized more and more that there is no end of good and exciting sport in shooting club against club, in telegraphic or mail matches.

In some respects these matches fall far below a personal meeting of the men on the same range at the same time for a shoot under exactly the same conditions, but the very fact that two clubs are in shooting rivalry, leads them to study each other's methods, to read conditions critically, and to apply them exactly, and most of all, it teaches a rifleman that most important lesson, that there is somebody else who can shoot as well as he, and perhaps a bit better.

The new army target is now going into use at the various posts, and has provoked a great deal of talk and comment. There is much to be said in its favor; much more against it as a theoretically correct target. The best test will be to have one of the new targets on each of the civilian ranges throughout the country and then a body of scores will be made up for comparison with the records of the army marksmen. Where there is an army post there should be at once a team of militia shooters ready to do battle with the boys in blue. This will show the people not to place too much reliance on the professional, and at the same time urge the army men up to the very best class of work. This was the plan by which, during the past ten years, the regular soldiers were made into shooters, and by which they have learned no end of valuable lessons about rifles, their make and loading, from men who shoot because they love the sport, and who bring brains and money to the development of their hobby.

There is not enough of this experimental work on the range. Each association should devote a portion of its efforts and treasury contents to this important pioneer branch. On every range where more than a dozen shooters congregate there is some one who will undertake these experiments, and give his time and labor provided the necessary expenses of arms, ammunition and appliances are met. These need not be very great, and with the suggestions and hints which all may offer, much that each man may use in his own practice will be the outcome of the effort. There is too much pot-luck banging away at present. Each man thinks he has a trick of getting bullseyes, and proceeds to put his notions into practice. Instead of that the art of rifle shooting is an exact one, which any man of proper physical abilities may acquire, and which he may teach to his fellows with assurance and ease. *Experimentia docet* applies here, as well as in any other department of human knowledge.

CAN WE KEEP THE AMERICA CUP?

WHILE scarcely two opinions exist as to the superiority of the cutter over the sloop under most conditions of wind and weather, recent information has enabled us on this side of the Atlantic to gather fresh hope that the America Cup may not go abroad after all. The agent on the part of the English challengers is likely to be compelled to accept the three courses proposed by the committee of the New York Yacht Club to make the matches at all possible. As far as known these courses include one of twenty miles to windward and return, outside the Hook, one triangular drive, and one over the club course of the New York Yacht Club. Manifestly the chances are strongly in favor of the best reaching boat, and on that point of sailing the sloop seems to have the best of it, so far as opportunity for comparison between the two types has been afforded during past years. But, with an overconfidence not justifiable, the English also appear to be on the point of sending out green vessels whose performance is a matter of speculation rather than certainty. Thus, while Genesta was unquestionably a good one to windward last season, she has at the last moment undergone radical alteration in the addition to her outside ballast and more hoist to her mainsail. This may all be an improvement and it may not. To take her departure without full and satisfactory trial is to send across a vessel whose capabilities are not truly known, and a corresponding risk of failure will have to be shouldered.

On the other hand, the new Galatea is now being subjected to preliminary ordeal with other British yachts, and up to date has not fully borne out expectations. Much must be allowed for her green state and the lack of a practiced crew, so that with sundry improvements in trim, and with the limbering up of her gear, she may yet make her mark as a fitting representative. At present, however, despatches indicate that she is not the equal of the yawl Wendur, and not specially bright either in running or turning to weather. Apparently she attains a tolerable average, but that is not enough to warrant sending her across as the champion flyer of the small-waisted family.

It is to be regretted on the English side that both Genesta and Galatea emanate from the same source, and that neither is up to the mark in reaching, the most essential attribute in three matches, four-fifths of which will likely be with sheet stuck out. We regret that Irex is not among the visitors expected. Last year she carried off the palm as a reacher, and this year is doing famously at turning as well. It would not surprise us to find Irex at the top of the heap in this season's record in English waters.

What further experiment may do for Galatea, and how Genesta will show up with her alterations, no one can yet positively say. But so far as the pair have made any display we may summon fresh courage on this side of the Atlantic, for it is doubtful after all whether we are to meet the best or only the second best of the squadron of big foreign cutters.

It is not out of place here to compliment the New York *Herald* for keeping us informed by cable upon the doings of the cutters abroad, supplying through its enterprise more information concerning Galatea and Genesta than is to be gleaned from all the English publications right on the spot.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—In a letter printed in another column, Mr. J. E. Bloom announces that he proposes to retire from the active management of the National Gun Association. Mr. Bloom, as is well known, was the originator of the association, and since its formation he has been its head and front—the man who did the work. He has given to the project a very great deal of thought and time, and has labored diligently and courageously to establish the concern on a self-supporting basis. But the association is not yet so strong that it can dispense with such an executive officer as Mr. Bloom has proved himself to be. When he steps out, then, it is extremely important that his successor should be a man of the same devotion to the work and ability to perform it, for without such an officer the association will just naturally fall apart. Who is the man for the place?

MUTABILITY.—The report of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club (of Washington) just at hand, contains a striking illustration of the mutability of human affairs. The president of the club, Mr. S. H. Kauffman, of the Washington *Star*, notes that of the twenty-five members originally constituting the club in 1880, but nine are now connected with it. These changes have come with the common mutations of life. Death has played his tragic part with the little circle; business reverses may have caused some to withdraw, and removals to other localities have in some instances rendered resignations unavoidable.

THE DEER HOUNDING BILL has not yet been signed. When Gov. Hill intimated that his objection to it lay in the clause respecting giving of evidence, and when he assented to sending the bill back for alteration in this particular, he as much as said by that action that in its amended form the measure would receive his sanction. We do not understand how he can now creditably withhold his name from it. Certainly the bill is not one of those which he can avoid signing on the plea that he did not have time to consider it, for he has considered it and must know that it is a righteous measure demanded by the people.

SUMMER READING.—In cosy camp, quiet cabin, carvel canoe, cornfield corner, conspicuous castle or crashing caboose, the FOREST AND STREAM will prove just the sort of reading for summer hours.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HO FOR THE WOODS!

OUT of the madding crowd,
Away from wolfish care,
On the might of white-winged steam,
Away through the July glare;
What hope and promised peace,
In the stretch of the iron track,
To the north-land's wind-swept lakes,
And its hemlock shadows black.

Cast not a look behind
At the cornfields, waving black,
Or the white heat quivering o'er
The wheat-land's golden back;
And ne'er a backward thought
Of the pulsing, dusty ways,
Where thick walls mesh the sun,
And thrall the burning days.

But on, with deep desire,
Where blue waves lap the shore,
And jagged pines keep watch
By th' white beach evermore;
Where Norway columns red,
Lift dusky arches high,
Murmurous as summer seas,
To north-land's violet sky.

There, where no axe hath cleft
In solitudes profound
The sinuous trout streams run,
Darkling the rocks around;
And by some lonely lake
The red deer antlered stands,
'Mid flowering lily-pads,
Beyond its hoof-marked sands.

When evening's sun sinks low,
In deeps of rose and gold,
When weird loons, shrill high,
In strong flight, swift and bold;
When mellow whip-poor-wills
Make sweet the thicket's gloam,
And through the clear, crisp dusk,
The whizzing night-hawks roam—

Then pile the resined logs
'Till red flames flush the night,
And showers of sparks on high
Glow each tall pine alight;
As jest or stories pass
From lip to lip with zest,
Like children out of school
Recline in careless rest.

Then think, in blest content,
Of summer's quivering heat,
O'er field and parching plain,
And the pulsing, dusty street;
Fair gleams the forest tent
Against night's starry crown,
And sweet its hemlock couch
As monarch's bed of down.

MRS. M. E. BANTA.

ON THE GREAT MEXICAN DESERT.

A DESERT is not generally supposed to be very enjoyable, but among the pleasant recollections that I shall always have of Mexico, the days that I spent last winter on what is known as the desert in the State of Durango, will hold no subordinate place. This desert, which covers a large part of what is known on the map as Bolson De Mapimi, is called a desert because the rain is in general insufficient to raise crops, and springs or streams are too far apart to make it available for live stock without digging wells. Most of the soil is, however, very good, and underground water is not so deep as in many good sections of the United States. Much of it is well covered with bunch grass, and none of it bears any resemblance to the sterile deserts of Nevada or Arizona.

When the sun rises upon this country in the morning it looks like an enchanted land. The rugged mountain chains in the distance are cut up into turreted castles, with miles of space between them; lofty towers arise where yesterday you saw nothing, and whole miles of mountain that yesterday bounded the horizon are suddenly gone. Broad lakes with timbered islands shimmer in the distance, and miles of dried bunch grass far out upon the plain arise in a long, yellow palisade beyond it. Many of the effects of the mirage continue through the day, but the most wonderful are just about sunrise.

Climb one of the highest hills and you look down upon a vast succession of stupendous plains, gray and yellow, and brown and dark, according to the vegetation, but nearly all as level as a ball-room floor, and most of them of a soil of great richness when properly wet. Among them rise ranges of low ragged hills, some rolling four thousand feet above the plain, but most of them from one to two thousand feet high. Over these hills your eye may wander in vain for timber, streams or springs. It rests upon no soft green mountain meadows, no timbered cañons, no grassy slopes. All is a dry, bare, dreary waste of rock and rubble, with a few bushes and an endless variety of cactus struggling for existence in the openings among the stones.

Little would one expect to find any game upon such a tract. The hare you think may live there, but you little suspect the existence of antelope, deer or wild pigs on a vast reach where you can see no sign of water, no green grass, no green bushes, scarcely cover enough to shield a hare from the noonday sun; yet they all live there, not indeed in general abundance, but concentrated enough at times to make good hunting in places. Those broad sweeps of bunch grass contain antelope, though the land may there be too level to stalk them. Those wide expanses of dark, weary looking brush that so thinly cover the plains in places often contain plenty of deer. Vainly you would look for them in these hills, for they do not keep in them as deer generally do, though none too rugged for their nimble feet to traverse. But upon the low mesas and rough washes by which the mountains slope away into the plains, where the Spanish dagger and other varieties of cactus stand so dense upon the ground that you must watch nearly every footstep, you will find the large mule deer as fat and glossy as ever you saw a well-groomed mule. And when he runs it will not be toward the hills, as you would expect, but toward the brush that stands upon the open plain below. Into this brush on the plain it is quite useless to follow a deer; and in it there is little use of hunting unless upon horseback or in a wagon, to raise you above the brush enough to see a deer to advantage. Though comparatively thin and low and easily threaded, it is still dense enough to conceal a deer at any considerable distance, and high enough to hide his body at a very short distance. But with a horse from which one can shoot with a rifle, fine sport may be had in most of it, and deer would be even less afraid of a wagon.

On the rolling washes and mesas between the mountain and the plain, I found the best hunting; but even there I found extreme caution necessary. The deer were much wilder than I had expected to find them in a place where no one hunted them, and the ground being stony and rough they were easily alarmed. Even with the advantage of moccasins I could get not a bit too near to any of them. They were also extremely hard to see, even in the low cover of thin brush and cactus that clad the slopes. Often only the head and part of the neck could be seen. Three in succession I shot through the neck purposely, it being impossible to tell where the body was. Though I have fired thousands of shots at deer, I never before shot deliberately at so many necks in so short a space of time. In spite of these disadvantages, however, I found it about as pleasant hunting as I ever had. There were no big hills to climb, streams to cross, or bogs through which to flounder. Cactus I knew how to traverse long ago, and there was no brush through which it was necessary to force my way. Deer were plenty enough to make a shot at one or two almost a certainty when I went alone, and it was not necessary to go more than three miles from the house to find them, and generally not half of that.

The weather was absolute perfection. It was just warm enough to allow one to hunt in thin clothes and lie upon the ground to rest, or sit upon knolls and look over the surrounding brush, yet just cool enough to be bracing. This combining with the elevation (4,000 feet) and the extreme dryness of the air, produced a ravenous appetite. Even without any game it would be a luxury to lounge about in this mountain air in shirt sleeves after reading of the blizzards and snowdrifts and polar waves that have swept the North this winter. I have but one opinion of the man who will stay and stand such inflictions when he can get away from them. The more time I spend in luxurious climates and think of what I used to endure, the more I feel that after all fine weather is about half that is worth living for. It is an old remark that you "cannot live on climate." But you can come very near it. Get the climate and it takes a very small amount of lubricant to overcome the rest of the friction of life. The climate of this part of Mexico is much superior to to that of the Valley and City of Mexico. It is infinitely drier, even the rails of the Mexican Central being nearly always perfectly dry at sunrise. During the three winter months that I have spent at various points from Lerdo on the southern edge of Durango to Chihuahua, there have been but three rainy days and five others cloudy. All the rest have been bright and warm, with an absence of wind that is most remarkable for such great plains. When a polar wave rolls over the north it is felt here in cold nights which occasionally make ice, but when the sun comes up it is soon warm.

The deer here range with freedom in the thickest cactus and run through both prickly pear and Spanish dagger in a most reckless manner. I found the stomachs of five filled with the lobes of prickly pear which they had swallowed in large pieces without apparent inconvenience from the spines. Their feeding upon this and also the central stalk of a low kind of dagger plant explains their living without water and the good condition in which they are found late in the winter when deer elswhere are getting poor. Many, however, stay far out in the brush of the plains and rarely go to the hills, but will go many miles for water.

In most all the hilly sections of this tract and even well out in the brush of the plains the Mexican wild pig, or peccary, is found. It is built more like a sunfish on legs than a hog, is extremely watchful and can vanish through the brush in fine style, unless wounded, in which case you had better vanish if any of its companions are near by. They travel in bunches of five, ten or even more and beat regular trails or runways on the rough ground, but are even harder than a deer to get sight of, as they are so low and do not hold up their heads as deer do. They are said to be very good eating if a gland in the back be removed and if they are kept a few days before cooking, but having plenty of venison I did not try any of them and did not hunt for them at all.

The large hare occasionally sprang from my path and darted away with ears brushed back as he plunged through a large clump of bunch grass or under some projecting stick, and in a moment skimming an open open spot with lofty jumps and ears upraised, stopping at the opposite side, perhaps to inspect me. The little hare, too, whisked out of an occasional bush and dodged, with tail of flickering white, quickly out of sight. Quail like those of California in general color of the body and energy of legs ran along the ground well out of shot or rose with a whizz when surprised. These quail instead of having a single plume as the California quail have topknot of several feathers, a dirty gray below and white upon top, the white showing plainly when they fly. About the only notes they make at this time of the year are the alarm notes, a faint *week-wee, week-wee*, in quick succession and a *ching, ching* at intervals of a few seconds. Both of these are different from the notes of the California quail. This quail keeps in coveys and does not pack into large flocks as the California quail does, which would materially lessen the possibility of making a large bag of them. They are, however, of much better flavor and a trifle larger than the valley quail of California.

But small game is not here abundant enough away from the water courses, lakes and irrigated fields to make its pursuit worthy of much special attention. All through Mexico, wherever there is water there is generally plenty of waterfowl and English snipe in winter. I have not had time to inspect the lowlands, the *tierra caliente* or hot country, but would advise any one going there to take both gun and rifle, as one is liable to stumble upon fine shooting where one least expects it. Not one in a hundred would expect to find deer on such ground as I have described, and the hills between Jimulco and Fresnillo, which abound in both mule deer and the white-tail or Virginia deer, most hunters would pronounce worthless for deer hunting.

On this desert the deer have all the little tricks of brush deer generally. They will lie still and let you pass them without moving at all. They will stand still in the brush with heads down, and in the same way let you pass them. They will sneak off on a low trot without raising their heads or making any noise that you can hear. As with other deer, their curiosity often gets the better of them, and after they have neatly avoided your eye and got well past, they cannot resist the temptation to have a look at you. One of the finest bucks I got here let me pass him about sixty yards on one side. When I had got nearly one hundred yards past him I looked around again, as on account of this trick it is my custom always to look around on each side, behind as well as in front. There, in a place where a minute ago there had been nothing at all, was a huge head and horns and half of the long gray neck in plain sight, with a full battery of curiosity from the big ears and black eyes playing full upon me.

Some of the streams that cross this vast tract contain plenty of fish—in fact, contain about the only fish worthy of mention to be found in the highlands of Mexico. At Lerdo I have seen a half a dozen donkeys each staggering under a load of catfish, and as many more beneath a load of suckers. The catfish run from half a pound to twelve pounds in weight, with an average of about six pounds. They are caught with the hook, also with nets. These are, by all odds, the finest flavored catfish I have ever seen, being as much superior to the catfish of the United States as the catfish of the East is to the "mud cat" of the lower Mississippi. They are plainly a different variety; but it is so many years since I have seen a catfish that I cannot accurately describe the difference. The suckers run as high as eighteen pounds in weight, with an average of about eight. These, too, are different from anything I have ever seen East or West. They are deeper than the Eastern sucker, in whose capture with the spear I took so much delight when a boy, yet not so deep as the "buffalo fish" of the Western waters, with which it is here classed by some. It is also much thicker than the "buffalo fish" and a different fish entirely.

This sucker I did not try, being satisfied with the very safe presumption that a sucker is a sucker the world over. They do not take the hook, but are taken with nets and spears, etc. Both these fish are extremely cheap, the catfish selling at two cents a pound and the suckers at about one cent. So far as I can learn by the most careful inquiry among natives and Americans and other foreigners who have lived here many years, there are no trout in Mexico. From the high mountains that form the southern rim of the Valley of Mexico tumble brooks as clear, as cold and as foamy as ever gladdened the soul of an angler. Every pool or ripple speaks of trout, but none are there. And among the natives are no traditions from which one could conclude that there ever were any. Still there is reason to hope that in the great range of the Sierra Madre, abounding in deer, bears, turkeys, squirrels, etc., and almost unknown to any but the Indians, there are trout. These mountains are of vast extent, abounding in fine forests, parks and brooks, and will afford a splendid field to the sportsman for many years to come. The greater part of the range is free from the Apaches and has never been troubled by them.

By the way, it is refreshing to note the progress of the world in matters of natural history. A short time ago, some one shot from a train on the Central a sickle-bill curlew. It was pronounced a woodcock by every American on the train, one gentleman from Nebraska snuffing out my feeble light with the remark that he "had shot thousands of woodcock and knew what he was talking about." I forgot to take his name and address. So far as I can learn there is not a woodcock to be found on the Mexican highlands, and all the natives I have questioned insist that the English snipe is the only *Picolargo* (long bill) that they know of that kind.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

Natural History.

THE LESSON OF A MARKET.

ON March 28 of the present year I took a glance at the market of Norfolk, Va. On entering the market square my attention was called to the strings of small birds suspended from the booths, and I at once examined all I could see exposed, and carefully noted the species and their condition. The hour was late, it being midday, and I have no doubt an earlier hour would have shown a much larger exhibit, besides, probably, adding to the number of species observed. The following were the species exposed for sale: Robin, *Turdus migratorius;* catbird, *Mimus carolinensis;* brown thrush, *Harporhynchus rufus;* bluebird, *Sialia sialis;* yellow-rumped warbler, *Dendroica coronata;* cedar waxwing, *Ampelis cedrorum;* red-eyed greenlet, *Vireo olivacea;* loggerhead shrike, *Lanius ludovicianus;* English sparrow, *Passer domesticus;* purple finch, *Carpodacus purpureus;* savanna sparrow, *Passerculus savanna;* grass finch, *Poœcetes gramineus;* song sparrow, *Melospiza fasciata;* cinereous snowbird, *Junco hiemalis;* white-throated sparrow, *Zonotrichia albicollis;* fox sparrow, *Passerella iliaca;* chewink, *Pipilo erythrophthalmus;* cowbird, *Molothrus ater;* field lark, *Sturnella magna;* red-winged blackbird, *Agelæus phœniceus;* purple grackle, *Quiscalus purpureus;* common crow, *Corvus frugivorus;* red-headed woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus;* flicker, *Colaptes auratus;* screech owl, *Scops asio;* Carolina dove, *Zenaidura carolinensis;* besides the various species of sandpipers, plovers, snipe and ducks, the only legitimate game birds seen at the market.

In point of numbers the robin was by far the most numerous of those not considered game birds. Next to the robin was the field lark, then cherry birds or cedar waxwings and blackbirds (including the grackles and cowbirds). Woodpeckers were upon almost every string and bench. The sparrows were perhaps the most prominent of the remaining birds in the list. Some twelve or fifteen booths or stands had these birds for sale, along with limited quantities of every conceivable animal and vegetable that the fields, woods or water could contribute. While some stalls had three or four hundred small birds, others would have but a dozen or two. I regretted that I could not have seen the market before the sale of the day began, as undoubtedly most of the stuff had been disposed of before I arrived upon the scene. Nearly all of the venders were colored people, and doubtless most of the birds were captured by the same class. A glance at the list will show an utter disregard of the game laws, if indeed such laws exist. Several purchases were made in my presence, and the vendors laid great stress upon the good qualities of the waxwings, sparrows and blackbirds as being superior to the shore birds and robins, which latter are more commonly and abundantly offered for sale.

At one stand I was amused to find a crow and a screech owl. To the question, "Are owls good?" the darkey re-

plied, "Yes, sah, all birds is good to eat;" and when the question was asked, "They don't eat crow, do they?" the answer came, "Course dey do. Crows eat corn, don't dey? Den why isn't dey good?"

The very poor condition of the birds was surprising. I was aware that all birds in the spring migrations were usually in poor condition, and was prepared to find them unusually lean this spring on account of the lateness of the season and the intensity of the cold weather then hardly past, but did not expect to find birds for sale in such skeleton condition as were these. Among all the kinds exposed for sale, not even excepting the ducks, no bird in fair condition for market could be found; most of them were scarcely better than skin and bone. Even were these songsters in marketable condition, their killing should be unlawful. How great must be the number of migratory birds which annually are killed, in poor condition for food, while on their way from perpetual abundance to their breeding homes still covered with frost and snow.

The object of this article is to bring before the minds of naturalists, sportsmen, farmers and the public at large, the immense destruction of birds that are a protection from an over abundance of insect pests, at the same time cheering the hearts of all by their beauty and song. The daily exhibit in Southern markets furnishes an illustration of the utter want of public opinion and law against the practice of shooting everything with feathers on it and calling it game. This indiscriminate shooting is needless and does incalculable harm, as is evident to those who have given the subject any thought.

Laws should be passed in sparsely settled States as well as in the most populous one, which would restrict the shooting of birds other than game birds. Economic ornithology is of more importance than economic entomology, and upon both of these depends the success of economic botany. Protect the birds and they will protect the plant food from insects. Once get this idea into the minds of the farmer, the merchant and the consumer, and he will vote for the man who will pass laws to protect the birds. This is the best and most economical method of keeping down the superabundance of destructive insects and keeping up the harmony and proportion of nature.

If every one who takes the FOREST AND STREAM would interest himself and his friends on this subject and place it properly before the Assemblyman of his district, it would not be long before laws would be passed in every State against the wholesale destruction of our needed friends and cheerful companions. It is but natural that the Southern States should be far behind in the enaction of game laws, and that, on account of the negro population now thrown upon their own resources for food, there should be more destruction of useful birds than in the North. Agriculture and horticulture, which need protection more in the South than in the North, demand the protection of birds not fit for food. The only way to reach the pot-hunter is not only not to buy his insignificant food supply of small birds, but to pass laws against the killing of such, other than for strictly scientific purposes.

There is a good reason why there should be more strenuous laws in the Southern States against the indiscriminate killing of birds than in the Northern States, and that is this: Almost all of the birds of the North migrate to or through the South, and the killing of birds in the Southern States, especially in the spring and fall, not only destroys the friends of the South, but the friends of the North as well. It is a well-known fact that when Northern birds migrate South they collect in communities or flocks and thus remain until they return the following season to breed, when they are scattered in pairs in secluded places to rear their young. It is evident, therefore, that greater numbers of migratory birds can be slaughtered in the South than in the North, and all the more reason exists why there should be stricter laws where at present little or no attention is paid to the matter.

The subject seems to me an important one and should be brought to the attention of every intelligent person who can aid in remedying the evil as it exists and where it exists.

GEO. B. SENNETT.

AM. MUS. OF NAT. HIST., NEW YORK, May 21.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.—The warbler tribe have been passing through this section since the 18th or 20th of the present month, very little specimen shooting has been done, however, owing to a fear of arrest. The property owners in the several districts within the city limits have become much put out in the last two or three years at the wholesale destruction of song birds in the spring and do not hesitate to arrest for trespass, feeling that if the law which protects these men and boys in collecting for scientific purposes is used by the milliner as a blind, the best way to stop the shooting is to post their lands and prosecute for violating the trespass law and the ordinance which prohibits the firing off of a gun or pistol within the city limits.—HOMO.

ARIZONA BIRD NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Presumably in bird life, every part of the country can and does produce its own peculiarities: but the season in Arizona, for nesting and bringing forth young, being fully twice the length of those in the Eastern States, extending as it does from early in February to September, the opportunities for observations of interest are proportionally greater.

The *Harporhynchus palmeri* are now busy with their second brood. On the 7th of March, I found the first broods almost fully fledged and ready to take to the brush. Here in the vicinity of Tucson I frequently found four and five eggs in a nest. In the vicinity of Quijotoa, between seventy and eighty miles southwest, I examined many nests and found three eggs to be the maximum number. Why this should be I do not know, as the conditions of life are similar except that it is much drier there; but I have thought that probably the explanation lay in the clutches being those of the first and second broods. Those that I examined here belonged to the former; those at the Quijotoa to the latter. The *H. palmeri* invariably in Southern Arizona build their nests in chollas, one of the prickliest and most dreaded of the cactus family. The nest is generally from four to six feet from the ground, the foundation is laid with coarse thorny twigs, the nest proper of finer material, lined with grass or vegetable fiber, and commonly about four inches deep with a like diameter.

H. bendirei did not nest till some two weeks later than the *palmeri*. As a rule they nest in similar places, but do not confine themselves to the chollas, inasmuch as I have found them nesting in the branches of mesquite eight and ten feet from the ground. Usually, however, they patronize low, bushy chollas, and build not more than three or four feet from the earth. The nest is made of much lighter material than that of *palmeri*, less bulky, and on the whole it is less laboriously made. Three eggs is the maximum number laid. There is a wide difference as to coloring and size, the eggs in no two nests being alike, but more of this in a later letter, as I will then give measurements.

The *Scops trichopsis* did not begin laying until about April 1, and the Whitney owls (*Micrathene whitneyi*) not until a month later. The young of the former are full fledged while those of the latter are yet either very small or undergoing the process of incubation. Both birds nest in woodpecker holes in the sahuara (giant cactus).

Two weeks since a friend and myself, by the aid of a 20-foot ladder, secured ten young *Scops*, and have succeeded in raising them all. The five that fell to me are thrifty-looking birds and not at all wild. Their manner of swaying their bodies to and fro is both a curious and interesting sight. I secured one nest of *Scops'* eggs (five) that have the appearance of being fathered by a sparrow hawk (*T. sparverius*). In size and shape they are thoroughly like *Scops*, but are spotted after the manner of those of the sparrow hawk. I imagine that spotted *Scops'* eggs are exceedingly uncommon. I could not be mistaken as to their identity, inasmuch as I took a female *Scops* off the eggs.

Another curious thing in the egg line came to my notice during a visit to the Quijotoa some two weeks since. I found seven eggs of the Arizona quail (*Lophortyx gambeli*) in the newly made nest of a Palmer's thrasher. The nest was near the top of a cholla about four feet from the ground. My first impression was that probably an Indian had placed them there, but was soon convinced to the contrary, as I found it impossible to get my head near the nest without first breaking down a part of the cholla with the barrels of my gun. The eggs were fresh and very finely marked.

While at the Quijotoa I heard of a very curious bird-animal, a fully-feathered bat, color of plumage grayish brown. Unfortunately I did not see it, but the statement may be relied upon, however improbable it may seem. It was purchased by a lady (Mrs. L. A. Henry) from an Indian for a loaf of bread, with a view of sending it to me here, but it escaped on the third day of its captivity. It, I was told, resembled a cross between an owl and a bat. It was feathered and had a beak much resembling that of a small owl, but its body and feet were bat-like. The Indian had a string around its body and allowed it to crawl up his person; this it would do with any one on whom it happened to be put. If placed against a rough, perpendicular board it climbed it with ease. This entire statement may sound cock-and-bull-like, but that there is such a thing as a bat-bird I am satisfied is true nevertheless. What say you, Mr. Editor, as to the probability of such things existing? The one in question was seen by many people, who can testify to the truthfulness of the foregoing.

At Quijotoa I received several specimens of Bendire's thrasher. This was something of a surprise to me, as I had never before known the bird to be south of this place. Also secured from an old prospecting shaft a fine specimen of the barn owl (*Aluco flammeus pratincola*). It is the first of the kind that I ever saw in the Territory. When in the same section of the country four months ago, I made close search for the Whitney owl, but could find no trace of them, which fact led me to believe that they did not live in the high dry mesa lands. I was further convinced by a futile search made for them several months previously in a like waterless locality, but this theory was upset during my last trip by the killing of a fine male specimen on the eastern slope of the Quijotoa range. Scott's oriole was also there and other birds, of which I will write you more anon.

HERBET BROWN.

TUCSON, Ariz., May 25.

[The "bat-owl," if seen by our correspondent, would probably have resolved itself into some well-known bird.]

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER IN FLORIDA.—A correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, writing from Glencoe, Fla., inquires about this bird and where it can be found. It would be well for all correspondents to mention the name of their county, so many new towns are springing up everywhere that are not down on the maps. In the month of March, 1870, being camped at the foot of Merritt's Island on the Indian River, in Brevard county, Fla., I was waked at sunrise by a noise as of a gang of ship carpenters at work in some heavy timber near a quarter of a mile from our tent. Inquiring of my guide the cause of this, I was told it proceeded from a family of "big logcocks," and from his description I was satisfied that it was *Picus principalis*, the ivory-billed woodpecker, of which I had read in Audubon as occurring in these Southern forests, which was making the chips fly. In 1872 I procured a male specimen of this bird, which was shot in the great Turnbull Swamp, near New Smyrna, Volusia county, Fla. Afterward, about 1878, I saw a pair of the skins of this woodpecker for sale at the shop of a taxidermist at Enterprise, on the St. John's River. I have no doubt this bird is to be found in the cypress swamps of Southern Florida, but nowhere within sound of the guns of the game butchers who infest Florida in winter. It is always rare, inhabiting the most solitary places remote from mankind.—S. C. CLARKE (Marietta, Georgia).

NIGHT HAWKS have arrived round about Philadelphia, and as is often the habit of these birds, more than one pair will select the extensive roofs of large buildings on which to build their nests One pair I have noticed, have evidently chosen the roof of the Academy of Natural Sciences on Broad street for this purpose, and their queer gyration from 4 P. M. until sunset last evening, proved to me that they had mated. I was told a pair used the same roof as a nesting place last year, and their movements were carefully watched by a merchant across the way.—HOMO (Philadelphia, May 30).

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 26.—The humming birds, bless 'em, made their first appearance among our flowers on Saturday, the 21st, and have since been constant in their attentions and civilities.—KELPIE

KEOKUK, Iowa, May 28.—At a meeting held at the United States Court room Tuesday evening, the Keokuk Fish and Game Protective Association was formed, the object of which will be to see that the laws of the State of Iowa looking to the protection of fish and game shall be strictly enforced. Col. S. S. Curtis presided and Luke Hulskamp acted as secretary. The following officers were elected: President, H. H. Clark; Vice president, Luke Hulskamp; Secretary, Fay Worthen; Treasurer, I. L. Brown. Frank Hagerman and W. T. Rankin were appointed a committee to dratt the articles of incorporation and by-laws, and to circulate the same for signatures.—W.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ANTIQUARY'S ARMORY.

(Suggested by K.'s "Reminiscences" in Forest and Stream, May 7.)

THEY hang on the carven oaken wall
Of picturesque, ancestral hall,
Armors in ancient battles worn,
Banners and pennons shred and torn;
Cuirass and helmet, gorget bright,
Dinted and pierc'd in stormy fight,
Breastplate and morion, casques of proof,
Hanging from rafter and groined roof,
Burnish'd shields that have turn'd aside
Bullet and arrow in battletide;
Swords double-handed, claymore blade,
By Scottish hands in forays sway'd—
Weapons of every age and race
In this old gallery find a place.

Stiletto, dagger and poniard keen,
Toledo rapier, Highland skene,
Banners that stream'd from castle crag,
Trafalgar Nelson's blazon'd flag,
Standards at Moscow's gate that flew,
O'wav'd in the flames of Waterloo,
Banners of Cressy and Poitiers,
Or Marston-Moore in the vanish'd years,
Star flags that wav'd on Bunker's height,
Flags of the old Saratoga fight,
Blood-red ensigns of Lundy lane,
Of Orleans, borne o'er the British slain;
Flags of the grand, chivalric joust,
Where spears were shiver'd and lances lost;
Flags of Gettysburg's stricken field,
Or where the cannon of Shiloh peal'd;
And many another tatter'd fold,
Scorch'd in the fires, in slaughter roll'd.

There were weapons of Indian strife,
Red tomahawk and scalping knife;
Buckler of skin and wampum crest,
War club and sling of the savage West,
Shafts of a pre-historic race,
Fashion'd for ravage or the chase;
Knife of the Norseman, keen to slay,
Pawnee arrows of lawless fray,
Spears of the ruthless Carib band,
Light assegais of Afric land,
Deerhorn naliget, tipt with steel,
Of Arctic hunter of the seal;
A Feejee paddle and war canoe
Once mann'd by a Cannibal Island crew.

All these mementoes of peace and war,
From frozen pole to the tropics far,
Shine out as the sunbeam filters clear
O'er kandjar, creese and spur and spear.
They rest in peace from hunt and fight,
The dust of years gathers on them white,
They crumble in Time's corroding rust,
The hands that fashion'd them lie in dust.

These weapons remind of other years,
When swept the Saxon with plump of spears,
Of pulk of Cossacks in wild hourra
Storming around Napoleon's war;
Of Indian tribesmen o'er grassy plain,
The plunging chargers, the tossing mane,
The swinging lariat, level'd lance,
The massacre, the great war dance,
And of many another stirring scene—
When these old weapons were bright and keen.

GREENPORT, May 11. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

THE BIG BOAR OF OKTIBBEHA.

THE sketch in your issue of May 14, "Wild Boar Shooting in Syria," reminds me of an incident many years ago in Mississippi. Three of us were on a deer drive in good old Oktibbeha county and bordering on Trimcane Swamp. A few miles north and west of Starkville lies a beautiful egg-shaped prairie, about one mile across and two the longest diameter; perfectly level, and at the time one mass of brilliant flowers and wild strawberries. A gray horse in the company looked as though he had walked in blood fetlock deep, just from the strawberries crushed in riding over the prairie. As we rode through the center we met a hunter on horseback carrying a wounded hound before him on the saddle and in his arms, and upon inquiry we learned that the monarch boar of all that country had attacked and nearly killed his favorite dog, and he was hurrying home to have him attended to—at the same time with a hearty oath—he wished we would go back with him and kill the brute. After attending to his bleeding hound we mounted and rode back with him, calling in all the dogs (we had ten or twelve splendid ones) except one, a pup that we had lost an hour before, that was still behind. An old boar, monarch of a gang of hogs, running wild all his life as they do in the swamps, is a dangerous enemy to meet, for with his scimeter-shaped tusks and stubborn courage he feels himself able to cope with the largest gray wolf, and never hesitates to attack on sight. The one we were in search of had ripped the shoulder and neck of the poor hound open with a deep and fast-bleeding gap eight inches long.

After riding a mile we found him backed into a clump of small pines, growing very thick, with his head just out of it and all his body partially protected. He sat on his haunches champing his jaws and with the white foam gathered in great flecks over his breast and forelegs. The hounds gathered baying around him, of which he seemed wholly unmindful, and gave no evidence of watchfulness, except from the vicious look of his devilish eyes and an occasional swift movement of his head when an unwary hound came too near him. But while we sat on our horses and consulted whether we had better shoot him as he sat, we heard far back of us and coming over the prairie the full mouthed cry of our pup we had lost some hours before and now was on our track hunting us up. As he came near enough to hear our dogs and our voices, he raised his head while in full run, and seeing the boar facing out of the clump of pines, without an instant's hesitation he charged directly upon him and leaped squarely upon his head. Instantly, and before we could think for a second, every dog was upon him and he striking and cutting with all his fearful power. The whole scene was one wild confusion, and in a second of time Calvin, our stoutest and bravest, was off and on to him trying to save

his dogs. In fact, almost before we could think we were all on top of him and holding him down. It was a fearful fight for six of our dogs. The poor pup, whose inconsiderate courage precipitated the fight, did not suffer so much as some others, having only been cut through the side about four inches. But we had the boar down and were sitting on him. Now what to do with him was the question. I measured his tusks and found them about five inches and a half long, white as ivory and sharp as a knife. We broke the points off and concluded after a council of war, that we would let him live, if none of the hounds bled to death right there. But we were tying up the wounds and staunching the blood in the mean time and found that all would get well with care. So we let the monster go. Even then we were careful to mount and call off the dogs out of his reach, but he simply rose and sullenly stood his ground, while we rode off and left him, the fight not all out of him yet. H. B. S.

MARIETTA, O.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much pleased with Mr. L. I. Flower's article in your issue of May 14. It is evidently written by an educated sportsman who has had many years' experience with a variety of guns, and cannot fail to interest those of your readers who contemplate the purchase of new guns, but who are in doubt as to what description of gun will best suit their requirements. There are few sportsmen who do not hope at some time to possess a really first-class gun, but there are very few whose experience is alone sufficient to determine their final choice. The requisite knowledge can only be obtained by experience and a study of articles such as occasionally appear in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. It cannot be had from books. It is true there are many works on shooting both interesting and instructive, but none of them furnish the information necessary for the judicious selection of a gun. Col. Hawker, who was perhaps the ablest writer on shooting that ever lived, was an engineer rather than a sportsman, and one who would probably derive more pleasure from shelling a flock of ducks a mile out in the bay, than in making a double on snipes. Roosevelt's work on "Game Birds" is delightfully written, and the late J. W. Long's "Wildfowl Shooting" is perhaps the best work on shooting ever written on this side of the water. I was greatly disappointed in Stonehenge's last book. I may have expected too much from the author's high reputation as a writer. "The Gun," etc., by W. W. Greener, is pretty well "padded." The author is scarcely fair in his criticism of guns of other makers, and his conclusions are often forced, but the work contains a great deal of information not elsewhere to be found, and I would advise any one intending to buy a gun to get a copy of this book.

My own shooting experience is hardly worth recording, although I have shot a good many guns in the last twenty-five years. Two of these guns were Joe Mantons, one a 20 and the other a 14. The strongest shooting gun I ever used was a long single barrel, which had been altered from a flint to a percussion. This gun shot harder and kicked harder than any gun I ever handled, and finally went to pieces in my hands. The best gun I ever had was a little 14, by Hollis & Sheaf.

But I will not tire you with my experience with guns, as the object of this letter is to assure your able correspondents, "Backwoods," "Cyrtonyx" and others that their labors are appreciated, and to express the hope that their articles on the choice of guns may be continued. Perhaps as good a way as any to draw them out would be to give my own crude notions of what a gun should be, and ask them to point out my errors.

If I were to buy a cheap gun I would get a muzzleloader. A first-class one can be bought (second-hand) for $50 or $60, and will be a far superior gun to any breechloader at the same price. Indeed until the last five years I used nothing but muzzleloaders, my main objection to them being the tedious work of cleaning. I believe they shoot harder, kick less, and are cheaper in use than breechloaders. Of course one who can afford to get a high-priced gun wants a breechloader, and a hammerless is preferable in cover shooting. Many guns have the defect of being larger in the true barrel than the internal diameter of the paper shell. My attention was called to this matter by Mr. E. L. Mills's article in another paper. Most of them are said to be made of inferior metal and to be ill-balanced. Still I have read articles in sporting papers denying these charges, and claiming for American guns equality with those of English make.

The most important point to be considered in the selection of a gun is that it should exactly fit the shooter. I am satisfied that men can shoot far better with a poor gun which fits him than with the finest arm in the world with an unsuitable length or bend of stock. The balance of a gun is another very important item. I believe most men use too short a stock, and, with very heavy guns, too little bend or "drop."

I think the qualities desired in a gun, in the order of their importance are: Strength and durability, range or penetration, regular, even distribution, the required pattern and minimum recoil.

I agree with Mr. Flower, that for an all-round gun, as large a gun as one can handle is the best, but for one who does no duck shooting and who believes in loading a gun to do its best a 10 would be too large in my judgment. I would not feel justified in sending 4¼ drams of powder and 1¼ ounces of shot after a single quail or woodcock. But I would not recommend a very light gun, as it is apt to kick too much and will not shoot as hard as one having more metal. My idea of a gun for upland shooting is a 12-bore with 30-inch barrels, weighing 7 pounds 10 ounces. The barrel bored stout at the breech and light forward, with a very straight rib-stock 14½ inches to center, 3⅜ inches drop, full pistol grip with 5¼ inch band. I would have the right barrel bored to make a pattern of 135 and the left 170, with 3½ drams of powder and 1⅛ ounces Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot. I would use above charge for rabbits, squirrels and occasional teals and woodducks. For woodcock, quail, snipe, etc., use the same charge of powder with an ounce of No. 9 shot. Of course these measurements would vary to suit the sportsman's strength and figure, but I believe this gun would suit most men and answer for any game found in this part of the country. It will kill at short range without mutilating the game, and yet reach out any reasonable distance for a second bird. The gun I have decribed may not be the very best for every variety of sport, but it will answer for all and I believe will be found to be a happy MEDIUM.

WENONAH, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In thirteen years I have owned and shot fourteen different shotguns and two repeating rifles, four muzzleloading rifles, and several revolvers. The first of the shotguns was a 12-bore, 7-pound single murzleloader, 32 inch barrel. The second was a 10-bore, 10-pound, 30-inch double gun, muzzleloader, which cost me $75. I used it a good deal on ducks, penetration was good; did well enough on ducks, etc., in flocks, but scattered too much to be sure of a single object, so I disposed of it; after which I had several guns, 10 and 12 bore, single and double breechloaders, 30 to 34 inches. The action on the single guns I did not consider safe. The double guns did not shoot close enough for the kind of shooting I had, which consisted mostly of squirrels and other small game, so I bought a full choke, 30-inch, 12-bore, 8½-pound gun. This was the best shooting gun I had ever owned; so was satisfied for a year. But one day in the month of September I was cleaned out by a muzzleloading, 18-bore, 40-inch, 8-pound gun. At a small object at long range I was nowhere. This set me to thinking—was it length of barrel or small bore? So I decided to try bore first, and an 18 bore, 31 inch gun was the result. But still I was not satisfied. I wanted a gun that would hit a small object at 60 yards or less, and I bought a 42-inch, 16-bore muzzleloader single gun, 7 pounds weight. Last fall I got more squirrels and small game with that gun than any one around here; and they also debarred me shooting in a match. I admit that for brush shooting it makes but a poor arm. It has only one drawback, that is, being a muzzleloader. The 10 and 12 bore guns are not used here lately. The favorite bores are 16, 18 and 20, also long barrels from 34 to 40 inches. No doubt if this is printed, lots of sportsmen will laugh at our having such long guns; but if they will shoot with us at a mark at long range, say 70 yards, the laugh perhaps will be on the other side. I myself am very well satisfied by trying the different arms, and do not begrudge the time or money spent. We find that three-quarters of an ounce of shot and from 2 to 2½ drams of powder in our long guns are equal to 1¼ ounces of shot and 3½ to 4 drams of powder in the large bores. There is no theory in this, but all practical knowledge. J. C. Y.

WASHINGTON, Mich.

THE ARK.

THE following account of the famous Cleveland (O.) club known as "The Ark," is given by the *Voice* of that city:

As a club wherein men have met almost every day for fifty years to discuss natural science, play whist and chess, and chat about field sports, must have a history interesting to all, we have worked up, in a desultory way, some data about it. "The Ark" is a name familiar to most of our citizens, yet popular knowledge on the subject seldom goes beyond the fact of its existence and the names of a few of its members. The Ark is not a club in the conventional sense. It was never formally organized. It never had a president, a vice-president, a secretary or a board of directors. It never had any by-laws. It never had a charter. But for all that the membership is as sharply defined as the strictest red tape could make it; and its unwritten laws hold everything in place as securely as the most formal of enactments.

In 1836 or '7 a little plain wooden building stood on the ground now occupied by the custom house, midway between Superior and Rockwell streets, fronting on the Park, or "Public Square." It was used by the late Leonard Case's father as an office. William Case, then a young man, had begun to collect specimens of the rarer birds and quadrupeds of Ohio. The eye of an artist and the knowledge of a trained naturalist and taxidermist enabled Mr. Case to mount his collections with unusual fidelity to nature. As this labor of love grew upon him he built against the rear of the office—a one-story structure 20x15—two rooms for its better accommodation. In the front room what was afterward called "The Ark" proper, met, and this opened into the second, which was used for the storage of the specimens.

In time Mr. Case gathered about him—insensibly almost—men of similar tastes. These earliest associates of the naturalist—and they were the first Arkites, strictly speaking—were:

Leonard Case,*	Capt. B. A. Stanard,
Dr. Elisha Sterling,	Dr. Maynard,
Stoughton Bliss,	D. W. Cross,
Col. E. A. Scovill,	Henry G. Abbey,
George A. Stanley,*	R. K. Winslow,
Bushnell White,*	J. J. Tracy,
John Coon.	

* Deceased.

By the efforts of these gentlemen an admirable display of birds and animals eventually grew up to grace what was known as the "L" of the building. Besides those who were known as the regulars, there was a number of promoters, so to speak, who were thus far known more as hunters and collectors than as actual members. Among these were James or "Dad" Williamson, E. A. Scovill, Oliver Perry and John Wills. From the descriptions of an old member we have been able to vividly imagine those early scenes of study, work and play. Mr. Case and his companions would meet in the front office. Its accessories were a dozen chairs, a large round table, a big open fireplace, with its andirons and shovel and tongs, a few pictures illustrative of shooting and fishing, and a homely mantelpiece, on which stood a couple of second-hand bottles, doing duty as candlesticks. The drawers of the big table were filled with tools for taxidermy and the skinning and preserving of game, together with such implements as were necessary in the cleaning and repairing of guns. In the course of time everybody who loved outdoor sports fell into the habit of looking to Mr. Case's office for any information in the line of his taste; and finally—suggested, perhaps, by its array of stuffed birds and animals, and accumulation of nearly everything else—Stoughton Bliss christened the place "The Ark."

The gentlemen we have named were especially attracted to The Ark evenings. In summer the "members" began to come in right after tea. The first thing on the programme was an exhibition of feats of strength and agility on the pleasant grounds outside, in front. William and Leonard were adepts in these, and always took part. When it was time to light the candles there were birds to mount and guns to fix; and then for whist and chess. On a side table, usually littered with books and papers on natural history, a little space was usually made for the chessboard. Those not otherwise engaged would while the time away in conversation and discussion.

In 1858 William Case employed Julius Gollman, a German artist, to paint a portrait group of the original Arkites, in their characteristic attitudes as they stood or lounged about the room. This picture is now preserved in the present quarters of The Ark, in Case Hall. The portraits are of the men whose names are given in the above list of first members. A photograph of the painting may be seen in the museum of the Western Reserve Historical Society. Gollman returned to Cleveland a few years ago and opened a temporary studio. He was a painter of repute, especially in portraiture. At the time Mr. Case engaged him he happened to be in town executing some commissions. Mr. Gollman endeavored to make The Ark picture a piece of actual realism, and his success was pronounced perfect.

Whenever William Case found that the museum lacked a desired specimen, he made the fact known and an effort was promptly made to supply the want. In this respect Captain Ben Stanard was his ablest "lieutenant." He was the genius of the department of construction, mounting, collection and mending. On one occasion he made a pair of skates, out and out, for Leonard Case, who took great pride in them.

"Captain Ben" commanded the "J. J. Astor," which sailed the waters of Lake Superior "before the canal." In that vessel he explored both sides of the lake in the interest of the American Fur Company, and for the gratification of his love of nature. Afterward he sailed the lower lakes. Later he was appointed inspector of hulls, and still holds that position.

When the building of the custom house began The Ark was moved to the lot where the Case building now stands. Afterward and finally it was set down on the northwest corner of the City Hall lot. When it was demolished the oak of which the house was built was made into the tables and other fixtures of the new (and present) quarters in the southeast corner of Case Hall, second story.

In the design of the Case Building rooms 19 and 20 were set aside for the permanent occupancy of The Ark. This was William Case's idea, and his brother Leonard faithfully carried it out. The rooms were handsomely fitted up with a fine library and other choice and appropriate accessories. The natural history specimens were moved into a special department, where they formed the nucleus of what is now the noble Kirtland Society of Natural Science. Most of the work of remounting was done by Messrs. Stanard and Winslow, under the direction of Leonard Case. Since then the collection has been steadily enlarged till it has become one of rare completeness and beauty.

Some time before his death Leonard Case, agreeably to the design of his brother William, deeded the free use of the rooms and all their contents to the following named members, and to the last survivor of the list—upon his death all the property to revert back to the Case Library:

Charles L. Rhodes,	Stoughton Bliss,
S. O. Griswold.	Levi T. Scofield,
D. W. Cross,	Rodney Gale,*
H. M. Chapin,*	Jabez W. Fitch,*
E. A. Scovill,	Henry G. Abbey,
W. H. Sholl*	Bushnell White,*
J. J. Tracy,	B. A. Stanard,
John Coon.	

*Deceased.

The personal annals of The Ark deserve to be worked up by some veteran. Few associations can boast of more brightness, genius and talent. The Ark illustrated the social graces in a high degree. Repartee, wit, humor and harmless conviviality, sat by that quaint fireside. A dull, commonplace man could not thrive in its atmosphere.

Leonard Case, without saying much himself, was a remarkable inspirer of conversation and discussion. He could draw out people. As a mathematician Professor Loomis said he had no superior in the United States. He was a literary man of fine taste and discrimination, and his ability as a writer was attested by "Treasure Trove." A specimen of his mathematical quality was the calculation of the flight, velocity, effect, distance and time of every grade of projectile from the ounce bullet to the No. 10 shot, which Mr. D. W. Cross embodied in his work, "Fifty Years With the Gun and Rod." Except with his intimates Mr. Case was reserved. He was benevolent beyond the knowledge of his closest friends. Leonard Case died Jan. 6, 1880.

Elisha Sterling is a naturalist of a high order and an able surgeon. He began his professional studies at the old medical college on Erie street (now demolished), under Professor Ackly, and supplemented them by a course in Paris.

Oliver Perry, a brother of Mrs. Senator H. B. Payne, was a keen sportsman and an ardent student of nature. He was a particular friend of Mr. Case, and contributed as much as any one to The Ark Museum. He was killed in a railway accident near Hudson, Dec 23, 1864, while on the way to some shooting ground accompanied by his two dogs. The portrait of one of these dogs was afterward painted from a photograph for Mrs. Payne by Beard, of New York, who used Mr. Perry's gun and hunting outfit for the accessories of the picture.

Mr. Willis was one of the early municipal officers of Cleveland and displayed great activity in the promotion of tree planting, a service which resulted in the giving to Cleveland the title of the "Forest City."

In the beginning of this sketch we have mentioned certain characteristics of William Case—Mayor of Cleveland, the first president of what is now the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad Company, procurer of the right of way for the old Columbus road, etc. He died April 19, 1862.

R. K. Winslow is a keen lover and student of nature. He is an officer of the Kirtland Society of Natural Science and one of the most active promoters. For taste in taxidermy he is unrivaled.

The late Bushnell White will live in the history of The Ark as one of its best whist players. In whist, White, Cross, Ed. Scovill and Leonard Case constituted the "old squad" of forty years' service.

James Tracy, identified with the earlier banking interests of the city, is now a trustee of the Case School of Applied Science.

John Coon is a graduate of Yale College, and known to a large circle as a gentleman of fine culture and many accomplishments—a wit and *raconteur* of the first water.

Henry G. Abbey was one of Leonard Case's prized intimates. The two often went on long journeys together—once to the Black Hills; and for years Mr. Abbey was Mr. Case's confidential adviser and agent, eventually becoming the managing trustee of the Case estate and one of the trustees of the Case School. All the property which Mr. Case devoted to public purposes was transferred through Mr. Abbey's hands.

No social chronicle of Cleveland would be complete with Colonel E. A. Scovill omitted. Before the war he was extensively engaged in the packing business with William Sholl, and during that period he commanded at Fort Johnson, on the lake. He is an honored member of The Ark circle.

Mr. Spangler was an old-time merchant, once associated with Dudly Baldwin. His store stood on the site of the Weddell House, corner of Superior and Bank streets.

Mr. Rattle had charge of the Case farm for several years

(west of the city), and of the Case residence on Rockwell street, up to the time of Leonard Case's death.

Stoughton Bliss was prominent in the old military organization—the Grays and Artillery—and at the breaking out of the war did good service in the work of organizing troops.

D. W. Cross is known as the ardent lover of all sports in the realm of the rod and gun. He is a genial expert in all these matters, as his published writings show.

We have spoken of the attraction which The Ark had for outsiders of tastes similar to those of its oldest frequenters. After awhile there was an established set of these who, without being "members" in the strict, were yet so practically. The following is believed to be a correct list of those known as "outside members" of The Ark: Hon. Emory D. Potter, of Toledo, O.; Maj.-Gen. James A. Potter, U. S. A.; General John Pierce, Denver, Col.; L. M. Hubby, Thomas Winch, E. A. Brown, O. A. Skeels, John Proudfoot, house painter and poet; Mr. Stevenson, Levi Kerr, T. Kelley Bolton, T. N. Bond, John Williamson, O. C. Scovill, Stephen Remington, Henry C. Gaylord, E. S. Flint, John Shelley, John A. Wheeler, George H. Russell, James Fitch, L. Austin, Mr. Pettibone, Basil Spangler, William Rattie, Gen. James Barnett, William Cushing.

An anecdote or two will not be inappropriate—we wish we had more material of the kind: One evening, in the late fall, William Case wanted to use the round tables in The Ark for some scientific purpose, but found White and Bond absorbed in a game of chess at the side, and Scovill, Bliss, Leonard Case and Cross at the center table, oblivious to everything but a game of whist. With his usual suavity and politeness William requested the players to yield the tables to himself and Captain Ben for a few minutes. No one moved. The request was repeated; not a move. Case looked at them sharply for a moment; then, turning toward the door, said, with a slightly sarcastic emphasis, "Good evening, gentleman. I will wait until you get through." He had not been gone long before all began to smell smoke, and soon the room was suffocatingly filled with it, in spite of various attempts at a remedy. Just then William Case's twinkling eyes were seen at the window, succeeded by the sound of his retreating footsteps as the crowd made for him. Captain Ben hastily climbed to the roof, removed a board from the top of the chimney, The Ark was aired, and the games went on.

William Case's tenacity of purpose in the pursuit of his favorite science was proverbial. Once, with a companion, late in April, he was gunning up the river in search of specimens, when he suddenly espied a phalarope—a rare "wader." He at once began to stealthily approach the bird, when suddenly it flew across the river and into the woods. Nothing daunted, Mr. Case adopted this desperate plan: Looking around till he found a log upon which he could rest his gun, he stripped, swam the river—pushing the log before him—and disappeared in the forest. After a while the report of a gun was heard, and soon the gunner reappeared, bird in hand, swam back to his friend, donned his clothes, and went on with the hunt as though nothing had happened.

William Case's dog was named Old Guide. It was wonderfully trained in all field work. One pleasant day, in the spring following the smoke-out, the Arkites were lounging about the front of the house, when Leonard Case suddenly espied William's wallet protruding slightly from his trousers pocket. It was quietly abstracted and passed from hand to hand to the rear of the group, and hidden under some litter of the room. Then Leonard happened to want a little money for marketing, but was "broke." Several offered to lend him, but William told them to put up their money, and placing his hand on his pocket, said: "Here * * * *." The "loss" was discovered. Suspecting a joke, he began to search the innocents, but without result. Then espying Old Guide he made him understand by signs that something was missing, and, after holding his nose to the pocket, and ordering him to search, the dog immediately went to work, "ran down" the pocketbook and returned it to its owner.

If William Case's name appears in this "history" more than others, it must be remembered that he was the founder, the master and the soul of The Ark.

A MODERATE CHARGE.

"JESS, how was't about that man—'scursioner, you know, 'at nigh got kicked out'n the boat that time?"

"Well," said Jess, taking three or four puffs at his pipe and rising to throw another log on the fire, "that was—haw, haw—that was one o' them 'xcursionary fellers. Pooty good sort o' feller, too; didn' care nothin' for money, I jedge, by the way he slungit around. He warnt no hunter, neither, but he'd brought a gun—a 12-bore—one o' them Stevens's single barrels, but hadn't brought no cartridges to fit it. The only breechloadin' shotgun around these parts in them days belonged to Mr. K., and 'twas a 10-bore. He'd furnish No. 10 catridges 'f them 'd do any good, but wouldn't lend his gun to nobody. So the man was kinder blocked at fust, kinder reckoned on gittin' a lot o' ducks to make a big show with down to Elk Rapids, and he wanted me to row him. I sat and thought a minnit—we hadn't nothin' but rifles nigh hand—'n' then I thought o' Bill M.'s gun, 'n says I, 'I guess I can fix ye.' So I sent the boy up to Bill's and he lent him the gun. You've seen it, I reckon—a reg'lar old blunderbuss, 8-bore, and cut down to about twenty-eight inches. Bill said if you cocked both bar'ls to be sure and pull off the left 'n' fust, otherways they'd both go to once.

"Well, we started, and the man was awful good-natured, seein' he 'xpected some tall shootin', for I'd told him the' was lots o' ducks up river. Shore enough, when we come to the fust mash, they b'gun t' git up, right 'fore the boat, 'n' he b'gun ter bang away. I loaded for him, but he couldn't hit nothin', and after awhile he says, says he, 'You don't put in powder 'nuff.' So I fed her up good, 'n' the ducks they kep' a hoppin' up 'n' he kep' a bangin' 'n' a bangin' 'n' I kep' a feedin' of her a little more 'n' a little more, cos he kep' complainin' (though I see well enough he couldn't shoot), 'n' at last, seein' he was a complainin' so much, 'n' the ducks didn't come down, 'n' I was a gittin' kinder mad, I jest shoved in two topfuls inter each bar'l. He cocked both on 'em 'n' 't warnt three minits 'fore along come the all-bustinest lot—nice ones, now I tell ye—'n' he—they warnt more'n four rods off—he jest up gun, kinder cool 'n' car'ful, like he meant to git some on 'em, 'n' onhitched. I thought I'd heard noises afore when I was in the army, 'n' I hev seed some scatterations one way 'n' another in my time, but when that old carnon went off you'd a thought the' was forty full batteries o' ten-pound Parrotts aboard that 'ere skiff. The ducks didn't come down—not the derned one—but they jest scattered f'r all they was wuth, 'n' the old gun flew over back'ards, 'n' upsot the man, 'n' the skiff dipped, 'n' the feller hollered 'Ow-w-w,' 'n' grabbed a oar to save hisself, 'n' let go the gun 'n souse that went, muzzle down, but I ketcht it 'fore it farly slid out'n the boat. It took that feller some minits to git righted 'n' rub the powder out'n his eyes, an' says he, 'Jess, you must a' overloaded that ere gun.' 'I reckon not,' says I. 'You kep' a tellin' on me to powder up, but 'a fur 's I ken rec'lect, I hed in a very moddit charge. But I'll tell ye,' says I, 'where ther trouble was,' 'n' I showed him the gun. 'You pulled on the right bar'l fust, 'n' they both went.' 'By jimminy,' says he, 'I b'lieve you're right. But that ere gun kicks awful. I guess the ducks is scartered now,' says he, ' 'n' I don't b'lieve we'll git any more to-night.' We hadn't got the fust one yit, but I see he was a-gittin' oneasy, 'n' 'twas a'most grub time, 'n' we pulled out for home.

"Next mornin' he was up bright 'n' early to ketch the Queen for Elk Rapids. He didn't have no ducks to take down though. He was a gentleman, I must say, for he paid his bill, 'n' never said a word; but, some ways, he was the derndest fool I ever see." KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 26, 1885.

READING, Mass., May 24.—A new society has been organized here, known as the "Farmers' and Mechanics' Fish and Game Association of Reading." The object of this Association is to collect and diffuse practical information concerning the game fishes and game birds of Massachusetts, and to secure to the people their rights in the same. To attain this object the Association proposes: 1. To ascertain and publish the breeding time of said fishes and birds. 2. To aid in regulating by law the close and open time for fishing and for the taking of game. 3. To aid in securing such legislation as will best protect the fish and game and preserve the sport in taking them. 4. To secure and maintain a perfect equality among the people of this Commonwealth in the taking of fish and game. 5. To ascertain, declare and secure by law any local and private right to any fish or game. 6. To discover and defeat all schemes, legal or otherwise, to monopolize the sport of taking fish or game, and to make rod and gun as free to the poorest as to the richest. 7. To restore and secure to the people any rights which are natural and handed down by common law, and of which they may now be deprived, to take fish and game within lawful time. 8. To aid in the observance of all the fish and game laws of the Commonwealth, while the same are in force. 9. To collect and make public any important results of our fish and game laws. 10. To countenance and aid the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries, as an important Board of Officers in all the work which the Legislature may assign to them. E. H. Gowing is the corresponding secretary.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES, May 29.—All through the week just past we have had capital shooting for bay birds on the New Jersey coast, and large numbers were killed. The flights consisted almost entirely of calico-backs, robin snipe, black breasts and dowitchers, the tell tales, willets and curlews having come and passed on a fortnight since. This season, owing to its backwardness, the later coming varieties are behind the dates of last year's arrival. Among the bay birds sent to Philadelphia this week, not a few were found to have eggs in them when they were opened. It is safe to say that before the birds reached us they had all mated and would go to nesting at once on their arrival at their northern breeding grounds. Shall we ever have an end put to this destructive and inhuman spring shooting? Woodcock are reported to be having a good breeding season, and more than a usual number have taken up their residence in the low wet thickets of New Jersey, so I am told. These birds, young and old, will, however, all be cleaned out before the law allows them to be killed, and at any game store woodcock will be for sale on the sly by the middle of June.—HOMO.

TEXAS.—Clarendon, May, 1885.—Game is very scarce here this spring. A few ducks on the ponds or lakes on the plains, but too far away to get at often. Am afraid the quail are nearly all killed by the extreme cold of last winter. The plover have not reached us yet in their annual visit. Am looking eagerly forward for their coming, as they afford good shooting. We will have a good many turkeys this season, as they have not been hunted so closely the last year by the pot-hunters. Some men who call themselves sportsmen have no regard for the game laws of the State or the future of our game, as evidenced by the killing of a deer last week near this place. Devotees of the rod report fair sport with perch and catfish—not very gamy, but far better than none. There is a growing interest in field sports in this section, and but few who care more for the game secured than the sport in securing it.—PERRITO.

MONTREAL, May 23.—The fish and game laws for the Province of Quebec are the same as last year. There were no changes made fortunately. A clique in Parliament attempted some retrograde movement but were beaten. I happened to be in Quebec that day and had the pleasure (?) of listening to the debate.—V.

THE GAME LAWS OF NEW YORK have been tinkered at so much this winter that many do not know what is lawful and what is not. In our advertising columns will be found an announcement of a new edition of the laws to date.

MINNESOTA.—We have received from Messrs. Warner & Foote, Minneapolis, Minn., a large map of that State, showing the waters and timber regions. It will prove very useful to sportsmen tourists.

A RABBIT FARM is to be started at Wells, Me., to supply the Boston market.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. H.—Is there any good hunting and fishing near Warren, Warren county, Pa.? Ans. Fishing and shooting there is not very good. There may be some squirrels and perhaps ruffed grouse in season, especially east of Warren.

A. L. P., New York.—What are considered the best flies for the streams of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan flowing into Lake Superior? Ans. Use large, high-colored flies, such as Canada, red spinner, royal coachman, queen of the water, Coughlin, and jungle cock.

G. H. H., Chatham, N. Y.—1. Please inform me if there is a law against fishing with floats and also against fishing with more than two hooks on a line? 2. What kind of artificial bait for bass and where to purchase? Ans. 1. We have no knowledge of such laws. 2. For artificial baits use rubber frogs, crayfish, etc., we cannot recommend them. Write to our advertisers.

G. P.—Sometimes there is a recognized difference between the expressions "sportsman" and "sporting man," and sometimes no such distinction is made. As used by the FOREST AND STREAM and by a constantly growing number of well informed people, the term sportsman is applied to gunners and anglers. The term sporting man is promiscuously used for betting men, prize fighters, men about town, gamblers and riffraff. If you hear any one speak of an angler or a shooter as a "sporting man" you may know that the person is behind the times.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—I.

THE peninsula running north from Traverse City, washed on the east by Grand Traverse Bay, and on the west by the blue waters of Lake Michigan, although not much frequented by the hundreds that go annually to Northern Michigan during the summer months, is a region full of delights to the angler and lover of nature (and who loves not nature may not claim kinship with the brotherhood) and nowhere in all the North Woods where the Kingfishers have kindled a camp-fire have we found a region where those in search of quite and rest, or "the contemplative man's recreation," may obtain a fuller measure of benefits than just here on this forest-clad tongue of land, the Leelanau Peninsula. No bold rocky headland, towering cliffs or beetling crags stand grim guard around its shores, but a soft beauty reigns over it throughout the long mellow summer days, and the eye may feast on green woods, laughing waters and the rarest and dreamiest of outdoor pictures till the soul finds rest.

Along the east shore, from above Northport down to Sutton's Bay—the region so delightfully portrayed in *Lippincott's Magazine* a few years ago, by Maurice Thompson—the trout fisher too may find exceeding comfort in a half dozen or more clear, cold streams flowing into the bay, the best of which is perhaps Mosso's Creek, a couple of miles below Omena, a little hamlet tucked away in the bight of New Mission Bay, a matter of thirty miles above Traverse City.

One of our party in the summer of '82 was Mr. T. H. Foulds of Cincinnati, one of the old Kingfishers, who on his way home spent a part of two days at New Mission to have a look at the famous orchard on the place, which is more than a mile long, and contains something more than 3,500 fruit trees. The whole tract, including the orchard, embraces 540 acres, most of it an untouched forest, and he was so pleased with it all, that learning from the tenant in charge that it could be bought, he soon after took a friend into the scheme and made purchase of it. The house on it, a solid and well-preserved structure of thirty-two rooms, was originally built by the Presbyterian Board of Mission for a mission school, where they proposed to educate the Chippewa Indians of that neck o' woods, and here poor Lo was expected to change his nature and waste his time in trying to master the mysteries of the three Rs, with a sprinkling of easy Scripture lessons thrown in, and learn the, to him, strange and shiftless ways of his white brother. But blood is thicker than water, and "Injun natur' is not white natur'," and after a lapse of time, all that did not die off with laziness and brain fever brought on by too much "rasrelin' with the rudiments," got all the education they could hold, and naturally drifted back into the primitive methods born in them of getting an honest living hunting and fishing, and lo! the mission school for poor Lo was a thing of the past. Such is a brief and condensed early history of the place as related to the writer last summer by one of the "old settlers." But the inroads of civilization have broken the spirit of these children of the forest—the market-hunter and pot-fisher have despoiled the woods and the waters of their antlered and finny denizens, leaving to them only a blank and aimless existence, waiting to be called by the Great Spirit to the traditional happy hunting grounds of their fathers. However, a measure of retributive justice seems left them, for now the remnant of the once numerous red man of that region is diligently striving each season to get even with the white man for robbing him of his heritage by picking huckleberries and selling them to the hostelries to be fed, like a physician's prescription, "three times daily" to the confiding and unsuspicious tourist and resorter—verily a sweet (and succulent) revenge.

Since coming into possession, the present owners of the New Mission farm have remodeled and modernized the house from cellar to flagstaff, adding another story, more rooms (forty-six in all) and an observatory from which, on a bright day, may be seen the Beaver Islands away north, Torch Lake and Elk Rapids across the bay, Traverse City south, and most of the Peninsula stretching north, south and west. It will be opened this season—'85—as a summer resort, and as the trout and bass fishing is fair to good within easy reach, a tired soul that don't care to camp out or don't know how, may find here, as Uncle Dan Sloan would most likely put it, "a place of rest and pure delight."

We have suggested to brother Foulds that in the fitness of things, and as a reminder of drizzly days and pleasant nights spent around the camp-fire with the "old boys," he call it the "Kingfisher's Nest," but as this world is full of small disappointments, we will not be set back much if he call it by some sweeter smelling name.

But to come back to the trail: We had about made up our minds to build our camp-fire again on Central or Grass Lake for the summer fishing of 1884, the scene of many former triumphs and hard fought battles, when brother Foulds and another friend or two spread out before our mind's eye the beauties of the Peninsula, and chiefest among its attractions that had most to do with luring us away from the old haunts and camps of the intermediate region was Carp Lake (a name that ought to have paralyzed the idiot that suggested it), a body of water heading some eight miles west by north of Traverse City, and having its outlet in Lake Michigan at Leland, the county seat of Leelanau county, across the country a little south of New Mission Point. (There are two Carp Lakes on the lower peninsula of Michigan, this one above Traverse City, the other one a short distance below Mackinaw City, up near the straits.) The stories they told us of the bass, pickerel and an occasional maskalonge to be found in these waters settled the matter, and when the information was added that there were six or seven good trout streams flowing into the lake at various points, a trip to Carp Lake was at once decided on, at least by the writer, for who of us all can withstand the coaxing whisper, the syren song of the rippling of a trout stream?

A correspondence was opened with Mr. Noel Couturier, postmaster at Provemont, a little hamlet at the head of the "Narrows" of the lake (of which more anon), asking about boats, camping places, trout streams, supplies in the way of country produce, etc., and received in reply that he had four boats to hire, price to be agreed on at any figure to suit, as he had never hired them before. There were plenty of good camping places along the lake, he wrote, "and four or five trout streams at different points within five miles of the Narrows, and as to supplies, he kept a general country store and had also fitted up his house for a hotel in a modest way, and was prepared to take a few summer boarders provided

he could 'git some.'" He was a druggist, too, and kept on hand a general assortment of physic and a few of the most "sarchin'" of the patent medicines. He was owner and proprietor of the hotel, drug store, dry goods, hardware, boot, shoe and notion store, and post office, all in one, and had teams with which to haul us and our "calamities" from Sutton's Bay—where we would leave the steamer—to Provemont or to our camping place. He wrote also that he "kept on hand butter, eggs, hams, and berries while in season, salt pork, flour, potatoes, onions, fish hooks, etc.," and wound up the letter with the refreshing information that he kept "also maple sugar and liquors." We learned afterward that besides all this he owned two or three good farms along the lake, and after we got acquainted with him old Ben R——w said, "with all his prosperity, he's a helrackin' good ole feller," and in Ben's vocabulary, this word, although a trifle sulphurous, means that anything he honors with it is with him superlative and "jest good enough to be let alone."

Could we ever expect to find a place that promised more comforts, as Dick Mac would say, "adjacent to camp"? What a place Provemont would be as a base of supplies for a camping party—solid, fluid and medicinal. If any of the party should get sick or out of gear, I could write a prescription and neighbor Couturier could compound it, whether it called for a sedative, laxative, cathartic, astringent or stimulant, or all combined, as the symptoms might indicate; and any or all of these failing, I could fall back on a dose of his fish hooks or "liquors" and be sure of some kind of a result. And then there was the "side meat," a mighty factor in a hungry camp, and the maple sugar to make 'lasses for our flapjacks. We made up our mind that we would camp adjacent to the narrows.

This year we were moved to make a new departure by the importunities of our women folks to go a-fishing with us, and camp out and have heaps o' fun and rough it like the rest of the boys. For three or four years my daughter Kit had "been a-pesterin' of me" to take her along on the annual fish to Michigan, and I had been annually promising to do so; but somehow something always turned up so she did not get to go, and it was of course annually my fault. This time she argued that, as she was drifting into her twenty-first year, it was high time she was learning some of the mysteries of the gentle art if she was to be considered a chip of the old block, and it was my paternal duty to take her along and teach her to get the hang of the rudiments at least. I was clearly cornered, and the only way to even matters up for old promises broken was to find out how many of the persuasive sex belonging to the "family" had the fever seriously and take them all along. Fortunately (for me) Jim, ye Editor, got married early in the spring, and of course the "new member from Butler county," Mrs. Jim, wanted to go wherever Jim went, and her sister Fanny, being a little ailing and having much faith in the bracing-up qualities of Michigan air, concluded that she would never be of any more account unless she could go along.

Miss Annie Muller, a sister of the Assistant Postmaster, was in such rosy, rugged health that it was a burden to her, and she thought it would be a fine scheme to go along and camp out in the woods and get sick a little just for a change.

Brother M. got into more trouble by letting his daughter Cora, a bright, womanly little lass of eleven years, overhear the plans, and he got no rest till she too was booked for the trip. Then one of old Ben R.'s nieces took it into her wise head that she too wanted to go a-fishing "bad" to see, Ben wrote, "if she couldn't catch him in some of his fish lies," (Ben says fish lies don't count). So we had a fair sprinkling of the fair sex in the party, and it is but fair to say they were the better half, six of them to five of us of sterner stuff—Uncle Dan Sloan, Old Ben R., Jim, brer Muller and the writer. Uncle Dan was voted the black sheep of the flock because he brought none of his women folks with him, they pleading home duties and cares as an excuse for not wishing to cultivate a taste for the distracting melody of the multitudinous Michigan muskeeter, but our girls, knowing the great store we set by Dan, and having heard so much talk about him by us, had each fixed up a warm corner of their hearts for the old pelican beforehand, and I am sure every one of them took genuine pleasure in making him feel that their regard for his comfort was earnest and sincere. (I may explain here, as in a former letter, that Uncle Dan has little use of his right hand and arm from paralysis—a "Kingfisher" with a broken wing.)

"Old Knots," that blessed old bachelor, wanted to go with us the worst way, but he was a little skittish about the girls. The ways of girls were to him past finding out; bangs, back hair, bustles and the like were frivolities and mysterious abominations, and he was afraid to trust himself in the "bresh" with them.

The spirit in him was strong (to go), but it evaporated as the season advanced and left him high and "dry" on the resolve to stay at home.

This was in the nature of a calamity, for we have come to believe that a camp of the Kingfishers without Old Knots is just about no camp at all, but he oiled the troubled waters at the last minute by promising to come up and look in on us for a week or more if we would put aside a couple of good reliable straws or a few balsam feathers for him to sleep on in case the ground did not just fit his frame. The two straws were carefully selected and put away in a dry place.

The time set for starting was July 30, and ten days before that our calamities were shipped to Sutton's Bay and Couturier notified to get them over to Provemont and hold them till called for by the cook and camp keeper, a young man (son of Mr. Mossman, who was in charge of the New Mission farm) hired on recommendation of brother Foulds and Mr. F. M. Guthrie, of the G. R. & I. R. R., and whom we found to be perfectly trusty, and as good a boy as ever flipped a flapjack. He was instructed by letter to go over three or four days before our arrival, get the boats and outfit and hunt up a good camping place, put up a couple of tents, construct a table, procure straw for beds if it could be had, otherwise to strip the feathers from a few balsam saplings, and have the camp fairly ready for us, not forgetting to locate it as "adjacent" to a trout stream as might be convenient.

Could that genial and well beloved old brother, "Nessmuk," have seen the amount of "duffle" we shipped ahead for that trip, not counting the trunks and gripsacks taken along as personal baggage, he would like as not have been seized with vertigo, or petrified with amazement. It required nineteen boxes of various sizes to pack the five tents, two camp stoves, bedding, groceries, etc., and a broad gauge express wagon to transport them to the depot. Total weight as per shipping bill, 1,165 pounds. Jim's box containing his bedding, old clothes, boots and "sich," would, I venture, have made a shelter camp for brother "Nessmuk," the Sairy Gamp, and all his duffle, ditty bag and all. Jim said he would have had the box made a trifle larger, but the carpenter he let the contract to didn't happen to own a lumber yard. In justification of taking so many things to the woods—none of them without a use—I have about made up my mind that the more comforts you have in a camp the better you will like it, and the more things you take along to make yourself comfortable with, the more comfort you will have, and this, I take it, is about the best end of a camp for a tired man or woman that goes to the woods to rest. It is all right for brother "Nessmuk" or me to "go light" to the woods, if we go alone, for in that case a light load is a good companion to travel with, especially when no friendly shoulder is near to share our burden over a long, blazing hot carry, and I have no doubt but a couple of tough old gobblers like brother "Ness" and the writer could make our way through the woods from St. Ignace to Agogebic Lake with a rifle, some ammunition, a hatchet and a little primitive fishing tackle, but how many out of five hundred that go to the woods every year would like to undertake it?

I have roughed it somewhat in the Rocky Mountains years ago, and can get along in the woods with as few comforts perhaps as the average camper out, but I don't see any sense in doing without conveniences when they can be had with a little extra trouble. I don't believe in squatting on the ground like a tailor to eat your dinner, just for the sake of squatting, when a little work would make a bench and a table. I don't believe in sleeping on hard lumpy ground with nothing but a blanket under me when a neighbor's straw or hay stack is accessible, or browse is handy, and I do believe a good camp stove—and there are good camp stoves—discounts in matter of comfort in cooking on it the most artfully constructed open fire that ever flickered or smoked your eyes out. An axe, hatchet (not one of those two-edged abominations) and saw, are mighty handy implements to have around a camp, and a jack-knife is an instrument of many possibilities when better tools are not at hand. There are, however, sometimes trips to be made deep into the woods where many things that would be convenient in a permanent camp cannot be taken along, and in this case don't take them, but go with just as as little as you can get along with and don't whine about it. When a camp can be readily reached by wagon or boat I believe in taking along all the conveniences, if not comforts that may be needful to a thorough enjoyment of the trip, and if the women folks are going, it is well enough to bear in mind that they are not quite as tough as "us fellers" and will want little knick knacks and creature comforts that we would never think of or hanker after. A "Nessmukian" outfit is well enough for an old camper who has meandered in the woods for years and knows the ways of the silent forests and how to make the most of their bounties, but with it one inexperienced in the mysteries of woodcraft would come soon to grief. I don't believe in littering up a camp with useless trifles, but I do believe in having needful and handy things to do your work with, and if any credulous tenderfoot thinks he can do it with a "double-geared hatchet," a jack knife and a hip pocket loaded with navy plug, let him try it and be undeceived.

All this may be taken by the reader as a good word for the girls, and a general defense of and a leaning to camp comforts, and not as a cast at brother "Nessmuk," for no one holds him in higher regard nor bows in profounder respect to the glorious old woodsman and his knowledge of woodcraft than I do, albeit I have a notion that he is a trifle like his ten-pound canoe, "a leetle mite cranky," only and solely, however, in the matter of "lightness of equipment." These few remarks, condensed into a sentence of advice, might read. When you go a-fishing take all the conveniences and comforts you can get there with, and if you can get there with only a few, or none, go a-fishing anyhow.

The morning of July 30 finally crept around, and Kit and I were off by ourselves, Muller being detained by some office work until two days later. At Hamilton, O., we were joined by Jim and his wife and sister-in-law, and as soon as the girls were introduced and had fairly settled into the inevitable "chattering match," Jim and I hunted a quiet seat and discussed Carp Lake and swapped fish lies till the agreeable pastime was cut short by a change of cars at Richmond, Ind., to the G. R. and I. R. R.

At Fort Wayne, where old Dan, Ben, and his niece Miss Cora R—w, were to join us, Jim and I got out, prepared, however, for any kind of joke old Ben might attempt on us—like the one he played on the writer the year before—but Ben had somehow forgotten to concoct any new scheme with which to astonish "old Hickory," and we were at once in the midst of a vigorous hand shake in which I am sure each one's heart reached out further than the finger ends.

In the smoker the talk drifted back to old camps on stream and lake, bringing up many a pleasant memory that had been sleeping for years; camps on the Wabash, the Tippecanoe and the Kankakee; Black Lake was again visited in fancy, and the later camp on Cental Lake the same year was told about and Dan was easily cajoled into telling Jim about Old Ben's great fight with a 23-pound maskalonge, his first one while in that camp, and about the many quaint and side-splitting remarks Ben made to that fish while the never-to-be-forgotten struggle was going on; how Ben swore that "the fish jumped out o' the water twenty-seven foot high seventeen different times, an' the last time he went straight fur the bottom an' I thought he'd never stop till he got plumb through into Chiny," and how when Ben got home and went up the streets of Decatur with the skin of the old warrior hanging over his shoulder, one of his friends saluted him with, "Hello, Ben, where'd ye ketch that gar?" and how Ben withered him with, "That's a muskalunge, you sweet-scented idiot; any fool kin ketch bass an' pickerel, an' suckers an' gars, but it takes science an' a scientifick fisherman to ketch a muskalunge, an' don't you forgit it." And then to keep his end up, Ben told how "Old Hickory" lost the "helrackinest big bass in Michigan, up around the pint above Johnson's, on one o' them cussed no 'count barbless hooks, made out o' pianer wire, a straightenin' out on him. When that bass"—after a few vigorous whiffs at the briar root—"broke loose an' made a bee line for the bulrushes, the line flew back over our heads an' Hickory thought it had broke; but when he reeled up an' looked at that pianer wire hook with the pint turned an' about the shape of a new moon, he jest wilted down on to the seat o' the boat an' made a few remarks that wouldn't hev oncouraged the feller that made that hook to persevere in their manufacture. I'm always willin' to chip in and help a feller out when he gits stuck for a good word in a pinch like that was, but on that special occasion my services was not needed. Hickory jest scooped my vocabulary clean an' left me a settin' there a blinkin' through the smoke." And then Jim and Dan and I laughed till we disturbed everybody in the car, while Ben fired his briar-root for the ninth or tenth time and smoked in solemn silence.

Carp Lake was again discussed, and I had to tell all over how the calamities were shipped, the cook secured, boats engaged, how a request had been made to have the "menagerie box" filled with frogs, etc., and we wondered what kind of a camp young Mossman had selected and what kind of trout fishing we would find, and planned out the general outlines of the lake as we imagined they ought to look from a careful study of the map and what we had been told of its features by brother Foulds. Did you ever go to a new lake or stream, or brook without first having fixed in your mind just how it would look or ought to look, and did you ever find it very much resembled the mental picture you had made of it? The general outlines may have been correctly traced, but when you come to face the reality there is usually something lacking. The little bay nestling behind the headland, the noisy stream tumbling into the lake there where the water is carpeted with broad lily leaves, the bold ledge of rocks overhanging the stream just below the riffle where the deep water promises good work for your rod, and the deep pool at the sharp angle of the brook where the "big trout" lurks under a labyrinth of gnarled roots in serene security—all these that you have spent days in painting with colors of green and russet and autumn brown, have flitted away into the shadows of your picture to be seen no more. The real picture often exceeds in rugged beauty or quiet loveliness the sketch penciled in the mind, but 'tis a pleasant pastime to the lover of the woods to weave these fancies into unreal pictures and set them in unreal frames of evergreen forests and gray rocks, and soft, mossy banks. It is a part, and a most pleasant part of the contemplative man's recreation.

The talk took a turn to wind up by old Dan knocking the ashes from his pipe by tapping it on the open window sill, and remarking in his quiet way, "Well, Hickory, here have we two old pelicans been fishing and camping together for twenty odd years in all weathers, and the love of it has not died out in us yet. It seems to me the trip that is coming is always to be the best, and we talk it over with more eagerness and expect more days of pure delight to fall to us than on any other one in the past. Truly, the heart of the angler never grows old, and a love of the woods is a prolonger of life and makes us all boys again."

"Correct, Danny, chimed old Ben, "goin' a-fishin' makes a feller feel young again; bedurned ef I don't feel friskier 'n a yaller pup this afternoon, an' ef I was a equine quadruped of the hoss kind I'd jest give my heels a flirt an' squeal an' whinner like a yearlin' colt."

"Hooray for Carp Lake an' goin' a-fishin'; but let's go back an' see what the gals 's doin; 'xpect their jaws have all run down an' they 're jest a settin' there makin' signs an' motions."

Bob and Kit had never been over the road before and they were delighted with everything they saw, an especial exhibition of ecstacy breaking out when they got a sight of the lake at Rome City, Ind.

Jim's wife and her sister had spent a part of several seasons with friends in Northern Michigan, and could afford to put on the airs of old travelers, and it was amusing to note how wise and motherly Mrs. Jim looked when pointing out some fresh attraction along the road to the two younger girls, whose interest in the changing landscape never flagged till darkness shut out the view.

At Grand Rapids we were to see "old Bill Hess" and little Charley Pike, who had written that they would be at the depot on our arrival to have an old time shake and swap a few fish lies during the hour or more our train would wait for a connection. To pass through Grand Rapids without seeing old Bill would seem like something was out of gear with the trip, and it was a genuine pleasure to find him waiting for us, with his broad face beaming all over with smiles and ready with a hearty greeting for the Kingfishers. The pleasure of the meeting was, however, marred by the absence of little Pike, who was confined at home by sickness, but we sent our sympathies by old Bill, which, we trust, proved a help to his speedy recovery.

Great big-hearted, fun-loving old Bill Hess and quiet little Charley Pike! I can never grow tired of writing something good of you, and may the friendships formed at the mouth of Sweeney's Creek with the "Kingfishers" be more firmly cemented each year till we are called to make our final camp in the happy hunting grounds.

We left him, with a promise given that he and brother Lockwood, general passenger agent of the road (Lockwood is an ardent angler, hence the "brother") would look in on us at camp some time during our stay in the woods if they could manage to slip off for a few days, and he went off into the darkness with the good wishes of our entire party to lighten his old heart.

After we had transferred at Walton Junction about daylight in the morning, I went back to the sleeper to get Bob and Kit out to see the new country and get a smell of the pines and the hemlocks and the balsams. KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEST VIRGINIA BASS FISHING.

SHOULD any of your readers desire a charming spot to pass away a vacation this summer, I would advise them to go up in West Virginia to a place called Hanging Rock, between Green Spring Run and Romney, on a branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This place is on the south branch of the Potomac River, about fourteen miles from Cumberland and three from Romney.

A few summers ago I went there and was amply repaid, for the stream teemed with fish and gave me all the sport I wanted. A more convenient place for a fisherman could hardly be found. The stage landed me in front of the farm house where I had engaged to board, and I had only to pick out my baggage and go into the house, where I was given as nice quarters as any one could wish. The house was quite a large brick one, with large rooms and a delightful shady lawn in front, making it cool all day long. At the end of the lawn was the Potomac River, where, in a boat owned by the proprietor of the house for the convenience of his guests, you could roam up and down the river and get as good bass fishing as any one could wish. The bass range here up to three and four pounds, and can be caught with bait or fly. At times the fish would jump up all around me and I could not catch one, and again I would be quite successful. I fished with bait altogether, as I am not an expert with the fly, but should think this would be the place for fly-fishermen, as the bass are jumping out of the water all the time, and the wading is so good that you can go out to the middle of the river and have a splendid swing for your line without getting it entangled with branches or snags, etc. The stream

is easily waded and you can go down to the main Potomac, some twelve miles, and have good fishing.

I have been in the Adirondacks, at Lake George and other places, and have never struck such a place for fishing as this. I boarded with Mr. John T. Vance, who gave me a room fit for a prince to sleep in, and Mrs. Vance makes the grandest wheat bread I ever eat. The bass I caught the day before were served up in first-rate style at the next morning's breakfast. Since I was there the Baltimore & Ohio has built their road from Green Spring to Romney, which lands passengers just in front of the door of the house where I stayed. One can leave Baltimore in the morning and get to their house in time for supper. While this is a quiet place, yet there are visitors calling and staying over almost every night, for Mrs. Vance has a large circle of acquaintance, and she keeps up the old style of Virginia hospitality. For those who want to drink, carouse and carry on in high style, this is not the place, as nothing of that kind is tolerated there. Churches, stores and other conveniences are found at Romney. There is also a good supply of minnows, grasshoppers, toads, helgramites, etc. JOHN GEORGE.

No 87 WEST LOMBARD ST., Baltimore, Md.

MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK WATERS.

MANY lovers of fishing are doubtless already trying to decide upon a place where they may cast the fly for a few weeks of summer vacation. Remembering the time when I should have been very glad of some definite and reliable information to help one in selecting a place where I could spend to the best advantage my short vacation, I am minded to give something of this kind from my own experience. Of course, there is no lack of suggestions in the so-called guide books, but many of these will be found, on trial, simply "a snare and a delusion." But I know whereof I affirm, and I herewith give a list of a few good streams and lakes in Northern Maine and New Brunswick, which I have visited, some of them several times, with brief descriptions of them, and plain directions for reaching them.

First is the chain of lakes known as the Fish River Lakes. The best way to reach them is to go first to Portage Lake. To do this take the cars at Bangor for Presque Isle, and thence by stage to Ashland, twenty-three miles, thence by private conveyance to Portage Lake, ten miles. There is a good road all the way. No difficulty will be found in procuring boats and guides at the lake, but if one wishes to write and secure these beforehand, the postmaster at Ashland, Mr. Mooers, or Mr. Jarvis Hayward, of same place, would undoubtedly attend to it. Arrived at Portage Lake, one could fish this first or cross it and proceed directly to Big Square Lake. This is the first in the chain, but cannot be reached except by way of Portage Lake, the second in the chain. The thoroughfare between the two is about eighteen miles long. Big Square Lake is as pretty a spot as one could wish to see, and as it is off the common route of fishermen is a grand place for sport. I have visited it twice and found abundance of fish. There is also a fair chance to find game. The trout are many of them large, and the fishing places easy to find. There are two streams that run into the lake, and the trout lie at the mouths of these in such numbers that the fisherman, though a novice, can soon catch all he wants. From this lake one has the current in his favor through all the thoroughfares between the rest of the lakes. Portage Lake, to which we must now return, has many good fishing places, but as it is more frequented than Big Square Lake, one is not so sure of finding plenty of fish. All through the other lakes will be found good fishing and fine scenery. I need not try to point out the different fishing spots, for the guides well know them, and also if the fisherman has had experience he can judge for himself where are the likely spots for trout. This chain of lakes extends about eighty miles, and you pass out by Fish River, which runs into the St. John river at Fort Kent. Twelve miles down the St. John brings you to Edmonston (or Little Falls), where one can take the cars for Bangor.

If the tourist wishes to avoid the ride from Presque Isle to Portage Lake, he can reach these lakes in another way, and go through them in the opposite direction from that already mentioned, and then come back again to the starting place. To do this it would be necessary to take the cars at Bangor to Edmonston and thence by boat twelve miles to Dickeyville. From here four miles will bring him to one of the lakes where a boat and guide can be procured. A few miles below Edmonston Green River empties into the St. John. This river is full of trout. They are not very large, but the quantity makes up for the size.

Another good trip is to go to the headwaters of the Restigouche River and fish it down. To do this one would need to take the cars at Bangor for Andover, N. B., where canoes and Indian guides can readily be obtained for about $1.50 per day. From Andover go up the St. John to the mouth of the Grand River. Before reaching this you pass Grand Falls. These falls and the scenery around are indeed grand beyond description, and the tourist may well reckon on spending a day at least to wander amid such wonderful displays of nature's work.

Arrived at Grand River (which is about fifteen miles above Grand Falls) you go up that about eighteen miles and reach a "waugan" or small stream, which soon brings you to the "carry," which is about three miles and not very difficult. Then down another "waugan" of about eight miles, and your canoe emerges from the damp overhanging bushes of the waugan into the magnificent Restigouche. Here at the headwaters are plenty of good-sized trout, and after passing down the river some twenty miles, salmon fishing will be found. These salmon pools are all owned by the proprietors of the river shore, and the owners have the exclusive right to catch salmon. But the trout are free, and also no one objects to the tourist casting a fly for salmon in the passage down the river. It is a large and beautiful river, with no difficult rapids, and will well repay the sportsman for a visit. There are several smaller rivers flowing into it, all of which have good trout and salmon fishing, notably the Upsalquitch and the Metapedia. I have been on all these rivers more than once, and speak from experience. At Metapedia, a village at the mouth of the river of that name, is a good hotel. Mr. Frazer, the landlord, is a most obliging person, and will make one's stay with him very pleasant. At this point the cars can be taken for the return home via St. John.

But if the tourist does not care to take the Restigouche from its headwaters as first described, he can go directly to Metapedia, which is a station on the Intercolonial Railroad, and distant about ten hours' travel from St. John city. Plenty of boats and reliable guides can readily be obtained, and also Mr. Frazer can supply permits for salmon fishing, as he has the control of some pools. Making your headquarters at the hotel, you could go up the Upsalquitch or Metapedia, or some of the other smaller streams and stay as long as desired, and return and try another. The railroad runs close to the Metapedia River its whole length, and the fisherman can have his boat put on the train at Metapedia Station and carried free of charge as far up that river as he likes to go, paying fare only for himself and guide. Then he puts his boat in and floats down at his leisure toward the hotel. My boat was taken up to the headwaters, over fifty miles, without charge, and this is the rule on the road.

The Tobique River flows into the St. John at Andover. Take cars at Bangor for Andover and there procure canoes and Indians. If one wishes to secure these beforehand, write to Mr. Allen Perley, the landlord of the hotel at Andover, who will attend to the matter promptly. The Tobique is not large, but it is a charming river. The water is as clear as crystal, and the scenery in many places exceedingly wild and grand. There are two rapids where the river dashes through high walls of rock in a way to make one dizzy to look at.

The tourist will probably prefer to walk around these, but the distance is not great. The Tobique Indians are good guides and perfectly familiar with all the fishing places on the river. It is fairly well settled for about thirty miles from the mouth, but for the remaining thirty miles to the forks the settlers are few. Many small streams flow into it, and good trout fishing is found at the mouths of these. There are also plenty of salmon in the river, but it has never been fished with the fly especially for salmon, and the "pools" are, therefore, not known. I have been up this river several times and hardly ever failed of taking one or more salmon by chance when trolling or casting for trout. The Indians spear large numbers of them.

At the forks, sixty miles from the mouth, the river branches into three streams, called the N. and S. branches and the Mamezekel. The latter is very small. About twenty miles up the N. branch is the "salmon hole," the headwaters for the salmon. The Indians often visit this place to spear. Bears are quite plenty on these branches. About twenty-seven miles from the forks up the S. branch we reach the Tobique Lake. It is quite small but is a perfect gem. High hills, densely wooded, slope regularly down to the shore on every side, and the little lakelet protected by this sheltering wall is always smooth and placid. The water is very deep and clear. In the middle is a tiny, rocky island about twenty-five or thirty feet long, where the voyager can camp and enjoy a brief paradise, free from flies and mosquitoes. It is impossible to imagine a more lovely spot than this little lake in the far backwoods. There is good fishing all along the S. branch of the Tobique, but only one fishing place in the lake itself.

Then if one wishes he can keep on from here and go into the Nipissiquit Lake, by a "carry" of about two miles. Nipissiquit Lake, the headwaters of the river of that name, is not so beautiful as Tobique Lake, but the fishing here is something marvelous. I have stood on the shore and in a short time caught so many trout that I was ashamed to take any more, as it seemed like wanton slaughter. Every time I would cast the fly the water near where it struck would be alive with trout jumping for it. If by accident I dropped the fly close to the bank right at my feet, some daring fellow would seize it. From this lake you pass into the Nipissiquit River, a very rough, rocky stream, but with good scenery and plenty of trout, some of them very large.

A journey of about eighty miles down the river brings you to Grand Falls, where the river plunges down in clouds of spray over a high and abrupt precipice. These "Grand Falls" have neither the height nor the volume of water of the Grand Falls of the St. John River, but still the view of them and of the wild and picturesque scenery around, is enough of itself to repay one for the journey. Below the Grand Falls salmon are plenty. It is about twenty miles from the falls to Bathurst, at the mouth of the river, and a rougher twenty miles of navigable river it would be hard to find on the face of the earth. But with a staunch canoe and a trusty Indian it is the most exhilarating sport to shoot these frequent rapids, and one soon becomes accustomed to them and enjoys them. At Bathurst the cars of the Intercolonial Railroad can be taken for home via St. John. The head waters of the Upsalquitch (to which I have alluded before) can be reached from the Nipissiquit. The "carry" between the two rivers is about three miles long, and is situated about fifteen miles below Nipissiquit Lake. The Upsalquitch is about fifty miles long, and is a fine river for trout and salmon. I found this carry rather difficult, and also we were obliged to "shoe" the canoe for part of the headwaters of the Upsalquitch.

I once took a trip from Andover up the Tobique River to the forks and return, with four ladies and two boys in the party of eleven. After going up the river by the road about twenty miles we chartered a flatboat, which, towed by a span of horses, took us to the forks very comfortably in about five days, fishing as we went along. At meal-time we would land and cook our gipsey meal on the shore and camp for the night on the banks. The ladies enjoyed it very much, and the boys were wild with delight all the trip. We were absent from Andover ten days and came back a healthier, if a blacker, crew than we started. A party of Philadelphians, with ladies, passed us on their way through to the Nipissiquit River. Indeed, it is not at all unusual for ladies to take this trip.

The Miramichi River has two main branches, the northwest and the southwest. Of the former I cannot speak from personal observation, but it is said to be a good river for salmon. It can be reached by a long, hard carry of twelve miles from the north branch of the Tobique River, or by the way of Fredericton and stage to Boiestown. The southwest branch is the best river for salmon that I was ever on. The pools are numerous and very accessible. The trout fishing is also good. This branch can be reached in two ways. One is to take the cars at Bangor for Fredericton, and thence by stage or private conveyance forty miles to a settlement on the Miramichi, about four miles above Boiestown, where Mr. Wm. Wilson lives. Here are quite a number of settlers, and boats and guides can readily be procured to go up the river. Like all the New Brunswick rivers, the salmon pools here are controlled by the owners of the shore. But the voyager passing up or down the river is not molested if he does not interfere with those who may be on the spot.

The other way to reach this river, and in some respects the better way is to go to the headwaters and so on down the river. To do this it would be necessary to engage boats and guides to meet you at a place called the Forks, about forty miles above Wilson's. This can be done by corresponding with Mr. Wilson. His address is Mr. Wm. Wilson, McDonald's Way Office, Miramichi River, above Bolestown, Bloomfield, N. B. Write some time ahead, as postal communication in New Brunswick is not so rapid or sure as in the States. Mr. W. is a very reliable person, and one can be sure of honest and prompt dealing in all negotiations with him. It would of course be necessary to state the date for the guides to be at the forks. Then two days before that date, take the cars at Bangor for Woodstock, N. B. Here ascertain the name of the station on the N. B. R. R. where you are to get off to cross over to the Miramichi. I do not remember the name, but it is some twenty miles above Woodstock, and the conductor on the train will know which it is. The railroad was not built when I made this trip. At this place you can procure a team to take you across to the forks of the Miramichi, twenty-four miles, to meet your guides. From the forks good fishing will be found all the way down to Wilson's, forty miles. Here you can take a team for Fredericton or go on four miles further down river to Boiestown and take the stage.

There are many other lakes and streams in this part of the country where good fishing can be had. One who has never visited this region will be surprised and delighted at the beauty of the scenery in many places, and also abundantly rewarded for his labor in the pleasant work of casting the fly over these streams and lakes. Of course black flies and mosquitoes abound; but with proper precautions in the way of fly poison and a well-arranged sleeping outfit, one need not suffer any great discomfort. For the benefit of whom it may concern I will give the recipe for a mixture that I can strongly recommend:

Oil tar	½ ounce.
Oil clove	1½ drachms.
Oil pennyroyal	½ ounce.
Spirits camphor	1½ ounces.
Ammonia water	2 drachms.
Olive oil to make	8 ounces.
Add castor oil	1 ounce.

Mix well.

Use this freely on face and hands and the black flies will not touch you. It is the best fly poison I ever used, and is not disagreeable.

For the benefit of campers out I will also give directions to make a sleeping outfit, which will save all annoyance from mosquitoes by night. Take some cheap blankets and cut out five pieces each 6 feet long, 3½ feet wide at one end and 2½ at the other; also another piece, same width, but 2 feet longer, for bottom. Sew up the sides and narrow end of these pieces, leaving the 3½ feet end open, making a bag, into which one may crawl feet first, under one, two or more thicknesses of blanket, according to weather, and sometimes in this region one is glad of the whole of them. Sew on over these blankets a piece of thin cotton cloth of following dimensions: 8 feet wide at one end and 2½ feet at the other, and 7 feet long. Sew the narrow end to the narrow end of the blankets, and the sides to the sides of the blankets, leaving the 8-foot end slack to be hauled up to the top of the tent, making an ∧ shaped covering when the bed is arranged. Have a good-sized piece of mosquito netting sewn on the wide end of the cotton covering, loose enough so that the sleeper can easily crawl under it, and long enough to be tucked under the pillow (and by the way, always take the pillow; it pays). With such an arrangement for sleeping one can rest comfortably, safe from the attacks of the buzzing mosquitoes. It is easily arranged, perfectly convenient, gives plenty of air, and every ounce of weight is utilized.

LEWISTON, Me. WM. H. WASHBURN.

WAX AND VARNISH RECIPES.

THE beeswax, resin and lard recipe for wax is a very good one, but I find it is much better to increase the amount of beeswax and all but omit the lard, putting in a very minute quantity. The grease is objectionable in all waxes, especially when one is fly-tying, as it is detrimental to the finer shades of silk. When the color of the silk is of no importance, there is scarcely any wax superior for rough work to the ordinary shoemaker's kind, which, in order to allow of its perfectly penetrating the silk, should be dissolved in methylated spirit till of the consistency of gruel. The binding silk should be placed bodily in this solution and the superfluous liquid removed between the finger and thumb. The spirit of course evaporates, leaving the wax hard and the silk perfectly waterproof. As to varnish, there is nothing, even for dark woods, which is superior to shellac and spirit, to which a little gum benzoin is added. The shellac and spirit should be put in a warm place and shaken occasionally till the latter will take up no more; then the benzoin pulverized is added, and after it is dissolved and the solution has stood twelve hours or so, the clear should be decanted for use. In applying this to rods a brush should not be used—a pad of cotton in a piece of old linen is the best means of application, and a half a dozen coats will not be too many if a beautiful polish is desired. Another very good varnish for light woods, termed in England the "Crystal" varnish, is thus made: Equal parts of Canada balsam and spirits of turpentine; warm the balsam till quite fluid and then add the turpentine. Shake the mixture well and place it in a warm situation. It is ready for use next. Here is another better than the last, if possible. Reduce gum copal to powder, and mix with it equal parts of oil rosemary till the two form a jelly, then add absolute alcohol gradually, shaking the mixture. A water bath greatly assists. A capital waterproof varnish for fly-tying is made by dissolving pure gutta percha in chloroform. The rubber must be finely divided. Don't get this too near the nose for any length of time or you will find yourself getting sleepy.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to again see an article on "The most killing fly" and from the pen of one who has kept such close record, and evidently "speaks whereof he knows." I have had three very pleasant years acquaintance with *Salmo virginalis*, fishing almost daily during the entire open season and over a stretch of country extending from the far end of Gunnison county, Colo., to the borders of old Mexico, and it is a pleasure to be able to agree almost *in toto* with "Cyrtonyx."

I have kept no record save in my mind, but think on the whole if I had to take my choice between the black prince and coachman, I would cling to the prince, and more especially for Colorado waters. I have had exactly his experience with most of the popular Eastern flies. I don't think I ever caught a mountain trout on a red or split ibis, though I have often tried them for experiment. One fly that I have found very good, especially in ponds and lakes, is the silver doctor tied on a rather large hook. If you have not tried the doctor, try it, "Cyrtonyx," and you will find him "bad medicine." I have my fly-books by me while writing, and have been vainly searching for a fly that gave me great sport one afternoon late last season, but I can't find it, and

presume it must have gone as food for other trout when that Osgood patent folding boat quietly folded and left me standing in five feet of ice cold lake water. The afternoon I speak of the trout seemed to be off their feed, and it was hard work to get a rise of any kind, even with the most favorite and alluring flies. At last in sheer despair I sat down to look for the most unlikely outlandish fly in my books. I ran across this one, simply a black and white feather tied to rather a large hook, no body, simply a black feather on one side and white on the other. Well, I put it on, more I think with the idea of scaring the fish to death, than of catching them. I cast out my "forlorn hope," let it sink somewhat and was drawing it in, when it suddenly stopped. I thought I had a snag or black bass, but quickly found out it was a lively old trout and proved after a game fight to be one of the largest I ever caught. Nor was he the only one who seemed to have an attachment for "forlorn hope" (such I named the fly) as I had splendid sport till dark, and with two other flies on my leader, generally favorites, did not take a fish. Now, why was it? Black prince, coachman and in fact nearly every fly in my books were tried in vain, till in anger I picked out "forlorn hope." Surely trout and women are "queer creeturs."

The hackle that "Cyrtonyx" speaks of from the hairs of a deer's tail is also a favorite of mine, that is in fishing for *Micropterus salmoides*. I found it a very taking lure in Florida fishing, killing more than the red or split ibis.

Let us have more talk on flies, and do some enterprising brother angler agitate the idea of having a standard for flies, so that the angler far away from large towns and cities can send an order and receive something that has a slight resemblance to what he desires. SPORT.

CHICAGO, May 12.

THE FISH LAW FOR LAKE GEORGE.—In our last issue we mentioned the fact that a singular law had been passed which, while professing to merely protect bullheads, practically forbids all fishing in the lake until July 1. On this subject the Glens Falls *Republican* says: The publication in last week's *Republican* of the new law relative to fishing in Lake George has caused considerable commotion among anglers, and not a little conflict of opinion as to its interpretation. The clause creating most discussion is that which says: "Nor shall any person expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, any bullheads or other fish caught or killed in the waters of Lake George, or in the waters of the inlets or creeks emptying into the same, between the first day of April and the first day of July, in any year." It is thought that portions of this clause were inadvertently or surreptitiously inserted, as there was no call for such a sweeping prohibition. We are quite certain that the words "or other fish" were not in the bill while it was before the Assembly, and that it was not the intention of those having charge of it that they should be there. Bills have been wrongfully altered by designing persons during their progress toward final passage, and it looks as if this measure was "doctored" after it left the House, and that it slipped through the Senate in that condition. According to a law on the statute books the open season for catching salmon trout in Lake George begins May 1. Another law provides that brook trout may be taken in any of the public waters of the State from May 1 until September 1 of each year. Does the bill just passed annul the provisions of these statutes? The law itself admits that the words "or other" does not include all other fish, for it makes it unlawful to catch or kill or have possession of pickerel caught in Lake George from Feb. 15 to June 15 only; so that after June 15 the law would give the right to fish for pickerel, showing that the intention was not to include all fish in Lake George by the words "or other fish." The word trout is not used in this section of the law, neither is trout mentioned in Section 21 of the original law of 1879, which this new law seeks to amend. The original section is entitled "Bass," and only speaks of them and muscalonge, and the section as amended by this new law mentions bass, muscalonge, pickerel and bullheads only. Can it be said that these general words used in this law can be intended to prevent fishing for all kinds of fish within the time stated, when Section 20 of the Laws of 1879 regulates the closed season as to lake trout, and the law does not assume to change or amend that section? Neither does it assume to amend Section 19 of that act in regard to brook trout. It is a well-known rule and maxim of law that a penalty cannot be created by the use of such general words "or other fish" as used in this law. This is well illustrated by a case cited by Blackstone in his Commentaries, Vol. I., page 88: "By the statute 14 Geo. II., c. 6, stealing sheep or other cattle was made felony without benefit of clergy. But these general words 'or other cattle' being looked upon as much too loose to create a capital offense, the act was held to extend to nothing but mere sheep." Some people may ask why the bullhead and no other fish is mentioned in that clause of the law, and certainly it would be hard to answer the question. Many things are shrouded in mystery and past finding out, and especially the meaning of some laws passed by the average Legislature, but judging only from this act itself, and the incongruous mass contained in it, we should say at once that the framer of it was egotistic; that his main point in framing the law was principally for his own protection, and generally for all other fish.

THANKS FOR ANGLER'S LORE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My hearty thanks are due to "Von W." and "A. N. C.," who so kindly answered my queries about attaching flies with small loops as droppers. "Von W." describes a mode and says: "It is a very simple operation, and I wonder he has not seen it himself" I have seen it, and I also saw something else, namely, that while this mode will do very well for bass, it would not do at all for trout, because these additional loops increase the quantity of gut, thus rendering the delusion which we offer to the trout about as apparent to him as to the angler, if not more so. Hence I ruled out this method for trout. I had also seen for myself a mode somewhat similar to that described by "A. N. C.," but his is better, and the better way was that for which I was searching. To both gentlemen, but particularly to Mr. Cheney, I send thanks.—M.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.—Jamestown, N. Y., June 1.—The legal fishing season on Chautauqua Lake opened to-day and big catches are reported on all sides. One sportsman landed a 30-pound muskallonge, and others filled their baskets with from half a dozen to twenty yellow bass. Large parties of anglers are coming here this month from neighboring cities, attracted by the excellence of the sport. The fish laws have been enforced for two years, and in consequence the waters of the lake teem with pickerel and black and yellow bass.

A NEW ANGLING CLUB.—A club has been formed to buy a tract of land in the Southwestern Adirondacks, some six miles long by five wide, including Wilmurt, Pine, Big Rock and smaller lakes, and some miles of West Canada Creek. It will take the entire real and personal property of Hon. O. B. Matteson, in Hamilton county, N. Y., his Mountain Home, lodge, ice houses, stables, horses, carriages, bedding and household furniture. The capital stock will be $60,000, and the membership will be limited to twenty. The incorporators are: Hon. Warner Miller, Hon. Wm. B. Evarts, Gen. R. U. Sherman, Fred Mather and Charles A. Dana. On Monday night last the above gentlemen with some of their families left on a special car for the Mountain Home, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Blackford, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hewlett, Judge Carter, Nathaniel Wilson, Capt. William Dunning, Amos Cummings and several others, to inspect the property.

WHAT BAIT?—Pittsfield, Mass., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a large trout brook within a few miles of our home running partly between two mountains. As the water tumbles down the mountain several large basins or pools are formed. I know for a certainty in these basins are very large trout, one to two and a half pounds and over. Will some reader tell us through FOREST AND STREAM what these fellows will accept on a hook? Very seldom will they rise to a fly. Worms they will not notice. One was shot yesterday by a youngster, weight one pound six ounces. There is no guess with me about it. There are plenty there and fine ones, but they won't bite. If any one can help me get on to them, I will promise him a good string (delivered express paid).—SQUATTER.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—Montreal, May 26.—Fishing season opened poorly, very small catches being made all round. Queen's Birthday being a holiday here, thousands of lovers of the art indulged in an outing, and that was about all. No fish. Reasons probably are late season and high water. Netters are reaping a harvest. If we hope to preserve our fish we must follow in the wake of Vermont and extend our close season to June 15 instead of May 15. Some large maskinonge were brought in, but the writer surmises they were taken in a gillnet. A forty-two-pounder seen at Lachine looked as if he had been in a fight with a net; but I suppose we must believe he was caught in a sportsman-like manner.—LACHINE.

FLIES FOR STRIPED BASS.—Baltimore, Md., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of 14th inst. I notice that "Homo," in speaking of putting rockfish in the Schuylkill, says rock will readily take the fly. I have been trying to find out the kind of fly for rock for some time, without success, as they (the rock) will take the fly in the Upper Patapsco, and I have delayed going as I could not get the right fly. Have been told that one with purple in it is good. Please advise me the colors, or if that is not possible, where to get them.—ROCK. [Red and yellow are good colors.]

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—May 30.—Some of our bass fishermen, unable to wait until the law is out, have already wet their lines, and the streams being in the best of condition, not a few fish were taken last week. At Shawmont, on the Schuylkill, one angler basketed four three pounders, and at Perkiomen I hear more have been taken. The Shawmont bass were caught with minnow bait, and those at Perkiomen with fly. Rockfish angling still attracts many on the Delaware. At any of the wharves up the river good-sized fish can be taken with either shad or sturgeon roe.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

HIBERNATION OF THE BLACK BASS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

THAT both species of black bass (*Micropterus*) hibernate, in the northerly part of the country, is a fact too well known to admit of a doubt. But, notwithstanding the evidence heretofore adduced in support of this fact, the occasional catching of a black bass during the winter season, in the North and West, is sometimes heralded by correspondents of the angling papers as a proof that former observers have been mistaken, and that these fishes, or at least the large-mouthed species, do not hibernate. Perhaps the term hibernation is not well understood by these writers, which may account for their hasty and erroneous conclusions.

Hibernation does not necessarily imply, as supposed by some, a state of complete torpidity or profound sleep during the entire winter. To hibernate, according to Webster, is "To pass the season of winter in close quarters, or in seclusion," and that this is just what the black bass of both species do, in northern and western waters, every one who has given the subject any intelligent investigation is prepared to admit.

Hibernation of animals is influenced, doubtless, by conditions of temperature and food supply, and the duration, extent or degree of this period of repose or seclusion is augmented or diminished by the particular state of these conditions. In the opinion of the writer, hibernation of animals is influenced as much (if not more) by the supply of food as by the state of the temperature. This is proven by the fact that while the black bass hibernates, other fishes in the same waters are active during the entire winter; and this fact may be accounted for by a lack of the principal food of the hibernating species, and an abundance of the particular food of the non-hibernating species, for it is not likely that the temperature, *per se*, would affect one species more than another. To illustrate: The principal food of young black bass (say from six months to a year old) consists of insects, and of adult bass, of crawfish and other crustacea, and both of these classes of food are very scarce during the winter months in the North and West. On the other hand, pike, pickerel, pike-perch and other exclusively piscivorous fishes find an abundance of certain species, as minnows, yellow perch, etc.

To be sure the black bass feeds on minnows and yellow perch occasionally, but not to any great extent, nor for choice; its weak, brush-like teeth are not so well adapted for a fish diet as the canine-teethed fishes above mentioned. And this is one of the strongest arguments in support of the fact of their hibernation, for were the black bass as piscivorous as many would have us believe, there would be no necessity for their winter seclusions on account of a lack of this kind of food. Of the two species of black bass the large-mouthed bass feeds more upon minnows than the small-mouthed bass, and hence is taken oftener during the winter. In the extreme Southern States the supply of crawfish and insects is constant, consequently the black bass does not hibernate in that region. Among the hibernating mammals the black bear, in the extreme South does not undergo the winter sleep of his Northern brethern because he finds his food abundant at that season. And even in the North, during mild winters when food can be procured, the black bear has been known to depart from his usual habit, and has been killed when roaming abroad, when he should have been asleep in his winter den; but such rare exceptions merely prove the rule, and do not disprove the fact that the black bear is a hibernating animal.

In Europe the German carp are typical hibernating fishes, burying themselves in the mud at the beginning of winter, their heads together in circles and their tails out, which are kept in motion more or less constantly. But American fish-culturists state that while the imported carp hibernate profoundly; their descendants, on the contrary, are more active during the winter, and the disposition to hibernate grows less with succeeding generations. This I believe to be more on account of an abundant supply of food than upon the temperature, for most carp culturists are liberal feeders from the fact that carp will grow more rapidly than other fishes if well fed.

German authorities are of the opinion that the carp takes no food during the period of its hibernation (from four to six months), though it has been proved that it does not diminish in weight during this entire time. I do not believe it possible for an animal to abstain entirely from food and maintain a uniform weight for a period of several months, even though it sleep never so profoundly. (The black bear goes into winter quarters excessively fat, but comes out in the spring weak and emaciated.) I am of the opinion that the German carp derives its nourishment during hibernation from the mud in which it is buried, for it is well known that all of the *Cyprinidæ*. *Catostomidæ*, etc., feed more or less upon the mud of the bottom, or at least upon minute organisms contained therein. This view seems plausible in connection with the fact that in Europe, carp kept in tanks for sale during winter rapidly lose in weight unless fed generously. In American waters, though frozen over during the entire winter, there are always some forms of vegetation, larvæ and animalculæ, to be had by herbivorous and bottom-feeding fishes, as carp, minnows, suckers, sturgeon, etc., consequently these fishes are more or less active during the coldest weather, and some of them in turn furnish food for the piscivorous tribes during the same season.

The writer has elsewhere stated: "During a residence of ten years in Wisconsin, where fishing through the ice is constantly practiced during the winter, and where tons of pickerel, pike-perch and yellow perch were so taken in a single season, I never knew of a single black bass being so taken except very late in the winter or in early spring, say in March, just before the breaking up of the ice; and even those instances were of rare occurrence, and happened only during unusually mild weather; and these same waters, be it remembered, afforded the finest black bass fishing during the summer and fall."

The above applies to the usual fishing grounds of the lakes and streams of Wisconsin with the water of moderate depth, from four to twelve feet, which are frequented by the black bass, large-mouth and small-mouth, in common with the non-hibernating species in spring, summer and fall, but only by the latter in winter, the bass retiring to greater depths at the beginning of winter and remaining until spring, and where they can be taken by the initiated with the right kind of bait; but as I deem such information of no special advantage, except to the poacher and lawbreaker, I think it best and proper, for obvious reasons, to withhold it. From personal observation I am pretty familiar with the habits of both species of black bass at all seasons of the year, in all of the States east of the Mississippi (except the New England States, New Jersey and Delaware), and with the exception of the Gulf States, I am convinced that both species of black bass hibernate in a greater or less degree, according to the supply of food in the winter season, or in other words, according to the climate. In these exceptional States, during the hottest weather, they retire to the deepest and coolest water to be found, and undergo a condition of rest and seclusion (estivation) analagous to hibernation; perhaps an inherited instinct.

In the foregoing hastily-written paper I have endeavored to show: (1) That hibernation of fishes (and other animals) is influenced more by the supply of food than by the temperature; for it is well authenticated that fishes can endure extremes of temperature that would prove fatal to other vertebrates. (They have revived after being frozen in ice, and on the other hand, they live in apparent comfort in the water of hot springs of a temperature of above 100 degrees Fahr.) (2) That both species of black bass hibernate in the northern sections of America.

MR. GOODE—Mr. President, I should like to say a word or two on this question of hibernation. It seems to me that hibernation is by no means a voluntary act, as might possibly be inferred from some things which Dr. Henshall has said. It is purely a matter of physical cause and effect, and the question whether the black bass will hibernate in a given latitude depends on the depth of water and the presence of warm spots at great depths in that particular body of water. Every fish has, I think, a certain limit to its powers of activity, a certain limit which varies with different species according to a scale of temperature. Many of the southern fishes which come to our northern coast in summer, are in the fall seen in the cold tidal bays partially torpid. In such a state they cannot feed. It is the torpidity which prevents their feeding rather than the lack of food; and it seems to me that in almost every case the fish has no power to escape from that degree of cold which produces torpidity. From reliable testimony I learn that black bass are taken under the ice in some of the northern lakes, and have no doubt, that in other lakes not so deep, the fish become torpid before the ice forms on account of the shallowness of the water. I think, therefore, that Dr. Henshall's theory is somewhat exaggerated. He may have heard of fish feeding during the period of hibernation. I am not, however, inclined to believe that they ever do this. I certainly very much question the possibility of carp feeding during the period of hibernation. It is generally known that they are then buried in the mud at the bottom of the water. This is a very interesting question, and one whose solution involves a great deal of experimenting. I should, however, hardly like to see the question settled upon hypothetical grounds before such experiments are made.

MR. MATHER—This question of the hibernation of fishes is one concerning which I have no special knowledge. I have, however, paid some little attention to it, having been recently engaged in endeavoring to learn the geographical range in which the black bass hibernates. As touching the question of temperature and food, I know that on our New York coast, in Long Island Sound, there are some fishes which are active all winter, and others which bury themselves in the mud. The tautog, or blackfish, practically hibernates. I do not think it takes a particle of food during the winter. Flounders go into the mud, and so does the eel, which latter buries all excepting its head. All the eels that are taken there in the winter are speared, the fishermen sounding in the mud with their spears. In the middle of April they come out and are taken in eel pots. The tomcod and some other fishes are active all winter. It always seemed to me that some fishes might be more susceptible to the influences of temperature than others. In lakes north of the fortieth parallel we know that the black bass does not feed much during the winter. Occasionally a specimen is taken with hook and line. Dr. Henshall's theory concerning hibernation is certainly a new one to me, viz., that the question is one of food and not of temperature, and is one, I think, which will bear considerable examination before it be accepted as the correct solution.

CARP IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—An European carp of the mirror variety, weighing five and a quarter pounds, was caught in the Susquehanna River below the dam here in a seine, on the 15th inst., the first known here, and a source of wonder to the old fishermen.—A. F. CLAPP.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Illinois Kennel Club. John H. Naylor, Secretary, 3,182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register." P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2386.**

ENGLISH AND NATIVE FOXHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We notice what we (as breeders of both English and native foxhounds and as fox hunters) call a bright and right idea set forth by "Homo" and sanctioned by H. C. Newell, that there should be two classes in foxhounds, as the American foxhound and the English foxhound are entirely different in appearance and working qualities. There is nearly as much difference in a well-bred specimen of both breeds as there is between a pointer and a hound. But we differ a little with Mr. Newell, as we would prefer a good English hound to a "yearling calf" to run a fox over "granite hills" or any other hills. We don't find so much difference in their hunting as in their appearance, and no better feet or staying qualities were ever allotted any dog than has one of our imported English dogs. He is eight years old and this winter past was his first winter in America, and he had never run only in a pack, and the second time he was out with but one other dog with him, was toward spring, and on the heaviest sharpest crust we had. They started a fox at 8 A. M., ran all day, all night and until 10 A. M. the second day, when they caught and killed their fox, and came in with just as good feet as when they started. No blood on their trail. We call this good "doings." Would say the dog that ran with him was pure English, but American bred. We think them a good dog, but as there is so much difference in appearance I think there should be a standard for both, as there are some elegant native hounds and I would like to see the breeding of both varieties encouraged and our natives given a chance at our shows. BLACK-TAN-AND-WHITE.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE PROPER AGE FOR DERBY ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of April 2 contains the information that the Eastern Field Trials Club had reconsidered and abandoned the contemplated change of dates within which puppies must be whelped to be eligible to their Derby. The proposed change was an important and correct step in the right direction had it been taken, and undoubtedly would have found great favor with the supporters of field trials and would make the stake a popular and successful one. Under present conditions there is no doubt but what the stake will lose more or less support, owing to the hardship worked on real puppies. To make a showing of the injustice worked under this arrangement, it will be necessary to particularize, and this will develop the errors without argument. From Jan. 1 until the latter part of November of the following year is, in round numbers, a period of twenty-three months, and all puppies must be whelped during this time to be eligible to the Derby. It will be seen that this time covers a period of nearly two years, and that a dog whelped in January of the first year will be about eleven months old at his first Derby, and will have all necessary experience and training as a puppy, and as such, if he is precocious and well-grown, may run a brilliant race. Let us assume that, during the following January, another puppy is whelped, whose age and opportunities at due time will fit him in every respect to run in the Derbies of the year; but he has to compete with puppies, so-called, that had already been trained, run in one stake as a puppy, and were gathering strength and experience while he was in his puppyhood. Of course, this is all based on the assumption that a Derby is, according to the common and popular belief, a puppy stake; the belief is undoubtedly correct, inasmuch as the Derby is published to the world as a puppy stake, and conducted and completed with all due formality accordingly. As the clubs have agreed that a dog at twenty-three months of age is a puppy, the sportsmen at large are bound to believe it, since it is *ex cathedra*, therefore correct and final, and no dog, at least no well bred one, would outgrow his puppyhood in the face of orthodox dicta based on scientific principles, all of which is directed to his own good and advancement, although it does seem at first sight as if the two-year-old January puppy had all the advantage. There are about three or four months, from January to April or May 1, during which a puppy may be whelped, and have age enough to be educated and run in the Derby of the same year. Puppies whelped after May 1 cannot be trained until the following winter, and in the majority of cases, only partially then. The great majority of puppies that run in the Derbies are whelped between April 1 of the Derby year and May 1 of the year previous to that in which the Derby is run, thus covering a period, more or less, of eleven months. Puppies whelped during this time can have but one season's work, while the January or February dog of the previous year has been trained during the first year, has run already as a puppy in one trial, has had the benefit of extra education and experience of a full winter's work after the trials—from December 1 to April 1—and then the benefit of the same season, during which the later whelped dogs must be wholly trained. This January dog of the previous year is then about twenty-three months old, thoroughly trained and with all the experience and training necessary in an aged dog; in fact, a fully matured dog, both mentally and physically, and thoroughly educated. However, it might be worse than this, as the limit could be so fixed as to permit a dog to run three or four times as a puppy in three or four consecutive years, since shedding puppy teeth, and, in due course of nature, arriving at doghood, has so little to do with it. These twenty-three-months-old puppies, singularly indeed, generally vanquish their younger brethren, and sometimes the owners of these youthful dogs run them in the all-aged stake with signal success. These ripe puppies have a way of soundly beating their own class and demonstrating their ability to hold their own in the all-aged. It is well known that a dog between the ages of two and four years puts more spirit and dash into his work than at an earlier or later age. Of course, at a later age a dog will do good work, but generally he grows cunning and conservative, and loses some of his youthful fire and enthusiasm, particularly if he has been worked steadily every year during the whole season. It has been practically demonstrated so often that a puppy cannot compete with the slightest chance of success with an aged dog that it must be evident to owners that the time limit governing age is too liberal, and that a dog should not be permitted to have age enough to run in more than one entry. A policy that holds to such a wide limit for the sake of the few additional entries possible thereby is pursuing a policy fatal to the interests of the stake, as owners will keep aloof from all aged dogs in a puppy class; in fact it would not be surprising if many owners have taken this view already. Of course, there would be fewer phenomenal puppies, or in other words there would be fewer all-aged dogs in the Derby, but there would be more competition, a larger interest in it, and more assurance of establishing trials on a permanent basis than there is at present, for no man would care to run a real puppy against an all-aged dog after it dawned upon him that it was such. To fix the date so that a puppy could have only sufficient age to run one Derby with any possibilty of success, would, I think be the just and correct solution of the matter. FREE LANCE.

LAMAR, Mississippi.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB RULES.

WE publish below the regulations and rules for running and instructions to judges of the Eastern Field Trials Club for the trials of 1885. We have received a letter from Mr. Elliot Smith, in which he says that Rule 4 will only be in force this year, and that in the future all dogs to be eligible for the Derby must be whelped on or after May 1 of the preceding year:

RULE 1. The management of the meetings for the Annual Field Trials shall be intrusted to the Governors of the Club, and with them lies the interpretation of the rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in these rules.

RULE 2. The judge or judges shall be selected by the Governors, and their names shall be publicly announced as soon as possible after their selection, and before the closing of the entries. When a judge is prevented from attending a meeting or finishing it, the Governors shall appoint a substitute.

RULE 3. For all stakes, the names, pedigrees, ages, colors, and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the Secretary of the Club, to be filed at time of making entry or entries. Any dog's age, markings or pedigree which shall be proved not to correspond to the entry filed shall be disqualified, and all such dog's stakes or winnings shall be forfeited.

RULE 4. Dogs, to be eligible for the Eastern Field Trials Derby, must be whelped on or after the first of January of the year preceding the trial for which the dogs are nominated.

RULE 5. The forfeit money must accompany every nomination, and the balance of entrance fee must be paid before the drawing.

RULE 6. The Governors may refuse any entry they may think proper to exclude; and no person who has been found, to the satisfaction of the Governors, to have misconducted himself in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials, or who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with either thereof, or for any money due under an arrangement for division of winnings, or for penalties for infraction of rules, or for any payment required by a decision of the Club, shall be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

RULE 7. Any objections to any entry must be made in writing addressed to the Secretary of the Club, and will be acted on by the Governors, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 8. Immediately before the dogs are drawn at any meeting, the time and place of putting down the first brace of dogs on the following morning shall be declared and posted in a conspicuous place.

RULE 9. All stakes shall be run in the order of the programme when possible. Should, however, the competitors or their representatives in the various stakes agree otherwise, the order may, with consent of the Governors, be changed.

RULE 10. Dogs shall be drawn in braces by lot and run in heats; the beaten dogs to be retired (except as hereinafter mentioned), and the winners run in heats again in the order in which they ran their successive heats. When two dogs, owned or handled by the same person, are drawn together, the name of the second dog so drawn shall be returned to the undrawn names, and another name drawn in its place.

RULE 11. If two dogs owned or handled by the same person should come together after the first series in any succeeding heat, the second dog so owned or handled shall change places with the first dog not so owned or handled in the order of running. If, after the first series, such separation is found to be impracticable or without benefit, the running of two such dogs may be permitted.

RULE 12. If in any series of heats there should be a natural bye, such bye shall run with the winner of the first heat of the previous series as the first brace of the next series, except as hereinafter provided. If, during the running of the first series, a dog be withdrawn or fail to appear, the brace mate of such defaulting dog shall run with the bye at the end of the first series of heats, except that should there be more than one of such defaults, the remaining dogs shall run together in the order of natural precedence.

RULE 13. Each dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent for more than twenty minutes, its opponent shall be adjudged the winner and entitled to the heat, and shall in that case receive a bye, and be subject to rule twelve. If both dogs be absent at the expiration of twenty minutes from the time of call to run by the judge or judges, the judge or judges shall have the power to disqualify both dogs.

RULE 14. An owner, his handler or deputy may hunt a dog, but it must be one or the other, and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has deputed another person to handle and hunt him. In members' stakes a dog must be handled by his owner.

RULE 15. The person handling and hunting a dog may speak, whistle to and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he shall be called to order by the judges for making any unnecessary noise, or for any disorderly conduct, and if after being cautioned he persists in such noise or disorderly conduct they shall order the dog taken up and adjudged out of the stake. An opponent's dog must not be interfered with or excited. In such case an appeal should be made to the judges.

RULE 16. If an opponent's dog points game, the other dog must not be drawn across him to take the point, but if not backing of his own accord he must be brought around behind the pointing dog. Dogs must be hunted together and their handlers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another.

RULE 17. If a dog be withdrawn from a stake on the field or at any time during the holding of a trial, its owner or his deputy having authority shall notify in writing, with his name attached, the Secretary or one of the Governors of the Club. If the dog belong to either or any of those officials, the notice must be handed to one of the others. When a winner of one or more heats is drawn for any reason other than defeat, the dog or dogs previously beaten by him shall not be deprived of competing for second or third prize if, in the opinion of the judges, they have a chance to win.

RULE 18. If any person openly impugns the actions or decisions of the judge or judges, or otherwise annoys them during the progress of a trial, he may be debarred from further participation in the trials, and ordered off the grounds.

RULE 19. No person other than the judge, judges or reporters will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs competing in any heat, excepting owners of such dogs running in charge of a handler or deputy, and they shall be permitted to accompany the stewards until the finish of such heat, when they shall retire until their dogs again come in competition. Two persons are prohibited from working one dog. If from any cause the handler of a running dog is disabled to such an extent that he cannot shoot, upon his request to the judge or judges, he may select some person to shoot for him, and the judges may in any case require handlers running dogs to go through minutely the evolution of shooting either a blank or shotted cartridge over any or every established point, upon being ordered to flush a bird. The handlers of the two dogs shall go together as if it were a brace of dogs, so that the dogs shall be on an equality as to ground, opportunities for finding, etc. Spectators shall not be allowed nearer the handlers of dogs running than seventy-five yards to the rear. The privilege is granted handlers to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue; pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, will not be permitted on the grounds. Handlers shall not load their guns until a point be established.

RULE 20. When two dogs, the property of the same owner, or of confederates, shall remain in for the deciding trial, the judges may determine which is the better, either by prior performance or by further running, as they may order. Should the owner of a dog or his representative induce the owner or representative of another dog to withdraw such dog for a consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever, all prizes won by either shall be forfeited upon the fact being satisfactorily proved to the Governors. If, however, either dog be drawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, on the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the judge or judges. When more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake, which is not run out, the stake shall be divided; and in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, these latter shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount won by their owners, and in the division the terms of any arrangement to divide winnings must be declared to the Secretary.

RULE 21. The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of the first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of the second prize. The dog beaten in this heat shall (except as hereinafter stated) compete with the best of those previously beaten by the second prize winner, and the winner shall be third in the race. The discretion is given to the judges of deciding which is the best of these beaten dogs in the competition for second and third places, by selection, or by running extra heats between them. After the award of first and second, the judges may name the winner of third without running.

RULE 22. All protests, except as hereinbefore provided, must be made and delivered to the Secretary of the Club, or in case of his absence to the President of the Club, or in case of his absence to a member of the Governing Committee at or before midnight of the date of running of final heat.

INSTRUCTIONS TO JUDGES.

The judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the better. Unless a dog shows such lack of merit that in the opinion of the judges he cannot be placed, all dogs shall, if time permit, have at least two chances to show their behavior on birds. Either or both dogs of a brace may be ordered up by the judges for want of merit.

Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a false point.

The judges shall give a dog ample opportunity to discover whether he is on a true point.

No assistance shall be given by the handler to enable a dog to discover whether he is on a false point.

Judges are requested to avoid as far as possible holding a dog so long on a point for the purpose of securing a back, or otherwise, as to enable the birds to run. When a point is made, and has been observed by the judges, the handler should be ordered forward to prove his point forthwith.

Should a dog be held an unreasonable time upon a point he should not be penalized for a resultant fault.

The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily give him the preference, but the judges shall consider the quality of the performance rather than the frequency of the occurrence.

BACKING.—The judges are requested to give no credit for backing unless it appear to be voluntary. Any assistance from the handler shall deprive the dog of credit for his performance.

RANGING.—The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that maintains the most killing range throughout, viz., wide or close, as the necessity of the case requires.

OBEDIENCE AND DISPOSITION.—The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity and is obedient, prompt, cheerful and easily handled.

The rules are based upon the principle that each heat is a complete race, and the winner of the trial is the unbeaten dog who has directly or indirectly beaten every other dog in the stake.

The judges are requested to observe that the scale of points below given are set forth only as the view of the Club as to the comparative value of the various attributes or performances referred to. But the judges shall not, except in case of an absolute equality between the dogs, deem it necessary to keep any score whatever.

MERIT.

Pointing	Nose 25			
	Staunchness 10	35		
	Style in Pointing 5		40	
Ranging 12				
Pace 8		25		
Quartering 5			30	
Style in Same 5				
			70	100
Obedience and Disposition 10				
Backing 10			30	
Retrieving 10				

DEMERIT.

False Pointing, Breaking In, Breaking Shot, Chasing.—These faults shall be gauged by the judges in their discretion. The second chase, however, loses the heat.

DEFINITIONS.

Breaking In—Is where a dog, through imperfect breaking, or from excitement, leaves his position when the birds rise, whether the gun is fired or not, and starts to chase, but stops within a few feet from where he started, of his own accord or by command.

Breaking Shot—Is where a dog runs in, when a shot is fired with the intention of getting to the bird, and does not stop promptly at command.

Chasing—Is where a dog follows the birds, either when a gun is fired or not, to any extent to be beyond the control of his handler for the time being.

MASTIFFS WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In consequence of rash spilling of ink, I am overwhelmed with inquiries for mastiff pups. They generally say "I know that ——, —— and —— are reliable, but they ask too much for my pile." What seems to be wanted is mastiffs of fair size, but not of show form, at from $25 to $35 for a six weeks puppy. If any one has them an "ad." in FOREST AND STREAM should bring customers. All hands that have anything to say against Mr. Dalziel's mastiff judging at New York are requested to open fire; my battery is masked; I am waiting for "Porcupine" to open fire, when I will demolish him.—W. WADE.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXX.

AT the Warwick dog show, of which more anon, I tumbled across an old setter chum. We had a long conversation about sporting dogs. He complained with all a sportsman's ozone-fed spirit that so many of our beautiful spaniels now distinguishing themselves on the bench have never been broken. If instinct be hereditary knowledge, and I have over and over again when breaking pointers proved to my own satisfaction that it is, then it can be only a matter of time when these spaniels shall lose their claim to the description "field" and go over to the "fancy" classes. We have already one notable instance of this in the Blenheim spaniels, whose good looks have been their misfortune, since they have given them the society of wheezy women and female men in the place of the sportsman's affections.

I could name one large and distinguished field spanniel kennel in which the only occupants that have ever put up fur or feather are some that may have been purchased broken. None of the home-bred ones is ever allowed to soil his handsome coat by doing anything to sustain his position in the canine t ibe.

I am not unreasonable. I give full credit to the marked and most laudable improvement that dog shows have affected in the appearance of dogs used with the gun, and I do not suggest that our prize-smothered cracks should absent themselves from the show bench in the shooting season to attend to their natural work; but do very seriously advise exhibitors to open their eyes to the neglect that will soon leave us no sporting dogs that are fit for sport. The last stage of such a course will quite invalidate the intentions of dog-show promoters. Those who only require dogs for work, but are willing to pay high prices for the pleasure of seeing symmetrical animals in front of them, will speedily find out, if successful kennels breed only for prize-winning, sportsmen will cease to give their ten guineas each for pups that are wanting in their appropriat instinct because they had none to inherit. They will return to the higgledy-piggledy period before dog showing commenced and again get their dogs from unattached gamekeepers. Thus modern breeders will lose their market, and the improvement of the dog will be arrested and quickly retrograde.

As an ardent admirer of our sincerest friend, the dog, I sorrowfully express my fears on this subject. Without good-looking and intelligent dogs to help me, the sport is no sport to me. I am a placid sportsman, one who loves to loiter through the lovely scenes of nature and to allow myself time for meditative admiration of the four-legged beauties as they move along, showing what man's tuition has added to innate ability. It would distress me to see a return from the noble Clumbers, the flat-coated Sussex and the sheeny black-coats to those ragged, curly liver and whites that went rabbiting with me in my school days.

I should suggest that all sporting puppies be broken, and when this has been done let those whose points deserve it be prepared for prize-winning and the others sold for work. As so many valuable animals contract fatal diseases in puppy classes it will be no loss to exhibitors to foreswear a prize or two, and only commence the grooming and attention on the second growth of the coat. When once a dog has been chosen for public display his toilet and appetite become the sole consideration, but not all the pups in the litter are Boss II.s, Newtown Abbot Blossoms, or Coys.

My friend told me that Graphic the pointer was at last booked for America. His emigration has long been rumored. We then got on to setters. Mr. Chum asked me if I ever saw any of the American papers. "Sometimes," I answered. "Which?" he asked. "Oh, FOREST AND STREAM, now and then. "Ah," says Chum, "that's the paper that chap 'Lillibulero' writes in." "Ye-e-es," I guiltily assented. "He is not a bit particular in saying what he knows about us over here; he lets us all have it. I call him 'capital L.' See the joke? If he has a friend I should call him Tommy. See—'L. and Tommy?" But I don't see much joke and still less compliment, so I testily remind him we were talking of setters. "Certainly," admits Chum, "so we were, and I was going to tell you that Rockingham has done very well out in America. Of course you remember him winning at Doncaster? Talking of setters, young Bevan, son of Setter Bevan, has gone over to New York with Dalziel. Did you ever meet the youngster? No. Oh, well, he's quite a chip of the old block. Of course you know his father? Yes, naturally. I never knew a man so thoroughly wrapped up in his dogs as he was." I remark that I knew he has been very successful in field trials. "I should think he had," says Chum, "and he broke them all himself. Dogs are more than a hobby, they are a passion with him. He gave up everything to his dogs, and even allowed a splendid business to go to them. He said he could never find time for his business. He wouldn't leave the dogs to his servants. In winter he had to be about looking after the tightness of the kennel, keeping it weather-proof; then in the spring puppies required his attention, the walking and breaking followed that; and so really he used to say "I haven't time for business." He brought out a handy little treatise called "Hints on Dog-breaking"; it is worth reading. The son grew up imbued with his father's tastes, and like him commiserates those wretched beings who can exist without canine company, and whom they compassionately term undogly. The lad tried city life, but the streets and the office withered his vitality, so at last, like many a young Englishman before him, he has made up his mind to earn his living out in the open air. He hoped to find employment in America in some large sporting kennel as manager, breaker or trainer. His college education has in no way unfitted him for such a position, and the practical schooling he has received from his father when together breaking their own field-trial winners will enable him to command success with setters, pointers, spaniels or retrievers. He has head and heart in the work. If you know anybody in America, put in a good word for the youngster, will you? Thanks. Good-bye, old chap, I must be off."

Very cordially do I wish the son of so good a sportsman may prosper in the new country. The best I can probably hope for him is that I may one day meet him at our English field trials in charge of an American bred team that he has broken himself.

I hear that Captain Mackie decided not to send his dogs to your shows because the prizes were too small. You must give the bawbees prominence to catch the canny Scotch exhibitor.

I dare say some of my American doggy readers who have visited this country have came acoss "Jim" Goode, the rather too well known 'purveyor" of dogs in Leadenhall Market. I have a long letter before me about his case. The strong grip of the law has got him by the collar. He has long been looked up to as the oracle of stolen dogs and has now to pay the penalty of greatness. The police have made a raid upon his place of business where they found in round numbers forty dogs, which, the report says, "Goode could give no satisfactory account of," but Jim says they had called "to have their hair cut." It is very awkward and very likely that the same operation may be performed upon himself as some of the dogs have been identified by their owners who had been getting anxious at the long time their pets were taking in getting shaved and clipped. Goode is considerably annoyed with the action the police have taken and told them he was poodle clipper to the Prince of Wales. He makes the third claimant I have heard of for that distinction, the others are Mr. Rotherham and Mr. Felix.

My informant tells me that Jim has undoubtedly added to his income by the trade that has its headquarters in Leadenhall Market, but he says he must give the "barber" his due in admitting that in several export deals Jim has so far forgotten himself as to behave straight and that he was never in his most natural moods so bad as Mr. Wm. Page, of the same address, for whom Mr. Gresham, inspired by the feelings that guided his conscience in the days when he kept pointers, was allowed to express his friendship in the pages of the *Live Stock Journal*. One of Goode's sons is well-known in athletic circles as a game and skillful boxer. A few months ago the editor of the *Referee* devoted several paragraphs to a very favorable notice of young Goode's gentlemanly appearance and conversation, which he compared to the disadvantage of racecourse cads, whose birth may be better, but whose manners were stones behind. Somehow this little touch of sport makes me, perhaps I should not confess it, hope that the old fellow may be dealt with lightly.

It was told me at Warwick that the Fox-Terrier Club gave Mr. A. B. C. D. Astley £100 for the *Fox-Terrier Chronicle*. If this is a fact I think Mr. Astley should present the money to a charity, for if ever a man of business should join the club he would promptly inform the members that a good price was paid for nothing. They can't make four per cent. out of the property and it has no saleable value at all.

Mr. Vero Shaw has poured the vials of his most virtuous indignation upon the astonished retriever exhibitors at Perth. Those persons had, according to custom, damped the coats of their dogs to add luster and deepen the color. Mr. Shaw told them it was faking, and ordered them out to dry. I agree with the judge and object to such artificial assistance; but I consider it a very small gnat to choke at when so many camels are daily swallowed without effort or remark.

I suppose Mr. Dalziel has landed safely among you. He wrote a note from aboard ship to the *Stock Keeper* correcting a generally accepted mistake that he was going to the States to judge dogs. He rather indiscreetly divulges that his real and secret mission is to discover "the mysterious Lillibulero," and he promises to return with him alive or to bring home "his scalp." I am quite sure he won't have my scalp, for that has lately been removed by a discerning nature overthoughtful for the entertainment of the frivolous flies who affect rinkualism.

Mr. Dalziel's last contribution to doggy controversy before he left home was anent topknots on Dandies. Though Corsincon does not appear to attach much value to this point, I consider it very characteristic. I hold with him that most rough-haired terriers have long hair on the face. I have invariably noticed that if there is much of it the coat is soft; where there is not much, not too much, the coat is pily, that is, a mixture of hard and soft hairs, like a Bedlington's; but when you get the forehead nearly smooth and a coat on the back, that coat is as hard as nails, but there won't be much of it on the legs and sides, and none where it is most wanted—chest and belly.

There is no mistake about the "go" in the Great Dane Club, it is one of the youngest and already advertises its own show. It is a lucky accident that one of their members is the proprietor of the Ranelagh Club. Mr. Herbert has granted the use of the beautiful grounds of Barn Elms (where the old Kit-Kat Club had its quarters) for the show. The enthusiastic honorary secretary, the Rev. Gambier Bolton, will judge. I have no doubt he will get a large entry as the breed has made rapid strides and puppies sell as fast as you can breed them. Several people have written lately to the daily press, complaining of Great Danes in the streets. They are rather too large for town dogs and although I can't agree with the timid division who describe them as fierce and untractable I am compelled to own that they have an excitable temperament which, when aroused, is beyond all control. They are not ladies' nor children's dogs.

Warwick continues to beat the record. In numbers and presence of canine notability they have equalled the Kennel Club shows. For the perfect manners and perfect management no praise can be extravagant. The weather was glorious and it was refreshing to have the judging al fresco. All the familiar faces were present and some of the exhibitors had kindly brought their wives, thus lending additional grace and brightness to the scene. It was quite a feat of management that the jud ing was all over by 5 P. M. on the first day. Mr. Salter, who should be equal to such work, seems to me to have made a great mistake in passing over that charming blue belton, Birket Foster, in the setter class. He was many points better than the winners. Mr. Shirley carried everything before him with his matchless team of wavy-coated retrievers. It will take a rare kennel to shake their position. There was the usual brilliant show of collies and the usual unsatisfactory results arising from double entries. A collie puppy is almost a certain win in the open class. The bulldog awards have not been received with unanimous satisfaction.

Some unpleasantness is likely to follow a letter in this week's *Stock Keeper*. The writer is Mr. James Stark, who, though treating a private and personal subject, attaches to his signature "Secretary, Dundee Dog Show." I don't see what the Dundee dog show has to do with the bulldog judging at Warwick. Mr. Stark gains no weight for his remarks thereby, and renders himself liable to be called to book for making such use of an official position. His grievance is that a dog he showed for a friend did not win the first prize. I have heard of such a case before, I think, the only difference being that on a former occasion the dog was the property of the "disappointed exhibitor;" this time the injured party is the secretary of the Dundee show. Mr. Stark says that the press (here they are—Lee, Langdale, Portier, Astley and Gresham!) "with one loud (devilish loud some of them are, too,) unanimous voice proclaim that the honors denied him (the dog) should have been his," and further, "the dog was the talk of all men," but *cui bono* if among all these men one man was not, and that man the judge! Mr. Stark and his friend now derisively want to know "Who is Mr. Best (the judge)?" but surely they should have satisfied themselves on that point before making the entry. I am not finding fault with Mr. Stark for raising a row because his tyke of "transcendent merits" didn't win. I have gone through it all myself. I have growled and howled like the rest of them. I know that only pen and ink can relieve their feelings, and I know that when I got up next morning I felt I had made a fool of myself; and I know I had myself in corners and by-ways for fear of seeing the letter in print.

Upon my soul I begin to like this wiry little fire-eating Scotchman for his "go," but he went a little too far when he wound up by asking, "Will any one assure us, so far away, that at the bulldog show in May Sir Walter will receive fair play?" That is not good form, and Mr. Stark, in making this slip, must have forgotten for a moment the position he has to maintain—the dignity of the secretary of the Dundee dog show!

The answer to Mr. Stark is the name of the gentleman who has been entrusted with the confidence of the club by his election as judge—Mr. Alfred Benjamin.

The collie classes at Warwick were, agreeably with Mr. Ashwin's desire, divided by colors. The result was candidly admitted to be a great failure. Mr. Ashwin has issued another circular on this haunting subject. I may refer to it another time. I hear that Mr. Ashwin felt much piqued with the reception his proposals have met, and even spoke of giving up the breed. He is, though, too old, too good a fancier for the collie fancy to spare, and the club will be wise in treading more lightly on his fads. We have all got our fads, and as soon as we expose them somebody mercilessly puts his foot on them.

The Irish Terrier Club stirred up the Dublin water for Mr. Gresham, and by the time he arrived it was boiling. He came fairly well out of the judging ordeal. In future, I suppose, show committees wishing to avoid such "Irish rows" will consult the club beforehand. The show paid well, though the Prince of Wales did not take the trouble to visit it, thereby giving a back-hander to the snobbery that led Mr. Snow to open the show a few days earlier than advertised in order to catch royalty. Mr. Snow was all that a secretary should not be. I was one of many who feared to intrude upon his uncouth presence, and who, when obliged to put a polite question about the removal of the dogs, got a boorish reply. The natives gave him a Celtic appellation, which, as it is not possible to adequately render into English, I must give in the original—"soorly bhrewt."

I am getting weary of referring to Mr. Gresham's doings. His name has been forced upon me to show you the incomplete character of our kennel press. I am still struck with the shortsightedness of the *Live Stock Journal* in employing a man so devoid of ability and character. The post he holds on that journal may be neither a proud nor important one, but some sort of qualities must be necessary, though heaven knows of what description these can be that exist in Mr. Gresham. However, this unfortunate relic of an unhealthy kennel past has been taken in hand over here, so I hope to be able to keep his name from the end of my pen for the future.

His last act of gross remissness occurred in connection with the Warwick show, full reports of which appeared in all the papers save the *Live Stock Journal*. Not till the following week did a milk and watery abbreviated skim-over of the classes find its way in. A month's wages and the door were the treatment he deserved, and what he would have probably received were it not that the *L. S. J.* finds him on the whole a useful man. God forbid that I should ever sink so low in the estimation of my friends as to be considered "a useful man!"

Mr. Gresham related the following week the festive evening he spent in the company of the huntsmen belonging to the harrier packs at the show. Was this why he couldn't write the report next morning, or was there perhaps a less pardonable reason? Would the enterprising proprietors of the *Live Stock Journal* be surprised to hear that he wrote the report which appeared the same week in the Warwick *Advertiser* and Leamington *Gazette*?

I will conclude these notes with a quotation bearing upon the above subject from the *Scottish Fancier*, which asks in an article last month "Why is it that in so many cases the dog is better than his master?" The answer to this question is not difficult to find. How many can "look the whole world in the face" and say that they have been fair and honorable in matters canine; that trickery and decep'ion and roguery have not played a part in their transactions? There are good men and true among us whom it is a pleasure to know and to have intercourse with. Long life to them. May they by their example long assist to clean from all pollution, all vice, the moral atmosphere of our doggy world.

Hear! hear!! hear!!! LILLIBULERO.

MAY 7, 1885.

THE MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I understand that there is a movement on foot to form an American mastiff club, I beg to offer the following remarks which I think deserve considerable thought by our mastiff breeders: I want to protest against the great mistake that our cousins are making in England—the craze for short heads to the sacrifice of body and size. From what little experience I have had, I have always understood that the mastiff should combine great size and power with a gentle disposition until aroused, in fact, the personification of what a dog should be as a guard to our houses. Can any one in justice call the present type of winners representatives of the above? To show that I am not alone in my opinion, I will quote the following remarks of Lieutenant-Colonel Garnier from the *Kennel Gazette*, on mastiffs at the last Crystal Palace show, held Jan. 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1885:

"After some years' absence from England, I was disappointed on observing at the late show the deterioration of type in the present mastiff. Not only has the grave dignity of the old dog been replaced by a pug-dog impudence of expression, but the long, lithe and muscular body is well nigh lost, and a short, squat body with weak quarters and hindlegs, hardly able to support their own weight, has been substituted for it. Many of the old dogs could leap a fence or railing five feet and more in height, and for a short distance could gallop like a greyhound, but some of the poor animals at the late show could hardly waddle, and took every opportunity of relieving their hindquarters by squatting on their hams. The present dog seems also to be wanting in quality of muscle, and his general appearance is flabby and misshapen, giving an impression of weakness which is hardly characteristic of this breed. I believe these faults have been due to certain errors on the part of breeders and judges. Twenty years ago there were plenty of good mastiffs, but certain inferior animals with narrow heads and pointed noses and with slight bodies and small bone, were by judges who were ignorant of the true mastiff type, gradually raised to a pre-eminent position, and for no other reason than the possession of a blacker nose or toenails, or finer bone, or a few hairs more or less on their tail or body. Two centuries ago our ancestors knew little about the present art of judging, and would have been surprised to see a good dog neglected because his ears were not of the proper thickness or his tail curled the wrong way; but they knew the sort of dog they required for use, and by this law of necessity kept us to its pristine size, strength, character and coinage a breed which modern dog shows seem almost to have destroyed. During the last ten years there has been a reaction against the attenuated heads and delicate extremities which found favor previously, but in endeavoring to improve the type of head breeders seem to have forgotten that a dog requires a body as well as a head, and to have thought, also, that because a narrow head and muzzle ought to be condemned they could not be too broad or too short. But the old mastiff head was not a short head, but long, like his body, and yet broad and blunt and consequently a much bigger head for his size than the present dog's head. The result of this error in the opposite extreme is that breeders by carefully pairing such animals and keeping such whelps as answered this false type, have produced a dog from which the most important mastiff characteristics have been eliminated. I believe the bulldog cross which has been used to be most useful for improving the breed, on the same principle as it has improved the greyhound, but the cross should have been sufficiently bred out so as to leave all mastiff characteristics unimpaired, whereas the exact contrary has been done. I noticed in the late show that whenever a dog had anything approaching the characteristic mastiff head there was something of the right sort of body behind it, and that short and stunted bodies invariably accompanied the short heads to which I have objected, and so I consider that too short a muzzle or the development of stop or wrinkle below the eyes, which are bulldog points and are always accompanied by defects fatal to the true type, should count against, and not for their possessor."

Surely the above remarks coming from such an acknowledged authority are worthy of consideration, and certainly can be applied to our late New York show. Mr. Dalziel acknowledging that he judged according to the new type as defined and accepted in England at the present time. One thing is very certain, short heads mean short bodies and generally a want of size, power and loss of activity. Hoping that our mastiff breeders in America will think a little more of the body and less of the bulldog head of this noble breed, I sign myself MASTIFF.

NEW YORK CITY.

COCKER CONSOLIDATION.—The Ancient City Cocker Spaniel Kennel, established in 1870 by Mr. C. E. Scott, at Schenectady, N. Y., has been purchased by Mr. I. M. Dewey, proprietor of the Ideal Kennel, New Haven, Conn. The price paid was five hundred dollars. Mr. Scott was at one time one of the largest and most successful breeders of cockers in the United States, and his entire stock and good will have been transferred to Mr. Dewey.

Kennel Notes are unavoidably deferred.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CHICAGO, June 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Chicago dog show opened this morning with propitious weather, but about 5 o'clock P. M. we were visited with one of the most terrific thunderstorms that I ever witnessed. The lightning and thunder was incessant, and the rain fell in torrents. Rumors of extensive damage by the storm are current, and grave fears are expressed for the safety of vessels on the lake. The storm prevented a full attendance in the evening. There are 356 entries, and the quality in some of the classes is very good, making the show a fair average in this respect. The judging did not commence until 3 P. M., and only the setters were got through with. It is hoped that all of the judging will be finished early to-morrow. The list of judges is as follows: Major J. M. Taylor, setters, pointers and Chesapeake Bay dogs; Dr. E. C. Franklin, cocker spaniel classes, to be judged by the I. C. S. Club standard, and Mr. J. F. Kirk the remaining classes. Below is a list of the setter

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Howard Hartley's Royal Ranger. *Bitch:* Howard Hartley's Queen Alice.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, Dr. G. G. Ware's Gladstone's Boy; 2d, W. Fisher, Jr.'s, Pride of Dixie. Very high com., A. C. Waddell's British Chief and Chas. F. Louden's Stanton. High com., Dalliba & Munhall's Pendragon. Com., T. Donoghue's Chief's Clyde. John Watson's Porter's Don and Lake Shore Kennels' Coleman's London. *Bitches:* 1st, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Juno A; 2d, Jos. Lewis's Lady Rock. Very high com., T. Donoghue's Blue Spark. High com., Lake Shore Kennels' Jessica, C. T Donoghue's Blue Phantom, E. S. Bond's Jo-Jo Gladstone, Lake Shore Kennels' Dot W. PUPPIES—*Dogs;* 1st, J. S. Cusson's O. K.; 2d, C. Harris's Spray. *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Waddell's Monty (only entry).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Chas. R. Taylor's Gem.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Ryerson's Dan; 2d, E. Mahar's Royal Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Chas R. Taylor's Gipsy Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Bardwell's Patty.

IRISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—J. A. J. Sprague's Brush.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, John Delevan's Prince Rufus. Very high com., G. N. Short's Book. High com., F. Silcox's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, H. E. Chubb's Bella Glenduff; 2d, J. A. J. Sprague's Megora. Very high com., J. A. J. Sprague's Lorraine. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, T. Donoghue's Irish Boy and Irish Girl. Very high com., T. B. Rice's Larry. High com. and com., S. Johnston's Duke and Carlo.

CALIFORNIA FIELD TRIALS.—Sacramento, Cal., May 11.—I believe you have received ere this a list of the entries to the puppy stakes for this year's field trials of the Pacific Coast Club. The number (seventeen) might just as well be doubled, but a number of owners got mulish and declined to enter at such an early date as May 1. However, seventeen is a pretty fair number for our young club, considering the fact that so many of our sportsmen (?) go their piles on duck and rabbit dogs. It is quite likely that the all-age list will, however, exceed thirty. The grounds for this year's trials have not yet been selected, and it is hoped that the Executive Committee will use good judgment when it acts in the matter. For two seasons the club has tried the plan of camping out in mid-December, an expensive, uncomfortable thing to do. The trials should be held within five or six miles of some town or village or public inn, where all needs may be accommodated with good beds and well-cooked meals, and where every visitor must pay for what he gets. I am told that a man lately from the East has located in Marin county, near to San Francisco, for the purpose of breaking dogs, and that he comes well recommended. If so, we may have more systematic work done at our next trials. When found on good ground our quail lie well to the dog, and there is no reason why field trials should not be the leading feature among the sportsmen of this coast within a few years, or at least when the ducks and rabbits shall have disappeared.—SMALL-BORE.

THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB'S PUPPY SHOW.—The Montreal Hunt Club held a puppy show at the kennels on Saturday. The puppies had been distributed among the members and the families in the vicinity and walked by them. They were all brought in on Saturday, and prizes awarded to those who brought in the best puppies. The farmers' prizes consisted of handsome pieces of silver plate, while the members received only cards signed by the three judges and Mr. A. Baumgarten, Master M.F.H., and Mr. Hugh Paton, honorary secretary. The following were the prizes awarded in the farmers' competition: Dogs—Mr. Desriviere's Hero first, Mr. Sam Nesbitt's Freeman second, Mr. R. Curran's Falstaff third. Bitches—Mrs. Hughes's Heroine first, Mr. Jeffrey's Harpy second, Mr. W. Henderson's Fairy third. Members' Competition. —Dogs—Mr. A. Galarneau's Lasher first, and Lightheart second, Mr. J. A. Strathy's Traveler third. Bitches—Mr. A. Baumgarten's Matchless first, Mr. Hugh Paton's Fury second, Mr. J. A. Stevenson's Hazard third. Messrs. F. Stancliffe, W. H. Rintoul and G. H. Matthews kindly consented to act as judges, and their decisions throughout were received with the greatest approval. They selected almost entirely from the one strain, which went to show that the club is in the right direction as far as blood goes. The puppies were very fine and do great credit to those in whose hands they were placed, and the show will doubtless become an annual event.—C. (Montreal, Can., May 18).

FOX-TERRIER IMPORTATION.—The Monmouth Kennels, Long Branch, N. J., have recently imported from the kennel of Mr. J. H. Murchison, London, Eng., two fox-terrier bitches, Lurette, by champion Spice out of champion Olive, and Doris, by Buff out of old champion Dorcas. Mr. Alex. Taylor, Jr., New York, has also imported from the same kennel the bitch Odette, full sister to the above named Lurette.

BEDLINGTON TERRIER IMPORTATION.—Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., has recently imported from the kennel of Mr. S. W. Smith, Leeds, Eng., the Bedlington terrier bitch Zulu. She is four years old, and is by Tamar Lad and out of Juno. She is in whelp to Mr. Baty's Tinner.

GREYHOUND IMPORTATION.—John W. Trafton, Boston, Mass., has recently imported the greyhound bitch Lang Syne, by Warpath out of Palm Bloom, a litter sister to Princess Dagmar, winner of the Waterloo Cup, 1882.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Ronald H. Barlow sails for England on the 6th inst. on the Celtic. He will return about Oct. 1. His address will be Kennel Club, 6 Cleveland Row, Pall Mall, London.

PRIDE II.—Can any one give information about the English setter dog Pride II., said to be by Pride of the Border and out of a bitch owned by a Mr. Morgan?

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. H. W., Kalamazoo.—A friend of mine owns a valuable setter dog which for the past two months has had a bad swelling on the side of its throat and just back of its ear. A veterinary surgeon pronounced it swelling of the gland, but since has said he don't know what it is. It has been repeatedly lanced and emits bloody water, but seems to grow worse rather than better. Can you instruct me as to its cause and cure? Ans. Your dog has swelling of the glands of the neck. The causes are various. They frequently appear without any well-defined causation, and generally in dogs with a strumous or scrofulous habit. They may come from injury. Your dog needs internal medicine. Get your druggist to make you two dozen sulphide of calcium pills, each to contain one-tenth of a grain. Give one pill three times daily hidden in a bit of meat. Also get the following: Iodide of potash, one-half an ounce; syrup of sarsaparilla, one ounce; water, enough to make four ounces. Give a teaspoonful three times daily. Report result.

W. R. C., Brooklyn.—My two-year-old greyhound has a scaly and rough appearance to the edge of his ears which seems to increase, and also one or two bare spots on tail. I supposed at first his ears were frost bitten last winter and now were a little inclined to be sore in consequence. He seems to wish to have his ears rubbed. Ans. Your dog suffers from one form of eczema or mange. Sponge the parts with castile soap and warm water, dry, and apply twice daily the ointment of the oxide of zinc by rubbing. Give three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in food and increase one drop daily up to ten drops, and then decrease down to three drops and stop.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

INTER-CLUB CONTESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to use your valuable columns to speak to my fellow riflemen of other clubs, and ask them whether it is not within our reach to establish a series of contests to be shot at our respective ranges after the manner of telegraphic matches, that will be the means of promoting friendly associations between our several organizations, as well as stimulating the interest we all take in rifle practice.

I would suggest that a series of contests be held to compete for a banner or other prize, whatever the associated clubs might see fit to provide, according to rules, which the same might see fit to adopt.

I would also suggest the following: That the shooting take place at a distance of 200yds., off-hand; that no restrictions be made as to style of sights, weight of gun, or pull of trigger; that we use the American decimal target; that ten men shall constitute a team, ten shots per man shall constitute a string or score, and that three scores shall constitute a prize score; that the shootings take place on our respective ranges once each month and within the same week of each month, but not necessarily the same day, the shooting to take place, however, on an appointed day, and to commence at an appointed hour, after which no sighting shots should be allowed. Each club to be allowed to select the day of the week and hour of the day for itself, which shall be most convenient for its members. That the prize be awarded to the team making the highest aggregate in a prize score, and held by them three months, or until another prize score shall be completed.

I would suggest that a detailed report of each shooting, together with the (paper) target, be forwarded immediately to the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM for publication, to the end that the reports of all competing teams may appear in one issue in their regular order of merit, and that the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM also act as referee in all said contests. That the prize be returned to him with the report completing a prize score, and awarded by him to the next winners. It will undoubtedly be necessary to select certain officers and in some manner obtain the voice of the several organizations represented for various purposes.

Will some one suggest a method whereby we may avoid the necessity of calling a convention and the necessary expense attending it, at least for the present? Possibly the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM would consent to act as secretary and treasurer, and such business as was necessary for the present be transacted through the medium of this most valuable paper and correspondence by mail with the secretaries of the various organizations. I think we should be able to start out with at least ten competing teams, which, it seems to me, would make it quite interesting from the start.

Suppose each team contributes ten dollars for prize purposes, and if other teams, or more properly speaking, clubs, join, let them contribute the same amount, which might afterward be used in some manner calculated to stimulate individual effort, for instance, given in the shape of medals for the highest individual average for a year. It is my mind that local organizations only should engage in this competition and that no one man should be allowed to shoot in two different teams, State organizations not being allowed to compete.

I would like to hear the views of others in the matter. I believe something of the kind may be done that would add greatly to the interest now taken in rifle shooting and be a means of improving team as well as individual records. SERENO N. AYRES,

President Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

[The idea is an excellent one. It is now carried out in a limited way between certain of the clubs, and much satisfaction is felt at the working of this style of match shooting. We would gladly act in any way to further the object which Mr. Ayres outlines in his letter.]

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HAVERHILL, May 30.—Haverhill Rifle Club shoot at Riverside, Creedmoor target, 200yds.:

Practice Match.

J F Brown	4445555445—44	W Worthen	4545444444—42
Busfield	4534554554—44	C Brown	5444544344—41
J R Griffin	5444444544—42	L Jackson	4414444434—38

Badge Match.

H Tuck	4555545455—47	R Griffin	3444445544—40
W Worthen	5545455444—45	E Brown	4534445444—40
J Busfield	5444544544—43	J Forbes	4444543433—38
C Brown	4445454441—42	L Jackson	3344444334—33
J F Brown	3155543544—41	E Bray	4443334434—36

Prize Match.

J Busfield	4544444554—43	E Brown	4444544444—41
E Bray	5454345454—43	J F Brown	4444345444—40
R Griffin	4455253544—42		J. BUSFIELD.

BOSTON, May 30.—There was a large attendance at the closing day of the annual spring meet of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill. The shooting conditions were good, as they had been during the meet. The three days' meeting is said to have been the most successful ever held. The scores of the prize winners are appended.

Herald Cup Match.

E F Richardson	35 34 35 35—139	G Lawrence	33 34 32 32—131
C D Palmer	34 34 34 35—137	A Law	32 33 32 33—130
O M Jewel	34 34 34 35—137	J N Frye	32 33 33 32—130
G F Elsworth	34 34 34 35—137	W Reynolds	32 32 33 33—130
J B Fellows	35 34 34 34—137	R Reed	32 32 32 33—129
A Chesnut	34 35 34 34—137	H D Hibbard	33 32 31 33—129
H Cushing	34 35 34 34—137	A L Brackett	32 32 32 33—129
A B Dodge	34 35 34 34—137	E Burleigh	31 32 33 33—129
W Charles	35 34 34 34—137	E B Souther	32 32 32 33—129
J Francis	33 34 33 35—135	R Davis	31 32 33 32—128
F W Perkins	33 35 34 34—135	B G Warren	32 32 32 32—128
E Munson	33 34 33 34—134	C Curtis	31 32 32 32—127
E J Cram	33 33 34 35—134	F Hollis	31 32 31 33—127
G Wentworth	33 33 33 34—133	H Withington	31 31 33 31—126
F Austin	33 34 33 34—133	W Fisher	31 32 32 31—126
J N Dodge	33 33 33 34—133	J R Missam	31 30 32 31—124
N W Arnold	34 33 33 33—133	A Clarke	33 32 31 30—124
G L Winship	33 32 33 35—132	J P Bates	31 31 30 31—123
T Smith	33 33 33 33—132	A J Green	30 32 32 28—122
C Carter	33 32 33 33—131	A W Webb	29 31 31 30—121

Rest Match.

G W Whitcomb	70 68 69 70—277	J B Fellows	66 69 68 67—270
J N Frye	68 69 69 68—274	S Wilder	67 68 66 67—268
D L Chase	67 69 69 68—273	B G Warren	66 66 67 68—267
J Francis	67 67 69 69—272		

THOMASTON, Conn., May 23.—Only three marksmen were on the range to-day. Subjoined are the scores:

W H Dunbar	12 9 11 12 9 12 11 8 11 10—105
C F Williams	10 11 8 8 9 9 11 11 11 10—98
B W Pease	8 9 9 8 2 5 9 9 7 7—73

May 30. Subjoined are the scores made on Bridgemoor range to-day:

W H Dunbar	9 9 10 12 10 12 12 10 11 10—105
G C Gilbert	11 9 11 11 9 10 10 10 10 11—102
C L Alling	8 11 7 10 9 10 12 11 8 11—97
A S Hubbard	10 10 10 10 12 9 9 8 10 8—96
F Carr	11 11 9 8 10 10 12 8 8 8—95
C F Williams	6 11 12 5 8 10 10 8 10 8—88
A Fox	8 9 4 10 7 9 8 8 8 9—80
G Smith	6 5 6 12 6 7 7 10 4 7—70

NEWARK, N. J.—The deciding match of the series of three between the Essex and Frelinghuysen rifle clubs, of Newark, N. J., teams of 10 men each, 10 shots per man, Zettler ring targets, gallery distance, off-hand, any .22-cal. rifle, was contested May 23, the Essex winning by a score of 1,128 to 1,116. The first shoot was won by the Frelinghuysens with 1,086, and the second by the Essex with 1,105. Referee, Mr. Jackson.

PORTLAND, Me., May 27.—Representatives of the Richmond, Topsham, Brunswick, Pownal, Lewiston, Bethel and Portland shooting clubs shot with the Willard Club to-day, for the individual championship of Maine. W. S. Jones, of Portland, won the championship with a score of 88 out of 40, prize, a silver ice pitcher: A. S. Alexander, of Richmond, won second prize, $3, and C. F. Nason and A. Verrill, of Lewiston, divided $6, third prize. The conditions were 50 clay-pigeons, one barrel,

WALTHAM, Mass., May 30.—There were a number of marksmen present at the range of the Hillside Rifle Club to-day, and some interesting matches were shot, the details of which are appended:

American Decimal—Rest.

W H Stone	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	10—96
E A Emerson	9	10	9	10	10	7	9	10	10	9—93
G Strickland	9	10	9	8	9	8	9	9	8	10—89
H S Whiting	8	7	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9—92
E C Osgood	8	8	9	10	9	8	9	9	10	7—87
W H Greene	9	5	9	9	9	8	10	9	9	10—87
L O Dennison	9	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	7	4—84
W Mitchell	8	9	7	8	7	10	9	6	8	7—79
G Bassett	6	9	10	8	8	7	6	9	9	4—76
A Stone	9	7	9	8	6	9	7	7	8	7—76
H Richardson	8	7	9	9	7	4	6	9	10	5—73

Creedmoor Match.

A Keach	5544455454—45	E A Emerson	4454444444—41
E C Osgood	4454554454—44	W Greene	4484444344—40
H Whiting	4544445544—43	J R Carmichael	4333543454—38
L O Dennison	4444454544—42	D B Farwell	3134434444—37
H Bassett	5445444434—42	W Mitchell	4434334443—36

Team Match—Creedmoor.

Dennison's Team.		Emerson's Team.	
L O Dennison	4544444445—42	Emerson	4545543445—43
Keach	4545454545—45	Whiting	4545444444—42
Farwell	4433444434—37	Stone	4544544454—42
Carmichael	3334444443—36—160	Greene	5344444443—39—166

PATERSON, N. J.—The Paterson Jager Rifle Club at practice has done some excellent shooting at Braun's Hall during the past three months. H. E. Mertel proved the best marksman in this team and J. Reynolds in the second team and J. Tounly in the third. The first 10 shots each man fires on each Monday evening during the three months are credited as his score, distance 40yds., Stevens .22 short caliber rifle, weight 7lbs., Creedmore target, possible 650, or 13 scores of a possible 50 each. The scores stood:

H E Mertel	42 42 42 43 44 45 40 44 36 43 41 43 41—557
J McNeil	41 40 43 43 42 44 38 45 42 43 44 42 41—548
W Barr	40 41 41 43 38 40 40 43 44 41 42 43 40—536
J W Johnson	45 40 36 36 40 37 40 39 39 43 45 46 48—532
J Donlevy	42 42 35 40 39 41 41 39 43 42 42 41 40—524
E Mead	42 43 42 33 39 39 33 39 40 41 41 43 38—519
J Reynolds	39 33 39 40 42 43 44 53 46 41 43 38 38—529
J Tounley	34 33 38 37 35 40 37 34 39 34 39 36 53—469

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club went to Vernon (Vt.) Decoration Day, to shoot the Brattleboro (Vt.) Rifle Club, and were defeated by a score of 985 to 984. It was a splendid day for rifle shooting. The score of 112 points made by S. S. Bumstead, is a very fine one, and ranks high on a team match. Mr. Bumstead made 110 points in a match against the same club some time ago. A good time was had by all interested in the match. The following were the scores:

Brattleboro Team.

C L Cobb	10 11 10 12 10 12 11 11 10 11—108
J W Smith	12 8 10 10 12 11 10 11 10 12—106
A S Nichols	12 10 10 8 10 11 12 12 10 10—105
G B Read	11 9 9 12 9 11 11 12 10 9—103
A E Knight	6 9 10 12 12 11 9 10 11 10—100
H M Wood	9 10 12 10 9 8 8 10 10 10— 96
A W Nichols	10 10 9 6 9 10 11 12 12 10— 96
N S Brockway	12 9 12 9 9 7 9 10 9 7— 93
G H Sargent	9 8 8 9 9 11 10 10 8 10— 92
H C French	9 7 9 11 11 6 9 7 8 9— 86—985

Rod and Gun Team.

S S Bumstead	11 11 12 11 11 12 11 10 12 11—112
I DeClair	9 11 9 12 11 10 12 12 11 11—108
T B Wilson	10 10 10 12 12 8 12 11 10 10—105
M. W Bull	10 11 10 11 10 9 11 10 11 10—103
Dr Carl	9 9 12 10 11 12 7 10 10 12—102
H K Cooley	8 10 7 10 10 9 10 11 12 11— 98
L H Mayott	10 8 12 7 11 8 8 11 6 10— 91
S Bowers	8 5 8 10 12 11 12 9 11 4— 91
E S Field	9 11 7 5 9 9 10 10 11 9— 90
E T Stephens	10 11 7 11 7 7 10 7 8 6— 84—984

A match was shot after dinner, 5 shots each:

Capt. Stephens's Team.		Capt. French's Team.	
I DeClair	11 12 11 11 12—57	C L Cobb	10 10 11 12 10—53
E T Stephens	9 11 11 11 11—53	H K Cooley	11 12 11 11 7—52
G B Read	10 12 11 8 9—50	A E Knight	10 10 10 10 11—51
A Nichols	11 10 9 12 10—52	Dr Carl	9 9 11 9 9—47
E S Field	9 10 9 11 8—47	N C French	10 9 8 9 10—46
M W Bull	10 9 9 11 8—47	H Wood	10 6 9 11 7—43
T B Wilson	8 10 8 8 12—46	C D Barrett	5 8 9 9 10—41
S Bowers	5 8 9 9 10—41	J Smith	7 10 10 4 10—41
	393		374

The first-class medal of the Rod and Gun Club is held for the month by I. DeClair with the score of 110 points. He also holds the record match with the same total. The second class is held for the same by E. S. Field with the score of 100 points, which makes him a first-class marksman. The monthly badge of the Schutzen Verein has been won two months in succession by W. Milton Farrow with the totals of 216 and 215, German target. He used a 10-pound gun, 3-pound pull. —PINHEAD.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 31.—The Wheeling Rifle Club went to Pittsburgh, Pa., and shot the third match with the Pittsburgh Rifle Club on the 30th inst., and were defeated, as they expected they would be. The match was five men on each team, at 200yds. off-hand, on a Massachusetts decimal target, twenty shots per man. The other two matches were shot on the Massachusetts ring target, but an estimate of the scores made yesterday shows that both teams averaged several points more than in either of the previous matches. The Pittsburgh club have improved very much in the past few months, while our team have not done anything since winning the other two contests, and are not any stronger than last fall. This defeat may put them to work and prove to be a blessing in disguise. They have the material if they would only practice and get in shape.

The Wheeling club were so well entertained by their Pittsburgh friends that their defeat did not cause them any uneasiness, and the best of feeling has been entertained between members of the two clubs, who will enjoy the friendly contests. During the match there was a very strong wind from three to six o'clock, which carried the 530-grain bullets from six to eight inches, and was a provoking element to the Wheeling men, who never had such a wind as this was, as it came up a deep ravine across which the shooting was done, and good holding did not get bulls. One of our team shot with no bullet and scored a goose egg for his carelessness. The men shot alternately, one from each team, and the Wheeling team led from the first round up to the sixth, when it was a tie, and at the tenth round the Wheeling team was one point ahead, and the thirteenth round showed Pittsburgh two points in the lead, and the nineteenth round put Pittsburgh thirty-six points ahead, but the last round gave the Wheeling team a gain of seven points, which cut down the total lead of their competitors to a total of twenty-nine points at the finish. The following are the scores of each team:

Pittsburgh Team.										
Sertch	5	10	9	5	7	5	5	7	9	9	5	8	8	8	9	7	9	10	8	8—151
Painter	10	8	7	7	5	7	10	5	9	7	8	5	4	8	7	7	10	10	8	5—147
Brooks	5	5	3	7	10	9	5	8	9	5	8	8	8	7	6	3	10	10	6	4—136
Huggins	8	4	5	5	4	8	7	7	9	8	6	7	7	8	9	4	10	5	7	6—134
Stolte	5	3	10	10	5	5	8	7	5	7	8	9	3	6	6	8	7	4	7	6—129
																				697

Wheeling Team.																				
Stewart	9	9	6	9	8	4	10	9	7	9	6	4	6	4	9	5	3	9	8	10—143
Dwight	5	10	6	10	0*	6	8	9	8	10	7	5	9	6	9	8	7	8	7	7—140
Jaeger	9	6	6	2	9	7	7	8	6	7	7	9	4	6	5	7	5	8	8	7—132
Rothwell	8	10	9	3	7	7	7	6	4	8	5	7	8	4	8	9	4	5	5	5—129
Cox	7	4	5	9	3	3	6	8	5	10	7	8	7	4	5	9	5	5	7	7—124
																				668

*No bullet.

CHICOPEE FALLS, May 30.—The Maynard Rifle Club wisely rechristened their pleasant range to-day, and it will now be known more appropriately as the Riverside Range. The scores made were: Gassner, 105; Cook, 102; Eaton, 100; Soule, 100; Garner, 100; Morse, 97; Allen, 97; Clark, 95; Flint, 87.

FORT KEOGH, Montana, May 27.—At Fort Custer, Montana, as Lieut. De Frees of the Fifth Infantry was firing at the 300yd. target a soldier of the First Cavalry, without displaying the danger signal, walked from behind the bullet-proof butt in front of the target just as De Frees pulled the trigger. The bullet tore off the crown of the soldier's head. No blame is attached to Lieut. De Frees.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—Lieut.-Col. Landry, M. P. of Montmagny, Quebec, has been appointed to the command of the Canadian team which will go to Wimbledon this year. Capt. Clark, of the Ninetieth Battalion of Winnipeg, who was wounded at the Fish Creek fight, will be second in command. The team will sail from Quebec June 27.

NEW HAVEN, May 23.—Fort Trumbull regulars came to New Haven from New London this afternoon, and in a rifle match at West Haven turned the tables on the Irish Rifle Team, the victors in a previous match. A dinner was one of the features of the day. The distances were 200 and 500yds., and the score was as follows:

Irish Rifle Team	219	276—495
Trumbull Regulars	327	333—660

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

To the Members of the National Gun Association and whosoever it may concern:

GENTLEMEN—I take this means of informing you that, at the meeting of yourselves, called for Tuesday, 8 P. M., June 30, at the Girard House, Philadelphia, I shall respectfully tender you my resignation as general manager. I do this for the reason that it seems to me now to be to the best interests of the Association to have for this position some one not in any manner identified with a target manufacturing company; and it is the primary wish of myself, as well as that of the board of directors of the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company, to see the Association a complete success. The $500 of stock to which the latter company has subscribed will be placed in the hands of the new manager, whomsoever he may be, to be voted by him, and to be resold to the Association whenever you may so direct.

I have already spoken to three members of the Association, with reference to this position. This notice will give you all time to consider the subject, with the view of selecting my successor. In thus withdrawing I desire to add that I will always do what I can for the best interests and future prosperity of the Association, which now numbers over 160 members, and is now regularly though slowly increasing. Trusting that each of you will do what you can to augment the membership and thanking you individually and collectively for the confidence you have shown me I beg leave to remain

Yours respectfully,

CINCINNATI, May 29, 1885. J. E. BLOOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As an addendum to my open letter (dated May 29) of notification of resignation to members of the National Gun Association, permit me to add the following:

The objection that the Association is conducted in the interest of the Ligowsky target must be plainly met and overcome by the resignation of the undersigned as general manager, and of the two other directors hereabouts who have been supporting him as the executive committe. (I hereby guarantee tnese resignations will be tendered at the Philadelphia meeting or sooner if substitutes can be found.) A new general manager must be chosen with two other directors to compose a new executive committee of three. This committee shall be composed of men entirely uninterested in any target company or in any industry or business connected with the gun. This committee shall draft the programmes and arrange matches for all targets which they deem worthy. The $500 worth of stock to which the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Co. has subscribed shall be placed in the hands of the new general manager, to be divided or sold to the companies or individuals manufacturing said targets, and who will thus be contributing equally to the financial suppor of the Association, and be therefore equally entitled to the fair consideration of the officers and members of the Association. This course will be executed, beginning with the Philadelphia tournament, the programme for which will only be finally arranged at 8 P. M., June 30, at the meeting at the Girard House, to which all manufacturers of targets are hereby invited with the view of accepting and at once executing the above offers. All fair-minded men will admit that this should remove the present objections against the Association, the membership of which now numbers over 160, and against whom no base thoughts should be harbored. In this I came to impress it upon their brother sportsmen who have not yet joined their ranks, that they desire to be "fair and square" to every one, that they seek only the common good, that they guarantee an impartial trial and hearing to all who ask the same (which no one has as yet asked), and that they propose to keep their organization and ask all sportsmen to lend their assistance thereto; they ask all sportsmen to bear it in mind, above *all* things, that the bickerings and rivalry of target manufacturers must not be allowed to disrupt or destroy the existing organization (the attempt to form which was made years ago when one target only was in the field) and which has a scope so extensive, that eventually the question of targets will be a side issue merely. I thank you in their name for the sincere support you have thus far given their common object. J. E. BLOOM.

CINCINNATI, June 1, 1885.

The third inter-state tournament of the National Gun Association will be held at Macon, Ga., Aug. 10, 11 and 12. Judge M. R. Freeman, Second Vice-President for Georgia, Manager.

THE MINNEAPOLIS TOURNAMENT.

MAY 26.—The second annual tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club opened this morning The weather throughout the day was most favorable, the grounds are pleasantly and conveniently located, and the shooting was, on the whole, very good, and in some instances, remarkable. There were 30 entries for the first event of the tournament, for which $150 were put up in purses of $60, $45, $30 and $15. The leading scores were:

W H Skinner	1111110—6	R B Wadsworth	1111100—5
R W Ramaley	1111100—5	P W Dorlan	1110111—6
H Kruetz	1011011—5	B White	1011101—5
L Van Fleet	1111011—6	C W Budd	1111011—6
H Durant	1111001—5	J R Stice	1111111—7
J Pfister	1111011—6	J Mills	1110101—5
J A Duncan	1111100—5	J C Kimble	1011101—5

J. R. Stice won first. W. H. Skinner, J. Pfister, P. W. Dorlan and C. W. Budd divided second. Tie for third shot off at 3 singles: Barnaby 1, Krueger 2, Durant 1, Duncan 3, Wadsworth 2, White 3, O'Brien 1, J. C. Kimble 1. Duncan and White divided third money. Tie for fourth shot off at 3 singles: Kennedy 2, Steer 3, Mills 2, James 1, M. Hitchcock 0. Steer won fourth.

Much interest was manifested in the second event, in which three pairs of Peoria birds were let go. The prizes were a purse of $120, divided in purses of $48, $36, $24 and $12. The score was:

Budd	1 1 1 1 1—6	Hitchcock	1 0 1 1 1 0—4
Ramaley	1 0 1 0 1 1—4	Lawrence	1 0 1 1 1 1—5
Kennedy	1 0 1 1 1 0—4	Thomas	1 1 1 0 1 0—4
Wadsworth	1 0 1 0 1 1—4	Kimble	1 0 1 1 1 1—5
White	0 1 1 1 1 0—4	Dorlan	1 1 1 1 0 1—5
James	1 0 1 0 1 1—4	Harris	1 1 0 1 1 0—4
Duncan	1 0 1 1 1 0—4	Stice	1 1 1 1 1 0—5
Van Fleet	1 1 1 1 1 0—5	Myers	1 0 1 0 1 1—4
Skinner	1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Russell	1 1 1 0 0 1—4
Colby	0 1 1 1 1 0—4		

Budd and Skinner divided first. Tie for second shot off at two pairs, won by Stice. Tie for third shot off at two pairs, divided between Duncan and Thomas. Tie for fourth shot off at two pairs, divided between Kimble and White, omb.

Third event—15 blackbirds:

Skinner	111110001011111—11	O'Brien	001111010011111—10
White	111101111110110—12	Duncan	101011111101111—12
Thomas	111011001110110—10	Dyer	101111100010110—10
Sexton	111001111100011—11	Pratt	100111101001011—10
Budd	100111101111001—10	Steer	111100111101111—11
Stice	111100111111011—12	Ramaly	011011001111111—11
Krueger	011111100101111—11	Dorland	111110000111011—10
Rockey	011110110111110—11	James	101111110111101—12
Kennedy	101111101101001—10	Hitchcock, G H.	110111101111111—12
Kimble, F	111111110111111—14	Russell	011111111111110—13
Kimble, J C	111111111011111—14	Myers	111010011111010—10
Van Vleck	110101110011111—11		

F. Kimble and J. C. Kimble divided first. Russell won second. Tie for third is out-off at 3 singles. White, Stice and James made three straight, and on shooting off Stice killed every bird, winning third. Tie for fourth shoot-off at 3 singles: Won by Van Vleck.

Fourth event—Six singles and two pairs:

White	001101 11 11—7	Van Vleck	011111 01 10—7
Kennedy	010101 11 11—7	Budd	000111 11 10—6
Krueger	110111 01 11—8	J C Kimble	011111 11 11—9
Perkins	110111 10 10—7	F Kimble	111011 10 00—7
Rockey	111111 10 00—7	C M Skinner	110110 10 11—7
Stice	111111 10 10—9	Thomas	100101 11 10—6
James	011110 11 10—7	Penfield	111111 11 01—9
Sexton	001101 11 01—6	Wadsworth	001001 11 11—6
Duncan	010111 10 01—6	Harrison	011101 10 10—6

On the shoot-off, Stice first, Krueger second. Tie for third shoot-off at two singles and one pair, Kennedy, Rockey and F. Kimble tied. On the next shoot-off Kimble won. Tie for fourth won by Wadsworth. The shooting was all at 18yds, rise for singles and 15 for doubles. In the forenoon H. C. Lawrence was referee, and in the afternoon Lewis Shepley. W. P. Ives was scorer, and his assistants were C. W. Skinner and M. T. Matson. The managing committee were L. Harrison, W. H. Skinner and C. H. Russell.

May 27.—The second day of the tournament was even more successful than the first. Some of the contests were close, and in many instances remarkably good shooting was done. The day's sports opened with a contest with ten Peoria blackbirds, for a prize of $180. The following was the score: Skinner 7, Van Vleck 10, Kennedy 8, Budd 8, "White Robert" 7, Krueger 5, J. H. Hitchcock 5, Stice 10, Duncan 8, Rockey 7, Corey 6, Dorland 6, Lyon 7, Jones 9, Lawrence 7, Penfield 7, Dyer 8, Wadsworth 8, O'Brien 7, J. C. Kimble 7, F. Kimble 9, Sexton 7, Perkins 6, M. Russell 5, G. H. Russell 6. Where ties occurred the money was divided.

There were twenty entries in the second match, which was for fifteen Peoria birds. There was a purse of $240 hung up. The score was: Dyer 12, Van Vleck 12, Stice 14, Perkins 10, Paine 10, Krueger 10, Jewell 10, Duncan 12, J. C. Kimble 11, F. Kimble 15, Koran 10, Jones 14, White 13, Rockey 13, Penfield 10, Lyons 11, Lawrence 12 Ramaley 10, Skinner 10. L. Harrison 11, Russell 11. In the shooting off F. Kimble won first money, Stice and Jones divided second, Rockey and White divided the third, while Duncan and Fisher secured five birds each, and then divided fourth money.

The third event of the day was to have been a contest at 10 singles and 5 double clay-pigeons to each man, in teams of 5 each. This match was to have been for the Ligowsky State badge, now in the possession of the Red Wing Gun Club. This club was not represented by a team, however, and a match at 10 clay-pigeons was substituted. The following were the leading scores: J. C. Kneible 7, Budd 7, Pfister 4, Stice 6, Skinner 5, Penfield 5. The prizes were divided among those making ties.

In the fourth event, where seven Peoria blackbirds were exposed, there were 35 entries, and the following varied record was made: Stice 7, James 4, White 6, Cassidy 5, Legg 5, Krueger 5, Skinner 5, Kimble 6, Corey 6, Winship 5, Van Vleck 6, Wadsworth 5, Kennedy 5, Macomber 6, Duncan 7, Phoeler 6, Penfield 7, Hablitt 5, Lyons 5, Russell 5. Mr. Stice, who made the whole number of birds, took the first money, and in the shooting off for second prize White and Van Vleck again tied, finally dividing the purse. The ties for third money were also shot off. Legg and Wadsworth finally dividing it. Rockey secured fourth money, after a spirited nine-handed shooting-off contest.

The last contest of the day was a sweepstakes match, with three pairs of birds, $2 entrance fee and eighteen entries. The following was the score: Van Vleck 5, Wadsworth 4, Stice 6, Martin 5 Penfield 5, James 5, Skinner 5, Budd 6, Paine 5, Russell 5, Harrison 6, Rockey 5. In the shoot-off Budd took first money, Van Vleck and James divided second, and Skinner third money. "Wadsworth" is none other than R. B. Organ, president of two different Chicago gun clubs.

May 28.—The concluding day of the tournament was crowded with interesting events. The attendance of spectators was quite limited, however, and the conditions were less favorable than on the two previous days of the tournament. The first event was a shoot at 15 Peoria blackbirds, 5 of them being from traps, 4 straightaway, and 3 pairs. The purse guaranteed to $300. There were nineteen entries, and the score was as follows: Duncan 14, Skinner 10, Van Vleck 13, James 13, Kennedy 13. Rockey 12, Kimble 13, Stice 13, Wadsworth 13, White 10, Harrison 14, Pfister 12, Paine 10, Russell 14, Steer 10, Lawrence 13. The prizes were divided.

A sweepstake match followed, the entrance fee $2. The score was: Van Vleck 8, Krueger 8, Wadsworth 9, Paine 9, Kennedy 9, Budd 7, Duncan 9, Rockey 7, Pfister 9, James 9, White 7, Penfield 8, Kimble 10, Lawrence 9, Harrison 9, Russell 8, Stice 7. James and Wadsworth, after a shoot-off, divided second money, and Stice and White fourth money.

At the conclusion of the above match there was a demand for more sweepstakes, and an equal number of entries were received. The birds were 6 singles and 3 pairs. The score was: Stice 9, Krueger 9, Kneible 9, Van Vleck 8, Wadsworth 8, Kennedy 7. Paine 6, White 6, Lawrence 9, Budd 6, Harrison 7, James 6. Russell 9. The three men making 9 bird's shot off for first money, which finally went to Stice, Krueger and Van Vleck divided second money, Kennedy and Harrison divided third money, and Budd, after a shoot-off, won fourth money.

Probably the most animated match of the day was the shoot at 15 blackbirds. The purse offered was $300, and, as will be seen by the following score, there was more than the usual uniformity about it: Stice 14, Kember 12. Skinner 10. Budd 13, Krueger 10, Duncan 13, White 13, James 11, Pfister 11, Macomber 13, Wadsworth 13, Rockey 10, Kennedy 10, Penfield 10. Russell 11, Van Vleck 10, Harrison 14, Lawrence 12, Badger 11, Parker 11, Winship 10, Legg 11. Duncan won second money in the shoot off and Pfister fourth.

The contest for the State championship badges followed. The contestants were teams of six, representing St. Paul and Minneapolis. The St. Paul team embraced a number of substitutes from other points. The contest was at twenty blackbirds for each man, and the individual scores were as follows:

St. Paul Team.	
Kennedy	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1—16
"Yandis"	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—13
Pfister	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—15
Paine	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0— 7
Paul	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—15
Budd	0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0—11—77
Minneapolis Team.	
Kimble, J C	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0—16
Russell, Chas	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0—15
Harrison	0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—14
Rockey	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1—15
Shinner	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—15
Kruger	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1—16—91

CARTERET GUN CLUB, May 30, Bergen Point, N. J.—Cup shoot, handicap rise, at 10 birds each:

Williams, 23yds	1111111111 —10	DeBarry, 26yds	1111110110w— 7
Burd, 25yds	1011111110w— 7	Stone, 26yds	000w.
Haven, 26yds	1011111110— 8	Lee, 27yds	1111111111 —10

Ties—Lee 1, Williams 0. Cup to Lee with first money added, Williams second money.

Match at double birds, 3 pair, 25yds.:

	First Match.	Second Match.	Third Match.
Haven	10 00 w—1	10 10 10—3	10 11 10—4
Jervis	10 10 11—4	10 10 10—3	10 00 w.—1

Fourth match, at 5 pair each, 25yds.:

Haven ..... 11 01 10 11 10—7 Jervis ..... 10 11 00 10 10—5

	First Sweep.	Second Sweep.	Third Sweep.
Stone, 27yds	110w—2	110w —2	11111 —5
DeBarry, 26yds	00w —0	11111—5	
Williams, 25yds	11101—4	11111—4	00w —0
Burd, 25yds	10111—4	110w —2	10w —1
Haven, 27yds	00w —0	10w —1	1110w—3
Clements, 26yds	11110—4	11111—5	0w —0
Jervis, 26yds	11110—4	10w —1	11110—4
Edley, 26yds	11111—4	1110w—3	0w —0
Clark, 26yds			00w —0

First sweep—Williams, Burd, Clements, Jervis and Edley divided. Second sweep—DeBarry and Clements divided. Third sweep—Stone won.

	Fourth Sweep.	Fifth Sweep.	Sixth Sweep.
Burd, 25yds	11110—4		
Haven, 26yds	11111—5	110w —2	11111—5
Stone, 27yds	010w —1	11111—5	000w —0
Clements, 26yds	110w —2	0w —0	
Edley, 26yds	10w —1	10w —1	10w —1
Jervis, 26yds	110w —2	11111—5	10w —1

Fourth sweep—Haven won. Fifth sweep—Stone and Jervis divided. Sixth swep—Haven won.

	Seventh Sweep.		
Haven, 26yds	01111—4	Clements, 25yds	11100—3
Stone, 27yds	1100w—2	Jervis, 26yds	10110—3

Seventh sweep—Haven won.

GREENWICH GUN CLUB.—The second monthly of the Greenwich (Conn.) Gun Club took place on May 13, at Ten Acres, Greenwich, when the competition for the Rendle prize Greener gun was resumed with the following result, 18yds. rise, three traps, twenty-four glass balls:

Finiels	010101100000111101—10	W Mead	110010011100101010—10
Miner	010100100111111101—13	E Mead	110010110101101111O—13
Brush	000010010300000000100— 3	Buffington	111000100101101111100—11
C Merritt	000000000010000001100— 3	Tracy	000000101110000010111— 7
Foote	111010101111010101000—12	Selleck	001000000010000000110— 4
Contoit	010000000000000000010— 2	F Merritt	000010010100000101O— 6
White	110001100111010100100—10	Marshall	011110101010110110101—13
Ritch	111100001100010110111—11	Rendle	001001110111101111111—14

The special prize donated by Mr. Louis Contoit (picture of cocker spaniel) was won by Arthur E. Rendle.

GRAND MANOR, Pa.—Match of Grand Manor Gun Club, revolving trap, screened, one barrel only, 10 clays, 18yds. rise:

MacMillan	1101101111—8	Torbert	0011010100—4
Lorah, M	1010111111—8	Stauffer	0001010000—2
Clark	1110011101—7	Kleckner	0000011100—3
Lorah, J	0010111111—7	Lorah, A	1000100110—4
Lorah, G	0101100111—6		

BRUNSWICK, Ga, May 22.—At a meeting of the Glynn Gun Club, Mr. A. J. Crovett was elected president, Mr. S. C. Littlefield Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Wm. M. Berryman Captain of first team, Mr. R. W. Thiot Captain of second team. The club is in a flourishing condition, with twenty-five members.

TOPSHAM, Me., May 30.—Match between A. S. Alexander and W. K. Purinton, both of Riverside Club, for the State glass-ball championship badge, Alexander challenging. The match was at 40 balls, 20 singles and 10 pairs. Following are the scores:

Alexander	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11—38
Purinton	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 00 01 10 11 11—36

First event, 5 clay pigeons: A. Q. Goud 4, Purinton 4, Keene 3, Alexander 4, Lanergan 3, C. Goud 3. Purinton first, Hall second. Second event, 5 clay-pigeons: Alexander 4, Keene 4, Hall 4, Lanergan 4, Purinton 3, Goud 5. Goud first, Lanergan second. Third event, 5 clay-pigeons: Purinton 5, Lanergan 4, Hall 5, Keene 4, Goud 4. Purinton first, Goud second. Fourth event, 7 glass-balls: Purinton 6, Lanergan 6, Hall 3, C. Goud 1, A. Q. Goud 6. Purinton first, Hall second. Fifth event, 3 pigeons and 3 balls: Purinton 4, Lanergan 3, Hall 4, Goud 4. Hall first, Lanergan second.—CHAS. GOUD, Sec'y.

ATHENS, Pa., May 30.—May meeting of the Athens Gun Club. The rain in the first part of the day made the shooting bad, as it was done from the door of a large tent. First match, 7 glass balls, Cara's rotary trap, 1eyds. rise:

Davis	1110101—5	Park	0101111—5
Marks	1110111—6	Middaugh	0101111—4
Fuller	1111111—7	Knasboro	0110011—4
Sheridan	0111111—6	Rogers	0001111—4
Kendall	1001111—5		

Fuller won the prize rod. Second match, same conditions:

Marks	1110100—4	Armstrong	1111011—6
Fuller	1010100—3	Rogers	1111101—6
Davies	1011100—4	Gee	1100001—3
Knasboro	1100101—4	Kendall	0111101—5
Middaugh	1001001—3	Crockett	0011110—4
Sheridan	1000111—4		

Armstrong and Rodgers divided the prize, ton of coal.

Third match, 5 balls, 15yds. rise:

Rogers	11101—4	Edgerton	10110—3
Marks	00010—1	Goodwin	01010—2
Crockett	00111—3	Davies	11101—4
Gee	11101—4	Middaugh	01110—3
Armstrong	00101—2	Sheridan	11111—5
Wells	11101—4	Corby	00000—0
Kendall	11100—3	Fuller	11001—3
Park	10010—2	Knasboro	11111—5

In the shoot off, Sheridan won owl, Rogers cigars.

Fourth match, 10 balls, 18yds. rise:

Brock	1101011011—7	Gee	1110101101—7
Kendall	1111101111—9	Sheridan	1111011111—9
Marks	1011001110—6	Fuller	1111110010—7
Park	0111111111—9	Knasboro	0100111011—6
Davies	0111111101—7	Rogers	1110111111—9

In shoot off, Sheridan won prize owl, Fuller prize cigars, Marks third.

Fifth match, 5 balls, 18yds. rise: Prize, silver cup, won by Sheridan. Sixth match, 5 balls: Prize, box shells; Davies and Sheridan divide after tieing five times.

These were followed by other matches, single and double balls shooting, also a walking match at glass balls, which was quite amusing; in this Fuller won first, Davies second.—P.

CINCINNATI, May 21.—The Independent Gun Club had a good attendance of members at their shoot to-day. The shooting was at clay-birds. Miller is credited with the fine score of 19 out of a possible 20, the best score made in a club shoot on the Independent grounds at the tongueless bird. He is shooting now in fine form. Wick's score on doubles has not been excelled. The score is as follows:

Miller	11111111111111111110—19
Norwood	11110111111101101110—16
Wick	11010111011101101011—14
Hades	10101110011001110101—12
Wenning	11001001100110110101—11
McDuffie	10001010101110100110—10
Bradley	00001010101100101110— 9
Captain	10110100100000101001— 8
Robinson	11010110010000010100— 9
Maynard	00010001100000010110— 7
Bauer (one arm)	00010101001100001010— 7
Kessler	10101000010110100100— 8

Five pair doubles:

Wick	11 11 11 11 01—9	Captain	10 01 00 10 11—5
McDuffie	11 11 10 11 10—8	Dorman	00 10 10 01 10—5
Miller	10 11 10 01 10—6	Brady	11 01 01 10 00—5
Wenning	01 01 10 10 11—6	Bauer	00 11 01 10 00—4
Hades	11 10 01 01 10—6	Kessler	00 11 01 10 00—4
Norwood	11 01 10 10 01—6	Maynard	00 00 10 01 10—3
Robinson	00 11 11 00 10—5	Hart	01 00 10 00 01—3

The Independent Gun Club will, in all likelihood, give a large clay-pigeon shoot in June or July. This club has somewhere in the neighborhood of 150 members.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 23.—A closely contested shooting match took place at Athletic Park this afternoon, the participants being W. B. Lacy, Jas. A. Mackey and F. M. Gilbert. The match was at 10 single and 5 double Ligowsky clay pigeons, 18yds. rise. The score was very fine, from the fact that the trapping was done by Mr. Will Durnam, who gave the shooters the most difficult birds he could trap, no two—even in the doubles—being in the same direction, and all from the fourth notch. Score:

Mackey	0111111111	11 01 10 11 01—15	
Lacy	1111111111	11 10 10 00 10—14	
Gilbert	1110111111	11 01 01 01 11—16	

The Evansville Gun Club is now in working order for the season and has already commenced the clay-pigeon trap-shooting. They will practice one day each week, though members have the privilege of shooting whenever they wish, the birds and traps being always at their service. They will furnish either one or two teams, of five men each, to accept any challenges sent to the president, F. M. Gilbert. All matches this season will be at 10 singles and 5 pair of doubles, 18yds. rise, for 10 bores, and 15 for 12.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.—Syracuse, May 30.—The New York State Sportsmen's convention will be held in Syracuse, N. Y., commencing June 22, and continue one week, under the auspices of the Onondago County Sportsmen's Club. Programmes will be ready about June 10. All manufacturers and dealers that wish to contribute prizes can co respond with—JOHN STEDMAN, Sec.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., May 23.—It is with considerable gratification I write you that we have at last organized a sportsmen's club here. A number of the boys got together yesterday, and by noon the San Diego Gun Club was fully organized, and has for its bore and sinew the membership of every sportsman in town. We have so far received the hearty co-operation of some of our best citizens who desire the game laws of our State to be protected, and we feel very much encouraged by the number of members now, and the applications of membership that we have received to-day are nine. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Col. Chas. A Loud; Secretary, A. B. Pearson; Treasurer, Geo. A. Merritt. Executive Committee—D. B. Hinman and E. H. Weegar. Although we are a young organization, we propose to have a trap shoot every week, and will have a tournament as soon as possible.—A. B. P.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16.—Last year the Alameda Sportsman's Club shot a match against the Gun Club of San Francisco, ten men a side, at twelve single birds thirty yards rise. Burlingham rules, for a handsome trophy. It was won by the Alameda team by nine birds. To-day the rival clubs met at Bird's Point, Alameda, to again fight a friendly battle for the supremacy and a handsome silver pitcher valued at $100. This work of art was designed by Fred Butler, of the Gun Club. The top is of beaten silver, and around the neck of the pitcher are a series of medallions, each representing some game bird or quadruped. The body is of frosted silver, with litelike representations of pigeons in various lines of flight, chased in gold. The conditions of the match were exactly similar to those of last year, though the same men did not shoot. Butler made two splendid shots with his second barrel and had the ill-luck to have two birds fall dead just outside the one hundred yards boundary. The Alameda team won eventually by seven birds. The best two out of three wins decides the ownership of of the valuable trophy. Judge Hale Rix acted as referee for the match and George Bird, Jr., pulled and retrieved. There was but little wind, and the birds were not in consequence very fast, though all good strong flyers. The following are the scores:

Alameda Club.		Gun Club.	
Adams	101111101101— 9	Butler	111101101001— 8
Crellin	111110101101— 9	Ewing	100111111110— 9
Haskell	111111110111—11	Emmett	111011100111— 9
Hopkins	110111111101—10	Babcock	101111101111—10
Norton	111111101110—10	Gordon	010111111110— 9
Reed	011011111100— 8	Fuller	001111111111—10
Bennett	111111110111—11	Black	111111110111—11
Mayhew	111111011001— 9	Wilson	011101001110— 7
Williams	110111001110— 8	Hansen	000011001111— 6
Knowles	111011110111—10—95	Orr	111011111111—11—88

SHOOTING NOTES.—The newly organized Miami Valley Camping and Fishing Association of Cincinnati entertained their friends at Price Hill Pavilion the evening of May 30th....The Knoxville, Tenn., and Louisville Ky., gun clubs shot a telegraph match May 21. The scores stood 244 to 238 in favor of Louisville, out of a possible 300.... The Manitoba Gun Club, of Winnipeg, elected the following officers: President, J. H. Hubbard; Vice-Presidents, J. H. Mulvey and J. C. Walker; Secretary, J. A. Smith.. .The Western Shooting League of North America will give a rifle tournament at Indianapolis, Ind., June 16 to 21. The aggregate in prizes amounts to $10,000.. The Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Club is a new organization. The officers are: President, G. L. Eason; Vice-President, Webb Sowers; Secretary and Treasurer, James O. Hume; Range Committee, Jas. P. Forrester, J. A. Ricker and W. T. Rickards. A range has been secured and butt and target frame erected....The Bogardus—Meaders match will take place at Chicago June 10. They will shoot for stakes of $250 a side and the silver cup which Bogardus brought back from England; the cup to become the personal property of the winner at the expiration of two years' time, provided he defends it against all comers during

that time, he having the privilege to refuse to shoot for it oftener than once every two months. Live birds will be used in the match, each man to shoot at one hundred birds—fifty at single and the same number at double rise.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

June 8 to 10—Canadian C. C., First Spring Meet.
June 24—Vesper Boat Club, Annual Regatta.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

SUGGESTION TO REGATTA COMMITTEE, A.C.A.

AT the '84 meet the sailing race for Class B canoes, no limit of sail and ballast, brought out the largest number of entries, some twenty in all. The prospect for this year is that the entries for this race (No. 6) will be still more numerous. Starting the canoes all at one time, no matter how their positions at the start are fixed, cannot work fairly for some of the canoes, as was discovered last year. This race is a test of canoes and men, not a gamble for position or flukes. Over such a course as is laid out on Eel Bay not over six canoes could start in such a race and have equal chances of winning.

This event is one of the most important, if not the most important, on the programme to a majority of those taking part in the races. If there is a good breeze on the day of the race it would be much better, in my opinion, to make the race six miles instead of three—two rounds—in which case ten canoes could be started at a time with fairness. I should also suggest, in any event, to divide this race into heats—as many as the number of entries warrant; the winners of the heats then will be pretty sure to be good boats and sailors, and a final heat of six miles, contested by five or six of the crack boats at the meet, would be an event to be remembered. This would be a better way than taking the time of the canoes over the course, as it is impossible then to tell till long after the race who has won. I should be pleased to hear inofficially from members of the committee on this point. C. B. VAUX.

HARVARD C. C. RACES.

THE third regatta of the Harvard C. C. was held on May 27, and was the most interesting of the three which have been held by this infant club. The course was round a triangle of a third of a mile or more on a side, in the lower basin of the Charles River, starting from the house of the Union Boat Club in Boston. The following canoes were entered in Class B: Genesta, quondam Giroüe (Springfield), F. I. Proctor; Beatrice (Racine Shadow), Commodore T. Dunham; Gretchen (Nautilus), G. A. Webster, and Pilgrim (Racine Shadow), R. F. Coombs. Class A: Phyllis (Stella Maris), E. K. Dunham, and Germaine (Stella Maris), A. G. Webster. The Class A boats were started after the Class B, the times of starting being: Class B., 11:04 A. M.; Class A, 11:07. The large canoes continued bunched together until they rounded the first buoy, in the following order: Pilgrim, Beatrice, Genesta, Gretchen. The windward work then began, and Genesta and Beatrice passed Pilgrim, while Gretchen fell to the rear. In the meantime, in Class A, Phyllis had passed Germaine but after rounding the buoy and getting on the wind, Germaine quickly walked past Phyllis, and drew up on the big boats. By making a long tack Germaine gained a whole tack on the Class B boats Scraping barely round the buoy, she squared away before the wind and completed the first mile, a third of a mile ahead of Class B.

Genesta and Beatrice were having a lively scrimmage at the second buoy, Genesta getting around first, while Gretchen had fallen out of the race. During the second mile, Germaine getting out into the force of the strong ebb tide, Genesta began to gain the lost ground, having drawn far ahead of Beatrice. Phyllis gave up on the first mile. It now became interesting to see if Germaine could hold her own against the ninety feet of canvas of the other two boats. Genesta and Germaine made the two miles in the same time, but on the third lap the tide took Germaine into a mudscow, and she again lost a tack through over-confidence in rounding the buoy, and Beatrice caught up. Beatrice and Germaine finished the three miles in the same time to a second, seven and a half minutes behind Genesta, which won in Class B, and Germaine in Class A. All three carried the Mohican rig.

	Genesta.	Beatrice.	Germaine.
Start	11 04	11 04	11 07
First mile	11 34	.. ..	11 31
Second mile	11 59	.. ..	12 02
Third mile	11 22½	12 30	12 33

The paddling race was replaced by an upset race, by Gretchen, Pilgrim, ex-Giroüe, and Germaine. Won by Germaine. The best boat in the club, Tarantula, was unfortunately not in the race on account of the illness of her captain, the vice-commodore.

The club hopes to have several canoes in the canoe race at the City of Boston yacht races on July 4, and hopes to have a larger deputation than last year at Grindstone. GERMAINE.

PITTSBURGH, C. C. RACES, MAY 30.

OWING to the rain only one race was sailed on Decoration Day by the Pittsburgh C. C. The course was on the Monongahela River, one mile to leeward and return. The starters were Marguerite, G. H. Singer, 14×30, balance lug rig of 85ft.; Whiffler, W. E. Woodwell, 14×30, and Katrina, R. W Bailey, 14.6×31, both Mohican rig, of about 75ft.; Tiger, W. W. Lawrence, and Freyja, C. F. Holdship, both 14.6×30 and both Mohican rig of 46ft.; Ariel, T. H. Childs, 14.4×30, and Lady Jane, B. C. Bakewell, 14×26, both lateen rig of 30ft. The first three carried dandies, the others mainsails alone. Lady Jane entered against the larger boats, because the only Class A canoe present, and this was her sole chance to race; also, every point made counts on the record. Freyja and Ariel are novices, sailing for the first time, and the others had not sailed since last season. At the start Lady Jane and Katrina got over the line together, though on opposite sides of the river, the others being badly strung out, with Freyja at the tail end. The Class A canoe carried away her deck-tiller just as the second shot was fired, but contrived to sail the race out with the foot gear. Marguerite lost the use of her rudder at the start, the yoke turning loosely upon the round rudder-stock until the crew went aft and tightened the thumb-screw.

On the run up Lady Jane made much the best time and was first to turn the buoy. Katrina, reefed, second, with Marguerite, Whiffler (reefed) and Tiger in a bunch at her stern; and finding the race so close, both Katrina and Whiffler shook out their reefs as they began the windward work. Lady Jane was again in trouble, breaking the fulcrum of the lever at aft end of her Atwood board and starting quite a bad leak, but sailed the race out to the end. Marguerite was knocked down by a puff and shipped enough water to cover her floor, which she carried through the rest of the race, in which she secured second place, Katrina winning in 38m., while Lady Jane got in third, with Freyja, Whiffler and Tiger following. Whiffler was caught by a passing steamboat or would have been one or two places better. Ariel did not finish. Katrina was using her last season's rig throughout while all the other skippers were more or less unfamiliar with their new gear. Marguerite and Lady Jane deserve much credit in view of their several mishaps, the latter especially, as competing with much more powerful boats than herself, as also Freyja, who sailed her novice race under the disadvantage of a very bad start. The contest for the record cup to be decided by the result of all races sailed this season, thus starts with Katrina, 7 points (one for each starter), Marguerite 6, Lady Jane 5, Freyja 4, Whiffler 3, and Tiger 2.

THE NEWBURGH MEET, MAY 29-31.

MOST of those who were present at Camp Nate Smith last year, were glad to be back in the old spot on Friday morning for another three days' camp. The Mohican, New York, Knickerbocker, Rondout, Amsterdam and Middletown clubs were all represented, with the younger clubs, the Newburgh Dockrats, Shatemuc, of Sing Sing, and Brooklyn C. and S. Club. The camp this year was a little further up the beach and nearer the spring, and most of the tents were pitched along the shore, only a few being up in the old fort. The Commodore's signal floated under the A. C. A. flag, and on either side were the signals of the various clubs. A number of canoeists arrived at Newburgh on Thursday night, and proceeded down to camp against a strong southerly wind that made paddling very difficult. Tents were pitched and fires made and all soon settled down to the ordinary round of camp duties.

Friday morning broke clear and cool, bringing a number of additions to the camp from up and down the river. Com. Oliver and Secretary Neidé, the latter just back from a winter in New Orleans, were both present, but the soldierly figure and pleasant countenance of Fior di Liçé, remembered by all at last year's camp, were missing. The tent of the Kit Kats, with its novel cipher, was absent; but the Hiawatha and her skipper came down on Friday afternoon. All arrangements had been made in advance by the Newburgh C. C., and the steam launch of Commodore Bartlett was on hand to bring down canoes and to follow the races.

A special feature of the meet was the presence of half a dozen new canoes, whose performances were looked foward to with more than ordinary interest. The flagship Marion B., a Mohican No. 2, represents the latest in canoe model and fittings, and much was expected from her. She is one of the most completely fitted canoes yet present at any meet, and does great credit to the ingenuity of her owner as well as to her builder. Her rig is a Mohican settee, of course ornamented with a large figure, a sun with the letter M. in the center. Another new model that has excited no less interest this season is the Sunbeam, illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan 29, of which three specimens, the original of the name, Inertia and the Sea Bee were present. Two of these only entered the sailing races. Both of these were fitted with the new balance lugsails of a peculiar cut, the invention of Mr. Vaux. The four spars, boom, yard and two battens, are all of the same length, the portion of the sail above the second batten being almost an equilateral triangle, the cloths running parallel to the leech, which is a broken line, making a peculiar looking sail, but a very effective one. In other respects it is a balance lug of the usual rig, with reefing gear. The rig of the Sea Bee and Inertia consists of a mainsail of 75ft., a mizzen of 35it, and a small storm mizzen, used when the large mizzen is set forward. This arrangement gives a good area of sail for racing and a snug rig for heavy weather or easy cruising. Many of the boats present were fitted with the new metal drop rudders and clamping deck tillers, and all of the new ones had the Radix board. Of the old boats Snake has discarded her jib and shifted her mast forward and came out in a handsome suit of new sails, a Mohican settee of 60ft. and lateen of 15ft. Each of these is provided with a bonnet of 20 and 10ft. respectively, fitted with spars that hook on to the booms for light winds. Both Guenn and Tramp were on hand, but arrived too late for the first day's race. The former has been reduced in size to the A. C. A. limits, and the latter has received a new after centerboard during the winter, a new mainsail of 105ft. and a roller mizzen of 40ft.

Two causes have operated to mar the very interesting series of races promised. Many had ordered new boats and sails late in the season and were not yet fully prepared, while the late spring had prevented all who were ready from practicing with their new craft, and the first race was, in reality, a trial trip for several boats.

On Friday afternoon the wind was southeast and the tide was just falling when the first races, for classes A and B, sailing, were called. The course laid out by Mr. Smith on the ice, was a three-mile triangle, one side across the river, and was marked by large white flags. The entries were:

CLASS B.

Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican C. C.
Marion B.	Com. Oliver	Mohican C. C.
Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican C. C.
Arno	R. C. Cushman	Mohican C. C.
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York C. C.
Inertia	E. W. Brown	Knickerbocker C. C.
Minx	M. V. Brokaw	Brooklyn C. C.
Iolus	W. Van Dalfsen	Newburgh C. C.

CLASS A.

Dido	Grant Edgar	Newburgh C. C.
Helena	Grant Van Deusen	Rondout C. C.

The judges, Messrs. Lloyd Thomas, Mohican C. C., W. P. Stephens, N. Y. C. C., and T. J. Hand, Jr., Shatemuc C. C., with Dr. Neidé as starter, followed the boats on the Commodore's launch. At 3:16:30 P. M. the first whistle was blown, and one minute later the starting signal. Sea Bee held the best place at the line, and by good judgment went over it quickly just as the whistle blew, securing a good lead to windward. Marion came next, with Snake close behind. Across the river was a reach, and all went along merrily for first turn. Meanwhile the A boats had been started at 3:22:30, Helena going off with a good lead in the wake of the loiterers of Class B. Sea Bee was first to jibe around the mark in a good breeze at 3:30:15, with Marion at 3:30:35, Snake 3:31 and Inertia 3:31:10. When Iolus's turn came she jibed and went over at the same time, and hardly had a crew gone to her help in a rowboat before Arno, after rounding well and running a short distance, followed suit and capsized, owing to her Mohican boom slipping from the mast. Dido came round at 3:35:30, with Helena so close that it was difficult to time the difference. Down the wind soon made a regular procession of the fleet, which reached second buoy with Sea Bee well ahead, Inertia a dozen lengths astern, and the others spaced at the same distance from each other. The times were, Sea Bee 3:44, Inertia 3:44:30, Marion 3:45:10, Snake 3:45:22, Thetis 3:47. The leader stood out into midstream on starboard tack, but the others broke tacks as they pleased. Dido turned at 3:55:20, and Helena at 3:56:15. The beat home was very interesting as the boats changed places on the various tacks. Sea Bee held her place for some time, but was finally passed by Snake. The times of finish were:

	Start.	Elapsed		Start.	Elapsed
Snake	4 07 50	50 20	Inertia	4 10 36	53 06
Marion B.	4 08 20	50 50	Dido	4 20 45	58 15
Sea Bee	4 08 30	51 00	Helena	4 22 08	59 38
Thetis	4 09 00	51 30			

The prize for Class B was a pennant offered by the Shatemuc C. C., and that for Class A a pennant offered by the Mohican C. C.

A little rain fell during the latter part of the race, and, as it continued for a time, the spectators rapidly disappeared. After supper a large camp-fire was kindled on the beach and all the canoeists gathered about it. A motion of thanks was passed to Mr. Verplanck for his loan of the grounds to the canoeists, and others to the Newburgh C. C. for their work in preparing for the camp, and to Commodore Bartlett and his sons, who kindly placed their fast launch at the service of the racers. Saturday morning broke with clouds and mist over Storm King, but soon cleared away. A number of canoeists and visitors arrived, and by the time of the races the shore was well crowded. The first race called was for Class 4, paddling, one half mile down the beach, before a good breeze and against the flood tide. The entries were:

Daisy	G. O. Totten, Jr.,	Newark, N. J.
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican.
Chum	H. S. Crispell	Rondout.
Sunbeam	W. P. Stephens	New York.
Minx	M. O. Brokaw	Brooklyn.
Tiptop	R. J. Wilkin	Brooklyn.

The start was made at 11:31:30, and the race was very close throughout, the boats finishing well together. Daisy won in 6min., with Snake lapping her and Chum third. The next race, for Class 2, was for one mile with turn and brought out

Pixie	F. B. Smith	Newburgh.
Day Dream	H. L. Thomas	Mohican.

Pixie won after a closely fought race. The start was made at 11:47:30, the time being 13min. 30sec. The prizes were flags offered by the Rondout and Brooklyn clubs respectively. The judges, Messrs, N. S. Smith, Newburgh C. C., and W. M. Walsh, with the timekeeper, Dr. Neidé, accompanied the racers in a rowboat.

The main event of the meet was a sailing race between representative models, intended to be a test, but fluky winds and calms deprived the race both of interest to the spectators and of value to canoeists. The four leading models of the previous day were entitled to enter, and the Guenn and Tramp were also allowed in, as they would have raced on Friday but for a delay in getting down their racing gear. The full list was:

Name.	Dimensions.	Model.	Owner.	Club.
Snake	14.6×30	Mohican.	R. W. Gibson	M.
Sea Bee	15 ×30	Sunbeam	C. B. Vaux	N. Y.
Marion B.	15 ×30¾	Mohican No. 2.	Com. Oliver.	M.
Thetis	14.6×30	Lansingburg	P. M. Wackerhagen	M.
Guenn	15 ×31¼		Wm. Whitlock	B.
Tramp	14 ×33.	Pearl No. 6.	C. J. Stevens	N. Y.

The Snake, Marion and Thetis carried Mohican sails, the Sea Bee her new lugs, and Guenn and Tramp each a balance lug of 105ft., the latter with a roller mizzen. The Snake has an Atwood board, the Marion, Sea Bee, Thetis and Guenn all have Radix boards, and the Tramp has an iron plate of 45 pounds and a brass afterboard of 8 pounds.

At 2 P. M. on Saturday the weather was clear though rather cool, with a light northeast wind in Newburgh Bay, inducing all to start with full sail, the Snake hooking the bonnet in her mainsail. At the same time vessels coming up the river in the narrow reach below Storm King, hardly a mile away, were winged out before a strong, southerly breeze, which left them just below Pollapel Island. The tide was at a standstill, the ebb just being felt inshore, with a flood running in the center.

One whistle was blown at 2:42:35 and a second one a minute later, and all started off, Snake being first away, with Guenn, Sea Bee, Marion, Thetis, all on starboard tack, the order being to leave all buoys to starboard, so as to gain as much help as possible to windward from the decreasing flood tide. Sea Bee soon struck out for open water and, tacking, ran through Guenn's lee, for the windward berth, and all went off on port tack, the wind still holding northeast. After a short time Snake was well ahead, Sea Bee and Tramp next, then Marion and Thetis, while Guenn seemed to have lost ground. Snake wisely contented herself with making all she could to windward in midstream. Marion and Thetis tried a similar course, but with less success, and Sea Bee, followed closely by Tramp, reached far to the eastward side, looking for the last of the flood and the long expected south wind visible in the lower reach, while Guenn broke tacks and started boldly on an apparent wild goose chase well over toward the west bank, so that the fleet was well scattered. The wind, still very light, had gradually shifted to northwest, and under it Snake worked up, thanks to her kites, while Guenn also improved her chances amazingly. Snake jibed round the north mark and ran for the east buoy, with Guenn after her, while the wandering ones to the eastward caught a taste of what they were looking for and began to come up, as did Marion and Thetis. The times at the buoy were: Snake 3:29, Guenn 3:31:05, Marion 3:34:30, Thetis 3:38:45, the others not being timed.

Snake was first at the second mark, Guenn gaining 5 seconds on her in the mile run, and tacked around, running off into a calm streak at once, Guenn, close behind, profited by her fate and kept to the north, holding a little wind, but both waited a short distance from the mark until the pack came up. The times were, Snake, 3:44:15; Guenn, 3:46:15; Marion, 3:54:40; Sea Bee, 3:54:50; Thetis, 3:56:20; Tramp, not timed. Snake fancied a squall coming from below and doused her bonnet, just as at 3:56 the first puff of the south wind struck Guenn, then a few yards ahead of her, and while all the rest lay idle, the big ship started off as though with a screw under her, for the last leg. Snake hooked on her bonnet and waited for some time until a fresh puff struck her too, when off she went in a hopeless chase. Guenn came in but crossed the line from the wrong side, and had gone some distance before she discovered the mistake and recrossed, losing several minutes, by which time Snake was so close that the chances were about even; but a quick jibe threw Guenn across, the leader by 20 seconds. Meanwhile the rest of the fleet were almost becalmed, and an inopportune tow shut one off altogether, so that none were timed. The times at the finish were, Guenn, 4:09:50; Snake, 4:10:10. The judges and starter were the same as the previous day. The flag won by Guenn was presented by the Knickerbocker C. C. It was a great disappointment to all that the lack of wind should so spoil a race where all other conditions were so favorable, good weather, smooth water, little tide, and an accurately measured course, and where so many representative boats were entered.

At night the big fire was lighted up in the old fort, and though a light rain was falling, it did not penetrate the trees. The prizes were presented to the winners, after which Commodore Oliver spoke of the growth of the Association and of the necessity at an early date of such a reorganization as would induce additional members from the West and permit of a Western meet, mentioning the plan lately proposed by him in the FOREST AND STREAM. A motion was passed to the effect that the canoeists of the Hudson River recognized the importance of a reorganization and extension of the American Canoe Association to allow it to include all Western canoeists; and that, provided the canoeists assembled at Ballast Island in July would form a Western branch, they would recommend the adoption of such a scheme as should be most agreeable to all by the Association at the Grindstone Island meet.

Sunday morning broke with a rain that lasted until nearly noon, after which time it cleared up, and by 3 o'clock the last man of the visitors had packed and set sail, some for the south, but most of them for Newburgh, where they placed the canoes on steamers for Albany and New York. That the meet was in every way pleasant and enjoyable, was mainly due to the energy of the Newburgh C. C., who have worked hard to lay out courses, arrange landing and other details, and who have won the thanks of all present. The success of the spring meets is now well assured, and they will take place at one point or another every year. A small meet next fall at Rondout is also talked of. The races were marked throughout by the absence of fouls or disputes of any kind, or by any violations of the sailing rules, which are now becoming generally known and observed. The new rule for placing the Commodore's number on the A. C. A. lists in the peak of his mainsail was generally observed, enabling spectators to place the boats at any time, and by no means detracting from the appearance of the sail.

CRUISE OF THE LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.

THE Lake St. Louis C. C. had a cruise up the Chateauguay and English rivers as far as Howick, about thirty miles from their club house at Lachine, on Saturday, May 23, when the following fell into line behind the commodore: Shawinigen, Rintoul (Commodore) and T. Stewart; Marchioness, Brock and Phillips; Marion, Auldjo and Robertson; Iona, Stewart and Henderson; Lachine, Shearwood and Harrison; Viva D., Mitchell & Lockwood; Viva D., Kohl Bros.

The first camp was made at the foot of the first rapid, it being then about 9 o'clock, and the portage being over very heavy ground. Next morning at 5 A. M. we had our first experience of portaging, being the longest throughout the whole trip. Above these rapids the scenery is perfect, and we had a run of about two miles before striking our next rapid. People from every house along the river came out to see us pass, and show us the easiest way up some of the rapids. We arrived at St. Philomene at 9 o'clock and Ste. Martine about 11:30, where we dined at the hotel, and proceeded to Howick, about twelve miles higher up, and situated on the English River. We went about a quarter of a mile below the town and struck camp, and in half an hour had the villagers around us to the number of about fifty. They made themselves quite at home, lying around on our blankets, inspecting canoes and tents. Many had never seen a canoe before.

Leaving Howick next morning, we ran all the rapids (six) and one mill dam in safety, except the Lachine, which came to grief in the last rapid but one, owing to the stupidity of some men fishing who gave her crew the wrong course. She struck a sunken rock, which caused her to turn broadside, and before she got her head round the current brought her broadside on another rock; she then filled. When we went to help the crew out we found the rock protuding through her bottom. Some of the canoes having gone down ahead of the Lachine, the Marion and Iona had to divide up the two blankets and rig of the Lachine, and managed, by tying a rubber sheet round her bottom, to get her down the remaining rapid, and towed her down to the steamboat landing at Chateauguay, and from there she was brought to Lachine.

We had numerous wettings in the rapids, the Marion being upset while the crew were poling up one rapid, and great praise is due the Iona, she having run up one of the fastest rapids in the river, a feat which no other canoe has succeeded in accomplishing. At St. Martine we passed some brother canoeists on their way to Ormstown and exchanged greetings.

We all arrived at Lachine on Monday evening well pleased with our first cruise, and have planned one for next Saturday to St. Anns. MARION.

READ "CANOE HANDLING"—A marked improvement in the general average of sailing is visible every year. At each meet there is a larger number of fairly good sailors who make a hot fight for third or fourth place at least, and a man who would win must make use of every possible advantage. How to do this is told by an old racer, in "Canoe Handling," and should be carefully studied by all canoeists before visiting the meets this year. The value of the advice there given was well shown in one of the races at Newburgh, where a canoeist, who evidently had not read the remarks on page 132, went far off his course in search of wind, only to find none. Had he followed the advice given the result would, no doubt, have been quite different, and would have well repaid an hour's study of Mr. Vaux's excellent hand book.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND.—Shortly before his death, Mr. Delaney discovered a deposit of very fine granite on the island, and the indications are that valuable quarries will be opened there. On May 17 ice 25ft. thick was running in the river, and had carried away the buoys marking the courses. Last fall, Dr. Neidé sunk a keg at each point 10ft. below the surface, but all have been carried away. Com. Oliver, with Dr. Neidé and Mr. Gibson, will visit the island next week and decide on a number of matters connected with the meet. New courses will be laid out further from shore. A large number will be present this season and many preparations will be needed for their accommodation. The camp at Squaw Point will be larger than ever before. Dr. Neidé will visit Ballast Island in July, and proceed from there to Grindstone.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—CANOE RACES.—The course for the canoe race to be held on June 25, under the auspices of the Jersey City Yacht Club, will be as follows: From a stakeboat off the club house, to and around the spiles near the southeast corner of "Black Tom," thence to a stakeboat anchored near Ellis Island, and to starting point, around the course twice. A silver cup, presented by Mr. S. B. Crane, will be awarded to the winning canoe. Allowance one minute to the foot. Canoes may be left at the club house the day before the race and the janitor will take care of them.

RACES AT BROCKVILLE.—The first of the series of fortnightly regattas of the B. C. C. took place May 28. The sailing races were over a triangular course of 2½ miles, twice around, making a distance of five miles. Sailing—Canoes: Class B, B. W. Richards, canoe Grebe. Skiffs: 1st, Geo. Troutbeck; 2d, Noel Saurè. The wind was very poor and uncertain. Paddling Races—Single: No race. Doubles: 1st, W. S. Clouston and Edw. Pitt; 2d, John E. Chrysler and R. Junkin; 3d, Willis Chipman and Fred Burt. There is great interest being taken in canoeing matters this summer.—FRANCIS M. TURNER, Sec. Regatta Com. B. C. C.

FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.—A correspondent asks whether a small boat or canoe can be floated from Detroit to the Mississippi by any other route than via Cleveland. Can any of our Western readers give the required information, and also, in the case of a canoe, the shortest practicable route and length of carries?

THE ASSOCIATION BADGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The A. C. A. badge will be ready for shipment the latter part of this or the early part of next week. All orders for the badge must be sent to me, when they will be forwarded to the manufacturers.—DR. C. A. NEIDÉ, Schuylerville, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT RIVER MEET.—The Hartford and Springfield canoe clubs held their regular spring meet on May 30-31, particulars of which have not yet come to hand.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 6—Larchmont Y. C., Spring Pennant Regatta.
June 6—Quincy Y. C., First Club Race.
June 8—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Spring Regatta.
June 9—N. J. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—Brooklyn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 13—Winthrop Y. C., Sweep-takes Race.
June 16—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Quincy Y. C., Review.
June 17—East River Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Pentucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 18—New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—South Boston Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 21—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 27—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 30—Eastern Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. C. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.

THE RACES NEXT WEEK.

THE programmes for several of the races next week have been sent out to all who are likely to enter. On July 9 the Atlantic Y. C. will sail their 20th annual regatta, starting from Bay Ridge at 10:25. The courses will be around Sandy Hook Lightship and Scotland for the larger boats, around Scotland only for Class E, and around a stakeboat off Buoy 8 for the others. Entries must be made by 5 A. M on Saturday to W. T. Wintringham, 36 Pine street, N. Y. On the same day the New Jersey Y. C. will hold its annual regatta over a course from Bedloe's Island to Buoy 13. On Saturday, June 14, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will hold their annual regatta, over the usual courses, starting at 11 A. M. from Fort Wadsworth. The races are open to yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Larchmont, Eastern, New Bedford, Knickerbocker and New Haven yacht clubs. On June 11 the New York Y. C. will sail their annual regatta over the club course.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

NEWARK Y. C., MAY 30.

On Saturday morning a calm with a light fog prevailed on Newark Bay, giving poor promise of a race. The yachts were gathered at Greenville, the course being from a stakeboat off Uldrich's Pavilion, thence to a stakeboat off the mouth of the Hackensack, thence to a stakeboat off Maple Island Creek and home, 10 miles. The start was at 10 A. M., with very little wind, and the entire race was slow and tedious. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gray Eagle	27.10	11 09	3 30	4 21	4 21
Sunny C	26.10½	11 00¾	3 18½	4 17	4 16½
Winnnifred	26.10½	11 02	3 22	4 20	4 19

SECOND CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL OVER 18FT.

Rambler	24.02	10 57¾	3 10	4 13	4 13
Cloud	21.11½	10 57	3 16	4 19	4 17
Just Woke Up	21.11	11 11	Withdrew.		

THIRD CLASS—CATBOATS.

Shadow	20.02½	10 51	2 29	3 38	3 28
Ripple	20.04½	10 51½	3 28	4 37	4 37
Triton	18.10½	10 50	Withdrew.		

FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL UNDER 18FT.

Eddie	16.05	10 55	3 28½	4 33½	4 33½

DORCHESTER Y. C. FIRST RACE.

The Dorchester Y. C. opened the season on May 30 with a race over the following courses off Dorchester:

Third class—From starting line, leaving Farm Bar buoy No. 3 on starboard, Cow Pasture buoy No. 6 on port, Thompson's Island on starboard, Sound Point beacon on port, around Little Fawn Bar buoy No. 4, leaving it on starboard, Sound Point beacon on starboard, Thompson's Island on port, Cow Pasture Buoy No. 6 on starboard, Farm Bar buoy No. 3 on port, to and across the line between judges' boat and flagboat, 10½ miles. Limit of time 3½ hours.

Fourth and fifth classes—From line between judges' boat and flagboat leaving Farm Bar buoy No. 3 on starboard, Half-tide Rock buoy on port, Old Harbor buoy No. 4 on port, Farm Bar buoy No. 3 on port, Half-tide Rock buoy on port, Old Harbor buoy on port, Farm Bar buoy on starboard, to starting line, 7¼ miles. Limit of time 3 hours.

The race was only open to third, fourth and fifth class yachts, the sizes being over 20ft. 6in. and not over 28ft., over 18ft. and not over 20ft. 6in., and 18ft. and under. All starts were flying, the classes being 5 minutes apart, at 11:15, 11:20 and 11:25 A. M. In third class Banneret was first over, then Thelga, Queen Mab, Saracen, Muriel, Greta, Majel, Kitty and Juniata. Banneret and Queen Mab were soon well ahead and fighting hard for first, the latter gradually gaining and then passing the Banneret, until she took and held first place. Kitty, in fourth place, lost her bobstay. Spinnakers were set for the run home, the leaders keeping their distance. Unfortunate Kitty dropped her spinnaker overboard, and lost some time. The start in fourth class was also very close, Waterwitch being first over, then Scamp, Mabel, Pansy and Elf. Scamp and Mabel took the lead and made a good fight for first, Mabel finally winning, Pansy did not finish. In the fifth class Mirage started first, leading throughout. Nonpareil and Guenn were evenly matched, but neither could overtake the leader. Summary:

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Banneret, J. F. Brown	24.07	2 10 33	1 36 23
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	24.08	2 21 13	1 45 57
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	23.09	2 24 50	1 47 31
Kitty, E. H. Tarbel	23.07½	measurement not allowed.	

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield	22 03½	2 07 38	1 30 36
Muriel, A. C. Neil	22.07	2 17 10	1 40 42
Greta, W. S. Hill	23.01	2 17 55	1 41 48
Majel, J. P. & C. E. Loud	20.08½	2 27 30	1 47 14

FOURTH CLASS.

Scamp, F. Gray	18.04½	1 20 00	0 51 20
Mabel, G. R. Howe	20 01	1 18 45	0 51 57
Water Witch, T. W. King	19.05½	1 23 05	0 55 38
Elf, W. T. Barker	19.11	1 25 10	0 58 12

FIFTH CLASS.

Mirage, A. J. & I. M. Clark	17.05½	1 25 50	0 56 05
Guenn, W. L. Dearborn	17.07½	1 27 53	0 58 21
Nonpareil, Edwd. Lanning	17.05½	1 28 16	0 58 31

The prizes were: Banneret, first, $15; second, $10, not yet awarded; Queen Mab, first, $15; second, $10, not yet awarded; Scamp, first, $12; Mabel, second, $6; Mirage, first, $10; Guenn, second, $5. Greta entered a protest against Muriel for shifting ballast, and also for fouling Cow Pasture Buoy, which protest is not yet decided. Kitty and Saracen have to be remeasured. The judges were L. M. Clark, George S. Forbush, Erastus Willard, P. Fowle, H. B. Callender and Chester Guild, Jr.

ATLANTIC Y. C. OPENING RACE.

THE race arranged for Saturday was hardly a success, owing to the weather, but it was at least an improvement on the usual aimless Decoration Day sail. The wind was light from northeast, with rain and mist when the fleet started at 11 A. M., on an ebb tide. The course laid out was around the Scotland Light, for all but the smaller boats, but just before the start it was shortened to 22 miles, around buoy No. 8. The tug E. Luckenback, with the judges, Messrs. R. S. Church and J. F. Van Wyck, and a number of guests, gave the signal to start at 11:10 A. M. The proposed maneuvers were dispensed with owing to lack of wind, and the fleet started across with hardly wind to move them. Agnes was the first over, then Daphne, Fanita, Thistle, Athlon, Grayling, Bertie, Gracie, Rover, Viola, Enterprise, Speranza, Crocodile, Lesbia, Romeyn, Orion, Kaiser and Republic. All dritted down before a light northeast wind, until off the forts, when a southeast breeze met the fleet and carried them on, gradually shifting to the eastward. Daphne and Fanita held the lead, the order at the buoy being, Fanita, Athlon, Daphne, Grayling, Viola, Romeyn, Gracie, Crocodile, Bertie, Thistle, Speranza, Orion, Agnes and Lesbia. Further up the Bay the big ones began to take their places. Gracie and Grayling had a bout for the first place and the former won, leading the fleet home, Grayling being second, and Fanita third. The full times are as follows:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Republic	11 24 00	4 09 34	4 45 34	4 45 34
Grayling	11 15 40	4 05 05	4 49 25	4 43 40
Speranza	11 20 10	4 21 10	5 01 00	.. .. ..

CLASS B—SCHOONERS.

Haze	11 10 00	4 24 35	4 14 35	5 14 35
Agnes	11 10 00	4 25 09	5 15 07	5 11 58

CLASS C—SLOOPS.

Gracie	11 16 20	4 03 00	4 46 40	4 57 10
Athlon	11 14 00	4 07 37	4 53 37	4 53 57
Thistle	11 13 40	4 20 53	5 07 13	.. .. ..
Lesbia	11 29 00	4 34 45	5 05 45	.. .. ..

CLASS D—SLOOPS.

Orion	11 26 10	4 23 45	5 16 35	5 16 35
Bertie	11 16 00	4 22 10	5 06 10	.. .. ..
Daphne	11 10 50	4 12 17	5 01 27	5 03 49
Fanita	11 13 15	4 06 03	4 52 48	.. .. ..
Viola	11 17 35	4 26 35	5 09 00	.. .. ..
Rover	11 17 10	4 38 08	5 20 58	.. .. ..
Enterprise	11 18 20	4 25 50	5 07 30	.. .. ..

CLASS E—SLOOPS.

Crocodile	11 20 00	4 12 23	4 52 23	4 53 43

CLASS F—SLOOPS

Romeyn	11 23 30	4 26 03	5 02 33	5 02 23
Kaiser	11 29 47	4 35 45	5 05 58	.. .. ..

The prizes in each class were a set of gig flags, ensign, club and private signals. Agnes and Athlon being flag officers' yachts, do not retain their prizes, which go to Haze and Gracie.

FALL RIVER Y. C., MAY 30.

A regatta, open to all yachts under 30ft., was sailed on Mount Hope Bay, under the management of the Fall River Y. C., on Saturday last. The yachts were divided into four classes: First class, sloops under 30ft.; prizes, silver pitcher, value $26, and cash, $10. Second class, catboats, 21ft. and over, silver cake basket, value $18, cash $10. Third class, catboats, 17 to 21ft., prizes, marine glass and cash $3. Fourth class, catboats under 17ft., prizes, marine glass and cash $6. The length of the course was 4½ miles, the first three classes sailing 4 rounds and the fourth class 2 rounds, or 18 and 9 miles. The full summary of the race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Tabena, C. S. Williams, Fall River	22.06	4 12 21	4 11 00
Mystery, W. H. Allen, Bristol	23.01	4 21 53	4 21 53

SECOND CLASS.

Ideal, W. Simmons, Dighton	21.07	3 27 28	3 19 22
Kickamint, C. Barker, Warren	24 09	3 31 51	3 40 41
Annie G. Hindle, G. Hindle, Fall River	22.05	3 47 25	3 41 16
Barbara, Clunny Bros., Fall River	21.09	3 49 30	3 41 51
Minnie, Bence Bros., Fall River	21.06	3 53 52	3 45 34

THIRD CLASS.

Unknown, E. Young, Swansea	17 08	3 54 22	3 49 12
Nellie, E. Haggerty, Fall River	17.08	4 07 04	4 01 44
Hope, J. Norris, Fall River	19 06	4 04 32	3 04 32

FOURTH CLASS.

Bertha, A. S. Marble, Somerset	16.11	1 55 15	1 55 15
Florrie, L. P. Davis, Somerset	16.03	1 56 45	1 55 38
Zara, Gladhills, Providence	16.00	1 59 25	1 59 50
Wide Awake, Simmons, Dighton	14 05	2 09 40	2 05 04
Mary Louise, G. Simmon, Fall River	16.07	2 08 24	2 07 51
Weasel, R. Calvert, Fall River	16.01	2 11 08	2 09 35
Romp, T. Wood, Fall River	16.07	2 11 06	2 10 38
Charm, W. S. Wood	12.01	2 26 11	2 16 01

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. OPENING RACE.

Like their neighbors across the bay, the S. C. Y. C. members decided to have an impromptu race on Decoration Day, regular prizes being offered in each class, and all boats being considered as entered. The course was from Tompkinsville dock around Buoy 10 and return, and the yachts were divided into second class schooners, first second and third class cutters, and third and fourth class sloops. Starting at 11 A. M. the fleet drifted down, Oiva going over first, followed by Albatross, Gaviota, Maggie, Isis, Bedouin, Mist, Clytie, Kelpie and Yolande. Outside a better wind from the southeast was met with, carrying them down to buoy 10 at about the same time as the Atlantic yachts were there. Isis rounded first at 1:23:15, Clytie, 1:23:40; Oriva, 1:25:05; Bedouin, 1:26:08; Gaviota, 1:28:09, Maggie, 1:34:34, no others being timed. The breeze continued and brought the fleet home as follows: Clytie, 4h. 6m. 59s.; Isis, 3h. 53m. 56s.; Oriva; 4h. 23s.; Maggie, 4h. 22m. 33s. The prizes were $25 in each class. The prize for second class cutters cannot be awarded until Isis is measured.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. FIRST RACE.

Saturday was the day set for the first of a series of five races to be sailed by the South Boston Y. C. Early in the day there was little wind, but by 11 A. M. a fresh southeast breeze was blowing. A delay occurred at the start, but finally all got off at 11:30 A. M. The classes were four, as follows:

First class—Keel yachts over 24ft. and not over 30ft.; centerboards over 20ft. and not over 30ft.

Second class—Keel yachts, 24ft. and under; centerboards, 20ft. and under.

Special class—All yachts over 30ft.

The courses were:

Special and first classes, keels and centerboards—From judges' boat to the Black Spar Buoy No. 1, west of wharf on Thompson's Island, leaving it on the port, thence to Can Buoy No. 6, lower middle, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, leaving it on the port; thence Black Spar Buoy No. 1 again, leaving it on the port, to Can Buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, leaving on the port back to judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat. Distance, 7¼ miles.

Second classes, keels and centerboards—From judges' boat to Cow Pasture Spar Buoy No. 6, leaving it on the port, thence to Red Spar Buoy No. 2, north end of Thompson's Island, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, leaving it on the port; thence to Black Spar Buoy No. 1, west of wharf on Thompson's Island, leaving it on the port, to judges' boat, passing between it and flagboat. Distance, 5¾ miles.

The following is a summary of the race:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	34 06	11 32 00	12 41 42	1 09 42	0 53 06
Maggie, H. Huney	32.08	11 35 00	12 47 00	1 12 00	0 54 27
Lizzie Warner, T. Sutted	31.06	11 35 05	12 51 10	1 16 05	0 53 54

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Awilda, J. B. Farrell	24.09	11 37 00	12 53 25	1 16 25	0 53 46
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21.08	11 35 15	12 55 35	1 20 20	0 54 41

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Altaire, A. J. McLead	28.09	11 43 00	1 01 35	1 18 45	0 58 55
Ibex, Williams & Knowlton	25.04	11 40 00	1 01 35	1 21 35	0 59 24
White Cloud, H. H. Smith	24.06	11 31 00	12 56 03	1 25 03	1 02 12
Dorcas L, W. H. Lyman	28.04	11 35 08	12 58 17	1 23 09	1 03 03

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Nydia, J. Galvin	23.05	11 43 10	12 36 10	0 50 00	0 29 40
Monarch, J. J. Bligh	20.09	11 46 40	12 42 20	0 55 40	0 33 16
Unknown, Orcutt & Carter	24.02	11 47 00	12 41 35	0 54 35	0 31 47
Nereis, J. C. Jordan	24.07	11 46 05	12 41 15	0 55 10	0 35 39
Diana, H. Burgess	24.06	11 45 50	12 43 10	0 57 20	0 37 45
Brunette, W. C. Cherrington	23.11	11 46 40	12 46 50	1 00 10	0 40 12
Vera, M. J Carter	20 08	11 45 00	12 50 00	1 04 00	0 41 32
Nereus, W. L. Nichols	23.06	11 28 03	12 57 17	1 19 15	0 58 14

The judges were Messrs. John C. Merry (chairman), C. McKenna, Thos. Christian, William Morris, T. F. Christian.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. OPENING DAY.

The Decoration Day sail of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was a success, both for the racing men and their friends on board the Sirius, which accompanied the yachts, in spite of the disagreeable weather. Thirty-seven boats started, divided into eight classes, cabin sloops 32ft. and over, cabin sloops under 32ft., open jib and mainsails 25ft. and over, ditto 21ft. to 25ft., ditto under 21ft., catboats of 21ft. to 25ft., ditto 17ft. to 21ft., ditto under 17ft. The prizes offered in the various classes were a clock, yacht gun, lamp, compass, side and anchor lights, compass, side and anchor lights and a yacht glass. A prize was also offered for the best time over the course, while another leg of the A. W. Mott prize for the best time over the course was to be won. The course for seven classes was around the Gangway buoy, twenty miles, while the eighth class rounded Fort Schuyler buoy, ten miles. At 10:40 A. M., when the race was started, a good northeast breeze was blowing, making a lively race for all. The full times are as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Wacondah	11 08 40	3 28 13	4 19 33	4 15 23
Hurry	11 10 10	3 36 53	4 26 43	4 17 23
Sara	11 12 00	3 41 07	4 29 07	4 17 59½
Surf	11 07 49	3 29 47	4 21 58	4 21 58
Flash	11 11 44	3 42 09	4 30 25	4 28 12½
Undine	11 12 00	3 50 51	4 38 51	4 30 53½
Peerless	11 10 53	3 39 08	4 28 15	
J. Demarest	11 08 14			

SECOND CLASS.

Amazon	11 08 54	4 12 00	5 03 06	4 45 43½
Whimbrel	11 10 02	4 03 57	4 53 54	4 57 31½
Aria	11 12 45	4 13 56	5 01 11	5 01 11
Susie A	11 12 00	4 19 51	5 07 51	5 02 53½
Reckless	11 09 20	4 26 24	5 17 04	5 14 41½
Lena	11 12 00	4 29 32	6 27 32	5 25 14½
Sea Robin	11 09 41			
Swan	11 14 30			

THIRD CLASS.

Lizzie R	11 04 02	4 02 00	4 02 00	

FOURTH CLASS.

Adele	11 03 52	3 02 07	3 58 15	3 56 35
Rosetta	11 06 30	3 30 00	4 23 30	4 11 50
Nettie Thorp	11 05 53	3 17 53	4 12 00	4 12 00
Mamie	11 07 00			
Albani	11 07 00			

FIFTH CLASS.

Maggie	11 04 19	4 10 45	5 06 26	5 01 36
Dandy	11 07 00	4 40 03	5 33 03	5 31 43
Nimrod	11 04 00			

SIXTH CLASS.

Hornet	11 01 00	3 18 26	4 18 25	4 15 12½
Mayotta	11 00 42	3 51 16	4 50 34	4 50 34
Truant	11 01 40	3 58 19	4 56 39	4 54 04
Violet	11 00 16	4 06 02	5 05 46	5 00 13½
Gilt Edge	10 58 40	4 40 23	5 41 43	5 40 20½

SEVENTH CLASS.

Bon-Ton	10 57 50	3 52 15	4 58 25	4 54 32½
Narrioch	10 58 00	4 11 08	5 13 08	5 09 15½
Kitty B	11 01 17			
Katie D	10 56 01			

EIGHTH CLASS.

Jean	11 01 24	1 46 00	2 45 36	2 45 36

The Lizzie R. sailed alone in her class, but made the best time, winning the club signal and a second leg for the Mott Cup. Protests against their measurement were entered by the Nettie Thorp and Rosetta A.

WILLIAMSBURGH Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

On Monday last the Williamsburgh Y. C. held their fifteenth annual regatta over a course from Greenpoint to the Stepping Stones and return, with a fresh northwest wind and pleasant weather. Seventeen boats started in the four classes, the first going over at 10:50. The steamer General Sedgwick, carrying the members and guests of the club, followed the yachts up through the Gate. Topsails were carried for some time, and when in the Sound spinnakers were set to port. The times at the mark were:

E. Preston	12 59 10	Minnehaha No. 2	1 12 38
Carrie Van Voorhies	1 01 59	W. R. Goodenough	1 12 52
Sorceress	1 02 40	Narrioch	1 15 04
S. S. Free	1 06 02	Lancer	1 14 54
J. Tregarthen	1 06 35	Lettie	1 15 21
Susie B	1 11 46	Bulldozer	1 15 34
Armenia J. Foster	1 12 35		

The wind was fresh enough on the beat home, and ballast soon went to windward, the sloops clewing up their topsails. The tide by this time was with them and helped by it a quick run home was made. The full times are as follows:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carrie Van Voorhies	11 05 26	3 09 31	4 04 05	.. .. ..
Susie B	11 06 04	3 25 54	4 19 50	4 18 00
James Tregarthen	11 05 02	3 29 21	4 24 19	4 20 09
Sorceress	11 06 35	6 27 32	4 20 57	4 15 37

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

W. R. Goodenough	11 02 17	3 39 30	4 37 13	.. .. ..
Lettie	11 02 37	3 49 59	4 47 22	4 43 52
Lancer	11 01 26	3 50 31	4 49 05	4 34 15

CLASS C—CAT RIG.

E. Preston	10 58 11	3 07 31	4 09 20	.. .. ..
Minnehaha, No. 2	10 52 50	3 47 07	4 45 17	.. .. ..
S. S. Free	10 58 06	3 24 26	4 26 20	4 23 30

CLASS D—CAT RIGS.

Bulldozer	10 53 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Armenia J. Foster	10 52 05	3 26 46	4 34 41	.. .. ..
Grover	10 51 56	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Narrioch	10 51 46	3 45 19	4 53 33	4 47 30
Annie	10 [illegible] 09	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Minnehaha	10 52 16	3 47 07	4 54 51	4 48 51
Thomas Kells	10 52 23	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

SANDY BAY Y. C.

This new club, whose headquarters are at Rockport, now numbers nearly fifty members and twenty-five yachts, while their club house is well fitted up with a reading room, etc. The officers are: Commodore, L. M. Haskins; Fleet Captain, Howard H. Paul; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles F. Mills; Measurer, L. H. Clarke. Regatta Committee—H. H. Paul, G. T. Margeson, C. E. Cunningham, G. Butman and W. Hale. The first race was sailed on Friday last over a course of eight miles, at the mouth of the Annisquam River. At 11:30 A. M. twelve yachts started, the prize being a silk pennant. The entries and times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Cloud	1 54 30	1 06 54	Petrel	2 25 40	1 30 32
Hestia	2 18 21	1 21 10	Roldan	2 20 30	1 32 12
Spark	2 29 00	1 30 12			

Jalma, Kittiwake, Ella, Fleetwood, Eliza, Tarquin and Callie did not finish.

LYNN AND WEST LYNN CLUBS.

A race was sailed on Friday at 11 A. M., between the Daisy D., A. Martin, Lynn Y. C., and the Alice, P. Lynch, and Crescent, T. M. Alley, of the West Lynn Y. C., over an eight mile course in Lynn Harbor. The wind was fresh from the east. Only working sails and fixed ballast were allowed. The times were:

	Actual.	Corrected.		Actual.	Corrected.
Alice	1 39	1 04 35	Daisy D	1 43	1 11 34
Crescent	1 42	1 06 43			

NEW HAVEN Y. C., May 30.—This club opened the season by a sail over the new course lately adopted, from Suddington's Rock buoy southeast eight miles to a stakeboat and return. The following yachts took part in the sail: Rajah, Com. James G. Beecher; Ariadne, of Norwich, W. L. Osgood; Rival, W. W. Converse. Wayward; Wild Duck, Alexander Lutz; Portchester, C. B. Warner; Wild Pigeon, Frank Wheeler; Vixen, C. W. Rawson; Endeavor, ex-Com. Billard; Zephyr, Vice-Com. Geo. E. Dudley; Sea Bell, H. A. Seamour, Washington; Starlight, C. M. White; Acme, ex Com. C. W. Scranton; Mascotte, J. Jacobs; Molly Pitcher, Capt. McNeil, and Alice, Capt. Smith. Two of the fleet lost their topmasts.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The club sail to Fort Lee on Decoration Day was made much more interesting by a race for a club signal, presented by Commodore Longstreet. The starting signal was given at 10:30 A. M., and Meteor was first away, with Dare Devil, Growler and the remainder of the fleet astern of her. A beat against a light wind from northeast followed, the Dare Devil leading and coming in at 12:15:45 with Meteor at 12:31:55, Growler at 12:30:45, and Gleam 12:44, thus winning the prize. The return race was started at 4:15 and was won by Growler, the time being 1h. 37m. Meteor was close astern and Dare Devil a good third.

GANANOQUE Y. C. REGATTA.—The Gananoque Y. C. held a regatta on May. 25, in which the Minnie C. won first prize, Mabel second and Merlin third.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—The yachts of the Brooklyn Y. C. were out for their opening sail on Saturday, the fleet including the Fern, Vida, Circle, Loretta S., Carrie May, Surprise. Carrie and Ripple.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The fleet sailed down to Coney Island Point on Saturday, returning in the afternoon.

CATAMARANS.—THE JESSIE—IRIS MATCHES.

DURING the past winter several matches have been made between the older boats and those then building, the most important ones being a series of five between the well-known Jessie, Mr. Fred Hughes, and the new boat Iris, built by Fearon for Mr. Robert Inman, the stakes being $250 a side. Iris is a keel catamaran, 42ft. 6in. long, while Jessie is but 40ft., and has a centerboard in each hull. The first race was sailed on Monday, June 1, the course being from Bedloe's Island to and around Buoy 8½ and home, a distance of thirty miles, Mr. M. R. Schuyler, S. C. Y. C., was the judge, and Commodore Longstreet, N. J. Y. C., was timekeeper. At 11:20 A. M. the whistle blew and at 11:24:31 Iris, steered by her builder, stood over the line, with Jessie 38sec. later, handled by her owner. The wind was south of west and blowing a wholesail breeze, while the tide was ebbing, and the boats went down very quickly on starboard tack, Iris holding a slight lead until outside the forts, where Jessie crept up. From here to the turn the pair were evenly matched, each leading and falling back from time to time. The time at Buoy 8½ was: Iris, 12:42:35; Jessie, 12:43:02

The judges' tug Lyndhurst was soon far astern as the racers ran for home, the wind now being southerly. Iris held her lead for a time, but finally fell to second place. Both were tossed about on the lumpy water, diving and pitching at a lively gait. As the wind freshened they each rolled in a reef and came along easier, Jessie still gaining, until at the finish she was three minutes ahead. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Corrected.
Jessie	11 25 12½	12 43 02	1 52 40	2 24 57½
Iris	11 24 34½	12 42 25	1 55 10	2 31 05½

The second race was sailed on Tuesday over the same course in a strong northwest wind. The Jessie was first off under full sail, but Iris reefed both mainsail and jib. The former led easily over the entire course, the weather being too heavy for Iris. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Corrected.
Jessie	11 32 17	12 30 25	2 35 10	3 00 32
Iris	11 34 16	———	3 07 52	3 32 36

ATLANTIC Y. C. LADIES' DAY, JUNE 2.

THE weather provided for Ladies' Day would have served for the more important races of next week, as there was more wind than the ladies wanted, and enough for a quick race over the outside course, rather than for the short sail in the harbor, which constitutes the main feature of this event each year. The wind was very fresh from northwest, with a clear sunny sky, but a chill in the air that felt little like June. The guests of the club assembled in the afternoon at the club house, where a band was in attendance, and at 4 o'clock some of the ladies ventured on board the yachts, while others remained to witness the race from the club house. The course was from the breakwater to a stakeboat off Tompkinsville, thence to a stakeboat off Oyster Island, and home, 8 miles. No racing canvas was allowed, which did not matter much, as all were content to reef. The fleet started at 4:49, Grayling going over first, leading from start to finish. The fleet, large and small, soon dropped into a procession in her wake. The wind blew pretty heavily at times during the afternoon, but not enough to spoil the enjoyment of the ladies who formed part of the crew. The entries and times were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
CLASS A.				
Grayling	4 49 40	5 35 00	0 45 20	
Clytie	4 49 45	5 46 05	0 56 20	0 54 45
CLASS B.				
Agnes	4 52 00	5 47 45	0 55 45	0 53 59
Haze	4 52 00	5 52 54	1 00 54	1 00 54
CLASS C.				
Athlon	4 51 10	5 42 50	0 51 40	0 51 40
Thistle	4 49 47	5 45 55	0 56 08	0 58 00
Lesbia	4 51 45			
CLASS D.				
Enterprise	4 53 10	5 45 48	0 52 38	0 52 35½
Daphne	4 51 35	5 44 38	0 53 03	0 53 03
Viola	4 56 55	6 04 05	1 07 10	1 06 54
Stella	4 53 25	6 01 08	1 07 43	1 06 52
Rover	4 54 00	6 01 05	1 07 05	1 06 48½
CLASS E.				
Crocodile	4 53 20	5 50 07	0 56 47	0 56 47
Phantom	4 54 17	5 54 20	1 00 03	0 59 45½
Wilful	4 54 05			
CLASS F.				
Romeyn	4 53 25	6 01 40	1 08 15	1 08 15
Tourist	4 57 00	6 07 30	1 10 30	1 09 32

Grayling, Agnes, Athlon, Enterprise, Crocodile and Romeyn win in their respective classes, and prizes were given to each of the ladies in their crews. After the race an entertainment was given at the club house in the evening.

THE RACING SEASON ABROAD.

THE Channel matches, from Harwich to Southend, were sailed on Saturday, and were notable from the first appearance of Galatea as a racer. The course was forty miles free with a southwest wind, with a reach of six miles and four miles of windward work, making fifty miles. The starters were Galatea, Irex, Wendur, Lorna, Anemone, Clara, Marguerite, Tara, Marjorie and Fairlie. Galatea lost some time on the start, Wendur and Irex being first off, but down wind the new one picked up, and when half way over the course she led Irex and was second. On the wind her new sails did poorly, but she finished first, Irex beating her on allowed time.

The following telegram to the New York *Herald* gives an account of Galatea's second race, in which she appeared to less advantage. It is too soon yet to form an accurate judgment of her merits, as a few alterations may remedy the defects attributed to her below:

Harwich Harbor, June 2, 1885.—The greatest interest in yachting circles centered yesterday upon the second match of the Galatea, consequent upon the knowledge that she will probably contest for the America's Cup. The race to-day was looked upon as a better test for the Galatea than Saturday's race, being over forty miles on a triangular course. At the first the Galatea started off before the wind at a great speed, her most dangerous rival, the Irex, being sagely blanketed by the Marguerite and the Lorna successively. For some time things looked like a runaway race for the Galatea, till the large yawl Wendur settled down into form and managed to get on terms with the leader in a most exciting chase. Meanwhile the Irex, freeing herself from the Marguerite and Lorna, steered a judicious course to southward, and before reaching the first lightship found herself on level terms with the two larger boats.

From this point a most exciting race ensued. The breeze, which had hitherto held fairly, fell perceptibly, and the sun coming out strongly, it died away almost entirely. Spinnaker sails and larger topsails were tried by the Galatea without effect, till the freshening breeze was seen to be bringing up the Irex into an enviable position, she being able for the first time to study the Galatea's bows. From this moment the Galatea seemed to lose all life. With clouds of canvas spread she appeared to be utterly unable to overhaul the more sprightly Irex, and from this moment, about half the journey over, she kept losing way. Presently the breeze freshened more, and a broad reach was made, which resulted in favor of the Wendur, which in her turn passed the Galatea, whose mainsheet here got over her counter, which added to her discomfiture. At the lightship the Wendur came in abreast of the Irex; but the latter boat, by skilful handling, managed to come in first. She did not receive first prize, however, as this was allowed to the 40-tonner Tara on her time allowance. The Wendur passed the committee boat second, and the Galatea came in two minutes after the Irex, to which she is supposed to be able to give a minute and a quarter.

The result revealed several serious defects in the Galatea, which is undoubtedly oversparred. That extent of spar and sail which her advocates have been so proud of proved a source of detriment all through the day. It was evident that her spars were so large as to preclude neat handling. Over and over again the Irex sailed away from the Galatea, merely owing to neat and rapid handling, while the Galatea at critical moments appeared to be helpless—at one time with the top mast stay block gone, at another with mainsheet over her counter. Her crew did not appear to work in unison, and showed none of that calibre vigilance and vim which is a chief forward of success. The Galatea appears to be unable to reach or to go before the wind, and yesterday she was shown to be unable to go fast to windward as she has too much weight to carry. After to-day's show no doubt a considerable amount of her lead will be removed. One of the most successful captains of the fleet said to your correspondent: "If she don't alter from that she has no right to represent us in America." An old skipper added, "Well, with those timbers I would not be an A. B. on board the Galatea for double wages."

GENESTA AND GALATEA.

BY THE following from *Land and Water* of May 23, it will be seen that the cabled report of Genesta's departure was incorrect, and that she had not, up to that date, sailed for America, so we need not expect her or Galatea for some time yet. Beyond the particulars given below, the English papers contain no news of the racers:

"Racing vessels pure and simple—or what, according to the classification newly adopted by the Yacht Racing Association, will be known as Class A—may not make up an imposing squadron; but some stirring sport will, in all probability come out of the contests the heavy-weight division engage in, and although the Genesta's red and black banner may not be sported in the home waters, and the Galatea's cut in be of but little longer duration than a butterfly day, it is well to know that the first class fleet will be up to the average in point of numbers. Not the least interesting feature of the season's racing will be the Wendur's presence at all the leading regattas round the coast, and we hear that the steel yawl left the Clyde yesterday for the Thames, so that she may jog along easy, and yet have plenty of time for a trial stretch or two on the river before setting out on the New Thames match from Southend to Harwich. In the light weather —of which there was an almost unbroken sequence—on the Clyde last season the Wendur ghosted along in a really startling way, and she was then certainly handicapped, her mainsail being quite played out, in fact 'twas like a hammock directly there came a capful of wind. Mackie has put on the considering cap this winter about his charge, and Wendur may show herself a much improved vessel. Her mast and bowsprit have been lightened, but not cut, and a longer topmast will be pointed. The loose ballast inside has been made to stow close, but she will be sailed on the same loadline. She has new gear and sails fore and aft, and it will not be for want of a racing fit out that she will miss prize winning. Wendur is painted black this year to the waterline and white below the loadline, and her flyaway look will doubtlessly fetch Thames yachting critics not a little. She will be top weight of the fleet, sailing at 100 tons reduced tonnage for yawl rig, but the new time scale, based on the 6th root of the Yacht Racing Association tounage, will abate the allowances she will have to concede the cutters and Lorna. By way of comparison it may be said that last year, over a fifty-mile course, Wendur had to give Irex 4min. 2sec., Genesta 5min. 33sec., Marjorie 9min. 35sec., Marguerite 12min. 41sec., and Tara 22min. 43sec.; while under the new table she will allow Galatea 2min. 16sec., Irex 3min. 31sec., Genesta 4min. 53sec., Marjorie 8min. 35sec., Lorna 8min. 35sec., Marguerite 11min. 25sec., and Tara 21min. 10sec. The Irex was hurried in her outfit last year, and was far from having the racing finish O'Niell would like to have given her. She was out of trim and unhandy at Liverpool, but was better after being docked at Greenock, and having nearly four tons cut off the lead keel. Still she was far from right in the early Clyde matches, but after being trimmed more by the stern she reached like a mad horse round the Royal Northern course, and then sailed well up to Plymouth regattas. She then set up entirely, but stepped off once in a match inside the Wight; still, it may be said that from first to last she failed to realize expectations. Her copper was stripped off after she was hauled up in the fall, and the hull has been smoothed and new cold rolled put on, so that the friction surface will this season be glass-smooth, and with new sails Irex reappears in far and away better racing fettle than she was at any time last year. She showed wonderful bursts of speed when going free, but never did anything startling when by the wind, and O'Niell is not likely to sweep the coast with her as he did with Annasona and Samoena. Thus Genesta may be given a racing stretch in the Clyde opening handicap matches before taking her departure for New York, and a pretty shrewd guess can then be made whether the alterations effected since lying up are satisfactory or no. She has had nearly ten tons more lead fixed on her already ponderous keel, and the hull has been smoothed and recoppered. The sail plan has been altered consequent on the mast being lengthened 3ft., and the bowsprit being put further outboard, but the boom, gaff and topmast are the same The alterations seem to have been thoroughly well thought out, and Genesta should be an improved vessel. She will leave the Clyde for Boston early in June, and cross the western ocean under jurymast and winter bowsprit, carrying a large trysail. Her racing spars will be sent over in one of the liners, and as she is a fine high-sided vessel and good sea boat she should go across comfortably enough. John Carter, who was skipper last year, will mate her in the international matches, and he has the same smart crew with him. Every effort will be made to get the Galatea round from the Clyde in time to take part in the "Down Swin" match from Southend to Harwich on the last working day of this month, and there is but little doubt at present that the new steel clipper will sail her maiden race on that occasion. There is not much risk in prophesying that the Galatea will prove the fastest cutter ever built. Genesta is exceptionally close-winded, but does not reach so well after the rate; Galatea, however, has a longer forebody and is finer under water, and should go like flying with checked sheets. She is a bold sided, noble-looking craft, and is not rounded up in the counter so quickly as Genesta, and this alteration in the model gives the new ship a very powerful appearance. Lemon Cranfield, who has been pining for a cutter, is likely to have a craft under his feet that will be able to make the whole fleet hull, and he will have the pick of the Miranda's crew with him. The Galatea will be sailed across the Atlantic, according to report, some time in July, and it is anticipated will have a busy season on the other side."

NEW BRITISH YACHTS.

UNLESS war is declared between England and Russia, the yachting season in England promises to be a lively one, as although few new racers are building, and two at least of the fleet will race in American waters, the new classification will bring many of the cruisers and ex-racers to the line. Miranda will not fit out this season, Genesta and Galatea will be away on business, Erycina and Samcena have joined the yawls, as Silver Star did last season, and both of them will race in the new class B as "ex-racers," and no new ones will take their places. Besides Galatea, who will do little racing in British waters, two new yawls will be added to the fleet. Ventura, 96 tons, from designs by Beavor Webb, for Mr. R. Heard, and Constance, 119 tons, designed by Dixon Kemp, for Mr. C. Prescott Westcar. The latter is 98ft. 2in. over all, 87ft. stem to sternpost, 83ft. waterline, 18ft. beam, 12ft. draft; displacement, 138 tons; area of lower sail, 4,220 sq. ft.; lead keel, 25 tons; inside ballast of iron. Forward of the saloon is a large stateroom and toilet room, and abaft of the saloon is the ladies' cabin and four staterooms. On one side of the saloon, the walls of which are finished in cretonne, is a sofa and a cabinet, and on the other a sideboard and set ee. The deck fittings will be of teak, and the companions and cabin of oak. Messrs. Payne & Sons, Southampton, are the builders. At Fairlie, the elder Fife is building a 60 tonner, with more beam and less keel, having but 11 tons outside her greenheart keelson. She is 72ft. 7in. on deck, stem to sternpost, and 14ft. 7in. beam, very strongly built, with steel angle floors, oak frame, teak planking above and elm below. Her deck is laid with very narrow plank without butts, with teak fittings.

At Bray's, Southampton, beside Mr. Warren's Stranger, a fine 40-tonner 70ft. O.L. long, is building for Mr. Geo. Moir, from Mr. A. Richardson's designs. She is 63ft. on loadline, 12ft. 4in. beam, and 11ft. draft. The keel is of iron, 15 tons, the frames of angle steel, and the planking of elm and teak. Below she has a saloon 11ft. long, a ladies' cabin 7ft. 6in. long, with toilet rooms aft, owners and guests' staterooms, pantry, galley and forecastle for her crew of five. She is only intended for cruising. A fine type of cruiser is also building by Payne & Son., from designs by Mr. G. L. Watson. A yawl of 35 tons, 60ft. waterline, 11ft. beam, 9ft. draft, and some 25 tons of lead outside. Below she will have fine accommodations for owner and friends. A cruising yawl of the same tonnage is building at Shoreham, by Stow & Son. She is 58ft. on deck to sternpost, 12ft. 9in. beam, and 8ft. 6in. draft, with seven tons of lead only on keel. The headroom below is 6ft., saloon 7ft. long, owner's room, cabin with beds, and ladies' cabin. Her owner is Mr. Isaac Watt, who has named her the Asperia. Another cruising yawl built at the same yard this winter is the Vesper, 22 tons; 40ft. 6in. stem to sternpost on deck, 12ft. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft, with 6ft. 3in. headroom. Below she has a saloon 9ft. long, five berths, two toilet rooms, sailroom, pantries, galley and forecastle.

Still another cruising yawl, the Harebell, is building at Dartmouth for Capt. Percy Hewitt. She is 62ft. 6in long, 15ft. 4in. beam, and 10ft. 6in. draft. One of the smaller craft, a five of new model by her owner, is building here by Simpson & Dennison, her spars being made by Luke, of Itchen Ferry. She is of composite build, with 7 tons under her. Another addition to the same class is building on the Clyde, at the yard of the Allan Line her owners being Messrs. Allen. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and exceeds in proportion his previous boats, being 43ft. long over all, with 5ft. 7in. beam. Her keel is of English elm, lead keel of 7 tons below, and frames of oak, sawn and steamed alternately. The deck is of yellow pine, with mahogany fittings, and the scuttle is fitted with brass screws like a decklight to secure it tightly. A small cockpit gives an easy entrance to a companion, while below there is good headroom. Inside the planking and frames are not ceiled over but merely varnished. The rig of the Doris will present several novelties, the mast will be very short, with a long boom and low wide sail, while the forestay is double, the working and balloon foresails each being hanked to its own stay. Another flyer which Mr. Watson has added to the small classes is the Queen Mab, lately launched by Camper & Nicholson for Mr. Thomas West. With a beam of 7ft. 3in., she has an over all length of 55ft., with a le d keel of 12 tons, quite an advance since the days of Madge.

Mr. Paton also contributes a successor to Olga by the same builders and for the former owner of the famous, but unlucky five. She will be 33ft. 4in. long and 5ft. 8in. beam, with more displacement than Olga. In the length classes Mr. C. P. Clayton has designed a 30-footer, the Cursey, for Major Foster, and a 25-footer, the Siren, for Captain Davenport, both building by Payne & Son, while White, of Gosport, and Luke each have a 30-footer on the stocks. Mr. Dixon Kemp has also designed a catboat, the Bangle, for Mr. C. Prescott Westcar, which Stockham & Pickett have built. She is 25ft. on waterline, 11ft 4in. beam, and 8ft. draft with centerboard, displacing with crew 3 6 tons. The smallest of the new ones is a one-tonner building by Mr. G. Watson, of Plymouth. She is 18ft. 6in. on waterline, 24ft. 6in. over all, 3ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. draft. The keel is of iron, the stem and sternposts being mortised into it and strongly bolted. The frames are of oak, alternately steamed and sawn, with galvanized angle floors, lead being cast on top of the iron, until the entire weight of the keel is 2 tons. The boat will be decked, with a well for two persons, and will have one large balance lugsail and will be named Elfie.

TEST OF A SHARPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statement having been often made that a yacht of narrow beam, light displacement and little draft of water cannot be noncapsizable, it gives me pleasure to state, and may interest some of your readers to learn that within the past week a 60ft. Nonpareil sharpie has been practically put to the test and proven to be absolutely non-capsizable.

The boat referred to is just finished and belongs to a member of the Atlantic Y. C. She has a full schooner rig, with masts respectively 49ft. and 47ft. in length by 9½in. diameter, and topmasts 19ft. extreme length. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows: Length 59½ft.; beam at waterline, 10ft.; beam on deck, 13½ft; depth of hull amidships, 5½ft.; draft of water of hull, 2½ft.; extreme draft, including keel, 4½ft.; least freeboard. 3ft.; total weight of ballast 4½ tons. Her sails being bent and all spars in position, the mode of trying the experiment was as follows: She was moored opposite and broadside to a wharf. Tackles were run off from her mastheads to the wharf, and with the assistance of seven men she was hove down on her beam ends until her cabin windows were under water, and her keel was its entire length partly out of water. When in this position she was practically as stiff as when planksheer to, and in fact, when lying down with masts nearly parallel to the water's surface, the united strength of seven men, aided by two tackles, and an additional watch tackle, was required to hold her down. This yacht has a centerboard as well as keel and is unsinkable also.

MAY 27, 1885. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

NEW ENGLAND YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting last week the N. E. Y. R. A. resolved to adopt stringent measures to prevent shifting ballast in any of their races. The following amendment was proposed, and will come up for approval on June 10: "Any yacht may request the judges of the race to place a man on another yacht, and on such yacht requested refusing it shall be forever debarred from entering any future race. In case two or more requests should be made it is left to the discretion of the judges as to appointing one or more men to represent two or more yachts on the same yacht." An amendment to the by-laws was also passed, by which all yachts whose clubs are not members of the Association will be debarred from entering any races given by its members. The Association have in view a large regatta, open to any yacht whose club belongs to it, the expenses to be defrayed by the Association. It is not at all creditable that such a rule as the above is necessary, but unfortunately it is, and if followed out it will prevent the practice of shifting ballast in fixed ballast races, than which nothing is more dishonorable in a yachtsman. The N. E. Y. R. A. is doing a good work for Eastern yachting and deserves the support of all clubs and yacht owners in its efforts.

OLSEN'S AMERICAN YACHT LIST.—The edition for 1885 is ready this week, and will be welcomed by yachtsmen, to whom "Olsen's" has become as indispensable as compass or glasses. The present list numbers 1,797 yachts compared with 1,531 last year, while the number of the clubs has increased from 57 to 69. Among the new additions we find the two new sloops Pur tan and Priscilla, the latter being laid down the same as Sybil. The usual matter, deed of gift of the America's Cup, list of international signals, tide tables, etc., are found, with signals of all the leading yachts and other interesting matter. The present edition of "Olsen's" is no less valuable as a reference than as an index of the growth of American yachting, which is shown more plainly each year in its pages.

THE SCHOONER CAMBRIA.—It is nearly fifteen years since Cambria made her first appearance in New York waters, a few hours ahead of the Dauntless, after a race across the Atlantic, after which, in the same season, she sailed a number of races here, among them the first ones sailed for the remaking of the America's Cup. Last week she anchored again off Staten Island, having run in from Bermuda, and curiously enough, a couple of days before, her old owner, Mr. Jas. Ashbury, arrived in New York from San Francisco. Cambria is now owned by Mr. Paul A. Ralli. From New York she will proceed to Halifax. On Tuesday she left for Newport.

WINTHROP OPEN RACES.—The entries for these races on June 13 promise to be large, as 29 boats have already entered. The measurement will be waterline plus 1-5 overhang, and the start will be made from one gun at 11 A. M. Entries must be made to Mr. Chas. C. Hutchinson, 126 Commercial street, before 12 M. of June 12. The fees are $3 for the larger class, 18 to 25, and $2 in the smaller class, under 18ft.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The spring pennant regatta will be sailed on Saturday, June 6, at 10:45 A. M., off Larchmont, all yachts in the club being considered as entered. The winner in each class will be awarded a pennant to be held for the rest of the season unless challenged for; the pennant being awarded if only one boat in a class starts. Commodore Munroe also offers a special prize of $50 to the winner in each class in which there are four starters.

TRIPLE EXPANSION ENGINES.—A new steamer, Salamander, lately launched in England, has been fitted with cylinders, 7¾, 15 18-1 and 22⅞ins. × 15in. stroke, the working pressure being 500 pounds. They are on the Perkins system. The yacht is 130ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. moulded beam, 10ft. 6in. hold. She will be rigged as a topsail schooner.

A CRUISING COMPANION WANTED.—A yachtsmen, contemplating a cruise in a small yacht from Lake Superior to Montreal, would like to meet with a companion. Letters may be addressed to H. K. W., care of the FOREST AND STREAM.

MAGGIE.—This well-known cutter, formerly owned by Mr. Geo. H. Warren, of Boston, made her debut in New York waters last week in the opening race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. She is now owned by Mr. W. A. W. Stewart of that club.

AMY.—After a voyage of six months to China, Japan and India, Mr. Morgan's steam yacht Amy reached Southampton on May 22, having steamed 25,000 miles. She will leave for Newport as soon as some repairs are made.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA.—A regatta will be held at Boston on July 4, the prizes being offered by the city. The judges will be M. J. Kiley, C. F. Loring, Wm. Morris, F. W. Pray, J. A. McLaughlin and Chester Guild, Jr.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—A meeting will be held at the club house, June 6. Eight new applicants for membership will be balloted for.

STRANGER.—Mr. Warren's cutter was stripped last week of her racing gear, including mast, and will come out under small rig.

ECLIPSE Y. C. REGATTA.—The race of May 31 was abandoned for lack of wind. It will be resailed on June 7, at 11 A. M.

OSWEGO Y. C.—In the annual cruise of the Oswego Y. C., on May 30, the sloop Ethel won the prize pennant for first boat in.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—The annual spring regatta will be sailed on June 8, on the Delaware River.

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17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
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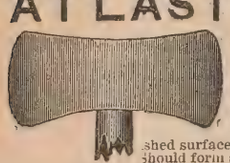
WARNING TO ANGLERS

AND ALL OTHERS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas a suit at law respecting the ownership of certain territory on the north shore of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, between Cape Cormorant and the northeastern boundary of the Province of Quebec is now pending in the Superior Court of this Province; and whereas a notice has been published by the Labrador Company, offering to lease the fly-fishing in certain rivers flowing through the said territory. Public notice is hereby given that any person or persons making use of the fishing privileges in any of the rivers flowing through the said territory under lease or permission from the said Labrador Company will render himself or themselves liable to prosecution for trespass upon Government property.

E. E. TACHE.
Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands.
DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
Quebec, May 21, 1885.

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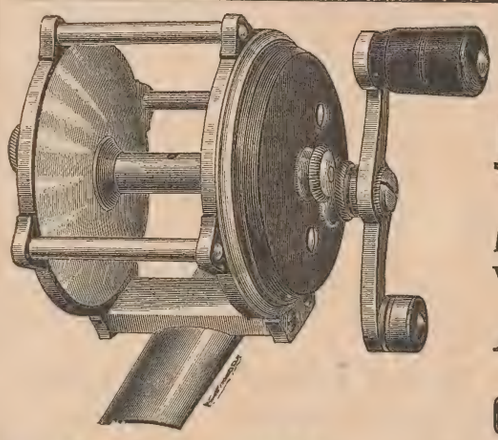
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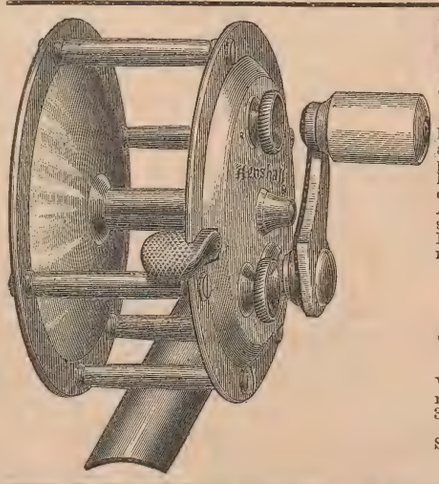
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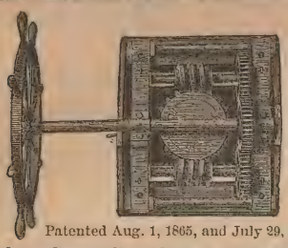
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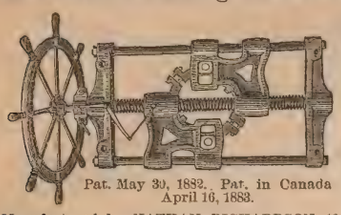
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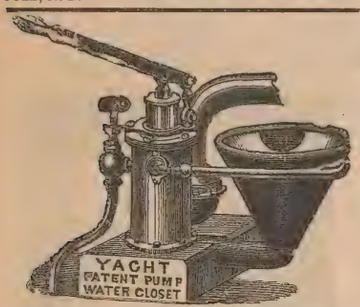
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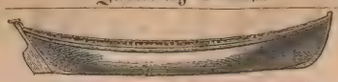
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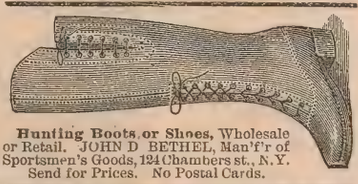
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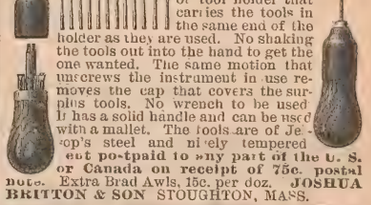
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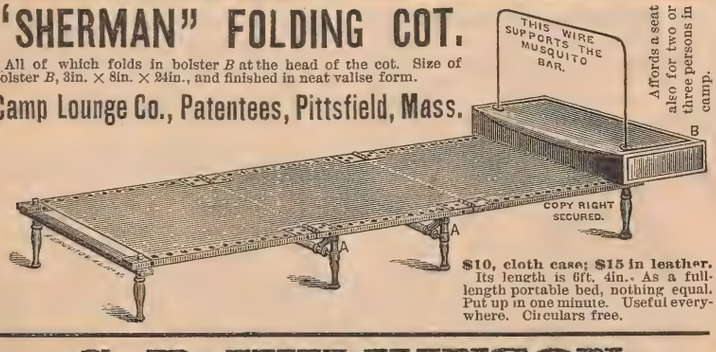
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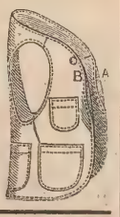
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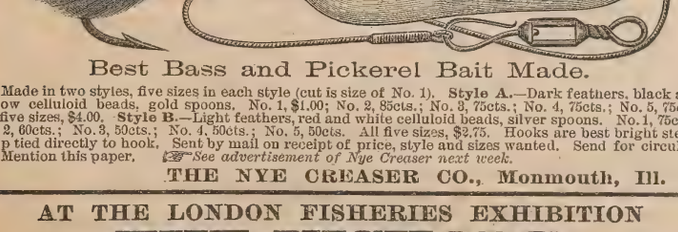
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NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 20. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENDING THE PRINCIPAL.

THIS spring, as every other, the coast has re-echoed to the reports of the guns which kill the fowl and the shore birds which are passing north on their way to their breeding grounds. Dissection of the birds taken at this season of the year shows that they contain eggs in an advanced stage of development. It is a well-ascertained fact that many species are paired before they leave us. For every bird that has been killed the sportsman is deprived of at least three, and more often six, which would return in the autumn. The supply of game is thus enormously diminished. It is generally conceded by intelligent men that it is desirable to protect our grouse and quail in the spring in order that the supply of breeding birds may not be destroyed, and the only reason advanced for leaving fowl and shore birds without protection is that they do not breed within the United States. If this were true it would be no good reason. What difference does it make to the sportsman, who finds plenty of birds, whether these were hatched in Maine or in New Brunswick? Protective laws are enacted to increase the supply of game, and there is no reason why the accident of a bird's nesting to the north or south of a political boundary should be taken into consideration in framing such laws. But as a matter of fact, a large proportion of those species, which are now without protection, do nest in the United States, and were it not for the continual shooting during the spring, a far larger number would do so. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when great numbers of fowl and shore birds reared their young along the Atlantic coast. Nowadays, however, the spring shooter and the hat-bird collector has put an end to that. They scour the sand beaches, the islands and the marshes, and if by chance a pair of birds look about for a spot in which to build a nest, one or both of them are soon shot.

There is no good reason why all birds except the few that are considered really injurious should be killed after the first of February. There should be in the mind of every one who uses the gun a dozen good reasons why they should be jealously preserved. We have not been weary in urging upon the public the necessity of the absolute prohibition of spring shooting. The subject is one which becomes annually more and more important in view of the rapid diminution of all our birds. To continue our present reckless course of slaying many species of birds whenever and wherever they can be found can have but one result—that of practically exterminating them. It should be the effort of each one who shoots to do what he can to preserve the supply of breeding birds. They may be called the capital on which the sportsmen must depend. The increase is the income of this capital, and we ought to limit ourselves to this, and not by short-sighted greediness make away with principal as well as interest.

WHO ARE THE SKINNERS?

WHO are the lumbermen whose operations are consuming the forests of the St. Regis region of New York? Are they natives of the North Woods, cherishing in their breasts the affection for the old mountains—a sentiment always possessed by those who were born within sight of the blue Adirondack peaks? Are they residents of the county, ever mindful of home interests? Are they residents even of the State, and as such possessed of the instincts of true citizenship?

They are neither natives nor residents. They have no sentiment which might prevail to stay the axe and the steam-saw. They belong outside of the St. Regis, outside of the county, outside of the State. They have regard for nothing but the almighty dollar. The lumbermen who are despoiling this part of the Adirondacks are capitalists who have come there from a like work in Michigan. Of the three companies—Hurd, Hoskiss & Whipple; McFarlin & Ross, and Torrence & Ducy—late lumbermen in Michigan, now lumbermen in the St. Regis region, the heads reside in Bridgeport, Conn. When these concerns first appeared in the St. Regis country the people there were so innocent as to believe that in some way the proposed conversion of the trees into timber and lumber, of saplings into hoe-handles, and of branches and sprouts into firewood—that all this was to be of benefit to them. Now, with their woods disappearing, the streams drying up, and a wilderness desolation covering the face of the country, they are finding out their mistake.

Who are the forest skinners? They are capitalists who are taking away for a mess of pottage the birthright of the people. Who is responsible for the people's loss? First, the people themselves; and second, the men sent by the people to Albany to take care of the people's interest. Where and when will the work of destruction stop? Probably when there are no more God-given forests to be hewed down and transmuted into gold for stuffing capitalists' pockets.

THE YACHT RACING SEASON.

REGATTA week opened well this year with a rattling race of the Atlantic Y. C., sailed in quick time with a strong northwest breeze. The most important class at present, the large single stickers, were represented by Mischief and Thetis, Gracie hardly being in it through delay at starting, though she sailed well all day, and made up part of her loss. The big new boat had her best weather, a breeze in which she carried a topsail and whole lower sail, and smooth water, while her competitor, Mischief, was handled very tenderly, not carrying on in the blows, and having a reefed mainsail most of the time. Under these circumstances Thetis failed to save her time from Mischief, or to outrun her, notwithstanding the advantage she had in size of spinanker. At the Lightship the former looked a little higher, but in the main they pointed pretty evenly, and as to stability, they heeled to nearly the same angle, Mischief, as noted, carrying less sail. If the latter were in her old shape we could form a definite idea of Thetis's powers, but the result of Mischief's alterations in rig and ballast are yet unknown. From the show she made on Thursday we should say she was little, if any, slower than before; and as Thetis, with the advantage of weather and water, has been unable to take care of her, it is hardly likely that she will prove a new wonder. Had there been any sea, it is not likely that her time would have been as good. To-day she sails again with Bedouin, Mischief and Gracie, and a better estimate may be formed of her qualities. A new boat that promises to make her mark is the Daphne, a deep centerboard sloop, with lead outside. Thus far she has disposed of the invincible Fanita, and will, no doubt, make a good fight with her for first in future races.

SPRING IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

THE reports which come to us from the Yellowstone Park all speak of the great abundance of game which is found there this spring. The efforts to prevent hunting within the reservation, though often feeble and intermittent, have not been without effect, and the game, quick to appreciate it when there is a spot where it is not incessantly harassed, has crowded into the Park for safety. A person who recently made the journey from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the Falls, reports the Hayden Valley as literally full of game. Elk were very numerous, there were some bison, and antelope. In one band thirty buffalo were counted, and in another place quite a large bunch was seen. Late last month a small band of from fifteen to twenty crossed the East Fork, and went up on Specimen Mountain. There are, or were very recently, plenty of elk to the south and east of Soda Butte. Deer are pretty plenty, and of course small game is abundant. Bears are reported as numerous.

The roads from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the Geyser Basins are in fairly good condition. Three gangs of Lieut. Kingman's men are out and at work on the roads along the Gardiner River or bridge building in the Gibbon Cañon.

The season opens favorably.

RED PEPPER FOR SPARROWS.—Housekeepers put red pepper down into rat holes to drive the rats away. A Pennsylvania genius adopted the same remedy, the other day, to rid his premises of English sparrows. A quantity of red pepper was sprinkled on the vines where the sparrows were congregated, and when the dose was thoroughly sifted through their hiding places they started for the equator. This is much simpler and more feasible than the steam fire engine warfare, once advocated in these columns by the late Wilson Flagg. The sparrows are in many localities now considered vermin and shot with shotgun and rifle. An Arizona correspondent, whose note is printed in another column, suggests that the sparrow infliction would be mitigated if small boys fitted the birds with artificial melody. But it would be much more sensible if the cooks of the country should set their wits to work to devise a variety of sparrow dishes. If some of our correspondents, who profess to be aggrieved because the sparrows have routed the songsters, are desirous of providing a remedy, let them experiment with the sparrow as a table delicacy, and send us the results of their successful ventures for the instruction and emulation of others.

TECHNICAL FRAUD.—The unfortunate occurrence at the meeting of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, noted under our trap news, is to be especially regretted since it is quite evident that there was no intention of fraud, and that the victim of the protest, while nominally guilty of violating a rule, is really an entirely innocent party. Shot measures by bulk are at best very unreliable affairs, and it is to be hoped that we may have such a thing as a standard, and only one standard. At present there are the old and new measures, and no end of confusion, and as we have seen in this case, downright injustice results, and while everything was perfectly regular too. The National Gun Association may do something toward bringing about that uniformity, without which much that is written becomes useless and misleading, because the same term does not convey the same meaning to every mind.

LAKE GEORGE BASS.—We understand that the county judge of Warren county, N. Y., has expressed an unofficial opinion that the words "other fish," in the bullhead clause, hocus-pocused into the Lake George law, should be held to apply only to fish not already mentioned in the laws, and hence cannot be held to apply to lake trout. We have also seen a letter on the same subject written by Gen. R. U. Sherman, to Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, in which the writer states: "Taking all the laws into consideration and reconciling incongruities as far as possible, I hold that the provision does not apply to salmon trout, and I shall so hold to the game and fish protectors should they appeal to me." From this it appears that the enterprising Lake George landlords may after all not reap the fruit of their trickiness.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The vicious game law passed by the Massachusetts Senate should not be permitted to go any further. The provision permitting grouse and quail to be sold at any time of the year is outrageous. The Boston game dealers simply want free license to gather in all the birds in Massachusetts. The Fish and Game Protective Association naturally protest against having any such law, and in its place they have drafted a better one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ROUGHING IT FOR HAY FEVER.

THE happy effect of camp life upon the health of a delicate woman, so pleasantly described by her husband in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM, impels me to contribute something of a like experience. All over the land there are sufferers from hay fever, an insidious, exasperating, treacherous and menacing disease, which has become alarmingly prevalent and severe of late years. It attacks persons in the better walks of life, who are actively engaged in the pursuit of wealth, professional standing, or higher culture, making sad inroads into the time of year when summer wanes and the autumn promises a rich fruition. "It loves a shining mark," and so many persons prominent in political, social and literary life are afflicted annually, that the disease is considered by those not afflicted something to be proud of, like the gout or a coat of arms. It finds its victims in the larger cities, where civilization is most intense, and the burning streets, contaminated atmosphere, close dwellings and offices, hurried and improper meals, and the telegraph, telephone and electric light, conspire to excite, aggravate and destroy the nervous system and the machine of which it is the motor.

I suppose most men will go on in the same mad race for wealth and fame they are running, as a flock of sheep follow the leader over a precipice, breaking and defying the laws of nature and God, taking niggardly holidays at lightning speed, devoting hours to business and moments to friends and family, until the grave swallows them and they awaken beyond the veil to mourn their folly. Not so the writer. He was awakened painfully to a conception of the preciousness of life and its frail tenure by the death of several collage mates with whom he was racing to conquer the world of knowledge, and slowing up, concluded the years were going fast and holidays were to be taken now or never. Above all should hay fever patients thus resolve, for their overwrought and exhausted nervous systems will find balm in the wild woods and nepenthe by the sounding sea, for this disease, caused by civilization, may be cured by barbarism.

Some years ago, in search of a prophylactic or a panacea for hay fever, I saw a statement that Dr. Dio Lewis had cured himself of the disease by becoming a farmer. He abandoned the high pressure life of the city, lived plainly and abstemiously, worked in the broad sunlight in contact with forest and fields, and recovered.

Experience has abundantly demonstrated that medicines merely palliate in this disease, and amelioration of symptoms comes from change of location to the sea shore or the mountains. Yet the relief is only partial. A long sojourn from home and business is necessary to prevent the accession of severe symptoms, and sufferers are ever groping for other means of relief. Many persons seek it upon the shores of New Jersey, because they are easy of access and have hundreds of seaside hotels. The flat lands, the frequent land breezes loaded with spores and mosquitoes, the hot, shining sands, the glaring lights and brass bands, are exceedingly aggravating to the nervous sufferer, and he gets only a modicum of comfort.

The White Mountains are a favorite resort for those suffering from a severe type of disease, and considerable relief is obtained by a summer residence there, but the majority of patients cannot spare so much time, except when they are too sick to do anything, and then the region is so far away from the Middle and Western States that it is torture to travel to it. A gentleman who suffers from hay fever and asthma of a terrific type, and who had been everywhere in search of relief, told me, "Bethlehem, N. H., was a good place if one would go there early and remain until hoar frost had swept the lowlands, but if a warm spell occurs after a return home, the disease will come on like an army with banners. An annual trip to Europe it now my panacea."

Neither the sea nor the mountains cure, but a trans-Atlantic voyage will, provided one is careful abroad, and not return till October. This is too expensive in time, if not in money, for many to enjoy, and so the hegira continues to sea-side and mountain house every season. Hay fever is a disease—an asthenia of the nervous system, with its main citadel in the digestive organs. All sufferers from it are good feeders, but they should rigidly abstain from table indulgence during prevalence of the disease. The summer hotels are little favorable to recovery of nervous energy, and the profuse array of tempting food leads patients to continuous overfeeding. The sufferer should turn his back upon civilization and return to the primitive ways of a nomad. He must seek that part of the sea shore fringed with massive ledges and carpeted with the salt-glistening kelp. He must build his camp among the stunted spruces and pines that crown a bluff overlooking an arm of the sea where his single-hand yacht lies at anchor, and build his camp-fire by the rules of "Nessmuk." He must take an ocean bath before breakfast, do some part of the camp work, sleep much, live upon plain food, banish or greatly limit the use of stimulants and narcotics, pitch quoits, dig clams, shoot at target, hunt game, fish the island waters and salty havens, row and sail, make trips and visits along shore and to neighboring islands, study botany and natural history, and read the FOREST AND STREAM. The camp should be the base of supplies and operations, and the surrounding land and sea the region of forage and frolic. Yacht life alone will not do. There is too much desire to be on the go, thus depriving of exercise on land, and too many temptations to visit other yachts and grand hotels and to indulge in feasts and dissipation. Camp life alone is monotonous, and one soon tires of the same scenes and the daily routine. The union of yacht and camp life makes perfection for the invalid outer, and the sterile rocky coast and the briny deep furnish those elements of health and strength which the highest authorities recommend to the debilitated and the sick. I am sure a month of such life at the appropriate season will vanquish hay fever and restore depressed energies for the balance of the year. I have proved it upon many summer campaigns and I wish to raise other sufferers from the "slough of despond" by this article. I had the primary stage of hay fever one day and left Baltimore upon a steamer the next. We reached Halifax, N. S., in four days, and the disorder had ceased. I went through Acadia on the train and sneezed all day. Then crossed the Bay of Fundy and spent three weeks along the coast, from St. Johns to Rock land, without a sympton. Then I went to the White Mountains, via Portland, and the disease came on severely, only to disappear when I arrived in Boston. I journeyed to New York and to Philadelphia, where the trouble immediately began, and returned to my inland home and a sick bed for three weeks.

One summer I made up a party, chartered a yacht, piled in stores, and made sail for Penobscot Bay, where we camped and cruised among the islands a month. We slept upon the ground, had many hardships by field and flood, endured some privations, but every one was robust and brown and not a sneeze or a cold was heard of among us.

Are not these facts sufficient to convince every one that camping and cruising on the coast is the one thing for hay fever patients? I am convinced, anyhow, and I am having a small yacht built for part of my sanitarium. Before the spores ripen, my duffle and kit will be aboard and I shall sail for the Happy Islands, there to enjoy a semi-barbarous, health-giving life awhile. If there is any sufferer from hay fever which begins in August, who values health above wealth and would like to go along, I offer a board and a blanket, and promise immunity from disease and a royal good time.

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THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

VII.

NOW, there be campers and camps, and there are outers and outings. The campers often suffer much discomfort through lack of skill in organizing and running the camp. And those who go out from towns and cities for an outing are not always outers. "Laying off" in the cool verandas of woodland resorts, and summer boarding houses, or seaside hotels, may be beautiful, restful, and pleasant withal. But it is not outing; inning rather, I should say. I like the good old Scotch terms, outing and outers. As modern American terms they include about all there is of outdoor recreation, from the steam yacht to the ten-pound open canoe; from the bare-footed urchin with pin-hook, bow and arrow, intent on minnows and chipmunks; to the wealthy tourist with costly outfit of modern rifles, shotguns and rods of price.

I am sorry to say that the leading thought, the one indispensable element of outing seems to be slaughter. Those who go down to the sea in yachts, they who skim the calm waters of rivers and lakes, and those who tote the rifle and knapsack over leg-breaking mountains, each and all seem, like Lear, imbued with a frantic desire to kill, kill, kill. This is not as it should be. Killing humanely, in reason and in season, is eminently right and proper; for an outing wherein the rod and gun did not play a pretty prominent part would be, to most men, a dull affair. But we are a little apt to overdo things when game is plenty or the fish are biting freely.

For instance. Last winter, or early in spring it might be, a party of four left the Tarpon House for a day's fishing at the Sawyer place, some five miles distant. It was a good day, the fish were plenty and "willin'," and the party took 260 pounds of channel bass and sea trout. Dr. A. Ferber was one of the party, and as I considered him a fair, though eager sportsman, I asked him what he could do with so many fish, and why he caught so many anyhow. He said, "Well, we used all we wanted, and gave anybody the rest who would take them away. You see, there was a lady in the party who caught over sixty pounds, and you wouldn't like to be beaten by a lady, would you?" "Yes, I am willing to be beaten by any one, man or woman, who shoots or fishes for slaughter." In justice to the Doctor I must say he was a cheery, industrious sportsman, who enjoyed his outing hugely, and shot and fished fairly for the most part. His best hold seemed to be 'gators, which he pursued zealously and with fair success. I think he was a little astonished to find that a 'gator with the top of his head shot off and his brain-pan demolished was capable of reviving and taking charge of the boat, driving the crew overboard in undignified haste.

As for mine own part, I am almost surprised when I think how little I have shot and fished since I began to cruise the Bucktail on Florida waters. But the shooting was almost out of season before I was established in camp, and although I fished a good deal at first, there were other things that interested me quite as much. The whole country was novel to me, the fauna and flora of the land were, to a great extent different from anything I was familiar with, and the possibilities of canoeing were far beyond what I had looked for. You could cruise for weeks without going over the same ground twice (except in descending rivers), and without making the rough, tedious carries, so frequent in the far-famed Adirondacks. And a camp supply of the finest fish, with beach birds *ad lib.*, could usually be had for the taking. I found myself in a region where clear bright lakes and rivers were more plenty than I had ever found elsewhere. I could find in a morning's walk a group of eighty lakes, all comprised in a six-mile square, and well stocked with black bass, bream, and other fresh-water fish; or, if I preferred salt-water fishing, a cruise of three miles would take me to the Keys, where sea trout, channel bass, snappers, etc., were both plenty and large; in fact, apt to be too large for any ordinary tackle. And there was also the finest sea bathing, with model camping grounds and abundance of oysters for those who like them fresh from their beds. It was a new situation, this fishing in waters where, instead of brook trout so small that one-half the catch must be returned to the water, you were in constant dread of hooking a fish that would start straight away for the open gulf, towing the canoe at the rate of three knots an hour and taking the line off the reel steadily to the end. Then, without a hitch or halt, snap the best Cuttyhunk line, and stand out to sea with your best spoon in his mouth.

It was a little exciting at first, but the excitement soon wore off or gave place to disgust.

It was not sport to feel that you had some sort of a sea monster at the end of your line that you were destined never to see even. Shark or channel bass, ravallia, grouper or drum; maybe a miserable gar—it was all one. There was nothing for it but to sit sulkily in the canoe and hold hard. When it comes to the final crash, count up your remaining spoons, see by how much your line was shortened, and try again. In the case of the channel bass or redfish, it often will happen that he can be checked at the end of 150 or 200 feet of line; that is, if he be of ten to fifteen pounds' weight. But one never can tell with any certainty the difference between a redfish of ten pounds and one of forty pounds until it comes to the final test—at the end of the line. He does not leap, and his fight consists of hard pulling and a straight-away run. His first wild rush is the best of his fight. Once checked, he is soon handled. But he is such an uncertain quantity. You are liable to meet him in the tidewater of moderate rivers up to twenty-five or thirty-five pounds, and outside much larger. Between three and seven pounds he is a fine game fish and good on the table. I do not like him much heavier than that, either for food or fun. Captain Kendall ("Tarpon") succeeded in landing one of thirty pounds in the bayou just below the springs. He was using 100 yards of fine line, and the fight was a lively one, lasting nearly two hours. A local fisherman, who witnessed the capture, says it was excellent sport for the spectators. He says, "The Cap'n jumped overboard in shoal water and corraled that fish by driving it into the ma'sh grass with a club. He had about thirty acres of ma'sh festooned with Cuttyhunk, and it took him over a half a day to untangle it."

I like the sea trout better. His game qualities are of a high order, and I think his rank as an article of food is very near the head of the list; scarcely inferior to the brook trout and quite equal to the Spanish mackerel. When first hooked he makes better play than the speckled trout, but does not hold out as long. In his leaps he does not spring wildly out of water and tumble back clumsily on his back or tail, but glints and gleams in and out of air or water in graceful, go-ahead curves, unless checked by a taut line, when he dives and darts about frantically until the strain is relieved, then resumes his leaping again. "Tarpon" says "A sea trout of five pounds can make more fuss and flurry than a redfish of three times the weight; but he don't take you out to sea."

As for myself, when I want a day's sport with the rod I prefer to go up the river or over to Lake Butler and try the black bass, with either fly or spoon. I can hook as large fish in either place as I can handle. It was at the south end of Lake Butler that I hooked—and lost—the largest black bass I ever saw in my life. I could have saved him with clear water and fair weather; but winds and waves were driving me into a cypress swamp, it was difficult to stay right side up, and the fish was bent on getting afoul of roots. I dropped the rod, seized the line, and hauled in hand over hand. The last I saw of him he was within ten feet of the canoe, with head and shoulders above water, shaking the spoon as a terrier shakes a rat. Then he made a rush for the cypress roots; I held hard, and the strong line snapped like a fiddle string. When it was over my hand shook with the unwonted excitement; and perhaps that was worth the excellent spoon he carried off in his capacious mouth. May he live to get the cruel hooks out of his mouth and give me another chance, in clearer water and lighter winds. As for the supernatural wit and keen sarcasm called forth by the fact that it is the "big ones" we always lose, it does not deserve an answer. Any fool knows that a three pound bass cannot break a linen-laid Cuttyhunk line that will stand a strain of fifty pounds; and any sensible angler ought to know that a lively game fish, on a rush for life, can pull several times his own weight. The bass alluded to above snapped a line with which I could have thrown a seven-pound fish clean over my head. No matter what he weighed. A lady caught one on the same day, with a trolling line, that weighed fifteen pounds. I saw my customer fairly several times, and I think he was about as large as they grow in Lake Butler.

But I fish very little and shoot less. "Tarpon," who is fond of the angle, does most of the fishing for both camps. He goes down the river about twice a week with the big rod and rag canoe, and he never comes back empty-handed. The catch is usually from three to six fish running from two and one-half to twelve pounds. Earlier in the season the sea trout preponderated. Now it is the redfish (channel bass). About three of the latter to one sea trout. Last week he took an afternoon down the river and came back with one sea trout of two and one-half pounds, two redfish of about five pounds each, two redfish of eight and nine pounds, and the head and shoulders of one that must have weighed near twenty-five pounds when alive. But a shark had snapped the best half of it. You are liable to such mishaps in these waters.

Perhaps, from what I have written above, some sort of answer may be inferred to the question that is often asked me, "What luck hunting and fishing in Florida?" I did not come to Florida especially to hunt and fish, or even to cruise, though each and all of these out-door pastimes were not without their influence. The leading idea was to try a long, persistent outing for health, and I have pretty well carried out the idea so far as I have gone. I took possession of an open camp on Ook Point on the 6th of February, and lived there until March 24, when I moved to my present camp, which I have occupied until the present time, just sixteen weeks to-day. The result has been most satisfactory, the gain in health decided, and the life a pleasant one for a man of my habits and peculiarities. Only once during more than six weeks that I camped on Oak Point did I have a visitor, save when the Captain and Mrs. K. came up to chat around the camp-fire, which they sometimes did, and I was never lonely. I never am when alone in the woods or cruising in a country new to me.

Changing from Oak Point to Oak and Pine camp was taking a new life, so to speak. The road leading over the only available bridge on the Anclote runs for fifty rods in sight of my camp, and the Crackers have come to know the little canoe man from Pennsylvania, and that he has some hunting and fishing duffle, new to them, and that he is friendly withal, and not stuck up or "highfalutin." Also he buys freely, in a small way, of the produce they bring to the Springs in their two-wheeled carts, drawn by a hardy, wire-grass pony with a saddle on his back, on which the Cracker doth delight to ride, for he seldom rides in the cart. He will tell you, "the pony pulls easier with a man on his back." Now, the carts that come from the north side of the Anclote can save a bit of travel by making a bee line across a bend in the road right by the corner of my shanty and striking the road again eighty rods below. And thence it happens that there is a pretty well-worn road between the black pine stub and my camp-fire.

As there is scarcely a pleasant morning on which one or more carts do not halt at the camp I am able to get a good deal of information on all points connected with the raising of fruits, vegetables, eggs, beef, pork, etc., not forgetting fishing and hunting, and some of these Crackers are most successful hunters.

I am pretty well acquainted with one, George Gause by name, who is called the most successful deer and turkey hunter hereabouts, and am rather proud to know him. A straightforward, simple-minded, candid man, who says what he means and means what he says; kindly and free with that he has, and a most deadly shot with that single-barreled, rusty old muzzleloader of his. He is a man who has hunted from boyhood to middle age, and killed dead loads of the best game in Florida, in the antiquated belief that it only takes one bullet to kill one deer or bear—a belief that is fast disappearing, along with the game. Alas, I am growing old; but I have a faint hope that, before my rickety old head

rests at the roots of the oak and pine, I may see a modern rifle that will "meet all the requirements of a sporting arm;" a rifle of "low trajectory" and "immense penetration," that will fire 637 shots so rapidly that the nicest ear cannot separate them by sound. Then I want to see the whole business go, with the vanished deer,

"Like the tenants that left without warning,
Down the back entry of Time."

It is decidedly the off season for shooting. The turkey, the quail and the deer are all oppressed with domestic cares and tropical heat. But the season will come, and then Gause and I are to pack a pony cart with two weeks' supplies, saddle the pony and strike out for a hunt. I am to have a chance in the saddle, which is better than packing a heavy knapsack over steep mountains covered with shin-hopple and low laurel. We can drive wherever we like in these open woods, and are to hunt cahoots. NESSMUK.

P.S.—The lordly tarpon has arrived—the silver king. Boyer, our tarpon fisherman, killed four within three miles of the Springs day before yesterday. The largest weighed 126 pounds. I send you a few scales, and am going to see about it soon. N——K.

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES.

V.—MONKEY CAPERS.

DID you ever own or have a partnership interest in a monkey? If you never have, then don't. You may have missed some pleasure, but you have escaped much annoyance, and saved yourself you don't know how much money.

One of my boyhood mates was Eugene Knapp, son of the celebrated Baptist evangelist of that time, so famous for his pulpit eloquence and revival successes. Gene did not always follow the precepts of his pious father; neither, I am afraid, did the undersigned, whose sire was also of the same profession, also persuasion. We were almost inseparable, Gene and I, fighting fiercely one day, the best of friends the next. We brought in the first trout of the season; found the first birds' nests and strawberries; caught the first young crows; were the first to meet the circus down the road, and among the foremost to crawl under the canvas when the clown commenced. We got more "whalings" from our parents and other parties than all the other boys in the village; and yet I think we were popular. Ah, Gene, he got the fever in '49 and was off to the golden sands, and I have heard naught of him since.

Well, we came into possession of a monkey, I do not remember now just how; but we were halves. It was one of the larger kind, with side whiskers, and with a very wise, innocent cast of countenance like a Greek professor. He would be domiciled one week with Gene in the village, then he sojourned at our house on the hill.

Talk about the connecting link—all the arguments in the world could not persuade me that Jock had not a mind and a very intelligent one. Instinct, fiddlesticks. He could reason from cause to effect and *vice versa*, as well as you or I, and did. But all his reasoning and calculation were in the line of mischief and destruction; he never did a good nor praiseworthy deed while I knew him. His proper place in fair weather was on a limb of a small tree in the yard, some six feet from the ground, with a long chain that would allow him to come down for his food and water. He was naturally a source of great interest to all the children the country around. He could take my track, I believe, as unerringly as a hound, for often as of a summer forenoon, with windows open, we sat in the recitation room at the college some quarter of a mile distant, going through our *Penna, pennæ, penna*, or *Omnis Gallia divisa est*, a titter would run around the room and upon looking up Jock would be seen scratching himself on the Professor's desk with a countenance plainly saying "Here I am. When is my turn?" Then the Professor would say in such a hurt tone, "Mr. ——, will you please remove this animal?" How sheepishly I felt as I led the rascal back to his perch. He was generally quiet on his limb when anybody was near, but let the coast be clear, and like a flash he would have that brass padlock open, and be away off on some expedition of mischief.

Jock fervently hated angleworms and could not be persuaded to touch one, but after a warm rain when the walks were covered with thousands of the wrigglers, with a sharp stick he would follow along and dance with delight as he punched off their heads.

After a punishment, or when he had been caught *in flagrante delictu*, Jock would take refuge in a large hemlock tree. Far up in the tree in a fork was the remnant of an old crow's or hawk's nest, into which he would go and hide himself for hours, and there of course he was safe. I had long desired to explore that nest, but it was too high and the tree was too large to climb. Our next neighbor, the Latin professor, on his grounds had a very early apple tree which bore a delicious fruit several weeks ahead of all others. Jock had found that out, and he had the very first apples (and he never picked one that was not thoroughly ripe). One day, upon looking out from my study, I saw Jock was loose and off full bent on all fours for the apple tree. The day before, with help from some of the boys, we had brought over the college ladder, and now was our time to investigate the nest and break up the refuge. Up went the ladder, and upon reaching the fork we found a large nest (about the size of a bushel basket), well thatched over and pretty well lined, for in it were two Mexican quarters, a Spanish sixpence (money in vogue in those days), two silver teaspoons, the loss of which mother had so worried over, a bright new pair of scissors that had not been missed, and a large number of pieces of broken china with gilt edges—the fashion when company came to tea. We removed these; and, having previously procured something like a half peck of angle worms from the garden, we placed them in newspapers, with holes profusely punched in the package so that the worms could be coming out about the right time, we placed it in the nest and awaited developments. Soon Jock was seen coming hobbling home, an apple in his mouth and one in each hand. He knew he was guilty, for as soon as I halloed he dropped the two apples and made for his retreat, and never shall I forget the scene that ensued as he thrust himself into the nest. He gave one screech, threw himself backward and came down a-whirling, touching neither limb nor bark, forty feet; but like a cat his feet struck first, and away he went and was not seen for days. After that nothing could ever tempt that monkey to ascend the tree. His ark of refuge was gone.

The weeds had grown rather high among our young cabbages in the garden, and I had been at work an hour or so one day pulling up the weeds, shaking off the dirt and throwing them to one side. Jock's perch overlooked the garden, and I had noticed that he had been watching me rather closely. Having finished my task, and every country boy knows what sort of work weeding garden is, I repaired to father's study and was attending to my lessons, when, upon looking out of the window, my father discovered Jock's absence. "There, George, that imp is gone and in some mischief, sure as you live, go find him." Going out I heard something strike against the garden fence, and looking over there, I saw the rascal rapidly pulling up the cabbage plants I had so diligently weeded, shaking off the dirt and throwing them one side. He had pulled up more than sixty. I think he really intended a good thing (the only time I ever knew him to), for he did not show the culprit and run off chattering as usual when caught, but seemed to think he ought to be praised. I hadn't the heart to scold, and he escaped censure.

He was very fond of candy, sugar and other sweets, and we used to put a little in a package with several folds of paper around it, which he would seize with great avidity, rush up to his perch, and there deliberately open it, throwing down carefully the different wrappers until the treasure was reached, and this he would dispose of with a peculiar cry of enjoyment. One of our boys was a big, red-headed fellow, and hair long at that. He was not a pleasant companion, rather a bully and a torment, disliked by all of us. Knowing the monkey's antipathies, he slyly procured some earth worms, and having done them up in several wrappers handed them to Jock. I told him to stand away, and warned him that he would rue the day he ever tried the trick. "Pooh," he retorted, "suppose I am afraid of an ape?" Jock clutched the parcel, reached his limb, and with pleasant eagerness depicted in his countenance, began his investigation. Upon reaching the end he gave one just such a cry as he did when he came down from the nest, but this time there was vengeance in it, as with one jump he landed on the big boy's back, and seizing his auburn locks, tugged and pulled and swung back and forth, giving forth that peculiar cry of rage. Well, how that boy yelled too, but he couldn't help himself, for as he put his head back Jock bit him unmercifully. It was a long time before we got Jock off, and ever after he remembered that red-headed boy.

But I might go on much longer with Jock's history, and describe fun with a tame woodcock we had, also his hatred of our tame crow. They were always "jawing" one another; they were both thieves, and I don't know which got the best of it.

The Latin professor will recall, I am sure, the day Jock jumped upon their dinner table while he was asking the blessing. As all present sat with bowed heads, he was not seen until they raised their eyes and discovered him helping himself to the best; and then, when upon being put out, he mounted the lightning rod, came down the chimney, and all soot and dirt as he was attempted an attack upon the sugar bowl. But Jock got his mischievous fingers into some green paint, and then I suppose into his mouth, and he was very sick. "Looks like a sick monkey." Well, that is a strong expression, but it falls far short of a graphic description. It cannot be described. All vivacity and impudence gone, for hours the poor thing would sit with his head upon one of his hands, his whole attitude intensely human—like a little old man with a splitting headache. When I took him in my arms and carried him around he would look up into my face pleadingly and moan in his pain, the same as saying, "Am I not a poor, sick child, and can't you do something for me?" Finally Jock pulled through. It is only the good that die young. We thought that after the severe lesson he would be a more honest and a better monkey, but far from it, he was a greater rascal than ever.

And now for the last, the hair that broke the camel's back—or rather, Jock's. The university was about quarter of a mile from our house. One day one of the higher class students returning from a recitation found his room in "a terrible state." He knew he had locked his door after him an hour before and everything was in order; but he found his papers in confusion, his Greek translation (to do which had taken hours and much midnight oil) torn into bits and scattered over the floor, and worst of all, a large gilt-edged illustrated volume of Shakespeare, which he was positive was closed when he left, now lying open with the contents of the inkstand poured over it. Who could be mean enough to do such a dastardly thing? The student was popular and had no enemies. There was no clew to the perpetrator until some one remembered seeing our Jock—our monkey—coming out of the window and down the lightning rod. Father paid the student $16 for the book, and Jock found an owner in the proprietor of the next circus that came along.

JACOBSTAFF.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

42. *Dendræca æstiva* (Gmel.) Baird.—Yellow warbler; summer yellowbird.

This species is well distributed and abundant. It arrives in late April or early May. I once observed it by the 19th of April, while another year it did not reach us until May 13. This year I saw the first on April 10, a very tardy spring. The average arrival may be placed about May 5. The birds appear first in pairs or singly, but within a short time after the first is seen a great many are observed and the haunts are full of them. I call to mind one locality, the banks of a small stream noted for its fine trout, where great numbers of these birds build their nests each season. There among the willows, alders, elderberry bushes and small trees, the habits of this interesting and vivacious species may be studied. The birds begin pairing upon their arrival and many little skirmishes are observed during the first half of May. While trouting on the brook, where good catches are always made, I have often seen the little yellow beauties within a very few yards of me and have had excellent opportunities to notice their peculiarities. Few of us are aware of the advantages of occasionally sitting down quietly in the woods and awaiting developments. It is not always best to dash through the fields and forests; in fact it is never the correct way of collecting, unless you are intent on reaching some distant point. Some of my best discoveries have been made when quietly seated in a retired spot, and occasionally after ransacking the country for specimens in vain, deciding to return home, I have had great success in quietly watching a common bird of whose habits I knew but little.

The summer yellowbird is one of our most graceful species, and its elegance of movement, combined with its agreeable song, endear it to the hearts of all admirers of our birds. Years ago, when the advantages afforded by works on ornithology were unknown to me, and at a time when the names of many, nay nearly all of the feathered friends, were catalogued in my memory by names of my own coinage, or worse, perhaps, learned from older fellow collectors, this bird was called the "blossom eater," and to this day I prefer the name because of early associations: the remembrance of the times when I watched with childish wonderment the trim graceful creatures feeding from the catkins of the willows and other shrubs, or searched in the thickets around the old cow pastures for the handsome, well-formed nests.

The song of this species is thrilling in its sweetness, and though not a warble, approaches as near to it as the notes of any member of the family. Why the members of the family *Sylvicolidæ* are known to us as warblers is a point upon which I have been unable to satisfy myself. In no instance can we term a song of any of these birds a perfect warble. In the song of the ruby-crowned kinglet and warbling vireo, we have true liquid warblings. The vivacity of our friend's song is quite pleasing, however, and I know of nothing more agreeable to the ear than the notes of this beautiful bird issuing from a willow copse in early morning when the sun is just showing himself and the dew still glitters on the early foliage of the willows. The birds sing throughout the day while mating and building the nests, but when incubation begins, the notes are not heard so often during the middle of the day. In very warm weather the notes are rarely heard excepting in the morning hours and late afternoon. The species is one of the first to make his presence known in the morning, and I have heard them by 3 A. M. while still the whippoorwill was rattling off his monotonous jargon and the bats were wheeling above us in the murky air. During the summer months, when the weather is extremely warm, the notes are rarely heard at midday; but an occasional burst, doubly pleasing from the silence around us, is heard among the dense alder patches or from some thickly-foliaged bush. It is quite common to hear them all summer during the early morning hours; but there may be a period when they are utterly silent. Again in late summer they sing, but not with the vivacity of their vernal efforts. The bird assumes the position of a robin or other thrush in his early bursts of song and while mating, keeping erect and apparently giving his whole attention to his ditty; but in the latter part of May and as soon as he has achieved success in securing a mate, he is not so particular about his position, and though the song is none the less energetic and clear, yet he rapidly gleans among the limbs and twigs, and apparently considers the song of secondary importance, giving the matter of food supply first thought, undoubtedly having in mind the care of a mate and future family.

After mating has taken place the birds begin to look up a suitable location for a nest. Perhaps the position is already chosen, and I have often thought that a proper nesting site is selected before the birds are fully mated. The nest is usually begun about May 20, although many are not started until June is upon us, and some are in course of construction by May 15 or even earlier. I found incubation begun on May 18, 1878, but it was a very early season and the one in which the birds arrived April 19. The eggs are usually laid about May 25, and may be found in numbers by June 5. The nest is usually placed in a small bush. An alder is often selected, a wild rose, small dogwood, rarely a willow or thorn bush. I have taken nests in orchards and gardens, where they are placed in currant bushes, plum and apple trees, and occasionally in a bramble patch of blackberry or raspberry bushes. They are almost invariably placed near the courses of small streams, on the edges of marshes or on low ground where an abundance of willows and alders grow. A few nests are met with on higher ground as mentioned, in the gardens and orchards, and I have found nests at the edge of white oak woods. The structure is usually placed from four to eight feet from the ground, and it is extremely unusual to find one more than ten feet up. In only one instance have I taken the eggs more than fifteen feet above the ground. This nest was in an apple tree. Nests are occasionally found not over three feet up, or even two feet where bushes are stunted and good concealment is not afforded in the higher brush.

The nest if an exceedingly neat little structure, and is not surpassed by many of our birds. It is usually situated in a tritid fork in a small bush, and is so interlaced with the twigs which form its support as sometimes to be detached from its lodgement only by the use of considerable force. The twigs bearing leaves usually at the time when the young appear, look as if they grew through the nest rather than that the nest was built in such a style. Externally the fabric is composed of a substance resembling tow, and of nearly a white color when seen from a distance. The material is tenacious and disposed in circular layers about the cavity of the nest; it consists of fibers or strippings of the milkweed *Asclepias*. The inner parts are of finer materials and quite soft in texture. The downy covering of catkins and other woolly substances packed in firmly make a soft bed for the eggs. I have found occasionally a pink colored cottony substance used as a lining. It is taken from ferns and lends a not unpleasing variety to the appearance of the pretty nest.

The summer yellowbird has a decided peculiarity in leaving its nest for some time after completion, and before laying its eggs. Perhaps he wishes to find out what kind of a neighborhood he is summering in, and in waiting to satisfy himself regarding the desirability of the chosen site. Be that as it may, he often makes a mistake, and in his too great caution and neglect of his home, frequently encounters difficulties from which he only extricates himself at great pains. The cowbird, that villainous plebian of most immoral social views, is ever on the alert for a nest of the absent warbler, and in her anxiety to cast her offspring on the fostering care of the poor overburdened bird, not rarely overdoes the matter, so that the eggs are laid long before the rightful owner of the home is ready to begin housekeeping, or, not so frequently drops her eggs in too great number along with the warbler's eggs, much to the indignation of the legitimate property holder. Perhaps no bird is so abused as the little yellow warbler by the now considered polygamous cowbird, and it is safe to say that no other bird exhibits the spirit of maintaining its rights and ousting its despoiler as does our friend. He does not consider the cowbird as his neighbor, but views him as an interloper, and will not vacate the premises, or at least but rarely, for the aliens. But with great determination he at once begins a second nest directly over the first one, and in a short while entirely covers the objectionable intruders, after which the eggs of the rightful owner are deposited in the second story. Sometimes one or more eggs of the warbler are sacrificed along with the alien eggs. A nest, now before me, exhibits the skill of these thoughtful birds in thus relieving themselves of an unsolicited

addition to their family. The structure is not much greater in depth than an ordinary nest, but it is nevertheless of two stories. It contained three eggs of the warbler partly incubated. The condition of affairs would not have been observed by me, had I not in removing the nest from the bushes accidentally broken an egg of the cowbird by too much pressure on the lower part of the structure, and as it was somewhat addled the discovery was quickly made that bad eggs of that species had occupied a lower section, being cut off from the nest proper and its contents by a very thin partition or floor to the upper story. Birds of such determination were certainly deserving of a better fate than to fall into the hands of the collector.

The eggs are almost invariably five in number, though sometimes four or only three, and in one case in my experience six. They vary decidedly, both in ground color and spots, but are usually readily recognized. The ground color is more commonly a faint greenish white to dirty white, and occasionally with a delicate reddish tint. The markings are of different shades of brown with here and there a dot almost black, and some faint markings of lilac, and even a tendency to pink in rare cases. The blotches are principally collected at the larger end and usually form a ring. Sometimes a ring is found around the smaller end, and quite frequently the eggs are blotched more or less thickly over their entire surface. The dimensions vary exceedingly for such small eggs, but a fair average from a number of random specimens are .66x .51 of an inch. After autumn appears few birds are seen, and if present they rarely show themselves. I have not seen a specimen after September 20.

THE BIG WOODPECKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Red Wing" wishes some one having acquaintance with the ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*) to send a note to the FOREST AND STREAM. This bird, now quite rare, was not uncommon in all the large swamps in Florida, from Lake Washington to St. Mary's River. It was more abundant up the Wekiver, a small stream below Sanford, but used to be common about Lake Jessup and all the large swamps on the west coast, but of late so many shooters and bird collectors go South that they have nearly exterminated many very interesting birds.

But a few years ago the little Carolina parrot or parakeet (*Conurus carolinensis*) was very abundant all over Florida. Now they are not seen. The ivory-billed woodpecker is easily found, if you know its note, which it utters continually as it ascends the tree, but I have never heard any sound when flying. As soon as it alights, at nearly every leap commences its loud queer note, repeated three times—*Pate, pate, pate*, and this can be heard a long way, and often leads to its destruction.

I have never taken their eggs. They breed in large high trees and are not easily got at. Capt. Brock, at Lake Jessup, a few years since, told me of a pair he thought were breeding, but a look at the tree and hole was sufficient. We did not get the eggs, but both birds were secured. They were not inclined to leave the tree, and we thought they must have eggs or young; and this was early in March. Mr. Maynard, of Boston, collected seven or eight on the west coast of Florida in the winter of 1883-4, and I had two sent me from near Palatka. A smaller bird of this variety is found in the West Indies and a larger one in Mexico.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

CALAIS, Me., May 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Red Wing," of Glencoe, Fla., inquires in FOREST AND STREAM for May 21 concerning the ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*). I am glad to call attention to a charming article on this very bird, published in the April number of the *Library Magazine* and also in the Elzevir Library No. 149, entitled "A Red-Headed Family," price two cents. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York. The author is Maurice Thompson, the naturalist, and also I believe a well-known contributor of articles to the Archery department of your valuable journal some years since.

Richard M. Conway tells me that he killed a number of ivory bills near the Brazos River, in Texas, some years since, and I have myself seen birds of same appearances near the San Marcos and Guadalupe rivers, in same State. There are plenty of the pileated woodpeckers in this section of Virginia. J. M. H.

HOLLADAY, Va.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The pileated woodpecker is not common here, yet hardly a season passes that I do not see or hear one or more. The bird is not mentioned in "Thompson's Vermont," and some old hunters do not know that it exists here. But it breeds in Vermont, and is a winter resident—at least, I have seen and heard it in the depth of winter many times. I saw a pair in East Montpelier, Washington county, Vt., some years ago, and was shown by the owner of the woods, the tree in which he said they had nested. He called them "woodcock."

R. E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., May 30.

IN AN ODD SITUATION.—While out botanizing on May 20 within a few miles of our city I came across a small party of young gunners, one of whom had succeeded in killing what he had supposed to be an old horned owl. The bird when first discovered by him was standing upright upon a large roughly constructed nest resembling in appearance that of our hawk, and served by its position as a conspicuous landmark for any passer-by with an eye intent upon the capture or destruction of their kind. I arrived at the very time when this uncouth-looking quarry tumbled down head long from its insecure retreat. It was still alive, and proved to be a nearly full-fledged specimen of the great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*). The primaries of its wings were about two-thirds developed, and the so called tufts of its ears were already projecting to the height of about half an inch above their surrounding feathery level. The down, which marks so prominently and very late the fledglings of all owls, had almost disappeared, and in a week's time at the latest the bird would have been able to take care of itself. The nest was near the top of a large maple tree about thirty feet from the ground and in as exposed position as could be possibly imagined, as the tree stood in a very open little grove and only within two hundred yards from a principal railroad crossing where great bodies of noisy laborers had been busy all spring laying tracks and making repairs. It was in the very last place which any might have suspected that a bird of such retired solitary habits as the great horned owl would have chosen to raise its brood.—C. L. (Buffalo, June 7).

A MARSH HAWK'S NEST.—On June 6, the discovery of the nest of the marsh hawk (*Circus hudsonius*) was made by Mr. Otto Buser, an enthusiastic young student of our local birds, at Linn Lake, a little village about forty miles from Buffalo. It was found in a small peat bog, which was densely overgrown with an almost impenetrable jungle of shrubbery (*Andromeda*) to the height of about two feet, affording, therefore, a very secure retreat. The nest rested right on the ground, and its lowest layers were thoroughly soaked from being in direct contact with the surface of the wet marsh. It had no lining of any kind, and its contents proved to be four dull white-colored, rather round eggs, looking very much soiled by being spattered all over with dirty spots, which imparted to them a very neglected appearance. The female was sitting, and by being accidentally flushed, revealed the presence of her nest.—C. L. (Buffalo, N. Y., June 7).

ADIRONDACK BIRDS.—Many of the birds are very late. From December to April we did not see a bluejay, but they are now here in great numbers. All the summer birds have arrived, except the cedar bird; when he comes we are "all at home." To-night we hear the booming of the night hawk for the first time.—A. R. FULLER (Meacham Lake, N. Y., May 26).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One whistling swan (*Cygnus americanus*), one bald eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*), and one pine snake (*Pityophis menanoleucus*). Presented—One wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one common rabbit, four white rats, one wild turkey (*Heleagris gallopavo*), one loon (*Colymbus torquatus*), one great-horned owl (*Buteo virginianus*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two crows (*Corvus americanus*), one sulphur-crested cockatoo (*Cacatua galerita*), one horned lizard (*Phrynosoma cornuta*), one water turtle (*Cinosternum pennsylvanicum*), two gila monsters (*Heloderma suspectum*), six alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), and one painted box tortoise (*Cistudo ornata*). Born—One female oryx (*Oryx leucoryx*), one female and two male buffaloes (*Bison americanus*), and five prairie wolves (*Canis latrans*).

Game Bag and Gun.

BEFORE OR BEHIND A TREE?

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of February 12, I saw and read with interest an article signed B. B. Seaman, descriptive of a deer hunt in Grayson county, Kentucky. From the account given, it appears that the writer was told by his conductor to take his place behind a large oak to escape the sight of the deer in case one should happen to pass near him in the forest where he stood, and that when he heard the noise made by the buck in his running, he incautiously exposed his head, which caused the deer to change his course. Notwithstanding all this the game passed within sixty yards of him, and gave him the chance of shooting. I must state some surprise at the location of the stander. It was an unwise and needless precaution. I would have stood in front of the tree and not behind it, so that I would have used my eyes and not my ears entirely for a knowledge of the approach of the deer. With us, deer often pass very near a stander without making much noise, and bucks especially, after they have gained something by experience, are apt to leave their lairs, so soon as they hear the first crying of the dogs, and move cautiously and almost silently beyond the limits of the drive. The wonder with me is that Mr. B. B. Seaman got a shot at all. He could not tell for his life whether the deer was in range, unless he saw him, and see him he could not have done unless he had looked around the tree. If he had put his back against it the deer could not have discovered him by the use of his eyes. I have stood in open ground when the wind was favorable, and have had deer run within twenty yards of me, and I have known them to get within that distance of men on horseback in cultivated fields. If, however, the wind is blowing toward the deer, his sense of smell, which is very acute, will cause him to turn his course, even when he sees not his mortal foe. From this I draw the inference that the vision of a deer is not sharp like that of a turkey, and he depends far more upon his ears and his nose than his eyes for his protection.

One who is uninitiated would be sure, if turkey hunting, to get behind a tree to screen himself against the sight of the fowl. He who has had experience or has learned from others will place his back to the tree and face the game as it approaches. In this attitude, if the sportsman is still, a gobbler will come within twenty yards of him in open woods or even in a field. But if he places the tree between himself and the gobbler and makes the slightest visible movement, he will lose all chances of a shot.

If a deer is running it is clear that his opportunities for seeing are far less than they would be if he was standing and the hunter was running. All, therefore, the sportsman has to do is to select a spot where he can see and keep still. Then if he is on the line of the course of flight and the deer does not smell him, he will get a good chance for game. My opinion is, and it is expressed with all respect, the deer which "B. B. S." killed did not see him at all, but found the route which his knowledge of the topography of the country had taught him afforded the easiest means of escape.

In nothing which I have written above in regard to the position which he occupied has it been my object to criticise the sportsman whose communication I am considering. I do, however, most decidedly impeach the knowledge of Captain Van Nuter and advise "B. B. S." that when he next takes a stand, either in Kentucky or elsewhere, to place himself where he can see, and then keep quiet. I think I speak advisedly when I say that deer rely far more upon their ears and noses than upon their eyes. I recollect quite distinctly that six or eight years ago I was occupying a stand, when one of the dogs trailed a deer within forty yards behind the tree at the base of which I was sitting. Whether the deer passed after or before I took my position I do not know. I kept still, however, for fifteen minutes or more, while the dog had gone beyond my hearing. It was open pine land, where I could have seen a deer, if looking, for more than a hundred yards, in all directions. I got up and went along the trail which the dog had followed, for eighty or ninety yards, with the view of determining the best position to occupy in future hunts. Then I started back, my gun thrown across both shoulders. After walking about thirty yards I heard a noise behind me, and turning, I saw the deer within easy range just changing its course because it saw me. It might have done so, and turned off, without my knowledge, at least a hundred yards away, if its vision had been like that of the Kentucky buck. But, in open ground, with nothing to prevent except an occasional pine, that doe approached me while I was walking within the distance I have stated. It is but just to say that, though I fired one barrel at her, she escaped my gun, only to fall before the surer aim of my companion, Calvin McF., who was several hundred yards off, and near whom she accidentally passed. At another time and near the same place, I saw a large buck emerge from a swamp beyond the range of my gun. I ran toward what I supposed would be the line of his flight until I got where I thought I would be near enough. I then stopped, and to my great gratification he gave me a broadside at forty yards. I fired one barrel charged with twelve No. 1 shot, and saw at once that my aim was correct. He did not change the course which he had selected, nor did he see me, for he paused within thirty yards, and with the other barrel I brought him down. He had nineteen holes in his right side—four by the first barrel and fifteen by the second. That deer never saw me, and yet the woods were open pine lands with no undergrowth. If I had been behind a pine I should not have seen that buck, and to this day would have been in ignorance that one with seven points on each beam and netting one hundred and fifty pounds, could be so fat as to be "kidney curved," with more than five hundred big ticks living upon his blood. Get in front of the tree, keep your body still but your eyes wide open, and take in the whole view.

I shall not find fault with Captain Van Nuter or his companions for using hounds in their hunts. Whether that is a legitimate way of sport depends greatly upon the country. In those sections where there are many places of refuge, that mode of hunting will not exterminate the breed. It has been pursued in this locality for more than three-quarters of a century, and yet we have a fair supply left. The number would be far greater if our wild lands had not been subjected to the demands of commerce for what are called "naval stores." But there are places where the deer can find but few pools of water large enough to elude the dogs, and to these the hunter goes, secretes himself, and is sure of his game, oftentimes without the use of a gun, depending upon his canoe and a heavy paddle. And there are places where the favorite feeding spots are well known, and to these the still-hunter takes himself and kills every one he sees. Hounding is, in my view, quite as sportsmanlike as the last plan, and far more so than the other. WELLS.

DEER IN THE SOUTH.

THE last FOREST AND STREAM announced the passage of the law forbidding the "hounding of deer in the Adirondacks" of the great State of New York. All honor to the gentleman who drafted this law, and to the legislators who voted for it. During the discussion of this law I was under the impression that one of its features was to permit the killing of the hounds should they be caught in pursuit of the deer, and also that the FOREST AND STREAM was in favor of this provision. While I heartily approved the prohibition of "hounding deer," yet I could not sanction the cruelty of killing the innocent hound in pursuit of its natural game. I say natural, for every true hunter that uses hounds knows that the hound will leave the track of a fox, unless he is most thoroughly broken, to pursue a deer that jumps up before him. It is the nature of the young hound to open on the track of the hare the first time he goes hunting, and should a deer appear, or a fresh trail be crossed, the puppy will cease following the hare and take that of the deer.

As I have stated, most sincerely in favor of prohibiting the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, I was anxious for the act to be passed in order that it could be used as a precedent in urging a similar law for the entire State of Louisiana when the next Legislature convenes.

Not only am I in favor of the law as to the Adirondacks, but I would go further, and most heartily approve it for every State in the Union. Nay, I would go further, that in order to preserve the deer from destruction a law should be passed prohibiting the killing of a deer for the next five years. It is only a question of a short time before the wild deer will become extinct in the several States. It behooves every true and thoughtful hunter at this time to co-operate in securing the passage of acts that will prevent the extinction of the deer, antelope and elk. I have been in deep sympathy with every measure for the preservation of the large game in the great National Yellowstone Park. But I am not in favor of preserving the buffalo in any other portion. I do not think the Indians can be civilized until the game is extinct, and so far from disapproving the slaughter of the buffalo by the pot-hunters or skin-hunters, I have rejoiced to learn they are so rapidly exterminating the bison; regarding the civilization of the wild tribes of Indians as far more necessary than the preservation of the herds of buffalo.

Every hunter is well aware of the fact that hounding of deer causes a more rapid diminution of the species than killing by still-hunting. The does do not breed so fast when kept in constant fear of the hounds—the pregnant ones so often lose their young when they have been severely chased—and so many fawns fall victims to the voracious jaws of the hounds, without the least benefit to the hunter.

In those States where a few deer can be found, the number decreases yearly as railroads traverse the portions of the country they frequent. Unless measures are promptly taken, we shall soon know of the deer as a "myth of the past." In the Southern States, they are now to be found only in the large river bottoms, or on the hills contiguous to them. The great overflows of the large rivers of the South for the last three or four years, have almost caused the entire extinction of the deer. Those that were fortunate enough to escape death by drowning met a more miserable fate from the hands of the merciless human bipeds, who slaughtered them by hundreds as they swam to the hills, too weak to avoid being killed by stones and clubs, or they succumbed to the attacks of the buffalo gnats, should they have succeeded in hiding from their human foes.

In 1850 I traveled over almost the whole State of Texas, south of the Southern Pacific from Fort Worth west. At that early date the deer and antelope were to be seen everywhere by thousands. Now it is a rare thing to find them, except along the hills and bottoms of Red River or in the Pan Handle portion of the State. Three years ago, before the railroad passed through the parish of Webster, in which I live, deer were abundant; now it is difficult to start one with a good pack of dogs. In Bossier Parish, the adjoining one, a good day's sport can be obtained, but I doubt whether a dozen deer will be found in that parish five years hence, unless we can secure an act not only prohibiting hounding of deer, but the killing of them in any manner for a term of years. When the next Legislature of Louisiana convenes I shall get the member from this parish to introduce a law similar to that of New York, to prohibit hounding of deer in the State; and in the meantime I shall correspond with our prominent sportsmen to co-operate in securing the pas-

sage of the act, and shall use every means in my power to get the approval of members before they assemble.

Our game law is now in operation, or at least it is the close season; but unfortunately little attention is paid to it in many of the parishes. Neither grand juries nor judges will cause offenders to be indicted, because they themselves are guilty of breaking the law. It can only be made effective by the most strenuous exertions of all the gun clubs to denounce those infringing the law, and securing the hearty good will of all true hunters to have offenders indicted. A few convictions in each parish would go far to bring about this result. GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

MINDEN, La., May 24.

A WOODCOCK'S DEVOTION.

UNABLE to resist the subtle influence of the balmy south wind of yesterday, redolent with cherry blossoms and forerunner of many such sweet days to come, I was strolling along one of the less frequented roads in the immediate vicinity of the village. My four-footed companion—a satin-skinned pointer, associate of many a happy day, with ruling passion strong, explored every copse and thicket, regardless he of a scratched body and a bleeding tail, could he but gain one whiff of that intoxicating odor, far dearer to him than all the "Sabean odors from the spicy shore of Arabie the blest." After an absence somewhat more protracted than usual, a casual search in the direction I had last seen him revealed him pointing as I expected. The character of the ground, a rough hillock covered with tangled cat briers and white birches and contiguous to a deep alder swamp, left little doubt as to the nature of the game, while the glaring eyes, the quivering nostrils, and the rigid stern left equally little doubt as to the few feet or perhaps inches that separated the educated animal from his natural prey.

While admiring the beautiful picture and hesitating to interfere, a very large hen bird flopped heavily up, clearing the brier with difficulty, only to drop with a sounding thud a yard or two in advance. Almost at the same second the smaller but more vigorous cock bird with the familiar ringing whistle sprang twenty feet into the air and away over the tops of the budding birches, across the brook, skirting a wide meadow, nor pausing nor faultering until with a sudden dart and a turn he wheeled sharply into a copse of alders and swamp maples, quite a different species of bird apparently from his fluttering mate. The latter, naturally shy and retiring bird, appeared to have lost all fear of man or beast in her anxiety for her little family's welfare, each one of whom had doubtless sought shelter at once under some protecting dead leaf at the very first indication of danger. So thoroughly indeed were the little youngsters stowed away that although the rude nest containing the four broken shells was in plain sight, no trace of them did a rather careful search reveal. And now began a series of amusing antics on the part of that devoted parent that must be seen to be appreciated. Around and around the staunch dog she ambled and waddled, feathers distorted, and quacking for all the world like a dusky duck in the gloaming of the autumn evening as he fearlessly prepares to alight on his favorite feeding ground.

After several minutes thus consumed in completing the circles, of which the sorely tempted canine was the interesting center, finding all her wiles fail to move him, other than an agonizing twist of his head upon its axis, she suddenly changed tactics, and with ruffled plumage and open bill boldly charged the intruder, until but a few inches at most separated her from the jaws which there is some reason to believe may be her future tomb. Patience was evidently ceasing to be a virtue on the poor brute's part, and fearing dire results to that little family of innocents in case of a sudden half orphanage, I asserted my share in the tragedy by stepping slightly in advance. As the delighted mother led me step by step away from danger, it was with a peculiar satisfaction I almost fancied I could see in her big expressive eyes the relief it furnished her. Over the hill, back to the road and a hundred yards down the same she gently drew us, and when with an utterly exhausted flap she appeared to alight for the last time, I was not less surprised than pleased to catch a glimpse of her, completely restored as by a miracle, whirling over the dense cedars and tall timber on a hilltop until she reappeared by a long circuit close to the original spot where I first surprised her.

Retracing my steps, there she was sure enough, going through the same old game as before. Calling off the disgusted dog with much difficulty, I left her there and continued my walk—he full of regrets, doubtless at what he regarded as an exceedingly unsatisfactory termination to so much trouble, and his master with "murder most foul and most unnatural" in his heart to marvel at the mysterious working of man's heart, which, while moved to pity and admiration at a mother's love, can at the selfsame moment resolve on the subsequent complete annihilation of not only that mother, but "all her pretty chickens too at one fell swoop." Verily, how all-consuming must be that passion for the chase, which warps our sympathies, and which knows no right but the law of might. W.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., May 12.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Returning from a deer hunt with a deer upon my shoulder which I had carried for some miles, I stood my gun, a large bore muzzleloader, against the side of the house on a back porch. I then proceeded to dress the game, and after doing so returned to get the gun and put it away. I found it had been removed, and upon inquiring of the cook—a Chinaman—was informed that it was in the "store loom." I proceeded to the store room and found it standing in a corner behind a sugar barrel. When I undertook to lift it out it went off. It was loaded for deer at long range and it startled me. It startled me headlong over a sack of potatoes, and convinced me for a time that I was killed. After a while I put my hands to my head—or to the place where I wear my head—to see if there was any of it left of consequence. I was surprised to find that it was, as near as I could judge, all there; further investigation discovered a long red stripe on my cheek, a face powder burnt and a round hole through my hat brim. There was also an ample hole in the ceiling of the store room, one in the roof, and, no doubt, a hole far into the sky overhead.

Again, I was out with a Sharps carbine. It was a kind of a cannon. It was a good gun to shoot, only it shocked; that is to say, jarred somewhat, owing to the amount of powder and lead the cartridge contained. Well, I came to a steep bank. Let the gun, stock down, into some wild grapevines until I could climb down myself. I got down, and as I lifted the gun out there was a big blue flash and an awful explosion. This time I thought I was reduced to fragments and splattered all around like the boy of "Burning Deck" notoriety. When the smoke and consternation cleared away I proceeded to compile a list of the killed and wounded. I finally found myself—I was all right, only partially deaf. Gun was all right. Dog was rushing around trying to find scent of the game which he presumed I had fired at. The bullet had gone.

My last remarkable shot was more serious. Was on horseback. Was riding a favorite horse up a steep mountain trail to a deer lick. A companion was riding twenty yards or so in advance. We both had Winchester rifles. Were expecting to jump deer every minute, and guns both loaded, never cocked. Came to two saplings between which the horse was laboriously climbing on the rocky trail. I held the muzzle of my gun down out of line of my companion ahead. Suddenly a rifle cracked, my horse reared, sprang sidewise from under me, rolled down the mountain a hundred feet and lay quivering in death. Fortunately for me I fell in the trail. I thought it was my companion's gun, until I examined and found it to have been my own discharged. My horse's neck was broken, the bullet ranging into his head, killing him instantly.

Now, perhaps these are not the kind of remarkable shots which are preferred for your columns, but they are truthful accounts, and may serve to show how easily accidents occur, how unexpectedly. I have spent much time in hunting and have handled guns always with great care. ESAU.

SHASTA, Cal.

MEACHAM LAKE.—Meacham Lake, N. Y., May 26.—As the season advances we begin to note the game signs. I once feared that the long, hard winter would kill off the partridges, but on all sides we hear the drumming of the cocks, and the guides and guests of the house speak of seeing many on the roads and about the woods. Everything indicates that as many as usual have gotten through the winter. The spring so far has been very warm, which is favorable for nesting. Of deer signs we see more than usual. Billy, one of our best and oldest hunters, says he has seen more signs of deer this spring than in any spring for ten years. Thirteen deer had crossed the road last Sunday in the five miles between this place and the first house toward Malone; and in a walk of six miles, in the direction of Brighton, one of the guides saw three deer, and said he saw many tracks. They are great wanderers in early spring. From February to April they had very hard picking, as there was a crust on the deep snow. They look thin and rough, but as vegetation starts up they will improve in flesh. They are working around and in the water. Several have been seen in the lake.—A. R FULLER.

NEW ORLEANS, June 2, 1885.—In a letter in your last issue there are some statements I would like to correct. The hunting and fishing around New Orleans in the right season, that is for hunting from September to February, is good. You can get deer, turkeys, ducks, quail and snipe from fifteen to fifty miles of New Orleans. There are numerous hunting and fishing clubs around here. The fishing about this time of the year is excellent for trout or black bass and perch in any fresh water stream, and in the lakes you can get catfish, croakers, lake or speckled trout, redfish, red snappers, sheepshead, flounders, Spanish mackerel and others. I would like you to tell me why you give no accounts in your interesting paper about the rowing club races?—R. R. [The rowing races are outside the scope of the FOREST AND STREAM.]

THE CHINESE PIGEON WHISTLE.—I was wandering about the streets of Peking one day with my boy Chang, when I heard music in the air, and looking up asked Chang, "What is that?" He replied, "That am a pigeon whistle." He darted into a store near by, and bought me about a dozen bamboo sticks fashioned into whistles. They tie them between the tail feathers of pigeons, and as they sail through the air all kinds of music resounds. It might add to the nuisance of the domestic pigeon if American boys would adopt the Chinese pigeon whistle and make "music in the air." It is about Whitsuntide now, and whistles are in vogue. —C. D. P. (Nogales, Ariz.).

THOSE THIRTY DEER.—Appleton, Wis., June 2.—How about the man who wrote an article from some Pennsylvania town about the thirty odd deer he killed all alone in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan last season? What did he do with them? The weather was very mild at that time and the laws about shipping venison out of the State are said to be pretty rigidly enforced. Did any of his venison spoil? There are not very many men about here that kill even half as many deer in one season. Some people are satisfied with five or less. If a man really shot thirty deer in a couple of weeks' time, it don't seem to me to be a feat to boast of. Is it?—F. U. R.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—The bay birds have left for the north. The robin snipe turned last of all. Several parties returning from the Cape May Court House region, the middle of the week, with poor showing, and charge their ill luck to the mosquitoes, which, they say, drove them off the meadows. If birds had flown well, and too great a space of time had not existed between shots, mosquitoes might have been put up with, but when it became no shots and more mosquitoes, it was more than human nature could stand.—HOMO.

LAKE GOGEBIC.—Appleton, Wis., June 2.—I was told by an employee of the hotel at Lake Gogebic that killing deer in August with jacklight was one of the amusements. The L. S R. R. Company post notices at all stations declaring their intention of prosecuting violations of the game laws, presumably if the poachers aforesaid don't put up at the railroad hotel.—FUR

CATSKILL PEAKS.—The Albany *Argus* says that the following are the highest peaks of the Catskill range, and the nearest village or habitable valley in their vicinity: Slide Mountain, from J. W. Dutcher's Big Indian, Ulster county, 4,220 feet; Hunter Mountain, Hunter Village, Greene county, 4,052 feet; Black Dome Mountain, Hensonville, Greene county, 4,004 feet; Thomas Cole Mountain, Greene county, 3,975 feet; Black Head, Cairo, Greene county, 3,965 feet; Mount Cornell, Woodland Valley, near Phœnicia, Ulster county, 3,920 feet; Big West Kill Mountain, West Kill, Greene county, 3,900 feet; Vly Mountain, Lexington, Greene county, 3,888 feet; Graham Mountain, Dry Brook, Ulster county, 3,886 feet; Peakamoose Mountain, Watson Hollow, Shokan, Ulster county, 3,875 feet; Table Mountain, Watson Hollow, Shokan, Ulster county, 3,875 feet; Plateau Mountain, Tannersville, Greene county, 3,855 feet; The Wittemberg Mountain, Woodland Valley, Ulster county, 3,824 feet; Sugar Loaf or Mink Mountain, Tannersville, Greene county, 3,807 feet; Big Indian, from Big Indian, Ulster county, 3,800 feet; Kaaterskill High Peak, Haines's Falls, Greene county, 3,800 feet; Panther Mountain, Big Indian, Ulster county, 3,800 feet.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—II.

BACK in the coach I found Ben and the conductor absorbed in watching the morning slicking up process of nine young Norwegians by their buxom-looking mother. They were having their flaxen locks straightened out by turns, and the comb in the deft hands of the mother paid no attention to kinks, knots and quirls, notwithstanding an occasional vociferous protest from the tow-headed victim. They were an interesting family, graduated in size from a wee toddler up to a boy of 11 or 12 years old, and all looked as healthy as a brood of young ducks on the bosom of their favorite pond. The conductor told us that the woman had come all the from Norway with no companions but her children and was going to join her husband somewhere above Traverse City, where he had fixed up a nest for his wife and little ones and had sent for them to come to him. "The faith and pluck o' woman is past comprehendin'," said Ben, as he moved forward and took a seat on the coal box to muse and smoke. In the hurry and bustle of looking after our traps at Traverse City we lost sight of them but trust the mother found the nest comfortable and large enough for her numerous brood, and that years of quiet and content are in store for them in their new home in the strange land.

We left Traverse City at 7 A. M., taking passage on the steamer Lou. A. Cummings, Capt. George Robertson. The Cummings was bound for Frankfort, and the captain consented to land us at Sutton's. The bay was just ruffled with a gentle breeze, the morning as glorious as ever a summer morning could be, and everybody was delighted with the lovely scenery along the shore, the swift little steamer and Capt. Robertson. A complimentary vote was afterward taken on the genial captain, and if his weather eye ever rests on this he will understand it is a gratuitous "blow off," for we paid our fare.

At Sutton's Bay we were several hours ahead of time, so Ben and I decided to drive over to Provemont, four miles, and send the teams back after the rest of the party, while we hunted up the camp and fixed up a nest for the girls. In fifteen minutes we were sailing out of town in a stifling cloud of dust and fine sand, that managed to keep even pace with us till we turned into the road leading over the hills to Provemont and Leland. The road led us over a gentle rise and into a little gem of a valley, and further on into a deep, dark, hardwood forest filled with sombre shadows with here and there a streak of sunlight struggling through the thick foliage with a glint like a thread of gold. Here, quite carried away by the beauty of the surroundings, we yelled a good old fashioned yell, much to the astonishment of the driver and the little horses.

Further down we crossed a little stream a yard or two wide that went laughing noisily through the tangle, and as it looked very "trouty," Ben and I had of course to get out under pretense that our legs were cramped, but really to see if we could catch a glimpse of a flashing fin, and to get a drink of the limpid waters. We were satisfied with the drink without seeing the fin, and climbing back into the wagon, a bend in the road brought us into another little valley and in near view to a number of charcoal pits looking like immense white bee hives. Here the Leland Mining Company yearly convert acres of the hard woods into charcoal, to be used in making iron in their great furnaces at Leland, near the foot of Carp Lake. But we were anxious to get to Provemont, and a word to the horses sent them along at a good pace over the last three quarters of a mile, and we pulled up at the bridge right at the head of the narrows to take a brief view of as pretty a sheet of water stretching away off up to the left of us as ever gladdened heart of angler. Down to the right led the narrows, connecting really the two lakes, although it is all called Carp Lake. Before the dam was built at Leland, this connection was nothing but a little wandering stream, something like the streams connecting the lakes of the Intermediate Chain, but now it is the "Narrows," about three-quarters of a mile long and generally about five to ten rods wide, with a depth of seven to twelve feet in the channel, as near as we could judge in passing through to the lower lake some days afterward.

We found Provement to be one of the quietest and sleepiest of little places, a place with rest and dreamy summer languor written all over it in the fervid rays of the July sun, in the shadows of the green woods along the low hill just beyond, in the soft air and blue haze hanging over land and water like a misty veil toning the rough points in the landscape into easy lines, in the drowsy droning of a lazy, easy-going "bumble bee" seeking sweets in the flowers of a Canada thistle growing by the roadside—a place where one tired of the noise and bustle and dust and heat of the city might go and forget there ever was an outside world full of cares and battlings and bickerings and strife for place and existence. It was a picture the eye loves to linger on, a scene to fill the heart with a feeling of peace and good will to all men.

Crossing over the long wooden bridge spanning the stream (for it is nothing more than a stream), just high enough above the water to let the smokestack of the little tug go clear, we drove up to Couturier's, a few rods from the end of the bridge, and going in introduced ourselves, much to the surprise of that good man, who was not dreaming that we had yet left Traverse City.

A hasty glance at the surroundings confirmed our good impression of the place. The store, hotel and post office all in one, stands out on a wide grassy common a short distance back from the narrows, and is a large, roomy house, clean and comfortable looking in all its appointments. I don't know of a place in all Michigan that I would rather go to for a summer's rest and sport with the rod than right here at this quiet little village of Provemont, and I would go straight to neighbor Couturier and be sure of getting the best in the land.

We did not waste much time in taking the measure of our neighbor as we wished to find the camp as soon as possible. We only noted that he was a French Canadian, rather over medium stature, and perhaps 48 or 50 years of age, with a rather sharp face. It was a kindly face withal, however, a trifle careworn; but old Ben figured it out as "a kind o' leather complected face that looked a heap like a piece o' dried birch bark." But he was a clever, accommodating gentleman, and we were soon all on friendly terms.

Young Mossman had located the camp on the Horton farm, four and a half miles above. The four boats were up at the camp and no other craft was to be had but a big unwieldly canoe fashioned out of a great pine tree. It was

about eighteen feet long and two and a half feet beam, and a little handier to navigate perhaps than a wood scow, but steady and safe in carrying capacity. We borrowed this, and friend C., seeing us look wistfully at a half dozen long cane fish poles with lines and hooks on ready for work, said if we wanted fish going up to help ourselves to poles, which we did by selecting two of the strongest and longest, about the same length as the canoe, and our cup of happiness was full. Down around the little dock at the narrows where our craft was moored we caught four speckled frogs, two of which were at once hooked on, and shoving out, I took the paddle, and a few strokes sent us under the bridge and out into the lake headed for camp, "two of the happiest old 'coons," Ben reckoned, "that ever went a fishin' in a holler log."

From the bridge the shore sweeps around to the left into a pretty bay fringed with green woods down to the water's edge, reaching out again a half mile or so above to a point that approaches within less than an eighth of a mile of the opposite shore. Above this point the lake widens again, and is from a half to three-fourths of a mile wide clear up to the Horton place where the camp was made. Above the camp it holds an average width of perhaps three-fourths of a mile for a distance of four miles, when it widens to two and a half miles or a little more, and this upper part of the lake, about three miles in length, is one of the loveliest sheets of water in Michigan. From Provemont down, counting three-fourths of a mile for the narrows, the lower lake is about seven miles long, the greatest width being nearly a mile and a half, near Leland, the county seat. Leland is five miles below Provemont, and here the lake has its outlet. Here is a lake eighteen miles long, with an average width of near a mile, affording fine bass fishing, as we found out before breaking camp, which seems to have been little fished and less known of anglers, and one may look in vain for even a mention of it in the guide books—at least I did.

Soon after leaving the bridge we met a sturdy, grizzled old mossback in a smart little boat, and concluding that of course he had been fishing, Ben hailed him to know what luck. "They aint a bitin' much," said the old gentleman, as he stopped rowing and the boats lost headway, "nor haint been for a day or two; must be there's goin' to be a change o' weather 'fore many days."

We noticed, however, that he had a fine string of fish towing alonside, which he explained had been caught the day before. He had lost his only spoon hook, line, float and all. "Do you men belong to that camp up the lake? If you see anything of my float up around there I wish you'd pick it up an' see what kind of a fish it's fastened to. I was trolling along by Horton's Point, a little ways above your camp this mornin' an' all at once a turrible jerk took the float out from under my legs an' away it went a sailin' an' under the water an' that's the last I've seen of it. If you find that float an' a fish on the spoon you'll find a whopper;" and the old grizzly went on his way. A "float" is a narrow piece of board of any convenient length up to a couple of feet, around which the trolling line is wound and paid off as required. Ben and I looked for the old man's float several times, but could never find it, and Ben has not made up his mind yet which was the whopper, the fish or the old mossback's story.

After passing the point we had a fair breeze up lake and had little to do but keep the old dugout straight with the wind, and troll and skitter for pickerel; but we held too far off shore for the long-snouts, and our trolling and skittering amounted to a failure. When we had idled along for perhaps three miles we began to think we ought to get a sight of the camp, and Ben avowed, after his fashion, that "we must hev passed the durned thing, for we've come six mile ef we've come a solitary foot." However, as we rounded the next point two striped tents near the water proclaimed that even Michigan miles have an ending, and a few minutes later the "holler log" was pulled up on the low banks in front of the camp and we were ashore making the acquaintance of Al and taking a view of the surroundings. A scattering row of low trees growing along the bank almost at the edge of the water, among which were a few white birches and a solitary "popple" twenty yards back from the water, were the sum total of the shade trees for the camp. Not a very picturesque place at first glance, but we found it very pleasant after a day or two, and it was a safe camp in case of a hard blow, as we could go to bed without fear of a tree talling and crushing a tent and whoever might be under it. The ground was four or five feet above the water level, sandy soil, perfectly dry and grassy, and stretched back in a level, unbroken field to Horton's house, 130 yards back from the lake. Up to the left an eighth of a mile the field was skirted by a dense, swampy wood that ran back to the road along the foot of the hill, and down to the right lay the rest of the farm, fringed along the lake shore with a narrow belt of swampy woods that came to an end a quarter of a mile below the camp. It was really a pleasant place, and we liked it better the longer we remained, the only drawback being the lack of an adjacent clear, cold spring, which necessitated carrying our drinking water from Horton's well. We prevailed on Al to bring a bucket of fresh water from the well as a sample, and after drinking nearly half of it, Ben and I shed our superficial raiment and went to work with a will to make a nest for the girls, as their comfort had of course to be looked after first. The largest tent, about 9 by 13 feet on the ground, was set up with uprights and ridge pole in the shade of the tree back from the water, and staked down with extra care. The rope running through eyelet holes near the apex, and sometimes taking the place of a ridge pole when ridge poles are scarce, was given a couple of turns around the rear upward and tied securely to the tree a few feet back, and the other end pulled taut and fastened to a stake driven firmly into the ground 15 or 20 feet in front. Two nights after, during a terrific storm, we had reason to feel that the labor expended on this tent had not been thrown away.

Al had procured a load of clean, soft oat straw from the big barn near the house, and we spread this in the tent three or four inches deep, and on top of it laid a rubber piano cover and a couple of rubber blankets, rubber side down, which covered the whole floor of the tent. On top of these the straw was spread evenly to a depth of two feet, and then Ben and I "rolled over" it till packed down to about a foot deep. A thin cotton mattress and a big buffalo robe were spread over all, pillows placed, quilts and blankets properly adjusted, "skeeter bar" hung, and there was a bed fit for the finest lady in the land, not elegant, but restful, and something that would, as Dick Mac might say, "accommodate itself to the 'synopsis' of the frame." A better plan is to place logs or boards at the head, foot and sides to keep the straw from spreading; but we were in a hurry to get the camp in shape, and Ben said, "It was good enough for the Jones family, fur the Joneses never was used to the very best o' everything nohow." And then Ben had a story to tell about the "Jones family," who had suddenly become rich through shoddy or oil, I forget which, and how the old woman and the daughters were always after pap Jones to put on airs and outdo their wealthy neighbors in the matter of fine horses, carriages and things of high tone; but the old man happened to be a plain body with good "hoss sense," who was content with the old things and ways he was used to, and generally squelched their aspirations in the bud with the above quotation. It served many a good turn in camp and afforded endless amusement to the girls, and the older heads too, when properly applied to any case in point.

The rattle of a wagon back on the road announced that somebody was coming, and directly here they came sailing across the field in a spring wagon, Jim, Dan, Mrs. Jim, Bob, and Miss Fanny, but Kit was nowhere to be seen. They explained that she was back on the road somewhere with the lumber wagon, looking after the baggage, assisted by a small boy who was driving the team, and half an hour later they drove up with the horses well jaded, and Kit looking as important as though the whole success of the trip depended on her keeping a vigilant eye on that baggage. On unloading we found our lunch basket had been left behind at the hotel at Sutton's Bay, containing some biscuits, sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, a huge cake, etc., and a three quart jar of beet pickles that Kit had prepared with her own hands especially for the palate of "Uncle Dan." Dan said he felt a little "sour" over the mishap, but Bob sweetened him up with a hunk of maple sugar, about the first thing she discovered in her preliminary tour of inspection around the camp. (Bob had a wonderful faculty of finding out where the maple sugar was stored away.)

A week later the basket was sent over with the pickles in prime condition, but the biscuits and cake Ben said was "jest about right fur street pavin' purposes; good enough fur the Jones family, though, for the Joneses never was used to the very best of everything nohow." The afternoon was spent by the girls unpacking, arranging, cleaning up and getting rigged up in their fishing clothes, and "we boys" kept on fixing up the camp till everything was in order except the kitchen fly, Dan's tent and the flagstaff, which were left until next morning.

The evening was so lovely and the water below camp looked so inviting and fishy that somebody had to put a rod together and go a fishing, and I remember that when he got back supper was over and his share of two fat mallards that Al had been surreptitiously roasting in one of the stoves all afternoon, had been reduced to a few cold fragments and bones, with not enough left to hazard an opinion as to the original flavor, but we had fish for breakfast.

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[It should be explained that the nickname Bob belongs to old Ben's niece.]

THE WORCESTER FISH DAY.

THERE has been a good deal of unfavorable comment in the FOREST AND STREAM concerning "side hunts," as they are commonly called, and I am inclined to the opinion that these events, as they are frequently conducted, are open to adverse criticism. Our club has, however, held these contests ever since its formation, and it is only fair to say that as a rule they have been honorably conducted, and the game and fish dinners have been very enjoyable. It would probably be claiming too much to say that these contests have always been entirely free from crookedness, and this year when the meeting was held to make arrangements for "fish day," there were some members who were in favor of doing away with the old plan, invite the members to turn out and fish for the honors of the occasion, and allow each one to pay for his own dinner. But the desire to beat somebody was very strong with a majority of the members, and after a good deal of argument on both sides of the question it was voted to have the affair on the old plan, viz.: choose sides and the defeated side pay the bill, no trout less than six inches long to be counted, no private ponds to be fished, all fish to be taken in a lawful manner and by the members turning them in, and each member placed on his honor to adhere strictly to the rules.

The sides were captained by J. F. Davenport and Samuel Porter, and when the one hundred and thirty-five members were arrayed against each other nearly every one thought the sides very evenly balanced. Thursday, May 28, was fixed upon for the fish day, the dinner to occur on the evening of the 29th. Each of the captains, although pressed with business, spent much time in arranging with their men, and it was very evident that each was determined to use every ligitimate means to win. For several evenings previous to the event it was decidely amusing to drop into "Shattuck's" and notice the wise looks and animated manners of the members as they paired off in different parts of the room to talk matters over and listen to the aggravating remarks one member would make to another of the opposite side. Nearly, or possibly all the New England States were visited on this occasion, and the three biggest catches were made in New Hampshire, Rhode Island and on Cape Cod. It was a very hard day to fish for trout around home, the sky being clear and the water in the brooks quite low, still there were some very fair strings taken within easy drive of this city.

Thursday evening the tired and sunburnt fishermen met at headquarters to turn in their spoils and witness the count. "Uncle" Nathan Harrington presided at the scales and also judged those of doubtful length, some of which looked as if they had been "pulled" just a little to bring them to the required six inches. It was evident, early in the evening, that Capt. Davenport's side had won, his men having turned out more generally than Capt. Porter's. The display of fish was very fine, and a large audience of spectators were present, and watched the proceedings with the greatest interest. There were no pickerel or perch, but several fished for pouts with good success, ex-Mayor Pratt turning in a large bucket full all "alive and kicking." Ten o'clock was the time fixed for closing the count, and when that hour arrived, the secretary opened the telegrams which settled definitely what was already apparent, that Capt. Davenport had won. It should, however, be stated that more than twice the number fished on his side. The defeated party were good-natured, and there were no charges of fraud, and it was agreed on both sides that the affair had been very squarely conducted.

The dinner was served by Mr. John M. White, at the Tourtellotte House, Millbury, and too much cannot be said in its praise. Mr. White is a thorough sportsman and knows just how to entertain such a party, and gentlemen of large experience in such matters declared they had never seen it equalled for real excellence.

After the removal of the cloth the cigars were lighted and President White presented John R. Thayer, Esq., as master of ceremonies. His happy way of presenting the speakers proved him to be the right man in the right place. The speakers were all in their happiest mood and it was late when the last story was told. The night was perfect, the sky being clear with a full moon, and when the jolly party of seventy-five gentlemen took their carriages for a midnight drive of six miles it was conceded by all that the annual fish day and dinner of our club had been a perfect success.

E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 5, 1885.

TORCHING FOR SMELTS.

ON the 21st of April the word went around that the "big smelts" had put in an appearance in the streams the evening before. This was enough to bring over a dozen men and boys to the banks of a certain well-known brook near the head of Long Pond. A part of these carried dip nets, and the most of the others bundles of pitch wood or jacks, although two or three, one of whom was the writer, carried no equipments of any kind, but went "merely to see the fun."

The evening was warm and very still, and a moon nearly at first quarter helped to prolong the lingering twilight. A fire had been kindled at some little distance from the stream, and as it had been agreed upon to keep away from the water until it was fully dark, all hands were grouped around the fire and were indulging in the usual gossip and jokes of such occasions. All at once some one asked, "Where's Amasa?" A glance through the intervening alder thicket brought the answer, for in that direction a figure could be dimly seen standing in the brook and busily plying a long-handled dip net. This was sufficient to send everybody to the water, and jacks were soon flaring at intervals along the banks and showing fish by thousands. And now began the excitement. Those who had nets worked them, and those who came "just to see the fun" forgot that this was their object, and waded into the ice cold water, catching the fish in their hands and throwing them ashore. Boys screamed and men shouted. The air as well as water was full of fish, and the sedate man, regardless of shoes and stockings, was knee-deep in the current, his hands grasping here and there, while the pockets of his overcoat and the crown of his hat were full of wriggling fishes. Two dozen fish, averaging nearly eleven inches in length, were captured with a single sweep of a dip net. The piles upon the bank were fast increasing to proportions far beyond a market stall, when a rational thought seemed to strike some of the cooler heads. "Let's stop this, boys; it's nothing short of murder, for we have all we can make any use of." For once men were reasonable, and boys, as usual, followed in their lead. The fish upon the bank were gathered up, and Rodger's Brook with its swarming waters was left to itself. But in a very short time over three hundred weight of a species of fish that can hardly be surpassed in table qualities were on their way to the village. The express the next morning showed plainly that distant friends had not been forgotten, while a large box placed in front of a store with a "help yourself" attached, was speedily relieved of its contents.

But this was only the work of one evening, and the next night the fish would be even more abundant. The word had spread, and long before dark everything for miles around that could be called a dip net was on its way. In place of a net one fellow carried a large corn popper with an extension lashed to its handle, and another had a tin pan with its bottom punched full of holes and nailed to a pole. Quaint as these implements were, both, it is said, did good service. Through the evening and well into the night dozens of jacks and torches sent their brilliant glare along the stream and into the surrounding forest. No doubt the excessive light frightened the fish and kept many back in the lake, but still hardly an individual went away without fish enough for any reasonable demands. On either this or the preceding night two men, one to carry a light and the other to handle the net, could have filled an ox cart. This last statement, of course, is on the supposition that the two men could have had the stream all to themselves. As it was, the large number of fishermen, especially on the second evening, rapidly scattered the fish and drove the most of them back into the deep water of the lake.

The above is only a partial account of what happened on a single stream, and we hear similar reports from nearly every tributary of the Sebago waters. At Bear Brook, in Harrison, but little more than a mile away, the run has been longer and probably even more fish have been taken.

It would be a work for the scientists to fully explain the different varieties of smelts and their habits. That they belong to the salmon family all agree, but in this particular locality there are three different varieties, commonly called the big, salt-water, and little smelts. The salt-water smelts, *Osmerus viridescens*, are common in all the rivers, creeks and streams along our coast. They are said to bear transferring well, even into waters entirely land-locked and fresh, but always with a diminution in size. The big smelts are like the salt-water variety in some respects, but are larger and darker colored. They are over ten inches in length, and average nearly a quarter of a pound in weight. Many occur much larger than this, and one was weighed here a few years ago that was caught through the ice with hook and line, and turned the scales at eleven ounces. A few are mentioned even larger, but they are rare, to say the least. The little smelts are but miniature representations of their larger relations, weighing less than half an ounce each. Some have thought that these little fellows were only the young of the larger variety, but this can hardly be true, as they seem to be fully developed and are ready to spawn as they descend the streams to their breeding grounds. They do not run up the streams until about a week later than the larger ones, and are much more abundant. They are also found in many localities where the big smelts do not occur. They vary somewhat in size in different places, and are said to be larger in Norway Lake, only twelve miles away, than they are here. In the last mentioned lake no big smelts are found. An idea of the abundance of these little smelts may be had from the fact that a few evenings since three fellows dipped a shorts sack full (about three bushels) in less than an hour. That this party of wholesale fish killers were under the influence of something stronger than brook water was proved by what followed, for tying up the mouth of the sack, they threw it into the stream and allowed it to drift with its contents out into the lake.

No person pretends to know anything about when these waters were stocked with smelts, but in all probability they

were here long before the country was settled. Although they have been ruthlessly wasted year after year, their numbers have been larger this season than at any time previous. With the exception of the ten or twelve days that they are spawning in the spring, no smelts are ever seen in the streams here. They are caught some through the ice in winter and in very deep water almost always. Those caught through the ice, or with hook and line at any time, are generally larger than those taken in the streams in breeding time. On the whole, smelts in these parts are something of a puzzle, and the people who see the most of them simply expect them to put in an appearance at about such a time, kill them by the thousands when they do come, and think no more about them until their next appearance. NORTH BRIDGTON.

NORTH BRIDGTON, Me.

TROUTING ON WILMURT LAKE.

ON June 4 we were on the cool waters of Wilmurt Lake, in the southern part of Hamilton county, N. Y.; taking the finest trout which I ever saw or tasted, and in numbers and size to satisfy any reasonable angler. The lake is some two miles long by about one mile wide and has been rigidly protected for the past fifteen years, only the guests of the owner, the Hon. O. B. Matteson, being allowed to fish in it.

The party which gathered there from different parts on this occasion was Hon. Warner Miller and sons, Hon. Titus Sheard, Mr. E. G. Blackford and wife, Mr. John D. Hewlett of Cold Spring Harbor and wife; Mr. Frank Lincoln, the popular comedian; Mr. John J. Flanagan, of the Utica *Observer* and President St. Lawrence Association; Mr. Amos J. Cummings, of the New York *Sun*; Mr. Morris, of the Utica *Herald;* and myself and wife. We breakfasted at the Bristol House, Remsen. As the landlord knew that we were coming and that we would get trout enough before we left the woods, he had sallied forth and killed a few hams, and, by the way, he is a dead shot on a ham, which with their eggs and some steak and trimmings made a foundation to travel on. We left Remsen at 9 and came in sight of the white tower of Matteson's Mountain Home about 1 P. M., where the owner and his brave little granddaughter, who has a record for rescuing travelers and for snowshoeing over the mountain, greeted us.

The creek, which runs in front of the Home, was too high to fish in, so Mr. Stimson, the business manager of the estate said, and no one tried it; but we consoled ourselves by a visit to the ice house to see the fish taken from Wilmurt Lake the day before, and which were soon to be cooked under direction of Mrs. Stimson. The party were mostly old trout fishers to whom the sight of a lot of s. b's were no novelty, but they all agreed that the fish were the finest ever shown. Even Mr. Blackford, who has trout every opening day from all parts, said the same, and without qualification pronounced them the finest trout he had ever seen, and at table the best he had ever tasted. Later on we examined the stomachs of these trout and found them packed with the larvæ of insects, among which I recognized species of *Ephemera chironomus*, neuroptera (dragon flies and small helgramites), no traces of fish being seen, and it is said that no fish are ever found in their stomachs.

Next morning some of the party started for the lake early, and by the time my companions had climbed the mountain to the lake which lies on its top, some 850 feet above the Home, and about two miles from it, we found that Speaker Sheard and friends, who had been an hour ahead, had twenty fine trout ready for our breakfast. I asked to see the fly on which they were taken, and was horrified to learn that it was with the barnyard hackle. Mr. Sheard excused his crime by saying that he had not been taught to fish with a fly, and that if it had not been for the grovelling worm we would have had no breakfast. The latter extenuating circumstance saved him, and he not only promised reformation, but took some lessons in casting, and by his success and the enthusiasm with which he denounced worm-fishing as a crime which he never would be guilty of again, he was not only pardoned, but admitted into full fellowship to the sublime degree of fly-fishers.

We fished Wilmurt Lake for three days and took over two hundred pounds of trout, which were eaten by ourselves and the ladies at the Home. The ladies came on the lake one day and took some fine fish. I had the pleasure of fishing alternately with Mr. Blackford, Mr. Hewlett and Senator Miller, and of seeing them enjoy the rises, strikes, captures and misses which fell to their lot, and occasionally took a little one by way of intermission, but saw no man who enjoyed it more than Mr. De Graaf, who is an expert, and whose health improved so much that he was loth to leave when the inexorable demands of business called him away on the third day and compelled him to leave the trout to the rest. The trout averaged above half a pound, the largest weighing two pounds, taken by Mr. Lincoln on his first trouting trip. As usual, a novice carried off the honors.

The flies most in use on Wilmurt are red and brown hackles, dressed on large hooks. Mrs. Stimson ties them very neatly, but I prefer to use small flies if possible, and had good success with the Montreal, cowdung, royal coachman, oak fly, and in the evening the white miller and evening dun. On this trip Mr. Matteson entertained the party and sent a relief expedition to the lodge every morning with the necessities of life, and we returned the pack basket full of trout.

The gentlemen slept at the lodge on the lake, and Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Flanagan kept the party in good humor by droll stories which never exceeded the limit of good taste. As for me, it was sufficient to do good missionary work in having a daily class in fly-casting, and one of the pupils, a son of Senator Miller, who had no knowledge of it at beginning, cast the entire line on his reel, some sixty feet, on the third day, when his father, fearing that the boy would excel himself, broke up the school by taking the teacher out on the lake for a little quiet fishing.

The road from the Home up the mountain is a steep one, about as good a two-mile climb as most people want to put their blood in circulation, and a heavy rain had fallen on Friday before a few of us started in the evening. Being lighter rigged than the others, with corduroy knickerbockers and a pair of oil-tanned moccasins, I led the way with Mr. Miller's active boys at a rapid pace in order to get out of the woods before the dark should settle down, and in consequence we accumulated much mountain soil which we washed off before going to the house. Next morning some one placed the moccasins under the stove and cooked them; they were tender, though, but I could not eat them, I prefer them raw.

By Saturday the party had dwindled to seven, and we returned by way of Poland, taking the Herkimer, Newport and Poland Railroad to Herkimer, where we dined with the Senator and left his hospitable roof late in the evening for the train home, after one of the most enjoyable fishing trips which it has been my good fortune to enjoy. I hope to go there again before this month closes, even if the black fly is holding court there.

Speaking of the black fly, it happened that he only made himself obnoxious on one day when there was no wind on the lake, and forbore to annoy the ladies at the Home. I had provided myself with antidotes for the fly in the shape of the two remedies advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM, "Repellene" and Hind's black fly cream, and with my usual forethought had carefully left them down at the Home with Mrs. Mather. They might as well have been at Singapore, and when they massed their forces in column by batallion on the aforesaid day, I remarked to Mr. Hewlett, my companion in the boat, that I thought it cruel to apply lotions to deprive the poor little fly of his food by disgusting him with it, much as the wolverine renders meat unfit for food when he can't eat it, and that I was glad to see the tiny insect enjoy himself and was proud to contribute to his comfort, etc., when he pulled from his creel a box of "Repellene"—and we used it.

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

The flies had my sympathy no longer, and we laughed at their hunger. They were not yet numerous nor as bloodthirsty as they will be before they die, about July 1, but they were just getting up their appetites. Of course trout-fishing is best in June, and the angler risks the flies, and if he does not leave his lotions behind he may defy them. Tar and oil in conjunction is more or less efficacious, but it is disgusting stuff at best. Mr. Cummings had some of the Japanese headache cure, "mentholine," I think it is called, this tallow-candle-looking material, in a wooden box, and he found it also kept off flies to some extent, but required to be continually applied, because there was no body to it to hold the odor. I hope to see the festive fly again soon, for where he abounds the trout lives also, and if the trout will rise freely all the time the fly is out, I move to have the fly kept out all summer. FRED MATHER.

A REMARKABLE CATCH.

THE voracity of the pike has, since Buffon first wrote the nick-name, retained for it the appellation of "fresh-water shark," and many are the dire and terrible stories of its ostrich-like digestion related by the anglers who have greatly fished for this fish. Some time since the writer was in company with a select party of anglers of the loquacious and yarn-spinning order, and had let off one or two stories of more or less truthfulness concerning the funny ways of fishes and fishers, when one of the party—an Englishman, be it said—surprised us by saying, "I saw a pike once which, when it was opened, contained a sow and pigs!"

"Say," said one, after the assertion had fallen with a thud succeeded by a dead silence of some moments, "Did you come to this country to learn to be a fish liar?"

"It is a positive fact," was the answer. "This pike was the talk of the town near ——, where the lake which contained it was situated, and at last, after it had consumed the young ducks of the small farmers located near the water, the keeper determined to net it out. It weighed 38 pounds, and was in magnificent condition."

"But about that sow and pigs," we asked, in accents child-like and bland.

"The sow and pigs—oh! aye—the sow was a guinea sow and she was in pig. The keeper had found her dying and had mercifully killed her, and to avoid his children (with whom she was a great pet) seeing her lifeless body, he had cast it into the water. John Pike had gobbled her up. That's all. She weighed perhaps a pound and a half, pigs and all."

A guinea pig, as my readers may know, is a small rodent resembling a pig in shape, and often kept as a pet in Europe.
J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

MOSQUITOES AT BARNEGAT—Philadelphia, June 6.—Word came to the writer to-day from Barnegat that few, if any, fish of any kind were being taken by the baymen, excepting with nets. This is reliable information and may save disappointment on the part of parties who go down to fish this early, inveigled by false reports from professionals who have merely the leasing of their boats in view. Good fishing at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays need not be expected until the latter part of June or first of July, especially for weakfish. As a part of the pleasures connected with sea-fishing on the New Jersey coast, the season bids fair this summer to be one noted for its number of mosquitoes. A cloud of them resembling a coming storm was observed by a Cape May farmer making their way last week before a southerly breeze toward the upper New Jersey coast line. The insects appeared to have been bred on the eastern shore of Maryland from the direction in which they were coming. Returning sportsmen from the bay shores also state that during the week they were fairly driven from their blinds by the innumerable hordes of mosquitoes that had just arrived. We may depend upon it, we shall have a grand mosquito season. —HOMO.

MOSS FOR BAIT.—Memphis, Tenn.—A paragraph in your last number about shad fishing, calls to mind an incident. Two years ago, at Monroe, La., on the Ouachita River, there was an old wharf boat which had sunk and drifted under the railroad bridge. The roof of the boat was partly exposed above water, and a quantity of fine green aquatic moss had attached itself to the edge of the roof. Schools of fish were constantly playing about this moss. The bridge watchman tried hard to catch them with a baited hook, but no bait he used would induce them to bite. He accidently entangled his hook in the moss, some of which adhered to it, and it was soon seized by a fish, which he caught. After this he had only to hook up some of the moss for bait, when these fish took it quite readily, and a number of them were thus taken. These fish were nearly uniform in size, about a foot long, rather broad vertically, and very thin laterally. They were new to these waters, and were thought to be shad, mainly, I believe, because some shad fry had been previously planted by the Fish Commissioner in the headwaters of the Ouachita.—COAHOMA.

POLLACK IN NEW YORK BAY.—Pollack have made their appearance on the fishing grounds in the lower bay. It is the first time they ever came here, and anglers who have never seen them before are puzzled by them and delighted at the large catch. Their visit is attributed by old salts to the backward season and the cold water.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, Adirondacks, June 2.—We expected an extra catch of salmon this spring trolling, and although they showed themselves in great numbers after minnows, they failed to take the spoons and baits very freely, six being the most caught in one day by one boat. We have taken some very fine trout, no large numbers, but very good size, weighing from a quarter to two pounds. Our best trouting here, for local reasons, is in July. We have shad here that weigh from one to seven pounds that take the fly from June 20 to July 10, we also chum for them, catch them with bait at the bottom. They afford fine sport, being called by the knowing ones equal to black bass for game qualities. Four or five years ago this lake was stocked with Rocky Mountain trout, and although (owing no doubt to their having different habits from the speckled trout) very few are caught with hook and line, the boys kill them with clubs in brooks. They weigh from two to four pounds. If any of your correspondents will tell through your paper how to catch them they will oblige—R. M. S.

ATHENS, Pa., June 1.—The bass fishing season opened today, and Mr. E. W. Davies and Mr. Frank Fuller took a fine number with the fly, the professor being the favorite. There is good prospects of fine bass fishing here this summer, as the late spring prevented the pot-fishermen doing any damage with seines, as in previous years. Yellow bass weighing eight and ten pounds have been speared before June 1, but the parties kept very quiet about it. This practice should be done away with, as many large bass are taken that way which would have given fine sport with the rod. Rock bass are also plentiful, and not much sport in catching them.—PARK.

CALIFORNIA TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Meacham Lake, N. Y., May 26.—Our trout fishing began and has kept up first-rate. The score by guests of the house for seventeen days is 4,113, and all hands have been very particular to return the small ones if unhurt. One day last week Mr. Davis, of New York, caught a California trout eleven inches long, which must have been one of my first cross, three years of age. They were turned out near the house, and this one was caught four miles from the house, in the outlet. When cooked it was tasted by several persons, who pronounced it as good as the brook trout. This has been a question whether they would be worth anything as a table fish. My landlocked salmon have all gone from the boxes into the brook. I hope this season to see some of my three-year-olds.—A. R. FULLER.

HOW TO KEEP LAMPREYS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Giarc" asks to be informed of the best method to keep lampreys. Have him make a box two feet wide by three feet long, and eighteen inches deep. Place in the box nine inches of the silt or mud in which lampreys are found. Bore holes in each end of the box two inches from the top. Have water run in one end of the box and out the other, so as to have a steady flow over the silt. Place the lampreys in the silt and they will not only keep well but will breed.—KEOUK.

TIM AND THE SEVEN PONDS thrust aside their icy coverings about ten days ago. Two parties of sportsmen from Boston with great expectations started for a trip to fill their creels from these waters last week. A party of eleven men with your correspondent "M," at their head, start to-morrow. The reports from the advance corps are good.—J. W. T. (June 3,1885).

WATSONTON, Pa.—The prospects for bass and Susquehanna salmon fishing in this section of country are good. Trout fishing in our mountain streams has not been as good as our expert fly-fishermen would like. In the early part of the season we had cold and snow to contend with, and now our summer showers break in on our dreams of pleasure.—J. R. H.

MOIRA, New York, June 2.—There has been good trout fishing in the streams and ponds south of here during the past three weeks, and many fine strings have been caught. —A.

Fishculture.

PROTECTING AND HATCHING THE SMELT.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY FRED MATHER.

THE smelt, *Osmerus mordax* (Mitch.) Gill, is not common on Long Island, and but few streams contain it. In the spring of 1884 I attempted to get eggs from a stream at Locust Valley, on the north side of the island, in Queens county. The fish run up the streams at night to spawn, and on this one I spent one night. There were about twenty men with lights at different points within half a mile using what they called "grab-alls" or "snatchers." These were variously shaped contrivances, some round, some square, and others triangular, but averaging about five inches square, made of wire with frequent cross wires, to which were soldered fish hooks. Imagine a small grill made by bending a wire so as to form a square, each side of which is six inches, with five interior wires one inch apart soldered across it parallel to the handle, and on each of these wires, both interior ones and of the frame, are soldered fish hooks one inch apart, forty-nine hooks in all, and you have one of the most merciless fishing implements that devilish ingenuity has devised. This is the "grab-all," and I have seen many a poor smelt impaled on it when seeking a place to deposit its precious burden of eggs under cover of the night. I tried to buy one of these murderous implements to exhibit at the London Fisheries Exposition, but failed because the owners had use for them that night which I spent in their company. The men who used these implements were, to judge them from their own lips, the most depraved wretches which I ever met. I never fell into worse company as far as language goes.

At Locust Valley there was a scarcity of ripe fish and an absence of milt on the night referred to, and I arranged with Mr. John Cashow, Supervisor of the town, to have one of his men save me some fish taken in nets. The man did so, and picked out, as he told me, "all the nice large ones," which of course were females, for the female smelt is many times larger than her mate. In addition to this judicious selection, he left the fish, some two hundred in number, in a can under the horse-shed all night without attention, and the "nice large ones" were dead in the morning. The season was getting late, and I sent my foreman, Mr. Walters, over there with a fyke-net; but he was threatened with death in several abhorent forms by the men who handled the gentle grab-all if he persisted in taking a smelt in a fyke. He bought half a dozen fish and we tried to take and hatch the eggs, but failed. Milt was scarce and the eggs were not of the best.

The catch has been gradually decreasing for the past few

years, not only at Locust Valley, but on all Long Island streams, a result which may be attributed to over-fishing, and in my opinion there is need of legislation to protect this valuable little food fish Their habit of ascending streams at night and returning to salt water before day renders them liable to capture both ways, and is a habit that, so far as my knowledge extends, is shared by no other anadromous fish, and is not mentioned in any work that I have seen. The fish is well worth protection, for it is a favorite winter fish about New York. It will live in fresh water, and is said to have bred for some years in the lakes of Vermont, where it is reported that its edible qualities are generally unknown, and it is only used as a bait fish. The fish is found in fresh water in New Hampshire and in Sweden, also in Lake Champlain, but whether it remains in the lake all year or not I cannot say. If they do not remain there the fish go higher up in this case than in any that I know of. On the coasts of New York and New Jersey, twenty miles is about the limit of their ascent.

The first report of the Fish Commissioners of Maine, 1867, under a heading of "Fresh-Water Smelt," p. 25, says: "Smelts are scattered all over the State. It seems probable that we have more than one species. Whether either of them is identical with the salt-water smelt we cannot say, but the resemblance is very close. In several localities they attain a large size. Those of Harrison are said to exceed half a pound in weight, and those of Belgrade to measure fourteen inches in length." In the second report of the Maine Commission they say, p. 29: "It is said that at the mouth of a small stream, somewhere above Bay Bridge [on the Androscoggin], where smelts are accustomed to run in the spring to spawn, and where it has been the custom to dip for them, for several years a seine has been used, and tons of them were taken out when nearly worthless for food. Many were shipped to New York and commanded a price that hardly paid for transportation. This is an abuse which should be stopped. We think no smelts should be taken during the spawning season—say from April 1 to June 1. Enough can be taken in the fall and winter, when they are in good condition, and it is wonderful that they can stand the draft that is then made on their numbers." In their third report, 1869, the Commissioners say: "The impression has been quite general that the smelt fishery is overdone, and unless some radical measures are taken, it will soon fall into as great decay as have the salmon and alewife fisheries. * * * * The act 'to protect smelts in the waters of the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers,' approved March 4, 1869, aims to lessen the catch by prohibiting the use of any implement but hook and line every alternate year, and at the same time allow the fish so ascend those rivers to the points where they were wont to be taken by hook and line. Undoubtedly the first mentioned object would be attained, but whether the latter would is uncertain. It is desirable to substitute for this some act of wider application, and consequently bearing more equally on all who are engaged in this fishery. I suggest whether a prohibition to take smelts except during December, January and February, by any other mode than hook and line, and perhaps dip-net, would not apply well to the whole State."

Under the laws of Maine for 1874, chap. 248, sec. 58, it was forbidden to fish for smelts in any other way than by hook and line or dip-net, between April 1 and Oct. 1. The State of Massachusetts passed a law, approved April 9, 1874, forbidding the offering for sale or having in possession any smelts between March 15 and June 1, and forbade their capture by any other means than hook and line at any time except in the counties of Bristol, Barnstable and Dukes. I am not aware that any smelts are taken with a hook and line within the waters of New York, nor do I know that there is any law protecting them at any season. The numbers caught are quite small, the market supply coming mainly from the Eastern States, yet in view of the fact that the fish was formerly plenty on Long Island and has been gradually decreasing by reason of continued capture at the spawning season, I believe that it would be to the interests of the people and of the fishermen to protect them from Feb. 20 to March 20.

A year passed after the first attempt to get eggs, and late in February, 1885, while looking through Fulton Market, New York, Mr. Blackford told me that smelts were coming in from the south side of Long Island. I sent Mr. Walters down to Brookhaven, a place on the eastern end of the Great South Bay, where the Carman's River, or, as formerly called, the Connecticut River, comes in. I will here digress to say that the Shinnecock Indians are reported to have had a tradition that this river was a continuation of the great river of that name, which, by means of some subterranean passage under Long Island Sound, breaks out again on the island. The Connecticut River of Long Island is about five miles long, and the smelt often run up it in great quantities, but are said not to go further than half a mile from its mouth. They begin to run in about the 15th of February, and the run lasts one month. They are taken with seines and gill-nets, and an average catch for one man is seventy-five per night.

On the 4th of March Mr. Walters returned with one hundred and twenty fish nearly ripe and a fair proportion of each sex. Eight had died on the journey from being caught in gill nets when so nearly ripe, five more died shortly after, and all were more or less injured. From one of the five dead fish I took 30,000 eggs after the fish had been dead fifteen minutes, using a live male. The eggs were taken on a bunch of coarse meadow-grass and suspended in a glass tank with a flow of water from a ⅛-inch cock, and in three days many were dead, and all died at a week old. On the 5th I repeated the experiment with a dying female. In five days three dead eggs showed, the sixth day 100 dead, seventh day one-fourth of the lot were dead. Up to the 17 h, the thirteenth day after taking, there was little change, and on the 20th the eggs were put in a box outside the hatchery in swift water, as they began to show fungus. March 26 about one-half were alive, and these were in b nches covered by dead eggs and fungus. All the outside eggs were dead, and I had little hopes of saving any. On April 3, the fish could be plainly seen in the lower eggs by removing the coating of dead eggs and fungus which had covered them for two weeks. The eggs were again placed in the aquarium and 2,000 hatched on April 11, and on the 16th 9,000 more hatched and the rest were bad. About one-third of the eggs hatched under conditions which seemed hopeless and under which it would be impossible to hatch the egg of a salmon or a trout. When the last ones hatched the mass of dead eggs was rotten and foul. The temperature ranged from 40 to 42 degrees Fahr. In taking the eggs the grass was laid in a milk pan and covered with water. The female was manipulated first, and as the eggs do not stick fast until some minutes after being taken, perhaps after impregnation takes place, they were distributed evenly over the grass with the tail of a fish.

Knowing nothing of smelt hatching, the literature of which is meagre, we determined to try several plans. On March 5 Mr. Walters took about 50,000 eggs from a weak female on stones the size of a man's fist, in water, and placed them outside the building in a covered waste trough which takes the water from the house to the ponds. The current was slow but the eggs washed off, refusing to stick in bunches, as on grass. The consequence was that the stones were covered with eggs only one layer deep. Three days after this they looked well, but in a week were all dead, though no fungus had formed. He tried again on March 8, by taking about 70,000 eggs by the dry method on tiles, letting them stand five minutes before adding water, and then placed them in one of the hatching troughs. On the 16th one-half were dead, and on the 24th they were covered with fungus. On April 7 there had been no change, the eggs underneath the fungus were bright and good, but he went away the next day and did not return until the 12th, when he found the trough empty. The other attendants pronounced them all dead and threw them away. Neither of us saw them on the last day, and we do not feel certain that they were dead, for our experience this year tells us that it requires an expert to judge of this. A mass of smelt eggs all rotten on the outside and covered with fungus half an inch long, should be given the benefit of all doubts, and be carefully examined before condemnation.

On March 9 we obtained 100 more fish which had been taken in seines. The first lot were so badly injured by gill-nets that they were covered with fungus in a few days. On the 12th we got 70,000 eggs on tiles and stones, taken in water, and placed them in a trough which receives the flow from nine hatching troughs, and is consequently carring a swift current. These eggs were evenly distributed over the tiles and stones several deep, and did not flow off as in previous cases. Not until March 22, eleven days after, did we see any dead eggs or fungus. At five days old we could see the formation of the embryo with a microscope, and at fifteen days the fish could be seen with the unassisted eye. At this time fungus had spread all over the outside eggs, but underneath there were but few dead ones. On April 6, when the eggs were twenty-six days old, they were placed in the glass tanks with a flow from above, and a siphon outlet, and four days later began hatching fast, and two days after we had 11,000 fish, all that we obtained, the temperature varying from 37 to 58 degrees, and the time thirty days. The water in all these experiments was pure spring water.

The last trial was in the McDonald hatching jars and was the best of all, producing 60,000 fish from 200,000 eggs. They were taken on March 21 by the dry method, let stand five minutes and added half a pint of water and kept in motion twenty minutes by tipping the pan from side to side and occasionally using the tail of a fish. The object of this was to keep the eggs from sticking together, so that they might be treated as free eggs. After this more water was added and the eggs allowed to rest for twenty minutes. They were then washed twice and placed in a McDonald jar. They were taken at 5:10 P. M., were all loose at 6:30 P. M., and at 7 P. M. next day many were stuck fast to the jar and the tubes. On March 30 those still loose were placed in another jar, and on April 2 a few dead ones were observed, while four days later the eggs grouped together in bunches which increased in size until on April 15 the bunches were of the size of walnuts and covered with fungus. On the 20th a few hatched and on the 21st all that were good came out. From this lot we got 50,000 fish in thirty days with a temperature varying from forty to sixty-five degrees.

The fish are the most minute of any that I have hatched and it troubled us to keep them. A strainer tube inclosing a siphon such as we use for whitefish, was entirely too large, for the fish passed through it with ease. After trying several things and having the aquarium overflow, and the fish go out into the trout ponds, we devised a spiral wire rolled on a stick of four inches diameter and covered with thin muslin; this kept the fish and allowed a small stream to flow out of the siphon which was inserted. I will here say that the lower end of such siphon should be placed in a jar of water in order that it does not suck dry. The difficulty with siphons as outlets is their tendency to empty faster than the inflow, and in consequence they empty themselves and then decline to start again. Placing their lower end in a fruit jar overcomes this failing; they will suck no lower than the top of the jar holding the lower end. I used this plan in the New York Aquarium in 1876, but do not claim to have originated it. Of the eggs remaining attached to the first jar and its tubes in a single layer, not one hatched, most of the fish came from eggs which were in masses surrounded by fungus. This year's experience upsets that of my eighteen previous years which taught me that the egg of a fish should be clean and free from fungus. I now except the smelt from the rule and think it possible that the embryo smelt must be protected from too much oxygen and good water by a coating of decayed eggs and fungus. Perhaps this is what gives the adult fish its peculiar cucumber odor.

On April 17 we turned out in the hole below the waste flume of the mill pond, near the hatchery, 20,000, and 30,000 in a small spring run in the meadow of Mr. W. E. Jones, opposite the hatchery, while later 50,000 escaped into our ponds by the overflow of the tanks which were ordered by Commissioner Blackford to be sent to Mr. R. W. Howe, Rigdewood, Long Island. The fish are so minute that muslin strainers were required, and an extra flow of water clogged them and the tanks overflowed, so that all our 100,000 fish will get into the harbor through three channels.

I have said that the literature of smelt hatching is meager. Mr. George Richards, of New Jersey, has experimented with these fish for several years and has hatched some, but has published nothing to guide others. A search of my library, beyond which I have no knowledge of what may have been done, reveals the following:

Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, Vol. I., p. 428 (1881, Charles W. Harding, King's Lynn, England, writes Prof. Baird for information, wants to know if the English and American smelt are identical and if the eggs are hatched in fresh water, says: "Smelts spawn in this river (Ouse) from April to beginning of June, and I am anxious to know if it is possible to obtain the ova either from the fish direct, or from the spawning ground, and hatch it out in gauze trays or troughs, and whether fresh water will do, or is it necessary to have the water partly salt."

Norris, "American Fish Culture" (1868), p. 200. says that here and in England the smelt has been naturalized in fresh water lakes, "although an interference with their anadromous habits produces generations of smaller and, perhaps, less palatable fish." I note the caution with which the careful Norris, whom I am proud to call my old angling friend, and whose book gave me some hints when I had started in as a novice in fishculture nearly eighteen years ago, says "perhaps" the fish are less palatable. The adverb shows that while he did not know it to be so he recognized the fact that no fish which lives in fresh water is as good for the table as if it dwelt in the sea, a thing well known to all who live near salt water, but "Uncle Thad." gives us no hint as to smelt hatching.

Jerome Von Crowninshield Smith, M.D., the most absurd and ignorent writer on fish that I know of, says ("Natural History of the Fish of Massachusetts," 1833, p. 148): "An attempt has been made to acclimate the smelts in a fresh-water pond, but they have soon degenerated, becoming first emaciated, and disappeared, by degrees, till they probably all died." This is my experience with adult fish, although I have now about thirty male fish alive in fresh water, all the females having died.

Mr. Charles G. Atkins, "Report U. S. Fish Commission," 1879, p. 742, says: "November 6.—This forenoon early Mr. Munson found a great run of smelts at the spawning shed (above the dam). He said he could have dipped any number if they had not been so shy and quick. As it was he dipped 150 or 200, which I have preserved. They are mature, showing clearly spawn and milt through their transparent bellies. [These smelts are among the most diminutive of their genus, averaging in length but little more than two inches. They are found in several if not all the Schoodic Lakes. In one of the tributaries of the 'Upper Dobsey' Lake (Indian name, *Systadobsis-sis*) they are wont to spawn late in the month of February." See also a series of questions by Mr. Atkins, "Report U. S. Fish Commission," 1880, p. 44.

The best report on smelt hatching is contained in the report of a Commission of Fisheries of Maryland (Thomas B. Ferguson), 1878, pp. 41-94, by Prof. H. J. Rice. His field of operation was at the City of New Brunswick, about eight miles from the mouth of the Raritan River, N. J. Prof. Rice alludes, p. 44, to experiments of Mr. Atkins with the landlocked smelt which I do not find, but which was "not favorable to the handling of this species of adhesive spawn, and if I [he] mistake not, Mr. Atkins's conclusions were that it would not pay to handle it." Prof. Rice states that Mr. Atkins hatched some eggs which were exposed to the full force of running water, "in fact, that spawn only hatched which remained attached to grass, twigs, or other articles situated in a direct raceway, and where the water rushed along very furiously. The spawn seemed to require, at least for its artificial culture, a constant and furious change of water, differing, undoubtedly in this respect, very widely from its requirements when deposited by the fish upon its natural spawning grounds. The fish the Commission had to deal with, on the contrary, anadromous, and we had no rush of water in which to deposit the spawn."

Prof. Rice used the Ferguson hatching jars. He records the use of glass, untwisted rope-warp, gauze, etc., and says: "The greater portion of these dead eggs were upon the grass, rope, moss and twigs already mentioned, and the greater portion of fish came from those eggs which were taken on trays covered with gauze, and those eggs which were massed together in the bottom of the jars, in the strength of whatever current there was." He says, p. 52, "This fungus covering the eggs must have a very deleterious effect upon them, and I do not think it would be very wrong to ascribe to it the death of a goodly portion of the eggs." I read this some years ago and agreed to it because not only my own experience, but that of every other fishculturist agreed that fungus meant death to all fish eggs. My lessons this winter seem to prove that with the eggs of the smelt a rush of water or rather an excess of oxygen which is brought by it, means death, and the outside eggs meet it first and by the bulwark of their dead bodies those inside are preserved. I am aware that this is not only a new view to take of the development of a fish egg, but one that is liable to assault from many sides. Still, with only one season's experience, I launch it as my present belief, subject to change as the fugitive *Tempus* discloses new facts or brings forward new experiences. I have never feared to hold unpopular beliefs or to stand by what I thought to be right, and now only wish that the smelt had yielded more eggs, which might have been tried in all degrees of flow, from moderate to almost stagnant water. Certain it is that all the fish we hatched came from eggs protected from rapid change of water by a coating of dead eggs and fungus, which, by the time the interior eggs were hatched, was a most foul and filthy mass, really unfit for a visitor to look at, for he would not have believed that a fish could issue from it.

To complete this experience it will be necessary to say that Mr. Ricardo wished to try an experiment in transporting smelt eggs, and one morning brought to Mr. Blackford some twenty thousand eggs, taken on grass sewed on muslin stretched on a wire frame, and packed in moss. This lot was placed in a hatching trough in swift water the night after receiving, and when removed at about the time of hatching to a glass tank, some twenty fish came out, a result not encouraging to that mode of packing. He afterward sent me eighty thousand fry by express in a ten-gallon can, which was twelve hours on the way without attention, but they arrived dead. It is his belief, and I understand that it is shared by Prof. Rice, that the fry need no change. I am not prepared to accept this view, which if true is singular, for the fish hatch in swift brooks.

MR. LYMAN—The results of Mr. Mather's experiments regarding the protection of eggs against the action of the water, appear to me somewhat novel. Perhaps some gentleman would like to make some observations or relate experiments of a kindred nature which he may have conducted.

MR. H. J. RICE—In regard to the work of Mr. Atkins and myself it may be well to state that just before beginning operations at New Brunswick a letter was received from Mr. Atkins detailing briefly his method and amount of success in his work in Maine, and my work at New Brunswick, followed to a certain extent his experiments, modified very largely, of course, by the different conditions of our more southern locality. Some of his methods for gathering and holding the spawn I found to answer very well, but I misunderstood some of his writing and was under the impression that he had not been successful, but found out afterward in conversation with him that he had hatched out quite a large number of the eggs with which he was experimenting and he thought that his experiments, taken as a whole, should be considered as fairly satisfactory. As to my own experiments since 1876 and 1877, the result serves to show greater success in hatching smelt in comparatively stagnant water than in any other manner. The smelt appears to be a peculiar fish among fish, and is at present no longer considered as one of the *Salmonidæ*. Young smelt will live in the same water for nine days, and fishculturists will at once recognize the vast difference in this respect, between these minute embryos and those of some of the *Salmonidæ*, where a constant change of water is absolutely necessary. Again, the warmer the water the better smelt appear to thrive. If you take the smelt out of this bottle (pointing to a bottle of young smelt on the chairman's table) and put them in cold water, they will die. Place them near the stove and they will become more lively than ever. I do not know the limits of heat and cold which will respectively produce activity or death with these fish; but I do know that if water containing smelt be cooled to a temperature in which trout would enjoy themselves, the smelt would die. With regard to the effect of fungus upon the fish, I think that, while in some cases it proves fatal to them, yet in others, as Mr. Mather has suggested, it forms a protection for the fish which are inside of the bunch. Last year and also this season experiments have been in progress to ascertain the feasibility of hatching young smelt in comparatively stagnant water. So far this plan appears to be successful. Large numbers have been hatched out and with comparatively little trouble. This corresponds in a great degree with what Mr. Mather has said, and I am inclined to think that eventually we shall find that the less cold water we use, the larger will be the number of eggs hatched out. It may possibly be necessary to kill the fungus by the use of salt mush.

MR. LYMAN—I recollect in 1867 or 1868 trying to hatch some of the large variety called Belgrade smelt. I put them in running water, somewhat swift, in which I kept my trout eggs, but none of them hatched. The smelt is, of course, a very interesting fish, and is one of the first species by which the fact was demonstrated that quantity might be increased by good laws. As you will all recollect, some twenty years ago or rather more, in Massachusetts the smelt fishery had greatly declined. It was supposed to be due to the capture of the fish by means of nets stretched entirely across the brooks, which prevented the fish from ascending the stream. The law to which Mr. Mather has referred was passed on the recommendation of the Fishery Commissioners of Massachusetts. In two or three years the catch of fish was very greatly improved, so much so, that bays and streams which had been nearly depopulated, once more became filled with valuable fish. Ever since then, we have had a pretty good supply of smelts in our State. I was very much interested in the reference of Mr. Mather to Dr. J. C. Smith, as being the most ignorant man that had ever written about fish. It illustrates the theory that in order to succeed one should always be profoundly ignorant of the subject. He took up the matter of naming American fishes, and for this purpose he used the Latin names that corresponded to European fishes, which bore the same English names as did American fishes. In this way he often stumbled on the right nomenclature. At that time it was supposed that the same species of fish were not to be found on the two sides of the Atlantic. Since then, however, many of these species have been proved to be identical, so that Dr. Smith was one of the first persons accidentally to recognize a prominent scientific fact which has only been attained by years of hard study.

SHAD FOR ILLINOIS.—Springfield, Ill., June 5.—The 1,200,000 Potomac River shad provided for planting in Illinois rivers by the United States Fish Commission have all been distributed by Secretary Bartlett of the State Fish Commission. The shad were placed in the Illinois River, at Peoria, in the Rock River, at Rock Falls, and in the Kankakee River, at Kankakee.

PROF. S. F. BAIRD, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and party left Washington on Monday last for Wood's Holl, Mass., where the summer investigations will be carried on as usual.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2382, New York. Number of entries already printed **2386.**

"THE PITTSBURGH PIECE OF PAPER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fact that my time has been very fully occupied must be my apology for failing to acknowledge ere this that I had been guilty of an inaccuracy in asserting that Mr. Mason had never won a first prize with a pointer of his own breeding, and I now freely admit that I was wrong.

Mr. Mason did win one first prize at Birmingham with Viscount, a pointer bred by himself. He furthermore won one first prize at Belfast, Ireland, with Lady Godiva, a pointer bitch bred by himself.

His name does appear several times in the English Kennel Club Stud Book, and the first mention of it is in connection with the pointer bitch Pride; born 1871, bred by Mr. Lort, with which said Pride Mr. Mason won first prize at Belle Vue, Manchester, in 1872. The first volume of the E. K. C. S. B. embraces the years 1859 to 1874 inclusively, and to the uninitiated Mr. Mason's statement that his "name runs through the stud books from the first volume (1859 to 1874) down to 1881," would make it appear that he was a pointer breeder as early as the former date, but in reality it was, as the record shows, in 1872 that he first found himself famous as the owner, not the breeder, of a first prize winner, and it was then that his "name first appeared in any book." He will probably endeavor to show that I am in error, but I will wager that I am correct in stating that first prize at Birmingham with Viscount and first prize at Belfast with Lady Godiva, were the only first prizes mentioned in the E. K. C. S. B. that Mr. Mason ever won with pointers which he had himself bred; that is to say, that from 1872 to 1881 he succeeded in breeding one dog with which he won one first prize at Birmingham, and one with which he won one first prize at Belfast, a small show, where the total number of entries were 359 only.

One, or even two swallows do not make a summer, and the fact of having, in a period of nine years, bred two dogs which were qualified to win one first prize each, scarcely warrants a man in posing as a successful breeder and exhibitor, neither does it justify him in forcing himself upon the breeders and exhibitors of this country, either as a critic or an authority on any breed. Once more I quote: "Englishmen should at all times learn to be modest before they begin to spread their opinions broadcast. If they know sufficient and can write sufficiently well they can find plenty of employment in their own country, and by the time they become authorities their opinions will be quoted in foreign countries, but to commence in another country is an intolerable piece of egotism, etc."

Mr. Mason's vague attempt at denial of the facts connected with the proposed raffle of the bulldog Blister is so weak that comment is almost unnecessary. The real estate agent, who "one day found himself the owner of a billiard and wine room," is the veritable individual who was the proprietor of the identical old "Kennel" on Broadway, where Mr. Mason's notorious raffle came off in 1883, and he had merely moved to Eighth avenue to facilitate his busines, taking his sign "The Kennel" with him. Mr. Mason refuses to discuss either "tumble-down liquor or bar-tenders," whatever that may mean; but as most of his transactions have been in bar-rooms, which, from their publicity, are especially adapted to the getting up of raffles, I may be pardoned for again reverting to this objectionable feature.

Mr. Mason thanks me, and hugs the delusion to his breast, that I have, as he has heard, told people that he was "much the best judge in America." I don't know that I ever told any one precisely this, but I certainly was very much impressed by the many plausible stories of his doggy experience, with which he used formerly to entertain me, and I may have said even so much. My confidence, however, in his capabilities as a judge of dogs has been rudely shaken by more recent developments, notably by his claiming worthless dogs at catalogue prices, by some of his awards at the Washington show, 1883, and more particularly by the absurd fact of his competing with the mastiff Nevison against Bonivard for the special prize for best non-sporting dog at the New Haven show, 1884.

But, Mr. Editor, you will doubtless head this as you did my last infliction on your readers, "The Pittsburgh Piece of Paper," and Mr. Mason will accuse me of irrelevancy, so I must needs return to his letter of the 14th ult. As usual, he indulges in his unmanly sneer at me as the employe of the Westminster Kennel Club, and as it is plain that he does not know how to conduct a controversy in a temperate and gentlemanly manner, to say nothing of his inability to confine himself to the subject matter under discussion, but must offensively allude to the gentlemen by whom I have the good fortune to be employed, I am compelled, most reluctantly, to abandon a correspondence wherein I might have asked Mr. Mason some pertinent questions regarding some of his more recent transactions that have been, to say the least, peculiar. I might have asked who, when Mr. Mason in his pointer protest prated about the wrongful entry of the pointers Meteor and Vanity, was the owner of Princess Phœbus when she won first and special prizes at the New York show, May, 1884? How Mr. Mason arrived at the pedigree of the greyhound Friday Night? Who is the real—but hold up, I have resolved not to do this, and must unwillingly leave the subject.

I cannot, however, let this opportunity pass without sincerely condoling with him over the defeat of his poor little Napoleon at the late Philadelphia show. His disappointment and grief are so vividly depicted in your report that my sympathetic heart is touched. I never turned up poor little Nap's ears to "see if the under sides had the necessary markings!" No, I never did, neither did I turn up his tail nor look at the roof of his mouth. Poor Mason's poor little Napoleon. It was too bad. Dog shows become a farce exactly at the point where Mr. Mason's dogs fail to win first prizes, and, Mr. Editor, dog show reports are a farce when prejudiced and unprincipled exhibitors are allowed to mislead readers by writing criticisms on judging and puffing reports of their own dogs.

Now, the winning toy spaniel in the miscellaneous class at Philadelphia, to my mind, is better in skull, better in stop, in eye, body, legs and feet, coat and symmetry, and was in infinitely better condition than Napoleon; and the only points in which the latter excelled were in size—he is probably a pound or two less—and is a trifle, a mere trifle, shorter in face than the winner, and I am morally certain, from its formation, that poor little Nap's nose and the cruel mallet have been made more closely acquainted than the rules of Mr. Bergh's society would permit. The readers of your valuable paper, especially the admirers of the toy spaniel, will be immensely indebted to your able reporter and doubtless remember that the "toy spaniel should not resemble the Irish water spaniel," and will ever be mindful of the stupendous fact that "a toy dog is a little dog." JAS. MORTIMER.

NEW YORK, June 8.

THE MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The remarks on "Mastiff" are most apt and timely, and I rather think there will be little chance of getting up an argument on the subject. The drift of opinion seems to be entirely with him on the question of short face. As an illustration of how wild the craze has run in England, a noted authority there told me that Ilford Caution was the best dog in the late Crystal Palace show, solely on account of his head.

There is one more point that needs attention as well as short face. Wrinkle is a great ornament to a mastiff, adding greatly to the formidable, severe expression so desirable in a watch dog, but wrinkle can hardly be had without throatiness. The former is the result of a superabundance of skin, which must inevitably bring dewlap. The standards call for wrinkle, but deprecate dewlap. What dog was ever seen with one and not the other? The joke about the rage in mastiffs is that the standards all point to a dog good all over, and judged under the scale the crack English dogs are nowhere, because they all fail disastrously in some point; yet by force of a blind bowing to the wretched impostor, Dame Fashion, judging seems to have been reduced to a blind effort to guess her whim for the moment. Anybody can see how this is by taking up the standard of the O. E. Mastiff Club, and mentally comparing the later importations with it.

I suspect that I have got myself into a war on this matter by ridiculing the fashionable dogs of England in the *Stock Keeper*, and I suppose "Aper," Dr. Turner, Mr. Portier, Mr. Evans, etc., will be after me with a hot iron, that is if they think a Yankee worthy of their steel. However, I will have "Corsincon" and "Vale" on my side, if I mistake not, to say nothing of Col. Garnier's deliverance. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

BAD weather and the proximity of Forepaugh's circus have interfered materially with the gate receipts up to date (June 4), but there is small prospect of a pecuniary loss with reasonably fair weather this afternoon and to-morrow (Friday). The display of dogs is a fair one, and the club and superintendent deserve praise for their efforts to do everything necessary for the success of the show. The D Battery Armory, where the show is being held, is admirably suited for the purpose in all respects save for the want of exercising room for the dogs, but this was remedied to the greatest possible extent by crowding the benches, which were of the old-fashioned pigeonhole order, into the smallest possible space, so that an immense ring, about 100 feet by 60, was left in the center of the hall, railed off to make a parade ground as well as a judging ring. The judges were: Major J. M. Taylor, setters, pointers and Chesapeakes; J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, for cocker spaniels, and J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, for the remaining classes. There are 325 entries present.

MASTIFFS—(MR. KIRK).

Homer, alone and well-shown, took the champion prize. He is a good small dog of correct type and proportions. Hildebert won first in open dogs. He is small in bone, narrow in front, with a fairly good head. Hector, second prize, except for his crooked pasterns, is not a bad puppy by any means. Major, hc., and Spartacus, c., made up the balance of a fair class. Rosalind is a fine characteristic bitch, great in substance and with a proper head. She seemed a little lame behind, and is a trifle undershot. Hebe is small but correct in type. Don, the winning puppy, is large of bone and promising for his age, three months.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. KIRK).

No entries in champion class. In open class, dogs, there were nine entries. First prize withheld and second awarded to Duke, a young, leggy dog that looks well bred, and if better filled out will always catch a judge's eye. Turk, first prize winner at Cincinnati under Mr. Dalziel, only received an hc. card. Although he is a well-built and handsome dog, as a dog he is wanting in St. Bernard quality. He is badly colored and quite deficient in markings. The bitch class contained three entries. Here, again, first was withheld, and second awarded to Norna, a fine, large puppy of eleven months, weak in face and deficient in markings. Fido, hc., is a small bitch, nicely marked, without dew claws and light in bone. Cleo, a self-colored bitch, of indifferent type and bad temper, suckling puppies, got c. Two nice smooth-coated bitches, Bess and Girola, were shown, and placed in the order named. Bess carried off the specials for best St. Bernard. She is quite a good bitch, of correct type, well marked and of good size. Clio, first in puppies, is a litter sister of winner in open bitch class and very similar in appearace. Second was awarded to Captain Phillips's unnamed puppy, minus dew claws like his mother, Fido, but large in bone and promising if well reared. Vhc. was awarded to a nice pen of young pups belonging to Mr. Hanscom.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. KIRK).

Miro looks like a well-bred dog. He is on the small side, well built, good coat, though rather soft, weak in muzzle, white toe behind, good length, and carries a good tail. Nine entries in the open class. Pete, the winner, is a fine dog, of good size, a little rough and curly in coat, good in head and style. Mac, second, has dew claws, white breast and narrow head, carries his tail too gaily, otherwise a fine dog. Melai, hc., is a large dog, crooked in tail, enormous dew claws, white breast and pointed in face. The whole class was better than the average.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

The Landseer Kennels took first in dogs with Snowflight, too large in size, but of excellent proportions and magnificent muscular development well placed. He moves very lightly for such a big dog. His skull is too full across the eyes, and he is a bit thick and short in jaw. Dash, second, is rather leggy, short in body, soft in muscle, and lacks bone. The bitches were a fine class. Beauty, the winner, is a lovely bitch of great quality and elegant outline. She was shown a little soft in flesh. It will always take a good one to beat her. Aunt Lucia, second, is a rangy bitch with good neck and shoulders, trifle slack in loins and shown too soft. Twilight, vhc., was shown in poor condition. She looked flat-sided, hollow in flank, and narrow in the back. If put in good shape she would show to good advantage. She is weak in front of the eye.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Oscar, an immense dog of very noble presence, won in the champion class. He is rather tall for his length, and is soft in coat and not in good condition. His breeding is of the best, and he was one of the features of the show. Indeed, Dr. Van Hummell's kennel, as it was arrayed to compete for the special offered for the best collection entered by one exhibitor, made a most striking and handsome display. The special prize was equally divided between Dr. Van Hummell and Mr. Donoghue of La Salle, Ill. In open dogs, first prize and special went to Bras, a grand dog with a splendid long head and good hard coat. Ears not very well carried. He should have been shown harder in flesh, and his feet and ankles might be improved. Duke, a bad-tempered brindle, of good size and style, and with an excellent coat, won second over Whisky, a son of his, but smaller and not so well put up. The bitch class contained four fine specimens. They were placed in the following order: Lady Dare, Cluthan, Lorna and Olga, and they are a grand lot.

GREAT DANES—(MR. KIRK).

Four entries; a nice class. Pluto took first; he is a large handsome, tiger-marked dog. He has a fair good head, badly cropped, grand legs and feet, short in back ribs, and a trifle weak in hocks. He has a bad mouth for a 20-months old pup, and looks older. Second went to Belle, a blue bitch of fair type; shortish in head and muzzle, forelegs and feet good, a little lame behind, recently had puppies. Nero was given hc. He is a large blue dog, short in head, heavy in muzzle and has a poor tail. He is rather weak behind and knuckles over in front. C. was given to Lady Jumbo, a small tiger-marked bitch with china eyes, feet bad, back hollow.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Paul Gladstone struck me as being an uncommonly well-built little dog, with grand legs and plenty of substance, ribs beautifully sprung, looks a trifle too short-coupled, carries a sickle tail and is bitchy-faced in front of the eye. Royal Ranger was looking very well. He is a little flat-ribbed and narrow across the loins, and his head wants better chiseling out below the eye; an excellent dog otherwise. Queen Alice, a lovely bitch, shown in grand shape; perhaps a shade long in the waist. She has a beatiful clean cut head and fine expression. Pendragon, a very good-looking young dog, not yet fully furnished. Laverack Chief's Clyde, rather weedy looking yet, weak in face. British Chief, an excellent young dog, good all over, but rather plain in face, wants better stop. Gladstone's Boy, big, heavy-boned dog, rather heavy in head, light in middle and trifle leggy. Stanton, small in bone, inclined to dish-facedness. Pride of Dixie, a good dog and very taking to the eye, but his tail is not just right. London (Coleman's) in poor condition, rather plain head, good forelegs, straight in stifles, ribs might be better sprung. Blue Phanton, a little throaty and thin over back. Blue Spark, a pretty bitch, weak at pasterns and small in bone, rather straight in head. Juno A.'s all black head rather spoils her expression, but her head is very well cut; beautiful body and legs; an elegant bitch. Would do with more coat and feather. Jo Jo Gladstone is a nice bitch. Lady Rock, washed-out color, excellent body and legs, bad ears and somewhat homely head, short of coat and feather; a bitch of fine proportions. Jessica, good bitch, light eye. Dot W., a heavily marked bitch with good legs; body rather narrow and weedy. O. K., wide chest, officer-toed, short head, poor ears. Spray, promising four months old pup, butterfly nose. Monty, a capital small bitch of good type, tail damaged.

GORDON SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Gem, a fine dog in good condition; Royal Duke, excellently shown and a good dog. Dan, except his tail which is too long for a Gordon, is a very good one. Gypsey Queen, small-boned and weedy; Pattie, a nice pup, small in bone. Except the above, the Gordons were indifferent.

IRISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Brush, shown too fat, but a really good specimen; Book, shown all right but his head, which is all wrong. It is heavy enough for a Gordon setter. Prince Rufus, Jerry and Dick are fair dogs. Zella Glenduff is a nice bitch, color not just right. Megora is better in color and very pretty. Lorraine is also quite a pretty bitch. Irish Boy and Irish Girl are a handsome pair of puppies, shown a little rough in coat. Larrie, Duke and Carlo are fair.

POINTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Prince, good type, little wide in front, trifle wedgy in front of eye. Lady Croxteth, good bitch, pretty head. Rapp, a nice young dog, stylish but not a flyer. Roy, a fine-headed pointer, butterfly nose, wide in front, hare feet. Tim, a grand, large dog of good quality, too long from back ribs to hips. Sweep, a handsome black, good style, looks well-bred. Black Bird, fat, good quality, quite a pretty bitch. Renie, very plain and short in head. Rickie and Minnie Faust are both rather common-looking in head. Luna Faust is a smart-looking little bitch, rather washed out as to color. Zola Faust has a thick head, and Lulu Faust has not a good ear. Flora is a fair bitch, dish-faced. Lady lacks depth of chest, otherwise a nice, small bitch. Rebel looks small and weedy. Rex has a black head which spoils his expression, and he has poor pasterns. Mr. Donner's unnamed pup by Meteor, is quite handsome, a trifle inclined to throatiness, but in other respects a remarkably promising youngster.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

An uncommonly excellent lot. Twenty-three entries and nearly all good specimens. Count Bendigo, coat not in good shape, short of topknot, a very fine dog. King Slash, a hard nut to crack, first-class dog, excellent type, perfect in color, grand coat, typical in face, topknot, eyes and ears, of excellent size, not too large, he ought to improve for another year yet. Tim O'Connor has the faults of his sire, Dan O'Connor, as to coat and topknot; the former is too soft and open, the latter too wiggy; his ears are not very well set on, but his color and shape are good although he was shown too thin. Larry O'Connor, trifle undershot, faded in color, short and rather coarse in head, eye light. Mack, coat good but rather faded, ears well hung, shown in poor condition; looked long in back and thin across loins; if well shown this is quite a good Irish water spaniel. Juda, smart little bitch, soft in coat, good color, face, eyes, tail and legs. Irish Nell and Queenstown, given equal second, very much alike, same type, and that a good one, cobby built and strong, both faded in color. Young Swan, bad mouth, shelly in build, out of coat, small piece of white on chest. Irish Queen, good color, soft in coat, short in ear and face, a fair good bitch. Maggie B., bad topknot, long in tail, legs not right, but not a bad one. Little Sioux, good, useful looking bitch of fair type. Mollie, good coat and color, light eye, good type. Young Drake, coarse in tail, looked rather coarse and slouchy, but may furnish up into a good dog. Young Breda Girl, bad coat and badly shown.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Your correspondent has hitherto, on examining the specimens representing the breed sent to the dog shows, concluded that they had been very carelessly bred and showed no common type or style. On the present occasion, however, I was pleased to see a really good class exhibited by Messrs. Poyneer and Kierstead. Gowrie, Monday and Maryland, all out of the same parents but different litters, are really good-looking dogs, strong and useful, and with an air and appearance of breeding about them. I hope to see this useful breed encouraged.

FIELD SPANIELS OVER 28 LBS.—(MR. WHITMAN).

Bob, Jr., won from Hornell Eva, who is short in back, high on leg and small of bone.

COCKER SPANIELS UNDER 28 LBS.—(MR. WHITMAN).

Hornell Jock, short in back, high on legs, ears set high, weak in muzzle, won from Black Silk, who was shown terribly curly in coat. Black Graf, shown in greatly improved

form from his appearance at Toronto, although somewhat heavily built and large-headed for a little one, was about as good as either; but I noticed this morning, after all the judging was over, that he had on a wrong tag, one belonging to a liver bitch which was wearing Graf's number, so it is likely the judge never saw Graf in his proper class. In bitches Juno W., also much improved from her Toronto form, easily won from Hornell Belle III., who is a fair little bitch, but toy-headed.

COCKER SPANIELS UNDER 23LBS.—(MR. WHITMAN).

To be judged by International Cocker Club standard. In these classes were a few dogs and bitches that were evidently intended for competition under the American Cocker Club standard, among others Obo, Jr., Woodland Queen and Pansy. Naturally these got no attention from the judge. Mr. Whitman, who is an honorable, fair-minded gentleman, will not, I am sure, imagine that I intend any reflection in the slightest degree on the *bona fides* of his awards, but I merely state my opinion that the three cockers just named were the only ones in those classes that had any appearance of ability to work.

BEAGLES—(MR. KIRK).

Dandy is a smart beagle a trifle wide in skull. Looks like a good working hound. Cornet, wide in front, open feet, weak in front of eye, tail docked, useful-looking stamp. Una, a very nice bitch, good legs and feet, might be better in muzzle. Bonnie, small and pretty, rather long-waisted, throaty. Solo, small on good legs, good body, straight tail. Scioto, bad legs and feet. Daisy, heavy in whelp, fair bitch, not just right in legs and feet.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. KIRK).

Waldman II., a very good black and tan, excellent character, long, low, loose, level; looks a little out at elbows, but would not show himself to advantage. Prince, another good one, somewhat short in body. Gretchen, entered as five years old, and as having won prizes in 1876. A very excellent bitch, getting too fat and thick through skull; capital forelegs and feet, good skin. Waldine III., deficient in crook, short in head and muzzle, good long body and plenty of skin. Lina L., not yet developed; snipy and weak in front of eye, half crook, small in bone. Waltexie, black and tan, short in body, high on leg, harsh and tight in skin.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

No good ones. One fairly good pup.

COLLIES—(MR. KIRK).

Some very good ones. Gordon is a handsome son of Robin Adair, excellent in every way, will be heard of again. Prince Charlie, full of character, rather soft in coat, and gets his tail up in the ring. Kelp, good-looking dog, with rather helpless-looking ears. Boss, too full in eye and short in head. Lady VI., a very handsome bitch and well bred. Gyp, very close to the winner, a good bitch. Juno II., more than a fair collie. Two handsome pups out of Lady VI. had things all their own way in the puppy class.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Young Bill was the only one with any show of good breeding, and his head was in a dreadful mess, from a recent accidental scrimmage, it was alleged.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Olivette is by no means what she should be to win in good company, and Tricksy, the six-months' puppy, may turn out a better one. Jack had no coat.

HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Heather, although a little weak in jaw and a trifle too long in coat, is an excellent type of the real terrier. Kirsty Glen will be another good one. Her ears are just a little large. Rosie and Scotland Yet, entered not for competition, are both good, especially Rosie, who just wants a little more bone and a little less ear to make her perfect.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. KIRK).

Bonnie Briton and Pansy are both excellent, the former excelling in color and quality of coat, the latter in jaws and teeth, length and muscular development. She is a remarkably fine specimen, and was awarded the special for best dog or bitch in the show entered by a lady.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

A fairly good class. No cracks.

PUGS—(MR. KIRK).

Bo-Peep had a walk-over in champion class. Pudgie, last year's winner, a very good pug, although too large, beat Punch, the dog placed first at the October show in New York last year, but which was subsequently disqualified for having had his white breast stained. I understand Mr. Dalziel put this same dog over Bradford Ruby at New York this spring. Now, if this dog stood on straight legs in front, and was minus his white shirt-front, he would be an extraordinary good one, but those faults were just sufficient to allow Pudgie, who is undoubtedly a fine pug, to beat him. Another Punch got a vhc., a nice dog, but small in head and eye. Josephine, a puppy of considerable merit, beat Mollie, grossly fat and smutty in color.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

This was one of the best classes at the show, and the competition was most exciting. I have never seen a finer lot, and the winners, Duke, Jr., and Topsey, are real beauties.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

A young undeveloped pup, already too large, took second prize, first being withheld.

KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

The winning black and tan is a good one except as to his tail.

POODLES—(MR. KIRK).

Some fair dogs in this class.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. KIRK).

Three prizes were offered in this class and awarded as follows: English foxhound puppy Lady Stewart, a remarkably nice puppy of correct type. Leo, a large German mastiff, of rather dubious breeding I should think. Flora II., a fair English retriever, not shown in good coat. There was nothing else in the class worthy of consideration. * *

CHICAGO, Ill., June 4.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—1st, Winlawn Kennels' Homer.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Hildebert; 2d, Winlawn Kennels' Hector (Nevison—Venus). High com., A. J. Pierce's Major. Com., E. N. K. Talcott's Spartacus (Nero—Ruby). *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Rosalind (Crown Prince—Lady Rowena); 2d, Winlawn Kennels' Hebe (Cato - Queen II.). *Puppies;* 2d, E. N. K. Talcott's Don (Spartacus—Beauty II.).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH COATED—*Dogs:* 2d, Capt. A. Phillips's Duke (Monk—Nun). High com., H. Weinhardt's Turk. *Bitches:* 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Noma (Cantoni—Mora). High com., Capt. A. Phillips's Fido. Com., P. L. Hanscom's Cleo (Monk—Nun).—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Dr. E. J. Bermingham's Bess (A.K.R. 1808); 2d, H. J. Clapham's Girola (Cæsar—Daphne II.). *Puppies:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Cleo (Cantoni—Mona); 2d, Capt. A. Phillips's unnamed (Duke—Fido.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CHAMPION—1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro.—OPEN—1st, J. F. Dagley's Pete (Barney—Vic); 2d, Paul Mondon's Mac. High com., Fritz Moritz's Melai.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Landseer Kennels' Snowflake (Son of Misterton—Bonnie Lass); 2d, C. Henning's Dash (Sport—Flora). *Bitches:* 1st, H. A. Warkentien's Beauty; 2d, Dr. G. I. Boyce's Aunt Lucia (Chief—Fleet). Very high com., Landseer Kennels' Twilight Quicksilver—Stratagem).

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st, Landseer Kennels' Oscar (Morni—Morna).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Landseer Kennels' Bras (Bruce—Maida); 2d, Landseer Kennels' Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Landseer Kennels' Lady Dare (Oscar—Olga); 2d, Landseer Kennels' Cluthan (Oscar—Olga). Very high com., Landseer Kennels' Lorma I. (Wallace—Lorma). High com., Landseer Kennels' Olga (Bruce—Whitman's imported bitch).

GREAT DANES.—1st, P. Merker's Pluto (Rolf—Cora) 2d, J. W. Eliel's Belle (Lord—Nora). High com, E. Lewis's Nero. Com., H. Oelerich's Lady Jumbo.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).—CHAMPION—*Dog:* H. Hartley's Royal Ranger (Royal IV.—Novel). *Bitch:* H. Hartley's Queen Alice (Druid—Cubas).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. G. G. Ware's Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue); 2d, W. Fisher, Jr.'s, Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid). Very high com., A. C. Waddell's British Chief (Laverack Chief—Queen Alice); C. F. Louden's Stanton (Gladstone—Frost). High com., Dalliba & Munhall's Pendragon (Count Noble—Floy). Com., Lake Shore Kennels' Coleman's London (Gladstone—Clip); T. Donoghue's Laverack Chief's Clyde (Laverack Chief—Gypsey); John Watson's Porter's Don (Rowe—Ella). *Bitches:* 1st, Memphis & Avent Kennels' Juno A. (Druid—Ruby). Very high com., T. Donoghue's Blue Spark (Hornet—Daisy). Com., T. Donoghue's Blue Phantom (Brussels—Jenny Lind); E. S. Bond's Jo-Jo Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette); Lake Shore Kennels' Dot W. (Fashion—Maud). PUPPIES—*Dogs;* 1st, J. S. Cusson's O. K. (Glen Rock—Queen); 2d, C. Harms's Spray (Christo—Purity). *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Waddell's Monty (Penn—Monty I.).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Chas. R. Taylor's Gem (Dexter—Belle).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Ryerson's Dan (Shot—Slave; 2d, E. Maher's Royal Duke (Bob—Nell). *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. R. Taylor's Gypsey Queen (Grouse—Fanny). *Puppies:* 1st, J. Bardwell's Patti (Duke—Topsy).

IRISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—J. A. J. Sprague's Brush (Elcho—Rose).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. DeKoven's Prince Rufus (Berkley—Flora). Very high com., G. W. Short's Book (Glencho—Mollie). High com., F. Silcox's Dick (Yatch—Mary Ann). Com., E. M. Hawley's Jerry (Mike—Nell). *Bitches:* 1st, H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff (Glencho—Daisy); 2d, J. A. J. Sprague's Megora (Elcho—Rose). Very high com., J. A. J. Sprague's Lorraine (Elcho—Noreen). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, T. Donoghue's Irish Boy and Irish Girl (Brush—Queen). Very high com., F. B. Rice's Larry (Elcho—Noreen). High com. and com., S. Johnston's Duke and Carlo (Duke of Wellington—Martha).

POINTERS.—CHAMPION, ANY WEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Waddell's Prince (Clipper—Dove). *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Seitner's Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Waddell's Tim (Lake—Daun II.); 2d, A. C. Waddell's Sweep (King—Lulu). Very high com., B. F. Seitner's Rapp (Croxteth—Lass). *Bitches:* 1st, W. Werner's Luna Faust (Faust—Spottie Bow); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Lulu Faust (Faust—Ruby).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Stafford's Rebel (Prince—Nellie); 2d, R. H. McCormick's Rex (Roy—Rose). *Bitches:* 1st, J. O. Donner's unnamed (Meteor—Accident); 2d, W. A. Thompson's Queen Faust (Faust—Venus).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—1st, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo (Whitman's Bob—Olcott's Bridget).—CHAMPION—1st, C.B. Rodes's King Slash (Pat—Tide).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H.D. Gardner's Tim O'Connor (Dan O'Connor—Queenstown); 2d, Excelsior I. W. S. Kennels' Mack (Mike—Juda). Very high com., H. D. Gardner's Larry O'Connor (Dan O'Connor—Molly McGuire). *Bitches:* 1st, Excelsior I. W. S. Kennels' Juda (Barney—Juda); equal 2d, H. D. Gardner's Irish Nell (Patsey—Jess), and Queenstown (Barney—Irish Nell). Very high com., C. Blaidsell's Little Sioux (Pat—Daisy). High com., R. W. Stafford's Irish Queen (Barney—Crickett); H. D. Gardner's Young Swan (Sam—Swan); Dr. E. L. Mayo's Maggie B. (Neptune—Daisy). *Puppies:* 1st, Excelsior I.W. Spaniel Club's Mollie (Barney—Catchily); 2d, H. D. Gardner's Young Drake (Drake—Breda Girl). High com., H. D. Gardner's Young Breda Girl (Drake—Breda Girl). Com., Dr. E. L. Mayo's Drake (Dick—Wapsie); Mrs. M. R. Calin's Judy C. (Dandy—Daisy).

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs;* 1st, G. E. Poyneer's Gowrie (Sunday—Nellie); 2d, G. W. Kierstead's Monday (Sunday—Nellie). *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Kierstead's Maryland (Sunday—Nellie).

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, J. Luckwell's Bob, Jr.; 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Eva (Bonanza—Hornell Jenny).

COCKER SPANIELS.—UNDER 23LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock (Hornell Dandy—Hornell Spider); 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (Obo—Chloe II.). *Bitches:* A. Laidlaw's Juno W. (Obo II.—Darkie); 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Belle III. (Hornell Silk—Belle III.).—UNDER 23LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. McWhinney's Nigger (Cherry—Daisy); 2d, T. J. Zimber's Fritz (Sam—Nancy). *Bitches:* 1st, E. Troy's Gip (Cherry—Mab); 2d, Mrs. H. P. Thorne's Shena (Col. Stubbs—Diamond). Very high com., G. Wicks's Venus (Carlo—Nellie); E. Troy's Madge (Cherry—Mab).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Cusson's Dandy (Singer—Topsy); 2d, F. T. Lane's Cornet (Ringwood—Winnie). *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Weston's Una (Sam II.—Scioto); 2d, Mrs. C. E. White's Bonnie (Searcher—May Belle). Very high com., F. T. Lane's Solo (Sport III.—Fanny VI.). Com., F. T. Lane's Ada (Cornet—Solo); J. S. Cusson's Daisy (Fielder—Freckle).

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Loeffler's Waldman II. (Faust—Flora); 2d, B. F. Seitner's Prince (Bergman—Gretchen). *Bitches:* 1st, W. Loeffler's Gretchen (Unser Fritz—Waldine); 2d, H. L. Goodman's Waldine III. (Bergman—Gretchen). Very high com., C. Klocke's Lina L. (Bergman—Gretchen). High com., B. F. Seitner's Wallexie (Waldman K—Fraulein Waldeck).

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Wm. Reuss's Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Bessie W. *Puppies:* 1st, W. Fenchert, Jr.'s, Chip (Jack—Jessie). Com., J. B. Sighers, Jr.'s, Midge (Jack—Dolly), J. Werle's Daisy (Jack—Dolly).

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* Miss L. Downey's Gordan (Robin Adair—Lassie); 2d, V. S. Kennedy's Prince Charlie. Very high com., R. Somerville's Help (Knight's Hope—Smith's Gyp III.). Com., E. B. Sheldon's Boss (Bred Leeds—Manor Via). *Bitches:* 1st, E. B. Sheldon's Lady VI. (Champagne—Patience); 2d, G. M. Dunne's Gyp (Rutland—Lorna Doon). Very high com., A. R. Kyle's Juno II. (Brack—Dora). High com., J. Kidston's Pup (Mettle—Fanny). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, E. B. Sheldon's unnamed (Champagne—Lady VI.).

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, C. R. Taylor's Young Bill (Yardley's Bill—Dutch). High com., Dr. W. H. D. Lewis's Romeo (Franz—Bessie). Com., L. King's Peg (Braid—Floe); L. King's Jessie G. (Jeff—Jess).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, W. D. Pugh's Olivette (Dot—Daisy); 2d, Miss M. Lucas's Tricksy (Geiger's Dog—Fidele). Com., Mrs. B. Liston's Jack (Dick—Fannie).

HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Heather (Kitty—Gyp); 2d, Mrs. Dr. W. H. D. Lewis's Kirsty Glenn (Tam Glen—Heather).

DANDIE DINMONTS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton (Border Minstrel—Wee Miss). *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy (Minstrel Boy—Linnett).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Parker's Charley (Dreadnaught—Nelly); 2d, J. Parker's Jenny (Kewaner's Duke—Gray's Nellie). High com., D. Harrington's Billy D. Com., W. Bowlin's Minnie (Bright—Gyp); W. Bowlin's Paddy; F. Parker's Dude.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—1st, Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep (Fritz—Minnie May).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Richards's Pudgie (Joe—imported bitch); 2d, J. Parker's Punch (Wedeson's Punch—Grimshaw's Judy). Very high com., W. W. Colchester's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Gale's Mollie; 2d, Mrs. H. L. Goodman's Josephine (Joe—Bo-Peep).

TOY-TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—1st, D. Harrington's Duke, Jr. (Jeff—Lilly); 2d, Mrs. W. A. Fletcher's Topsey (Dan—Flora). Very high com., A. Smith's Dot. High com., G. Stainsky's Dandy; Miss M. Lucas's Dandy Dude (Geiger's Dog—Fifine); G. Carter's Minnie, D. Harrington's Dot E. (Keno—Daisy) and same owner's Minnie C. Com., Miss M. Lucas's Fifine and two pups (Cricket—Flora); D. Harrington's Lady C.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—2d, J. L. Locke's St. Elmo (Pedro—Gyp). High com., W. Bowlin's Lily (Duke of York—Countess). Com., W. Bowlin's Major (Prince—Topsy).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, R. W. Holmes's Milwaukee Charlie (Duke—Gypsey); 2d, J. Parker's Noble (Prince—Victoria). Very high com., J. Parker's Prince (Bevan's Duke—Bowg's Vuenn).

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, J. Parker's Rubes (Prince—Violet); 2d, J. Parker's Charlie (Prince—Violet).

POODLES.—1st, R. H. McCormick's Jumbo; 2d, J. O'Day's Chink (Captain—Maggie). Very high com., J. H. Whitman's Captain (——Maggie). Com., Dr. Roundville's Presto (Captain—Maggie).

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.—Equal 1st, J. H. Naylor's Lady Stewart (English foxhound puppy), L. Eliel's Leo (Fox—Lolla, German wolfhound), and Mrs. P. G. Fash's Flora II. (Major—Flora).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Mastiffs—Best, Winlawn Kennels' Rosalind; best kennel, Winlawn Kennels' Homer, Hector, Hildebert, Rosalind and Hebe.

St. Bernards—Best, E. J. Bermingham's Bess; best puppy, A. Phillips's, by Duke out of Fido.

Newfoundlands—Best, S. S. McCuen's Miro; best in open class, Mohawk Kennels' Norna.

Greyhounds—Best, H. A. Warkentien's Beauty.

English Setters—Best, Memphis & Avent's Paul Gladstone; best bitch, H. Hartley's Queen Alice; best in open class, Memphis & Avent's Juno A.; best brace, Memphis & Avent's Paul Gladstone and Juno A.; best puppy, A. C. Waddell's Monty; best kennel, T. Donoghue's Laverack Chief, Clyde, Blue Phantom, Blue Queen, Blue Spark and Jeannette.

Irish Setters—Best, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush; best brace, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush and Megora; best puppy, T. Donoghue's Irish Boy; best puppy sired by Elcho, F. B. Rice's Larry.

Gordon Setters—Best, E. Maher's Royal Duke; best bitch, J. Bardwell's Patti; best brace, C. R. Taylor's Gem and Gypsey Queen.

Pointers—A. C. Waddell's Prince; best brace, A. C. Waddell's Prince and Tim; best puppy, W. B. Stafford's Rebel; best one of litter of three sired by Faust, W. Werner's Luna Faust; best bitch puppy, J. O. Donner's, by Meteor out of Accident.

Deerhounds—Best, D. Van Hummell's Bras.

Irish Water Spaniels—Best bitch, Excelsior Kennels' Juda; best dog, C. B. Rodes's King Slash.

Toy-terriers—Best, D. Harrington's Duke.

Scotch Terriers—Challenge cup, J. H. Naylor's Heather; best puppy, Mrs. W. H. Lewis's Kirsty Glenn.

Pugs—Best dog, J. R. Richards's Pudgie; best puppy shown by lady, Mrs. H. L. Goodman's Josephine; best bitch, Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep.

Black and Tan Terriers—Best shown by lady, Miss M. Lucas's Tricksy.

Bull-terriers—Best, C. R. Taylor's Young Bill.

Fox-terriers—Best, W. Fenchert's Chip.

Dandie Dinmonts—Best, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy; also prize for best bitch, any breed, shown by lady.

Foxhounds—Best puppy, J. H. Naylor's Lady Stewart.

Italian Greyhounds—Best, J. L. Locke's St. Elmo.

Great Danes—Best, Paul Merker's Pluto.

Best Collection of Sporting Dogs—Divided between T. Donoghue and Dr. Van Hummell.

Collies—Best, Miss L. Downey's Gordan.

Irish Water Spaniels—Best, C. B. Rodes's King Slash.

Dachshunde—Best, W. Loeffler's Waldman II.

Chesapeake Bay Dogs—Best, G. E. Poyneer's Gowrie.

Beagles—Best, E. B. Weston's Una.

Yorkshire Terriers—Best, J. Parker's Charley.

QUALIFICATION FOR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Free Lance" makes a very good argument for changing the rules for the puppy stakes, but if he had read his FOREST AND STREAM more carefully he would have noticed that the rules have been changed by the Eastern Field Trials Club. It could not be made to apply, however, to the Derby of this fall, as the event had already been advertised and many puppies were in training before the change was made. Next year, however, it goes into effect. In publishing the running rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club you failed to notice the amendments made in the table of merit to be found among instructions to judges. Instead of 25 to pace we give 30, and instead of 10 for retrieving we give 5. I inclose you a corrected copy of the rules and should be obliged if you would reprint the table in your next issue.—ELLIOT SMITH.

Pointing: Nose	25			
Staunchness	10	35		
Style in Pointing	5	40		
			75	
Ranging	15			
Pace	10	30		
Quartering	5		35	100
Style in Same	5			
Obedience and Disposition	10			
Backing	10	25		
Retrieving	5			

BREEDING FOR SEX.—Boston, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Chesapeake Bay bitch Ripple has just had a litter which I think is unusual enough to warrant putting on record, *i. e.*, nine puppies, all dogs. Two of them were either born dead or died shortly afterward, but the other seven were strong and healthy. As I did not want to have the bitch out of condition for this autumn's work I had one killed, leaving six for her to bring up. They are all true to color, a dark sedge brown, and as both sire and dam are thoroughly broken for retrieving on land and water, and have respectively for five and four seasons, given evidence of wonderful nose, endurance and intelligence, it almost seemed a pity to kill one of the litter. With regard to the question of breeding for sex, the bitch was served twice at about the middle of her heat. I do not believe that by any system of breeding we can have any influence whatsoever on the sex of the progeny. The proportion between the sexes will be found to be about the same, on the whole, whatever theories in breeding may be acted on.—F. B. GREENOUGH.

RED IRISH SETTERS AT PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the late Philadelphia dog show, you say that Elcho, Jr., with Bruce, competed for the special for best setter with one of his get, and was among the defeated ones. Permit a correction: Elcho, Jr., and Bruce are litter brothers, and Elcho, Jr., did not compete for any stock prize. Will Mr. Callender kindly state the breeding of the bitch that won third prize in open Irish class at the late New York dog show. I am of the opinion that the prize lists and marked catalogues are wrong.—WM. JARVIS.

WRONGLY ENTERED.—The entries (as printed in the catalogue) of a number of the prize winners at Chicago last week were not in conformity to the rule of the A. K. C. which says that the names of sire and dam must be given when these are known.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB.—A meeting of the executive committee of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club has been ordered for this evening, Thursday, June 11, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Amice. By A. Reevy, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Rancocas, Delaware, Whippany, Passaic, Pequot, Mother Carey, Oriawa and Nequee, By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for two black, white and tan and three white and lemon English setter dogs and three black, white and tan bitches, whelped March 21, 1885, by champion Gladstone out of Lavalette (A.K.R. 2358).

Gaffney. By Geo. W. Wells, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Rex. By A. H. Ritter, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Zangie. By John Lambert, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Duke—Brownie) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Suil-a-Mor, Jr. By James Gilbert, Chelsea, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 1, 1885, by Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido) out of imported Nora (Cigar—Belle).

Kitty. By Jos. R. Craig, Newark, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 20, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of his Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1043).

Surgeon Bow. By Mrs. Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped March 23, 1885, by King Bow (A.K.R. 83) out of Bow Queen (A.K.R. 558).

Rox and Rowdy. By Charles M. Hammond, Lakeport, Cal., for Chesapeake Bay dogs, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by Curtis's Foam out of Rusk (A.K.R. 144).

Laone. By Half Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N.Y., for smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, 3yrs. old, by imported Chamounix out of Nameless (Fido—Topsy).

Half Way Brook Kennels. By Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., for their kennels.

Sheena Van. By N. B. Nesbitt, Saxton, Mo., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by San Roy (Count Noble—Spark) out of Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.).

Waverly Sam and Waverly Gyp. By J. W. Rushforth, Yonkers, N. Y., for liver cocker spaniel dogs, whelped May 20, 1884, by Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean) out of Beauty (Racer—Daisey II.).

Standard. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1885, by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of his Floss (A.K.R. 1720); dam wrongly given as Rena, May 28.

Baba. By A. B. Hanover, Philadelphia, Pa , for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1884, by Col. Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Daisy Cohorn (Racer—Nellie C.).

Riot and Dot. By Dan Storrs, Lebanon, N. H., for pair of black, white and tan beagles, whelped Feb. 22, 1885, by champion Rattler out of Spider.

Flute D. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 19, 1884, by Flute M. (A.K.R. 1990) out of Bell II. (A.K.R. 1989).

Little Duke, Jr. By W. E. Deane, Jr., Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 3, 1884, by Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994) out of Rose.

Guess. By Dr. G. A. Williams, Hartford, Conn., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Clio (A.K.R. 429).

Belle J. By John Lydecker, Nyack, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 166) out of Nellie.

King Coal. By Wm. West, Camden, N. J., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 15, 1885, by Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397) out of Hornell Belle (A.K.R. 1873).

Field Trial Kennels. By H. E. Hamilton, Thomas Connolly and Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for their kennels of setters and pointers.

Saxton Kennels. By J. Hayward, Jr., and N. B. Nesbitt, Saxton, Buchanan county, Mo., for their kennels of English setters.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trudo to Druid. Jr. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 7, 1885 (Glen Rock—Nellie), owned by P. Moeller, Nyack, N. Y.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Coomassie—Dashing Monarch. Roncocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Coomassie (Thunder—Peeress) to their Dashing Monarch (A.K.R. 2348). May 25.

Dashing Jessie—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 815) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), May 25.

Leah II.—Glen Rock. S. B. Foard's (Elkton, Md.) English setter bitch Leah II. to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), May 16.

Zulu Princess—Bruce of the Fylde. Thos. H. Terry's (New York) collie bitch Zulu Princess (A.K.R. 896) to Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Bruce of the Fylde (A.K.R. 1415), March 4.

Phyllis—Bruce of the Fylde. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Phyllis (A.K.R. 1426) to their Bruce of the Fylde (A.K.R. 1415), March 15.

Flirt—Bruce of the Fylde. J. Houghton's (Milton, Mass.) collie bitch Flirt to Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Bruce of the Fylde (A.K.R. 1415), March 29.

Lady of the Lake—Kilmarnock Bruce. Mrs. John S. Ellis's (Bartlow-on-Sound, N. Y.) collie bitch Lady of the Lake (A.K.R. 1423) to Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1422), May 12.

Sea Foam—Rutland. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Sea Foam to A. H. Megson's (Manchester, Eng.) champion Rutland, April 7.

Lina—Young Obo. C. G. Browning's spaniel bitch Lina to J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 841), May 5.

Smut II.—Black Pedro. A. McDonald's Smut II. to J. P. Willey's Black Pedro (A.K.R. 1474), May 6.

Fancy—Young Obo. H. Flint's cocker spaniel bitch Fancy (A.K.R. 1102) to J. P. Willey's Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), May 7.

Jet W.—Young Obo. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet W. (A.K.R. 851) to his Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), May 16.

Nellie—Obo, Jr. J. McNultie's cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (A.K.R. 312) to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), May 15.

Yolande—Obo II. W. R. Tuck's (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Yolande (A.K.R. 523) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), May 6.

Miss Obo II.—Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Obo II (A.K.R. 2191) to his Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), May 10.

Critic—Obo II. W. O. Partridge's cocker spaniel bitch Critic (A.K.R. 303) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), May 15.

Lady C.—Gladstone. B. M. Stephenson's (LaGrange, Tenn.) English setter bitch Lady C. to Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), May 14.

Blaze—Sportsman. C. Tucker's (Stanton, Tenn.) English setter bitch Blaze (Count Noble—Rosalind) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), May 10.

Zealah—Dash. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Zealah to his Dash, April 16.

Lizzie—Jock. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lizzie to imported Jock, May 14.

Dalliance—Stormer. Half Way Brook Kennels' foxhound bitch Dalliance (Druid—Glory) to their Stormer (Singer—Downger), May 5.

May Stubbs—Dandy Zulu. I. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch May Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Beauty) to his Dandy Zulu (A.K.R. 382), May 15.

Belle Stubbs—Pilot. I. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Fanny Fern) to his Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean), May 16.

Red Biddy—Glencho. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Red Biddy (Chief—Biddy) to champion Glencho, May 11.

Esme—Otho. Geo. L. Wetmore's St. Bernard bitch Esme (Priam—Novice) to Fred W. Rothera's champion Otho (Rollo—Lady Abbess), May 16.

Jennie—Lorne. Mr. McKnight's collie bitch Jennie to Fred W. Rothera's champion Lorne (A.K.R. 446), May 16.

Mother Demdike—Memnon. H. W. Smith's (Worcester, Mass.) greyhound bitch Mother Demdike (Pensive Laddie—Playmate) to his champion Memnon (Caliph—Polly), March 16.

Fan—Memnon. H. W. Smith's (Worcester, Mass.) greyhound bitch Fan (Buccaneer—Folly) to his champion Memnon (Caliph—Polly), May 9.

Lill—Yale Belton. H. L. Cowell's English setter bitch Lill to Yale Belton, May 22.

Mollie—Ranger. Robert B. Penn's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Mollie to H. L. Cowell's Ranger, May 16.

Keho—Waverly Gyp. Chas. Tucker's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) imported cocker spaniel bitch Keho to J. W. Rushforth's Waverly Gyp (Pilot—Beauty), May 3.

Queen White—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen White (A.K.R. 1729) to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 3.

Flirt—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Flirt (Prince—Daisey) to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 24.

Ruby—Count Noble. H. E. Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 120) to Count Noble, May 26.

Zarrah—Count Fritz. H. E. Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Druid—Cuba) to his Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny), June 2.

Romp—Jockey. George W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) imported Clumber spaniel bitch Romp to his imported Jockey, May 20.

Queen Alice—Count Noble. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Queen Alice (A.K.R. 2296) to Count Noble, May 28.

Tigress II.—Hero II. Charles E. Wallack's (New York) mastiff bitch Tigress II. (A.K.R. 17) to Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), May 29.

Monmouth Queen—Monmouth Lion. Dr. Robert Taylor's mastiff bitch Monmouth Queen (Zulu—Tigress II.) to W. O. West's Monmouth Lion (A.K.R. 1033), May 5.

Flossy—Bradford Ruby. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Flossy (A.K.R. 2250) to their champion Bradford Ruby, May 11.

Bo-Peep—Bradford Ruby. H. L. Goodman's (Auburn Junction, Ill.) pug bitch Bo-Peep (Fritz—Minnie May) to City View Kennels' champion Bradford Ruby, May 25.

Meg Merrilies—Jack. Mary A. Fletcher's (Portland, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) to J. Hopkins Smith's Jack (Elcho—Meg), May 28.

Ruth—Count Glickstone. John A. McDonough's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Ruth (Dashing Lion—Armida) to his Count Glickstone (Royal Blue—Modjeska).

Mona Moya—Glencho, J. H. Wall's (Lynn, Mass.) Mona Moya (A.K.R. 2083) to W. H. Pierce's Glencho, May 15-16.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Sally. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Sally, April 7, four (one dog), by Brodnax's Speck; color, black, tan and indigo blue.

Queen. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) pointer bitch Munson's Queen, May 22, ten, by Ponto (Bow—Waller's Queen); six since dead.

Daisey. Jordan L. Mott, Jr.'s (New York) Gordon setter bitch Daisey (Glen—Fanny), May 21, six (two dogs), by champion Turk.

Brenda, J. A. S. Gregg's (Fordham, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Brenda (A.K.R. 1139), May 21, six (five dogs), by C. H. Mason's champion Nevison (Gurth—Juno).

White Daisey. J. E. Lord's (Gildersleeve, Conn.) beagle bitch White Daisey (A.K.R. 1728), May 21, seven (four dogs), by imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709); five white, black and tan, one white, and one white and lemon.

Phyllis. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Phyllis (A.K.R. 1426), May 18, five (three dogs), by their Bruce of the Fylde (A.K.R. 1415).

Phonsie. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Phonsie (A.K.R. 1482), April 30, six (three dogs), by his Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481); all black.

Beauty W. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Beauty W. (A.K.R. 1472), May 4, five (three dogs), by his Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481).

Corrie. H. E. Malin's (Jersey City, N. J.) collie bitch Corrie, May 7, three (one dog), by Jas. Lindsay's Hiram (A.K.R. 883).

White Rose. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) imported bull-terrier bitch White Rose (Victor Chief—Bess), April 28, eight (four dogs), by Hink's Dutch; all pure white.

Judy. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) pug bitch Judy, May 14, eight (five dogs), by Pratt's Joe.

Daisy Blossom. Malcolm McLane's (Hopedale, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Daisy Blossom (A.K.R. 375), May 12, eleven (nine dogs), by Dinks (A.K.R. 1077).

Early Dawn. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Early Dawn (Nixey—Princess Louise), May 1, eight (five dogs), by Druid.

Kelp. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Kelp (A.K.R. 110), May 15, twelve (nine dogs), by Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise).

Victory. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Victory (Count Rapier—Reign), April 8, nine (five dogs), by Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise).

Princess Louise. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117), March 6, seven (two dogs), by Doncaster (Druid—Nillson).

Bessie. Geo. E. Day's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Bessie, May 2, eight (three dogs), by D. W. C. Parker's Peter Black.

Rusk. Chas. M. Hammond's (Lakeport, Cal.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rusk (A.K.R. 144), May 5, eleven (four dogs), by Rake (A.K.R. 141).

Daisy Zulu. I. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381), May 12, ten (eight dogs), by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); all black; three dogs since dead.

Rye. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy), April 26, six (five dogs), by imported Rattler (Chancellor—Careless).

Fate. F. W. Seiler's (Harrisburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Fate (Gladstone—Sue), May 9, ten (nine dogs), by Count Noble; one since dead.

Cricket. Saxton Kennels' (Saxton, Mo.) English setter bitch Cricket (Coleman's London—Col. Gordon's Come), May 4, six (four dogs), by Luck (Dick Laverack—Fausta).

Lufra. Saxton Kennels' (Saxton, Mo.) English setter bitch Lufra (Dog Whip—Juno), May 22, seven (two dogs), by champion Gladstone; all white, black and tan.

Fanny Faust. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Fanny Faust (Faust—Minnetonka), May 26, eight, by Ranger Croxteth (Croxteth—Royal Fan).

Mother Demdike. H. W. Smith's (Worcester, Mass.) greyhound bitch Mother Demdike (Pensive Laddie—Playmate), May 18, four dogs, by his champion Memnon.

Fashion. Thos. Coney's (Haverhill, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Fashion, April 7, thirteen dogs, by Dash.

Mollie. C. F. Wilson's (Palmyra, O.) pug bitch Mollie, May 27, five (four dogs), by W. R. Knight's Don Juan.

Cremorne. John E. Gill's (Franklin, Pa.) pointer bitch Cremorne (A.K.R. 164), May 27, seven (four dogs), by Vandevort's champion Don; four liver and white and three lemon and white.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Critic (A.K.R. 303) whelp. Black spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 16, 1885, by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., to F. L. Weston, Medford, Mass.

Mingo—Topsy whelp. Pug dog, whelped Jan. 31, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich.

Doncaster—Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117) whelp. White English setter bitch, whelped March 6, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O.

Zulu. Bedlington terrier bitch, 4yrs. old (E.K.C.S.B. 13,178), by S. W. Smith, Leeds, Eng., to Jas. Mortimer, New York, and resold by him to Dan O'Shea, London, Ont.

Coomassie. Blue belton English setter bitch, 5yrs. old (Thunder—Peeress), by I. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., to Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J.

King Bow (A.K.R. 83)—Bow Queen (A.K.R. 558) whelp. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped March 23, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mrs. Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn.

Nell of Efford. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March, 1879 (Huggin's Don Juan—Row's Kate), by E. C. Norrish, Shobrook Crediton, Eng., to Jas. L. Anthony, New York.

Beauty of Wilmington. Black and tan setter bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1884 (Yank—Katie), by J. C. Loder, Wilmington, N. C., to W. R. French, same place.

Essex. St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 931), by H. C. Whitney, New York, to Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass.

King Bow (A.K.R. 83)—She whelps. Liver and white pointer dogs, whelped March 24, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., one to A. J. Gleson, Alma, Kan.; one to A. G. Fleischbein, Belleville, Ill., and one to L. Hunter, Lima, O.

Obo II.—Clio whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov 14, 1884, by I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., to Dr. G. A. Williams, Hartford, Conn.

Belle Stubbs. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped November, 1881 (Col. Stubbs—Fanny Fern), by C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., to I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

May Stubbs. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May, 1883 (Col. Stubbs—Beauty), by C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., to I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

Pilot. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 13, 1881 (Sam—Daisy Dean), by C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., to I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

Rugby. Fox-terrier dog (A.K.R. 2108), by W. T. Whitman, Pittsburgh, Pa., to J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass.

Midget Malta. Greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by Mrs. C. A. Derby, Salem, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709)—Floss (A.K.R. 1720) whelps. Beagles, dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to James Gibson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Grand Duke. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1881 (Prince—Flora), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. W. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ben B. Black and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 363), by W. W. Lewis, Rockland, Mass., to Edward Saumway, Boston, Mass.

Pungo. Imported bulldog, age and pedigree not given, by J. J. Walker, Ann Arbor, Mich., to Hugo W. Schmuker, Iona, Mich.

Mattie. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1884 (Glencho—Norah), by A. A. Sampson, Troy, N. Y., to C. R. Squire, same place.

King Coal. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 15, 1885 (Hornell Silk, A.K.R. 1379—Hornell Belle, A.K.R. 1873), by Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Wm. West, Camden, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rox. Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1883 (Foam—Rusk), by Charles M. Hammond, Lakeport, Cal , to G. G. Hammond, Jr., same place.

Rowdy. Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1884 (Foam—Rusk), by Charles M. Hammond, Lakeport, Cal., to W. O. Edwards, same place.

Rob. Black and white English setter dog, 5yrs. old, pedigree not given, by Frank D. Hallet, Winsted, Conn., to Edwin D. Thompson, Hopkinton, Mass.

Col. S. Gordon and English setter dog, whelped March 28, 1885 (Joe P.—Lola S.), by W. L. Steele, Jr., Rockingham, N. C., to Dr. D. M. Prince, Laurinburg, N. C.

Janie L. Gordon and English setter bitch, whelped March 28, 1885 (Joe P.—Lola S.), by W. L. Steele, Jr., Rockingham, N. C., to P. McEachin, Laurel Hill, N. C.

Dit S. Gordon and English setter dog, whelped March 28, 1885 (Joe P.—Lola S.), by W. L. Steele, Jr., Rockingham, N. C., to Dr. W. H. Steele, same place.

Sheena Van. White, black and tan English setter bitch, age not given (San Roy—Queen Bess), by B. F. Price, Memphis, Tenn., to N. B. Nesbitt, Saxton, Mo.

Harry C. Gordon and English setter dog, whelped March 28, 1885 (Joe P.—Lola S.), by W. L. Steele, Jr., Rockingham, N. C., to Col. T. C. Leak, same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dinah W. Black cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 2187), owned by J P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., from poison.

Druid—Hussar Belle whelp. English setter bitch, owned by C. E. Wallin, Montgomery, Ala.

Rufus II. Red Irish setter dog, age and pedigree not given, owned by estate of E. Milly, Houston, Tex., May 13.

Leicester. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped July, 1873 (Don—Lill II.), owned by A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., May 19.

Countess Kate. Black and white English setter bitch, 7yrs. old (Blue Prince—Old Kate), owned by A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., from pneumonia, with inflammation of the bowels.

Maida. Black, white and tan setter bitch, 7½yrs. old (Dick—Clio), owned by Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., from blood tumor.

Daisy Zulu. Liver cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 381), owned by I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., May 23.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. F. M., New Haven.—I wrote you some time since in regard to my St. Bernard pup, and received a very full and courteous reply, for which accept my thanks. From the time of my writing my pup grew rapidly worse. She seemed to have lost control of the muscles, and her body continually twitched and her head was shaking more or less all the time; her eyes looked very bad, and a stringy saliva ran from her mouth and hung in strings. I followed your instructions and she grew a little better for a few days, but for the past week I cannot see any improvement; her appetite is good and she is very fond of being noticed, she barks if anybody comes into the yard; but she can scarcely get on her feet, and when she does she staggers a good deal behind, her head shakes some and she drools some. Ans. Your dog should have a certain amount of stimulation. Give her a teaspoonful of sherry wine in every teacupful of milk or broth. The discharges should be kept free from eyes and nose, and inhalations given once or twice a day of carbolic acid solution or permanganate of potash in strength of one grain to the ounce of water, atomized, and administered by means of a large paper funnel held over the face, are very beneficial. Get the following prescription: Tincture of the chloride of iron, one-half an ounce; tincture of nux vomica, one-half an ounce; simple syrup, one ounce, and water enough to make four ounces. Give a teaspoonful of this four times daily. Keep the bowels free with laxative foods, liver and oatmeal are recommended, or an injection, if the above is not sufficient. Distemper is a self-limiting disease.

BEAGLE, Cleveland, O.—I have an English setter dog 6yrs. old. He has got deaf. I at first suspected canker, but could not see or smell anything until last Monday, when he happened to strike his head between the gate and post, which made him howl. The left ear commenced to discharge and smell. His appetite is not exactly what it should be; his hair seems rough and dry, otherwise he is lively enough but keeps shaking his head at intervals. What shall I do for him? Some time ago I gave to him santonine and purged him afterward with castor oil, thought he had worms on account of his slimy passages, but could see none. Passage not so bad now. I also have a cocker bitch that has no hair on her tail and very little on her rear, is continually sliding along on her rump; have dosed her for worms and have relieved her of some, otherwise lively as a cricket; has puppies now. What shall I do for her? Ans. Your English setter has canker. Cleanse the ears carefully with soft sponge and carbolic soap. After drying drop a few drops of the following carefully into the ears. Bromo-chlorali, 1dr.; tincture of opium, 1dr.; water, 6dr. Give your cocker bitch three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic each day, and increase daily one drop up to ten drops and then drop to three and stop. This may be given in the food. Get some oxide of zinc ointment, and after washing the parts with carbolic soap, rub in the ointment morning and evening. The bitch has one form of mange.

C. B P., South Britain, Conn.—For some two or three months my dog has had the appearance of being very fleshy, though eating but little, and his coat has been rather rough, but he seemed in good spirits and lively as usual. About two weeks ago a swelling appeared under his throat, which I thought would break, but it went away without. He also had one on the front leg, but not as large as the other; the bowels were also very constipated, but I have got them in very good condition by the use of physic and injection. Four or five days ago he was taken with a cough and has coughed nearly constantly ever since, except when lying perfectly still, when it seems to get better. Ans. Your dog seems to have contracted asthma. As good treatment as any to be followed is to put the dog in a close small room and burn stramonium leaves twice daily. You may also give him two drops of dilute hydrocyanic acid in sweet water three times daily. Keep his bowels free and give him very little meat.

SUBSCRIBER, London.—About September last a spot commenced come on the muscle of my pointer's thigh, and was at the time treated for mange; the spot has enlarged to the circumference of four or five inches, with slight puffiness and an occasional discharge of matter. It does not appear sore to the touch, nor is it particularly sore looking, as the surface is dry, with several small holes through which matter discharges. The dog has plenty of exercise, and is apparently in good condition otherwise. Ans. Your dog has an ulcer. The cause seems obscure. If the bottom of the sore is yellow and unhealthy, poultice with flaxseed until it cleans up and becomes red. Then get some oil and of the balsam of Peru, and, after cleansing the sore with warm water and castile soap, apply night and morning. Allow free exit for the discharges.

NAVILLUS, Washington.—Having sent my setter puppy down the country a month ago, I saw her for the first time yesterday. The party keeping her says she had the distemper, and he gave her two doses of castor oil. She is well of distemper, but has what I would call the jerks, except that it is continuous when she is on her feet. I told him to give her one-half pint milk twice daily until I heard from you, with teaspoonful of whisky in each half pint. Ans. Your dog has chorea. Give her three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily, and increase a drop daily up to six drops, and then come gradually down to two drops. Also get some pills of the valerianate of zinc made. Each pill to contain two grains, and give one morning and evening hidden in a piece of meat. Keep bowels free. Report result.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

INTER-CLUB CONTESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue (June 4) the article on "Inter-Club Contest" has attracted my attention, and I fully indorse the plan set forth; but have one suggestion to offer, viz., that the terms of contests should not call for ten men, but should be made five or six. My reason is, that there are many clubs who could not shoot so many men with any chance of winning, while if a less number be allowed the number of teams that would enter the contests would be much larger. If a club have ten men, allow them to shoot them all in teams of five each or as many teams of five as they wish to enter.

This seems to me to be fair for all and shuts no one out of a chance to compete. CHAS. E. DWIGHT.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 5.

THE CALIBER .22.—An article by Ralph Greenwood recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, concerning the new cal. .22 made by the Massachusetts Arms Company, Chicopee Falls. I consider it to be the duty of every sportsman to make public the merits and demerits of any new invention offered to the craft. With this end in view, I carefully tested the new centerfire cartridge, 10-45 naked bullet, and found it to shoot fully 50 per cent. better than any rim-fire cartridge, at distances above 25yds. The admirers of the little .22 are truly indebted to this enterprising company for at last producing a cartridge as reliable as those of large caliber. An extra barrel is made for shooting rimfire cartridges for any who wish to do so, it being impossible to use both kinds in the same barrel, owing to the difference in diameter of the shells. Fair results, however, up to 25yds., may be obtained by using the centerfire shell with 3 grains powder and a TTT shot, cal. .22.—W. L. CARPENTER.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, June 6, a good day and fair attendance.

J Busfield	4456545444—44	R Griffin	4444554434—41
J Manners	4544444455—43	H Poor	4434454444—40
W Pillsbury	4454444454—42	E Bray	4454444433—40
W Worthen	4444544441—41	F Merrill	4434444444—38
J F Brown	5444444441—41		

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club had a splendid day for rifle shooting June 6, at their Lake Lookout range. There was a very poor attendance. The club are looking out for a new range, the present one being too far from the city and the marksmen don't like to have to walk so far before and after shooting. The first class marksman's badge was won by L. De Clair, with the very fine score of 112; the second class marksman's badge was won by T. T. Cartwright, whose score of 102 points raises him to the rank of a first class marksman. E. T. Stephens and S. K. Hindley shot a rest match which was won by Stephens. The scores were:

L De Clair	10	10	10	12	11	12	12	12	12	11	—112
E T Stephens	11	10	9	12	11	11	12	8	10	11	—105

Cartwright had a walk over for the second class, his score was:

T T Cartwright	9	10	11	11	10	10	11	11	11	8	—102

The scores made in the rest match were:

E T Stephens	11	11	12	12	11	11	11	10	12	11	—113
S K Hindley	11	12	11	11	12	11	10	9	9	8	—104

The club has voted to challenge the Brattleboro (Vt.) Rifle Club to shoot a match here July 4.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 1.—Inclosed find "maiden" effort of gun club on the American decimal target, 200yds. off-hand, wind very divers from 11 o'clock, but three men put in an appearance for shooting. The score stood:

"Pinacenter"	10	9	8	8	10	8	10	7	8	10	—88
Moore	7	3	9	6	8	5	8	9	7	8	—70
Kapple	9	6	7	6	9	6	2	4	0	5	—54

BOSTON, June 6.—The attendance at the Walnut Hill Range to-day was small, probably owing to the numerous spring meetings which have recently been held in New England. During the day a team match was shot between the gentlemen present. The scores are appended; at 200yds. in all cases:

Creedmoor Match.

J Halsey, B	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	—45
C W Hodgdon, A	2	5	4	5	2	4	4	5	4	4	—42
A White, A (mil.)	4	4	5	5	5	3	4	5	4	3	—42
J E Darmody, A (mil.)	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	5	5	4	—40

Decimal Match.

W Charles, A	6	8	9	9	10	9	9	7	10	8	—85
J B Fellows, A	10	7	8	9	8	8	8	9	10	3	8—80
R Reed, A	8	4	10	8	10	10	7	8	9	7	—76
D Davis, D	5	10	3	4	9	5	9	7	10	9	—71
J N Frye, D	0	10	2	10	9	10	5	7	5	9	—67
J P Bates, C	10	8	9	9	3	2	4	7	6	4	—62
H White, A (mil.)	4	2	2	2	8	8	10	10	6	9	—61

Rest Match.

S Wilder, A	9	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	—95
J Halsey, A	10	9	10	9	9	8	9	9	10	10	—93
S Winchester, A	9	10	10	9	8	8	8	9	9	10	—90
J Hurd, A	10	8	9	9	10	9	10	9	7	7	—87
W Kirkwood, A	10	10	6	8	9	7	7	9	9	10	—85

Capt. Charles's Team.

W Charles	6	8	9	9	10	9	9	7	10	8	—82
J Halsey	5	10	7	2	6	7	8	6	8	6	—65
J Francis	9	9	5	3	5	3	5	10	9	5	—62
White (mil.)	4	2	2	2	8	8	10	10	6	9	—61
J N Frye	7	5	8	4	9	4	6	4	6	0	—53
R Davis	6	3	3	2	6	2	9	7	5	6	—49—376

Capt. Fellows's Team.

J B Fellows	10	7	8	9	8	8	9	10	3	8	—80
R Reed	8	4	10	8	10	10	7	3	9	7	—76
C E Berry	8	7	3	5	3	9	9	4	7	5	—60
J P Bates	3	10	7	3	7	3	6	3	4	6	—52
N Winthrop (mil.)	3	3	2	5	8	7	4	3	3	7	—45
C W Hodgdon	4	4	3	2	4	4	5	5	4	2	—37—350

HARTFORD, Conn., June 3.—The Franklin Rifle Club of Hartford gave a prize shoot to-day at Union Grove, which proved a success, as the attendance was large and some fine scores were made on the German target, off-hand, any rifle, out of a possible 75. The ties were decided by the best middle shot, and if those were the same, then the last shots were examined and the best was given the leading place. The following were the scores:

H Andrus	22	25	24	—71
J D Marks	25	23	23	—71
S J Lyons	22	24	24	—70
I DeClair	22	24	24	—70
W W Tucker	24	24	22	—70
F En le	25	23	24	—70
O B Hull	24	23	23	—70
E P Whitney	24	21	24	—69
E H Williams	23	22	23	—68
Wm Halm	23	23	20	66
D E Carl	22	21	23	—66
J A Wilson	24	21	21	—66
D Seymour	25	21	20	—66
E A Folsom	22	20	23	—65
H M Pope	22	25	17	—64
A H Merriman	22	23	19	—64
M W Bull	25	16	23	64

On the bullseye target, the shot to count a bullseye must strike within 1¼in. of the exact center.

CREEDMOOR, June 6.—The second champion marksman's class match of the season was shot to day at Creedmoor. The wind was rather uneven in the morning, but in the afternoon it steadied down and some fine scores were made. Lieut. E. I. Zalinski was the executive officer. The following were the winners:

J H La Croix	22	25	—47	
W A Robinson	21	23	—44	
J F Klein	23	21	—44	
F Van Lennep	20	23	—43	
T S Shepherd	22	22	—43	
G W Munson	22	21	—43	
C F Robbins	21	21	—42	
I A Bartley	18	23	—41	
H H Speis	21	19	—40	

In the *Army and Navy Journal* match T. J. Dolan and T. S. Shepherd each made 33.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 5.—The following have been selected for the Wimbledon team of 1885: Private Cook, Color Sergt Dalrymple, Capt. Corbin, Private Kimmerly, Staff Sergt. Asball, Assistant Surgeon McLaughlin, Corp. Hilton, Corp. Minor, Staff Sergt. Allan, Sergt. Carson, Staff Sergt. Wynne, Capt. Thomas, Lieut. Patterson, Lieut. Sherwood, Private King, Lieut. Jameson, Sergt. Short, Private Morris, Capt. McDonald and Lieut. Kirkpatrick. They will report for practice on the 22d inst. at Ottawa, and will sail on the Parisian on the 27th.

ST. LOUIS, May 31.—The Laclede Rifle Club to-day held its first outdoor shoot at their range at the Red House. The shooting was at 200yds., off-hand, and out of a possible 50. The following scores were made:

J E Hurt	4545445445—44	G Woesner	4453444544—40
M Gibbons	5554455454—46	A Bengel	3455554555—45
M Billmeyer	4454435544—43		

THOMASTON, Conn., June 6.—The weather conditions on Bridgemoor Range to-day were a bright light with a strong 3 o'clock wind:

G P North	11	11	10	12	12	12	8	11	9	10	—106
G A Lemmon	12	8	9	10	10	11	11	12	15	10	—105
I L Ailing	10	9	10	11	11	9	11	9	10	10	—100
W H Dunbar	7	11	11	10	11	11	11	10	9	8	—99
A S Hubbard	9	7	11	10	11	11	10	8	11	8	—96
E Thomas	9	11	10	9	8	10	8	8	12	10	—95
C F Williams	8	10	10	10	6	8	12	12	10	7	—93
F Carr	10	10	10	7	9	7	8	8	11	11	—91
A Fox	10	9	9	12	7	8	11	9	6	6	—87
G Smith	9	11	9	3	6	9	6	6	10	4	—73

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE GLASS-BALL ASSOCIATION will hold its sixth annual summer shooting tournament on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club, Wellington, Mass., June 17 and 18, matches open only to members of the association. The grounds of the Boston Gun Club will be open for practice on the 16th of June. All organized clubs throughout the State are invited to join the association immediately, that their members may be eligible to the matches of this tournament. Application for membership should be made to the secretary, of whom all information may be obtained. The annual meeting of the delegates to the State Association will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, at 8 o'clock P. M., on June 17, 1885, to elect officers for the ensuing year.—CHAS. HARTWELL, Secretary (Worcester).

TRAP SCORES should be received at the FOREST AND STREAM office on Monday.

BROWN'S DRIVING PARK, L. I. May 27.—American rules, handicap rise. 50 birds a side: Allan Nichols, 30yds., 49; John Goodwin, 25yds. 46 (41st bird fell dead out of bounds. May 30.—Handicap rise, 80yds. boundary, H. & T. traps, Long Island Gun Club rules: Allan Nichols, 28yds., 48; Parke Griswold, 26yds., 45; Mr. VanDyke, 26yds., 44; Doctor Mitchell, 25yds., 41.—W. SANFORD, Referee.

HARTFORD, June 4.—Match of Colt Gun Club, 15 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, traps fourth notch:

E A Folsom	111101101111111	—13	
M Cook	110111010000100	— 7	
J Howe	101000100010110	— 6	
J Peard	010000000011010	— 4	
George Best	101011000100000	— 6	
W Johnson	010010001010010	— 6	
E O Howe	110110001011010	— 8	
O B Treat	110010111011111	—11	
M White	000110110110100	— 7	
J Cook	000100111101011	— 8	
D E Strong	001000010111010	— 6	
J Alger	000100101110111	— 7	
A C Collins	110000010000010	— 4	

Ties of 8, 21yds. rise: E. O. Howe 1, J. Cook 0; ties of 7, M. Cook 0, J. Alger 1, M. White 0; ties of 6, J. Howe 1, George Best 0, W. Johnson 0, D. Strong 0. Shoots hereafter will be held every two weeks.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS VS. ALGONQUIN.—New York, June 4.—Live pigeon match at the grounds of the Algonquin Club, Weehawken; teams of 10 men each, 25yds. rise, rules of the National Gun Association:

Washington Heights.		Algonquins.	
Fountain	1101111010 — 7	Dunseith	0100001111 — 5
Harrison	0111011001 — 6	Cromwell	1010101111 — 7
P Disbrow	1111100111 — 8	Hanna	1111111001 — 9
Moore	0000011101 — 4	Male	1100100110 — 5
Appiegate	1111101011 — 8	Lordly	0010100000 — 2
J H Terwilleger	0101110001 — 4	Brenner	1010100010 — 5
W W Disbrow	1111111111 — 10	Sauer	0110000100 — 3
C R Terwilleger	1101010111 — 7	Van Schaick	1011111111 — 9
Roe	1010010101 — 5	Greig	1111111100 — 8
Snook	1101101100 — 6—63	Radzinsky	0000011110 — 4—57

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—Woodside, L. I., June 3.—Match at five birds, Eberhardt 28yds., score 1 and withdrew; the rest 25yds.:

Manning	0111111	—6	
Lyon	1001110	—4	
Winholz	1110111	—6	
Tapken	1111110	—6	
Barlow	1010110	—4	
Siemo	0011001	—3	
Helmken	0111111	—6	
Dr Franz	0101010	—3	
Terrett	0110001	—3	
Grau	1101001	—4	
Wahlen	1111110	—6	
Kroger	1101011	—5	
Evers	0101101	—4	
Dowling	1111111	—7	

Dowling did not compete for badge. Ties of 6, 22yds.: Manning, Winholz, Tapken and Wahlen 3 each; Helmken 2, Second tie, 29yds.: Manning, Winholz and Wahlen 3; Tapken 2. Third tie, 30yds.; Winholz 3, Manning and Wahlen 2.

FLATBUSH, L. I., June 4.—Match between two members of the Flatbush Rod and Gun Club and two members of the Seawanhaka Gun Club of the same place, at 12 clay-pigeons apiece, trap first notch, 18yds. rise:

Seawanhaka Gun Club.		Flatbush Rod and Gun Club.	
W S Smith	111100110111 — 9	H Balzer	111111111111 — 12
W A Coster	111110101111 — 10 — 19	A Ba zer	100100110111 — 7 — 19

Tie at 30yds.: Smith 2, Coster 3—5; H. Balzer 2, A. Balzer 1—3.—SEAWANHAKA.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.—The next tournament of our Association is to be held at this place. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. A. Hobbs; First Vice-President, Joseph Victor; Second Vice-President, A. C. Reuss; Treasurer, Dan Oustott; Secretary, C. P. Richards; Board of Directors, J. J. Jennelle, J. M. Cline, George Crosby, A. C. Tanner and Dr. M. Hughes.—C. P. R.

IOWA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The convention and tournament will be held at the fair grounds, Atlantic, Ia., June 23, 24, 25 and 26. The association will offer breechloading guns, sportsmen's goods of every variety, and many valuable cash prizes. There will also be the team contest for the State trophy and the individual contest for the State badge, and also a contest for the championship badge of the Northwest, offered by the State Association. All matches open to the world, except three and five, Association rules to govern. Copies of rules can be had of the secretary at Atlantic.—S. W. W. STRAIGHT, Secretary.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., May 30.—A combination match is now in preparation, in which the participants will be obliged to shoot glass balls, clay-pigeons, live pigeons, and a new half-ball gyro, the substances all being forced from a new trap made expressly and combined to answer for all kinds of shooting. Mr. Robert A. Haebner, the inventor of this trap, who has lately left New York city, says that this match will beyond any doubt be held in the State of Michigan some time about the first or early part of September, during which time he will receive entries for the match at East Saginaw, Mich.

BARCELONA SPORTSMEN.—Sunday afternoon is a season of gayety in this old Spanish city, and a writer in a recent letter tells of one method of getting so-called sport with a gun. As the Sabbath afternoon advances the correspondent says: "A general move is made to the San Pedro Martir, a hill, at the top of which overlooking the town and harbor and laid out with tea gardens, etc., is the great attraction 'il Tiro a los Polomas,' or pigeon shooting. Seated around a huge open area are fifty shooters, while in the middle is a large cage full of unlucky pigeons, which are released one by one and rapidly riddled by the numerous and eager shooters. Each 'sporteman' has a dog of some description, and when the pigeon falls a general rush is made by one pack to secure the quarry. At times the whole fifty shooter discharge their guns at one bird, making a terrific noise. Further down the hill another popular sport is carried on; that is 'El Tiro a los Pollos e Coneco,' the chicken and rabbit shoot. This is a strange sight. Hung by the legs from a string, head downward, about 120yds. from the shooters is a live rabbit, while about 20yds. on either side are two roosters suspended in the same position, and last of all, there is a white rabbit, which is tied by the leg and takes as much exercise as a tether, 10ft. long and a ball of bullets will warrant. Here in a reserved space, some 250ft. from her quarry, sit a varying number of ones, whose anxiety is to exterminate the pending victims, which eventually succumb, one by one, and are victoriously carried away by the lucky marksman. A hit is always visible from the kicks given by the unfortunate animal."

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The State shooting tournament of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, opened on the 2d inst. at the Compton Avenue Park here and has been a very enjoyable affair in many respects. There was no end of sweepstake matches and almost every part of the State was represented. The majority of the shooting was at live birds and they were of a very good class. The main match of the meeting was the competition for the State medal in teams from clubs. This was shot on the 3d, and afforded opportunity for an unpleasant occurrence, from which, however, trap-shooting in general, and that of Missouri in particular, may reap some benefit. By the terms of the tournament shooters were restricted to the use of one ounce and a quarter of shot. The winners of the prize last year were the Keystone Club, of Cameron Mo., and they were in the lead on the 3d until the seventh round, when Mr. A. Caldwell of Norborne, but of the Keystone also, stepped up to the mark. As he did so, Mr. Riley, of the Kansas City Club, challenged his shell, and President L. D. Dozier at once demanded it of the shooter. It was taken from the breech and handed over to the judges, Messrs. S. C. Edgar and C. A. Penrose, who, on drawing the top wad, measured the contents by a Dixon's standard measure, No. 1,107, and thought at first that it was overloaded. The Keystones did no more shooting, and when they left the field it was generally understood that they would take no further part in the tournament. A committee, appointed by the judges, however, investigated the matter more thoroughly during the evening, and came to the conclusion that the Keystones were not so much in the wrong after all. They had been using an old style of the Dixon measure, but le used of late, but still a perfectly legitimate one. They had been using it for twelve years, and it was only a very little larger than the new measure of the same make.

The conditions of the State medal match made it open only to one team of four men from each club belonging to the State association. Five birds at each of 21, 23 and 31yds. rise; ties, three singles at 31. Entrance, $20 a team; $100 to go to the club last holding the medal, the balance to be divided in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The first money, 43.60, was divided between the Kansas City and the St. Louis Game and Fish Preserve Association; the Excelsiors of St. Louis took second money, $32.70; the Carondelet third, $21.80, and the fourth money, $10.30, was walked off with by the club from Mexico, Mo., which also annexed a special prize of $25, donated by the Kansas City Club. The score was as under. Fifteen birds at 21, 23 and 31yds.:

Kansas City.		St. Louis Central Gun Club.	
Fredericks	111111111111111	—15	
Underwood	111101101101111	—12	
Riley	101111101111111	—13	
Sharp	111101111111010	—12—52	
St. Louis G. & F. Preserve Asso.			
Morton	111111111111111	—15	
Gates	111101111101011	—11	
Field	111011111111111	—14	
Peck	111100111011111	—12—52	
Excelsior.			
Loercke	001111111111111	—13	
Schaaf	110110111101111	—12	
Rinkle, Jr.	111101111100111	—12	
Weber	111111111111111	—14—51	
Carondelet.			
Meier	011111110111113	—13	
C Weber	111101101111101	—12	
Wolfsch'g'r	111111111100011	—12	
P Weber	110011111101113	—12—49	
St. Louis Gun Club.			
Dozier	011111111111114	—14	
West	010111101101111	—11	
Wilson	111111101011113	—13	
Pitts	111111010101101	—11—49	
Dardenne.			
Marks	000111100110111	— 9	
Malin	100111110010013	—10	
Garrison	111101111111114	—14	
Bradford	111111111111100	—13—46	
Nouss	010111110111112	—12	
Mauer	010010011111000	— 7	
Eberle	011101010100011	— 9	
Hein	111100111111001	—11—39	
Palmyra.			
Temons	001111111101111	—12	
Gash	111110011100101	—10	
Tuley	101110001001011	— 8	
Bates	111111101111010	—12—42	
Keystone, of Cameron.			
Schneider	110111111111113		
Cockerel	111111011111114		
Watson	111111110011111		
Caldwell	011111111111	ruled out	
Western Gun Club.			
Sieminski	111111111111014		
Faifer	110111111111013		
Lefevre	111101110011110	—11	
Hassfurth'r	000101110001001	— 7—45	
Mexico, Mo.			
E Morris	111011110111113		
Buckner	111111110111013		
W Morris	101101110111101	—11	
Moore	111101010100111	—11—48	

First tie, 31yds.: Kansas City 10, St. Louis G. & F. Preserve Association 8. Second tie, 31yds.: Carondelet 9, St. Louis Gun Club 8.

TOPSHAM, Me.—The Riverside Club of this place will hold a grand clay-pigeon and glass ball tournament on the Sagadahoc County Fair Grounds, on June 18, open to all residents of Maine who are members of shooting clubs. Among the prizes which are to be offered is a Parker B. L. shotgun. A good time may be expected.—CHAS. GOUD, Secretary.

GREENWICH GUN CLUB.—Ten Acres, Greenwich, Conn., June 3.—The scores for the Rendle prize, Greener trap gun, were as follows:

Rendle	0110111110111100010	—13									
Ritch	1011001000010010001	— 8									
Marshall	1001010000001010110	— 9									
Miner	0111011111001101110	—13									
Finiels	0111101011001000010	— 9									
E Silleck	0000010010001010100	— 5									
Foote	1000110110100111111	—13									
W Mead	1100000101000000001	— 5									
O Merritt	0000010001000000001	— 4									
E Potsdam	1011001000000000000	— 4									
E Mead	0101001111000000111	—10									
Brush	1001100000010000100	— 5									
F Merritt	0000100 100010011011	— 7									
Higgins	0000000000100000001	— 5									

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, June 3.—At Prospect Park Fair grounds to-day some good shooting was done by the members of the Fountain Gun Club. The sport was under the club's rules, five traps, 5yds. apart, 80yds. boundary. The handicap was divided into classes—A, B and C. The member with the best record in his class at the end of the season receives a handsome trophy. Out of the twenty-eight birds shot at in Class A only three got away, and they were badly hit. A. Eddy won after tieing Dr. Wynn, both shooting at 30yds. In class B J. Rathjen, from the 26-yard mark, killed 7 straight birds and won, and Dr. S. P. Leveridge won in class C by killing 5 out of 7. He also won an extra sweep, killing three straight, and C. W. Wingert broke 3 clay-pigeons and won another sweep. The scores were as follows:

Class A.

A Eddy	1111111	—7	H McLoughlin.	1011111	—6
Dr Wynn	1111111	—7	C W Wingert	1101101	—5

Tie—Eddy, 110. Wynn, 100.

Class B.

J Rathjen	1111111	—7	P Sheridan	1101011	—5
R Grace	1111010	—5	L Duryea	1111000	—4

Class C.

Dr S P Leveridge	1111010	—5	Professor L P Brawe	1100001	—3
A W Phelps	1010011	—4	C A Chappell	11000r.	—2

BROCKTON, Mass., June 2.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club came here to-day to contest with the Brockton riflemen for the championship and the State team badge, now held by the home club. The high wind interfered somewhat with the shooting, but the scores made were creditable. Worcester won the badge by the narrow score of 81 to 80. The score:

Worcester Club.			Brockton Club.		
Holden	1111111111111111111	—19	Allen	1111111111111011110	—18
Webber	0111110001111010110	—14	Bartlett	0111100111000111110	—13
Brown	1011100001111001111	—13	Tirrell	1101111011111101011	—16
Gilman	1111011111111011110	—17	Wilbur	1111100111010111111	—17
Perry	1011111111111111011	—18	Wood	1011110011101111111	—16
		81			80

WELLINGTON, June 6.—The fine weather of to-day drew a good attendance to the Malden Gun Club shoot. The events resulted as follows: 1. Five pigeons, Papanti and Evans divided first. 2. Three pairs pigeons, Shumway first. 3. Five pigeons, Snow first. 4. Five pigeons, Spencer and Snow first. 5. Seven pigeons, Parker and Snow divided first. 6. Five blackbirds, Spencer and Evans divided first. 7. Three pairs pigeons, Stanton first. 8. Seven pigeons, Pratt and Shumway divided first. 9. Medal match, 10 pigeons—Evens 10, Snow 9, Parker 8, Ellsworth 8, Stanton 7, Scott 7, Sanborn 7, Pratt 7, Spencer 7, Papanti 7, Shumway 6. 10. Ten pigeons, Evans first. 11. Five pigeons, Spencer first. 12. Three pairs pigeons, Henry first. 13. Five pigeons, Papanti and Evans divided first.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—Regular monthly glass-ball shoot of the Washington Heights Gun Club, May 6:

Hunt	10 01111110111111111101—20
C R Terwilleger	10111101110110100101101—15
Roe	0001 w
G Snook	0 00010101000 0101000000— 5
Romeline	0000101010100000010000— 6
J H Terwilleger	01001101111100000111111100—14
Fountain	11111111000100000010000001—11

GALVESTON, June 2.—The gun club's shoot, under the auspices of the Galveston Gun Club, closed to day. The attendance was light. The shoot to-day was for special prizes. In the special shoot this morning, Messrs. Pettitt, Dorsey, Fant, Garland and Leicht scored ten straight birds. On the shoot off Pettitt took first, Lucas second and Wimberly third money. In shoot No. 5, donation prizes, 10 single Peoria blackbirds, 15yds. rise, Downey 10 straight birds, took first prize, a Colts revolver, valued at $30; Fant, 9 birds, second, 500 loaded shells, $20; Pettitt, third, a box of tobacco, $15; Harris, fourth, a box of cigars, $9. The sixth shoot was also for special prizes. This closed the shoot, which was highly satisfactory to those engaged in it, but was not patronized as its merits deserved.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—To-day James V. Coleman and Dr. Shorb met at Bird's Point, Alameda, to shoot a match for $100 a side, at 24 pigeons, 25yds. rise, Hurlingham rules. The match was a most exciting one from start to finish, both men being on their mettle and doing some excellent shooting on fast, strong birds, many of which had just enough life left in them to clear the 100-yard boundry before dropping dead. T. Ewing acted as judge and referee for the shooters, and also held the collaterals. Below are the scores:

Dr Shorb	110110101010111011110111—17
J V Coleman	100111111010110110111111—18

Taking into consideration the quality of the birds the scores were very good.

GALESVILLE, Wis., June 6. Following is the score made to-day by the Galesville Gun Club at 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise: Ira S. Farrand 8, Aaron Kribs 8, Alfred Kellman 4, Charles Farrand 6, Charles Arens 7, W. S. Luce 7, G. S. Luce 6, G. T. Shrake 4, C. C. Smith 2, Joseph Jensen 3.

THE JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB has made arrangements to hold a union shoot every Saturday afternoon, on their grounds at Marion, N. J., during the summer season. These shoots will be open to all members of clubs and their friends, in and around New York, and you are invited to attend. To make these shoots attractive, and to afford the best and most varied practice, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, American clay-birds, Knoxville and Peoria blackbirds and globe flights will be used in rotation. All sweepstakes will be at 7 or 10 birds, 50 cents entrance, birds 3 cents a piece. New rules of the National Gun Association to govern in all matches. Parties not wishing to participate in sweepstakes can shoot for birds only. The eastern officer of the National Gun Association, Mr. J. Von Lengerke, will be in attendance and receive propositions for membership, etc. Trains will leave foot of Cortlandt street, New York, to Marion, at 12:20 and 2:30 P. M. Horse cars every 5 minutes. Cartridges loaded on the grounds, 4 cents a piece.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Eastern office care of Von Lengerke & Detmoid, 14 Murray street, New York.—The second Inter-State National Gun Association tournament will be held at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Pa., July 1, 2, 3 and 4.

TRAP NOTES.—The tournament of the Iowa State Association for the protection of game and fish will be held at Atlantic, Iowa, June 23 to 25....The California Rifle Association will hold their spring meeting at Shell Mound on June 14; eight matches will be shot off.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties."
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (signed) C. M. STARR.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

June 24—Vesper Boat Club, Annual Regatta.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE BALLAST ISLAND MEET.

THE Cleveland C. C. have issued a handsomely-printed circular, entitled "Bulletin of the Canoe Meet at the Lake Erie Islands," which gives full information about the camp and races. The programme is as follows:

Saturday, July 18—Formation of camp.

Sunday, July 19—Church service, 10:30 A. M., in assembly room.

Monday, July 20—General cruising and visiting among canoers and yachtsmen. At 7:30 P. M., assembly for business in the assembly room; appoint committees to name next place of meeting, to report Friday evening.

Tuesday, July 21—Regattas of the yachts and pound boats. In the evening at 8 o'clock, grand ball at Wehrle's parlors.

Wednesday, July 22—Canoe races: Race No. 1—9:30 A. M. Class I., one mile; paddling. Race 2—10 A. M. Class III., one mile; paddling. Race 3—11 A. M. Class II., one-half mile; paddling. Race 4—1:30 P. M. Class B, three miles; sailing; no limit to ballast or rig. Race 5—3 P. M. Class A, three miles; sailing; no limit to ballast or rig. Race 6—4:30 P. M. Classes I and A, 300ft.; upset race.

Thursday, July 23—Canoe races: Race 7—9:30 A. M. Class C, three miles; sailing. Race 8—11:30 A. M. All classes, three miles; sail first mile, paddle second, sail third. Race 9—2 P. M. Class V., one mile; paddling. Race 10—2:30 P. M. Class IV., one mile; paddling. Race 11—3 P. M. All canoes, two miles; sailing; open to men who have never sailed a canoe before '85. Race 12—4 P. M. Hurry scurry race: run 100yds., swim to canoe and paddle 200yds. At 8 P. M., grand banquet at Beebe House.

Friday, July 24—Canoe races: Race 13—10 A. M. Sailing race for open canoes not over 18ft; three miles; decked canoes barred. Race 14—11:30 A. M. Paddling race for novices who have never paddled a canoe ten days previous to race; half mile. Race 15—2 P. M. Sailing race, any class, for prize winners of sailing races only; three miles. Race 16—3:30 P. M. Paddling race, any class, for prize winners of paddling races only; one mile. Race 17—4 P. M. Upset race, open to all. 8 P. M.—Meeting for presentation of prizes, to receive report of committee on next place of meeting, and to elect officers for the ensuing year. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 25, 26, 27 and 28, general cruising and visiting to neighboring islands.

Classifications, Paddling.—Class I. Length not over 16ft., and beam from 26 to 30in. Class II. Length not over 18ft., and beam not under 30in. Class III. Length not over 18ft., and beam not under 24 and not over 28in. Class IV. Open canoes, single or double-bladed paddles. Class V. Tandem canoes.

Sailing Classes.—Class A. Length not over 16ft. and beam not over 28in. Class B. Length not over 18ft., with a limit of 28½in. beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¾in. for each full 6in. of length decreased, Class C. Length to be not over 18ft. and any beam allowance of 6sec. per foot per mile, length measurement. Open or decked canoes.

The races will be held under the rules of the American Canoe Association, so far as they are applicable to certain changes in classification, etc. Tents will be pitched to the liking of each individual or club under direction of the superintendent of camp. Entries for the race must be made with the chairman of the Regatta Committee not later than half an hour before the time of starting. A branch post office will be established at headquarters. Mail should be addressed to care Canoe Camp, Ballast Island, via Put-in-Bay, Ohio. The camp will be under the continuous surveillance of a watchman. Invitations to the banquet will be restricted to yachtsmen and canoers and their immediate friends. The number of invitations will of necessity be limited, and it is especially requested that all who expect to attend will procure their invitations on or before noon of Wednesday. No one will be admitted without an invitation. Invitation to the banquet and tickets to both banquet and ball can be secured of L. C. Secretary or of the committee. Tickets to banquet, $1 each; tickets to ball (ladies free), $1 each. A caterer will provide regular meals for a small price for those who do not desire to cook in camp. Ballast Island can be reached from Sandusky, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland by regular boats, which leave those cities every morning at 8 A. M. The ways of reaching those cities by railroad are too well known to be enumerated here. Camp supplies can be obtained at Put-in-Bay Island at moderate prices. Canoes will be carried free of cost on the steamers running from the above mentioned ports, provided the owners of said canoes are with them.

The committee have arranged everything for the convenience of the campers, and have done all possible to make the meet a success; the remainder rests with the canoeists and yachtsmen of the West. The opportunity to organize permanently is offered to them in a way that it never has been before, and may not be again for some years should they neglect it and not attend in sufficient numbers to make it a success. A little effort on the part of Western canoeists and yachtsmen will give such foundation to their respective sports as will place them on an entirely new basis, and add greatly to the rapidity of their growth. It is desirable that as many as possible shall attend this year as there is much business to be attended to, and the coöperation of all is needed, and it is also desirable that each shall give some consideration in advance to the subjects to be discussed, in order that they may be able to take an active part in the business. The question before the canoeists will probably be whether to unite with the present A. C. A. or to form an independent body, and each canoeist who will be present will do well to study carefully the constitution and rules of the Association, and to make himself familiar with them. There is always much detail about work of this kind, but much time may be saved if all are familiar with the work to be done and are prepared to take part in it. A generous programme of races has been provided, the only fault, we fear, being the number of events, as more or less delay is inevitable. We regret that the committee have formulated a new set of measurement rules instead of following those in use by the Association, both because we believe from experience at other meets that those given above will not prove satisfactory, and also because two systems must necessarily clash. Canoeists and builders generally have lately become well acquainted with the A. C. A. rules, and are building all canoes to fit them, while the terms Class 2 or 3 and Class A or B are well understood. The new classification given above applies the same terms to totally different classes and is sure to make confusion. The arrangement is only for this meet, however, and can be retained or rejected at the pleasure of those present, for the future. Canoeists who intend to be present will aid the committe by sending their names at once to G. Harry Gardner, Cleveland.

SAILING AND PADDLING RECORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading over the different letters, which appeared about a year ago, in favor of giving record prizes, I find all the writers considered that it would result in ascertaining what was the best all-round canoe. In fact these words are used by the regatta committee in their report. No one seems to have taken the canoeist into consideration. A is a first-class sailor and has a good all-round canoe, but is physically unable to compete with B in paddling. B is as good a sailor, and his muscle enables him to paddle a canoe—not a good all-round craft—faster than A. His (B 's) score will always be, putting luck aside, the highest. The Mohican Club appear to recognize this view, for I notice they are going to give average prizes in sailing and paddling separately.

It should be understood in future that the men winning the record prizes are the best all-round canoeists, and that their canoes may or may not be the best all-round craft. I use the word canoeist advisedly, for it is not by any means likely that in future any member will be able to win a record without doing some sailing. The second prize was won last season by a man who did not sail in a single race. The canoes which won both prizes cannot be accepted as the best all round craft.

The report of the regatta committee for 1884 was a very instructive document, and will bear a lot of looking into. The final record is especially interesting. I have made an analysis of it with a view of ascertaining whether the record prizes really stimulated entries, as you, Mr. Editor, seem to think it did. I find first forty-three canoes recorded. As Johnson used three and Gould two, it leaves just forty canoes and canoeists to be taken into account. Of these seven paddled and did not sail, twenty-eight sailed and did not paddle, and only five both paddled and sailed. These five hailed: two from Peterboro, one Ottawa, one Toronto, and one Lake George. Can a better show be made this season?

BOREAS.

[It must always happen that the different personal qualifications of the men will greatly influence the results, but in the main a fair average will be reached, both of men and boats. To give separate prizes for sailing and paddling would effect just the end which it is desired to avoid, the development of special boats, to the exclusion of the all-around cruiser. It is, perhaps, best that the odds, if any, are in favor of the paddler, as the tendency of canoeing is toward larger and heavier boats, sacrificing portability and paddling qualities, and a slight premium to the paddler will tend to check this. The fact that the second prize was won by a man who did not sail has little bearing on the question, as the record was a new experiment, hardly known or understood by the majority, and but few entered the races merely to make a record. Besides this the "one man, one boat" rule will limit the paddling record this year. The second prize was awarded for a score of only thirty points, a very low one, and with men preparing to enter specially to make an average this year, we may expect much higher scores. The entries were very good last season compared with those of previous years, but it was no test of the value of the "average record" system as an incentive to enter. This year matters are very different, men are preparing to go in for points, whether they win any class prizes or not, and we anticipate full entries for all the events.]

CANOEING ON THE PACIFIC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my last I have investigated the wind question. I find that this matter was very freely discussed in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM a year or so ago. The U. S. signal service was enlisted in the observations, and compilations made from the records. They embrace a range of two years and a half, covering a sufficient period to show the averages, and the highest average winds occur generally in July. The summer winds blow at a speed of about twenty-four miles per hour, and from that up to thirty-two miles. The observations are taken at the Merchants' Exchange, California street, San Francisco, and it is probable that an increased speed prevails in places where the wind has a clean sweep, as in the Channel and San Pablo Bay. I quote from the volume containing the constitution and by laws of the S. F. Y. C. Our summer breezes start in gently in the morning, ranging perhaps seven to ten miles an hour; by 1 o'clock rising perceptibly, and from 2 to 5 P. M. blowing a young gale, then dies out to the gentlest of zephyrs. This season we have had unusual winds. Morn, noon and night it has puffed and blowed entirely regardless of precedent and of consequences. I am told, and I'd like you to verify it for me, that your average breezes are from seven to twelve miles an hour; just nice for canoeing, I should say.

I have ascertained that every yacht and sailboat brought here from the East has been compelled to cut the sail area down about one-third. I read the *American Canoeist* and the FOREST AND STREAM and your valuable book on "Canoe Building," and took in all the points on sails and gear, until I fancied I was competent to design a sail to just do for this latitude. Our winter winds are moderate in fair weather, and my new Mohican mainsail, about sixty square feet, was to send the canoe along in grand style. Since this season opened, however, as I have mentioned, the winds have been dancing along

"At a madcap galloping pace
Raising a commotion in every place."

I have a reef of about 9sq. ft., which is wound in a gasket close to the boom; then a reefing gear, which takes out about 15ft. more. I have not yet had any desire to spread the whole area, and since a little experience a few days ago have less curiosity than ever on that subject. My friends and neighbors have enjoyed it as a good joke, and why shouldn't you.

A friend, whom I will call Charley, accepted an invitation for a spin up the creek to East Oakland, there to take lunch, and then a nice sail homeward. On our way back we met a skiff, a common skiff, with a centerboard, lots of sail and a mariner who knew his biz at the helm. On a previous occasion this same party had caught me when I had three persons in my boat and at a disadvantage as regards trim, etc., and gave me a fine exhibition of his heels. "Now," said I, "Charley, here's a chance to get even," and we squared away for him. My boat has about 7in. of keel, and held on finely to windward. Well, it was a close race, but we managed to keep ahead. Meanwhile the wind had been gradually increasing, and I continually had to caution my comrade to "sit up to windward." One squall bit us pretty hard and I luffed. Charley slid down to the lee side, and in a moment the lee rail and combing went under the briny, and behold us scrambling on to the bottom of the craft and astride of the keel. Fortunately, a small boat was near to render assistance, and our competitor soon came up and also gave a helping hand. We soon got the masts and sails out, towed the boat ashore, emptied the water and renewed our journey home, wiser and wetter men.

The air-tight compartments proved a delusion. It is not very easy to investigate under the decks of a canoe after she is finished, and not until this mishap did I find that my safety valves would fill almost instantly. The round deck had simply warped away from the bulkhead, and a crevice about one-eighth of an inch across the top had let in the water. But for the presence of the rescuing boats, I fancy we soon should have sunk like a canoe, as the wood is heavy and not very buoyant. I am now in doubt whether I had not better cut out the bulkheads altogether. But there is no doubt that boating men should be cautioned against putting any confidence in such water-tight compartments as mine.

Two of the canoeists from the Oakland Club—Pixley and Cooper—in the Talisman and Undine, are cruising and camping down the Sacramento River. They took their canoes in the steamboat to the head of navigation, Marysville or Butte City, and are making their way down by easy stages. Letters from them give glowing accounts of the hunting and fishing, and of their enjoyment generally. Doubtless they will give you a full account of their trip on their return. They will travel some three or four hundred miles in the canoes before they get back to Oakland, and will have been absent about two weeks.

On the 17th of May, the first contest between the yawls of the Mosquito fleet for the champion pennant took place. The start was made at 2 o'clock. The course up Oakland Creek about a mile and a half, with a good strong breeze astern and a flood tide. The entries were: Yawl Ella, Capt. Montague; yawl Ripple, T. Evans; yawl Burrito, Capt. Moody; hunting skiff Mosquito, Wm. H. Byrnes; canoe Mystic, W. W. Blow; all keel boats except the Mosquito, which has a new Radix board. An even start was made. The Mystic soon gained the lead, and at the stake was about 150 yards in advance, her length giving her considerable advantage in running free. Turning the stake they had to face a strong tide and about an average summer wind. The Ripple was second around the stake, the Burrito third, the Mosquito and Ella going around nearly in company. From this point the Mosquito commenced to gain, sailing many points closer to the wind than any of the others, and fairly outsailed the fleet, coming in first, the Mystic being about 100ft. astern. The rest of the fleet was left some distance behind, the Burrito coming in third, the Ripple fourth and the Ella last. The Mosquito is entitled to fly the pennant until the 14th of June, when the next contest will take place.

The canoe race did not take place, only one of the fleet being ready, most of the others away cruising, etc. Doubtless at the next race they will all be on hand, as this race was greatly enjoyed by the participants, and they are all likely to brace up and make strong efforts to catch that Mosquito. MOSQUITO.

[The average velocity of the wind as given at the U. S. Signal Service Station, N. Y., is about 8.5 miles per hour in January, and 6 to 8 miles in July. The highest average is in October, November and December, when it reaches 12 to 14 miles.]

THE ROYAL C. C.

THE first match of the season, at Hendon, was sailed on Saturday last, but, unfortunately, was spoiled by the wind dying away to a calm at the end of the second round. The match was of considerable interest, in that of the six competitors four were new canoes, and the other two were both celebrated craft, viz., Pearl No. 6, and Nautilus (now called Gladys), the winner of last year's challenge cup. Of the new craft two were untried, Mr. Church's and Mr. Leech's sailing their maiden race. The Pearl of 1885 and the Nautilus of 1885 were also new, and practically sailing their maiden race, in that the one race that they have been in on the Thames was a mere drift in a light air. Mr. Leech's and Mr. Church's canoes are full-sized powerful craft, with very heavy center plates and large sails. The old Pearl and Gladys are also full size, and of the heavy-weight class, whereas the new Pearl and Nautilus are of light weight for second class, though of first class size. The start was a flying one, and a heavy black looking squall coming up the lake just before the "gun" gave promise of a heavy wetting, which, however, did not result. Nautilus, between the guns, pulled down her first reef for the squall; Pearl 6, with Tredwen, Jr., aboard, took good position for the line, but did not go for it before the gun; Nautilus, on the other hand, was rammed down full speed for the line, reached along it for a couple of seconds, and then, with the gun, luffed across with a clear lead of some thirty yards to windward of the next canoe. They all carried balance lug mainsails, but mizzens were of the fancy breed, including "rollers," "Nautilus rig," sprits and lugs. The first mark was rounded after a beat-out from the start to the headland and a reach in to the buoy. Nautilus had here increased her lead to about double her start gain, Pearl 6 was sailing well, and got away from the others. The heavier, the new Pearl and Gladys, being all together, for some time pegged steadily down to windward to the western buoy. The wind softened down, and Nautilus, which had run half up the lake by the time the others got to the west buoy, was brought aback by a change of wind, and then stood over, apparently for no reason, to the northwest shore, but soon filled off on that shore with a light N. W. breeze, with which she completed first round about one-third of a mile ahead of the others. Pearl, 1885, worked up into the front of her companions, and seemed to go better in the light breeze; but there was little chance, bar flukes, of her getting on terms with Nautilus, who was successfully catspaw hunting all over the lake.

The wind, after waking up again for a few minutes, died off nearly to a calm, but as far as could be judged it was never quite dead with the leader, as she always seemed moving by the land, and her flag was on the flutter. During the second round Messrs. Church, Leeds, Tredwen, Jr., and Knowles gave up, but new Pearl kept on to the end, Nautilus finished second round (the two rounds four miles in all, having taken three and a half hours to sail), and waited about near the raft while the officer in charge of the match was deciding whether to postpone the match or shorten the course; Pearl arrived within some two hundred yards of the buoy eighteen minutes after Nautilus had rounded. The match was then stopped and ordered to be resailed, Considering the sailing of the first round, and that the second round was successfully completed, however slowly, there is no doubt that a fair sailing match took place; and, putting the squall sailing of the first half round out of the question, the performance was certainly a test of speed in light weather, and success was dependent to a considerable extent on the careful working for, and taking advantage of, the shifts of wind.

For the light weather part so far, considering the Thames race at Easter, Pearl and Nautilus are quits; but the manner in which Nautilus turned to windward while the wind lasted debars attributing her lead entirely to flukes. Of the new heavies little can be said till they have been seen in a good blow, but then they have Gladys and No. 6. Pearl to tackle in addition to the two new light-weights. On the whole, some rare good sailing should result.—*London Field, May 9.*

A CRUISE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

MR. WILLIS D. MAIER, of Fort Wayne, Ind., made a cruise of two weeks last month in company with his little daughter Bertha, Dr. G. A. Ross, and Mr. Chas. McLain, in three canoes, Idlewild, Terrapin and Lotusflower. Going by rail to Clinton, Ia., on May 5, they launched at 2 P. M. on May 6, and started down the river against a strong head wind, increasing to a gale, while the weather was quite cold. The next two days were spent in camp, while the gale blew steadily with rain on the night of the 8th. At noon next day they launched and started down stream in rough water and with head winds, reaching Moline, Ill., at 7 P. M., where the canoes were stored in the house of the Moline Boat Club, and the party went to a hotel. Next morning the weather was unchanged, but the cruise was resumed. The chief incident of the day was the swamping of the Idlewild on the shore by the swells of a steamer.

On May 11 the weather was very hot; a start was made at 7:30 and Muscatine was reached at 11 A. M. That night the canoeists slept in their boats, as the banks were low and marshy. On the 12th, 39 miles were made in very hot weather with no wind, Burlington, Ia., being reached at 6:20 P. M.

On May 13 two of the party left to return by steamer, Mr. Maier and his daughter also taking a steamer for Louisiana, Mo., 100 miles below, which place they left on May 15, still having head winds and rough water, with rain, camping opposite Hamburg, Ill. Next day was spent between low clay banks on both sides of the river, while the wind and sea made any progress very difficult. It was only after much trouble that the crew landed for dinner, starting again at 1:50 P. M. and reaching Cape St. Gris at 8 P. M., after a hard pull in the rain. Next day, in spite of rain and wind, forty miles were covered in less than seven hours, and camp was made at Clifton, Ill., at 8 P. M. The river had proved so discouraging, with rough seas, low, marshy banks, unfitted for camping, and long stretches of mud where no landing was possible, that the canoeists determined to abandon the cruise, their conclusion being that with time and in the proper season a pleasant cruise could be had, but with the winds and weather encountered, the Mississippi was not a pleasant river. On May 18 they reached Alton, and stored the canoe to be shipped home. In spite of the severe weather and many hardships, the little girl enjoyed the cruise and was greatly benefitted in health by it.

BROCKVILLE C. C. RACES.—The Brockville C. C. have arranged a series of races to take place every two weeks for canoes and skiffs, open to club members only, and sailed under A. C. A. rules. Prizes will be given at the end of the season for the highest average. The canoes are all class B, and the skiffs are limited to 48in. beam. The annual meeting of the B. C. C. was held on the evening of Monday, June 1. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: Commodore, Neil McLean; Mate, Geo. G. Lafayette; Secretary-Treasurer, Allan Turner; Executive Committee, Commodore, Mate, Secretary-Treasurer, I. I. Belle and Francis M. Turner. The club is in good condition this year, having about thirty active members, nearly all of whom are owners of canoes.—EMILY.

HARRISBURG C. C.—A camp-fire was held at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, and a canoe club organized with fifteen members. The following officers were elected: Commodore Chas. Snyder; Vice-Commodore, John Small; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Newby. Great interest has been awakened here, and many canoes are being built. There is also talk of forming a new club. About July we expect to make a two-weeks' cruise up the Susquehanna as far as Northumberland.

HARTFORD C. C.—Com. Jones visited us last week and reports that the club are now in their new house, with which they are much pleased. They are in a very prosperous condition, and expect a good season. Many of the members are using boats from 33 to 36in. wide and outside of the A. C. A. limits, but races will be provided for them this season.

DESERONTO C. C.—On June 3 a race was sailed for the silver cup offered by Com. Rathbun, over a triangular course of 1½ miles. The entries were Alpha, Ripple, Star, Lou, Topsy and Wych. The wind was very light throughout. Wych took the lead and held it, winning easily, and the cup was presented to her owner, Mr. E. Walter Rathbun.

A NEW CLEAT.—We have received from Mr. J. H. Rushton a sample of a new canoe cleat made by him. It is in one piece, screwed to the deck, but the lower sides are so shaped as to jam the line as in a rocker cleat, while they are less costly than the latter. The cleat is low and out of the way of the hands in paddling.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

June 11—Brooklyn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 11—New York Y. C., Regatta.
June 13—Boston Y. C., First Club Race.
June 13—S. C. Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 13—Winthrop Y. C., Sweep-takes Race.
June 13—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
June 16—Harlem Y. C., Annual Regatta, Oak Point.
June 17—Quincy Y. C., Review.
June 17—East River Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 17—Peatucket Y. C.
June 17—Dorchester Y. C., Open Regatta.
June 18—New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—South Boston Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 21—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 27—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 27—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
June 30—Eastern Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. C. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
July 4—Toledo Y. C., Second Club Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise.

YACHT BUILDING ALONG THE JERSEY COAST.

SAMUEL P. CRANMER, builder, of West Creek, Ocean county, has just launched the following cat-rigged yachts: The Insie, N. H. Bishop, of Tom's River, N. J. Length of keel, 20ft.; beam, 9ft; draft, 15in. For A. Parker, of Atlantic City, N. J., a fine yacht, 24×11ft., 20in draft. For Jervis Rider, of Tuckerton, N. J., a yacht, 29×10ft., 18in. draft. For Capt. John Holmes, of Waretown, N. J., a yacht 28×9ft. and 2ft. draft. All centerboards.

Yacht building in Ocean county has increased rapidly within a few years at Tom's River and West Creek, while the sneakbox is slowly but surely approaching a great degree of perfection for a small single-hander. John D. Gifford, of Tom's River, Ocean county, has just completed a 14ft. by 52in. sneakbox for N. H. Bishop, which has been fitted with a balance-batten-lug sail, and is now being thoroughly tested. A colonel in the British army has just ordered a duplicate of Mr. Bishop's boat for Halifax waters. The novelty in Mr. Gifford's improved sneakbox is the utilizing of the rower's seat for a portable galley, in which an East Lake coal-oil stove is snugly packed. An improved 13ft. "box" and a 12ft. gunning sneakbox are now being built for an old member of the American Canoe Association.

TOM'S RIVER, Ocean county, N. J., June 3. SKIPPER.

LARCHMONT Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA.

THE annual spring pennant regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. which was sailed on June 6 was, to a great extent, spoiled by a lack of wind, the race being largely a drift. The prizes were a pennant in each class, and Commodore Munroe's prize of $50 to the winning yacht in any class in which four yachts entered. The courses sailed were No. 2 for classes 1 and 2, and No. 3 for the others, the former being from the anchorage to Execution Light, thence to Matinecock buoy, thence to Captain's Island and home past Execution, 22 miles; the latter being the same except that from Matinecock the yachts turned a mark off Constable Point, and thence to Execution and home, 17 miles.

The entries were:

Class 1—Athlon, Dr. J. C. Barron; Eclipse, E. H. Wales; Fanita, Geo. J. Gould. Class 2—Schemer, Augustin Monroe; Hope, F. B. Benedict. Class 3—Nora; Brenda, F. M. Scott; Gannet, Oliver Adams; Dart, A. H. Buck. Class 5—Lorna, E. J O'Gorman. Class 6—Cruiser, A. B. Alley; Fairy, F. E. Towle. Class 8—Skibbereen.

The wind had fallen by 11 A. M., and when the signal was given at 11:27 it was still very light. Kites were set and all were for a beat to Execution, the order being Hope, Dart, Gannet, Skibbereen, Athlon, Nora, Fanita, Schemer, Brenda, Eclipse, Lorna, Cruiser and Fairy.

The times at Execution were: Cruiser 1:56:00, Fanita 1:07:30, Lorna 1:18:22, Eclipse 1:19:58, Schemer 1:20:23; the others were not timed.

The yachts ran for Matinecock with booms square off to port, turning as follows: Fanita 2:38:45, Eclipse 3:12:20, Fairy 3:13:26, Cruiser 3:16:18, Hope 3:45:00, Schemer 3:46:50. Here the boats parted company, some making for Captain's Island and others for Constable Point. Fanita jibed about the mark at 4:10:00, Eclipse 4:28:50. By this time the breeze had freshened a little and coming from the south. No time was taken at Execution but the final times were as follows:

CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Athlon	11 32 06	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Eclipse	11 31 26	6 51 00	7 15 34	7 15 34
Fanita	11 32 35	6 28 30	6 55 55	6 53 31

CLASS 2.

Hope	11 31 16	7 30 15	7 58 59	7 58 59
Schemer	11 33 55	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

CLASS 4.

Nora	11 32 24	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Brenda	11 33 46	7 46 05	8 12 29	8 11 40
Gannet	11 31 26	7 39 30	7 58 04	7 54 58
Dart	11 31 22	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

CLASS 5.

Laura	11 58 57	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

CLASS 6.

Fairy	11 37 00	5 46 00	6 09 00	6 09 00
Cruiser	11 36 56	5 56 00	6 19 04	6 16 46

CLASS 8.

Skibbereen	11 31 31	.. .. ..	8 18 00	.. .. ..

Fanita, Hope, Gannet and Fairy won the class pennants, and Gannet wins the Munroe prize in her class.

SAVANNAH Y. C., ANNUAL REGATTA.

ON May 15 the Savannah Y. C. sailed their annual regatta over the Thunderbolt course, from the club anchorage at Thunderbolt to red buoy off Cabbage Island spit and return, 20½ nautical miles, with a 15 mile course for third class, around a markboat off Tybee Cut. The entries were as follows:

FIRST CLASS—30FT. AND OVER.

Mamie	Schooner	R. M. Demere
Claude	Sharpie	T. P. Bond
Etta	Sloop	F. L. Kinsey
Skidaway	Sloop	J. K. Munnerlyn
Whitewing	Sloop	H. W. Palmer

SECOND CLASS—20FT. TO 30FT.

May	Sloop	T. P. Bond
Naomi	Sloop	F. C. Wylly
Jennie S.	Sloop	R. M. Demere
Zinga	Sloop	J. H. Deers
Zanoni	Sloop	J. W. Schley
Wave	Sloop	W. D. Johnson
Kate Curtis	Sloop	J. N. Johnson

THIRD CLASS—SHADBOATS AND BATEAUX.

Uncas	H. C. Claghorn
Sunny South	T. P. Bond

The allowance in the first and second classes was 2m. 3s. per foot length, and in the third class 1½m. The prizes were: first class, $50; second class $50 and $25; third class, $25. The steamer Ethel accompanied the yachts, carrying members and guests. The first class was started at 12 M., the second at 12:10, and the third at 12:15. Near the start the Naomi ran aground and capsized, later on the Jennie S. was struck by a flaw and filled, but was bailed out again, and the Whitewing grounded and lost her mast. The yachts finished as follows.

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Claude	12 07 00	3 24 08	3 10 59
Mamie	12 01 22	3 26 23	3 25 01
Etta	12 05 44	3 37 16	3 12 03½
Skidaway	12 01 54	3 42 44	3 21 21½
White Wing	12 04 31	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS.

May	12 11 34	3 20 30	3 08 56
Jennie S.	12 12 35	3 27 37	3 12 49¼
Zinga	12 12 55	3 27 58	3 13 00
Zanoni	12 13 38	3 29 21	3 13 52¾
Wave	12 11 51	3 35 11	3 15 49
Kate Curtis	12 11 01	3 51 54	3 39 51½
Naomi	12 12 25	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS

Uncas	12 16 13	3 17 00	3 00 47
Sunny South	12 16 39	3 25 55	3 09 01

The Claude, winner in first class, is a Clapham sharpie 47×12ft. with Roslyn yawl rig. The annual cruise will start on June 15, from the club house, thence to St. Catherine's Island, returning on June 20.

THE JESSIE—IRIS MATCHES.

AFTER winning on Monday and Tuesday of last week, the tables were turned on Wednesday, and Jessie lost the third race of the series. At 12:39 P. M. the starting signal was given and Jessie crossed first with Iris 39s. astern. A south wind was blowing and the tide was nearly up, when they began to beat down in company, Iris getting rather the best of the work, and doing still better as the wind freshened. She led at buoy 8½, and held on all the way home, finishing at 4:59:18. Messrs. Schuyler and Ogden, the judge and timekeeper, sailed in the catamaran Duplex over most of the course. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iris	12 41 41	4 59 18	4 17 37	4 17 37
Jessie	12 41 02	5 06 31	4 25 29	4 25 59

Thus the Iris wins by 4m. 22s.

On Thursday the fourth race was started in a very light wind, at 12:26, but after three hours' drifting it was abandoned off Staten Island. The fourth and last race was sailed on Friday in half a gale from the west with a heavy squall thrown in. It was 12:25 when the starting signal was given, and both boats went over nearly together, the Jessie with all canvas set and Iris with a reef in. In the Bay the water was very rough and Iris behaved badly, throwing her hulls out of water and steering wildly. Jessie was well ahead and doing well under whole sails. Off Tompkinsville Iris gave up and made for shore. In the Narrows Jessie wound up a reef and headed for Buoy 8½, which she turned successfully at 2:48:19. On the way home a very heavy squall struck her, but she kept on her way, only letting up a little. The times were 3.29.12 elapsed, and 3.26.42 corrected. The race was a most severe one, and does great credit to the skillful sailing of Mr. Hughes. This ends the series, Jessie winning the purse of $500. It is too soon yet to condemn the Iris, as she is a new boat, and probably will require changes and alterations to get her speed out of her. On some occasions she showed great speed, and will be likely to make her mark yet as a fast boat. Jessie has long been known as a fast craft, and when the skill of her skipper is taken into account, it will require a very smart craft to beat them. It is interesting to compare the performances of the keel and centerboard, but they really have but little bearing on the question which has so long vexed sloop and cutter men; the conditions of single and double-hulled boats being so widely different.

GENESTA AND GALATEA.

BOTH of these cutters were with the fleet of the Royal Northern Y. C. on May 23, the spring cruise. The *Field* speaks of them as follows: "Among the cruisers lay Genesta and Galatea under their mainsails, and these added to the interest of the day. Genesta had shipped her racing spars somewhat longer than those she previously carried, and Galatea's rig was as heavy as any 90-tonner could well carry. By contrast to Vanduara, lying alongside, both cutters seemed quite oversparred; but the summer's racing will test whether or not the limit has been reached. * * * * * Galatea's new mainsail was not hauled out on the boom by a foot or two, and with her canvas hanging over her, she could not be showing to advantage. Genesta was taking a lead on her line. Under the circumstances no opinion could be formed. It seemed probable that with Galatea's mainsail in form, Genesta would be in want of her extra spread of cloth, and the additional weight given to her spars. Galatea looked uncommonly well, but the counters of both cutters are cut away rather fine to please the eye."

TOLEDO Y. C., MAY 30.

THIS club sailed a race on Decoration Day, in which six yachts sailed over a triangular course. The steamer Chief Justice Waite, with the judges, Messrs. A. P. Crane, M. H. Parmelee and J. W. Hepburn and a number of guests on board, was at Turtle Light at eleven A. M., and shortly after the signal was given, the Kate Graham went first over. The wind was light and kites were set, but before the first mark was reached a squall came up, causing all to take in kites, after which a fresh breeze continued. The Scud was first around the stakeboat, followed by Stella, Oberon, Kate Graham, Crescent and Osprey. On the second leg the wind fell to a calm, which was succeeded by a second squall, after which came a good breeze to the end. At the second mark Scud still led, with Oberon second, Kate Graham third, and Osprey, Stella and Crescent. This leg was the most exciting part of the race, the finish being very close, but Scud finally won. The summary is as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Scud	11 31 40	3 22 10	3 50 30	3 55 40
Oberon	11 29 10	3 26 15	3 57 05	3 59 03
Osprey	11 29 00	3 31 55	4 04 55	4 04 43
Kate Grahan	11 24 12	3 23 40	3 59 28	3 55 58
Stella	11 29 23	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Crescent	11 17 45	3 03 22	3 45 37	4 09 52

The times of the same boats in the race of last August, compared with the times last week, over the same course, are given below:

	Aug. 22. Corrected.	May 30. Corrected.	Difference.
Scud	3 39 00	3 55 40	00 16 40
Oberon	3 52 11	3 59 03	00 06 52
Kate Graham	4 27 31	4 04 43	00 12 48
Osprey	3 45 33	3 55 58	00 10 25
Stella	4 09 25	Not home.	
Crescent	4 05 20	4 09 52	00 04 32

ATLANTIC Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 9.

THE entries for the annual regatta were this year specially interesting from the presence of several new boats, as well as from the fact that they were the first races of a season that promises to be particularly brilliant, and several of the yachts that are supposed to be casting envious eyes at the honor of defending the Cup, were to make their first appearance this season. Twenty-seven yachts were entered as follows, the length being on waterline:

Class A, schooners 72ft. and over—Republic (keel), 94ft., Wright Duryea; Grayling, 81ft., L. A. Fish; Speranza (keel), 76ft., H. W. Collender; Clytie, 78ft. 3in., A. P. Stokes.

Class B, schooners under 72ft.—Haze, 60ft., Hogan Bros.; Agnes, 53ft. 11in., H. H. Hogins; Vidette, 51ft., E. A. Williams; Leona, 46ft., E. C. Sterling.

Class C, Cabin Sloops, 55ft. and over.—Gracie, 69ft. 9in., J. P. Earle; Mischief, 61ft., J. R. Busk; Thetis, 64ft., Henry Bryant; Thistle, 50ft. 7in., Wm. Ziegler; Athlon, 51ft. 2in., J. C. Barron.

Class D, Cabin Sloops, 43ft. and under 55ft.—Annie, 46ft. 7in., J. Wilson; Daphne, 46ft., J. R. Maxwell; Enterprise (keel) 43ft. 9in., G. B. Moffat; Fanita, 44ft. George J. Gould; Rover, 41ft. 8in., F. C. Swan; Stella, 41ft. 11in., J. C. Mersereau.

Class E, Cabin Sloops, 35ft. and under 43ft.—Crocodile, 39ft., J. G. Prague; Phantom, 38ft., L. A. Smith; Amelia, 38ft. 1in., Stephen Loines.

Class F., Cabin Sloops 30ft. and under 35ft.—Romeyn, 32ft. 10in., W. R. Vermilyea; Nomad, 32ft., H. C. Wintringham; Ilderan, 29ft., W. Southwick; Tourist, Louise.

Republic is practically a new boat, having been changed from centerboard to keel and also lengthened 15ft. amidships since last season, and with new outfit she proposes to hunt for a place this season. Speranza was launched last summer, and has cruised a good deal since but never has raced. Vidette is the new centerboard-lead keel sharpie whose test of stability we lately described. She is 59ft. over all, 51ft. waterline, 13ft. 5in. beam, 4ft. 5in. draft, and in addition to her centerboard has a 4½-ton lead keel. She is schooner-rigged, and throughout the race carried no topsails. Mischief comes out this season with wings slightly clipped, 3ft. off her hoist and 4 tons out of her hold, and those who have watched her successful career since 1879 are anxious to see the effect of the new changes. The "dark horse" of last season and this, the new and much talked-of Thetis, though launched early last season, had never raced or given any public demonstration of the qualities her friends claimed for her; but now in improved trim, she too proposes to have a shy in the trial races, and to that end arrived in New York on Saturday last and entered for the Atlantic race. Thetis is in all respects a compromise between sloop and cutter. Her dimensions are: Over all 70ft., waterline 64ft., beam 19ft., draft 8ft. (with board 18ft.), lead keel 15 tons. As at the anchor before the race she showed a high, well-rounded side, fair sheer, and a rather handsome overhang, though somewhat short for her other features. With a housing topmast she has a heavy standing bowsprit painted black to the end, and one big jib laced to a club. Thistle has been twice altered within two years, once lengthened and once deepened, but the value of the changes has not yet been tested in racing. Athlon is little altered from last year, but has set up her forestay again, as when she first came out; in fact, a trip through the fleet at anchor any day off Bay Ridge, discloses so many with forestays coming down on bowsprit, as well as the more adventurous ones who lead direct to stem head, that it looks as though ere long the big jib must go from its last stronghold. Daphne, Mr. Maxwell's new sloop, has done so well in the two preliminary sails, that much was expected of her on Tuesday, and her friends were not disappointed. She is one of the most shapely boats that Mr. Mumm has yet turned out, and promises to be among the first and a worthy rival to Fanita, so long head of her class. Phantom has also been rebuilt this season, and comes out with a real "Buttercup stem," a clipper bow bending fairly into her bowsprit, and a stern to match. Ilderan, though an old boat, has also succumbed to the rage for innovation, and apparently with good results. Her side was raised 12in. last winter, and no doubt she felt the value of it down the bay on Tuesday.

The courses for A, B, C, and D were from the Basin around a stakeboat of the Hook near buoy No. 8, thence leaving Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships to port and home, keeping to westward of the Romer Beacon. Class E went over the same course, except that they only rounded Scotland and not the Hook Lightship. The other classes rounded the stakeboat off buoy 8 and returned. Beside the Livingston memorial prize for the first sloop home in class D, without allowance, prizes were offered in each class, a first prize for two starters, second prize if four started, and a third if seven started.

The young blizzard reported from the northwest on Sunday came on Monday night in the shape of half a gale from that quarter with a quick fall in the thermometer, and on Tuesday morning the weather was more suggestive of October than June, cold and windy. A sea was tumbling the fleet about at their moorings and sending spray over the tug Luckenback as she lay at Bay Ridge with the judges, Messrs. W. W. Beebe and R. S. Church, on board. Near by was the iron steamer Sirius, with the members and guests of the club.

Reefs were tying in and topmasts coming down on a number of the yachts in expectation of a lively dusting outside. At 10:54 the first gun was fired from the bluff, and at 10:59 the start was signaled. Thetis came down steaming, heeling down rail under, with one reef in, sending up topsail just on the line. Her new sails were drawing finely, but the club on her jib savored more of Fulton Market slip than of Bay Ridge. Republic came next, followed by Mischief with two reefs in, then Agnes with topmasts housed and single reef in mainsail, Grayling, with close-reefed foresail, Vidette, Leona, Haze, Athlon, Romeyn, close-reefed with bobbed jib, Daphne with two reefs, no topmast and big jib; Nomad with three reefs, Fanita with two, Enterprise, Ilderan and Rover, each with staysails set and topmasts housed; Crocodile and Phantom with two reefs, and last of all Gracie, detained for some of her crew, and badly handicapped. Both Crocodile and Phantom were also handicapped. The other entries did not start. All the boats were provided with numbers in the mainsails by which they were easily distinguished at some distance. It would be an improvement in numbering if the numbers 3 or 5 were omitted, as they are always confusing from their resemblance. By the time that Gracie had crossed and the Luckenback started in shore, the fleet were well in the Narrows, and while at the start any canvas was enough, now reefs were coming out and kites going up. The tide was ebbing and with a good breeze they ran for the mark off the Hook, Fanita, Mischief and Thetis setting spinnakers to port when once around, while the schooners winged out. Thetis carried an immense spinnaker, alongside of which Mischief's looked a mere rag; but she could not shake off the iron boat. The times at the Hook were:

Grayling	12 00 50	Vidette	12 13 45
Republic	12 02 25	Daphne	12 15 22
Thetis	12 05 00	Leona	12 16 55
Mischief	12 05 16	Gracie	12 17 26
Haze	12 05 20	Fanita	12 17 46
Athlon	12 08 43	Enterprise	12 18 42
Agnes	12 08 44	Rover	12 22 40

The first four were soon well ahead bound for Scotland Light. Athlon was pegging away steadily, but gaining nothing, the small schooners were having a race of their own, and Gracie was making up much of her loss. Daphne, deep and with lead keel, was still going easily under lower sails and topsail, having no spinnaker, and easily eluding Fanita, in spite of the latter's spinnaker. Meanwhile the Class F boats had turned and started home, Ilderan losing her topmast. The times at Scotland were:

Grayling	12 41 16	Agnes	12 49 30
Republic	12 42 16	Haze	12 49 30
Thetis	12 42 32	Gracie	12 52 30
Mischief	12 42 36	Daphne	12 56 00
Athlon	12 46 28	Fanita	12 57 22

Luffing to the wind all reached for the Hook lightship, with booms on the starboard quarter. Mischief set a big balloon jibtopsail, while Thetis showed only jib and jibtopsail. Republic sent aloft a big maintopmast staysail, but still Grayling led her. The times at the Sandy Hook lightship were:

Grayling	1 02 33	Haze	1 14 40
Republic	1 04 55	Gracie	1 15 32
Mischief	1 07 22	Daphne	1 20 16
Thetis	1 07 43	Fanita	1 21 42
Athlon	1 14 13	Vidette	1 22 24
Agnes	1 14 25	Leona	1 24 26

Grayling came by the wind on port tack and was quickly away. Republic followed, and was hardly around before her jibboom was off at the cap and her topmast threatened to follow, but the latter was saved and the wreck soon cleared away. Mischief settled balloon jib just above the mark and doused topsail, being handled all through the race a little tenderly. She still carried one reef in her mainsail. Thetis had her rail well down, but still clung to her topsail for some time. Both came in on the main sheet close together, Mischief's crew working on her quarter, while the men of the Thetis walked away forward with theirs. By this time the day was warm and pleasant for the spectators, with a good breeze for the yachts. Athlon rounded with no topsail, Haze and Agnes were almost abreast, Agnes to windward. At 1:10 Grayling went off on starboard tack, and at 1:14 Thetis followed, still holding to her topsail, and one minute later Mischief came about with topmast housed. Gracie rounded with topmast set, but Daphne had housed her topmast. Vidette was doing well and Enterprise was carrying sail nobly, as she did all day, standing up under topsail when others had all they wanted with topmasts struck.

At 1:35 both Thetis and Mischief were on starboard tack off near the Scotland, and running in for the beach, where Grayling was already working up. A very pretty fight was going on between the pair, and further astern Gracie was hurrying for a place with them, while Daphne and Fanita had a lively duel astern. The tide was running swiftly in and helped all to windward. Republic was virtually out of the race but still kept on. The wind held strong for the beat up the Narrows, and positions were not much changed. By the time that the Luckenback was at the anchorage at Bay Ridge, Ilderan had been in some minutes, and Crocodile was near the line. Some time after the big ones came up one by one, Grayling first, looking very handsome under full working canvas; then Thetis along with Mischief close astern and within her time. The times in the different classes were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Republic	11 01 15	4 18 22	5 07 07	5 07 07
Grayling	11 02 37	3 36 04	4 33 27	4 30 45
CLASS B.				
Haze	11 03 32	4 53 14	5 49 42	5 49 42
Agnes	11 02 35	4 33 18	5 30 43	5 21 50
Vidette	11 03 02	5 26 03	6 33 01	6 22 48
Leona	11 03 16	5 32 00	6 18 44	5 58 50
CLASS C.				
Gracie	11 04 00	3 52 47	4 48 47	4 48 47
Thetis	11 01 00	3 41 28	4 40 28	4 36 15
Mischief	11 02 10	3 45 57	4 43 47	4 34 26
Athlon	11 04 00	4 19 46	5 15 44	4 57 38
CLASS D.				
Daphne	11 06 24	4 25 31	5 18 59	5 18 59
Enterprise	11 08 00	4 34 31	5 26 51	5 25 14
Fanita	11 07 20	4 31 46	5 24 39	5 22 48
Rover	11 08 40	4 51 25	5 45 59	5 43 37
CLASS E.				
Crocodile	11 09 00	3 31 30	4 24 18	4 24 18
Phantom	11 09 00	3 56 21	4 48 47	4 42 39
CLASS F.				
Nomad	11 07 00	3 26 25	3 19 25	3 19 25
Romeyn	11 05 40	3 49 44	3 44 04	3 37 04
Ilderan	11 08 36	3 49 39	3 39 13	3 17 31

Grayling wins in Class A, Agnes in Class B, Mischief in Class C, Daphne in Class D, taking the Livingston Memorial, Crocodile in Class E, and Ilderan in Class F.

Why the judges' boat at a yacht race always keeps as far from the competing yachts as the course will let her, is a problem never solved, and the course of the Luckenback was no exception. Waiting at Bay Ridge to time three belated yachts at the start, the fleet was hopelessly ahead when she started, and little was seen of the race out on the turning of the Hook mark. Here a wait was made again for the last boat, and the interesting fight of the big ones was again lost. On the run home was a hot battle to windward between the cracks, Mischief, Thetis, Gracie, Fanita and Daphne, with a journey down the Bay to see, but the judges' boat left it all to run home and time the two boats in Class E, afterward waiting an hour for the fleet to arrive. By this course nothing was seen of the small boats but the start, and at the same time the best of the race was lost to those on board. Had a man been at Bay Ridge to time the last boats off and the first in, the tug could have gone with the fleet. The times at the Hook should also have been taken by the men in the markboat, instead of being guessed at from the steamer. Coming home the tug could have kept company with the principal boats all the way and the spectators would have seen a fine battle to windward.

QUAKER CITY Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 8.

THE race was over the regatta course, the following yachts starting at 11:10:30 A. M.: First Class, over 40ft., Venitzia, Sunbeam, Minerva. Second Class, under 40ft., Consort, White Wing, Florigar, Julia, Fountain, Rosetta; Vim in same class did not start. Third Class, 35ft. and under, Nahma, Thomas, Tillyer; Ariel, Douglass, same class, out. Fourth Class, 30ft. and under, Elwell went over the course alone; Pratt, Pierson, Minerva, Esther, Clee Brothers, same class, out. Fifth Class, Au Revoir, Richmond, Spratt; J. Galliger, F. Galliger, Skillon, Bianca, Pauline, same class, out. The wind was from the S. W., blowing hard and freshening. At the "Shoe" the Venitzia went to the fore, and had a walk over. The Sunbeam sprung her mastheadand went out of the race. At the same time the Thomas fouled the Spratt, the latter boat having a good lead in her class, and both retired from the contest. Reefing was now in order, save in the first class. When the Venitzia turned the lower buoy, some of the small fry were out of sight. The sea was very heavy, and they had a hard fight to reach the lower buoy.

The home stretch was against a strong ebb tide all the way and the big ones with kites spread fairly flew. It was the Venitzia's first race since joining the club, and she has made a splendid record. The White Wing, contrary to all expectations, got away with the Consort beating down, and gave the Minerva a close tussle for the buoy. In the run home the Consort set her spinnaker, a sail almost unknown on the Delaware, went up stream like a steamboat, and collaring the White Wing off the Monument went to the home buoy well arush. The Nahma with her low, wide sails, iron on keel, and long fantail, went through the sea like a big one, very much to the surprise of hired help and old shellbacks. Mr. Ferry sailed his own boat. So the trophy goes to Trenton, where other prizes will be likely to follow. It is but just to state the Nahma outlooked and outfooted the Thomas in a masterly manner before the latter boat went out of the race. In short she was a dead beat boat as soon as the boats were 'pon wind at the Shoe. Eight seconds won't do this time, and holds my argument good that every yacht owner, like Ferry, is or should be capable of handling their own yacht for prizes or in any emergency.

The Richmond did some splendid sailing, having fouled her buoy at the start, lost several minutes, and for a long time was last boat. Ex-Com. Hannigan, a late stayer, by the way, gamely held on, beating the Elwell, the smartest boat in her class (fourth), 4min. 13sec. to the

ower buoy. As these boats approached the home stake boat they came in almost together, with but 20sec. difference in favor of the Elwell, the larger boat. The An Revoir also meeting with a mishap, having carried away her rudder band, went over the course, and came home but 1min. 55sec. behind the Richmond, making it a good stand-up fight all around. The Bristol boat people certainly deserve great praise. The third class cabin yacht Stella (old name), that delighted to sail on her cabin top, capsized, and is now a receptacle for eels. She was not in the race, but one of the old stand-bys of the club. This, perhaps, will set some of our "sand draggers" to thinking. The regatta was a complete success, and the fastest time but one ever made over the course—really the fastest under the conditions of tide and wind. The Olga, built by Mr. Lowder, a second class cabin, though not in the race, went along comfortably with ladies sitting in the cockpit, and getting away with boats in her class. So much for low rigs and iron on keel.

	Start.	Chester Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS CABIN.				
Venitzia	11 10 30	1 13 40	3 02 32	3 52 02
Sunbeam	11 10 30	Out of race.		
Minerva	11 10 30	1 23 50	3 23 05	4 12 35
SECOND CLASS CABIN.				
Consort	11 10 30	1 45 22	4 04 08	4 53 38
White Wing	11 10 30	1 37 25	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS CABIN.				
Nahma	11 10 30	1 51 45	4 25 19	5 14 19
Tillyer	11 10 30	Time not taken.		
Thomas	11 10 30	Ruled out.		
FOURTH CLASS OPEN.				
Elwell	11 10 30	2 01 23	4 34 18	5 23 48
FIFTH CLASS OPEN.				
Richmond	11 10 30	1 57 10	4 34 38	5 24 08
An Revoir	11 10 30	1 58 50	4 36 33	5 26 03
Spratt	11 10 30	Fouled by Thomas.		

The Commodore's Cup will be sailed for in July. R. G. W.

NEW JERSEY Y. C. REGATTA JUNE 9.

THE New Jersey Y. C. sailed their annual regatta on Tuesday, over the new courses from Bedloe's Island, that for class 1 being to westward of Robbins Reef buoy, thence around bouys 9, 16 and 13, and home by Robbins Reef, twenty miles; that for class A, B and C being around buoy 13, keeping west of Robbins Reef buoy on each leg, fifteen miles, and for class D around Fort Lafayette. The following yachts were entered:

Class 1.—Catamarans—Duplex, Longstreet and Ogden; Nemesis, Everson and Reed.

Class A.—Hattie, J. Curtin.

Class B —Charm, E. W. Ketcham; Meteor, E. Jeanneret; Lily R., T. H. Rogers; Dare Devil, W. H. Dilworth; Growler, J. Bell; Minnehaha, R. F. Rabe.

Class C.—Rambler, J. H. Shorne; George B. Deane, J. L. Dunbacher; Sophia Emma, C. E. Korf.

Class D.—Cate Cate, Fred Barr; Truant, C. & E. Zimber.

Before the start the Emily M. capsized, but her crew were picked up by a tug. All were reefed down as the wind blew heavily from northwest. The steamer Blackbird accompanied the yachts with guests and judges on board, the usual delay occurring, so that the fleet was far in advance when the steamer started. At 11:10 the signal was given, and the boats crossed the line in the following order:

Cate Cate	11 13 30	Truant	11 19 30
Mistake	11 14 00	Hattie	11 19 35
G. B. Deane	11 16 10	Lily R	11 19 45
Duplex	11 17 05	Dare Devil	11 20 00
Sophia Emma	11 18 00	Growler	11 20 00
Meteor	11 18 10	Rambler	11 20 00
Charm	11 18 25	Nemesis	11 20 00

Down the wind the pace was hot with Duplex ahead. Nemesis withdrew off Staten Island. The run was soon made to buoy 13 which was turned as follows,

Lily R	12 15 39	Dare Devil	12 19 30
Meteor	12 15 48	Hattie	12 20 30
Charm	12 16 50	Growler	12 21 29
Minnehaha	12 17 00	Rambler	12 21 32
G. B. Deane	12 18 20	Sophia Emma	12 24 33

The Duplex was not timed, as she went off alone to Buoy 9, nor were the little ones at Fort Lafayette. Home lay dead to windward, and all started for it with more wind than they wanted. Lily R. soon parted her bobstay, but rigged a jury one She also made an error in the course, and went out of her way to round Fort Lafayette, as was formerly the custom, thus losing ground. As the flood tide met the wind howling out of the Narrows a lively sea was kicked up, but the little boats went through it safely. Lily R., in spite of her mishap, was far ahead, and won easily. The times were as below:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
CLASS 1—CATAMARANS.				
Duplex	11 17 05	3 08 30	3 46 25	3 46 25
Nemesis	11 25 30	Withdrew.		
CLASS A—CABIN BOATS.				
Hattie	11 19 35	3 03 36	3 43 51	3 43 51
CLASS B—OPEN BOATS.				
Lily R	11 19 45	2 02 35	2 43 00	2 41 22½
Growler	11 20 00	2 21 10	2 01 10	2 58 30
Dare Devil	11 20 00	2 20 22	3 10 22	3 07 37
Charm	11 18 25	Withdrew.		
Meteor	11 18 10	Withdrew.		
Minnehaha	11 14 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS C—OPEN BOATS.				
G B Deane	11 16 10	2 44 30	3 28 20	3 23 05
Sophia Emma	11 18 00	Withdrew.		
Rambler	11 20 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS D—OPEN BOATS.				
Cate Cate	11 13 30	1 46 00	2 32 30	2 32 30
Truant	11 19 30	2 07 45	2 48 15	2 46 17½

The winners were Duplex, Lily R, Geo. B. Deane and Cate Cate.

The judges were Thos. P. Rogers, Theophilus Butts and Geo. E. Gartland.

AMERICA.—The schooner America was hauled out last week at East Boston and her bottom planed off and recoppered, 3,173lbs. being used. Her present spars are as follows: Foremast 77ft. 6in., topmast 31ft., mainmast 79ft., topmast 33ft., foreboom 28ft., gaff 27ft., mainboom 66ft., gaff 28ft., bowsprit outboard 17ft., jibboom 18ft. Gen. Butler is still anxious to have America in the races, but no steps have yet been taken toward changing her rig.

COMMODORE BENNETT'S NEW STEAM YACHT.—We learn from *Le Yacht* that the new steel steam yacht Hassan, built at Delftshaven, on the Meuse, in Holland, for Commodore Bennett, N. Y. Y. C., was launched on May 16. After completion the Hassan will go by canal to Paris, which will be her headquarters. Her length is 98ft. 6in.; beam, 17ft., and draft, 4ft. She was designed by a French engineer, M. Récopé, for service on canals and river.

MIGNONETTE NO. 2.—Over a year ago we published the lines of a little keel sloop, the Mignonette, then building for Dr. E. G. Loring, by Wallin & Gorman, which boat her owner used all last season, and was so well pleased with her as to model that, desiring a larger boat, he sold her last fall and ordered from the same builders a larger yacht of very nearly the same model. This boat, modeled by Mr. Gorman, and also called Mignonette, was launched last week, and will be completed in a few days. Her dimensions are, length over all, 32ft. 6in.; waterline, 27ft.; beam, 9ft.; draft, 5ft. On her keel she has 4,600 pounds of iron, and inside the same weight of lead, moulded to 8ft. The keel is of Ohio white oak, sided 8in., moulded 12in., with stem sided 4½in. The oak frames are 2×4 at heels and 2×2¼ at heads double, and spaced 12in. Oak clamps and bilge clamps are all through-fastened. The deck is of Oregon pine 1½×1½in. The general arrangement is similar to the previous boat, but with more room. Forward is a berth for one man, with room for stove, etc. At the fore end of cabin is a large closet at each side, and the same aft, with large lockers between. The head room is 5ft. 6in. with a width of over 8ft. The cockpit is quite large with coaming set out on deck, and has ample locker room aft and on the sides. A 30-gallon water tank is placed in the run. The finish inside and out is pine and mahogany varnished, and the appearance is very neat and handsome. Forward is a handsome pair of locust bitts, keyed below deck. The rig is that of a cutter with housing topmast, and the outfit of sails, by Sawyer, will be very complete. The heel of the topmast is fitted with Brown's patent spring fid, a neat and simple contrivance easily fidded or tripped from deck. The dimensions of the spars are: Mast—Deck to hounds 27ft., 6in., head 4ft., diameter in partners 8½in., distance from stem 10ft.; topmast, above upper cap, 16ft.; topsail yard, 20ft.; bowsprit outboard, 15ft. 9in. Mainsail—Hoist 21ft. 6in., foot 26ft., head 20ft., leech 37ft. 6in. Staysail—Luff 23ft., foot 11ft. 6in. Jib—Luff 32ft., foot 16ft., leech 25ft.; storm jib, foot, 9ft. 6in. Like her predecessor, Mignonette will be largely used for cruising.

QUINCY Y. C.—The Quincy Y. C. opened their season on Saturday with a race for first, second and third classes, in which 13 yachts entered. The start was made at 3:07 for first class, 3:17 for second class, and 3:23 for third. The wind was so light that three yachts only finished. The entries and times were:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Queen Mab, Burwell	22.08	Not taken.	
Davy Crockett, Putnam	21.08	Not taken.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	19.11	3 08 38	2 41 40
Herald, G. F. Smith	20.09	3 26 15	3 00 07
Imogene, M. R. Wendell	19.00	Not taken.	
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18.01	Not taken.	
Spray, H. M. Faxon	19.04	Not taken.	
Pet, J. McFarland	20.01	Not taken.	
Diadem, Lem Haywood	18.07	Not taken.	
Parole, H. T. Bowers	18.10	Not taken.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Flora Lee, H. D. Lincoln	17.03	2 45 30	2 19 57
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.09	Not taken.	
Mirage, A. J. Clark	17.10	Not taken.	

The judges were Colonel George A. Ordway and ex-Commodore George W. Morton.

OSWEGO Y. C. DECORATION DAY CRUISE.—The third annual cruise of the Oswego Y. C. took place on May 30, from Oswego to Sodus Point, thirty miles distant. The champion pennant won last year by Katie Gray was the prize sailed for, to be held subject to challenge. The entries included seven yachts. Cricket, Com. John L. Mott; Katie Gray, Vice-Com. W. B. Phelps, Jr.; Ethel, L. C. Kenyon; Ella, N. S. Stone; Laura, Allen Ames; Fascination, T. C. Goble; Fannie T., Thos. Farrell. The tug Cornelia carried the regatta committee, Messrs. Fitch, Hart, Radcliffe and Gordon, and also the secretary, Mr. C. A. Worts. The day was rainy and unpleasant, but the fleet started at 8:45 A. M., being timed as they passed the lighthouse. Fascination was off first, with Fannie, Laura, Cricket, Ella, Katie Gray and Ethel in order. The wind rose, soon blowing heavily, and when two miles out the Cricket lost her topmast and sustained other damage, being taken in tow by the tug. When off Three-Mile Creek Ella broke her board and gave up, also taking a line from the Cornelia. By 10 A. M the rain ceased for the day. Ethel led the fleet in spite of the loss of her topsail, coming in ahead at Sodus Light in 3h. 05m. The corrected times were: Ethel, 3.05.32; Laura, 3.11.32; Katie Gray, 3.13.48; Fascination, 3.17.49. In the afternoon the pennant was presented to the Ethel. The fleet remained over night and returned next day.

LEAD KEELS IN GERMANY.—On May 3 the Hamburger Elb Sailing Regatta Association had their opening sail, which, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, was well attended. Two new boats, Frieda and Elbe, attracted considerable attention. The latter *Wassersport* says: "The Elbe, a decked keelboat, was built by the owner, Mr. P. Hansen. Her dimensions are: Length 25ft., beam 3ft. and draft 4½ft. In the heavy weather encountered during the sail the boat found it hard work to keep up with the rest, notwithstanding the 1,300 kilos ballast and lead keel of 700 kilos. She proved 'cranky' to such a degree that her mainsail laid nearly flat on the water." On another page of the same paper we find the following: "The lead period has begun in Berlin. Lead, having been slyly substituted for the miscellaneous ironware which heretofore served as inside ballast, has been successfully applied to the keel of several yachts. Namenlos having made the change very quietly, as well as Roland and Fidelio some time ago, Gerda has followed the example set. She was hauled out at Kothe's on May 1, and will receive about 2,000lbs. of lead."

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE —The following general order has been issued by Fleet Captain C. C. Deming, S.C.Y.C.: The club squadron will rendezvous at Larchmont, N. Y., on Friday, July 3, for the annual cruise. Captains are requested to communicate with the secretary of the club, Mr. L. F. d'Orémieulx, No. 67 Exchange Place, New York, as promptly as possible, stating whether they will be able to join the fleet or not. The date named has been selected in view of the annual race of the Larchmont Y. C., on July 4, in which yachts of this club are invited to take part. The Larchmont Y. C. has courteously tendered upon this occasion to the members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. the hospitality of their club house and the use of their anchorage. Captains will meet on board the flagship on the evening of Friday, July 3, at 9:30 o'clock, unless otherwise notified by signal, and they are particularly requested to note the new rules for hoisting colors, yachting etiquette, etc., and the new signal code as amended to date in the club book for 1885.

GREENWICH Y. C.—This club, just organized at Greenwich, Conn., elected the following officers on June 2: Commodore, Arthur E. Kendle; Vice-Commodore, Chas. J. Hart; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Asten; Executive Committee, J. M. Tracy and W. G. Foote. The club house is on Ferguson's Point. Com. Kendle has given a cup to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner.

ECLIPSE Y. C.—The race postponed to June 7 was not sailed, but goes over another week.

YONKERS Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 8.—The weather on Monday was very severe for river sailing, and brough grief to many of the yachts of the Yonkers Y. C., as only five out of fourteen finished. The course was from the club house at Yonkers to a stakeboat off Eighty-sixth street, New York, and return, the small class rounding a mark at 155th street. The wind was strong from southwest and the ebb tide was running against it, coaming up quite a sea. The boats started at 10:48 A. M., Rambler crossing first, Comfort, Racket, Cutty Sark, I. D. V., Inez, Fanny, Kitty N., Carrie A., Spray, Jr., Mabel, Daisy and Uncle Jake. Three boats capsized and some others gave up the race. The times of two were taken at Eighty-sixth street as follows: Rambler, 1:50 P. M.; Comfort, 2:00 P. M. The Cutty Sark turned the upper mark at 12:35 P. M. The run home was easier, and was quickly made, the finish being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed
Rambler	10 48 12	2 42 30	3 54 18
Racket	10 51 06	3 21 10	4 30 04
Comfort	10 48 27	3 08 36	4 20 03
Cutty Sark	10 48 36	1 46 20	2 57 44
I. D. V.	10 52 11	2 12 00	3 18 49

The winners are: Class 2, Racket; Class 3, Rambler; Class 4, Comfort; Class 5, Cutty Sark.

BRUNHILDA.—Mr. J. J. Phelps's new schooner is now lying at New Haven preparing for a cruise of two or three years around the world. Besides her owner, a party of his classmates of Yale '83, Messrs. H. H. Strong, C. E. Halsey, K. Mitchell, T. Hilliard and A. E. Simington will accompany him. The route laid out is first to England, then via Suez to India and China, San Francisco, and Cape Horn to New York.

DR. WINSLOW'S SLOOP.—The yacht now building for Dr. Winslow of Pittsburgh, by Williams, of Boston, is not a cat but a sloop. She is 24ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 7ft. beam on deck, 6ft. 3in. beam at loadline, and 4ft. 3in. draft, with 1½ tons on keel. Her cabin will be fitted for four persons, with all appliances for cruising and living on board. She will be used along the coast from Boston to Mt. Desert.

BAYADERE.—Mr. Forbes's new cutter was launched on May 16 at the Culzean Works, Scotland, and towed up the Clyde without her keel. She was shipped on an Allan steamer and arrived in Boston last week. She is now on Lawley's ways, where her 21-ton keel will be put on. Her length on waterline is 45ft. and beam 10ft.

YALE Y. C.—On June 3 this club held their opening sail to Brantford Point and return, the yachts Starlight, Com. Van Buren; Outvie, Vice-Com. Jennings; Endeavor, Mr. Newberry; Vivian, Mr. Phelps; Clover, Wild Bird, Fearless, Avenger, Hylas and Charm, all taking part. A spring regatta will be sailed soon.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—At the meeting held on June 6 the treasurer reported a cash balance of $892.73. The clause in the sailing rules relating to measurement was amended by the insertion of the word "aft," so that it now reads "waterline plus 1-5 overhang aft," thus leaving the overhang of stem unrestricted.

THE NEW CRAMP STEAMER.—The steam yacht now building by Cramp & Sons, builders of the Corsair, Stranger and Atalanta, is 152ft. on waterline. Her cylinders will be 17, 24 and 40in. by 22in. stroke, and boiler 13ft. 6in. diameter, of 1⅛in. steel.

RECEPTION OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.—The American Committee have extended to the New York and American Yacht Clubs an invitation to take part in escorting the steamer Isere up the bay on her arrival with the statue this week.

TORONTO SAILING CLUB.—The opening of this club will take place on June 20 at 4 P. M. The dates set for the spring races are June 13, 27 and July 4. A cup has been presented by Vice-Com. Macrae.

PURITAN.—This sloop will be delivered to her owners this week, and will make a trial trip at once. Her first race will be on June 30, Eastern Y. C. regatta, and she will probably be here for the trial race in July.

NEW CATBOAT.—Burgess Bros. are now building a catboat for General Paine from designs by Mr. Edward Burgess. She is 22ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and has 2,900lbs of lead on her keel.

WINTHROP SWEEPSTAKES RACE.—Entries for this race close on Friday at noon, and none will be received later. The start will be on Saturday, at 11 A. M., rain or shine. Sails and ballast are unlimited.

CAROLINA Y. C.—The club mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of May 31 as the South Carolina Y. C. is the Carolina Y. C. of Wilmington, N. C.

CARMELITA.—It is reported from Rio that the schooner Carmelita which left there April 26, had put back with rudder damaged.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

CHATHAM.—Your fish is a scale carp.

O. O. P.—Norwich, Conn.—A tri-colored dog is black, white and tan.

H. R., Pittsburgh, Pa., wants to know whether any shooting or angling club in the Eastern States has ever had more than sixty members present at an encampment.

R. Philadelphia, Pa.—My five months old setter is bow-legged. Can I do anything for it? Ans. Unless it is a malformation he may outgrow it. Give him plenty of exercise and a liberal allowance of food.

H. D. T., Columbus, Kan.—One of your birds is a sora rail (*Porzana carolina*), and the other is the marshtern (*Hydrochelidon lariformis*), a species which is abundant in many localities over the western plains. It belongs to the group of birds called sea swallows here on the coast.

AMATEUR, Paterson, N. J.—Could you inform me what kind of bait chub may be caught on this time of the year? Also will they rise to a fly? Ans. All fish that by any stretch of name might be called chub can be caught now. The chub (*Semotilus*) takes the fly, but if you want bait you had better get a minnow net and drag it for them.

KANUCK.—A friend and myself are about to make a canoe cruise on the St. Francis River, of Lower Canada, and we would like information on the following points: 1. What flies to use for trout and bass during the last of June and July? 2. Is there enough shooting during these two months to pay for carrying a gun? 3. Is there a custom house fee on guns going over the border? Please give full information on this point. Ans. 1. For trout take Montreal, coachman, queen of the water, grizzly king, Abbey, Oak and some hackles. For bass, cheney, red ibis, oriole, Henshall, jungle cock and Alexandra. 2. No, game is out of season. 2. You will have to leave a deposit with the customs officers.



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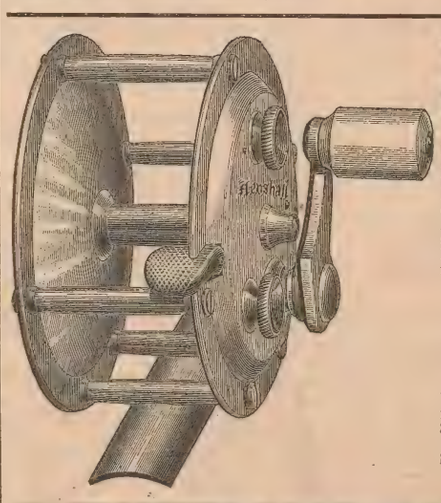
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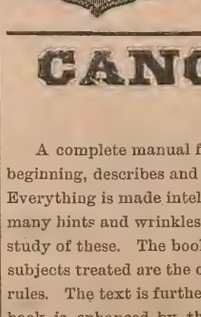
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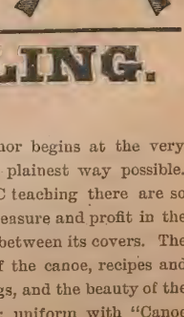


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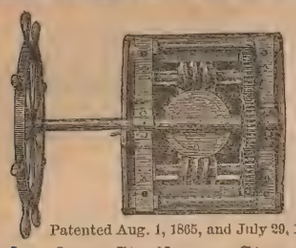
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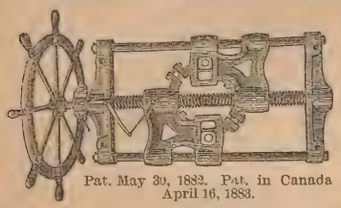
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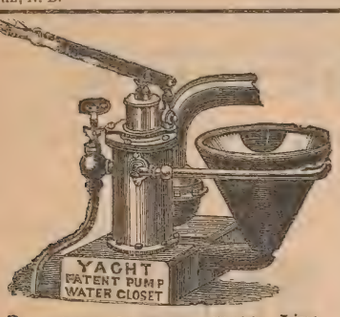
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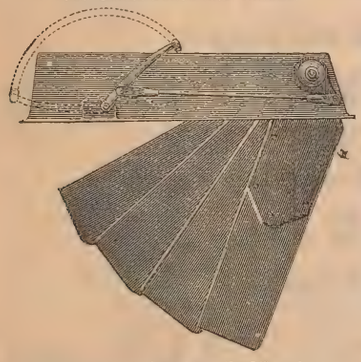
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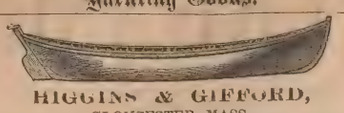
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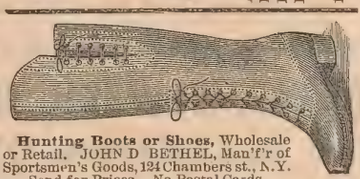
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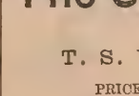
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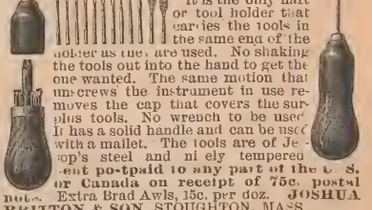
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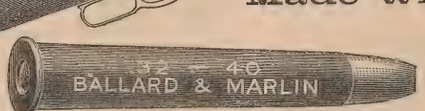
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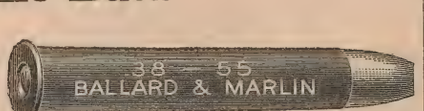
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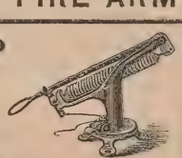
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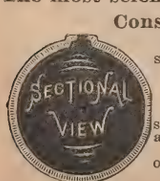
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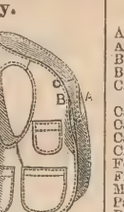
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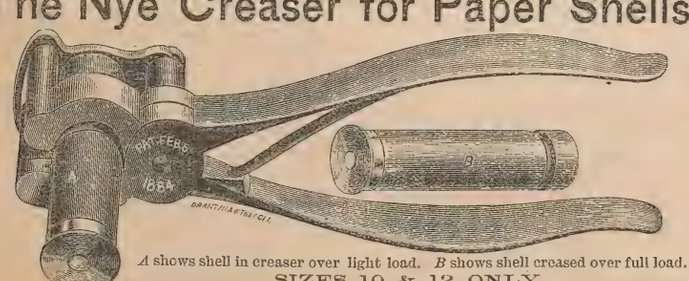


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FISH LEGISLATION.

AS we review the work of the last Legislature of the State of New York in altering and amending the laws relating to fish and game, we are more than ever confirmed in our previously expressed opinion that the Commissioners of Fisheries should be consulted in some way before any legislation affecting fishing or the fisheries is perfected. The average legislator knows little and cares nothing about fish or fishing, and it is seldom that a Governor is familiar with these things. The legislator and the Governor pass away in a few years, but the Commissioners of Fisheries remain. They are anglers, every one of them, keen and observing naturalists, and all possess a knowledge of fishculture. Such are the four gentlemen composing the Board of Fish Commissioners of New York. They have acquired a store of knowledge by years of study and experience that ordinary anglers, legislators and governors do not possess.

This subject has just been called to mind by a stupid clause in the game law just passed forbidding the capture or sale of striped bass between the 1st of January and the 20th of May. If this clause, which is inserted in a sentence naming several fresh-water fishes, is intended to mean the striped bass of the Great Lakes and of the Mississippi River, *Roccus* (*Morone*) *chrysops*, the white bass of the regions named which is striped, and the *R. interruptus* of the Mississippi Valley, then we have no comment to make, for the fishes are comparatively rare in Lake Ontario and in our markets. But the striped bass of salt water is in its prime as a table fish in New York city in March and April, during Lent, and comes from North Carolina in quantities of from one to five tons daily. At that time few are caught in New York waters, and the bass is the main dinner fish; shad, mackerel, bluefish, etc., do not become plenty until May, and the question of fish food is an important one.

We confess to ignorance as to what fish is meant in the law, as the scientific name is not given and there are three fishes known as striped bass, the two named and the *R. lineatus*, the bass *par excellence* of salt water. The wording of the law is, after designating the waters in which black bass, muscalonge, etc., may be legally caught: "No person shall catch, kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass or striped bass weighing less than one-half pound or less than eight inches in length, from end of snout to end of caudal fin, at any time. No person shall expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any black bass, Oswego bass, striped bass or muscalonge, save only from the twentieth day of May to the first day of January."

It is a small blunder if only the striped bass of the lakes was intended, but a very large one if it was meant to prevent the sale of *R. lineatus* before the twentieth of May, when it is the main supply of the markets during the Lenten season, and comes mainly from States which do not forbid its capture and export. It is on a par with the blunder which exempted the greater part of Long Island from the trout law, so that a man may go to Suffolk and Queens counties to fish, but is a criminal if he brings his trout home to Brooklyn or New York. It is evident that some intelligent supervision should be held over bills relating to fish and fishing before introduction or after passage, or both, and none seems to us so competent as that of the Commissioners of Fisheries.

THE DEER HOUNDING LAW.

THE last bill signed by the Governor of New York was the Curtis bill forbidding the use of hounds for hunting deer. The measure is now a law. Deer hounders of every degree are admonished to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

The Adirondack guide may let go his "tail holt," and the kid-gloved "sport" may throw away his club. That style of doe butchery is outlawed. The clubber is relegated to his proper place among candidates for a term in jail.

This is a great step ahead; it is a victory long fought for and hard won. The FOREST AND STREAM takes no little pride in chronicling this successful issue of the deer hounding agitation.

As a matter of course, there will be wailing in camp. The Wall street broker, whose annual custom it has been to hire a gang of guides and a big pack of hounds and water-kill his deer, will not be particularly delighted to lose his gory recreation. The New York city physician, eager to surpass his own infamous record of fifteen deer left to rot in one small lake, will be sorely chagrined to be cheated of his victims. The Albany doctor who labored so strenuously in a bad cause, and tried so hard to defeat the bill for his own selfish and brutal ends, will naturally weep as he reflects that there will be no more swimming fawns for him to overtake and pound to death. Some of the North Woods hotel landlords, who have defended hounding because the hounders brought revenue to their tills, will howl because their business is injured. All these people will make much ado, and will heap maledictions—as they are even now doing—upon the FOREST AND STREAM.

The new law is in the interest of decency and legitimate sportsmanship and of game protection. If properly executed it will be an untold benefit to the Adirondacks and to the State.

Now that the new law is on the statute books, let the game protectors see that it is observed.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

COINCIDENT with the trial trip of the Puritan comes the news of the sailing of the Galatea for New York, and also of the final decision of the New York Y. C. as to courses and as to Galatea's challenge. From the cabled reports Genesta has started under much smaller spars than she has raced with, a change that will by no means improve her as a sea boat when her heavy weight of ballast is considered. Experience tends to show the value of taunt spars for rough water work in boats with heavy lead keels, and in the light of it we must regard Genesta's venture under short sticks as an experiment of doubtful value. Both she and Galatea have not yet shown the form desirable in a champion, and the accounts thus far of the latter are very unfavorable, especially at reaching. The races laid out are sure to include a very large proportion of work off the wind, and in this both Genesta and Galatea have thus far been found wanting, and by no means up to Irex or Marjorie. In the race over the club course reaching is almost sure to predominate, while over the triangular course the chances are small for much real windward work, so that the cutter's main chance is in the final race of twenty miles out and back. The Boston yachtsmen are to be commended for the prompt manner in which they have put through their work, the Puritan being ready in good season to allow time for trial, and in advance of the New York sloop. Another week will see the first of the trial races, and enable us to gauge more correctly the strength of the sloops.

"SPORTING MEN."—Some months ago we called attention to the distinction between the terms "sporting man" and "sportsman," and on several occasions since then the subject has been recalled to our attention by inquiries from correspondents, who were evidently seeking more light that they might instruct their fellows. This is encouraging, since it is highly important that the distinction should be clearly understood. No sportsman cares to be dubbed a sporting man, when the daily papers are constantly chronicling the didoes of that unsavory class. As an example, the *Evening Post* of this city, in calling attention to the hordes of odious characters who are threatening to ruin Coney Island, said the other day: "Another source of offense and discomfort to respectable persons and families going to Coney Island is the crowd of 'sporting men,' otherwise blacklegs and ruffians, who infest the race-courses and overrun the Island on race days. The worst class of professional gamblers, pickpockets, prize-fighters, make the cars unpleasant for decent people, even if they do not infest the beach. The blasphemous, ruffianly crowd of sharpers, gamblers and other varieties of the 'sporting man' which fill the cars going down and coming back from the races is enough to deter respectable people from going to Coney Island at all in the afternoon." The separation of the sportsman from the sporting man is wider than the Atlantic Ocean, and in this year of grace 1885, persons who confound the two classes are away behind the times.

ASSEMBLYMAN HUSTED, the Bald Eagle of Westchester, was not so very much of a prophet when he very confidently asserted a fortnight ago that Governor Hill would veto the deer hounding measure. "It is not hounding that is depleting the deer, it is crust-hunting," said Mr. Husted, and with delightful disregard of logic, he added, "Dogging is not doing any harm; why, when a deer hears a dog three miles off he takes to the water at once. Gen. Curtis and the FOREST AND STREAM are behind the bill, but it will not become a law." As a prophet Mr. Husted had better retire from business.

VIRGINIA WAKING UP.—Twenty-eight indictments have been brought in by a Virginia Grand Jury against individuals who have been illegally taking fish from the James River. A Lynchburg correspondent writes that much interest is taken in these cases, for they will be made a test of the validity of the law. The FOREST AND STREAM has always maintained that the more tests of this sort the better. It is a poor law that cannot stand such tests, and if the statute is found defective, there will be no difficulty in substituting another that cannot be questioned.

DR. FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, who died at his home in Lowville, N. Y., last Thursday, was a man with a decided genius for statistics. He was a voluminous writer on the local history of a number of New York towns; and in 1855 and 1865 was superintendent of the State census. For a number of years Dr. Hough was chief of the forestry division of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, and a number of Government reports bear testimony to his industry as a compiler; his library of forestry works is said to be the finest of its kind in this country.

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN RIFLES.—Professor Spencer F. Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is seeking to obtain some information about the first manufacture of rifles in this country; and in another column will be found a note of inquiry from him relating to this subject. Possibly the information might be had from some of the historical societies.

A BELIEVER IN FISHCULTURE.—There is one man in New Hampshire who thoroughly believes in the theory and practice of fishculture. He owns a salmon weir in the Penobscot River just below Fort Point, and one day last week he took from the weir more than $100 worth of salmon. Thirty-three of the fish weighed over 400 pounds.

A NEW JERSEY WOMAN was sent to the lunatic asylum last week because she had filled her cabin full of dogs, some seventeen in all, of all breeds and colors and in all stages of starvation. The woman was just crazy enough to believe that the possession of twenty dogs would bring her luck.

CAPT. L. A. BEARDSLEE, commanding the U. S. S. Powhatan, arrived at this port last Monday after an extended cruise on the Spanish Main. The Powhatan will take part in the reception of the Statue of Liberty.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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THE MOUNTAINS.

IN the dust and glare of the city's streets,
When the fainting breezes have stopped their play,
And the July sun on the pavement beats,
Then my wandering thoughts to the mountains stray;
Where in trail-threaded forests the glimmering ray
Through the thick boughs doubts of its right to shine,
While the murmuring waterfall croons its lay,
And the free wind sings in the swaying pine.

There are some who delight in the waving field,
As it rustles its promise of scented hay;
But the troubles that gnaw at my heart are healed
When my wandering thoughts to the mountains stray.
There the tingling air in the dawning gray
Pours its glow-giving draughts of ethereal wine;
There the sun's last kiss ends the long, soft day,
And the free wind sings in the swaying pine.

There are some who would dive in the surf's long roll,
And with rocking boats toss the stinging spray;
But a calm, fresh gladness steals on my soul
When my wandering thoughts to the mountains stray.
Through the sage-clad slopes; up the rock-strewn way
I would climb to rest in the secret shrine,
Where the shuddering aspens in whispers pray,
And the free wind sings in the swaying pine.

ENVOY.

Then I'll follow fancy and speed away
When my wandering thoughts to the mountains stray;
There the spirit of nature is all divine,
And the free wind sings in the swaying pine.

H. G. DULOG.

MY FELLOW TRAVELER.

THE first thing I heard when I stepped on board the train bound south was a loud interested voice telling nominally to a few friends, but as a matter of fact to all the voyagers in the car, the story of a life that had embraced, according to the historian, nearly all the events of interest that had taken place in North America since '45.

Knowing the general rule that vast experiences of a thrilling kind are joined with a poor memory and a rich fancy, and knowing that other general rule that a talker fertile in personal detail is a tiresome companion, I buried myself in the scenery that slid past the window, and resolved to make myself so small as to escape attention. Now and then the name of a familiar battle or renowned exploration would reach me above the din of travel, and little by little it was borne in on me that my fellow traveler was a truthful man, for no one would make a boast of the dismal series of defeats and failures in which our narrator had played so great a part.

The President (I got to give him that honorable title because he had held the post of municipal president of a Mexican town) was born in Texas somewhere about 1830. Texas was then a part of Mexico, and the President, therefore, always held himself to be a citizen of Mexico by force of nativity, though his tough six and a half feet of body and his determined face showed that the ancestral blood was northern. Even his Spanish, correct and fluent as it was, had now and then a snarling note which assured one of his Saxon kinship. His military career commenced when Donovan led his borderers into Mexico. The President shared the fortunes of his Mexican brethren. More lucky than some, he escaped the bullets of the wild riflemen; braver than others, he did not run away, but he was captured, and only escaped from this servitude to be engaged in further disasters.

After the Mexican struggle was over came a period of Indian war. A man named Glanton, I think, raised a volunteer company of Indian fighters early in the '50s. Although his profession was military, his genius was commercial. To combine profit and pleasure he entered into a contract with the Governor of Chihuahua, whereby that State bound itself to furnish arms and food, and to pay Glanton fifty dollars for every Indian scalp he should present for record. Whether Glanton gained or lost in this bloody business I don't know, but his example was contagious. Our President was enrolled in a New Mexico company and marched to the field of honor. The company, numbering some eighty-eight rank and file, that is counting officers and all, were camped near Abiqu, not far from one of the branches of the Rio Grande. Scouts brought word that seventy-five Apaches lay resting on Bear Creek, in what is now the Navajo reservation. The rangers started at once, marched with speed and caution, and passed the night without fire and almost speechless, that no whisper might betray their approach to the savages. Before dawn the men were on foot, and just as light was breaking they struck the Apache camp and charged. The charge was successful, that is, the Indians ran away, but they ran in such numbers and stopped so soon that in a moment the rangers were fighting for their lives. An arrow from an Apache war bow flies so fast for the first seventy-five yards as to be invisible, but beyond that distance you catch the glimpse of the feathers, and if you are looking at the right Indian you have time to dodge his shot. The rangers fortunately kept their foes some distance off, but the latter had the advantage of higher ground and a plunging fire. The President, while looking at the wrong Indian, got a glancing arrow wound above the eyebrow and advised a retreat. For sixty miles the stubborn red men hung on the rear of the flying column, and entire safety was not gained until two companies of dragoons joined the rangers.

And now skipping those minor incidents which do not stand out in high relief against the monotony of a soldier's life, we come to the war of the rebellion. The President moved east with Gen. A. S. Johnson to strike a blow for the lost cause. At Val Verde he did help to gain a victory, but he was shot for his pains and soon afterward was chased with his comrades into Texas. Here again some share of barren glory fell to his lot, for he served with Magruder against Banks on the Red River expedition, but it was pathetic to hear him deplore the havoc that the gunboats caused. "Why sir," said he, "we would be going through timber so thick a man couldn't see ahead; where you had a right to be safe, and there would come a fizz and a bang, and then more and more shells, till the very trees would fall and crush our men."

But the rebellion was staggering to its fall, and besides the President had at last got news that his native Mexico had been invaded, so he resigned his position in the Confederate forces, crossed the Rio Grande and joined Cortina. Cortina sent him down in charge of artillery to oppose the landing of the French near the mouth of the river. He opposed the landing ineffectually, and for two years and eight months thereafter was driven from pillar to post by the imperial forces with discouraging frequency, and finally when Juarez made his victorious march after the French withdrew, the President did not share in the triumph, because as he spoke English it was thought necessary to keep him on the border.

War had palled. The President still holds a high commission, it is true: but his chief attention is now given to the arts of peace. His cattle dot many a hill and mesa. His lands stretch far along the border, and by his constant and successful efforts to help his countrymen in general and his neighbors in particular he has nobly earned the title of the Father of the Border.

But all this time we have been speeding southward, till at last we pass the yawning chasm of the Tajode Nochestongo, a valley that looks as if only the forces of eternal nature could have gouged it out. For ten miles the great ditch runs along, over a hundred yards wide on top in places and more than half as deep—a monument of human persistence more striking than the pyramids of Egypt. And so we enter the Valley of Mexico.

Sunday afternoon is the chosen season for the bull fight. This amusement is forbidden in the federal district, but for the convenience of the public the boundary of the district is made to run a few feet outside of the gate of the bull pen at Huizchal.

Looking toward the south you see the white walls of the castle of Chapultepec rising above the fringe of giant cedars. Beyond lies the city, with its numberless church towers, dim in the distance, and far in the misty horizon glitter the snowy tops of the twin volcanoes.

There were four bulls from the cattle farms of Atenco, long noted for their vicious breed. Certainly the bulls had no sign of any other kind of careful breeding. Light in the quarters, wiry and rough, not weighing over eight hundred pounds, they would have taken no prizes at a State fair; but they were as wicked as any beast need be.

Every man that stood in front of one of those creatures depended on his nerve and quickness for his life, and from the minute the first bull stepped into the ring it was clear that there was at least no humbug in the matter. There were two picadors. One of them was very skillful. He would catch the charging bull with his buttoned lance in the neck or shoulder and throw him off far enough to clear the horse nearly every time, but at last the bull would bore in in spite of everything; the leather armor of the horse would be flung off or ripped to shreds and the horns would cut and tear the life out of the poor brute.

A bull in charging does not put his head down and run till he strikes something. He aims at some definite object and when he reaches that object or the spot where it ought to be he throws his head up sharply, sometimes with force enough to carry his forequarters high in the air. Then if he has caught nothing his charge is over, but if he feels resistance he keeps plunging and lifting until something gives way. One horse was caught back of the forelegs. Slowly the bull lifted his victim, at first struggling vainly, then hanging limp till at last the horse was turned clear over on to his rider, while the bull rushed again on the prostrate pair. There were several stirring incidents in the combats. One bull cleared the palings at a single jump but at last was driven back to the sacrifice. Once a daring fellow with the aid of a pole sprang entirely over a bull who was charging at him. Banderillas were put in by a bareback rider and by a man sitting in a chair, though it is fair to say that this last hero got up before the bull reached him.

The final killing was not in every case an artistic success. The torero should put his sword in at one side of the backbone nearly at the point of the withers and reach the heart at a single thrust; then the bull walks off for a moment; drops and dies. In only one instance was this perfectly done. The other bulls needed at least two thrusts and then struggled and staggered for a long time, or else had to be dispatched by a dagger stroke behind the horns.

The exhibition was barbarous, brutal and degrading, and ought to be abolished, but it is only just to add that I was as much interested and excited as the most hardened of the mob.

The hot, clear sky, the glittering dresses of the bull fighters flashing around the ring as they threw their purple cloaks in the face of their angry victim; the savage, rushing charge, the shouts of the crowd, and the brazen ring of the music rising over the hoarse din of applauding thousands sent a tingle through one's veins, which reminds him how near he is to his savage forefathers. The educated conscience in its cooler moments cries shame, but the brutal instinct cheers on the fighters.

All this has very little to do with my traveling companion. Indeed, I will admit that he was but a text to preach away from, though the text has stretched half through the sermon, and I will also say, for fear that our national tendency to look on the comic side of life may have given you a poor idea of the President, that a more interesting, genial and unselfish companion never lightened a weary way.

H. G. DULOG.

Natural History.

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THE BITE OF THE GILA MONSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have heard upon several occasions of death resulting from the bite of a Gila monster, but never had such death come under my personal observation. The last reported case being at Fairbanks, in Cochise county, about sixty miles east of this city. I wrote Dr. Mathews, the physician in the case, for the facts relative to it, and his reply I herewith append. The letter is dated Tombstone, May 10:

"In reply to yours of the 5th inst., I would state that the facts in the case of Col. Yeager are: That on the morning of the 26th ult., Yeager, in a spirit of bravado, I suppose, or perhaps in a false sense of security and confidence in the harmlessness of the reptile, was playing with one of the 'beasts' and attempted to open its mouth, when the thing suddenly closed its jaws on the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, the fangs going entirely through the nail of the thumb and appearing on the front. It required considerable force to compel the reptile to loosen its hold, which it did only when its jays were pried apart. Of course remedial measures were adopted to counteract the effects of the poison by the free administration of stimulants (whisky) internally and the application of ammonia externally. For some time after receiving the bite he complained of much pain in the hand, and there was some swelling and discoloration, though not so much as I should have expected of a venomous wound. After the effect of the stimulant began to be felt, he experienced relief from the severe pain, and was advised to go home and lie down, and started to do so, but only got some fifty or one hundred yards, to J. P. Graham's saloon, which he entered and almost immediately fell to the floor in a state of stupor, and lay in that condition until it was discovered that he was dead.

"Yeager was a drinking man, and had been drinking that morning before the accident occurred, and of course must have taken a considerable quantity afterward, just how much I could not learn definitely, but should judge from statements made to me at least one-half pint and doubtless more. When he appeared at the door of Graham's saloon, that person thought he was under the influence of whisky, and when he fell to the floor said he only thought him drunk, and as he apparently went to sleep, concluded to let him lie until he awakened. As near as I could learn, he must have lain there on the floor some two hours or more before it was discovered that he was dead.

"As I have said, his condition after reaching Graham's was sufficiently similar to the effects of alcoholic stimulation in excess to deceive an inexperienced person. But on investigation I found a marked difference. Instead of the slow, deep, stertorous breathing of one under the influence of alcohol, his respiration was described as a short, quick snore, while some few observed a convulsive movement, though slight in degree.

"At first I was disposed to look on his death as caused by excessive use of alcoholic stimulants at and after the time of the injury. But on hearing all the statements at the inquest held that night, I became convinced that such was not the case, but that death really resulted from the venom of the monster. In this opinion I am supported by our county physician, Dr. G. C. Willis, who was present with me at the inquest. These, I believe, are all the facts in the case. They are at least all that were developed on inquest.

"Hitherto I have been disposed to be skeptical as to the possession of venom by the Gila monster that would cause death in the human subject on being bitten by it. I do not do so now. I would state further that one of the jury, as soon as he had heard of the occurrence had predicted Yeager's death within a few hours, basing his prediction on personal knowledge of a case of the same kind where the man bitten lived but little over one hour.

"Yeager lived three and a half or four hours, although to all intents dead within an hour. H. M. MATTHEWS."

The fate of Col. Yeager will, I think, convince many that the bite of the Gila monster is death. The Indians and Mexicans need no convincing, inasmuch as they unitedly maintain such to be the case; but among the whites there is, and has been, much incredulity on the subject. Col. Yeager was one of thest known citizens of that section of Arizona, having for the past several years been before the public, first as a mining operator and later as defendant in a sensational divorce case. To whisky some may attribute his death, but the statement of Dr. Matthews, one of the most reputable physicians of Tombstone, will go far to convince all fair-minded inquirers. HERBERT BROWN.

TUCSON, Ariz., May 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Gila monster is one of the most curious reptiles, of which Arizona is prolific. It lives in the sandy wastes and along the river bottoms of Arizona, and might be called a dry-land iguana. It is a foot or a foot and a half long, has four legs, and an epidermis of variegated color, and grows to about the size of your arm. The question at issue is whether they are poisonous or not. Many years ago I had the fangs of one examined by scientists, and they were pronounced innocuous. The skin made a beautiful covering for an opera glass.

The Mexicans call it "escupion" (the spitter), from the fact that it ejects saliva when irritated; and the Indians shun it like a rattlesnake, and they know. The Americans make pets of them; and the other day a man named Yager was fooling with one which nipped his finger, and he died in three hours, a frequent occurrence.

The utility of the Gila monster is to turn them loose in a gopher field, when the gophers rapidly disappear. Every man, beast, bird, fish, reptile and insect has its natural destroyer. Now what is the natural enemy of the locust? *Quien sabe?* St. John ate them with honey, and they are not bad food. The Digger Indians eat them roasted without any honey. Fortunately they cannot cross the deserts and get to Arizona. C. D. P.

NOGALES, Mexico, May 30.

[The bite of *Heloderma suspectum* has always been regarded as innocuous by scientific men, though the fact that the reptile is greatly dreaded by Mexicans and Indians has always been known. Recently, however, some experiments made by Dr. Mitchell have shown that the bite is venomous, and thus that the belief of the Indians is well founded. We scarcely think, however, that the case referred to in the two previous communications would, if it stood alone, be very strong evidence against *Heloderma*. As is well known, a man who is habitually intoxicated is not likely to be in any condition to resist poison.]

PHOTOGRAPHING A WOODCOCK ON THE NEST.—Johnstown, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you two photographs of a woodcock sitting on her nest, taken very lately by Mr. W. H. Kibbe, an artist here. About May 10, Mr. James Hillabrandt took a ramble with his dog over some of the ground near this village. On like trips previous springs he had noticed that sitting woodcock gave off no scent, so when he accidentally hit a bird and scared her up, stepping through some low brush that his dog had just gone over, he did not blame his dog. A week later, he and his brother thought they would see if they could find the nest without scaring the bird off. They did so, and by silently cutting off some brush got a good view of her. Subsequent observation showed that she was off the nest feeding during the forenoon; but the afternoon found her on, and after three attempts in different positions the cabinet picture was the result. The bill not showing good, they tried the difficult feat of posing her, and actually succeeded in raising her bill with the point of a knife over intervening sticks so that the stereoscopic view was the result. A week later it was found that the eggs were all hatched and she was seen with her brood. Any reader who wishes to procure a copy of the picture can do so by sending Mr. Kibbe twenty-five cents.—M. S. NORTHRUP.

THE BIG WOODPECKER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*) may be found in unfrequented swamps in this part of Arkansas. It is not rare, but is rarely met with. The pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*) is quite abundant, and often seen in all parts of the State, even on the highlands in scrubby oak and pine growth, but is, of course, more common in the low country, in dense forests and damp localities. "A Red-Headed Family" gives a very readable account of the habits and nest of the ivory bill. By the way, "Ivory Bill" is a complimentary designation applied in this State to a very old citizen, or first settler of the country. The local names for the ivory bill most in use here are logcock, woodcock, woodchuck and Indian hen. Also applied indiscriminately to *Hylotomus pileatus*.—YELL (Newport, Ark., June 8).

SUPPOSED HYBRED WOLVES.—A prairie wolf at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens has given birth to three very peculiar looking whelps. The puppies, for so they seem to be, do not at all resemble the young of the species, and some doubt is confessed as to their parentage on the sire side. It appears that the mother was in the possession of a student, who was using her as a model either in sculpture or painting, and when not occupied with her, kept her chained in a stable. She was as tame as a dog, and was presented to the "Zoo." Since arriving within the inclosure she has given birth to the three youngsters in question, and they all strongly resemble domesticated dog puppies. The pointed nose is wanting, and the erect ear of the wolf is supplanted by a turnover appendage, the bushy tail is growing more slender and curled over. What shape they will assume when grown, time only can tell.—HOMO.

AN ALBINO ROBIN has been taken alive by Sergeant Green in Leverington Cemetery, Philadelphia. The bird was seen among others for several days and the effort to catch it proved successful. An ash sieve, a ball of twine and a plentiful supply of sponge cake were the tools employed. The white robin was curious, unsuspicious and hungry, and hopped directly under the trap, the sergeant jerked the string and he was caught. The bird has pink eyes and is a true albino. Word was telegraphed from Sergeant Green's station to all the district police officers of the important capture and Green has been overwhelmed with congratulations on his prowess.—HOMO.

Game Bag and Gun.

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CHEYENNE TO INYAN KARA.—I.

WHEW! but the long, tedious ride was over, the ride across the monotonous divides, across the seldom creeks, through the prairie dog villages which delegated their undignified dignitaries to welcome us with their unmannerly barking, through miles of sage brush and among hundreds of sage hens who vouchsafed us no more attention than if we were so many range cattle; up hill and down, over hard roads and over soft roads and "middling" ones, brakes on and brakes off, sand, mud, rocks and water, nearly three hundred miles of it. We were tired and tired of each other. We started good friends, oftimes mildly quarreled, and were repeatedly reconciled.

Our traveling cuisine was well provided for. We had bought, begged, borrowed or stolen from a "round up," which we met at Fox Creek, a good supply of fresh beef. At Lone Tree we killed several sharp-tailed grouse, at Box Creek some ducks, on Running Water an antelope, and on Hot Creek one of the party was enabled, through a lucky rifle shot, to capture a pair of wild geese. So we were, in addition to our canned goods, bountifully supplied with edibles to keep the wolf from the tent-flaps. We drove very slowly and usually made camp early in the afternoon. Having no strings tied to us, and time being no object, we loitered as best suited our day-to-day notions; and luckily those notions dovetailed harmoniously with the condition of two of our horses, which, when the journey was at an end, resembled the running gear of a long-legged sandpiper, and had developed a supreme indifference to the stimulus of the buckskin.

We reached Jenney's stockade on Little Beaver Creek on our eleventh night out and saw the beginning of the end. One more night and two days would, barring accidents, land us at our destination on Inyan Kara Creek. The last two days were delightful. Traveling through the beautiful valley of Little Beaver, with its numberless springs, its wooded heights and grassy slopes, its beetling crags and cliffs silhouetted against the sky. Slowly we go perforce, hunting and riding all day. The sharp-tailed grouse are plenty and afford good sport.

The last night out we camp at a waterhole on top of the divide between Little Beaver and Inyan Kara, and just on the edge, where a recent prairie and forest fire had commenced to do its devastating work. Whether from carelessness, unavoidable accident, or intentional fiendishness, the result was the same, and thousands of trees were either totally destroyed or their healthy growth retarded, and thousands of acres of grazing land were left bare as a sand dune and deserted by every living animal. The next day's drive was down hill, and by the middle of the afternoon we were in snug quarters where the welcome we received would excuse a thousand times over any deficiencies of accommodation. But there were no deficiencies to be excused. There was a comfortable room for us, a roaring pitch-pine fire, venison and grouse on the table, and milk and butter and jack rabbits, biscuits and spuds fixed up any style you wanted them, fruits done up in tin with colored picture labels, corn from the Oneida Community, tomatoes from Baltimore and beans from Boston. How delighted we were to bombard a picnic of somebody else's arranging. If a non-professional biscuit-slinger has to organize a spread, his appetite retreats in poor order, leaving him to wash dishes on his own empty stomach, and he has to satisfy himself with cold bites between meals, which is powerfully unsatisfactory. If you want to do first-class justice, have a first-class cook other than yourself, and take your time, with no dish washing staring you in the face and looking you out of countenance and appetite.

The morning following our arrival we were prevailed upon to make the descent of Inyan Kara Mountain. Mr. Coltalluk, our host, explained to us that the mountain derived its name from some Indian words which meant several small mountains carrying a large one. We did not for a moment suppose that Mr. Coltalluk knew anything about the derivation of the name, but as it evidently pleased him to impart to us his version of it we let him impart in peace. So far as the actual appearance of the mountain went it was all right. It is a high mountain, or rather a peak, surrounded on all sides by others not quite so high as the central one, which is the prominent landmark for many miles around. There is one opening in the circle through which a team can be driven for a considerable distance, and one can go on horseback to within perhaps a hundred feet of the summit, which can only be reached by hard climbing.

A few days previous to our visit the grass and dead timber in the mountain had been burned and every living thing driven out. Bears and deer and mountain sheep were plenty until seeing their means of subsistence were being destroyed they packed their valises and changed boarding houses. Their old hotel will probably not be repaired and refurnished until late in the coming spring, when, doubtless, a great many of the old patrons will return, as it has always been a well conducted and popular boarding house, with very moderate charges and polite attendance.

The view from the top is "grand," or "extended," or something of that kind. It might on a pinch be called sublime, and no doubt some people would call it so without any provocation whatever. Distant one hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts to the west, the outlines of the Big Horn Mountains could be seen in delicate clearness. Northeast were the Missouri buttes with their near neighbor the Devil's Tower. Sundance and Bear Lodge mountains were directly north, and the Black Hills to the east, and timber everywhere, until you couldn't rest. Cedar and pine timber, fine timber too, all circumferences and all lengths, compatible with profitable handling, and only waiting the enterprising sawmill man to down them and the Government as well. I came near forgetting some other buttes which can be seen from the Big-mountain-carried-by-several smaller-ones. Pumpkin Buttes they are called, if memory plays me not falsely. They are, seems to me, in a westerly direction from Inyan Kara, but whether northerly or southerly, I have forgotten, and am not at present disposed to speculate, so far as they are concerned, on the points of the compass, for this report is nothing if not truthful in all important particulars, and bears in every sentence the marks of the historic hatchet. Truth has blazed a straight line right through it. At our feet, as it were, were some small streams and small hills not large enough to be named yet; but perhaps some day, with the prospective rise in real estate, the hills may assume the propertions of mountains, and each one be labeled Mount So-and-so and So. They are yet in their infancy. This rise is expected with the next spring influx of settlers, and when the new blacksmith's shop and the general store are erected.

We returned to Mr. Coltalluk's in time for supper. Mrs. C., running dinner and supper into one meal, was able to do double justice to her reputation as a broiler, baker, stewer, fryer, and all the other ers appertaining to a good square meal, and we did our part toward showing an appreciation of her efforts in our behalf. It looked as though a cyclone had encountered the table, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and knocked the table out the first round. However, Mr. Table came up smiling when time was called next morning, as much as to say "slightly disfigured but still in the ring."

That evening we discussed the hunting question, which was an important one and the primary reason of our presence in the country. There were numerous localities we had heard favorably spoken of, and in fact any and all of them were reported to be so overrun with game that all one required was a good stout club and a knife. We discussed the matter pretty thoroughly, and it finally resulted in our choosing the Belle Fourche, between Wind River and the Devil's Tower.

It took us the better part of the next day to load our wagons, fix rifles and tent, bake bread, and fuss around repairing mistakes and doing numberless little things. Where there are one or two old hands and lots of tenderfeet, it demands a good deal of time to prepare preparation properly, and a great many knots are tied only to be untied; but all those little annoyances have an end, and the next forenoon, joined by three American citizens of German descent, we pulled out for the Belle Fourche.

There were eight of us. Cæsar's ghost and Great Scott! eight of us! Enough to down every bear and elk and deer and antelope between Missouri Buttes and Bear Lodge Mountain, to say nothing about the canned corn, tomatoes and marmalade. It proved correct what Mrs. Coltalluk said. She affirmed that a pack of hounds and the knowledge that some one was going hunting would make every woman in the settlement a grass widow. Their husbands would surely follow the dogs. The day's ride was very pleasant. We picked up a few grouse, knocking them down first. It was about the 20th of November. The late afternoon began to be chilly as the wind from the northwest started toward the southeast. We reached the 70L ranch, or what remained of it, about a half hour before dark. There the wind cut loose, coming stronger and stronger and displaying its search warrant, which authorized it to hunt for the holes in our old clothes—and, by Boreas! it finds them too, and enlarges them. Even the buttons on one's undershirt are in danger of coming off, but fortunately the honest girl (away back East in the States) who put them in position must have had a presentment that they were intended for service in Wyoming and so put in an extra stitch. We have said "what remained of the 70L ranch." It was either sold or abandoned, and a few days afterward some party or parties, to the subscriber unknown, set fire to the kitchen and bunk house; and all now remaining of them are the big chimney and the open fire place—more open than ever before. The well was also set fire to, but put itself out. The place was occupied by a couple of discontented men, who lodged in what was formerly the "chuck" house. They were dragging out a kind of lonesome existence by eating, sleeping and watching three or four hundred cows which they were herding. They were nearly out of provisions and were glad enough to welcome us and give us hay in exchange for flour and bacon and coffee. They were expecting their boss every day and had been expecting him for many days.

We cooked our supper by the old open fireplace, unrolled our blankets and lay down to sleep on the cold, cold ground. Nothing disturbed the slumbers of the purely American clique, save an occasional growl from the German band, who were three in a bed and probably quarreling about the middle, and the outside majority grabbing clothes—one of the instances where the majority gets left. The thermometer must have touched about twenty below that night, for the Belle Fourche was frozen solid by morning, and we had to cut water holes for ourselves and stock.

We have come a long way together, and perhaps it will now be in order to introduce the members of our outfit. We don't know them very well ourselves, but anyhow there is Tom, who goes to show us the places where the game is so plenty that the hunter is in danger of having an elk or deer or antelope come stealing up behind him and bite him. We at first—the first day only—took small stock in Tom's reports, but gradually the truth dawned upon us that he belonged to the well-populated brotherhood of third or fourth-class hunters, and did most of his hunting with his mouth. He was a good hunter at the table, if nowhere else. His inordinate appetite would make a cook sick and a grocery weep. Tom would never prepare a meal for himself nor for his best friend. He'd die first and starve afterward. It was condescension on his part to even cut wood or fetch water. He did not want to do anything after eating but hunt; and if ever he made any noteworthy success at that, we never detected it, though—to do him justice—he surely brought some game into camp. Another of our party was called Foncab. He was a little sawed-off bit of a fellow, fully aware of the fact, so he put on no unnecessary airs. There was also a big fellow, who had in his younger days been a sailor and had visited every port in the world, at least we have heard him say so many and many a time. Then there was a young man named Curtis, a good fellow and the best hunter in the party; and a cripple whom the rest called Doc.

Of the German band we know little, save that one answered to the name of Hans, another to Fred, and the other to Albert. They were disposed to keep pretty much to themselves at first, but gradually thawed out, and finally grew to be quite sociable when they saw our indifference regarding their movements.

MILLARD.

BEAR CREEK, Wyo.

BROTHER M.'S SUNDAY FOX CHASE.

I WAS residing with Mr. Sam Harper, whose plantation was on the Corni. There were only three or four families in the settlement. Deer, turkey and bear abounded. It was my extreme fondness for hunting that caused me to bury myself in that lonely country. I taught every school day of the week, fire-hunted every favorable night except Sunday, hunted with hounds every Saturday, if it were suitable, for nearly a year, and when the Saturday was unfavorable I would make up the lost time by hunting on Sunday, until an event occurred which effectually cured me. Mrs. Harper was so much opposed to it that she would not permit any game I killed on Sunday to be brought into her house. To deceive Mrs. Harper, when I left after breakfast on Sunday morning I rode away without a gun. My muzzleloader and my rifle were left in my room where she could see them, and feel assured I had not gone hunting. But my friend, George Watson, had loaned me his good rifle, with which he fought a duel with Albert Brest, subsequently a member of Congress, and afterward a brigadier general in the Confederate army. This I kept hid in a hollow tree a mile or more from the house, unknown to any one. On Sunday morning I rode off as if going to see a neighbor, or just to have a ride for exercise. After going some distance I left the public road and proceeded through the woods to where the rifle was hid, and then enjoyed a day's sport in still-hunting all to myself. Many a deer and turkey were killed and taken to a certain place and safely hung up. When I returned in the evening I confided to the old negro stock minder, who lived in a cabin in a remote part of the negro quarters, and afterward he would go and bring the game to his house for the use of his family.

This went on until one Saturday morning I rode over to Mr. Watson's plantation. I took with me my rifle, as we were to have a still-hunt during the day, and continue it with a fire-hunt for wolves as well as deer. We neither killed a turkey, bear nor deer during the day, but that night we killed three deer. The wolves were numerous. We had packed the deer on our mules, and the dripping blood had attracted the wolves, until a larger number than I ever saw before had gathered around us. They ran before, behind and around us, howling like demons let loose from the infernal regions. But all our efforts to get a shot at them proved futile. Not an instant would they stand to shine the eyes and shoot. It was getting to be ominous and fearful. The great pack increased in size every quarter of a mile, and we were about five miles from any house.

"George," said I, "let us get down, tie our mules, build a fire of pine knots and hang up the deer, and shoot some of these devils, or they will tear us from the saddles." We dismounted, hung the deer to a bending tree, so that the wolves would have to leap high to reach them, and built our fire so that we could see a dark shadow when a wolf passed between us and the fire.

The big light from the fire-pan soon enabled us to accomplish our designs. After all was properly arranged we retired with the mules and fire-pan about seventy-five yards from where the deer were suspended, put in the ground two forks on which to rest our rifles, and then lay down with the fire-pan blazing with fat pine at our backs. When the wolves should make a dash for the deer and darken the sights of our rifles, we were to shoot, both at the same instant. We did not wait long before our rifles broke the silence, for the wolves ceased howling as they made a dash for the deer. When the report died away we heard the snapping of teeth and growls, as if in agony of pain, and we were confident of having wounded or killed some of them. The pack ran off, and such howling I never heard. It was pandemonium let loose. Their hunger soon caused them to return, and again our rifles roared with the same result. It was some time before they ventured back, when we shot the third time. After this the pack went off with a mournful howl that gradually decreased until we were satisfied they had left for good. On going up we found five dead great black wolves and one tawny. There were two bullet holes through one, which proved one of us must have killed two with one ball, and that both of us had shot at the same wolf that had the two holes through him. When we got back to Mr. Watson's plantation I went to a noted hollow not half a mile from the house, to kill a buck at sunrise, as it was the last of October and in the midst of the rutting season.

I have recently read in the FOREST AND STREAM of some remarkable accounts of extraordinary shots, and though I had believed what happened to me that morning, was one never known to hunters before; it appeared that the same thing had several times occurred to others.

Day was dawning. I had not to wait long when I saw a small doe coming toward me at a rapid rate, and a tremendous buck not far behind her. My rifle shot a conical ball of forty to the pound. I gave a quick whistle. Instantly she stopped and the buck did the same a few feet behind her. Oh, how large and grand he looked, towering like some great bull among the calves. Both saw me, but did not move,

they seemed to be so astonished. I was cool and deliberate in my aim for the heart—the rifle fired clear and angry—the report on that blessed Sabbath morn echoed far and wide over those pure hills. But shall I tell it? Neither buck nor dove moved. I could not see a quiver of the muscles nor a movement of the eyes. They stood stone still until I had reloaded and was in the act of putting on a cap, which my half-frozen hands did not readily permit, when the doe leaped off followed by the buck.

I knew the run of the deer so well that I felt satisfied I could cross a ridge by running some 300 yards and head them, as they ran down a hollow that led to the creek bottom, and not a quarter of a mile from the house. I ran with all the speed I could and took my stand almost breathless. Not two minutes passed before I discovered a buck approaching me on a slow trot. I let him come in thirty yards, when again I whistled, and as he stopped I fired at his breast, as he was in full front, and he sank to earth without a struggle. Going up to sever his jugular, I found the ball had passed through the entire body coming out near the root of the tail, and lo! there was a hole of a ball passing through him from side to side. I heard no shot that morning, but those I made myself. Was it possible that some one else could have shot this deer so far off I could not hear it, and for him to run that distance with the blood dripping from both sides? I could not believe it. He looked as large as the one I shot at a short time before, and to satisfy myself whether it was the same deer I traced him by the blood to the spot on which he stood, where I first shot and there were two pools of blood, one from each side, the ball not striking the heart, but an inch to one side. Never before had I known or heard of such a thing as a deer to be shot through and through, and for a minute or two show not one symptom of being struck. I have often related it to other hunters, but never found one having the same experience until the same thing I see related in several late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I got Mr. Watson and several negro men to go with me and bring in the buck. At the very moment we got to the yard gate, who should ride up but my old and esteemed friend Parson Moores, the presiding elder of that district.

"O, I've caught you at last," exclaimed the parson. "You have been denying my often-repeated charges and insinuations that you hunted on Sunday, and I have caught you in the very act."

"Caught whom? Have I any gun?" said I in reply. "These negroes have the deer. I and Mr. Watson only accompanied them to see it brought up from where it was killed. They may have shot, or Mr. Watson, or somebody else. You did not see me shoot. Don't make such broad charges, Parson."

"Young man, dare you deny killing that deer on this Sunday morning? I heard, sir, two reports of a rifle as I came over the hills. I said to myself they were made by your rifle the moment I heard them, for I can testify to the crack of your rifle as well as I know the sound of your voice or the features of your face. Many and many a time I have heard you practicing with Orlando Greening. Don't deny it, but come right in here and let me pray to God to forgive your sins."

Parson Moris was one of the early pioneers to that portion of Arkansas. He was the presiding elder of the district, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal denomination. A man of commanding appearance, one that would attract attention in any crowd, plain in his dress, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, fearless as old Andrew Jackson, and resembling him in many respects. Ever ready to assist the sick and distressed, to comfort the afflicted, and to labor for the cause of his Master. He was no respecter of persons, he rebuked the ungodly whether high or low, rich or poor. When he knew his was right he went ahead, regardless of time, place or persons. He was imperious to the extent; he brooked no disputing with him on subjects of religion; he was a terror to evil doers, but he was respected, feared and hated by those whom he rebuked. Punctilious to a fault in all his doings, honest and sincere, he carried everything his own way in ministerial affairs. The younger ministers stood in dread of him. He could not pardon a fault in what he believed were the Christian duties of both members and divines. I had a very high regard for him, for I knew the man, that there was not the least particle of insincerity about him. He had often spoken to me about reports "that I would hunt on Sunday," which I evaded in an equivocal manner, neither positively denying nor admitting. On this occasion I was so fairly caught in the act, that I followed him into the house as meekly as a chastised setter.

Watson, who was a very polite and hospitable gentleman, had all the house servants called in to attend prayers, and after reading the chapter concerning the prodigal son the parson prayed such a prayer as I never heard before. I vowed on my knees I would never again hunt on Sunday. I have kept the vow religiously since to the extent of not going directly to hunt and never killing game on Sunday. But I have broken it in spirit by sometimes, when I was on my plantation, riding around it, and if my pack of hounds followed me, enjoying their cry did they jump a deer or fox.

Where is the old hunter that could refrain from such enjoyment? As to listening, unless he stuffed his ears with cotton or his fingers, he could not avoid hearing.

This brings me to Brother M.'s Sunday fox chase. I witnessed the incident in Texas ten years ago. Old Brother M., a hardshell Baptist preacher, was an inveterate lover of a fox chase, and kept a splendid pack of hounds. He preached every Sunday to a large and respectable congregation; but during the week days, while working his farm, would take a fox hunt if there came a very favorable morn, or he would have a mule-ear rabbit chase or a moonlight night 'coon hunt. There was no better man living. Everybody liked him, and everybody respected his piety and believed him to be as pure and righteous as it was possible for a mortal to be.

On that ever to be remembered Sunday morning brother M. had mounted his grand Kentucky thoroughbred hunter, his wife was riding a mare as fleet as the stallion, and his daughter, about 15, and a son, 12 years old, were equally as well mounted. The family lived about eight miles from the church. It was a lovely morning as one ever sees, and the ground and season were just about the most favorable for a fox chase one could desire.

Unfortunately for the parson, but luckily for those of us who witnessed the finale, three of his best and fleetest hounds had followed him. This was no uncommon occurrence, for they often came with him to church, lay by the side of his horse until preaching was over, and returned with him home. The party did not get a mile from the house before a very large fox sprang into the road from the high prairie grass, and, as the parson said, "The devil was in that fox, and prompted by old Satan he took the middle of the road and never left it." The hounds that were behind the horses sprang forward in full cry. "At first," Brother M. said, "he did not get excited, and was wishing every moment the fox would leave the road and then he should not have minded it all. But that wicked fox did not intend to do so reasonable a thing. He kept straight forward." The high mettled horse reared and plunged and didn't know why his pastor should hold him back; and then his old lady was getting fidgety, and neither the boy nor the girl could hold in. And when the fox and dogs passed over a little hill and got out of sight, he thought he would let Ned out, "just to see what had become of them."

"Come on, old woman, let us gallop to the top of the hill, you will see Bet ahead," she wat his favorite bitch.

The party gained the point, and lo! that Satan-possessed fox was still in the road, and the distance between not lessened by the dogs, with Bet in advance.

"It was more than mortal could stand," as the parson told his congregation, while bemoaning his sins, and confessing his transgressions, "Ned got the bridle between his teeth, I could not hold him down, and he went for that fox with more fire than I ever saw him do before. I just believe old Satan got into him and the other horses, too. It was nip and tuck with us all, the mare tailed Ned and Sal and Jim's horses necked and necked. And my Lord forgive me, I forgot the Sabbath. I forgot everything in the world, wife and children, until I found myself tailing the fox, right here before you all."

But few persons had arrived at the church when the occurrence took place, as it was not time for services to commence. The church stood on a commanding eminence, with an unbroken prairie from there to Parson M.'s farm. It was undulating most of the way, with a small valley begining about half a mile from the church. Across that rose another hill not so high as that on which it stood. The Parson and his family could be discovered coming for more than a mile. On this occasion some of the young men were lounging around the premises, and seeing the race and hearing the cry of the hounds, began whooping, and all those in the house ran out to see what was the matter. Down the opposite hill could be seen the chase, the fox only a few yards ahead of the three dogs following one right behind the other, and the Parson not a hundred yards back, under whip and spur, bending over his coal black stallion; the old lady, with streaming hair and bonnet fallen off and hanging by the string, urging her mare to her utmost speed, not a neck behind the horse, and the boy in advance of the girl, with hat off and waving it cowboy custom. Down the hill they thundered, the cry of the dogs and the yells of the Parson being plainly heard across the valley and half way up the hill, when Bet seized the fox. By the time the three had it stretched the Parson got there, jumped from his horse and had the fox in his hands before he recollected where he was and the day. Dropping it as quickly as if it had been a piece of hot iron, he mounted his horse and slowly rode to the church. Tears were streaming from his eyes, his looks were dejected. He was mortified beyond expression. Bowing to the crowd without saying a word, he tied his horse, all covered with foam, and going into the church, went to the altar, knelt down and prayed the most feeling prayer of his life, bemoaning his sin and begging forgiveness of his people and his Lord. The old woman told some of her friends she could have beat the old man, but she was afraid and held in her mare. Jim whispered it around to all his young friends his horse could have passed dad's and mam's at any time, but he thought of the licking he would get when they returned home, and so he held back. The whole thing was laughable and enjoyable, yet everybody felt sorry for the Parson, the saddest picture of woe and sorrow. It was generally remarked, the sermon that day was the most powerful the old man ever delivered. GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

MINDEN, La.

IN CAROLINA WILDS.

AFTER some years' residence in Florida, it was deemed advisable that we should spend a few months where we could enjoy the taste of water that was somewhat cooler than 65° Fahrenheit, where butter was not eaten with a spoon and vegetables not eaten from tin cans, where milk was not offered in a solidified form, and where we might have a season of retirement from fleas, roaches, red bugs and ticks. By devious and dusty routes we reached Spartanburg, S. C., where we changed to a short road to Hendersonville, N. C. About midway between these points is the station of Tryon, where we left the cars and proceeded in a rickety "shay" to Lynn, a mile and a half distant, stopping a week at a house kept by a deacon and gentleman who entertained summer boarders. A hotter place I thought I never got into, the mercury ranging from 86° to 98°. Near by was Tryon Mountain, half way up which was an imaginary line following the trend of the mountain and called the Thermal Belt. This belt was the theme of much of the deacon's conversation. We had scarcely shaken the dust off at Tryon before the old gentleman pointed out the belt to us with much unction. He owned or was reported to own several thousand acres hereabouts, which may have accounted for his interest, for in the region of this belt frost was prohibited, or, at least, said not to make its appearance with killing power. Nevertheless, the previous April peaches were killed as dead as the traditional door nail. That was an unavoidable accident, however, which would not be permitted again. Along this belt was a bench, which was somewhat less perpendicular than the rest of the mountain, where, if the oxen were anchored out, the stones and dirt might be stirred up with a "bull tongue" so that potatoes and other truck might be planted. But a better place for grapes could scarcely be found. They grew wild everywhere.

I was up on the mountain squirrel hunting one day, and stopped about noon at the cabin of the only resident on the "hill." He had come from the North, and had been seduced by the old gentleman's glowing accounts into settling there. His accounts of men and means were quite the reverse of laudatory. I munched "pone" and drank buttermilk with him and left him to his devices. I shot a few squirrels while in the valley, but fully earned every one I shot. There were turkeys reported, but I failed to find them.

At the end of a week we bade good-by to Lynn, and one morning took passage in the deacon's conveyance for Tryon. When half way over the ram shackle rig broke in two and we footed it to the station, but the old gent charged us hack fare.

In Boylston valley, not far from the French Broad, we stayed for a few weeks at private house. The house was an old-fashioned one, fronting the valley and skirting mountains. Behind rose mountains, "Old Sharpie" overtopping them all. Along the road was a row of huge oaks tenanted by numbers of flying squirrels which squeaked and gamboled as I sat enjoying my pipe in the evening on the piazza that ran the whole length of the house. Houses in this region are not as a rule plastered, but walls and ceilings are ceiled with poplar, dressed and matched by hand, and wonderfully well done too, it being a rare thing to see a crack.

This farm was the property of a widow, whose unmarried daughter, son and his wife lived with her. The son was an easy-going, good natured fellow, whose going was so easy and nature so good that he couldn't find it in his heart to object to the milking being done by his aged mother, even though the rain poured, as it did quite frequently, the milking being in the open air. Sometimes he cut firewood, at other times I cut it rather than see the widow tackle it. While we were there it became necessary to plow the garden to put in turnips. Bill therefore brought out a wooden mould-board plow, such as his great gran'ther used—probably this was the same implement—and proceeded to disturb the soil. But he couldn't do it all at once. The lot was too large, being about forty by sixty feet, so he did part and postponed the rest until it was too dry to plant anything. But he could tilt back in a chair on the piazza and smoke a pipe just as easy.

It was a pretty valley, not over a quarter of a mile wide, shut in by mountains on either side, and capable of great productiveness. On the mountains near by were turkeys, grouse and squirrels, and further back were deer, while the small streams that tumbled down the mountain sides afforded moderate sport with the rod. Two or three times a week the mail carrier on horseback kindly brought my mail from the office below, and I was put in connection with the outside world. On Sunday, the mule and horse were hitched to the heavy farm wagon, chairs were put in, pains being taken to avoid the holes in the bottom of the bed, and we rode six miles up the valley to church at Davidson River. If the chair legs succeeded in dodging the holes all went well, albeit roughly; but if a leg found a hole then there was a spill and much merriment.

The poorer class among these valleys and mountains are not much given to literature, and the daily events of the world at large were of small interest to them. They are "rough and generous and kind," and any assistance in their power is never asked in vain. I thought they were more willing to lend a hand in other's work than in their own, for they are social and their little world furnishes but poor enjoyment at the best. A typical "mountaineer" was Fred Allen, who lived down the valley a mile or two, whose lank figure, with his long rifle and hounds were often seen, and perhaps more frequently heard, as he ranged the mountain sides after reynard, encouraging his "pups" with high-pitched and long-drawn halloo. When his rifle cracked it meant dead game. I can see him now as he came into the yard one morning to go deer-driving. His rifle was carried easily on his shoulder with his right arm thrown over the stock. Under his left arm swung a dirty bag of some stout cloth, once white, containing his "grub" and bullets. His hat was of felt, broad-brimmed, once black, but through much exposure to the elements now a yellowish brown and very limp. To keep it out of his eyes he tipped it back on his head and dashed the front brim over the crown. His shirt was made of a flour sack with part of the brand in large blue letters conspicuous on the breast. He wore no coat, and his trousers were held up by one "gallus." His lean hounds devoted their attention strictly to search for stray bits of sustenance around the yard, nothing coming amiss. He was a good specimen of his kind, rough, uneducated, warm-hearted and obliging, knowing the mountains like the deer he hunted, and the streams like the trout that swam therein.

I agreed to meet him one morning at his cabin to go after turkeys, he knowing their haunts. I was there a little after daybreak, but his wife informed me that a neighbor below had come for him the evening previous to watch a lime kiln and he had not returned. This was unfortunate, but having some idea of the lay of the land, I started up the mountain alone. Part way up I came out on a bench and beheld a most beautiful sight. Fog had settled in the valley, completely obscuring everything from side to side with a dense white mass as level as a floor, seemingly compact enough to walk upon. The sun was just showing himself, and as he rose higher, looking down in growing power upon that lovely scene, the white mass stirred as though awaking from sleep at the call of its master, and breaking into billows, fantastic wreaths and columns, departed into its own realms until another night; and day dawned upon the peaceful valley.

I had hardly reached the top of the mountain when I heard hounds and knew that Fred was on my trail, so I waited until he and a companion came up, when we proceeded along the ridge overlooking the valley. We found nothing larger than fox squirrels, however, and after going some miles turned to the right and descended to the valley, upon reaching which we entered a piece of woods, and about midway of it the dogs flushed an old hen turkey and her brood of eight or ten three-quarter-grown birds. They flew in all directions, quite a number taking to the trees, but we looked in vain for them, until our necks were stiff. The timber was thick and the tops dense, and though we did sight one or two, they left just as we did see them, as game is apt to do, and we got none. Leaving the woods we crossed a field toward the main road up the valley and stopped at a fence to sample some wild grapes that hung in profusion from a vine in a small tree. As we did so it occurred to me that I might return and call those turkeys a while with possible success, as I had my call with me. Fred said he didn't care about going back, so I retraced my steps, and before I reached the woods heard a turkey calling. I managed to get into cover without being seen and then called my bird up and shot him. Then I went further into the woods where I could, from a little elevation, overlook the place where the birds flushed, and concealing myself in the top of a fallen tree began to call. In front of me the ground descended a few rods to a level which reached to a fence a hundred yards or so away, the other side of which was a very dense thicket. In the course of half an hour I heard a faint call from that thicket, and in a few moments more I saw the turkey dimly, walking on the other side of the fence, whistling in young turkey style. He continued to walk back and forth under cover of the fence until I despaired of seeing him on my side. But at last he hopped up and sat there peeping about as long as he had walked on the ground. How I did wish for a rifle. His patience was exhausted at last, and he hopped down on my side and took a few steps toward me. My finger crept toward the trigger as I gently answered his whistle. But he thought better of it and hopped up on the fence again. Then after a moment's reflection and two or three agonizing peeps he hopped down on the further side of the fence and began his watchful promenade. While I was watching him intently and carefully calling, another young lost fellow had crept up on my

right in the bushes to within twenty feet and stood motionless watching the performance, until I shook my head at a mosquito that was endeavoring to explore my ear, and the way that turkey "skaddled" out of that vicinity was marvelous. My turkey soon mounted the fence again, and after a short survey of the field hopped down and at last walked straight toward me. I could feel the hang of that bird that minute as I carried him home, when he turned like a flash and stopped not until he had placed the fence between him and danger. I felt anathemas in me strong, but as it was only midway the afternoon I concluded to hang on a little longer if I didn't grow fast to the ground. So I piped up again, and after a season of reflection the bird ventured back to the fence once more. He went through the previous performance again, ending by walking up within forty yards and then lying down suddenly. I straightened out my limbs as well as I could, and took the road up the valley. S.

INDIANA.—Hartford City, June 11.—Quail are few and far between; here and there perhaps on a farm will be a pair, and often in my drives I have seen but one poor bird calling for a mate for a half hour, but no answer to its plaintive call is heard. I have again seen quail this spring, two and three together, and one or two of them with their feet frozen off and hobbling around on their stumps. It has been a wonder to me that any at all weathered it through, as the snow covered the ground for the period of three months that the birds could not get to the ground to feed, and the temperature was from zero to thirty below during all that time. Where we had two to three coveys of thirty-five to seventy-five birds in every open field we now see one or two quail in two or three miles. Like all else they must go too. Quail shooting is a thing of the past. Ruffed grouse are very plentiful, and a good snapshot can bag his dozen or two a day without much effort; they have hatched already. We have a visitation of the seventeen-year locust, and to say they are noisy would not express it. They are in the forest principally, and are doing no damage as yet. A party of us start on a frogging match soon; I will write you about it after our return.—AH LOOK.

IRONTON, Mo., June 12.—Last winter was very severe on game. I found dead quail in considerable numbers while hunting. Also saw one dead turkey. But at the present time quail are quite numerous, more so than for several years; I cannot imagine where they all come from, seeing so many dead ones last winter. I saw a few days ago a covey of young pheasants one-third grown. They were all fine, strong birds and could fly well. Turkeys are not quite as plentiful as usual. I saw several fine ones this spring while fishing. I have not seen any deer for some time, but I heard there were a good many about seven miles out from town. Squirrel and rabbit are very scarce at present. I have seen but one squirrel and three or four rabbits in the last three months. Our fishing is not very good this season. I have caught several fine bass, the largest weighing four pounds. Game laws are fairly respected in this locality.—W. E. B.

WHY THE DOUBLE-BITTED HATCHET?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would you ask "Nessmuk" what advantage there is in his double-bitted hunting tomahawk over a single blade with hammer head? I would say a double blade is dangerous to carry and use, for to be of any use must have extremely keen edges, whereas with a single blade and hammer head, nails, tent pins, etc., can be driven. The only reason why lumbermen (and very few of them) use the large, double-bit axe, in case of one edge blunting or breaking they have a reserve, but from the size of this tomahawk it is only intended for light work, and the chance of breaking very small. Having seen this weapon praised up without giving reason, I should like to have the inventor, "Nessmuk," give them.—SINGLE-BITT (Quebec).

DIVERSITY OF SHOT MEASURES.—Cazenovia, N. Y., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your article about shot measures is good, and it is time that something was done about it. I make the following statement, that no gunmaker in the United States can tell what a single gun they make will do at the target, for the simple reason that they measure the shot and don't know the number of pellets in the charge they use. The shot should be counted, then there is no mistake. Mr. Card, of trap fame, invented a simple machine for counting the shot (a cut of which is inclosed), but it is too accurate for them; they prefer to dip them up, thus getting fifteen to twenty more pellets in the charge than there is in 1¼ ounces by count.—WILL H. CRUTTENDEN.

THE FIRST AMERICAN RIFLES.—Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Smithsonian Institution has been requested by Lord Truro to obtain information as to when firearms, especially rifles, were first manufactured in North America. He has heard that the first rifle makers in the United States were some German families, who settled in Pennsylvania. He wishes to know when they arrived, and whether the rifles used with such deadly effect by the Americans in the War of Independence (1775 to 1782) were of their own manufacture or imported from Europe? Can any of your correspondents throw any light on the subject?—Very truly yours, SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary.

A WORD FROM THE CHEF.—A few canvasback ducks were sent to market last week by a pot-hunter, who imagined he could find a sale for them, but he was disappointed. Wild ducks are to be had in Boston, but they are preserved in ice-houses from one season to another. We do not recommend the use of any food out of season, and cold weather is the only time a true epicure will eat wild ducks.—*The (N. Y.) Cook, June 13.*

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—*Correspondents who may have observed the condition of prairie chickens this year are requested to send to the* FOREST AND STREAM *postal card reports.*

ATHENS, Pa.—Quail, grouse and rabbits wintered well. I expect some good sport here this fall.—PARK.

The latest reported mischief of the English sparrow is destruction of orange blossoms, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* reporting the case of a tree which has for many years borne from 200 to 400 oranges, but now has less than a dozen of the fruit on its boughs because the sparrows devoured the flowers.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—III.

THE sun was well above the treetops across the lake next morning before Al aroused the happy family for breakfast. And that breakfast of coffee, biscuits, ham, eggs, fried potatoes and fish, and a tin cup each of wild raspberries, great red luscious ones, with sugar, and pure cold sweet milk with the cream on. Will we ever forget it?

The first work of the morning was to look after the cooking and dining department, and this required ridge poles and uprights to put up the two flies, each twelve by sixteen feet. Ben and I took the dugout with Bob and Kit for a ride, and paddled a quarter of a mile up the lake to an old log road, where, back in the brush, we found a scattering grove of young water maples, which were just what we wanted in the way of poles for the flies and two tents not yet put up. This load of green timber would have sunk an ordinary skiff, but the old "holler log" was a remarkable craft in more ways than one, and we paddled back to camp drawing but little more water than when we left it.

In two hours our canvas canopy was up; twenty-four feet long, with the sides sloping down to within three feet of the ground and fastened by the guys to stout stakes driven deep into the sandy soil. This afforded a good shade and protection from rain, to say nothing of its advantages for ventilation. Under one end was the table of rough boards, ten feet long by three wide, and under the other end, to one side, we put up a table for Al's special use, with one of the mess chests mounted on it for a cupboard. At this end the camp stoves were set up on a low platform, and near by was a big packing-box containing flour, corn meal, side meat and other delicacies. Altogether it was rather a creditable and handy kitchen and dining room, and we felt rather "stuck up" over it. "A leetle too good fur the Joneses," Ben solemnly remarked as he swallowed a dipper of fresh water just from the well.

Dan's tent was the next job, a wall tent, and the only one in the lot. The others were of the A pattern, and this, I believe, all things considered, is the best for the "bresh" of Northern Michigan, as they take up less room where room is often at a premium, are put up in much less time and with far less trouble, and there are no guy ropes to steer around or break your neck by falling over if you have occasion to get out in the dark to look after things in case of a sudden rain or storm.

It was with some trepidation and misgivings that Ben and I began the erection of that canvas "stone front," for Uncle Dan is, according to Dick Mac, "a little facetious" about the location and set of his tent, and it was not without a good deal of satisfaction that we got the poles sawed to the exact length, nailed firmly together, and the tent finally set up in a shape to please his critical eye. However, old Ben could not pass the opportunity to fire a good-natured shot after him when the old pelican was out of range in another part of the camp.

"Hickory, we'll hev to do some o' that work over agin or we'll git into trouble. Don't ye see that corner stake over there! it's a full half an inch too fur out, an' the next one this way is jest exactly a quarter of an inch out o' slant with the rest of 'em, an' ef Danny gets his cagle eye on them two stakes, an' we don't line 'em up, he won't sleep nary solitary wink this blessed night," and with one of his inimitable winks and an expression on his bronzed face as solemn as an owl, he shouldered the axe with "let's go an' cut a flag pole an' set that piece o' striped buntin' to flutterin', fur there's nuthin' like the stars an' stripes to set off a camp, an' make a feller feel fractious like."

In the swamps at the head of the field we found a tall, slim ash sapling that Ben said was "like a woodpecker's head—made a purpose." This was cut and planted in the bank near the water, a few yards below the camp, and the old flag was run up and unfolded itself in the light breeze amid a cheer from all hands. Then a washstand was devised at the edge of the water, near the dining-room, a couple of hammocks swung in the shade of the trees along the bank, and the camp of the Kingfishers was ready for the inspecting officer.

The hard work was done and we were well pleased that everything had favored us in getting our little village of six tents and the big fly into such good shape for a season of rest and recreation. In the afternoon the rods were brought out and jointed with many a critical squint to see that the guides were exactly in line, reels adjusted, hooks on gimp carefully tied on (for we were in the land of the pickerel and mayhap of the mighty maskalonge), and the annual summer campaign of the Kingfisher Club was about to open, although this shank of the afternoon would only be devoted to a careful study of the water within a mile or two of the camp.

This study of a new sheet of water or stream, I have a notion, is as necessary to the angler as a knowledge of the lay of the country he proposes to hunt over is to the hunter, and to be measurably successful he should know something of the habits and seek to learn the feeding places of his fish, as the hunter does of the game he pursues.

If the angler know nothing of the ways and habits of the fish he seeks, one place is as good as another to waste time at, and it is only by a stroke of luck that he chances on a "good place," and then like as not he credits his catch to his own smartness and not to the fact that just there is the only place within a mile where he might expect to find fish had he known anything of their manner of life and the kind of food suited to their tastes. I have seen two smart fellows who could talk fish by the yard sit on a bank and fish for bass three or four hours with a piece of raw bird, where the water was not a foot deep within twenty-five yards of them, and the bottom a clear white sand bar, while the veteran old Dan Sloan sat in a boat a hundred yards above them at the foot of a rocky riffle, where the water was a fathom deep, and took bass after bass with live minnows, to the utter astonishment of the two chumps on the bank. Dan knew where to fish, and how; they simply knew how, and not much how at that. Dan's fish knowledge had been acquired by close observation and practical experience; theirs was yet in the dim future, but their patience was commendable. They left the stream with just as many fish as they would have taken had they been trolling for suckers on that glaring sand bar with a five-inch maskalonge spoon. Truly, to be learned only in the nomenclature of flies, to be able to distinguish between a pectoral fin and the lateral line, and to be smart in the knack of the "Henshall" (?) cast at a tournament is not to know how and where to fish.

A few of the best of a very poor lot of small frogs were selected from the menagerie box and placed in the minnow buckets, and then for the boats. There lay four nicely painted new skiffs of as many different models, each with at least two barrels of water in it. In the press of putting the camp in order we had paid little attention to the boats, but now when wanted for use there they were—four clumsy, ill-shaped, leaky affairs that would require, it seemed, two persons each to manage, one to row and another to bail the water out as fast as it leaked in, while a third might possibly do a little fishing.

If there is anything "on the face o' this livin' earth" calculated to ruffle the temper of ye honest angler and make him forget he was once a shining light in the village Sunday school, it is a miserable, clumsy, wet, leaky boat in which he is forced to sit and fish.

While the girls retired to a safe distance Ben and I made a few remarks calculated to free the boats of water by evaporation, assisted by Uncle Danny, who occasionally wedged in a word where Ben had failed to make the case plain, and by frequent approving nods from Jim, whose natural proclivities for plain and scroll-work cussin' were almost bursting him, but who restrained the impulse to let loose no doubt out of respect to the teachings and influence of his gentle, pure-minded little wife. Ben seemed to understand and appreciate the fix Jim was in, and remarked in his dry way, "Never mind, Jim, Jeems Mackerel (meaning the writer) an' me'll do your share an' won't charge you a cent, ef you'll jest fan us a little once in a while to keep us from gittin' too hot."

It may be recorded here that our friend Couturier sent his son John up a day or two after to stop the leaks, and John succeeded by dint of much hammering and caulking, and nailing various strips of tin over divers seams and cracks, and a liberal use of a thin mixture of white lead and oil, in putting the boats in a little worse condition than they were in the first place. John's intentions were good, but his skill in the art of stopping leaks was not a noticeable feature amid his many other good qualities, for John was possessed of sundry good qualities, among them a hearty desire to drown the man that built those boats. Friend Couturier was not, however, to blame about them, as they had been built for him by some one that knew more about chopping cordwood than modeling a boat, and they were turned over to us as the best he had, but he treated us better probably than we deserved in the final settling up by charging us a mere nothing for the use of them, and promising too that next year he would have better ones. We pulled them out on the bank, tilted them up to let the water run out, slid them back and laid boards in the bottom to keep the feet dry for a while at least, and the search for fishy-looking water and a few fish for supper and breakfast began; but more fishy-looking places were found than fish, though enough were taken for present needs and we were satisfied. We found a dozen or more places within a mile either way from camp that promised good fishing, and we returned well pleased with the prospect of good sport ahead.

There were two or three of the party that never disturbed a fin that afternoon, and I am constrained as a veracious chronicler to own up that the writer was one of them, but I would not probably admit it so readily had not Bob and Kit told it the minute we got back to camp, and were it recorded otherwise those two teasing little damsels would have the "old man" cornered in a colossal fish lie. Kit said, "Would you believe it; papa never had a strike while we were out!"

"Strike" was a big stride in the rudiments, and she looked sedately at Bob with an air that said, "See how easy it is to learn to fish," but there was a shade of anxiety in the tone, lest in making this strike she had struck the wrong word.

"Yes," said Bob, as she half closed her left eye in a prolonged wink and took deliberate aim with the other, "Old Hickory, as you folks call him, fished and fished and never got a solitary (solitary, after her Uncle Ben) run—I mean nib; I believe that's what you call it—but how can a fish run when it's got no legs," and with a twinkle in the wide-open eye she demolished the old man's reputation as an angler and set the whole party in a roar with, "Papa, Hickory knows how to row a boat for us girls, but he can't fish."

"Now jest listen to them two twins," said old Ben, as he swapped legs and addressed a vigorous remark in parenthesis to a skeeter trying to locate a claim on his nose, "to hear 'em talk you'd think they'd been a fishin' ever sence they was knee high to a duck, but I'll bet a chunk o' maple sugar agin a pardnership kiss from 'em that nary one of 'em kin tell a striped perch from a zebray, 'less it would be by the shape o' the tail an' the gineral set o' the fins; the neutral fins of a zebray, mind ye, my dears, bein' hitched on a good deal furder aft than they are on a pearch," and with a solemn wink at old Dan, who was near bursting with smothered laugh, he lit his brier root, changed legs again and relapsed into silence, which lasted only till the skeeters, emboldened by his listless attitude, made a combined flank movement on his right ear.

"Them two gals," he went on after swiping off the mosquitoes, "we'll hev to call the twins, fur ever sence they met at Fort Wayne they've bin froz together 'xceptin' when Kit was actin' as master o' transportation comin' over from Sutton's Bay, an' while they're in camp here they saunter around with their arms locked, suckin' a hunk o' maple sugar an' lookin' as peert an' sassy as two bluejays, an' when their backs is turned to ye they're so near of a size an' muchness that ye can't tell t'other from which, only Bob's hair is as black as a crow and Kit's is a kinder off color hazelnut brown, jest afore the hazelnut gits dead ripe, an' ef you'll notice the kinks an' quirls around her head, it looks a good deal like a hazel burr after frost hes struck it." "Them two gals," with a twitch at the corners of his mouth and a furtive glance over his shoulder; but the sentence was never finished for lack of time. The girls made a dash for him, but he was too nimble of foot to be caught napping. Springing to his feet and kicking the camp stool on which he had been balancing himself to one side, away they went up shore, followed by shouts and laughter from the rest of the camp, with Ben a half dozen lengths in the lead.

The girls soon gave up the chase and came back tuckered out and puffing from the violent and unusual exercise, while Ben came sneaking in soon after and took his seat as unconcerned as though nothing had happened, but keeping an eye on the twins to see if there were any further signs in the air to bring on another race. Satisfied that the fun was over, he fired the brier wood, swung his right leg over the left into its accustomed place, and puffing a few meditative whiffs said: "You gals 'll hev to train down a leetle finer ef ye expect to come under the wire ahead o' 'Hyperboler,' but I tell ye, Dan," as he hitched around facing the old pelican,

"I thought I was a goner once, fur Kit kin run like a deer an' was a reachin' mighty close fur my suspenders, but I jest teched myself in the flank with the spur, figgeratively speakin', as ye might say, an' then ye ought to a seen the sand fly; 'xpect Kit must a got more'n a bushel of it in her eyes, an' that's what saved my bacon. Jest write it down, Hickory, in that notebook you're keepin' in yer head, that there's heaps o' fun in this camp an' Hyperboler is lookin' around fur his share of it."

It may be in explanation that Ben was called Hyperboler (accent on third syllable) by the girls on account of a very marked tendency to indulge freely in hyperbole when telling a story or relating in his inimitable manner his varied experiences by flood and field, and Hyperboler stuck to him till camp broke and he will no doubt be hailed by it when the next camp is made.

Jim's wife was honored as "Mother Jim" for the reason, as Bob said, that she was the only married woman in the party, and where there were so many girls—there would be two more next day—there ought to be a mother to look after and keep them straight. The blessed little woman entered into the spirit of the thing with great glee, and thereafter it was Mother Jim and the children.

And we could see, too, that Jim was pleased all over at the good feeling manifested toward his wife, as evidenced by the grin that made strenuous efforts to reach clear to the outskirts of his beaming countenance, but failed, as the territory to be covered was to much for one grin. Truly, it was the happy family.

We sat and talked and joked till darkness came down and the smudge went out, and, outside of the rays of the solitary lantern on the table, nothing was to be seen but black shadows, except a faint shimmer on the water where a bright star shed its luster on the bosom of the tranquil lake. The conversation took a turn in keeping with surroundings, and finally dropped to a few scattering remarks addressed chiefly to our enemy, the tuneful and ever-cheerful pest of the North Woods.

The labors and pleasures of the day were over, eyelids grew heavy, and we sought our beds and the protection of the mosquito bars, to be lulled to sleep by the lonely cries of a trio of loons, whose wailing notes came quavering over the water to us from far up the lake. KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MINNESOTA FISHING.

AT 3 P. M. on Wednesday afternoon of last week, Clark Eldred and myself started out to interview the fish, my first handling of the rod this season.

After securing a bucket of minnows for bait, we pulled up across Swan Lake, using a trolling line, designing to do our still-fishing in other waters. Before reaching the head of the lake we had captured nine good-sized pickerel, and a huge old muskanonge had snapped my line in two, and made off with my trolling spoon. Leaving our boat at the head of Swan Lake, forty rods of travel brought us to Mons Lake, where we borrowed another craft, and making our way to the inlet commenced still-fishing. The first fish to come aboard was a wall-eyed pike weighing seven pounds, shortly followed by another weighing two pounds more. When the sun went down and we turned our faces homeward, we had taken exactly fifty fish, and the fifty fish average fully three pounds each. Not a bad catch for a part of one afternoon.

Just before we left Mons Lake Eldred made a strike, fastening to one of the largest fishes I ever saw in Western waters. Having no reel Eldred could only brace himself and hang on, but first his rod and then his line yielded to the tremendous strain and the fish was free. I saw the fish distinctly and am confident it was fully five feet in length, and would weigh thirty-five to forty pounds.

Long Lake, three miles from this village, is the best fishing ground I ever saw. I am glad to say, and I have no axe to grind, save that I want others to have as good sport as I have myself, that Mr. J. S. Grover of this town can furnish excellent accommodations for small parties, and furnish team and boats. J. FRANK LOCKE.

PILLSBURY, Todd County, Minn.

WHAT BAIT?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have fished for just such trout as "Squatter" speaks of and have had others near by doing the same, and when I was entirely discouraged, my Indian told me to try the back under fin of a small trout, for I had caught some small ones. Now if "Squatter" will try this and tell me the results, so that I may compare them with mine, I will be obliged to him. And if it does not succeed I will send him a fly which an Indian of a good deal of experience showed me how to make, and if that won't catch them nothing will. Hope to hear from "Smuggler." H. G., JR.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to "Squatter" I would suggest that should he hunt along the banks of the stream and procure some kind of crawfish or water-worm of any kind, the trout would be more likely to bite, as the bait used would not be strange to them. NIMROD, JR.

LEAVENWORTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not know that I ever failed myself in capturing any large trout that I knew the whereabouts of, and I see no reason why "Squatter" should not have the fish that he longs for. Let "Squatter" go to the pools very early in the morning (say when it is hardly daylight) and try a white miller and any slate-colored or drab fly. If neither of these succeed be provided with some worms that have been kept in damp moss for two or three days, or with some white grubs, as they are commonly called, or better yet, perhaps, woodworms or borers. Try these one after the other.

Should they all fail to tempt the cunning fish, a small dace or a bright-colored minnow may be tried. But should none of these succeed in the morning, then go to the pools late in the evening and try the white miller again, and then the bait until it is quite dark.

The early morning after a thunderstorm, the afternoon or evening before, I have always found the best for large fish. Stand well back from the pool when you cast. It is a good plan to notice the character of the little fish that may swim around the edge of the pool, if there are any, or the worms and flies that may drop from the trees into the water. Sometimes they make excellent bait.

However, I think the early morning, with the flies and bait that I have named, will do the work. The fish can be caught if "Squatter" has the time and patience to give to them. I have always thought that at this season of the year large fish feed generally in the early morning, and when it is raining hard.

Let your fly or your bait fall as near the plunging water as you can and then float out. And remember that it is not necessary to cast far out for trout; even large ones, when they are feeding, come very near the shore.

All that the suggestor of these devices will ask of "Squatter" is that he tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if he succeed in catching the wily fish.

Knock an old stump or log to pieces for the wood worms and watch any person breaking up "sod ground," or even digging in a garden for the white grubs. STILLABOY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "Squatter" can find a nest of young mice he will have no trouble in catching some of the large trout he seems to want. Hook the mouse through the nape of the neck, and with favorable conditions of weather he will be almost sure of success. I don't care for any of the catch, as trout shipped from Massachusetts to Minnesota would hardly be trout on arrival here. JUNE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 10.

A TRIP TO RACCOON STRAITS.

IN comparing the relative merits of salt and fresh-water fishing, I am inclined to agree with the conclusions of FOREST AND STREAM that the former is entirely lacking in most of those features that contribute so largely to the interesting details of the latter, and which, when placed before us by the skillful hands of "Kingfisher" and "Wawayanda," seem to take us with them, away over mountain and plain to the forest lakes of Michigan or the idyllic atmosphere that the witchery of the writer has thrown around the charming description of his life at "Camp Flotsam." "Al Fresco" in his Florida home could, I fancy, give us something rather exciting in the salt water line should he ever be successful in any of his numerous attempts to land a six-foot tarpon, especially if the exploit was accomplished with a split bamboo and a braided silk, and I feel assured that after the veteran "Nessmuk" has fastened his line to some of those big fellows he saw in the vicinity of Tarpon Springs, he will be able to give us an article of an even more exciting character than anything of the kind that has ever yet emanated from his facile pen. Notwithstanding all this, the salt water narrator is, generally speaking, badly handicapped by the superior attractions and more diversified character of the sport furnished by sylvan stream and lake for exactly the same reasons that make a description of sea fowl shooting, however exciting it may have been to the participants, of less general interest than a forest sketch of the same description.

Influenced as we are by these reasons, we do not feel quite sure that the following description of a fishing excursion, taken by four of us to Racoon Straits a few days ago, will be found of sufficient interest to entitle it to a place in your crowded columns, although the pleasure we derived from it fairly places it upon the red-letter page of our piscatorial experience. All of our arrangements having been made the night before, we took the Market street cable car for the ferry at seven in the morning, where before boarding the steamer Fiburon we laid in a supply of shrimp for flounders and a cigarboxful of worms that live in great numbers among the muscles that cover the piles and rocks along the bay. These worms resemble an earwig much more than they do an angle worm; have numerous legs; are much tougher, and far more tenacious of life, and when just caught will sometimes bite hard enough to draw blood. Rather ugly customers to look at, but excellent bait for rock cod, porgies or sea perch. They are gathered by the quart at low tide; usually by boys, who dispose of them to dealers, who have small stands near the ferry landing for supplying fishing parties with bait.

The steamer was crowded with fishermen, hunters and a number of others who were intent upon a day's sport near Cloverdale, coursing jack rabbits with greyhounds. Half way to our destination we sighted a pleasure party about a quarter of a mile distant on our larboard bow who had come to grief through the swamping of their boat, the occupants, five in number, were hanging to the gunwales submerged to the neck and endeavoring to attract the attention of the passing boats by frantically waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The steamer was stopped and a boat manned by four lusty sailors was lowered with all possible expedition, while we resumed our course, leaving the small boat to rescue the unfortunates and return them to the city.

Landing at the Tiburon pier, the terminus of the N. T. C. R. R. we exchanged the steamer for a rowboat and pulled around the point about half a mile into a wide, shallow cove. Twelve or fifteen boats were already anchored on the fishing ground when we arrived, but none of them seemed to be having a very exciting time and the prospect for good sport looked rather dubious. We threw our anchor over, however, in about three feet of water and dropping down into the soft mud our hooks, baited with the tempting shrimp, awaited further developments. The tide was about half in and the odoriferous mud flats on either side still remained to a great extent uncovered, their monotony being relieved here and there by small gatherings of seagulls vigorously searching the oozy shore for small crabs and shrimps, with a view of getting themselves into an acceptable condition for the enterprising "chicken" tamale venders of the city. For a full hour we lay idly floating on the sluggish tide before a single nibble disturbed the soporific influences that were gradually stealing over us. Tom sat in the bow in a decidedly somnolent condition. Joe fastened his line to a rowlock, and taking a morning paper became absorbed in the latest features of the Sharon divorce case. Belden yawned until a dislocation of his jaw seemed imminent, while the writer, sitting in the stern, looked listlessly away over the green hills of Marin county, his hands dabbling in the water and his thoughts wool-gathering among the sage-clad mountains of Nevada.

"I've got a bite," shouted Tom, in tones that put every man instantly on the alert, and by the way of a practical demonstration of the truth of his assertion, a moment later he landed two flounders of at least a pound weight each into Joe's lap. All day dreams instantly fled, and the animation that was immediately perceptible in the surrounding boats announced the fact that the ball had opened with them as well as ourselves. Belden and the writer took in a couple out of the wet, followed by another pair for Joe before Tom could replenish his hooks for another cast, the two fish caught by the latter being evidently the advance guard of a vast army of flounders that were coming in on the flood tide; and for two hours the biting was fast and furious, until there was no room for our feet in the bottom of the boat without stepping on a fish. Then the sport stopped almost as suddenly as it had begun; the school had evidently gone by us further up the bay, for we could see the boats beyond still catching them rapidly after they had ceased biting in our vicinity. We did not care to follow them, however, we had had fishing enough in that particular line, and stringing our catch of ninety-six flounders on strong cords, we pulled up the anchor, rowed out of the bay and headed for Raccoon Straits, which separate Angel Island from the mainland.

The day was warm and very pleasant, and the wharf at Tiburon, as we passed it on our way up the straits, was thickly set with men, boys and even women who had come over from the city to enjoy a day's fishing in the country air. One fat old fellow in particular attracted our attention by the elaborate preparations he had made for a comfortable day's sport. Seated in a large easy camp chair with a lunch basket by his side, out of which protruded the neck of a wine bottle with a metallic drinking cup inverted over the stopper; he was puffing away at an immense meerschaum pipe, his three lines tied to the wharf near his feet having large floats, each of which was surmounted by a tiny brass bell, whose musical tinkle gave him warning whenever they required his attention.

A pull of a couple of miles up the straits took us to California City, consisting solely of a large packing house, where the catch of the Alaska cod fishery is prepared for market, and a few cottages for those engaged in packing the fish. It was nearly or quite noon when we arrived, and beaching our boat a short distance beyond the city in a delightful little nook where the hill that rose in a gentle incline from near the water's edge was covered with green grass, clumps of low trees and wild flowers of every hue, we spread our lunch beneath the shade of a stunted live oak, and proceeded to fortify ourselves for an onslaught upon the rock cod, sea perch and porgies for which the surrounding waters have quite a local celebrity.

We were in no great hurry, however, to get out among them, the morning's experience had been pretty good for a starter, albeit the fish had not been quite as gamy in character as those we proposed to interview in the afternoon. The lunch that gentle hands had prepared for us before starting was leisurely discussed with appetites gained by the long pull up the straits, the perfume of the flowers, the drowsy humming of bees, the twittering of the sparrows in the thickets around us, and the clear, ringing notes of the quail, whose nodding plumes were occasionally visible as they hurried through the grass calling loudly to their mates on the opposite hill—all had a tendency to render our surroundings too agreeable to be hastily disturbed. A few porpoises were lazily rolling about a short distance from the shore, and the swell from the paddles of a steamer bound up the Sacramento River came breaking in upon the sand at our feet. High in the air a file of pelicans, seven or eight in number, went winging their way slowly toward the north, their ungainly forms and great expanse of wing forming a striking contrast to the trim little ducks that went whistling away like bullets just over the surface of the water.

By 2 o'clock we were through eating and smoking and tired of lounging under the live oaks, and each expressed his readiness to test the resources of the new fishing ground. "Now for those villainous worms," said Joe, as we pushed off into the tide. "I had rather be whipped than take one of them in my fingers; they make me crawl every time I look at the squirming things." "That's because they have got so many legs," retorted Tom. "Nothing like getting used to them," chipped in Belden; "I used to think grasshoppers were nasty little cusses, but when I was prospecting one season in the Boise basin we ran clear out of grub and got so nearly starved before we got into camp that we not only made a square meal out of an Indian cache of roasted grasshoppers we found in a tree, but took along about a peck for future emergencies." "Did they make you sick?" inquired Joe, who was the only dude of the party. "Not much," was the grave reply, "beat the finest peanuts I ever eat."

A few vigorous strokes with the oars took us a suitable distance from the shore and dropping anchor in about 20ft. of water near a ledge of rocks, we all cast our lines over except Joe, who concluded to await results before he tackled the worms. There was no delay with the fish here, as was the case with the flounders, for the writer's lead had barely touched the bottom when a fierce tug from below announced the fact that they were not only there, but were ready for business, and as a fine blue cod of two pounds' weight came in over the gunwale followed quickly by a silver perch at Tom's end of the boat, Joe's scruples against the crawling things vanished into thin air, and calling loudly for the cigar box containing them, he grabbed a handful and placed them near him on a seat, and a moment later was as deeply absorbed in the sport as any of the party. There was a novelty, or more strictly speaking, a delightful uncertainty attending the fishing at this point that made it more fascinating than any other place we had yet visited in the bay. Sometimes it was a blue or red cod, then a silver or blue perch, then a sea trout or a porgie—no flounders, no sculpins, but all were fish that were desirable, and most of them tolerably gamy. A number of boats were fishing near us, some of which had ladies on board, and their screams of fright when one of them would draw to the surface instead of the expected fish, one of the enormous crabs that frequent these waters, never failed to elicit shouts of laughter from all but the victim.

From a rocky point jutting out into the bay near us two gentleman were fishing with rod and reel, and although they labored under serious disadvantages owing to the multitude of sunken rocks around them, beneath which the fish, especially the cod, would fly for safety the instant they felt the prick of the hook, it was nevertheless evident that they were extracting more real sport out of the capture of a half-pound perch than we obtained from our largest cod, but as the fish were much more abundant with us as well as larger, and the chances of getting our lines caught far less, we felt tolerably well contented with our situation. Sometimes there would be a lull for a few moments in the biting, as if the fish had left the ground, but they soon returned, and as the last boat for the city left Tiburon at half past five, we reluctantly took in our anchor shortly after four o'clock, and leaving them biting as freely as ever, turned our bow toward home, having taken sixty-three fine fish running from one-half to two and a half pounds since lunch, to go with our morning's catch of flounders.

As we rowed along near the shore on our return, my attention was attracted by a queer-looking craft, half boat and half dwelling, looking for all the world like the home of Mr. Peggotty in "David Copperfield." It was tied to the shore in a little inlet just beyond the wharf; it certainly was not intended for navigation, although it was almost entirely in

the water, and the cabin upon it, small as it was, covered nearly the whole deck. On the end over the water stood a tall man who had just got out of a small rowboat which he was fastening to the scow. He was very shabbily dressed, and his long-neglected hair and beard hung in shaggy masses over his shoulder and breast. He rose up as the splash of our oars fell upon his ears, and to my astonishment I recognized Charley K., who long years ago in the flush days of the Washoe excitement had, with his pockets full of gold, been a fellow passenger with me on a pleasure trip to the East in one of the fine steamers of the Pacific Mail before the rails had been laid a mile west of Omaha. I returned to this coast before he did, and for years had lost sight of him entirely until this strange meeting on the shores of Raccoon Straits, where he told me he had for the past five years eked out a precarious living hunting and fishing. Poor K., stocks and the subsequent dissipation brought on by his losses had stranded him and left him as complete a wreck as were the old hulks that lay beached on the shores where he had moored his floating dwelling. And there he is wearing out, year after year, without companions, without friends, broken-spirited, poverty-stricken and alone. FORKED DEER.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BASS NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Guizot's "History of France," vol. 6, p. 382, occurs the name of Dolomieu, who was, it appears, a commander of the Knights of Malta, which order was suppressed by Bonaparte in 1798. He also took part in the scientific expedition attached to the French army in Egypt in that year. Probably he was the man whose name was given to an American fish by Lacepede, his friend and fellow scientist, and who, perhaps, will be longer remembered from that circumstance than for his Maltese Knighthood.

Although his claim to have the small-mouthed black bass called for him has been revived and urged by Dr. Henshall with ability, yet after all it seems to rest solely on priority, and that is far from being an unalterable law in the world of science, much of the nomenclature of the most eminent men—Linnæus, Cuvier, Agassiz—having been set aside by later writers.

Dr. Henshall says that Dolomieu had about as much to do with the fish as George Washington. Probably less, since the black bass is found in Virginia rivers, where the youthful George no doubt caught them. The generic name "Micropterus," or "small fin," came, as we learn, from a mutilated specimen, which had the dorsal fin partly bitten off. From that abnormal peculiarity Lacepede gave the generic name, and the specific one from Dolomieu, member of the scientific corps of the army of Egypt, who were held in such esteem by that army, that it is said the order used to be given on the eve of a battle, "Asses and savants to the rear!"

The generic name being founded on a mistake, and the scientific one being inappropriate for a strictly American fish, let us look through the long list of names with which the bass is credited by Dr. Henshall, and see if a better can be found.

The generic name "Grystes" has the authority of Agassiz, Baird, Girard, Holbrook, Gunther, Garlick and Herbert. As to a specific name, that given to the large-mouth species by Dr. Garlick, "Megastoma," well describes an organic peculiarity. For the other species, why not "Microstoma" or small-mouth. S. C. CLARKE.

SNELLING HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have had talk about snelling hooks and snooding hooks, and here at the Hub sportsmen talk of "ganging" hooks. I do not find authority for this last parlance. Will you tell me if it is "good form"?

True, I am selfish; but I am happy when I can stir up Messrs. Cheney and Leopold to talk with their pens. I am grateful for what Mr. Leopold says in your columns of May 14. I not only read what they write, but study it, and have been benefitted. I am speaking of tapered hooks. It is easy to snell straight and "marked" hooks. Should be pleased to test the samples Mr. L. sent should they come to hand. The reason he gives for not using linseed oil in his wax does not seem like his usual logic. He well sticks to his text and strives to have his snells stick to their hooks—and for this reason should use the oil. I think I first got the idea from Thaddeus Norris's "American Angler's Book." Good authority, sure. When preparing it with wet hands he can "work" it, but when snelling hooks he may not put his hands to it at all. I have been of late using a cement, made a year ago, with good results, and have not once soiled my hands with it. I keep mine in waxed paper, there is no adhesion. I place a small piece by itself on the paper, and after placing the hook in a hand vise (a pin vise), I put it in the gas jet, then upon the said bit of cement, till there is a thin coat or film upon it. I use a silk thread of one of the beautiful colors that have come into the market within a few years and show a very high state of the art of coloring—say dark gold or light gold shade, or scarlet; some shade that is pleasing to the eye of man and said to be attractive to the eye of the denizens of the water. I put but a light amount of the cement upon the thread, while holding the cement in my hand shielded by the waxed paper. Then I draw the thread through a clean cloth to even the coating and remove any surplus.

I repeat what I said some weeks since. I soak the gut snell, and flute or corrugate and flatten it a little with a small instrument I made for the purpose. One movement of the hand with this tool does the work perfectly, then I singe the ends which forms a little knob. When I use gimp snells I take off the metal winding from about three-eighths of an inch from the end that is to come in contact with the hook. With a quarter of an inch of the gimp and the three-eighths of an inch of the silk floss with wire off well cemented, and in contact with the hook, and both parts well lashed to the shank, the work is durable and will stand an immense strain and the wire will not strip. To use the little fluting instrument is much more effectual and agreeable than biting the gut.

After this I do the winding similar to the manner described by Mr. Cheney, which method I learned by dissecting some snooded hooks that came from across the ocean. When I have completed my work my hands are not soiled nor the hues of the silk wrappings discolored, and I have yet to learn that the "big fish" was lost because the snell slipped from the hook when put on with this cement and in the manner described.

To preserve the colors of the silk of course the cement must not have lard or oil in it, but it and the varnish must be transparent and colorless. Now I prepare my cement by using such resin and pitch as Mr. Cheney advises. I do not put in grease or oil, but add a small quantity of Para rubber and white gutta percha. They furnish the elements required. After the wrapping is finished, I varnish the thread with a waterproof transparent varnish. A vise such as I have spoken of is necessary for close hard winding and for neatness. I think a dozen hooks snelled with the bright colors that may be selected gives a pleasing appearance and comports well with the gay flies in use and the æsthetic taste of our age. I have been drawn into this method of doing things by seeking to fill up time during enforced confinement and the pleadings of boy sportsmen around me. I should be pleased to see specimens from Mr. L. and to have him tell us further what he knows about this and other matters which interest the followers of Walton. J. W. T.

NASH STREAM BOG.

ONE of the unsettled townships in northern Coos county, N. H., is Odell. It contains five ponds, and two large streams have their source in its mountains, Nash's Stream and Philip's Brook. For several years it was a favorite fishing ground of mine, and at different times I have fished nearly all its waters, and was nearly as familtar with Trio Ponds, Pond Brook, East Branch, the Bog and Phillip's Brook, as with the streets in Lancaster village. Many were the excursions to its various waters, and one day at the foot of the falls on Pond Brook I caught over 100 trout from one pool.

Fifteen years ago I could go on any of its waters and get a good string of fish and always got all we wanted to bring away. They were of good size, and at the Bog, ten miles from the last place on the stream, I have several times taken them weighing a pound each after we got home. I caught a basket full there one afternoon just before a heavy shower, that would average more than half a pound each, all taken with a red hackle with a small piece of worm on the hook, by casting to the further side of the stream and letting the bait sink nearly to the bottom and drawing it quickly across, when it would be taken nearly every time before it would get half way across. I had tried several flies, but couldn't get a rise, and I am like "Nessmuk," if they won't take a fly I am not going without a mess of trout, because I won't put on a worm.

I took a team from Lancaster one afternoon in August, 1883, and together with a friend drove to the last house on the stream, about fourteen miles; and leaving our team we started for Nash Stream Bog, ten miles distant, for two or three days' camping and fishing.

We had a frying pan and coffeepot, which together with an axe and grub in our knapsacks, made all we wanted to carry that distance on a warm day. We were both good trampers, and stopping to rest occasionally without tiring us very much, we arrived at the bog at half-past 6 o'clock, where we found a good camp near a fine spring of water about forty rods from the dam at the foot of the bog. We had plenty of time to cut wood for night, and after catching trout enough for supper, we went to camp and dressed our fish, and had fried potatoes, fried trout, bread and coffee, to which we did ample justice, seated on the boughs in front of our bright camp-fire.

Knives and forks are made in a few minutes with our pocket knives from beechwood, for we don't believe in taking many utensils into the woods on a short trip. We have been there too many times for that. As our camp was a very good one for parties who are going to stay several weeks in the woods, I will describe it.

Logs of from five to seven inches in diameter were cut eight feet long and built up on three sides, leaving it open in front, notching them at the back end, and building up until the back is two feet high. Then take four stakes and drive them in the ground, one on each side of the front end of the logs, about six inches back from the end, leaving them six feet high and tie them together on each side near the top with withes. Then build up the sides and cut a pole nine feet long and about two inches in diameter, and lash it firmly to the stakes at the top; cut half a dozen small straight poles ten feet long for rafters, and tie them securely in place, letting them project about a foot in front, and cover with fir or spruce bark. Then gather moss and chink the cracks. Put a three-inch pole across in front on the ground to hold the boughs, which should be about a foot deep, and you have a camp that will be comfortable in the coldest weather with a good fire in front, and in summer with a lighted toadstool on a shelf in one corner, you won't be troubled with flies.

We had only a small fire, and some time during the night when the fire had burned low, a rabbit came into camp and Denny made a grab at it, when he jumped fairly on my face and made good his escape. "What are you striking me for?" said I, springing up from a sound sleep and thinking my companion must have been troubled with nightmare, and it was quite awhile before I could take in the situation. After replenishing the fire, Denny sung the "Flying Cloud" and told a few stories, and after a short nap it was morning.

The shores of the bog were formerly thickly covered with alders, but they had been cut away, leaving the stream open and a good chance for fly-fishing. The day was still and bright, and after the sun came on the water they stopped rising, and changing to a bait-hook, I joined Denny with bait-hook and worm, and at eleven o'clock we came to camp with nearly 100 trout, and scarcely any of them less than eight inches long. We ate dinner and dressed our fish and put them in a cool place and went out again toward night and took about fifty more. Below the dam, at the outlet of the bog, the stream is quite rapid its entire length, and as small streams come in all along it becomes larger as it nears the outlet, and for the last five or six miles it is from two to four rods wide.

After breakfast the next morning we began fishing downstream with pretty fair success, in some pools taking as many as four and five fine trout. It was quite awkward to carry our fish and handle our rods, so I told Denny if he would take all the trout and carry them down to where the east branch came in, and then fish back till we met, I would divide my catch with him. He willingly did so, as I could catch more than himself. That gave me a better chance to use a fly, and better sport I never wish for on a stream than I had that day. I used Ronald's stone fly with professor for a dropper, and in nearly every pool I could take one or more. I saved none of less than eight inches in length, and when we met at last I had a beautiful basket of trout, all the way from eight to twelve inches.

After packing our fish I dissolved some Rex Magnus and poured it on them, and we were ready for a start, having all the fish we wanted.

I wish here to say a word for Rex Magnus. I have used it for the past two seasons and find it of the greatest convenience when I wish to keep fish for several days. I kept trout three weeks last season, and at the end of that time they were still fresh and good. It will make part of my regular outfit for long trips this season, for I frequently wish to bring home a big trout in hot weather.

We stopped at the lower dam on the stream, four miles from the settlement, and tried them again, but it was too late in the season, and nearly all the fish were up stream further toward their spawning beds. Trout in streams are full of spawn by the first of September, and it would be better fishing in this country if the close season came on at that time. They bite quite readily all through the month but are quite poor eating compared to the June fish. They take bait freely in dark cool days when they won't rise to the fly in the deep sandy pools, and hundreds of fish are taken that ought to be left to stock the streams. The time is probably not far distant when our waters will have to be replenished from the State hatching house to keep up the supply. Our cold mountain streams would always furnish a good supply of trout if they were not overfished or fished out of season. There are now ten anglers to where there was formerly only one, and our waters will have to be stocked artificially to stand the extra draft made on them.

We arrived at our team and drove to L., arriving there in time to have about ten pounds of trout for supper at the Williams House that night. Denny says he wants to make the same trip this summer, but I am getting to like pond fishing better than wading a stream. S. J. G.

LANCASTER, N. H.

WAX RECIPES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his letter on wax and varnish (issue June 4) Mr. Harrington Keene undoubtedly speaks with practical authority and comes down flat-footed on hog's fat in wax for anglers' uses. Having had plenty of trouble in the same direction a few steps over a well-beaten track may be interesting to the tyro.

Fifty years ago there were but two waxes known to the lone fisherman, shoemaker's wax and beeswax (no doubt other and better wax was known to the trade and secretly guarded), but neither of the former filled the bill. Shoemaker's wax had the preference and was carried in a small double of thin leather in the tackle book, ready for instant use. Next was tried a piece of black pitch with a little fresh butter or fresh lard, rubbed into it before the fire, but was no improvement on the shoemaker's wax, as both were like the Dutchman and his wife who were brought before his Honor, the Court, "Hans, how old are you?" "I bees dirty." To the wife, "How old are you?" "I bees dirty too." His Honor, "You are a filthy couple."

As the years rolled on various mixtures had been tried, in which were either lard, butter, sweet oil, or linseed oil, with various results. In the meantime some good fish with a mouth full of hooks were staying behind. Some twelve years ago I was put on the right track, and have waxed to it ever since, except for a short time some six or seven years ago, when a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM gave a recipe for wax, to wit: two ounces of rosin, half an ounce of gutta percha, tablespoonful of linseed oil, dissolved together. I tried it, used it for a short time only, and returned to what I know to be the best I have ever used. Others may have and use a better wax that we know nothing about, but if there is any grease of any kind other than that contained in beeswax I don't want it.

Take two ounces best rosin, two ounces beeswax (yellow), powder the rosin, shave or break the beeswax into small pieces, put both into a tin cup and dissolve over a slow fire, constantly stirring with a small wooden paddle. When all dissolved pour into a basin of cold water; when cool enough to handle have a genuine candy pull, in the good old way, then roll into a ball or cut into parts and divide with your angling neighbors. The thread runs through it easily, without jar or friction, and what adheres to the thread is there to stay, and a hook properly whipped close and firm, terminating in an endless knot, will defy the world of fish to part hook from leader. In fly-tying it will not soil the feathers nor will the fingers stick to everything they touch, nor need you soak or bite your gut, or remove the enamel from the taper end of the hook before tying. The enamel is placed there to protect the hook from rust which will burn through the gut. THOMAS CHALMERS.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

PORPOISE STEAK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We live in an utilitarian age. An age in which a man anoints his rheumatic joints with the waste products of petroleum, fills his confectionery with the parings of hoofs and horns, and writes his *billets doux* on the pressed pulp of the rags that blow in the streets. Yet the historian of these times will write us down as an unenterprising and wasteful generation. With what abuse we should have loaded the Indian had he trusted for his subsistence to the animals he could tame and rear, and let the unnumbered herds of buffaloes that darkened the plains in the old days go by his lodge unmolested. We should have looked upon his destruction by our pious ancestors as not the least pious of their deeds. Yet we who esteem ourselves so much above the aborigines allow a vast race of food supplying creatures to disport themselves before our very eyes and make no effort to utilize them. I mean the cetaceans. But you will say that porpoises are not fit to eat, that their flesh is tough, coarse and ill-flavored. I have said so, too, and that recently before the American Fisheries Society. But I have been converted, and my conversion was in this wise.

On returning from their last cruise on the Hatteras ground, the naturalists of the Fish Commission's steamer Albatross captured and brought in on ice two specimens of the common dolphin (*Delphinus delphis*), one quite young. When these had been properly examined from a scientific point of view, the proposition was made that the younger one be converted into steaks. A number of pieces were cut from the middle of the back, and in a few moments the most promising of them were broiling in fine style before the fire. When they came upon the table they had the appearance of small tenderloin steaks, such as one may have served up in any well-regulated restaurant, and the best bull ever bred could have no spot in him more tender than were these same small steaks. But the flavor! Some one has said that the odor of a rose is not to be described. So with the flavor of this porpoise. If I say I was reminded of liver, you will cry out that it was coarse; if I say there seemed to be something in it akin to juicy duck, you will suspect rankness; while if I affirm that

there was a suspicion of delicate fish, your thought will be on blubber. But even as in order to know the delicacy of a rose it is necessary to smell one, so if you would know how the flavor of a porpoise steak can combine harmoniously that of a liver, a canvasback and a kingfish, you must eat one.

There are several morals which might be drawn from this simple and affecting tale, but perhaps the most important are these: (1) Take your steak from a young porpoise and (2) have it properly cooked.

If all young porpoises are as palatable as this dolphin of the ancients, it is a pity that so much succulence should waste itself upon the waves, and never a morsel come to relieve our *menu*. The golden age of gastronomy was long ago, and in that time kings and other great persons looked upon porpoise as a delicacy of delicacies. May we not hope that some day our *menus* may again be enlivened by some such phrase as *"Marsouin au Commissaire des Pêches,"* or *"Dauphin brasillé aux Esquimaux du pôle arctique?"*

F. W. TRUE.

WASHINGTON, June 8.

RIPARIAN RIGHTS.—United States Marshal McMullin, under an order issued by the United States Court at Wilmington, Del., on June 9 went to Port Penn and seized from Purnell J. Lynch, a local constable, two fishing skiffs which the constable and a party of fifteen Delaware men on June 3 cut loose and carried off from the sloop Mary A. Brown, which was on the sturgeon fishing grounds near Reedy Island in the Delaware River. The skiffs were restored to their owner, Thomas J. Torton, of New Jersey. The first seizure was made in support of Delaware's claim to the exclusive right to fish in certain parts of the river, and the replevin was obtained through the action of Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey, who sent Chas. G. Garrison, a Camden lawyer, to look after the interests here of the Jersey fishermen. The action of the Delaware constable is alleged to be in contempt of an injunction of the United States Supreme Court. A large party of fishermen at Pennsgrove, N. J., had armed themselves for a raid on Monday night for the recovery of the captured boats, but were restrained by a telegram from Gov. Abbett counseling delay. Any serious complication over the matter this year, except in the courts, is improbable, as the fishing season is nearly over.—HOMO.

A FISHING PROBLEM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a problem for your readers and old woodsmen to solve. Given a lake in the North Woods full of large trout, but to be reached only by a tramp of fifteen miles through virgin forest. Piscator arriving there has no means on hand to get into deep water where the fish are. The shores are spreading and covered with about three-quarters of an inch of water, and under that soft mud of unknown depth. A raft will not float in the low water. Carrying an ever so light canoe in is out of the question, the difficulties encountered forbid it. The mud won't allow any wading, and the hungry sportsman sees hundreds of big trout jumping just about a hundred feet from shore. How is he to get on the lake and to the fish? Are there any rubber bags in the market which could be inflated and made the basis for a light raft for one man? Or anything in the way of a folding boat to carry one man and not weigh more than fifteen pounds? I know that hundreds of fishermen find themselves in the same quandary, and would heartily welcome a contrivance to help them out.—PISCATOR.

TROUT IN ENGLAND AND THE ADIRONDACKS.—Glens Falls, New York, June 6.—In a letter received from Mr. Marston to-day he says, "Spring trout fishing here has not been good—such gales that there was no chance of fly-fishing to speak of. Fourteen trout going about ten pounds is the best I have done yet this season. Fished eight hours yesterday in a cold gale of rain and only saw three rises; got one fish of three-quarter pounds." That is better trout (brook) than I have yet had. Our streams are too high and roily. Yesterday we had a rain fall of 2¾ inches. I shall try the trout again Tuesday. Saw a basket to-day that came from the North Woods with some fine trout. Last Tuesday I tried the trout, and they would only take a green drake in a certain stream, and this was the case last year in same water.—A. N. C.

SALMON IN THE POTOMAC.—A fine specimen of Penobscot salmon was caught in a trap net last evening in the Potomac at a point twenty miles below Glymont by Thomas Adams. It weighed nine and a half pounds and measured two feet eight inches in length. Ten thousand of these fish were planted in the Potomac four years ago. Since then they have increased rapidly. It was shipped to Mr. R. A. Golden, in charge of the fish wharves in this city.—*Evening Star, Washington, June* 13. [We do not think that any Penobscot salmon were ever planted in the Potomac. Some ten years ago many of the chinook salmon from California were placed in the river, but have not been heard from. If this fish was an Atlantic salmon it was probably a straggler from some other river.]

SHORT SUPPLY OF GUT.—Redditch, Eng., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have just received a report from the manager of our gut manufactory in Spain which will interest your readers. He says: "There will be a scarcity of gut this season. The gut harvest has been small, the north wind having killed the greater part of the worms. Thick gut is very rare, while the extra long, fine gut is all wormeaten and worthless." We have no doubt that your readers will regret this as we do.—S. ALLCOCK & Co.

BASS AND TEMPERATURE.—Lake, Pa.—I have made observations in the lake here for three seasons past with a view to ascertain the temperature of the water when the small-mouthed black bass made their first appearance after their winter's hibernating? None of them have been seen by me or by any of my acquaintances here until the temperature of the water had reached 51°, but always then. This information may be of no practical value to you; possibly it is only an accidental coincidence.—T. G.

A BIG TROUT.—London (Eng.) *Truth* records: A trout was caught last Tuesday in the Kennet at Newbury which weighed 16½ pounds. It was a well-known fish, and many anglers had visited Newbury in the hope of catching it, but it had always evaded the hook, although it could be seen every day swimming for hours in the neighborhood of the bridge. It was captured by means of a net, a scandalously unsportsmanlike proceeding, which ought not to have been allowed.

A WONDERFUL FISH.—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Examiner*, writes from Lake View, Oregon: "A wonderful fish is becoming numerous in Goose Lake. It is called by some the greenback fish, for it is certainly an inflationist. It has the power to fill itself with air until it becomes very much like a round ball. Of evenings about sundown they may be seen playing on the surface of the water. They will swell up by taking in the air, and the wind will blow them over the lake. They reflect all the colors of the rainbow, and when sporting over the lake are a grand sight. A hunter several weeks ago saw a crane swallow one of these fish when in its normal condition, but before the crane had got more than fifty feet above the lake the fish had taken in enough air to explode the crane, which at the sound of a report like that of a gun, flew all to atoms, and the fish came lightly down on the water, no worse off for the short ride in the air. The fish is a great curiosisy, never having been found, I believe, in other waters." On reading this our office boy was moved to amend this notice by saying that the greenback fish could be found in Fulton Market, but suspecting him of levity we suppressed him before he got off a new joke about the man who has toiled all day and caught nothing, and visited Mr. Blackford on his way home. Our ichthyologist says that this airy and festive fish is known to science as the *Windycus flatulentius*, and may be a hybrid between a puff-ball and a Boston baked bean. Our fishculturist doubts that such a hybrid would ever stay in the water, but would soar aloft like a balloon. The fishing editor, a truthful man, says he has used the *Windycus* as a float while bottom fishing for suckers in Windermere, and that its buoyancy is overrated. The yachting editor has heard the fish explode when jammed in the locks of the Erie Canal as he went through, and our rifle editor thinks that they can be employed by the Fenians to the exclusion of dynamite. Altogether we agree with the *Examiner* that it is a wonderful fish.

NORTHRUP LAKE.—Johnstown, N. Y., June 10.—I have just returned from my annual spring fishing trip in the Adirondacks. One of our guides (an old trapper who spends his entire winter in the woods) told us of an unknown lake he crossed on snow shoes in winter, while following an otter. The morning of May 24 saw an exploring party wandering by devious ways over mountain tops till at 3 P. M. the lake was found and the old trapper named it in my honor Northrup Lake. Soon a dead spruce was felled, withes twisted, a raft made and a line wet for the first time in its waters. Then such a sight I never saw; the raft was the center of jumping trout. We all believe that a barrel of trout could be caught there in an hour. But the lengthening shadows warned us to hurry back to camp, where the inability of eating one quarter what we could catch every day was the only drawback to our happiness. The weather of the two last weeks in May this year has never been excelled for camping out, sleeping as we did every night in an open camp with no fire after bed time. The glorious moon, the perfect days with total absence of those pests, blackflies and mosquitoes, made two weeks to live over in memory for the rest of the year.—M. S. NORTHRUP.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Rockfish are biting at Columbia Dam on the Susquehana River. These rockfish can now be caught with pearl minnow or bright fly. It will pay to try them, although they do not run much over half a pound to a pound in weight. A number of black bass were taken this week in Shawmont Dam on the Schuylkill River—one very large one, four pounds it is said, but this is doubtful; two pounds is nearer the mark. White catfish are biting well at different points on the Delaware. At the bridges which cross the Rancocas Creek just before it empties into the Delaware many are now being caught on the young flood tide. Sturgeon bait seems to be the most attractive, although many use dough, cheese and raw cotton kneaded together into a paste. —HOMO.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE PORPOISE FISHERY OF CAPE HATTERAS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY FREDERICK W. TRUE.

THERE is a legend among the Indians of Brazil that when the shades of evening are falling on the Amazon, the dolphin (called inia) becomes transformed from its peculiar fish-like form, and assumes that of a lovely maiden. Passing through the streets of the village, her fair hair floating on the breeze, the youths are attracted by her charms and follow her in crowds. When she has walked through all the streets she reaches the banks of the river, dons her fish-like mien, and plunges in suddenly. The youths in hot pursuit, oblivious of their danger, fall down the steep and perish in the water.

Such a transformation as we have indicated, though certainly with some radical modifications, has taken place in the eyes of some capitalists of Philadelphia in regard to one of the porpoises of our own coast. They think they see in this common porpoise not a useless creature, but an animal from which great profit can be derived if proper means are taken to secure it. They have, therefore, undertaken to utilize this animal for industrial purposes. It is not the first time in the history of industries that porpoises have been made use of. Inhabitants of all Arctic countries, as the members of this society are aware, are accustomed to feed upon porpoises, especially the smaller species, and to utilize especially their flesh and oil. In this country, too, certain species of porpoise have been employed at one time or another in connection with industrial pursuits.

About 1790 there was quite an important fishery for the capture of porpoises on Long Island. This was in operation for several years, but eventually failed to yield a profit. There is now a similar fishery, if such it may be termed, not only on our own coast at Cape Cod, but also on Norwegian shores. The object of capture in this instance, however, is a different species of the family of dolphins—namely, the blackfish. This animal is occasionally stranded on our shores, and usually is seen in herds comprising 400, 500 or 600 individuals. From these cetaceans valuable products are obtained, the most important of which is oil. It is a rather curious fact that many of the most important fisheries are carried on for the capture of animals other than fish. The whale, for whose capture so much energy is devoted, and so large an amount of capital invested, is not a fish. Again, the object of the seal fishery is a mammal; of the oyster fishery a mollusk, as also of the pearl fishery; of the lobster fishery, a crustacean; and it now seems as if we are to see and the fishery rise to considerable importance, whose object of capture is not a fish—the common dolphin of our coast. This species, *Tursiops tursio*, a cast of which I have placed before you, is exceedingly common. It sports in the waves from Maine to Florida. I have observed them at various points, especially between Cape Cod and North Carolina. They are fearless, approaching very closely in shore, perhaps not further than twenty or thirty paces. They play around the steamers and sailing vessels regardless of any danger.

The specimen before you is not full grown. The species attains nine, ten, and even eleven feet in length. They are not very rapid swimmers, but can attain considerable speed. Regarding their habits we really know very little. They appear to breed at all seasons of the year. It was this species and one other which were known to the ancients and entered into their art. They were portrayed with curious conventionalization on their coins, and were endowed with many peculiar attributes which certainly not even man himself possesses, much less the lower animals. The species before us has been known from time immemorial. Its distribution seems to be very wide. It probably occurs in all salt waters of the globe.

The fishery which is now being prosecuted at Cape Hatteras has been carried on in a minor degree for many years. As long as there has been a colony on the coast of North Carolina, the fishermen have been in the habit of catching some porpoises during the winter and converting them into oil. The apparatus used for this purpose was, however, very rude, and consequently the oil produced was of no great value. Last year, however, for some unknown cause, it occurred to certain gentlemen in Philadelphia that this animal could be made more profitable than had before appeared, and they therefore formed a company with their base of operations near to Cape Hatteras, where they were engaged last winter in catching porpoises. So abundant are the dolphins at this point that they had no difficulty in taking 2,000 during the cold weather. The fishing season is not yet finished, and it is probable that 1,000 more will be added to the number captured.

The method of the fishing is the same as has been in use for a long time by the fishermen of Cape Hatteras. Having explained this at length in print, it is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the details at this time. I may say, however, that it consists simply in surrounding the animals with large nets, forming a great pound from which they cannot escape, and then sweeping out a few at a time by means of a smaller net. Sometimes 600 are surrounded by the large nets, and of this number fifty or sixty are hauled ashore at a time. They are drowned as they come up, or if still living, are killed with knives.

The products, which the Hatteras Porpoise Fishing Company hope to derive from the capture of these animals, are primarily oil and leather. There is no doubt that, if properly purified, their oil would be of a high grade, and could be used to great advantage in the arts. So far as the leather is concerned, it must be more or less a matter of experiment for the present. Unquestionably certain members of the family *Delphinidæ* furnish excellent leather. We have in the museum some which was made from the skin of the white whale. This is (or until recently was) extensively used in Canada. Excellent leather is also made from the skin of the blackfish, of which I have seen magnificent samples. From the skin of a blackfish a piece of leather of large size can be manufactured. This porpoise leather, though not very thick, is exceedingly tough and entirely waterproof. It has not great market value at present, excepting in a limited trade, but I think this is simply because it has not been put upon the market in any considerable quantities. As soon as people recognize the quality of this leather, and as soon as a sufficient quantity of it is made, so that it may be brought into general use, I think it will become very popular in the manufacture of articles for which a somewhat thin, very tough and entirely waterproof material is required. The Hatteras Company, not satisfied to produce oil and leather only as fruits of their labors, hope to render the flesh palatable as food. In this I fear they will not be entirely successful. The flesh of this animal has a strong, oily flavor which does not disappear entirely until quite dry, in which state it would be, I fear, too tough to eat. In Arctic regions, however, the flesh of many such animals is eaten. In Norway, too, the flesh of considerable numbers of blackfish is consumed. It is cut up into small strips and dried in the sun until quite hard. I am not familiar with the process of cooking.

Regarding the value of this porpoise fishery, it may be said to be quite important. It has been calculated that each porpoise as it lies upon the beach is worth $25. If such an estimate be correct, it is not difficult to understand that the conversion of its oil and skin into objects of commercial use would add considerably to this sum. If the company captures 3,000 or 4,000 a year, the first value of the product to the company will, according to the figures, be $100,000. Of course, this value would be greatly enhanced when the products were manufactured into objects of use. For a single fishery this is by no means a small sum. The success of this company will probably have an important bearing upon the formation of other similar companies in the future.

I can see no reason why the pursuit of an animal so easy to capture, and from which marketable articles of such undoubtedly high grade can be obtained, should not be profitable to the fisherman. Of course, there are certain prejudices to be removed; but if the company shows a fair amount of persistence, I see no reason why their labors should not be crowned with great financial success.

MR. GOODE—I should like to say a word or two about the products to be obtained from the porpoise. It seems to me that the possibilities of this fishery are very great, provided that the number of animals caught is sufficient to make it worth while bringing them into the markets. As regards the food value of the porpoise I would say that I have tasted the Norwegian whale product—a whale hermetically sealed in tin cases at the London Fisheries Exhibition in 1883, and really it had in some way been divested of its oily taste, and resembled beef *à la mode*. It seems possible, therefore, that some method may be found for removing the oily taste from the porpoise flesh. As to the value of the oil it is undoubtedly so far superior to any other animal oil that I cannot doubt its coming into general use for lubricating purposes, as soon as it can be sold for a reasonable price. At present twenty-five cents is charged for a bottle hardly larger than one's little finger, and I am not aware that any other oil is put on the market in a cheaper form. The leather made from the skin of the porpoise is held in high esteem in Europe for walking boots—especially by Alpine travelers. In London a good pair of such boots is worth fifteen to twenty dollars, nor can they be obtained for less. As you are all probably aware, the leather of the white whale was some years ago used by the Canadian government exclusively in the manufacture of mail bags, being indestructible and impervious to the water. These qualities render it a most desirable leather for boots. I am also under the impression that this leather is particularly adapted for belting for machinery and for lace leather. Porpoise leather boot laces are in great favor abroad. I might perhaps enlarge upon what I have said in regard to the special applications of the products of this animal, but am satisfied that they are numerous and may be made of great commercial value.

MR. H. J. RICE—It will perhaps not be out of place for me to say that at the present time porpoise leather is used to a large extent in New Brunswick and along the coast of the British provinces from the St. Lawrence down, and is highly esteemed. I have been informed by Commissioner Stillwell, of Maine, that he uses shoes made of this leather in preference to any others, and I understand that they are quite commonly used in St. Johns and other cities of the Provinces.

MR. LYMAN—In regard to the use of porpoise flesh as food, I find that like many other things in this world, it is a matter of taste. One gentleman in Washington has said that he considered smoked porpoise flesh superior to smoked beef, and

another said he had eaten mule and consequently could eat porpoise. We all must have noticed, I think, that among civilized nations the favorite articles of food are the results of a passing fashion, certain conditions, as of nutrition and a fairly agreeable taste, being present. I remember that at one time about a dozen cusk would supply the whole of the Boston market, because there were only that number of families that knew it was good to eat. In external appearance the fish is extremely repulsive. At the present day this same fish commands a very large price as a delicacy. Again, in regard to the whiting of this coast, I have known it thrown away by the cartload because it could not be sold in our markets. On the shores of the Mediterranean, in France and generally throughout Europe wherever the whiting is found, it occurs in very great numbers, and is one of the highly-prized species. Therefore, I believe that, if porpoise flesh can be made to taste like smoked beef, push and perseverance on the part of this company will crown their labors in success. Oleomargerine is unblushingly sold for butter everywhere, and one gentleman, a member of the U. S. Geological Survey, said he preferred it to butter because it would keep better.

Under the instructions of the Executive Committee, the secretary has written to the private secretary of the President to ascertain if it will be convenient for the President to receive the members of the Society to-morrow morning. An answer has not yet been received, but the Society will be informed of the result to-morrow morning.

It was then proposed and carried to let the reading of papers be continued until Wednesday morning. The Society then adjourned until 11 A. M. Wednesday.

[A letter from Mr. True, giving a later experience with the porpoise as food, will be found in our angling columns.]

A MAMMOTH MAINE SHAD.—Portland, Me., June 13.—A shad of twenty-seven inches length (longitudinal axis to fork of caudal fin) and eight pounds weight was caught at Cape Small Point, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, a few days since, and brought to Portland. It was a male fish and not in very plump condition. This is an extraordinary large specimen for Maine, the shad here being of smaller average size than those of more southern waters. Possibly it may be one of the lot of young Maryland shad placed in the Kennebec River near Waterville, under my supervision as Commissioner of Fisheries, in 1880. I then hoped that similar work would be continued systematically for a term of years, and some practical provision made for yearly reports of the Maine fisheries, whereby the actual results could be determined, and theory and conjecture abandoned for the broad field of practical persistent investigation. Unfortunately there are no detailed returns of the fisheries of this State.—EVERETT SMITH.

SALMON IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—A newspaper paragraph says: "The first salmon ever captured in Chesapeake Bay was caught Friday, near the mouth of York River. It was brought to Baltimore and weighs eleven and a half pounds." There is no hint given as to the species, and we do not know if it was an Atlantic salmon, *S. salar*, or a chinook, *O. chonicha*.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2450.**

MORE DEALINGS WITH "WILDFOWLER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Very nearly eighteen months ago I sent to "Wildfowler," of London, Eng., for a black and tan terrier. I told him that I wanted a stud dog, and nothing but a good one would fill the bill. In reply to this he wrote (No. 1) as follows:

"LONDON, Eng., March 19, 1884. Dear Sir: I could send you a tip-top black and tan terrier, fit to win all over the States, for £50, and would pay freight and importing duty to a U. S. seaport. It would be of A1 pedigree, young, well-marked, whip-tailed, strong-loined, good-headed, and altogether first-rate.—L. CLEMENT."

In answer to the above I wrote him that I wanted a terrier very much, but couldn't go to his price, £50. His next letter to me is (No. 2) as follows:

"LONDON Eng., April 21, 1884. Dear Sir: As regards the terrier, I should like you to have it. He is a beauty, and will take £40 for him, and would pay freight to New York.—L. CLEMENT."

Immediately on receipt of the above I sent him £40, and here is where the trouble commenced, for it was almost impossible to get a word from him about the matter. While in Chicago one day I saw Whitford. I told him that I had sent Clement £40 for a dog, and that I could get no more from him about it. I also asked him if Clement was a reliable person to do business with. (From what the paper Whitford is connected with had said of Clement from time to time, I never thought it necessary for a moment to question his honesty when I sent the money, and did not do so until worn out with delay.) However, Whitford assured me that Clement was perfectly reliable, and said that he would write to him about the matter. Not a word did I get from Whitford on the subject. Finally, after writing again, I received the following (No. 3) from Clement:

"LONDON, Eng., July 21, 1884. Dear Sir: A letter had been sent you on receipt of your check telling you that I would set about at once *finding* you a good dog. I have seen several but only one is fairly good.—L. CLEMENT."

Now, Mr. Editor, it will be seen by referring to letter No. 2 that I was led to believe that he had the dog in his possession and could send it at once. After waiting some months I wrote him again, saying I could use a good bitch, one of good form and reasonable price. How about the dog, etc. Now, mark you how quick he answers my letter when he thinks there is a chance of getting some more from me. Here is No. 4:

"LONDON, Eng., Nov. 28, 1884. Dear Sir: I wish you had sent me the money with instructions to buy a bitch for you, as a very good one was brought me to-day, and I said I would have a reply from you in a day or two. Meanwhile before I hear from you again she may be sold. However, I can keep him waiting a while, I think. I should like you to have this one. I intend going to Birmingham to get a dog and will let you know about it. I do not think I could send the bitch for less than £35 and all expenses paid by me.—L. CLEMENT."

I wrote him I didn't want the bitch. We are coming now to a very shady part in this business. In February, 1885, Mr. W. B. McKinley left here for a visit to England, and to him I gave an order on Clement for the £40 I sent him. Mr. McKinley presented the order, but Clement at first refused to return the money, saying that he had been put to a great deal of trouble in the matter, that he had been to Birmingham twice and to some other places, all on my account. Mr. McK. told him that he would allow him a reasonable amount for his trouble, and unless he settled the business at once he should commence suit against him. They finally concluded to settle for £35. Clement paid McK. £5 on account, agreeing to pay the balance when he (McK.) should return from Paris. This conversation took place on March 6, 1885. Mr. McKinley returned from Paris on March 12, and called on Clement for the money. Clement then told him that during his absence a dog had been brought to him and that he had bought and shipped it to me. Subsequently I received the following from Clement (No 6):

"LONDON, March 16, 1885. Dear Sir: I received a visit a few days ago from a friend of yours, who presented an order from you, asking me to return the money you sent me for the dog. This I agreed to do, and paid him £5 on account, agreeing to pay the balance when he should return from Paris. During his absence, however, one of the many dogs I have been writing about in your behalf has been sent me by his owner, and as I agreed that if the dog was as represented I would take him, I have no alternative in the matter, but must take him and ship him to you, and this I intend doing with the next steamer, when full particulars and breeding certificate will be sent you. (Signed) L. CLEMENT."

The above was written on March 16, and on March 12 he had told Mr. McKinley that the dog had been bought and shipped to me. The dog arrived in New York on April 6, as will be seen by letter from Downing & Co., herewith inclosed:

"NEW YORK, May 28, 1885. Mr. H. Muss, Champaign, Ill. Dear Sir: Inclosed we beg to hand you American Express receipt for a Manchester terrier ex steamship Croma, shipped yesterday to your address. The dog arrived here on April 6, but were unable to forward it before on account of our not receiving a breeding certificate. We also beg to inclose you our bill of charges on this shipment, amounting to $67.80, which amount please pay on receipt of the dog, and oblige R. F. DOWNING & Co."

A few days ago the dog arrived in this city per American Express. The charges, including $6.15 for express from New York to this point, foot up a snug little total of $74.75. I have, of course, refused to pay these charges, so the dog remains in the hands of the express company here. It will be seen that Clement agreed to pay all cost of transportation to New York, and it will also be seen by bill herewith inclosed that for some reason or other he has failed to do so. My object in giving you the particulars of this transaction for publication is that fanciers who contemplate importing dogs in the future may profit by my experience with L. Clement ("Wildfowler"), editor London *Shooting Times*, London, England.

HENRY MUSS.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., June 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just as I told you I expected in my last letter to you, the letter I sent to Kent on Feb. 25 has been returned to me by the New York post-office authorities through the Dead Letter Office. I inclose this letter unopened just as I have received it back. I have, since I wrote you, heard that the beagle Victor (late Pleader) was landed in perfect health and condition, but, strange to say, he has since died in the customs stables! This is so very extraordinary that I shall be very glad to hear from the customs authorities whether any stranger has had access to the dog in their stables. L. CLEMENT.

LONDON, Eng., May 25.

[The letter was directed to "G. F. Kent, Monticello Kennels, New York, America," that address of course taking it no further than this city. It was held here, advertised, sent to the Dead Letter Office, and then returned to England.]

AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.

FOLLOWING is the annual report of the A. C. S. C.:

Toronto, May 14, 1885. To the members of the American Cocker Spaniel Club—Gentlemen: It is with much pleasure that your committee submit their report for the year. From the secretary-treasurer's statement it will be observed that the club have distributed $170 in special prizes during the year, including the produce stakes. As you have been notified by circular from the secretary, you will be asked to decide at this meeting whether the time has not now been reached when the sphere of the club should be extended, so as to include all breeds of sporting spaniels.—J. S. Niven, President; J. F. Kirk, Secretary-Treasurer.

Secretary-Treasurer's Statement.—Balance of cash on hand at May 8, 1884, as per accounts passed at annual meeting, $49.43; since received from members for dues to May, 1885, $124. Received for produce stakes, 1885, $25; 1886, $8. Received from F. S. Waters, Chicago, for special prize to be awarded at Toronto, to best black cocker dog, under rules of American C. S. Club, $10; total receipts, $216.43. Prizes paid out of club funds. New York, 1884, produce stakes, total stake, $39, divided as follows: First prize winner, Hornell Rattler, $19.50; breeder of Hornell Rattler, $9.75; second prize winner, Woodstock Flirt, $5.85; third prize winner, Darkey, $3.90; total, $39. Special J. J. J. Best cocker dog (any age of color), won by J. P. Willey's Obo II., $10; special K. K. K. Best cocker bitch (any age or color), won by A. Laidlaw's Woodstock Flirt, $10; New Haven, 1885, special to best cocker dog or bitch (any age or color), won by J. P. Willey's Obo II., $10; Boston, 1885, special to best cocker dog (any age or color), won by Mr. Willey's Young Obo, $10; special to best cocker bitch (any age or color), won by W. O. Partridge's Helen, $10; New York, 1885, special to best cocker dog (any age or color), won by James Luckwell's Brahmin, $10; special to best cocker bitch (any age or color), won by W. O. Partridge's Helen, $10; Toronto, 1885, special to best cocker dog (any age or color), won by A. Laidlaw's Dart, $10; special to best cocker bitch (any age or color), won by J. P. Willey's Shina, $10. Produce stakes, total stake $31, divided as follows: First prize winner, Shina, J. P. Willey, $15.50; breeder of Shina, $7.75; second prize winner, Belle, A. Laidlaw, $4.65; third prize winner, Genesta, Hornell Club, $3.10; total, $31.10. Mr. Waters's prize, won by A. Laidlaw's Rex, $10. Total receipts, $216.43; total expenditure, $202.75; balance on hand, $13.68.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting, 1885.—The fourth annual meeting was held at Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, on Thursday, May 14, 1885, and Friday, May 15, 1885. Present: E. Tinsley, G. Schofield, A. Laidlaw, B. Saunders, Jr., H. Fulford, J. A. Roche, R. Tinning, Jr., J. W. Kelley, J. F. Kirk, G. C. Thomson, John Wilson. Represented by proxy: A. C. Wilmerding, J. S. Cattanach, V.S., W. O. Partridge, Geo. R. Cummings, J. A. Nickerson, F. S. Waters, Geo. S. Tucker, J. Otis Fellows, G. W. Schenk, G. W. Leavit, J. P. Willey, F. F. Pitcher, C. H. Baker, S. R. Hemingway, J. C. Harriss, Dr. Woodruff, James Watson, Dr. J. S. Niven, James Luckwell. Mr. Tinsley was elected chairman, and Mr. Kirk, secretary, of the meeting. The minutes of last annual meeting were read and approved. The statements of account for the year were submitted and duly passed. Moved by H. Mulford, seconded by A. Laidlaw, that the sphere of the club be extended so as to include all breeds of sporting spaniels. Carried unanimously. Moved by A. Laidlaw, seconded by G. Schofield, that Article I. of the constitution be amended so as to read: This club shall be called the American Spaniel Club. Moved by R. Tinning, Jr., seconded by J. W. Kelly, that Article II. of the constitution be amended to read as follows: Instead of "the breeding of the cocker spaniel," substitute "of all recognized breeds of sporting spaniels." Moved by J. A. Roche, seconded by B. Saunders, Jr., that Article VII. be amended as follows: The words "at New York City, on a day during the week in which the Westminster Kennel Club show is held, and in the event of no show taking place, then" be struck out. Moved by G. Schofield, seconded by A. Laidlaw, that J. W. Kelly, of Woodstock, Ont., S. A. Roche, of Detroit, Mich., J. P. Willey, of Salmon Falls, N. H., A. C. Wilmerding, of New York, J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Ont., Geo. W. Leavitt, of Boston, Mass., and E. Tinsley, of Hamilton, Ont., be appointed a committee for the purpose of formulating a standard for judging the different breeds of sporting spaniels, and that the result of their report be printed and submitted to the members at the earliest convenient date. Moved by G. C. Thomson, seconded by J. A. Roche, that the word "cocker" in Article IV. of the by-laws, section 1, be struck out and the word "sporting" substituted therefor; and in section 2 of same article the word "cocker" be struck out. In Article V. of the by-laws, section 3, the word "cocker" be struck out. The secretary presented his resignation to the committee, which was accepted with much regret. Moved by G. Schofield, seconded by G. C. Thomson, that George W. Leavitt, of Boston, be appointed secretary-treasurer in the room of Mr. Kirk, resigned. Carried unanimously. Moved by J. W. Kelly, seconded by J. A. Roche, that the following committee be elected for the ensuing year, viz.: J. F. Kirk, J. P. Willey, George W. Leavitt, Andrew Laidlaw, A. C. Wilmerding. Carried.

J. F. KIRK, Sec'y.

THE ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE spring meeting of the Kennel Club commenced on Tuesday, May 5, with the eleventh Field Trial Derby, for pointer and setter puppies bred in 1884; first prize £100, £50 for the best pointer, £50 for the best setter; £20 for the second best of each breed, and £50 extra for the absolute winner; 127 subs.

POINTERS.

Col. C. J. Cotes's liv w b Dixey, by Garnet—Doxey; April, *beat* Sir T. B. Lennard's liv w d Politics, by Priam—Duchess; May 4.

Mr. F. C. Lowe's liv w b Bell of Frinsted, by Young Bang—Polly; March 30, *beat* Mr. A. P. H. Lonsdale's liv w d Dancer, by Garnet—Doxey; March 25.

Mr. A. P. H. Lonsdale's liv w d Dervish, by Druid—Florence; April 1, *beat* Mr. J. H. Salter's bk w d Treble X., by Priam—Malt; Jan. 27.

Mr. R. K. Armstrong's liv w d Gen. Grant, by Mars—Sal; April 1, *beat* Rev. W. Sheild's lem w d Gladsome, by Fluke—Glee; Feb. 25.

Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's lem w b Half a Quid, by Lord Lieutenant—Golden Guinea; March 19, *beat* Dr. H. J. Gogarty's liv w d Young Graphic, by Graphic—Nora; March 28.

Mr. C. T. Abbott's liv w d Fulmen, by Young Bang—Flamen; Feb. 18, *beat* Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w d Gough, by Garnet—Doxey; March or April.

Mr. J. H. Salter's liv w d Stout, by Priam—Malt; Jan. 27, *beat* Sir T. B. Lennard's liv w b Nella, by Priam—Blarney; Feb. 10.

Mr. J. H. Salter's bk w d Osborne Ale, by Priam—Malt; Jan. 27, *beat* Mr. C. Drury's lem w b Aldin Bell, by Eldon Don—Juno; April 29.

Second Round.

Dixey beat Bell of Frinsted.
Dervish beat Gen. Grant.
Stout beat Half a Quid.
Osborne Ale beat Fulmen.

Third Round.

Dixey beat Stout.
Orborne Ale beat Dervish.

Fourth Round.

Osborne Ale beat Dixey.

SETTERS.

Mr. R. H. P. Llewellin's bk w d Dan Wind'em, by Count Wind'em—Novel; March 15, *beat* Mr. E. Bishop's lem w b Ranging Sarah, by Royal Prince—Lemon Maud; April 2.

Mr. A. P. H. Lonsdale's liv w b Woodhill Beta, by Baron Waterpark—Nora; Jan. 26, *beat* Mr. J. C. Wylde's Irish setter d Ormond, by Frisco—Grouse II.; March 4.

Mr. R. H. P. Llewellin's bk w gr d Grouse Wind'em, by Count Wind'em—Novel; March 15, *beat* Mr. E. Armstrong's lem w b Princess Ida, by King Ned—Slut III.; Feb. 7.

Mr. R. H. P. Llewellin's bk w d Dick Wind'em, by Count Wind'em—Novel; March 15, *beat* Mr. A. P. H. Lonsdale's liv w d Woodhill Bruce, by Baron Waterpark—Nora; Jan. 28.

Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Irish setter b Aveline, by Frisco—Grouse II.; March 4, *a bye*.

Second Round.

Woodhill Beta beat Dan Wind'em.
Aveline beat Grouse Wind'em.
Dick Wind'em a bye.

Third Round.

Aveline beat Dick Wind'em.
Woodhill Beta ran a bye.

Fourth Round.

Woodhill Beta beat Aveline.

Final Round.

Mr. J. H. Salter's pointer Osborne Ale beat Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's setter Woodhill Beta and won.

We subjoin the comments of the London *Field* upon the most prominent dogs: "Osborne Ale, a black and white dog, on the small side, by Priam from Malt, both of whom are well known in field trial annals, was at the outset no favorite for the event. Not quite up to show bench form in general appearance, his head is a beautifully expressive one, full of intelligence, and just the sort one would expect to find on a good sensible dog. He goes a fair pace, quarters his ground well, not quite reliable behind an opponent, handsome on point, moderate pace and style; his great excellence lies in his nose. Here he excels any of the puppies we have seen at the trials this season, unless it be one or two of Mr. Llewellin's setters, who, however, were far from broken to perfection. Osborne Ale ran through the stake well, and beat the setter Woodhill Beta most decisively in the final. The latter is a liver and white little bitch, a merry goer, and very staunch when she points; still she did not this week perform quite so well as she had done in her first trial at Shrewsbury. Now and then wilfulness was apparent, and if she got too far away from her worker paid little heed to his whistle. She has a fair nose, but is too fond of hunting the hedge and fence, instead of quartering her ground properly. Dixey went a rare pace in good style, has a fair nose, but in her trial with the actual winner spoiled her chance early on by ranging wildly, and thus becoming unsettled. After her heat with Belle of Frinstead the stake was thought to lay between her and Dervish. It is something unusual to see an Irish setter perform well at field trials. Aveline did so, going a rare pace in good form, quartering her ground well, and evidently in the possession of a capital nose. She would not back, carried her head higher than most of her variety do, and showed but little of that tendency to point and then hunt up the game, so great a failing with 'red dogs.' Woodhill Bruce ran unluckily, and there was no more stylish or speedier dog on the ground than Dervish (second at Shrewsbury), who, however, now showed himself deficient in nose, as it was thought he did then. Fulmen went fast and well, and may be more fortunate on another occasion. The puppies from Mr. Llewellin's kennels were most disappointing in their performances; big raw dogs, who tired, and, from actual results, appeared not much more than half broken.

After the finish of the Derby on Wednesday, the running

was continued with the All-Aged Stakes; a sweepstake of £6 10s. for all-aged pointers or setters, dogs and bitches; £60 for the winner, £30 to the second, and the third and forth £15 each. If the stake does not fill, the prizes to be given in proportion to the number of entries. All dogs and bitches competing must be the *bona fide* property of the person entering them.

Mr. W. P. Arkwright's bk w t setter Little Bess, by Blue Bess—Maud (a bye), *beat* Mr. E. Bishop's Ranging Aaron, by Blue Boy—Maud (dr.).

Mr. Arkwright's lem w pointer Brave Bijou, The Fop—Bonny Laurel, *beat* Col. Cotes's Carlo, by Jasper—Sal.

Sir J. B. Lennard's liv w pointer Christobel, by Young Bang—Teal, *beat* Mr. Llewellin's bk w setter Peri Wind'em, by Wind'em—Novel.

Mr. C. T. Abbott's liv w pointer Duke of Wellington, by The Fop—Jane, *beat* Mr. Salter's bk w pointer Malt, by Mike—Romp.

Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv w setter Woodhill Bruce, by Baron—Norah, *beat* Mr. R. K. Armstrong's liv w pointer Garfield, by Bob—Jane.

Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv w Polly Peacham, by Beau—Peach, *beat* Mr. F. Ward's liv w pointer Kent Brine, by Split—Swift.

Mr. Llewellin's bk w setter Dashing Duke, by Dash II.—Rifle, *beat* Mr. J. C. Lowe's bk w tan setter Rose, by Diamond—Minnie.

Mr. E. Armstrong's bk w setter John Anderson, by John o' Groat—Wise (a bye), *beat* Rev. W. Shield's lem w pointer Gladsome, by Fluke—Glee (dr.).

Second Round.

Little Bess beat Christobel.
Duke of Wellington beat Brave Bijou.
Woodhill Bruce beat Dashing Duke.
Polly Peacham beat John Anderson.

Third Round.

Woodhill Bruce beat Little Bess.
Polly Peacham beat Duke of Wellington.

Final Round.

Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's setter Woodhill Bruce, and his pointer Polly Peacham, divided the stake.

Following are the comments of the *Field:* "Woodhill Bruce is a liver and white puppy, rather common in appearance, but a grand goer, possessing a capital nose, and, if allowed, can work out his ground in a wonderful fashion for a young one. He is a great hearted dog, and the way in which he retained his pace after all his long trials, stamps him, without doubt, as the best stayer we ever saw. This performance now was certainly no fluke, following as it did his success at Acton Reynald, where he was one of the winning brace of setters. Polly Peacham, a liver and white pointer of nice form and on the small side, ran well last season, and Polly was pronounced to be one of the best puppies of the year. She then ran third at Shrewsbury, when we pronounced her the best all-round animal in the stake, and, with her kennel companion, now Cassandra, afterward completely ran away with the braces. She was unsuccessful paired with Lymm this year. Going in much the same easy fashion now as then, not fast, but in a taking level form, her nose is good, so is her breaking, and she worked with a lot of sense too. So far as regards the latter, opinions were in favor of Duke of Wellington, he carries a knowing-looking head, but certainly the bitch, notwithstanding her lack of pace, out-generalled him in getting the wind and finding birds. He is a big, good dog, and one well fitted for killing a lot of game over. John Anderson performed fairly well, and so did Christobel, whose trial with Little Bess, as we saw it, was decidedly unsatisfactory. Rose, who had won the setter puppies at Shrewsbury last year and beat the pointer Lingo for the best dog in the stake, and there purchased by Mr. Lowe for £25, went merrily, and might have been allowed an opportunity of finding game, though Duke certainly had the foot of her. The latter, who gallops a bit heavily, appears to have a very sensitive nose, which, with the small fields where birds will run from hedge to hedge with the noise of the crowd, made him continually draw up and point at places where there is no doubt partridges had recently left. Brave Bijou ran a good dog, and all round in the all-aged class the animals competing were of good quality."

THE SHREWSBURY FIELD TRIALS.

WE are indebted to the *Kennel Gazette* for the following account of the National Field Trials at Shrewsbury, England, April 28, 29 and 30:

The National Field Trials at Shrewsbury may be said to have passed off very satisfactorily, and there was a slight alteration in the programme this year by the addition of an All-Aged Stake, but this did not fill very well. The judges were Sir Vincent Corbet, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse and Mr. T. G. Edmonson, and the running, as usual, occupied three days, commencing on Tuesday, April 29, with the pointer puppies, and for which the following were down on the card: The Rev. W. Sheild's Gladsome, by Fluke—champion Glee; Mr. Lloyd Price's Golden Slipper, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Dervish, Major Lake's Juno, Mr. G. Pilkington's Gough, Mr. Mawson's Quit's Baby, Mr. Hatfield Harter's Cranfield Bang, Mr. C. H. Beck's Naso of Upton, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Dancer, Mr. R. K. Armstrong's General Grant, Prince Albert Solm's Climax of Braunfels, Mr. W. P. Arkwright's Alaska, Mr. Norrish's Paragon, Mr. Thelwell Abbott's Fulmen, Mr. Statter's Lucky Girl, Mr. Kettle's Vacnol, Mr. Lloyd Price's Half-a-Quid, Colonel Cote's Dixy, Mr. Barclay Field's Compass, and Mr. G. Pilkington's Larkspur. Some interest was manifested to see the doings of Paragon, as he won the open class at the Crystal Palace last winter, but he did not do much, and the best performers right through were Gladsome, Dervish, Dixy, Larkspur and Quit's Baby. Gladsome, who won the stake, is a lemon and white, and Quit's Baby is of the same color, while Dervish is a liver and white by Druid, and he is one of the best young pointers seen out this season. Larkspur was unlucky, and wanted a little more breaking. The victory of Gladsome was very satisfactory to Mr. Shield, as he both bred and broke him, and he showed himself a careful, good puppy. The official award was Gladsome first, Dervish second, Dixy third and Quit's Baby fourth.

The setter puppies numbered eighteen, as follows: Colonel Cote's Dick III., Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Beta, Mr. E. Bishop's Blair Athol, Mr. Haywood Lonsdale's Miss Mailee, Mr. Salter's King Dick, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Bruce, Mr. E. Armstrong's Princess Ida, the Rev. W. J. Richardson's Milton Rhoda, Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Dick Wind'em, the same gentleman's Dan Wind'em and Grouse Wind'em, Col. Cote's Edrie, Mr. E. Bishop's Ranging Sarah, Mr. Lipscomb's Dot, Mr. Clarke's Phœbe, Lady Florence Dixie's Royal, and Mr. G. Shaw's Joan of Arc. The best of these proved to be Princess Ida, Dick Wind'em, Dan Wind'em, Joan of Arc, Ranging Sarah, Miss Mailee and Beta. Princess Ida is by King Ned (son of the Laverack Emperor Fred) out of Slut, a three-parts Laverack that Edward Armstrong ran three years ago. Her daughter now fairly cleared out the lot, showing more pace, better nose and better style. She won in the easiest fashion, Dan Wind'em getting second, Dick Wind'em third and Joan of Arc fourth. In the All-Aged Stake Plum, by Bow out of Peach, won the pointer prize; and Ranging Aaron, last year's Derby winner, the setter prize. Peach, the dam of Plum, it will be remembered, Mr. Barclay Field and Mr. Heywood Lonsdale claimed at the Crystal Palace Show from Mr. Statter for 200 sovereigns. There were thirteen brace entered in the Cloverly Stakes, but only eleven competed, namely: Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Lymm and Polly (pointers), Prince Albert Solms's Naso of Kippen and Jilt of Braunfels (pointers), Colonel Cote's Dashing Rose and Wild Daisy (setters), and the same gentleman's Carlo and Dixy (pointers), Mr. B. Field's Young Dick and Lincoln (pointers), Lord Berwick's Bess and Kate (setters), Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Nora Wind'em and Dashing Bondu (setters), Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Bruce and Beta (setters), Mr. R. K. Armstrong's General Grant and Garfield (pointers), and Mr. J. Bishop's Bouncing Queen and Bonny Bevis (setters). Some of the work was very good indeed, and nothing could surpass that of Prince Albert Solms's pointers, as in two trials they were given they quartered their ground perfectly, and never made a mistake. Mr. Lonsdale's Bruce and Beta (setters) also did some very faultless sort of work, and Bruce showed sterling merit here, which came out more prominently at the Kennel Club trials. James Bishop's setters also did very well. The absolute result, however, was a clear win for Prince Albert Solms's pointers, and it must be most gratifying for the Prince, as he bred both Naso of Kippen and Jilt of Braunfels at his magnificent kennels in Germany. Naso of Kippen is a son of champion Maggie, and himself qualified to be a champion small-sized pointer, most judges thinking him now the best-looking small-sized pointer in England, and this proof of his great excellence in the field makes him something indeed to be proud of.

TO FORM A COLLIE CLUB.

IN response to the request of several collie breeders desirous of establishing a collie club we will open a list of names of those willing to join such an organization. It certainly seems very advisable that this interesting and popular breed should be cared for, and the interests of exhibitors catered for better than has been the case hitherto.

PRIDE II.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An inquiry was made in your columns a short time since of the whereabouts of the Laverack setter dog Pride II. I take it that reference is made to a liver and white Laverack setter dog imported from Mr. Laverack's kennel seven or eight months before his death, by Mr. Chas Tasker, of Philadelphia. At the time the dog came over he was about nine months old, and I think clear of the distemper. A week or two prior to Mr. Tasker's leaving Philadelphia for Texas, where he intended going into the ranch business, he brought Pride II. out to my place for inspection, and I found him a very promising setter, and by no means a small dog then. He was well put together, and an animal to be proud of excepting color of coat. His breeding, if I remember correctly, was out of Cora, by Blue Dash. I am quite sure as to the sire, but not so certain as to the dam. Yet I have in mind now that old Cora was about the only bitch Mr. Laverack at that time could depend upon for breeding purposes. Mr. Tasker took the dog with him to Texas, a fact I deplored very much, as Mr. Laverack was very urgent in his advice for me to breed Fairy II. to him when he came to proper age; Fairy II. being my property then. Mr. Tasker returned from Texas in about a year, leaving Pride II. there in the possession of a Mr. Morgan or Major Morgan. I can not call to mind now whether at Fort Sill or some other military post in Texas was near to Mr. Tasker's ranch, it was, however, close to a United States Army post. This can be learned by looking over some back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, which contains an article from Mr. Tasker from the point where his ranch was situated, relative to the price of trace chains, etc., etc., there. The information I received, or as much of it as I can now remember, from Mr. Tasker on his return to Philadelphia. I learned also that the dog proved gun shy while in Texas.—HOMO.

THE NEW STANDARD.—Steamship Celtic, June 6, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a very few minutes we are timed to weigh anchor, and the handsome Celtic, the queen of good sea boats, will be ploughing her way through the briny ocean. Before the good ship leaves her moorings may I respectfully ask what prompted that astute body, the A. K. C., to put my name down as one of the "select" few to report on standards? If I cannot breed dogs to come somewhere near a standard of excellence I most certainly do not wish anybody to frame a standard to "fit" my dogs. Your Western contemporary argues that as pointers and setters require greater powers of endurance in this country than is necessary in England, the standard should be altered. To attain the desired result he proposes to do away with good head, bone, muscle, strong loin, etc. These essentials, he said, are of little account. He does not think it right that owners of bitch-headed, dish-faced, sickle-tailed, slack-loined weeds should be kept off the prize lists any longer. Care should be taken of that man. A mad dog won't do much harm if he is kept on the chain, but if you let him run loose and have his fling he may do an immense amount of mischief. (Ding-dong. There goes bell number two). Did you see the report of the Philadelphia show in the Western comic but independent (of the truth) journal? Britomartis is a very good bitch, but is faulty in jaw; "there she is not level." Let the individual who wrote that report take my place on the "standard" list, and may heaven protect the "standard." If Mr. Mason gets hold of that "unlevel jaw" there will be some fun for the readers of your excellent journal. (Bell number three. There goes the whistle. Boy, take this to the FOREST AND STREAM). The ship trembles like a living thing—she moves. "Let her go!" "Whither are we drifting?"—RONALD H. BARLOW.

SENATOR VEST AWAY AWAY.—"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precocious crow story "who is very sagacious. One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blackened my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking brush in his mouth. You may not believe it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a house on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish. One Sunday while I was living at Sedalia this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling of dogs in my back yard. I went out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the woodshed standing on his hind legs in an old drygoods box. He held down a torn almanac with one forepaw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than the preacher I had heard that morning." The narrator of the crow story "threw up the sponge."—*Washington letter to Memphis Appeal.*

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* J. D. Olcott of this city is making arrangements for the dog show in connection with the Milwaukee Exposition, Sept. 23 to 25, and which it is intended shall be equal to any similar show held heretofore in any portion of the U. S. Aside from the regular premiums, a thousand dollars will be offered in special prizes. The project is warmly supported by many of our leading citizens, which is amply attested by their liberal subscriptions. The show will be under the exclusive control and management of Mr. Olcott, which is a full guarantee that everything will be properly conducted. The time for the show is about the most favorable for such a purpose in this latitude. Arrangements will be made with railroad and express companies for the proper care and conveyance of all animals. The premium list will be ready about July 15.—M. J. E. (Milwaukee, Wis., June 14).

IRISH SETTERS AT NEW YORK.—We are informed that the third prize in the open class was awarded to the bitch Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly), and Lady Edith was given he. in the same class. It is stated that the tags were mixed up by what appears to have been stupidity rather than dishonesty, and in this way the mistake arose.

BULLDOGS AT TORONTO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your special reporter in his report of the Toronto show stated that the bulldog Bill took first prize, Mills's Guillermo second. The facts are when Mr. Thayer's champions Tippoo, Rhodora and Romulus were ruled out on account of non-arrival of entry, my dog Guillermo was given first prize. Mr. Chas. H. Mason, in whose care Bill was, withdrew him from competition. Mr. Mason was good enough to remark voluntarily to me that my dog "was a fairly good dog," and in fact "there were far worse dogs than he around." Your special reporter in his comments allows him six words, saying he is "faulty in head and body;" therefore your special reporter does not agree with such a good all-round judge as Mr. Chas. H. Mason. —THOMAS W. MILLS.

COLLIE TRIALS.—It is possible that a field trial of collies may be given by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society in connection with the fair next fall. Dr. Twaddell, Messrs. Terry, Pugh and Rafferty are among those who are interested in the matter, and it is to be hoped that the project may be successfully carried through. Such trials serve a most useful end.

AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.—In its last issue the Vacaville *Judicion* saw fit to call the editor of this paper a liar, an idiot, and an ass. Such "argument" is unanswerable by a gentleman, and we own ourselves whipped.—*Winters (Cal.) Express.*

MR. S. T. HAMMOND (Kennel editor of the FOREST AND STREAM) is the author of "Practical Dog Training, or Training vs. Breaking," the very best book on the subject to be had. The price is $1.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam,
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trial. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for pug bitch, whelped April 15, 1885, by Treasure (A.K.R. 482) out of Victory (A.K.R. 1265).

Gaffney. By Geo. J. W. Wells, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter dog whelped Jan. 26, 1885, by Chester (Berkley—Lulu) out of Lady Bess (A.K.R. 2178).

Little Duke, Jr. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 3, 1884, by Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994) out of Rose.

Loyal, Liebe, Lanza, Lys, Light and Linda. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for rough-coated St. Bernards, one dog and five bitches, whelped May, 1885, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Sombre (A.K.R. 798).

Triamond, Trinket, Trix and Trust. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for pugs, one dog and three bitches, whelped April 5, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Tantrums (A.K.R. 220).

Laurian, Lindare, Lioqel, Luzern, Lintz, Lorenz, Launfal and Lona. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for smooth-coated St. Bernards, seven dogs and one bitch, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705) out of Alma (A.K.R. 27).

Luna and Lola. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for rough-coated St. Bernard bitches, whelped April 24, 1885, by Cæsar (A.K.R. 22 out of Theon (A.K.R. 94).

Richmond, Larry S. and Rosalie. By I. Henry Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., for red Irish setters, two dogs and one bitch, whelped March 14, 1885, by Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Leigh Doane (A.K.R. 58).

Leonhard and Lotus. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for rough-coated St. Bernards, dog and bitch, whelped April 14, 1885, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Irma (A.K.R. 1051).

Little Fraud. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by Druid's Boy (A.K.R. 2270) out of Victoria (A.K.R. 1383).

Countess Victoria. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by Druid's Boy (A.K.R. 2270) out of Victoria (A.K.R. 1383).

Jeannette. By H. E. Burkmar, Rockland, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1885, by Glenmark (Rush—Romp) out of Zanetta (A.K.R. 1261).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ruby—Count Noble. The Field Trial Kennels' (Flatbush, N. Y.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Ruby (Rake—Fanny) to Sanborn Kennels' Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora), May 26.

Zarrah—Count Fritz. The Field Trial Kennels' (Flatbush, N. Y.) orange belton English setter bitch Zarrah (Druid—Cubas) to their Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny), June 2.

Lady Clare—Blarney. I. Henry Roberts's (Moorestown, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Clare (Elcho—Rose) to his Blarney (Bruce—Luray).

Flirt II.—Spider. H. Jackson's (Dover, N. H.) beagle bitch Flirt II. (Juber—Flirt) to W. J. Drew's Spider (Ringwood—Belle).

Mona—Page. Frank Pendergast's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Mona (Elcho—Meg) to F. C. Moseley's Page (Smuggler—Peggy), April 9.

Daphne II.—Hermit. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489) to Chequasset Kennels' champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23), May 18.

Mistletoe—Bruce II. J. W. Houston's (Stuart, Neb.) pointer bitch Mistletoe (A.K.R. 1254) to his Bruce II. (A.K.R. 695), June 3.

Jessie—Bruce. F. C. Grimes' (Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.) mastiff bitch Jessie (A.K.R. 1032) to his Bruce (A.K.R. 1763), June 1.

Janet—Dashing Money. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) English setter bitch Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice) to Dashing Money (Dashing Monarch—Armida), May 17.

Dido—Rouge. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) red Irish setter bitch Dido (Ben—Jessie) to their Rouge (Tyne—Beauty), June 7.

Queen—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (A.K.R. 1726) to his imported Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 3.

Peg—Count Fritz. Dr. H. M. Banks's (Englewood, N. J.) English setter bitch Peg to Field Trial Kennels' Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny), June 14.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Curfew. Edward Dexter's (Charlotteville, Va.) imported pointer bitch Curfew (Pilkington's Monk—Fanny), June 10, nine (six dogs), by J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp); all liver and white.

Hops. Edward Dexter's (Charlotteville, Va.) imported pointer bitch Hops (Mike—Romp), June 12, seven (five dogs), by Sir T. B. Lennard's Priam (Young Bang—Zeal); five black and white and two liver and white.

Fringe. F. M. Shumway's (Coopertown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fringe (Col. Stubbs—Daffodil), May 9, two (one dog), by his Sontag (Black Victor—Diva).

Mona. Frank Pendergast's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Mona (Elcho—Meg), June 9, eight (five dogs), by Page (Smuggler—Peggy).

Miss Doonie. Baily & Lament's (Pittsfield, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Doonie (A.K.R. 2193), June 1, five (one dog), by F. F. Dole's The Earl; all white.

Floy. Dalliba & Munhall's (Cleveland, O.) English setter bitch Floy (Rob Roy—Blanche), June 8, eight (six dogs), by champion Plantagenet.

Ripple. Dr. F. B. Greenough's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Ripple (A.K.R. 68), June 1, nine dogs, by Rags (Foum—Ruth).

Fannie. W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Fannie (A.K.R. 2322), June 5, five (three dogs), by Bobbie (A.K.R. 2205); all black, tan and white.

Kittie. Field Trial Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Kittie (Laverack Chief—Zarrah), June 13, eight (four dogs), by their Count Fritz (Rake—Fanny).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Countess Mollie. White and liver English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1948), by H. M. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., to Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J.

Richmond. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 14, 1885 (Chief—Leigh Doane), by I. Henry Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., to Charles T. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rosalie. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 14, 1885 (Chief—Leigh Doane), by I. Henry Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., to R. K. Torpin, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Larry S. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 14, 1885 (Chief—Leigh Doane), by I. Henry Roberts, Moorestown, N. J., to Edward Mahar, Philadelphia, Pa.

Adolphus. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 24, 1885 (Hero II.—Countess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to H. Bonneville, Danville, Can.

Daisy Murdock. Orange and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1782), by Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., to Dr. G. P. Rasbach, Mohawk, N. Y.

Tom—Prep whelps. Black, white and tan collies, whelped April 28, 1885, by John Kidston, Oak Park, Ill., a dog each to B. M. Saunders, Chicago, Ill.; Walter Sherman and Charles Murray, Oak Park, Ill., and a dog and bitch to Lyman Blair, Chicago, Ill.

Zara. Brindle mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884 (Ilford Cromwell—Ashmont Lady), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to J. W. Bullock, Cincinnati, O.

Ashmont Princess. Brindle mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884 (Ilford Cromwell—Ashmont Lady), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale, N. H.

Ashmont Hero. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 8, 1885 (Hero II.—Lorna Doone), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale, N. H.

Dolly Varden II Mastiff bitch, whelped Feb. 28, 1885 (Hero II.—Dolly Varden), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to C. H. Tobey, Eau Claire, Wis.

Ashmont Nora. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 28, 1884 (Nimrod, A.K.R. 631—Bizorah, A.K.R. 1388), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to D. Holbrook, Clinton, Conn.

Bizorah. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1388), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to G. W. Parkinson, Middlebury, Conn.

Nimrod. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 631), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to W. D. Ferry, Hinsdale, N. H.

Sweetheart. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 299), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Thos. J. Allen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nimrod (A.K.R. 231)—Lyda Belle (A.K.R. 626) whelp. Red Irish setter, whelped March 3, 1885, by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to S. T. Ruggles, Circleville, O.

Ashmont Dread. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 29, 1885 (Hero II., A.K.R. 54?—Countess), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to J. E. Hall, same place.

Warwick. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1885 (Hero II.—Countess), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to W. W. Withness, St. Louis, Mo.

Lady Moore II. Gordon setter bitch (A.K.R. 2175), by R. H. Meachem, New Haven, Conn., to C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y.

Twinkle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1884 (Lee—Juliet), by W. N. Pond, Norwood, Mass., to C. S. Davol, Warren, R. I.

Prince Victor. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped October, 1884 (Fred—Blanche), by J. A. Ryder, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., same place.

Kate. Collie bitch (A.K.R. 2324), by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to J. A. Stevenson, same place.

Aileen Rouge. Irish and Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 9, 1884 (Rouge—Dido), by California Kennels, Sacramento, Cal., to Thos. F. Maidley, same place.

Lava Rock. Blue belton English setter dog (A.K.R. 369), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C.

Countess Victoria. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 24, 1884 (Druid's Boy—Victoria), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to G. F. Clarke, same place.

Countess B. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 1, 1884 (Dashing Lion—Victoria), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Benj. Thorpe, Woodbury, N. J.

Me-Dina. Liver and white setter bitch (A.K.R. 824), by G. F. Clarke, St. George's, Del., to E. W. Jester, same place, and resold by him to A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C.

Don McLeod. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 13, 1885 (Harry S.—Mary Belle), by W. D. Wilson, Tallahassee, Fla., to E. A. Crawford, same place.

Rose B. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 29, 1885 (Chief—Rose Bradwardine), by G. Von Zschuschen, South Orange, N. J., to J. L. Carr, Orange, N. J.

Bob Emmett. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 29, 1885 (Chief—Rose Bradwardine), by G. Von Zschuschen, South Orange, N. J., to J. L. Carr, Orange, N. J.

Bob Toombs. White and lemon English setter dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1884 (Druid—Hoosier Belle), by W. D. Wilson, Tallahassee, Fla., to E. A. Crawford, same place.

Turk. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 24, 1885 (Hero II.—Countess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Lafayette Cole, Peoria, Ill.

Nell. Gordon setter bitch, 9yrs. old (Rupert—Rhona), by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York.

Macbeth. Gordon setter dog, 10mos. old (Leelex—Madge), by H. Murphy, Huntsville, Mo., to Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York.

Dora Gordon. Gordon setter bitch, 2½yrs. old (Dash—Mona), by Robert Lyon, Staten Island, to Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York.

Alma. Brindle and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit—Alma), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Gaffney. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 26, 1885 (Chester—Lady Bess), by J. A. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., to Geo. J. W. Wells, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rita. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 22, 1883 (Hornell Dandy—Luna), by A. J. Butt, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to A. Strong, same place.

Goldy. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 3, 1880 (Elcho—Elsie), by J. L. Rudy, Harrisburg, Pa., to Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa.

Rock Gladstone. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Feb. 3, 1885 (Don—Nettie), by H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., to Geo. Jarvis, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Tom—Prep whelp. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped April 28, 1885, by John Kidston, Oak Park, Ill., to L. B. Sidway, Chicago, Ill.

Moonim. Liver and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1794), by J. M. Bloomfield, New York, to Mrs. Wm. Copcutt, Yonkers, N. Y.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Quail III. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 16, 1878 (Red Gauntlet—Quail II.), owned by W. R. Page, Olean, N. Y.

Dave. Blue belton English setter dog (A.K.R. 1360), owned by Dr. Spencer M. Nash, New York, June 10, from cerebro spinal meningitis.

Pilot. Blue belton English setter dog (A.K.R. 1377), owned by Dr. Spencer M. Nash, New York, May 30, from distemper.

Queen. Pug bitch (A.K.R. 2342), owned by Miss Hattie M. Chaffee, Boston, Mass., May 26, from chorea.

Prince. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 18, 1884 (Minstrel—Nellie), owned by H. Jackson, Dover, N. H., May 13.

Ned. St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 1601), owned by Jas. G. Bucher, New Haven, Conn., May 29.

Music. Bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 2302), owned by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., May 28.

Oscar Wild. Pug dog, 7mos. old (Toodles—Treasure), owned by Frank McMullen, Worcester, Mass., May 20.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. R. W., Albion, N. Y.—My cocker spaniel pup, eleven months old, has fits when exercised, he is otherwise in good health, is not over fed, has a good yard to run in. Will medicine help him, if so what kind? Ans. Give your dog one or two teaspoonsful of syrup of buckthorn each day and keep him on low diet. If this does not help him after a week give ten drops of tincture of nux vomica in sweetened water twice daily.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News* tells this story of the dog-pound in that city: "While the reporter and policeman were talking a very small white boy, barefooted and only wearing a kilt, dodged under the club of the policeman at the door and went up to the pound. He stood near the pound, and with tears in his eyes cried out 'Billy.' The call was answered by a shaggy little terrier, which had evidently been asleep, but which was aroused by the familiar name, and came at once to the rail, wagging his little stump tail, and the recognition was mutual. The little fellow wanted his dog, but the stern official at the round table informed him that he would have to pay $2 before he could be allowed to take his pet away. The law having been explained to the youngster, he dried his eyes, wiping away the tears on the cuff of his kilt, and starting out, said: 'Mister, please don't kill Billy till I come back. I've got the money in my savings bank, an' I'm going to get it.'"

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ANOTHER CURIOUS BULLET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the article of "W. A. A." in the issue of March 19, headed "A Curious Bullet," more especially as I have had for several years in my cabinet specimens obtained from the dissection of game and otherwise, a bullet of shape something similar, caused evidently by similar forces. It is herewith inclosed marked "A." It was picked up among a good many other bullets in the spring of 1882, after the melting of a snowbank just in rear of the target of a 200-yard range near Bozeman, Montana, by E. Hofer, one of the guides of the Yellowstone National Park, and had been fired over said range during the winter before. It was originally a .45-cal. 550-grains bullet of 1⅛ inches length, but has been elongated to 1.558 inches length after leaving the rifle. It was fired evidently from a Sharps rifle, and this elongation and reduction of diameter about midway of length evidently took place between the time of leaving the muzzle and its coming to a state of rest. As will be perceived, its weight has not been reduced in the least, and its diameter has been reduced to .388 inches by the process of elongation. I have often endeavored to arrive at a plausible reason for this elongation. Evidently either the rear or front part of the bullet was retarded, while the other portion pulled forward, but there is no mark on either end to indicate this. Can any plausible reason be assigned?

I inclose two other bullets picked up at the same time, of the same class (.45-550-1½) that are inclosed, in order to illustrate another phase of the subject, *i.e.*, the question as to the instant of time the "upsetting" of the bullet takes place. Bullet marked B indicates that the complete "upsetting" occurred before it left the shell, for there is the impression of the mouth of the shell around its base to the depth it was loaded into the shell. Forward of this narrow ring around the base are the impressions of the lands. This shows that no upsetting occurred after this ball left the shell, else the base would likewise have the impressions of the lands. Bullet marked C has the impression of the shell around its base to the depth loaded into the shell, but it has likewise the impression of the lands for the full length of the bullet, indicating that the upsetting of the base of ball occurred before leaving the shell.

After leaving the shell, however, further upsetting occurred sufficient at least to upset this narrow ring around the base, so as to make it bear upon the lands. I have other balls of the same class, picked up at the same time, that indicate, in their case, that the upsetting at the base occurred after leaving the shell. These specimens prove to my satisfaction that in their case the upsetting occurs very near the instant of time of the commencement of the ignition of the powder. I think this holds good also with the lighter balls. P.

APRIL 20, 1885.

THE CREEDMOOR FALL PROGRAMME.

THE directors of the N. R. A. have issued during the past week the programme for the thirteenth fall meeting at Creedmoor, which opens on Sept. 16 next and will run about eight days.

Entries will be received at the office of the Association, room 55, Temple Court, No. 5 Beekman street, New York, up to and including the 12th of September, and at Creedmoor during the meeting. All entries received after the 12th day of September will be considered post-entries and must be accompanied by an additional charge of 25 per cent. Spirit levels may be used upon the rear sights of all special military rifles, and also upon those of other military rifles, where permitted by the authorities issuing them. The Piffard heel pad may also be used. In any match of the Association full scores cannot be beaten. A supplementary programme will be issued in August, in which various prizes not at present known will be allotted to some of the various matches.

The conditions of the several matches are as follows:

No. 1.—Directors' Match—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., rounds 5, position standing, weapon any military rifle including specials, entrance fee $3, prize the director's championship gold badge, shot for annually, and held by the winner during the year; to be shot at any time during meeting.

No. 2.—Judd Match—Offered annually, under resolution of Board of Directors N. R. A., to commemorate the services rendered by Hon. David W. Judd in securing the passage of the law by which the Association was enabled to obtain its range. Open to all comers, weapon any military rifle, including specials, distance 200yds., position standing, rounds 7, entrance fee $2 each or three for $5, but only the highest score to count, and only three entries allowed on each day, match to occupy two days, prizes cash, presented by the N. R. A., $315, divided into 21 prizes, viz.: $25, $24, $23, $22, $21, $20, $19, $18, $17; $16, $15, $14, $13, $12, $11, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6 and $5, contributed prizes to be added, in which event competitors will have the choice of prizes in order of merit of their scores. The aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes.

No. 3.—Wimbledon Cup Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, distance 1,000yds., 30 shots, weapon any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, position any without artificial rest, entrance $5. First prize, the Wimbledon Cup, to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting thereof, when it will be shot for on the same conditions, value $500 and cash $20, or a silver medal of equal value at the option of the winner, second prize cash $15, third prize cash $10, fourth prize cash $5. Won in 1875 by Major Fulton, in 1876 by I. L. Allen, in 1877 by Dudley Selph, in 1878, by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884 by J. W. Todd.

No. 4.—President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States of America—Divided into two stages. First Stage: 200 and 500yds.; seven shots at each distance; open to all members of the Army, Navy and Marine corps of the United States, or the National Guard of any State. Each competitor to appear in the uniform worn by the organization of which he is a member, and to shoot with the rifle with which he is armed at the public expense or with the United States service rifle. Officers to shoot with the rifle of their organizations or the U. S. service rifle. Prizes, one of $50, and thirty-nine of $10 each. Total, forty prizes amounting to $440. Entrance fee, $3 to both stages. Second stage: Open to all prize winners in the first stage; distance 600yds.; number of shots ten; position any; rifles same as in first stage, but .50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Prize, the mid-range championship of America for one year, and cash at least $100, to be awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages.

No. 5.—The Shorkley Match.—Any military rifle, including specials. Distances 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; any position; open to all comers; ten shots at each distance. Entrance $3. $100 contributed by Maj. Geo. Shorkley, and $120 added by the N. R. A., divided into twelve prizes, viz., $50, $40, $30, $25, $20, $15, two of $10 each and four of $5 each.

No. 6.—Continuous Match—All-comers continuous match. Distance 200yds.; position standing; number of shots seven; any rifle within the rules. Military rifles to be allowed one point on each score, provided they are not cleaned between shots, and such handicap to be added to the competitors first shot below five. The aggregate of three scores to count for each of the first five prizes. Aggregate of two scores to count for the others. Entries unlimited; fee $1 each ticket. $130, cash by N. R. A., divided into thirty-nine prizes, viz., $50, $40, $30, $25, $20, $19, $18, $17, $16, $15, $14, $13, $12, $11, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, and twenty of $5 each. Absolute ties to be divided.

No. 7.—Governors' Match—7 shots at 500yds., position, any. Rifle, any military, including specials. Open to all comers. Entrance fee, $1. Re-entries allowed. The aggregate of three scores to count for first five prizes. Aggregate of two scores to count for the others. Two points allowed on the aggregate of the three scores in first five prizes to State model rifles of 50 caliber. One point allowed on aggregate of the two scores. $300 divided into 18 prizes, viz.: $40, $30, $25, 30, 15, $10, and 12 of $5 each.

No. 8.—All-Comers and Marksmen's Badge Match—Open to everybody. Distances 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200, prone at 500. 5 shots at each distance. Entrance fee $1. Re-entries allowed. Rifle, Remington, .50 cal. Members of the N. G., S. N. Y., in uniform (jacket, cap and belt), may record their scores in this match as qualified for the N. Y. State marksman's badge, provided that if ordered they have attended (or do once during the season attend) general practice, and provided they have previously qualified in the "second class" (100 and 300yds.). $250 divided into 32 prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, $14, $13, $12, $11, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, and 20 of $5 each, also a Bay State rifle, .28-cal., globe sights, value $24. May be exchanged before being used at John P. Moore's Sons, 302 Broadway, New York, for any other style or caliber rifle manufactured by this company, the winner may prefer. Presented by Bay State Arms Company, Uxbridge, Mass.

No. 9.—Brooklyn Furniture Company Match—First prize a handsome piece of bronze, value $400, presented by the above company. Open to teams of four from any regiment, company or battery in second division, N. G., S. N. Y. Each organization may enter as many teams as they wish, but no competitor to be a member of more than one team. Remington rifle, State model. 7 rounds each at 200 and 500yds. Position standing at 200, prone at 500yds. Entrance fee, $5 per team. First prize, "The Buffalo Hunt," value $400. To be held one year by the winning team in the company's or officer's room, as they may decide, and to become the property of the organization whose team shall win it three times.

No. 10.—Hilton Trophy Match—Open to teams of 12 from the following: 1. The United States of America. A.—The army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B.—The United States Navy (one team). C.—The National Guard or un-uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries. England, Ireland, Scotland, and each of the Provinces of Great Britain, each of the Provinces of Canada, and all other countries, one team each from the following: A.—The regular army. B.—The militia. C.—The volunteers. Separate teams may be sent out only when the organizations are separate. D.—The navy of any country. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men, and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to appear in the authorized uniform (full dress or fatigue) thereof. They shall be selected in such a manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives. Distances, 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, 7 at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds. Weapons, any military rifle which has been adoped as an official arm by any State government. Ammunition, any. Entrance fee, $2 each man. First Prize.—A trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof. Value, $3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team; won in 1878 and 1879 by State of New York; in 1880 by Division of the Missouri, U. S. A.; in 1881 by State of New York; in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania; in 1883 by State of Michigan; in 1884 by Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A.

No. 11.—Short Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four from any club or military organization, no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams, 10 shots at 200yds., position standing.

No. 12.—Long Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States. Members of the various teams participating must, at the time of shooting, be residents, and must have resided in the State represented for at least three months prior to the date of the match, distances 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots at each distance, any military rifle within the rules, entrance fee $10 each team. Prize.—A trophy to be held for the year by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win it, also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association, in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association, in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1881, '82 and '83 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.

No. 14.—New York State National Guard Match—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, each man being certified by his regimental commander to be a regularly enlisted member in good standing of the regiment, battalion or separate company he represents, and to have been such on June 1, 1885. All competitors must appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue). Distances 200 and 500yds.; position standing at 200yds.; prone at 500yds.; weapon, Remington rifle, State model; rounds, five at each distance; entrance fee $1 each man. First prize, a trophy presented by the State of New York, value $800.

No. 15.—First Division National Guard Match—Open to teams of twelve men from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the First Division of the National Guard of the State of New York. All competitors to appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue) and to be certified by their regimental commander to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment, battalion or company they represent, and to have been such on June 1, 1885. Weapon, Remington rifle, State model; distances, 200 and 500yds; five shots at each distance; position, standing at 200; at 500yds. prone. Entrance fee, $1 each man. First prize, a trophy presented by the State of New York, value $100.

No. 16.—Second Division National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the second division of the National Guard of the State of New York. All competitors to appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue), and to be certified by their regimental commander to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment, battalion or company they represent, and to have been such on June 1, 1885. Weapon, Remington rifle, State model. Distances 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 200, prone at 500yds. Entrance fee $1 each man. First prize, a trophy presented by the State of New York; value, $100.

No. 17.—General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match—Open to teams of 6 from the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, volunteers, or militia of any country, State or Territory. Any number of teams may enter from each organization, but no competitor may shoot in more than one team. All competitors to be regularly commissioned or enlisted members in good standing of the regiment, battalion, corps, troop or company they represent, and to have been such on Aug. 1, 1885, and to appear in the uniform (jacket, cap, trousers, belt and cartridge box or belt) of the organization they represent. Distances 600 to 200yds. and return. Second class targets. Weapon, the military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed, unless such be a magazine gun, in which case any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. Entrance fee $3 for each team. A commanding officer or coach may be allowed in rear of each team, or as a member on the firing line. The first prize in this match is a trophy presented by S. D. Schuyler, Esq., value $150. This prize is to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps. Also a bronze medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1884 by 4th Artillery, U. S. A.

No. 18.—*Army and Navy Journal* Match.—Open only to members of the Army, Navy, Marine corps and National Guard or militia of any state or territory. Rifle, the U. S. service 45 cal. or the Remington State model, 50 cal. Competitors to shoot in uniform, jacket and cap or helmet. Position standing, distance 200yds., number of shots seven, entrance fee twenty-five cents, re-entries allowed. First prize, a fine Webley double-barreled breechloading shotgun, choke bored and with rebounding locks, value $200, presented by Col. William C. Church on behalf of the *Army and Navy Journal*. The gun is to be shot for semi-monthly and during the fall meeting, and to become the property of the competitor whose ten best scores, made previous to the close of the fall meeting in September, 1885, shall aggregate the highest. Second, 3d, and 4th prizes, cash by N. R. A., $10 each; 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th prizes, cash by N. R. A., $5 each. The highest aggregate of five scores to determine the winners of the cash prizes.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB.—June 5, 12-ring target, possible 120: M. Dorrler 118, G. Zimmermann 117, C. Rem 113, J. Schneider 113, C. Holzmann 112, D. Lowitzki 111, J. Jordon 110, H. Sindlinger 110, C. E. Gensch 109, H. Washmuth 107, H. Kruger 106, A. Koster 105, L. Bradfish 104, B. Wragge 103, J. Shaw 101, G. Tred 90.—A. LOBER, Sec.

BRIDGEPORT VS. SPRINGFIELD.—Telegraphic match, June 11, between the Bridgeport Rifle Club and the Springfield Schuetzen Verein at Bridgeport. A fresh 7 o'clock wind was blowing while the match was in progress, with the sky overcast part of the time, and a shooter thinking he had pulled for a bull would find he had scored a 10 low:

Bridgeport Team.														
Bassett	11	9	11	9	9	11	10	9	12	10	12	11	12	10—158
Nothnagle	11	12	10	10	9	10	11	10	11	11	8	11	12	11—158
Hubbard	10	9	12	12	9	11	8	11	12	11	10	10	11	9 8—153
Quitmeyre	7	10	11	11	10	9	11	9	10	10	11	11	11	9 10—150
Beardsley	9	8	10	9	9	10	7	11	11	10	12	10	12	12 9—149
Marsh	11	11	10	10	9	10	12	8	11	12	10	6	10	11 8—149
Betts	9	10	8	8	10	11	10	10	12	11	10	8	10	12 9—148
Burs	9	8	7	9	10	11	12	12	11	10	10	7	10	9 10—145—1210
Springfield Schuetzen Verein.														
Farrow	10	10	10	9	11	12	10	10	11	11	12	10	12	11 9—158
Bull	8	11	12	11	9	11	10	12	11	9	11	10	12	11 9—157
Talbot	10	8	11	10	12	11	11	10	11	12	11	10	8	10 12—157
Bull	8	10	12	11	9	11	12	8	12	11	10	12	12	10 9—156
Wilson	9	10	11	12	11	9	11	9	9	10	10	11	11	8 10—151
Allen	8	10	12	9	12	10	7	12	11	9	8	12	10	10 11—151
Stephens	11	10	12	10	10	7	9	11	10	6	11	12	9	11 7—148
Barnes	7	8	5	11	5	9	11	4	5	8	8	7	8	5 11— 98—1174

Before the match the Bridgeport team was divided into two sides for a supper shoot. They tied, and so each man went home to supper.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 16.—The fourth biennial tournament of the Northwestern Shooting League began to-day with an attendance of about 300 of the 1,000 sharpshooters belonging to the league. The opening contests were for rapidity in scoring 15 bullseyes, and for the first 65 bullseyes scored. These were the only two rapid-firing contests, the prizes being gold medals. Emil Berg, of Davenport, Ia., made the first 15 centers, and when the shooting for the day closed led all the shooters with 63 centers to his credit.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The day for shooting the match with the Bridgeport team was not first-class for rifle shooting. The score of A. Barnes was very poor indeed, but due due allowance must be made that he shot a rifle which he had never before used. The regular weekly shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club was poorly attended, only three members showing up. The scores were very poor. The first class was won by A. Locke. His score was:

A Locke.....8 10 7 9 10 10 11 9 11 10—95

Second Class.

E S Field.....8 11 11 10 8 11 7 8 8 10—92
S K Hindley.....6 8 7 10 10 9 9 9 7 10—85

The club have voted to challenge the Canton Club of Collinsville, Conn., to shoot a match here July 4, as well as the Brattleboro, Vt.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

THOMASTON, Conn., June 6.—The weather conditions on Bridgemoor Range to-day were a bright light with a strong 10 o'clock wind. Subjoined are the scores:

G P North.....11 11 10 12 12 12 9 11 9 11—104
W H Dunbar.....10 11 11 12 11 11 11 9 9 11—103
G C Gilbert.....8 9 10 11 9 11 11 9 11 12—101
G A Lemmon.....9 9 9 10 10 11 11 9 11 10— 96
F Carr.....9 10 10 7 9 7 8 8 11 10— 90
A Fox.....11 8 9 12 7 5 11 9 4 12— 90
J L Alling.....5 9 8 8 10 9 11 9 10 10— 84

CREEDMOOR, June 13.—The third of the series of association matches for National Guardsmen was shot at Creedmoor to-day. The day was fine and cool, the wind being changeable in the morning, but steadying down to a brisk wind in the afternoon. The attendance was rather small, owing probably to the nearness of the camping season. The prize winners and their scores were as follows:

J F Klein	21 23—44	F S Kennedy	21 20—41
J P M Richards	20 23—43	McC Butt	18 22—40
G F Merchant	20 23—43	J H Lacroix	20 19—39
R M Kallock	20 21—41	W A Valentine	18 20—38

Col. Charles E. Bridge was the executive officer of the day.

F. W. FREUND, the patentee of a new rifle, is now here with a view to having it manufactured by machinery. He expects soon to have a company formed and to be ready for the demand. In the meantime he is still making his celebrated rifle sights. See adv. in another column.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., May 30.—East Hill Gun Club's first regular monthly shoot, 10 glass-balls, Card's rotary trap, third notch, screened, 21yds. rise:

E R Curtin	1010111101—7	E M Strayer	1110101100—6
L D Strayer	1000100001—3	F J Weston	0000000000—0
S H Brown	0011111111—8	Stamm	0110101100—5
W W Curtin	0003000000—0		

Ten balls, same conditions:

E R Curtin	0111011111—8	Weston	0011000000—2
L D Strayer	1000 00000—1	Stamm	1101011101—7
Brown	1010011111—7	W W Curtin	0010010000—3
E M Strayer	0001010110—4		

Five pairs balls, 15yds. rise:

Brown	01 01 11 10 10—6	E M Strayer	10 00 00 11 10—4
Stamm	00 00 11 10 11—5	W W Curtin	00 10 10 10 10—4
E R Curtin	10 11 00 00 01—4	L D Strayer	00 10 00 10 10—3

Ten single balls, 21yds.:

Weston	0000100100—2	Stamm	1100101011—6
E R Curtin	00001w —1	Brown	0101100111—6

STAMM.

VAN ETTENVILLE, N. Y., June 10.—The Gun Club went to Danby yesterday to shoot a team match at twenty glass balls with the Danby Club.

Danby Club.

Patchin.....11111111011111011111—18
Mix.....10000000100111101001— 8
Roney.....01000010000011000111— 7
Lambkin.....11101101101011101101—14
D Norton, of Ithaca.....11111111111111111111—20
Beardsley.....01101111010111111111—16—83

Union Club.

Goldsmith.....00110010111111111110—14
Burlingame.....11011110101110111110—15
Fisher.....11011101101111111111—18
Hixson.....11110101101111111000—14
Rogers.....11111111111111111601—18
Gee.....11011111101111111111—18—95

The team match was followed by several individual sweepstakes at 5 balls each: First, Hixson 4, White 4, Norton 5, Goldsmith 4, Gee 4, Lambkin 2, Rumsey 4. Beardsley shot out White, Goldsmith, Gee and Rumsey; Patchin shot out Beardsley and Fisher; Lamkin shot out Roney.

Second, same conditions, D. Norton accepting a handicap of 3yds.: Rumsey 3, Norton 4, White 3, Patchin 5, Lamkin 4, Roney 4, Beardsley 2, Hixson 4, Gee 5, Rogers 5, Fisher 5. Gee and Fisher shot out Patchin and Rogers and divided, Hixson shot out Norton, Lamkin and Roney, Rumsey and white divided.

Third, same conditions, Rumsey 4, White 3, Norton 5, Fisher 5, Patchin 2, Gee 5, Hixson 3. Norton shot out Fisher and Gee, and Hixson shot out White.

After the shoot the visitors were very pleasantly entertained and given a fine supper at the town hall by the ladies of Danby, which was much enjoyed. On the way home, Dr. Gee, not having enough shooting, made a score of 3 woodchucks with 21 shots from a rifle.—K.

FALL RIVER, Mass.—The second shoot of the Fall River Gun Club took place June 2, and both prizes were won for the second time by T. S. Hall by the following scores:

Glass Balls.

Hall.....11111011111111111111111111—24
Buffinton.....00101001111110100011111—16
Mangam.....11110111110101011001010—16
Wood.....00111111010001w.

Clay-Pigeons.

Hall.....01111111101111111111011111—22
Mangam.....01001010111010111011111—17
Buffinton.....01010100001011111111100—13
Braley.....10010011111011011110w.
Wood.....0,11110011111110w.
Lewis.....11110110110101010w.
Pierce.....11111001011111w.

The first of a series of matches between the New Bedford and Fall River Gun Clubs was shot here to-day, and after a very close and exciting struggle was won by the home club by the following score, 25 clay-pigeons per man, four men on a team:

Fall River.

Hall.....11111111101111111011011—22
Braley.....01110011111111111101101—20
Mangam.....11011111100011111100111—19
Buffinton.....11100101101111010000101 001—14—75

New Bedford.

Smith.....10111011101111011011110—19
Stone.....01110101100111111101011—18
Slocum.....10101101111100101111110—18
Pierce.....00011111111010010011 11—16—71

Individual match, 25 clay-pigeons:

Braley.....11111 11110 11011 11101 11110—21
Hall.....10011 11110 11111 11010 11110—19
Mangam.....01111 10101 11101 11111 01101—19
Slocum.....11110 11011 11110 11111 01010—19
Smith.....11111 11110 10110 11110 00111—19
Buffinton.....11111 10111 01110 10110 11010—18
Pierce.....11110 01001 10111 11010 11110—17
Stone.....11010 10001 00111 11111 11000—15

Brayley wins for the first time. A number of sweeps were shot. The next match will take place in New Bedford in July.—T. S. H.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Captain Bogardus and Andrew Meaders, of Nashville, Tenn., shot at live pigeons this afternoon at the Driving Park. Many sportsmen were on hand to witness the match. The officers were: Referee, J. B. Stice; judge for Meaders, T. R. Hasdell; judge for Bogardus, H. F. Orvis; scorer, L. B. Crooker. There was a light wind blowing, and the pigeons were rather tame and did not rise quickly. The first contest was at fifty birds each, single, rise of 25yds. and use of one barrel. Bogardus missed only 2 birds, making a score of 48, and Meaders missed 9, making a score of 41 killed. The other half of the match was at pairs, two traps, 25yds. rise and fifty birds for each man. Bogardus killed 39 out of 50 and Meaders killed 41. Bogardus won the match, the score being Bogardus 87, Meaders 82.

TEXAS.—The eighth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Denison, Texas, June 23-27, under the auspices of the Denison Gun Club, J. T. Munson, Denison, secretary.

OTTAWA.—On the 25th and 26th of June a clay-pigeon shooting tournament will be held at Lansdowne Park, Ottawa. The affair will be managed by the St. Hubert Club. Six regular matches, besides an extra series, are upon the programme.

THE GLYNN GUN CLUB, of Brunswick, Ga., has elected Mr. J. Crovett president and Mr. S. C. Littlefield secretary.

JAMESTOWN, June 10.—Inclosed find score of Jamestown Shooting Club made yesterday at 20 Peoria blackbirds each, 18yds. rise, put in one barrel, heavy wind from 9 o'clock:

Carnahan	10111011010110110111—14	Walker	01100010000001111011— 9
L Pennock	10110101010110110101—13	F Pennock	00010001101010100000— 6
Burns	00111000101100111011—11	Jones	10000110000101100000— 6
Shattuck	00110101001001101101—10		

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—Blackbird gold medal match, June 12, 1885; 5 traps, Knoxville Flying Target Co.'s blackbirds used, 15yds. rise, 25 birds each, set angles; Dr. Deaderick handicapped 3yds.:

F Armstrong.....1110101101000011111111111—18
M G McClung.....10011101111010101101110011—17
J W Slocum.....11001011001011011110001100—16
S B Dow.....01100110011010111110100101—16
C C Hebbard.....10001100101111111101111110—15
J M Ross.....01100101001110101111001101—14
C M Woodbury.....00011110010100010111101101—13
M O French.....11101100100101010001110011—13
Wm Jenkins.....01010000101110100011010010—13
Jaques.....11010011011011100001010000—12
F H Post.....01001000001011010001101111—12
H Washam.....00110001110001100101100110 - 12
F McClung.....11001100111000101100000100—11
G Woods.....00101100100011010100101100—11
Dr Deaderick.....11101110000001101010000000— 9
M Eldridge.....01101001000110010010001010—10
F N Hodge.....11100000100010101000000— 9
Townsend.....11000100,00100100001010000— 8
M Nicholson.....01000011000011111100w — 8
J B Kelly.....00001000101001100000000010— 6

Clay-pigeon match, 18yds., 1 trap, 15 birds:

C Woodbury	111101111111011—13	M O French	010111010000111— 9
S B Dow	111111111101101—12	C C Hebbard	111010011010100 — 9
F Armstrong	110111101111011—12	G W Woods	010100011101001— 8
H Washam	111111110100001—10	F N Hodge	101011111000100— 8
J W Slocum	011101101111100—10	J M Ross	100011000010111— 7
T C Eldridge	110111100101010—10	J B Kelly	000001111011001— 7
Dr Deaderick	101011101001111—10	Townsend	010001100101100— 6
M G McClung	100011001101111— 9	Wm Jenkins	101010100000001— 6

NEW JERSEY.—The Union shoots every Saturday afternoon at Marion, N. J., under the auspices of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club are rapidly growing in favor, and nearly thirty shooters faced the traps last Saturday. So far only one set of traps has been run at a time, but it will be necessary to divide the grounds and arrange two different scores to keep all shooters busy. The following are the scores, National Gun Club rules:

Eight Knoxville blackbirds, one trap, fifty cents entrance.

Lindsley	01111111—7	Tousey	11011100—5
Tomkins	01111011—6	Terry	10010011—4
Cromwell	00101010—3	Robertson	11011011—6
Still	01111101—6	Hughes	01101111—6
Holcomb	11000111—5	Craft	11101101—6
Lever	01111100—5	J von Lengerke	11110110—6
Van Brunt	00011111—5		

Lindsley first, Tomkins and Von Lengerke tied on five out of six and divided second, Holcomb third.

Eight American clay-birds, 5 traps, 50 cents entrance:

Tomkins	11111011—7	Lang	00101010—3
Lever	10101111—6	Van Brunt	01010010—3
Burdette	00000100—1	Craft	00111111—6
Fisher	00000100—1	Brown	10000001—2
Lindsley	10000110—3	Cody	01100000—2
Holcomb	10110101—5	Terry	11000111—5
Tousey	11001111—6	Bird	10000000—1
Robertson	11011101—6	Cromwell	10101011—5
Hill	00000110—2	Hughes	00101011—3
Smith	01010000—2	Carrington	00000000—0
Johnson	00001000—1	Rockfeller	01000110—3
Laure	00,00100—1		

Tomkins first, Craft won second on shoot off, and Holcomb third.

Match No. 3, 8 clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 50 cents entrance:

Robertson	11100111—6	Tousey	11100111—6
Bird	10110003—3	Edey	00111100—4
Lindsey	01100011—4	Clements	00111101—5
Tomkins	10011111—6	Cromwell	01100101—4
Lever	10110111—6	Smith	10100100—3
Still	00110011—4	Lang	01110011—5
Cody	00111001—4	Reynolds	10101000—3
Hughes	10110100—4	Terry	00111110—5
Heritage	11010001—4	Holcomb	01011111—6
Craft	10110101—4	J Von Lengerke	11011011—6
Burdette	01101111—6	La Rue	00100001—2

Bardette and Holcomb divided first after shoot off, Clements and Terry second, Heritage and Craft third.

GEDDES, N. Y., June 11.—Monthly shoot of the Geddes Shooting and Fishing Club for club gold medal.

Pratt	10111110111011—12	Westphal	01000001010010 1— 5
Case	11011111111111—13	Cummings	01111101100100— 6
Scanlon	00000001001000— 2	Steves	01111011110011—11
Trowbridge	11110111110010—11	Bronson	01010111011111—11

After the medal shoot a sweepstake was shot, with the following result: Trowbridge 5, Bronson 5, Steves 5, Armstrong 4, Scanlon 4, Pratt 3, Case 3, Fonda 4, Cummins 3. In shooting off ties Steves took first money, Fonda second and Cummins third. The next shoot of the club will be held at Lakeside Park, July 4, at 2 P. M.—G. F. G.

TRENTON, N. J., June 11.—Trenton Gun Club shoot at 20 clay-pigeons from three traps, 18yds. rise:

Allen, C	01101110111111111117	Barwis, W	00001100101011001010— 8
Allen, J	11001101111011111115	Barwis, C	00101100000000101011— 7
Dunont	11101011010111101101—14	Fox	10110100110101000110—10
Loveless	01110101111001111100—13	Lawson	01101010000010101010— 8
Crisp	01101111001101010001—11	Wilson	01111000001 w.
Leigh	00000011101111101010—10		JERSEY.

NEW ORLEANS, June 7.—To-day the Louisiana Gun Club indulged in a number of lively and interesting matches, during which the friendly spirit of rivalry increased with each shoot until it reached red heat. The first match was a clay-pigeon pool shoot, which results as follows: Mayronne 9, Cousin 10, Chaudet 7, Reneicke 7, De Fuentes 5, Feibeger 5, Jung 3, Scooler 7, Landry 2, Commagere 5, Poursine 4, Leveque 2, Cucullu 4, Carriere 1. Third divided between Scooler, Chaudet and Reneicke.

The second match was a double bat-pool shoot as follows: Mayronne 6, E. Dronet 3, Tabary 8. A. Drouet 8, Scooler 8, Landry 8, Commagere 6, Jung 5, Cucullu 5, Carriere 4, Lanaux 5, Feibeger 6, Cousin 6, Chaudet 7, Poursine 4, Leveque 7, Reneicke 7. De Fuentes 4. First divided between Scooler, Landry and A. Drouet on tie. Second won by Chaudet, by shooting off tie. Third, Feiberger on tie.

At the conclusion of the above contests, the long looked for dinner shoot between the two rival teams took place. The shoot was at double bats. 24yds. rise, Louisiana Gun Club rules, and resulted as follows: Cousin's team—Mayronne 9, Tabary 6, Scooler 9, Commagere 6, Cucullu 5, Leveque 5, Lanaux 5, Cousin 7, total 52. Chaudet's team—E. Drouet 4, A. Drouet 7, E. Landry 9, Jung 4, Poursine 2, Carriere 3, Feibeger 6, Chaudet 8, total 43.

Not satisfied with the result of this shoot, the Chaudet team challenged the Cousin team on the grounds for a team pool match shoot, which was accordingly shot with the following result: Cousin's Team —Mayronne 7, Tabary 8, Scooler 9, Commagere 6, Cucullu 4, Leveque 6, Lanaux 7, Cousin 10; total, 57. Chaudet's Team—E. Drouet 8, A. Drouet 4, E. Landry 10, Jung 6, Poursine 8, Carriere 6, Feiberger 6, Chaudet 8; total, 56.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE MEDFORD FANCY GOODS COMPANY have put on the market a new comb for dogs. They call it the electric comb. Its shape is in its favor and it will doubtless be well liked by those who believe in combing a dog's coat.

THE SHEPARD TENNIS RACKET took the first prize in the New Orleans competition.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 18—New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—South Boston Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 20—Boston Y. C., Second Club Race.
June 20—Hull Y. C., Pennant Matches.
June 21—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 27—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 27—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
June 30—Eastern Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-18—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. C. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
July 4—Toledo Y. C., Second Club Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 18—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race,
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 8—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 8—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

NEW YORK Y. C.—JUNE 11.

IF the schooner fleet is ever again to regain its old-time popularity and numbers, it is full time that some indications of a revival were evident, as the interest in yachting generally is lively this season, consequent on the coming races for the America Cup, while in the New York Y. C. regatta the inducements to the two-stickers were greater than usual. Besides the class prizes, an extra one for keel boats was offered, and the Bennett Cup, reverting to the club by the sale of Montauk, was to be won again. An extra prize was also offered by Mr. W. W. Russell for the first schooner over the line, making five in all. Out of the list of schooners still on the club's book it might have been expected that all the classes would have been well filled, and that some of the famous names would be heard again, but the total entries were only eight, none in Class I., and the boats themselves were mostly second rate. Of all the old time craft only Rambler went so far as to enter in the keel class, and she did not start. Montauk was on hand with new crew and owner, Grayling was in fine form for racing, and for the rest there was Gitana, well known as a cruiser, with her short foremast and big squareheaded maintopsail; Varuna with a racing record yet to be made, Speranza, a new cruiser that has never raced, all in the keel class, with Clytie and Nirvana, once the sloop Julia, in the third class. Outside of the two boats the second class had prospects for a really good race were hardly first class, and taken with the turnout of two-stickers in the other two races of Regatta Week, there is little to indicate a return of the old-time glory to the schooner fleet about New York.

Naturally, with the advent of two single-stick vessels in a short time to compete for the America Cup, the main feature of this season's yachting will be the racing of the large sloops and cutters, and this week has been looked for as an index, to a certain extent, to the trial races of next month. Of course the two principal vessels, Priscilla and Puritan, were not ready; but, as the trial races are open to all single-stick vessels of 60ft. waterline and over, it was expected that all the old boats would have a try with their larger rivals, and that they would enter first in this week's races. The turnout, however, has been rather disappointing, Gracie has been in for one, racing three times, but with poor success; Mischief has entered twice and captured three mugs; Bedouin has entered twice with little profit, and Thetis has failed to astonish all New York yachtsmen and has been twice beaten.

The first class boats that are racing this season are but few; Bedouin and Ileen representing the cutters, and Mischief and Gracie the sloops; and of these, Ileen is not yet in commission. Wenonah will not fit out this year, as her owner has taken a liking to steam. Ileen will be raced by Diaper and an English crew, but has just been launched after a winter ashore, and Oriva, who, though in a smaller class, is always ready to tackle the big ones, is laid up during the absence of her owner abroad. Of the sloops, Hildegarde seems to have lost her taste for racing, and Fanny, though in commission, is by no means anxious to try conclusions with Bedouin, and will not enter even the trial races. Boston has sent one yacht to try for honors before the big Puritan comes round, the Thetis, a compromise sloop of great depth.

Looking over the week's record with a view to the coming races we may put down Bedouin as fully up to last year's form, and ready for a second string of flags, and likely to push the big ones in the trial races, especially if it blows. Mischief is at least as good as last season, and good as the best in such weather as Thursday's, over the club course, but needing every chance in her favor to make her time off of boats 24ft. longer. Gracie is not yet her old self, and looks to be good for no better than second place with Bedouin and Mischief, blow high, blow low. Thetis, from what she has thus far shown, is little to be feared. On Tuesday she had her weather to a fraction, a lively topsail breeze and smooth water, and yet she failed to beat Mischief, though the latter blundered at the Lightship, and on Thursday in a light wind she was nowhere in particular. Boston has another card to play besides Puritan and Thetis in Huron, practically a new boat, as she was entirely rebuilt and lengthened this winter, but though a keel boat with outside lead, she has too much beam and too little depth to trouble Bedouin.

As noted, Wenonah will not be out this year, but Ileen will have a chance in new hands to retrieve last year's reputation, and to justify the faith that her friends still have in her. That she is a fast boat if properly handled is just as certain as it is that she has never yet been given a fair chance to show what was in her. Her first captain, in spite of his reputation, was a failure in every way, and her second, though no doubt a good sailor in small craft, was not the man to handle the crew of a racing 40, and to get the last inch out of his boat. Her new master comes to her with a well-earned reputation abroad, to which he has a chance to add a no less enviable one among American yachtsmen. He has a fine boat under him, and the fact that she is unpopular, both from her extreme proportions and poor performances thus far, should only prove an incentive to put her where she belongs, with Bedouin and Oriva, as the fastest single-stickers in our waters. No other yacht of equal excellence has ever had so hard a task to make a place for herself as Oriva. Launched at a time when cutters were specially in disfavor, she at once proceeded to justify by her performances a good many of the severe comments showered on her, and nothing but the pluck and perseverance of her owner has brought out her many good qualities and shown her the best and fastest boat of her class. Captain Diaper has in Ileen the same task that Mr. Lee had three years since in Oriva, and we shall look this season to see similar results

follow his efforts. There are plenty of yachtsmen in America who have advocated the cause of the cutter and who would not hesitate to build other lines, but unfortunately there are comparatively few who have the means as well as the will. These few owe a duty, not only to their boat, but to those who have steadily advocated the cutter model in the face of derision and difficulties for six years past, and if they had fulfilled it as fully as the Corinthian owners of Bedouin and Oriva, the question of type would long ago have been settled beyond cavil. With the interest still felt in the question it is a pity that the Fanny has not for a year past done something to back up her reputation as the fastest "our weather" sloop, to which she still lays claim. Her boasted victory around Long Island dwindles to nothing when the circumstances are examined, but since then she has never raced, though kept up in racing shape. Discretion is the better part of valor, and it may only have been commendable prudence that kept her at anchor with the wind nor'west last October, or even on Tuesday of last week, but on Thursday she had every chance she could ask. Mischief and Gracie have bravely kept up their end of the stick against the cutters, and it is due to them that their sister ship should aid them. While the other two sloops have met Bedouin frequently in the past year, Fannie has not been measured with her since the alterations in the former, so we can only guess at their relative qualities at present and regret that while Fanny entered all the early races in '84 when Bedouin was kept out by an accident, she has dropped out and not entered a race since Bedouin went in again, last June.

Thursday last was one of the real old-fashioned New York regatta days, one of the kind which has aided so much in the development of the American sloop, and which is perhaps the most powerful argument that can be advanced for the retention of the type. If all days were like it, and all courses like the New York course, there would be no reason for building cutters, but on the other hand the experience of the previous regatta of June, 1884, together with other races in the fall and the high average of Bedouin's performance in June, July, August, September and October, is a convincing answer to any argument based on Thursday's weather. A clear, bright sky, smooth water, and a southerly wind in which club topsails were easily carried, made a "sloop day" to perfection, and besides contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the many to whom the New York Y. C. regatta is simply a fine water spectacle.

The prizes this season were ten in number—six class prizes, the Bennett Cup for schooners, the special prize for keel schooners, and two cups offered by Mr. W. W. Russell for the first schooner and first sloop over the finish line; all to be sailed over the usual course from Owl's Head past buoys 10, 8½ and 5, around Sandy Hook Lightship, and home over the same course, finishing at buoy 15. The tug E. Luckenbach carried the regatta committee as usual, while the steamer Columbia was well filled with the members and their friends. The Luckenbach ran through the fleet anchored off Bay Ridge and gave to each yacht a time card, then she ran down to Owl's Head, where Captain Jake Schmidt and Sailor were already waiting in the Parole, anchored as a stakeboat.

One by one the yachts got under way and approached the line in good time. The entries were as follows:

KEEL SCHOONERS.

	Corrected Length.	
Rambler	120.00	W. H. Thomas.
Gitana	93.00	W. F. Weld, Jr.
Varuna	87.00	G. W. B. Hill.
Speranza	81.93	H. W. Collender.

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS, 80 AND OVER ON WATERLINE.

Montauk	94.06	J. A. Brooks.
Grayling	83.42	L. A. Fish.

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS, 80 TO 100FT. WATERLINE.

Clytie	80.60	A. P. Stokes.
Nirvana	71.13	E. M. Brown.

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS, 55FT. AND OVER.

Gracie	71.52	J. P. Earle.
Bedouin	71.45	Arch. Rogers.
Thetis	66.69	Henry Bryant.
Mischief	64.79	J. R. Busk.

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS, 45 TO 55FT.

Whileaway	57.50	G. F. Randolph.
Athlon	56.36	J. C. Barron.
Isis	53.66	A. C. Canfield.
Gaviota	53.21	G. M. Edwards
Fanita	49.56	Geo. J. Gould.
Daphne	50.57	J. R. Maxwell.

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS, UNDER 45FT.

Espirito	47.08	R. B. Hartshorne.
Maggie	46.75	W. A. W. Stewart.

In this race, as in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. races of Saturday, a new division into classes was followed, the yachts being classed by waterline length, while their time is allowed on the club rule of

$$\frac{\text{Length plus } \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{3}$$

This change provides a better classification and prevents a yacht from entering in a different class by some small change in her rig, as has been done under the former method, where boats were classed by their corrected length instead of by waterline length.

Every yacht was provided with a number on each side of her mainsail at the intersection of the two diagonals of the sail, a new feature in the N. Y. Y. C. All were under clubtopsails, Bedouin and Gitana being noticeable from their square headers, Gracie's new jib was specially noticeable, sitting beautifully. It is an angulated jib, cut in a new manner, lately introduced from England, and that thus far has been very successful.

While the yachts were waiting, an odd-looking vessel with high, yellow stack steamed down the bay, and was recognized as the sorely "tried" Dolphin off for her run at sea. About the same time the attention of all on the yachts and steamers was attracted by a peculiar-looking craft, a long bow, black hull, with upper works of peculiar appearance, painted white. Above the planksheer the sides were carried up from stem to stern beveling in a little, and over them a deck was laid, arched from stem to stern, or with a reversed sheer. Above this deck was a large pilot house, a smokestack and three masts, one bearing a blue flag with a white dagger. The stranger was unlike anything yet seen afloat, but she was soon recognized as another of Herreshoff's annual surprises, the little Stiletto, whose famous feat of the day before had set all river men to wondering. She was here, there and everywhere, in and out among the yachts, and when the race was fairly commenced, she settled her stern well down and was off and out of sight in no time. At Buoy 10 she was found quietly waiting when the others came up, and was greeted with cheers from the whole fleet; out to the lightship she went ahead with the leaders, and coming home, while the Luckenbach was hurrying to time the finish she passed by on one side, and shortly after ran down on the other.

Precisely at 10:50 A. M. the hoarse whistle of the Luckenbach boomed out the first signal, and at 11 A. M. the starting whistle was blown. Mischief was first down on the windward end of the line, with full jib and mainsail, followed as closely astern as a single yacht, the Fanny, crossed the weather end of the line, blanketing her for a minute, and then sailing in company with the racers. All came over quickly with a good south wind and an ebb tide, Gitana only going over on starboard tack. Rambler did not start. Nearly all carried clubtopsails, and Gaviota, Daphne and Gracie had jibtopsails aloft as well. Clytie unfortunately fouled the stakeboat, but went on over the course. At 11:10, when the whistle blew, all were over without accident or handicap. The fleet moved off, mostly toward Long Island, then tacked over to Clifton where the big Amerique lay at anchor, while the motley fleet of steamers, tugs, steam and sailing yachts followed as closely as possible. Bedouin lay along the Long Island shore, Mischief was to windward of Gracie, but hardly footing with her for the time, both to the eastward, while on the other hand to leeward were Maggie and Isis. Montauk was ahead of the schooners over to the eastward. At 11:40 Mischief was below Dix Island, Gracie was a little to leeward on her starboard quarter, Bedouin astern of Gracie, while Thetis, to windward of Bedouin, was still some distance astern. At the same time Montauk was over near Coney Island Point, Gitana appeared to pass her to leeward, while Grayling was still astern of both, and Isis was not far from Montauk. Mischief soon dropped Gracie appreciably, and Thetis found her big topsail a little too much for her.

Above Buoy 10 Stiletto was going quetly about her business in company with the others, when the big Stranger began to turn up faster and show a bigger wave about her bows. The challenge was instantly noticed and accepted by the little boat, and she moved faster with the same small wave along her waterline, while the smoke and spray flew on the Stranger. A big wave rolled off her bow and another off her quarter, but all in vain. Soon the Stiletto was a black and white dot in silhouette against the sky, and Stranger dropped to her regular gait.

At noon Montauk was leading Gitana, and at 12:07 Mischief went on starboard tack, only holding it for two minutes. Gracie, who had lowered her clubtopsail, went on starboard tack as Michief, well ahead, went on port. Near Buoy 8 Thetis passed across Gracie's bows, and at 12:15 the order was Mischief, Thetis, Gracie, Bedouin. At 12:19 Mischief was about again on starboard tack for Buoy 10, where a large number of vessels were waiting to salute her. At 12:24:30 she rounded in fine style and stood on out. The others came up on port tack, turning as follows: Mischief, 12:24:20; Thetis, 12:28:11; Bedouin, 12:28:41; Gracie, 12:31:07; Montauk, 12:33:09; Grayling, 12:36:20; Athlon, 12:37:24; Isis, 12:38:32; Gitana, 12:40:47; Whileaway, 12:40:53; Daphne, 12:43:15; Clytie, 12:43:20; Fanita, 12:43:38; Espirito, 12:44:14; Gaviota, 12:49:45. Thetis tacked at 12:23; Bedouin, 12:28:45, and Gracie, 12:25, the latter losing ground. Here was Bedouin's opportunity and well she used it, walking out to windward and away from the other two, and taking a position where she pushed Mischief hard all day. Rambler was sailing about near the buoy when the yachts turned, but did not go out with them. Montauk went about at 12:28 and Grayling at 12:31, while Athlon and Isis came close together, Athlon going through Isis's lee at the buoy.

It was some little time before the rear guard came up, Daphne leading, Fanita on her weather quarter driving along with nose down, Espirito to leeward of both, and Gaviota still further under her lee astern. Daphne was laying well down under small topsail and jibtopsail, Fanita carrying the same canvas. Near the buoy Daphne luffed up, but paid off again, and Fanita followed the same maneuver. Astern were still Whileaway and Maggie, the latter pegging along bravely.

Once outside, the order was Mischief, Bedouin, Thetis and Gracie, the latter well astern, then Montauk close to Gracie, Grayling astern to leeward, Athlon, Isis and Gitana. At 1 P. M., Gracie sent up her jibtopsail again, and at 1:08 Thetis made a short tack into the beach and immediately after Gracie passed her.

The order out to the sloop was Mischief ahead and Bedouin close aboard, Gracie a good distance astern, and Thetis still in her wake. Stiletto was in and out between them all the time and was first at the Lightship. Bedouin steered a good course and gained on Mischief, and at one time it seemed as though she would round first. At 1:29 Mischief tacked, and at 1:33 she was again about, while Bedouin still stood on. The sloop sent up a big balloon jibtopsail in stops, and at 1:38:30 tacked for the mark just as the cutter made her first tack. Mischief made a fine turn, her balloon topsail breaking out all at once. As Bedouin turned, her spinnaker boom dropped to port, and the spinnaker went up handsomely. Gracie came up with her crew on the bowsprit, and as she turned up went the balloon jibtopsail. Thetis luffed round, coming up on starboard tack, and Montauk followed with a wide turn, losing some distance. Grayling was better handled and made a very neat turn close to the ship. Isis came down in good shape, but overran the mark badly and stood too far on, while Athlon, with jibtopsail set, turned ahead of her, followed by Gitana. Isis finally came down, breaking out jibtopsail below the mark, and was off after them. Whileaway came next, then Fanita, standing well over before tacking, but leading Daphne around. The latter made a neater turn, luffing close and breaking out jibtopsail. The times were:

Mischief	1 41 42	Gitana	2 04 20
Bedouin	1 44 02	Isis	2 06 03
Gracie	1 49 25	Whileaway	2 07 54
Montauk	1 52 59	Fanita	2 10 04
Grayling	1 54 10	Daphne	2 10 59
Thetis	1 54 41	Clytie	2 12 49
Athlon	2 02 12		

The wind was light from south, and all kites were set as the fleet ran for the Hook. Stiletto was soon a black and white streak in the distance, though the Luckenbach was turning her fastest through the Swash in pursuit of the racers. Off the Hook Mischief was still leader, with Bedouin hunting her hard, but gaining nothing. Breeze and water were both aiding the "iron pot" to do her prettiest, while the larger boat was just a size too large for the moderate wind. Bedouin sailed very fast all the way home, but Mischief sailed still faster, and the chase was a hopeless one. Montauk had third place, Gracie fourth, with Grayling fifth, and Thetis far astern. Spinnakers went up to starboard at buoy 10 and home they came flying, though the breeze was still light. At the line a stakeboat was waiting, with timers ready in case the tug was delayed, but the Luckenbach was there in good time to meet Mischief as she came down, a cloud of white, balloon jib and club topsails. Astern of her was Bedouin with a big spinnaker in the water and balloon jibtopsail. Montauk followed with kites set, and then Grayling showing a balloon staysail. The others came straggling in one by one, until all had passed. At the finish was a strange schooner, a large yacht, and yet not one of the fleet. She was recognized as the old Mohawk, now the Eagre, belonging to the Government.

The full times of the race were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected
SCHOONERS—KEEL CLASS.				
Gitana	11 01 49	3 37 52	4 36 03	4 24 44
Varuna	11 05 04	3 51 51	4 49 47	4 35 16
Speranza	11 02 32	4 13 54	5 11 22	4 53 19
SECOND CLASS.				
Montauk	14 05 49	3 20 29	4 14 40	4 14 40
Grayling	11 06 39	3 32 35	4 15 56	4 10 07
THIRD CLASS.				
Clytie	11 02 32	3 48 08	4 45 36	4 45 36
Nirvana	11 04 46	4 15 43	5 10 58	5 04 25
SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS.				
Gracie	11 00 59	3 22 42	4 21 43	4 21 43
Bedouin	11 04 02	3 19 03	4 15 01	4 14 58
Thetis	11 01 02	3 33 15	4 32 11	4 28 21
Mischief	11 00 29	3 17 36	4 17 07	4 11 40
SECOND CALSS				
Whileaway	11 01 57	3 48 29	4 46 32	4 45 32
Athlon	11 02 14	3 43 11	4 40 57	4 39 45
Isis	11 03 50	3 49 29	4 45 39	4 41 26
Gaviota	11 04 22	4 17 15	5 12 54	5 08 09
Fanita	11 03 10	3 52 54	4 49 44	4 40 23
Daphne	11 04 37	3 54 02	4 49 29	4 41 27
THIRD CLASS.				
Espirito	11 02 49	4 06 05	5 03 16	5 03 16
Maggie	11 03 33	4 18 00	5 14 22	5 13 53

The corrected times for the Bennett Challenge Cup are:

	Actual.	Corrected.		Actual.	Corrected.
Gitana	4 36 03	4 36 03	Grayling	4 15 57	4 10 39
Varuna	4 49 47	4 46 35	Clytie	4 45 36	4 38 34
Sperana	5 11 12	5 04 48	Nervana	5 10 58	4 57 24
Montauk	4 14 40	4 15 12			

Gitana wins the keel class prize, Grayling the class prize on allowance, and Nirvana, Mischief, Athlon and Espirito the other class prizes. Clytie was ruled out for fouling the mark at the start. Montauk takes the Russell prize for first schooner and Mischief for first sloop, and Grayling wins the Bennett Challenge Cup. The races were managed by Messrs. A. F. Tams and C. H. Stebbins of the regatta committee, Mr. Montant having charge of the club steamer, and the arrangements were perfect, the start was made on time to a second, all the boats were accurately timed at the start, and timekeepers were stationed at the finish, so that the judges' boat was able to follow the yachts very closely and to watch the progress of the race as well as the scattered condition of the fleet permitted, while the Columbia kept close enough to the yachts to afford a good view of the race to the ladies. Gitana did fairly well considering the light weather, her size, and the known ability of Montauk and Grayling, but she has no place with them over this course in summer, whatever she might do in an ocean race. The chances at the start were with Grayling rather than her larger sister, but the latter led over the course, though losing on allowance.

Clytie is not to be forgotten easily as far as time is concerned, but her unfortunate mishap at the start lost her the prize. Mischief sailed a good race all day and earned her victory without fluke or favor, pushing Bedouin closer than she has done for some time past. It is no discredit to her, however, to say that she had just her weather. Bedouin's sailing is a good earnest of her success this season, and a little bit of work at Buoy 10 going out and again nearing the weather mark showed that she knew the way to windward and ahead at the same time. Measured by these two Gracie can claim no better than third place, and she has much yet to do this season to put herself ahead of Mischief as the first sloop. Thetis showed on Tuesday what she could do in a blow, and on Thursday tried over again in lighter airs, but at her best showing thus far she has no place with Bedouin, Mischief or Gracie. No doubt she would have done better on Tuesday with double head rig, or at least a loose foot to her jib, but in such a breeze even she could not follow Bedouin in smooth water.

Thoroughly overhauled and altered this season, Isis promises to give trouble to Athlon before fall. Both boats are handled by ardent Corinthians and both have been put in better shape after a first season's trial. The owner of the Athlon well deserves the mug he has won, as his boat is always ready for a race and no trouble is spared to do justice to her. The same may be said of Isis, and her owner who designed and sails his own boat, and though her chances were spoiled on Thursday by the error at the outer mark, the American cutter shows such marked improvement over last season that her owner may well expect better things of her. Although entirely a home product, she has come out in a new suit of Lapthorne's best. Fanita has at last found a mate of about her own size that promises to hurry her over any course, as Daphne lowered her colors on Tuesday and hunted her close on Thursday, though a new and untried ship.

It may be a loss to the schooner class, but it is a decided gain to the small sloop class to have the old owner of Crusader at the helm of Daphne; and we believe it will be a net gain to the sport to have a new racer in the latter class. Good boats of Fanita's size have been none too numerous of late years, and the addition of Daphne and her owner will add greatly to the interest of future races, while the latter will no doubt find more sport in hunting or leading Fanita than in half a dozen of the staid and respectable contests open to his former boat. Espirito is remembered as the yacht that last year stole a march on the fleet at Buoy 10 in her first and only race. In her second race on Thursday she won first prize in her class by beating the little cutter Maggie in her first race in New York waters. A comparison of dimensions shows for Espirito 40ft. 6in. waterline, 16ft. beam and 5ft. draft, 44ft. 7in. waterline, 8ft. 3in. beam and 8ft. 6in. draft, the former being a centerboard and the latter a keel boat. Maggie is as yet in new hands unused to cutter sailing, and from appearances is handicapped with too large a rig, while her laced mainsail is a good deal of an innovation for so thorough a cutter. She certainly has a good record to fall back on, and we look to see her sustain it here when her new owner knows her better.

GALATEA'S FIRST RACES.

THE reports of Galatea's performances in the last *Field* hardly confirm the accounts received by cable, and nothing is said of the serious faults ascribed to her.

On May 30, in the New Thames match to Harwich, she met Wendur, Lorna, Anemone, Irex, Marjorie, Marguerite and Tara, coming in first, but taking second place to Irex on time. The course was forty-seven miles, and the times were:

	Tons.	Elapsed.		Tons.	Elapsed.
Irex	85	5 31 46	Marjorie	68	5 51 49
Galatea	80	5 31 25	Lorna	85	5 49 59
Clara	20	6 10 47	Tara	40	5 54 38
Wendur	125	5 34 21	Anemone	68	6 24 30
Marguerite	60	5 51 25	Ulerin	10	6 34 40

The race was sailed in a fresh breeze. The *Field* says: "The new Galatea hardly showed the speed reaching and running that was expected of her, and in the short burst by the wind she seemed crippled by the weight of her spars. The spurt, however, was not long enough to judge of her capabilities to windward, and all overdone with topsails and jibs for the amount of wind there was at the finish." On June 1 in the Royal Harwich race she met the same lot on the sail home down wind, leading for a part of the way, but being beaten by Wendur and Irex on even time, while Tara and Marguerite take first and second on allowance.

Next day over a fifty-mile course she sailed with all of them but Lorna, doing well in a light wind and leading over part of the course. Near the end she fluked into a calm spot and lost her place, the order at the line being Marjorie, Irex, Galatea, Wendur, Marguerite, Tara.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C., JUNE 8.

THE ill luck that attended the S. C. Y. C. last year at their annual regatta, when a postponed race of the New York Y. C. on the previous day disabled boats and tired out the crews, thus cutting down the entries, seems to have followed them this year also. Every care had been taken to secure full entries and a good race, and up to the time of starting all went well, but at the last moment a dense fog scattered the fleet and turned an exciting race into a walkover. While those who turned back are not to be blamed, an extra share of praise is due to the skillful and persevering Corinthians who found their way out and back in a fog that puzzled at least two professionals. As in the N. Y. Y. C., the classification this year is by waterline length, while time is given by the length and sail area rule. The classes and prizes were, schooners, second class, 85ft. loadline and under, $150; cabin sloops and cutters, first class, 55ft. and over, $150; second class, 45ft. and under 55ft., $125; third class, 35ft. and under 45ft., $100; fourth class, under 35ft., $100. Each yacht was to be steered by an amateur, and one man for each five feet of length on deck was allowed in addition to the helmsman, no professionals being allowed on deck except in the large sloops and schooners, where four were allowed for the former and five for the latter.

The courses were: For schooners and first and second class sloops and cutters, from an imaginary line between the committee steamer and Fort Wadsworth to Buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course to Buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, and outside of Buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning.

For third class sloops and cutters, from the same starting line to Buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return again over the same course to Buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the West Bank, going and returning.

For fourth class sloops and cutters, from the same starting line to Buoy 10, on S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return again over the same course to Buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the West Bank, going and returning.

The finish was off Buoy 15 on the West Bank. The following yachts entered:

	Waterline.	
SCHOONERS.		
Clytie	78ft. 3in.	A. P. Stokes.
Albatross	72ft. 7in	S. B. Pomeroy.
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.		
Gracie	69ft. 9in.	J. P. Earle.
Bedouin	70ft.	A. Rogers.
SECOND CLASS.		
Athlon	51ft. 2in.	J. C. Barron.
Isis	51ft. 5in	A. C. Canfield.
Daphne	— —	J. R. Maxwell.
THIRD CLASS.		
Maggie	44ft. 7in.	W. A. W. Stewart.
Schemer	36ft. 4in.	Augustin Monroe.
Surf	35ft.	Rathbone & Zerega
Hope	38ft.	J. K. Benedict.
FOURTH CLASS.		
Petrel	28ft. 1½in.	E. A. Stevens.
Wacondah	33ft.	Meyer & Doscher.
Vixen	26ft.	Allan Seaman.
Aria	28ft.	William Quinn.

At 5 in the morning a fog lay over the Bay, but it cleared away early, and by 10 oclock all was bright over head with blue sky and warm sun, while a fresh breeze blew up the Narrows from southwest, the tide running a strong ebb. The Luckenbach with Messrs. Bayard, Beekman, DeLuze and Center on board, steamed to the line off Fort Wadsworth, and those on board noticed a dense bank of fog rolling up the Bay. All was clear near at hand. At 10:05 A. M. the first whistle blew, the second one following at 11:10. Hardly had it sounded before Isis rounded neatly under the tug's stern and stood over on port tack, and following came the whole fleet together, working across promptly without interfering with each other, in a way that spoke well for the skill of the amateurs in charge. None were handicapped as shown by the following times: Isis, 11:10:36; Daphne 11:10:56; Gracie, 11:11:34; Maggie, 11:12:08; Surf, 11:12:16; Hope, 11:12:28; Albatross, 11:13:09; Bedouin, 11:13:24; Athlon, 11:13:21; Clytie, 11:13:41; Waconhah, 11:13:41; Schemer, 11:13:48; Oriva, 11:14:35; Vixen, 11:15:00.

The race was open to the yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Larchmont, Eastern, New Bedford, Knickerbocker and New Haven yacht clubs. The Daphne hails from the Atlantic, the Vixen from the New Haven, and the Aria and Wacondah from the Knickerbocker yacht clubs. Hardly had the yachts passed the line before they were all swallowed up in a dense bank of fog, thick and white, that shut in everything. The tug ran on, and at 11:30 passed near Gracie. Soon she dropped back and disappeared, and the tug ran on alone until a clear space was reached, where she halted and blew to guide the yachts. At 11:40 a break in the fog disclosed Gracie, and near her apparently Bedouin, but in a moment both were lost. At buoy 10 the tug stopped, and all watched eagerly for some signs of the racers. At 12:05 a solitary topmast appeared at no great distance off, all below being hidden. It approached very fast and soon disclosed Gracie, coming rapidly down for the mark. She rounded the mark at 12:11:18 and started out, clewing up topsail at 12:17. Next Clytie broke out, at 12:10, turning at 12:18:24, and several others appeared, but no Bedouin. Isis came by with a very pretty turn at 12:21:54. Schemer followed at 12:22:47, Hope at 12:25:20, Wacondah 12:29:38, and Surf at 12:30:34. The little white cutter was pegging along finely under lower sails and topsail, heeling well down, but going through the water in the wake of Wacondah. Soon she overhauled the sloop and passed her before the fog shut them in.

At 12:45 the beautiful view of the Hook, the Jersey Highlands and Staten Island was completely swallowed up again in the fog. At 12:50 Hope was passed by the tug under lower canvas, and four minutes later Schemer was overtaken. The captain of the Luckenbach stated that 40 minutes from the Hook would bring him to Sandy Hook Lightship, and all on board believed him. At 1:10 the steamer Donau was passed at anchor waiting for the fog to lift. At 1:30 the fog was very thick, but Gracie was made out on the starboard bow, and the Luckenbach hurried on to find the Lightship and guide her to it. The 40 minutes ran into 50 and finally an hour, and no Lightship was in sight. Every pair of eyes and ears on board were on the alert to make out the mark or the yachts, or to hear the ship's bell, but all in vain. After gazing intently at the fog for a few minutes, a man could imagine he saw almost any kind of a vessel there, but they ale failed to materialize. Finally the lead was cast and showed 11 fathoms, the depth in which the Lightship is moored. The tug started off again as no ship was in sight, and steamed for some time

with no better results. Again she stopped, the first mate went to the rail and made a cast while all waited anxiously.

"There aint no bottom," he called out to the captain, and hauled in his line to try again. This time the result was, "There aint no knot here in the line." Again the lead was cast and bottom found at 17 fathoms, which was definite but hardly satisfactory. Steaming on again for a few minutes in the same thick fog the lead was again cast and showed as before, 17 fathoms. Matters began to look serious. Several expressed a desire to be taken home, and symptoms of a mutiny were evident, but they were quickly quelled by the determined announcement of Mr. Bayard, that he would find the Lightship if he had to chum for it all night, and again the lead went overboard in 17 fathoms. The tug was headed to the westward and started on, and in a few minutes the fog lifted a little, and later on the bright red hull of the Lightship was seen. At 2:30 the tug was alongside and learned that a sloop (Gracie), a cutter (Isis) and two schooners (Clytie and Clio) had turned. Soon all was bright and clear, and Gracie was seen far up and going home like a steamboat.

Up the east channel went the tug in pursuit, past the big Servia aground near Gedney's Channel, and on up to Buoy 15, but too late to catch Gracie or Isis, who were timed by the stakeboat. On the West Bank was Maggie, hung up and waiting for the flood tide, which soon lifted her off unharmed. She had stood in with a big three-masted schooner to the west of her, supposing the latter was in deep water. When the latter tacked out she did the same, only to find her heel in the West Bank near Dix Island. Albatross, Bedouin, Athlon and Daphne had given up and gone home, after groping around in the fog. Hope and Surf went outside but failed to find Scotland, and Wacondah and Aria went around Buoy 5. The times are:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Clytie	11 31 41	3 41 20	4 27 39	4 27 39
Gracie	11 11 34	3 59 54	4 28 20	4 27 45
Isis	11 10 36	3 59 40	4 49 04	4 45 58
Schemer	11 13 48	3 43 00	4 29 12	4 22 36
Wacondah	11 13 41	2 24 30	3 10 49	3 10 49
Aria	11 14 35	2 41 55	3 27 20	3 22 00

The winners had a sail over except in the fourth class, but much credit is due the Columbians who took their boats over the course in fairly good time in a fog that was too much for the professionals. Mr. J. F. Tams piloted Gracie, while her owner and Mr. Lovejoy looked after Isis. The latter parted her jib and haul chain outside the Hook, but repaired damages and kept on. Mr. A. P. Stokes and Mr. Chas. H. Stebbins were on Clytie, and Messrs. Monroe and Alley, with the old Oriva's crew, handled Schemer. Although like last year's race, that of Saturday was by no means a brilliant success, it was like that race, a trial of the skill and pluck of the amateur sailors of the club, from which they have again come out successful.

WINTHROP OPEN RACES, JUNE 13.

THE races at Winthrop on Saturday last were quite successful, a number of good boats being entered. The entries were divided into two classes, 18ft. and over, and under 18ft., with four prizes in each class. The course for the larger class was from judges' boat to Sculpin Ledge buoy No. 2, leaving it on starboard, to Old Harbor buoy No. 4 west of Thompson's Island, leaving it on starboard, passing between judges' boat and flagboat; distance 6 miles.

For the smaller classes it was from judges' boat to buoy No. 6, lower middle, leaving it on starboard, to black buoy No. 5 off Jeffries Point, East Boston, leaving it on starboard, to judges' boat; distance 7 miles.

The first gun was fired at 10:45 and at 11:00 the start was made in a southwest wind, all going off on port tack. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Sailing Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, C. Brown	22.00	1 48 32	1 45 24
Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield	22 06	1 50 26	1 48 02
Good Luck, A. M. Phillips	22.00	1 53 48	1 50 50
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	28.01	1 52 40	1 50 53
Awilda, Farrell & Rich	24.09	1 55 31	1 54 54
Muriel, E. C. Neal	22.00	1 57 58	1 55 00
Crusader, A. Wilson	19.02	2 05 16	1 58 41
Majel, J. P. & C. Loud	21.00	2 02 52	1 58 42
Tartar, Brown & Dunne	19 11	2 04 32	1 58 58
Thrasher, G. G. Garraway	20.03	2 02 48	1 59 10
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21.05	2 04 20	2 00 49
Herald, S. S. Smith	20 09	2 06 18	2 01 44
David Crockett, H. Putnam	21.06	2 08 09	2 05 25
Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.08	2 07 18	2 06 11
Allie, A. S. Wattles	22 05	2 09 19	2 06 50
Hebe, F. N. Lambert	18.02	2 20 30	2 12 27
Imogen, B. Wendell	18.10	2 22 38	2 15 34

SECOND CLASS.

Flora Lee, D. Lincoln	17.02	1 25 50	1 25 27
Mirage, A. J. & L. M. Clark	17.09	1 27 40	1 27 40
Mischief, D. Belcher	17.05	1 29 33	1 29 08
Flirt, J. Hildreth	16.06	1 31 00	1 29 25
Cadet, H. N. Belcher	17.02	1 33 46	1 33 08
Phera, H. Hutchinson	15.11	1 40 40	1 38 17
Mascot, H. S. Vinal	15.06	1 41 24	1 38 25
Dot, S. A. Freeman	15.09	1 47 32	1 44 55
Valeria, ——	16.06	1 47 19	1 45 34
Racket, Hallett	15.00	1 53 41	1 49 58

Thrasher protests against Seabird for not giving way when on port tack, but the protest has not been decided. Black Cloud wins $36, Queen Mab $26.80, Good Luck $20.20, Sea Bird $8.50 under protest. In the small class Flora Lee wins $21, Mirage $15.40, Mischief $12.60, Flirt $5.00. The judges were Messrs. Peleg Aborn, G. L. Turnbull and Edwin Belcher.

BOSTON Y. C., JUNE 13.

THE two cups presented by Mr. W. E. Connor and Com. Jacob Pfaff have kept up a spirited rivalry for some time in the Boston Y. C., both in the large and small classes. The conditions were that each cup must be won three times to become the property of the winner. In 1883 Shadow won a leg in the first race, with Frolic in the small class. In 1884 two races were sailed, Adrienne winning each time, with Seabird in the second race and Edna in the third, each winning a leg of the Pfaff Cup. Thus Adrienne had but one more leg to win, while Shadow had two. Frolic and Seabird having left the club, had forfeited their chances, leaving Edna with one leg to her credit. In addition to the cups, second and third prizes were offered on June 13, $25 and a fine cabin lamp in the larger classes, and twenty-five dollars and a patent log in the smaller. The courses were as follows: First class off the club-house through the Narrows, leaving Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate Bell Buoy, Gallop's Island, George's Island, on starboard; Sound Point Beacon on port; Toddy Rocks and Point Allerton Buoy on starboard; Harding's Bell-boat, Whistling Buoy off the Graves, Egg Rock and Ram Head Buoy on the port; Fawn Bar Buoys on the starboard; Sound Point Beacon on starboard, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat, twenty-five miles.

Second Class—From off the club house, out Broad Sound, leaving Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate Bell buoy, Ram Head buoy, on the starboard; Sound Point Beacon, Fawn Bar buoys on the port, Whistling buoy off the Graves on starboard, Fawn Bar buoys on starboard, Ram Head buoy and Nix's Mate Bell buoy on port, Sound Point Beacon on starboard, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat, 15 miles.

The following regulations also governed the race: Thirty minutes before the signal to come into line, flags bearing the number of the courses to be sailed will be hoisted on the judges' boat. The yachts in each race will come into line without regard to size. A steam whistle on the judges' boat will be sounded at 10 o'clock, which will be the signal for all classes to form in line. At 10:30 it will be sounded again and a flag lowered, which will be the signal for both classes to start. The decision of the judges is to be final, and the races must be sailed within eight hours from the time of starting. The yachts were to start from an anchor with headsails down. The wind blew from southwest, a good sailing breeze, and the day was clear and warm. The list of entries was as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

Adrienne (schr.), Jacob Pfaff.....64ft. 02in.
Tempest (schr.), H. F. Whittier.....56ft. 09in.
Undine (sloop), Benjamin Dean.....50ft. 09in.
Shadow (sloop), John Bryant.....34ft. 06in.

SECOND CLASS.

Edna, Alma F. Smith et al.....28ft. 06in.
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell.....23ft. 08½in.
Eva, D. Sargent.....20ft. 00in.
Saracen, W. P. Fowle.....24ft. 01in.
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson.....24ft. 01in.
Straurare, George C. Brown.....22ft. 02in.
Mabel, G. R. Howe.....20ft. 01in.

At 10 A. M. the first whistle blew, and at 10:30 the start was signaled from the tug W. H. Clark, on which were the regatta committee, Messrs. J. P. Phinney (chairman), John A. Stetson, L. S. Jordan, George R. Howe and W. L. Wellman (secretary), and the judges, Messrs. Thomas Dean, Even Denton and Coolidge Barnard.

The Tempest was first over, with Undine next, then Shadow and Adrienne last. The latter boat has had an extra weight of lead added outside in place of her old iron keel, while Tempest comes out with an iron keel in place of all inside weight as before. Tempest soon tried her spinnaker, all having club topsails set. Adrienne soon passed Shadow and Undine, and laid alongside of Tempest for a short time before passing her also, leaving her to battle with Undine for second place, while Shadow was last. Undine and Tempest sailed pretty evenly up to Nix's Mate, but here the sloop dodged her rival, going between buoy 9 and the bell buoy, and gaining a good deal. The times at Nix's Mate were:

Adrienne	10 52 00	Tempest	10 55 20
Undine	10 55 00	Shadow	10 56 30

To the next mark was a reach with plankshear under, and Adrienne still led. Undine held her own until her topmast was carried away, when Tempest passed her again. The wreck was quickly cleared, but she was far astern, with only Shadow behind her. At Harding's Bell Buoy the times were:

Adrienne	11 21 17	Undine	11 30 17
Tempest	11 26 05	Shadow	11 33 26

On the next leg the wind was still on the beam and blowing fresher. The time at the Graves was:

Adrienne	11 47 20	Undine	12 00 15
Tempest	11 54 30	Shadow	12 06 15

On the last leg after passing Egg Rock, Undine overhauled and passed Tempest. Her crew had lashed a topsail yard on the bowsprit as a jibboom, and on it and the stump of her topmast she carried a balloon jib. The times of finish were:

Adrienne	2 25 08	Tempest	2 43 31
Undine	2 33 32	Shadow	3 00 44

The times were:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Adrienne, J. Pfaff, schooner	3 55 03	3 25 48
Undine, Benj. Dean, sloop	4 03 32	3 26 27
Tempest, H. F. Whittier, schooner	4 13 31	3 37 47
Shadow, J. Bryant, sloop	4 30 44	3 31 26

In the second class Kitty was first over, then Edna, Alda, Eva, Saracen, Mabel and Straurare, and at Spectacle Island Edna was ahead. At the Graves Buoy the times were:

Edna	11 48 06	Saracen	11 54 50
Alda	11 51 30	Mabel	11 55 57
Kitty	11 52 30	Straurare	12 09 00
Eva	11 53 04		

The wind blew heavily as the little fellows came home closehauled, Edna eating well up to windward and coming in without tacking. The times were:

	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Edna	1 55 00	3 25 00	2 42 09
Eva	2 00 10	3 30 10	3 43 40
Kitty	2 07 28	3 37 28	2 47 10
Saracen	2 16 51	3 46 51	2 57 12
Mable	2 25 15	3 55 15	2 57 49
Alda	2 25 20	3 55 20	3 05 41
Straurare	Withdrew.		

The owner of Shadow requested that Adrienne be remeasured before the prize was awarded.

Undine takes second prize, $25, and Shadow third, a cabin lamp. Edna wins a second leg in second class, Eva takes $25 and Kitty a patent log.

HARLEM Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 16.

THE Harlem Y. C. sailed their spring regatta on Tuesday over a course from Oak Point around Sand's Point Buoy for Classes A, B, C, D and E, and around the Stepping Stones for Classes F and G. Twenty-three boats started in a light southwest wind and ebb tide, the gun for first class beeing fired at 11:40 A. M. The steamer Crystal Stream carried the regatta committee and the judges, Messrs. Hyslop, Brown and Varian, besides the members and guests. At the start there was little wind, and kites were set on the larger boats with small effect, but the tide helped them all.

By 1 P. M. the yachts were along the Westchester shore, with Gussie ahead, then Little Dean, Truant, and J. W. W. Gee. The smaller boats reached their turn half an hour later, thanks to a light wind, in which they gibed around the Stepping Stones Light as follows: Little Dean 1:31:40, Jay W. W. Gee 1:41:35, Harry C. 1:41:40, Irene 1:47:49, Comet 1:47:53.

After Comet rounded the steamer hurried on to time the big ones at Sands Point. At Hart's Island Sasqua was leading with Carrie Van Voorhis second and Peerless third. The times were taken as follows: Sasqua 2:16.30, C. Van Voorhis 2:17:21, Peerless 2:25:26, Gussie 2:26:00, Nettie Thorp 2:28:59, Truant 2:29:10, Dandy 2:30:30, Crescent 2:42:38, Minnie 2:49:08, Sea Bird not timed.

Coming home the wind rose a little, and Sasqua increased her lead. The full times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 32FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Sasqua	11 58 56	4 01 58	4 03 02	4 03 02
C. Van Voorhis	11 56 56	4 11 28	4 14 32	4 13 32

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, UNDER 32FT.

Peerless	12 00 10	4 22 41	4 22 31	4 22 31
Spray	11 58 24	...	...	...
Crescent	11 58 00	...	...	...
Vision	12 01 40	...	...	...
Sea Bird	12 00 33	...	...	...

CLASS C—OPEN YACHT, OVER 22FT.

Nettie Thorpe	11 53 21	4 16 29	4 23 08	4 23 03

CLASS D—OPEN JIB, UNDER 22FT.

Minnie	11 52 45	...	...	...
Dandy	11 52 25	4 37 41	...	...
Wave	11 50 40	...	...	...

CLASS E—CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER.

Gussie	11 47 30	4 28 17	4 40 47	4 40 47
Truant	11 49 50	4 39 24	4 59 25	4 58 40
Dora K	11 47 30	...	...	...

CLASS F—CATBOATS, 16 FT. AND OVER.

Comet	11 43 52	3 24 00	3 40 08	3 40 08
Lila	11 42 10	...	...	...
J. W. W. Gee	11 43 00	3 25 30	3 42 30	3 40 30
Little Dean	11 43 55	3 15 00	3 31 05	3 28 35
Goodenough	11 44 05	...	...	...

CLASS G, UNDER 16 FT.

Jean	11 43 10	...	...	...
Irene	11 42 20	3 24 02	3 41 42	3 41 42
Rambler	11 43 08	...	...	...
Harry C.	11 42 20	3 17 30	3 35 10	3 34 50

Sasqua wins in Class A, Peeress in Class B, Nettie Thorpe in Class C, Dandy in Class D, Gussie in Class E, Little Dean in Class F, and Harry C. in Class G.

GENESTA AND GALATEA.

THE following account of Saturday's race, Galatea's third trial, was telegraphed to the New York *Herald* by its London correspondent. While the reports thus far are unfavorable to the new cutter, they cannot be taken as conclusive:

The Royal Cinqueport Y. C. had its annual regatta to-day at Dover while "channel breezes briskly blew." The day has been a perfect one. Galatea sailed in company with several of her prior competitors, yawls and cutters, but was again beaten by the Irex. Galatea taking the second prize of £30. Yesterday also, notwithstanding sailors' superstition regarding Friday, she attempted to retrieve her reputation in still another Channel match—the Royal Thames Y. C.—from the Nore to Dover, the prize being Her Majesty's Cup, much coveted among yachtsmen. Irex, who led all day, came in first, beating Galatea by 3m. 58s. Vendur came in second, Marguerite third, and Galatea had to be content with the fourth position. Before, in the previous Royal Thames yacht race last Monday, Galatea was lightened to the extent of two tons of lead and her mast was shifted. Her previous performances were certainly most disappointing, and the alterations can scarcely be said to have made any perceptible difference.

A practical seaman, speaking to the *Herald* correspondent yesterday, said: "There is no doubt that the Galatea's fault is that she is too big over all. She carries a crew of twenty hands, but what with her 74ft. boom and enormous canvas she requires twenty idlers besides to do the rough work. Another fault she has is that her crew don't work together. Captain Cranfield had a good lot when he started. They were his old crew from the Miranda, but these have almost all left, and he has got nothing but new hands. Another fault she has is that that great boom of hers is too low. It scarcely clears the bulwarks, and if she gets heavy weather they won't be able to keep it out of the water. We could see it splashing in the Southend—Harwich match. She is sluggish still, although they have removed so much lead off her.

"Mr. Beavor Webb told me that he would pull the whole thing to pieces to find out what was wrong. There is no doubt about it that the Galatea has very radical faults, the principal of which is unmanageableness. This was very conspicuous in the Royal Thames yacht race rounding the Mouse buoy. At that critical moment the Galatea seemed quite unable to get out her spinnaker with any rapidity, and thereby lost time which in a close race would have been fatal. At present the Galatea has been found good only to windward, and, indeed, in the race mentioned she made the most brilliant tack of the day in that position, but the Marjorie can walk away from her before the wind and Irex can reach her. Galatea still remains sluggish, and doubtless considerable alterations in her will be made."

We are indebted to an English correspondent for the following clipping from the Glasgow *Herald* of May 25, describing Galatea's first appearance:

The Royal Northern Squadron opened the Clyde season on Thursday last by a start from Rothesay Bay on its spring cruise. Among the cruisers getting under big topsails lay the two splendid cutters Genesta and Galatea, and upon them all eyes were turned. The Genesta, Sir Richard Sutton, has been stretching her new canvas on larger spars previous to taking her flight across the Atalantic, and, lying at her chain, she looked all over fit to snatch back the Queen's Cup, if that coveted trophy is ever to be snatched back from its American owners. The Galatea, just built at Port Glasgow by Messrs. John Reid, for Lieut. Henn, of Ascog, was also lying at her chain, and the handsome look of this new cutter especially excited comment. The Galatea differs considerably in sheer and form from Genesta, and shows a somewhat novel and particularly graceful form of counter. Her taunt spars and great spread of canvas gave her a preference over Genesta for speed, and the hope was that a good breeze and a day's sailing would fix which was the champion. But Galatea's mainsail had just been bent, and she had no chance of sailing in anything like form. Besides, the wind was quite paltry, and with a murky sky there was no hope of a fine day. Mr. David Tod, rear-commodore of the Royal Northern, was present in his schooner Melita, and took command in the absence of Lord Glasgow. The Iona brought down a few yachting men, and sometime after her arrival owners were signalled on board Melita. The usual course to Arran was given, and Melita, firing the starting gun, led the squadron round Boguay. The cutters Galatea and Genesta slipped through the crowd, and under first topsails reached down the Ascog shore. From southeast to southwest the wind hauled up to west, getting Genesta, Galatea and Vanduara on the starboard tack for a stretch across Kilchattan Bay, out through the Heads. The Genesta was leading, but was not making much of Galatea. After a stand outside the Meads, both ran back to the anchorage at Rothesay.

STILETTO.

THE latest and fastest of the many fast boats launched by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company made her entry in New York waters on Wednesday last, and signalized it by a race on the Hudson that afternoon with the Mary Powell, so long acknowledged the fastest of her class in the world, in which the newcomer defeated the old champion. Fast as many of the Herreshoff boats have been, the Stiletto is still faster, and the limit of her speed has not yet been reached. In design she is different from the ordinary run of steam yachts, a marked departure being made from the usual methods of construction, in order to gain increased strength with a very light hull. The hull proper is 94ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. beam, 8ft. depth of hold, and 4ft. 6in. draft. The stem is plumb, and the stern resembles the other Herreshoff boats in its peculiar contour, while the ends under water are similar. Above the gunwale the sides of the yacht are carried up, sloping in a little, rising about 4ft. above the gunwale at midships, and but a foot at each end, the upper line of sides making an arch nearly the reverse of the sheer. Over the two sides an upper deck is laid, highest of course amidships, and curving down until it meets the plankshear at stem and stern. The two sides with arched top and bottom form braced girders, stiffening the entire boat, while the exposed surface offers little resistance to the wind. Inside is room for the ordinary cabins and staterooms of a steam yacht. On deck is a large wheelhouse and smoking room. The rig is that of a three-masted schooner with pole masts. The power consists of a Herreshoff compound engine, 12 and 21x12, with a coil boiler 11ft. square, of 450 indicated H. P.

Leaving Bristol on Tuesday night Stiletto steamed down, reaching New York on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon she was off pier 23 North River, waiting for the Powell, which leaves there at 3:30 P. M. When the big steamer started off the little black and white streak was not far away, and soon ranged alongside. The big one opened up and was soon under full headway, while a large number of steamboat men were on her decks to see her dispose of the presuming little rival. At first Stiletto hung to her, refusing to be dropped, and soon she began to advance from the Powell's quarter to her bow, evidently holding her own. Bets were made that she would not reach Carmansville and that she could not hold her steam, and when she began to drop astern the Powell stock rose rapidly, and all on board knew the Stiletto could not do it. When she was abreast of the Powell's fire room she stopped to have a look in, being only a few yards away.

After holding this place for a few minutes, one of the owners of the Stiletto said to the party on the Powell, "Good afternoon, gentlemen;" a jingle bell sounded, and easily and quietly the yacht glided ahead in spite of all the efforts of the steamer until she was only a speck far ahead. Sing Sing was reached at 4:50, or in one hour and fifteen minutes, the distance being thirty-two miles, while the Powell was over three miles astern. Considering the difference in size the odds were greatly in favor of the steamboat, but from the way the yacht left her, she has no chance with her. The Atalanta was also on hand and essayed a trial of speed, but was so completely beaten that it could hardly be called a race. On Thursday Stiletto was pressed by the New York Y. C. race, astonishing everybody and beating the Stranger as she had the Atalanta. On Sunday she returned to Bristol, but she will no doubt be heard from soon again. Thus far she has not been pushed and no one knows how fast she can go when she tries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The steam yacht Lucille, Mr. Chas. Kellogg owner, left her anchorage at Seventy-second street, North River, Wednesday, June 10, with a few guests aboard, to witness the race expected between the passenger steamer Mary Powell and the Herreshoff's new steam yacht Stiletto, or No. 118. The Lucille belongs to the same family as the Stiletto, and was launched too late this spring to get into Olsen's List. She was built at Bristol by the Herreshoffs, and launched in April. She is 90ft. long, 11½ft. beam, 4½ft. draft, of 24.11 tons N. M., has two masts, and is supplied with Herreshoff's improved square boilers, maximum steam pressure 140 pounds. The engines are compound, two cylinders, 8x14 and 14x14, of 120 ind. H. P. The Lucille has the fine lines and sharp bow of these builders, flush deck and ample headroom below. The hull is divided in five water-tight compartments by iron bulkheads, with roomy cabin, staterooms, etc., furnished in mahogany. She is a most comfortable cruising yacht and speedy, having shown upwards of seventeen miles without crowding.

Shortly after guests were aboard the Lucille steamed slowly up the river, and as the time approached for the departure of the Mary Powell a sharp lookout was kept down the river where the Stiletto with the Herreshoffs and guests aboard was steaming slowly about waiting for her great antagonist. The Lucille kept on up the river well toward Yonkers so as to get a good view of the two steamers, and as the Powell left 23rd street and got under full speed her huge hull loomed up in the distance like the body of some immense aquatic bird sailing on the water, while the paddle wheels, its wings, beat and churned the water with tremendous power, which sent the spray flying in white clouds astern. At her side a mere speck seemed to float scarcely above the water, yet it moved as if driven by some unseen power which propelled it with the same tremendous speed that moved the mighty monster alongside which towered above and overshadowed it.

The Powell was now flying along at terrific speed and it seemed scarcely possible for any boat to pass her, much less the little thing that clung close to her stern. Suddenly that little black and white streak that looked like a rowboat from where we were, came crawling up abreast the towering paddle wheels of the great steamer. A few moments more and its speed increased, and with a bound it sprang forward like an arrow shot from a bow and fairly flew up toward the great bow of the river queen and on past the jets of spray that curled up high above the Powell's stem. On, on, each moment with increasing speed, until it drew past the great steamer, and open water could be seen between them. This black and white streak, with three little masts, its stem high in air and its stern scarce above the water, was the Stiletto, and as a swallow skims the air, without apparent effort, flew on up the river cutting the water like a knife and fast leaving her great antagonist behind.

The Powell was beaten, and each moment increased the distance between them. At 4:12 the Stiletto is off Yonkers, with the Powell a good mile astern. Still on the little yacht flew, and as she passed us the Lucille saluted her with a toot, a-toot, toot from her whistle. Hats and handkerchiefs waved as she passed. Jay Gould's yacht, the Atalanta, was met, reached and passed in just fifty-eight seconds after the Stiletto reached her stern till she was clear of her bows, though the Atalanta was steaming over twenty miles an hour, and soon the little yacht again looked like a black and white streak in the distance near Sing Sing.

When the Stiletto reached Sing Sing she was good two miles ahead of the Mary Powell, having made the run of thirty miles in one hour and fourteen minutes, and the Powell one hour and nineteen minutes. The express train on the Hudson River road covers the same in one hour and two minutes, or twelve minutes less than the Stiletto's time.

DORSAL FIN.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. REGATTA.—The twenty-seventh annual regatta of the Jersey City will be sailed on June 25, starting at 10 A. M. from Bedloe's Island. The larger boats will go to Southwest Spit, and the smaller will sail over shorter courses inside. The entries thus far are as follows: Class A, schooners, Beatrice; Class B, cabin sloops over 30ft., Naushon, Myra, Modesty, Elsie May; Class C, cabin sloops under 30ft., Lidee, Wabassa, Minnie T., Elcanor, Beulah; Class D, open sloops, Knight Templar, Georgiana, Alex, Forsyth, Torpedo, Psyche, Howdji; Class E, catboats, Bessie, Fanny Parnell, Jessie G, Fay, Hoodoo, Una; Class F, catboats, Mattie, Annie Forsyth, Emma, Edna; Class G, canoes. The time limit is eight hours for each class.

THE CLEVELAND DEATH-TRAP CAPSIZE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I give you the following facts in regard to a capsize at this port on Sunday night last, by which one life was lost and the other four who formed the crew were picked up in an almost unconscious state after being in the water nine hours. The wind had been blowing strong from west to southwest all day, with indications of heavy squalls toward evening. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon five boys, who scarcely knew a boom from a breaker, and have had no experience in sailing, started in their yacht (?) Hydra, a trap about 20ft. waterline, 7ft. beam, and draft of water not over 1ft., for Coit's Beach (no shelter whatever), ten miles east of here. The run down before the wind was, of course, made easy enough, but at 7 P. M. they undertook to beat back, and after getting about three miles into the lake were struck by a heavy squall and capsized. After hanging on to the side of their boat for nine hours until daylight they were picked up and everything possible done for them to restore life, but one of the party who was slightly injured by the boom at the time of capsizing died soon after being taken ashore. The other four at the time of writing are doing as well as possible under the circumstances.

As this has been given out in our daily papers as a yacht with a party of yachtsmen aboard, I dislike to see it go on record as such. The boat is by no means a sample of Cleveland's yachts, for it has always been regarded as a flat bottom death-trap; neither are any of the crew who were on her to be regarded as Cleveland's yachtsmen, for, as I said before, they are inexperienced. We are thankful that neither the boat nor the boys were enrolled on the books of the Cleveland Yachting Association. YACHTSMAN.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 11.

LAUNCH OF THE MOHICAN.—The London *Field* of June 6 gives the following account of the launch of the new steam yacht Mohican, which, it is reported, will make New York her home port in the future: "On Monday the yachts belonging to the rapidly increasing fleet that fly the burgee of the Royal Largs Y. C. received a notable addition in the shape of the s. s. Mohican, built by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson, of Partick, and designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, to the order of Mr. John Clark, of Curlinghaam, commodore of the Royal Largs Y. C. The launch, which was a most successful one, took place at 3 P. M., the yacht as she left the ways being named Mohican by Miss Smiley, of Gallowhill, Paisley. The Mohican has a strong resemblance to the s. s. Amy, recently built by the same firm for Mr. N. B. Stewart, and has something of the racing-yacht look Mr. Watson contrives to give to all his boats of whatever kind. She is 700 tons, 199ft. long on the loadline and 215ft. over all, breadth 27ft., depth 18ft. Throughout she is constructed of steel, and the workmanship is worthy of the firm that turned out Vanduara and Wendur for the same owner, and that she is to Mr. Clark's order is a guarantee that nothing will be spared to make her internal fittings equal to those of the famous cutter and yawl. The dining-room is forward of the machinery, and is 25ft. 6in. long, 16ft. 6in. wide. The drawing-room is abaft the engines, and is 24ft. 6in. long and 14ft. wide. Aft of the drawing-room are two very large staterooms, and there is a suite (seven in number) forward of the dining-room. Ample accommodation has been provided for the crew in a forecastle 24ft. long and 17ft. wide. The officers' quarters are aft. The two fine deck houses are of steel, faced with teakwood. The entrance to the reception and state rooms is by means of a fine stair in the fore deck house. She will have three masts and a sail plan that will help to send her along when occasion requires. Her mean motive power is, however, a set of triple expansion direct-acting surface-condensing engines, with cylinders of the following diameters: 18in., 27in. and 43in. The stroke is 33in. She is to have a double-ended cylindrical boiler of steel, with a working pressure of 100 pounds. She will be commanded by Capt. J. Timpson, who was in charge of the late Mr. James Clark's s. s. Mona, and previously of the Walrus, yawl, and who, from his experience in the Livonia, will be able to take her across the Atlantic if the trip is decided upon. We understand that the trials of the s. s. Amy, whose launch we noticed recently, have been of the most satisfactory description."

ECLIPSE Y. C. REGATTA.—After two postponements the Eclipse Y. C. sailed their annual regatta on June 14. The courses were: For Classes A, B, D and E from 104th street, through Hell Gate and around the Stepping Stones, and for Class F around Throgg's Neck Buoy, making fifteen and ten miles respectively. There were thirteen starters in the five classes. The wind was southerly and the tide nearly full when the first signal was given, the classes starting separately. The first half of the course was before the wind and the Thorn led to the mark, jibing around with Violet and Hoodoo in her wake. Unknown carried away her mast at the outer mark and was towed home. The wind was ahead, but the tide helped all home, the times being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
CLASS A—JIB AND MAINSAIL.				
Thorn	10 49 00	2 21 20	3 32 20	3 30 05
J. D. K	10 49 00	3 23 40	4 34 40	4 34 40
CLASS B—CATBOATS.				
Gypsey	10 48 20	2 46 05	3 57 45	3 57 45
Hornet	10 48 55	2 32 22	3 43 27	3 41 12
CLASS E—CATBOATS.				
Violet	10 45 50	2 36 00	3 50 10	3 50 10
Unknown	10 40 00	Withdrew.		
Hoodoo	10 45 25	2 33 05	3 47 40	3 45 40
CLASS D—SLOOPS.				
Allie	10 50 40	Withdrew.		
Susie V	10 45 20	3 39 15	4 53 55	4 53 10
Annie	10 43 30	2 30 55	Withdrew.	
CLASS F—CATBOATS.				
Goodenough	10 39 03	2 33 18	3 54 18	3 54 18
Ghost	10 39 02	3 15 20	4 36 18	4 35 18
Jean	10 39 30	2 08 00	3 28 30	3 27 30

The winners in the different classes were Thorn, Hornet, Hoodoo, Susie V. and Jean.

YACHTING NOTES.—Wood Bros. have named their new sloop Maud, and have her now overboard and rigged.....Clochette, schooner, C. W. Galloupe, has been sold to F. F. Williams, of Jersey City. She is a keel boat, 48ft. waterline, 14ft. 2in. beam, and 6ft. draft... Schooner Sylph, A. C. Wheelright, has also been sold to P. F. McArdle, and schooner Sport, F. S. Eaton, has been sold to J. H. McGrady....Syphila—A steel steam yacht of this name has lately been launched by J. Kidd & Co., at Linwood, Pa., for J. F. Betts, of Philadelphia. She is 100ft. long, 16ft. 6in. beam, and 6ft. draft. Her engine is 11 and 20×18, with a four-bladed wheel, 6ft. diameter and 10 pitch. She is schooner rigged, with lowering masts and funnel....Huron comes out this week with a new mainsail by Wilson & Gurney, who also gave Thetis her fine suit of canvas....Decoy, sharpie, Dr. C. N. Hoagland, has returned to New York after a winter in Florida waters. ....Rosalie, sloop, A. C. Caufield, has been sold to E. F. Barney, of Honeywood, Va....Seminole, sharpie, Com. A. E. Douglas, St. Augustine Y. C., has been sold to Mr. E. R. Thornton, of Jamesport, L. I.

YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC.—On May 27 the San Francisco Y. C. started on an up river cruise, leaving the club house at Sausalito at 6 P. M. for Martinez, in a light wind. Chispa stole a march on the others, going between Angel and Alcatraz islands, while all were becalmed. Fleur de Lis nearly caught her and took second place in with Thetis third, but it was midnight before all the fleet reached Martinez. After waiting until noon on Saturday for Chispa to get off the mud, the fleet set sail for Vallejo. A race home was started at 10:30 next morning, Fleur de Lis taking the lead. The wind was on end and made a reef necessary. Lurline and Halcyon joined in when near the finish. Fleur de Lis finished at 3:45, with Rambler at 4:45 and Ripple at 4:55. Casco not going over the line. A race between the big schooners was to take place last Saturday for a purse of $1,000. It was expected that Lurline, Fleur de Lis, Halcyon and Nellie would enter.

MOBILE Y. C.—The officers for 1885 are: President, P. J. Pillaus; Vice-President, D. H. Lay; Secretary and Treasurer, B. C. Rowan; Commodore, B. Hinckley; Vice-Commodore, S. Woodhull. First Captain, W. B. Curran; Second Captain, R. A. Sadler. The following are the members the Governing Committee, viz.: P. J. Pillaus, chairman; H. Pillaus, F. Gibson, J. S. Woodhull, W. F. Kirkbride. The club enters on its second year under very favorable auspices, having an active roll of about fifty and a very nice little balance in its treasury.

THE SAILING OF GENESTA.—A special telegram to the *Herald* announces the departure of Genesta for America on Tuesday evening. She sailed from Gourock Bay at 7 P. M., and will come direct to New York. Her skipper expects to make the passage in three weeks, but she is provisioned for four. Her racing spars have been replaced by smaller ones, and will come out by steamer.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The programme for to-day's race included five classes, in each of which a prize will be given for the best corrected time, with a second prize if four start and a third if six start. Besides these, special prizes are offered for best elapsed time in Classes B, C and D, and the Derby Challenge Cup in Class C and Register Challenge Cup in Class D.

MARY ANDERSON'S STEAM YACHT.—The steam yacht Galatea, built for Mary Anderson, which was sold last spring, was launched in Lake George on Saturday, and rechristened with the name of her former owner.

STRANGER.—Mr. Warren's cutter sailed from Southampton on June 3 for Boston in charge of a Warren line captain as navigator. Her racing spars and gear will be shipped by steamer from Liverpool.

NEW YORK Y. C.—An important meeting was held on Tuesday night to decide finally about the Cup races, the committee making a report which was ordered to be printed in pamphlet form. It was decided to sail three races with Genesta, one over the New York course, one triangular outside the Hook, and one to windward or leeward and return. Should Genesta be defeated, three similar races will be sailed with Galatea. The date of the first series will be the first week in September. Mr. Beavor Webb has requested that the time allowance be based on an average of the New York and Y. R. A. rules, to which proposition the committee here objected. The question being referred to Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, he has decided that the New York Y. C. rule shall be followed. July 29 was selected as the date for the redezvous at Glen Cove for the Cruise. The trial races will be sailed in about two weeks.

LOOSE-FOOTED MAINSAILS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might perhaps interest some of your readers to hear the result of an experiment I have been making with an American made, loose-footed mainsail. It was made by P. W. Berglund, of Brooklyn, and so far has proved very satisfactory. In spite of the fact that neither I nor any one on the Petrel understood the peculiarities of a loose-footed sail and the disadvantage of a boom deficient in stiffness, the sail has been steadily improving ever since it was bent. So far as I can judge, the speed of the Petrel has been improved by it, as she seems to move through the water with more life. The sit of the sail is at least equal to that of any laced mainsail I have ever tried. As it has been bent for a few days only, it is too soon to say much about it. I shall let you hear from me again on the same subject.—E. A. STEVENS.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—Commodore, George C. Abbott; Vice Commodore, Henry E. Turner, Jr.; Secretary, Albert E. Prince; Treasurer, H. A. Joslin; Measurer, E. K. Tewksbury: Regatta Committee—J. T. Washburn, F. H. Seavey, W. P. Hammett, H. T. Crocker and W. D. Lombard; Directors, C. S. Tewksbury, George H. Payne, F. L. Woodward and C. H. Billings. This club was organized last season; has a membership of over 150, and a fleet of about thirty sail. A handsome club house, with all the arrangements for social entertainment, has been built, as well as fine accommodation for yacht owners. It is proposed to have the old Winthrop Y. C., whose present commodore is H. Putnam, owner of the sloop David Crockett, amalgamate with this organization, thereby gaining about forty members and several well-known yachts.—*Boston Herald.*

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—A race was sailed on June 13 between the second class boats of the club over a course from the club house to a buoy near Hanlan's Point, thence to a buoy near Gooderham's, and thence to the starting point. The starters were Mr. J. B. Kilgour's skiff, sailed by Mr. G. E. Macrae; Mr. Close's and Mr. H. S. Hall's skiffs, sailed by the owners; Mr. J. Pepler's skiff Kite, sailed by Mr. T. W. Green, and Mr. J. A. Howard's skiff Arrow, sailed by Mr. T. C. Boyd. Mr. Hall was first away, but Arrow soon followed and passed him, leading easily at first mark, Mr. Hall capsizing after turning, owing to trouble with his spinnaker. Mr. Kilgour's boat was second to Arrow to the end. Arrow's time was 1h. 12min. and Kilgour's boat 1h. 22min. The prizes will be presented at the club's reception on Saturday next.

PENNSYLVANIA Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday the Pennsylvania Y. C. sailed for the championship, resulting as follows: Home buoy, Thos. M. Seeds, Willie Graham, Violet, John W., Rightley, Mortimer Dease, Geo. Bosler, David Bennett, Mediator, Sarah Nield, Mary McVey, Wm. Birch. The race was from club wharf to Delanco and return. Wind light from southwest. The run home against wind and tide for a good portion of the distance was unsatisfactory and tedious. This club have a limit of sail area, and approaches more nearly, especially for small boats, an equality of boat and sail. The Southwark Club will sail on Monday next.—R. G. W.

A NARROW FIVE-TONNER.—There was on Wednesday launched from Messrs. Simpon & Denison's yard at Sanquay the most remarkable boat of the year, which will probably create some stir in the coming season. She is built to the order of Mr. R. E. Froude and is a five-tonner. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 45ft.; beam 5ft. 6in. She has no less than seven tons of lead on her keel. The mainsail will have a 26ft. hoist, while her spinnaker boom is 36ft. long. This little wonder was named Jenny Wren. She has a Buttercup bow, with nice sweet ends. She is composite built of two thicknesses of teak.—*Glasgow Herald.*

TOLEDO Y. C.—A race will be sailed at Presque Isle on June 17 for the G. A. R. pennant, twenty yachts having entered. A canoe race will also be sailed.

QUEBEC Y. C.—A handsome silver bowl has been presented to the club by Governor-General Lansdowne, to be raced for on July 1.

SLEUTHHOUND.—This cutter arrived at Gibraltar on May 25, seven days out from Algiers, and sailed for Gosport on the 27th.

AMY.—Mr. Morgan was at Southampton on June 6, having bottom cleaned. Galatea was in harbor at the same date.

PORTLAND Y. C.—This club sailed a regatta on June 12, the reports of which have not yet come to hand.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 24—Vesper Boat Club, Annual Regatta.
June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

CLUB UNIFORMS AT THE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have just returned from the Hudson River local meet, and besides Commodore Oliver, of the A. C. A., being present, there were also the commodores of about nine or ten clubs, all more or less resplendent with gold or silver embroidery or lace. In such a camp as that, there being no special executive, it was proper for this official display. I wish to call attention to all commanding officers of clubs who may attend the A. C. A. camp, that all who attend there will do so in their capacity as A. C. A. members, and there should be no wearing of official insignia except by A. C. A. officers at Grindstone. My letter is by no means official, and I write it without even consulting Commodore Oliver, but being myself a wearer in club circles of embroidery, I feel that I can with good grace call the attention of my brother commanders to this possible discourtesy and thoughtlessness. In our own clubs it is known who the commodore or captain is, therefore it is not necessary for us to cause a possible confusion by the wearing of our club official insignia in the A. C. A. camp. My letter is intended to be entirely friendly, and I am confident it will be taken as such. ROBERT J. WILKIN, Commanding Brooklyn C. C.

OAKLAND C. C. RACES.—MAY 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To-day the fleet race for the champion pennant for canoes was sailed by the canoe fleet of Oakland Creek. The entries were:

Talisman	Racine.	18ft. 6in.×28in.	F. Pixley, Oakland C. C.
Undine	Carvel	16ft.×30in.	R. Cooper, Oakland C. C.
Sunbeam	Canvas	18ft.×24in.	W. Pixley, Oakland C. C.
Betsy	Carvel	18ft ×29in	R. Englebrecht, Oakland C. C.
Hattie Bell	Lapstreak	18ft.×29in.	W. H. Byrne, S. F. C. C.
Zephyr	Lapstreak	14ft. 6in.×29in.	W. W. Blow, Mosquito Fleet.

All except the Talisman and the Zephyr are California built boats, and represent all sorts of models and styles in cut, rig, etc. The Betsy particularly is the creation of a youngster some sixteen years old. He had scarcely ever seen a boat when he started in to make his. When she first appeared on the creek she elicited a great deal of amusement, for some of the points were very suggestive of cabinet maker's work. The workmanship, however, was very good, and the boy soon picked up the idea necessary to make his craft wearierly and serviceable. In a short paddling race to-day, he came in a very good second to the Talisman, Racine. He is now engaged in building another canoe, improving on the first in many ways. He is certainly entitled to great credit. The Talisman is one of the regular Racine patent, and the Zephyr was built by a New York builder, MacDonald, I think.

The race was called for 2 o'clock. It was blowing a stiff summer breeze and the sailing craft, big and little, were under reefed sails. The course was to a stake probably 100yds. or so short of a mile from the boat houses. We would gladly have postponed the race to a day with less breeze, but the committee—Messrs. Yale, Evans and Montague—say these races are to go on the day appointed, fair or foul, rain or shine. Soon after 2 o'clock the canoes were put in line and the word "go" given. The Hattie Bell, which is very quick on the start, jumped away with the lead, the Undine and Zephyr following. The Zephyr gradually caught up and passed to the front, and reached the stake first. Thus far the sailing was with a fair wind. Turning, the Zephyr, being provided with a reefing gear (like the Snake's, I think), instantly reduced sail to beat back. With 25ft. of mainsail, 12ft. dandy and 90 pounds of ballast, she bore up nicely and made the trip home in two tacks. The other boats kept full sail spread, and probably for that reason did not do so well. At all events, the finish was as follows: Zephyr, 30m.; Hattie Bell, 37½m.; Undine, 39m.; Talisman, 50m.; Sunbeam, 50½m.; Betsy, not taken. The Betsy came to grief—carried away some of her rigging, broke the rudder and lost her paddle. She was finally towed in by a friendly skiff.

The interest in canoeing seems on the increase. The cruise of the Talisman and Undine has started the upcountry boys, and before long we are likely to hear of new canoeists along the Sacramento River. I understand that a new boat is on the way to a member of the Oakland C. C., a Racine, 16ft.×33in., her special mission being to show her heels to the Mystic. MOSQUITO.

CANOEING AT LACHINE, CANADA.

IT had rained all day, and at 7 P. M. when the Marion L., Viva D. and Uno left the boat house at Lachine it was very threatening and becoming dark. It had been our intention to have a full club cruise to St. Ann's, about twenty miles up the river, but on account of the very disagreeable weather, it was postponed, and only the above three canoes started. The Marchioness, Iona and Verve had gone up during the morning, and we did not like to leave them to their own devices all Sunday. We kept together for about three miles, when striking Lake St. Louis the Viva D. decided to hug the shore, a very strong S.W. wind blowing. The Marion L. and Uno decided to make a straight line across the lake, and it was decided to wait for each other half way to St. Ann's at Point Claire.

After passing the two lighthouses and when we were just changing our courses to make the wharf at Point Claire a heavy sea caught the Uno, breaking her rudder, she then gibed her sail and upset. By this time it was pitch dark and blowing half a gale of wind right behind us. We were then three miles from the shore. The Marion L. was right at the Uno's stern, and when the accident happened came alongside and took the wrecked canoeist out of the water. We then fished out the mast, cleared away the sail, etc., and by this time the Marion L. was about a quarter full herself and started for the shore. The wind being dead up the lake would draw the Marion's head with it, the stern being held down by the Uno, which we were towing. After paddling about an hour and a half we reached shore, emptied out the water, and paddling up along the bank to Point Claire, where we found the Viva D., and proceeding to mine hosts, Mallette's, found her crew having a friendly game of draw. We lost the top boards off the Uno, which, going ashore, led to the belief that we were drowned, and parties called at the hotel during the day from where the boards went ashore to see if we had arrived. It blew so hard we could not leave for St. Ann's, but returned home in the evening, never having been really dry since the day before. The Uno and Verve sailed down next morning and had to go ashore four times to empty the water out before reaching home. This lake is very treacherous, many accidents having happened, especially of late years.

MERRIMACK RIVER CANOE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An invitation is cordially extended to members of the A. C. A. and other canoeists residing in Eastern Massachusetts and vicinity to attend a meet to be held under the auspices of the Vesper Boat Club of Lowell, at Winn's Bluff, Hudson, N. H., June 27, 28 and 29.

The site is a beautiful one, about nine miles from Lowell, and four miles from Nashua. Tyngsboro is about three miles below and Little's Station about three-quarters of a mile above Winn's Bluff. All of the places mentioned are on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, which follows the course of the river on the bank opposite the Bluff.

Canoes by freight should be sent to Tyngsboro; on passenger trains and accompanied by owners, Little's Station will be most convenient. An invitation is extended to visitors to rendezvous at the Vesper boat house, where canoes may be housed, and all possible attention paid to crews.

The majority of the canoeists present will camp, either in tents or canoes, at the place selected. Straw or hay for bedding and firewood will be provided. There are hotels within short distances, where those who desire can find suitable accommodation.

Either member of the committee on arrangements will furnish any further information or assistance to inquirers, and be glad to do any thing in their power to promote the convenience and enjoyment of visitors. Those intending to be present will confer a favor if they will notify the committee as early as convenient.

C. P. NICHOLS, PAUL BUTLER and R. F. HEMENWAY,
LOWELL, Mass. Committee.

NEW CRUISING GROUNDS IN FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to call the attention of canoeists to the almost unknown region of the Everglades of Florida. I have just returned from the shores of that unique lake, and am of opinion that a cruise among its countless islands would be very enjoyable to northern canoeists. The best time is from October to April; from then till June there is hardly any water, and summer is the rainy season. The islands are very pretty and are inhabited by Indians who would supply travelers with game, bananas and vegetables. A canoeist could go from St. Augustine or Jacksonville to the Indian River, down that stream into the glades, and could come out through the Miami River, which empties into Biscayne Bay. Five miles south of its mouth is a comfortable hotel kept by Mrs. Peacock. I was all over Florida and never saw anything equal to Biscayne Bay in point of scenery; the forests on the northern shore are full of large game, including panther, and the fishing is first-class. There is an inside route from Biscayne Bay to Key West along the keys, navigable for small boats, and fresh water can now be had on most of the keys. The distance from Biscayne Bay to Key West is about 150 miles. I shall be glad to answer inquiries from canoeists through the FOREST AND STREAM. J. L. N.

FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.—To go from Detroit to the Mississippi River by water it would be necessary to go north through Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River and Lake Huron to the Straits of Mackinaw, then through the straits across Lake Michigan to Green Bay, Wis. There you will strike the Fox River, then up that river to Portage, Wis., where a canal joins it with the Wisconsin River, which flows into the Mississippi River. The portages are few and very short.—CHICK.

CLEVELAND, O.—I have just noticed an inquiry in your last issue as to whether a canoe can be floated from Detroit to the Mississippi by any other route than via Cleveland. There is no other route where a canoe can be floated, except via Toledo and canal from there to the Ohio River; but if a canoeist wants a better than the slow, tedious canal route from either Cleveland or Toledo, he can, after five hours' rail from Cleveland to Columbus, O., take the Scioto River from latter place to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River, just above Cincinnati; or if you want more river, by taking cars at Toledo and rail to Logansport, Lafayette or Terre Haute, Ind., you can take at either place the Wabash River and reach the Ohio at the boundary line between Indiana and Illinois.—G.

A TROY ESTIMATE OF DR. NEIDE'S BOOK.—The Troy *Daily Times* says: "At the close of the American Canoe Association meet in August, 1883, Dr. Neidé, in the Aurora, and S. D. Kendall, in the Comfort, set out from Lorna Island in the Adirondacks, for the Gulf of Mexico. The experiences in their long and extraordinary trip were novel and at times exciting. A faithful 'log' was kept by the 'skippers,' and its contents have been elaborated into a volume of unusual interest and originality. The work has long been anxiously looked for by canoeists, and it will be read by them and thousands of others with keenest zest."

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.—A regatta will be held at Lachine on June 20, by the Lake St. Louis C. C. The races will be called at 3 P. M., entrance free. Entries must be made by June 18, to Geo. Auldjo, secretary, Box 2147, Montreal. The programme includes the following events; 1. Single paddling race, one mile. 2. Sailing race, one mile. 3. Tandem race, one mile. 4. Portage race, one mile. 5. Hurry scurry, one-half mile. 6. Boys' Tandem, fourteen years and under, one mile. The races will be under A. C. A. rules.

LINDSAY C. C. RACES.—The annual races of this club were held on June 8, the course being from the boat house up the river. The single canoe race for the baukers' prize, a gold medal, brought out six entries. A. Downey, J. M. Knowlson, W. Waters, W. Howe, W. A. White and R. D. Thefton. Distance one mile with turn. A. Downey won by three lengths with J. M. Knowlson second. The

lawyers' prize, two silver medals, was offered for a double paddling race, and six crews entered. J. M Knowlson and W. Howe, A. Downey and W. Walters, W. A. White and W. Stewart, J. W. Edwards and A. D. F. McEachen, R. H. Hopkins and J. A. Bogart, S. Britton and T. B. Dean. The first of the above crews won by 6ft., with the others in the order given. The prizes must be won three times in succession before being held permanently.

MEET OF CANADIAN CANOEISTS.—Commodore Oliver and Dr. Neidé were present at the meet last week in the Bay of Quinte, an account of which we shall give next week.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

RIFLE, Boston.—I hunt moose and black bears. Do you know of an effective rifle with solid ball and flat trajectory; and if it has a magazine, how often will the magazine explode in actual service in the woods? I am sometimes a hundred miles from a settlement, with a little Indian, where a serious accident would mean death from several different causes. Ans. See our advertising colums for a number of rifles just such as you require. If a magazine rifle is properly handled there is no reason to fear its explosion.

H. M. G., New York.—You may secure permission to use the Creedmoor range by applying to the secretary of the National Rifle Association, Temple Court, Beekman street, New York

TARGETS, Hudson, O.—The Creedmoor 200yds. target dimensions are: Bullseye 8in diam., center 26in. diam., inner 46in. diam., outer remainder of target. The Massachusetts decimal target is divided into circles counting from 10 to 1, diameters being respectively as follows in inches: 3½, 5¾, 8, 10¼, 12¾, 16¼, 20½, 26, 33, 41¾.

BREECHLOADER.—Which of the two lakes, Cedar Lake or Lake Maxinkuckee, is the best place to camp and the best fishing point, also what kind of fish are taken from each? Ans. If you mean the lakes in Northern Indiana by those names, as we suppose, we should recommend Maxinkuckee. The fishing is fair all around the lake. You will find perch, sunfish, pickerel, etc.

J. L. L., New York.—Where along the line of the D. L. & W. R. R. nearest New York can I find fair bass fishing in either July or August? Will they take a fly during these months? Of course I would like a place where I could take my wife. If you can't name such a place on D. L. & W. R. R., please give me name of some place near New York other than Greenwood Lake. Ans. You will find bass in Lake Hopatcong and in the Delaware River from Lambertville, N. J., to the Water Gap and above. They do not rise to a fly well in lakes in July in that region. You will find hotel at Hopatcong. If you want river fishing try between Easton and the Water Gap.

R. H., West Torrington, Conn.—What is the name of this bird, black head and back, white breast and dark red spots on throat. That is the male; the female is brown and white; eggs are green spotted with brown; nest is made of sticks? Ans. A rose-breasted grosbeak, we presume.

W. S. L., Methuen, Mass.—Will you be so kind as to inform me what kind of a fish this is which I inclose? It was caught in a small brook that runs into the Merrimac River above the dam about three miles. The man that caught it called it a black bass, but I don't think so. They go in schools and run up the brook a little way. Ans. The fish is a darter, *Boleosoma*, but too dry to determine the species. The darters seldom exceed two and a half inches, and usually lie on the bottom and move by jerks, whence the name.

L. A. V. Z., New York.—Will you please inform me of the use of the click reel; how it is possible to throw a fly with it any distance, and also whether a hook and sinker can be thrown any distance with it? Ans. We would hardly know how to cast a fly without a click reel. The click acts as a drag and prevents the line from running off the reel unless pulled by the hand. Do not use it for throwing a sinker; you need a free-running reel for that. Go to the next tournament in Central Park and learn how a click reel is used.

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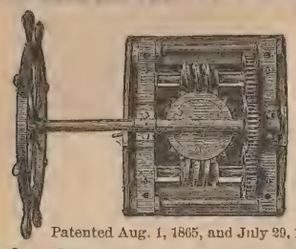
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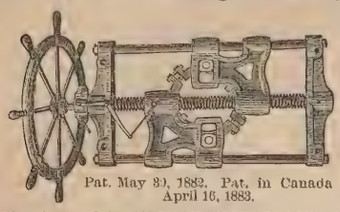
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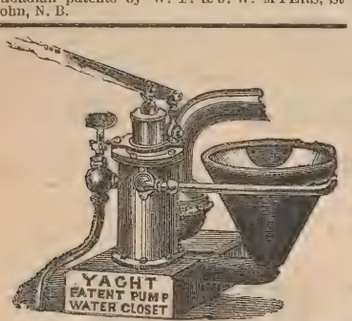
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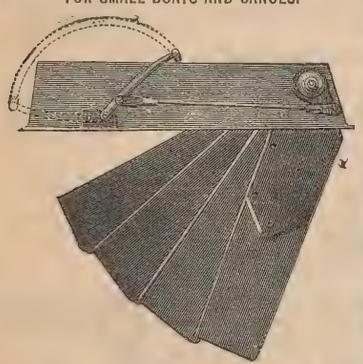
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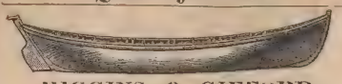
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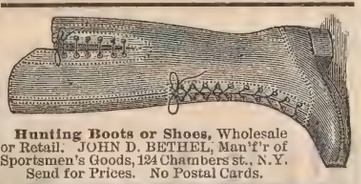


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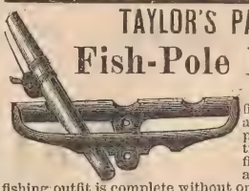
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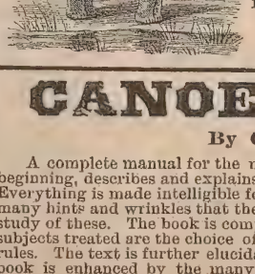
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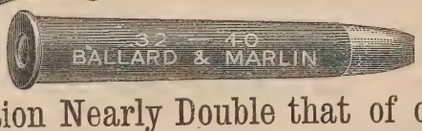
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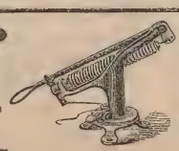
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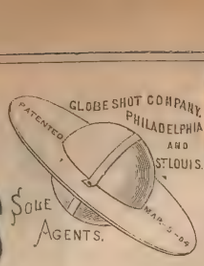
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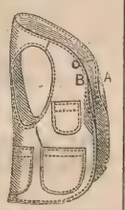
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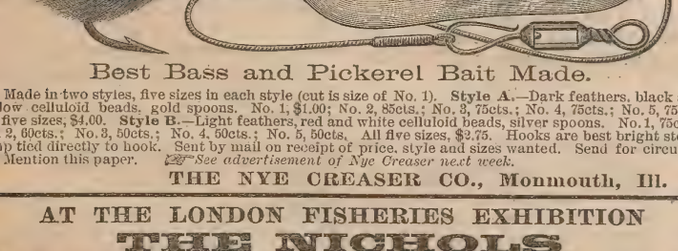
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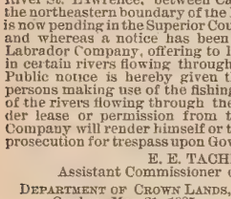
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ADIRONDACK DEER.

WHEN we began the discussion of the Adirondack deer-hounding practice, it was distinctly stated that the discussion would not be permitted to drift into other channels; and accordingly little mention was made of floating, hotel "mutton," crust-hunting and other topics, all important, but irrelevant to the subject in hand. That was the only thing to do if any result were to be obtained. It was the constant endeavor of those who attempted to defend hounding to make it appear that the opponents of water-killing were staunch advocates of January crust-hunting and June floating. In this way they sought to throw dust in the eyes of the Governor, and to preserve their famous clubbing fun. But the square issue was steadily maintained, and the bill was signed. Now if Assemblyman Husted, the editor of the Boonville *Herald*, the Adirondack landlords, and other friends of the deer, will give us some light on the jacking and crusting and hotel "mutton" abuses, we will be rejoiced to have it; and if they can show the proper remedies we shall be equally happy to assist in securing these. More than this, a little practical help toward the right protection of game will be a welcome assurance that our friends are actually sincere in their professions.

SPRING SHOOTING ABOLISHED.

A STEP toward the protection of migratory birds passing north to their breeding grounds has been taken by New York. The text of Section 2 of Chapter 485 of the Laws of 1885 reads as follows, the counties designated being Queens and Suffolk, which comprise the shooting along the Atlantic coast:

SEC. 2. No person shall, in said counties, kill or have in possession any bay snipe, sandpiper, shore bird or plover, from the first day of January to the tenth day of July in any year, or any rail bird, or meadow hen, from the first day of January to the first day of September in any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird killed or had in possession.

Why should there not be such a law for every locality where snipe are now shot in the spring of the year?

OFFICIAL DOG SHOOTERS.—Twenty years ago it was the barbarous practice of the Mayor of St. Augustine, Florida, to go armed with a shotgun, at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of shooting unlicensed dogs. Whenever he encountered one of the unfortunate brutes at large, he "turned loose" a charge of shot at it, and rather appeared to enjoy the agony that ensued. The old Florida town has long since put away such heathenish doings, but the mantle of the dog-shooting Mayor has fallen upon the shoulders of another. Across the East River, and in sight from the eleven-story building which looms up next door to the FOREST AND STREAM, is Long Island City, widely notorious for its ill-government, pool rooms and gambling dens. This Long Island neighbor of the metropolis, and in this present year of grace, has an ordinance directing that all unmuzzled dogs running at large shall be shot. An evening paper reports that the Long Island City policemen are now busily engaged in shooting on sight all vagrant dogs, and much brutality is daily witnessed, many dogs being literally tortured to death. There are few men on the police force who could hit a haystack across the street with a revolver, and therefore it is rarely that a dog is put out of his misery until he is finally clubbed to death. On Wednesday afternoon of last week, Officer Kelly, of Astoria, fired eight bullets at a large black dog which was tied to a lamp post, and then had to beat it to death with a bar of iron. Occasionally a dog escapes with a broken leg. When the Long Island city policemen have killed all the dogs there, they might find employment in Naples, where it is the custom to flay dogs alive for the sake of their skins.

POSSESSION OF GAME IN CLOSE SEASON.—It has been abundantly demonstrated that the liberty to sell game in the season when it is forbidden to capture it means the killing of that game for the market in the close season. Just as long as the men who hunt for the markets can find dealers to receive their game they will keep on taking it. This is so well understood that the laws of about all the States forbid the sale of game in the close season. The market dealers are continually working to have such provisions repealed. This has been the effort of the Boston dealers this year. The Massachusetts Legislature had so little gumption that the members of the Senate actually sanctioned the bill asked for by the men who wanted to sell game all the year around. A like bill introduced this year at Albany by the New York marketmen was promptly squelched. In another column is printed a paper prepared by Mr. E. A. Samuels, the president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, showing the attitude of the various States respecting this subject.

THE CANADIAN TEAM.—There seems to be no lack of energy among the volunteers of the Dominion. The campaign against the insurgents of the Northwest has been a short, sharp and decisive one. It was carried on by the volunteer or militia forces, and they have not yet returned wholly when we hear of the departure of the team to do peaceful battle with the volunteers of England and Scotland before the Wimbledon butts. It would have been easy to have made this an off year, to have sent over a note of apology that owing to home engagements the absence of the Canadian contingent at the English meeting would have to be overlooked. But the Canadians are not of that sort at all. The more work they do the more they seem capable of doing, and the team should get, if possible, a warmer welcome than usual when they reach the mother country.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LAW.—Last week the Massachusetts Legislature adjourned. No new game law passed. The marketmen's bill went through the Senate and the game protectors' bill went through the House; the law remains as before. It was a hard fight, the most bitter of the contests of many years. The feeling of the members was decidedly in favor of the dealers. There was manifested a most discouraging lack of common sense and of public spirit when the attention of the Solons was turned toward the game bills. If the members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association had not taken so determined a stand, the dealers would have had things all their own way.

FROM HIS PULPIT, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, is reported to have proclaimed last Sunday, that "every man who went to a pigeon match went straight to hell." If the words are reported correctly the proclamation is rather startling; but then, perhaps Dr. Talmage does not know.

THE PERILS OF ANGLING.—An industrious compilation of newspaper paragraphs would show that in the course of twelve months more victims perish in the pursuit of big fish than are blown to atoms by the dynamite cartridges set on the stove to warm. The angler who falls into the water in a fit and drowns and the angler who gets drunk and falls out of his boat or capsizes it and goes to the bottom have already been heard from this season. The angler waylaid by tramps will in due time chronicle his adventures to the thrifty reporter, and then will come the regular annual tale of the little man chased up a tree by a big fish. [Since the foregoing was in type the waylaid fisherman has been heard from. It was on a New York dock, last Sunday. The victim was Anton Cermack, a Bohemian cigarmaker, who was fishing from a canal boat. Three young hoodlums assaulted him and bore off his fishline and all his money—ten cents. Before they could be captured the dime had been expended for beer. This is not a very aggravated case, but by the time the Associated Press dispatches of the occurrence have reached the Pacific slope Mr. Cermack will have blossomed into one of New York's millionaire anglers, his kit will be described as one of Blank's very finest, and the ten cents will have multiplied to a hundred dollars.]

BARNES OF BAXLEY.—The editor who presides over the local sheet of Baxley, Ga., has been relating his experience in killing quail this spring. He tells it that he went out with one Barnes, "a sportsman," who has a trick of calling up the birds within range. "Having secreted ourselves, he gave the female call, and here one came right straight for us. Sometimes they will come flying and pitch close at your feet. We were out but a short time and we killed five. Mr. Barnes tells us that he generally goes out in his buggy, calls them to him, and kills them at short range." They potted them on the ground, of course. This Georgia editor would do himself credit by sticking to his pencil and handpress, and if he wants to prove himself a real philanthropist, let him find some decent form of amusement for Barnes.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH THE HOUNDS?—The Adirondack guides own hundreds of hounds and mongrels, which have been used in years past to drive deer into the water for lazy sportsmen to shoot or club to death. It has been the practice of some of these dog owners to turn the brutes loose in winter to run down deer on their own account lest they should starve. Now that the use of the dogs is forbidden, it is quite clear that the owners cannot afford to keep them to look at and play with. What is to become of them? They must be put out of the way; and we suggest to all North Woods persons interested a study of the various methods of killing a dog humanely.

PASSENGERS VS. GAME CRATES.—Some of the officials of Arkansas railroads are blessed with sconce enough to see that passenger tickets are more profitable than the revenue from freight on game killed out of season. The pot-hunters, who in certain sections of that State had in years past an all summer's picnic shipping quail to the Little Rock and St. Louis markets, have been brought up standing by the refusal of the railroads to transport their unlawful plunder. There is nothing beyond good business sense in this, for if there are quail to shoot, sportsmen tourists will travel over the roads to the game country; and what the railroads lose in freight they will more than make up in fares.

THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH is advertising to sell out. He has 17,000 acres of land in Norfolk, constituting the famous game preserve of Elveden. One of the annual game scores enumerates the season's slaughter of 9,600 pheasants, 9,400 partridges, 2,000 hares and 70,000 rabbits. Possibly Mr. M. D. Singh is rattled by his arduous labors in game potting, and very likely he is sick and tired of the business. It is no wonder that he wants to sell out.

WAWAYANDA AND TRUTHFUL JAMES will fly their flag over Camp Flotsam this summer in the Elysium of Perennial Bass, where the balmy breath of the balsam blows on the breeze and the lonely loon's ghostly laughter answers to the weird call of the whippoorwill in the hollow wood.

SUMMER READING.—There are so many harrowing accounts of murders, assassinations and suicides related at length in the daily press that it is a positive relief to turn from their stifling atmosphere to the ozone-laden pages of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

IN THE FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE bright green of the beeches was fading into yellow and bunches of crimson leaves were scattered here and there among the thick foliage of the maples, as our party took their way up the Nashwaak River, which unites with the St. John at a point directly opposite the city of Fredericton, the capital of the Province of New Brunswick.

The road up this stream was through a very pretty valley worn in the gray sandstone of the coal measures by the lapse of ages. The river itself is about sixty miles in length, its water being of the purest, here turns now to the right, then to the left in many a graceful curve, rippling over beds of gray gravel, among green meadows fringed by rows of maples and elms and by a thick growth of shrubs, which protect the banks by their friendly shade.

A journey of twenty-five miles brought us to the little village of Stanley, where we remained for the night. Resuming our journey next morning at an early hour, we reached the last settlement, and sending back our wagons prepared to enter the vast forest which extended to the northeastward more than a hundred miles without a single settler or clearing.

Two of our horses were reserved to draw over the rough lumberman's portage which we were to take for a part of the way, two sleds shod with wood, which pass more easily over the stones and roots than those shod with iron or steel. On these were loaded our bedding, provisions, and what few cooking utensils we required. A three days' walk over a rough and hilly portage brought us, after crossing the Miramichi River, not very far from Slate Island, to a lumberman's depot on the upper waters of the Burnt Hill stream, a branch of the last-mentioned river. The water of Burnt Hill is very bright and clear, and we could see a few trout darting about in it as we crossed. We made our headquarters in a little camp distant about a mile from the stream. This was built and formerly occupied by a hunter; there was in it a stove and rude bedstead, which latter we covered with freshly-gathered fir boughs, and tired enough, laid us down to rest, some on the bed, others on the rough floor.

About midnight we were awakened by a sudden thump on the spruce bark covering of our camp, and some one called out, "What is that?" One of the party who had spent the summer alone in this camp as guard, said from the floor where he was lying, "Oh, it is only the mink; he often does that; he is jumping about on the roof of the camp, and would have come in, but he knows there are strangers here." In the morning we heard the story from the watcher Patchell, who had acted as a guard over the oats, flour and other articles which had been left at this depot during the previous winter. He said that some time in the month of June he had caught a large bear in a trap, and after skinning him had brought a piece of meat with him in a bag, which he left at the door of the camp. In the morning he found a hole in the bag and a large part of the meat gone. A little observation showed him that the culprit was a mink who resided under a brush heap close to the camp. As Patchell showed no enmity to this animal he soon got so tame that he would run into and about the camp in the afternoon and evening. He was very fond of fish, especially of trout, of which Patchell caught great quantities in Burnt Hill. He said that he often used to amuse his lonely hours (for he had no companion) by fastening a trout's head to a piece of string and throwing it out to the mink and then dragging it away. The little brute would hold on to it as long as he could, and when it was pulled away from him he would snap and snarl at Patchell, exhibiting great rage.

The guardian of the depot also informed us that he had shot during the summer around the depot more than three hundred squirrels, which had come there to get some of the oats and flour which were in the storehouse. The squirrels must have some means of communicating the fact of the presence of food to one another, as in these thick and gloomy forests one may travel for several days without meeting one of them.

Not far from the depot there was Beaver Brook Lake. A hunter who was one of our party informed us that it was a great place for black ducks and that he had got as many as fifteen there in one day. A walf of a mile and a half, part of the way on an old timber road, the rest through the woods, brought us to its shores, which we cautiously approached crawling through the thick branches of the low cedars by which they were surrounded in this place; four or five hundred feet to the left we could see a large flock of black ducks feeding among the rushes close to the shore. Two of the party, leaving the others behind, crawled along until they got within gunshot and fired, but only two were secured. On our way back to the depot we shot some partridges so that the next morning we had an excellent breakfast on game. The black ducks were especially fat and good. This is a famous country for black ducks. McKeel Brook Lake, which can be readily reached from the Burnt Hill portage, about the first of September abounds with these fine birds as well as with other water fowl; caribou, too, seemed to be plenty as their tracks were abundant. Indeed we saw where a hunter had killed one, taken the skin and left the carcass to rot in the woods.

By means of chopping the brush and fallen trees out of old lumber roads we were enabled to take our horses a day's journey further to the east, to an old lumber camp on the Clearwater, a stream of very clear cold water about two rods wide and from a foot to eighteen inches in depth. It was bounded by high and steep hills, while the narrow rim of low land at their base was covered by a thick growth of tangled cedar and low shrubs of various kinds. We prepared to remain at this camp for the night.

The air had been full of smoke for several days, but this night it was so thick as to completely obscure the stars. Indeed only a few struggling rays of light reached us from the red and lurid moon. We had begun to feel uneasy lest the fires from which this smoke arose should overtake us on our road; but about midnight the flood gates of heaven were opened and the water fell in torrents.

In the morning when we looked out of our rude habitation everything was changed; the air was cool and bracing and the sky cloudless and of the brightest blue, while the pearly drops which yet hung on the leaves of the shrubs glittered like diamonds beneath the light of the early sun, and from the autumn leaves which were one by one here and there slowly falling from the trees.

The evening before when we were entering the camp we had noticed a strange freak of bruin, who had evidently been a frequent visitor there. A paraffine lamp which the lumberman had left filled with oil had been removed by him and left outside, the body of the lamp in one place and the chimney in the other, and we could see the marks where he had been rolling himself between these, which were yet unbroken. The bear seems to have a great liking for this oil. On our road out we had seen where one of them had lately been scratching around the roots of a spruce where some of the fluid had been spilt the year before, and the old hunter who was with us said that he had noticed that bears frequently visited this spot and scratched around the roots of this spruce.

So soon as we had got everything packed up we commenced wading up the stream, our horses, with the loads now on their backs, doing the same, as we found that we could walk easier and quicker up the gravelly bed of the Clear Water than through the tangled brush on its shores. A mile and a half of this wading brought us to an old hunting camp, from which a blazed or spotted line led in a northeasterly direction to the summit of the high hardwood-covered hills which lie between the two branches of the Miramichi River. Following this, evening brought us to another hunting camp, situated in a little valley among a magnificent growth of beech, birch and maple. On three sides of this there were high, semi-oval shaped hills covered by hard woods to their very summits. Through the green leaves by the slant rays of the sun I could catch a view of the Clear Water Mountain, whose conical and elevated summit was covered by a thick growth of dark green fir rendered black by distance. Not very long after sunset star after star came into view until the whole twinkled with the brilliancy of those which glitter in the forehead of the Arctic sky. We slept well that night, as each of us had carried his load, and our journey was all uphill from the shores of Clear Water to this camp.

As our hunter had left some beans and other provisions hidden here from the previous winter, we concluded that we would make use of them. In the morning I went with him to the place of deposit to notice in what manner he circumvented the wiles of the bear and squirrel, both very cunning animals. The plan which he had adopted was this: He had cut down a small fir, leaving five or six feet of the stump; the fir, which was a long one, he had trimmed smooth. The beans and other provisions he had put into an empty flour barrel which he had enveloped completely with white birch bark, which he had bound around the barrel with the small iron wire which is used for bundling hay.

The barrel thus protected from the effects of rain, he had suspended it to the smaller end of the fir by means of a piece of the same wire. He then had laid the lower part of the fir on the stump, pressing down the butt of this fir which elevated its top, to which the barrel swung, to a height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground, just as you see the bucket dangle from the top of the old-fashioned well poles. The end of the fir was well loaded, so as to keep it in its proper place, and as bruin did not know enough to remove this load and dare not venture to climb out on it, and as the squirrel could not climb down the wire to the barrel, everything had remained just as good as when it was first placed in the barrel.

Moose seemed to be tolerably plenty in this country, as we frequently saw where they had bitten off the moose woods or peeled their bark. After a comfortable breakfast we shouldered our packs and continued our journey, still over high, hardwood-covered hills. One of these was more than three-quarters of a mile long; this was the divide between the two branches of the Miramichi, and the view from it was lovely. Nothing was to be seen but forest-covered hills rising one after the other as far as the eye could reach, all adorned in the full glory of autumn, red and green here and there fading into yellow; while now and then one would get a view of some silvery lake wooded to its very edge. A large one lay not more than a mile from us in a deep valley. To the north we could see Clear Water Mountain not more than five miles distant from where we stood, while far off to the north dimly blue were to be seen the Blue Mountains, south of Tobique and more to the eastward the high range which divides the streams running into the Bay of Fundy from those which discharge into the Great Bay of Chaleur. Toward the afternoon we had descended into the valley of one of the western branches of the Little Southwest Miramichi, the growth here being largely of fir and the ground very stony. Our route became very rough and we were very glad to pitch our little cotton-shed tent before evening in a grove of hardwoods and fir, the former being of small size. We used a large white spruce for back logs for our fire, which we required of good size, as the nights were becoming cold.

In selecting a camping ground one ought always, if possible, to secure one where the level of the fire shall be a little above that of the bottom of the tent, as in such case the fire is reflected by the back logs into the tent; indeed, there is much more in this and in securing large back logs for the fire in order to keep one's self warm, than in almost anything else. Good back logs and good hand junks are absolutely essential to a good fire. "Hand junks" are the sticks which are placed under either end of the logs which are put on the fire so as to elevate them sufficiently to secure a good draft. They perform the same duty as the andiron did when we burned wood instead of coal. In the morning when we got up the fire had burned away the moss with which the stones were covered, and there were but a few embers left in a hole among a lot of angular rock fragments; indeed, in this part of New Brunswick there seems to be hardly any soil, and the wonder is how vegetation can be sustained. We had to wait here for more provisions, Patchell and his son having returned to the depot for a load.

As we were to have some idle time here, we concluded that we had better spend it in making a log canoe out of some of the few scattering white pines which were to be found not far from the bank of the stream which in places was navigable for loaded canoes. After breakfast we went to one of these which was large enough for our purpose. Two of the men who were with me sounded it on either side by pounding it with their axes, and pronouncing it good proceeded to chop it down with much labor. There proved unfortunately to be a small flaw in the heart; and condemning it, we cut down another which proved to be perfectly sound. Before felling the large white pines the woodsmen cut down small trees for bedding on which they fell them, and thus they are prevented from breaking.

Our cook, who was a handy man, aided the hunter to line out his canoe, at which they soon commenced chopping with their axes. It is astonishing how quickly the tree begins to assume the shape of a canoe, and how neatly they hew and trim it down with their axes alone. The only implements used by the men in this case to commence and complete the work on this canoe were their axes, an old, new land, or grub hoe which one of the men found in the camp at the Clearwater, and their crooked knives. This peculiar knife was in use among the Abenaquis Indians on St. John River as far back as the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is nothing more than a long, stout-backed knife, curved at the furthest extremity from the round handle, into which it is firmly fastened, and which is held by all the fingers in the palm of the hand, and shavings are removed from the axe handle or other article under process of manufacture by drawing the knife toward the person using it, instead of from him as is done when using the common jack-knife. A handle had been made and fitted into the grub hoe which the cook had sharpened some way or other, and by its use as an adze, and with the help of the crooked knife and axes, in a day and a half three men made one of the prettiest log canoes I had ever seen. The place where it was made was about a quarter of a mile distant from the still, a deadwater in the stream, which deadwater was four miles long. They soon brushed out a way to the bank of the stream, came back, shouldered the craft, and with some half-dozen rests brought it to the water, where it proved as good as it looked. He had some paddles made from a piece of good hardwood, so that we were all ready to make use of our new vessel. The hunter jumped into it and took it down the stream to look for ducks, which he said were plenty in the locality. The rest of the party retired to our little tent for the balance of the afternoon, now well advanced. Several times while we were lying in front of the fire we heard the sound of the hunter's gun as it re-echoed among those ancient hills, and we knew that the sound meant a prize of some kind.

Just before night Patchell and his son Archy arrived very heavily laden. It seemed that the latter and another young fellow who were driving back one of the horses we had brought to the Clear Water, the color of which was gray, were astonished at a fine caribou trotting up to the animals in the most unconcerned manner possible; when he was within fifty or sixty feet of the horse, Archy, who had a gun loaded with small shot, fired at him, when he soon disappeared in the woods. The caribou has been known before to do the same thing.

Just before night closed in we heard our hunter's gun for the last time. It sounded far off toward the foot of the deadwater, then the silence of night set in. It was a dead calm, and no sound was to be heard but that of the crackling of the spruce back logs as a spark now and then flew from them, or that of our own voices as we talked in somewhat subdued tones; we did not even hear the voice of Kook kookus, as an Indian boy of seventeen who formed one of the party called the owl. And this should have been his abode, for it was dark and gloomy enough to answer for such purpose.

The night was passing along and yet no hunter made his appearance. At last Frank (the Indian boy) said to one of the men, "Dan, come, let go and look for Henry (the hunter)." As there were some white birch trees, Frank soon peeled the bark from them and made several torches. Lighting one and taking the others under their arms, the two started off for the deadwater, distant half a mile. They soon got out of our sight.

Twenty minutes or half an hour had elapsed when a faint halloa was heard in the distance, then another nearer. At last a ruddy glow shone upon the tops of the trees, and in a little while we saw by the light of the torches three men approaching, one of them loaded down with black ducks which he had shot in the deadwater.

Molly (for thus we had named the canoe in honor of Frank's dusky love) was a charming craft, the hunter said, and would prove invaluable to us when we got down to the lakes on the head of the Little Southwest Miramichi.

EDWARD JACK.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HYBRID WOLVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice the reference by your Philadelphia correspondent to the supposed hybrid wolves recently born at the Zoological Gardens here. Hybrid wolves have always been very common along our western frontiers. I have seen several of them, sired both by dogs and wolves, and all I have seen have resembled wolves rather than dogs. While Minnesota was yet an "Indian country," I was living there and wolves were tolerably abundant, particularly the prairie wolves. Near my residence I had a rough, open poultry shanty. In one corner I had a large Brahma hen upon a nestful of eggs, patiently awaiting her chickens. Early one morning I heard an outcry from this hen. Seizing my loaded rifle I sprang to the back door and saw the old hen running round the shanty, followed by a large prairie wolf with feathers in its mouth. I ran toward the shanty, and as the hen came around the wolf was barely a yard behind, but seeing me it stopped suddenly and forgot to start again, having met a rifleshot. Beyond a serious loss of feathers the hen had not been injured, but at once resumed her duties. Upon an examination of the wolf my neighbors and myself were convinced that it was a hybrid, though the difference was not perceptible a short distance away, and especially when the animal was moving.

One of my neighbors, about one-fourth of a mile distant, had been losing some of his poultry in a thicket near his house. He had caught glimpses of a wolf in the thicket, and had now thought that my rifle had stopped the mischief. He was no gunner, but had a musket heavily loaded with buckshot behind a door which opened within thirty yards of the thicket. A few days after I had killed the hybrid wolf I heard the heavy report of his musket followed by the retreating yell of a dog. As he was not the kind of man to be killing dogs, I ran over to see what was up. As he was about coming out the door next the thicket he saw a prairie wolf just coming out of the thicket, but which stopped instantly. His musket being in reach he at once seized it and fired upon the wolf which dropped in its tracks, and at the same time a yell in the thicket beyond betrayed the presence of an unseen dog, which ran yelling out of the thicket and over the ridge beyond. It was a medium size strange cur dog. An examination of the dead animal showed it to be unmistakably another hybrid wolf and almost the *fac simile* in appearance of the one I had killed a few days before, but this one was a female and evidently in heat. We

passed into the thicket to see the effect of the buckshot upon the bushes. We saw rather more than we expected, for within about twenty feet of the wolf lay the lifeless body of a fine Newfoundland dog owned by a farmer about two miles away. After a brief consultation we concluded to bury the animal and keep our own counsels. This was in 1859, and I have finally concluded to tell of it.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1885.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(*Continued.*)

43. *Dendræca cærulescens* (Linn.) Baird.—Black-throated blue warbler.

This species is never common in the extreme southern part of the State during spring migration, but much more abundant north of the parallel of 43°. All of the lists embracing the birds of our southern counties agree in calling this species a transient. Several writers consider it a migrant throughout the lower peninsula, but this is certainly an error, as the birds are found abundantly in many parts of central Michigan, and further north during summer.

The birds arrive in Southern Michigan usually in early May, as a rule, but occasionally as early as April 25, and sometimes not until May 14. This season the first birds were seen on May 12, but it has been a very late season. The males appear first and are not followed by the females and immatures until several days later. In fact, it is quite rare to see a female during migration, and they are but seldom seen even during the nesting season, on account of their plain colors and quiet ways. The black-throat, although active in its movements, is not a rapid migrant, and may often be found in our deep heavy woods for days at a time in some favored locality. In migrating, the birds keep pretty well among the lower limbs, and even on the ground and around piles of brush in the woods. They are occasionally found in the city but never abundantly. When the birds reach their nesting haunts, however, the upper branches of the tallest trees are selected, and in pineries, where they principally congregate during the breeding season, it is often difficult to secure specimens, owing to their distance from the ground. The habit of feeding in the very tops of the pines is singular when we consider that the nests are placed quite near the ground.

Upon arrival, or soon after, the birds are heard singing in the woods, their presence with me being usually detected by their song, which is highly characteristic and not like that of any other bird of my acquaintance. The song, to the uninitiated, is somewhat like the notes of the golden-winged warbler, and the resemblance is often puzzling to the young collector; but by a little care the two may be readily distinguished. The song of the black-throat, like many other songs of birds, is, if not variable, certainly to be described differently at various times. As an instance of the peculiarity of either writer or bird in the varied description of song, I will give here the changes of notes as recorded during several years. In 1882 I have described the song in my notebook as *chree-chree chree zreeeeee*, again *chree-chree-chree chreeezrrrrreeeeee*, with a strong *z* sound. Again, later, the notes are given as *scree-screee-screeeee*, and again, the last effort being from observations of 1885 taken the past May, is given *scree-scree-dee-dzee-dzeee*. As now remembered, the last description appears to me more nearly correct, notwithstanding that I gave careful ear to each song described previously, and closely studied the descriptions of others. While singing, the bird is sitting quietly on a limb and sounds forth his little drawling strain very leisurely, repeating it every thirty seconds or oftener as he searches among the budding foliage. Later in the season, and when the nesting is in progress, the birds are more often heard than seen, and a great many can frequently be heard in the lofty pine, the thick cedar or gloomy hemlock, when not a bird can be discovered.

Only one nest has as yet been secured in the State, and as the eggs and nesting habits are but little known generally, it may be well to describe them here. While collecting in company with C. W. Gunn, Esq., in Ottawa county, about 43° north, June 6, 1878, he discovered a nest at the edge of a deep pinery which contained four fresh eggs. The nest was a neat structure, and closely resembled that of the hooded warbler (*M. mitralus*, being composed of bleached maple leaves and lined with fine roots; it was placed in the crotch of a wild raspberry bush two feet from the ground. The eggs were pure white with reddish dots arranged more particularly at the larger end, where they formed almost a ring. He secured the male bird as it left the nest, so that the identity is positive.

The black-throated blue warbler is not as yet recorded from the northern peninsula, but it is undoubtedly a summer resident there. It is a well-distributed species, and during migration is recorded from nearly all parts of the State. Sager embraced it in his list, the first published in the State —1839. It begins its southern journey in August, and becomes quite common by Sept. 10, remaining within our boundaries during the month. It is not tuneful in its southern flight, and is only detected by its call note and vivacious movements.

44. *Dendræca coronata* (Linn.) Gray.—Yellow-rump warbler.

A common, well-distributed species, known to all collectors, and embraced in lists from the extreme southern boundaries to the most northern point of the upper peninsula. It is one of our earliest arrivals in spring, being preceded only by the long-billed water thrush some seasons, and is the last member of the family to be seen in late autumn. A pleasing bird with very agreeable manners and liked by all. First arrival, according to my records, April 13, but I doubt not it occasionally appears somewhat earlier. We may place an average arrival at April 20, as it does not appear until nearly the last of the month some seasons. I have met with it in 43° 30′ by April 16. It is not a summer resident in the State to my knowledge, and I have yet to meet with it in June, July and August. Covert, in his "Birds of the Southern Peninsula," does not embrace this bird as a summer resident, 1878, but in 1881, in his list of the "Birds of Washtenaw County," he embraces it as a rare summer resident. No other list embraces it as a summer sojourner.

About the middle of September, often earlier, the yellow rumps become abundant, and so far as my observations extend, are much more common in the autumn than during their vernal journey. In fact, the birds are more common during late September and October than any others of the family. Occasionally individuals may be seen as late as Nov. 1, but this is unusual, although I have no doubt but that they remain until Dec. 1 in very mild seasons. The song I have never heard until this season; it consists of the syllable *splee* uttered generally seven successive times, occasionally only six times, again eight. The song is not vivacious, and lacks the spirit of the call note, the syllable *chent*, which is known to all, and recalls so many pleasant days in budding woods in early May. The yellow rump is a very active bird, ever on the move, and of inestimable service as an insect destroyer.

45. *Dendræca maculosa* (Gmel.) Baird—Black-and-yellow warbler.

Not embraced by Dr. Sager, 1839. First listed by Cabot, 1850, in his "Birds of Lake Superior," a list of little merit, but nevertheless containing about 70 species of the northern peninsula. It is found in nearly all catalogues of the State, but is considered abundant by no writer of my acquaintance.

Usually arrives in Southern Michigan about May 12, but occasionally observed by May 4, and sometimes not seen until May 20. Never common so far as my observations extend, and I have failed to see it more seasons than I have observed. It is, in fact, as reported by several authors, an irregular transient. Only one list, that of A. B. Covert, gives it as summering in Michigan, and all other writers agree in calling it a migrant. It is a silent but active bird, often appearing in low bushes, but more frequently well up in tamaracks or other marshy tract trees. It is occasionally found in cities and also in orchards in thickly settled localities where forests are few. It cannot be claimed as a rapid migrant, but the birds are frequently observed but a single day or even afternoon in a locality. During their stay with us only call notes are heard, and I have never as yet listened to their song. It is rare, indeed, to see one after May 23, and I doubt very much if they remain south of 44° north latitude, at least trustworthy observations to this effect are not yet received. The fall migrants reach us about Aug. 25, and remain in Southern Michigan for a fortnight. I have yet to meet with a specimen after date of September 21. I know nothing of their nesting habits.

POLYANDRY VS. POLYGAMY.

IT was about a year ago that I wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM a brief account of the conduct of two male and one female Virginia quail which had been confined together for some time, and had apparently lived in perfect harmony. An interesting case of converse relations has just come under my observation.

Early this spring I placed in an outdoor coop a trio of young Virginia quail, a cock and two hens—all birds hatched and reared in confinement, and the two sexes not related. It has been my opinion that quail is polygamous in his nature, or would be if he had opportunity, and this arrangement was made for the especial purpose of giving the theory a practical test. Everything moved along harmoniously till about the 30th of May, one of the hens in the meantime having begun to lay.

But on the morning named I noticed that only two of the birds were visible, and supposing that the missing hen was on the nest I gave the matter no attention till afternoon, when on entering the coop I found her wedged in behind the dust box in the corner, bruised and bleeding, with the feathers half stripped from her back. When I released her from her refuge and she came staggering out into the coop the cock bird attacked her like a little fury that he was, regardless of my presence, and would soon have finished her entirely if I had not interfered. After a day's separation I placed the discarded hen in the coop but protected by a small slatted box. The cock bird paced up and down unceasingly in front of the box, while the hen seemed as anxious to get out as he was to get in. At the end of twenty-four hours' confinement in the box I released the hen once more. The reconciliation was apparently complete, and the three again seemed to make up a happy family. But fortunately I had taken the precaution to arrange a retreat for the member who had previously proved *de trop*, and in this I found her late in the afternoon. Again I took her out, and again I returned her, only to see the same apparent reconciliation. But on the second return the male bird showed himself not to be a monogamist from principle so much as for other reasons, for this time he fixed his erratic heart upon the previously discarded spouse, and drove his former love into retirement. This was too much for me, and I at once removed the wife whom he had twice thrust off, and have left the two other birds together ever since.

It is perhaps hardly fair to assume that this is entirely conclusive. The various removals of this rejected hen established that the one the cock bird had first chosen was the one that had begun laying. She has continued so doing after the removal of the odd female (which, by the way, was the larger and finer looking of the two), and now has a nest containing seventeen eggs. Had both hens begun laying and nested at or about the same time, would the male have quarreled with either? I cannot say; I only know that in all prior relations with the male, both hens stood on the same footing.

In the case cited last spring, had no opportunities for nesting and had not begun to lay. Had she done so, the relations between the two male birds might have become very different.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June 17, 1885.

FECUNDITY OF COLAPTES AURATUS.—A collector of this place has thirty-five eggs which he obtained from a single nest of the golden-winged woodpecker, while another collector obtained ten from the same nest, making a total of forty-five eggs from a single bird in one season. I will copy his notes, as it may interest your readers: "May 13, 1884, found nest and obtained six eggs; to-day May 17, took 3; May 23, 6; May 28, 1; June 2, 5; June 9, 3; June 13, 4; June 19, 2; June 26, 5.—VIOLET S. WILLIAMS (Coralville, Iowa, June 14).

THE PILOT SNAKE OR RACER.—On May 22 Mr. Chas. H. Neff, of Portland, Conn., killed a racer (*Coluber obsoletus*) which he said measured 7 feet 2 inches. I secured the specimen on the 24th, and after being in the sun on a bench near the window in his woodhouse for two days it measured 6 feet 8 inches. How long does this species sometimes grow? The specimen is now in the Museum of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn.—JNO. H. SAGE (Portland, Conn., June 8, 1885).

A "BROOD" OF WOODPECKERS.—Stewart Ogilby, the son of W. S. R. Ogilby, of Staten Island, reports finding a nest of the highholder (*Colaptes auratus*) which contained nineteen young ones, alive and in good condition. This is a remarkable case, although the golden-winged woodpecker is notorious for the number of eggs which it may lay in a season.

THE GREAT WOODPECKERS.—I have been a resident of this part of Florida for ten years, and since being here I and my two brothers have killed between twenty and twenty-five specimens of the ivory-billed woodpecker (*C. principalis*), and we occasionally see one now, though they are very rare and hard to get a shot at. We killed these birds for a taxidermist in Palatka, J. H. Fry, and one in Sanford, G. B. Frazar, of Mt. Auburn, Mass. I killed as many as three at one time. The natives here will tell you you can find plenty of them, meaning the pileated woodpecker, or pine duck as they call it. The two species look very much alike to a casual observer, but to a person knowing them there is no chance of confounding them. Their notes alone will distinguish them, and the ivory-bill has more white on it. The female has a black head, which in the other is red as is the males. I have seen a female around here for the last year, but the last I saw of her was on May 4. I tried to get her but failed as she was exceedingly wary. There was a friend of mine collecting for the Smithsonian who was very anxious to get it but we failed, and I have never seen it since. I have often thought it strange that here on the St. Johns River, only 160 miles from Jacksonville, that such a rare bird should have escaped the army of hunters which annually infest that river. I suspect it is owing to the similarity to the pileated.—W. A. D. (Hawkinsville, Orange county, Florida, June 12).

DEVOTION TO ITS YOUNG.—The following item shows the remarkable attachment of the female Baltimore oriole for its young. While out collecting to-day I found a Baltimore oriole's nest about twenty feet from the ground, the female bird being on the nest. I cut a long pole with a hook on the end to pull the nest within my reach. The bird sat in the nest all the time, until I pulled it within reach, and allowed me to lift her out of the nest. I held her in my hand for about five minutes. I never heard anything like it before.—H. C. KIRKPATRICK (Meadville, Pa., June 5).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CHEYENNE TO INYAN KARA.—II.

WE crossed the Belle Fourche at the 70L and went nearly north. We were the better part of the day searching for a camping place, and found one, at last, where some hunter had built himself a brush shanty and put up several tons of hay. There was a little spring with a water hole near by. The locality was good enough for us—especially the hay. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and we appropriated what we wanted of the hay and took our chances.

Tom started off the next morning after a deer. The German band went in another direction. Curtis and Foucab in yet another direction. The crippled Doc made a short trip on his own account, while the big sailor remained in camp to bake bread and putter around among the tin cups and plates. Betty, Tom's dog, remained in camp also. Betty was a very beautiful animal and becomingly attired with a half inch manilla rope at one end of which was securely fastened a wagon. Betty was a perfect lady in all her actions. She allowed no nonsense. You might say to her, Good morning, Betty, and pat her on the head once or twice and then she would be through with compliments and the like for that day. The next twenty-four hours was business or nothing.

"What did you see, Doc?" said the sailor as the cripple came stumping into camp.

"Signs, signs, and plenty of them."

"Any fresh ones?"

"Some were made this morning. I think they must have been made by a bunch of Scotty Miller's mares. They range through here, don't they?"

"Well, you didn't come up here hunting mares."

"No, but those were all the signs I saw excepting some 101 cattle?"

"Hark, there goes a rifle; and another, three, four, five. That sounds as though it might be Tom, he went out that direction."

Then there was quiet once more. You could have heard a gum drop. A half hour later Tom returned to camp for a mule with which to pack in a deer. He said he had dropped one deer, and then another, and also a third, which ran a few rods and fell, as he supposed, dead. While bleeding the second one, the first one rose and started into the woods, and he could not find him nor the third one either. He took Betty back with him, and if the deer are badly crippled she will come on to them. She can down the biggest of them when she secures her favorite hold on the nose. Tom returned a couple of hours later with one white-tail buck. He could not find the others. Probably the one was all he saw. He thought there were three, and he never accounted for the five shots we heard either, for the rest of the hunters came in early, and all denied having fired a shot. After we became well acquainted with Tom we knew precisely how to estimate him. Moreover, he very kindly and frankly told us we must not believe all he said, and we accepted his apology. But the whitetail buck was a very nice one and did credit to Tom's five shots. Curtis and Foucab reported nothing but signs, ancient and modern. The German band *idem*.

While smoking our after-supper pipes we were visited by a couple of professional hunters, one of whom had but one arm. They were camped a couple of miles from us. They were shooting for the Deadwood market, and were not meeting with much success. They had with them a burro, which packed their stores to the hunting grounds and their meat to market. He was burro size, not much larger than a ten-cent piece, and the color of a blacktail deer. He was a knowledgeable creature, his owner said, and to be depended on every time.

Fred, one of the German representatives, to the burro master: "I don'd vas vant to pe onberdinent or any dinks like dot, bud I nodice me you don'd has got bud von arm, und I subboses a dousand men ask you vot vas dot matter mid it, aind it?"

"Well, my friend, that was a fair question, and if you will promise me not to say anything more about it, and ask no more questions, I will tell you how I lost it."

"Dot was fair, und I bromise me to say nodings more aboud him."

"It was bit off when I was in Missouri."

"Dot was poody goot. You was from Missouri, hey? Ah, ish dot so-o-o? You must have peen von of dose first Mis-

sourian dot coomes to dis western coundry, Von of dose five hundred dot makes de droubles at Omaha."

"What five hundred was that?"

"It vas pefore dose pridge vas pilt und de beebles had to plindfolt de Missourians pefore dey vould go to the ferrypoat on. It vas bit off, hay? Vell, I dinks I goes me to mine leedle ped und schleep."

The burro man and his companion bid us good-night, and we rolled in, some underneath the wagons, some in the brush shanty, and all on the cold, cold ground again; but gentle sleep was hovering o'er us, and when she settled all was peace and quiet.

The next morning we missed several of the horses and Foucab saddled a pony and went in quest of them. He found them all below the camp of the burro man. Foucab said he rode along, looking carefully on all sides through the timber. "Presently I saw what I supposed to be a deer standing in some low bushes. He had not seen me, so I dismounted and walked and crawled toward him to see how near I could get to him, and all the while I was kicking myself for not having taken my rifle with me. I got within thirty yards of him. His head was hidden from me behind a tree, but his body was exposed and the nicest shot it was I ever saw, just behind his shoulder. The wind was in my favor, and still crawling carefully I got within ten yards of him, when I jumped up and shouted at the cussed old burro. It was a fortunate thing for me after all that I did not have my rifle, I'd have been a dead burro ahead and seventy-five dollars behind."

"Yes, you would if you had hit the burro."

The boys, old and young, scattered again through the timber, the German band—still a close and exclusive corporation—going their way; while Tom and Curtis hunted together, and Foucab hunted with Foucab, while Doc and the sailor remained in camp, the sailor from choice and the crippled Doc from necessity. Several hours later there was a most furious fusilade commenced apparently about two miles from camp. Doc and the sailor listened and counted one, two, three, four and up to eighteen, and then came a short pause, and again the firing commenced. There was more shooting than ever was seen around a fifteen-ball pool table.

"Sure enough the boys must have them corralled now. We'll probably have to take the big wagons and bring in the victims of Tom's unerring marksmanship, and you may be certain that Curtis is securing his quota, and perhaps Foucab, too. Fred and his companions are probably missing this chance, as they went in an opposite direction and no shots have I heard from their way. You can bet that Tom is downing them in great shape." This from the sailor.

By the time supper was ready our three domestic friends made their appearance. We could invariably count on Tom when any meal was ready. A favorite expression of his was "let's eat." They returned empty-handed, unable to account for their failure to bring in any venison. Tom and Curtis had run across a buck at the head of a little draw, in which was a dense growth of quaking asp. If "unhitched" is an allowable word, that's what they both did, and missed the buck in sight; and then the quaking asp seemed alive with startled deer. Legs were trumps and the deer playing them for all they were worth. Foucab hearing the first two shots started up the draw and headed off the bunch, which then turned back toward Tom and Curtis, and from the firing and its result it was difficult to tell which were the most demoralized. It was a great deal like two school boys, whose companions were vainly endeavoring to egg them on to a fight; one was afraid and the other "dasent." Tom was prolific in excuses and unembarrassed in his presentation of them. He was afraid of hitting Foucab or Curtis or the mules and was confident he had hit several deer, which could not have gone far before dying, but Betty's inability to trail any wounded deer invalidated that theory and Tom was really up a stump for a plausible reason for his dismal failure. He might have accounted for it with the expressive word "rattled."

Hans and Albert came in early with a doe across their saddle mule, and the burro man and his friend paid us another visit during the evening. Foucab related to them his early morning call on their burro. "That puts me in mind," says the burro man, "of what came near b'ing a very serious mistake on my part. When I first brought the burro into the woods several years ago, I tied him to a tree and started on a deer track. It was on a side hill. Presently I lost the trail, but continued hunting all the same, and must have been considerably turned around, for after an hour or so I came in sight of my burro. I could only see his neck through the trees, and I thought, now, Mr. Deer, you are my venison. It was in some respects the worst shot I ever made, but a very lucky one, for I missed his neck entirely and only bored a hole through his ear. If ever you heard an unearthly bray, it was about that time, but he was more frightened than hurt."

"Dot vas most as pad mesdake," says Fred, "as mine brodder Villiam makes oonce. He lived in Iowa stade. He vent to a neighbor of his, Misder Barmer, who vas a gunschmidt, und say to him, 'Misder Barmer, vill you loan me your beech-loater? There vas von skunk or veasel or somedinks dot vas coome into mine hen houaze avery night somedimes, und he youst shaw de feathers dot vas on mine hen's packs und dher vings, und breddy soon dhey dond vas got noddings to vear.' Vell, Misder Barmer vas a nice clever man, und he loaned mine brodder von of his beech-loaters, und vhen mine brodder dook him back in dot mornings, Misder Barmer onquired what he have kill. Mine brodder he say, 'I vent me in dot houaze by mineseluf, und I sees some crate pig dings pobbing up und down, und I turned me loose dot gun. Vell, it make such a glatter doh I shumps me pack und makes the door to, und I goes out acain shust a leedle vile ago und, by Shimmeni, vat you dinks I kill? It vas mine vife's bet gander, und I'm all proke up by mine frow, by Shimmeni, und if she vould only run avay mit some odder man's vife I vould go me back to Shermany.' Mine sister-af-law do him up fine."

"That was almost as bad a mistake as I made with my burro."

"It vas a tam sight badder misdake as you make mit your burro. Mine brodder vas a schmard man, and you vas a Missourian, und vat you expect?"

The burro man was evidently no favorite of Fred's. Fred could never forgive him for telling him how he had lost his arm, and the burro man was fortunately good-natured enough to take Fred's raillery at his native State pleasantly. The sailor man seemed as though he were fearful a quarrel might ensue, and busied himself by taking us aboard ship and spinning some of his experiences on salt water.

Bear Creek, Wy. MILLARD.

"SPICEWOOD'S" GAMEKEEPERS.

REPORTS from my gamekeepers (you perhaps remember that I mentioned in a former note that I had interested some of the farmer boys by the jingle of a silver dollar to feed the birds) are that quite a number of coveys of quail have wintered over, although a good many that were about during part of the winter have had their whistles frozen up. Last season there were more birds than in years before, and but for this severe and long winter we should have had excellent shooting. Have seen a good many pheasants; they seem to be able to take care of themselves, not only when Jack Frost is about, but when good shots and dogs are in the cover.

While fishing saw four wild turkeys. There are a good many on the mountains about here; they found it "hard picking" through this hard season; quite a number were seen in the farmyards feeding with the fowl there. Trout fishing has been unsatisfactory—a late spring and then dry weather. Happened to find an old mill dam away out in the wilderness and had some fine sport with the fish. Don't think the trout had ever seen a fly on a fish line before, so rather took the advantage of fifty-four nice fellows.

SPICEWOOD.

Centralia, Pa., June 19.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. E. A. Samuels, the President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has prepared a digest of the various game laws so far as they relate to the possession of game illegally taken. Mr. Samuels says:

The plea is constantly made by game dealers and other interested parties, that, as the new system of refrigerating enables them to keep game for many months, they should have the privilege of storing certain species of game birds for their customers throughout the year.

Granted, for the sake of argument, that they can keep these birds through the hot months so that they are fit for food—this many persons deny—it can easily be seen that if any game birds are so stored and sold, there is nothing to prevent Massachusetts birds being killed and sold with them in the close season. This I have already shown.

If the dealers are permitted to have these birds in possession for sale during the months in which the killing of them is forbidden in this State, nothing can save our own birds, for it would be impossible to prove the killing, unless the gunner were seen to fire the shot.

The close season for market and field should be identical, just as it is in the other States, and our existing law, which gives dealers four months beyond the close season to sell certain species, should never have been enacted.

Objection, also, is raised by market gunners and unscrupulous sportsmen—men who care only to kill, and do not concern themselves in the preservation of our few remaining birds—to the provision by law that the possession of birds in the season in which their killing is prohibited shall be *prima facie* evidence that these birds were unlawfully killed. A single illustration will show the value of this provision. A market gunner with gun in hand, and his game-bag filled with woodcock, is arrested in the close time. On being arraigned, he coolly declares that he did not kill the birds found in his possession; but that he found some of them dead beneath the telegraph wires, and the others he had bought of another gunner in an adjacent town or even county. The officer who made the arrest cannot prove the contrary of this, he not having seen the birds shot, and the gunner escapes punishment, and goes out of court with the birds in his possession. Under such a law it would be next to impossible to secure a conviction; for, even if the gunner were seen to fire the shot, and even pick up and bag the bird, who would or could swear to the identity of that particular bird, if there were others of the same species in the bag?

Any law that does not make possession in unlawful times *prima facie* evidence to convict of unlawful killing is worthless. In almost every State in the Union, in their laws for the protection of game and birds, this provision is particularly made, and it has always been incorporated in our own State law. To show this, I herewith present brief extracts from the game laws of the different States, and respectfully ask of our legislators that, in the enactment of a new law for this commonwealth, they examine them, and incorporate in our law these provisions which are so universally regarded as of vital importance:

Rhode Island.—"Possession of any bird, during the time when the taking, or killing, or destruction of such bird is prohibited by this act, shall be *prima facie* evidence that such bird was taken, killed or destroyed in violation of this act."

New York.—"Any person violating either of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $25 for each bird or animal so killed or had in possession."

New Jersey.—"No person shall kill, take, expose for sale, or have unlawfully in possession." (Species named in stated times.)

Pennsylvania.—"No person shall kill, expose for sale, or have in possession" (species named in stated times). "In all cases of arrests made for the violation of this act, the possession of the game, fishes, birds, animals, fowls, nets, or other devices, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of said act."

Delaware.—"If any person shall kill, take, or destroy, sell, or expose for sale, or have in possession after the same have been killed" (species named in stated times), "such persons shall be fined," etc.

Maryland.—"No person shall shoot, catch, kill, or have in possession" (species named in stated times). "The possession of any of the birds or animals mentioned in the preceding sections, during any of the periods herein provided, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the guilt of the persons possessing the same."

Vermont.—"No person shall take or kill in this State" (birds named in stated times), "nor have in possession" (birds named), "taken or killed in violation to this section. The presence of a person without permission of the owner, with implements of shooting, trapping or fishing, upon land posted, shall be taken as *prima facie* evidence of a willful entry by him thereon for the purpose aforesaid," etc.

Massachusetts.—In this State it is now by Statute forbidden to buy, sell, or have in possession the species named in the close season, and "possession is *prima facie* evidence to convict." But the law now existing is faulty in many ways. By its provisions any person above the age of sixteen years may easily obtain a license to kill birds at all seasons, and as the law does not provide any limit to the killing, nor any penalty for wrong-doing, provided the person declares he is killing for scientific purposes, he may slay unrestrictedly. Some of these licensed bird-killers abuse their privileges, and destroy great numbers of our birds for commercial purposes.

Connecticut.—"It is unlawful to hunt or pursue, kill, destroy, or attempt to kill any woodcock, quail, gray squirrel or ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) between the first day of January and the first day of October; and every person so offending shall for each offense (the killing or destroying or having in possession of each bird or squirrel, shall be deemed a separate offense), to be fined not more than $25."

"No person or transportation company shall buy, sell, expose for sale, or have in possession * * * for any purpose, any of the birds mentioned * * * during the period in which it is unlawful to kill such birds, under the same penalty as prescribed."

Alabama.—"It is unlawful, in any place in any of the counties named in this act, for any person to purchase, have in possession, or expose for sale any of the birds or game herein mentioned during the seasons when the catching, killing, or injuring the same is prohibited."

California.—"The possession of any of the aforesaid game, at a time when it is unlawful to kill the same * * * shall be *prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of any of the provisions of this section that the person or persons in whose possession the game is found, took, killed, or destroyed the same * * * * during the period when it was unlawful to take, kill, or destroy," etc.

Colorado.—"If any person shall have in possession any partridge, prairie hen, or prairie chicken, or grouse, at any time other than the dates above-mentioned, or any other of the birds or fowls mentioned in this section, at any time, it shall be *prima facie* that the same was killed, netted, ensnared or trapped, by such person, in violation of the provisions of this act."

Dakota.—"Any person who shall sell, expose for sale, or have in possession or custody (species named and times stated), is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine," etc.

District of Columbia.—"No person shall take, kill, expose for sale or possess, dead or alive" (species named and times stated).

New Mexico.—"The possession of the above-mentioned animals or birds between the dates above named shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this section."

Montana.—"Possession of the dead bodies or any part thereof of any animals or birds, mentioned in this act, by any person, shall be *prima facie* evidence that such person killed the same."

Louisiana.—"The possession of any animals or birds, during the periods when the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, except such as are domesticated, is *prima facie* evidence that the same were unlawfully trapped or killed."

Indiana.—"It shall be unlawful to sell, keep, or expose for sale, or have in possession" (species named and times stated).

Kansas.—"The having in possession by any person, company, or corporation, of any such birds, when the shooting thereof is prohibited, excepting the ten days above excepted, is *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this act."

Ohio.—"Whoever purchases, sells, exposes for sale, or has in possession any of the birds, game, or animals mentioned, * * * * when the catching or killing thereof is made penal, shall be fined not more than $25."

Nebraska.—"* * * Having in possession any of the named animals or birds between said dates shall be deemed and taken as presumptive evidence that the same were killed, ensnared, netted or trapped in violation of this section."

Virginia.—"The possession of any bird or deer herein mentioned within the period prohibited by this act is *prima facie* of its violation, and subjects the possessor to its penalties."

West Virginia.—"The exposure for sale of any of the birds or game mentioned in this act, during the time when the killing thereof is unlawful, is *prima facie* evidence that the same was caught or killed unlawfully."

Mississippi.—"If any person shall shoot, kill, sell or have in possession, or buy, offer for sale," etc.

Michigan.—"No person shall sell, expose for sale, or have in possession, for the purpose of selling, or exposing for sale, any of the kind or species of birds or animals protected by this act, after the expiration of eight days next succeeding the times limited and prescribed for the killing of any such birds or animals."

Oregon.—"Proof of the possession of any of the aforesaid animals, fowls, birds or fish at a time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same, in the county where the same is found, is *prima facie* evidence * * * that the person or persons in whose possession the same is found, took, killed * * * when it was unlawful to take, kill or destroy the same."

Wisconsin.—All persons are forbidden to "take, catch, kill, destroy, or wantonly molest or have in possession, when taken or killed" (species named in stated times).

Idaho.—"The possession of any of the dead bodies of any of the animals or birds herein mentioned is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor killed the same."

Iowa.—"The having in possession by any person, company, or corporation, of any such birds or animals, during such prohibited period, except during the first five days thereof, shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this act."

Minnesota.—"The possession of (species named), during the time when it is unlawful to kill or possess the same, shall be evidence that the same was killed at a time when such killing is herein prohibited."

Illinois.—"Selling, exposing for sale, or having the same in possession, for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals or birds mentioned in this section after the expiration of the time mentioned in this section, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of this act."

Kentucky.—The possession of any of the animals or birds intended to be protected by this act, within the periods within which their killing or pursuit is prohibited, is *prima facie* evidence that the same were unlawfully caught or killed."

Georgia.—"The possession of such bird or animal, or the exposing of the same for sale, shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person possessing said bird or animal killed or trapped the same."

Missouri.—"It shall be unlawful to purchase, have in possession, or sell any of the game, birds, or animals specified—when the catching or killing is prohibited."

Nevada.—"It shall be unlawful within this State to have in possession, or to expose for sale, or to purchase, any of the birds, wild game, or animals mentioned in this act, dur

ing the season wherein the killing, injuring, or pursuing is herein prohibited."

MAINE.—"No person shall kill or have in possession, except alive, or expose for sale, any wood duck, dusky duck (commonly called black duck), or other sea duck, or plover, between the first day of May and the first day of September, or any ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), or woodcock, between the first day of December and the first day of September following; or any quail or pinnated grouse (commonly called prairie chicken), between the first day of January and the first day of September following."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—"No person shall" (in close season named) "take, kill, or destroy" (species named), "nor shall within the respective times aforesaid, sell, buy, or have in possession any of said birds."

The provision in relation to animals protected in stated months is: "If any person shall have in possession the carcase or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal between the times within which the killing of such animals is prohibited, it shall be *prima facie* evidence that he has hunted and killed the same contrary to law." MASSACHUSETTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT FIELD SCORES.

I AM glad that my letter giving some details of a December visit to Chatham county afforded so much consolation to your correspondent "A. F. R.," of Belvidere, N. C. It is not my fortune to have the honor of his acquaintance. I wish it was. It would give me great pleasure to try the field with one who is so expert in the use of the gun at birds. I confess I cannot match the shooting which he did, nor do I know any one who can. I heard recently of a man who reported that he had shot fifty-four times and bagged fifty-two birds. When I see a man do that I will believe it, but never upon the unsupported testimony of the sportsman. If a man will go into the field alone, and shoot only when the bird is in open ground, giving the best of all chances, especially early in November, when many of them can barely fly, he might do it. But in December and January, when birds are strong, and half the chances are in the woods, no man can make such a score—provided he shoots at all he sees near enough to him. I have hunted with persons who were adepts in blowing their own trumpets, and extolling their prowess, but when with me they did no better than I. In open fields, when alone, and without apprehension that any one is going to get in his barrel before me, I can kill three-fourths, or more, of the birds I shoot at, but if I have a companion, and especially one who claims well, I think I am quite successful if I succeed in every alternate shot. When I use the word kill, I mean it to include only those which I put in my bag. During my last hunt, I think I shot seventy-two times. I bagged thirty-eight birds. Perhaps ten others were hit badly—but I did not get them. Some persons, I learn, count all the birds which they say were struck, and doubtless they have very vivid imaginations or extremely sharp vision, and see what ordinary mortals could not do.

Now, "A. F. R." must not suppose I have meant to question the accuracy of his statements as to his performance. Such is not meant. I am alluding to the boastfulness of some men who live much nearer to me than Albemarle Sound. It must be recollected that, as a general thing in the section where I hunt, a covey found in the stubble will take cover in pine thickets or in large patches of briers or swamps, or thick woods with much undergrowth, and hence that all the shots except those on the first rise of the birds are at a great disadvantage. Of course, if a man shoots a 10-bore cylinder and uses 1¼ ounces of No. 10 shot, he can kill more birds than he can with a 14 or 16-gauge gun with less than an ounce of shot. None of our sportsmen shoot larger than twelves, and several have fourteens and sixteens. One of our most expert sportsmen shoots with a 16-bore modified choke, and he not only gets more birds than any of us, but in my opinion there are very few who can equal him with any sort of weapon. He gets about two-thirds of the birds at which he shoots. He recently tried his skill in competition with some of the best shots in Virginia, and they acknowledged that they knew no one who with even a 10 bore could get more birds than he could. When, therefore, I hear of a man who alleges his ability to kill nine out of ten birds in an all-day's hunt, I can only say that if such a man were put on the witness stand, and I were on the jury, his testimony upon the subject matter at issue would have to be strongly corroborated before it would influence my judgment as to the verdict which I should render. Even then I should place far more reliance upon the statements of the corroborators.

Several years ago one of these blatant fellows visited our section of country with his dog and gun. He talked largely of his skill, and affirmed that if he did not get five-sixths of his birds he should think had done ge-whillikin bad shooting. (That was not the adjective he used as a qualifier. He took that very convenient one which fits all cases and conditions, whether good or ill, hot or cold, fair or foul, and to which the poverty of the human intellect sometimes—nay, very often, I am sorry to say—forces men to resort in order to the thorough completion and rounding of a description.) He went into the fields, shot twenty-five times and got five birds! He never indulged in his bragging any more in our neighborhood; but doubtless in other places, where his skill was unknown, he gained the admiration of unsophisticated auditors by his extravagant professions.

Now, I make no claims to special expertness. Many sportsmen can beat me, and beat me badly, particularly when the day is dark. My vision is not so good as it once was, nor are my limbs so agile. The right eye has lost far more of its former power than the left. I keep both eyes open when I shoot, and I shoot from the right shoulder. The right, or weaker, eye controls the line of vision. But yet I can kill and get more birds in a given number of shots than many who claim far more skill than I do. I sincerely wish that these "Big Ikes" would quit their portentousness and come down to the plane of truth.

I have little confidence in the statements often made as to the capacity of guns. Distance is frequently guessed, and the owner of the very remarkable gun is a full graduate with the highest honors in this department of the human mind. It is true a man is sometimes honest when he alleges that his fowling piece will surely kill a partridge (not a ruffed grouse) at sixty yards. His ideas of distance are rather crude, and a tape line would lessen it by many yards. No gun fit to be taken to the field for wing-shooting (Mr. Greener to the contrary notwithstanding) can be relied upon for even forty yards, as the pattern at the target will demonstrate. A very large majority of birds killed on the wing are dropped at less than thirty yards, and when the second barrel is used and the game is off beyond forty, the chances are against the shooter. I have owned quite a number of guns by the best makers, and among them those made by Scott, Greener, Westley Richards, Tolley, Webley, Williams and Powell, and not one of them had the power which some persons claim for theirs. The fact is, I have no desire to own such weapons. A full choke—indeed a fuller than choke—gun which will make a pattern at forty yards of 360 pellets of No. 7 shot, and distribute with exactness, would not do at a distance of twenty yards if the sportsman wants game for the table. Such a gun must be held with absolute precision. I prefer one which will afford a little margin. Such guns will serve for trap guns. But a decent sportsman would far prefer to bag ten wild birds who spring from the grass he knows not where, and take a line of flight he cannot foresee, to breaking fifty glass balls thrown from a trap and which follow a fixed law. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

SPRING GRASS PLOVER.

DURING the beginning of the week woodcock were on hand "on the sly" at some of the game dealers' stands in Philadelphia; and this spring and summer quite a large trade has been done in this city by poulterers in grass plover and golden plover from the West. It would seem, then, as long as such a ready sale can be had for these upland birds that, as in the case of the spring flight of shore birds, there will be hereafter a steady demand for them, which will very soon tell upon their ranks. One game dealer told me that he had received this spring hundreds of them on ice from the West, and sold them almost before they reached him. "I can make more on them than I can on June woodcock," he remarked, "and can get more of them."

Now this is but one illustration of what a faulty game law brings about. Here are two varieties of game birds never before killed in the spring or sought for excepting within a comparatively short time, growing into favor and demand because they can be killed in the West just prior to the breeding season and shipped to an Eastern market by refrigerator cars when other game is scarce and not in season. We do not blame the epicure for enjoying a spring grass plover or golden plover, for they are both delicious morsels, but we must cry halt to the slaughter of them during their vernal migration, and, to use the heading of your able editorial a short time since, remark that it is indeed a "spending of principal." HOMO.

BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While we find dogs bred and trained to hunt the fox, deer and the various kinds of birds that exist on this continent, we find many kinds of game which no dog of any recognized breed will follow successfully. If large game had existed in Europe, especially in England, we should have had a dog we could depend upon to follow a bear and other similar game. I have been interested in hunting bear for the last twenty years, and have taken much pains to collect information upon the subject. While the hunters of Maine think a dog is of no use in hunting bear, our brother huntsmen in the Southwest use them with great effect, and in the place of one or two dogs, as in Maine, they use a pack. I am not prepared to say how many, I find it very difficult to get information upon this subject, as the most successful bear hunters cannot be induced to answer letters

I have been trying our common foxhound, and find while they might make good trailing dogs, they lack the courage necessary to stop a bear or drive them to tree. I am trying a cross with a bull-terrier, and expect better results. It seems that white dogs are much more effective in driving a bear to tree than dogs of a dark color. They are said to be feared by the bears.

An old trapper informed me that he and his partner trailed a bear, which had broken from the clog and escaped with a trap. With two dogs they came up with the bear and held him at bay until the hunters came up. One of them raised his rifle and sent a ball through bruin, back of the shoulder. He fell and rolled over, dead as they supposed; but in another moment he was on his feet. A second shot produced a similar effect, but before the guns could be reloaded, and while the knife was about to be used to cut his throat, he leaped to his feet and soon disappeared with both dogs hanging to his sides. In time the dogs returned and were sent on again, while the hunters followed as fast as possible. But the chase had to be abandoned; the bear or trap was never found. The dogs were part bull and probably curs.

Unless the bear is approached with great caution, while held by dogs, the prospect of getting a shot will be very poor, especially of killing the bear, as almost any amount of lead may be placed beneath their hides without doing execution, if fired at random, as was shown by taking seventeen heavy balls, a number of nails and a jack knife from a bear while skinning. This beast was killed in Roxbury, Maine. He was first fired upon in the night, and left a piece of his caul as large as our hands, while crawling through the brush fence. The next day he was followed by a number of men who kept up a fusilade with old smooth back guns as long as balls could be procured. Then they used such things as happened to be in their pockets, such as board nails and knives. One man took a four-bladed knife, opened the blade and slipped it into his gun, ran up behind the slowly retreating bear, and fired it into his hip. Bruin stood the balls and nails, but this was too much for his generally good and inoffensive disposition, so he turned suddenly and threw the man to the ground and began to bite his arm. Had it not been for one of their number rushing up and throwing his hat in bruin's face, the man would have been killed. An old hunter was sent for and succeeded in killing the bear with two balls. This bear was very large, weighing 400 lbs. In order to get him out to the road he was roped down the river with a man astride of him.

I have trailed bruin in his wanderings after snowfall, before he enters his winter home. I became interested in unraveling the most intricate and strange peculiarities possessed by this most hidden and eccentric of all our wild animals, for bruin can do the most traveling up and down inaccessible mountains, through cedar jungles, mud and water, going and returning, stepping so nearly in his tracks that it takes much time to find the trail, or where he left his back tracks. Much intelligence is shown. The place of leaving the track is chosen, so that by a long jump over a log or stone the trail will be hidden. I have had to go over the same ground several times, and not until one had followed the trail a little distance upon each side could it be found where he had left the track. I have tried to study the purpose of all these miles of seemingly aimless wandering, when no food is looked for or taken. I think at last I have become acquainted with the habits of our common black bear, and should there be any interest manifested upon the subject will gladly contribute my mite to bring out something of interest upon this much neglected subject.

Will the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have any knowledge on the subject, especially as relates to the use of dogs in such hunting, if any one has such dogs, tell us about them? I can assure you it will be read with great interest by many, to my certain knowledge, for all of those who wait for the coming of our paper with gladness do not own a fancy dog or gun, and yet they love the deep woods, and do not mind trifles. They are "deep-water fishermen" so to speak, who feel that they cannot write for a paper. I wish we might have a corner for such common talk, just as they talk to us. BRUIN.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL LAW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last session of the General Assembly of North Carolina the following law for the protection of quail or partridge in Currituck county was enacted, in order to prevent destroying them until full grown and strong. It has heretofore been the custom to commence shooting them about the middle of October, at which time the late broods are quite small and barely able to fly.—M. H. S. (Snowden, N. C.). An act to protect quail or partridge in Currituck county. Section 2834 of the Code of North Carolina is amended by adding at the end thereof the following: "And any person who shall kill or shoot, trap or net any partridge or quail in Currituck county between the first day of April and the first day of December in each year shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding $10 or imprisoned not exceeding ten days for each offense. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification." In General Assembly read three times and ratified this 11th day of March, 1885. Chapter 396, page 661, Laws 1885.

MARYLAND WOODCOCK.—Woodcock are reported to be plentiful in Maryland, and it is said that many young birds were bred there. The weather lately has been very favorable to the broods, but if a dry season continues into July, the birds will all collect near the wet places and be the more readily found and killed by the sportsman who follows summer shooting. Why cannot a concentrated movement be made by the many game protective societies and sportsmen's clubs to abolish entirely summer shooting of all kinds? I doubt not but that the majority of shooting men of the United States would favor it.—HOMO.

BERGEN COUNTY BIRD PROTECTORS.—New York, June 17.—A goodly number of gentlemen, both sportsmen and those interested in the protection of song birds, met at the residence of W. Holberton, Hackensack, N. J., and reorganized the old Bergen County Association for the Protection of Game. The following officers were elected: President, W. Holberton; Secretary and Treasurer, Edwin Ackerman. The association ordered several hundred muslin posters, giving a synopsis of the new game laws, which will be distributed through the county, and vigorous measures will be taken for their enforcement.

WOLVES IN MAINE.—A newspaper paragraph states that on Thursday of last week, as Benjamin F. Pottle, of Pittston, Me., was walking through a piece of woods, he was attacked by a timber wolf that was making its way through the forest. Mr. Pottle is quite an old man and lame, which obliges him to carry a heavy walking-stick, and with his cane he made a vigorous fight, and after quite a struggle succeeded in getting in a couple of blows on the head of the animal that partially stunned it. By repeating the strokes he succeeded in killing the animal before receiving any serious injury.

QUAIL IN ARKANSAS.—Little Rock, Ark., June 18.—The prospects for quail are better than usual. They have wintered well and all the railroads are refusing to carry them to market during the close season, so they will have a chance. Heretofore numbers of professional market hunters have camped on the prairies and killed them all summer for the Memphis and St. Louis markets. The refusal of the railroads to ship the game has stopped this.—CASUAL.

RUFFED GROUSE ON LONG ISLAND.—A new law forbids the capture of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, in Queens and Suffolk counties, N. Y., between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

153.

I WAS hunting with an army musket near Fort Totten, Dakota Territory, one intensely cold day in January, 1868, and fired at a buffalo seventy-five yards distant and missed. The bullet fired from the musket I was using at the time was frozen in the air twenty-five yards from the muzzle of the musket, and was thus held in suspension until it was released by the heat of the sun's rays on the 20th of April following, when it sped on its course and killed three elk out of a band of about three thousand, thence on a mile further—measured distances—and killed four jack rabbits, and then striking the water of Devil's Lake, two hundred and seventy-three yards further, the bullet cut a lateral parabolic curve and plunged into a large flock of trumpeter swans and killed five of them. The bullet that did all this bloody work was found in one of the swan's bellies, and was recognized by peculiar marks on it, and was presented to Jules Verne who, it is said, took it with him on his last visit to the moon. I have always regretted parting with that bullet, but I am consoled by a line from Mr. Verne, in which he states he will return the bullet when he goes to the moon and back on another trip, which he expects to make soon by the application and aid of elictricity. If Maj. Joseph Verity would like to have the bullet I will send it to him as soon as Mr. Verne returns it to me. JINGO SAM.

154.

The highly esteemed president of our game and fish protective society, proceeded to his favorite bass waters, Fites Eddy, on the Susquehanna below Columbia, last Saturday, to try his luck with the fish and mine host Bostick, who keeps the tavern at that point.

Quite close to the Eddy a small stream enters the river, in which a few trout still linger. This fact is known to but a few, among them our E. P. before mentioned. He is

rather a wiry little fellow, generally plucky and willing to attack any obstacle in his way that prevents his catching a fish, but don't know much about cows or bulls and the like. Thinking to vary the monotony of the bass fishing he concluded to try the trout. He climbed over a lot of brush and fallen timber to the head of a small fall, and emerged into an open space in the woods, in which were feeding something less than a hundred wild heifers, etc. Thinking to startle them and drive them from his pet stream, he let out a war whoop which stampeded all but half a dozen, among them an old bull, big as a house. This half dozen did not seem to mind him much and kept on feeding. Thinking to put them to flight as easily as the others, he walked quietly forward and gently prodded his bullship with the end of his rod, and let out another whoop Mr. Bull looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then lowered his head and let out a bellow that, compared to our president's war whoop, sounded like a calliope to a penny whistle. It didn't take our small friend long to make up his mind that it wasn't healthy on that stream, and dropping his rod he started back for the falls at a 2.10 gait. Reaching the top he shut his eyes and jumped, landing about nine feet below on brush, logs, stones and brambles, which he says he never felt when he struck, but gathered himself together and struck out for a safe position, reaching which he looked back to see if the bull was still following. His bullship, however, was contented and happy, and was quietly grazing at the top of the fall. Our poor friend waited several hours till the bull got out of range, then executed a flank movement for his rod, which he succeeded in recovering and found unharmed. His catch for the day numbered some sixty odd rockfish, bass and wall-eyed pike, but no trout. And it is not healthy to call his attention to anything resembling a bull just yet. PIGARTH.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 18.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—IV.

SATURDAY morning came in with a soft mist covering the water and a thin blue haze mellowing the woodland, with a feeling of rain in the air, but when the sun was an hour high everything took a brighter look, and a pleasant day and fair sport was anticipated.

It was decided that I should take Bob and Kit and fish and idle along down to Provemont, mail three or four letters that had been hastily written to the folks at home, and wait for the Mullers, who were expected there between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, while the others were to fish where the inclination led them. With a pair of rowlocks the "holler log" was converted into a rowboat, and with the lightest oars and lighter hearts we left the camp in our dry and steady old craft, ready to take issue with anything in the shape of a fish, from a simple-minded goggle eye to the mightiest maskalonge that claimed supremacy of the waters.

The first half mile was devoted to trying to teach the girls the knack of casting from the reel, which, I am constrained to say, did not produce any very remarkable results. Kit could not get the hang of the underhand swing of the rod, necessary to a good and accurate cast, but, to quote Dick again, "almost always invariable" brought the point of the rod back and then over her head, a regular woodchopper's cast, the frog striking the water a few yards away with a spat that flattened him out like a flapjack. This treatment persisted in for some time undermined his health and so discouraged him that he straightened out his hind legs and gave up the unequal contest. But perhaps after all it were an easier thing to be hammered flat and breathless at the hands of a green girl in the art of dropping a frog lightly and gently on the water, than to have the flesh stripped from his bones while alive, by the savage jaws of the first hungry pickerel that got his cruel eye on him. And Miss Kitty had a fashion, too, of taking her thumb from the reel every few casts at about exactly the wrong time, allowing the spool to overrun and foul the line into a score of fantastic knots and gnarls, after which performance she would placidly pass it to her patient teacher, who would diligently strive with it till the knotty problem was solved and the line wound on the spool again in proper shape, meantime whistling to himself a few bars of some soothing old air to keep from exploding with pent up language at the meek and lowly look on Kit's face as she watched the untangling. But she improved fairly, and in a few days was able to make a very creditable (woodchopper's) cast, and would occasionally get in an underhanded side winder that would have done no discredit to Doctor Henshall, the original discoverer, it seems, of this branch of the art gentle.

As the exertion was a little too arduous to dodge two frogs and two fish hooks at the same time, only one of the pupils was allowed to recite at a time. "Now Bob, stand up there in the bow—the old craft is perfectly steady—and see how close you can land your frog to that single bulrush over there toward the shore. You can always make a better cast standing than sitting, although after you have mastered the knack of it, you can usually place your bait near enough the desired spot while sitting." Bob's first cast was in the nature of a discourager, as she forgot to take her thumb from the spool of the reel at all and the frog came around with a swish, barely missing my ear, took a whirl over the rod and struck the water in a heap, too much bewildered to blink. The next effort was better, and the third time she dropped the frog within a couple of yards of the bulrush, which was ten yards away and without letting the reel overrun. Bob proved an apt scholar, and before the day was over could sling a frog ten or twelve yards with neatness and a reasonable degree of precision. With much complacency, but without showing the slightest shade of vanity at a word or two of merited praise, she took her place at the head of the class of two, although Miss Kit claimed that the "woodchopper cast" possessed hidden merits and advantages over the "Henshall style" that Bob and I did not seem to recognize.

But here we had loitered along till past the first point below camp and no fishing yet; and the lines were run off sixty or seventy feet astern and enough headway given to the holler log to keep the frogs from finding the bottom. As a rule in fishing in these Michigan lakes along the rushes and lily-pads, the one having the inside nearest them is likely to get the best of the fishing, and Bob was given the inside out of courtesy. Kit's line trailed straight astern, while the skipper's rod winged out lakeward to take any fish that might escape the lures of the twins. Kit had turned partly around on the seat to say something to Bob over in the bow when a smart tug at the line started the reel to whirling rapidly, but she did not seem to understand just what was going on. "Is that a fish doing that?" she asked; "why I believe it really is a fish."

"Fish, certain. Stand up, steady now and pay attention to business; he's got about enough line, and we'll see how you handle your first fish. Stop your reel now, firmly with the thumb on the spool, point the rod in the direction the line is running and when it tightens give the rod a smart sweep to the left, and the pull will more than likely head the fish out into the lake; if we were going the other way the pull would be to the right, for the same reason. There, strike! and you and I, Bob, will reel up out of the way and watch the fun."

The fish was struck in good style for a first attempt, and with a word or two about grasping the rod in the right place so the thumb of the left hand could be used for guiding the line on the reel to prevent bunching, and a caution about holding the point of the rod well up that the fish might not get the advantage of a straight pull on line and rod at the same time, Kit was left to manage the rest of her first battle and "fight it out on that (fish) line if it took all summer."

It promised to be an exciting struggle, for Kit was cool—more so than might have been expected—and in dead earnest, and the fish was a strong, vigorous one, as I could see by the working of the switch of a rod; was equally in earnest, and determined to smash something and go his ways. A sweep or two of the oars placed the canoe fifty feet from the rushes and in good position to insure a fair and even fight. The fish made a rush up the lake, but a hard pull brought him around in a circle with the line hissing through the water till he headed for the boat. The line slackened suddenly, the rod came back, and Kit looked around the picture of despair, with, "There, he's off! What will I do now?"

"Reel up, quick, and step aft and lead you line around the stern of the canoe; lively now, for he'll go under the old log like a streak, and if the line fouls the fight is over."

He passed close under the stern and kept on toward the rushes, but by this time Kit had regained her head and fought him slowly back to within a few feet of the canoe, where he made repeated efforts to get to the bottom of the lake by spasmodic jerks that took the tip of the rod under water in spite of all her strength, for she seemed to have made up her mind not to yield another inch of line if she smashed the rod. It was a good fight on the part of the fish, but the tough little rod soon broke his spirit, and he came to the surface rolling from side to side, with his mouth wide open in token of surrender. He was gently led alongside, and grasping his lower jaw I lifted him into the canoe, a bronze-backed, big-mouth bass of three and a half pounds, as recorded by the pocket scale that evening after we got to camp. (Never take your pocket scale out with you; that fish was a six-pounder in Bob's and Kit's eyes all day, and if the truth-telling scale had been at hand they would have been deprived of at least half the day's happiness).

Kit straightened up and sent forth a clear feminine yell that started a couple of bluejays to scolding back in the swamp, and exclaimed, "Chip of the old block, if I do cast like a woodchopper," which was not perhaps in the nature of a compliment to the "skipper of the holler log"—and Bob and I are convinced to this day that she was fully two inches taller than she was a half hour before. Over from the bow came Bob's deliberate "Hooray for Kit," and Kit echoed it, and then we all "hoorayed" in chorus.

Just how much clear, straight-grained happiness three people can get out of the capture of a 3½-pound big-mouth bass will probably never be found out. While the "chip" was nervously stringing the fish—insisted on as a branch of the art—it seems to me now that I made a blunder in the custom Uncle Dan and I have fallen into of kissing a fine bass when taken, and kissed Kit instead, but if this did happen the bass perhaps never noticed the mistake. It was Miss Kitty's first bass, and first fish of any kind, and she felt justly elated with it, and I know I felt as proud of her as she did over the achievement, but "blood's thicker'n water." The good points in the controversy were noticed with a word of praise, the bad ones pointed out and condemned, and we pulled back near the rushes and began fishing again. In the next half mile she took four more, while Bob and I sat like two toad stools on a log looking on with "nary a nibble" to stir the blood in our veins. Of these, one was a pugnacious small-mouth of nearly 3 pounds, that tried his level best to make us believe he owned the whole lake, and it took nearly fifteen minutes of vigorous argument with rod and line to bring him to a realization of his error and coax him to accept a vacancy on the stringer with his less belligerent cousins.

And just here, with the memory of that contest fresh in mind, it may be as good a time as any for a few "amphibious remarks," as Dick would say, about the game qualities of the large and small-mouthed black bass, based on a rod and line acquaintance with them of more than thirty-five years. With a few rare exceptions, my experience with the large-mouthed variety dates back to only about six years ago, when first fishing the Intermediate chain of lakes in Northern Michigan. Out of many hundreds of bass taken in the Wabash River while a "small boy" and youth, I don't call to mind a dozen that were of the large-mouthed kind, and these were called by the anglers thereabouts lake bass and Oswego bass. In fishing the Tippecanoe River, which empties into the Wabash a few miles above Lafayette, Ind., for more than a dozen years every fall, and sometimes a couple of weeks in the spring, I have taken not more than three or four big-mouths, and have known of as many more being taken by others. Two or three more in some of the streams of Eastern Indiana make up the sum total of big-mouths taken in running water, and it always seemed to me that they lacked the vim and energy to tackle the riffles and rapids of a swift-running stream, preferring the lazy existence to be enjoyed among the grasses and along the bulrushes and lily pads fringing the shores of lakes where there was no current to fight against and make them tired.

Since we began fishing the North Michigan waters I have become better acquainted with them, and have handled them till my arm has been tired out. I am not going to say they are not good, hard fighters for a while, but they seem to lose heart in the struggle after a few rushes, and it would be hard to convince me that they are anything like the equal of the small-mouth in dash, tireless vigor of action, and everything that counts in the make-up of a thoroughly game fish.

Some there are who will no doubt differ with me and say I am prejudiced in favor of the small-mouths, because I was "raised" with them, as it were, but I am not. I write simply what I believe to be the truth, after handling both day after day in the very same waters, with the same kind of bait, with the same rod, and under like conditions; and I write too only of my own personal observance of the qualities of the two varieties as fighters, and by the light of his own experience an angler, I take it, should be largely governed in making up his beliefs.

I am firmly convinced that the small-mouth fights harder and longer, and with a clearer understanding of the point at issue—to get away—than his cousin of the open countenance. He exhibits more cunning and strategy, and sense too, in his efforts to rid himself of the hook than the other. If there is a snag, root, log, boulder, or a bunch of grass, a bulrush or lily stem in sight or reach, he is going to whip around it and break away unless the tackle is strong enough to turn him away from it, and it is not skill that holds him away from a limb or root when he makes up his mind to go there, but a perfectly reliable rod and line and a cool head.

The big-mouth will do the same to a less extent and in a more listless way, and he don't display, as far as I have noticed, an equal amount of intelligence and pertinacity in doing it. As old Ben would say, "He don't git up an' hustle like the' was a nest o' yeller jackets after him"—and that word "hustle" about covers the ground in the matter of a fish that has the right kind of fight in him. Then as to their habit of leaping, I have observed that the small-mouth usually leaves the water from one to five and six times after being hooked, notably in open water, where there are no obstructions around which he may foul the line; and I have noticed, too, that they leave the water oftener in the fall than they do in the spring before spawning is over. Sometimes, however, he will not show above water during the whole struggle, not even in the most open water, but it is not usually the case. If the locality where he is struck is infested with roots, snags, etc., he is not so likely to break water, but will rather seek to get among them, where he is reasonably sure to take a turn around something and regain liberty.

This habit of leaping out of the water and trying to shake the hook loose is another point in favor of the small-mouth, for the big-mouth, as a rule, is not a jumper, although they often leave the water a foot or such a matter; but it is rarely more than once or twice at most during active hostilities, and what is more soul-stirring or calculated to make each individual hair of an angler stand on end than to see a big bass sail five feet into the air with his shining coat of mail glistening in the sun and shake himself, especially if he cast the hook and bait ten feet away and wave a good-by with his tail fin as he disappears under the water?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERMONT BASS.

THE season opened here for black bass and doré, or pike-perch, on the 15th inst.

In the lake some large catches of these game fish are reported, which shows the good effects of protection. In the river here the catches have been small, which fact is accounted for, as the French residents have lined the river banks for the past six weeks under the pretense of fishing for suckers, and have cleaned the bass from their spawning beds. So far it has been impossible to convict one of these fellows, as they have banded themselves together in a body for the purpose of evading the fish law.

Our local fish warden has been almost powerless in the attempted performance of his duties, as those of our citizens who should be interested—the property holders—are perfectly indiffesent whether the law is enforced or not. At Swanton, a few miles down the river, matters are even worse than here, for here I have prevented illegal fishing being done openly; but there, in Swanton, large numbers of bass and doré have been speared and killed otherwise in open defiance to the law. Each of these villages has its monster maskinonge which has been seen in the river from time to time. The one at Swanton was speared a few weeks ago, but he broke away and was picked up dead about two weeks afterward some eight miles from where he was struck. The fish measured four feet and eight inches in length and though from the effect of his wounds was emaciated to a mere skeleton, it weighed forty-two pounds.

Last evening the writer, with one of Scribner's light rods, was skittering a small phantom minnow for bass at the foot of the rapids and in the presence of several spectators, when he struck the Highgate monster. The fish was plainly seen as he several times jumped at least six feet clean out of the water. The fight lasted fully fifteen minutes, and was ended by the casting line, which was twisted double gut, being bitten in two. Regarding this fish's size I will simply say that he was a monster; quite likely the father of the Swanton fish. STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt., June 18.

LARGE-MOUTH AND SMALL-MOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last year I spent some time investigating the comparative gaminess of the small-mouth and the big-mouth black bass in the Little Red River of Arkansas, where both species exist in about equal numbers, the one in the swift shoaly places and the other in the slack water or "holes" of that stream. I started in without prejudice and came out with an impression favorable to the big-mouth, of which I should probably have made no mention but for a kind word in his behalf from the philosopher of the Bigosh in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM.

Of course there is a difference in the "manner" of the two fishes. The big-mouth, for instance, in the stream to which I have alluded, takes the fly much more freely than his neighbor, and fights with at least equal determination after taking. In using the trolling spoon in clear water, I have frequently observed that the small-mouth will follow the lure for a while, and abandon the pursuit without an attempt to capture. This I have never known the big-mouth to do. He starts for it, goes straight to it, takes it, and fights it out on that line. There is nothing indirect about him—until he is hooked. Then he will cut the line on rocks, wind it about snags, tangle it among weeds, and do very many highly reprehensible things. In this regard he is no worse, however, if he be so bad, as his sly neighbor the small-mouth. The small-mouth, in this delectable stream, presents great variety of coloring, from very nearly that of the big-mouth to a dense inky black, even the inside of the mouth being black. The coloring of the big-mouth is perfectly uniform, dark olive green above, lighter below, with well defined black stripe on each side from gill cover to tail.

On one occasion I took when trolling from a boat, a specimen in coloring and markings exactly like the big-mouth, and in shape like the small-mouth. The grand test, the mouth itself, was non-committal, being too large for the one and too small for the other. The size of scales was suitable

to the small-mouth. Is it not possible that cross fertilization might occur? If it be possible, then I know of no place more likely than the stream mentioned, where both species are very numerous, and of necessity very intimately associated at times, as when the water is low and the stream confined to a very narrow channel. If I get a satisfactory answer to this question I will ask some more. SALMON ROE.

NEWPORT, Ark., June 13, 1885.

["Kingfisher" also discusses the subject this week.]

THE OLD RESERVOIR.

"Simple Truth his Utmost Skill."
—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

THE letters that I have received this spring from angling friends at home and across the sea, reporting their catches of trout, have made my own baskets seem smaller than they actually were, by comparison, and I can assure every one that they required a certificate of character to get into respectable society after the six-inch clause was added to the game law; but a day came when I could plainly see that there was to be an end of small things. On that day my old friend and fishing comrade for twenty-five years, Judge R., walked into my den, seated himself, blew a cloud of tobacco smoke from his mouth as though it was escaping steam and remarked judicially, "We are two blooming idiots." I demurred. He overruled the demurrer, and I told him to go on with his evidence, that I appeared as attorney for one of the idiots. There was a lurid glare in the off eye of the Judge that made me think the case ought to go to a jury if my client was to get any show for a favorable verdict. Between snorts of disgust and sulphurous exclamations the evidence was sworn in, but before it was half in I flopped from defendent to plaintiff without any retainer.

The case can be summed up as follows: This village is supplied with water from a mountain five miles away, where there are two reservoirs on one of the best trout streams that ever murmured, a stream that has in days gone by offered up more than one trout that would weigh full four pounds. One reservoir is near the foot of the mountain and is small, but from it I have taken some decent trout, until repeated cleanings made it hardly worth fishing. Two miles above the first and on the top of the mountain a second reservoir or pond was made about six years ago and this is half a mile long. I never had been to the upper pond, but the Judge, as a member of the Board of Health, made a visit to it the day before he called upon me. I do not know what the Board of Health went up on that mountain for except it was for the ride, but whatever their object, I will wager a trade dollar against a ginger cookie that the Judge did nothing but sit on the bank and watch, hoping to see a trout break the surface of the pond. Anyway, he came down from the mountain charged with pure oxygen, nitrogen, and wrath, to think that this pond, which must be full of trout—"old half-way brook trout"—had been slumbering over our heads while we had not sconce enough to think of it and fish it. We had been looking down when we should have been looking up.

The smoke from our cigars took on a rosy hue as we formed a plan to fish this pond, up among the clouds, that was spread out before my mind's eye with its surface broken by leaping trout and its shores an unbroken wall of living green. I could almost hear the splash of the feeding fish, and was tempted in imagination to weigh some of the larger specimens as I thought of the years that they had been growing undisturbed. As the pond was village property we must procure a warrant from the village to fish it, which we did at once at a mysterious interview with the president of said corporation, which ended by three men separating with fingers on lips and faces looking as wise as owls. We had a good thing and did not propose to give it away. We decided to make the first draft on the coming Tuesday, and as we concluded that we would take only eight or nine pounds each at the first visit, it would not be necessary to start until noon. If the Judge and I should drive out of town clad in dress coats we could make no one believe we were not going a fishing, so we could only hope to conceal our destination, and to this end at the appointed time we started north, and when well out into the country turned back and headed west.

There is one peculiarity about the trips taken by Judge R. and myself, that it is generally a matter of perfect indifference whether we got fish or not. We enjoy the ride, the mountains, the blue of the sky, the green of the grass and trees, the bloom of the wild flowers, and the sound of every living creature. Our tongues wag about other days, other fishing and past shooting, when game was not scarce as it is to-day. So as we jogged along and came to a long hill with a high bank on one side and a ravine on the other the Judge said: "It always makes me shudder when I come along here to think of how you drove the big mares down this hill that awful dark night when we just got our game in in time to be counted. It was about here that your game bag went out of the wagon!"

That dark night was nineteen years ago. I had chosen sides with Col. N. for a squirrel hunt, and all game had to be in at 9 P. M. or it would be thrown out. The Judge and I had shot over ground some distance away, and on our return home stopped at a road house and found a message from a member of my side which said that the game was all in except ours, and I was about 200 count behind. The Judge had a score of 277 and I one of 364, the largest ever brought in at one of our hunts. Feeling that we had won we dallied at the hostel until a look at our watches told us we had barely time to reach the rendezvous. There was a hurry of iron shod hoofs, and we disappeared in the darkness. The man who had that day carried game for me wished to see the close of the hunt, and was riding home with us. I told my companions to shut their eyes and hang on, and if the wagon held together we would get our game in. As we were going down the hill referred to, Andy accidentally pushed my game bag out of the wagon with his foot, and its contents were well scattered along the roadway. Lighted matches enabled us to find some of the game, but there was no time for a close search, and at three minutes before nine o'clock we were at the hotel door. My message was all wrong, for Col. N.'s side scored 2236, mine 2240. Only a slight difference, but enough to win.

The depression that we pass on our left that was once Forge Pond, awakens memories that we could talk about for days, and we feed upon them until we reach the mountain and begin the ascent, the road leading through alternate woods and clearings for a mile until we enter a sort of tunnel of green like a triumphal arch, through which the sun shimmers. There is a break in the foliage at our right as though a curtain had been drawn back to give us a peep at the plain at our feet and the town in the distance, while still further beyond the Green Mountains belie their name by rivaling the color of the sky, to which they reach and touch. The carpet of moss and dead pine needles muffles the footfalls of the horse, so that we come across a male wild pigeon sitting upon a dead limb and preening the feathers of its bronze breast. Our appearance causes it to fly only a little distance where we can see that it resumes its interrupted toilet making. A sleek catbird is so unconcerned that I can almost touch it with the end of the whip as we pass underneath its perch on a white birch; but all too soon the left wing of the dam which forms the pond bars our passage. One look at the pond and our air castle tumbles into ruins. A recent storm has changed the clear water into a good imitation of *bouillon*, and we know that a trout cannot see a fly five feet away, even if furnished with a water telescope. As we are on the spot we can do no less than try a cast, hoping that a few trout may be loitering at the surface. The scow that we find full of water is bailed out and we embark; but "ho! what ha hafternoon!" In the space of eighteen hundred and odd years nothing has been discovered that so thoroughly saps one's vitality and converts a comparatively young man into a centenarian as the effort to keep on the upper side of a cranky scow and at the same time cast a fly.

A bucking broncho once suspended me in the air like Mahomet's coffin and then threw himself on the top of me; but that was a picnic compared to riding a scow that insists upon turning bottom side up in thirty feet of wet water. Two hours of fishless fishing satisfied us, at the same time fitted us to fill an engagement to walk a slack wire, and we turned our faces toward the lower reservoir. There the water was clear, too clear, in fact, for the small quantity we found; but beginning at the inlet stream, I whipped it faithfully down the left bank to the dam and along the dam until I came to the spillway, which was perhaps twenty feet across and the bottom about four feet below the crown of the dam. There was about an inch of water on the spillway, from which it poured upon the apron a foot below; the apron was ten or twelve feet long, quite steep, and from it the water fell to broken rocks about ten feet beneath. In the middle of the spillway was a post, and from it extended short pieces of plank to the capstones of the dam at either side. When I came to this trap I looked it over to discover evidences of some one having crossed in recent years. The planks had a very aged appearance, and I tested their strength as thoroughly as possible with my eye, and decided to intrust them with 200 pounds of solid flesh rather than exercise said flesh by a walk around the pond. I planted one foot safely on the plank, but in bringing down the other (the plank was a foot below the top of the dam) the broad welt of my wading shoe caught a nail and chaos came. I made a frantic effort to catch the post as I struck it with my nose, and while descending head first I involuntarily pitched my Caledonia fly-rod into the pond, so I did not fall on it. When the planetary display (caused by the intimacy of my nose with the post) was over I took an inventory. My rod had been carried by the force of the water to the apron and was safely lodged. My Leyison fly-book was above high-water mark, ditto my watch, and these were my chief concern. Before I took the header my nose was pure Greek, but afterward it felt as though it were roamin' all over my face; it was not skinned as neatly as a surgeon would have done it, but it was thoroughly done and a fairly good job, considering it was done by a post. I was disgusted, not so much that I had saved myself from being shot like a bullet out of a gun on to the rocks below the apron, but because above the din of the falling water I heard a sound that came from the bank of the pond, and there stood a human figure clothed in corduroy with head thrown back and a gray beard pointing toward the horizon, its arms were wildly sawing the air, while the sound—a cross between a fog horn and a kazoo—issued from the beard. I suppose it was meant for an expression of hilarity. As soon as I could get on the dam, for the boards of the spillway were like grease and it was not an easy journey, I walked to that figure with fire in my eye and water in my lower pocket and shoes and demanded an apology for such injudicial levity. The figure, after a time, said: "I did not laugh until I found you were not going down the apron," and I replied, "Your explanation is satisfactory." We then adjourned to the wagon and came home. There have been many unvarnished tales, but mine has not even a priming coat of paint, and if any one can discover anything about it that is fishy, I would be pleased to have it pointed out.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE STRIPED BASS LAW.

UNDER the head of "Fish Legislation" we referred, in our last issue, to the new law of the State concerning striped bass. Following this the New York *Times* of Saturday last gives the following interviews with prominent New York marketmen, as follows:

"A game law having been recently passed which makes it a misdemeanor to sell striped bass from Jan. 1 to the 20th of May, some of the leading wholesale and retail fish dealers in New York were asked by a representative of the *Times* to give their opinion in regard to this law. All were unanimous in condemning it. To some it was a matter of surprise, as they had never heard about the passage of such a law.

"Mr. Eugene G. Blackford said: 'This latest amendment to the game laws should be entitled "An act to suppress the fish trade of New York city." It deprives the people of this State of one of the most important items in their food supply, as during that period striped bass are most abundant, and are sold at lower prices than at any other time of the year. During the months of March and April from one to five tons of striped bass are daily received in New York from Southern States, and the effect of this law will be to drive not only the bass, but all other kinds of fish that are shipped from those places into the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston markets. I look upon it as very singular that the Legislature or the Governor should approve such oppressive and destructive measures. I have made a careful estimate that the result of this latest addition to our game law will have the effect of driving from our markets fish to the amount of at least $200,000 annually, which business will be gladly welcomed by Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, and no good result is obtained in the way of protection.'

"Mr. G. S. Laphear, of the firm of Moon & Laphear, said: 'The law is a very unjust one, taking in the best season for the fish. Very few striped bass come at all from New York rivers, but the bulk are from North Carolina, the Provinces, Maine and Rhode Island. The bass come to market from North Carolina with the first shad, and if there is an embargo on them very few shad will come from there. It is the bass business which is the main one for the North Carolina fishermen. It seems to me to be a shame that laws of this kind are passed in Albany, quite without our having any acquaintance with their character. The first thing we know is when they are printed. As the striped bass will not come here, but will go to Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Baltimore and elsewhere, it will spoil our general trade, because a customer who could not find striped bass with us would give his orders for all other kinds of fish, such as cod, haddock, halibut, crabs and shad, to parties who had a general stock.'

"Mr. Samuel B. Miller, of the wholesale Fulton Fish Market, said: 'It is the wickedest law ever made. I should not think people could pass such a law, knowing that the time when striped bass are excluded from market is just when they are most wanted. I believe that the people of New York State generally have as much right to eat striped bass as those of New Jersey or Pennsylvania. But if this law is enforced they will all go elsewhere. People who want to eat bass will have then to go out of the State.'"

FISHING AT SCHROON LAKE.—Schroon Lake, N. Y., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Schroon Lake has lost nothing of her fame of years ago, as our guides and hotel men are earnest advocates of any law that will prove of benefit to our interests and are alive to the fact that the life of the entire region is dependent upon her fish and game. A hatchery has been built by private contribution, and through the kindness and courtesy of the State Fish Commission we have been enabled to place in the lakes and streams hereabouts thousands of trout, bass and salmon. California trout placed in the brooks two years ago have been caught measuring six inches in length, and these alone promise sport without limit, in the near future. In April C. W. Burwell, a gentleman who looks ahead rather than behind, placed in the lake a lot of pike, sheepshead, salmon and trout. To those who are considering a fishing excursion I would say that no better sport can be found in the Adirondacks than here, and if any one doubts my statement let them inquire of Messrs. S. P. White, 128 West Twenty-second street, Hon. Effingham H. Nichols, I. P. Chambers, General Auditor N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad, or A. F. Cross, 21 Maiden Lane, and thus satisfy themselves of its truth. The season for speckled trout has now opened, and last week J. H. Washburn, Vice-President and Secretary of the Home Insurance Company, New York, in company with the experienced guide, B. F. Wickham, caught in Sand Lake, twelve miles distant, twenty seven trout, averaging in weight nearly one pound each. This, while being a good catch, is not as good as could have been reported had the weather been of a more auspicious nature. In my next I will try and give your readers an idea of the infamous dog law passed by a body of men called the State Assembly, who, had they possessed the average intelligence of the dogs in question, would not have passed it. More later.—ED. M.

THAT FISHING PROBLEM.—Albany, N. Y., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Piscator's" problem in your issue of June 18 is very simple. He says, "One hundred feet from shore the trout may be seen jumping." If the shore is wooded close to the half inch of water and mud of unknown depth, fell two trees parallel to each other, and if he can get them within two feet of each other he can walk on them their full length, trimming the upper limbs off as he goes. That should bring him within forty feet of his fish, and give him six inches or more of water; he can then cast the other forty feet. Given, the woods too far from water for such a bridge; fell a tree from six to eight inches at the butt, cut into two to four feet lengths, split through the center once, carry the smaller pieces from the top of the tree first, plant them flat side down in the mud a reasonable distance apart. If the water deepens stop splitting the logs, rolling them to their places. If the water gets too deep so that his logs float, cut some saplings from two to three inches at the butt, leaving the limbs on, and lay them out first, then his slabs on top at the outer end, or last bent of his bridge, lay the butts of his saplings outboard, else his leader will catch in them as he lands his fish. At the outer end of bridge he can build a crib on top of a good layer of saplings, and keep out of the water while fishing. After constructing his bridge or causeway, he can carry his material for a raft into a sufficient depth of water, there construct it and go where he pleases.—IRA WOOD.

"SKINNED STREAM."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How pleasant it is for us Litchfield county farmers when we take up the FOREST AND STREAM to find such articles as that written by "Stillaboy" in issue of May 25. He tells how every day, when the law allows, the stream is skinned. By whom? Every train that leaves the cities of New York, Bridgeport and New Haven from April 20 to June 1 carries from one to ten men, equipped with fishing tackle and bound to the streams of Litchfield county. This leaves from April 1 to the 20th and the month of June for stragglers. All these persons come to fish our streams, running through our farms, on which we pay taxes. If we don't wish to be selfish and deny others pleasure even at our own expense, we allow them to make paths through our meadows, break down our fences and take our fish. Or if we do post our lann, what a row they make about it! Not content with this legal fishing, "Stillaboy" narrates with effusion how three weeks after the stream has been skinned, he proceeds, contrary to law, to save the horns and hoofs, even going up the little spring brooks, where the fish have sought cool water, to catch the fingerlings. All I can say is I wish I could catch him at it. He would have the most costly mess of trout that ever he took.—LITCHFIELD COUNTY FARMER.

DESTROYING DRUMFISH.—Staten Island, June 20.—The oystermen of Prince's Bay have opened war on the drums, which destroy their oyster beds by chewing up the oysters. On Friday last the bay was dotted with skiffs in which the owners of the oysters were busy either placing their ears close to the surface of the water or were occupied in making round balls of flour and glue and throwing the latter into the water. The drumfish make so much noise when crunching up the oysters that a person can easily tell where the fish are feeding by placing the ear near the surface of the water, when a distinct drum-like or thrumming sound is heard. The balls of flour and glue are said to be greedily eaten by the drumfish. The preparation is said to catch in the gills of the fish, clog the gills up, prevent their operation, and causes the death of the dreaded drumfish in about two days.—POKE-O'-MOONSHINE. [We doubt the statement that flour and glue will produce the result stated, and suspect the use of poison of some kind.]

PIKE COUNTY STREAMS.—I have recently returned from a short visit to Pike county, Pa. This, as many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know, is a region of trout brooks. Their cold waters, from the Bushkill to Port Jervis, run into the Delaware on one side, while on the other, and indeed almost around the whole county, fine streams are found. But this is not saying that the fish are plenty. Far from it, though with very little effort they could be increased abundantly. However, so far as I know, Dr. Fulmer, of High Falls Hotel, Dingmans and the Blooming Grove Park Association, are the only ones that have taken any pains to stock those waters. Dr. Fulmer has put 15,000 trout in the Dingman Creek, Adams Brook and Brookside River, while the Blooming Grove Park Association has of course looked well after its own preserves. We found no club organization in Milford. At least we could learn of none, and the consequence is that the Raymondskill, the Snowkill and the Vandermark are almost skinned of trout. Some of our party saw in the basket of a fisherman who was just leaving one of the supply brooks of the Sawkill, as we drove along beyond Milford, some fourteen trout, not three of them, we should think, over six inches long and many of them not up to five. And this is not only what has been going on in and around Milford during the past eight weeks or more. We were told of baskets half filled with little trout that had been brought into that village from the supply brooks (as we used to call them) in the vicinity. Fortunately there are some portions of these brooks that cannot be fished; were it not so fishermen would have less luck than they now have in the Sawkill. But this is not a pleasant reflection to the writer when he thinks of the efforts he made in the past to increase the trout in the Milford streams and afford them some protection. The only way I think it can be done now (and thus render Milford attractive to men who have not much time for recreation, nor money to spend upon their amusements) is for the hotel keepers to combine and refuse to purchase fish that are undersized, and also make a little effort to stock their streams and protect the fish. Frank Crissman, we think, and Emile Riviere with several of their friends might do much toward this. And now if they can be persuaded to make such an effort, let me ask them not to put the little trout into the larger streams, but into the best feeders to these and the brooklets that never run dry. The Fish Commissioners would do well to tell those who apply for fish (that is if they do not do so) to place their small trout in the branches of the main stream, where they will not be devoured by the larger fishes that may have survived the skinning process. We did not fish in any of the streams above mentioned this year. Indeed the dry weather and our lack of health prevented our fishing but for a few hours at all. During this short space we were rewarded, however, with our usual good luck—some thirteen fish that weighed in all nearly four pounds.—STILLABOY.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—June 19.—The weakfish have begun to bite all along the New Jersey shore, but better success has been had at the inlet south of Great Egg Harbor. At Barnegat and Tuckerton there has been so much seine hauling at night the fish have become disturbed, and not so many have entered the bays at these points. By the time the summer hotels and boarding houses begin to fill up there will not be so much net fishing, and more fish will come in. At Barnegat the sheepshead have been reported on hand, but few have been caught. Small sea bass and blackfish are biting at this point also, and some schools of bluefish have showed themselves outside. None have yet entered the inlet. The heavy rain on the 16th has made our rivers and creeks very muddy, and caused a cessation of bass fishing. By the time you go to press the streams will be in better condition. Rockfish are being caught at many points on the Delaware River now, but they do not run above a pound in weight. Sturgeon roe, as long as it can be procured, will continue to be the bait used. There is just now a big run of white catfish, and all the creeks flowing into the Delaware below Philadelphia are good grounds.—HOMO.

REUBEN WOOD.—In speaking of the exploit of Mr. W. H. Wood in killing a tarpon, as recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, "McLellan," in *Land and Water*, says of the late Reuben Wood: "I wonder, by-the-bye, whether 'the tarpon slayer' is any relation to that dear old American angler and prince of fly-casters, Reuben Wood, who was with us through the time of our Fisheries Exhibition. It seems only yesterday since he slept under the very roof which now shelters my own head from a splendid, and most May-like, shower of hailstones. And now, alas! he sleeps under the green, mossy turf, whose every blade of grass he loved with the sweet simplicity of a guileless heart. It is no exaggeration to say that every Englishman who had the pleasure and honor to know 'Uncle Rube' loved him alike for his simplicity of nature, envied him good-naturedly for his wonderful skill with the fly-rod, and honored and respected him for his sterling qualities as a sportsman.

> Poor mortals die, and make no sign,
> But Nature still its life renews;
> Spring woods, spring fields with glories shine,
> Spring blushes Nature's face suffuse."

THE SPAWNING OF BLACK BASS.—Young black bass of this year's hatch are now an inch long in the mill ponds at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. With perhaps the exception of the Adirondack region, they have finished spawning in the State of New York. Dr. S. P. Hubbard has just returned from a bassing trip in New Hampshire, and reports that on June 19 the bass had not spawned in Lake Winnepisaukie, and but one or two beds were seen. The fish caught were full of spawn that was well developed, but wanted at least two weeks to ripen, an estimate borne out by the fact that the making of nests had just begun. The Doctor tells us that the fish were just spawning on the 20th in Long Pond and Assawamset Pond, in Middleboro, Mass., near New Bedford. The latter waters are one hundred miles south of Winnepisaukie, and are at a much lower level.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 18.—A camping party from the Ouachita River reports fishing very good. In Cache River at the Memphis and Little Rock railroad crossing bass and white perch are biting finely. This river is being injured by the large number of bell nets set in it. In White River, at the crossing of the same road, bass fishing is said to be good. Fishing in the lakes around here is not good. They are mostly shallow and grown up with lilies and moss.—CASUAL.

SEA BASS AT LONG BRANCH.—The large sea bass in our markets mostly come from the banks off Long Branch. The smaller ones are inlet and bay fish.—HOMO.

THE SEVEN PONDS.—Boston, June 19.—Returned from Seven Ponds last night. As to my trip, I can only repeat what I said of the locality last year, adding that the average weight was larger than my catch last year, taking very many of a pound to pound and one-half each. They were at their best, and when the boat was not anchored every fish struck would tow you around to new ground before you got him in the net. What would you think to have a trout of a pound and one-half jump two feet in the air and take the fly as he comes down, and twitch you right out from under your hat? By the time you have netted twenty such you are ready for breakfast. My party were all delighted with everything, as also are all who go there. Fact is, it is the best spot in this country for trout fishing.—M.

SALT-WATER FISHING.—New York, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Salt-water fishing seems to be having a slight "boom" in the columns devoted to piscatorial art, and if some of the veterans would send in their experiences, not omitting such minutiæ as bait and arrangement of tackle, all, from the greenhorn to the "Old Pelican" of "Kingfisher" fame, would rejoice. Will you please inform me as to what bait to use to catch striped bass at night in a salt-water pond? Also as to arrangement of tackle.—A READER. [We have never fished for striped bass at night, but should think that clams or menhaden would be good bait. Perhaps some of our readers may answer this question.]

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RESULTS OF PLANTING WHITEFISH IN LAKE ERIE.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY FRANK N. CLARK.

AFTER the close of the fishing season of 1884 in Lake Erie, I began an inquiry to ascertain whether there had been an increase or decrease in the catch of whitefish as compared with that of former seasons. The investigation was conducted by personal interviews, through a representative, a practical fisherman, with the leading fishermen and dealers, and covers most of the important fisheries of that part of the lake from Erie, Pa., westward to Toledo, O. The results are most gratifying, as it is conceded by all and shown by the reports that the aggregate catch of whitefish was considerably in excess of that of any season for several years. The results are especially encouraging to fishculturists, as all the facts and statements point to but one conclusion; namely that the increase is due to the planting of young fish from the hatcheries.

No disappointment would have been felt had there been no perceptible increase, as much was required to offset the extensive and exhausting fishing carried on all over the lake, on both the spawing and feeding grounds, which was causing a gradual decrease of the catch. For many years every spawning ground had been literally covered with nets during the spawning season, while hundreds of gill-nets have been employed on the feeding grounds in deeper water and thrown across the path of the runs toward the spawning grounds. In no other of the great lakes has the fishing industry been pursued with greater persistence and skill than in Lake Erie. Notwithstanding this, however, we find that not only has the decrease been arrested, but that there is a tangible and satisfactory increase.

The figures given below show in round numbers the aggregate plantings of whitefish fry in Lake Erie, from the beginning of the work by the United States and Ohio and Michigan Fish Commissions. Some plants were also made by the Canadian Commission during the years mentioned, but I am unable to give the figures:

Spring of 1875.....	150,000	Spring of 1879.....	7,000,000
Spring of 1876.....	300,000	Spring of 1880.....	7,0 0,000
Spring of 1877.....	450,000	Spring of 1881.....	13,000,000
Spring of 1878.....	12,000,000	Spring of 1882.....	42,000,000

These figures include the latest plantings that could possibly be called due in the fall of 1884. Under the current method of computing the numbers of young fish in tanks and cans, there is no doubt that the estimates shown in the above figures are much too large.

Following are a number of statements from fishermen and dealers, in substantially the exact language of the parties making them, with regard to the catch and the value of fish propagation and planting:

L. Streuber, Erie, Pa., says: "Am a dealer and shipper of frozen fish, and fish considerable twine. Can give you the figures of my catch for only the past two seasons, which is as follows: Catch of whitefish for 1883, 110 tons, 1884, 150 tons. I believe the propagation of whitefish to be a great help toward keeping up a stock in the lakes; so much so that I am doing all I can to get a hatchery started here, believing it will pay."

C. D. Carter, another dealer and fisherman in the same city, says: "My catch of whitefish for the past two years is as follows: 1883, 175 tons; 1884, 225 tons. I think that the planting of young whitefish in Lake Erie has already done a great good toward keeping up and increasing the stock of whitefish in its waters. I hope to see the hatcheries kept up, and would like to see one here in Erie, believing we have a good location for one, and that it is a good point to plant fish from, as there are no carnivorous fish caught at the season of the year when the young fish would be put in."

John Harlow & Co., of Erie, make the following statement: "For the past five years our annual catch of whitefish has been about 150 tons, until 1884, when it was 200 tons. The increase of 50 tons I attribute to the planting of young whitefish from the hatcheries. I am very much in favor of the planting, and hope it will be kept up, as I am satisfied that it is of great benefit to the fishing interest of the lake. A few seasons since we commenced catching very small whitefish—so small that we had to get smaller-meshed nets, and now we are getting a larger class of fish again."

H. Divel, fish dealer and practical fisherman, also of Erie, says: "I have been fishing for some time, and think the whitefish for the past three years have been increasing. I can give the figures of my catch only for the past two seasons, as follows: 1883, 30 tons; 1884, 50 tons. I think the business of hatching and planting is of great benefit in keeping up the stock; for, with the increase of twine, the whitefish must soon be caught off if nothing is done to keep the stock good. There can be no reasonable doubt about the young fish living and becoming full grown. They stand just as good a chance as those hatched naturally, their danger from carnivorous fishes being no greater than those hatched on the reefs."

B. Divel, of Erie, gives similar testimony: "My catch of whitefish has improved for two or three years. The figures for the last two seasons are: 1883, thirty tons; 1884, fifty tons. From the fact that whitefish are steadily increasing in numbers, I believe the hatching and planting of the young is a success, and the cause of the increase."

Charles Joles, of Erie, a gill-net fisherman, says: "I fish gill-nets off Elk Creek. Cannot say how many whitefish I caught in the different years, but know I caught more in 1884 than in any season for several years. I attribute the gain to the planting of young fish at the upper end of the lake. I am satisfied that were it not for this whitefish would become so scarce that it would not pay to fish for them."

Rudolph Sifield, of North Bass Island says: "I fish with pound nets and own some gill-nets, but would willingly put the latter in a pile and burn them if gill-net fishing could be prohibited. Gill-nets are a great detriment to natural propagation, as they are set on the reefs in spawning time, right where the fish go to breed, and the schools are broken up or driven off entirely, and the eggs are then deposited in the mud and never hatch. Good results may now be seen from fish-planting, but the business has not been carried on long enough nor on a sufficient scale to tell what it will do in the long run."

Simon Fox, of North Bass, gives his opinion thus: "Have been in the fishing business for years, and until the past season never believed there would be any results from the planting of young fish. Now I am fully convinced that good results are to be seen, and if it is continued great results will follow."

Jasper Snide, of North Bass, says: "Our twine caught a few more whitefish in 1884 than in 1883, and I think we should have done still better but for the unfavorable fishing weather, it being so still that the fish remained on the reefs beyond our nets continuously until we got those heavy blows, which drove them off entirely. Formerly I did not have any faith in the planting of young whitefish, but am now sure we can see good results. We now catch a great many of a smaller class of fish which we never did before the planting was commenced, and if the stock had not been kept up in some other than the natural way they must have decreased in numbers, and we cannot see that they have in a few years."

George Axtell, of North Bass, states: "Whitefish are increasing in numbers all the time, at least this is true of my own nets, and I feel certain that it is owing to the planting of young fish from the hatcheries. Last fall I caught numbers of small whitefish, such as I never before caught in gill-nets."

William Axtell, practical fisherman, of North Bass, says: "I know that the planting of young fish is a great help to the fishing industry. Would like to see more fisheries put up—enough to take care of all the eggs that could be taken."

Eugene McFall, clerk of the steamer Jay Cooke, freight and passenger boat plying between the islands and Sandusky, says: "I think there is an increase in the catch of whitefish, and I suppose the planting must account for it. We carried from the islands in 1883 about 132,000 pounds of whitefish, and in 1884, 170,000; an increase of 19 tons for 1884."

George Winne, of Locust Point, says: "I fish gill-nets on the reefs off Toussaint Point. In 1883 I caught two tons of whitefish from sixty nets, and in 1884 six tons from thirty-six nets. A few years ago it got so it did not pay to go out on the reefs to fish, and I quit and went sailing. Since the planting of young whitefish has been carried on fish have become more numerous and I have done very well fishing, but best this last fall. Think if the planting is not kept up whitefish will soon become scarce again. Think a much greater percentage of eggs put into hatcheries will live to become mature fish than those deposited on the reefs by the fish themselves, for the reason that the former are protected from their enemies while hatching, and after the young fish are planted their chances are just as good."

M. Shepherd, also of Locust Point, states: "Am fishing fifteen pound-nets off Locust Poin. My catch the past season was about as usual—no material difference. Think the hatching business a good thing, but the proper place for a hatchery is on one of the islands; then the eggs would have the natural water, and when the fish are planted there would be no change from the water they were hatched in to that which they are planted in."

Nelson Parsons, a practical fisherman of Vermillion, says: "I have watched the fishing interests very closely for a number of years, and noticed that whitefish are steadily decreasing in numbers, until the supply was replenished by the planting of young fish from the hatcheries. If something of the kind had not been done, I think that whitfish would, ere this, have become so scarce that it would not pay to fish for them. Formerly we used to catch whitefish of all sizes at the same time, but this season at Cleveland, where I was, the fish were nearly all of one size—looked as if they were all of the same age, and I believe they were a school of the planted fish. I think if fishing is continued it must be done in this way."

Edson & Nichols, of Vermillion, caught one ton less of whitefish in 1884 than in 1883, but say: "We do not attribute the falling off to a growing scarcity, but to the direction and amount of wind, which is everything to us here in the fishing season. We think the hatching business of great importance, and the only way of keeping up the fishing industry."

Bert Parsons, also of Vermillion, caught no more whitefish in his pound-nets off Vermillion in 1884 than in 1883, but caught double the number in his gill-nets near the islands. He says: "I think if there had been favorable winds for pound-net fishing we would have caught more than double the amount of whitefish in our pound-nets last fall. I know the business of planting has been of great benefit, for in my gill-nets fished about the islands I caught double the quantity last fall that I did the year before. The figures are: 1883, 5 tons; 1884, 10 tons."

Leidheiser, of Vermillion, says: "I cannot give the amount of my catch, but it was rather light, owing to the unfavorable winds we had for our coast. I think the hatcheries are all right, and do a great deal toward keeping up the stock, and that the business should be continued and extended beyond where it now is."

Post & Co., of Sandusky, give some excellent testimony: "Yes, sir; I know that the business of propagating whitefish is a great benefit. In fact, if the United States and State hatcheries were to cease working, I believe it would pay the fishermen and dealers to continue it themselves. I would be willing to be taxed my share for supporting it. I understand that at Erie and Dunkirk a great many small whitefish were taken weighing a pound to a pound and a half, which was never done until the last two or three years, and they increase year by year, which is good proof that they are some of the planted fish.

"I received the fish from 100 pound-nets last year (1883) and from 110 this year (1884), with the following results: 1883, 50 tons whitefish; 1884, 80 tons whitefish.

"Whitefish are not now decreasing; but from the number of pound and gill-nets in use to catch them, a decrease is sure to follow unless the artificial hatching is continued to keep up the supply.

"I am opposed to fishing such long strings of pound-nets, and think the gill-netting needs regulating. The gill-netters commence away down below, off Buffalo and Erie, in deep water, and fish all summer; then, as the fish move up toward the head of the lake to the spawning grounds, the nets are moved right along with the runs, so that they are hunted almost the year round, which is done with no other kind of fish."

Harry Molyneux, of Sandusky, gives some valuable testimony: "Am a practical gill-net fisherman. A few years ago fishing on the island reefs got so poor that I gave up going there; but in the fall of 1882 I tried it again and did very well. In the fall of 1883 I caught double the amount of whitefish I did the fall before; and this last fall I caught almost twice as many as in 1883.

"I credit all the increase to hatching and planting, and would like to see more hatcheries."

William Rehberg, pound-net fisherman, of Middle Bass Island, says: "Think the hatching a good thing, but the planting has not been properly done long enough to tell really how much benefit it is toward keeping up the supply of whitefish. Think the supply could be kept up in Lake Erie by prohibiting gill-net fishing west of Kelly's Island, which would give the fish a chance to breed on the natural spawning reefs, where the gill-nets are now placed."

Caspar Voight, of Sandusky, says: "My catch of whitefish in the past two seasons was as follows: 1883, from 35 pound-nets, 37 tons; 1884, from 35 pound-nets, 45 tons.

"I have not thought much about the hatching business, but it must do some good; at least there seems to be an increase in whitefish the past two or three years."

Simon Schact, of Sandusky, says: "My catch for the past two seasons is as follows: 1883, 42 pound-nets, 40 tons whitefish; 1884, 48 pound-nets, 50 tons whitefish.

"I believe the planting of fry to be a good thing, and the only way the fishing can be kept up. I fear, however, that the way the gill-netters are catching them, and going on the breeding grounds and disturbing them while spawning, will do more harm than the hatcheries can do good. The fishermen down at Erie and Dunkirk receive the most benefit from the planting, as they fish with gill-nets all summer, and are using small-meshed nets every season on purpose to catch the small whitefish."

Lay Brothers, of Sandusky, say: "Our catch of whitefish for the past two seasons was as follows: 1883, from 20 pound-nets, 16 tons; 1884, from 30 pound nets, 26 tons.

"We think it is plain to see that there is a benefit to be derived from the hatcheries, and would like to see as many in operation as there are eggs to fill."

Dewey & Co., of Toledo, say: "Our catch the past season was rather light. We do not attribute this to a scarcity of whitefish, but to the unfavorable winds that prevailed on our Monroe coast grounds all the fall until a late date; then, just as the fish began to come on, we had two severe blows from the west, which drove the fish from the shore, and they did not come back, or, if they did, we did not get them, as our twine was out.

"We think the business of planting young fish an excellent thing; can see no reason why it should not be, as every fish planted in that way is a clear gain. We see no reason why planted fish should not stand as good a chance to live and become grown fish as those that hatch on the reefs."

Wm. St. John & Co., also of Toledo, say: "Our receipts of whitefish for the past two seasons are as follows: 1883, from 20 pound-nets, 6,000 pounds; 1884, from 45 pound-nets, 18,000 pounds.

"We do not see that fish planting has been of much benefit to this end of the lake, but I am informed that great benefits have been realized further down.

"We would like to see Congress take hold of the matter and enact a law to control and restrict the fishing with gill-nets; also with such long strings of twine. Although we ourselves are fishing 20 and 21 pounds in a string, we would like to see them cut down to six at most on main shore, and not more than three off the islands, or any place where there is a narrow channel. Then the whitefish would have a better chance to get through to the coast and reef spawning grounds at the head of the lake, which they would do if they were not turned back by the long strings of twine."

J. C. & J. H. Davis, of Toledo, says: "Our catch of whitefish for the past two seasons was as follows: 1883, six tons, and 1884, from the same number of nets, six and one-half tons.

"Do not know that planting of young fish has been of much benefit to us at this end of the lake, but can see no reason why it should not benefit somebody. Certainly, every young fish put in makes one more chance for a whitefish, as the eggs would be lost if not taken."

E. Alvord & Son, of Sandusky, says: "Our receipts of whitefish for the past two seasons were: 1883, from fifty-two pound-nets twenty-three tons; 1884, from the same number of nets, thirty and one-half tons.

"Yes, we think that propagation is a good thing and a great help in adding to the supply of fish in the lake. We think the young fry stand just as good a chance of becoming full-grown fish as those hatched in the lake.

"But there ought to be a law to stop fishing with gill-nets, for the reason that down below here, in deep water, where they fish through the summer, it is estimated that at least one-third of those caught in hot weather are unfit for market, and are thrown away, which is an outrage. And then in the fall the gill-nets are set on the spawning reefs, just when and where the fish should be left undisturbed."

Bear & Ruth, of Sandusky, state that in 1883 their catch of whitefish from 9 pound-nets was 7½ tons, and in 1884, from 11 pound-nets, 10 tons.

"The planting of young fish is undoubtedly of great benefit to the fishing interests. Were it not for this the stock in the lake would rapidly decrease."

A. Bremiller, of Sandusky, gives the following figures: Catch of whitefish in 40 pound-nets in 1883, 66 tons; in 1884, 69 tons.

"I think there is positive proof of the benefit of the hatcheries, from the fact that during late years, say the last two or three, there have been a great many small fish caught—smaller than ever were caught before the planting was commenced in the lake. Another fact to be taken into account is that the facilities for catching are becoming greater every year, and if the supply had not been kept up in some way, the stock must certainly have decreased, which is not now the case."

A. J. Gustavus, pound-net fisherman, of Huron, puts it in this light; "For every million fry planted there are a million more chances for whitefish. I think the greatest results are to come, as the business is not yet old enough for us to expect much benefit."

E. D. Smith, of Marblehead, says: "I know the fish-hatching to be a grand thing, for the reason that I have caught thousands of whitefish this season not weighing over a pound to a pound and a half each, and formerly I never caught them. I believe these small fish are some of those planted from the hatcheries."

Fred Motrie, of Port Clinton, says: "I fished 6 pounds in the fall of 1883, and 5 in the fall of 1884. Have no record of my whitefish catch for either fall, but know I caught more in 1884 than in 1883, perhaps 20 per cent. more. The hatcheries are undoubtedly a good thing and should be kept up. While the eggs are in the jars they are out of the way of sturgeon, suckers, and all fish that live mostly by sucking up spawn; and when the young fish are turned loose they will look out for themselves."

Felix Courchaine, also of Port Clinton, says: "I did very well the past fall, in fact the fishing was the best it has been for years. I caught 6 tons with 26 gill-nets. I have every reason to believe that we are getting results from the plantings from the hatcheries; and why shouldn't we? The fry planted in this way stand an equal chance with those hatched in the lakes, and as for taking care of themselves, I think nature will look out for that. I should be sorry indeed to see the hatching of whitefish discontinued."

F. Perry, a practical gill-netter, of Port Clinton, says: "In the fall of 1883 my catch of whitefish from 19 nets was 1 ton, and in the fall of 1884, from 37 nets, 6 tons—six times the catch of the year previous, with double the nets, on the same grounds. I think we are getting great results from the planting of young fish, for before it was commenced whitefish were fast playing out. But now they are becoming more plentiful again, and I know of no cause for it except the planting of the young in large numbers from the hatcheries."

From all the places named above, as well as other points on the lake, much more evidence of the same kind might be offered; but it would be merely a repetition of what has already been given. Accurate data showing the total whitefish catch of the lake for a term of years, or even for one season, would be almost impossible to obtain, from the fact that many fishermen classify their entire catch simply as "hard fish," "soft fish" etc., whitefish, of course, being included in the former. The statements, however, cover sufficient grounds to form a reliable basis for conclusions. They show that while there was no perceptible increase the past season in the whitefish runs at the extreme west end of the lake, there was a decided increase on the coast and island reefs further down; and a very marked increase in numbers still further down, on the feeding grounds, in deeper water, where gill nets are operated. On the whole, sufficient is shown to prove beyond a doubt that the aggregate catch was greater than for several years, that whitefish are decidedly on the increase in Lake Erie, and that the increase is simply the legitimate result of the work of the hatcheries. The removal from the lake every year of thousands and hundreds of thousands of adult fish, whether taken directly from the breeding grounds or not (the results are the same) must certainly ere this have caused a very material decrease in the stock but for the compensation of young from the hatcheries.

NORTHVILLE, Mich.

THAT POTOMAC SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The salmon taken in the Potomac near Glymont was a specimen of the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*). We have now the specimen in the National Museum for preservation. It probably came from the plants of land-locked salmon which have been made at different times since 1876 in many of the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay. Twelve thousand five hundred were planted by the Virginia Commission in the headwaters of the Shenandoah, and plants of the same species (to what extent I do not know) have also been made in the headwaters of the Potomac by the Maryland Commission. The specimen taken was probably one of these.

As you know, it is impossible to distinguish between the land-locked and the migratory varieties of *Salmo salar*. The two would be identical in appearance and characters after having gone to salt water. An undoubted specimen, presumably of this same species, has been taken in York River this season. One weighing eleven pounds was taken in the James River last year; and I have reports of the capture of fish presumed to be of this species in the Dan River near Danville. All the streams from which we have reports of the capture of salmon have been stocked with the land-locked variety, but no Penobscot salmon have been planted in these streams, with the exception of the Potomac River itself, in which I believe the Maryland Commission has planted the Penobscot, and the Susquehanna, which was stocked some years ago with this species. M. McD.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION, Washington, D. C., June 19.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALBATROSS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Fish Commission steamer Albatross has just made a trip to the Gulf Stream off the coast of New Jersey for the purpose of searching for tilefish. This, it will be remembered, is the fish which was first discovered by the Fish Commission in the summer of 1879, and of which there was then no lack of specimens. But in the spring of 1882 there was an enormous fatality of tilefish, such that many thousand acres of water were literally covered with the dead bodies. One of the most careful experts of the Fish Commission, Capt. J. W. Collins, estimated that the number of dead fish reached 14,387,200,000 pounds. A careful examination of the area formerly inhabited by the tilefish was made by the Albatross a year ago, and again in the late cruise. The result was that after a most earnest effort not a single tilefish could be found. It is feared that it has been exterminated. The Fish Commission has published a pamphlet of 56 pages, illustrated with a fine drawing of the tilefish and a map of that part of the ocean covered by the dead tilefish at the time of the epidemic. Copies of this pamphlet can be obtained from the U. S. Fish Commissioner at Washington. The Albatross is at present on its way to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, and will return about the middle of July. The object of the cruise is primarily to examine the fishing banks for cod and other species, as well as to examine unfrequented banks for the purpose of ascertaining what fish can be taken there. This is a part of a general survey of the ocean fisheries, from which such enormous commercial benefits are derived both by the people of the Dominion and of the United States. The project of capturing a mammoth octopus is only incidental, whereas the newspapers have made it appear that this was the chief object of the cruise. The late cruise of the Albatross in the Gulf of Mexico resulted in the discovery of large fishing grounds for the red snapper and other edible varieties, and has furnished us more information of the fisheries of that region than all heretofore possessed put together. A report of these fisheries is in preparation, and will prove of great value to the fishing industry.—C. W. SMILEY.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2450.**

A DOG PARTY.

ONE of our city belles has the dog fever badly. She keeps three or four small dogs and thought that she would give a dog party. So she issued cards upon which was written:

"The Misses Fox-Terrier, Bull-Terrier, Collie and Beagle, would be pleased to see Miss (or Mr.) Pointer (Setter, etc., as the breed may have been), at No. — street, Saturday afternoon, March —, 1885, from 3 until 6. *R. S. V. P.*"

Of course the lady owners were invited also, and it is unnecessary to say that they all came.

Miss Pug wore a velvet blanket trimmed with old gold braid, Miss Fox-Terrier was dressed in nature's garb only and was escorted by Mr. Poodle, whose white hair was brushed and combed in the latest style, while back of the shoulders he was shaved clean, and his stump of a tail was ornamented by a handsome tuft of wool. Miss Bull-Terrier, one of the hostesses, had been ailing the day before and was not in the best of moods; but her lack of good nature was amply made up by the happy way that the rest of the hostesses had of making it pleasant. All went on as merry as a marriage bell, and the frolics and tumbles indulged in were laughable to behold. The fox-terrier teased the cocker, the pug wagged his curl of a tail and winked at the poodle, who, being somewhat of a dude in his get up, was left rather to himself by the more fun-loving canines. The mastiff succeeded in upsetting a vase filled with flowers and spilling the water over the rather glum-looking pointer, who was talking over the field trials and bench show with the setter close to the stand upon which the flowers had stood. This rather disconcerted the pointer, who accused the setter of having upset the water so that his well-groomed coat would not look so sleek, and it looked a trifle dusky for the moment, but order was restored and the pointer apologized and resumed his conversation with the setter. Meanwhile the Clumber, who had been half asleep on the sofa, was rather rudely crowded off by a mischievous imp of a three-quarter breed bull-terrier (commonly known as pit stock), but who would rather tease than fight, but would, if crowded too far, make it very lively for any dog in the room. About an hour and a half was spent in dog sports, after which supper was announced. Then the sport began. Each young lady escorted her pet to his dish and then stepped back to see the sight of fifteen or twenty "little darlings" in a circle with "bibs" on eating. Everything was lovely until the hostess's bull-terrier, who had swallowed her supper in somewhat of a hurry, concluded that the piece of cake on her neighbor's plate was too good to lose, so reached for it, much to the disgust of the pug, to whom it belonged. The little fox-terrier wanted to take the part of the pug, but after looking at the ivories of her royal nibs concluded to let out the contract, so the hostess rather unceremoniously cleaned the plates of her guests, until she reached the "pit stock" who quietly eyed the whole proceeding and seemed to smile as much as to say, "Go it, old gal, but you will get left if you fool with my plate." Evidently her nibs had not observed the smile, for presently she sidled up to the "pit stock" and thinking that he was not looking, or perhaps thinking that he would not "quarrel with a lady," reached for a chicken bone that seemed to have been left on purpose. A warning growl was not observed until too late, and in less than a second the ball opened. Her royal nibs and pit stock were having it hot. The quiet setter tried to stop them, when the pointer who in his heart believed the setter to have been guilty of his recent bath reached for him and away they went at it. The pug took refuge under the sofa, accompanied by the poodle and Clumber, while the balance of the company followed the example set them by the terriers and were having a general "Donnybrook Fair" all over the room.

The way in which the fair proprietors climbed on top of tables, chairs, bookcases, and on to anything handy would make "the boys" smile. As the dance was getting rather serious and tiresome for some of the pets, the lady at whose residence the party was taking place, managed to escape by a side door and called in the coachman, who, with the aid of a club, broke up the dance. After which the "little darlings" were taken to their homes, and as they left the house expressions might be heard which sounded very much like "Nasty little brute, etc., etc." Suffice to say there will not be a series of dog sociables this year. ROSECROFT.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXXI.

FOR my American readers it will even now not be too late to devote a few lines to the charming show of harriers at Warwick. Doggy sportsmen are indebted to Mr. Harding Cox for this pleasing variety and innovation in show classes. This gentleman, in addition to giving a special prize, also acted as judge, not only, I am happy to say, to his own complete satisfaction, but what is too of some consequence, he was fortunate in gratifying the exhibitors, a feat which is not always to be performed by solely doing your duty or the right thing.

Mr. Cox being himself a master of harriers and taking great pains to induce men to enter resulted in the brilliant and novel sight that presented itself to the jaded view of the dog show frequenter. The presence of several of the huntsmen and whips lent color to the picture. Mr. Vaughan Pryse and his son, as first whip, both in green, were themselves there to look after their beauties Some of the uninitiated visitors appeared not a little surprised to see a few of the huntsmen in pink, and I overheard one bank-holiday sportsman gravely informing old Jackson, quite a character, that "only fox hunters had the right to wear scarlet, and that green was the color to hunt the hare." "Maybe you're right, sir," politely and in a dissembling tone, replied the ribstone-complexioned old 'un, with a weather eye on his instructor's trouser's pocket, "but some on us has the privilege to, because it's an old custom and there are no foxhounds in our countries." "Which are those?" "Um, let me see, there be the Todmorden, the Holcombe, the Rossendale, the Pendle Forest and the Pennistone. Those are about the lot, I think." Besides foxhounds the others who sport pink are those who hunt the stag.

Jackson's pack, the Holcombe, which are hunted on foot, besides being a very smart set, also contain many points of interest to the student of caniology. There are, I believe, still a few, very few, almost pure southern hounds of the old type about the country. Among the plates published by Jennings in 1835, and referred to in my notes No. 29, is an almost perfect representation of one; the stern is set on too low and carried too gaily, the head is also too short and thick, and these Holcombe harriers look to be lineally descended from them. The best specimens in the pack have long supple ears, curled at the ends and set on very low; the narrow hound head, full flews, give them a noble and blue blood appearance. Their master, Mr. Walter Mucklow, has just cause to be proud of such a kennel.

No pack presented a more workmanlike effect than Mr. John Greenwood's Todmorden harriers. At a glance one sees that these hounds have been intelligently and carefully bred for their special work in their own country. They have plenty of the Holcombe blood in them, and to the head and bone of the southern hound they unite the go of the foxhound. Their short backs are an important part of their anatomy, as a loosely constructed hound, long in the couplings, could never climb the hills of the Todmorden hunt The most beautiful in this pack, in fact of the show, was the blue mottle Forrester. In symmetry, build and character, he was perfect and his color is glorious. He stands a nice harrier height, twenty-one inches, on legs straight as a plumb-line to the toes, which just turn in as a hound's should. Bedford is another beauty, and has been much admired by that excellent sportsman, Colonel Starkie. The Brookside, to which an equal first was awarded, show too much foxhound for harriers; this was also the impression I formed of the Biggleswade, which look like dwarf foxhounds and so must be wanting in harrier character. Prizes were awarded to the Biggleswade, Mr. Vaughn Pryse's, the Brookside and the Holcombe. The special for the huntsman who showed his hounds in the best condition, was obtained by John Funnel of the Brookside, the silver horn for the best couple in the show went to Biggleswade.

I hear that the judge, Mr. H. Cox, has given up the Hambleden harrier and has taken over the "Old Berkeley," and I have also heard, which I hope is not true, that he intends to discard the old color and to hunt them in pink. This very famous old pack has always been hunted in canary plush, and it seems a pity, in my conservative mind almost a crime, to give up curious ancient customs, however trying they may be to the complexion.

All that need be further said of the Warwick show is that the committee cemented the good opinion of exhibitors by a prompt settlement of the prize money.

Mr. Stark's thoughtless little flutter among the bulldog ranks drew two replies the following week, one from Mr. Sprague, another from the Hon. Secretary of the club, Mr. Pybus-Sellon. Both of these exhibitors very properly reprimanded the fiery little Celt for the strong language he had em-

ployed, then proceeded to abuse him in terms that must have taken his breath away. As Mr. Stark has not responded I presume this to be actually the case.

Speaking about bulldogs I suppose I may as well mention their show now, though it is not chronological. It was quite the success it deserved to be. The entries were good, likewise the quality and the attendance exceeded expectation. Mr. Cary, the able and ingenious manager of the Aquarium, worked this in with his other shows, the singing ladies, the acrobats on the stage, the swimming matches, etc. When one of these other shows had terminated a showman mounted to the top of the staircase where the animals were located, and ringing a bell to attract attention, shouted to the sightseers to walk up and "behold the dog of beauty and power, who killed 250 rats in a quarter of an hour." I think the zealous stewart, Mr. Jackson, might have corrected the gentleman's strange and misleading views of a bulldog's merits and duties.

Mr. A. Benjamin in making his début under such circumstances put his knowledge and *sang froid* to a severe trial. The show was overfull the first day, and the judging ring was much too small and the exhibits were cramped for space. The awards were received with little outward expressions of approval or dissatisfaction. Some of the puppy owners drank an extra glass and drowned their feelings, and a lady "made remarks" to visitors who, catalogue in hand, paused opposite her aggrieved monstrosity. Mrs. Sprague won a sideboard of specials with her remarkable dog Grabber. The challenge cup would be considered a handsome ornament for the most luxuriously furnished bar parlor in England. I noticed Surplice in the challenge class looking rather light in body. Mr. Pybus-Sellon exhibited the historical old dog King Cole. The poor old chap is now blind in one eye, and begins to show plainly painful signs of old age, so that this will probably be his last public exposure. It is well that all dogs should end their days in private, since one cannot speak of the "fall" of their life as

"An age that melts in unperceived decay."

A very nice little, under forty-five pounds, dog that took my fancy among the rest was Lumpy. He was entered at a very moderate price, one that would have tempted me to interview his owner were I inclined to make my family circle miserable by the introduction of a bulldog. His most conspicuous fault is a far from perfect stern.

A friend of mind tells me the most amusing sight in the show was Mr. Berrie with his chair which he carried from dog to dog to sit on as he made his notes. I can't decide that point because I didn't see it. But what filled me with delight was the discovery of Briton Riviere's model for his world-famed picture of a little lonely desolate bull pup sitting on a huge flagstone, helpless and forgotten, with nobody in the wide world to cheer or tend him. But here he was to-day happy as possible, about three benches from the refreshment bar, his stomach was distended with buns and there was a "Derby" look in his mongrel eyes that made me think he had been drinking. I don't know if it was habit or happiness that made his ears stand on end, but it anyhow gave him a very dissipated appearance. The catalogue of this show is likely to fetch money one day, as apart from its being so admirably got up in accuracy, paper and print, I am told it was sold out before the last day. Another specimen that pleased me was Mr. Hodgson's Heiress. She is a most typical bitch, her ears I don't like; they are carried flat over her face like a fox-terrier's—button ears. She is particularly good in profile, much resembling Rosa in the well-known engraving. This print of Crib and Rosa, once rather rare, seems to have got common of late, there must have been a re-issue of it. No bulldog man's smoking den is complete without it. Shortness of face is a most essential point in a bulldog, but it won't compensate for the loss of character and expression. The fanciers had an opportunity at this show of seeing the trueism in living examples, viz.: Heiress and Faust. The head of the latter is far the shortest, but it is much behind the bitch in type of breed, in these very short faces one usually gets a thinner nose, a weak, pinched muzzle and the square powerful nose is lost.

The collie club will hold its show next week in the same locale The entries closed with the miserable total of eighty-three, but an energetic kennel to kennel whip has brought the entry up to about one hundred and twenty. I am afraid the dogs will suffer much from the heat, gas and smoke-laden atmosphere in the gallery.

We were astonished to hear of the return of Mr. Dalziel, it was quite expected he would be away another month or so. I have noticed some of his awards have been sharply criticised in your reports. By many I think "Corsincon" is supposed to be impervious to this process, to the best of my belief the many are not quite right. I should not be at all surprised to see him break out in some "American Notes" in the vein of the great author who was also not gratified with his first trans-atlantic visit.

Our Kennel Club is missing a great opportunity of earning the thanks of exhibitors by not taking up the railway charges question. Quite recently the companies have made a most serious alteration in their conditions and rates for conveying dogs. Under the old system all dogs went at certain dog rates except puppies, and these could at the wish of the sender travel at parcels rate. The new rule is that dogs sent loose on a chain can go as before, and also those in cases, which with the package do not exceed one hundredweight. But if the package should exceed that limit double rate is charged. This seems a most absurd, unbusinesslike and unjust arrangement. The owners of small dogs it will not affect at all; they will be in the same position as before, but owners of large dogs will now be obliged to send them loose or pay double fare for each animal. This is hard lines upon those who possess valuable exhibition kennels. They have gone to the expense of having crates and boxes made which will now naturally be useless. The risk to the dogs will be greater, we shall hear of more dogs lost, damaged, etc., nor can I see the gain to the company. It must have suited their convenience to convey animals under lock and key. What do the guards think of the new rule? It is with them that the sour-looking mastiff, the truculent boarhound in future will ride. An unmanageable monster flying about the end of his chain will not add to his comfort, and probably interfere with his duties.

To effect ordinary reforms on a railway, it is necessary that a bishop should be smashed in an accident. Perhaps the unwisdom of the new regulations will be brought home to the persons responsible when it is discovered that an appalling accident occurred through the neglect of some important act on the part of the guard who was occupied in a furious struggle with a canine fellow traveler.

But I very emphatically maintain that this most particularly is a matter in which the kennel clubs could have exerted their influence in favor of both sides. They had only—as soon as they heard of rumored alterations in the rates—to write to the secretaries of the great companies and offer to give evidence and information from exhibitors of experience. The result would have been very different, I am sure; but heigho, it's so easy to let things slide, it's so easy to do nothing, though it is hardly worth while to found a club for so simple a purpose.

The doggy world is little behind the larger social one in its ability to forget. Scarcely any, none I think, notice has been taken in our kennel press of the death of a once well-known lady exhibitor and breeder, Miss Hales, of Hales Place, Canterbury. Her name will be found in the first volume of the K. C. S. B. as the owner of some St. Bernards whose names will continue to figure in the pedigrees of the best so long as importance is attached to breeding. Miss Hales was also equally successful in the mastiff fancy. The deceased lady had long discontinued her interest in dog shows. Miss Hales was the daughter of the late Sir Edward Hales and Edmunda D'Cercy, and was the last survivor of an old Kentish family, dating back 400 years, who originally owned vast estates at Woodchurch and Tenterden. Miss Hales was a Roman Catholic and her loss will be much felt in that community. She herself took the veil. A few years ago misfortunes came upon her and most of her colossal fortune was devoured by the Jesuits and lawyers. Miss Hales is remembered by the public as one of the Tichborne witnesses. The claimant stated he used to visit Hales's place when his regiment was quartered at Canterbury, but Miss Hales was unable to identify him as Sir Roger Tichborne.

I heard a rumor in the Midlands that one of our doggy papers was fore sale. There is more than one of them that must soon either sell or shut. I don't think it can be the *Shooting Times*, the most that is likely to be parted with in that quarter is "a fifth share of the profits." I am told it is a paper that has hitherto been remarkable for the violence of its opinions, and further, what I can hardly realize, that the new proprietor is the latest subject of attack in its pages. This is what "They" say, so it is only deserving of such credence as that indefinite authority has usually accorded to it. Rumored news is generally the most diverting, if seldom the truest.

JUNE 1, 1885. LILLIBULERO.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

FOLLOWING is the text of the new constitution and by-laws adopted by the A. K. C. at the last meeting at Philadelphia:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—Name—The name of this organization shall be "The American Kennel Club."

ARTICLE II.—The object of this Association shall be to secure uniformity in rules governing bench shows and field trials, the revision of standards, the decision of appeals which may be taken from the decisions of managers of bench shows or field trials held by members of this Association, and the preparation and enforcement of rules and regulations necessary for the punishment of all cases of improper conduct on the part of managers, judges and exhibitors at any bench show or field trial held by members of this Association; also to adopt and maintain such measures as shall tend to the mutual benefit and protection of its several members.

ARTICLE III.—Section 1. All regularly organized clubs or associations in the United States and British American Provinces, under whose auspices bench shows or field trials of dogs have been held, or which shall be formed wholly for the purpose of holding bench shows or field trials, are eligible to membership. Sec. 2. All clubs or associations forming this Association shall annually appoint or elect one delegate to the National Association, whose election shall be certified to in writing by the Secretaty of the club or association which he represents, which certificate shall be delivered to the Secretary of the National Association at its regular meeting. A person to be eligible to act as delegate or proxy for a club or association, whose regularly elected member or representative is absent, must be a member of a club, one of the members of this Association, but in no case shall any delegate act as proxy for more than one other member of this organization.

ARTICLE IV.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee consisting of one delegate for each club, members of this Association. The President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer shall be elected annually by ballot by the delegated members of this Association. Officers of the American Kennel Club shall not be privileged to vote upon business before the Executive Committee, unless regularly elected delegates from their clubs except the President, who shall have the casting vote in case of a tie. Provided that all organizations, members of this Association, that do not hold bench shows or field trials within two years, dating from Jan. 1, 1885, or actual date of their admission, shall not have representatives in Executive Committee meetings, nor its members be eligible to office. Upon holding a bench show or field trial the usual representatives shall be allowed.

ARTICLE V.—The President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold office until the next annual meeting or until their successors are elected. Each of the officers shall be at the time of their election, regular members in good standing of a club one of the members of this Association, and shall serve without compensation.

ARTICLE VI.—The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association. He shall have power to call a special meeting at any time when the interests of the Association require. The Vice-Presidents, in the order of their election, shall, in the absence of the President, preside at meetings of this Association.

ARTICLE VII.—The Secretary shall keep records of all meetings of the Association, make all calls for meetings, take charge of and keep a roll of membership, of all papers belonging to the Association, and do any other business proper for his office, or directed by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VIII.—The Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to the Association, and disburse same under the approval of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE IX.—Sec. 1. The Executive Committee shall conduct all the business of the Association, decide all disputes, arbitrate upon all matters affecting the welfare of the several clubs forming this Association, and make such rules and regulations as may be considered advisable for the advancement of the interests of dogs, dog shows and field trials. Sec. 2. All vacancies in the offices of the Association may be filled by the Executive Committee until the next annual meeting. The Executive Committee may assess the members of this Association in such sums as are necessary to defray its expenses. A club failing to pay said assessment within sixty days, shall forfeit representation.

ARTICLE X.—Sec. 1. The annual meeting of this Association shall be in the spring of each year. The time and place of meeting to be selected by the Executive Committee, and notice sent by the Secretary to the secretaries of the several clubs forming this Association at least three weeks prior to said meeting. Sec. 2. The President shall, on the written request of a majority of the members of the Executive Committee, call a special meeting. The notice for such meeting shall specify the particular purpose for which said meeting was called, and said meeting shall not consider or take action upon any matter other than that specified in said notice. The Executive Committee may conduct its business by correspondence among its members without assembling, under rules and regulations hereinafter provided. Sec. 3. At any regular or special meeting of this Association, five members in person shall constitute a quorum. Sec. 4. Clubs eligible to membership must be proposed by a member of the Executive Committee and elected by that committee. Three negatives shall exclude the applicant. The election shall be by ballot.

ARTICLE XI.—Sec. 1. This Constitution may be revised or amended at any annual or special meeting of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Association, but no such amendment shall be considered unless the same shall have been properly submitted to the members of the Association at least two weeks prior to such meeting, except by unanimous consent.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. The following order of business shall be observed at all meetings of this Association: 1. Roll call. 2. Reading of minutes of previous meetings. 3. Secretary's report. 4. Treasurer's report. 5. Report of standing committees. 6. Report of special committees. 7. Untinished business. 8. Election of officers. 9. New business. 10. Adjournment. Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall appoint from its members a Committee on Credentials, whose duties shall be to investigate the qualifications of all candidates for membership and report same to Executive Committee. They shall appoint from their own number a Committee on Discipline, whose duties shall be to investigate all complaints and protests which may be made to the Association, and report their finding, with such recommendations as they deem proper, to the Executive Committee. They shall appoint such committees as they find necessary to revise and adopt standards for all breeds of dogs, and all other committees desirable for the promotion and general welfare of the interests of this Association.

Sec. 3. In all business of the Executive Committee conducted by correspondence, the proposer or initiator of any resolution or other business shall deliver to the Secretary of the Association a written statement of the resolution or other business, which he desires to have considered by the Committee, together with as many copies thereof as there are members of the Executive Committee. The Secretary shall at once deliver to each member of the Committee one copy thereof, accompanied by a notice that said members shall within one month return the same with a written approval, disapproval, or amendment. In case of amendment, the proposer shall fill all the requirements necessary to the original proposition, and the Secretary shall also serve the different members with certified copies thereof. Upon the expiration of the period provided for in said notices, the Secretary shall deliver to the President the entire correspondence, with detailed report of all connecting proceedings, and the President shall make a ruling in accordance with said correspondence, and notify the Secretary, who shall in turn notify each member, giving the result of the vote and the manner in which each club voted. If necessary, the President shall direct further correspondence or advise the call of a special meeting to consider the subject. The Secretary shall enter upon his minutes full report of such proceedings.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The term "dog" where used in these rules is general in its application.

2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition, only shall be entered in the name of the *bona fide* owner. Such entry must be identified by the name of the dog, its date of birth, and if known, the name of its sire, dam and breeder; otherwise it must be entered "pedigree unknown." If the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at time of winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, must be given.

3. If a dog is entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition.

4. Puppies may be entered in the grown classes in addition to the puppy class by the payment of an extra entrance fee.

5. A prize won in a puppy class does not count as a win under the champion rule.

6. Dogs to be eligible for special prizes must in all cases be entered in their regular classes, and no dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition, unless it has been stated on entry blanks, "Will not compete for special prizes." Stud dogs and brood bitches, with their progeny, may compete for such special prizes as may be offered, but the progeny must be entered in regular classes.

7. A dog to compete in the champion class must have won three first prizes at bench shows given under the auspices of clubs members of this Association. A dog having won three first prizes as above, cannot compete in an open class when there is a champion class for its kind, but must compete in such champion class.

8. Any dog entered in a champion class must have stated on its entry blank at least three winnings, with the date of each, to show that it is eligible to such class.

9. In estimating the number of prizes a dog has won, with reference to whether it should compete in Champion Class or not, the number of prizes won shall be calculated up to 12 o'clock noon of the day previous to the day of closing entries for the show.

10. Dogs that have won in a Champion Class shall be continued in said class.

11. A dog affected by mange or other contagious disease must be disqualified from competing, and be removed from the show. A competent person shall be appointed by the managers to pass judgment as to the disease of dogs.

12. The judge may withhold such prizes as his judgment may dictate.

13. In miscellaneous classes judges will award prizes only to dogs of a recognized breed, that have no regular classes assigned. Dogs that have a regular class provided for them will not be allowed to compete in the Miscellaneous Class.

14. Dogs that have been erroneously entered may be transferred by the judge to their proper classes. If such classes have been judged, they shall not be reopened.

15. The decision of the judges shall be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation, or collusion can be shown. In such cases the managers, or such referee as they may appoint, must decide all cases, and the dog must be re-judged.

16. All protests and charges must be made in writing, and be delivered to the Secretary as soon as practicable.

17. Any person guilty of misconduct, or has been guilty of misconduct, in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows, or field trials, may, in the discretion of the managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at these shows. Such disqualification shall be recognized by all the members of this Association, until the person or persons disqualified shall appeal to, and the case has been decided by the Executive Committee. The disqualification of the owners will apply to all dogs connected in the perpetration of the fraud.

18. A castrated dog or spayed bitch shall be disqualified from competing, or from receiving a prize if awarded. Total or partial blindness shall have great weight against a dog.

19. All clubs shall reserve the right to exclude or remove from the show such dogs as it may deem proper or necessary.

20. Each member of the Association shall appoint their judges, arrange prize lists, form of catalogues, assume its own financial responsibility, and arrange such other details as may properly come under its individual management.

21. Other rules and regulations not inconsistent with the Constitution and By-Laws, may be adopted by the members of this Association for the government of their shows.

THE STANDARD COMMITTEES.

At the late meeting of the American Kennel Club a number of committees were appointed to communicate with fanciers and breeders in relation to any changes which it may prove desirable to make in the various standards. The formation of any new standard does not come within the province of these committees. They are simply to receive the views of others and present these to the club. Since the club has undertaken the work, it is of the utmost importance that the committees should have the views of fanciers who are competent to advise respecting a given breed. Such persons should make their influence felt, whether they think that in any breed changes should be made or whether they make a stand for what we already have.

Following is a list of the committees:

Mastiffs—E. W. Dudley, Camden, N. J.; Herbert Mead, Lake Waccabuc, N. Y., and W. Wade, Pittsburg, Pa.

St. Bernards—A. W. Pope, Boston, Mass.; Rodney Benson, New York, and J. P. Haines, Tom's River, N. J.

Newfoundlands—J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.; J. A. Nickerson, Boston, Mass, and James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.

Deerhounds—J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; Edward Kelley, New York, and Dr. Van Hummel, Denver, Col.

Greyhounds—H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., and J. R. Pierson, Buckingham, Pa.

English Setters—Maj. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., and J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.

Irish Setters—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., and C. H. Turner, St. Louis, Mo.

Gordon Setters—Harry Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.; Jerome Marbie, Worcester, Mass., and C. F. Keys, Washington, D. C.

Black and Tan Setters—H. C. Glover, New York, and Jean Grosvenor, Boston, Mass.

Pointers—E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo.; E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, O., and R. C. Cornell, New York.

Irish Water Spaniels—John D. Olcott, Milwaukee, Wis.; T. O. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill., and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.

Cocker Spaniels—G. W. Leavitt, Boston, Mass.; A. T. Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., and J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Chesapeake Bay Dogs—J. T. Norris and Harry Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.

Foxhounds and Harriers—Dr. L. H. Twaddell, West Philadelphia, Pa.; Hon. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va., and J. A. Stovell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beagles—A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.; C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., and W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dachshunde—Dr. L. H. Twaddell, West Philadelphia, Pa.; John H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill., and H. L. Goodman, Auburn, Ill.

Fox-Terriers—W. Rutherfurd, New York; J. E. Thayer, Boston, Mass., and Edward Kelley, New York.

Collies—Thos. H. Terry, New York; Martin Dennis, Newark, N. J., and A. S. Apgar, New York.

Bulldogs—J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; R. Livingston, New York, and R. H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bull-Terriers—E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn.; Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., and R. Livingston, New York.

Black and Tan Terriers—Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa.; S. Coulson, Montreal, Canada, and J. F. Scholes, Toronto, Ont.

Bedlington Terriers—J. F. Kirk, W. S. Jackson and J. F. Scholes, Toronto, Ont.

Irish Terriers—L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y.; Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont, and James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J.

Skye Terriers—R. H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. P. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa., and James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.

Hard-haired Scotch, Yorkshire, Toy, Broken-haired and other Terriers, Italian Greyhounds, Japanese, King Charles, Blenheim and other Spaniels—J. H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill.; Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.

Pugs—Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. L. Goodman, Auburn, Ill., and W. R. Knight, Philadelphia, Pa.

Poodles—John G. Heckscher, New York; J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont., and Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.

THE ST. BERNARD GIROLA.—Andover, June 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your account of the Chicago dog show held June 4, I see that the smooth-coated St. Bernard pup Girola, formally Anno (A.K.R. 1606), received second prize in open class. How could that be when she is a puppy and there was a puppy class? I bred Girola, and she will not be one year old until July 29. She was entered at St. Louis in April in puppy class and won first; owner H. J. Clapham. She was entered at Cincinnati as owned by Millbrook Kennels and got he. She was again entered at Chicago as owned by H. J. Clapham. Is there more than one smooth pup Girola? If not, how did she come in the open class at Chicago, and who owns her?—ESSEX.

GOING OUT OF THE BUSINESS.—Mr. M. P. McKoon advises us that he is going out of the cocker breeding business, and is about to depart for Southern California, where he will engage in the culture of fruit. Our best wishes go with Mr. McKoon. May he find under the fair California skies those soothing influences which may transform him from a petulant, fault-finding writer of scurrilous and defamatory letters into a placid-tempered, "genial, whole-souled sportsman."

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Count Fritz, Bismark, Prince Cliff and Countess Fritz. By Chicago Kennels, Chicago, Ill., for lemon and white pointers, three dogs and one bitch, whelped April 4, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 1351) out of Virginia (A.K.R. 1357).

Eugene Gladstone, Bennie Gladstone, Clifford Gladstone, Ruth Gladstone and Roy Gladstone. By Edward A. Todd, New Haven, Conn., for black, white and tan English setters, three dogs and two bitches, whelped June 12, 1885, by Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno) out of Bessie T. (Gladstone—Floy).

Belle of Newton. By F. H. Nichols, Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1884, by Obo II. (A. K.R. 432) out of Gem (A.K.R. 1312).

Shamrock. By W. P. Booth, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for light red Irish terrier, whelped Nov. 23, 1884, by imported Slasher out of Sheila (A.K.R. 137).

Gyp, Carl, Cæsar, Admiral Dot and Nina. By Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., for pugs, four dogs and one bitch, whelped May 27, 1885 (Don Juan—Mollie).

Mertie. By Victor M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pa., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 6, 1885, by Salada's Dash out of Thompson's Lill.

Queen Blue. By Forest Hill Kennels, Bangor, Me., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1885, by Gun (Gladstone—May B.) out of Pearl Blue (Royal Blue—Dryad).

Belle Nevison. By Harry Hollis, Wellsville, N. Y., for mastiff bitch, whelped May 29, 1885, by champion Nevison (Gurth—Juno) out of Lady Nevison (Nevison—Brenda).

Chicago Kennels. By J. Bardwell and J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill., for their kennel of pointers and setters.

Western Reserve Kennels. By C. F. Wilson, Palmyra, O., for his kennel of mastiffs and pugs.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Pattie to Pattie B. Gordon setter bitch, age not given (Duke—Topsey), owned by J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nettle—Mixture. W. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettle (A.K.R. 1704) to J. E. Thayer's Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), June 17.

Daphne II.—Hermit. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489) to Chequasset Kennels' Hermit (A.K.R. 23), May 18.

Witch Hazel—Strephon. Scottish Chief Kennels' (Cleveland, O.) collie bitch Witch Hazel (A.K.R. 1233) to J. Van Schaick's imported Strephon (Eclipse—Flyaway), June 13.

Drew—Sportsman. C. Tucker's (Stanton, Tenn.) English setter bitch Drew (Druid—May B.) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), June 8.

Dashing Belle—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), June 14.

Pearl—Snap. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Pearl (A.K.R. 768) to Snap (Romeo II.—Naughty), June 16.

Princess Fairy—Paul Gladstone. G. L. Wrenn's (Concordia, Miss.) English setter bitch Princess Fairy (Prince—Fairy II.) to W. B. Gates's champion Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Princess Blossom—Paul Gladstone. W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Princess Blossom (Dashing Rover—Princess Rose) to his champion Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Bessie—Don. Wm. H. Force's (New York) pointer bitch Bessie (Sensation—Mineola) to R. T. Vandevort's Don (A.K.R. 165), June 18.

Rita Croxteth II.—Bang. J. E. Hill's (Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Rita Croxteth II. (Snipe—Rita Croxteth) to Geo. S. Tucker's imported Bang, May 4.

Pauline Markham—Hornell Jock. Charles S. Baker's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Pauline Markham (Obo II.—Hornell Ruby) to Hornell Jock (A.K.R. 1877), June 7.

Bessie T.—Don Gladstone. Edward A. Todd's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Bessie T. (Gladstone—Fly) to Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno), April 10.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nell. Geo. A. Stafford's (Cleveland, O.) black and tan terrier bitch Nell, June 10, five (four dogs), by Dot (Tip—Pippy).

Lady Nevison. Harry Hollis's (Wellsville, N.Y.) mastiff bitch Lady Nevison (Nevison—Brenda), May 29, three (one dog), by champion Nevison; the dog and one bitch since dead.

Bessie T. Edward A. Todd's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Bessie T. (Gladstone—Floy), June 12, five (three dogs), by Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno).

Zealah. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Zealah (Dan—Beaulah), June 14, ten (six dogs), by Thornton's Dash II. (Dash—Clytie).

Judy. C. T. Brownell' (New Bedford, Mass.) imported pug bitch Judy, May 14, eight (five dogs), by Pratt's Dick.

Princess Pearl. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Princess Pearl (Druid—Princess Draco). June 19, six (four dogs), by champion Gladstone.

Rose Obo. J. B. Robertson, Jr.'s (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Rose Obo (A.K.R. 1204), June 15, five (four dogs), by Young Obo (A.K.R. 861); all black.

Bluebell. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron fox-hound bitch Bluebell (Plunder—Old Bett), six (three dogs), by Rouse.

Bawdy. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron fox-hound bitch Bawdy (Plunder—Old Bett), four (two dogs), by Morse.

Nancy. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron fox-hound bitch Nancy (Logan—Fancy), three (one dog), by Speck.

Leo. Elm City Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) imported greyhound bitch Leo, June 20, nine, by their Dan (Hector—Beauty); four mouse-colored and three brindle dogs, and two black bitches.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Obo II.—Gem whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1884, by J. E. Hill, Newton, Mass., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., and resold by him to F. B. Stafford, Fanuell, Mass.

Benny. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1884 (Bunny. A.K.R. 1118—Bessy, A.K.R. 1117), by Haven Doe, Salmon Falls, N. H., to F. N. Marchant, Gloucester, Mass.

Bunny (A.K.R. 1118)—Bessy (A.K.R. 1117) whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1884, by Haven Doe, Salmon Falls, N. H., to W. C. Wright, Great Falls, N. H.

Belle of Newton. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1884 (Obo II.—Gem), by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to F. H. Nichols, Newton, Mass.

Baronet—Olivette whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Feb. 21, 1885, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to J. Herbert Baird, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Rita Croxteth II. Lemon and white pointer bitch, age not given (Snipe—Rita Croxteth), by Fred B. Stafford, Fanuell, Mass., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., and resold by him to J. E. Hill, same place.

Frank Laverack. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 23, 1883 (Tempest—Lilly), by Edward A. Todd, New Haven, Conn., to Henry Plumb, same place.

Bessie T. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 5yrs. old (Gladstone—Floy), by E. S. Hawks, Ashfield, Mass., to Edward A. Todd, New Haven, Conn.

Fritz (A.K.R. 1351)—Virginia (A.K.R. 1357) whelps. Lemon and white pointers, whelped April 4, 1885, by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., two dogs to J. B. Wickery and a bitch to J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill.

Irma A. Mastiff bitch, whelped Feb. 24, 1885 (Hero II.—Countess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to F. C. Pierce, Concord, Mass.

Nero. Mastiff dog, whelped Feb. 20, 1885 (Hero II.—Countess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to H. Burt, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Lady Bright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given (Rink II.—Aida), by M. H. Dailey, Bangor, Me., to Forest Hill Kennels, same place.

Bizorah. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1388), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Geo. H. Parkinson, Middletown, Conn., instead of Middlebury, as given last week.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Josie Dale. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 5, 1885, by Fleet (A.K.R. 2162) out of Victoria Dale (A.K.R. 2178), by F. M. Wheaton, Wilkesbarre, Pa., to W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Fritz (A.K.R. 1351)—Virginia (A.K.R. 1357) whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1885, by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., to J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WESTERN SCHUTZENFEST.

INDIANAPOLIS.—The fourth biennial tournament of the North western Shooting League began June 16, with an attendance of about 300 of the 1,000 sharpshooters belonging to the league. Among those here are William Farrow, kingshooter; William Hays, ex-kingshooter, and seven other members of the Manhattan team; Martin Graw, of Chicago; Emil Berg, leader of the Davenport team, which won the championship at Highland, Ill., in 1883; teams from Chicago, Davenport, Highland, Ill., Joliet, St. Louis, Dubuque, Milwaukee, Bloomingdale, Ill., and Monroe, Wis. Teams from Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Peru, Ill., Princeton, Ill., St. Paul, Winona, Minn., La Crosse, Wis., and Pittsburg will be here to-morrow. The visitors were escorted to the shooting park by the local organization, and welcomed by Emil Martin, president of the league, and addresses were made by ex-President August Pagn, of St. Louis, George Reger and others.

The opening contests were for rapidity in scoring fifteen bullseyes, and for the first sixty-five bullseyes scored. These are the only two rapid firing contests, the prizes being gold medals. Emil Berg, of Davenport, Iowa, made the first fifteen centers, and when the shooting for the day closed, led all the shooters with sixty-three centers to his credit.

In the evening there was a reception to the delegates, at which Gov. Gray and Mayor McMasters spoke.

The shooting ran through the week, and on Sunday came a great picnic with the crowning of the shooting king. The team shoot drew out a big effort, and the scores ran: Milwaukee, 1,193; Newark, 1,181; Indianapolis, 1,145; Munroe, 1,116; Joliet, 1,111; Davenport, 1,095; Chicago No. 2, 1,092; Peru, 1,093; Chicago No. 1, 1,039; Toledo, 1,034; Cincinnati No. 1, 1,008; Iowa team, 1,001; Cincinnati No. 2, 937; St. Louis, 915. The first prize consequently will go to Milwaukee. The highest individual scores in this contest were the following: Stephen Menier, Milwaukee, 213; Captain Grindels, Cincinnati No. 1, 203; Mr. Simon, Cincinnati No. 2, 175; L. Adams, Toledo, 201; James Kelley, Joliet, 203; John Coppersmith and A. Bergeron, Newark, each 207; H. H. Schulde, St. Louis, 174; M. M. Plotke, Chicago, 190; D. Herlien, Peru, 205; Emil Berg, Davenport, 217; Nicholas Gerber, Monroe, 201; Dr. Alexander, Indianapolis, 212; A. Warnebold, Iowa, 203, and W. Wegner, Chicago No. 2, 213.

The attendance at the Park on Saturday was light, but the defect was more than met by the liveliness of the shooting, which was probably the greatest since the opening, and the scores show that the firing on the average was the best during the week. (The most interesting contest was that on the king's target, on account of the fact that on Thursday, in six hours' shooting, William Hayes, of Newark, had made 222, surpassing all other contestants and making a phenomenal score.) On Friday the nearest approach to his score was 206, and it was left for the shooting of Saturday to produce, if possible, the man that would defeat him. But as the record shows this was not done, the nearest score below him being that of H. R. Vonderhorst, of the same team (Newark) who made 209, Dr. A. M. Alexander, of the home team, making the third best score, 206. Mr. Hayes has won accordingly the king's medal and will be crowned to day king of the fest. He also secures an additional prize of $15 in gold. The second prize, won by Mr. Vonderhorst, of Newark, is $20 in gold.

On the union target W. M. Wegner, of Princeton, was the winner, and will receive the prize of $500 cash, offered by Schmidt's brewery. Valentine Link, of Peru, Ill., will receive the second prize, $150 in cash, given by the local association. Then follow three prizes of $100 each, which will be distributed among J. P. Delahanty, of Princeton, Ill., scoring 68; H. Hoehne, of Monroe, Wis., 67, and Wm. Hayes, of Newark, 66. The other scores on this target are as follows: E. Bretz, of Indianapolis, 64; W. W. Wormwood, of Newark, 64; J. Coppersmith, of Newark, 63; Richard Kolk, Dubuque, 63; M. Farrow, Springfield, Mass., 63; R. A. Miller, Indianapolis, 62; H. Mueller, Toledo, 62; M. F. Robinson, Indianapolis, 62; F. Toggenberger, Chicago, 62, and Emil Berg, Davenport, 62.

It will be noticed that the scores are very close, which seemed to be the order of the day, on the union target, as well as on the man target, on which the following scores were made: J. P. Delahanty, Princeton, 55; J. Tricker, Monroe, Wis., 54; H Spangler, Monroe, 54; G. Nitzel, Peru, Ill., 51; T. Merz, Indianapolis, 51; H. Mueller, Toledo, 51, W. M. Keller, Princeton, 50; J. Gramlich, Fort Smith, Ark., 50; H. R. Vonderhorst, Newark, 50; G. Kersten, Chicago, 50. For the best scores on this target there are 60 prizes, ranging from $5 to $80.

On the people's target the following scores were made: M. Gindele, Cincinnati, 71; Edward Bretz, Indianapolis, 68; H. R. Vonderhorst, Newark, 64; John Grimm, Chicago, 63; George Kersten, Chicago, 63; Stephen Munier, Milwaukee, 63; H. Oehl, Newark, 63; Geo. Knebbe, Chicago, 63; A. F. Meyer, Davenport, 61; John P. Hefner, Chicago, 60. For this contest there were sixty prizes offered, ranging in value from $5 to $35.

Mr. Hayes used a muzzleloader, a .32 cal., and this fact was much commented on as likely to set the muzzleloacing advocates active again. Dr. Alexander was noteworthy as being with Bretz and Soleman the only men shooting off-hand. He, too, uses a .32-cal., 40-grain charge. Z.

BOSTON, June 17.—There was a good attendance of bullseye hunters at Walnut Hill to-day, and the weather conditions being favorable, excellent records were made. The match for the director's medal was shot, and won by R. Reed on a score of 23 out of a possible 25 points. Private F. W. Perkins, Company L, 8th Infantry, during the day finished the last of four scores of 23 out of 25 points requisite to win the gold badge (first prize) in the competition, open only to members of the militia. The scores made by the team of the Manchester Rifle Association in the competition against a team of the home club, held last week, was received, the result showing the home team winners by a score of 687 to 657. The score stood:

Creedmoor Match.

R P Reed, B	5554545555—48	A B Archer, A	5554554544—46
R Rand, B	5555545544—47	C Williams, A	4345451455—43
A Law, B	4454455555—46	T Stewart, A	5434454444—41
J B Fellows, A	5444555455—46	E Dana, A	4345444444—40

Creedmoor Match.

J Francis	8	7	7	8	7	9	9	8	9	10—80
F W Perkins, mil	8	8	10	9	7	5	3	9	6	10—75
A Law	5	8	8	7	1	10	6	9	7	10—71

Victory Match.

J B Fellows	6	10	10	10	7	9	5	9	8	8—82
H Cushing	7	10	8	7	7	10	9	9	8	7—82
H Cambridge	9	8	6	9	10	10	7	9	6	6—80
R Reed	5	7	8	8	10	10	8	9	8	6—79

Rest Match.

B G Warren, F	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9—98
D L Chase, A	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	9—97
D L Chardon, A	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	9—96
H Severance, F	10	8	10	6	10	10	10	10	8	10—92
T Stewart, A	9	10	9	10	9	10	7	7	9	10—90

BOSTON, June 20.—There was a good attendance of riflemen at the Walnut Hill range to day. The wind proved troublesome to the shooters, and prevented the recording of high scores in the early part of the day, but toward the latter part of the afternoon caused less annoyance. A team match between the Massachusetts Rifle Association and the Arlington Heights Rifle Club was shot in the afternoon, resulting in a victory for the former club. Appended are the scores:

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

E F Richardson	5	7	10	10	9	9	10	8	7	9—84
R Reed	9	7	7	9	8	7	7	6	9	10—79
O M Jewell	6	9	8	7	9	7	4	6	9	9—79
J B Fellows	7	7	6	6	8	5	8	9	10	8—74
H Cushing	6	10	3	7	9	8	4	8	10	9—74
E B Souther	5	6	8	8	8	3	4	6	7	9—64—454

Arlington Heights Rifle Club.

J C Holmes	8	5	10	2	9	8	9	10	8	5—74
G A Lloyd	9	7	9	10	3	7	8	7	5	10—73
G W Pierce	6	5	9	9	4	3	9	10	5	7—67
F W Thomas	6	4	5	7	3	5	9	6	10	3—58
A W Damon	3	5	2	7	5	4	5	5	7	9—52
A F Davis	4	2	9	6	5	4	5	4	5	2—46—370

Creedmoor Match.

E F Richardson	4555554555—48	A Rolfe	5444454545—44
F W Perkins (mil)	5455545554—46	H S Emery	4545444445—43
E B Souther	5544555444—45	L C Adams	4444453554—42
J P Bates	4444454555—44	W Henry	4445444444—41
N W Tufts	4455444155—41		

Decimal Match—B.

E F Richardson	10	8	9	10	9	9	10	8	7	8—88
R Fisher	5	7	10	10	9	9	10	8	7	9—84
R Reed	10	9	10	8	8	5	7	10	9	9—83
F Adams	9	9	8	9	8	6	10	9	9	5—82
F Easton	9	7	7	9	8	7	7	6	9	10—79
F W Waldo	10	6	5	6	7	6	10	10	10	7—77
J B Fellows	9	9	8	9	8	6	4	10	6	6—76
F Smith	8	6	8	7	9	4	9	4	10	7—72
J N Frye	9	8	7	6	8	4	8	5	8	8—71
F Nichols	9	7	5	6	8	6	8	5	5	9—68
E B Souther	8	7	3	10	4	5	8	8	8	4—65

Decimal Match—C.

O N Jewell	6	5	4	8	9	9	9	9	10	7—82
J Merrill	6	7	7	10	10	8	10	7	7	7—79
J Francis	8	9	7	10	10	6	7	7	7	7—77
N Hayes	8	7	7	9	9	9	7	5	9	4—74
F W Perkins (mil)	9	8	7	10	6	3	6	6	7	7—69

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
B G Warren	10	10	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	10—95
G Barton	10	10	9	8	10	9	10	9	9	8—92
J Hurd	10	8	9	10	9	9	8	10	8	6—87
W Kirkwood	7	8	10	8	9	7	8	8	6	8—79

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 14.—The detailed scores made by the members of the team representing the Massachusetts Rifle Association in its match with the Manchester Association were received in this city to-day. It appears that the local riflemen were defeated by a score of 687 to 657, being 30 points behind their Massachusetts rivals. The Massachusetts team was picked to win, and was one that could throw down the gauntlet to the whole of New England. Had any one made the prediction that they would not defeat the Manchester riflemen more than 30 points he would have been regarded as a boaster whose words were of little weight. The selection of such a team to compete against the Manchesters was in itself a compliment to the latter. Again, the shooting was upon decimal targets with which the home riflemen were unacquainted and they were also without the services of Mr. Bixby, who can always be depended upon to roll up a good string. Had the shooting been upon Creedmoor targets the defeat would only have been by three points. Decimal targets are the proper ones to use, however, as it gives riflemen the benefit of their close shots and these targets will undoubtedly come into popularity here. C. E. Berry, statistical officer of the Massachusetts Association, in his report to the Manchester club says: "Your team shot better than I expected they would, and your club need not feel ashamed of their representatives. Our team, with one exception, shot better than an average score, and our average per man was high for team scores. What is the verdict concerning decimal targets in your club? I think you would like them better than the Creedmoor. Your club has every reason to be proud of the shooting of its team." The scores follow, the possible total being 900 per team:

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

O M Jewell	8	10	7	9	5	10	9	10	6	8—125
F J Rabbeth	6	6	6	8	10	7	9	8	10	5—117
E F Richardson	6	8	9	9	8	10	9	10	10	8—116
J B Fellows	8	10	5	4	10	9	4	10	8	7—116
G R Russell	8	8	9	2	6	8	10	8	5	9—112
N C Nash	8	7	10	4	6	7	6	10	9	6—104—687

Manchester Rifle Association.

A B Dodge	4	9	8	7	8	8	7	9	9	8—120
C D Palmer	10	9	10	9	10	6	7	5	7	9—120
M Wadleigh	8	7	9	7	7	7	4	9	9	10—108
J L Niven	9	6	8	7	7	5	6	9	10	3—105
G A Leighton	8	6	10	7	3	8	8	5	8	6—103
E C Paul	8	9	7	9	5	4	8	6	7	8—101—657

The average per man was: Massachusetts, 114½; Manchester, 109⅛. Mr. Lyman, who was selected as one of the reserves to shoot in case one or more of the regular team failed to be present, made a string of 119, which, if added to that of team, would have helped out the record amazingly. Mr. Wadleigh was unfortunate with his last shot, his rifle being discharged as he was making preparations to shoot, the result being a 1 instead of a much higher figure, which he otherwise would undoubtedly have made. Other team matches are expected to follow.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 2.—Scores at 200yds. off-hand, Creedmoor target, bright light, wind strong from 9 to 11 o'clock:

Moore	4554444443—43	Norton	4443443544—39
Dowler	5444445443—42	Sprague	4434434534—38
Burns	4444444440—40	Ward	4434445544—38

ARLINGTON, Mass, June 17.—Two matches were shot at the range of the Arlington Heights Rifle Club to-day, in the forenoon between five men from the home club and five from the Hillside Rifle Club of Waltham, strings of 10 shots per man, Massachusetts decimal target. The first match was a tie, each club scoring 308. The second resulted in a victory for the home club by a score of 328 to 287. Fair shooting conditions prevailed, with a light 5 o'clock wind. The scores:

First Match—Hillside Club.

H L Whiting	4	8	9	9	9	8	9	7	4	5—72
L O Dennison	5	6	7	6	10	10	7	7	7	6—71
P A Emerson	7	7	9	5	9	4	8	4	9	5—67
W H Stone	8	4	4	8	4	4	6	5	7	10—62
W W Green	9	2	1	8	2	2	3	2	4	3—36—308

Arlington Heights Club.

J C Holmes	4	5	10	6	5	9	6	9	10	7—71
G Franklin	7	5	9	9	6	5	8	8	10	2—69
F A Lloyd	10	3	2	8	6	7	3	8	9	2—58
F W Thomas	2	6	4	8	10	8	6	7	1	4—56
A F Davis	3	10	3	4	6	5	8	4	8	3—54—308

Second Match—Arlington Heights Club.

G Franklin	3	6	8	6	10	8	7	8	5	9—70
J C Holmes	5	6	9	7	8	8	8	5	7	7—70
A F Davis	7	5	8	6	8	8	4	8	3	6—63
F W Thomas	3	9	3	7	7	10	2	8	5	9—63
G A Lloyd	10	5	1	3	8	6	10	5	10	4—62—328

Hillside Club.

P A Emerson	6	5	9	6	10	9	3	10	8	8—74
L O Dennison	7	7	6	5	5	4	8	6	5	10—63
W H Stone	4	8	3	2	8	5	3	9	9	3—54
H L Whiting	5	8	5	10	7	6	1	5	3	2—52
W W Green	6	5	1	5	5	2	3	5	6	6—44—287

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The members of the Rod and Gun Club who went to shoot Saturday, June 20, for the monthly badges, did some fine shooting, the 112 of S. S. Bumstead being very fine. Mr. Bumstead has not had much practice of late, but is now getting into his old form for the 50-shot match, in which he shoots with Captain Wm. Farrow against J. A. Huggins, of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Rifle Club, and Cale Mandlin and George Harrison, of the Minneapolis (Minn.) Rifle Club. The match, which is telegraphic, takes place July 4. The individual scores were for

First Class Badge.

S S Bumstead	11	12	12	10	11	12	10	12	11	11	—112
E T Stepheus	11	11	10	11	11	12	12	10	11	9	—109
T B Wilson	11	11	11	11	11	12	10	11	8	10	—106

Second Class Badge.

E A Field	12	9	10	6	10	12	11	10	10	10	—100
T T Cartwright	12	11	12	8	8	9	10	10	11	6	—97
J Newton	11	8	9	10	8	10	4	9	6	10	—85

Record Match.

T T Cartwright	11	0	10	11	8	11	10	8	11	10	—99

Rest Match.

S K Hindley	12	11	11	10	12	9	11	11	11	11	—109
A Locke	11	11	11	11	12	10	10	10	10	12	—108

PIN HEAD.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 20.—The Manchester Rifle Association have commenced practicing on the Massachusetts decimal target in their off hand shooting and thus far like it very well, and unless the ingenuity of target makers bring forth something with strong points in its favor, we shall probably adopt it for our match shooting in the future. At our semi-weekly shoot, held June 16 and 20, the following scores were made:

June 16.	Cr'dm'r.	Mass.	Dec.	June 20.	Cr'dm'r.	Mass.	Dec.
C D Palmer	47	79		A B Dodge	49	85	
J Lawrence	45	71		C D Palmer	47	81	
F J Drake	44	68		J B Anthony	45	75	
E C Paul	44	67		W Graham	44	64	
W Graham	43	59		J Lawrence	44	65	
J Hodge	42	61		F J Drake	44	65	
E J Partridge	42	54		T Pinch	44	65	
T Pinch	41	54				RIFLE.	

THOMASTON, Conn., June 20.—The weather conditions at Bridgmoor Range to-day were a bright light with a tricky wind, veering from 8 to 11 o'clock. Subjoined are the scores:

G C Gilbert	11	10	10	11	9	11	11	10	11	9	—103
W H Dunbar	10	11	9	10	11	12	10	10	9	9	—101
G A Lemmon	11	11	11	11	11	8	11	11	8	8	—100
E Thomas	10	10	3	10	11	9	11	9	8	9	—95
G P North	8	11	8	10	10	8	8	10	10	8	—91
J L Alling	7	10	9	7	11	8	10	9	8	11	—90
Fred A Perkins	11	12	8	10	9	10	7	7	11	4	—89
F Carr	8	8	10	8	9	9	10	10	5	10	—87
A Fox	10	6	6	10	9	7	7	7	8	7	—77
G Smith	6	8	10	10	5	7	5	6	6	6	—69

TOPEKA, Kan., June 19.—The Capital City Shooting Club held its weekly shoot to-day at the fair grounds. The target upon which the shooting was done is the Massachusetts decimal, upon which it is possible to count 100. The score was as follows:

Geo E Morrison	0	0	3	5	4	2	1	7	6	3—31	
J M Clark	7	8	5	2	9	5	4	8	7	2—57	
J L Paine	5	0	1	1	5	2	5	8	0	3—30	
Reed McCarter	9	10	4	3	10	10	7	3	7	4—67	
Robert Thompson	5	5	3	4	6	8	10	4	8	5—58	

RIFLE NOTES.—James S. Conlin has opened his shooting gallery for the season, at Leland's Ocean Hotel, Long Branch. He is personally in charge and gives instructions in shooting and bowling without charge. A high power musket of small-arm caliber is the subject of some important experiments by the Naval Bureau of Ordnance. This musket fires a steel bullet in place of the ordinary leaden bullet, and an initial velocity of two thousand feet per second has been attained with it. This new small-arm will, it is thought, be capable of piercing the sides of torpedo boats and cruisers.

OTTAWA, Ontario, June 22.—It is rumored that Lieut.-Col. Landry, member of Parliament, owing to adverse criticisms in military circles, has decided to withdraw from the command of the Wimbledon team. Col. Ross, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, it is said, has been tendered the command, and will probably accept it.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

N. G. A. TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The preliminary arrangements for above tournament are progressing favorably. Pastime Park, which has been secured for the occasion, is probably the best inclosure for such an affair as can be procured anywhere. The park has been laid out and is used exclusively for all outdoor sports, such as shooting matches, dog races, lawn tennis, base ball, etc. There is an open level ground of nearly 400yds. square, so that five or six different sets of traps can be worked at the same time. The grounds are reached from depot on Seventh and Greene streets in about ten minutes, and trains run every ten or fifteen minutes, so that probably no shooting grounds can be reached as handily as this one from the center of any other large city.

The executive committee for this shoot has corresponded with all the manufacturers of the various targets besides the clay-pigeon, and there is no doubt that all the different targets will be represented. The Association has proposed to these manufacturers to take twenty or more shares of the stock, and so assist the Association and financially interest themselves in the future welfare of it. Under these circumstances the success of the National Association would be assured, and a bright future opened for harmonious actions of the large body of American trap-shooters.

All the different manufacturers have promised to be on hand, and look favorably upon the propostion to financially interest themselves in the "National," which business will come up at the meeting of the Association at the Girard House on the evening of June 30. It will be a gay sight to have a set of each of the different traps and birds to work at the same time. The first day of the tournament, July 1, will be open to all. All open shoots will be like the others, classified and pro rate, but five per cent. will be taken out by the Association for expenses.

The programme for the first day will comprise one or more sweeps each at the various targets represented, seven birds per man, three dollars entrance, and one live bird shoot from five ground traps, seven birds and fifteen dollars entrance. The detailed programme for the following three days will be divided at the meeting June 30 at the Girard House. It will be somewhat a repetition of the first day's programme.

There will be each day one or more shoots open only to men who have never won a prize in a State or inter-state shoot, and besides the executive committee will have power to bar any expert from these shoots, so that the amateurs will have a chance to shoot among their equal.

Extra sweepstakes with one, two and three dollars entrance will be shot constantly to keep all hands busy.

There is no doubt that this will prove the most interesting tourney yet held. J. VON LENGERKE, for Executive Committee N. G. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As this will be your issue immediately preceding the second inter-State tournament of the N. G. A., to be held at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, July 1 to 4, both inclusive, permit me to briefly call the attention of sportsmen thereto, and more especially the following points:

First—Any one can join the Association on the grounds and participate at once in the tournament.

Second—Members are reminded that a most important meeting will be held at the Girard House, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, June 30, 8 P. M., which all are urgently invited to attend. The selection of a new general manager will be the principal business. Other questions of importance will be discussed. The programme, as regards the various targets to be used, will be arranged and new members received.

Third—Members who do not attend the tournament are reminded as to the Fourth of July telegraphic match, 3 P. M., conditions announced in the hand book, with the following change: Send your scores per telegram to J. Von Lengerke, Girard House, Philadelphia. The latter will be the chief executive office of the tournament, assisted principally by T. P. Greger, of Philadelphia, and numerous other members.

Fourth—Among those who have been successively suggested as nominees for the office of general manager are, C. M. Stark, of Winchester, Mass.; Frank Drake, of Bradford, Penn.; J. C. Lineman of Bradford, and A. W. Du Bray, of Newport, Ky.. any one of whom would doubtless fill the office to the satisfaction of the members. The three just named have thus far declined in flattering terms, on the ground principally of other and pressing business. Mr. Du Bray has kindly consented to the use of his name for the position, at the urgent solicitation of such men as Messrs. Bandle, Lokan, et. al. He is a keen sportsman, a thorough worker, and one who will doubtless do justice to all. It is to be hoped that members attending the meeting will be prepared to nominate such others as they may deem worthy and as may be willing to accept the position if elected.

When participating in this tournament, every member should feel it as much his tournament as any other man's; and therefore he should lend a hand in assisting the managers, in expediting matches, acting as volunteer judges, etc., or in any other capacity on the grounds where he sees he can make himself useful or aid in increasing the mutual enjoyment of all concerned. To the Philadelphia sportsmen who are not as yet members we would say that most of our members who visit your city do so for the first time. It is there fore to be hoped that you will do as you would be done by" under similar circumstances, so that when they say adieu every one of you will feel that you have done your share toward rendering their stay pleasant and agreeable in all respects. You may not have the occasion so to do for years. Therefore, if there be any bickering among yourselves on various topics (which it is needless here to mention), it is to be hoped you will lay them aside for this occasion, and duly maintain together the old-timed hospitality for which Philadelphia is famous. J. BLOOM, Manager N. G. A.

MASSACHUSETTS GLASS BALL ASSOCIATION.

THE Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association opened its two days' tournament June 17. The pleasant weather made the breaking of birds and balls pleasant sport. Following is the result of the day's shoot:

1. Five glass balls—Schaffer, Rowell, Loring, Ames and Law divided first, Wilbur, Shumway and Libby divided second, Renaud, Buffington and Souther divided third, Williams, Papanti and Whitton divided fourth

2. Seven clay-birds—Perry and Starr divided first, Gilman and Allen divided second, Webber, Doane, Sanborn and Libby divided third, Renaud and Whittier divided fourth.

3. Fifteen glass balls—Dickey, Short and Werm divided first, Doane, Bancroft, Henry and Bowdish divided second, Rowell, Law and Purrington divided third, Eager, Knowles and Stanton divided fourth.

4. Seven birds, five traps—Clark first, Allen, Lovejoy and Stark divided second, Eager and Sawyer divided third, Houghton and Nichols divided fourth.

5. Five singles, straightaway—Houghton, Stanton, Howell, Robinson, Francis and Clark divided first, Wilbur, Barney, Lovejoy and Schaffer divided second, Berry and Blair divided third. Franklin fourth.

6. Three-men team match—Maldens first, Bostons second, Massachusetts team third, Medfields fourth.

7. Three pairs pairs birds—Dickey, Webber and Franklin divided first, Stark second, Perry and Davis divided third, Farrar fourth.

8. Five birds—Renaurd, Purrington and Francis divided first, Webber, Gilman, Tisdale and Law divided second, Frost and Bowdish divided third, Franklin fourth.

9. Five pairs birds—Eager first, Rowell second, Bancroft third, Purrington and Star divided fourth.

In the team match for the championship badge, 10 balls per man, the Malden team was first, winning the badge and first money, the Worcester team was second and the Suffolk team third.

In the individual match for a gold badge, Stark was the winner, breaking 42 balls without a miss. Dickey was second, with 39.

June 18.—The second day found the grounds of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington in capital order. The several events showed. First event, 5 singles, 1 trap: Eager 2, Perry 4, W. J. Braley 5, Allen 4, Sawyer 4, Davis 3, Bartlett 3, Webber 4, Purington 3, Houghton 4, Howard 2, Pond 2, T. S. Hall 3, Buffington 4, Copeland 5, Pratt 3, Aldoes 3, Tisdale 3, Bowdish 3. Braley and Copeland divided first money. Sawyer and Webber divided second money. Pratt and Tisdale divided third. Howard and Pond divided fourth.

Second event, 7 single birds, one trap: Eager 6, Dickey 5, Perry 6, Braley 5, Allen 4, Sawyer 7, Davis 2, Bartlett 4, Webber 4, Purington 7. Houghton 4, Howard 2, Pond 5, Hall 6, Buffington 3, Copeland 5, Pratt 4, Aldoes 3, Tisdale 5, Bowdish 5, Henry 4, Gilman 6, Farrar 5, Robinson 6, Rowell 7, Clark 4, E. T. Smith 4, White 3, Holden 7, Francis 5, Rice 5, Stark 7, Whittier 2, Atwell 1. Stark, Rowell and Purrington divided first money. Perry and Gilman divided second; Dickey and Bowdish divided third; Webber, Clark and Houghton divided fourth.

Third event, grand championship contest for the Ligowsky clay-pigeon badge, 15 single birds, 1 trap:

Eager	011111000111101—10	Bartlett	111111111111111—15
White	111111101011101—12	Webber	110111000111111—11
Allen	111111111010110—13	Knell	110101000101000— 7
Farrar	101111101111101—12	Braley	100111111111111—13
Perry	110111010111111—12	Tisdale	111001011111111—12
Dickey	111111001111111—13	Holden	111111011111114—14
Gilman	110101111111111—14	Smith	111011111111111—14
Whittier	100010101100101— 7	Stanton	111110101011111—13
Sawyer	110011111001111—11	Souther	010101111111110—13
Rowell	111101001111101—11	Aldoes	001010011w
Purrington	111111010011011—11	Pond	100010101111114—10
Stark	111111111111111—15	Loring	111101011111111—13
Davis	010110111111011—11	Hyughton	100010100110111 -11
Howard	111011110111101—12	Clark	111011011101010—10
Copeland	10000000w.	Francis	111100111111100—11
Hall	000001110111111— 9	Henry	011101111011111—12
Buffington	101001111111111—12	Pratt	011101111111110—11

C. M. Stark and J. G. Bartlett divided first money. Ties on 15: Stark —111111111111, Bartlet—1111111110; C. M. Stark, won the badge, Gilman and Smith divided second money, Allen, Braley and Dickey divided third, Howard and Buffington divided fourth.

Fourth event, three-men team match, five single birds per man:

Malden Gun Club.		Worcester S. C. Third Team.	
Purrington	11111—4	Houghton	01100—3
Sawyer	11111—5	E T Smith	11110—4
Loring	11110—4—14	Bowdish	11111—5—12
Worcester S. C. First Team.		M. R. A. First Team.	
Gilman	11111—5	Dickey	11111—5
Clark	11101—4	Rowell	10111—4
Holden	01111—4 —13	Stanton	11111—5—14
Suffolk G. C.		M. R. A. Second Team.	
Robinson	11111—5	Henry	01000
J C Smith	11101—4	Lair	11111
Pratt	01100—2—11	White	w.
Worcester S. C. Second Team.		Brockton G. C.	
Davis	10010—2	Allen	11111—5
Whittier	11111—5	Tisdale	10111—4
Webber	11001—3—10	Bartlett	11111—5—14
Boston Gun Club.		Fall River Gun Club.	
Eager	11111—5	Hall	11111—5
Perry	11111—5	Buffington	10111—4
Stark	11111—5—15	Braley	10111—4—13

Boston Gun Club won first, Malden second, Fall River Gun Club third, and Worcester S. C. Second Team fourth.

Fifth event, 7 single birds, 5 traps: Gilman 6, Eager 5, Perry 6, Webber 5, Robinson 2, Henry 4, Rowell 5, Dickey 5, Hall 5, Davis 2, Law 5, Sowther 4, Purington 6, Loring 6, Stanton 4, Whittier 3, White 4, Allen 6, Sawyer 6, Howard 5, E. T. Smith 6, Copeland 5, Aldoes withdrew, Farrar 5, Adams 2, Sanborn 5, Pond 3, Atwell 6, Braley 6, Stark 6, J. C. Smith 3, Witherell 3. Clark 6, Holden 5. Loring, Sawyer, Braley and Clark divided first. Eager, Rowell and Howard divided second money. Henry and Stanton divided third. Whittier won fourth.

Sixth event.—Grand championship contest. Team badge match; 5 men per team, 10 birds per man:

Mass. Rifle Association.		Brockton Gun Club.	
Rowell	1111011010—7	Howard	1111011101—8
Stanton	1001111010 6	Allen	1011111100—7
White	1111011011—8	Tirrel	1001011110—6
Law	1111101001—7	Copeland	1111101000—6
Dickey	1111100000—5—33	Bartlett	1111110111—9—36
Suffolk Gun Club.		Worcester Sportsmen's Assoc'n.	
Cranston	1101110011—7	Eager	1011011111— 8
Pratt	1111000111—7	E T Smith	1101011111— 8
Witherell	1110100101—6	Gilman	1111110111— 9
J C Smith	0011001100—4	Holden	1011111110— 9
Robinson	1111000111—7—31	Perry	1111111111—10—43
Malden Gun Club.			
Sawyer	1000111110—6	Loring	1111101101—8
Purington	1111111110—9	Francis	1111110111—9—41
Buffum	1011111111—9		

Seventh event, 7 singles, 1 trap: Eager 6, Rowell 3, Stark 7, Purrington 6, Henry 4; Webber 4, Law 6, Sawyer 4, Perry 7, Dickey 6, Atwell 5, Bartlett 4, Davis 7, White 6, Smith 5, Gilman 3, Howard 2, Francis 5. Stark, Perry and Davis divided first. Eager and Dickey divided second. Atwell, Smith and Francis divided third. Henry and Webber divided fourth. Gilman won fifth.

Eighth event—5 pair double birds;

Bartlett	10	01	11	11	11—8	Tirrell	11	10	11	11	11—9
Law	10	11	11	10	11—8	White	10	00	10	11	10—5
Dickey	10	11	10	10	10—6	Purrington	10	11	11	11	11—9
Sawyer	01	01	11	11	11—8	Stark	00	10	11	11	11—7
Eager	11	10	01	10	00—5	Rowell	11	10	11	10	10—7

Tirrell and Purington divided first, Law won second, Stark and Rowell divided third.

Ninth event, 7 singles, 1 trap: Dickey 5, Law 5, Bartlett 7, Sawyer 4, Tirrell 6, White 4, Robinson 6. Purington 7, Stark 6. Sampson 4, Smith 6, Pratt 6, Witherell 5, Rowell 6, Bartlett and Purington divided first. Stark and Rowell divided second money. Law won third. Sawyer, White and Sampson divided fourth.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The open to all union shoot last Saturday at the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club at Marion, was again a very enjoyable affair, and the popularity of these shoots seems to increase with every weekly shoot. They will be kept up throughout the summer months, and the one o'clock Saturday closing movement will surely add a great many to the already respectable list of regular visitors. The following were some of the sweeps shot under National rules. As it is always at the option of the shooters whether to enter for the money purses or not, a number of contestants shoot for the price of birds only.

Eight clay-birds, 25 cents entrance:

Jim Blauvelt	10111111—7	Lever	00000110—2
Al Heritage	01101101—5	Paradine	01101110—5
Smith	01110011—5	F Sunderman	00000000—0
Townsend	00101111—5	Chetwood	10010110—4
D Sunderman	01100100—3	Burdette	01111010—5
J von Lengerke	01101001—4	Holcomb	11101110—6

Blauvelt first, Holcomb second and Burdette third.

Eight Knoxville blackbirds, 50 cents entrance:

J Blauvelt	01110111—6	Burdett	11101110—6
Smith	00011100—3	Tomkins	10111000—4
Townsend	11011110—6	Holcomb	11110111—7
Sunderman	01001000—2	Pellence	10111100—5
Meyer	00000100—1	H von Lengerke	00000111—3
Luder	11110010—5	Smith	01100111—5
Codey	00000000—0	Knowlen	01000100—2
Lever	00101111—5	J von Lengerke	11111111—8
Chetwood	01000110—3		

J. von Lengerke first, Holcomb second, Townsend third.

Eight American clay-birds, 50 cents entrance.

Lindsley	01101000—3	H von Lengerke	11110111—7
Tomkins	10001101—4	Townsend	11010110—5
Lever	00111110—5	Sunderman	00101000—2
Chetwood	10011110—5	Clements	00100110—3
Luder	10101100—4	Holcomb	10111101—6
Meyer	10100001—3	Burdette	11011111—7
Pelience	11001110—5	Edey	00011010—3
Blauvelt	11101111—7	Smith	10110111—6
Codey	00001001—2	J von Lengerke	10011111—6

Blauvelt first, Smith second, Townsend third.

Four pair double clay-pigeons, 50 cents entrance. Tomkins first, Lever second, Lindsley and Smith divided third. Several other small sweeps were shot.

CHESTER, Pa., June 15.—For some time past the members of the Thomas L. Briggs Gun Club, of Chester, have been making arrangements for their second contest with the Wawassett Gun Club, of Wilmington. The match took place yesterday near Ninth and Kerlin streets, and resulted in a victory for the Chesterians. The contest opened by shooting at glass balls. P. Ambold led off for the Wilmington team in a way that looked as though the Delawareans might get away with the prize, but Billy Gibbs tied his score on balls and beat him on pigeons. The contest went rapidly on, and was watched with great interest by the large crowd that had collected. The score follows:

Wawassett Gun Club.			Briggs Gun Club.		
	Gl. Ba.	Cl. Pi.		Gl. Ba.	Cl. Pi.
P Ambold	11111—5	01000—1	W Gibbs	11111—5	11111—5
G Cloud	00000—0	11010—3	N Hyland	01101—3	11011—4
D Buckmaster	11111—5	00001—1	H Johnson	01011—3	11011—4
N B Hill	00000—0	00001—1	C Borden	00000—0	11100—3
J Ryan	10010—2	10111—4	J H Ladomus	00000—0	11011—4
A B Mack	01101—3	00001—1	T Roberts	11010—3	00000—0
R Miller	11101—4	11100—5	H Selders	11110—4	00000—0
D Atkinson	11101—4	10011—3	R E Ross	11001—3	00111—3
C Buckmaster	00101—2	11000—2	T Anderson	11001—3	00011—2
	25	19		34	25

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—New Dorp, S. I., June 18.—The day was all that was required and we had a very large attendance of members and friends. The members did their very best, as there were many of the fair sex as spectators, from all appearances the latter took quite an interest in the result:

G V Hudson, 30yds	1111101100— 7	J Measel, 25yds	1111001111— 8
B Lynch, 25yds	1111111111—10	N Measel, 25yds	1111100101— 7
Schermerhorn, 21y	1111111111—10	P Keenan, 21yds	1000101010— 4
H Rubins, 21yds	1001111000— 5	J Glaccum, 25yds	1111110101— 8
P Butz, 21yds	1111111011— 9	G Connor, 21yds	1010010001— 4
C Cody, 25yds	0111101011— 7	J W Godfrey, 25yds	1111111112—10
C M Granger, 30yds	1111101111— 9	S McMahon, 21yds	1111111000— 8
H Otten, 30yds	1111110101— 8	M Murphy, 21yds	1110000000— 3
C Measel, 21yds	1000111000— 5	A McHale, 21yds	1000101001— 5
R Regan, 21yds	0010111011— 6	T Schroder, 21yds	1110101001— 6
J Howard, 21yds	1110001001— 4	M McMunn, 21yds	1011111010— 8

Ties for first, miss and out—Lynch 0, Schermerhorn 2, Godfrey 1. Ties for second—Granger 0, Butz 1. Ties for third—Otten 1, J. Measel 2, Glaccum 0, McMahon 5, McMuna 4. L. Schermerhorn took first, P. Butz second and S. McMahon third prize.

LOWELL, Mass., June 18.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club weekly shoot, 15 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 traps and 5 pairs double birds: Knowles won first medal, Smiley won second medal, Boynton won third medal.

Sweepstakes were in order, with the following results: Seven clay birds, 5 traps: Jones 5, Davis 5, Bates 5, Lovejoy 6, Dock 5, Knowles 4, Smiley 5, Frost 4, Gordon 2, Boynton 5. Lovejoy won first, Jones and Davis second, Frost and Knowles third, Gordon fourth.

Seven blackbirds: Jones 6, Knowles 4, Lovejoy 5, Bates 5, Davis 3, Dock 5, Frost 3, Colt 5, Smiley 3, Piper 6, Farrington 6, Putnam 4, Perham 4, Sturgis 2. Jones and Piper first, Lovejoy second, Knowles and Perham third, Frost and Smiley fourth.

Seven pigeons: Smiley 3, Bates 3, Frost 7, Jones 4, Piper 5, Dock 5, Davis 4, Varnum 3, Gordon 3, Torrey 3, Smith 5, Sturgis 5, Crown 6, Knowles 4, Perham 3, Boynton 6, Colt 5. Frost first, Boynton second, Dock third, Jones fourth.

Seven blackbirds: Smiley 5, Bates 6, Frost 6, Jones 5, Piper 4, Dock 6, Davis 6, Varnum 4, Brown 4, Gordon 6, Torrey 4, Smith 7, Sturgis 6, Runals 5, Knowles 5, Colt 1. Smith first, Frost and Dock second, Jones and Knowles third, Brown fourth.

Seven blackbirds: Torrey 7, Jones 7, Dock 7, Knowles 7, Frost 5, Crown 5, Colt 4, Smith 4, Perham 4. Jones and Dock divided first, Frost second, Smith and Perham third. The club numbers sixty-six members, S. H. Jones, President; G. H. Stevens, Vice-President, and L. H. Derby, Secretary and Treasurer.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 18.—First handicap shoot of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, 25 clay-pigeons each, fourth notch: E. A. Folsom 19, G. Tolles 19, M. White 17, H. Gardner 16, E. C. Howe 16, W. Johnson 15, A. McMullen 15, M. Cook 15, A. C. Collins 14, G. Best 14, J. Cook 14, J. Alger 14, J. Peard 13, J. Cary 11, O. B. Treat 9, H. Jacobs 9, J. Reynolds 8. Tie between Folsom and Tolles: E. A. Folsom 2, G. Tolles 1. The club medal was won by Folsom.

STANTON, Mich., June 19.—At the regular annual meeting of the Stantou Gun Club for the election of officers, held at the Bailey House in this city, on Thursday evening, June 4, the following officers were elected: President, B. F. Littlefield; Vice-President, J. M. Zinkhan; Secretary, W. J. Percival; Treasurer, M. E. Fanning.—PAUL PRY.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Match of the Elmira Gun Club, June 18, at 7 single glass balls, 18yds rise: Wagner 5, Baker 5, Davis 7, A. D. Smith 3, Growell 2, Everett 5, Bailey 6, Park 4, Pratt 5, S. H. Smith 2, Pagett 4. Pratt, Wagner and Davis divide third, Bailey and Pagett divide fourth. Match at 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise: Baker 6, Kniskern 2, Growell 0, Davis 3, A. D. Smith 1, Everett 2, Pagett 3, Rotan 0, Wagner 6, Bailey 2, Gerber 4, Pratt 4, Gee 5, Rogers 4. Wagner and Baker divide first, Gerber shot out Pratt for third, Davis and Pagett divide fourth.

Match at 10 single balls, 18yds. rise: Rogers 9, Growell 8, Everett 6, A. D. Smith 2, Pagett 4, Wagner 9, Baker 8, Pratt 5, Park 5, Gerber 7, Gee 7, Bailey 8, Davis 6, Gaylord 5, S. H. Smith 3. Rogers and Wagner divided first, Bailey, Baker and Growell divided second, Gerber and Gee divided third, Davis and Everett divided fourth.

Match at 5 double balls and pigeons, 15yds. rise: Baker 9, Gerber 8, Drake 8, Gee 6, Davis 6, Pratt 5, Groll 2, Wagner 8, Gaylord 2, Pagett 5, Bailey 4, Rogers 5. Gerber, Drake and Wagner divided second, Gee and Davis divided third. Pratt, Pagett and Rogers shot at two pair for fourth place, and Pratt won fourth.

Match at 5 double pigeons, 15yds. rise: Baker 7, Wagner 8, Drake 5, Gee 6, Pagett 3, Gaylord 7, Davis 5, Pratt 4, S. H. Smith 6. Baker and Gaylord divide second, Gee and Smith divide third, Davis fourth.

Ligowsky walking match, 10 single pigeons: Baker 8, Pagett 5, Drake 4, Wagner 8, Pratt 2, Everett 1, Gerber 5, Gee 9, Bower 4, Brown 7, Smith 5, Kniskern 7, Bailey 6, Rogers 8, Davis 2, Gee first, Wagner Baker and Rogers shot off for second, Baker won second, Bailey, Kniskern and Brown divided third.

Match 10 single balls, 18yds. rise: Gerber 10, Smith 5, Charles 4, Wagner 10, Bailey 7, Pagett 4, Kniskern 5. Gerber and Wagner shot at 5 and tied on 4; second 5, Wagner won.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

READING, Pa., June 17.—About 250 sporting men assembled at the Spring Valley Hotel this afternoon to witness the 50 bird match between Miles Johnson, champion of New Jersey, and Jacob Hill, champion of Reading, for $200 a side, Long Island rules, 25yds. rise and 80yds. boundary. A large amount of money was wagered on the result. The shooting at the start was good, Johnson killing 13 straight birds, while Hill missed one. Later on Johnson became nervous, while Hill was cool. At the forty-sixth bird Hill, who had shot 41, was given the match, as Johnson had killed but 35 out of 45 birds and could not tie Hill's score.

SYRACUSE, June 23.—At the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held here to-night, Rochester was chosen as the place of the next meeting. John H. Brown, of Rochester, was elected President; W. H. Fleischer, of Rochester, First Vice-President; Dr. W. H. Booth, of Utica, Second Vice-President; J. B. Sage, of Buffalo, Recording Secretary; L. A. Pratt, of Rochester, Financial Secretary, and W. H. Cruttenden, of Cazenovia, Treasurer. To-day, W. H. Richmond, of the Genesee Gun Club, of Irondequoit, won the first prize in both of the contests shot. They were at ten clay-pigeons, and he did not miss a bird. The annual banquet was given to-night by the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1392, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties."
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Annual Regatta.
June 25—Oswego Y. C., Ladies' Day.
June 27—Brooklyn Y. C., Opening Regatta.
June 27—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
June 27—Toronto Y. C., Race for 5-tonners.
June 30—Eastern Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 3—Beverly Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Monument Beach.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. O. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Beverly Y. C., Club Race, Monument Beach.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4—Mobile Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 4—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
July 4—Toledo Y. C., Second Club Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 5—Mobile Y. C., Class Regatta.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Annisquam Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 19-20—Mobile Y. C. Cruise and Regatta.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta.
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE CUP RACERS.

ON June 17 the new sloop Puritan was under way for the first time, the wind being very light, and on June 20 she was out for a longer sail, though also in a light wind, running to Marblehead and anchoring off the club house. Apart from the stiffness of gear, and the new sails not being fully stretched, she is reported to have worked very satisfactorily, moving fast in the light breezes, and as far as tried, being very stiff. She was in the hands of Mr. Edward Burgess, her designer, and Messrs. Paine and Forbes, of the owners. On Saturday afternoon she had a brush with Adrienne, leaving her and pointing higher. Puritan is painted white above the waterline, the only white yacht to enter in the trial races. She will sail her first race on Tuesday next, in the spring regatta of the Eastern Y. C. off Marble head, after which she will come to New York for the trial races Priscilla is now at Poillon's with sails bent and nearly ready for her trial trip, which will take place next week.

On Sunday last Genesta put into South Bay, off Wexford, Ireland, as a heavy gale from the west prevailed. Galatea has sailed two more races, the Royal Thames Y. C. on June 8, and the New Thames on June 9, in neither of them winning a place. The first race was in a very light wind, and Galatea showed badly in the short tacks in Sea Reach, the *Field* speaking of her as "hanging fearfully in stays," while *Land and Water* remarks that "Marguerite was not cutting a dash, but was doing almost as well as Galatea; so it may be taken for granted that the display of the new cutter to windward was not a good one." Only Marjorie, Tara and Marguerite finished, owing to light winds. Of Tuesday's race the same paper says: "The Galatea, with a grand lead, should have done better, and it may be said that she is not a flyer in light weather on any point of sailing." In parts of this latter race Galatea was first boat, as told in the following account from the *Field:*

Match for yachts of any rig exceeding 39 tons; first prize £75, second prize £40; course, from the Lower Hope round the Mouse Lightship, and return to Rosherville; Y. R. A. rules and time allowances for a 50-mile course:

	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
Wendur	Yawl	125	Mr. J Clark.
Lorna	Yawl	85	Mr. S. Hope Morley.
Galatea	Cutter	90	Lieut. Henn, R. N.
Irex	Cutter	85	Mr. J. Jameson.
Marjorie	Cutter	68	Mr. J. Coats.
Marguerite	Cutter	60	Mr. F. Connor.
Tara	Cutter	40	Mr. F. Taylor.

With a fine breeze from about N. N. E., Galatea, Irex, and Marjorie had second topsails over whole mainsails, and the rest sported jackyarders. They got their first gun at 11:53, and before the five minutes were up, Wendur, Irex, Galatea and Marguerite were over the line. Wendur at once went round to put herself right, but she never got over the line. Then came a delay of twenty-two seconds in firing the gun, which had the effect of putting all over the line. Irex was quite one hundred and fifty yards over, and she went around and reached back some distance, but the tide was coming down at such a pace that it would have taken her a quarter of an hour to have got on the right side of the line. As it was, she started nearly a third of a mile after the others, and had something to do to catch and pass them. All stood out of the Lower Hope on starboard tack, and then hove round to port tack under the Essex shore, being now able to lay a good clean full and bye down the river; Galatea, Marjorie, Lorna, Marguerite, and Tara figuring in a procession in the order named. Lorna, sailing wonderfully fast, went past Marjorie and hung on to the big cutter well, while both Tara and Marguerite were dropping away. Irex was making a steady gain on all, and had passed Tara and Marguerite before reaching the Chapman. She was now threatening to pass on the weather of Wendur, and undoubtedly would have done so had not the big yawl luffed out across her. This gave Irex a lee-quarter berth, and effectually disposed of her chance of getting to the front. A little lower down jibtopsails were started all round, and some got on balloon foresails, but the change was hardly worth the making. Nearing Southend there came some fresher streaks of wind which put them in to the top strake, but jibtopsails were carried all through. It was a wonderfully level piece of sailing on the part of the leading quartet out to the Mouse, and entirely uneventful. The time of rounding was:

Galatea	2 05 50	Irex	2 08 15
Lorna	2 06 09	Marguerite	2 11 40
Marjorie	2 07 30	Tara	2 15 00
Wendur	2 07 36		

They rounded at just about low water and went off back for the river, with mainbooms eased off port quarters a trifle. Wendur at once began to step out, and passing Marjorie, went on after Galatea. The latter, however, was not an easy prey to overtake, and led the yawl a long chase up to the Chapman before she could get up to her. Wendur then, without more ado, went through the cutter's lee and took the lead; Irex also reached up close under Galatea's lee, but there she stuck and could not get through. Soon after this, the wind fell off very light and easterned considerably, so that main booms were run nearly square off and spinnakers pulled out. The wind, however, was still rather short for spinnakers, and the booms had to be eased so far forward that head sails were covered up. Marguerite at once realized the situation, and pulled up bowsprit spinnaker instead. Directly it was sheeted she began to step out in the most wonderful manner, and went up past all but Wendur. Marjorie shifted for jackyard topsail, and held her place, while Irex, Galatea and Lorna were now continually changing places as the wind favored first one and then the other.

They now squared away till main booms were nearly off to the rigging in the chance of getting through the Lower Hope without a gybe; but this they could not do, and all had to let their main booms go over to starboard quarters without shifting spinnaker over. Marjorie, however, did shift hers over, but it was for a brief spell only, as they were nearly up to the Ovens, where they would have to gybe again. Tara, watching what was going on in front, gybed over on entering the Lower Hope instead of running by the lee, as the others had done. She gained a lot by this, and probably by her cleverness secured second prize. For the remainder of the journey it was uneventful, excepting that just as they were finishing a better breeze came out, northerly again. The time at the finish was:

Wendur	5 49 30	Galatea	5 54 55
Marguerite	5 50 30	Irex	5 55 12
Lorna	5 51 53	Tara	6 00 45
Marjorie	5 54 12		

Marguerite won the first prize and Tara second.

Thus far she has not yet shown herself equal to Wendur, Marjorie, Irex or Tara, nor has she founded any claim to represent the best of the English yachts in the Cup races. Making all due allowance for the fact that she is a new boat and as yet not in proper trim, she has not shown those qualities which entitle her to race as a representative of the modern cutters. While we believe that a cutter of her size can dispose of any of our centerboards, to do it with the new boats she must be the best of her kind, and fully up to the average in reaching and running. This Galatea certainly is not as yet, and while she may show improved form later on, it looks like a doubtful experiment to send her across in her present condition.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 18-19.

THOUGH a young organization, having been founded in 1881, the New Haven Y. C. is one of the most prosperous and active between New York and Boston. Apart from the difficulty of shoal water in the harbor they have an excellent location in the middle of the north shore of Long Island Sound, and have already made themselves known from one end to the other. Several of the club yachts have entered the races of the S. C. Y. C. in New York waters and one in particular made an excellent impression on all who saw her last fall, while as cruisers they are well known in all Sound ports. While the fleet is composed mostly of centerboards it also numbers the big schooner Brunhilde, and the handsome little cutter Rajah, the latter described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 24, 1884. The total number of yachts enrolled is 37, 3 being steamers, while the members number 220. Last year the fleet made an extended cruise, and this season they will establish a new feature in the shape of an ocean race around Block Island.

While the club still possesses some of the shoal and wide centerboard boats, their cruising and knocking about is teaching the value of comfort and safety first and speed afterward, and deeper boats are coming into favor and would be still more common if it were not for the shoal anchorage. The flagship of the club, the Rajah, is as fine a cutter of the moderate beam type as we have here, safe, able and roomy, and the little keel sloop, Happy Thought, is as good a boat of her class as we know of, with an excellent reputation for speed, in addition to her other qualities. Last season the club erected a very handsome and convenient house, on Water and Franklin streets, built on piles over the water and reached by a plank walk from the shore. The house is in modern style, with ample piazzas down stairs and large open balconies above. The lower floor has a large locker room on which open dressing rooms, store room and workshop with a bench and tools. Above is a handsome meeting room with smaller rooms curtained off, the large windows opening on the balconies which command views of the harbor and also of the city and East Rock. A channel is dredged up to the float, allowing yachts to come close up.

The club numbers many enthusiastic yachtsmen, and the fleet are nearly all entered in the races, that of this year, sailed on June 19, calling out a good list, as follows:

Class B. 45ft. and over—Ariadne, W. L. Coggswell; Rover, C. F. Swan; Wild Pigeon, Frank Wheeler.

Class C, 35 to 45ft.—Rival, W. W. Converse; Rajah, Com. J. G. Beecher; Starlight, M. White; Mascotte, Weld and Jacobs; Marguerite, H. F. and C. M. Peck; Happy Thought, H. M. Graves.

Class D, 25 to 35ft.—Endeavor, H. D. Billard; Ceres, J. H Parish; Wanda, Durham and Waterhouse; Zephyr, Vice-Com. Dudley; Louise, T. H. Hall; Vivienne, Sheffield Phelps; Stranger, J. N. Macaulay; Vixen, A. Seaman; Anita, G. Adams.

Class E, 15 to 25ft.—Trio, W. L. Cheney; Roamer, H. W. Avis.

Four others entered but did not start. The course this season was a new one, that formerly sailed over being unsatisfactory. It was from off Pardee's Bar Buoy, leaving Ludington's Rock Buoy, Pond and Welsh's Point buoys and the buoy off the southward of Charles Island on the starboard hand, then to and around a stakeboat (located due southwest from Ludington's Rock Buoy, at a proper distance to make a ten-mile course), returning over the same course, leaving Charles Island, Welsh's Pond Point and Ludington's Rock Buoys on the port hand to the starting point, total distance twenty miles.

For Class E it was from off Pardee's Bar Buoy, leaving Ludington's Rock Buoy on the starboard hand, thence to and around Pond Point Buoy, and return over the same course, leaving Ludington's Rock Buoy on the port hand to the starting point, distance fifteen miles.

The prizes offered were first, second and third in each class, depending on the number of starters, all for best corrected time, while in Classes B, C and D a prize was offered in each for best elapsed time. Besides these were the Derby Challenge Cup in Class C, and the Register Challenge Cup in Class D, both for corrected time.

By 11 A. M. the steamer J. H. Starin was crowded to the upper deck with spectators, and shortly after she left her dock and ran down to the start. Following her was the little Messenger, with timekeepers and reporters on board, while the steam yacht Sophia, with the judges, was already aground with the falling tide, and had to be towed off by the Messenger, several of the yachts being delayed by the same cause. The wind was from the southwest, on end up to the course, and hardly of topsail strength at the start, dying down a little later on. An oyster steamer with an American ensign had been sent out 10 miles to mark the outer turn, and all were notified to look for her.

The first gun was fired at 11:13 from the Rajah. For some reason not evident the classes were started with intervals of 6 minutes between, so that over half an hour was gone before the last boat was over, having a big handicap. Such a fleet could easily have been started from one gun with a time limit of 5 to 10 minutes, giving a chance to time all and then follow the fleet. It is time that regatta committees recognized the uselessness of wasting half an hour or more after the leaders are over and losing all sight of the racers.

All went over on the starboard tack, carrying topsails, and were soon well strung out. As the way out was a beat, the press boat could easily have run in company and watched a very pretty race, but with the usual perversity of such craft she steamed off slowly in another direction, carefully keeping some miles away from the fleet, so as to allow the scribes to draw on their imagination for details, undisturbed by any necessity of watching the race.

Ariadne led the fleet out into the Sound for some distance until not one but a dozen markboats were sighted in various directions. The steam dredges of New Haven bear a strong family likeness, one to the other, and it seems that most of them have a flag of some description flying, consequently when the yachtsmen sighted a fleet of them at anchor over a space of some miles in extent, there was some uncertainty as to just which was their particular one. The leading boats, class B, sighted an oyster boat with flags flying after some delay, and some of them turned it, only to find that it was signaling to a party on shore who were surveying for the shellfish commission, and was not their boat. Most of the other boats also turned this mark. The flagship happened to know the particular boat in question, and not recognizing her among those near at hand, sailed on until Bridgeport was reached without finding her. After some hours of steaming nowhere in particular, the passengers on the press boat made out the yachts at a distance, coming down free with all kites set. Rival came in first and then Stranger, the others in a string, being over an hour in passing the line

CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.
Ariadne	11 40 10	5 24 30
Rover	11 43 50	5 26 30
Wild Pigeon	11 43 05	5 50 56

CLASS C.

Rival	11 35 16	5 21 10
Rajah	11 38 26	. .. ..
Starlight	11 40 35	5 55 00
Mascotte	11 38 17	5 58 13
Marguerite	11 41 20	5 53 37
Happy Thought	11 37 05	5 44 45

CLASS D.

Endeavor	11 31 19	5 49 41
Ceres	11 33 30	5 59 00
Wanda	11 23 36	5 41 40
Zephyr	11 26 36	6 05 32
Louise	11 30 05	5 38 43
Vivienne	11 32 19	5 47 43
Stranger	11 32 17	5 22 50
Vixen	11 30 38	5 38 28

CLASS E.

Trio	11 26 23	3 50 45
Roamer	11 41 42	. .. ..

When all arrived at the club house it was decided that no race had been made, and that it should be resailed next day. In Class E, Trio came in, having rounded the buoy for her class, her time being 2:51:30.

On Friday the Thistle was on hand, having arrived the previous evening, and was allowed to enter in Class B, but a number of the yachtsmen could not get away, and some received no notice of the resailing, so the entries were but 10 in number: Class B—Thistle, Ariadne. Class C—Rajah, Marguerite, Happy Thought. Class D—Endeavor, Wanda, Louise, Stranger, Vixen.

The wind was the same as on the preceding day and the yachts beat out, this time finding the mark without difficulty. The times of the second race are:

CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Thistle	11 37 14	3 39 50	4 02 36
Ariadne	11 35 15	3 51 16	4 15 01

CLASS C.

Rajah	11 32 10	. .. ..	. .. ..
Marguerite	11 32 00	4 06 50	4 34 50
Happy Thought	11 31 29	4 08 05	4 36 36

CLASS D.

Endeavor	11 24 14	4 05 05	4 40 51
Wanda	11 23 45	4 13 15	4 49 30
Louise	11 24 15	3 58 37	4 34 22
Stranger	11 25 15	3 47 53	4 22 38
Vixen	11 26 20	3 51 33	4 25 13

The result of the race has given much dissatisfaction to the owners of the yachts concerned, and it will be some time before the matter is finally settled.

BEVERLY Y. C. REGATTAS.

THE programme for 1885 contains seven races, the first being at Monument Beach, on July 3, open catboat sweepstakes, entrance fee $5. The second on the following day, also at Monument Beach, is for the club yachts only, prizes being given in each class beside the champion pennants. On July 8, off Nahant, the first championship regatta will be held, the second being at Marblehead on July 25, and the third at Swampscott on Aug. 29. On Aug. 8 an open race will be sailed at Marblehead, and on Sept. 19 the fall matches at Nahant. The club classification is as follows: In Massachusetts Bay, all yachts over 23 6 sailing length and under 30ft. waterline will form the first class, schooners to sail at three-quarters length; all yachts over 19.6 and not over 23.6, sailing length, to form the second class, which shall be divided into centerboard cats, centerboard sloops and keels, though if only one keel starts she shall sail with centerboard cats; all boats in second class to sail together for the pennant. All yachts of 19.6 sailing length and under to form the third class. In Buzzard's Bay sloop yachts under 30ft. waterline to form first class; cats over 26ft. sailing length and under 30ft. waterline to form second class; cats over 24ft. and not over 26ft. sailing length to form third class; cats under 24ft. sailing length to form fourth class. The races will be under the management of the regatta committee: Geo. H. Richards (chairman), John Dane, Walter Abbott, Charles Francis Adams 3d, and W. Lloyd Jeffries (secretary).

BENT YACHT TIMBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream;

The superiority of bent yacht timbers over those worked out from natural crooks is so obvious that it is surprising that until recently they have received so little attention from yacht builders and owners.

The cause of this failure to appreciate the good qualities of bent timbers has undoubtedly been the difficulty and cost of obtaining them. It is but a short time ago that it was considered impossible to bend timbers large enough for yacht building, but during the last ten years rapid strides have been made by those engaged in experimenting, until at the present time timbers as large as four inches square can be successfully bent. So successfully can this be done that the two ends of a timber could be brought together, were it desired.

The bent timber has come, and it has come to stay. Its superior strength and durability will make it a prominent feature of yacht building in the future, and it is predicted that in a few years, when the subject has been more carefully studied, it will be possible to bend ship timbers also.

One of the great advantages of the bent timber is that the grain of the wood is sure to follow the sweep of the timber from end to end. In working out timbers from natural crooks it is always difficult and generally impossible to get crooks, the grain of which will follow the shape of the mould, hence it becomes necessary to cut across the grain. This greatly impairs the strength of the timber and renders it liable to break in case of a strain or shock. Again, in getting out long crooked timbers, especially those with double sweep for after

part of frame, or for hollow floor, it is impossible to find natural crooks that will work the whole length of the mould, so the builder is compelled to make them in two pieces and splice them together. This makes a weak place in the timber which must be strengthened by nailing into the side of the timber another piece of wood in such a way as to cover the splice. Thus when the timber is ready to become part of the frame it is made of three pieces and is much larger (and consequently much heavier) than would be needful were it not for the splice and cross grain. Besides its weakening the timber, the splice is very objectionable in that it offers easy ingress to the water between its parts which soon causes the timber to decay in this, its weakest point. Thus it will be seen the bent timber can be made much smaller than those worked from natural crooks and be stronger and lighter, with no splice to give way and no cross grain to split off or break.

Another advantage possessed by the bent timber is its peculiar toughness. The upsetting of the fibre of the wood resulting from the modern process of bending by end pressure makes the timber more solid and knits the fibres together so compactly as to greatly increase the toughness of the wood. When this upsetting process is carried to a considerable extent the wood becomes so tough that it is almost impossible to break it; it can with difficulty be torn into shreds by splitting into the end with a chisel, but it will not break; it will split and shred and tear before it can be gotten apart, and besides the increased toughness of the bent timber it is also rendered much more elastic by the process of bending; so much so, indeed, that in case of a sudden strain or shock it will generally spring or bend instead of breaking, and will resume its former shape as soon as the strain is removed. These good qualities of the bent yacht timber, it is confidently believed, will in a short time cause it to almost, if not altogether, supersede the old timber worked from the natural crook.

W. G. SHEPERD.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 20.

ON Saturday the second championship regatta of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed in a light southwest wind, increasing in the latter part to a good sailing breeze, and making a lively race. The starters and times were as follows, Nydia being ruled out for starting in the wrong class:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Nimbus, Bernard Jenney	34.05	1 52 08	1 35 30
Violet, H. J. McKee	34.06	1 58 31	1 41 55
Maggie, Henry Hussey	32 08	2 10 08	1 52 35
Lizzie Warner, Thos. Lutted	31.06	. . ..	. . ..
Triton, D. H. McKay	34.03	. . ..	. . ..

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Altaire, A. J. McLeod	28.06	2 01 08	1 41 18
Ibex, Williams & Knowlton	25.04	2 05 54	1 42 43
Dorcas L., W. H. Lyman	28.04	2 03 01	1 42 55
Nellie, A. J. O'Leary	27.02	2 10 15	1 49 22

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Em. Ell. I., P. M. Bond	20.01	1 57 20	1 30 32
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21.03	1 57 14	1 31 35
Awilda, J. B. Farrel	24.09	1 57 50	1 35 11
Nereus, W. L. Nichols	22.06	2 04 45	1 40 14
Rita, A. T. Bliss	26.03	2 05 52	1 44 21

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Unknown, Orcutt & Carter	24.02	1 15 45	0 55 57
Diana, Henry Burgess	24.06	1 19 35	1 00 20
Monarch, J. J. Bligh	20.00	1 22 58	1 00 32
Vera, J. Carter	20.08	1 23 03	1 00 35
Brunette, W. C. Cherington	23.11	1 24 30	1 14 32
Nereis, J. C. Jordan	24.07	. . ..	. . ..

The winners were, Nimbus first, Violet second in the special class; Altaire first, Ibex second in the first class keels; Em. Ell. I. first, Thisbe second in the first class centerboards; Unknown first, and Diana second in the second class keels. The judges were A. J. McLeod, J. J. Bligh, Henry J. McKee, F. G. Cooley, W. C. Cherrington, C. L. Braman and F. Williams.

EAST RIVER Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

ON June 17, the sixth annual regatta of the East River Y. C. was sailed on the East River and Sound, over the usual course, from the club house through the Gate and around the Gangway Buoy, finishing at Hunt's dock. The 20 yachts entered were divided into 6 classes: Class A, cabin boats 30 to 36ft.; Class B, cabin boats 25 to 30ft.; Class C, cabin boats, 20 to 25ft.; Class D, jib and mainsail boats 20 to 30ft.; Class E, catboats 20 to 25ft.; Class F, catboats 15 to 20ft. The time allowance was announced as 1½min. per foot, but was protested against on the ground that the regular club allowance is 2min. per foot. The wind was northwest and the tide full at noon, and the steamer Columbia was on hand crowded with spectators. At 11:54 the gun sent them away, Mary Gibson over first, all on port tack. Off the start a tow of scows interfered with the fleet, and in the confusion Maud M. ran her bowsprit through the Ripple's mainsail, the latter withdrawing. For a time Narrioch took the lead, but above the Gate Mary Gibson and Nettie Thorp were first and second. From the Gate to the outer mark was a tedious drift in almost a flat calm, only the ebb tide carrying the boats along. The order had changed and at Gangway Buoy the leaders were Favorita and Louise, the former covering the latter very neatly at the turn, while Louise also lost her topmast. The times at Gangway Buoy were:

Favorita	4	58	30	Narrioch	5	01 20
Louise	5	00	25	Pirate	5	04 30
Avalon	5	00	30	Nettie Thorpe	5	05 01
Mary Gibson	5	00	50	Ed Kearney	5	12 11
Julia	5	01	00	Jas. Tregarthen	2	14 06
Progress	5	01	50	Jimini	5	14 17
Maud M	5	02	00	Lone Star	5	14 35
Alice	5	02	20			

After the first two turned the breeze freshened and helped the rear guard to come up, and topsails came down. Avalon was leader for a time, but Netty Thorpe finally headed her, while part of the fleet were hung up for a while on the bar near Ft. Schuyler. The last leg was to windward in a good breeze with some hard spots in it, and Netty Thorpe and Mary Gibson fought hard for first place, the former coming in first in her class. The following are the times as computed for 1½ minutes per foot, but the question of allowance is not yet settled.

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Avalon	12 11 40	6 30 08	6 19 18	6 19 18
Fly	12 08 49	Did not finish.		
Favorita	12 09 26	6 33 28	6 23 58	6 18 33
J. Tregarthen	12 07 20	6 56 21	6 48 01	6 40 31

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Louise	12 04 55	6 40 35	6 35 40	6 35 40
Maud M	12 06 18	6 32 40	6 26 27	6 24 34½
Alice	12 06 04	6 38 42	6 32 38	6 30 30½

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS.

Julia	12 05 41	6 47 26	6 42 45	6 39 37½
Progress	12 07 05	6 44 05	6 36 50	6 36 50
Lydia F	12 05 25	6 52 20	6 45 55	6 37 47½

CLASS D—OPEN BOATS.

Nettie Thorp	12 00 26	6 31 35	6 31 09	6 31 09
Mary Gibson	11 58 50	6 34 32	6 35 42	6 31 27

CLASS E—CATBOATS.

Ripple	12 05 50	Did not finish.		
Pirate	12 00 45	6 41 55	6 41 10	6 41 10
Jimini	11 59 28	7 00 10	7 00 42	6 58 41½

CLASS H—CATBOATS.

Ed. Kearney	12 01 20	7 09 25	6 51 45	6 51 45
Lone Star	12 00 20	7 03 45	7 03 45	7 01 02½
Narrioch	11 59 20	6 42 13	6 42 53	6 40 30½
Aida	11 59 30	Did not finish.		
Nettie	11 59 50	Did not finish.		

HULL Y. C. PENNANT RACES, JUNE 20.

THE calm weather of Saturday prevented many of the yachts from getting to Hull in time for the race, which was started at 3 P. M. Four classes were entered. Second class, 25ft. and less than 30ft.; third class, 22ft. and less than 25ft.; fourth class, 20ft. and less than 22ft.; fifth class, 18ft. and less than 20ft.

Class 3 was divided into keels and centerboards. The courses were: Second class—Across the line, between the judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on starboard, through Hull gut, leaving Hunt's Ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, to Harding's bell-boat, leaving it on port, to Martin's Ledge Buoy, leaving it on port, Hunt's Ledge Buoy on port, to and across line between judges' yacht and flagboat—eleven miles; limit of time, four hours.

Third class—Across line between judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Black Brush buoy No. 1 (half a mile south of starting line), through the west gut, around Wreck buoy (off west end of Pettick's Island), leaving it on starboard, through Hull gut, to and across line between judges' yacht and a flagboat, six miles; limit of time, three hours.

Fourth and fifth classes—Across the line between judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around H. Y. C. barrel (off Harry's Rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on port, around H. Y. C. barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on port, around flagboat at starting line, leaving it on port, around H. Y.C. barrel (off Harry's Rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on port, around H.Y.C. barrel (off Bunkin Island), leaving it on port, to and across line between judges' yacht and flagboat, six miles; limit of time, three hours.

Banneret led her class for a long distance, but was passed on the last reach by Lizzie F. Daly. The times were:

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Banneret, J. F. Brown, sloop	25.02	2 46 10	2 11 06
Lizzie F. Daly, W. Daly, Jr., sloop	26.11	2 45 55	2 12 48
Gem, H. W. Savage, sloop	26.05	Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Kitty, E. H. Tarbell, sloop	23.09	2 02 49	1 40 47
Thelga, A. P. Thayer, sloop	22.07	2 05 02	1 42 53
Straurare, G. E. Brown, cutter	. . ..	2 11 00	. . ..

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Muriel, E. C. Neal, sloop	22.09	2 01 19	1 40 30

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Thrasher, G. G. Garraway, cat	20 03	1 49 00	1 26 10

FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Spray, H. M. Faxon, cat	18 10	1 43 59	1 19 52
Imogene, B. T. Wendell, cat	18.10	1 46 03	1 21 56
Myrtle, R. C. Poor, cat	19.06	1 45 38	1 22 03

Silk pennants were awarded to the Banneret, Kitty, Muriel, Thrasher and Spray. The judges were Col. C. F. Harrington, Walter Starbuck, Otis A. Ruggles, Lander M. Bouve, John A. Stetson, Peleg Aborn and Z. Taylor Harrington. The schooner Silvie was present, her first appearance this season.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BROWN.

ALMOST as widely known as the name of the America herself is that of her captain, Richard Brown, or as he is better known, Dick Brown, and the news of his death will be heard sadly by many old yachtsmen who knew him only as the man who sailed her in her famous race, as well as to the many friends about New York who have respected him for over half a century.

Captain Brown was the son of a ship carpenter of Mystic, Conn., where he was born on July 3, 1810. As a boy he followed the water, first as a fisherman and sailor, then for a time as pilot on the United States brig Washington, engaged in a survey of New York harbor, from which he went into the once well-known brig Sooners, in the same work. In 1841 he joined the Sandy Hook and New Jersey pilots, and for nearly half a century has followed the same calling. The Mary Taylor, the first of Steers's departures from the old models, was built for Captain Brown and his partners about 1849 or '50. In 1851 he was selected to command the America, and in his hands she crossed the Atlantic and raced so successfully.

Nearly twenty years later he was concerned in another international yacht race, being with Captain Samuels in the Dauntless when she raced from Queenstown to New York. Last winter Captain Brown was exposed for twelve hours on the bridge of a steamer on an intensely cold night, and one foot was so badly frozen that he was confined to the house up to the time of his death, which occurred on June 18 at his home in Brooklyn.

DORCHESTER Y. C., JUNE 17.

THE Dorchester Y. C. sailed their eighty-sixth regatta on June 17, off Nahant, the races in first class being open to the yachts of any organized yacht club, and in the other classes to all yachts enrolled in the New England Y. R. A. The classes were as follows:

First class, all yachts measuring 40ft. and over; second class, all yachts measuring 28ft. and less than 40ft.; third class, all yachts measuring 21 and less than 28ft. Schooners will sail at five sixths of their actual measurement, yawls at seven-eighths of their actual measurement.

Money prizes were offered in first class, $75; second class, centerboards $25 and $15, keels $25 and $15; third class, centerboards $20 and $10, keels $20 and $10. No prizes were awarded for walk-overs.

The measurement for time allowance was waterline plus 1-5th overhang aft, and one man was allowed for each five feet or fraction of waterline length. The courses were: For first and second classes—No. 1. From starting line, leaving Shag Rocks on port, Graves whistling buoy on starboard, Davis ledge buoy on port, Graves whistling buoy on port, to starting line, 22 miles; limit of time, six hours.

Third class—No. 6. From starting point, leaving Winthrop bar buoy on port, Graves whistling buoy on port, to starting line, 10 miles; limit of time, 3½ hours.

The race was sailed under the N. E. Y. R. A. rules. The entries were:

FIRST CLASS.

		Length.
Huron (cutter)	Wm. Gray, Jr	64.11
Gitana (schooner)	W. F. Weld	81.08
Meta (schooner)	A. A. Lawrence	54 02
Fortuna (schooner)	H. S. Hovey	81.06
Wanderer (schooner)	G. W. Weld	86.06

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Shadow	Dr. J. Bryant	34.05
Magic	E. C. Neal	31.01
Nimbus	B. Jenney, Jr.	33.11
Mabel	F. T. Clayton	33.04

In second class keels Hera and Fiona were entered, but Hera did not start and Fiona withdrew, as walk-overs take no prize.

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Black Cloud	A. Brown	22.11
Muriel	E. C. Neal	22.07
Sea Bird	E. L. Joy	22.08
Queen Mab	Burwell & Litchfield	22.03
Alda	N. H. Wilkinson	23.09
Lizzie Warner	T. Lutted	25.05
Pearl	J. F. Lee	22.10
Herald	G. F. Smith	21.00
Expert	L. Whitcomb	23 05
Auralda	Fawell & Rich	— —
Una	J. Marus	21.00
Tartar	F. L. Dunne	21.00
Greta	W. S. Hill	23.00
Flora Lee	D. H. Lincoln	21.00
Jennie L.	C. H. Lockhart	23.09
Rita	A. T. Bliss	25.07
Juanita	H. L. Soule	21.10

KEELS.

Lizzie F. Daly	Daly Bros.	26.09
Banneret	J. F. Brown	24.07
Kitty	E. H. Tarbell	23.05
Gem	H. W. Savage	26.06
Fearless	F. G. Corley	21.06
Vesper	R. Bonner	21.00
Thelga	A. P. Thayer	21.11
Saracen	W. P. Fowle	23.08
Nydia	J. J. Galvin	22.08
Æolus	J. B. Mills, Jr.	27.11
Straurare	G. O. Brown	24.00

In the morning it was raining with wind northwest, dropping to a calm before the race but blowing a little while from the same quarter at noon. The first and second classes got away at 12:07, with Magic first, followed by Shadow, Mabel, Fortuna, Nimbus, Gitana, Huron, Wanderer, Meta. Spinnakers were quickly set, the wind decreasing rapidly. Fortuna and Gitana were close to each other, the latter a little ahead but to leeward, keeping evenly together for a time; but Gitana finally gained a slight lead and passed Davis Ledge Buoy half a minute ahead of the leaders, Huron was third, with Shadow and Magic next; Wanderer gave up the race. Going home Fortuna left Gitana and tacked inshore, and soon had run out of the wind, while Gitana had breeze enough to give her a lead of several miles, though closely hunted by Huron. At the whistling buoy Gitana led by 3min., and at the finish, after both had to make a leg, her lead was 2min. 56sec. Shadow and Magic were also closely matched, but the former had taken a lead and was holding it, when Magic followed Fortuna's lead and stood to the westward for wind, running into a calm. The order at the line was Gitana, Huron, Shadow, Fortuna, Meta, Nimbus, Magic, Mabel.

The times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS AND CUTTERS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Huron	4 44 03	4 22 45
Gitana	4 41 37	4 29 51
Meta	5 36 05	5 06 32
Fortuna	5 24 03	5 12 17
Wanderer	. . ..	. . ..

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Shadow	5 21 52	4 29 35
Magic	6 00 59	5 03 05
Nimbus	5 56 16	5 03 10
Mabel	. . ..	. . ..

Huron wins $75, Shadow $25, and Magic $15.

The smaller yachts started ten minutes later than the above, with Sea Bird first, then Banneret, Queen Mab, Gem, Flora Lee, Lizzie F. Daly, Saracen, Kitty, Greta, Tartar, Thelga, Una, Nydia, Æolus. Gem at once took the lead, but soon lost it to Sea Bird, passed in turn by Lizzie F. Daly, better known as Transit. The times at Winthrop Bar buoy were: Daly, 12:45:01; Sea Bird, 12:45:45; Kitty, 12:46; Banneret, 12:47. Here the Daly was in trouble with her spinnaker, Sea Bird overtaking her, but when her spinnaker was once set, she soon drew away. At the whistling buoy the times were: Daly, 2:24; Black Cloud, 2:25:20; Banneret, 2:28:35; Kitty, 2:30:50; Muriel, 2:31; Queen Mab, 2:31:35; Sea Bird, 2:33:50; Greta, 2:36:30; Nydia, 2:36:55; Alda, 2:37:25. The Daly led home with Black Cloud chasing her sharply. The times were:

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Black Cloud	2 53 53	1 19 24
Muriel	3 04 22	2 29 28
Sea Bird	3 05 04	2 30 46
Queen Mab	3 08 25	2 33 05
Alda	3 16 17	2 42 48
Lizzie Warner	3 16 49	2 45 12
Pearl	3 25 13	2 50 38
Herald	3 30 08	2 53 09
Expert	3 37 24	2 53 31
Auralda	3 33 38	. . ..
Una	3 37 22	3 00 23

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Lizzie F. Daly	2 52 24	2 22 09
Banneret	3 00 44	2 28 12
Kitty	3 08 30	2 34 37
Gem	3 18 55	2 48 25
Fearless	3 29 23	9 53 04
Vesper	3 30 53	2 53 54
Thelga	3 40 07	3 04 25

Lizzie F. Daly wins $25, Banneret $15, Black Cloud $25, Muriel $15. The regatta committee were L. M. Clark, H. B. Collender, George S. Forbush, Erastus Willard, W. P. Fowle. Judges, S. G. King, Hartford Davenport, Erastus Willard, L. M. Clark.

THE INTERNATIONAL CODE OF SIGNALS.

WE have received the following circular calling the attention of yachtsmen to the value of the International Code of Signals, and the importance of every yacht of any size being provided with them and of yachtsmen being accustomed to their use. While it is comparatively seldom that we hear of a yacht being wrecked, yet occasion may arise at any time for such a means of communication as the code affords, and yachtsmen should avail themselves of its advantages. The expense is not very heavy, especially when the benefit to be derived from them in an emergency is considered:

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

The Bureau of Navigation, U. S. Treasury Department, Washington, has assigned to my little decked yawl Alice the official number 106,354, and distinguishing signal K. D. B. Q. The latter, of course, are letters of the International or Commercial Code of Signals.

This award is made by my request, as one means to aid in bringing that code to the notice of navigators on our inland lakes. For years I have wished that captains would resort to the use of the code as a means of communication between vessel and vessel, and vessel and shore, particularly in case of distress and peril. I have known many cases in which time, property, and, most particularly, precious human life, might have been saved had conversation been possible as the code provides.

The international code and flags are kept and understood at every United States life-saving station, and on board all United States navy, revenue, lighthouse and surveying vessels on the seas and inland lakes. They should be kept and used at every lighthouse. Captains are requested to look into the matter, and learn the utility and value of the system. Reporting vessels when they pass Mackinaw, through Detroit River, and elsewhere, would be easier by use of the code.

The signals can be read many miles, vision being limited only by the size of the flags and the power of marine glasses. No signal requires more than four flags at one hoist, while the most urgent ones require but two flags.

The cost of the 19 flags with the government signal book, is from $22 to $30. Their use can be learned in two hours, and that use may at some urgent time save your vessel and from five to one hundred or more lives. It is well worth while to be so provided, so that, when necessary, you can signal to government vessels and shore stations.

I heartily recommend the matter to you. If generally adopted, the practical use of the code would be constant, convenient, and in case of peril, most vital. I am in no possible way, directly or indirectly, interested in the sale of the code, though I will be very glad to answer letters respecting it. I simply want you and your property to be as safe as possible in your noble but perilous calling.

The yacht Alice is only a bit of a vessel. She hails from Chicago, is owned and sailed by Rev. Arthur Edwards, D.D., is 22ft. over all, has 6ft. beam, draft 4ft. 2in., is yawl-rigged (jib, mainsail and mizzen on the overhang, aft of rudder post).

The Alice is enrolled in the Chicago Y. C., and this midsummer may shake her bunting at you on lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie and elsewhere.

ARTHUR EDWARDS.

2,816 INDIANA AVENUE, Chicago.

THE INTERIORS OF ENGLISH RACING YACHTS.—An English correspondent writes as follows concerning the interiors of racing yachts: "On a 5-tonner, with two men or two men and a lad, if the owner is a sporting man he will make passages with one or two friends, and they will live on board for two or three months in summer, off and on, racing at different ports, twenty to twenty-five starts, and it is wonderful how little fittings—judiciously disposed by a designer who is a yachtsman—will make them comfortable enough; perhaps just as much so as if the yacht were lined and had considerable woodwork fittings. All sleep in folding, iron-framed cots, with stretched canvas, which can unship if necessary for a race in light winds, being placed face to face, with bedding between, roped together and sent on board of some useful cruiser. There would be seats with lockers inside, and cushions, and two cellaret lockers in the cabin. A 3-tonner would be similarly fitted, with one or two beds less, and a second hand, usually a boy, in a hammock forward. In a fast cruiser of 6½ to 7ft. beam, or in a modern 10, there are good opportunities for nice fitting up without much extra weight. But in all small racing yachts the forward bulkhead has to be so far aft to accommodate a large and hard-worked crew for four months, that the design does not show up well from the owner's point of view. In 20 tons and over this does not appear so much, as part of this large forecastle is encroached on by a stateroom on one side and forward of saloon for skipper, and also a sailroom, if a racer, while in a cruiser the latter would be the owner's or guests' room."

PETROLEUM AS FUEL.—The large ferry boat Solano, run by the Central Pacific Railway Co., carries two tanks of petroleum connected by pipes with the furnaces. The oil is driven in by a steam jet, and burns rapidly. The cost of running has been much reduced since oil was substituted for coal. A late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks as follows on the same subject: "It would indeed be the irony of fate if our war ships of the future should draw their supply of fuel from the oil wells of Baku instead of from the collieries of Northumberland and Durham. That the tendency has already shaped itself in that direction there is no question. For years the steamers on the Caspian have burned petroleum instead of coal, from necessity rather than from choice to commence with, it is true; but it is now admitted that petroleum is far away superior to coal for the purpose. And the matter has at last been seriously brought before the Royal United Service Institution by Admiral Selwyn, who states that by the use of liquid fuel a vessel could carry twice as much power of propulsion as a ve-sel with coal, and full steaming for twenty-four days could be carried on where now it is limited to four. The change from the use of coal to oil could be made without any alteration of boilers or engines other than what could be done by a ship's own artificers and engineers. In fact, each ship would be six times as effective as now. Fortunately, we have oil wells in India, and under the circumstances the sooner they are developed the better."

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The club book for 1885 comes to us with a neat and shipshape cover of canvas, embossed with the emblem of the club, a style other clubs would do well to follow instead of the accustomed fancy bindings. The book itself is more complete than ever before, containing a good deal of information of value to all yachtsmen. We have noticed before the rules for colors and salutes adopted by the S. C. Y. C. and several other clubs, but we call attention to them again on account of the many inquiries received on the subject. Those given are the standard, and should be adopted by the smaller clubs, whose practices in such matters are usually very lax. The entire book has been thoroughly revised and corrected this season. The club list of members includes 320 names, while there are 96 yachts enrolled. These include 13 steamers, 15 schooners, 18 cutters, 23 sloops, and 27 open boats. On the list is the club yacht Venture, a boat of 16 tons, presented to the club by a member and now kept in commission for the use of non-owners among the members. In most of the club books there is ample room for improvement, and we can commend to those concerned in getting them up, the book of the S. C. Y. C. as a model, both in style and matter, the rules there laid down representing the best and latest practices of American yachtsmen.

LARCHMONT Y. C. REGATTA.—On July 4 the Larchmont Y. C. will sail their sixth annual regatta over the club courses, the entries being open to Boston, Beverly, Hull, New Haven, New Bedford, Atlantic, Seawanhaka and Eastern clubs. Besides the Connor prize, valued at $750, for sloops, cutters and yawls of Class C, is the Gould cup ($500), open to club yachts only. The time limit is eight hours. As the fleet of the S. C. Y. C. will rendezvous at Larchmont on the previous evening, there will be a fine turnout in the harbor. The Sylvan Glen will leave the foot of East Twenty-third street at 8:15 on Saturday.

SANDY BAY Y. C. RACES, JUNE 17.—The second regatta of the Sandy Bay Y. C. was sailed on June 17 in Ipswich Bay, from the mouth of the Annisquam River, to and between Squam buoys, thence to and around Essex outer black buoy, thence to Plum Cove buoy, returning between Squam buoys. Leave on starboard and repeat, making 16 miles. The morning was rainy, but cleared at 10 A. M. with no wind. At 11:45 the signal was given and the Nora started, followed by Kate Donnell, Callie, Foam, Kittiwake, Albion, Petrel, Dove, Jennie C., Sara, Hestia, Eliza, Fatinitza and Spark. With no wind and a strong head tide many of the yachts gave up, the winners being: First prize—Kittiwake, Capt. Cunningham; actual time, 4h. 27m. 15s.; corrected time, 3h. 28m. 35s. Second prize—Lovette, Commodore Haskins, of Rockport; actual time, 4h. 37m. 45s.; corrected time, 3h. 37m. 45s. Third prize—Petrel, Fleet Captain Paul, of Rockport; actual time, 4h 41m. 25s.; corrected time, 3h. 38m. 13s. Fourth prize—Hestia, Capt. Dennen, of Gloucester; actual time, 4h. 49m. 41s.; corrected time, 3h. 44m. 21s.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last monthly meeting of the Quaker City Y. C. the new rule of measurement, after a warm debate, was adopted. The Minerva, Olga and Thomas voting against it. Will send you particulars at another time. Permit me to correct a mistake in my last communication. Ex-Commodore Vallette, R. G. Wilkins and S. A. Wood, judges of the regatta, in their report find "That the Thomas was compelled, according to the sailing rules, to tack to the eastward to give room to the Tilger, then on starboard tack, and having the right of way. The Spratt was notified to tack, and failing to do so in accordance with the rules, was caught by the Thomas. The latter boat being void of all blame." It would be well in future for the skippers of yachts to read up the rules and obey them.—R. G. W.

CAPT. COLLINS'S NEW SCHOONER.—The model for the U. S. Fish Commission's new fishing schooner, from designs and suggestions by Capt. Collins, is on exhibition at the rooms of the American Fish Bureau. She will be 883/4ft. in length over all, 79½ft. on the waterline, 22ft. beam, and 10ft. 3in. draft. She will be provided with a laboratory for the preservation and examination of specimens, and a well for keeping fish alive. She will probably make winter cruises to the Banks, to demonstrate her superiority to vessels of the old model. Capt. Collins has devoted much study to the subject, and if it shall be proved he has devised a safer model for the winter fishery he will be entitled to rank as a public benefactor.—*Cape Ann Advertiser, June* 19.

FAST SPEEDS OF RIVER STEAMERS.—The latest exploit of the Stiletto has awakened considerable interest in previous records of speed, and a correspondent of the *Tribune* sends the following: There are two river steamers reputed to have made twenty-six miles an hour, viz., the South America and the Mary Powell. Both records were made on the Hudson River. Other fast records are: The Mary Powell made 76 miles, New York to Poughkeepsie, in 3.39.30, Aug. 6, 1874; Chrysopolis, 125 miles, Sacramento to San Francisco, in 5.18, on Dec. 31, 1861; Alida, 145 miles, New York to Albany, 6.21; R. E. Lee, New Orleans to Natchez, Miss., 16.36.47, on Oct. 28, 1870; the same steamer, New Orleans to St. Louis, 3 days, 18.14; Stiletto, yacht, 29 miles in 1.17.

THIMBLE ISLANDS AND STONY CREEK.—A company has been formed in New Haven to run a steam ferry between Thimble Islands and Stony Creek, connecting with trains for New York and Boston. A new steamer, the Messenger, was built last winter by Mr. Thatcher, of New Haven, specially for this service, and will begin her trips at once. She is commanded by Capt. C. W. Foster, an old New Haven yacht sailor. The islands are every year becoming more popular with yachtsmen, and the new ferry will make them still more accessible. It is proposed also to connect with the Sound steamers from New York and Boston, taking passengers from them for the islands.

SAVANNAH Y. C.—The officers for 1885 are: Commodore, Wm. Hone; Vice-Commodore, J. N. Johnson; Rear Commodore, T. P. Bond; Secretary, Frank Winter; Treasurer, M. A. Cohen; Board of Stewards, T. C. Kinsey, Chairman; Frank Winter, Secretary; D. C. Bacon, F. S. Lathrop, R. M. Demere, H. A. Palmer, A. S. Bacon, T. Ballantyne, G. W. Haupt, S. P. Goodwin, L. Hartshorne, M. Y. Henderson, F. C. Wylly. House Committee, Messrs. Palmer, Haupt, Lathrop, Bacon and Ballantyne. Sailing Committee, Messrs. Henderson, Goodwin and Hartshorne. Measurer, F. C. Wylly. The club numbers 162 members.

ACCIDENT TO A SAILBOAT.—On June 21, Mr. E. P. Mott, of Bath, L. I., left Far Rockaway in a sailboat for the latter place. The boat, when some distance off shore, was swamped by a big sea, and Mr. Mott was unable to free her from water, so he found refuge on the stern while the boat drifted out to sea. About 6 P. M. the excursion steamer Columbia sighted the wreck and a boat was lowered and Mr. Mott taken on board the steamer, where he was well taken care of.

ANNISQUAM REGATTA.—Races for two classes, 20ft. and over, and under 20ft. will be sailed at Annisquam on July 11, starting at 10:30 A. M. The course is from Squam Light to Essex buoys and return, two rounds. The prizes are $75 for first class, and a silver pitcher, valued at $25, for the second class. Entries should be made to A. J. Forbes, Annisquam, up to July 10.

CORINTHIAN RACES IN FRANCE.—French yachts, except the smaller open boats on the rivers, are manned and largely sailed by professionals, but this year a change will be made in the establishment of a Corinthian race, which will be sailed soon at Havre. The entries will be open to all keel yachts of 8 tons or over, no paid hands but a pilot being allowed on board.

MOBILE Y. C. RACES.—The Mobile Y. C. will sail the following races this season: July 4, annual cup regatta, Mobile Y. C.; July 5, class regatta, Mobile Y. C.; July 19 and 20, rendezvous, cruise and regatta, Mobile Y. C. and Southern Y. C. All of the above will take place at Point Clear, Ala., the regattas being sailed over a triangular course of 15 miles.

CORA.—This new steam yacht, built by Poillons from Mr. Ellsworth's model, for Mr. John Morris, made a trip from Newark, where she recived her engines, to New York, and was on the screw dock last week. She has made a successful trial trip, and is now in complete trim, and will leave this week far Mount Desert with her owner and his family.

TORONTO Y. C.—A special meeting was held at the club-house on June 18, the new constitution and by-laws being read and adopted. On Saturday next a race for five-ton yachts will be sailed for three prizes presented by Mr. Geo. P. Magoun.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM YACHT.—Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, launched on June 20 a steam yacht, No. 246, which they have built for speed. She is 152ft. waterline, 159ft. deck, 166ft. over all, 22ft. beam and 13ft. depth.

PHOTOS OF THE PURITAN.—Several photographs of the Boston sloop Puritan were taken by N. L. Stebbins, 521 Washington street, Boston, just after she was launched. Mr. Stebbins will soon have some views of her under sail.

ANOTHER MIGNONETTE.—A sloop on the lines of the Mignonette is being built by Mallory at Syracuse, N. Y., for C. M. Brown. She will have 2,000 pounds of lead on her keel, and the head room will be 5ft. 4in.

THETIS.—Mr. Bryant's sloop arrived in Boston on Thursday last from New York. She will at once have a new jib by Sawyer, without a club. On June 30 she will start in the Eastern Y. C. race.

A NEW CATAMARAN.—It is reported that the owner of the catamaran Jessie will build a steel boat with two hulls nearly 60ft. long. Her mast and bowsprit will also be of steel.

CLARA.—It is reported that this famous 20 has been sold by Mr. N. B. Stewart to Mr. Charles Sweet, of New York, and will cross at once to America.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

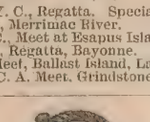
INOCULATION AS PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.—This new procedure for the prevention of this disease is attracting much attention at this time. Dr. Koch, Pasteur and Dr. Ferran, a Spanish physician, are experimenting by inoculating with the germ of the cholera disease, with the result, as the latter claims, of producing a very mild grade of cholera, and afterward immunity from an attack. Thus far its advocates seem to hold the ground, and government experimenters are seeking to condemn or verify the procedure. Meantime Dr. Humphreys, the well-known homeopath, claims that this morbid inoculation is but invading and preoccupying the system by the similar, that is, homeopathic and hence protective influence, and that the same end with milder and safer means may be obtained by taking the similar, that is, Specific Cholera Medicine. That to bring the system under the similar medicinal influence is as protective as to have been inoculated with the mild form of cholera germ. Vaccination with the knife or cow-pox is as efficient a preventive of smallpox as inoculating with the small-pox, and by virtue solely of its similar, that is, homeopathic influence. And this result is better obtained by the medical similar or specific than by the morbid one, being much more agreeable as well as free from the danger of also being inoculated with whatever constitutional disease which the person had from whom the cholera matter was taken. Dr. Humphreys has prepared a little pocket and family case of such cholera specifics and preventives, and will send the little pamphlet to all who seek to know of this subject. Humphreys' Homeopathic Med. Co., 109 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

June 25—Jersey City Y. C., Regatta. Special Class for Canoes.
June 27—Eastern Meet, Merrimac River.
July 3—Rondout C. C., Meet at Esopus Island.
July 4—Bayone B. C., Regatta, Bayonne.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

ROCHESTER C. C.

THE Rochester C. C. held their spring regatta on June 18 at Irondequoit Bay. The first race was for Class II. canoes, paddling ½ mile with turn. The times were: Mellen, 4m. 15s.; Andrews, 4m. 28s.; Moody 5m.; Wilson, 5m.

A sailing race, Class B, came next, over a triangular course of 1½ miles. Times: Angle, 38m.; Mellen, 41m. 30s.; Moody, 44m.

Following this was a combined sailing and paddling race, all classes, same course as last. Sail to first buoy, paddle from first to second buoy, sail to third buoy. All sails to be lowered over paddling course: Won by Andrews, 28m. 30s.; Mellen, 46m.; Wilson, 47m.

The course for the tandem paddling was ½ mile with turn: Ward and Andrews, 3m.; Mellen and Stewart, 3m. 18s.

The sailing race for the Angle Cup was over the same triangular course, the times being: Andrews, 28m; Mellen, 28m.; Ward, 35m.

The last was an upset race for all canoes: Andrews, 4m.; Mellen, 4m. 30s.; Moody, 5m.

THE CANADA SPRING MEET.

THE first spring meet of the Canadian canoeists was held at Unger's Island, Bay of Quinte, on June 8-10. Some canoeists were in camp by Saturday, in time for a heavy thunder storm on Sunday morning. On the same afternoon the steamer from Clayton brought Commodore Oliver and Secretary Neidé, with Mr. Richards, of Brockville, and next morning Vice-Com. Rathbun, A. C. A., arrived and took command of the camp. On Tuesday the first races were to be sailed, but the weather was very cold, and a high wind blowing. The first races was started, however, the Wych and Topsy being the only boats. The latter soon retired, leaving Wych to complete the course, which she did. Her owner is Mr. E. W. Rathbun. Mr. Bell, of Belleville, invited the canoeists to sail with him in the Norah, and after the race a party went out with him.

On Wednesday there was still plenty of wind, but the Class B race was called, the course being 3 miles. The entries were Ripple, Star, Lou, Grebe, Gipsy, Topsy, Ripple, Dr. Clinton, won easily in 55min. The Grebe had a sail over in the 3 mile open to all race. In the half-mile paddling race the entries were Black Diamond, Gypsy and Star, the former, paddled by Mr. J. B. McMurrich, of Oswego, coming in first. The prizes for the races were flags presented by ladies. The camp was a great success, in spite of the weather, and will probably be repeated next year.

MOHICAN C. C. SAILING CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE first race of the season for the club sailing championship was contested Thursday evening, 18th inst., in a light west wind. Four canoes entered and started in the following order, at 5:43 P. M.: Marion B., Com. R. S. Oliver; Annie O., H. L. Thomas; Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Snake, H. W. Gibson. The course was twice around an elongated triangle, about 3 miles. The Marion got away with a considerable lead. All hugged the east shore except Annie O., and she, in the force of the ebb and current, fell to the rear. Snake passed Thetis also by the aid of her "bonnet" (which gave her a mainsail of about 80ft.) and rounded the first buoy soon after the Marion B. The Marion went about for the return trip immediately but Snake stood out into mid-channel for better wind and water and passed to windward of her opponents by the maneuvre, having a considerable lead on the first round. The second round was made in the same order, the chief incident being the Marion B. getting within a length of the Snake again as she was making every effort to get round the second buoy in a calm. When she got away, however, the Marion's turn had come and Snake won the badge and pennant at 6.41½. Marion B., second, 6.45; Thetis, third, 6.46½. Capt. G. H. Thacher (Lasca) acted as starter and judge, Mr. W. Wackerhagen time keeper. Several challengers promise the Snake a lively struggle next month.

A CRUISE IN A BIRCH BARK.

THE day had been anxiously awaited when our vacation would begin, and all possible arrangements had been made to enable us to start at the earliest moment. Work was finished at noon, and at 4 P. M. our packing was completed. Then, followed by the good wishes of several lady friends who had assembled to see us off, we turned the adventurous prow of our bark canoe northward. After getting clear of the town, we put up our sail and for a short time skimmed along over the water in a manner entirely satisfactory to ourselves. Soon, however, a change in our course brought the wind too much ahead, and we were obliged to resort to the paddles. When night came on, we found that we had made about twelve miles. We were somewhat late in camping, for we were delayed by shoals occasionally. Our choice of a camping ground lay between the sand of the beach and the apparently harder mainland. We chose the latter, and having selected a level spot, we pitched our tent and kindled our first camp fire.

Our outfit consisted of two rods, one gun, one dog, Barney by name, together with tent provisions and a goodly number of other articles necessary to the comfort of the camper out.

The tent was provided with a sort of curtin sewed all around the bottom. This had been added after the tent was made, and was designed to lie on the ground inside. On it we placed our boxes and other articles, thus securing us in great measure from the presence of mosquitoes when the outlet was closed. Before retiring, we slaughtered all the mosquitoes that had entered during the day, and by this means we generally were enabled to enjoy a good night's rest.

I do not, as a general thing, sleep very well the first night out, and this was no exception to the rule. The bed was unmistakably hard, for we were not yet in a position to indulge in the luxury of a bed of boughs. When the ground admits I sometimes make an excavation for the reception of the hips. This renders the position somewhat easier, but is not an unqualified success.

Next morning we were up very early. After a frugal breakfast we loaded the canoe again and made another start. It was a fine morning with little wind, and we were in high spirits. So far we had come between the beach and the mainland, but now we were to make trial of the open sea. At noon we took our dinner, using a log both as table and seat. I cannot say I enjoyed this part of our trip; there was too much sand for comfort. It may be imagined that we did not tarry long after our meal was finished. In the afternoon there were thunder showers all around us, but we escaped a wetting. However, to make up for it, our canoe began to leak. It became so bad after a while that we had to land, kindle a fire, and repair damages. While doing this another shower came up, which did not prove so obliging. We had another dinner before we started, for we intended to paddle along until nearly dark, to make up for lost time. However, we did not go far before the canoe was leaking as badly as ever. We kept on, bailing out the water when necessary, until about a mile above the Escuminac Lighthouse. Then we went ashore for the night, although it was only 4 P. M.

After all was made snug for the night, P. visited the lighthouse, while I took mine ease in the tent, and in lazy enjoyment of my position watched the vessels, great and small, gliding past, near at hand and in the distance. This, however, became monotonous after a time; Barney and I took a walk in quest of berries. That, at least, was my object, but Barney did not appear to be deeply interested in my proceedings, and went off on business of his own. His object soon became apparent, for looking up I saw him making gallant efforts to overtake an old duck. He did not seem to realize that this was only a ruse on the part of the wise old duck to entice him away from her young family, and he doubtless thought from her seeming inability to get more than a few yards away from him that to overtake her was only a question of time. I do not have my dog trained like that of a certain Acadian of pot-hunting proclivities, whose acquaintance I made some years ago, to catch the young ducks before they can fly. This effort on Barney's part was purely voluntary, and owing, no doubt, to the exuberance of his feelings.

Our tent was pitched on the "blacklands," a formation, I imagine, of the nature of peat. They occur at intervals all along this eastern coast of New Brunswick, so far as my knowledge extends. They appear to rise abruptly from the sand of the beach, and sometimes rise to a height of twelve to fifteen feet. On top they are covered with moss, into which one sinks at every step. They are always damp, and small ponds are of frequent occurrence. Ducks are generally to be found in these ponds at the proper season, and there are also extensive marshes near by in which excellent duck shooting may be had. Flocks of large curlew also frequent these blacklands.

Next morning we again set sail with a fair wind and smooth sea. It is not our usual custom to travel or work on Sunday, but on this occasion we did so because we saw that a storm was brewing, and we were in a very exposed condition. Shortly after noon we reached Fox Island in the Miramichi, where we were obliged to land, for the wind had increased considerably and the water was becoming too rough for our small canoe.

During the whole morning the storm clouds had been gathering seaward, and we had encountered some danger in crossing the channel between Huckleberry and Fox islands, where the wind, acting against a strong tide, had caused an ugly chop. After crossing the channel we had kept on for some time in the hope of finding a good landing. We did not succeed, however, and by this time we were glad to land anywhere. Imagine us then, having turned our canoe toward shore, riding in on the summit of a big roller. This would carry us some distance up on the beach, but just before the canoe could strike the shore, the order is given; and P., who occupies the bow, sprang overboard. Then while he held the canoe Barney and I do likewise. This is far from being a pleasant operation, but it is the only plan known to me whereby a landing can be made in a sea without filling the canoe. During the process of unloading we got wet nearly to the neck, for it was necessary to hold the canoe off shore.

Having carried our impedimenta up on the beach, we put up our tent, and having donned dry clothes, were at liberty to hang up our dripping garments, but not altogether as an offering to the powerful god of the sea. During the night the wind increased to a gale, and moreover it began to rain. Sometimes I thought the furious gusts of wind would blow the tent down, although it was pitched in a hollow and thus was somewhat sheltered. Neither wind nor rain showing any signs of abating in the morning, we removed the tent to a still more sheltered spot. Looking seaward after our removal we saw that a barque which the evening before had been riding at anchor a few miles off, had been driven ashore during the night. We could see the waves strike and break over her. The vessel, however, did not go to pieces, and we learned later that none of her crew were lost.

At this place we remained until Wednesday noon, and I may safely say that I never spent three more uncomfortable days in camp. It was so wet that we did not venture out of the tent even with oilskins on except when absolutely necessary. Most of the time we lay on our blankets, reading, smoking and growling at our hard fortune and the exceeding hardness of our bed, for of all hard beds commend me to the sand. Having had, then, about all we could stand of Fox Island, we hired a team to carry our canoe and baggage across to the leeward side. By this time the wind had gone down considerably, but the rain continued. We found smooth water to the end of the island, a distance of four or five miles. Then came the most dangerous piece of water in the whole voyage, the ship channel between Fox and Portage islands. We consulted a friend who does business on the island, and when he did not absolutely forbid us, we decided to attempt the passage. It is, I think, about three miles across, and we found the sea very heavy before we reached the other shore. By the time we discovered how bad it really was, to return was no less dangerous than to go forward. It was a tight place, but good luck, united to a fairly good knowledge of the "pints" of a bark canoe, brought us out all right. After we got across, though, and were congratulating ourselves on having once more escaped the clutches of "Davy Jones," I was pitched headlong into the sea while engaged in bailing out some of the water taken aboard during the passage. That was a trifling misfortune, for the water was not deep; and so far as getting wet was concerned, it did not matter much whether one was in the canoe or out of it, for it rained all the time.

The "gentle rain from heaven" was still falling abundantly when we encamped for the night among the pines on Portage Island. These islands, Huckleberry, Fox and Portage, stretch across the Miramichi, forming the arc of a circle. They seem like the continuation of the beach on the northern side of the river, and may have been so once. We had a very good camping ground on this island, sheltered from the cold easterly wind, to which we had been so long exposed. After a comfortable supper, not intermingled with sand, we stretched out in front of a big fire and enjoyed the situation for some time. Then we turned in, and slept the sleep of the camper out.

Leaving Portage Island on Thursday morning, we passed Burnt Church on our left. Here in the summer of '83 on St. Anne's Day, a tragedy occurred. This is a great day among the Indians, and a large number had congregated in honor of the occasion. It seems they had an old cannon which they were accustomed to discharge in honor of the day, although repeatedly warned that the gun was liable to burst. As usual they had loaded the gun, placing sods in the muzzle. As usual, the Indian on whom fell the dangerous duty of discharging the piece was warned. He replied, "Two, tree hundred Injuns stay this point; s'pose one killed, him not missed." He then discharged the gun and was instantly killed. What had been so often foretold came to pass.

Passing Burnt Church we came to Neguac, an Indian name signifying "shoal water," and shoal it is. Shortly after noon we reached Tabusintac beach, where we remained until the following Monday. We knew the water in the river would be too high to admit of fishing, and we were therefore in no hurry, besides we wished to get our blankets and clothing dried.

On Monday, July 21, we made another start, wind again easterly. We "put 'em up sail," as advised by some Indian friends, who always take great interest in us because we use a bark canoe; our canoe is of the Milicite model, and is much smaller than the Micmac canoes in use on this coast. Having crossed the inner bay, we enter the mouth of the Tabusintac. A short distance from the mouth the river apparently branches, and a stranger would be at a loss to know which he ought to take. The river does not branch, however, but from its appearing to do so it is said to gets its name, Tabusintac, meaning "two rivers," according to one authority, "may be two" according to another.

A wet, disagreeable day again, but after laying in a supply of provisions at a farmhouse we proceed on our way, bearing the ills of fortune with great equanimity. That night we camped some miles above the last house on the river. We found the stream swollen high by days of rain, and it was difficult to find a place on which we could pitch our tent, the low ground on the banks being overflowed. The approach of night, however, left us little time for deliberation. When we could delay no longer, we ran the canoe to the bank and tied it to the bushes. Then, having unloaded our canoe, by no means an easy matter under the circumstances, we made a small clearing on which to pitch the tent. It was not a spot marked out by nature for a camp; the ground was not only uneven, but covered with specimens possibly of geological interest, but not at all satisfactory to a person who expected to make his bed there. However, by the exertion of considerable muscular effort the ground was cleared and partially leveled. Then we spread a thick layer of boughs, from which we shook the rain, and were prepared to make the best of our situation. We remained here until Wednesday. On our return we found an excellent pool in front of this camping ground, containing an abundance of fish. We, of course, did not attempt to fish, for the water was at least three or four feet higher than usual.

On Tuesday we were badly sold. The water appeared to be falling, and to test the matter I placed a gauge at the margin of the stream. Sure enough, the water was falling, and rapidly, too. Our spirits rose in proportion. We spent a portion of the day in preparing poles, with which to complete the remainder of the journey, for the water was too swift to admit of paddling. After a time I looked again at my gauge, and found to my extreme disgust that the water was rising. Then it dawned upon me that we were below the head of the tide. I suppose we fell into this error because the water was to all appearances running down all the time.

Shortly after noon on Wednesday we reached Big Hole, the end of our journey. This Big Hole is situated at the confluence of Big Hole Brook and the Tabusintac, and has been the scene of many campfires. Our toil was over. Now we were to enjoy our hardly earned reward till the inevitable day of departure came.

Our first care was to spread out our goods and chattels in the sun. Our next was to remove from the ground the dead boughs of last year's bed. Then we proceeded leisurely in the preparation of a new bed of luxurious softness.

I found my smoke-house, built two years before, still standing, but in a dilapidated condition. This structure had been erected for the purpose of smoking a few of our trout for the benefit of our friends at home. It was also useful as a place of retreat when the mosquitoes became too persistent in their attentions.

I may say here that this Tabusintac River is, or was, one of our best trout streams, but from an acquaintance of several years I am

inclined to think it greatly overrated. It is true that some good trout are taken, but after fishing Big Hole for a few days the catch falls off rapidly, and it becomes necessary to rest the pool. That would not so much matter if there were any other pools near at hand; but such is not the case. I am not in the least a "trout hog," and resort to the woods more for health than sport. Indeed, until this year when I was thrown on my own resources by the departure of my former comrade to the Pacific coast, I did not fish at all. The above mentioned result followed the use of one rod by my friend, who is a very "economical" fisherman, by which I mean that he never caught more fish than was necessary, and returned all small fish to the water.

Here, then, we took our ease, waiting with what patience we could command for the subsiding of the water. Noah never wished more fervently for that desirable event than did we, for we were trout hungry; and not a fish could we get except some diminutive specimens, whose brief span of life we regretted to terminate. Neverless a few found their way to the frying pan—necessity knows no law. Fortunately the famine was not of long duration, and we were enabled to satisfy the cravings of appetite with more legitimate prey. Although there was a plentiful lack of sport, the days passed pleasantly and all too quickly away.

As there was no more rain after our arrival at Big Hole the water soon began to go down, and at length was low enough to admit of something like fishing. Hitherto P. had mainly supplied our table with the above-mentioned fingerlings by dropping his fly over the bank here and there. It was impossible to make a cast. Now the sandbank upon which the fishing is done at this pool began to appear. Here, then, one evening I had taken my stand, while P. was collecting wood for a night fire. I had an old rod and an old reel which could not be fastened securely to the rod.

After making a few casts I had a rise from a very large fish I thought I had the grandfather of all the trout at the end of my line. Presently the fish leaped, and I saw to my extreme surprise that I had caught a salmon, and at the same time a Tartar, as I soon found. (Salmon ascend the river later in the season, and I had never seen any on my former trips.)

Having a salmon, then, securely hooked, the fun began. The pool is quite large and free from rocks, but I was wholly unprepared for such game. That salmon appeared to be at both ends of the pool at the same time from the rapidity of its movements. I was calling at the top of my voice for P. to come to the rescue, but before he arrived on the scene there was no necessity for his services, the contest was over. The old reel flew off the rod, and soon the salmon was free, except for a small souvenir of the encounter in the shape of my fly and half the leader. Then I wended my way sorrowfully back to the tent, and mentally weighed that salmon. Next morning, having in the meantime fastened a better reel to my rod, I tried again. The result was discouraging, for I lost two more salmon, together with the flies and leaders. I then came to the conclusion either that my tackle was not strong enough or I was not sufficiently expert in the use of the rod to capture such noble game. I gave it up, and did not again make a cast on the waters of Big Hole until the morning on which we left for home; then I captured three trout of about three pounds each.

Being debarred then from fishing in the best pool on the river, by the fear of hooking a salmon, I turned my attention to the discovery of other pools, if any there were. I found a few small ones by going a considerable distance up the river, from which I took enough fish to supply our table, but none of large size; the largest would weigh, perhaps, one pound. To do this I used to start after breakfast and pole the canoe up stream, where I sometimes remained until evening. I do not know how far I ascended the stream, but should think at least five miles. In that distance I found only two pools of any importance, and they were small. There was one only a short distance, less than half a mile above Big Hole, which rejoiced in the pleasing name of the Devil's Elbow.

At length the conviction forced itself upon us that our stay must soon come to an end. First the tobacco showed signs of failing. To remedy this misfortune we resorted to the use of Indian willow bark —kinikinik—in the language of the red man, as near as I can make out from the pronunciation. A little kinikinik mixed with a good deal of tobacco does not make a bad smoke; but a good deal of kinikinik mixed with a little of tobacco is not entirely satisfactory. Then our supply of provisions began to grow small, a defect not so easily remedied.

Our last day in camp arrived. I started early in the morning determined to have a full day up the river. On my way up I stopped at the Devil's Elbow, where I had a rise from a large fish which I did not succeed in striking. When no efforts on my part succeeded in making the fish rise again, I went on. Finally I came to the pool furthest up the river. Here I had some very good sport, as things went on this trip. On my way back to camp in the evening I stopped again at the Devil's Elbow to give that big fish another opportunity to try my fare. Long and faithfully I whipped the pool, but without success. I was cold from standing so long in the water, but I concluded to change the fly and try a few more casts. I did so, and then came the crowning success of the trip, the fish rose, and I had another salmon. I do not think that at first I felt particularly grateful, for I fully expected the usual result would follow. A short time, however, convinced me that the tackle was likely to hold, and then arose the embarrassing question, How was I to land the fish? The pool is not very large, and some rocks showed themselves here and there at the lower side in the swift water. On one side of the stream rocks towered up almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; on the other was a narrow sandbank, three or four feet wide and a few yards in length, but overhung by bushes. Various schemes for the capture of the fish passed through my mind, but none offered any very striking hope of success. I was alone and had no gaff; I had not even a landing net, having lost that article in ascending the stream. Finally I concluded that the question must be fought out on that sandbank.

Meantime the salmon was going through the usual performance, sometimes rushing down stream till I thought all the line would be reeled off, then allowing itself to be reeled slowly back. Then would follow a rush up stream. At length the fish became tired out, and swam around and around in a small circle, passing within a few feet of me. Judging that the time had come to bring my plan to the final test, I turned the fish toward the sandbank, applying just sufficient pressure to keep it in the right direction. When it came to the shore it lay motionless. Then, keeping a taught line, I waded quietly to the fish, put my boot under it and threw it ashore. Thus, without the aid of the usual appliances, I landed my first salmon, a fish of ten pounds.

Next morning, bearing the inevitable with what grace we could command, we packed up and started for home. The first man we encountered was called upon to furnish us with some tobacco, which he did most generously. In return we presented him with some trout, after which we separated with feelings of mutual esteem. That night we camped near the house of Mr. Petrie, a gentleman of whose kindness to us I cannot speak too highly, and to whom I would commend any sportsman who found himself in that locality.

Next day, Saturday, we reached Tabusintac Beach, where we remained until Monday morning. Late Monday night we reached Fox Island, where we passed through a second ordeal. This time it was mosquitoes. Here P., who had started off as soon as we landed in quest of water and grub, was mistaken for a tramp, a not unnatural mistake under the circumstances, for he had not taken time to put on his dress suit, but one which was nearly the cause of our going to bed supperless. After partaking of a supper consisting mainly of hard tack, we went to bed in a fishing camp, thinking it too much trouble to put up the tent. That camp was full of mosquitoes, and after standing the torture as long as we could, we went out and pitched the tent in the wind, hoping by that means to obtain some sleep. It was no use. We got no sleep that night, and almost before daylight were off. When we came to our old camping ground at Escuminac, we went ashore and made up for lost time in the sleeping line. Wednesday noon we came to Point Sapin, and here we were likely to stay longer than we desired, for the sea was too rough for us to go further. In this emergency a friend came to our assistance, put our canoe and luggage in a big boat, and carried us to the end of the point, where we were again sheltered from the wind. It was now nearly sundown. I do not know why we did not stay there all night, unless it was that our pleasure was a thing of the past. At any rate, we kept on poling and paddling all night—a most lovely one—and at daylight reached home. So ended a holiday trip to the woods, one in some respects attended with many discomforts, but whose pleasures, looked back upon, far outweigh them all.

CHIPLOQUORGAN.

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEWS ON CANOEING.

AND whole fleets of lately launched butterflies, with streaming pennants and gaily painted sails, go drifting by. Poor butterflies. In a fresh breeze they remind me of canoeists. Nature has been niggardly to them in the matter of centerboards, and their rudders are makeshift affairs at best, so when they down helm it is not always certain that they'll get about, and if they start for a beat to windward the chances are that they fetch up against the wrong tree.

But canoeists enjoy themselves on this (Indian) River. I suppose that in the whole Union there are few waters which afford better facilities for their favorite sport. You can get a canoe here at small cost, and by covering it over carefully it will keep for an indefinite length of time. Commodore Morris, of Cincinnati, was canoeing with us for some four days. It only cost some ten dollars, I think, to bring his canoe from the Western city and land it safely on our little wharf. So far from being inconvenient in traveling, the canoe was quite a comfort, he says; indeed, he could not have well brought the paddle and sail without it. And as he carries his clothes in it, too, it saves his being bothered with a trunk. Every morning he goes down to the river bank and polishes his canoe till it shines like a good deed in a nautical world; then he puts the lid on, screws it down, spreads a tarpaulin carefully over all, and sits down on it and eats an orange. Canoeing is a very healthful exercise, he says. There was no seat by the river side till the canoe came, and we shall miss it sadly when 'tis gone. The Doctor says that if he were not afraid that some new guest might make a mistake and go out in it, he'd buy a couple (when his pineapple patch pays) and put one on each river bank. I've never done any considerable canoeing, but I know a good many canoeists, and I'm very fond of them. There was my friend, Commodore Will Alden—who wears side-whiskers and is one of the great and original canoeists of the period. He came canoeing to Nantucket the summer before last. He forgot to bring his canoe with him, but he had a photograph of it and remembered just how much it cost, which was about the same thing. And as I took him out sailing in my catboat several times (which gave him an opportunity to explain how much nicer and more comfortable canoeing was) I fancy he enjoyed himself quite as well as if he had come with his canoe under his arm—perhaps a little better.—*John Paul in N. Y. Tribune.*

A NEW YORK ESTIMATE OF DR. NEIDE'S BOOK.—The New York *Evening Telegram* closes its review of the "Cruise of the Aurora," as follows: "There is no more popular canoeist in the American Association to-day than Dr. Neidé. A veteran of the secret service of the Army of the Potomac, an enthusiastic woodsman from boyhood, the Doctor's life has been one of unusual adventure. Qualified to see and appreciate whatever was worth recording on his singular cruise, he has the happy faculty of being able to tell his story with sprightliness and *verve*. The log of the Aurora is continuous in its interest to the end. It describes the realities of canoeing, the fun and the fatigue, the drollery of the mishaps and the excitement of the rush of rapids, with the humor and the *verve* of an earnest sportsman and a clever writer. The book will take a high place in the rapidly increasing literature of canoeing."

RACES AT TOLEDO.—At the recent G. A. R. encampment at Presque Isle, a canoe race was sailed by Toledo canoeists, the Louise winning in 1hr. 35min. 15sec., with Kittie second, Violet third, and Gypsy capsized.

CANOEING IN GERMANY.—The *Wassersport* of June 4 publishes the burgee of the Bonn C. C., with a request for the burgees of other clubs. We quote from its canoe notes as follows: "In addition to our recent remarks on the 'Lead Period' for yachts, we now learn that the miniature yachts, the canoes, are also conforming to the same innovation. The 'Jersey Blue' canoe Theres, at present on the stocks at Sakrow, is receiving a keel of 40 pounds. The owner, Mr. Belitz, hopes to increase the stability and sail-carrying power of his boat to a noticeable degree. The floating capacity is in no way impaired, as the boat is still unsinkable, having watertight compartments fore and aft. The total weight is thus increased to 100 pounds, making it difficult for one person to transport."

A NEW CRUISING CANOE.—As the decked canoe becomes better known in Canada it meets with more favor, and with the double blade, promises to prove a formidable rival to the old open canoe and single blades for cruising purposes. A new canoe has been built this winter by Sauve Bros of Brockville, for Mr. W. B. Richards, of that place, for cruising and racing. This boat is 15x31¼, 11½in. deep at gunwale, and fitted with large air tanks. She has an Attwood board and a drop rudder, and two Mohican sails of 63 and 25ft., reefing to 45 and 16ft.

A CANOE MEET AT ESOPUS ISLAND.—Last year the Rondout C. C. held a pleasant camp on Esopus Island on July 4, and this year they propose to repeat the experiment at the same place, and other canoeists are invited to join them. They will go into camp on Friday, remaining until Monday morning. Canoeists from New York can take the Mary Powell on Friday and land at Hyde Park, two miles below Esopus Island. Paddling and sailing races will be arranged on Saturday.

A CRUISE ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.—Canoe cruising is a new idea in California, where canoeing is confined mainly to day trips and sailing, and few long cruises are made. A long cruise has lately been made by two members of the Oakland C. C., Messrs. Pixley and Cooper, of San Francisco. They went by steamer to Jacinto on May 5, and from there followed the river up.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The club book, lately issued, contains the names of 41 members and 34 canoes. The officers for 1885 are: Commodore, J. L. Greenleaf; Vice-Commodore, Edwin Fowler; Secretary, E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York; Treasurer, R. P. Martin; Measurer, E. C. Griffin; Lay Member, E. A. Hoffman, Jr.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE MEET.—Particulars will be given next week.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. F. P.—The woodcock season in New York opens Aug. 1.

T. G., Pennsylvania.—About 3in. of keel is equivalent to the board.

AMATEUR, Lynn, Mass.—1. The canoe yawl would cost about $125 for hull only. 2. They would not build one boat of any model.

W. J. F., Ogdensburgh.—Either one of the guns will do for your purpose. There is not any difference between the two. The rifle is safe but not good for much except target play.

NEW BEGINNER.—You will find fishing within fifty miles of Philadelphia in the Delaware River from Delaware City, Del., to New Hope, Pa. About the latter place you may find black bass. On the lower river, near the Bay, you will find an assortment of river fish, perch, etc.

B. R. P., B. C. School.—Could you give me any information about this egg. It measures 6×5½ inches, of a dirty white color, about the shape of a duck's egg; found it on the edge of a river; probably washed down from an island near Lennoxville, Canada? Ans. Your description is too vague. We cannot identify the egg.

G. H. E., New York.—1. Will you kindly let me know when the open season begins for upland plover in New Jersey? 2. Do these birds stool well? If they do I want to get decoys, as there are a great number of them on my farm this season. Ans. 1. Aug. 1. 2. They will sometimes stool when they first come on and before they have been harrassed, but are extremely wary, and no precaution must be omitted in concealing oneself. You certainly cannot depend on them to stool well.

W. C. M., Brooklyn.—1. Where can I find the best black bass fishing on the Delaware River in July? 2. Will they take the fly in that month, and what flies do you advise? 3d. What is the pedigree of the Irish setter Rose, owned by Dr. Jarvis? Ans. 1. About the Delaware Water Gap. 2. Yes, at times, according to their caprice. The following flies are usually good: Cheney, scarlet ibis, Henshall, oriole, Mather, jungle cock and Ferguson. 3. Rose is by Palmerston and out of Flora.

TOM BOY, New York.—Would you advise a young man without money to go to California? I have just about enough to pay my passage there. Am a good shot, understand dogs and all that. Was once very comfortably fixed but stocks broke me. Ans. We do not advise you to go to California unless you have some definite purpose for going there. A simple change from one side of the continent to the other is not likely to make a given kind of employment any easier or more profitable. If you understand enough about dogs to take care of them and train them for field trials, you may find enough to keep you busy in the vicinity of San Francisco or Sacramento; Mr. N. E. White, editor of the Sacramento *Sunday Capital*, can tell you of that. For other employments, if you wish to go to the Pacific Coast, Oregon and Washington Territory offer stronger inducements than California.

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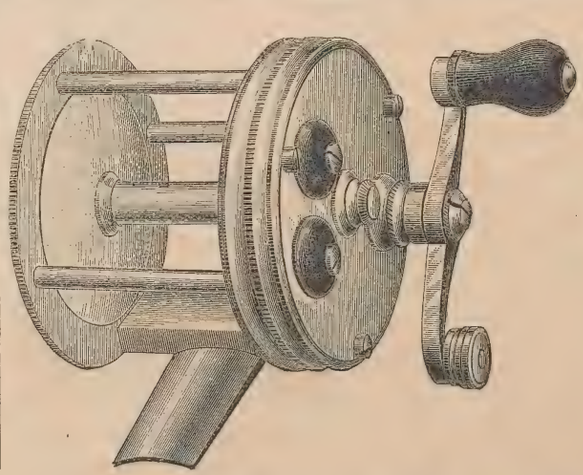
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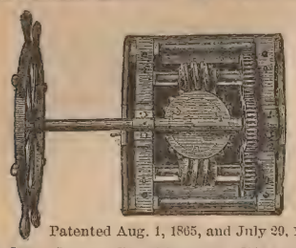
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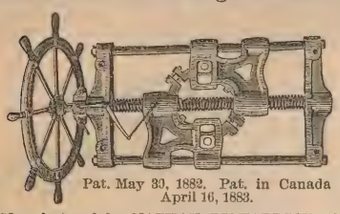
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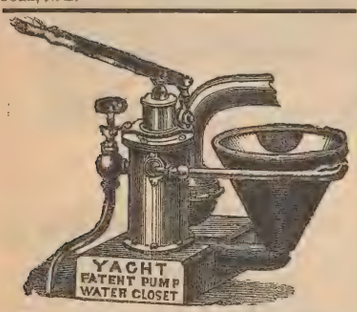
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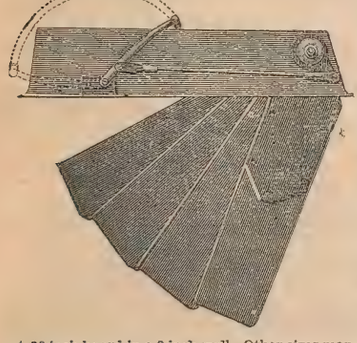
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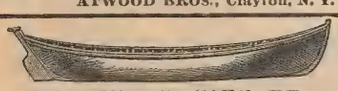
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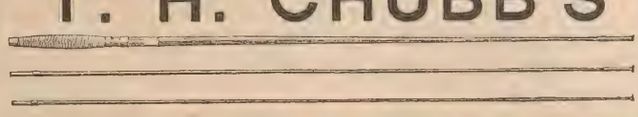
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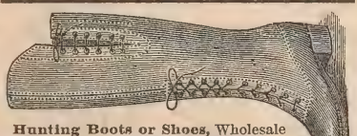
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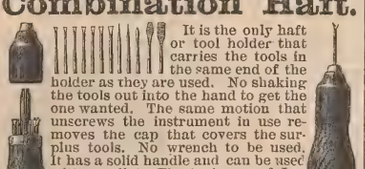
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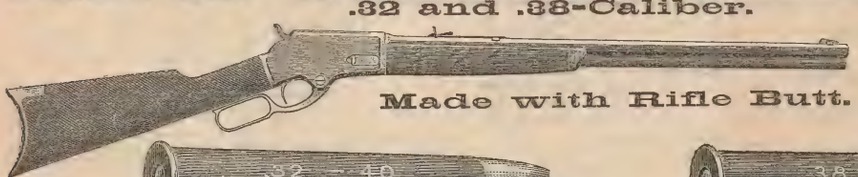
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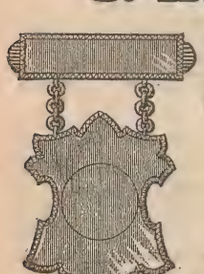
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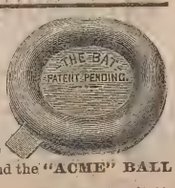
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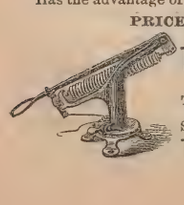
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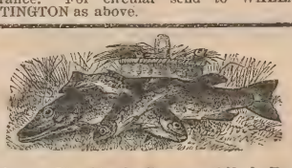
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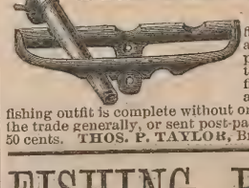
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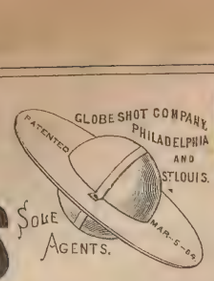
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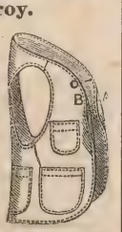
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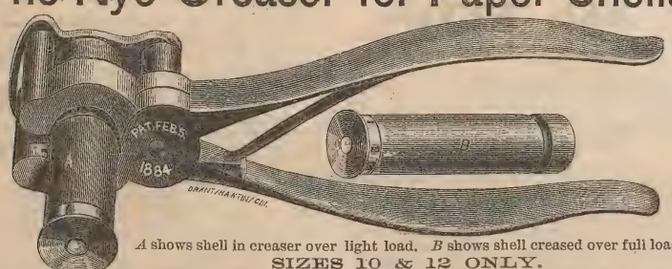


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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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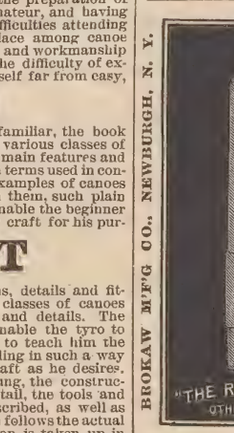
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 23. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUFFOLK SHORT SHRIFT.

IN Suffolk county, Long Island, New York, there are presumed to be a few deer, stragglers left over from last season. They owe their existence to the stupidity of those who had planned against them a raid of extermination. These men blundered about the date of the opening of the season, and after they found out their mistake too short a time was left to complete the work of deer eradication. It is not intended that such a stupid blunder shall happen again. A pack of hounds, a charge of buckshot and a short shrift are in waiting for every Suffolk county deer.

When the bill against deer hounding was in the Senate at Albany, Mr. Otis, mindful of the true interests of his constituents, demanded an exception in favor of Suffolk county. It was very properly granted him, for, as we told Gen. Curtis at the time, it was better that the Long Island folks should be given their customary exception than that the progress of the bill should be put in jeopardy. Accordingly the deer of Suffolk county are not included among those which the new law protects from the hounds. The first ten days of October are specified as the time in which it will be lawful to dog the deer of Long Island. The two Sundays which come in that time are excluded, and the full open season is therefore reduced to eight days. That is a short time in which to complete the work of deer extermination; but, as has already been explained, these animals are not numerous, and if the Suffolk county sportsmen are properly supported by outsiders, as they hope to be, the campaign will be successful.

We are advised that, with that generosity which ever marks the sportsman, the Long Island deer hounders invite all their friends in the neighboring counties and States to come down to Suffolk next October and join in the chase. Every man or boy who likes the fun and owns or can borrow a gun is cordially invited to join in the sport on the opening day and stay until it is through. Those who can furnish dogs are urged to bring them; the more the merrier; and if there are not enough deer to go around it is hoped that every hunter will at least be fortunate enough to get a shot.

We shall take pleasure in frequently recalling to the memory of interested persons this courteous invitation of the Suffolk county sportsmen. They make it open to all without a particle of restriction other than the condition that the antlers of the last deer killed shall be reserved to be presented to Senator James Otis as a slight token of gratitude for his deer hounding services at Albany.

SETTLED AT LAST.

IN the years 1880 and 1881 a frequent subject of discussion in these columns was the propriety of State game protective societies engaging in the wholesale slaughter of pigeons at the trap. Those discussions provoked much acrimony and engendered toward the FOREST AND STREAM some enmities which have not been healed. And yet how strange it all seems now. Inveigh against such "game protective" wholesale pigeon tournaments to-day, and who would care a straw? It is a dead issue. The question has been settled. Three things have done it: 1. The wild pigeon supply has been trap-shot to smithereens. 2. Public opinion has come around to the view taken by this journal in 1881. 3. Good and sufficient substitutes have been provided for the live birds.

Wild pigeons are now very scarce, and their netting is expensive. As the cost of pigeons has increased the associations have grown poorer. They can no longer afford to shoot live birds. If birds were still abundant they would not be employed. The sentiment of the day is against it. The Coney Island Tournament of 1881 was the turning point. No body of respectable men would care to submit themselves a second time to the scoring given the New York Association by the press of this city on the occasion of the Coney Island meeting. A great majority of those who approved of and participated in that shooting feel very differently about it now.

There is no reason whatever for regret that the birds are no longer netted by tens of thousands for such tournaments. It has been demonstrated that there can be just as successful gatherings of trap-shooters without the wild pigeons. Satisfactory artificial targets have been substituted. The competition is just as keen, the same degree of skill is requisite, and the tournaments are even more largely attended. The members of the Massachusetts State Glass-ball Association, who demolished 7,500 clay-pigeons at their annual tournament last month, went home just as well satisfied as if they had shot at live birds. The meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game last week was more of a success than it would have been if the managers had limited the matches to live bird shooting, and the tournament of the National Gun Association at Philadelphia this week will doubtless furnish another example to be cited in this connection. So in all parts of the country trap-shooting is just as much of an institution as ever it was in its palmiest days; but it is not now necessary, as formerly, to hunt about for an excuse to justify the living sacrifice of wild pigeons.

SUMMER WOODCOCK.

IN this vicinity, yesterday, the first day of July, opened cool and bracing. It was a delightful morning for the field, and across the North River, in New Jersey, where the woodcock season was so propitiously ushered in, very many shooters were gladdened by the fair weather as they set out for the covers. They had every reason to anticipate a good day's sport, and we shall doubtless hear that large bags were the order of the day with those who know the habits of the bird and where to find them.

At this season of the year the woodcock are in excellent condition for the table. They are about two-thirds the size attained by fall, and as every market gunner knows, they form a most dainty dish for the *bon vivant*, and bring a good price when smuggled into the New York market. There is good reason to anticipate that the July woodcock shooting in New Jersey will be good. The late spring delayed the northern flight of the birds. Many that, under ordinary conditions, would have gone on further north to breed, were kept in this latitude by the cold weather and eventually bred here, and as a consequence the supply of home bred birds is unusually large.

But that is no excuse why New Jersey sportsmen should indulge in July woodcock shooting; on the contrary, it affords a very good argument for deferring all shooting until the fall. The birds are much more easily and surely bagged now than they would be at the later season. It is quite within the power of sportsmen and market hunters who know the haunts of the birds to thoroughly clean them out before August. No birds whatever need be left over, provided the gunners are moderately diligent in their pursuit. And so it will happen that while this year the birds are unusually plenty, next year there will be no reason to expect anything but the old barren covers again.

The result would be far different were July woodcock shooting abolished. All migratory birds are accustomed to return to the vicinity of the grounds where they were bred to propagate their species. Were these New Jersey birds left until fall, some of them would escape, and in the spring they would come back again to the New Jersey breeding grounds; and by judicious management the localities adventitiously stocked by the cold spring of 1885 might be made permanent game grounds.

July woodcock shooting in New Jersey is very foolish.

A WORD TO SOME NORTH WOODS GUIDES.

IT was repeatedly stated in these columns during the progress of the deer hounding bill, that the most intelligent and provident guides of the North Woods were heartily in favor of the proposed law. In this statement we were perfectly correct. These men did ask for the law; and now that it has been enacted, they demand its observance, and they call upon the State officials to see that it is enforced and its violators punished.

But there are many other guides and residents who did not want the law, and who are now inclined to make light of it. They have taken no measures toward disposing of their hounds. The dogs in some localities are as numerous as ever; they have been running loose this spring, chasing deer, and they are running loose now. Their owners, when remonstrated with, reply that the hounding law does not go into effect this year, and they guess it won't amount to much even when it does take effect. The dog owners who talk in that manner are likely to be brought up standing, if the game protectors do their duty. By reference to another page of this journal, where the new law is printed in full, it will be seen that it takes effect immediately. We commend to Adirondack guides and residents and to all other parties concerned a careful study of the new statute. It is very plain. A magistrate will find little difficulty in arriving at a proper construction of its provisions. The most stupid man, whose hounds are now in the woods, can understand it, if some one will read it to him.

It is intended by those who labored to put this law on the statute books to see that it is enforced. The State game protectors are charged with the duty of detecting violators and bringing them to justice. These officials for the Adirondack districts are as follows:

Fifth District.—Saratoga, Rensselaer, Washington, Warren and town of Indian Lake, Hamilton county.—SEYMOUR C. ARMSTRONG, Weavertown, Warren county.

Sixth District.—Essex, Clinton.—JOHN LIBERTY, Elizabethtown, Essex county.

Seventh District.—St. Lawrence, Franklin.—PETER R. LEONARD, Ogdensburg.

Eighth District.—Fulton, Montgomery, and the towns of Benson, Hope, Wells, Lake Pleasant, Arietta and Morehouse, in Hamilton county, except that portion of Morehouse and Arietta lying north of the south branch of Moose River.—THOMAS BRADLEY, Rockwood, Fulton county.

Ninth District.—All that part of Lewis lying east of the Black River, and of the west lines of the towns of Diana and Crogan, all that part of Wilmurt, Herkimer county, and of Morehouse and Arietta in Hamilton lying north of the south branch of the Moose River, and all that part of Long Lake in Hamilton county lying west of the east line of great lots numbers 4, 5, 41 and 42.—JOHN L. BRENCKERHOFF, Booneville, Oneida county.

Tenth District.—All that part of Oneida county north of the south line of Verona, Rome, Marcy and Deerfield, all of the county of Lewis lying west of the Black River and west of the west lines of Diana and Crogan, and all of the county of Herkimer lying south of the south branch of the Moose River.—NATHAN C. PHELPS, Remsen, Oneida county.

These officers should be notified of all deer law violations. The facts should be given them. Our advice to those North Woods guides who want to see the new law in operation is that they give the game protectors all the aid in their power. The good of the great community of guides demands that the new law be rigidly observed; and there should be no hesitation about giving evidence that will lead to the punishment of offenders. The guides of the Adirondacks who are in favor of the new law are abundantly powerful to put a stop to hounding if they will only exert their influence in that direction, and display a moderate supply of backbone.

The first important step is to make known the exact provisions of the law. Every owner of deer dogs, every guide and every visitor in the North Woods should be made to understand that the use of hounds is unlawful and will be punished. We have prepared a poster containing the law, which will be sent free to any person who will place it in a conspicuous position, and we ask all persons interested to assist first in making the law known, and then in securing its enforcement.

But ignorance of the law will excuse no man. And not even the plea of ignorance can be argued by the dog owners in the neighborhood of Keene Valley, Essex county, whose hounds were chasing June deer.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE SPARKLING SPOKANE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Even in far off Washington Territory there are many sportsmen to whom the weekly appearance of the FOREST AND STREAM is an event of importance. I enjoy many quiet evenings reading the experience and adventures of the hunters and anglers who talk to me through the columns of your paper, and I find myself comparing notes with them, laughing at their jokes, entering into the spirit of their sport, exulting over their successes, and sighing for their failures, until I am becoming acquainted with all of them, and they are hereby invited to visit the banks of the Spokane River at any time between this and the 15th of September, and I hereby pledge myself to give them an experience in fly-fishing which, when written up, will be a rare contribution to the sportsmen's literature. If the tenth part of my fishing experience in this Territory was given to your readers, I should probably be set down at once as yarning, and my local reputation in that direction is quite sufficient without giving it the national circulation which your paper would insure. And why not come to Washington Territory? Our streams and many of our lakes are alive with trout; our waters are practically new and untried, except by a few anglers, among our business and professional men, who find fishing so inexpensive and so profitable in its return of good sport that they are not particularly anxious to publish our rich resources to the great brotherhood of anglers who depend upon the FOREST AND STREAM for information as to the best places to select for their summer sport.

The Spokane River is a deep, swift stream of clear, cold water, which preserves a very even temperature the entire year; it is not too warm for drinking purposes in summer and it never freezes in winter. It is a grandly beautiful river, with a rugged, rock-rimmed shore, and its forceful current flows over a rock bottom from where it finds its source as the outlet of Cœur d'Alene Lake, in Northwestern Idaho, to where it discharges its waters into the Columbia River, 100 miles further west in Lincoln county, Washington Territory. There are two great falls on the river, the largest being at the city of Spokane Falls, an important town on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here the fall is 156 feet, and affords one of the grandest and most imposing views to be found on the Pacific coast. A sight of these falls is alone worth a trip across the continent, and the trout fishing either above or below the falls is exceptionally fine.

The angler will find here advantages which other streams do not furnish; our river is exceedingly well behaved and never overflows its banks, is not subject to sudden rise or fall, we have no cyclones, no wind storms, but the most delightful climate in the world, and camping out here at any time during the summer months is a real luxury. Yes, come to Washington Territory and cast your fly in the best trout stream in the world. G. H. MORGAN.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., June 15.

A MOONLIGHT MEMORY.

THE glories of nature are generally too common to excite more than a transient interest, but occasionally it is given to mankind to behold a scene of beauty which is calculated to live long in memory. I have seen one or two in the course of my lifetime, and if I could reproduce a tenth part of the emotions which those scenes awoke in my mind I could stand unchallenged among the great poets of this world. It will be observed, however, that I am not standing there.

Lake Michigan has its moods, as fickle and changeable as the clouds above it. I have walked its beach when its pulse was dead, and the lake lay so smooth and still that the long line of the water's edge never wavered half an inch up and down upon the hard yellow sand. "But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage the gentle Thetis" and you may see its mighty surges, urged on by a gale that sweeps the lake from Michillimacinac to Michigan City, thunder against the Chicago breakwaters, wresting piers from their sandy bed, overturning long lines of pile and stone work, and not unfrequently tossing an unhappy schooner on the threatening shore, "a toast to Neptune."

I lived at Kenwood last summer, and while there we had a long reach of that hazy halcyon weather in which all nature lies languid and lethargic under the drowsy influence of the heated air, and the strident call of the locust, basking in the dry sunlight on high, is the only animate sound that breaks the stillness of the sultry hours. I never allowed one of those midsummer evenings to pass by without carrying my birch canoe across the railroad tracks, launching her on the cool lake, and floating idly off the shore, until either my tobacco was exhausted or my vertebral column in danger of severance against the sharp edged brace which Indian ingenuity has made an essential principle in his naval architecture. Nor was I alone, for other canoeists, yielding to the glamor of the soft evenings, might be seen impelling their dainty crafts through the dusky air like shadows, as silent and impalpable.

One night in particular I recall. We, that is, my brother, a jurisconsult of eminent talent, and a Canadian friend and myself, had launched our canoe and were resting on our paddles, meditating in devout silence over the first pipe of the evening and waiting patiently for the rising of the full moon, a phenomenon which, as the almanac assured us, might be expected to occur toward 10 o'clock. Why we were waiting for that event, or just what we expected to do when it came to pass, I cannot now remember. It is irrelevant and immaterial anyway. Twilight had fled and black night settled down on the water. From the shore came the note of preparation, the plash of paddles and the rattle of oarlocks as various parties got under way and put off, and presently all around us arose the sounds of different craft moving over the surface, and the whole air was voluble with the murmuring voices of their crews.

Was it not all the poet sung—

"* * * Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."

But veiled in darkness we saw them not, or only noted now and then the swift gliding gleam of a stray lantern. Under the silent but effective play of the jurist's paddle our light birch glided here and there through the fleet, as we sought better acquaintance with our neighbors. Some we knew and others not, and some evidently preferred to know each other better than to know us at all. But these last (showing such evident bad taste) were of opposing sexes and running in companies of twos, and we, on encountering such, and appreciating the delicate situation, would magnanimously sheer off and run down more practical and less romantic mariners. Thus we lay in the darkness, nothing visible except the lights of the city stretching away to the northward, and in the south a baleful gleaming in the heavens, betokening the furnaces of South Chicago.

And finally the moon rose, a faint gleam on the horizon at first and then at a bound stood on the water's edge "round as the shield of my fathers," huge, red, refulgent, and after a seeming pause, as though making a preliminary survey, took up its march across the sky, becoming smaller and silvery as its altitude increased. The soft light lit the lake from shore to cloud line, disclosing the flotilla to our view scattered widely over the smooth water. By common impulse the boats moved toward each other and assembled off the gaunt and desolate ruin of the old Hyde Park Hotel, where every one said "hello," and every other one remarked that it was "a perfect night." A small sail yacht was there, and although not the slightest ripple blurred the polished surface of the water, and not the faintest breath of air could we detect, yet some current was stirring up aloft, for her topsails were full and she hovered about the circle of canoes as softly and as noiselessly as an owl on the wing.

Some singers, too, were among the company, and the same were moved of course to break forth into a song; a thing often commendable, but not always. At that time, that particular time, it struck me that silence was not only golden but eloquent, and I was for decamping. But the jurisconsult thought otherwise, and as he was sustained by the Canadian, I submitted and listened indignantly while a bevy of maidens monotonously alleged that

"Many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere Jack comes home again."

Doubtless I was wrong, doubtless it was the music of the singers alone that lent any charm to the quiet night and the moonlit lake, and doubtless I am a miserable and crabbed misogynist in thinking otherwise. I admit the soft impeachment, and will live in the belief that the singing of those romantic damsels was the only spot upon the beauty of that perfect night.

An hour later we stood on the beach, and shouldering the dripping canoe passed into the abodes of men. C.

CHICAGO.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ZUNI AS IT IS.

THE morning of April 7 opened with a cloudless sky and all the characteristics of a perfect spring day. Indeed, Northwestern New Mexico had rarely experienced such a season; bright skies, no wind, and balmy airs, and of a consequence excellent roads, no dust, and the cautious advent of the early birds and flowers.

One of my companions was a jovial traveler from Philadelphia doing the States and Territories, the other was an honored curator and professor of one of our worthiest universities of the East. He was on a year's vacation; was traveling for the change, but still had a keen eye on the fauna of the countries lying in his intended route, and did not hesitate to gather in all the birds and mammals that he could on the way for his museum collection.

Away we went—we three and the driver—in an old-fashioned army ambulance, drawn by four mules, up the hill back of the Post, off for Zuñi. I had heard many, many stories about the place, I had read the papers by Frank Cushing in the *Century Magazine* and the reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, and I looked forward to this visit with the keenest pleasure. My friends enjoyed a similar frame of mind; and we were soon exchanging former experiences in our lives, of collecting trips, hunting excursions, and voyages over the sea. The mules in the meantime tugged away up the mountain road, through the scrubby piñons and junipers, until we came to the top. Here we find Bradley Station, a rough, ladderlike structure, erected by the United States Geological Survey a year or so before, and named in commemoration of the officer in command at the fort. The view from this, the highest point, is truly magnificent and beyond the powers of pen to adequately describe. We all disembarked to enjoy it for a little while. The elevation at this point is between seven and eight thousand feet and overlooks an enormous valley, flanked on all sides by the grandest of pine-clad mountains and cliffs of forms most grotesque and colors most various.

From this point our road lay through, for several miles, a magnificent pine forest, to be occasionally varied by an open mountain park, or perhaps some narrow valley, presenting us in its peeping verdure with the first evidences of spring. Here we saw perching upon dead stalks of some gaudy flower of the year before, the brilliant arctic bluebird, and less frequently its cousin of the Eastern States, the common form. Here, too, an unsuccessful attempt was made to capture a fine specimen of the shining fly-snapper (*Phainopepla nitens*), a bird of so much interest to ornithologists. Thus we rode along, now enjoying the stampede of the prairie dogs, as we passed through one of their towns; again, making mental notes of the birds that we observed. Few of these had as yet arrived, as the vanguard of the migration had but barely put in an appearance. One swallow was noticed, and we saw killdeers and *Colaptes mexicanus* and western robins, with a sprinkling of nuthatches, chickadees and sparrows.

Plenty of turkeys are found in these pine forests, and two or three kinds of rabbits with an occasional deer, or in the cañons a bear; but the game is rapidly disappearing before the persistent Navajo Indian hunter. At the end of our sixteenth mile, we passed down a high hill, over which the road ran into the beautiful valley of Las Nutrias, named from a sparkling mountain stream which courses through it. Here we found our tent already pitched for us by our escort, which had preceded us with a four-mule wagon carrying provisions and other necessaries for the trip.

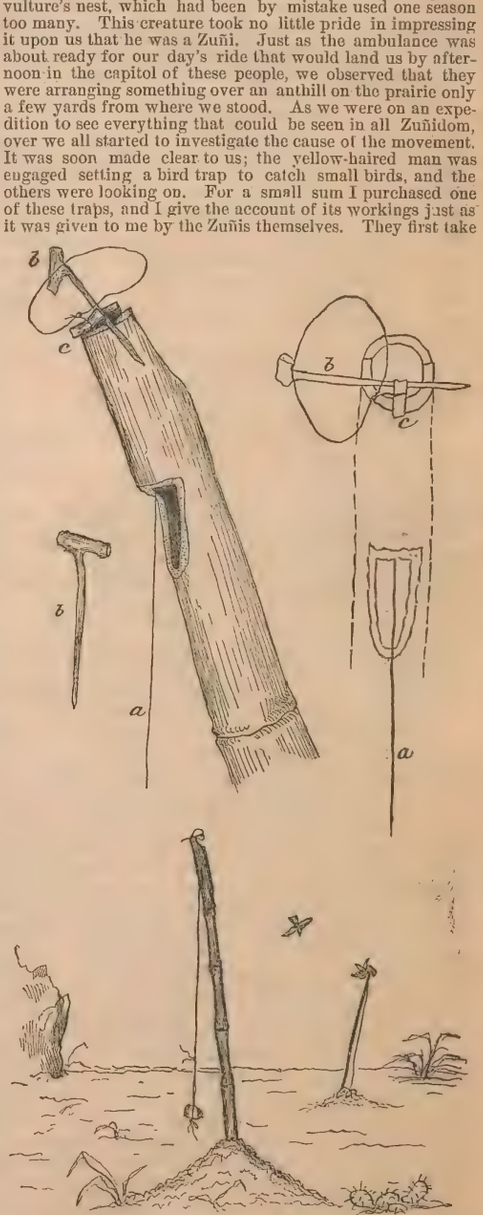
Ah! the charms of a mountain camp in the spring time, and above all, on a quiet spring evening. Every lover of the forest knows them, and is only too happy to seek them whenever the opportunity offers. The absolute freedom from all restraint can only be appreciated here; one feels as free as air, and a peculiar elasticity and strength seem every moment to be taking possession of you.

How we enjoyed each his hot pot of coffee and the Boston baked beans, as we sat, Turk fashion, about my little iron-bound chest, just within the tent. Then the talk and the pipe afterward, which is prolonged until evening steals over all, and by common consent we are soon curled up under the blankets, to be lulled asleep on the New Mexican frontier by the distant music of the coyotes.

In the morning we were all up betimes, and strolled down to the stream to take our "rub up." Then back to camp again with sharpened appetites to partake of an excellent field breakfast.

A mile and a half further along on our road there was a small pueblo, called the Nutrias Pueblo, after the stream. A large number of Zuñis were living at this time of the year in and about this point, as it was the wheat season. Several of them now began to drop into our camp, and I must own that I was by no means favorably prepossessed with their appearance in this first introduction to them. They were exceedingly untidy in their dress, besides being unwashed and unkempt. Of the number standing about the tent, I failed to see a single individual that might in any way recall that manliness in bearing and fastidiousness in attire which is by no means an uncommon thing among the Northern Sioux and Crows, as I myself have frequently observed.

One of their number, a man who appeared to be about three-fourths white, was a particularly uninviting specimen of humanity, with his sore eyes, filthy skin, foul and ragged dress, and with his head covered by a mass of matted yellow hair, that reminded one of the abandoned inner lining of a vulture's nest, which had been by mistake used one season too many. This creature took no little pride in impressing it upon us that he was a Zuñi. Just as the ambulance was about ready for our day's ride that would land us by afternoon in the capitol of these people, we observed that they were arranging something over an anthill on the prairie only a few yards from where we stood. As we were on an expedition to see everything that could be seen in all Zuñidom, over we all started to investigate the cause of the movement. It was soon made clear to us; the yellow-haired man was engaged setting a bird trap to catch small birds, and the others were looking on. For a small sum I purchased one of these traps, and I give the account of its workings just as it was given to me by the Zuñis themselves. They first take



an old hollow reed about two feet long and cut one end of it, just as our boys go to work to make a willow whistle, only the Zuñis do not put the end plug in. Next they get a dried little twig with a small piece of the main stalk attached to it, as shown at *b*. The lighter and dryer this is the better. Then they take a little cylindrical piece of wood (*c*) and tie it securely around its middle with a horsehair, leaving enough to make a small noose at one end, and some twelve or fifteen inches at the other. This passes through the opening in the side of the reed and appears at *a*. Its lower end has fastened to it, first, about eight inches of a narrow piece of rag, which in its turn is fastened to a small stone of some two ounces weight. Now to set it, the reed is stuck firmly in an anthill and allowed to slant over just a little. Then *b* is placed across the top, as shown in the cut, with *c* at right angles to it, and barely resting on the margin of the reed and the middle of that part of *b* which crosses it. The horsehair noose is now made and placed on the upper side of *b*, being held in its position by the little cross stem on the end of it. The trap is then ready, and if some small bird lights on top of it, which is pretty sure to happen on the open prairie, its feet resting on *b* within the noose, dislodges *c*, which is really the only thing which holds up the stone, and this falling to the ground holds the victim fast on the top of the reed.

In one of the pueblos on Las Nutrias I counted seventeen

roughly-made skins, males and females, of the Arctic blue-bird (*Sialia arctica*), and this seems to be the bird most often taken, and the one they care most about. I believe these skins are used as ornaments to their attire in some of their dances.

As we started in the ambulance on our road, the day was all we could wish, with no dust and not a cloud in the sky; in fact, this was the kind of weather we enjoyed the entire journey until our return to Fort Wingate, a very unusual thing for this time of the year. Almost at once we passed through a prairie dog town, where the large, pyramidal ant nests are so often seen, and I counted quite a number of the bird traps sticking up in every direction, indeed, hardly an ant nest was without its trap. As we intended stopping on our return, we passed right through the small pueblo of Las Nutrias into the cultivated valley beyond. Here the bright morning sun shone upon a sight as pretty as it was gratifying. At least 400 acres were under cultivation, the ground thus utilized being nearly level, very rich and carefully irrigated throughout its entire extent. The bright green spring wheat had already begun to show itself, while groups of Zuñis were at work in all directions. Still others were plowing or repairing the irrigating ditches. It would be hard to imagine a picture more gratifying to the eye; and indeed apart from everything else, these groups of peaceful Indians, some clad in their bright parti-colored blankets, at work, yes, actually at the plow of their own free will, constituted a scene so picturesque that one would not likely have it effaced from his memory in many a long day. Our road still lay through the level river bottom, after we passed the wheat fields of the Zuñis, and what we had just witnessed kept us all on the alert to see other objects of interest.

The Professor by this time began to think of "taking in" a few specimens, and he had expressed himself as being particularly desirous of securing a skin of one of the magnificent old ravens (*Corvus corax*) that were seen from time to time. The opportunity for doing this was not long delayed, for to the left of the ambulance some forty yards distant, strutting through the low sage brush on the prairie in a most stately manner, was a fine old male with his jetty coat reflecting all the purples and blues in the sun as he moved. The ambulance was checked up, but before I could cover him he was in the air and well under way. "No use," said the Professor from the front seat in a disappointed tone, "he's off." Yes, but my ounce and a quarter of No. 5 shot, backed out of my favorite gun by three and a half drams of Orange ducking powder, was after him. Down he came with a broken pinion with a heavy thump on the prairie. Out jumped the Professor in a minute, and it did my very heart good to see the enthusiasm in this old gentleman of over sixty, as he, in his black suit and beaver and flowing white beard, made chase in zigzags and curves after that old wounded raven over the plains of New Mexico. The specimen was bagged at last and properly stowed away.

Here we passed the extensive and extraordinary lava beds, there, on the other hand, lofty mesas, standing out against the blue sky, bold and grand in the extreme. Sometimes these latter were sentinceled by some isolated peak, standing well away from their base, and erect as the pines they dwarfed about them, rising seventy or eighty feet or more. Further along these mesas were almost continuous, being of fantastic shapes and broadly striped, horizontally, by their brick-red bands of strata. This section is known as the Red Cañon, and its geology is full of interest.

As we passed once more into the rolling prairie some specimens of birds were taken, and we observed *Sturnella neglecta*, *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides* (Say's flycatcher, Western sparrow hawk), *Eremophila*, *Totanus melanoleucus* (Steller's jay, mountain chickadee), and a few others; but, on the whole, the absence of animal life was painfully noticeable. At 1 P. M. the vegetation was becoming scarcer, the country rolling, and the mountains further removed from our road. On our left, however, we were now nearing one grand, level-topped old mountain that I at once recognized as the far-famed Thunder Mountain of Zuñi lore, and I knew the pueblo would soon be visible. It came in sight at last as we drove down the gentle decline which enters the valley of the Zuñi River. There in the distance, lit by the noonday sun, of the same reddish mud-color as the level prairie that surrounded it, was the pueblo of the Zuñis. The river running by it sparkled in the light, and it was soon evident that the houses were on a slight elevation above the surrounding plain, which latter was, at this time of year, devoid of all vegetation, or with barely a dash of grass at long intervals apart to relieve the monotony of the red glare of the clay bottom.

My first impression was, "Why, how small it is," and the second soon followed, "The isolated fragment of a former race, and such isolation!" Then, had it not been that my mind appreciated the fact that it was soon to have new sights and objects to feed upon, would have crept over me (which I've more than once experienced in former years) that sickening feeling that takes possession of one as he enters the *Terres Mauvais* to cross them.

Some gardens occupy the outskirts of the pueblo, but whatever was planted in them was not above ground yet. I noticed some ingenious scarecrows, made of empty tin vegetable cans, swinging in the wind. Our road led through these gardens to two very well-constructed adobe houses lying some little distance from the pueblo. One of these was occupied by the missionary schoolmaster, while the other was his schoolhouse. This personage met us as we drove up with our ambulance, closely followed by the escort wagon. I descended and introduced myself to him and then presented the visitors. Everything at his command was offered to us, but it was finally decided that the Professor should occupy the spare room at the missionary's, while my Philadelphia friend and I still stood by our tent, which I had pitched near the schoolhouse. We all, however, had the use of the dining-room given us, and our cook served our meals there.

We had hardly made the acquaintance of the missionary's family, consisting of his wife and his niece, before we were called upon by the Governor, ex-Governor, and other functionaries of the tribe. Our salutation was a warm one, as the Governor gave us each in turn a hug like a bear, and then with no little dignity took a seat opposite us, those with him following his example. The conversation turned principally upon points for mutual information, with the usual little pleasantries thrown in. The ex-Governor, who spoke just a little English, ascertaining that I had been in Washington only a few months before, asked me about Col. and Mrs. Stevenson, and others who had been at different times in Zuñi, and I answered his many questions as best I could. It then being about half past two, we determined without further delay to pay a visit to the pueblo.

Our party was made up of our three selves, the missionary and the Governor. We had hardly a hundred yards to walk before we reached the rounded knoll upon which the houses composing the pueblo were massed. As we strolled over I noticed that two new Zuñi houses had already been erected in the bottom and were then occupied. Gardens and corrals surround the hill nearly all about. These are fenced in by high, rough poles, upon the tops of many of which were perched the ever-present ravens. The general appearance of Zuñi houses is so well known to us now, through the illustrations in many of the reports of the Ethnological Bureau of the U. S. National Museum, and those in the admirable articles of Mr. Cushing, which appeared in several of the numbers of the *Century Magazine* for 1883, that any description of them here would be quite superfluous. It was to me like stepping from the pictures into the reality. There were the squarish houses all piled up on one another, with the chimney pots and openings on the roof; there bristled up in many directions the tops of the ladders; there were the Zuñis themselves on the roofs with others in the streets, bearing on their heads the very jars, the like of which I had so often seen my artist friends in the National Museum illustrating, in short, here was Zuñi, for it has not its counterpart in all the world. At our approach a dozen dogs raised the alarm, and off scampered a group of half-naked children of both sexes with their black, mop-like heads of hair (the biggest part of some of them) blowing in the wind.

Strange as it may seem, our first inquiry was, how came the hill there upon which this ancient pueblo is erected? The plain for miles about it is almost as level as the surface of a lake. Imagine the impression it made upon us when, after our examination, the undeniable fact stared us in the face that, although Zuñi may have originally been started on a slight rise in the plain, yet its present elevation—between thirty and forty feet above the datum plane—is due largely, in some places, to the accumulated excrement of the burros, and I suspect, too, to some degree, the refuse from the houses. This condition can better be seen at the pueblo of Las Nutrias, where the entire lower stories of some of the houses are covered above their roofs by a like guano deposit, while additional stories have been built on and above them. In Zuñi, this condition is more particularly the case on the side of the pueblo facing toward the missionary house. In this situation the side of the hill has been cut away to make room for a garden, and its composition is easily studied. I am not aware that this fact has been published before; but it seems hardly possible that a thing so evident has been overlooked. We were disappointed finding the pueblo so nearly deserted; not more than one house in ten was occupied, as every able-bodied man and woman was at this time of the year away planting wheat, as we saw them at Las Nutrias. Upon leaving home, a Zuñi closes the little low door to his house by piling a quantity of stones up in front of it. He also takes the precaution to plaster up with clay the opening upon the roof. Such fastening is considered a sacred seal, and no honest one would think of breaking it any more than we would a seal to a letter. We saw all the empty houses closed up in this way, and it lent to the pueblo a terribly deserted appearance. The entire pueblo only covers between twelve and fifteen acres.

Our party next took its way through the short, little streets, to the principal plaza. This is a small patch of ground, perhaps sixty by seventy-five feet, inclosed by a low stone wall pointed up with mud. The cathedral closes in the western end of this oblong plat, and a gateless opening allows you to enter it on the opposite side. The plain, vertical upright of an old wooden cross, stands in its center, supported by a rough stone pedestal.

This ground, which appears to be the *bona fide* top of the hill, though not the highest elevation of the pueblo site, has been used as a burial place by the Zuñis for ages. Its surface is everywhere strewn with human bones in all stages of preservation, and in two or three places the white vaults of the weather-beaten crania of its occupants just peeped above the ground. It was a graveyard where there were more bones than earth. Much as I liked to moralize over all that this little yard contained, just at the moment there were but two favors I wished it could have granted me—one was a scientifically chosen series of Zuñi crania for the Army Medical Museum, and the other, that six of its most truthful and first occupants could arise in the flesh and recount the early history of their race.

From the graveyard we entered the cathedral, through its main door, or rather half door of unpainted wood, and so jammed by the bones, dung and refuse at its threshold that one could only squeeze in with difficulty. Once within the building a most extraordinary view met our sight. The old tumble-down structure consisted of but one room, the wall of which had once been handsomely frescoed, but at a late date smeared over with mud, allowing the fresco to show only in small places. The heavy rafters of the roof were fast falling in, and large breaks showed the sky through it. Burros and other animals had evidently made it their headquarters, and the place had an odor about it that strongly reminded me of a college dissecting room during the summer months. The further wall opposite the door was covered with rude carvings in wood; a separate and oblong one, of some size hanging above the others, showed a raised carving of one of the popes wearing the tiara. This carving had been colored entirely white. The carvings on the uprights below were quite elaborate and the faces of the cherubim were symmetrical, and the whole thing looked like comparatively modern work of the Mexican Catholics. After seeing all we wished, we passed out of a low side opening on to the street; then the Professor kindly taking charge of our outer wraps and remaining below, the rest of the party started to examine the roof of the structure. We first had to enter a narrow creep-hole in one of its angles, then going on up through a winding mud staircase we found ourselves on the roof of the front part of the building. Here hung to a wooden crossbar in an adobe frame two metal bells, each fastened to its bar by an ordinary Mexican lariat. These bells were almost exactly alike, bore no date nor other markings and were without tongues. They appeared to be cast in ordinary bell metal, and in dimensions something like two feet high with an aperture of a foot and a half each.

The point where we now stood afforded us a fine view of the pueblo and all its surroundings. Some very old women were at work on the roof of the house nearest us, and a few children at play under the lone cottonwood in front of the piazza—the only tree of which the country could boast. After a last look we all descended to the ground and walked down the hot, dusty and filthy street to visit the Governor's house at his invitation. Here we were introduced to many of the mysteries of the Zuñi household, and here we saw the various belongings to a well regulated Zuñi house in actual use by their owners and manufacturers.

Subsequently we entered many other houses and scrambled over their roofs to our hearts' content; visited their dance court (a place that any New England farmer would have been ashamed to exhibit as the stallage for his cattle) and peeped into their secret dance halls under ground.

I saw several of their faces scarred with the marks of smallpox, and a number of the babies and children suffering from loathsome diseases of the skin. In calling the missionary's attention to this he remarked, "Yes, it's a wonder to me that most of them are not diseased, as I've known them to eat the bodies of their burros that have died from disease, and been kept too long besides."

Every law known to sanitary science seems to be violated in this Zuñi pueblo; the houses are not ventilated, they are overcrowded; there is no sewerage, and the dejections of all kinds from the human body are to be seen standing in vessels in the broiling sun on nearly every housetop and corner of the streets.

The faces of some of the younger women are quite pretty, but of the young married women, or those that I saw, the faces had an oldish cast.

Some of their dances I am told are quite chaste, while others are accompanied by customs too foul for record, and the people who practice them but merit the fate of those we read of in the Biblical legend of Sodom and Gomorrah. Many of their ancient myths are pretty and full of romance, and their language is a sweet one to listen to; but as I strolled back to the missionary's house with my friends, I knew too well that the picture I had painted in my mind of Zuñi was forever spoiled by the first glimpses I had had of the reality. To us the study of their language is of the highest importance, and as a living link, connecting the people of ages gone by with those still with us, the value of a searching study of the Zuñis themselves can hardly be overestimated. Beyond this Zuñi has no further attraction for me.

The Professor robbed it of all poetry when he remarked with a sigh of relief as we walked along, that "he had seen enough of that mass of mud hovels on a dunghill, inhabited by people whose habits and customs are too frightful to think of." This was placing it in rather a strong light, but I fear with more truth than poetry in it.

In the cool of the afternoon my Philadelphia friend and I returned to the pueblo for further investigations, and we saw much more that was interesting. We had the opportunity to watch a group of women paint the pottery, and later bake it on the street. They do this by placing the freshly painted pots, after the designs are dry, bottom side up on the ground, and, protecting them with old broken pieces of pottery, proceed to build over the lot a flattened dome of very regular outline of dried chips of cattle or burro dung, in such a way as children build blocks, leaving alternate openings. A hot fire is then started inside, which soon brings the pots to a white heat, and the operation is completed in about half an hour. It is accompanied by a practice, a description of which I will here omit, though it will do no harm to mention that, as "the bake" took place on the street by the graveyard wall, I picked up in the ashes afterward fully a dozen completely calcified human bones; so the pots when done, and we afterward purchased them, were certainly thoroughly Zuñified.

Of particular interest to me were the golden eagles (*Aquila chrysaetus*) that they keep penned up for the feathers they afford. Numbers of these birds are found all round the pueblo, inclosed in small cages of poles driven in the ground for sides, and lashed overhead for tops. Similar structures confined their prisoners in the angles of the houses and yards. In some of the eagles I noticed that the eyes were nearly yellow, and they were in all stages of albinism. One bird had its entire breast and tail, the scapula regions and other isolated patches, composed of entirely pure white feathers. Others were in various stages of this condition, and from my inquiries I could not quite determine whether it was due to old age or to long confinement in limited quarters, or to the practice of pulling out the feathers or to the change of food and environment; or perhaps to all these causes combined, with certain ones predominating. A colored man, whom they call Cuff, employed by Mr. Graham, the trader of Zuñi, told me that these eagles lay in the cages and rear their young there; that he has repeatedly seen them do it. I have reason, however, to doubt the word of this same Cuff, and I must see the truth of his statement with my own eyes before I believe it.

My friend, who was the wealthy one of our party, was very fortunate in his purchases, and came away with fine specimens of belts, moccasins, pottery, drills, hatchets, sacred basket and what not. I contented myself with very little, as I hoped to pay them another visit later in the season when the nation would be at home.

After our exertions of the first day, we spent a pleasant evening and enjoyed a good night's rest.

Next morning I was awake before daylight, and as my tent door faced toward the pueblo, the rising sun upon that strange scene, with old Thunder Mountain and the hills as a background, will long remain impressed upon my memory. Would that its light could make clear to us, as its own face, at least some of the mysteries that lie hidden in the unwritten history of that curious little group of structures on the banks of Zuñi River.

After breakfast my friend and I took a morning walk through the pueblo again. On this occasion we watched an old Zuñi woman weave a blanket, and I purchased some of the tools with which she did it. In another house where we had entered in our search for one of their spinning wheels, as my friend was very desirous of purchasing one, we saw standing behind one of the stone slabs where they grind their corn, a pretty little Zuñi girl, not a day over a year old, and as naked as the hour she was born, with the stone grinder in her hands, playfully showing her mother, who watched with no little pride on her face, how to grind the corn. The picture was a charming one, and if the expressions of all could have been caught at the proper moment, what a study it would have made.

But the morning hours were passing, so a little after 10 o'clock away we drove from Zuñi, and in a very short time Thunder Mountain and the pueblo were once more beyond our sight.

The objects of interest by the wayside had lost none of their charm for us on our return; in fact, I think we rather enjoyed them the more for seeing them on different sides and in a different light. Just beyond the Pescado, a creek that we cross close to the road, we pass what appears to be the ruin of some old fortification. We all descended from the ambulance and rambled over this curious heap of almost shapeless ruins and débris. It covers some two or three acres, and we had no trouble in finding parts of human skeletons, pottery of various kinds, bones of eagles and turkeys, and scraps of implements. All these relics bore evi-

dences of being very old indeed. I captured some interesting reptiles and insects here, which were duly placed in alcohol on our return to the ambulance.

About 4 in the afternoon, after an unusually pleasant drive, we pulled up at the pueblo of Las Nutrias. [I find that many people call this the "Nutria," and it is so printed on many of the Government maps, but I believe it is correct as I have written it above, and it signifies, in Spanish, the beavers.] Here we saw some Zuñis, very different in appearance from those we had left behind us in the morning. One young chief, who spoke a little English, took us into his house. This was kept in very excellent order, and thrift marked all its appointments. The walls were freshly whitened, the corn nicely stacked up on one side, and all the cooking utensils cleanly kept. Indeed, the whole was quite inviting. The women of the establishment, including two or three pretty young maidens, were much more tastefully attired and pleasing in their manners.

Outside, however, it was the same old, tumble-down pueblo with its almost unbearable odors, its heaps of refuse and its general uncleanliness.

Here we watched the women baking bread in one of the curiously-shaped, little oval ovens, like Dutch ovens, found in all situations in these pueblos, from street to house-top.

The bread was made into oval rolls, with a crease obliquely cut through the middle. I have seen just such bread in old Mexico, while in Cuba I remember they twist up the ends of their rolls and the crease marks it vertically. We saw them also making the *he-we* here, and to me it was a very palatable production.

The last mile of our twenty-six was now rapidly driven over, when we were once more on our first camping ground to find everything prepared for us. As there were at least two good hours before sunset, we left the Professor to skin his birds and prairie dogs, while we explored a magnificent cañon near at head, through which Las Nutrias finds its way. The rocky sides of this cañon rear themselves to a height of 130 feet or more, and plainly show the action of water near their summits worn during geologic times. In these inaccessible places numbers of the white-throated swifts (*Panyptila saxatilis*) had built their nests and already had young. I tried both above and below in the cañon to secure some of these, but failed from both points. They are the hardest bird to take on the wing that I know of. I did kill one fine old male, but he dropped far below, where after a careful search we failed to find the specimen, and I reluctantly gave it up. This consumed all our time before dark, so we strolled back to the tent just in time to enjoy a hearty supper.

We pulled out early in the morning to drive to the fort, and the clear mountain air was absolutely delightful as we passed through the piñon hills and great pine forests.

During the ride I collected several fine birds for the Professor, and took a magnificent specimen of a large gray squirrel with black tufts by his ears fully an inch and a half high. It also had a broad chestnut stripe down its back, and a splendid gray and white tail. If I am not mistaken, we had before us a specimen of Abert's gray squirrel (*Sciurus aberti*).

At two in the afternoon we drove into Fort Wingate once more, and our trip to Zuñi and back was at an end; its pleasant incidents not soon to be forgotten, although I am afraid that those who took part in it may never be associated together again. DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, U. S. A.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, April 18, 1885.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SITTING GROUSE.—Lennoxville, Que., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much pleased by the account of photographing a woodcock on the nest, as mentioned in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and congratulate Mr. Kibbe on his feat. It was more interesting to me on account of a somewhat similar experience this spring in photographing a sitting partridge or ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*). The bird was discovered by a young lady at a picnic. After several attempts I secured a negative of the bird, also one of nest and eggs, copies of which I send you. I did not attempt posing my sitter, but from her general behavior I do not think she would have allowed any such familiarities. In fact I only succeeded in getting a negative, by arranging with the aid of an ingenious friend, Mr. Peabody, a sort of double drop shutter, worked by strings from about thirty feet away. The camera was placed and focussed about five feet from the nest during the bird's absence and concealed with brush. I then left the place for an hour or two as the bird refused to come back while I was near the nest, and after seeing from a distance on my return that she was on the nest again, made the exposure, as above, by strings. Amateur photographers may like to know that the exposure was about ten seconds with a diaphragm of about one-quarter inch, and an instantaneous plate which proved to be rather under-exposed. If any FOREST AND STREAM readers wish for copies of these pictures I can procure them at twenty-five cents each.—W. A. FARWELL.

HABITS OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. E. S. Noble, of Elk Rapids, Mich., a gentleman with whom many of your readers are well acquainted, brought home from Colorado about a year ago two prairie dogs. They are still alive and in good condition. Mr. Noble informs me that they drink water not often but copiously. There is not the slightest doubt as to this fact. A gentleman from whom one of these animals was obtained, and who has shown a good deal of interest in their habits, is of the opinion that there is always a large hole which leads to water in each of their villages, and that it is used by all the inhabitants. In this connection Mr. Noble raised the question how the vast number of rabbits inhabiting the great arid plains of the West are supplied with water. The distance at which it appears to be from their ordinary haunts is often very great, and they, of course, are not supposed to construct wells.—KELPIE.

AN OWL IN A COOP.—Mr. Webb, a farmer residing in the town of Somerset, brought into the city to-day a great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*) that was caught in its own trap. Mr. Webb had propped up one end of a chicken coop by putting a small stick under it. *Bubo*, while foraging for a late supper or an early breakfast, thought he saw his chance for a meal of genuine spring chicken, and so intent was he in securing it, that he passed by the old hen—as he entered her domicile, who made an abrupt exit—and in doing so knocked out the stick from under the end of the coop, and *Bubo* was a prisoner. The chickens being small, all but one made their escape through or under the slats in front. *Bubo* was so taken aback in finding himself in such a situation, that his appetite failed him, and his meal of spring chicken was found uneaten by Mr. Webb the next morning. —J. L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., June 26).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE DEER HOUNDING LAW.

LAWS OF NEW YORK.—By Authority.

CHAP. 557.

AN ACT for the better preservation of wild deer, and to secure the evidence of accomplices in certain cases.

PASSED June 13, 1885; three-fifths being present.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. No person shall hunt or pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog or bitch, except in the county of Suffolk, where it shall be lawful to hunt with dogs during the first ten days of October, excluding Sundays, in each year. If any dog or bitch shall be found so hunting or pursuing in the State, it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the foregoing provision of this section by the owners of, or person or persons having or harboring such dog or bitch. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each and every such violation, to be sued for and recovered as provided by Chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, as amended, for the recovery of the penalties thereby imposed.

§ 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Office of the Secretary of State } ss.:

I have compared the preceding with the original law on file in this office, and do hereby certify that the same is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of said original law.

JOSEPH B. CARR, Secretary of State.

CHEYENNE TO INYAN KARA.—III.

"SPEAKING about shooting," he said, "reminds me of some wonderfully effective shooting I once saw aboard a ship of which I was third officer. It was on the Libbilly from San Francisco to Liverpool. She was a big four-master and one of the speediest craft that ever scoffed a storm. Our cargo was silks and silver and probably worth a million dollars or more. The sailors when we slipped our moorings at San Francisco had no knowledge of the value of our cargo, but as we were slowly drifting through the doldrums off the Canary Islands, between them and the Bermudas, they having little to do for several weeks but kill time, had accidentally discovered the value of our cargo and entered into a plot to seize the ship at the first opportunity. The plot was revealed to the officers by a young lad who had been befriended by the captain. The boy's name was Scotty and he had been picked up in the streets of San Francisco and well cared for by the captain. He could chew more tobacco and drink more whisky than any person I ever saw, and was, withal the best sailor aboard ship. He could walk any rope in a storm with his hands in his pockets."

Here Curtis went to bed.

"I have seen him shin up the topgallantmast skyclew hazard, over six hundred feet above deck, and come down head first, then go out on the jibboom, dive overboard when the ship was making thirty knots an hour, catch hold of the rudder and be on deck ready for duty at a moment's notice hardly wet."

Here Foucab and Doc rolled into bed.

"The last I heard of him he was first officer on one of the Cunarders. Well, we officers watched out very carefully day after day, and finally learned that the crew intended to take possession of the vessel on the first dark and stormy night. Everything went well until we were four days from Liverpool, in latitude 34.7, and longitude 6.8½, when at about five bells a little speck of black showed in the sky off our larboard side. The captain called the first officer and myself into his room. It was the second officer's turn on deck and I was to go on at three bells, which would bring it into dark. I filled my pockets with hand grenades and went forward toward the forecastle, taking care to avoid getting mixed up with too many of the men, as I did not care to tackle over ten or a dozen at a time."

Here Hans and Albert went to bed.

"Darkness came on, and soon the ship was laboring. Darker and darker came the night, and the wind began to whistle through the shrouds. In less than the telling you could not see your hand six inches from your face. Though it was now my turn on deck, the captain came up and ordered a dozen men to go aloft and take in the maintopgallantsail. Up they went and in five seconds down they came. I never saw such quick work in all my seafaring life. 'Up aloft and clew the mizzen royal to the yawl,' cried the captain. Up again they went and were down again soon as before. The captain mistrusted that they had cut the canvas loose and cast it into the sea, but it was so dark that not a sail could be seen from the deck. Calling Scotty, he told him to go aloft and see if the sails had been furled or cut loose and report immediately. Scotty was right back and reported that they had been cut away. Calling the men to him he ordered them up aloft again, told them what they had done, and bringing his Winchester up to his shoulder threatened to kill the first man who made a cut at a rope."

Here Fred went to bed, leaving Tom, the burro man, and his partner to hear the last of the sailor's yarn.

"They had gone about ninety feet up the mast, and, supposing they were hidden in the darkness, drew their knives to cut loose the mainskysail, when bang! bang! bang! spoke the Winchester and three sailors came tumbling on the deck, each man shot in the back of the head, and dead before they struck the deck. They were remarkable shots, each man hit on the bump of animosity.

"The other men did their duty and put the sail shipshape and followed each other down, and then huddled around the captain, seized his rifle and hurled him to the deck. I commenced to throw the hand grenades among the crowd. The first one thrown struck the lock of the Winchester, and exploding, scattered itself in the face of the sailor holding it, killing him instantly."

Here Tom went to bed.

"The rest released their hold on the captain, when I struck one full on the teeth and shattered his head, and the rest of the sailors threw up their hands. Meanwhile the storm had abated, the moon came out, and presently everything was quiet. We put three of the men in irons. The rest we kept at work under close watch until we reached Liverpool, when we delivered them to the authorities and two of them were hung and the rest sentenced to Pitcairn Island for life. The owners of the ship rewarded the captain and offered me command of a steamer running from Queenstown to New York, but I had tired of sea life and declined it."

The burro man and his partner, pale and trembling, were too tired to return to their own camp, and made down as best they could by the fire to dream of sailors, hand grenades and longitude.

It was very late next morning before the quiet of camp was disturbed. Hardly any one dared to move for fear of hand grenades, but finally, when the sailor rose, and the rest saw the childlike and bland expression of his really good-looking face, they ventured forth and had breakfast. The burro man was glad enough to get away, whispering as he went, "If he makes many such breaks as that last night, I couldn't get on with him twenty-five years. That was a twenty four carat story, wasn't it? It will always make a cold chill run down my back and my feet freeze whenever I think of it."

"Bet your life," says Tom, "I'm a pretty good liar myself on the ground, but when he takes me on salt water and up those tall masts he makes me dizzy."

Tom and Doc saddled up a couple of clever-looking mules preparatory to having an antelope hunt on the big flat three or four miles from camp. The antelope he reported were usually very plenty, but cautiously announced that possibly we would not see any, as they were here one day and somewhere else the next. It was the next with us. We took our direction northwest, then north, then east over toward the Devil's Tower, climbed hill after hill, searched carefully, but if there had ever been an antelope in the country he could have proved an unimpeachable alibi for this day. It made the Doctor say that the next time he went antelope hunting he'd take a shovel and hunt for angle worms, or dig a well.

We rode for two hours through a big flat covered with a rank growth of sagebrush, where any antelope crossing would have to provide himself with a haversack of hay and a bottle of water. It would have been a good location to establish a sausage factory if the hogs could only stand it. Happy is the angler who, after patient waiting and no returns, can wade ashore, and seating himself by the brookside listen to the forest melody, rejoice in the balmy breath of the woodland mornings, and watch the dart of the swallow and the plunge of the kingfisher. Some of my pleasantest days by the trout streams have been when I have caught nothing. It's different with hunting here, or perhaps the surroundings and accessories are inferior, or perhaps I don't enthuse sufficiently for the average hunter. As some philosopher says, "That kind of hunting may be sport, but it is not pleasure."

Tom and Doc appeared in camp feeling like the principal mourners at a funeral. Curtis had been in two hours. His day was a red letter one. Two fine bucks, one particularly an ex-monarch of the hills. As a friend of mine once remarked in all seriousness—and why shouldn't he be serious about it—"I think my mother was one of the nicest old ladies I ever saw," which reminds me that this was one of the finest deer it was ever my good fortune to inspect.

Curtis was resting after an hour's tramp on a hillside. He had stretched himself out very comfortably by the side of a log and almost lost to his surroundings, when he heard a gentle break among the twigs and leaves at the foot of the hill. He quickly discovered the disturber of his day dream and entered into negotiations for his surrender by hiding behind his log, where he watched the near approach of the buck, who came directly toward the log, then turning slightly, donated his side for a mark. Four shots, any one of which would in connection with old age, have eventually proved fatal, testified to Curtis's accurate holding; but as long as the buck stood up within decent range he was a receptacle for lead. While Curtis was returning to camp for a pack mule, he was lucky enough to break the neck of the other buck, downing him in great style at the first rattle out of the box.

It rather put Tom on his mettle, while Curtis tried to wear his blushing honors meekly; yet one could readily detect the slight undercurrent of self-complacency which possessed him. These were the only specimens brought into the establishment during the day, but as they made ample amends for other shortcomings, and as there was no present prospect of half rations we were all serene.

Bright and early rose Tom, long before the morning sun commenced to mount into the fathomless blue. He bolted such remnants as he could readily find of the last night's repast with a do-or-die manner, and shouldering his rifle, hastened to the woods as though he had an important business engagement. Betty is with him, for he is determined to use every precaution toward making a good showing, for he begins to feel that he must verify some of his boasts.

The well-trained Betty follows closely at his heels, never once offering to lead nor stray to either side. A half hour passes, and Tom, hurriedly examining some tracks which cross his direction, turns sharply to the right and in ten minutes more begins more carefully to conceal his movements. A finger raised quickly—a signal which Betty well understood—makes that young lady even more careful than before. Away in the distance, browsing beneath a small cluster of trees, stands a blacktail. Carefully as though he were treading on eggs, Tom picks his way until almost within fair shooting distance, when an unfortunate step snapped a dead limb, and the deer, hearing and looking up, stood not upon the order of his going but immediately started.

There was nothing to do but to fire quick as he could bring his piece to bear; and doubled up like a jack-knife was that deer a moment after Tom pulled that trigger. It looked like an accidental intentional shot, but it opened the aforesaid deer from a to izzard. Betty was let loose, but her services were not required, for before Tom came up the deer was as dead as Charles II. Betty had, however, secured her favorite hold on the nose, and Tom, stroking his moustache, said, "Oh, no, I can't hunt any. It's the man who lives around the corner who downs them all alike. Come, Betty, there's more of them beyond here." Tom's next shot was not as well placed as the first, but it was easily to be seen that it hit hard. Away went the deer at an unnatural gait, and away went Betty full of music and excitement. This was the opportunity she had been patiently and anxiously awaiting, and how she did put the yards and rods behind. Slowly and surely she gains, until at the right moment she makes her spring and her jaws close with a firm grasp on the nose of the wounded deer. There is no shaking loose from that vice-like grip, struggle you ever so hard. Over a

ledge of rocks in his blind desperation he went, but Betty went too; and when Tom finally reached the scene the battle was over, the deer dead, and Betty unharmed and ready for the next.

Tom brought two deer into camp, Curtis one, the Germans two, and Foucab a dozen or more grouse. Next morning the burro man passed our camp on his way homeward. The little burro was trudging bravely and steadily along under what seemed more than his own weight of venison. The burro man shouted good-bye, and holding up his empty sleeve said, "Fred, it got bit off in Missouri," and he journeyed on. That was the last we saw of him and his partner; on short acquaintance good fellows both.

Several days later we struck across country, intending to hunt back toward Inyan Kara, by way of Wind River, Mason and Arch creeks. Some call the first mentioned stream Wind River and others call it Wind Creek. We did not consult any authorities as to which was the proper name, but about the wind part there was no mistake. We saw no water and but little ice. We saw wind and plenty of it too. The old channel was full of it and overflowing. It had blown the water somewhere high and dry. Wind Creek or River was appropriately named for a fact; and dry season or wet it will never be empty.

We were on the wrong side of it for our purpose and drove nearly all day before we could find a crossing place, and even then it was a "ground hog case." We just naturally had to make the attempt, for wood and water were in sight on the opposite side. We had amused ourselves by shooting sage hens, which, with our consent, the Germans had loaded into their wagons. Old hens and cocks they must have been and rank, and the fresh zephyrs stirred up and doubled their rankness.

We made the crossing with much geeing and hawing and liberal applications of the breaks and whips with a little amalgam of nervous Saxon, such as is prescribed for horses in like emergencies the world over. Driving into the timber for camp we started a fine whitetail from his afternoon's nap. Fred pursued him and brought him into camp by dark and loaded him into the German band wagon among his other specimens and sage hens. After an early morning's hunt we continued our homeward journey. We camped that night on Mason Creek. Nothing in the creek except ice, which we had to melt for ourselves and horses.

The next day we came to a fine spring on Arch Creek, and with good water and feed and wood we camped and hunted with success enough to add four deer to our load, and then set out for home. Inyan Kara Mountain, bleak and black, was in sight, but many miles away. Noontime came, and Inyan Kara, much nearer, was clothed in purplish blue, and when we again rested at Coltalluks it had put on its evening dress of green.

Our trip to the Belle Fourche, though it had been an enjoyable one, had not resulted as satisfactorily as we anticipated, and after distributing our captures among Mr. Coltalluck's friends and neighbors, and resting a few days, we outlined a programme for a week's hunt in what Tom called the Cold Spring country, some fifteen miles from Inyan Kara, and thither we went. The German element was eliminated at their own request, as they said they had meat enough to supply their bachelor wants for the winter.

The Cold Spring valley is quite narrow, and the sunshine visits it but a few hours during the day. The stream is narrow but deep, with a very rapid motion, and carries a large quantity of water which is very free from alkali. The deer were fairly plenty, and five days' hunt loaded our wagon and half a day's drive brought us to our temporary home again.

The white, soft-winged heralds were here. Winter was no longer in any season's lap, but had commenced to assert itself in earnest; and recognizing and appreciating that fact, we were loth to dispute its claims, much preferring to devote our unoccupied time to shin toasting before Coltalluk's cheerful fireplace, until it became necessary for us to journey south. MILLARD.

BEAR CREEK, Wy.

FIREWATER.

[From an unpublished addendum to "Woodcraft."]

Fellow Sportsmen, Hunters, Anglers, Canoeists:

When, in organizing your duffle for an outing you are tempted to add a stock of Old Crow or brandy, remember the advice of *Punch* to people contemplating marriage, "Don't."

It is of no earthly benefit, and is a disturbing element in camp for the most part. I have tried it scores of times, and have gone to the woods for long hunts without any strong liquor quite as often. I am no prohibition crank, not even a temperance man. But my verdict, based on forty years' experience, is decidedly against firewater in camp.

It is true that, on coming into camp at dusk after an exhaustive day's tramp without food, a moderate drink of whisky or brandy will tone up the flaccid muscles and liven up the tired hunter in a most grateful manner. And if the stuff were only used on such occasions there would be no objections to it. But the truth is, if liquor be taken into camp it will certainly be drank. And it is pretty certain that it will be used just when it is least needed; while in cases of exhaustion a drink made from Jamaica ginger or a cup of strong green tea is equally refreshing and more healthful.

I am not offering a temperance lecture, only giving an opinion founded on a pretty extensive experience on both sides of the question; and I say without prejudice that it is better to leave all sorts of firewater at home.

It is not an antidote for snake bites, let alone the fact that you are much more likely to be struck by lightning than bitten by a poisonous snake.

I can recall only two instances in which I found strong liquor of any positive benefit.

Once I was in camp far up the trackless banks of the Second Fork of Pine Creek, when a little after midnight I was taken with a sudden and violent attack of pleurisy. The night was pitch dark and rainy. It was fifteen miles to the nearest medical aid, and no man could find his way out until daylight. It was reasonable to suppose that I would be dead long before a doctor could be brought to camp. We tried heavily folded towels wrung out in hot water, but the fiend that was rapidly shortening my breath was not to be stopped with hot water. And then as a last resort, I had four thicknesses of dry paper folded into a six-inch square, saturated with brandy and fitted snugly over the seat of pain, and then got a friend to touch me off with a lighted splinter. It was what you might call heroic treatment; but it was effectual. It cooked me pretty thoroughly down to the ribs, but the pleurisy left as suddenly as it came. It was three months before the burn was thoroughly healed. Counter irritants, to be effective, should be applied without any childish dread of pain.

The other instance referred to happened in Tuscola county, Michigan, where I was hunting with a doctor to whom I had brought a letter from a mutual friend. The doctor was a "little, short, fat, fodgel wight," but an ardent sportsman, and he led me to a camp on the waters of White River, miles away from the nearest road, and by a very puzzling route. Game was exceedingly plenty, the weather fine, and the doctor's appetite more than good. It struck me he was eating more than was good for him, just to save the game from waste. Anyhow, on the fourth day, and just as we were ready to break camp, he was taken with what Byron mentions as

* * * "a pain
"About the lower region of the bowels."

At first he thought it an ordinary attack of colic. The only medicine in camp was a small vial of laudanum and half a pint of strong kanuck spirits. The laudanum failed to relieve and the medico rapidly grew worse. He lay on his back, loosened his clothes and roared with pain. He expressed his opinion as a medical man that he had a most violent attack of bilious colic, and was more than likely to die miserably right there in camp. I was a trifle frightened myself, and hastened to get some water up to the boiling point. But hot towels failed to relieve and it began to look serious. Then I told him of my own case, and said I thought a fire blister would relieve him in ten minutes. "Go ahead and try it," he yelled. So I made an eight-inch square of dry paper, four thicknesses deep, saturated it thoroughly with spirits, and fitted it snugly to his capacious abdomen. Warning him that his life might depend on standing the fire without flopping, I touched him off. There was a blue flash, a quick blaze for a few seconds, and the business was done. Not only was there a most effective blister the size of the paper, but quite a number of minor blisters where the alcohol had slopped over in adventitious rills. During the operation he kept up a dismal howl with no ups or downs in it. But he managed to keep quiet, and the cure was almost immediate. We staid in camp until next morning, when the doctor cached his rifle and knapsack, took a cane in one hand, held his clothes aloof from his burned abdomen with the other, and led the way out to the clearings at a snail's pace, I following behind. It was the most laughable burlesque pantomime I have ever seen. But I dared not laugh—not aloud. And after all it is not certain that alcohol was so very necessary in the doctor's case. Four thicknesses of blazing paper would pretty well blister a tender cuticle. Or, if worst came to worst, and there was no paper in camp, I dare say I could have built an efficient bonfire on his belly with a handful of dry leaves.

Why do I write thus? Well, a life in the woods does not always give immunity from sudden attacks of dangerous maladies.

I know of one instance where a hardy professional hunter perished miserably in camp with pleurisy. I know another case where a strong, healthy hunter and trapper was attacked by inflammation of the bowels. He was packed out of the woods by four stout men, only to die in a day or two at home. Either of these cases would have been relieved at once by an unflinching application of the fire blister. I could give other instances, but the above will serve to illustrate the value of pluck and forethought. NESSMUK.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The chickens are hatching out all right, as the weather could not be any better for them. They are coming off with full clutches. There are three nests this year to every one last season in this locality. J. R. O.

DWIGHT, Ill., June 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to the cold and rainy spring we have had, I am afraid the young prairie chickens have suffered. I have seen none as yet, and this is just my opinion from observation. Quail seem quite plenty, and I believe now they are protected.

ANITA, Iowa, June 21. C. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This immediate locality has never been considered very favorable prairie chicken ground, but as the area of cultivated ground increases that species of game becomes more abundant. Last winter a covey of forty-six was seen in my field, and this summer almost every field has one or more broods.

I do not know of a pointer or setter dog in town, mine having been stolen. This would be good missionary ground for the owner of a good dog when the open season commences.

The ruffed grouse crop promises to be even unusually abundant despite the persistent market-hunting of last year. The birds wintered well and young broods are now numerous.

Several deer have been seen near the village of late, and the want of a good tracking snow during the open season for two years in succession has undoubtedly tended to the increase of this noble game. J. F. LOCKE.

PILLSBURY, Minn.

THE FIRST AMERICAN RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of June 18 a communication from Hon. Spencer F. Baird requesting information on this subject. In reply I present the following:

My grandmother was the youngest of thirteen children and she was born in 1785. The eldest of these children married Ezra Engel (pronounced Ingle), a German by descent, and a gunsmith. Engel made no guns but rifles. He lived for many years in Greensboro, Greene county, Pa. His brother, Barnes Engel, still lives there, a man over eighty years old. Ezra Engel went to Cape Girardeau, Mo., about 1840, where his descendants still live. I have seen a "deer gun" bearing his brand which has been altered from a flintlock to a percussion lock, and which is known to have been in the family owning it for more than 100 years. This gun is peculiar in having a gain twist. It carries a ball which runs 48 to the pound, and, according to the notches on its stock, has killed many a deer, bear and redskin.

The Engels were all gunsmiths, and I have no doubt they sent many guns into the American ranks during the Revolution. I have no doubt that letters to Hon. C. A. Black, Waynesburg, Greene county, Pa.; James A. Black, Esq., Greensboro, Greene county, Pa.; Elias C. Storie, Esq., Greensboro, Greene county, Pa.; George Engel, Cape Girardeau, Cape Girardeau county, Mo., and Ben F. Stone, Browning, Linn county, Mo., will elicit much reliable information regarding the Engels. I am fully inclined to think Ezra Engel the first gunsmith in Pennsylvania west of the Alleghenies.

P. S.—Barnes Engel, Greensboro, Greene county, Pa., might be written to, but he is now so old and decrepit that his information would not likely be of much value, his memory being untrustworthy, though he still knows how to sight a gun. AMATEUR.

SOMERSET, Pa., June 20, 1885.

THE RED DEER OF KILLARNEY.

AS in the New World, so has it been in the Old from time immemorial. All kinds of game are becoming scarce. The Irish elk, the wolf and wolf dog are traditions of the past in the Green Isle. Except in parks, the red deer no longer roams over "Merrie England." It is still common in the highlands of Scotland, but the original stock in Ireland is only to be seen on the mountain ranges round Killarney.

There are many ancient races, and many old, noble and long descended houses and families in Ireland and Scotland. But can any of them pretend to a presumptive title of possession, even approaching to that of the red deer? They hold their privileges by the true *lex terræ*, by a law antecedent to all customs, usages, grants or patents. They are the true aboriginal owners of the lake districts, their inalienable, unperfected forests, walks and pastures. They range at will within "their own manor and hunting ground," indifferent to what men may call change of ownership, or new title in the lower world. These denizens look from the green valleys and hoar hills in calm indifference upon the ephemeral possessions and visitors of successive generations. The laws of primogeniture have preserved a few of the ancient landmarks. In Ireland, were it not for the late Col. Herbert, my father, the last of the old Irish red deer at Killarney would long since have passed away, gone to condole with the ghosts of the Irish elk and wolf. Owing to his fostering care, where there were but few left there are now many hundreds, and they afford much pleasure to sportsmen and lovers of nature.

In October the deer-stalker in our country has to put aside his rifle. The first bell of the hart is a notice for him to quit, so that these wild denizens of the woods may carry on their courting at their leisure. An American friend was staying with me, at Muckross, at the end of the fall—the weather was all that could be desired. The light frosts were beginning to touch the woods with every variety of shade, which though not so magnificent as the gorgeous coloring of the American autumn, is still very beautiful, and gives the wondrous alternation of tints that are the autumnal charm of the scenery of Killarney, though, alas, it is also a premonitory sympton of the fast-closing season, and the wild blasts of November.

The red stags were heard through the day all round the woods on the various points of Torc and Mangerton mountains. As evening fell the sounds became louder and more frequent, and while standing on the terrace of Muckross House, my friend asked me what they could be. "That," I replied, "is the hart's bell; it is too late now, but to-morrow we will climb Torc a little way, and I think I may be able to show you something not easily seen elsewhere, at least on this side of the channel, or below the Grampians." My friend while accepting the invitation expressed serious doubts as to his powers of climbing the steep sides of Torc, fearing that shortness of his breath might prevent his following me over ground which in those days was as easy for me to tread as the velvet lawn in front of my house. But the hopes of seeing the belling harts in their homes overcame all these scruples.

About three the next day we started for the haunts, where I knew some of the largest antlered lords of the forest would be congregated. Our way led through the woods of Muckross, by the waterfall path of Torc cascade and so on to the partly wooded and partly cleared hills in the defile which separates Torc and Mangerton Mountains.

When we had attained this point, the belling from the woods all around became more frequent, nearer and louder; we were in the midst of red deer, but were not able to see them, owing to the roughness of the ground and the interlacing of larch trees. My deer-stalking experience was now to be put in practice. Enjoining perfect silence we crept from tree to tree with stealthy pace and occasionally sweeping the opposite brow of Hangerton with a deer glass to discover some of the numerous harts which were belling and calling, some in defiance, others in love. In a few moments I saw one, and handing my companion the telescope, he was enabled to see a fine, well-grown hart standing like a warder at his post on a projecting crag and sending forth his challenge to all rivals and antagonists. This animal reminded us of a living example of Landseer's famous picture, "The Monarch of the Glen." My friend feasted his eyes to his heart's content, while I made off several more deer on the side of the hill around us. Most of them were hinds moving uneasily about as if uncertain to which of the invitations from the challenging suitors below they should respond favorably.

In the excitement of the moment all fears of fatigue had fled from my friend, and a whispered question, "Is there no chance of seeing them nearer?" recalled me to a sense of duty. "We will try," I replied; and advancing cautiously into the wood on the left, on Mangerton side of the pass, we were presently stealing among trees and underwood as thick as a jungle. The red deer were moving in all directions, but see them we could not. One hart, which from the tone of his voice must have been a heavy beast, seemed to come directly through the thicket opposite us, but just at its edge he stopped, and with an alarmed grunt turned away. He had avidently got the wind of us, which he did not like, and moved off in suspicion and alarm. Soon his challenge was again heard in the distance.

"This won't do," said I, turning to my friend; "we must try ground that has never failed me yet. It was too early before, and we were sure to find them in the cliffs and openings above the waterfall. Retracing our steps a short way, and wading down and over Torc stream, we presently found ourselves on the edge of a piece of open woodland where the timber is of older growth, chiefly oak, overshadowing the greensward, perfectly free from brushwood, which enabled us to glide from tree to tree without noise or difficulty. Strict silence was the order of the day, and my companion was compelled to play one of the games of his youth, "follow my leader."

The belling here was as loud and tumultuous as ever, and at length, through the still, frosty air, we heard something like a clashing, not of cold steel, but of branching antlers. I advanced a short way among the rocks, and beckoning to my companion, whispered, "We have them," and stealing

from tree to tree a few paces further, we found ourselves on the edge of what might be called a "tilt yard," where the dudes of the forest looked on while the better champions contend for "Laus and faire ladie" with an engrossment of attention which completely prevented their noticing us or our movements. In an open space among the trees four or five young harts, with their half-grown antlers, were striving with each other, now rushing together, butting their heads and interlacing their horns, until the weakest was borne back, when he presently fled to a short distance and there renewed his belling until he could muster wind and courage to come up to the scratch again. No two stags were individual antagonists, but all strove alternately as if each in turn were testing the strength of the rest, until the other should remain master of the field, and not of the field only, but of the woodland representatives of those fair dames of old—

"Whose eyes
Rain influence and adjudge the prize,"

for whose good graces the combatants were evidently contending. A herd of hinds, to the number of twenty or thirty, stood on the opposite side of the glade from us intently regarding the encounter. Something more was to come, I felt certain, and suddenly a stag challenged in the distance, louder, deeper, and more angrily than anything we had yet heard, and in a moment a "muckle hart," so much larger, indeed, than the others that he scarcely seemed of the same species, rushed into the arena. He had been most likely lying down, when his small rivals presumed to invade the sacred precincts of his harem, and awoke in wrath proportionate. "He checked himself in his mad career," stood and glared around him for a moment, and the breath from his nostrils rose the while like the steam from the escape pipe of an engine; in another moment he had dashed at the animal next him, and his doing so was the signal of *sauve qui peut*. In an instant the rivals were dispersed through the mazes of the wood, as of old it was "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and the huge suitor was left in possession of the field. The hinds, in the meantime, demurely trotted across the opening to meet and welcome the conqueror with the usual exclamation of the fair sex, when any quarrel or mischief takes place, and we could imagine them assuring their lord and master, open-mouthed and self-justifying, saying, "We hope you don't think us to blame for the intrusion of these contemptible puppies on your privacy."

In answer to some queries put to me by my companion, I informed him that the red stags at this time of the year were often very dangerous, particularly in parks where they have been accustomed to the sight of man, and that they have often been known to attack and seriously injure or kill people. The red deer, as are all the species, are fierce fighters, often killiny one another in their battles. A few years back on this same ground, a pair of stags got their antlers so entangled that they were unable to tear themselves apart, and dying in their hated embrace, were so found. Their heads are still to be seen as first discovered, impossible to separate. Nature supplies them with a pair of new horns every year, and it is a curious fact that should the animal have received a severe injury, the horn on the same side as the wound is sure to be in some way distorted or stunted, even after recovery. Some foresters or hunters think that the number of points or the tynes on the antlers indicate the age of the animal, so that a stag of ten would be ten years of age. That is not my experience, the number of points and size of antlers depending more on the feeding the animal has than anything else. The cast off horns are sought after and eaten by the hinds; they are constantly found half devoured and gnawed, and I have more than once had the opportunity of watching this singular feast. Naturalists and physiologists must explain the functional effect of this singular fact. "Nature does nothing in vain," and it may help the reproduction of their magnificent head-dresses year by year.

Evening was closing in fast. Our appetites reminded us that nature must be supported, and we started for home, and gained the old bridle-road, the roaring all around us being deeper and fiercer than ever, which, in the darkness and gloom of the night, recalled Dante's Inferno.

In shooting the red deer we judged the stags by the size of their antlers and partly by the size of the body. The average weight of a stag fit to kill is about 18 stone or 252 pounds dressed. In Scotland the weights are much less, being somewhere about 15 stone or 210 pounds. The larger weight of Irish stags is accounted for by the fact that our climate is superior, there being comparatively no snow in winter, and again, the vegetation and grasses are more succulent and nutritious. The season for killing the stags begins about the first of August and ends about October 10. The hinds are killed in the winter from the month of November to the first of February. Any hind so killed is called a yeld hind, and is chosen from the herd for being barren and not having a fawn at her foot. Stags have been killed of far greater weight than 18 stone.

Early in October a large party of friends were gathered together under the Muckross roof. Among them were Col. Long, a man who had seen sport all over the world, and there are few who can boast of such a sporting record as his. At this time his spirit was still willing, but his age and strength prevented him from joining in the active pursuits he loved so well. The head keeper reported to me that a stag had managed to find its way into the inner walls of my domain, so I determined, if possible, to give Col. Long a chance of killing a beast on ground that would not be too fatiguing for him to travel over. Venison was wanted for the house, and my *chef* hinted at the extinction of certain venison pasties which were generally appreciated. To avert so disastrous a result, and that the temper of this most important functionary should not be ruffled, orders were given to the head keeper to go to a certain district in the deer forest and endeavor to obtain the supply wanted; and as another friend was coming to stay with me, strict injunctions was given head keeper to disturb only certain parts of the deer forest. The following morning we were astir early, I had the satisfaction of seeing Col. Long kill the stag that had invaded the home precincts, and we were all joyously returning home when we were met by the head keeper, Mr. John Ross, whose long and doleful face at once told me that something had gone wrong, nor was I mistaken, his exclamation being, "I have missed the biggest stag that I have ever seen; that is not all, sir, I am afraid your rifle is burst." "John," said I, "it is an invariable rule with deer-stalkers, that when they miss a stag, that stag is always the heaviest and largest." On cross-examining him, however, it was clear to me that the stag he had missed must have been an exceptionally fine animal.

This man and myself had been brought up as boys together, had spent many happy hours on the wild moorlands among the red deer, and we both determined that the trophy of the head should be placed in my halls. My neighbor, Lord Kenmare, soon favored me with the loan of a new Express rifle, and my friend arriving that evening, a plan of campaign was soon formulated. He and the keeper were to take the northern part of the forest while I secured the southern portion. With full instructions as to our limits, so as not to disturb each other's sport, we all started at 4 o'clock the following morning in full expectation of a triumphant return. My friend, to reach his hunting grounds, had to ride up to an elevation of 3,000 feet; I, on the other hand, was to drive some seven miles before beginning my work. One of the gillies or under keepers accompanied me to carry my rifle and lunch, as I did not expect to be home till late. The ground we started over was very steep, woody, with alternate glades and high rocks. We had been climbing scarcely half an hour, when suddenly I perceived over the tops of the bushes, about 200 yards off, the head of an exceptionally large stag. I pushed my hand back for the rifle and sat quietly down on the heather, knowing full well from the lay of the ground and the course he was taking that he must pass within shot of me. A few moments of anxious expectation which felt like hours followed; but suddenly he loomed in sight, at the same instant his quick eye caught a glimpse of us, but too late to save his skin, the trigger had been pressed and the bullet had sped, and had gone through his heart. On walking up to him I found that I had killed a magnificent animal, he had fourteen points or tynes and weighed fully twenty-five stone. My henchman was delighted, and I think his joy was increased by the fact that it being close to the boundary of my neighbor, the stag belonged to what we always phrase "the enemy's side." My man went back to the nearest keeper's lodge with instructions to send and have the stag taken home. Big as the stag was that I had killed, from the description that was given, I felt certain that it was not the one that had been missed the day before. The shooting season was drawing to a close, and these two reasons gave an additional incentive to my ardor as a sportsman.

As we ascended the ground became more broken, and owing to small herds of hinds we were compelled to pick our way with the greatest caution for fear of disturbing them. About 11 o'clock we arrived on the Cores Flats, a large tract of table land before the next hill was reached and the goal we were making for. Here began the most serious and difficult part of our work, which was to secure the spot where we could command an extended view of the hunting grounds.

Some deer had to be moved away, others to be avoided, and the wind that had shifted being uncertain, made the task all the more arduous. Luckily, at this time of the day most of the deer were chewing the cud and resting after their morning's feed. A mist had settled down, which, combined with the shelter of an old water-course, aided us considerably in effecting our difficult crawl. The foot of the hill was at last reached, and a welcome spring in a secluded nook under a hanging rock not only sheltered us from the falling rain, but gave us water that tasted like nectar. Lunch was soon over, Tanguiney kept looking dismally at the weather, and suggested that we should start for home as the day was getting lowering and dirtier; but my mind was made up to attain a certain spot whence I had spied many a muckle hart. So, putting the best face on it, we breasted the hill. My goal was in due time reached, and the clouds began lifting and clearing away. A charming sight presented itself to our view. In the foreground lay the forest, the Upper Lakes of Killarney lying snake-like on the valley; towering above them the beautiful rugged Reeks, the highest mountains in Ireland; to the left, the Kenmare estuary; beyond, the Atlantic with nothing but that between Ireland and America; but exquisite as all this was, the movement of a hind below called me back to the real business of the day. My field glasses were brought into play, running quickly over the various haunts of the bigger stags of the forest. Suddenly my eye was arrested by a sight that caused my heart to thump. Within half a mile lay the very stag I was seeking, the Jumbo of the forest; even without my long glasses it was easy to see that every word Ross had uttered the day before was not exaggerated. A good stag was standing near him, and acting as sentinel, a stag which at other times many a man would have been proud to kill, but now looking like a pony compared to a horse. The next question was how to get near him for a shot, and a glance sufficed to show me to arrive on even terms with him would require no small degree of patience and forest lore. We had to go around the crest of a hill, and more than ordinary caution was required, as if any one of the numerous deer lying around saw or winded us our chances were gone. It took fully two hours to get around, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the huge animal still in his old position. The other stag was standing a little apart from him, making it impossible to get as near as I wished, to make a sure shot. Leaving my man, with the strictest injunctions not to move from the rock behind which we were ambushed, I seized my rifle and crawled on my stomach for a hundred yards, to the nearest attainable point I could get to. What moments of anxiety were those. I could hear my heart beat, and old hand as I was at this kind of sport, I felt like a boy about to shoot his first deer, and it made me well understand how "stag fever" had caused many a "good man" to miss his shot. Waves of clouds kept sweeping over the crest of the hill, occasionally concealing the quarry below me. The shot was a long one, fully 300 yards, and the stag in his recumbent position made it all the more difficult. A cloud concealing them from my view for a longer period than those that had gone before, determined me to take the first opportunity for a shot, more especially as I saw full well that the best part of the day had gone by, and that the mists might close my chances entirely. Resting my back against the rock, I waited for a few minutes—minutes that appeared hours—and as if the fates were aiding me, a gleam of sunlight burst from the clouds, falling directly on the back of my unconscious victim, and throwing him into bold relief amid the purple heather. Putting up my sight, and aiming carefully behind his ribs, I pulled the trigger. Horrors of horrors! The rifle missed fire, owing to a defective cartridge. I had presence of mind not to move hand nor foot. The big stag turned his head down the valley; his comrade looked uneasily about, and followed his leader's example. Instantly another cartridge was inserted in the barrel, and again the deadly tubes were leveled. This time the sharp crack of the rifle, and a dull thud of the bullet told me the messenger of death had done its work. The big brute reared wildly, staggered a few paces, and rolled into a little glen beneath. A wild yell of delight from Tanguiney appeared to let off all the pent-up excitement of the last few hours, and we rushed together to get a nearer view of our prize, and to put an end to him with our knives. The other stag in the meantime appeared loth to leave his fellow friend, but our appearance on the sky-line determined him that discretion was the better part of valor. On arriving at the spot where the game had fallen, we found the finest stag that it has ever been my luck to shoot at or see on foot. A magnificent beast he was, fourteen points on his antlers, and these the largest of their kind, his weight, as afterward proved, thirty-one stone or four hundred and thirty-four pounds. A sportsman alone can appreciate my feelings. The only regret was that my friend had not the chance of the shot, and this was dissipated when I found on my return home that he also had killed a fine stag and had not had his day's tramp for nothing. These were two of the remnant of the once mighty hordes that covered our dear Green Isle, amid scenery of its kind, unequalled in the world. Surely such animals are worth preserving.

HENRY A. HERBERT.

MUCKROSS, Ireland.

A BIG B'AR.

THERE be valiant men among us. They killed a bear yesterday—a bear of a size not often seen in this region. A man was riding over a hill some two miles from this place, and saw an old bear and three cubs. He notified some of the mighty hunters, and they picked their flints and started, taking with them a dog. Tony Miller was at work in his clearing. He was gunless, but possessed a .22-caliber revolver, of that sort which may be purchased in quantity at the rate of three York shillings for a level peck. To him appeared Willet Washburn, also gunless, and said, "Lo, there be bears afoot." This statement was regarded as untrustworthy by Tony, but he moved forward in column of attack, though he did not think it necessary to take his .22, never having been bothered with bears on his pre-emption.

The skirmish line advanced, the dog began to kick up a bobbery and growls were heard. The hunters picked their flints again. Then there was more racket in the brushwood, and the advanced line of skirmishiers was seen in full retreat, Tony leading by at least half a length—not more, though they did their best, for Tony is fearfully long, in the legs especially. You see, the old bear was only a few rods behind; they had seen her plainly, and for a few minutes it was just nip and tuck. Then the bear slacked her pace and growled some more; and proceeded to attend to family matters, but unfortunately for her peace of mind, she had not been able to keep her progeny together, hence, the wild huntsman of the Hartz, who was kind o' slashin' around in that region, saw the bushes move, and levelling the piece, slung an ounce or two of shot around on general principles and hit a bear, which by the combined efforts of the expeditionary corps was eventually saved.

Nobody seems to know just why the shotguns did not move forward at the time the old bear made her charge, but Tony, who had a good view of the animal, a little nearer perhaps than he desired, expressed his regret that he had not brought the revolver aforesaid, in which case his bachelor cabin would surely have been decorated with a bear skin, and his larder supplied with three or four hundred pounds of "bar meat and sich." Those, however, who have ventured to express an opinion on the matter, have said that they would have given more to see Tony's legs going through the brush than for a shot at the "old she." PILGARLICK.

P. S.—I omitted to say that the estimated weight of the slain monster was twenty pounds.

P. P. S.—Another bear was seen last week crossing Wilson's Lake. The man who saw it is a hunter and was strongly disposed to attack it, but having his oars only as weapons, he prudently refrained. He states that he was in plain sight and but a few rods away when the bear took water, and that he could easily have overhauled it. When the creature landed it paused, shook itself, and took a good look at him. It was of the size apparently of a very large dog. P.

CENTRAL LAKE, Michigan, June 23.

THE ROCKLAND COUNTY SNARERS.—Stony Point, N. Y., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading your various editorials in this week's issue on the deer hounding bill, the statute prohibiting spring shooting of bay birds on our State coast, and more especially the squelching of that villainous bill introduced into the Legislature last winter by the game dealers of the State, it struck me very forcibly that your paper was exerting a powerful and good influence on this all important subject of preserving our game. I am well aware of the fact that if the game dealers of New York city were law-abiding citizens, the trapping of partridges in this county would be at an end, but so long as our partridge thieves here can dispose of their plunder to a higher grade of the same class in New York city, so long will the nefarious business continue. Last fall there were shipped from this county several thousand partridges, every bird either snared or trapped, and our efficient game protector succeeded in arresting and convicting some eight or ten of the miscreants, yet judicial sympathy was so strong that a fine of only five or ten dollars per man was inflicted (two of the fines were paid in court, the others were never collected), thereby making a complete farce of the proceedings and encouraging the scoundrels to renewed activity in breaking the laws again this season. There are few finer partridge grounds in the State than are to be found in Rockland county, and could these scamps be made to observe the game laws, and not clean our covers out annually, good shooting could be had. We are so near the city, and all parts of the county so easy of access by rail, that it appears to me to be to the interest of every lover of partridge shooting, and especially to such as do not find it expedient to make long and expensive excursions in quest of the sport, to join us in an effort to put an emphatic stop to this trapping business. Your efforts to bring the game dealers, caught selling or holding in possession, snared or trapped birds, to grief, is an effort in the right direction, for these thieves of ours have no home market, and would not trap a bird if your dealers dared not buy and receive them. From personal knowledge of the life and character of most of our trappers, I am confident that under such circumstances they would at once go back to their original avocations, chicken stealing, etc., and give the game a rest.—T.

FLORIDA.—Tarpon Springs, June 17.—The long, dull, close season begins to open a little. Some varieties of fish, having recovered from the wear and tear of the spawning season, are in first-rate condition and may be legitimately caught. Beach birds have put in an appearance. Sickle-bill and straight-bill curlew, with willet and other snipe may be shot any morning. And the four-ton sharpie is nearly ready to go outside. She carries 102 yards of canvas, cut into jib, mainsail and balance lug. "Tarpon" and I can make her go where she will do most good. Then I shall have something to say.—NESSMUK.

THE DOUBLE-BITTED HATCHET.—Cleveland, O., June 22. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you permit me to reply to "Single Bitt's" inquiry "Why the double-bitted hatchet?" Why not the double-bitted hatchet? The double bitted hatchet is no more dangerous to carry than a single bitt, or than a single or double edged knife, when protected by a sheath, as all such articles should be when worn on the person. As for use in driving tent pins, etc., the side of a hatchet or axe is always more convenient than a small hammer head. And who over heard of a hunter carrying a pocket full of nails to the woods? And for the same reason that the double-bitted axe is used, so is the double-bitted hunter's hatchet. It is virtually two hatchets in one—two cutting edges with the weight and bulk of only one, having one always in reserve in the event of one becoming blunted or broken, which is liable to occur even with the best material and care. For blazing trees the double bitt cannot be equaled, as an up and down cut can be made without turning the hand or hatchet, a great advantage over the single bitt, in a long tramp through the woods.—E. P. LORD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MOOSE.—Second Connecticut Lake, June 22.—We have not found an untold number of echoes for the diversion of strangers, but the old bull of the bog came down to the lake this morning as he often did last year. He is the property of the State, and let no man think of molesting him while he is on exhibition here. His near relatives of exclusive habits must look out for their own affairs if they will drive caribou and deer from their feeding haunts. The moose seen this morning is large enough to weigh 1200 pounds when fat, and is in good condition for this time, after a long, hard winter. The old hair is nearly all shed and the horns are nearly, if not quite, half grown. I have seen tracks of several sizes of moose at one of the ponds to-day, but rain put a stop to the tramp just in the first "calf pen." We saw one large beaver and one dam made since October 9 last, when I visited the same place. We found some large trees newly cut by the four-footed lumbermen. Deer tracks abundant in all directions.—NED NORTON.

SHOOTING WOODCOCK OUT OF SEASON.—Complaint has been made to the West Jersey Game Protective Society that some Philadelphians have already been killing woodcock near Hammonton, N. J. Although these Philadelphians may be members of the Association and carry with them the proper licenses to shoot in the State of New Jersey, this does not protect them, and every effort should be made to have them indicted for this breach of the law. The statute is bad enough in itself to allow summer woodcock shooting at all. Two wrongs do not make a right. The late dry weather has concentrated all the birds, and they will suffer. Cannot the sportsmen wait until fall?—HOMO.

THE ADIRONDACK HOUNDING BILL.—The Curtis bill, forbidding the use of hounds for hunting deer in New York, was the last bill signed by Governor Hill. It is now a law, and a good one, as it will prevent the merciless slaughter of deer by dude sportsmen, who have been in the habit of following the hounded animals out upon the lakes and clubbing them to death while the guides held the frightened animals by the tails. To the FOREST AND STREAM, of New York, great credit is due for the pertinacity with which it has fought for the passage of this law.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

THE DEER AND THE "FOREST AND STREAM."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your commendable efforts in behalf of the bill for prevention of hounding deer in the Adirondacks should receive recognition from every sportsman and person interested in prolonging the pleasures left to us in this part of the country. Every time I see a deer (and I like to watch them) in the Adirondacks I shall think of FOREST AND STREAM.—SPENCER M. NASH.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN OREGON.—A report from Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, says that the Mongolian pheasants which were turned loose in that region have wonderfully multiplied. Scores of half-fledged pheasants of this breed are seen almost every day scurrying about over the prairie. These are the birds which were brought from China by Mr. Denny, formerly United States Consul there.

GAME IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—A correspondent writing from Fire Hole Basin, reports elk and deer abundant in the southern part of the Park, with antelope and wildfowl. One party, on a recent trip from Fire Hole to Yellowstone Lake, saw sixty-four buffalo. Bears are also frequently encountered, and are found fishing in the streams where the trout spawn.

OHIO.—Vanlue.—Woodcock shooting in this part of Ohio promises to be very fine. Quail were very plenty here last fall, but the excessive hard freezing thinned them out quite perceptibly. A few snipe were killed here this spring.—E. L. E. M.

LOCKWOOD, Tioga County, N. Y.—The summer has been thus far a favorable one for game, with no long continued storms nor cold weather to kill the young grouse. A gun club keeps the sportsman in practice at the trap instead of at birds. The laws are better kept than before in years.—J. H. ANDRE.

New Publications.

HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.*

LUXURIOUS books upon the better class of field sports are certainly more highly appreciated now than they used to be, and no better evidence of this is needed than the rapidity with which they follow one another. The fact is that people nowadays realize in some small measure the importance of the sports of the field and water, and have come to understand something of the benefits to be derived from a reasonable and reasoning indulgence in them. Now they are applauded—not too enthusiastically, but still applauded—a very few years ago they were barely tolerated, and a short time before that a man who went "gunnin' or fishin'," lost caste among respectable people just about in the same way that one did who got drunk.

Of course publishers follow the popular taste in these matters, and produce beautiful volumes which now sell by hundreds, where a few years ago they would have sold by units. One of the most noteworthy of the books of this type was the beautiful English volume on "Sport in Moray." Not very long after its appearance the Century Company published their superb volume on "Sport With Gun and Rod."

Not inferior in beauty of execution, excellence of materials and the care which has been exercised in getting it up is a new book of this class, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," just issued from the press of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of this city. Its author is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who is best known as an earnest and energetic politician of the best type, though he has also done more or less writing. The excellent work which he has accomplished at Albany shows him to be—if nothing more—a person of exceptionally well-balanced mind, and calm, deliberate judgment, and these qualities cannot fail to make their impression in any pursuit to which their possessor may choose to turn his attention.

Mr. Roosevelt is not well known as a sportsman, and his experience of the Western country is quite limited, but this very fact in one way lends an added charm to his book. He has not become accustomed to all the various sights and sounds of the plains and the mountains, and for him all the difference which exists between the East and the West are still sharply defined. The old-timer who attempts to write of life in the Far West, is almost sure to grow prosy. He takes too much for granted, and regards as commonplace a great many features of that life which are, in fact, extremely interesting to those before whom they are brought for the first time. Mr. Roosevelt's accounts of life on a ranch are delightful from their freshness.

The book treats of sport with all the different kinds of game, from grouse and fowl up through the list of big game to bear.

The style of the work is very attractive, and the matter which it contains interesting. Where Mr. Roosevelt details his own adventures he is accurate, and tells his story in a simple, pleasant fashion, which at once brings us into sympathy with him. We are sorry to see that a number of hunting myths are given as fact, but it was after all scarcely to be expected that with the author's limited experience he could sift the wheat from the chaff and distinguish the true from the false. The illustrations, which appear in great profusion, are most of them very admirable, as might be expected when the list of the artists' names is read. Some of the etchings by Mr. Gifford are extremely fine, and in most cases the wood engravings are excellent. The illustrations of the chapter on the elk, however, are anything but satisfactory. The large head drawn by Beard and engraved by Clement is the best of them, but nothing could be less like the true elk than the full page illustration entitled, "A Band of Elk." Of the two figures, the male is short-faced and stubby, and the female a hydrocephalous dwarf. The full page illustration, "The Home of the Elk," would be a beautiful picture if it were not for the figure of that animal, which is so obtrusive and which is hopelessly unlike any elk in life.

The Medora edition, of which only 500 copies were struck off, is remarkable for its beauty. It is printed on heavy vellum paper with rubricated title and initials, and no effort has been spared to make it a most attractive volume. The heavy buckram binding, with its tasteful gold lettering and medallions, give the volume an appearance which is at once simple and elegant.

*Hunting Trips | of a | Ranchman | Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains | By Theodore Roosevelt | Author of "History of the Naval War of 1812" | Medallion | Illustrated by A. B. Frost, R. Swain Gifford, J. C. Beard, Fannie E. Gifford | Henry Sandham | —— | New York and London | G. P. Putnam's Sons | The Knickerbocker Press | 1885 |

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HIBERNATION OF THE BLACK BASS.

IN the paper with the above caption, read before the Fisheries Society, the author, Dr. Henshall, inclines to the opinion that the hibernation of the black bass is influenced as much, if not more, by the supply of its principal food as by the state of the temperature.

This theory is contrary to what personal experience has taught me, and I have a firmly rooted conviction that the torpidity of the black bass is caused by the temperature alone.

This being the cause, the natural consequence is the effect, viz.: That in a state of semi-stupor, the bass have little inclination or power to seek for food, however abundant it may be. Whatever falls directly under their noses they accept with thanks. I ought, perhaps, in justice to say that my observations regarding hibernation have been confined to waters in Northern New York, because at the season when this sluggishness overcomes the black bass, it is hardly worth while to go far to seek them as they render little or no return for the angler's outlay of time and patience.

The principal food of the black bass in Northern New York is the yellow perch, and if at any time during the open season ten bass are opened and examined, nine of them will be found to contain little, if anything, but perch in process of digestion. The food supply—even the favorite food of the bass—ought not once a year to seriously diminish in forty-eight hours, but the black bass during that period of time will change from a state of activity and become inactive.

In fact, the food supply does not apparently decrease at the time the bass becomes torpid, for besides the perch, which resort to the same depth of water and often to the same kind of bottom with the bass, crayfish are plentiful, and crickets and grasshoppers are abroad, and I am not prepared to say that other crustacea, and insects in some stages of development between the larvæ and winged states, do not also abound. But certain it is that the black bass become torpid while yet there is an abundance of food similar to that upon which they feed during the summer months. A case which illustrates my belief, although not an isolated one by any means, is found in the last bass fishing I did during the past year.

Oct. 15 I started with a friend whom I have mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Cleveland, for Cape Vincent, expecting to get some black bass fishing in the St. Lawrence River. During the day there was a change in the weather and before night it was quite cold. The next day there was a strong north wind and still lower temperature, and we went over to Lake Ontario, hoping to get a little fishing in the lee of an island. This proving impracticable because of the increasing wind, we gave up the bass and arranged to go out on the following day with the sturgeon-netters to lift their nets. The morning opened with a hailstorm and a furious north wind, but the netters decided in the middle of the forenoon to venture out, and we prepared ourselves by putting fur greatcoats outside of our ordinary overcoats, and were then not uncomfortably warm, as the wind continued in the north all day. The next morning (the 18th) we awoke to find it snowing, with dark, forbidding clouds piled up in the north, and we concluded to return home. Sunday, the 19th, was pleasantly warm, and we decided to fish Long Pond the next day, which we did without getting a bass, although just before our departure for Cape Vincent the bass in this pond were in a biting mood. We did get some fine perch in the pond after we found we could not inveigle the bass.

Tuesday we went to Brant Lake—the weather continuing like Indian summer—and arrived in time to fish during the afternoon. The landlord of the "Bass Pavalion" told us that two gentlemen had been fishing there with excellent success until the "cold snap" came, when the bass ceased to bite. I thought the water must have been warmed somewhat during three days of genial sunshine, and had great hopes. We had for bait minnows, crayfish, crickets, frogs, grasshoppers, and dobsons (the last mentioned were sent by "Wawayanda" to the two gentlemen referred to above, and arriving after their departure we had the benefit of them); all but the dobson were caught on the spot after our arrival. I was well aware that it would be useless to fish where we had had the best success earlier in the season, and two hours were spent in sounding for the proper bottom, *i. e.*, boulders or broken rocks in deep water. When found we also found the bass, but oh, what a change had come over them since our last visit. When a hook was baited with a minnow or a crayfish and lowered to the rocks a faint nibble might be felt, but it was very faint, as though the nibbling fish was extremely weary. The few bass that we did catch were taken on crickets, which seemed to be sucked in without the fact being communicated to the angler through the medium of the line, so the hooking was done by the exercise of faith. When hooked the bass were reeled in without any resistance and the fishing was tame beyond comparison, except where a yellow perch would take a cricket with a snap that was refreshing.

The second day was but a repetition of the first, and then we came home and shelved our bass rods. Our boatman assured us that until the time that the cold wave came the bass were as vigorous on the hook as when we were there in August, but in October their vigor had departed and they demonstrated that torpor had seized them at a time when food was all about them in abundance. The air was much warmer than the water, but I had no means of recording the temperature of the latter. I have known black bass to be taken from a lake after ice had formed upon its surface, but the process was not very unlike fishing for a dead squirrel in the hollow of a tree with the wormer on a ramrod. If the worm-baited hook got into the right crevice in the rocks and was held under the nose of a bass it would take the worm, if the fisherman did not freeze before the fish opened its mouth with a yawn and swallowed it, but when the operation was over the angler did not feel that he had been a fishing, for it was more like snaring suckers. I can cite other instances to show that it is the cold and not lack of food that is the cause of hibernation of the black bass in this section of the country, but if one case is not convincing I doubt if others and similar will be more so.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL FISHERY.

THE seal fishery of Newfoundland, which has brought and continues to bring such an amount of wealth to the colony, is comparatively of recent origin. The codfishery had been prosecuted for nearly four hundred years, but the seal fishery was of little importance till the beginning of the present century. It would appear that the attention of the people was so absorbed in capturing and curing cod that they neglected this industry, which, though difficult and dangerous, was capable of being made very profitable. Thus, while plying nets and hook and line on the Banks and along the shores for centuries in capturing the cod, they paid no attention to the oleaginous treasures which the vast ice fields every year brought within their reach, and the great seal herds were left to bring forth their young amid the icy solitudes, undisturbed by the murderous gun, club and knife of the seal hunter. But this paradisaical condition of the seal was not to last forever. The day at length came when thousands of savage hunters forced their way through the crystal ramparts by which nature had so long guarded these helpless innocents. With exultant shouts the invaders leaped on the ice fields, and soon the "shivering seals' low moans" were heard ascending to heaven in piteous appeal. The happy nursery of countless mother seals became a slaughter house, red with the blood of their murdered darlings slain in their ice cradles. All around the bloody carcases were strewn, staining the virgin snow; and the spot where tender mothers were lately fondling their white-coated babies became a scene of horror and death. Such is the seal hunt of to-day, involving each year a vast destruction of young and old seal-life for the benefit of man, "the lord of creation," and for the promotion of our modern civilization with its ever-increasing wants.

The value of the seal for human uses and the right method of capturing it in these regions was slowly learned. At first seals were taken in nets which were placed between the shore and some island or rock at no great distance. In their migratory movements the seals go south along the shore during the early part of winter, and by means of the nets placed in these narrow passages a few were taken. L'Abbé Raynal tells us that even previous to the year 1763 English fishermen were in the habit of repairing to certain favorable places in order to capture seals by nets placed in the way referred to. The same method is still pursued on some parts of the northern coast of the island and at Labrador, especially in capturing the bay or shore seal which is non-migratory. This net fishery is continued throughout the winter, but, of course, the number thus taken is comparatively insignificant. When thus captured the seals are generally left in a frozen state till the latter end of April or beginning of May, when the increasing warmth permits the extraction of the oil. In some instances they are "sculped" when taken, that is the skin and fat are separated, the former is salted and the latter treated in such a way as to extract the oil.

This net-fishing must have been supplemented by other methods of taking seals on the ice in spring, either by shooting them casually or taking them along shore, when the ice was pressed in on the coast by easterly winds. In proof of this, we find from the annual returns made by the admirals commanding on the Newfoundland station to the Board of Trade, that from 1750 there was a gradual increase in the quantities of seal oil exported. This item of export is mentioned for the first time in the returns for 1749, when its value for that year is stated to have been £1,006 sterling. In 1767 the seal oil exported had risen in value to £8,832, and in the following year to £12,664. In 1769 it fell to £5,375 and in 1772 rose to £13,406. The largest export mentioned in these returns was that of 1773, when its value was £26,388. During the following year it fluctuated greatly, just as it does at the present day, sometimes sinking to £3,000 and £4,000 and only once exceeding £11,000 in value. The last of these returns was for 1792, when the seal oil was in value £11,920.

There is another rather curious item in these returns which in these days is hardly intelligible. In the return for 1767, mention is made, for the first time, of "seacow oil, skins and teeth," which are valued for that year at £1,238. Two years later the value rose to £2,226, but the entries under this head suddenly ceased in 1774, when the value was £1,065. Probably this industry ceased to be prosecuted after that date. The "seacow" of those days was the animal known now as the walrus. It was also called "morse," and sometimes "sea-horse." In the early days of the Newfoundland fisheries, walruses and whales were plentiful on certain parts of the coast, and the capture of them was prosecuted by the more enterprising and daring fishermen. Hackluyt, the indefatiga-

ble chronicler of early voyages, in giving an account of a expedition to Newfoundland in the year 1593, consisting of two vessels commanded by Richard Strang and George Drake, informs us that, "in his time there were on the shores of the island of Ramea, within the Straits of St. Peter, on the back of Newfoundland, chiefly in April, May and June, multitudes of amphibious creatures called *vaccæ marinæ*, or morses, the two large teeth of which resembling ivory and their oil, were considered as valuable articles of commerce. That Captain Drake found there a ship belonging to the inhabitants of St. Malo, almost full freighted with morses. That he also observed several whales of an enormus size, together with great numbers of seals and porpoises, of which they killed several."

Then the simple-minded old chronicler goes on to tell us that these morses or sea cows were very strong and difficult to be taken on shore, and that the inhabitants used to catch them by the following stratagem: "They tie," says Hackluyt, "a bull to a stake in the depth of two feet of water, they then beat and torment him by twisting his tail until they make him roar; as soon as these creatures hear his cries they crawl to the bull and are easily taken." With our knowledge of the habits of the walrus we smile at this ingenious method of taking the animal in the olden time. We are lost in wonder as to how the scattered fishermen of those days managed to procure enough bulls for the prosecution of this branch of the fisheries, and how it came to pass that the roaring of the bull proved so irresistibly attractive to the walruses that they scrambled ashore to him. Was there an "affinity" between "sea cows" and land bulls in those primitive ages? Evidently our honest chronicler had been imposed on by some sailor's "yarn" which he was too unsuspicious to question. In those days there were no means of verifying the tales of wonder told by sailors and travelers who had visited the New World.

In Churchill's collection of voyages published in 1606, the following account of the walrus is given in a description of "New France:" "This animal is called morse, hippopotamus or sea-horse, and is said to be more like a cow than a horse; of hair like the seal, that is to say, dapple gray and somewhat toward red, the skin very hard, and small head with two rows of teeth on each side, between which there are two of them hanging from the upper jaw downward of the form of a young elephant's tooth, wherewith this creature helpeth himself to climb on the rocks; his ears are short as well as his tail; he loweth as an ox, has wings or fins at his feet and the female calleth her young ones on the land."

It is quite clear from these accounts and especially from the returns of the admirals already referred to, that the walrus was found on the southern and western coasts of the island at an early date in considerable numbers, and that it was captured for a lengthened period, and finally became extinct or scarce about 1774. An occasional wanderer from the Arctic regions is sometimes taken at present by the sealhunters among the ice fields to the northeast of the islands, but it is not now met with near the shores.

Hackluyt's account of Drake's voyage, already referred to, and that of Captain Rice Jones's voyage in 1594, make it clear that whales were also found in these regions in greater abundance than at present, and of larger size than any to be met with in these days. In fact, a whale fishery on rather an extensive scale was carried on in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the southern coast of Newfoundland and as far south as Nantucket; and New England men were actively engaged in it. In the *Scots' Magazine* for March, 1764, it is stated that a valuable whale fishery had been discovered and prosecuted, during the preceeding three years, in the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence. The New England people sent from fifty to eighty vessels to take part in this fishery, which appears to have been very valuable. A "History of British America," published in 1773, mentions that whales formerly set along shore by Cape Cod for many successive years, at which time there was good whaling in boats. After this the whales left this ground and the fishermen had to follow them further out into the ocean. "Letters from an American Farmer," published in 1782, inform us that the whale fishery was at that time very considerable at Nantucket, this being the greatest mart for oil, whalebone and spermaceti on the continent; and that there were no less than eleven different species known then at that part of the North American coast. The whale fishery is still pursued, to some extent, in the Bay of Chaleurs and the adjacent seas. The whales caught within the Gulf of St. Lawrence are the humpbacks, which are from 40 to 70 feet in length and yield from three to eight tons of oil. The same species is still seen occasionally on the Newfoundland coast, and also the finback, the spermaceti of various sizes, the blackfish whale, the grampus and porpoise. In Fortune Bay whales are still taken, but the fishery is now unimportant.

While the whales have been gradually disappearing from these seas, the seals, on the other hand, have not diminished in numbers, and their capture now constitutes one of the most important industries of the Newfoundland fishermen. We have seen that at first the seals were taken in nets. The next step was shooting them from large boats, which sailed about the middle of April. At that time of the year the young seals had left their icy cradles and taken to the water, so that only a few could be reached by the seal hunter's gun. As late as 1795 the whole catch of seals only amounted to about 5,000 per annum. At length an important step in advance was taken by fitting out small schooners of from thirty to fifty tons, carrying from twelve to eighteen men, the outfit of each vessel costing about seventy-five pounds. The vessels were strongly built and had certain appliances for encountering ice. They did not at first leave port till after March 21, in order to avoid the equinoctial gales, or "St. Patrick's brush," as it was called. Soon, however, they learned by experience the advantage of making an earlier start in order to reach the young harps before they had taken to the water. The first of March at length became the usual time for starting on the seal hunt. In these little schooners the men speedily acquired hardihood and daring, and became expert in battling with the floes. The people of Conception Boy led the way in this new enterprise, and Carbonear, Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts, Cupids and Brigus became the centers of the sealing industry. The skippers of these little vessels of from 40 to 100 tons, became "mighty hunters" of seals, and many of them acquired considerable wealth. St. John's, the capital, soon followed, and its enterprising people had speedily a small fleet employed in the hazardous but frequently lucrative industry. One hundred vessels used to leave the port of St. John's for the ice fields. There can be little doubt that seals were in those days much more numerous and were taken nearer shore than at the present time. So remunerative was the new industry found to be that its growth was wonderfully rapid. In 1800 and the five following years there were only about 50 vessels from all the ports in the island engaged in the seal fishery, the largest not exceeding 60 or 70 tons. But the returns show a striking expansion up to 1815, when the whole business of the country sustained a severe shock by the termination of the war between England and France, and the depression of trade which followed. In 1805, 81,088 seals were taken; in 1815, 126,315; in 1820, 213,679; in 1822, 306,982; in 1826, 292,007; in 1829, 357,523; in 1830, 558,942; in 1831, 686,836; in 1832, 508,407; in 1836, 384,321; in 1840, 631,385; in 1844, 685,530; in 1848, 521,004; in 1852, 534,378.

During the decade from 1852 to 1862 the average catch diminished. In 1855, 293,083 were taken; in 1856, 361,317; in 1858, 507,624; in 1859, 329,185; in 1860, 444,202; in 1861, 375,282; in 1862, 268,624. In 1857 there were 400 vessels of from 80 to 200 tons engaged in the seal fishery, their united crews numbering 13,000 men. The average annual value of the fishery, at that period, was from a million to a million and a quarter dollars.

The history of the seal fishery during the last fourteen years shows the usual fluctuations and but few large catches, as the following table will show:

Years.	No. of Seals.	Years.	No. of Seals.
1871	537,094	1879	457,855
1872	278,272	1880	323,795
1874	398,366	1881	447,903
1875	316,924	1882	200,500
1876	500,000	1883	300,350
1877	451,678	1884	238,887
1878	409,658	1885	(estimated) 210,000

The foregoing table shows that during the last four years the seal fishery has been a failure, the catch not having been much over half the average of former years. Whether this has been caused by an actual diminution in the number of seals or has arisen from the unfavorable condition of the ice which prevented the vessels from reaching the seals, or, what is more likely, partly from both causes, cannot at present be determined.

The practice of killing old breeding seals, in large numbers, in addition to the young, has been followed for the last ten years, and may have exerted an injurious influence on the fishery. That practice has now been partially abandoned, by an agreement among owners of vessels not to continue the fishery after April 30 in each year. I do not believe that any serious injury has yet been done, or that the number of seals is less than formerly.

In the year 1863 the great innovator, steam, entered the field, and the first steamer took part in this fishery. The value of steam, in connection with Arctic explorations, had previously been demonstrated; and its introduction has revolutionized the sealing industry. It was soon found that steamers strongly built and armed for encountering ice, possessed an immense superiority over the old sailing vessels. They could cleave their way through ice in which the sailing vessel would be powerless; could hold on to a "seal patch" when the other would be blown off; and carrying larger crews could bring in immense loads of pelts when the seals were met with in abundance. In consequence the number of steamers rapidly increased, and the number of sailing vessels still more rapidly diminished. In 1866 there were 177 sailing vessels and 5 steamers; in 1873 there were 18 steamers; in 1882, 25 steamers. Since that date the number of steamers has lessened, and is now about twenty. They are from 350 to 500 tons burthen, and carry from 200 to 300 men each. During the last few years six of the Dundee steamers, formerly engaged in the Greenland seal fishery, have come out here each season, and after shipping Newfoundland crews have taken part successfully in this fishery. When it closes they leave for the whale fishery in Davis Straits, and return to Dundee in October.

To the poor fishermen of Newfoundland the introduction of steamers, in connection with the seal-fishery, has been most injurious. The work is now done with far fewer hands; large numbers of the men fail to find berths, and the competition on the part of the fishermen is so keen that they will accept any terms rather than be left behind. In steamers men share among them one-third the proceeds of the voyage, the owners get two-thirds. In sailing vessels the men share among them one-half the proceeds. Capitalists thus obtain the lion's share. Of course the expense of fitting out steamers is very great. Only a little more than half the number employed in the sealfishery in the "good old times" now find employment, and their number is diminishing; not more than 7,000 to 8,000 men now take part in it. The probability is that sailing vessels in connection with this industry will soon be things of the past, and that it will be entirely carried on by powerful steamers. Sailing vessels have but a poor chance in competition with steamers.

In spite of frequent failures and disappointments, the seal fishery will continue to attract enterprising capitalists by the enormous prizes it presents to those who are fortunate enough to win them. Should a steamer obtain a full load only once in three years, she would pay her way. This year the fishery is likely to wind up very poorly, but as an illustration of the large prizes sometimes within reach, we may take the case of the two steamers Resolute and Ranger, both of which brought in full cargoes. The former had on board 34,628 seals, the gross weight being 772 tons, 0 cwt., 2 qrs., 22 lbs., the average weight of the seals being 49¾ pounds. The crew's share was $68 per man. The Ranger had 36,112 seals on board, the gross weight of which was 755 tons, 3 cwt., 2qrs., 19 lbs. The average weight of seals was 46¾ lbs. The crew shared $91.28 per man. Thus these two steamers in three or four weeks brought in 70,740 seals, value, at $2.50 per seal, $176,850. When they entered port their decks were hardly twelve inches above water at midships. Every nook and cranny was filled with pelts. The men's berths were filled; the coal had been thrown overboard to make room for the precious seal fat; and the decks were piled with pelts. The Ranger, the smaller of the two, had 7,100 on deck. Of course this is a wonderful success, but then eight or ten steamers will return almost "clean," as they get jammed in the ice and could not reach the seals. The Esquimaux arrived two days ago with less than 100 seals on board. The Aurora brought in 12,000, the Terra Nova 24,000, the Falcon 24,000, the Vanguard 11,000, the Wolf 8,400, the Iceland 24,800, the Neptune 5,500. These are the successful vessels, but the failures are so many that the whole catch this year will not greatly exceed 200,000 seals—about half an average catch. The ice this year has been most unfavorable for sealing, being very heavy and jammed together in huge masses which never opened out. In this way nature guards the young seals from the selfish cupidity of man, otherwise speedy extermination would overtake the plump innocents. It may be that the large number of young seals which have escaped during the last few years will have the effect of increasing their numbers and improving the fishery in the future.

I may mention that a still larger load than those named was brought in last year by the Neptune. She had on board 41,900 seals, the gross weight being 874 tons. This was the largest and finest trip of seals ever brought into port in this or any other country. Its value was $103,750. In the annals of seal hunting, a halo of glory surrounds the Neptune and her commander, Captain Blandford. This year the same vessel had only 5,500 seals.

The average annual value of the products of the seal fishery of late years had been about $1,100,000. These products include the skins and oil. The former are salted and sent to England, where they are tanned or used by furriers. It should be observed that these are not the fur seals whose skins are manufactured into ladies' cloaks. The fur seals are now chiefly obtained in Alaska. The seal oil, now extracted by steam process, is exported chiefly to Britain, where it is largely used in coal mines for illumination; also in lighthouses. It is also used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap. The respective values of the skins and oil will appear from the following returns for the years 1877 and 1878:

1877.	
Seal skins, 451,678, value	$361,342
Seal oil, 6,081 tons, value	754,044
	$1,115,386
1878.	
Seal skins, 409,658, value	$286,760
Seal oil, 5,932 tons, value	719,040
	$1,005,800

ST. JOHN'S, N. B., April 22, 1885. M. HARVEY.

JOHNNIE AND I.

EVERY ONE called him Johnnie—probably as much on account of his small stature as anything—but that was not his name, nor does it matter about his name and age, only that while he looked to be about thirty with his hat on and twenty years older with it off, he was in spirit every inch a boy. Johnnie and I were fishing chums. We lived in a quiet little village at the foot of one of the prettiest lakes in Central New York, a lake where can be found some of the best fishing for black bass, pickerel, perch, lake trout, and the inevitable sunfish, that is to be had in the central part of that State. Johnnie had a shop—a veritable Uncle Lisha's shop—which was headquarters for all who either fished or hunted. There they would congregate and exchange ideas on the subjects uppermost in their minds or nearest their hearts. Johnnie had the reputation of being a lucky fisherman, the luckiest one in the town; this reputation was shared in part by his chum, who always fished with him. Johnnie was an old one; he was always too busy to sit on a jury or go to a funeral, but to go fishing, never.

It has probably been noticed by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, that among anglers in general and bait-fishers in particular, one who is commonly successful is termed "lucky." His brothers will not credit him with doing harder work, with being more observing, more patient and persevering, and with being better prepared. No! it must be luck.

Johnnie and I were termed lucky fishermen, and as this reputation was earned by nothing more nor less than hard work, work that was a pleasure to us, I will give a description of how we fished, what we caught, and what we caught them with. (This may seem a little egotistical, but then I am open to criticism, and if the relation does no good, like the quack's bread pills, it will do no harm whether you take the whole or half the dose. And I might explain here that this is a bait-fishing story; fly-fishermen can turn over the leaf). Our rig was inexpensive, and consisted of a jointed rod each, a minnow pail, a minnow net, a box for grasshoppers, several long lines and a "ditty bag" that held miscellaneous paraphernalia beyond any description, and only to be conjured up by the brain of an experimenting angler. Our start was generally made in this way: I would drop in at Johnnie's shop and suggest that it was a good day to go fishing; he would cast his weather eye about, and if the weather was right he was ready to go (and it was always near enough right for him), or if it did not just suit him, he was willing to try it in the hope that it would be better before we got back. If I should drop in during the evening and remark that we had better go and try the next day, his answer would invariably be, "I was just thinking about it."

Our first move, then, was to get the bait. Always catch your own bait; therein lies half the pleasure of fishing. When we took a day for fishing, one-half was spent in catching bait and the other half in catching fish, and it would be hard to tell which half of the day gave us the most pleasure. Certain it was that by catching our own bait we got just what we wanted, and would catch more fish in half a day with good bait than in a whole day with a poorer quality. And in this matter of bait, to my mind, lies the whole secret of success. Fish are always hungry (or curious), but they cannot always be tempted by the same morsel; therefore, when a half day was spent in securing the necessary bait, it was not in vain. We would start out with our minnow net and pail, and in following up the brook where we caught the finest minnows, now and then we came across a crayfish of just the right age, or perchance a burdock patch where nice yellow grasshoppers were to be found, or, in some widening of the stream which formed a marshy spot, we stop for a few of the fat, speckled frogs that "Kingfisher" lays in such a store of; and now we come to a cow stable, with its roof of old, weather-beaten boards sloping toward the brook, where we add to our variety the ugly helgramite. Do we stop here? No. Unless we include the angle worm, which all good anglers know how to capture, or the white grub of the rotten log, which is sometimes a very good bait, our variety is not complete; but we go on, interested and fascinated by the sport, ever looking for choicer minnows, fatter frogs or softer-shelled crayfish, until our appetite or the whistle on the village shop reminds us that half the day is gone.

Ah, what happy hours have we spent in following up some winding brook, now watching a kingfisher dive and bring up a redfin that we knew would be worth a four-pound bass, or may be startling a blue heron just in the act of gobbling up the very frog we had come a mile and a half to capture; now wondering why we did not bring the rifle along, for there sits a woodchuck on yonder high bank, just ready to turn a handspring and disappear. Would we have taken his life? I don't know; it was a beautiful shot. It is well we left the gun at home, for now we surprise a gray squirrel that has come a long way from home to get a choice ear of green corn, too early our little friend for us and the corn, but you can scamper up that tree yonder by the fence and bark your defiance at us, we may see you later. And so we wander on, enjoying the scenery, the potpourri by the birds and beetles and frogs, and ever and anon finding some new

study in nature to interest us. But we have caught our bait and now we will go fishing.

It is just after noon, the breeze has gone down, the lake is calm, and the sun pours down what seems to us an unnecessary amount of heat. We will pull to our favorite bass ground, and as it is nearly two miles, we drop in a spoon, hook and troll—oftentimes we catch some very fine pickerel on this course—but it is too still to-day; we reach the bass ground without a strike. If we had a day before us we would go ashore and wait for a breeze to spring up, but as the day is fast going, we decide to try the only method by which we have been successful in still water. We each prepare two lines of about forty yards, one for each rod, and the others to be used as hand lines; we bait them all differently, Johnnie uses a minnow for his rod and a crayfish for his hand line, while I put a tempting grasshopper on my rod line and a frog on the hand line (we have when at anchor had out as high as six kinds of bait in this manner). Being all baited up we cast our lures with a splash on the unruffled surface of the lake, and as they sink I take up the oars, while John plays out the lines until we have given out from eighty to one hundred feet of each line, then sculling with one oar I keep up a drifting motion until the whole length of the bass ground is covered, when changing the course of the boat we scull back again.

We are drifting along slowly, my one hand working the oar, the other holding the rod which I have lazily let rest on the gunwale of the boat; we are talking of some scheme whereby we can make money enough in the winter to allow us to fish all summer, when, just as we have the idea about perfected, zip, goes Johnnie's hand line, he drops his rod and before the slack is quite gone, brings up Mr. Bass with a suddenness that gives him to understand that he has important business on hand; and now for a settlement, about 100 feet of line out and a stubborn fish at each end, the line comes and goes, the fish tries the air without success, he goes to the bottom, but there are no weeds here, now he tires, and slowly but stubbornly comes in a zig-zag course to the boat, one rush to go under, he is balked, and before he can rally for another I have the landing net under him. We weigh him, four pounds and a half. Johnnie declares it is the smallest one he has ever caught on a crayfish. While bass do not take crayfish as freely as most other kinds of bait I have never known of a small one being caught when they were used; the same I think may be said of the helgramite.

I now take in my frog and substitute a crayfish. Drifting on, I hook and land a two-and-a-half-pounder on my grasshopper; out goes another 'hopper, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I hook another bass of about three pounds. Now we bait all our hooks with 'hoppers and the fun begins. The fish are evidently near the bottom, for our bait must drag before they will bite. We catch quite a number in a very short time, and have great sport; but suddenly a breeze springs up and there is not another bite. We fish in this way a long while hoping for just one more big one, but they are either off on this bait or have left the bottom, so we finally anchor and change off to minnows. To shorten our lines and bait up takes a few moments, and by the time we are rigged again the anchor rope is taut and everything nicely settled. We cast, using the large brook reelin, without sinker, thus giving the minnows a chance to roam at their own sweet wills, and with nothing to hold them down they will take advantage of the opportunity. We do not have to wait long before the bass are biting. We pull them in lively, not taking time to weigh them on the old spring balances, being content to allow a guess to go as fisherman's weight, and here we stay completely absorbed in the sport till the sun is far down behind the hills, only thinking of the present, ever waiting for one more "bite" till we are reminded that it is getting dark, and although the bass are still biting, we pull up anchor, light our pipes for a smoke of satisfaction, and slowly row down the lake as the moon peeps o'er the hills, and glistens on the leaves of the vineyards that are already dampened with the evening dew.

It is late when we get home, but there is one thing more to be done that will put the finishing touches on a day's glorious sport; we are tired, but it refreshes us to receive the thanks and compliments from our friends as we distribute the fish among them. And how much better we all feel to know that the fish did not cost their weight in gold, but were only the fruits of a day well spent. RAVELSTONE.

LANSING, Mich.

MAINE ANGLING.

ONE'S annual spring trip to the Maine trout waters is fraught with interest, especially if he be a veteran. In the first place, nature has put on a new coat and the waters are deep—the angler must be there to see. But alas, the march of improvement! It is hardly worthy of the name in a State where the woods and waters, just as nature left them, are worth far more in dollars and cents even than the improved—what shall we call it?—can ever possibly be. But civilization marches on, and handsome Swiss cottages are springing up where only a dozen years ago the writer considered himself out of the reach of anything but wilderness or possibly a brother sportsman. But some points are gained if romantic uncivilization is lost. The fishing grounds are more quickly reached, and for less money. A box of lemons and a fresh roast can be had in camp where salt pork and hardtack had to answer formerly. Ladies can also find the retreat, and it is more of a joy to them than to their husbands and brothers, while they gladden by their presence. A good shingled roof and a cook stove now take the place of the dripping tent and the smoky camp-fire. Since the fishing is nearly as good—propagation and protection be praised—we will not complain.

But the glorious good time of our party of seven—three ladies and four gentlemen—must be passed over for a future article, while a few practical observations are taken up. In the first place fly-fishing in the Androscoggin lakes and ponds is again very late. Next to nothing had been done with the fly in Mooselucmaguntic or Richardson lakes up to June the 20th, and in a few of the adjoining ponds and streams the trout had just begun to rise. Up to that time also fly-fishing had been very poor in Tim Pond and Seven Ponds. But so much the better; the fishing will be good later on. On the other hand "the trolling has never been better." This is the common remark of old visitants. The number of trout has been great; the size has not been small by any means, but the nine and ten-pounders have been fewer than last year. Not more than three trout which would go above eight and a half pounds have yet been taken from the Androscoggin waters this year. The crowds of sportsmen have not been less—on the contrary, rather increased—but the giant trout have not been hooked. But fish weighing four, five and six pounds have been plenty.

How about those landlocked salmon? Still they do not appear. They have been a long time in Rangeley, Moosehucmaguntic and Richardson lakes, but all the fish of that description taken from those lakes this spring can be numbered on the fingers of one hand without the thumb. Are they a success? It is too bad to find one word of fault with the good work of the Maine Commissioners, but would not the same number of brook trout put into those waters have made a much better showing than the landlocked salmon have done? The *Salmo fontinalis* is certainly a grand success in those waters natural to them; the trout of the world. Who can say as much of the landlocks? In the Sebago waters and the Schoodics, their natural home, are they as much of a success as the red spot trout of the Androscoggin? In the Sebago waters two or three weeks sport of trolling and the landlocks are done for the season. Who has ever caught one there with the fly afterward? Where would all the late fly-fishing be if all the red spots were changed to landlocks?

The last observation noted on our trip must be the first one brought to our notice. It came with a sing and a stab. It meant blood every time. Cruel was it? Yes, our only weapons of defense were tar and a smudge. It is the common remark of the trout fishermen that mosquitoes are thicker than ever this season. But the black fly is nowhere. He gave us no trouble at all. Old guides and stagers at the Maine lakes say that black flies are growing hopefully less. One sportsman is of the opinion that the mosquitoes have eaten them all. BOSTON.

DRUM FISHING AT BAYSIDE.

LATE in the season last August, Matt Quay caught sixteen drumfish in one day at Atlantic City, but they don't often bite with that degree of freedom. Early in June the best fishermen at Bayside, Cape May county, N. J., sent a telegram that the drum had begun to bite. We lost no time in overhauling our lines and sharpening our Limerick hooks, having little doubt that our double plaited linen lines, which had stood the test of time for three years, would hold the biggest drum in the bay. We reckoned wrong, as sequel demonstrated. Our guide, counselor and friend was Bill Chambers, who knew every oyster bed at Fishing Creek, every drum resort along the bay shore, and had agreed to pilot us out, guaranteeing that we would catch some big fish before we got home.

We drove behind Chambers's spanking bays till we arrived at his neighbor's living nearest Fishing Creek, who, though rich, did not scorn to scoop in fifty cents as "hon orarium" for the use of his boat for half a day. When the dudes want any drumfish we advise them to buy them at Fulton Market, for it requires courage, endurance, and the real inspiration of a gamy fisherman to bear the pains and penalties attached to drum fishing in the bay. Catching black drum in the surf is but child's play to the work we did last week. Get your sand fleas at Atlantic City, coil your Cuttyhunk line in a small basket, wade three feet deep in the surf, give your line a whirl over your head till it goes beyond the breakers, say fifty feet, and if you are in luck you have three or four big drum in one hour.

Our party consisted of Dr. R., a young physician of Philadelphia, St. John, a retired Cape May gentleman, his brother, the writer, and Bill Chambers and son. As I felt perfectly sure that the young Doctor, who never saw a drum and who possessed enthusiasm "added to a skipping spirit," would overturn his boat the first drumfish he fastened on, I quietly whispered to Chambers that he and I could take the Jersey Quaker's boat, while Doc, St. John and his brother could take the second boat with Chambers, Jr. I am now describing the events which filled our measure of fun for the third day. For the first two days the Doctor sang:

"Oh! wake and call me early, Bill,
For I'm to be king of the drum."

But the Doctor knew immensely more about pills, potions and gallipots than he did about drum, and went home both nights, as did the writer, both being living embodiments of fisherman's luck; the Doctor with a woe-begone countenance looked at Bill, and Bill looked at Doc exclaiming: "You look like two of my sick turkeys." The point was well taken, for we had sat in the bottom of a pine skiff half a mile from shore for seven hours, with a nor'easter in our faces, and "not a drum was heard nor a funeral note." We wrapped our bare feet in Chambers's blanket, for we had to wade out across the oyster beds and push the boat into deep water, and could not get our shoes on.

But albeit the festive Doctor R. was wet to the skin with the spray of the nor'easter, and his shoes and stockings were full of sand, when he reached Chambers's hospitable house and devoured about seven fried eggs, a modicum of ham, and twelve "chunks of butter thickly spread on corresponding chunks of bread," he swore that a drumming he would go next day, if so be it he could crawl out of bed. I confess I was ready to do what the Jerseymen call "quank," *i. e.*, give out; but the sight of the "Doc" at 5:30 A. M. as fresh as a daisy and as lusty as a speckled trout, kindled up my sinking spirits. After more fried eggs, more ham (cured by Chambers himself; and it was good, for Doc seemed ready to devour the whole hog) after plenty of ripe strawberries smothered in Jersey cream, we found the tide did not suit for drum biting till 3 P. M. We were at Cold Spring, only two miles from Cape May city, so the bays were hitched up again and at 9 A. M. we had another breakfast, at Charley Williams's; this time fried eels done to a turn, soft-shell crabs, and coffee "the color of Sammy Bettle's coat," which is the Jersey recipe for good coffee.

By this time the Doctor had purchased one fishing line and six big hooks, and began to exclaim with the late Patrick Henry, "Give me Liberty—and a drumfish—or give me death." Here our party was increased by the St. John brothers, and the last day we struck for Town Bank. There was not a breath of east wind anywhere, for the day the drumfish bite is when the wind is southwesterly. At 4 o'clock we had the killick out, and we were riding at anchor on Delaware Bay, on as calm a day as ever floated a ship. Our bait was fresh clams tied to the hook by wrapping the bait carefully with pack thread around our hooks. St. John and his youthful brother did not know a drumfish from a North Sea whale. As he sat in the stern of the fishing skiff he felt something running away with his line. He held on like grim death to a defunct African. As the line began to cut his fingers he called loudly to his brother, "Harry, I say, catch on and help me haul in this whale." Both pulled hand over hand, without giving an inch. The line was well-seasoned, but when two stalwart youths are pulling at one end and a ninety pound drum at the other, something is bound to yield. It wasn't the drum, for the line parted just above the sinker; the drum started for the deep sea with two books in his mouth, and the two big St. John boys wiped up the bottom of the boat where they fell. Bret Harte's hero, struck in the pit of the stomach with a piece of red sandstone, looked like a gladiator compared with the crest-fallen St. John brothers. They took a back seat, for there were no spare lines, no spare hooks. The contingency of my linen line giving way had not been considered.

Half past 4 P. M., Dr. R. made the welkin ring with the gladsome shout "I've got him, I have, and it is a whopper."

"Give me an end of your line," said the elder St. John.

"Not if the court understand itself, and she think she do," answered Dr. R., as he played his fish like a veteran observer and an old-time angler. He kept a pressure of twenty-five pounds on the line, and after twenty minutes' skillful play slowly essayed to lead Mr. Drum toward the boat in out of the wet. But the fish was not done with the fun yet. It made a wild dash toward the Cape May lighthouse, and the young Esculapius from Eleventh and Vine let go 100 feet of line, still eager to view the drum face to face. Chambers, Jr., said: "Now pull" "Easy over the stones," said the now confident son of Galen. As the drum, pretty well tired out, reached the side of the boat, the happy doctor leaned over excitedly—both scared, fish and pill-vender—and as Esculapius's hand slipped up toward the drum's gills, he gave one flirt of his tail, filling Robbin's eyes with water and breaking the hook off short in his mouth. When the famous painter limned the face of a father at the hanging of his own son, he hid the parent's face. So I hide from the gaze of this cross world the youthful and festive sport's feelings, as a big drum (fully 90 pounds) started off on a run toward Barnegat. The doctor began to hum, "Come ye disconsolate," and "I never loved a dear gazelle, but," etc.

But the fishing fates became more merciful, Dr. Robbins bagged two big drums in the next hour, and as the sun went down the sea became peaceful as a child on its mother's breast. Far away toward the Delaware Breakwater the white sails of commerce dotted the surface of the sea like peaceful banners, and the very air had a human tenderness of feeling. In the west the sun was wooed by the crimson clouds, fringed with fire, the dying God of day looking like some amarous Cleopatra in the embrace of an ardent Antony. The scene was beautiful enough for the pencil of Millais or the brush of Hamilton. But our artists in drums were still carrying on the old business.

Old man Chambers, my "pard," hauled in a 70-pounder, and "quicker'n a cat can wink its eye." I felt a semi sheepshead bite, something slowly masticating my fresh clam. I waited one minute by the clock in my pocket, and when my Jonah of a clam had got down into the whale's belly of the drum, I gave a twist to my wrist, and Monsieur Le Drumfish was securely hooked. Away he'd run seventy-five feet and lash the water with his tail like a Florida alligator. All in vain. I gave him the butt (as the trout-pigs say) for a full half hour; then he turned on his side. My right hand was in his gills, and in one second Mr. Drum flopped into the boat, dropping with that deep and welcome sound to the fisher's ear—a sound like the diapason of a big bass drum. My fish pulled the scales at ninety-two pounds. Dr. Robbins got three of good size. He was "high hook" as to numbers, the writer as to weight. We arrived in Cape May, in an open wagon full of drum, at 10 P. M., "tired now and sleepy too." St. John says he will "copper the ace" and play the deuce with the big fish the next time, and has ordered two drum lines, the latter end of which is two feet of fine copper wire, strong enough to hold a North Sea whale. Dr. Robbins sent one of his big drum to Hon. Samuel Randall and one to Hon. Mr. McMullen, and when last seen the hero of the Bayside, Dr. R., was softly singing—

"Am I a man or am I mouse,
And do I run this house?"

Chambers, Jr., says the last time the Doctor sang this song he was trying to lift his ninety-pounder in the boat, but said *sotto voce*: "The drum don't lift worth a cent." And if he (Chambers) hadn't got Esculapius by the coat tail, the latter would now be a "moist body" floating out to the sea. The writer of this, whose duty it was to aid Chambers to get the dory off the mussel shoals and oyster beds, and who with bare feet, blistered by the sun, was compelled to lie abed for two days annointing his ankles and feet with vaseline, and yet goeth lame, but joyous, meditated long and well as to whether three days' work after 420 pounds of drum could be summed up in a brief *cui bono*, is satisfied with his sport. He renewed his youth like the eagle and now riseth refreshed like a giant who tasteth new wine. He goeth again after drum next Wednesday. I. M. S.

CAMDEN, N. J., June 22.

THAT PECULIAR TWITCH.

I HAPPENED to spend one of my former vacations with a friend up in Orange county, N. Y., where there was excellent pickerel and fair black bass fishing.

At the house where we were staying we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a gentleman from New York, who, although somewhat of a crank, proved a very jolly companion. At the supper table to hear him talk you would think he was a wonderful man, and in fact he was. His son was to have been up on the afternoon train, but as he failed to put in an appearance, the old gent, whom I shall call Mr. Pike, asked me if I would go trolling with him in the morning. As I was very anxious to go fishing, I willingly complied, but I had my doubts as to whether we would get back without a ducking, as he weighed about 250 pounds, and the boat was small and narrow. About dark, however, his son arrived, so I didn't go. All that evening he was giving it to us strong about pickerel fishing, and "that peculiar twitch" they give, but to tell the truth I believe he never caught a pickerel in his life. That evening before retiring I asked Mr. Pike if he had the necessary spoon, line, etc. He gave me to understand that he had, and said all genuine fishermen carry their own tackle. After they had retired, my friend, who is an expert pickerel fisher, said we would go trolling after they returned, and he would bet that we would catch more fish than they.

Early next morning long before daylight there was a terrific knock at our door, and on opening it who should be there but Mr. Pike. He said he was sorry he had disturbed us, but he couldn't find his spoon and line, and would like to borrow ours. I unstrapped the bag and gave them to him, and asked if there was anything else. As he assured us he had a full supply, telling us we would have pickerel for breakfast, he left, but in about five minutes he returned, this time to borrow some snelled hooks. Now, this made us kind of mad, and we resolved to get square with him. When we went down to breakfast we found Mr. Pike and his son minus the pickerel, trolling spoon and fifteen yards of line. Before we were fairly in the room Mr. Pike started

to tell all hands of the monstrous big pickerel he had hooked that morning. He said: "Boys, there is a tremendous big pickerel down in that pond and I'm afraid there isn't any cord around these diggings that will hold him. He has got your trolling spoon in his jaw and about fifteen yards of line. You see, S. was rowing and I was trolling, and had just let out a lot of line when I felt 'that peculiar twitch' which only a pickerel can give, so I gave a tremendous jerk and then I knew I had on a big one, so I told S. to row quick while I hauled in, but to this the pickerel seemed to object, as I could hardly get in any line, so giving the line an extra strong pull to move the tramp it parted. I think the line must have been rotten."

During this ghost story my friend who sat opposite me at the table kept giving me the wink. We knew very well it wasn't a pickerel that parted that line, for it was strong enough to hold the two largest pickerel in the pond, so when the old gent said it was rotten it got us excited, but the old fellow took it all back and said he would send down to the city for a new spoon and line. We got the location where he lost the spoon and started out. We had been fishing about fifteen minutes when something struck the spoon, or rather the spoon struck something, and held fast. We backed down and before we could see the spoon we saw another line quite a distance below the surface, running parallel with ours. Of course we got excited, and when we got a short distance further we were somewhat surprised to find on an old pole about a foot under water our spoon and the one Mr. Pike lost that morning securely hooked a short distance below ours. Now, here was a chance to get square. As the spoon was securely fastened in the pole we broke off the upper part of it with the hooks in, and after trolling about an hour and catching six pickerel and one bass we started for home. It was just dinner time and we left our traps out in the hall, and as we entered the room the first question was if we had caught that big pickerel. My friend said we had, and that we would show it after dinner. This would not do, however, as most of them thought he might be giving them a fish story; so being hard pressed he related how we were trolling when he felt "that peculiar twitch," and after a good deal of work got it alongside of the boat, and found the spoon which Mr. Pike had lost, not six inches from where ours had stuck, and my friend skipped out in the hall (Mr. Pike saying in the meantime that he could always tell "that peculiar twitch"), and brought in the pole with the spoon securely fastened in it.

I wish you could have seen "that peculiar twitch" fisherman. I think he hardly knew whether he was in Orange county or in Africa, but after that we never heard any more about pickerel fishing or "that peculiar twitch."

GUS. FERON.

LABRADOR TROUT.—In an article on the Labrador Fisheries in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, Mr. W. A. Stearns says: "Trout are caught at all seasons, from early in the spring, when the ice breaks up, to late in the fall. They are most abundant just before it is high tide: and their favorite time is from 2 to 4 in the afternoon of a rather windy and lowering day. They at all times seem to prefer cloudy weather in which to be about, and when the wind blows lightly, ruffling the water, and are then caught in greater abundance than at any other time. In some of the bays the trout are so abundant that you can cast a double hooked line and generally catch a fish almost instantly on each hook. I have in mind a locality called Baie Les Roches, where a small stream comes down into a sort of bay or arm of the sea, and where, in 1875, a party of five of us succeeded in taking with hook and line some 938 fish, large and small, fishing only part of two days. The fish bit at the red and gray flies, and as fast as we could haul them in. About 100 of these would weigh less than half a pound each, the majority between 1 and 2 pounds, as many as 75 of them 3 pounds apiece, and the largest weighed 4½ pounds. There seems to be three or four varieties or species of trout in these regions, but they have not all as yet been positively identified. They are called here salmon trout, spotted and gray trout, sea trout, and another species, if indeed it be a valid one, called by the people the mud trout. Of these three or four, the sea and spotted and gray trout alone appear extensively as articles of commerce. Trout are caught all along the coast from Mingau to Blanc Sablon, if not to Belle Isle itself. Anywhere about the mouths of small streams these fish are abundant. The large streams are usually so completely filled with salmon nets that trout nets are of no account whatever. In the small places even, I have known a small boy hardly ten years old to catch from half a barrel to a barrel and a half of trout in a season with one or two small nets only, thus earning from $15 to $20 on this alone. The fish, like all other catches, are taken by the traders at a nominal price in exchange for food and articles of necessity, and sold in Quebec as grade 1, 2 or 3, according to quality, as seen by examination of the barrels by the inspection officer."

MAINE SALMON.—Yesterday forenoon E. M. Hersey landed a fine salmon and F. W. Ayer two with fly hooks. This makes half a dozen caught within a few days by Mr. Ayer, who was fortunate enough to catch the first salmon with a fly on our river. He has thoroughly demonstrated the fact that salmon fishing with fly and rod is as good on this river as on any river in the world. Mr. Ayer, together with all other "lovers of the gentle art," desires to extend hearty thanks to our able and enterprising Fish Commissioners, Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley, for the noble work they have done in stocking our rivers and ponds with game fish. Had others been present yesterday afternoon with rod and line, fifteen salmon at least might have been taken. Mr. Ayer has demonstrated the fact that there is no better place in the world for salmon fishing than in the waters of our own noble Penobscot and below the dam in our city. Ex-President Arthur, who is now fishing at Restigouche, would do well to try his luck and skill here.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig, June 27.*

"SKINNED STREAM."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have read the criticism of "Litchfield County Farmer" in FOREST AND STREAM of last week. That good man and myself do not differ in respect to protection for farmer and fish. We only wish that all men were as ready as he is to enforce the laws. All we ask of him, though, is to remember that when "Stillaboy" fished Skinned Stream it was neither against the law nor did he take the fingerlings. And we would add that should he or any other man ever find "Stillaboy" violating any game law, he would deserve all the threatenings of "Farmer's" wrath.—STILLABOY.

"CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS" continued in next issue.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 4 an article by "Sport" recommends the black prince fly for Colorado waters. I am unable to find the fly in Orvis or Conroy's selections of flies and would much like to correspond with "Sport" unless you can tell me where I would find said fly. I have fished Colorado waters for years and agree with him and "Cyrtonyx" that the coachman is the killer.—C. E. HART. [We do not know the black prince, perhaps "Sport" will give us a description of it.—ED.]

BERKSHIRE HILLS.—New Marlboro, Mass., June 17.—Angling reported very good here this season. Expect to wet my line in a trout stream this afternoon. The Berkshire people have been persistently stocking their streams, and more particularly their lakes, with Sebago salmon for seven or eight years past, but no mature fish have ever been taken. Now the lessees of Lake Buel propose to keep their lot of fry in a prepared pond for three years before turning into the lake, caring for and feeding them meanwhile. A good plan. —P.

PILLSBURY, Minn., June 27.—Last week Willie Bain, a lad of nine years, caught a wall-eyed pike weighing eleven pounds. The same day, Clark Eldred captured one which raised the beam at exactly twelve pounds. Leon Honde, A. P. McRae and several others have just returned from a three days' camp at Long Lake. They report a magnificent catch and a general good time.—J. F. LOCKE.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL.—The prospect for Bob White was never better. I heard the same report during a recent visit to my kinsman M., who resides in Goochland county, Virginia.—WELLS (Rockingham, N. C., June 26).

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.

WE have the first "Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of New York, in charge of the Oyster Investigation." It is an octavo of 137 pages and seven plates. The law authorizing the work provided for an investigation in three particulars: As to the decrease of oysters; as to the enemies of oysters; and as to the means of increasing the supply of oysters in our State waters. In each of these particulars the investigation to be of value requires thorough and careful work, which demands time. So far the time for the investigation has been a little more than six months, consequently very much that it would have been desirable to have done has had to be left undone, and many localities have had to be left unvisited. During this short time the Commissioner accomplished much in the way of getting information touching upon the aims of the investigation from as many of those localities which are fairly typical oyster regions and from as many individuals who are engaged in practical oyster work as was possible, so that the results should at least serve as a basis for further research. The time did not permit nor the means allow, a systematic survey of the oyster grounds of the State, which may be done hereafter, but a superficial inspection of the oyster territory was made and much information gained.

The work covered a large portion of the western part of Long Island and the vicinity of New York city, but did not extend east of Patchogue on the south side, nor of Port Jefferson on the north side of Long Island. Near City Island and in the Spuyten Duyvil Creek were formerly valuable oyster grounds, and there are still natural beds which produce some oysters by reason of the continual working of the beds favoring a catch of spat on the clean shells, yet this continual working prevents the oysters from attaining to any respectable size, and, as there appears to be no close season recognized, the dredging and tonging continuing right along through the summer and fall months, for "seed," as it is said, thousands upon thousands, perhaps millions upon millions, of the newly-attached young, and the young in all the stages of growth when the shell is thin and easily crushed, must inevitably be destroyed.

As might be expected this greedy and persistent working of the oyster territory has had a marked effect in diminishing the oyster areas, and in many places tracts that formerly were flourishing beds of native oysters, have, by this means, been completely ravished of their inhabitants. As a rule, the natural oyster beds in the neighborhood of all large oyster centers have been so depleted that practically they have ceased to be beds, and after thus being despoiled have been claimed as vacant, or not natural oyster territory, staked in, and appropriated for planting purposes, since any land upon which a person cannot get enough oysters to constitute a good day's work is generally considered by the oystermen as not natural oyster territory, and can be claimed for planted beds by the first person who finds and wishes to hold it, and in very many, perhaps the majority of cases, these exhausted localities, which have been claimed and planted, are now highly productive properties. Just how much of the land along the north shore of the Sound, which was originally oyster-bearing territory, and which having been exhausted, is now "planted" property, it is impossible at the present time to say, but probably by far the larger portion of the land in the immediate vicinity of City Island which is now used as oyster producing territory, belongs to the class of exhausted, natural oyster lands. Not all of the exhausted land in this neighborhood, however, was depleted entirely by the working of the oystermen. Some has been the result of the increase of sediment and dirt in the water, such as the sewerage and refuse material floated from the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the dirt caused by the increased working along the shores, which, lodging upon the oysters, forms a slimy or dirty coating to the shells and upon which no young can then attach themselves. The annual supply thus being cut off it did not take long to use up the adult oysters and so depopulate the bed. The sediment, which was sufficient to prevent the attachment of the "spat" and thus eventually cause the extinction of the beds, was not, however, of sufficient amount to prevent these localities from being excellent planting grounds; indeed the sediment and mud may have improved them in this respect, and accordingly they are to-day in excellent condition and produce great numbers of fine oysters for our markets. The localities of these old natural oyster grounds are not the only locations where planted beds are now found around City Island, for a large part of the soft bottom, upon which no oysters ever grew naturally, or at least with rare exceptions, is now planted, and the growth in most cases is fully equal, and in many cases superior, to that upon the old natural ground. The reason for this is that the tides which serve to bring the sediment in abundance, also bring plenty of that kind of food which the oysters need for their growth, and undoubtedly more food is found when there is plenty of sediment than when the water is very clear. The oyster business as a whole is therefore much greater than it was years ago, and this has been brought about by the extension of the planted lands and at the expense of the natural beds. Fifty or sixty years ago efforts were made in these waters to increase the supply of oysters by planting shells for the spat to attach themselves to, and about the same time the first stakes were stuck in the East River to mark off a bed for the purposes of planting. These were probably the earliest attempts in this country in the direction of what has become, through the increased and still increasing demands of customers, a gigantic industry, that is, the increase, by means of cultivation, of the supplies to be obtained from the natural grounds. And with the increase in the planted areas came greater demands upon the natural beds for seed and the consequent depletion of many of them. Up to the present time most of the seed used at City Island has been obtained from the natural beds near at hand, but it is becoming necessary for the oystermen to go further and further away each year for the required material to replant their beds, and soon it will be necessary to adopt some more certain method for getting seed, over and above what can be obtained from the natural beds, than by throwing down old shells either upon the old beds or upon new territory where they may become buried in the mud. Further than this no systematic efforts have ever been made at City Island to collect the spat. But in this direction thousands of bushels of shells, since the initiative step was taken, have been thrown overboard here and in other sections of New York waters, sometimes with excellent results, sometimes with no results at all. The fact is, few of the oystermen make a study of their business, as most farmers do of the demands of their farms, so as to introduce any improvements in their methods of work, or so as to enable them to explain, with some sort of reason, why their efforts are not more successful than they often are. They are content to follow in the old rut until some one more enterprising than the rest shows them the value of a new road, when they eagerly "follow their leaders" where they can see "any money in it."

Complaint is made of the dumping of the garbage and city refuse along the Sound as far as Execution Light, Portchester and Rye Beach, and it is thought if this could be stopped and proper care could be taken for the removal of the excess of old shells, and the preventing of over-dredging by a close season, and perhaps by a limit to the number of oysters which any one person could take from the beds per day, there seems no good reason why this bed should not be a fine source of supply, for the planted beds, at least, for years to come; but if it is not protected in some efficient manner, it hardly seems as if it could long be of any great value. Its location is entirely in its favor, and this is probably what has kept it in fair condition up to the present time. The oysters from the bed were mostly of fair size, but generally set in clusters much like the raccoon oysters of the South. Upon opening them they were found to be thin and watery and the flavor was not good, but as these oysters spawn very late, probably as late, if not later, than those of any other bed in New York waters, they would undoubtedly be of much better flavor, as well as in better condition, later in the year.

Most of the oysters in this part of the Sound and in the East River and the bays and inlets of the north shore of Long Island are not placed in fresh water to "tone down" their flavor. They are sometimes "drinked" in order to "fatten" them, but as a rule their flavor does not require that they should be freshened in order to suit the palates of the majority of those who consume these bivalves. Execution Light-House rock is worked by the oystermen from both sides of the Sound, and the oysters taken are either carried directly to market, or more commonly, planted in private beds for a short time, at least, before they are offered for sale. The number of oystermen who work here, and the number of oysters taken from this bed in the course of the year is large, but it would be difficult to make any definite estimate in either case from our present knowledge. On some of the shells taken from this bed there were a few "set," but it was too early to form any opinion as to what the set of the year might be. There were a few drills noticed among the oysters, and unquestionably the drills do a great deal of damage here, as well as on the other beds in the Sound, among the young "sets." No other enemies were found, although periwinkles are at times plenty, and star fishes are now and then very destructive, and more or less of them are gathered every season. The dredges used on this rock are large and weigh up to the limit allowed by law in the State.

The investigation, so far as it has now been carried on, has demonstrated beyond question that, with the exception of one section of our oyster territory, and in certain individual cases, the industry upon neither the natural nor the planted beds, is in as flourishing condition, or as well conducted as it should be, owing, in many cases, to bickerings and diverse workings among the local townspeople, and to a rather general effort or desire on the part of the oystermen to work more territory than can be well and systematically handled. Still, the investigation has also demonstrated that as a whole, the oyster industry, as carried on in the waters of our State, is of much greater scope than it was formerly, and is of constantly increasing importance, and that this extension of the boundaries of our oyster areas is due entirely to labor in the direction of private cultivation.

It is recommended that the Commissioner in charge of the Oyster Investigation be authorized to make a close season on the natural growth beds from the 15th day of July until the 1st day of October, of every year; to offer some reward for the capture of starfishes in quantities, and to be empowered with authority to compel the captains, or those in control of garbage boats, and of all other vessels, to comply with the laws in regard to dumping various commodities into our State waters, and some arrangement should be perfected with the New Jersey State authorities whereby the dumping of garbage, or the pouring of any deleterious substance into our State waters should be prevented, even to the absolute prohibition of the placing of any refuse material from any oil or sugar refinery into the waters at all. While the natural beds can thus be protected to a certain extent, that part of our oyster territory which is at present time occupied by private individuals for the purpose of cultivating oysters, and which has drawn so largely in the past and depends so much in the present upon our natural areas for its supplies, offers a somewhat perplexing problem for solution, since the requirements of the one are somewhat different from those of the other. There can be no question, however, but what every effort should be made to encourage and promote the oyster industry, as carried on by private enterprise, in the various sections of our State waters, but just what had better be done, is not so easy to determine.

The experiments in propagation were placed in charge of Prof. H. J. Rice, who established his headquarters on the grounds of the N. Y. Fish Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, where the facilities offered inducements. In his report to Commissioner Blackford Professor Rice says: "The State hatchery, which was formerly used as a mill, is located on the western side of the harbor, just south of the limits of the inner bay, and a short distance beyond the reach of the highest tides. It is admirably situated in every way for the purposes for which it is now employed. The hillside to the west and the surrounding land contain innumerable springs of clear, cold water, so that any desired number of fish ponds can be constructed with unfailing water supplies and the hatchery itself can be furnished to any desired extent from the same sources, consequently the producing power of the hatchery is only limited by the ability or desires of the Commissioners to make use of the facilities. Some of the State Fish Commissioners have long recognized the advantages offered by this locality, not only for the propagation of the fresh water fishes, but for the increase of those species found in the ocean, many of which have become quite scarce within the past decade or more upon many sections of our coast, and as it became more and more apparent that something ought to be done toward increasing the supply of salt water food fishes, and on account of the comparative ease with which the salt water from the inner bay could be intro-

duced into the hatchery at Cold Spring harbor, the Commissioners finally decided to add this branch of fishculture to those already in progress in the State, and in the fall of 1883 work was begun with this end in view. Two reservoirs were constructed; a large one, 115x215 feet in dimensions on the inner bay, and a small one about twenty feet square just above the hatchery. The large reservoir was surrounded on the water side by a solid stone wall backed by sand and gravel, and was so arranged with flood gates that the sea water at flood tide could enter and fill the reservoir to the depth of the rise of tide, about nine feet, but could escape only by means of a pipe which was laid from the reservoir to a well near the hatchery, from whence it was drawn by means of a small hot-air engine and forced into the small reservoir. From this small reservoir it could be drawn at pleasure for use in the hatchery. The water thus obtained was of a density of 1,020, and in order to take advantage of this supply for our experiments, it was decided to construct two receptacles, one a wooden tank, to be placed close to the hatchery and to receive the water direct from the small reservoir already mentioned, and one a small pond, to be dug out of the marsh at a short distance northeast of the hatchery and within high-water limits. This pond was to be so arranged that it could receive not only the outflow from the hatchery and tank, but be supplied with fresh sea water at each flood. Work was begun on them early in July, but owing to the difficulty of getting help and to the necessity of raising and strengthening the wall of the large salt water storage reservoir before it could be used, we were not able to begin our experiments until Aug. 12, or after the better portion of the breeding season had passed, and even then I was able to use only the tank, owing to the difficulties met with in constructing the small pond. The tank, which was placed on a firm foundation close to the south side of the hatchery, was twelve feet long, six feet wide and three feet deep. It was made of thoroughly seasoned two-inch pine plank, rabbeted and nailed together, with the joints set in white lead and battened upon the inside, and it was firmly yoked together with two strong frames which were placed around it at one-third the distance from either end. The top was open and the inside and outside were coated with three layers of coal tar, which I found to be very good to protect the wood of the tank from the effects of the water, but it should not have been used, as it caused the wood to absorb entirely too much heat, and in this manner very seriously affect the temperature of the water upon the inside, and to obviate this it became necessary to sheath the tank with a covering of undressed lumber and also to build a rude roof above it."

Shells were suspended on strings in the tank, and the eggs were first placed in it on Aug. 13, with the thermometer at 67 deg. in the morning. Two days later it was 74, but difficulty was experienced in keeping an even temperature, and while the eggs hatched the embryos did not live. Sediment came in the pipes, and it was decided to build a small pond twenty-five feet square in the meadow. Here fresh-water springs were struck, and the work was delayed until the spawning season was about over.

He further says: "Everything seemed unfavorable to success; we did not commence work until the breeding season was nearly over and it was difficult to get spawn; the weather was bad, with irregular and generally low temperature; and then the leaking from the marsh into the pipe capped the climax. But I do not think that the lack of success was of such a character as to discourage us from trying again. It would seem as if the experience gained this season would enable us perhaps to be successful the next time, provided we commence early enough to have everything in readiness for work during the spawning season. And I would advise that an experimental pond, upon a larger scale than that of the past season, be made down near the large salt-water reservoir, and that the water be used directly from the reservoir, instead of after having passed through the pipe connecting the reservoir with the hatchery. This will enable us to get rid of all leakage from the marsh as well as dispense with the use of the engine, and we can obtain plenty of water to enable us to obtain an even temperature for our young oysters. Three things appear to be indispensable to successful oyster breeding, a moderately high and even temperature and clear water, and it can hardly be doubted that the varying set that takes place along our shores during the different seasons is due, in a very large degree, to variations in these three particulars."

The report is a valuable contribution to our oyster literature, and the chapter on the "Natural History" and "Habits of the Oyster," as well as the plates, makes it exceedingly interesting.

CANADIAN FISHCULTURE.

WE have supplement No. 2 to the first annual report of the Department of Fisheries, containing the Superintendent's report on fish breeding in the Dominion of Canada for 1884. There are now twelve establishments for the propagation of fish by artificial methods in operation in the several Provinces of the Dominion. There were not as many eggs taken as in 1883, because of the less number of parent salmon captured. The number of fry bred at the different hatcheries was:

Sydney, Cape Breton, salmon	1,000,000
Bedford, Nova Scotia, salmon	1,000,000
Dunk River, Prince Edward's Island, salmon	1,000,000
St. John, New Brunswick, salmon	811,000
Mirimichi, New Brunswick, salmon	795,000
Restigouche, Quebec, salmon	940,000
Gaspé, Quebec, salmon	859,000
Tadoussac, Quebec, salmon	985,000
Magog, Quebec, lake trout	100,000
Newcastle, Ontario, lake trout	5,150,000
Newcastle, Ontario, brook trout	50,000
Newcastle, Ontario, whitefish	3,500,000
Newcastle, Ontario, black bass	100,000
Sandwich, Ontario, whitefish	27,000,000
Sandwich, Ontario, pickerel	10,000,000
Total of all kinds	53,143,000

The "pickerel" referred to is the doré or pike-perch, *Stizostedium*.

The new hatchery on the Frazer River, British Columbia, built by Mr. Thomas Mowat, in 1883, gives promise of being of great value. The quinnat and suckeye salmons have been bred there to the extent of 3,000,000. Reports from all the hatcheries are given in detail and a colored map giving the position of hatcheries, places where fry were deposited, etc., accompanies the report.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. B. W., New York.—You will find there, in season, bay birds and ducks.

A. M.—Please tell me what bird the blue chableur is? A gentleman in England has asked me to send him a few skins for feathers for salmon flies. Is the bird the American jay? Ans. Probably the blue jay (*Cyanurus cristatus*) is meant.

W. L. A.—Can you or some of your subscribers inform me how to catch crayfish? There are enough of them around here, and I wish to get some for bass bait, but don't know how to catch them. Ans. Crayfish are usually taken in pots like lobster pots. They are made of wicker with a funnel opening and baited. Nail kegs with a funnel of stocking leg have been used.

EAGLE, Missoula, M. T.—1. I contend that the eagles in this Territory feed upon dead horses, cattle, etc., when pressed by hunger. A friend of mine thinks that the eagle will not eat anything except what he kills. 2. What is the proper name of our Rocky Mountain eagle locally called black eagle? Ans. 1. Your friend is quite wrong and you are right. 2. *Aquila chrysaetus*, the golden eagle. The bald eagle occurs in the Rocky Mountains in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone Lake or indeed may be found near any very large body of water, but the common eagle of the mountains is the golden eagle.

R. O. A., New York.—Is it lawful under the recently enacted game laws of this State to keep brook trout under six inches in length, and if unlawful, does the act apply to Queens and Suffolk counties? Ans. It is unlawful to keep or kill brook trout under six inches long anywhere in the State. The exemption of Queens and Suffolk counties only applies to the date of capture. See law published in full in our issue of April 23.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association, John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2450.**

CONCERNING DOGS AND RECORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pray do not head this letter "The Pittsburgh Piece of Paper," and please grant me a new lease of life, that I may settle up monthly accounts. My last contribution to your esteemed columns contained so many stinging facts that Mr. Mortimer required several weeks to dodge them, but I see he puts in the old plea—"busy." It takes about as long to produce a Mortimer letter as it does to erect a Bartholdi pedestal, and when the work is completed there are indications that the "committee" have had a hand in the generous enterprise. The six feet and four inches long owner of a rather good-looking bullterrier has just called upon me, and wishes me to say that in his opinion Mr. Mortimer's latest per-"version" is a Baby-long production, "crooked fore and aft." In remaining silent for a while I hoped that my friends would gather up the fragments of their not very sweet tempers. The calendar is so full of errors, and savors so much of blackguardism that I should have been justified in discarding it, but "peace at any price" never was my policy. A clear statement of facts is what dog lovers need, and those who cannot face the music should step down and out.

Why does the owner of Rory O'More try to ape that funny fellow "Lillibulero?" Imitations are not desirable, so let the witty Irishman hatch his own little jokes, and patent them as well, if he thinks fit. All of us cannot be "Lillibuleros" and "Porcupines," neither can the ignorant rise to the level of the educated. Blackguards are so numerous, and are so frequently dubbed gentlemen (?) that "Lillibulero" thinks it best to give gentleman a distinguishing name, and he fixes upon "man" as the nearest approach to "gentleman." The great judge of mastiffs struck a sweet chord and one that is certain to be resounded. The mistake of Rory O'More's master was in not advising the public before he stepped into "Lillibulero's" boat, which, by the way, is only big enough for one. Several uninitiated persons jumped at the conclusion that the Albany writer was in earnest when he said a "pop bottle" is a scholar and a rogue is a gentleman. If the individual with two skulls only had known what the Rory O'More boomer said about him at the Boston show, he never would have allowed him to join the shattered ranks of the aristocratic and gallant "Kill Mason" regiment. Neither would the Albany man have been allowed a seat in the syn—agogue had the gentleman with two skulls heard his not very complimentary remarks about the chaplain of the regiment—the Bishop of Canterbury (Conn.). Duplicity, the Rory O'More man should be told, is no sign of good breeding, and *bon sang ne peut mentir*. The gentleman says he has made Irish setters a specialty; how would it be to sell out and make good manners a specialty. They would stand him in better stead than a thousand little Rory O'Mores. He made his debut in 1877, and since then he has bred Rory O'More II., the fortunate recipient of undeserved honors at the last New York show. What a record! In a recent letter to a Western paper he said he never heard of me as an owner of dogs "outside of the pointer, which, with one or two other breeds of non-sporting dogs alone, seemed to be his [my] specialty." Does he think I owned any dogs inside the pointer, and does he firmly believe that the pointer is a non-sporting dog? The record proves that I owned and exhibited Irish and other setters before the Albany novice made his debut, and that I have won a special prize "for the best sporting dog in the show" (with an Irish setter), before ever this new light was heard of in connection with dogs. Yes, he is a great man, a genius, and I hope "wont lose his reputation by dying."

I cannot please my friends, they ask too much of me. Mr. Mortimer is not satisfied when I judge for him, and allow him to take not only the honor and the glory, but the pay as well; whereas the man with two skulls goes into mourning because I refuse to write prejudiced reports for his paper—"keep it quiet"—and establish a reputation for an individual whose ignorance is equalled only by his roguery. Will the gentlemen please find another tutor? My engagement with them is cancelled.

It was cunning of Messrs. Mortimer & Co. to try to convince the readers of this paper that I never have won first prizes with pointers of my own breeding. That position was not tenable, and so Mr. Mortimer qualified the falsehood by adding, "mentioned in the E. K. C. S. B." A smart attempt to mislead the public, and it is not the first time Mr. Mortimer has tried the experiment. Why didn't he say "mentioned in the N. A. K. C. S. B."? When I exposed Mr. Mortimer's record (?), proved that the business he was engaged in when he was in England prevented him keeping dogs, challenged him to show that he ever bred, owned, or exhibited a decent specimen in this country, and gave his complete list of winnings, *i. e.*, fifteen prizes won with fifth-rate bulldogs and bullterriers, he replied as follows: "Dalziel says in his notes on 'Judges, Their Election,' 'There is a rather broad-spread opinon that to be a good judge a man must have been a successful breeder. The experience gained by breeding may be beneficial or prejudicial, but it can never make a man a judge.'" Dalziel's opinion was very weighty when Mr. Mortimer hoped that by quoting it he might get James Mortimer out of a corner. How does Mr. Mortimer reconcile that argument with his statement that I am not a judge because (in his opinion) I have only bred two good dogs? Mortimer-like, isn't it? He continues: "I will wager that I am correct in stating that first prize at Birmingham with Viscount, and first prize at Belfast with Lady Godiva were the only first prizes mentioned in the E. K. C. S. B. that Mr. Mason ever won with pointers which he had himself bred; that is to say, from 1872 to 1881 he succeeded in breeding one dog, with which he won one first prize at Birmingham, and one with which he won one first prize at Belfast." What has become of the dogs exhibited by other persons, but which were bred by me? Tricky, isn't it? If Mr. Mortimer will consult the blue book at Babylon he will find that very few shows were registered in the stud books between the years 1872 and 1881, for the very simple reason that few shows adopted the K. C. rules, and the club only admitted such shows as did. I will explain this for Mr. Mortimer's benefit. The "Book of the Dog" says: "Amongst older breeders the names of Mr. T. Statter, Mr. C. H. Mason, Lord Sefton, Lord Downe and Mr. Garth, Q. C., appear most prominently, and their blood is eagerly treasured by breeders." How many first prize winners which they had themselves bred were registered in the stud books between the years 1872 and 1881? T. Statter, 1; C. H. Mason, 2; Lord Sefton, 0; Lord Downe, 0; Garth, 0. If Mr. Mortimer's argument is worth anything C. H. Mason is the best judge of the lot. Will Mr. Mortimer be good enough to display his ability in another direction? When I require his assistance he shall hear from me. If a man wants to secure an able defense he should persuade the plaintiff to engage Mr. James Mortimer and the Bishop of Canterbury. If he can do that he will get a verdict with costs.

Mr. Mortimer accuses me of not confining myself to the "subject matter under discussion." What next? When I placed Mr. Mortimer's record in the hands of the public what did he do? Dodged my questions and invited me to discuss "Buddensiek buildings," "bar-tenders," "raffles," "stud books," "damaged garments," "mice," etc. All of my questions were relevant. Mr. Mortimer denied my having judged more than two dogs for him at Pittsburgh, but admitted that "he forgot all about it," consequently I challenged him to deny that I judged certain dogs for him at the Chicago show of 1883. My object in doing so is apparent. Mr. Mortimer dodges the question and creeps behind the statement that "he [myself] does not know how to conduct a controversy in a temperate and gentlemanly manner." Had Mr. Mortimer denied my having judged certain dogs for him at Chicago I would have produced a live witness in support of the assertion that I did. I might have asked Mr. Mortimer if he is acquainted with the individual who called upon me (shortly after my arrival in this country) and said, "Let's see the bulldogs and Young Bill, I know nothing about the others." Mr. Mortimer might also have been requested to furnish particulars as to the name and residence of the person who not very long ago (within the last four years) used to send dogs in a hamper to a man to find out "which is the best and what are they worth?" No wonder when Mr. Mortimer sees a short-faced spaniel he thinks its skull has been smashed in with a "mallet" upon the anvil of some little London smithy. What is the use of showing good dogs? Mr. Barlow is right in refusing to serve on a committee of which Mr. Mortimer is a member.

This is how Mr. Mortimer demonstrates that "I don't know how to conduct a controversy in a 'temperate' manner," and that he does know: "Mr. Mason thanks me, and hugs the delusion to his breast, that I have, as he has heard, told people that he was 'much the best judge in America.'" What I really did write is, "Mr. Mortimer has never been asked to consider me a judge, but I thank him for having told people that 'Mason is much the best judge in America.' What a splendid indorsement! But how does Mr. Mortimer know when a man is or is not a judge?" Really, I fail to see any hugging about that. Perhaps it is hugging *à la* Babylon. Temperate, very temperate. Mr. Mason does not know how to conduct a controversy in a "gentlemanly manner," but Mr. James Mortimer does, and this is how he proves it: "Mr. Mason refuses to discuss either 'tumble-down liquor or bartenders,' whatever that may mean." This is what I wrote: "Mr. Mortimer will please pardon me for refusing to discuss either tumble-down buildings, liquor or bar-tenders." Mr. Mortimer's experience with such things, extending over a number of years, gives him a decided advantage over an opponent, and I never undertake to write on subjects I am not familiar with. How would it be for Mr. James Mortimer to adopt a similar resolution?" Gentlemen do not resort to trickery and falsehood, and as a rule are sufficiently well educated not to misquote. When a gentleman joins in a controversy he retires therefrom precisely as he entered—a gentleman. With just enough of learning to misquote, Mr. Mortimer can scarcely be considered a success in his new role of exponent of etiquette.

Now for Mr. Mortimer's Chicago questions, that is to say, "pertinent" questions. He asks who, when I "prated" about the wrongful entry of Meteor and Vanity, was the owner of Princess Phœbus. I will tell him who was not the owner—the judge; and further, that she was entered in strict accordance with the rules of the show. Had she not been I would have referred Mr. Mortimer to Rule 12 (old style). Mr. Mortimer's vicious insinuation that I gave the greyhound Friday Night a spurious pedigree would be treated with the contempt it deserves, had I not undertaken to meet all charges from Babylon. Friday Night was sold to me by Mr. Lancaster, of this city, who gave me the following pedigree: "Friday Night is brother to Saturday Night; sire, Master's Prince; dam, Sally." It is easy to see that either Mr. Lancaster or somebody else fell into an unaccountable blunder. Saturday Night is by Master's Sam out of Polly, and therefore is a better bred dog than if he had been by Prince out of Sally. Would any sane person intentionally give a dog a worse pedigree than it really had? What object could Mr. Lancaster have in giving Friday Night a false pedigree, when he sold the dog as the "brother to Saturday Night"? Does Mr. James Mortimer think that because dogs are brothers they have different pedigrees, or what in the name of common sense is he driving at?

Mr. Mortimer's next question is, "who is the real—but hold up, I have resolved not to do this." Did man ever hear of a more sneakish, contemptible, mean, ungentlemanly piece of work than this? It has only been equaled by the fellow who, when he found he could not "kill Mason," went home to write my dogs down, and by the scoundrel who suggested "throwing poison to the dogs." Who is the real owner of Rockingham? That is what Mr. Mortimer did not care to ask because he thought that his cowardly insinuation imputed fraud. Gentlemanly, isn't it? The reason why Rockingham has been written down in a Western paper is because the Bishop of Canterbury thinks "the dog belongs to Mason." The report was circulated at New Haven for a joke, the bishop got hold of it and all of your readers have heard of the resolution that was passed several months ago, *i. e.*, "Seeing we cannot 'kill Mason, Watson and Davidson,' we will go for their dogs." Poor Rockingham! a worthless-looking cur, because a disreputable character thinks "the dog belongs to Mason." Mr. Mortimer's other questions were so well answered by "Porcupine" in the *Sporting Life* of June 24, that I will simply quote them here. The prickly-backed tyke has already accused me of stealing his points, and I don't want him slinging his quills at me. I know two men in Chicago who have been wearing heavy overcoats all through the spring, and yet there isn't an inch of their bodies that isn't tattooed by the quills of "Mr. Lillibulero Porcupine."

To show a few of the fatal blunders Mortimer's blind egotism leads him into, let us see what he says about Mr. Mason's knowledge of dogs: "My confidence in his capabilities as a judge of dogs has been rudely shaken by more recent developments, notably by his claiming worthless dogs at catalogue prices, by some of his awards at the Washington show in 1883, and more particularly by the absurd fact of his competing with the mastiff Nevison against Bonivard for the special prize for best non-sporting dog at the New Haven show 1884." In the first place he calls these "more recent developments." Mr Mason arrived here in the spring of 1881, judged at London, Ont., in October of that year, and there claimed a first prize winning pointer at $100, refusing a large bonus to be off the trade; at New York the following May, 1882, he claimed Jester, the English

setter, at $100 *before the dogs were judged*, and after Jester got first prize, one of Mr. Mortimer's present employes bought and paid for the dog, doing Mr. Mason out of the purchase. The latter was going to make trouble, but on having an opportunity to examine the dog and see his pig jaw he wisely drew out and left the field and the dog to Mr. Wright. The last of these two claims at catalogue price was made over three years ago. A year later Mr. Mason judged at Washington show and Mortimer vaguely says some of his awards were bad. The fact is he didn't know enough about dogs then to tell whether awards were right or wrong except in bull-terrier and bull-dog classes, and Mr. Mason did not judge these. Notwithstanding these rude shocks to Mr. Mortimer's belief in Mr. Mason's ability and knowledge, some two months later he asked Mr. Mason to tell him how he was to place the black and tan terriers at Pittsburg. Queer that such a shocking bad judge should be appealed to by know-every-breed Mortimer to tell how to place Vortigern and Reveller. The last stipulation deserves to be set out by itself. The crowning absurdity which caused Mortimer to cease believing further in his teacher, was the latter's showing Nevison against Bonivard for a special. Now for the facts. Mortimer, judging at Pittsburg, put Nevison ahead of all mastiffs there, including Creole. Mr. Watson followed that up by giving him the special at New York. Then at New Haven, at the show referred to, Mr. Mortimer gave Nevison the special for the best mastiff in the show, beating Hero II. It is somewhat singular that Nevison has never yet been beaten, and certainly was in 1884, if not now, the best mastiff in the country. On the other hand, we find Mr. Mortimer putting Bonivard behind Duke of Leeds a month after the New Haven show, thus displaying not only his ignorance of St. Bernard type, but showing that, in his opinion, Bonivard was not the best St. Bernard, while at the same time his opinion that Nevison was the best mastiff still held good. Even if it had been absurd to show Nevison against Bonivard, Mr. Mason knew who he was showing under, but Mr. Mortimer doesn't note that point.

This is the last letter I shall write in a controversy which, although very distasteful to me, was absolutely necessary. A thorough exposure has been made and honest owners of dogs will be immensely benefitted thereby. No "fly on the wheel" can run the machine now, and unless dog lovers allow themselves to be fooled over the standards question, there is smooth sailing ahead. CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, June 29.

SALE OF SPORTING DOGS AT ALDRIDGE'S.—Yesterday (June 12) several important lots of pointers, setters and other sporting dogs were offered for sale by Messrs. Freeman. There was a large attendance, and the prices must, in almost all cases, be deemed highly satisfactory to the venders. Pointers and setters, the property of the late Earl of Wilton, were first under the hammer, and Nog, a five-year-old liver and white pointer, sold well at 17gs.; his sister Doll went for 13gs.; Bloom, 13gs.; Bloss, 18½gs.; Brag, 14gs.; Wag, 20gs.; Tramp, 27gs.; Romp, 34gs.; Fop, 23gs.; Foam, 30gs.; Sir Garnet, 17gs.; Nora, 15½gs.; Grouse, 18gs.; Garland, 30gs.; Juno and Don, 14½gs. and 23gs. respectively. The setters from the same kennel sold quite as well. Marvel, a black, white and tan bitch, reached the top figure of 32gs.; six others brought 83gs. Col. Legh's pointers have a considerable reputation, still the three brace offered went within their value at a trifle less than 80gs. Don XI., a liver and white dog, three and a half years old, of Mr. Lloyd Price's strain, at 18gs., having the honor of the highest figures. Maharajah Dhuleep Sing secured a brace and a half of spaniels for 15gs., and a Skye terrier bitch puppy, by Kingston Roy, was well sold for 10gs. Col. Starkie's pointers changed hands as follows: Beau II., 17gs.; Brace, 18gs. Setters: Jezabel, 11gs.; Niobe, 15gs.; Prince 27gs.; Placid, 18gs.; Rue, 48gs.; Dash II, 10gs.; and a brace of lemon and whites, by Llewellyn's Random from Yate's Venus, brought 40gs. Eleven pointers from Lord Sefton's brought 123gs.; 21gs. for Joy, by Don—Jilt, the most valuable animal. A retrieving spaniel from Sir Philip Egerton's sold for 11gs., and a brace and a half of pointers from the same realized 26gs. Several fair setters, the property of Mr. W. F. Baily, sold for from 25gs. for Velvet, 20gs. for Violet by Emperor Fred, to 5½gs. for Vic, a little red bitch, six brace of dogs from this kennel realizing 115gs.—*London Field.*

JUDGES FOR THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—Cincinnati, O., June 23, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following named gentlemen have accepted invication of the National Field Trial Club to judge at its trials to be held at Grand Junction, Tenn., commencing December 7, 1885: J. H. Dew, of Columbia, Tenn.; F. I. Stone, Chattanooga, Tenn., and E. F. Stoddard, of Dayton, Ohio, will judge in the All-Age Stake. Mr. E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo., will judge with Messrs. Dew and Stone in the Derby, Mr. Stoddard declining to judge in the Derby on account of having entries in that stake.—W. B. SHATTUC, President N. F. T. Club.

DACHSHUNDE AT CHICAGO SHOW.—Preston, Minn., June 22, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through mistake of the printer the pedigree of my five-year-old dachshund bitch Gretchen, winner of first at Chicago, 1885, was given wrong in their catalogue, and consequently in your report of the show. I entered Gretchen: First, Cleveland, 1882; first, Chicago, 1883; by Unser Fritz (first, Philadelphia, 1876; first, Baltimore, 1877; first, Philadelphia, 1879) ex Waldine (first, St. Louis, 1880). The printer left names of sire and dam out, and credited Gretchen with prizes won long before she was whelped.—Wm. LOEFFLER.

BONE AND SUBSTANCE.—A subscriber wishes to know what the expression "lacking in bone and substance" means when applied to a pointer or setter. It means precisely what it says, and is intended to carry the idea that the animal so spoken of has not bone and muscle enough to carry him through a long and hard campaign.

THE COLLIE CLUB.—Cleveland, O., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am willing to join and advance the interests of a Collie Club by every means in my power.—C. VAN W. FISH.... ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please record me as in favor of the establishment of a Collie Club.—J. A. LONG.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—We are advised of the following mistakes in date of birth of entries for the Eastern Field Trials Derby. Blue Specks, March 28, should read April 3. Happy Medium and Huguenot are of one litter and were whelped July 28.

EASTERN FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—The Eastern Field Trials Club have appointed as judges at their trials next November, Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, Ind., and J. M. Hunter, New York. We hope to be able to announce the third judge next week.

BEAUFORT AND BRADFORD.—Mr. C. H. Mason has placed his brace of pointers, Beaufort and Bradford, in the hands of Tallman, who will run them at the field trials next fall.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Snow. By G. N. Leavens, Belleville, Ont., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1883, by Bramble (Rover III.—Fern) out of Nell.

Traddles, Tempest, Tony and Tiny. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for pugs, three dogs and one bitch, whelped June 21, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Lady Flossie (A.K.R. 1446).

Lars. Lodi, Lehman, Leopold, Luck and Lerna. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for St. Bernards, five dogs and one bitch, whelped June 16, 1885, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Brunhild (A.K.R. 28).

Rockingham II., Count Rockingham, Prince Rockingham and York. By Frank Windholz, New York, for blue belton English setter dogs, whelped May 8, 1885, by Rockingham (Belthus—Bess) out of Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287).

Rosalind. By Frank Windholz, New York, for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped May 8, 1885, by Rockingham (Belthus—Bess) out of Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287).

Topsy Obo. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Gem (A.K.R. 1312).

Marion. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for black and white spaniel bitch, whelped March, 1881, by Bragg out of Princess.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Flake—Cashier. John J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Flake (Druid—Swaze) to Cashier (Dash III.—Opal), June 16.

Lulu III.—Brish. John J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lulu III. (Glencho—Lulu II.), to Brush, June 20.

Dashing Jest—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), June 25.

Nun—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Nun (A.K.R. 24) to their champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23), June 21.

Polly—Knickerbocker. Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Polly (Beaufort—Nymph) to their champion Knickerbocker, May 12.

Nellie Bird—Don. Jos. R. Trissler's (Lancaster, Pa.) pointer bitch Nellie Bird (Harry—Nell) to R. T. Vandevort's Don (A.K.R. 165), June 20.

Flora—Rob Roy. S. H. Hewlett's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Flora (Bruce—Nelly) to J. A. Long's Rob Roy (A.K.R. 334), May 29.

Cassandra T.—Cashier. John J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Cassandra T. (A.K.R. 943) to Cashier (Dash III.—Opal), May 25.

Mignon—Kidlewink. Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Mignon (A.K.R. 1002) to their Kidlewink (A.K.R. 997), June 20.

Newton Abbot Lady—Black Prince. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) field spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend 'Or—Ladybird) to his Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), May 9.

Queen—Black Prince. Fred Smith's (Jersey City, N. J.) spaniel bitch Queen (Charley—Powder) to A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), March 31.

Mignon—Black Prince. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Marion (Bragg—Princess) to his Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), May 21.

Suwanee—Sport. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Suwanee (A.K.R. 658) to Sport (Jet—Daisy), May 11.

Sheila—Duke of Leeds. K. E. Kopf's (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 796) to E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535), May 26.

Beauty—Brier. E. L. Bailey's (Pittsfield, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1896) to his Brier (A.K.R. 1898), April 25

Princess Ida—Guillermo. Thos. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Princess Ida (Byron II.—Rhodora) to his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671), June 6.

Lillie Langtry—Guillermo. Thos. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Lillie Langtry (Jack—Venus) to his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671), June 2.

Brownie—Bang. Geo. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Brownie (Don—Maud S.) to Geo. S. Tucker's imported Bang.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Jilt. Neversink Lodge Kennels' (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Jilt (Croxteth—Lass), June 5, six (three dogs), by F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tory—Moonstone).

Romp. Neversink Lodge Kennels' (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Romp (Croxteth—Lass), June 26, nine (all dogs), by their Drake (Croxteth—Lass).

Midget. J. C. Vail's (Warwick, N. Y.) pointer bitch Midget (A.K.R. 768), June 24, nine (two dogs), by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane).

Beauty. Gate City Kennels' (Atlanta, Ga.) spaniel bitch Beauty (Diver II.—Topsy), June 10, six (four dogs), by their Flush.

Gretchen. Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gretchen (A.K.R. 996), May 5, six (four dogs), by their Kidlewink (A.K.R. 997).

Brunhild. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Brunhild (A.K.R. 28), June 16, eight (five dogs), by their champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

Lady Flossie. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) Lady Flossie (A.K.R. 1446), June 21, four (three dogs), by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Flirt. Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Flirt (A.K.R. 1348), May 31, fifteen (nine dogs), by J. Swaine's Rush III. (A.K.R. 402).

Lady Isabel. Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461), June 1, seven (three dogs), by their champion Knickerbocker.

Zoe. E. M. Crouch's (Thomaston, Conn.) pointer bitch Zoe (A.K.R. 1444), June 22, ten (six dogs), by his Trim (Sprague's Morn—White's Grace).

Juno. Geo Langran's (Yonkers, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Juno (Berry—Tilley), June 12, two (one dog), by champion Glencho.

Daisy Murdock. Dr. G. P. Rasbach's (Mohawk, N. Y.) pointer bitch Daisy Murdock (A.K.R. 1782), June 17, six (five dogs), by Jimmie (A.K.R. 1589); color, orange and white and liver and white.

Gem. Geo. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gem (A.K.R. 1312), June 19, six (five dogs), by Mrs. G. A. Warren's Ebony (Obo II.—Lofty); four black and two liver.

Nellie Nell. Julius Fehr's spaniel bitch Nellie Nell, Jan. 1, five (three dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); three black and two liver.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trinket. Pug bitch, whelped April 5, 1885 (Young Toby—Tantrums), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.

Chirp—Gretchen whelp. Black and white ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1884, by Mignon Spaniel Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to R. K. Winslow, Cleveland, O.

Linda. Tawny, with white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 5, 1885 (Hermit—Sombre), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. H. Spring, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Kalmia. Brindle and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1884 (Hermit—Alma), by W. W. Tucker, New York, to C. E. Tobey, Eau Claire, Wis.

Bismark, Jr. Liver and white English setter dog, whelped March 10, 1884 (Ponto, A.K.R. 714—Lady Snow, A.K.R. 710), by Z. T. Mumma, Bluffton, O., to E. E. Mumma, Van Lue, O.

Triamond. Pug dog, whelped April 5, 1885 (Young Toby—Tantrums), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Mrs. C. S. Marshall, North Leominster, Mass.

Kidlewink (A.K.R. 997)—Gretchen (A.K.R. 996) whelps. Cocker spaniel dogs, whelped May 5, 1885, by Mignon Spaniel Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., a black and white to A. M. Clarke, Rochester, N. Y., and George Furness, Auburn, N. Y., and a liver to J. Grossman, Cortland, N. Y.

Lady Knickerbocker. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 24, 1885 (Knickerbocker—Birdie) by Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Geo. W. Wade, New York.

Mirth Elgin. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1884 (Zanzibar—May Elgin), by H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., to E. B. Convers, Englewood, N. J.

Dashwood (A.K.R. 2049)—Nell whelps. Black and white English setter dogs (three), whelped April 30, 1885, by Diamond State Kennels, St. George's, Del., to Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa.

Topsy Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1884 (Obo II.—Gem), by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Miss Kate M. Galoin, Waltham, Mass.

Rockingham II. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 8, 1885 (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus), by F. Windholz, New York, to L. E. Wills, Lehighton, Pa.

Rosalind. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped May 8, 1885 (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus), by F. Windholz, New York, to Wm. Brooks, same place.

Count Rockingham. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 8, 1885 (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus), by F. Windholz, New York, to H. C. Glover, same place, and resold by him to E. Matheson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prince Rockingham. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 8, 1885 (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus), by F. Windholz, New York, to H. C. Glover, same place, and resold by him to E. Matheson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fuerst. Black and tan dachshund dog, age not given (Waldman II.—Congo), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to J. A. Krentzlin, Columbia, S. C.

Dove. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped April 21, 1885 (Bergmann—Liana), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to J. A. Krentzlin, Columbia, S. C.

York. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 8, 1885 (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus), by F. Windholz, New York, to Dr. Chas. E. Stanley, Middletown, Conn.

Flora II. Red dachshund bitch, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to G. Utz, Boston, Mass.

Hero. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped March 14, 1885 Waldmann II.—Babette), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to H. W. Blattmacher, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Louise. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to H. W. Blattmacher, Brooklyn, N. Y.

George. Red dachshund dog, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to H. Rose, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mina. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to H. Rose, Philadelphia, Pa.

Custer. Chestnut and tan dachshund dog, whelped March 14, 1885 (Waldmann—Babette), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to G. Braun, Ashland, Wis.

Rebel Red dachshund dog, whelped March 14, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Babette), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to F. Fingerling, New York.

Wodan. Red dachshund dog, whelped April 21, 1885 (Bergmann—Diana), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to J. P. Schaefer, Canal Fulton, O.

Apollo. Black and tan dachshund dog, age not given (Waldmann II.—Congo), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to J. P. Schaefer, Canal Fulton, O.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Gem (A.K.R. 1312) whelps. Black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped Nov. 17, 1884, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., one to W. H. Bragdon, South Boston, Mass., and one to Master Rufus Warren, Waltham, Mass.

Black Prince—Suwanee whelp. Chestnut spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 19, 1884, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to C. V. V. Sewell, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Gust. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to G. Utz, Boston, Mass.

Donald. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 5, 1884 (Zanzibar—Lill), by H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., to LeRoy B. Haff, Englewood, N. J.

Ned. Cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 17, 1885 (Obo II.—Smut), by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass, to Fay & Baxter, Malden, Mass.

Sophronia. Cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1885 (Obo II. —Smut), by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to Fay & Baxter, Malden, Mass.

Sheila. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 796), by Alpine Kennels, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to K. E. Hopf, Newark, N. J.

Lady Buffo. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 22, 1885 (Duke Gladstone—Luna), by Henderson & Mason, Jacksonville, Ill., to Dr. A. D. Taylor, Williamsville, Ill.

Norma. Gordon setter bitch, whelped June, 1884 (Blossom—Bessie B.), by H. Schlichte, Morrisania, N. Y., to Dr. Franz Heuel, New York.

Maud S. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped April 2, 1885 (Puck—Zelpha), by H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Snow. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1883, by Bramble (Rover III.—Fern) out of Nell, by G. N Leavens, Belleville, Ont., from the kennel of J. Farrow, Ipswich, Eng.; she is in whelp to champion Obo.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

White Princess. Bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 2202), owned by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

X., Girard Manor.—To cure the puppy of worms, feed plenty of sour milk.

C. D., City.—I have a black and tan setter, about five years old, I notice that she is losing her hair off her tail. Is there anything that I could get or make that would make the hair come on again. I know it is not the mange, and she has always a good appetite. Ans. It is impossible from your very vague description to tell the cause of rouble. You must give more details.

J. S. H., Montauk Point, L. I.—We have a collie who seems to have a disease on his back. The skin seems to come off in scales and he is scratching it all the time, he had it all last summer. Can you tell me of anything that will stop it? Ans. Wash the parts once each day with carbolic soap and then, after drying, rub in with the hand the ointment of the oxide of zinc. If this does not cure him in three weeks give him three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic daily in his food, increase the dose one drop daily to eight drops and then decrease to three and stop Keep up the local applications all the time and see that the bowels are in order.

D. J. G., Flint, Mich.—What is the matter with my setter pup, and what treatment will I pursue? His nose is hot and dry, his hair appears dead, and mucuous matter runs from his eyes. He is about seven months old. Do you know of any better work on the diseases of dogs and their treatment than the one by Ashmont? Ans. Your dog has the distemper. Give him three drops of the tincture of aconite root, and while the fever lasts repeat every two hours, give it in a teaspoonful of sweetened water. Be careful of the food. Give beef tea, milk and lime water, and feed often if the stomach is not weak. In great exhaustion you may give a teaspoonful of whisky every three or four hours. Ashmont's book is an excellent work, one of the best.

J. A. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—My setter bitch, ten months old, has but little strength. After half hour's lively run is exhausted, pants and blows painfully. Had the distemper very slightly. Appetite very good. Poor in flesh, otherwise appears healthy, lively and intelligent. Ans. The bitch is very likely suffering from anæmia or want of blood, or some of the necessary ingredients of the blood. This may be dependent upon the sexual organs, which are beginning to take on functional activity. Have a prescription made containing a half ounce each of tincture of nux vomica and tincture of the chloride of iron; one ounce of simple syrup and enough water to make a four ounce mixture. Of this give a teaspoonful three times daily. Keep the bowels regular with castor oil or syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses, and give but little meat, and that cooked and mixed with the other food.

W. W. P., Macon, Ga.—What would you do for a pointer five years old who shakes his head constantly and has a fit about every fifteen or twenty days during the hunting season. The paroxysm lasts for about fifteen minutes. I can find nothing like canker. He has had these fits for three years, but he only had two fits last season, about the first of November, but has had two in the last twenty days. I gave him each morning last summer a pill of asafetida. I think that the fits and shaking of the head are caused by the same thing, viz.: some brain affection. He is a noted performer in the field, and I would like to cure him. Ans. It seems as though your dog had canker or perhaps disease of the middle ear. You had better have an aurist or physician examine the ears carefully. The fits may be due to this trouble. They may be true epileptic attacks, or due to digestive troubles. We have seen them appear in an old dog at hunting season from excitement and also from feeding with raw meat when unused to such diet. The bowels should be kept freely open and the diet mild. Give the dog two grains of oxide of zinc in a pill hidden in a morsel of meat morning and evening, and continue until the fits disappear.

G. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—A mastiff dog is afflicted with diarrhœa. He has had it two months. At one time he was very much emaciated when kept on an exclusive diet of boiled rice, boiled milk and beef tea. Under this regimen he not only became very much reduced, but the diarrhœa became increased. I then changed him to boiled beef with a little rice and bones, on which he has been kept for about three weeks. He at once improved on this diet. His appetite is enormous. His spirits are good, and in other respects the dog seems well enough, except that the looseness of the bowels still continues more or less. Ans. Your dog suffers from gastro-intestinal catarrh. The causes are very numerous. It may be from some indigestible matter taken in or the remains of a distemper. The diet you give your dog is very good under the circumstances, and with some medication he should entirely recover. The disease has become chronic, and it will take some time to bring him around. Have a dozen powders made, each powder to contain one-half a grain of powdered opium, five grains of powdered camphor and ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth. Give one powder morning and evening. Give little or no solid food. A little finely minced raw beef might be given each day, and if difficulty is found in administering the medicine, you may mix it morning and evening in a little of the minced meat. The stomach and intestines need rest, and fluid diet will accomplish

this end. Milk with lime water, beef tea with rice and such foods are best.

H. T. M., Quebec, Can.—My dog, a collie, four years old, had an attack of laryngitis a year ago this spring. I blistered his throat without much effect, but got him over it by applying hot linseed meal poultices to throat for three or four hours, and giving aconite and the cough ceased. He has coughed more or less since then, the cough generally ending with a gag. This spring he has had what seemed a combined attack of laryngitis and influenza. Treated him with the hot linseed, administering aconite and arsenicum. He has never fairly shaken off the influenza or catarrh, breathes more or less through his mouth, sneezes, getting rid of mucus, and besides coughing has now and then a spasm for breath, lasting for a few seconds. Naturally a lively dog, he has become dull and quiet, appears in fact just as a person does with a heavy cold in the head. He has been a house dog, sleeping in the house and accompanying me to the office, but getting a fair amount of walking exercise. Ans. Your dog seems now to be suffering with asthma brought on by his previous colds and lazy habits. If the dog is not a native it would look as though the climate was too severe. Nothing is so tedious to treat in a dog as chronic laryngitis. Medication does little or no good. Change of climate is useful. Spasmodic asthma or a chronic spasmodic cough is best treated by inhalation of burning stramonium leaves. If the dog is fat his diet should be lessened and his bowels kept free. Expectorant drugs, such as serpentaria, senega, squills, wild cherry, and so on, in doses of a teaspoonful three times daily, are sometimes beneficial.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR.—The programme of regular matches at the N. R. A. range during July and August, provides the following events: Saturday, July 4, off-hand and mid-range matches; Saturday, July 11, qualification, champion marksman's class and *Army and Navy Journal* matches; Saturday, July 18, mid-range match; Wednesday, July 22, qualification, champion marksman's class and *Army and Navy Journal* matches; Saturday, July 25, mid range match; Saturday, Aug. 1, mid-range match; Saturday, Aug. 8, mid-range match; Wednesday, Aug. 12, qualification, champion marksman's class and *Army and Navy Journal* matches; Wednesday, Aug. 19, mid-range match; Saturday, Aug. 29, qualification, champion marksman's class and *Army and Navy Journal* matches. The conditions of the several matches are:

The Champion Marksman's Class Match.—Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y. (except as hereafter noted) and members of the National Rifle Association, the latter, however, not being eligible to win the principal prize. 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance; the Remington Rifle (N. Y. State model).

The Qualification Match of 1885.—Open to members of the N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A.

Army and Naval Journal Match.—Open only to members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard, or Militia of any State or Territory. Rifle, the United States Service, .45 cal., or the Remington State model, .50-cal.; position, standing; distance, 200yds.; rounds, seven.

Mid-Range Match.—Open to all comers; 500 and 600yds.; the Remington State model.

Off-Hand Match.—Open to all comers; 200yds.; number of shots, seven; any rifle within the rules; military and special military rifles allowed one point handicap.

BOSTON, June 25.—The riflemen at Walnut Hill were not so plenty as usual at the Saturday shoot. The morning promised a hot day and many preferred to stop at home. Those who did come out found fair weather conditions and good light. Several fine scores were made and are reported below:

Creedmoor Match.

H Cushing	5554554555—47	F W Perkins, mil.	5554454544—45
R Reed	5455355555—47	E Erickson, mil	3424434444—36
J Lemons	4534554554—46		

Decimal Match.

W Charles, D	8	8	0	9	7	10	9	9	9	9—87
J B Fellows, D	8	10	8	10	8	10	8	10	5	9—86
W Gassam, D	7	9	5	8	6	10	7	10	10	8—80
J Francis	8	8	7	10	6	8	6	10	4	10—78
R Reed, D	8	8	10	7	9	10	9	7	9	5—77
Perkins, U (mil.)	6	5	8	7	7	10	9	9	6	9—71
J N Frye, D	9	6	5	7	8	9	6	8	8	10—71

Rest Match.

J N Frye	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	10—98
D L Chase	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10—96
S Wilder	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	8	10	9—94

500yds. Match.

C W Hodgdon	4555555554—48	S Wilder	5555454455—47

Prize Winners—Rest Match.

G Whitcomb	98 98 98 99 97—490	S Wilder	95 85 95 96 96—477
J Francis	98 97 97 95 97—484	H Severance	87 84 85 90 92—438
C E Berry	98 98 96 96 96—484	B G Warren	91 98 91 92 95—467
J N Frye	94 95 99 96 97—482		

SYRACUSE, June 24.—At the rifle range of the Onondaga Rifle Club, at Onondaga Valley, this afternoon, a heavy rifle shoot took place. The guns were "cannon" guns, whighing 35 pounds, and were rested on double "railroad" rests. Telescopes and flags were used. The distance was 40 rods. Twenty shots were fired by each of the seven contestants yesterday and they will shoot the other twenty shots to-day. The method of reckoning is by the distance from each shot to the center of the target. The contestant whose 40 shots in the aggregate are at the shortest distance from the center takes the first prize. The shooting of the first 20 shots resulted: H. Warner, of Syracuse, 19 5 16 inches: C. Frazier, Syracuse, 22 9 16; H. T. Hart, Rochester. 29 4-16; C. H. Remer, Syracuse, 32 10-16; H. V. Perry, Jamestown, 36 6-16; John Short, Syracuse, 36; R. C. Price, Jamestown, 38 14-16.

June 25—In Onondaga Valley, this afternoon, occurred the second day's shooting in the heavy rifle shoot. The prizes were awarded to the contestants whose 40 shots taken together were at the least distance from the center of the target. Twenty rounds had been shot on Wednesday and the other 20 to-day. The score of the entire shoot is:

	1st Day, Inches.	21 Day, Inches.	Total Inches.
H Warner, of Syracuse	19 5-16	20 11-16	40
C Frazer, of Syracuse	22 9 16	28 14-16	51 7-16
H F Hart, of Rochester	29 4-16	22 7-16	51 11-16
C H Remer, of Syracuse	32 10-16	22 5-16	54 15-16
H V Perry, of Jamestown	33 6-16	26 8-16	56 14-16
John Short, of Syracuse	36	32 6-16	68 6-16
R C Rice, of Warren, O	33 14-16	25 4-16	64 2-16

H. Warner, of Syracuse, took the first prize, his average shot being at a distance of exactly one inch from the center of the target. C. Frazer, of Syracuse, took the second prize, and H. F. Hart, of Rochester, third.

PORTLAND, Ore, June 14.—A 200yds. off-hand match was fought to-day at the City View Park, between 10 men of the Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., from Vancouver's barracks and 10 men of the Oregon State militia, Springfield rifles were used:

Vancouver Team (Regulars)		Portland Team (Militia).	
Sgt Weagraff	4455444345—42	Dodge	3455244454—40
Sgt Hudson	5454444345—42	Freeman	4344434444—37
Prvt Matches	4545444444—42	Stewart	4443444454—40
Mus Lunsford	4434444455—41	Hudson	4354335443—37
Mus Roberts	4444445444—41	Salisberig	4444435444—40
Prvt Barton	4443554445—42	Southworth	4434444342—36
1st Sgt Ward	4444444445—39	Homer	3434434444—38
Corp Marshall	4344455425—40	Riley	4434443544—40
Corp Saxon	4443434434—37	Boner	5444444441—41
Prvt Kack	4445344434—38	Moore	4434434455—40
	404		389

CALIFORNIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The spring meeting of the Association was held on the Shell Mound Range, June 14.—The first match was for a diamond team trophy, open to teams of six representatives from any military company, field and staff, board of officers, police department or rifle club, now in existence. Springfield rifles were used, and the ranges were 200 and 500yds., 7 rounds at each distance. The prize, a present from General W. H. Dimond, was won in November, 1883, by the police team. The condition upon which it may become the property of a team is that it must be won three times at regular meetings of the California Rifle Association. The competing companies were Company C, First Infantry, Nationals and Police Teams Nos. 1 and 2. The Infantry team won by a score of 360 to 343 each made by the police teams.

The Siebe team trophy was the prize in the second match, open to teams of six representatives from any company of the National Guard or Police Department who have never made more than 70 per cent, in any of the Association's matches. Range 200yds., 7 rounds: It was won by the Police team, with a score of 164 against 140, made by Company A, Fifth Battalion team.

In the third match, open to teams of six representatives from companies of the army or N. G. C., 200yds. range, rounds seven, the carbine team trophy was carried off by Battery A, Second Artillery, team. Score, 160. The score of the San Francisco Hussars team was 145.

In the fourth match of the day, for the Dunphy team trophy, any military rifles, under the rules, were allowed. The match was open to teams of six representatives from any military company, field staff, board of officers, Police Department or rifle club. The distances were 200 and 500yds.; rounds, seven at each range. The conditions of winning the prize were the same as in the first and third matches. The police team won it in 1883 by a score of 370. In this match the shooting was exceptionally good, and the rivalry among the contestants for the prize waxed warm. Police team No. 1 made a score of 372, the Pacific Rifle Club team 370, the team of Company C (Nationals) 364, Police team No. 2,357. The Police team won the match on the 500yds. range, the Rifle Club beating the Police team ten points on the 200yds. range.

The Hammond consolation match, open to all competitors having no record exceeding 70 per cent. at Association meetings, was the fifth match on the programme. The distance was 200yds., 5 shots, with any military rifle not barred by the rules. The first prize was presented by Lieutenant R. F. Hammond, N. G. C., and the other prizes were 25, 15 and 10 per cent. respectively of the net receipts. The prize winners were:

C M Wollam	45445—22	S J Pembroke	44454—21
A Johnson	44554—22	G Wittman	44445—21
L Radovich	44445—21		

The sixth match was for the Association medal, entries unlimited, 10 rounds, with any military rifle under the rules, at a range of 200yds. Condition of winning the medal for good the same as that governing the other trophies. Beside the medal there were cash prizes of $10, $8, $6, $4 and $2. Following are the winners:

P D Linville	5455455555—48	Sergt F Kuhls	4555545554—47
Lieut F Kuhnle	5454544555—46	A T Fields	4445545355—46
Lieut J McDonald	5545555445—47	Lieut S J Kellogg	4445555425—43

The trophy in the seventh match was the California Powder Works medal. It has been won twice by three different marksmen. The competitors and scores made yesterday were:

	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut S G Kellogg	4445422—30	5455555—34—64
Capt J E Klein	4454446—30	5554555—34—64
A Johnson	5445544—31	4555455—33—64
Sergt C Nash	4554354—30	5455455—33—63

Lieutenant Fred Kuhnle won the Director's medal, making a score of 31 out of 35 on the 200yds. range. The meeting was in every way a successful affair.

BALL AND BULLET.—Central City, Col.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed a rather persistent use of the term ball in articles on the rifle, when speaking of rifle projectiles. Such as "round ball" "spherical ball," "conical ball, "etc., to such an extent as to be at least a little disagreeable. Who ever saw an elongated ball or a conical one? I submit, would it not be better to say bullet instead?—CENTRAL. [The objection is not well taken. Ball and bullet are interchangeable.]

DUBLIN, June 25.—The American Cup, presented by Col. Gildersleeve of the American Rifle Team of 1875, to the riflemen of Ireland as a memorial of the first international rifle contest, was won to-day at Dollymount by William Russell Joynt, who thus becomes the champion shot of Ireland for the year. Mr. Joynt stands at the top of the list of the Irish eight at Wimbledon, with a score of 453 out of a possible 500. Mr. Joynt was a member of the team which shot at Creedmoor in 1876, and also opposed Colonel Bodine's American team at Dollymount in 1882.

THOMASTON, Conn., June 20.—The weather conditions at the weekly shoot of the Dmpire Rifle Club to-day were a bright light with quite a strong wind, veering from 8 to 11 o'clock. Subjoined are the scores:

Fred A Perkins	12	10	12	10	12	9	9	11	12	12—109
G A Lemmon	12	12	8	12	11	10	10	11	10	11—107
C L Alling	7	11	12	10	8	12	12	11	11	8—103
G C Wollam	11	9	9	11	10	9	10	10	11	12—102
W H Dunbar	9	10	11	11	10	8	10	11	10	11—101
G P North	11	11	9	12	12	10	10	8	10	8—100
C F Williams	8	11	7	12	9	8	12	10	12	0— 98
E Thomas	11	12	9	12	9	10	9	7	8	11— 98
F Carr	7	8	10		8	9	7	7	11	10 11— 88
A Fox	7	8	11	8	7	10	8	12	5	11— 87

THE TRAP.

THE NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.

SYRACUSE, June 23.—The State shoot opened to-day on the course of the Syracuse Driving Park, with a fair attendance. From 300 to 500 people watched the shooting during the day. Several tents had been raised on the ground, over one of which waved the flag of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, the only organization encamped on the grounds. Marksmen were stationed in the middle of the track, tables behind them being supplied with ammunition and necessary tools. At a distance of 18yds. were placed five traps, concealed from the marksmen by boarding. Two men in a ditch placed the clay-pigeons in these traps as they were needed. The very high wind and the flying dust contributed to the holding down of the scores. The marksmen did fine work on the whole, considering the disadvantages. The first contest opened at 10:30 o'clock. Each marksman had 10 pigeons to shoot at. The scores made by each of the marksmen is as follows: H. Fleischer 6, M. C. Hadley 7, A. Baker 8, W. S. Crothers 9, W. N. Booth 8, B. Richardson 7, W. B. Kirk, Jr., 8, C. Wagner 6, M. Smith 9, W. Richmond 10, Plank 7, Andrews 6, Chapman 7, Courtney 7, Crouch 6, Cosad 6, Fuller 7, Goodrich 4, Davidson 4, Luther 6, Whitney 7, Norton 9, Hess 3, Hudson 7, White 4, Catchpole 6, Hill 4, Coolridge 5, Whiting 6, M. J. McIntyre 5, Fowler 6, Reed 5, Gabett 6. Wm. Richmond having been the only one to break 10 clay-pigeons, received the first prize, a Spencer repeating shotgun, value $100. Mr. Richmond is of Rochester, and is a member of the Monroe County Club and Genesee Sportsman's Club of Irondequoit. The second prize was not awarded. Norton, of this city, a member of the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club, won first prize in Class B, $50 in cash. A. Baker, of the Northern Wayne Gun Club, of Wolcott, took the first prize in Class C, $25 in cash. W. B. Fuller, of the Onondaga Sportsman's Club and a member of Syracuse University, took first prize, $10 in cash in Class D.

An intermission for lunch followed. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the shooting began in the second contest. The scores are: Fuller 4, Hadley 4, Kirk 5, Coolridge 4, Norton 9, Green 8, Smith 7, Harris 7, Chapman 5, Courtney 6, Richardson 4, Hill 6, LeFevre 4, Rowley 1, Brunt 4, Crouch 6, Peters 5, Booth 6, Walters 4, M. J. McIntyre 6, Andrews 6, Richmond 10, Goodrich 6, Hudson 6, Luther 7, Waggoner 7, Fleischer 9, Greener 4, Stahlbaum 4, Whiting 4, Cosad 5, Baker 5, Whitney 8, Crothers 6, McCormick 7, Frank 5, York 5, Hess 7. Richmond, of Rochester, who won the first prize in the morning, also won the first prize in the afternoon, being the only one to break 10 pigeons. The prize was $100 cash. Edward Hudson, of Syracuse, won first prize in Class B; Fleischer, of the Genesee Club, of Rochester, took second prize. Whitney was the winner of the first prize in Class C. Munroe C Smith, who won in Class D, is a member of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club, and son of L. C. Smith, who donated the Smith cup. Hess took second prize, a hunting hat. He is a member of the Genesee Club. A sweepstake shoot was held after the regulation contests. There were 28 contestants, Whitney of Phelps, Courtney of Syracuse and Andrews, of Rochester, divided first money; George Luther, of this city, took second; Fleischer, of Rochester, third, and Smith, of Syracuse, fourth.

Syracuse, June 24.—The second day's contests of the shooting tournament passed off quietly, nothing of particular moment happening. Much better scores were made than on the preceding day, the wind having subsided. About 300 people assembled at the Driving Park to watch the shooting. The contests were with clay-pigeons as on the first day. The prizes in the third contest of the shoot amount to $257. The records made by each marksman are: Whitney 9, Richmond 9, Baker 9, Crothers 8, Smith 7, Waggoner 8, Norton 8, Hudson 8, Hadley 6, Bronner 6, Sodek 6, Kirk 8, Fuller 5, Green 8, Fleischer 8, Andrews 6, Coolridge 4, York 7, Reed 6, Elliott 6. DeWolf 6, Hill 6, Cosad 9, Lefever 9, Harris 3, Catchpole 8, Luther 8, Walters 6, McCormick 8, Brunt 4, Frost 4, Taylor 7, Courtney 8, McIntyre 6, Greener 7. No one of the contestants having shot 10, the ties of 9 were shot off to determine the prizes in class A. Richmond, of Rochester, took the first prize, $75 in cash, and a shawl valued at $25. H. H. Fleischer, of the Genesee Club, of Irondequoit, took first prize in Class B. M. D. Smith, of the Onondaga Club, took first prize in Class C. W. C. Hadley, of the Genesee Club, of Irondequoit, took the first prize in Class D.

The fourth contest of the tournament began at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The record is as follows: Baker 8, Waggoner 6, De Wolf 7, Palmer 8, Richardson 6, Smith 7, Elliot 9, Fleischer 10, Hadley 8, Pratt 5, E. H. Smith 10, Richmond 8, Green 9, Goodrich 7, Brunt 6, Lefever 7, Hudson 10, Whitney 10, Norton 8, Courtney 8, Luther 9, Mann 9, Kendall 6, Williamson 5, Four contestants had tied at ten. The shooting off result: Fleischer 3, E. H. Smith 4, Hudson 4, Whitney 5. Whitney, of Phelps, took the first prize, a hammerless gun valued at $150. Green, of Rochester, took first prize of class B. Baker, of the Northern Wayne gun club, of Wolcott, and Richmond, of Rochester, instead of shooting off their tie, decided to divide the second and third prizes of class C. A sweepstake shoot followed, in which there were a large number of contestants. A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse won first money, Hudson, of Syracuse, second and George Luther, of Syracuse, third.

Syracuse, June 25.—Contest No. 5, the amateur shoot, was to have begun at 8 o'clock this morning, but owing to unavoidable delay, the shooting did not begin until after 10. The day was a fine one for the competitors, there being no wind, and remarkably good scores were made in both contests. The following are the scores for amateur contest No. 5, the prizes in which amounted to $200: B. Tolsman 6, A. Coombs 6, D. Norton 7, S. Soule 7, A. Baker 9, M. C. Smith 9, G. G. Campbell 6, Peters 6, Crothers 5, Chapman 7, Chismore 6, Partiss 7, Dodson 6, Homec 7, Plank 9, Moorhouse 5, Larned 7, Harris 3, Booth 7, Bennet 6, Hadley 7, Taylor 8, P. T. Perkins 8, W. R. Sill 9, Brunner 6, Fuller 7, Palmer 7, McChesney 7, Kirk 5, Greener 8, Sterling 7, Van 7, Stalbaum 4, Emerick 5, McCormick 8, C. Walters 7, Kendell 6, Tack 7, Le Fevre 8, Cosed 7, York 7, Munz 3, G. Cress 9, Isbester 5, Mann 5, Smythe 10, Elliot 7, Catchpole 6, Ayling 5, Jackson 5, Turner 6, M. J. 8, Gale 7, Hankin 7. De Wolf Smythe of the Oneida County Sportsman's Club won the first prize, $100. Plank of the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club took first in Class B. Perkins of the Oswego Leather Stockings took the first prize in Class C. Walters of the Onondaga Club took the first in Class D.

After a short interval, contest No. 6, open to all members of the Association, was called, and although there was $326.50 in prizes only 25 entries were made. The clay-pigeons had a hard time of it from the start, high scores being the general result of the efforts to bag the first prize, $130, donated by the hotels of Syracuse. The scores are: Smith 8, Baker 10, Waggoner 9, Hadley 6, M. C. Smith 9, Richmond 9, W. H. Sill 9, Whitney 10, Green 10, Brunner 8, Ed. Hudson 7, Luther 8, H. H. Fleischer 10, Courtney 8, LeFevre 8, Forest 10, Gress 7, Hankin 5, Gale 8, Norton 7, Kirk 4, Chapman 7, Smythe 10, McCormick 7, Elliot 10. Several scores of 10 being made added much interest to the race for first place, of which the following is the result: Baker 4, Whitney 5. Green 4, Fleischer 4, F. W. Partiss 5. Smythe 5, Elliot 4. Whitney, a member of the Genesee Club, residing at Oaks Corners and only 17 years of age, with a score to his credit of 25 straight, won first, Smythe of the Oneida County Sportsman's Club, took second, F. W. Partiss, of the Ilion Gun Club, third. Wagoner and Sill, both of the Genesee Club, divided first in Class B, leaving second choice to LeFevre, Gale taking first in Class C. Chapman made the highest possible score in three trials for the first prize in Class D.

Syracuse, June 26.—Five clubs were represented by teams in the shoot at live birds for the Dean Richmond cup to-day. This cup is valued at $1,150, and has been keenly contested for by the clubs of the Association for a number of years. The Audubon Club was the fortunate one this year, the team, consisting of Fisher, Scheibert and Downs, winning with a score of 57 out of a possible 60. This ties the highest score ever made in the trial for the cup, surpassing the record in so much that no bird out of the whole number was challenged, and each man has equal claim to the glory of the victory with a score of 19 apiece. The complete scores for all the teams are:

Audubon.		Genesee.	
Fisher	1111111111110111111—19	Couch	1111111011111111011—18
Scheibert	1110111111111111111—19	Andrews	1111011111111111111—19
Downs	1111111111110111111—19	Evershed	1111011101111111111—18
	57		55

Onondaga.		Monroe County.	
Hudson	0111111011111111111—18	Richmond	0101111101111101011—15
Luther	1110110111111110111—17	Brown	0111111111111011111—18
Courtney	1101111011111111110—17	Fleischer	0111101111010111111—16
	52		49

Queen City.			
Haskin	1100101011110110111—15	Talman	0011111111101111111—17
Behring	1111011111110101010—15		
			45

There are 20 single birds to each marksman in the match. The pigeons used were tame birds, and owing to their tossing about during transport a good many flew poorly, making poor sport in such cases.

At 3 o'clock contest No. 8, 10 clay-pigeons, 26yds. rise, was called on with a list of 34 entries, containing the names of all the crack shots present during the convention. The scores are: Smith 9, Hudson 9, Baker 9, Wagner 8, Courtney 9, Richmond 9, Sill 7, Andrews 7, Hadley 7, Evershed 8, Whitney 9, Luther 9, Crouch 6, Smith 9, Soule 8, Chapman 5, Green 9, Portiss 8, Chismore 5, Lefever 9, Gale 8, Minton 9, Fisher 7, Scheibert 7, Wood 8, Fleischer 8, Crothers 8. McCormick 8, Kirk 6, Prettie 9, Stalbaum 8, F. A. Elliott 10, Brown 6, Walters 7. The Onondaga Sportsman's Club came to the front in this, F. A. Elliott taking 10 straight in splendid style. He was the only one in Class A, taking first prize, $100. Edward Smith, of the Niagara Club, carried off first in Class B. McCormick, of Salina, took the first in Class C. William Scheibert took first in Class D.

While contest No. 8 was in progress the off-hand rifle match was also going on in another part of the field. The distance was 100yds., ten shots allowed each, position standing. The scores are these: Eggleston, Sharp's Creedmoor, .44-cal., 44; Kirk, Winchester, 62; Gates, Remington, .44-cal., 33 2-16; Morris, Remington, .38., 48 13-16; Zischong, Sharps action, own make, 30 2 16; Jones, Remington Creedmoor, 27 2-16; Koehler, Remington, .38-cal., 33 14-16; Barnum, Zischong, 43 3-16. O. D. Jones took first prize, E. O. Zischong second, Allen Gates third, and N. A. Koehler fourth.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual shooting tournament of the National Rod and Gun Club commenced at City View Park, Portland, Saturday morning, June 6. The day was showery, which, however, appeared to dampen nothing beyond the ladies' toilets.

The value of prizes divided among the five events (two Peoria blackbirds and three clay-pigeon) amounted in the aggregate to $1.000. The shooting, except in two or three individual instances, was very ordinary, and the first portion of live pigeons trapped of the sickest ever introduced into a shooting tournament.

Walla Walla, Seattle and Vancouver each furnished a team of five men each, the home (Multnomah) club entering teams Nos. 1, 2 and 3, of a like number each. Shooting for the team champion cup, value $100, with photographic group of winning team, value $20, added, was restricted to organized clubs of the Northwest, the remainder being open to all.

The announcement of three matches at live birds drew together quite a concourse of people, for your average Oregonian sees but little fun in shooting at anything unless there's some "killing" in it. Besides there had been no live-pigeon matches since the palmy days of the "white house," some eight or ten years ago, when such men as Tex Aubrey (then a resident, and one of the leading spirits here, and now of Walla Walla), Acker, Prettyman, Tom the Gypsy, Stephens, Major Babbitt, Schenck, and a host of others too numerous to mention, were to the fore; when breechloaders (in Oregon) were nearly as scarce and as great a novelty as are hammerless guns (here) to-day But a decade thins out and scatters the ranks of even such usually long-lived men as lovers of the trigger, and not so many of the old familiar faces were present Saturday as one would like to have seen. National Association rules governed, and more than one old, well-tried muzzleloader and owner were cebarred in consequence, much to the disgust of one or two of the latter who openly declared their ability to "out-shoot them darned 'britch'-loaders, gun for gun."

Apropos muzzleloaders, there were one or two of the masterpieces of the gunsmith's art on the ground, notably one by old Wm. Greener (father of the present W. W. Greener), in the possession of Mr. J. G. Bliss; a 10-gauge, 9-pound, 32-inch pigeon gun, built especially for trap and wildfowl shooting, many years ago, at a cost (laid down in Oregon) of $275; and the manner in which it bundled some of the many escapes out of the surrounding fir timber, proved conclusively that, as far as killing powers went, it could have held its own at the trap. Judging from the hammerless *pieces de luxe* in the hands of a few of the most wealthy, high-toned sportsmen, Messrs. W. W. Greener and W. & C. Scott & Sons had each some ardent admirers. Noticeably among the other breechloaders were names of almost every gun maker of the present century, living and dead, from Manton and W. Richards down, and if ever dear old Joe Manton, of small bore flint-lock and percussion celebrity, or his honored compeer, Westley Richards, could see the vicious-looking rattletraps bearing their prated names, they would turn uneasily in their graves.

There being upward of 56 entries in the first clay pigeon matgh (7 birds each, and 3 minutes grace in which to gather all doubtful birds), it was night ere the programme was half through, so that the remainder of the matches were shot off subsequently. Following are the scores:

Multnomah Team No. 1.

E J Stuart	0001111001010111101—12
W F Spencer	0101101101101001011—12
W L Curry	1011111101001110011—14
C H Woodman	0001110010101111101—10
D K Howe	1110000014011011110—12—60

Multnomah Team No. 2.

E W Moore	1110010111111111111—17
W T Hudson	1111111101111111119
W L Chapman	0100100111000001111—10
W Muir	1110100001111011011—12
T B Thorne	1011010101110011110—12—71

Seattle Team.

J T McNaught.....1011101111100111101—15
F B Boarman.....0111111001111010001—13
H H Lewis.....0110111000101001100—10
W Robertson.....1110110911101111101—15
W Stackpool.....0000111111011111110—14—67

Vancouver Team.

F W Bier.....0001101010111011001—11
E S Strout.....1111011110100000111—13
H Addington.....1011001110110101111—14
H J Jaggy.....0110011000110001011— 9
F Brooks.....1111111000100011101—13—69

Multnomah Team No. 3.

R E Bybee.....0101100000111001100— 9
J W Whalley.....0000100101101110010— 8
D Monnastes.....0100100000010001010— 6
W P Berger.....1110001010001001000— 9
D Loring.....0011110111111100011—15—47

Walla Walla Team.

J B Eberly.....0011000000011000111— 9
Tex Arberry.....0101001100110010001— 9
W A Eberly.....1101011111111011111—17
C Schumacher.....1010010110000101100— 9
W T Peet.....1011111011110010111—15—59

Second Event.—The shooting was at five pigeons, seven birds from ground traps at 30yds. rise, the prizes, valued at $25, to go to the three highest scores. The score was as follows:

F G Sanborn	2121112—7	T B Jones	2102100—4
A D Bevan	1111212—7	E Thayer	1110010—4
D K Howe	1011020—4	D Loring	2100011—4
W T Muir	1002200—3	R W Vaughn	0000100—1
T M Payne	1111111—7	E J Jeffery	0*012000—3
W P Burger	1020200—3	W A Scoggin	1100000—2
W D Close	1111100—5	F Bier	1102010—4
E W More	1111201—6	R E Bybee	0102120—4
W A Eberly	1100201—4	W G Chapman	1121211—7
J Pacquet	2211211—7	G Stewart	0112210—5
J T McNaught	1110121—6	J W Whaley	0000111—3
B H Nichol	1020001—3	A Evens	0110100—3
T P Maynard	1211111—7	W T Peet	1011110—5
J M Gearin	0111100—4	A B Riky	0100200—2
T Davis	1112211—7	M F Spencer	0121212—6
B St. Mary	1000100—2	F Brooks	2111111—7

The figure 2 signifies that both barrels were fired to make the point.

Third Match.—This match was shot at seven live pigeons, under the same conditions as the match of Saturday. The following was the score:

M W Stackpool	1111111—7	H T Hudson	0111110—5
J F McNaught	1011111—6	B D Payne	1011111—6
J Pacquet	1011111—6	Frank Brooks	0111111—6
T Davis	1111110—6	W D Close	1011111—6
A Evans	1111010 —4	George Stewart	1110111—6
E J Stewart	110110 —4	Doc Eberly	1111010 —4
Wm Robertson	1011111—6	M F Spencer	1011111—6
E W Moore	1111110—6	W R McDonald	1111110—6

In shooting off the ties Spencer won the second prize and Pacquet the third.

Second Event.—As the stock of pigeons was beginning to run low it was agreed that this match should be shot at three birds, miss and out. The score was as follows:

D K Howe	111—3	W L Curry	0
D Loring	10	M F Spencer	10
T B Jones	110—2	Geo Stewart	0
F G Sanborn	10	E T Stewart	10
Doc Eberly	0	F Brooks	111—3
J Pacquet	111—3	Frank Zan	0
W T Muir	0	Theo Davis	111—3
A D Brown	10	J M Gearin	0
W T Peet	10	E W Moore	111—3
T F McNaught	111—3	W A Eberly	111—3
M W Stackpool	111—3		

In shooting off the ties Pacquet won first, Moore second and Brooks third.

Third event, blackbird championship—This match was shot at 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, use of one barrel only. Following is the score:

Chapman	1111001100— 6	Spencer	0111100010— 5
Loring	0111111111— 9	McDonald	1101011111— 8
Boarman	1101010111— 7	Stackpool	1100110111— 7
McNaught	1111111111—10	Muir	1011111111— 9
Pacquet	1111110101— 8	Moore	1111110000— 6
Aubery	0001001011— 4	Woodman	1100001011— 5
Whalley	0110111011— 7	Peet	1111111111—10
Howe	1011111110— 8	W A Eberly	1011000000— 3
Lewis	1110111101— 8	E T Steart	1111101111— 9
Hudson	1101111101— 8	Robertson	1010011111— 7

In shooting off the ties Peet won the second prize and Loring the third. I. G.

TORONTO, June 23.—This morning at 10 o'clock the International Shooting Tournament at Woodbine opened with an open shooting match at 21 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, for $300 in cash prizes. The scores made were as follows: Smith (Niagara) 15, J. P. Moore 5, E. S. Rogers 4, Howard 12, Doubray 13, R. Stroud 6, Ward 4, Chambers 6, E. Axton 11, A. Patterson 12, Wilkinson 10, Geo. Rogers 9, Geo. Briggs 9, Heatherington 9, T. George 9, Riordon 13, G. M. Dunk 10, A. Kay 14, Kimball 12, Morris 5, Montgomery 9. T. Loudon 14. J. Townson 12, M. Shannacy 13, J. Humphrey 11, Miller 10, Thomas 8, John Smythe 16, J. Douglas 13, W. S. Miniszek 9, Griffin 10, E. Reid 14, P. Bugg 11, G. Smith 7, J. Warden 5, F. Mallat 6, Wm. Smith 4. John Smythe of Hamilton took the first prize, $100; Smith of Niagara secured second prize, $70; A. Kay, T. Loudon and E. Reid divided the next three prizes, which came to $33 each; Doubray, Shannacy, Douglas, and Riordon divided the next prizes, which amounted to $7.50 for each man.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 24.—Telegraphic match with Winchenden, Mass., 20 clay-pigeons, fourth notch, 18yds. rise, use of one barrel, 3 angles, viz: Straightaway, right and left outer quartering, screened trap. The wind blew at about 50 miles an hour, which carried the birds away far enough to get a good spread of shot, consequently good scores were the result:

Walker	10110001101011111111—14
Burns	01000111101010111111—13
L Pennock	00001101111110110111—13
Moore	00110001010111111011—12
Carnahan	11111101000101010001—12
Shattuck	01101011100010100001—10
F Pennock	10000001101110100001— 9—83

Ten Peoria blackbirds:

Carnahan	1111111110—9	F Pennock	0101000110—4
Walker	1110011111—8	Garfield	1000101100—4
L Pennock	0011001111—6	Burns	0110000000—2
Shattuck	1101011000—5		

PARIS, Ill.—The Paris Gun Club's regular weekly shoot, June 26. Teams of six men, birds thrown from 4 screened traps:

N Barker	1111010110	11	01	10	11 11—15
N Bell	1010111111	00	00	10	10 11—12
E Parish	0111111110	01	00	10	11 10—13
A Traglon	1010110101	10	00	11	00 10—10
W Sheppard	1110001011	11	10	10	11 01—12
F Wagner	0000101011	10	10	10	01 10— 9—72
J Davis	1111110111	01	01	00	11 10—14
F Kittelle	1111010101	00	10	10	10 10—12
C Hogue	1111111011	10	11	01	11 10—16
C Baggott	1111111110	10	10	01	11 00—14
C Guthrie	0111011110	10	10	00	00 10—10
W Buchanan	0110010111	00	10	10	10 10—10—76

—S. C. H.

GIRARD MANOR, Pa., June 27.—Our club has been organized but two months. None of the members had shot at clays previous to our first shoot, May 2, 1885. The following is the score made Saturday afternoon, June 27, at clay-pigeons, 10 birds each:

J Lorah	1111111111—10	Stauffer	1101011111— 8
M Lorah	1110111111— 9	MacMillan	0011111111— 8
Kleckner	0110111111— 8	Clark	0101101101— 6

GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB.—San Francisco, June 14.—At a meeting of the Golden Gate Gun Club held last Tuesday evening, June 9, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, Edgar L. Forster; Vice-President, Stanley G. Scovern; Secretary, Edwin L. Forster; Treasurer, Rudolph Schlueter; Sergt. at Arms; Eugene F. Bert. Executive Committee, Edgar L. Forster and Roger Kershaw.

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., June 27.—East Hill Gun Club monthly shoot, 20 single and 5 pairs clay-pigeons, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules governing:

J Fay	10101000001011001111	00	10	11	10 01—15
E R Curtin	10011000100011101010	00	01	10	10 11—14
L D Strayer	11101110011011001100	11	11	11	10 10—21
S H Brown	00011101110111100110	10	00	11	11 11—19
W W Curtin	00010100101111000001	00	11	10	10 11—14
Z Stamm	10110000111111101111	10	00	11	11 11—21

D. Phillips, C. Meldrum, C. Kendle and C. L. Farnum withdrew.

TRAP NOTE.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will meet at Delavan, July 7, and hold a four days' session before the trap.

WELLINGTON, June 25.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Malden Gun Club this afternoon. Following is the result of the several matches: 1. Five blackbirds—Shumway and Snow first. 2. Five birds—Shumway first. 3. Three pair birds—Parker first. 4. Five blackbirds—Loring, Pratt and Parker divided first. 6. Three pairs pigeons—Schaffer and Shumway divided first. 7. Five blackbirds—Loring first. 8. Five birds—Shumway, Evans and Schaffer divided first. 9. Seven blackbirds—Pratt first. 10. Five birds—Perry and Parker divided first. 11. Parker and Spencer divided first. 12. Three pairs pigeons—Perry first. 13. Seven straightaways—Shumway and Snow divided first.

The Boston Gun Club held its fortnightly practice prize shoot on the club's grounds. Quite a number of sportsmen were on the grounds ready to exterminate any number of "clays." The perfect weather made the shooting fine sport. 1. Seven singles, 18yds.—J. Philbrick first. 2. Sev n singles—D. Mitchell first. 3. Seven birds—G. Cutting first. 4. Seven birds -Philbrick first. 5. Seven single birds—Field and Philbrick divided first. 6. Seven single birds—Stanton and Stark divided first. 7. Seven singles—W. A. Spencer first. 8. Seven singles—Cutting first. 9. Seven birds—Stanton first. 10. Seven singles—Stark first. C. M. Stark and C. Snow are tied as winners of the prize 22-cal. rifle. G. Cutting for the Victoria gun case, and Philbrick, Ward and Mitchell in line for the other prizes, Stanton and Souther taking the lead for the Visitors' prizes, all of which will be determined at the next shoot.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., June 24.—We have formed a gun club in this place, and have regular practice on each Monday afternoon. We use clay-pigeons principally, but also shoot at live birds and glass balls. Following is score between our regular club and a picked crowd from the best bird shots in the county and from neighboring counties:

Visitors.		Association.	
A Lutz	0100010110—4	Geo Aiken	0101010110—5
Chas Rigney	0110001101—5	J U Adams	1011111111—9
A H Mumma	1010001000—3	A M Ordway	1011101000—5
R Albert	0111000100—4	S J Wishard	1110110111—8
Wm Albert	1000100100—3	L A Spickler	1110101111—8
Wm Cokenour	1101100111—7	J E S Pryor	1001010001—4
Frank Albert	1010100111—6	F Cord	0111101011—7
E Boward	0000010000 1—33	W F Orndorf	0000000111—3—49

Associate members shooting at 10 double birds, except Messrs. Pryor and Orndorf, who shot at 6 each:

Aiken	11 11 01 10 11—8	Pryor	00 10 11 —3
Adams	11 11 01 11 11—9	Cord	11 01 11 10 11—8
Ordway	11 10 11 10 11—8	Orndorf	10 00 00 —1
Wishard	10 01 01 00 10—4	Mason	11 11 01 11 11—9
Spickler	11 01 00 00 10—3		

The match last week resulted as follows, 10 singles and 4 pairs of doubles:

Akin	1101111011—8	11 11 11 11—8	
Adams	0110111011—7	10 11 01 01—5	
Cord	1001101011—6	11 00 11 11—6	
Mason	0011111111—8	01 10 11 11—6	
McClellan	1101011011—7	00 01 10 10—3	
Ordway	1011011101—7	10 00 10 00—2	
Smith	0001111001—5	10 11 00 01—4	

CINCINNATI, June 20.—The shooting match here to-day with Andy Meaders and J. R. Stice against Ben Teipel and Harvey McMurchy, 100 clay-pigeons each, from three traps, 50 singles and 25 doubles, for $150 a side, resulted in a victory for Teipel and McMurchy by a score of 178 to 175.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [Adv.] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 3—Beverly Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Monument Beach.
July 3, 4 and 5—Quaker City Y. C., Corinthian Cruise and Regatta.
July 3—Knickerbocker Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—Quincy Y. C., First Championship Race.
July 3-13—Newark Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 3—S. C. Y. C., Squadron Cruise.
July 4—Beverly Y. C., Club Race, Monument Beach.
July 4—Carolina Y. C., Regatta.
July 4—Larchmont Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 4—Mobile Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 4—Toronto Sailing Club Race.
July 4—Toledo Y. C., Second Club Regatta.
July 4-11—Pentucket Y. C., Annual Cruise.
July 5—Mobile Y. C., Class Regatta.
July 8—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, First Championship Regatta.
July 11—Annisquam Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 11—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 19-20—Mobile Y. C. Cruise and Regatta.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.

OSWEGO Y. C., LADIES' DAY.—Nothing has occurred in the quiet, easy-going annals of this frontier city that has so put society on the *qui vive* as the sail of the Oswego Y. C. on last Thursday. The milliners, dressmakers and tailors were taxed to their full running power to make everybody look pretty and nautical. Then, the Count de Champfen, of the "Statue of Liberty"-bearing Isere, was on board the Ruth (steam yacht), who took the fleet in tow after sail had been used to get clear of the harbor and the fickle wind had come to a halt in contemplating the scene of gayety and festivity that reigned on board the fleet. Sodus, fifteen miles off, was reached at 4 P. M., and after exchanges of visits and the gallant and genial Frenchmen had clicked Piper Heidsieck with the Commodore and his saucy crew, supper was spread on deck, and everybody seemed to imagine it was their last meal. Tons of salads, cream, etc. were stowed away. Home was reached at 9 P. M. as per programme, and a beautiful scene it was as the yachts swung to their anchorage off the club house, and landed the ladies on to the ball room floor of the new club house, when dancing was indulged in until eight bells, when everybody went home. Any little boy or girl on the street can tell you of ladies' day of the Oswego Y. C.—PORT LIGHT.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—A few days ago a tall, lank, brawny, sailor-looking man called on Capt. Crocker of the Puritan, at City Point, with a view of shipping on board the Yankee sloop as foremast hand. He was a genuine Cape Cod, Yankee, barnacle-back tar. "Do you want any hands?" asked the Cape Coudder. "Well, what is your experience?" asked the famous skipper. "Anything from splicing a rope to handling a square rigger suits me." Capt. Crocker turned and looked at the applicant, and was weighing him up before giving him an answer. The sailor, who during this time was intently looking at the "long bowsprit," suddenly broke the silence and queried: "Say, is it expected that I am to go out on the end of that bowsprit and furl the sails?" "Yes," replied Capt. Crocker. "That settles it; I guess I won't sign," and away went the son of Neptune, evidently to take the cars for home.—*Exchange.*

NEW YACHTS.—Messrs. Poillon have in hand a new schooner about 60ft. long and of only 2ft. 6in. draft for Florida waters, and a small vessel to be propelled by a new motor, the nature of which is kept secret.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

AFTER lying dormant for eight years the Brooklyn Y. C., once among the largest and most powerful clubs, but of late little heard of, has at last started off on a new tack that promises to make them once more a prosperous club. The old fleet with its large tonnage has totally disappeared, and the club will, in the future, devote themselves to the encouragement of smaller yachts and amateur seamanship.

While there may be a slight loss of prestige in this new departure, there is no doubt but that it will bring a strong element into the club and add many to the roll, while all are sure to take a strong interest in club matters. They have secured a club house on the old dock at Locust Grove, Gravesend Bay, with a good anchorage, and quite a fleet is already enrolled. Their annual regatta was sailed on June 27. The courses were: For Class C, to and around buoy No. 7 off the lower end of the West Bank and return; 13¼ miles. For all the others except No. 4, to and around buoy No. 8½ and return, 16½ miles. For class 4, to buoy No. 8½, thence to buoy No. 5, then back to place of departure over the same course; passing west of buoy No. 8½. The following yachts were entered: In Class B, catboats over 20ft., Ripple. Class C, open sloops, 25ft. and under, Gracie, Surprise, Fern. Class 1, cabin craft of all rigs, 25ft. and under, Sea Robin, Mamie, Vida. Class 2, cabin craft, between 25 and 30ft., Mignon, Zetta. Class 3, cabin craft from 30 to 35ft, Wacondah, Carrie May, Widgeon. Class 4, cabin craft, 35 to 45ft., Æolus, Circe, Chance, Gladiator, Genevieve, Kismet.

The start was set for 11 A. M., but a long delay ensued after the yachts were ready, and it was noon before the gun was fired. A heavy fog had shrouded everything in the morning, but it had lifted by 10 A. M. No sooner had the fleet started than it dropped again, shutting them in. All went over promptly without handicap or fouling, making a good start. The fleet carried booms to starboard, Gladiator leading. Æolus was last of her class to start, but soon overhauled all but Genevieve, Carrie May held out well to the big ones out to buoy 8½. Circe lost her topmast near buoy 16, and continued for a time but finally withdrew. Genevieve turned buoy 8½ the leader, with Æolus close astern, then Chance, Gladiator, Circe and Kismet. It was a beat out to buoy 5, with a light wind and no sea. The times of the smaller boats at 8½ were: Carrie May, 1h. 10m.; Widgeon, 1h. 14m.; Mignon, 1h. 16m. 30s.; Ripple, 1h. 17m.; Wacondah, 1h. 17m. 30s.; Sea Robin, 1h. 20m. 30s; Zetta, 1h. 24m.

At buoy 5 Genevieve rounded first and jibed, coming in so close to Chance that she was obliged to round a second time to avoid fouling the latter. All jibed neatly, Chance and Æolus starting home on even terms with Genevieve, the former with jib boomed out. At buoy 8, Genevieve led with Æolus close to her, then Chance, Gladiator and Kismet. Here the breeze freshened, and Æolus speedily left the pack and walked up to the Leader's weather quarter, gaining all the time until off Norton's Point the wind dropped, when she slowly fell astern and Kismet passed her. The times of all were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
CLASS B—CATBOATS.				
Ripple	12 03 13	2 47 48	2 44 35	2 44 35
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Gracie	12 02 48	2 14 42	2 11 54	2 11 54
Surprise	12 03 50	2 24 26	2 20 46	2 19 14
Fern	12 03 48	2 25 25	2 21 37	2 12 52
CLASS NO. 1—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.				
Sea Robin	12 03 30	3 06 30	2 56 30	2 56 30
Mamie	12 04 54	3 29 04	2 24 10	3 23 15
Vida	12 01 39	Did not finish.		
CLASS NO. 2—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.				
Mignon	12 03 45	2 50 00	2 46 15	2 46 15
Zetta	12 03 55	3 26 06	3 22 11	3 20 27
CLASS NO 3—SLOOPS, CUTTERS, ETC.				
Wacondah	12 03 53	2 55 00	2 51 07	2 51 07
Carrie May	12 01 43	2 31 15	2 29 32	2 26 20
Widgeon	12 05 03	2 36 30	2 31 27	2 28 00
CLASS NO 4—SLOOPS, CUTTERS, ETC.				
Æolus	12 04 38	3 16 45	3 11 07	3 11 07
Circe	12 01 38	Did not finish.		
Chance	12 03 22	3 22 10	3 18 48	3 12 51
Gladiator	12 02 04	3 18 15	3 16 11	3 11 14
Genevieve	12 01 35	3 12 30	3 10 55	3 04 38
Kismet	12 03 37	3 15 30	3 11 53	3 06 31

The Gracie, Sea Robin, Mignon, Carrie May and the Genevieve are the winners.

Prizes of plate were awarded to the winning yachts. The regatta was in the hands of Mr. Wm. Bishop, to whose efforts much of its success was due. With the exception of the delay at the start the race was well managed throughout, and gave satisfaction to all the participants.

OPENING DAY OF CHESAPEAKE Y. C.

THE 10th of June was appointed for the newly-organized C. Y. C. to hold its opening meet at the rendezvous of the club at Oxford. The yachts Cora and Zema left their anchorage in Miles River to attend the meet on the afternoon of the 8th, they having to sail about 50 miles to reach the anchorage. The Zema, in making a start, thought she had better inspect the cornfield of the Vice-Commodore before proceeding on her voyage, owing to the creek's being too small or the cornfield being too large. This accident delayed the boats, so they made harbor under Deep Water Point. The 9th was a splendid day, wind fresh N.W., and temperature just right. The Cora (yawl) got under way under mainsail and No. 2 jib for a beat to Tilghman's Point, at 7 o'clock; the Zema got off 10 minutes later. Cora made Tilghman's Point at 8:10 o'clock; here the course was S. S. W., so she took in her mainsail to wait for the Zema to come up, and set her driver, running under driver, staysail and No. 2 jib. The Zema had started under a reefed mainsail and jib with foresail stowed. With this canvas she fell a long way astern, so made foresail, but not soon enough to overtake the little Cora, who made the balance of the run under the short canvas named, and arrived off Oxford at 1 o'clock. Both yachts then proceeded to the anchorage of Commodore Dimpfel, where we found the schooner Gaetina (flagship) and sloop Euchre with a merry party of yachtsmen on board. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent visiting the different yachts, and at the beautiful residence of the Commodore, where music and fireworks helped to pass the evening.

The morning of the 10th opened with a light air from N., which died out entirely, and about 11 o'clock came out from S. As soon as the breeze came the Commodore fired the starting gun, with orders for the fleet to proceed to Oxford, about two miles distant. The saucy Cora felt the light air first and jumped off with the lead, and after running down to the railroad pier, she came back to find the other yachts at anchor off the River View House. Soon after anchors were down the beautiful sloop Lulu hove in sight and came to anchor in line. The Willie (yawl) was the only yacht belonging to the club not in commission, but her owner could not have some repairs completed in time. A business meeting was held in the cabin of the Gaetina, new members were elected, and other business transacted. Then an adjournment was made to River House, where dinner awaited the call. Dinner disposed of, during which many speeches were made, toasts drank, and the usual formula made and provided for such occasions gone through with, the Commodore ordered all aboard the yachts for a sail round the lighthouse at the mouth of the river, the wind having freshened to a nice sailing breeze from S. The Cora, though next to the last to weigh anchor, under instructions from the Commodore, caught the wind at once and took the lead, followed by the Lulu, Euchre, Zema and Gaetina in the order named, wind dead ahead. On the first tack the Cora's mainsheet fouled, causing her sailing master to throw her up in the wind before it could be cleared. This let the Lulu ahead, which lead she continued to hold on the next two stretches, but the Cora then got down to work and crawled out to windward, and closed the gap very fast, tacking just in time to make the lighthouse, turned it first boat and was off for home with such a lead, that the Lulu did not round the lighthouse.

This sail closed the opening meet of the club, and a very successful and enjoyable day it proved. The fleet disbanded, the Zema and Cora accompanying the owner of the Lulu to his beautiful home, Ellerborough, in the Third Haven, where we were entertained with generous hospitality. The next morning, after a visit to our host's well appointed and very complete farm buildings and an inspection of his fine stock of all kinds, in which his unrivalled flock of Oxford-down sheep, the finest in the country, if not in the world, were much admired, the three yachts got under way for a run down the river to attend the annual shoot of the game association of Talbot county, several of the members of the C. Y. C. being members of the association. After witnessing the match for the glass ball and clay-pigeon badges of the club, the yachts got under way to return to Ellenborough, not being able to escape the fascinations of this lovely spot.

After breakfast on the following morning the Zema and Cora's crews, after bidding adieu to their host and his brother, got under way for home, stopping to pay a visit to our rear-commodore at his residence in Oxford. They anchored for the night in Black Walnut Harbor, and after a very pleasant run reached home on Saturday afternoon, all feeling sorry that the cruise was over.

In reference to the sailing of the Lulu and Cora, these two boats are old rivals and always hunt each other when they meet. There is very little to spare in speed between them, although the Lulu is the larger boat. The owner of the Cora changed her from sloop to yawl in rig, and is well pleased that his boat continues to hold up her end of the row so well under her present rig, which was put on for convenience and handiness for winter cruising, she being in commission all the year round. He is of the opinion that his boat is as fast as ever in running or reaching, while her speed is but little

less to windward than it was under sloop rig, she probably losing a little in point of weatherliness. The sloop rig, if we could be sure of always having no more than a whole sail breeze, would do very well, but when it comes on to blow there is no comparison for handiness as between the sloop and yawl with double head rig. SINKBOAT.

THE EFFECT OF OIL ON WAVES.

WE published some time since an account of experiments made by the English government, as to the effect of oil on waves, a subject that our own government has considered of sufficient importance to warrant an investigation, and the Hydrographic Office are now collecting such data on the subject as is available, which it is proposed to publish in the form of a pamphlet. Among other instances, Capt. Jones, of the British steamer Chicago, reports the use of oil while rescuing the crew of the brigantine Fedore, in a gale, with a high sea running. Lying to windward of the Fedore, a can of oil was poured overboard from the Chicago and the lifeboat launched, carrying another can of oil which was poured on the seas at intervals, preventing them from breaking in its immediate vicinity. Oil was also poured alongside by the crew of the Fedore, calming the waves so that the boat laid by and took all off safely. Only about half a gallon of oil was used in the boat. Another instance is that of the Menzalah, from Italy to Philadelphia, last March, where the vessel was pooped and hatches stove in during a southwest gale. Men were stationed forward to pour oil through the scuppers and the vessel was at once brought to, and laid to easily, shipping no water. Still another case is reported by Capt. C. M. Lawrence, of the American ship Lucille, on a voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool, where in a heavy gale from the south, with seas breaking over the vessel, bunches of oakum were soaked in paint oil and dropped over through the fore scuppers, instantly calming the sea for some distance around the vessel, so that no further water came on board.

The English steamer, Fern Holme, Captain Ritchie, on a voyage from Baltimore to Shields, hung an oil bag over each side just forward of the bridge, while running before a southwest gale, with equally good effect. The German steamer Colon and the American brig P. M. Tinker tried the same experiment, with corresponding results, the oil being placed in bags and allowed to run out slowly. In November, 1881, the steamer Venice, from Savannah to Europe with cotton, was boarded by a sea when running before a northwest gale. The captain resolved to heave to, but first oil was poured over forward and waste soaked in oil thrown over the bow to windward, after which she came to without any trouble. Later on she was put before the sea and ran without shipping any water as long as oil was used. Her captain tried the same experiment again in 1884, with similar good results. A rather curious application of the same idea is reported by Captain Amlot of the British steamer Barrowmore, which rescued the crew of the ship Kirkwood. On approaching the vessel in a very heavy sea he noticed that the water was much calmer near the Kirkwood, and discovered that the crew of the latter, which had a lot of canned salmon in her cargo, had opened the cans and poured the oil on the water, thus calming it greatly. Steaming to windward the Barrowmore dropped her lifeboat and then ran to leeward, picking it up, repeating the operation a second time and rescuing twenty-six men. To what extent oil is to be relied on is not yet determined, but in view of the above statements the subject seems to be of sufficient importance to warrant a careful inquiry to determine what oil is best and how it can best be applied, and also to disseminate the facts among shipowners and seamen.

The following letter, addressed to Capt. David G. Patterson, gives some information as to the best methods of applying oil, and when its use may be beneficial, by Mr. R. B. Forbes, an authority on seamanship.

MILTON, Mass., June 10, 1885.

Capt. D. G. Patterson, East Boston:

DEAR CAPTAIN—Yours of the 6th, addressed to me as "President of a Board," came last evening. I have long ceased to have anything to do with the Life Saving Service, except as occasional correspondent. The subject of oil on the waters has been of late fully discussed on both sides of the Atlantic, and much has been written about it. Two or three years ago at my suggestion the Superintendent of Life Saving Service of the United States ordered B. C. Sparrow, of Orleans, to make experiments. He did so, and made a very full report of the result, going to show that, while oil would prevent the sea from breaking in water of several fathoms deep, it had little or no effect in preventing the breaking of the sea on a beach where the waves, being pushed up hill, must break on approaching the shore. I do not think that your plan would help you in launching a boat through surf, but it would no doubt be very useful in calming the sea when once clear of the beach. I inclose some remarks on oil, cut out of a late "Proceedings of the Naval Institute" for May, Vol. II., No. 2.

There are bushels of evidence of the value of oil at sea, but none of any value on a beach where heavy surf is breaking.

In scudding, in lying-to, and in lowering boats oil is of great importance. When a vessel is lying-to drifting it is only necessary to drop oil from the bow or the beam—it is not necessary to throw it to windward.

I have recommended steamships to have a long spar running out ahead carrying a small hose, through which, by steam power, oil may be thrown ahead. This would only be good when the ship is going slow against a heavy sea; there are times when such a thing would be useful. But if steamers are forced by full power against heavy seas oil cannot be sent far enough to protect them.

Some one has lately suggested throwing projectiles filled with oil to a distance by air or by powder, the idea being that on striking the water the projectiles burst. But I think that the projectile, if made of glass or anything that would break on striking the water, would be sure to burst on leaving the gun. Another person proposes to throw glass balls containing oil by means of a spring worked by hand, something like the machine by which shooters throw out imitation pigeons to fire at. On striking the water the balls are supposed to break. This appears to me more practical than the other. My general idea is that any plan for calming the sea must be simple, handy to manage and cheap. Complicated machines will not do.

In 1858 I sent to La Plata a small iron steamer, jury rigged, as a three masted schooner. I put a keg of oil on the stern and one on each bow near the fore rigging, and I ordered the captain when scudding to bore a small hole in the keg at the stern, and when lying-to to do the same forward. His report was to the following effect: "I cannot scud her, she broaches-to and stays there when it blows a good breeze, and when hove to she drifts so fast that no sea comes near her. The oil keeps down the break of waves, no doubt of that."

I think oil dropped from a surf boat when running for a beach may be very useful in keeping down the breakers until approaching the shelving shore, then it must break.

A fisherman at anchor on a bank may attach a bag of oil to the cable and pay out 20 or 30 fathoms, the bag being punctured will let out the oil slowly and prevent the sea from breaking on board. What do you think of that as a new idea of mine? I am very truly yours,

R. B. FORBES.

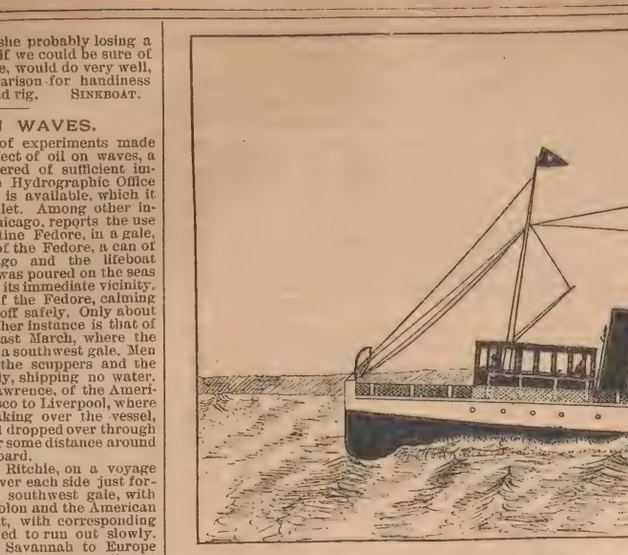
EASTERN Y. C.—The chief interest of the Eastern Y. C. race off Marblehead last Tuesday centered in the performance of the Puritan. The course for all classes was a triangular one, as follows: From the starting boat off Marblehead rock, five miles east, one-half south, then five miles northeast, three-quarters north, to starting point, five miles south-southeast. This course was gone over twice, making the whole distance sailed thirty miles. The weather was very favorable, and the yachts went over the course in the following times:

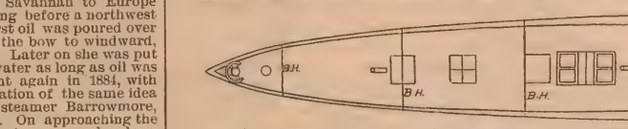
	Return.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Fortuna	3 31 11	3 38 21	3 35 01
Gitana	3 59 34	3 46 34	3 43 25
Phantom	3 47 45	3 52 45	3 46 19
Mohican	4 01 58	4 07 37	4 07 37
America	4 13 42	4 20 08	4 17 22
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Fearless	4 18 17	4 13 17	4 02 15
Adrienne	4 11 37	4 09 22	4 03 49
Meta	4 15 47	4 12 46	4 06 12
Rebecca	4 14 43	4 11 13	4 11 13
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.			
Puritan	3 20 15	3 25 15	3 25 15
Ileen	3 49 01	3 54 01	3 40 42
Thetis	3 52 57	3 57 57	3 45 30
Huron	3 55 48	4 00 48	3 47 55

PELHAM BAY Y. C.—The first race of this club was sailed on June 27, the course being from the club house at Pelham Bridge to Gangway Buoy and back, 8½ miles. Three prizes were offered, a silver cup, silver shaving set, and silver pocket flask. The entries were: Uncle Dave, Wake, Dart, Clara, Cygnet, Mist, Kathie and Harry C. The boats had a beat out and run home, with an ebb tide, the times being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Uncle Dave	2 37 10	1 45 13	1 44 25½
Clara	2 36 10	1 55 15	1 51 04
Wake	2 37 15	2 02 18	2 02 18
Kathie	2 36 59	2 14 31	2 04 17
Mist	2 36 33	2 30 07	2 20 03
Cygnet	2 37 21	2 45 51	2 33 24

The Dart did not finish and the Harry C. was disqualified, owing to a misunderstanding of the rules, though coming in first. The judges were J. F. Patterson, H. C. Daniell and N. F. Calvert.





THE STILETTO.

STILETTO.

YACHTSMEN, steamboat men and the public generally have not yet done talking of Herreshoff's latest wonder, the little Stiletto, who has made herself famous by an hour's run on the Hudson River. Her appearance, as shown above, is most peculiar and totally different from the usual run of steam vessels. The hull is of the usual Herreshoff model, both ends very nearly alike. The construction is the same as in their other yachts, a very light but strong hull, a frame of bent oak well fastened to heavy keel, and garboards with two heavy oak wales on each side, making a very strong framework, which is covered with a double skin of white pine, with decks of the same material. The hull is divided by watertight bulkheads. The most peculiar feature is the upper portion above the hull proper. Instead of the ordinary deck and cabin trunk the sides are carried up, as shown, beveling slightly high amidships and low at the ends, the curve being almost the reverse of the sheer line. These two sides each form a trussed girder, stiffening the entire hull, while the weight is mostly amidship. From their shape they offer little resistance to the wind. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 94ft.; beam, 11ft. (a proportion of 8 6-11), and depth of hold, 7ft. 9in.

The engines and boilers are also of peculiar construction. The former is a compound, 12 and 21x12, capable of 450 turns per minute. Annular valves are used, cutting off generally at ⅝. The weight of the engines is 4,375lbs., and they can work up to 450 H. P. Many of the parts are of steel, the shaft being 4in. diameter. The wheel is 4ft. diameter with 6ft. 6in. pitch, fourbladed. The boiler is a sheet iron box 7ft. square, set on a firebrick foundation; the upper part of this box tapers into the stack, like an inverted mill hopper. Inside the fire box is 6ft. 3in. square. Just above the fire is a row of tubes 3½in. in diameter, running side by side thwartship, each tube being connected to its neighbor at alternate ends. Above are six other sets, decreasing in size to 1¼in. diameter, the second set running fore and aft, the third parallel with the first, etc., making practically one long tube, folded compactly into a small space. The upper or smaller end of this coil is connected with the feed pump, and the lower and larger end with the separator, a vertical cylinder 4ft. long and 18in. diameter, placed in front of the boiler. On this are the gauges and cocks. The water and steam entering here from the pipes are separated, the latter passing to the high pressure cylinder. The water is used continuously, the only waste being by the whistle or leakage. The water pumped into the boiler at the top of the coil, converted into steam as it descends through the pipes, passes to the separator, thence to the high pressure cylinder, the receiver, low pressure cylinder, and condenser, and finally to the feed pump and boiler, any loss being supplied by an injector. The heating surface is 615sq. ft. and the boiler works up to 160lbs. pressure. The total weight is 13,637lbs. The consumption of coal is about 2lbs. per H. P. per hour. The displacement of Stiletto is 28 tons, or 16 H. P. per ton, while the ratio of H. P. to displacement in the best merchant vessels is about 3 H. P. per ton. Lightness and power have been combined to an extraordinary degree, and with corresponding success, as her trial performances have fully demonstrated.

THE DUPLEX—NEMESIS RACE.—Catamaran racing is more active this season than ever before, and the question of centerboard vs. keel that is now involved lends additional interest to the matches. Another of the races made last winter between an old boat and one then building was sailed on June 23, resulting in a victory for the old craft. The Duplex, Com. Longstreet and Mr. Ogden, has been favorably known for some time as a very fast boat, while the Nemesis was built last winter by her owner, Mr. George Everson. The former is of the usual model, with a centerboard in each hull, while the latter has two narrow and deep hulls with rockered keels, and also carries much less sail. The match was made for $200 a side. At 11 A. M. the tug Lyndhurst was ready at Bedloe's Island with Ex-Com. Dilworth on board as judge. The tide was well down and the wind fresh from northwest when the whistle blew at 11:26, Duplex going through Nemesis's lee and making a fine start, with a long lead to her credit. Running over to the Long Island shore, both passed out the Narrows at noon, the Duplex 5m. ahead, and at buoy 8¼, where they turned, her lead was 7m. 30s., the times being, Duplex 12:51:10, Nemesis 12:58:40. The home course was still a reach, the wind being more to the westward. Nemesis held her own and rather more on the new course, but at 1:15 her mast buckled and broke about the middle. She was taken in tow by the Lyndhurst and brought home, Duplex finishing at 2:15, her time being 2:43:42. Thus far the victories have been with the centerboard boats, but on the other hand the old boats have beaten the new ones, and the latter are yet far from their best trim. The Ægir, Mr. Stephen D. Field, has changed her name to Corsair.

SOUTHWARK Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Southwark Y. C. sailed their eleventh annual race on the 22d inst., starting at 10:30 A. M. The wind was fresh from W.S.W. The following boats started; First class, double enders—J. Bright, Maid, J. Mitchell, Emma Brugam. Second class, double enders—H. D. Boardman, Start, Frazier, Mamie, Addie, J. M. Mayloy, Gertrude, Morgan. Third class, tuck-ups—Thos. Ledyard, J. J. Sheridan, Myrtle, Hugh Boyle, Frank Mershon, Dad Flick. Fourth class, tuck-ups—Amanda C., S. M. Morris, V. P. Dorp, Julia Dorp, J. Nobre, Joseph Jacobs, A. W. Brenner, A. L. Rivell. The different classes were started at intervals occupying 30 minutes in all. It was a hard fight for the little flyers to cope with the wind and the sea. All reached the lower buoy, however, save the Amanda C. and Nobre, both of which upset, and the Boyle who broke her mast. The home stakeboat was rounded as follows: Ledyard at 3:52 P. M., Mershon, 3:56; Myrtle, 4:20; V. P. Dorp, 3:54; Jacobs, 4:05; Rivell, 4:08; Brenner, 4:09; Boardman, 4:10; Gertrude, Morgan and Addie, 4:37, with but two seconds difference in the order named. This was the most exciting part of the race. More rests with the men than the boats who shall win, and it is surprising how long one of these "water rats" can stay under water. The race was a success, as all the Southwark races are. The large and commodious steamer Warner accompanied the races with the judges on board. She was crowded, but harmony and good will prevailed throughout.—R. G. W.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—A meeting was held on June 25, at which it was resolved to offer Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn the use of the club-house and anchorage. The subject of the coming cruise was discussed, and it was decided to rendezvous at Larchmont on July 3. The following names were presented to the Board of Trustees as candidates for membership: William Gardner, Wyllys Hodges, George J. Gould, W. Harry Motley, William Caldwell, J. Leslie Cotton and Percy R. Pyne.

SOUTHERN Y. C. REGATTA.—The annual regatta of this club was sailed on June 23 on Lake Ponchartrain, near New Orleans. The course was fifteen miles, three turns over a five-mile triangular course. The entries were: First class boats—Mephisto, Alex. Brewster. Cabin yachts—Annie M., J. Marencovitch; Zoe, E. J. O'Brien; Katie, H. Dressel; Violet S., Sam Gautier. Cat-rigged boats—Carrie V., Carlos; Evelyn, John Phillips; May, R. L. Robertson; Juanita, R. Gage. Schooners—Rosa Astredo, John Astredo; Viola, C. Fallon; Mascot, J. McConnell. A start was made at 1:58:15 in a fresh north wind, Evelyn being first, then Zoe, Violet and Viola. The order at the end of the first round was: Annie M. 3:43¾, Zoe 3:45½, Violet S. 3:50, Mephisto 3:54¾, Katie 3:59½, Carrie V., 4:11½, Viola, 4:14, May 4:14¼, Evelyn 4:16¼, Mascotte, 4:23¾, Juanita 4:29½, Rosa Astredo 4:31¼. On the last leg of the second round Zoe took the lead, while Juanita and Rose Astredo withdrew. The times: Zoe 4:40¼, Annie M. 4:40½, Violet S. 4:40½, Mephisto 4:45½, Katie 5:11½, Carrie V. 5:18, May 5:21½, Viola 5:24½, Evelyn 5:25, Mascotte 5:34. On the next leg Annie M. worked to windward and took her lead again, holding it to the finish: Annie M. 5:35, Zoe 5:37:16½, Mephisto 5:37:35, Violet S. 5:49:23, Carrie V., 6:29:35, Evelyn 6:31:30, May 6:34:30, Viola 6:39, Mascotte 6:40:15. The winners were: Challenge cup, Mephisto 3:59:9; cabin yachts, Annie M., 3:36:45; cat rigs, Carrie V., 4:31:20; schooners, Viola, 4:40:45. Viola was awarded an aneroid barometer, Carrie V., a gold pitcher, and Annie M. a handsome epergne. After the regatta a ball was held at the club house.

JEFFRIES Y. C. REGATTA.—The second regatta took place June 27 off the club house, East Boston, beginning at 3:15. There were two classes, and they sailed over the following course: From starting line, leaving buoys in Back Channel, as they belong to No. 2; Governor's Flats on starboard; No. 7, Castle Rocks on starboard; No. 2, Thompson's Island on starboard; returning leaving No. 7 on port, through Glades, leaving buoys as they belong, East Boston Flats, red buoy on port, black buoy on port, to starting line. The start was from anchor. The Sea Bird got away first and led all the way around, although the Topsy seemed to gain on her at one time. In the keels, although the Æolus was slow in getting away, she gave the Zeta a good race and came in only half a length behind. The actual time of the yachts was as follows: Centerboards—Sea Bird, 1h. 21m. 15s.; Topsy, 1h. 23m. 42s; Phallas, 1h, 27m, 5s.; Ariel, 1h. 31m, 32s.; Spider, 1h. 31m. 56s. Keels—Zeta, 1h. 25m. 49s.; Æolus, 1h. 25m. 55s.; Hard Times, 1h. 30m. 13s.; Lilly, 1h. 30m, 57s. There were two prizes given in each class, $10 to first, and $5 to second. The judges were E. T. Pigeon and W. B. Pigeon.—*Boston Courier.*

DORIS.—One of the new English racers mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 4 is Doris, 5 tons, designed by G. L. Watson. This extreme boat, 38ft. 6in. stem to sternpost on deck, 43ft. over all, and 5ft. 6in. beam, 7 tons on keel, entered in the Royal Clyde Y. C. matches, in the handicap races sailed under the new classification, giving 36 minutes time to her rivals. In heavy weather, squalls and rough water she went in under gaff trysail, not only beating all her class, Oril, Leveret, Nancy Lee and Merope, by over an hour, but going to the windward of the 10 and 20-tonners in the same races, in a very heavy sea. Doris's rig is peculiar, a very low hoist and long boom, while her jib and balloon jib are carried on separate stays. On June 6 she entered again in the Royal Alfred Y. C. races, beating easily the two tried cracks Delvin and Shona.

TARTAR.—This new catboat has lately been completed by E. A. Willis, of Port Washington, Long Island, who built the Cruiser. She is 19ft. 11in. both over all and waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam, hoist 23ft., gaff 14ft. 9in., and boom 23ft. 6in. She will sail from Boston, and is owned by J. F. Browne and F. L. Dunne, who will sail her in the Quincy, Hull and Dorchester clubs. Tartar is lapstreak built, with square stern and a large centerboard with gear for holding it down.

CAPSIZE OF A YACHT.—On Friday last the schooner yacht Vesta was sailing in Salem Harbor, when the schooner Florence P. Hall, from South Amboy, was coming in. In attempting to cross the latter's bow the schooner's jibboom picked up the yacht's topping lift and capsized her. The Vesta now lies in five fathoms of water. The crew of two were saved by their own boat. The Vesta is not the famous old yacht of that name, but a newer and smaller craft.

ACTORS AFLOAT.—Mr. J. H. Ryley will take his yacht Madeline to Boston, and use her there during the run of "Polly." Mr. Lawrence Barrett has lately purchased the keel schooner Breeze of Mr. N. C. Nash. The Breeze was built by Harrington, at Bath, Me., and is 48ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. waterline, and 8ft. draft. Mr. N. C. Goodwin, Jr., has purchased the sloop White Wing of Mr. G. N. Spinney, and will use her as flagship of the Winthrop Y. C.

GAETINA.—This fine little cruiser, described in FOREST AND STREAM of April 24, 1884, is advertised in another column. She has proved herself an excellent boat for general cruising, and her owner intends to build a larger one on the same lines. The model is that of the Penzance luggers, widely known from their qualities as sea boats. She would make a good yacht for two or three young Corinthians to spend the summer in.

COLUMBIA Y. C. June 28.—Corinthian race over the club's triangular 15-mile course—with a "loop" in it—and the sides of the triangle ran northeast along the east bank of the river, east and west over to the New Jersey shore. The "loop" in its direction was northwest from the club house and defined by two stakeboats, the outer or westerly one making the apex of the triangle.

PELICAN.—A sharple with this name has lately been launched by A. C. Brown, of Tottenville, S. I., for Messrs. Hine, of Woodside, N. J., for use about Vineyard Haven in summer and Florida in winter. She is 41ft. long, 10ft. beam, 3ft. depth, with a cabin 13ft. long. The foremast is 36ft. above deck, and mainmast 32ft.

ACCIDENT TO THE UTOWANA.—On June 24, as the Utowana Com. W. E. Connor, was entering a slip on the North River with a strong tide running, she collided with Pier 4, carrying away bowsprit and head gear, but doing no serious damage.

EAST RIVER Y. C.—The protest in regard to last week's races has been decided in favor of the Mary Gibson, the old allowance of 2min. per foot being sustained.

CONCORD.—This sloop has lately been purchased by Com. H. C. Roome, J. C. Y. C., whose sloop, Linda, was lost on Sandy Hook last fall.

AMAZON.—Com. Beames, B. Y. C., has sold the sloop Amazon to Mr. H. W. Belcher, of Brooklyn.

WANDA.—This steamer made her first trip under steam on June 24, showing good speed.

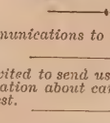
Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

FIXTURES.

July 3—Rondout C. C., Meet at Esopus Island.
July 4—Bayone B. O . Regatta, Bayonne.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

HOW TO GO TO GRINDSTONE ISLAND.

WE commend to those canoeists who ask the question, "Why should I join the American Canoe Association," the following circular sent out by Vice-Com. Rathbun, showing what has been done on behalf of canoeists by the Association. Those who have traveled by rail or boat with canoes before the formation of the A. C. A., and who have experienced the great trouble that always followed an attempt to ship a canoe, or to explain to the average baggage agent that it was not an ocean steamer or a canal boat, to be charged for accordingly, will fully appreciate the concessions granted to members of the A. C. A. by nearly all the transportation companies. While these special privileges are accorded to members only, the outsiders reap an advantage as well, as the influence of the Association has wrought a great change in the attitude of the companies to all canoeists, from which they also derive a direct benefit every time they ship a canoe. This year the arrangements have been entirely in the hands of Vice Com. Rathbun, and it is due to his labors that all has been arranged so successfully. We know of no similar trip that can be made for less than three times the expense of three weeks at the canoe camp on the St. Lawrence, due to al cost for members who camp out and cook for themselves averaging under $30, including living and traveling expenses. The special rates given above are only obtainable on presentation of a members' certificate, and those proposing to join the Association must do so at once in order to obtain their certificates in time. The arrangements this year are better than ever before, and a large attendance is expected. All of the officers have interested themselves directly to secure the complete success of the meet, and strangers making their first visit may be sure of finding all ready for them.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN—I beg to advise you that arrangements have been made for the transportation of members, with their canoes and camping outfits, as follows:

New York Central & Hudson River R. R.—From the following points to Clayton and return, canoes and outfits free: New York $10. Yonkers $10. Sing Sing $10, Newburg $8.70, Poughkeepsie $8.40, Albany $6.90, Troy $6.90, Schenectady $6.60, Amsterdam $6.25, Fonda $6.05, Syracuse $5, Rochester $6, Buffalo $7.25, Niagara Falls $7.25. Tickets will be on sale from July 20 to Aug. 8 inclusive, and will be good for return to Aug. 31; the regular membership certificates to be presented at ticket office. A special baggage car will be run through if a sufficient number start together from any one point. The following are the names of the agents at the points where the tickets can be obtained and all arrangemente made: Brooklyn, Geo. W. Dixon, 326 Washington street; New York, Geo. L. Baker, 413 Broadway, and Jarvis DeGroot, Grand Central Depot; Yonkers, A. T. Reynolds; Sing Sing, W. T. Lyon; Newburg, W. H. Weston; Poughkeepsie, W. H. Miller; Albany, P. H. Mann; Troy, T. C. Wilbur; Schenectady, Paul Ramsay; Amsterdam, Mrs. M. L. Cole; Fonda, I. H. Fonda; Syracuse, F. Gibson, at depot, and B. B. Brayton, city office; Rochester, I. C. Kalbfleisch, at depot, and Lewis Schwendler, city office; Buffalo, John Q. Adams, Exchange Street Depot; Niagara Falls Depot and Cataract House office, F. C. Belden.

New York, West Shore & Buffalo R. R.—On presentation of the regular membership certificates excursion rates will be given; canoes and outfits free. Notice in advance must be given to Mr. Henry Monett, general passenger agent, 280 Broadway, New York. A special baggage car will be provided if a sufficient number will start from any one part together.

Utica & Black River R. R.—On presentation of the regular membership certificates tickets will be issued from the following points to Clayton and return; canoes and outfits free: Utica, $5; Philadelphia, N. Y., $1; all other points in proportion. For further information address Mr. Theo. Butterfield, general passenger agent, Utica, New York.

New York, Ontario & Western R. R.—On presentation of the regular membership certificate, tickets will be issued at one fare and one third for round trip.

Boston & Albany R. R.—No special arrangements yet made. Would advise addressing Mr. A. S. Hanson, general passenger agent, Boston, Mass.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburgh R. R.—On presentation of the regular membership certificates, tickets will be issued from the following points to Clayton and return; canoes and outfits free: Niagara Falls, $7.25; Rome, $5; Charlotte, $6; Syracuse $5. (Canton via Cape Vincent, $2 for five or more). Tickets good for the continuous trip, going and returning only. From Canton to Philadelphia, N. Y., and return; canoes and outfits free, $2.50.

Ogdensburgh & Lake Champlain R. R.—On presentation of regular membership certificate, tickets will be issued from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburgh and return for $5; canoes and outfits free. Tickets good from July 21 to Aug. 12.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company R. R.—Upon special application to Mr. I. W. Burdick, general passenger agent, Albany, N. Y., tickets will be issued to Rouse's Point or Mooer's Junction and return at one and one-third fares; canoes and outfits free.

Central Vermont R. R.—Special tickets will be issued on application to Mr. S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent, St. Albans, Vt., to Rouse's Point and Ogdensburgh.

Fitchburgh R. R.—On presentation of the regular membership certificates, tickets will be issued at one and one-third fare; canoes and outfits free

Boston and Lowell R. R.—Applications should be made to Mr. Lucius Tuttle, general passenger agent, Boston, for special rates.

Grand Trunk R. R.—From all points to Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Gananoque and return, one and one-third (1⅓) fare. Canoes and outfit free. Tickets good from July 20 to August 12. Members must purchase full fare tickets when traveling to the meet, and obtain a receipt for purchase of ticket from agent at starting point, the secretary (Dr. C. A. Neidé) will then give a certificate of the number attending the meet who have paid railroad fare and who hold these receipts, the return ticket will be issued on presentation of this certificate at one-third the regular fare. The return trip must be made by the same route as traveled by members when going to the meet. N. B.—Members from the Lindsay section can secure tickets from July 15.

Canadian Pacific R. R.—Return tickets at one and one-third fare, canoes and outfits free, can be secured by following the same course as explained in connection with the Grand Trunk R. R. Blank receipts and certificates can be obtained from the undersigned. Arrangements have been made with the steamer Magic to leave Clayton daily for camp at 8:30 and 10:30 A. M., and 1, 3 and 6:30 P. M. Fare twenty-five cents, canoes and outfits free. It is intended, if possible, to have a customs officer stationed at the camp, in which case Canadians arriving by the Grand Trunk at Gananoque can be landed at camp (without going via Clayton) by the ferry steamer. Fare twenty-five cents, canoes and outfits free.

All freight for the camp should be consigned to Mr. I. Palen, agent, Clayton, who has kindly agreed to care for same until called for.

I shall be pleased to assist in securing special rates over any other lines of railway or steamers that members may wish to travel over to attend the meet.

Arrangements should be made as soon as possible. Canoes carried free are at owner's risk. F. S. RATHBUN, Vice-Commodore A. C. A.

A GUNNING TRIP IN A CANOE.

H. AND I had sold our canoe in the spring, so one Saturday in August when we and our friend P. thought we would like to smell powder again, we found ourselves canoeless. However, we had set our hearts on going that night, and were not to be stopped by trifles, so we went to the different boatbuilders to see if we could get a craft that would suit us, and at last we found what we wanted, a fine double Peterboro, and just the right color, so we bought it and sent it around to our boat house. The next thing was to get our kit and provisions together, which took some time, as we had not been out that year, and everything was in disorder. We managed to get all our traps into the wagon at last and drove to the boat house. We proposed to sleep at K— Island, three miles down the river, that night, as it was very late when we started. When we arrived there we unloaded the canoe and pitched the tent, and then H. called out for a candle, P. said, "They're in the grocery bag," I looked for the bag but it was not to be found. Then, to our horror, P. said that he thought it must have been left behind, as he had ordered the things to be sent to the house, and they must have got there after we left.

Of course we tried to lay the blame on one another, but it was of no use, it didn't bring the bag, but we felt easier after it, a good slanging relieves a fellow. We drew lots as to who was to go back, and H. and I drew the long straws, so we jumped into the canoe and paddled back. It had begun to rain and blow a young gale, so we had a very hard three miles pull against wind and stream. Having got the bag we paddled back to camp. There was no light in the tent, which we wondered at. We landed quietly and walked up to the tent, pulled back the curtain, and saw a sight which made us open our mouths with astonishments. There in the middle of the tent sat P., white as a ghost, a revolver in one hand, and an axe in the other, a hatchet and a bowie knife stuck in his belt, and the three guns, cocked and loaded by his side. He looked for all the world like a traveling hardware and gun establishment.

He told a woeful tale. Just after we left (he wasn't sure how many) men had landed from a boat, surrounded the tent, and tried to pull it down. (I suppose they stumbled over the tent ropes.) Then one of them went to the door and asked if they could come in, he said "no." Then he said, "I put out the candle so that they couldn't see my shadow to shoot at, and covered myself with blankets to break the force of the bullets. But I was all ready for them, I wasn't going to die alone."

While speaking his color came back, and he looked fierce and bloodthirsty. We lit the candle and gave him some brandy, and soon he wanted to follow and massacre them, in the revenge for the fright he had got. H. and I then remembered that the grass was wet, and we might catch our death of cold in walking down to the canal, so, when he found he'd have to go alone, he remembered how subject he was to earache, and that wet feet always brought it on, and so decided to let them off just this time.

We turned in and slept like tops, in spite of P.'s nightmare and H.'s snoring (I never do either, being a model sleeper, although malicious people say I snore so loudly that I wake myself, and am a very unpleasant bedfellow when in a nightmare).

Next morning we took our guns and shot a few plover. I got into a bog and lost both my shoes, and having to go through a dense cover to get back to camp, hurt my feet so much that I didn't feel much like walking any more that day, and persuaded the others that as there was a favorable wind, sailing would be both conducive to comfort and beneficial to health. Then we remembered that we had no sail; however, "necessity being," etc., we cut up some bags and soon rigged up a sail that was useful if not ornamental.

The wind was strong and right astern, so we slipped along very fast, and soon arrived at our destination, the L. islands, or rather, we guessed at it, as we had never been there before.

We turned into the first inlet we came to, and waded about in the mud for some time, trying to find the channel. At last I slipped in over my waist and discovered it. We wandered about among the islands, knocking over a few snipe on the way, and at last found the camp ground we had been told to go to. It is a beautiful place, tall trees shading it, nice level grass, and a very good landing place.

When we had pitched the tent and put things to rights, H. and I went off in the canoe to see if we could knock over a few ducks, leaving P. in charge, who made us promise solemnly to be back before dark.

We paddled about, not seeing a feather, till we got to a bay with a large marsh on one side of it, on the edge of which H.'s quick eye detected something moving. On paddling up to the spot we saw a duck making his evening toilet. As he got up H. downed him. Thinking the marsh a likely-looking place for ducks, I tramped it and bagged a couple, and as there was no sign of anything more and it was getting dark, we went back to camp and found P. getting dinner ready.

After a good meal we laid around the fire and chatted. My teeth began to ache, but found whisky (taken in sufficient quantities) eased the pain very much, but affected my knees in such a way that I was obliged to turn in for the night.

We were out at daybreak, hoping to find some birds, and just as we turned the corner of the island three black ducks flew over us. H., who was in the bow, fired and downed the leader, and then, without any warning, turned right around in the canoe, and, looking at us very fiercely, said he'd shot it. As we (nearly) always tell the truth, and he had still one barrel loaded and pointed at us, we agreed with him. We did not see another duck all the morning, but knocked over a few snipe. After breakfast we tried again, but ran out of No. 8 cartridges, and, as there was no game about except snipe, our No. 3's were useless.

As we did not want to work hard going home we started at midday. In one of the inlets we saw a couple of black ducks; I paddled the canoe toward them, H. and P. getting ready to shoot. H. wanted to get them both, and was aiming so as to be able to take them as they got up, when P., thinking he was going to fire, blazed away both barrels, H. not being able to see through the smoke fired where they ought to have been, but they weren't there (ducks generally aren't where you think they should be when you fire). After relieving our minds we went on. There were a great many sandpipers on the shore, so I landed, hoping to have some fun with them. But they were in the wrong places like the ducks, so I didn't get any. I got my gun barrels full of clay, though, as I had a bad fall, and in falling my gunstock gouged half a pound (more or less) of skin and flesh from my leg, taking a little trouser with it.

A little further up the river we saw a flock of ducks close to shore, and were just going to let fly, when we heard a shout, and on looking around saw an old farmer aiming at us from behind a tree with an old match-lock. We began to feel pale, as match-locks very often go off when they shouldn't, and tried to beat the record for a half a mile or so. I suppose they were tame ducks belonging to the old farmer, who protected his property in this alarming way. Our nerves were rather upset by this adventure, but as we thought he might follow us up we worked away without a rest four or five miles. We turned into a channel, thinking it would be a short cut, but found a boom right across it; however, as it was floating we managed to pull the canoe across it.

We got on very fast after this, and did the remaining fifteen miles in very good time. It was just dark when we got back to the boathouse, having had a most enjoyable trip. F. M.

CANOE RACING AT LACHINE.

THE first regatta in the Province of Quebec for canoes only was held at Lachine on Saturday, June 20, by the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club and was a great success, both as regards entries and spectators, the boat house being crowded. Single paddling race, three entries, won by George Auldjo, second, C. S. Shaw. Sailing, six entries: this was a grand race, all kinds of canoes entering, Racine, Juniper, Herald and English's makes were represented. The Lively Ann, one of English's open canoes, sailed by Spencer Dowker, won; he is a fine sailor and champion of Lake St. Louis. Tandem race, three entries, won by Robertson and Stewart. This was the race of the day, and one of the best contested ever seen in Lachine. Messrs. Robertson and Stewart in Duchess, and Shaw and Shearwood in the Water Lily, kept neck and neck for the last half mile, and at the finish the Duchess only won by three-quarter of a length. Boys' race, five entries, won by Amos and Force; second, Barry Brothers. Portage race, four entries, won by Shaw and Shearwood. Hurry scurry, won by C. S. Shaw; second, T. Stewart. In this race the contestants had to run 100yds., jump a 6ft. picket fence, go through water, then paddle 200yds. Stewart was first in his canoe, and would probably have won the race had he turned his buoy the right way. The prizes were then distributed to the lucky winners by Mrs. A. Boyer, the very graceful wife of the worthy secretary of the Lachine Boating Club, amid great applause. The officers were: Referee, R. J. Ross; starter, J. G. Monk; Judges, A. Boyer, M. P. P.; Captain Howard, and H. D. Whitney. GEO. AULDJO.

RONDOUT C. C. MEET, JULY 4.

THE following quaint invitation, printed on coarse brown paper, has been sent out by the club. The meet will be held at Coddington's Point instead of Esopus Island. Canoeists can take the Rondout steamer:

RONDOUT CANOE CLUB.
Club Signal.

M.....

Ye yonge menne whych are joyned togetherre inne ye guild ycIept as above, doe moste humblie crave ye favour of yr companie onne ye occasion of ther annal meetynge, for ye bakynge of clampes, onne whyche occasion ye farocious Venus mercenaria wl be subjed to ye directe taste of fire and devourd by such as doo so desire. This meetinge wille be holdene inne a place onne ye river named Hudsonne, known as Codyngton's Dock, & tyme of assemblynge wl bee onne ye afternoon of Saturday, in ye monthe of July, onne ye fourth day of ye monthe, inne ye year mdccclxxxv.

A boate propelled with a form of heated waterie vapour sometimes called steame, wl be inne waytinge atte Romer & Tremper's Dock, & wl leave same place atte onne of ye clocke, wythe greate promptitude.

SHATTEMUC C. C. REGATTA.—The opening regatta of the Shattemuc C. C., was held off the club house on Saturday, June 13, at 4 P. M. The programme included one sailing race each for Classes A and B, one paddling race each for Class 2 and Classes 3 and 4, and one special sailing race open to all. There was a strong southwest wind and a flood tide. Class B, sailing, was won by Wilson & Phraner, canoe Dingbat; sailing, Class A, by J. K. Hand, canoe Midget; W. M. Carpenter, canoe Dawn, won the Class 2 paddling race, and H. M. Carpenter, canoe Gypsie, the paddling race for classes 3 and 4. The special sailing race was won by the Commodore, J. H. Carpenter. There was a first prize offered for each race, and a season sailing prize, to be raced for every two or three weeks until October.

TORONTO C. C. SAILING RACE.—Messrs. Tyson, Nicholson and Neilson started on Saturday, June 20, for the second race for the all-round cup and the Newman medal. The wind was from the east, fresh to strong. Commodore Tyson's new fan sail got into a snarl on the word being given, and the other two had a long lead before he straightened out after them. This lead they gradually increased until at the finish Neilson, in the Boreas, was some three hundred yards ahead of Nicholson, in the Sadie N., and about a mile ahead of the Isabel. This is two wins of the cup for Boreas; five times is necessary to secure it. The handicap paddling race for the cup presented by Mr. Fred Mason comes off Saturday, the 27th.

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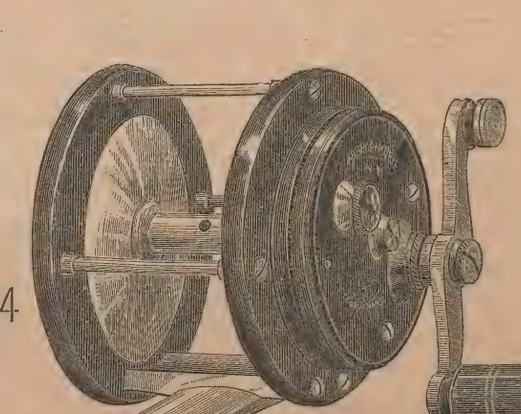
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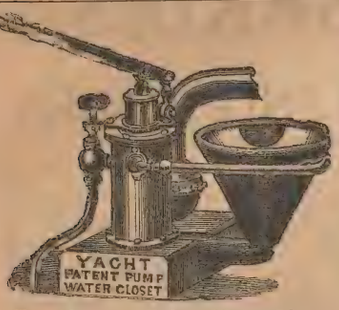
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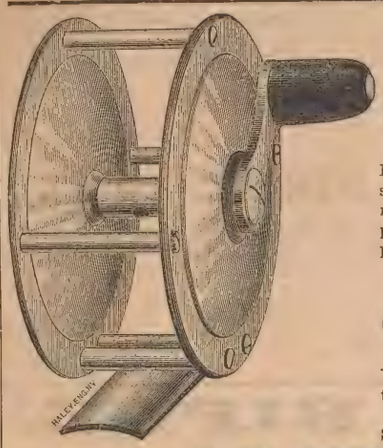
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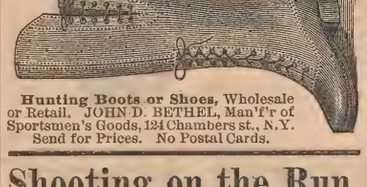
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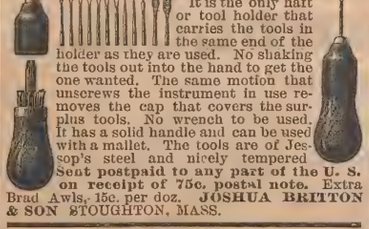
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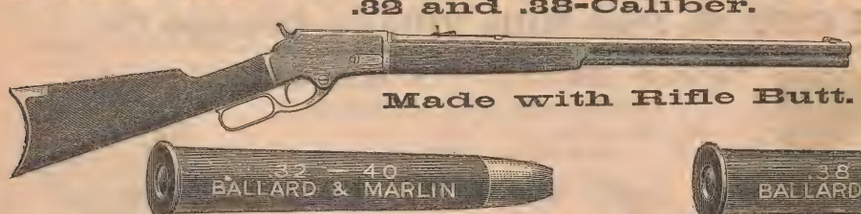
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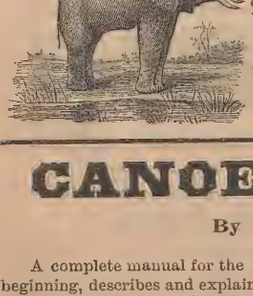
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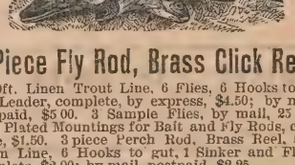
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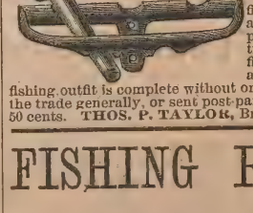
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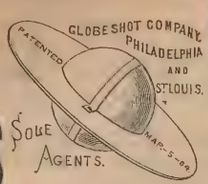
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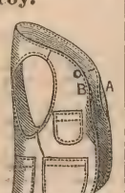
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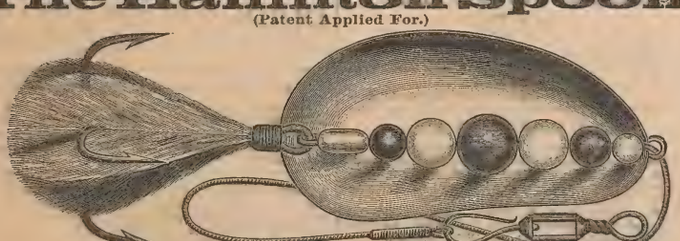
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CANOE

THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

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AMATEURS.

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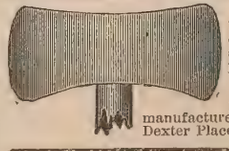
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THE CUP OWNERS AND THE COMMITTEE.

SINCE it was decided by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club (the custodian under the deed of gift from the original owners of the Cup won by the America in 1851) to build a yacht to defend the Cup against the visiting English yacht, the committee of the club, to whom the details of the new boat were intrusted, have endeavored to keep secret all information concerning her. Beyond the bare statement that she was a centerboard boat of such a length, breadth and depth, they have made public nothing concerning her, and those engaged in her construction and fitting out, have by their orders been equally reticent, so that all that is known of her to day is only that which could not well be concealed. The committee have taken the ground that the Priscilla is a private yacht built by private parties, and that how large she is or how she is rigged is simply nobody's business. If this view is correct they are justified in withholding all information, but they must first defend the position they have taken.

The America Cup is a trophy belonging to no club nor set of men, but as an emblem of national superiority it belongs for the time being to the nation who can hold it against all comers, as we have done for thirty-four years. It is intrusted very properly to the leading yacht club of America, the club whose members first won it and whose yachts have four times successfully defended it; and on the occasion of another contest the club have intrusted its defense to a committee composed of its most active and prominent members. Two of the flag officers of the club have built and intrusted to this same committee a yacht; not a pleasure toy for a few persons, but as an active agent in the defense of the people's trophy and our reputation as yachtsmen, and to the real owners of the Cup the committee must answer for its defense.

There is no suspicion that they have not done all that is possible, or that the Priscilla is not fully worthy of the task she very probably will be called on to undertake; but more than that is necessary if they would avoid all responsibility in the event of a victory for Genesta or Galatea. There is nothing, it is to be hoped, about the Priscilla, that they need be ashamed of, and certainly little or nothing, the knowledge of which could in any way injure her chances; and by making public all concerning her, they secure themselves from blame in case of failure; while on the other hand, if they keep secret what they are doing, they must shoulder the entire responsibility.

That their views are not shared by at least one of the gentlemen most concerned in the Priscilla is shown by the peremptory dispatch from Commodore Bennett that a representative of the *Herald* should be present on the trial trip, which the committee intended to keep as secret as possible. There can be no question of the widely spread and intense interest felt by the American people, not merely by yachtsmen, in the coming contest, and they will look directly to their representatives, the committee of the New York Yacht Club, for the retention of the trophy.

PROFESSIONAL CANOE PADDLING.

FOR the twenty years that canoeing has lived and grown it has been entirely free from any tinge of professionalism, and since the formation of the American Canoe Association, and the increased interest in the sport, extra efforts have been made to exclude such a professional element as has worked so disastrously in rowing; and thus far with perfect success. Canoeing depends for its success on various elements that are not compatible with extreme speed, the only end and aim of professional racing, and the sport really offers little inducement to the "sporting man," compared with rowing, as the latter must always be speedier. Among the many races sailed and paddled in America none that we know of, except a few among Indians and Canadian woodsmen, have been in any way professional; and none thus far have been attended with the gambling, quarreling, and bad faith that have brought rowing from the place it held in 1875 to that it now has, and it is with regret that we notice the following in a San Francisco paper: "A member of the South End Club, who is an acknowledged expert with the paddle, is desirous to make a match for $100 or so, the race to be paddled over a suitable course in canoes of equal speed and dimensions." A similar race was talked of in Canada last fall but did not come off, and we hope that the canoeists of the Pacific will discourage the present attempt. There is now ample incentive to competition in all localities where canoeing is established, in the rivalry among members and the prizes offered by clubs, while at the same time the restrictions imposed by building rules and cruising necessities prevent the building of paddling shells. Of course the professional camper or general canoeist is an impossibility, the only branch of the sport that is available being paddling.

Racing for valuable stakes can encourage but one end, the one that canoeing is directly interested in discouraging, that of mere speed. The main advantage of canoeing at the present day is that it is a sport to be enjoyed at one's leisure; that a man gets in a canoe nine times out of ten, not to go somewhere in a hurry, but for rest from business, leisurely loitering, and a temporary escape from the unending hurry of modern life. Take this element away and canoeing can no longer be what it is, a sport for everybody, but must follow the downward course that rowing has pursued for thirty years. From a standpoint of mere speed, boats, oars, fittings and crews have taken an enormous stride forward, well illustrated by the comparison of an old inrigged wherry with a paper four or eight of to-day, but no one can say that rowing is as healthy or as accessible to every one as it was in the earlier stages. It would seem that the many, with neither time, strength nor desire for racing, might still find their pleasure in wide and comfortable tubs with an easy stroke, leaving the outriggers and racing to the few who can enjoy them; but curiously enough, there is an unalterable natural law by which when a certain standard is set up, no matter how distant and unattainable or how undesirable, all men must aspire to it, and either work to attain it or abandon the sport entirely. Oarsmen have set up a standard of speed, the taking a shell of lightest possible construction over two, four or five miles in the least possible time, regardless of every other consideration, and that standard exerts an influence on all varieties of rowing.

Thus far canoeing has been free from such evil influence; the only end sought has been true recreation, and racing has been encouraged only to an extent that will add additional interest and promote improvements in the boats; while its development has been carefully guarded by retrictions that encourage cruising and pleasure paddling, rather than speed only. Under these conditions it meets the wants of an immense number as no other sport yet has done; but only let the standard of fast paddling be set up by a few, and we may expect to see canoeing follow the same course as rowing and with similar results. No one can explain why this should be so, but few will deny that it will; that the tide once turned in that direction will carry all before it, and ultimately destroy the very features that now make canoeing enjoyable. It has been so with many other sports that have been improved to death, or as some one has expressed it, have "died of their own too muchness."

We would not be understood as depreciating rowing in any form, recognizing the part it now takes among the outdoor amusements of the day. The changes that have arisen in the course of years, whatever their result, are simply natural, and what must be expected in these days of progress; and freed from the evil influence that has of late retarded it, there is no nobler sport for the athlete. Canoeing, however, appeals to a different and larger class, which the introduction of such improvements would soon exclude as the form of the sport varied. The cinder track and the sliding seat still offer a large field to the budding professional, and we hope for many a day he will leave the paddle to those who are better able to appreciate its many good qualities, and put it to its proper use.

THE GERMAN SHOOT.—The trip to Bingen on the Rhine of the independent New York German riflemen has roused no end of enthusiasm in the quiet little German town. There were marksmen and orators and warriors in the party. There has been some shooting, much talking, no end of wine drinking, and altogether a capital time. The visitors made the place particularly lively on the Fourth of July and America was boomed in every respect. There was some shooting at the usual eagle, and it was dismembered and divided around as follows: Weber, middle crown; Bruns, right crown; Bergman, left crown; Gramm, right wing; Weiler, left wing; Schuhmacher, right head; Kugler, left head; Witt, right neck; Koerben, left neck; Boeswald, imperial eagle; Schwarz, sceptre; Bopp, German flag; Stein, American flag; Nehrbas, right claw; Zuschlag, left claw; H. Weber, right thigh; Wassung, right wing; Berndt, left wing; Crous, tail; Roedler, body. Roedler became rifle king. In the afternoon the American riflemen made an excursion to the Niederwald and the New Yorkers placed a wreath on the pedestal of the statue of Germania. In performing this act, Mr. William Weber, secretary of the Schuetzen, said: "The independent New York riflemen, in the name of the Germans of the United States of America, place at the feet of the symbol of the reëstablished German Empire this oak wreath, in testimony of their unbroken love and attachment to their old Fatherland." The coronation of the Schützen König Roedler followed with high festivities.

TOY PISTOL DAY.—The toy pistol did its deadly work on the recent national holiday. The laws are against the little pest, but the small boys are friendly to it, and the small boy wins every time in the preliminary tussel. When it comes to his later set-to with the toy itself, the lad is not always so successful. Into a bit of flimsy machinery, made only to fire off the inoffensive blank cartridges, the youthful gunner pokes a ball cartridge, or perhaps a charge of nails; and then comes the ruction, and the youthful experimenter parts company with a finger and thumb. One or two good test cases made against prominent dealers in the prohibited articles would do more in checking the sale and distribution of these nuisances than any amount of general talk or writing. There are plenty of officers paid to do this very work, and when grief and sorrow have been brought into many more households perhaps some real restrictive work will be done.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—At the meeting of the National Gun Association at Philadelphia last week, Mr. J. E. Bloom resigned the position of general manager, and Mr. A. W. Du Bray, of Newport, Ky., was elected to fill his place. The next tournament of the Association will be held at Augusta, Georgia.

DEER LAW POSTERS.—It is important to make the new law known in every part of the North Woods. We have prepared a poster giving the text of the law, with the names of the State game protectors for the Adirondack counties. These will be mailed free of charge upon application.

THE WORLD IS SMALL.—One of the curiosities of the news of the day is to be found in our angling columns, where it is stated that the tackle supply of American anglers is to be affected by the ravages of the cholera in Spain.

WEEHAWKEN.—The guns of the Algonquin Gun Club, at Weehawken, N. J., opposite New York city, wake the echoes among the bluffs that once answered back to Burr's pistol shot when he killed Alexander Hamilton.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A SCHOOL MEETING IN DISTRICT 13.

FOR a week before the first Tuesday in the April of a certain year half a lifetime ago, the battered door of the shabby old school house in District 13 of the township of Danvis, bore a conspicuous patch of white paper among its scratches, bruises and awkwardly carved initials. Some wayfarers knew at first sight what this early spring blossoming of the school house door heralded; those who did not or hoped that it might advertise a "slayth o' hand show" or "a 'stronermy lectur'," or "temp'unce meetin'," found upon examination that it warned the "legil voters in school meeting in Dist. 13 in the town of Danvis to mete in the school house in sd. dist. on Tuesday evening, Aperil 3," etc., etc.

Accordingly on the evening named in the warning, as the dismal landscape of the season grew dim in the twilight, the little building was illuminated by four candles, and the cracked, rusty stove glowed with fervent heat, for the committee and the "deestrick clark" had not been negligent of their duty, and having lighted the candles and the fire, now sat gazing thoughtfully, or with absence of thought, at the stove while they waited the coming of their neighbors. Presently, announcing their arrival with more than needful stamping and scraping of boots, there entered nearly all the legal voters of the district and almost as many boys, for without the presence of this non-voting but not altogether silent element, no school meeting had ever yet been held in District 13. Uncle Lisha Peggs, the cordwainer, was there, and Solon Briggs, the man of big if not weighty words, and Joseph Hill, and his aged sire whom Ethan Allen had assisted in the capture of Ticonderoga, and who had fought at Hubbardton and Bennington, and had ever since been ready to take a hand in any fight, whether of words or deeds. There were also present Samuel Lovel, the hunter, and his companion Drive, the hound, who took now no active part in the proceedings, but got himself under the stove and toasted his gaunt ribs with exceeding comfort while he bided his time. Loud and forthputting there was Beri Burton, an uncouth giant, who had not long been a resident, having moved into the township from no one knew where, and who had the air of being burdened with a grievance and the mal-odor of "spilin' for a fight." Gran'ther Hill set his toothless jaws as he rested his chin upon his cane, and glowered at him as he could not have done more savagely at his ancient bitterest enemies, the Tories and Indians. Antoine Bisette, the Canadian, attended the meeting, not a voter, but interested as a furnisher of scholars, for every year was added one more black-polled, bare-footed toddler to his dusky brood that came jabbering along the dusty summer road to the old school house.

Joel Bartlett, "clark of the deestrick," was a staid Quaker, whose mouth was made up for a whistle that the strictness of his religious views had never permitted him to utter, and he wore a wide-brimmed hat always abroad and much at home, and almost as constantly as this and the pucker of his lips, a coat supposed to be somewhat like that of George Fox, the founder of his sect. "Samule," he said, when after sitting some time in silence his attention was attracted by the hound's yelping and pawing the air in pursuit of a shadowy fox on the hills of dreamland, "thy dawg appears kind 'er lanky, 's 'ough he hed n't wintered fust rate. Thee feeds him, I hope?"

"Feed 'im!" said Sam, indignant at such an imputation on his treatment of his friend. "The' haint a day goes over Drives's head 'at he don't hev a johnny cake baked for 'im, an' he gits it, too. The trouble with Drive is, he's ben a preachin' raound hum all winter, a prophet 'thaout honor in his own country, ye know, an' not much profit to his marster. Mebby you've hearn him holdin' forth on Hawgs Back an' raound. He's got kinder thin duin' so much for so little, for he ain't no hirelin' minister, an' don't git nothin' but his board for his sarvices. Tow-ward the latter eend o' nex' month, Fif' month, I'm a goin' to start him off for yearly meetin', to New York or Newport, an' if he don't fat up there, I'm a goin' to git him recommended, an' hev 'im git a consarn to go on a visit to Friends to the east'ard. Ef that don't git 'im in good trim, I'll disown 'im, for he can't 'preciate blessin's, an' haint fit to be a member 'mong Friends."

"Wal, Samule," said Joel, with a twinkle in his eyes, "if thy dawg has ben a preachin' anything weighty, I'm afeared his marster's ears hes been closed, an' I think he better continner a sowin' the seed to hum, an' if the graound is barrern keep a harrerin of it in."

The men laughed, and the boys snickered in the dark corners, and Joel rising and looking around said, "I think everybody is present 'at 's 'xpected, an' perhaps the meetin' might as well be called t' odder. Friends 'll please come t' odder."

All but himself took off their hats, and the whish of the boys' whispering ceased while he slowly read the warning, stooping to the nearest candle while he followed his forefinger along the lines. This ended, he said, "The fust thing is to choose a mawdrator. Will some friend please nomernate?"

"I nomernate Solon Briggs," said Sam Lovel promptly, and "I secont the motion," some one else said as promptly. Then Joel proclaimed that Solon Briggs was "nomernated and seconted as mawdrator, an' them 'at favors him will say aye," and there was a small thunder of ayes.

"The contrayry minded will say no," and only Beri Burton growled no.

"You hev made chice of Solon Briggs to sarve you as mawdrator," Joel announced, and Solon took his seat beside the clerk.

"In consumin' this persition," he said, slowly rising, and as slowly grinding his palms together, "to which I was chose unomynous without only one disseminatin' voice, I du it a hopesin' 'at this meetin' will cornduck itself becomin' an' harmonous an' proprietory; an' that them 'at is in the mynority will feel as content to be minoritorious as them 'at is in the may-jority will be to be majoritorious. An' we will naow perceed to transack business. The fust thing on the progerammy is to eleck a clark. Please nommernate a clark."

"I guess," said Uncle Lisha, scraping the wax off his left thumb with the nail of his right forefinger, and rolling it into pellets which he dropped upon the floor, "I guess 'at we'd better hev Joel. He's taown clark an' clark of his meetin', an' ben deestrick clark this ever so long, an' so he's got uster bein' clark. I nommernate Joel." Joel's nomination was seconded and he was elected.

"The nex' thing," said Solon, "on the progerrammy—or things—is a committee, one, tu, or three, to sarve as committee for the pursuin' year,"

"Bein' 'at the' 's some," said Joseph Hill, propping himself into a half standing position with his hands on the desks each side of him, "'at thinks we'd better not go t' the expense o' hirin' of a man, but better kinder git along wi' a woman teacher this summer, an' the' 's some 'at don't, perhaps we 'd better hev a committee 'at does or don't think so. F' my part, I d' know 's it makes much diffunce to me. I sh'ld like to hev a good teacher cheap, or a cheap teacher, an' hev him—her—it—a good one. I d' know 's care much which sect the teacher is. I move 't we hev a man—or a womern."

"We do' wan' no schoolmom!" roared Beri Burton; "Gol dum schoolmom!"

"Afore we go any furder," said Joel Bartlett, rising and laying aside his hat, "I feel it borne in upon me to caution friends agin givin' away to their passions, an' to try an' conduck themselves with proper regard o' one 'nothers' feelin's. Bein' 'at we haint all o' one mind, we can't expeck to be all on us suited; an' them 'at haint mus' try an' bear their disapp'intment, an' them 'at is mus' try an' not kerry 'emselves too high-headed." As he went on he unwittingly set his words to the dolorous tune to which the movings of his spirit went forth to those of his own belief on First day and Fifth day meetings. "An', beloved friends, we must all on us, them 'at is up an' them 'at is daown, indivor for to—ah—be charitable an' kind an' forgivin', one untu another. A speakin' for myself, I can say that I think a suitable young womern 'ould arnswer aour purpose very well for the summer, as well as bein' more equinomical—"

"Thar!" cried Beri Burton, springing up like a gigantic jack-in-a-box, and mumbling his words as if they were so many hot potatoes, "thar, Misser Bartlutt, we do' wan' hear no more your dum blob; we do' wan' no schoolmom, I tell ye. Had un las' summer, didn't us, an' what kin' er teacher was her? Why, noons an' art' school, an' boys aout an' gals aout fo'noon an' art'noon, the' was a feller—won't call no names—'at uster come to schoolhaouse, 'n' him an' schoolmom 'ld go daown inter medder strawberrin'. Schoolmom 'ld rub strawbers on 'er cheeks an' that 'ere feller 'ld buss 'em off! Gol dum such schoolmom! Then 'ey 'd come up ter schoolhaouse, an' that 'ere feller 'ld git a board an' run it through the fence, an' schoolmom 'ld git ont' one end on 't an' he'd get ont' tother, an' then they'd go teeter-tawter-tee ter, tawter! Gol dum such schoolmom. Do' wan' no more on 'em!"

"Ef I could on'y a hed that 'ere big heathin a front on me to Hubbar'ton or Bennin'ton," said Gran'ther Hill in a hoarse, whistling voice, "a painted an' feathered, er dressed up in a red cut, he would n't a ben a troublin' 'on us to-night, he would n't."

"Ef I 'd ha knowed," retorted Beri, "'at this was a goin' to be a resurruction stiddy a reg'lar school meetin', I'd ha' tooted up some o' my fo'fathers, or dug 'em up, an' brung 'em along to vote agin ye, ye ol' onbaried cuss."

"Odder! Odder!" called Solon.

"Forefathers!" sneered Sam Lovel, "Ye never hed none, 'n' 'f ye hed the'y be 'shamed o' yer com'pny. I say odder, tu. He 's same 's a skeeter to me. I don't care nothin' baout his bitin', but I do hate his cussed yowlin'."

"Jozeff!" commanded the ancient warrior, "you kinder stiddy me on my laigs so 's 't c'n run my cane through that Hessian's in'ards!"

"Wal, naow, no, father, I guess I wouldn't, not 'f I was you," said his peaceable-minded son, "seem 's 'ough I would n't. 'F you sh'ld kill him, you'd git hung, 'n' that 'ould be turrible disgraceful for a man o' your years, an' one 'at's hed such 'scapes from Ticonderoge an' Hubbar'ton an' Bennin'ton. An' if you didn't, he might lick both on us, for I haint so spry 's I was, an' that would be turrible onpleasant for us an' turrible gratyfyin' for him. I haint no mind to give him no sech satyfaction."

"Bah gosh!" screamed Antoine, spring to his feet and dashing his tasseled woolen cap upon the floor, "Ah'll mek it notion we ant have it no school, 'f 'e can' have it aout all a tam quarly, quarly! Ah'll mek it notion we ant have it no school, me!"

"Odder! Odder!" Solon shouted in a stern voice, "you're aouten odder, Antwine."

"What for Ah'm aout norder, M'sieu Brigg, hein?"

"Why, Antwine, you haint a legle voter in school meetin', ye see, don't ye? It 'ould be a diabolishment of parloramentary rules to 'low you to vote or speak. Ye haint never ben nat'ralized, ye know."

"Wal, Ah don' care 'f Ah don' nat'ral lie, so much you do. Ah'll show you jes' many chillun for go school any boddee, bah gosh! More of it all a tam, evrec year, evrec year Ah guess Ah m's more norder you was, M'sieu Brigg. You be marree more as Ah was, an' don' have it on'y but one chillun, bah gosh!" and Antoine grasped the seat of his baggy trowsers with both hands preparatory to jumping upon his cap.

"Good airth an' seas!" Lisha roared in a voice that made the cracked window panes jingle and brought down some crumbs of plastering from the ceiling. "What's the motter ails ye, all on ye? We never hed no sech cussed works afore to a school meetin' sen I was ol' 'nough to go to one! Ann Twine! You seddown an' shet up yer dum canuck head! What's the motter ails ye?"

"It all comes," said Solon, "o' hevin' this 'ere imported disturbin' elephunt in aour midst of us, which we didn't uster hev it prevariously before last year."

What might then have happened if something else had not presently happened will never be known.

The men were growing angrier, and the repeated calls to order by the moderator, the loud voices and warlike demonstrations of their elders had hushed the boys in the back seats to such silence as their exuberant spirits had seldom known. Pelatiah Gove was the biggest of them, and having ciphered to the rule of three, was therefore, unless he chose to make his painful way further up the hill of learning toward the temple of science pictured on the first page of the spelling book, to be considered a graduate of the district school. He was old enough to begin to think of the past, but whether with any longing to recall it perhaps he could not himself quite tell. He sat in his old seat by the window, vainly trying to accommodate his longer grown legs to their old position, and studying the initials and unmeaning devices his jackknife had carved in the noontimes and stolen moments of past winters. He contrasted the present turbulent sounds with the drowsy buzz of the flies on the windows in the summer days when he so longed to go a-fishing in the brook that shot its tantalizing glints through the stems and shadows of the alders, and he turned his head to the window and looked toward the brook in a dreamy way. There seemed not much in that direction now to tempt one away from the warmth of the schoolhouse, only that its atmosphere was becoming a little too warm, and if there was really to be what Pelatiah called "a reg'lar carummux," he, being a lover of peace, would rather not be present.

But something caught his abstracted gaze. He rubbed the dusty pane and put a hollowed hand on either side of his face, and looking intently counted one, two, three, four dark objects moving slowly across the dingy snow and dun dead grass of the fields, revealed with dim distinctness in the clouded moonlight. After a long look—though it was only a minute—to verify his first suspicion, he jumped to his feet, in his tangled haste almost tearing the desk from its place, shouting, "'Coons! 'coons! four on 'em a crossin' the road! Come on, all on ye! Here, Drive, sic 'em!" and made a dash for the door, shouting as he went, and emphasizing his calls with the thump! thump! of his heavy boots. "'Coons! come Drive!" and Drive came suddenly out of dreamland and shot through the open door in hot eagerness for game more tangible than the phantoms of his sleep. Pelatiah and the hound were followed in a mad rush by every one but the moderator and the clerk. These two stood aghast at the sudden breaking up of the meeting, and as Solon heard the shouts of the men and boys, and the baying of the deep-voiced hound coming fainter and fainter as they sped across the fields in pursuit of their quarry, he said, turning to his unmoved colleague, "The quorum has absquaterlated, an' I pernounce this meetin' is a-journed, Simon Dyer!"

And so he and Joel put out the light and made the fire safe, and themselves went out. As they paused listening on the doorstep, with a human curiosity that neither the dignity of office nor the precepts of a stern religion could quite restrain, the voices of the men and boys of the pursuing party were hushed, and there was heard only the steady, insisting baying of the hound, now evidently not moving any further away, nor moving at all.

"I ruther guess," said Joel, with his best ear turned toward the sound and his mouth more tightly puckered for the unvoiced whistle; "I ruther guess the dawg has treed 'em, onless he's preachin' to Samule. Don't thee think we'd better go an' see, Solon?"

And so ended that school meeting in Dist. 13.

DOWN THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN.

IT was a bright Sunday morning toward the end of April last that a small party were at breakfast in a caboose on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Swift Current. We were talking about an encounter that had recently taken place between a party of half-breeds and the force of Canadian militia under General Middleton, and discussing the probabilities of a steamer called the Northcote, which had recently left the crossing on the South Saskatchewan River, distant some thirty-three miles north, making her way down the river successfully with her cargo of supplies and reinforcements. A happy thought occurred to me, "Why shouldn't I go down the river in a canoe I had with me." I would be such an insignificant object that if there were hostile Indians along the bank I would probably pass them without being seen. I would see what the river was like and how the steamer was getting on. So I broached the subject, and after a little discussion with the General in command (who made one of our party) it was decided I should start next morning. Then I set to work to make my preparations, not without sundry misgivings as to my reaching my destination, a sort of half regret that I had committed myself and mental visions of wily Indians taking a pot shot at the solitary navigator and sending him to the happy hunting grounds to paddle his own canoe at his leisure. The distance from the Battleford Ferry on the South Saskatchewan to Clark's Crossing, on the same river, fifteen miles below which General Middleton was encamped, was estimated to be about 220 miles. (The captain of the Northcote in a subsequent conversation made it out to be over 300, but the former estimate is probably the more correct.) The steamer had made the voyage up the river the previous autumn, how she would fare going down was a matter of doubt.

The canoe in which I proposed to take the cruise was a canvas folding one built at Peterboro. Its dimensions were 12 feet in length, 30 inches in width, 12 inches in depth amidships and 18 at stem and stern when set up; it weighed about fifty pounds, with paddle, seat and flooring boards. Some experience of river cruising has made me discard a sail, except for a large open river such as the St. Lawrence, and I trusted to my paddle alone on this as on other occasions. The canoe was of the Canadian or birch bark model, but I used the double-bladed paddle, taking also a single blade in case of accidents. The rest of my outfit was simple, consisting chiefly of blankets and an india-rubber sheet, biscuits, tinned corn beef and fruit, tea and sugar. I took no tent, and my cooking apparatus consisted of a tin pint pot and a small spirit stove. I had a small revolver, but didn't anticipate much benefit from it in the event of meeting a hostile red man, as he would probably have got the drop on me long before I sighted him.

Behold me, then, next morning starting to drive to the river. The General had kindly provided a "buckboard" for my transport. To the side of this vehicle I tied my canoe, of course folded in its bag, in which shape it somewhat resembled a bundle of sticks, and behind and underneath the seat I packed the rest of my dunnage. My friends bid me good-bye with requests for locks of my scanty hair, to leave as little as possible for the inhabitants of the country through which I was going to pass to exercise their peculiar talents on, and off I started. The animal that drew the vehicle was a mild and meek-looking specimen of the Indian "kyuse," apparently broken down by hard work. He had refused a meal of oats that had been set before him upon starting; it was a luxury for which he hadn't acquired a taste. I took the trail northward, sufficiently marked by the strings of vehicles passing over it. The prairie looked barren enough in that locality, undulating into little hills and ridges, in the hollows between which were collections of melted snow or rain—"sloughs" or "slews" in the nomenclature of the Northwest. The country reminded me of the table lands of Central India, except that the green patches of cultivation and groves of trees which made pleasant breaks in the dreary waste were absent. On the trail were numerous teams, some loaded with supplies, others returning from the crossing empty. When I had got twelve or fifteen miles on my way I got down to adjust the package containing the canoe, which the jolting over the road had loosened. I never thought the meek animal I had been driving would take an unfair advantage of me, but he did. No sooner was I engaged with both hands about the package than he humped his back, kicked up his heels and away went buckboard and pony at a pace I should never have dreamed of him being

able to accomplish, leaving me standing holding on to my canoe package. He made a circle round on the prairie, and then on to the home trail for Swift Current. I followed at such pace as I could best manage to keep the animal in view, not with any expectation of coming up with him. After he had got two or three miles on his road home he came on a party of teamsters encamped for their dinner; about twenty of them spread themselves out on the prairie and tried to stop him, but he dodged them all cleverly and on he went gaily. "It's no use running," said they when I came up with the party; "take it quietly." So I did. Two miles further I found another lot of teams, and here to my delight I saw my pony with the buckboard intact tied to the wheel of a wagon. He looked as sleepy as ever, and immediately coughed as if to hint his chest was delicate. The teamsters offered me dinner, of which I was glad enough, and one of them who had been a sailor discoursed of the sea, a pleasant reminiscense in that desert land. This little escapade fortunately ended without any damage, so I was soon on my way again after gathering up my canoe and the dunnage that had been spilt on the prairie. This time I took the precaution to tie the animal to a telegraph pole. About 5 o'clock in the evening I reached the river, where I found a small encampment in charge of the supplies. Here I left the "rig" with the officer to whom it belonged pro tem., and who sympathized with me when I told him how my confidence in the animal had been abused, as he had had the buckboard nearly kicked to pieces without the least provocation when the animal was going along at a quiet walk.

He gave me a shake-down in his tent, and after supper I went down to look at the river, a dull looking stream flowing between sandbars in a bed much too large for it. I tried my boat, which was a new one hitherto unused, and found it answer my expectations, so I left it on a scow to be ready for an early start in the morning, and climbing up the steep bank returned to the tent in the neighboring encampment. Next morning shortly after daybreak I got my gear together, stowed it in my little craft, and started on my lonely paddle of over 200 miles. The river was free from ice, but had not been reinforced as yet by the melted snow from the Rocky Mountains, so the water was low; the stream ran between sandbanks at the rate of about two to three miles an hour (as nearly as I could judge), and its depth was variable. High clay banks on either side shut out all view of the surrounding country, not that there was anything to see when one did surmount them.

Helped by the current, I paddled on at the rate of about five miles an hour. "The thief doth see in every bush an officer," so at first I thought of an Indian lurking behind each thicket. After I had passed a good many without seeing any Indians I felt more at ease, and amused myself forming imaginary pictures out of the irregular masses of clay and sand past which I swept; pinnacles and round towers, forts with moats, successively came into view. Desolation is the chief impression I have carried away of the South Saskatchewan. Except one slight "race" I met no rapids or difficulties such as canoeists delight in surmounting; to find the channel at times was the only difficulty. The river wound among the sandbanks in a way that was confusing, and unless I watched carefully the set of the current I would suddenly find myself with only about two inches of water under my keel. Occasionally I was tempted to make a short cut, which was not a success, as I was soon reduced to wading bare-legged through sand and water for about a quarter of a mile until I regained the main channel.

At noon I stopped for dinner and a short rest, and then on again, my course was east at first, then northeast, and by the afternoon of the second day I had made by reckoning a point near the Elbow. A head wind then got up, and as I found I was not making much way against it, I camped for the night. This process was simple. I usually selected a small dry ravine, made a bed with my blankets and canoe bag and over this I turned my canoe, bottom upward, resting on one gunwale, then I spread a waterproof sheet over the canoe, and after I had crept beneath it, turned it down over the open side. In this way I managed to make a comfortable bed and slept soundly in spite of the cold nights. It was the end of April, and the nights in the Northwest are cold about that time. On the morning of the third day, about seven o'clock, I reached the Elbow, where the river changes its course from N.E. to N., making a decided bend. Here I saw a solitary hut, the only sign of habitation I had met since leaving Swift Current station. It stood bare and lonely on the hillside above the river, tenantless, without a sign of cultivation near it, and added to the desolateness of the scene. After rounding the Elbow the navigation of the river improved and its course became more clearly marked, but as soon as I had got well on my way northward, I met a stiff breeze from the north, blowing right up the river, a regular "nose ender." I hammered on against this for a short time, but soon came to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle, and accordingly made for the shore, landed and built a small fire, at which I read and meditated and slept the rest of the day and night.

I was up betimes the following morning, for about 3 A. M. the temperature of my lair under the canoe was not conducive to sleep. The wind had fallen during the night, and the clear dawn gave promise of a fine day. Relighting my fire, I soon made myself a cup of cocoa which, with "hard tack" (sailor's biscuit) constituted my frugal breakfast, then I got under way again just as dawn was breaking. The morning was fine and calm, and helped by a strong current, I made good way down stream. After paddling about twenty miles I was somewhat startled by the unexpected boom of a steam whistle lower down the river. Following its windings, I soon came in sight of the smoke stacks of a steamer, without doubt the Northcote. Was she on her return voyage, or was she making her way down the river like myself? A few more strokes of my paddle settled it. I saw the red-coated line of militia soldiers, and rounding to under the lee of the steamer (which was wedged on a sandbank), was greeted by a cheer from them. I spent a few hours on board the steamer, but soon tired of the monotony of seeing the ship, heavily loaded, with two barges alongside, warped or lifted off from one sandbank on to another. So after dinner I launched my canoe again, and left the Northcote as I found her, stuck on another sandbar. The afternoon was hot enough, a contrast to the night.

As I got near the Moose Woods, where the river widens out to two or three miles, from one bank to another—the current passing between mud banks and islands—wild geese (*Outarde*, Canada wild swan) and ducks became more plentiful; these were so tame, I came up within a few yards of them; evidently canoes were a rarity on the river. I forebore shooting at them with my revolver (the only weapon I had) on account of the time which would be lost if I did happen to hit a goose or duck, in getting it, plucking and cooking it, besides I had no cartridges to spare. A herd of antelope also came down to the river bank about a couple of hundred yards from me, gazed for a moment, and then trotted off. Beavers splashed into the water from the bank, put their heads above to look around, and then treated me to a view of their tail. About sunset I got to the expansion of the river and paddled on, hoping to find a suitable camping place, but they were rare in that locality. At last as the evening darkened into night, I put to shore, climbed up a low muddy bank and found a dry spot with brush, on which to build my fire. Tired with my long day's work I slept soundly, though it was so cold that the rubber sheet over me was caked with ice when I woke up toward morning.

Now I made my way between steep mud banks, following the main stream as well as I could. After about twenty miles' paddling I got to where the river narrowed again, and where an island split the current in two; the prettiest little bit of river scenery I had met with. Below this I came on an inhabited house on the bank, near which were two boys watching me. From these I learned that I was close to the colony of Saskatoon, a small settlement on the river where I was expected, as my departure had been wired from Swift Current. Two or three miles lower down I came upon a ferry, and landing here I carried my canoe and lading up to the ferryman's house. The village was in a state of commotion, a fight between the Canadian militia and half-breeds and Indians had taken place a week before, about thirty miles lower down on the river, and some thirty wounded men were to be brought in in the afternoon. So I had other work than canoe paddling to do, and my solitary paddle cruise came to an end.

C. M. DOUGLAS.

CAMPS AND CAMPING OUT.

[From some addenda to "Nessmuk's" "Woodcraft," printed here for the benefit of those who have the volume—as well as of those who ought to have it.—ED.]

As the methods of camping out, cooking, etc., recommended in this little volume have been pretty widely read and commented on, perhaps a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

One very pleasant writer in FOREST AND STREAM gives his mode of making a four-post bedstead for camp, and adds: "Had 'Nessmuk' built his bunk with four bedposts driven in the ground that night on the Tiadaghton he would not have lain a prisoner with guard-mounting performed over him by a rattler." True, dear "Wawayanda." But it required less time and labor to out-stay the snake than to build the bedstead; and it was an incident not likely to happen again in a lifetime, while the building of bedsteads would become a constant quantity in camp life.

Again "Wawayanda" says: "We will speak right here of the superior advantages of what is called in 'Woodcraft' the worst kind of a tent—the wall tent. For tramps through the woods and over carries, stopping where night overtakes one, the less there is to carry the better. The 'Indian camp,' the 'brush shanty,' or the 'shanty tent' is undoubtedly the best for that sort of business. But a majority of the grand army of outers will be found in camps located for a stay of from ten days to three weeks, where ample space and a homelike air within are * * desirable. Besides, parties of four and five are the rule, and often a wife among them. For such the 'shanty tent,' pronounced the 'perfect camp' by 'Nessmuk,' will hardly answer. * * * One or two hardy men may get along in it, though with discomfort, through a four days' nor'easter. * * * Under such circumstances and a 'shanty tent,' were a woman added to the camp, we opine that 'Nessmuk' would feel like shouldering his knapsack and striking out for the clearings." You are well right; he would. And probably the woman would want to go home by that time.

In FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 8, 1885, "Wawayanda" alludes to "Woodcraft" again as follows: " 'Woodcraft' is itself the gospel of relaxation, the apostle of a new life; but it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the enthusiasm of the hermit and the song of the recluse. For a party embarked on an extended outing, its precepts are incomplete. * * * The out-of-door methods are in every way worthy of all acceptation for a fair-weather camp, but of the indoor life of the camper through a week of storm * * * when there is no place of comfort or enjoyment other than the camp, of this part of the outer's experience we find nothing in 'Woodcraft.' It is a phase of camp life which doubtless has often fallen to the lot of 'Nessmuk,' and it is a matter of no little curiosity to know just how he manages it with his shanty tent." I will try to explain.

It may safely be inferred that the man who has spent thirty autumns in the wild highlands of northern Pennsylvania and the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, has seen his full share of long, tedious rainstorms. If I have mostly been silent as to this particular phase of camp life, it is partly because it is so dull and monotonous, both in experience and description, and partly because it is childish and unmanly to put up winding, querulous complaints about the weather. All the same, I have had my full share of "nor'easters." Just how I managed or mismanaged them can better be shown by "plain narration" of actual experience than by any amount of theorizing.

For instance: The autumn of '64 was exceptionally wet, dull and cloudy. Commencing about the middle of October, there was a month when it rained every day, and there were twenty-one consecutive days during which the sun never showed his face for a single minute. It was not a down-pour, but a steady, dull, incessant drizzle that had the searching faculty of wetting everything in the woods, inside and out. It happened just then that I went with a reliable partner to a distant camp for a fall hunt. We had been there the previous summer and partially organized a camp by putting up a rough frame, cutting a lot of wood, and peeling bark for a roof, the latter being laid on the ground with heavy stones on it to keep it from "curling."

It was late in the afternoon of a dark, rainy day, when, after a man-killing tramp, we arrived at the camping grounds, only to find that the ubiquitous swamp hoodlum had preceded us, and had burned up all the wood, and a part of our bark as well. It did look a little dreary.

But it was no time for whining. We soon managed a rousing fire, covered the frame with hemlock brush properly laid, and placed what bark we had where it would do most good. We worked hard with the axes as long as we could see to chop, and by dint of roaring fires, with the rather scant protection of the leaky roof, contrived to pull through the night in tolerable comfort, though it was no picnic. The next morning we were out before it was light enough to shoot, and before the sun was an hour high a streak of luck came to us in the shape of a fat doe, which my partner shot down on sight. A fat deer on the first day of the hunt was beyond price. It meant not only a full supply of choice venison from the start, but the skin would help out materially as an addition to the roof. As it was raining steadily we decided to pack the doe back to camp and put in the balance of the day making things comfortable for a protracted hunt; for deer sign was abundant, we had the ground all to ourselves, and were steadily resolved not to be beaten off by rain. We stretched the deerskin on the roof, picked a full supply of browse and piled it before a blazing fire to dry, drove stakes at the sides of the shanty and wattled in hemlock brush for a wind-break and also to retain and reflect the fire heat, cut a good supply of wood for the night, and then went skirmishing up and down the narrow bottom for an old log that would peel. We found an uprooted basswood that was just the thing, and spent a couple of hours cutting rectangular strips of bark and toting them to camp. We laid them on with care and found that our shelter was rainproof. It was enough. Given a dry flooring, 8x9 feet, with a bright fire in front, and any two hunters who cannot make the thing enjoyable in spite of rain had best take to the clearings.

We hunted from that camp all the week days (and some others) of an entire month, never letting up for rain, and we were wet every day and comfortably dried out every night. It was the wettest hunt I ever was on, but I look back to it as one of the pleasantest. The "perfect camp," the waterproof "shanty tent," would have made the thing delightful from the start, and saved hard work, wet and inconvenience in the beginning. But the facts that two hunters made a successful and most enjoyable deer hunt during an entire month of rainy weather, that they remained healthy, hearty, and enjoyed the soundest sleep every night, and with such slender material for making a comfortable, dry camp, these facts may be suggestive to those who wonder how an old woodsman manages with only a shanty tent during a nor'easter.

I may add that I do not need head room to walk about, read and write, play cards, etc., inside the camp. I do my walking in the grand old forest aisles, rain or shine, and as for writing, I can do enough of that at home. Nor do I take books into the woods.

I carry a sufficient supply of Shakespeare, Pope, Byron and Burns under the little gray hunting cap, which I can draw on at need, and I would as soon start a mouth organ at a first-class concert as draw a book or a euchre deck in the presence of lakes, forests and mountains.

I have read and heard much of the tedium pertaining to protracted storms in camp; of the weary days and the long, dreary nights, when the world seems to be reduced to ten feet square. I shall never understand it. I have certainly spent much more than one hundred days in small, narrow camps alone during the "dark days before Christmas," when there was more than fifteen hours of darkness to be got over each twenty-four hours; and the time never yet seemed long nor hung heavily on my hands for a single hour.

The half-hotel-half-picnic style of outing most in favor with "Wawayanda" is no doubt a pleasant way of passing a portion of the heated term. It is amiable in *pater familias* to take his wife and little ones to a green, well-shaded island, and give them the benefit of an out-o'-door life for a few days or weeks. In which case a wall tent with flaps, and a two-horse wagon load of duffle will be none to much. And a little woodcraft may well be dove-tailed in. The adoption of the "out-door range," and the methods of plain cooking described in "Woodcraft," will be found to work satisfactorily. As to cooking out of doors in the rain, simply drive four crotches, lay two cross-poles thereon, then lay strips of bark or slabs over the fire in such a way as to lead most of the water back of the fire. In very bad weather I sometimes do that. The out-door range obviates any necessity for sheet-iron contrivances and old stove tops, and is much better.

In conclusion, any style of outing that rests, recreates and refreshes men, women and children, is to be commended and encouraged. True, the cumbersome picnic style would not do for me; and my lone, light, hunter style of outing cuts off all possibilities for women and children.

"There is room for us all,
Room in the greenwood if not in the hall."

NESSMUK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HYBRID WOLVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some ten years ago, I think in 1875, Mr. Henry Dowdney was keeping hotel here, near the depot of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad, when a show came along, and among other curiosities collected to make up a small museum was a large Canadian gray wolf, a female. The party stopped at Dowdney's, and bad luck, bad weather, etc., found them when ready to leave the town without means, and the entire collection, the wolf included, was left as collateral security for the hotel bill, and was never redeemed. In due time the wolf came in season, and was bred by Mr. Dowdney who, by the way, is a great lover of bulldogs, to a very handsome white bulldog that he then owned. In due time she gave birth to six very handsome puppies, all a sort of yellow-white. Mr. Dowdney sold all of the pups but one, and I often saw that after it was matured. He made a dog of about 70 pounds weight and quite handsome, but never showed the tenacious disposition of the bulldog, but was of a very treacherous disposition, and would not stay to be punished. Mr. Dowdney finally sold him, and he got into the hands of a farmer, who became afraid of him and killed him. The bitch went to Ohio, and a man there bred another litter from her.

Another case nearly the same came under my observation when I lived in Hornellsville, N. Y. Mr. Owen Sarsfield, who still lives there, kept a grocery and tap room. He was quite a fancier, and among other pets he kept a tame fox and a black and tan terrier, and I saw two litters of hybrid foxes bred from the pair; but it seemed so natural for the two breeds to produce young I thought it of too little importance to notice before.

BURR HOLLIS.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., June 24, 1885.

[The fact that the wolf and fox will freely cross with the domestic dog has long been known, and still authentic accounts of it are worthy of record. A case where a large black smooth-haired dog kept at a ranch in Nebraska paired with a wild gray wolf (*C. occidentalis*) once came under

notice. In this case some of the pups resembled the father and some the mother. The litter grew up and were terribly destructive to the cattle, sometimes killing yearlings and two-year-olds. They were finally with the mother all shot. The dog was never seen after his elopement with the female wolf and was no doubt killed by lupine rivals.]

THE NEST AND EGGS OF SWAINSON'S WARBLER.

(*Helinaia swainsoni.*)

BY WILLIAM BREWSTER.

IT is already a matter of record* that during the year 1884 Mr. Arthur T. Wayne and myself found Swainson's warblers in some numbers near Charleston, South Carolina, where upward of fifty specimens were taken, including the previously undescribed young in first plumage. But although we ascertained beyond all doubts that the birds bred there we utterly failed to find the nest or even to learn anything definite regarding its probable character and position.

In May of the present year I visited Charleston for the third time, and with Mr. Wayne spent several days wading about in the swamps in the hope of stumbling on the prize. But the birds—perhaps thinned by our merciless collecting of the preceding season—proved so very scarce that we often spent an entire day in their haunts without either seeing or hearing one, and the search for a nest seemed so hopeless that I soon abandoned it for a more promising undertaking elsewhere. Mr. Wayne, however, continued it with unremitting perseverance, and after many disappointments his labors were finally rewarded, for early in June he succeeded in finding two nests, the first that have ever been taken. His account of the interesting experience, kindly placed in my hands for publication, is as follows:

"Feeling sure that a pair of these warblers had a nest in a swamp, I searched the place carefully many days in succession. The male was usually present, but he sang in so many different places that I could not tell where his mate and eggs were concealed. At length (on June 5) while forcing my way through a dense tract of canes, I stopped to rest and look about, feeling half disposed to give up the task altogether, when my eye was suddenly arrested by the sight of a bird sitting near at hand on what appeared to be a mass of rubbish lodged in the top of a cane. I saw almost immediately that it was a Swainson's warbler, and advanced, when it flew and alighted on the ground, feigning lameness, but keeping perfect silence. Upon examining the supposed rubbish I found, to my great delight, that I had at length discovered the veritable nest of a Swainson's warbler, but to my disgust it contained only a single young bird about five days old. I shot the male shortly afterward as it was feeding the young bird, but the female escaped. The nest was built in a cane about four feet above a pool of stagnant water.

"Having now some definite knowledge of the position of the nest, I went next day (June 6) to a neighboring swamp where I had seen a pair of the birds. After a short search I started the female, who sat very closely, merely dropping to the ground as I brushed past the nest, and quickly gliding out of sight, simulating lameness like the female of the first nest. I waited fully half an hour before she returned accompanied by her mate. Both birds chirped like a *Parula*, and finally the female went to the nest and resumed incubation. I crept cautiously to within three feet of her, and looked at her for a few moments, then retreating to a proper distance, shot her on the nest. I afterward secured the male also, but not easily, for he was unusually shy. This nest, like the first, was built in a cane over a pool of stagnant water, but it was placed higher—at least six feet above the water. It contained one young bird just hatched and two eggs, addled, but in every way perfect."

These eggs, with the nest in which they were found, have been very kindly sent me by Mr. Wayne for examination and description. The nest is a remarkable affair, composed mainly of leaves—chiefly of the red maple (*Acer rubrum*), sweet gum (*Liquidamber styraciflua*), water oak (*Quercus aquatica*) and cane (*Arundinaria tecta*)—bleached by the sun and winds or stained by long immersion in swamp water, and loosely impacted in a large and nearly globular mass, one side of which rests between, but is in no way fastened to, the upright stem and nearly upright, slightly diverging, fascicled branches of a cane; the bottom of the structure being about four inches above the point of junction of the main stem and its fascicle. As only a little more than one-third of the circumference of the nest is inclosed by these supports it is probable that they were forced slightly outward during the process of building, for otherwise they could scarcely clasp this small portion with sufficient firmness to sustain the weight of the whole. The sides of the mass round inward at the top, which, however, is round and flat as if a perfect globe had been first formed and the top afterward sliced off. Near the inner edge of this flat surface is the nest proper, a deep, neatly-rounded, cup-shaped hollow, smoothly and very prettily lined with needles of the short-leaved pine (*Pinus mitis*) and a few fine black roots, which curiously resemble horse hairs. The inner walls of this cavity next the supporting canes are only about half an inch in thickness, but its outer rim is bordered by a platform from one and one-half to two inches in width. Many of the leaves on the outer edge of this platform are fixed with their stems pointing obliquely upward and outward, forming a bristling fringe, an arrangement which may have been accidental, or perhaps was intended to give the exterior a natural and inconspicuous appearance. If the latter, the design was most happily conceived, for from the outside the whole affair looks like a bunch of old leaves. Something very like it might be made by taking the nest of our oven bird (*Siurus auricapillus*), tearing off the domed top, and pressing one side down among a cluster of elastic sprouts. In a word, it is a ground nest placed in a bush, or rather a hybrid between the ground and bush types of bird architecture, loosely, yet on the whole substantially constructed, planned with rare cunning, and admirably calculated to escape detection from prying eyes.

The interior cavity measures 1.75† in diameter by 1.50 in depth; the entire nest externally 4.00 across the top, 4.50 in horizontal diameter at the middle, and about 4.00 in total depth.

The other nest is described to me by Mr. Wayne as "a rude structure, in fact a mere bunch of leaves, chiefly of the sweet gum and cane, lined almost entirely with 'pine straw,' some rootlets, and a few strands of horse hair. Although rough outwardly, I must say that it is beautifully finished inside."

*See FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 6, 1884, pp. 285, 286, and the *Auk*, Vol. II., No. 1, January, 1885, pp. 65-80.

†The measurements given in this article are all in inches and their hundredths.

The eggs measure respectively .75x.59 and .74x.59. The one giving the former dimensions is almost perfectly elliptical, the opposite ends being essentially uniform in size and outline. The other is more oval but its smaller end is still decidedly blunt and rounded. In color both are dull, dead white with a bluish tinge, so faint that it is appreciable only in certain lights or when the specimen is placed on white cotton or by the side of a perfectly white egg, as that of a swallow or woodpecker. The shell is smooth to the touch but under a glass shows rather numerous pits or pores. It has a moderate polish, more than that of a swallow's egg, less than that of most woodpeckers'. At first sight both eggs appear immaculate and one is really absolutely so. The other has a single small round spot of a deep golden brown color. This will not rub off under a free application of water and as much friction as I have dared to use; but nevertheless I am inclined to consider it merely some accidental stain.

The character of these nests, their position, and the color of the eggs which one of them contained, are all alike unexpected. One would have predicted that the bird would prove to be a ground builder, that its nest would be closely concealed, and that the eggs would be distinctly spotted; all of which goes to show how very idle any speculation in such cases is likely to prove. In respect to the eggs, it is possible that they may be normally spotted. If always immaculate, they will be unique in this respect among the eggs of North American *Sylvicolidæ*. This point probably requires further investigation, but in a general way the mystery hitherto enveloping the breeding of Swainson's warbler may be said to be ended. The thanks of ornithologists at large are certainly due Mr. Wayne for his important services in this connection, services performed at no small risk to health, if not life itself, for the Southern canebrakes reek with malaria, and moccasin snakes are dangerous neighbors. But in spite of these obstacles the life history of the interesting bird has been worked out nearly to the end, and the pages that remain to be added are comparatively few and unimportant.

THE WHITE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my return, quite recently, from Europe, my attention was drawn to your issues of Feb. 26 and March 12, containing what you quite rightly characterize as very interesting contributions to our knowledge of the white Rocky Mountain goat (*Aplocerus montanus*), by the pens of Captain Bendire, Mr. S. Garman, and "W. N. B.," information elicited apparently by a paper of mine in the December *Century*, in which I attempted to give some account of the habits and chase of this animal. Captain Bendire's valuable notes concerning the distribution of the antelope goat to regions so far south (36° N.L.) as Mount Whitney are indeed most interesting, and I am glad I limited my own remarks on this subject in the *Century*, "No authentic instance is known to me of its appearance south of 45° N.L.," for when I wrote the article, almost two years ago, I certainly, in spite of the great pains I took, knew or could learn of no authentic record proving this southerly extension of its zone, and to repeat the usual western hearsay information is, as Captain Bendire no doubt himself knows, not conducive to assist serious study. His authoritative addition to our knowledge of what, from my personal cognizance, I have every reason to believe, is, I need hardly say, very welcome to me and no doubt also to others interested in this subject.

Concerning the weight and measurement of the great ram killed by a friend (Mr. F. Medhurst, a noted English sportsman, whose word I personally guarantee), which I mention in the *Century* to have been between 300 and 400 pounds and who taped round the withers 7 feet 3½ inches, I should perhaps have added that, according to my experience, rams of this size are the exception. I have never killed an *Aplocerus* heavier than about 180 pounds, but then I never got a really large male, though I have seen some that must have equalled my friend's ram. The pages of the *Century* were hardly the place to enter into a disquisition concerning the weight and size of exceptionally large rams; but as this subject happens to have interested me a good deal for the past eight or nine years, I now would like to recur to it briefly. In the first instance, let me inclose for your inspection the photograph of a live ram, no less an individual than a very famous giant ram, which was caught alive some fifteen years back in the Cable Mountains, near Deerlodge City, Mont., and which was kept for some time at the latter place. I did not see the live animal, for he died before my first visit to Montana. Knowing satisfactorily that what I heard of the size of this brute would meet with some head-shaking doubts in Europe, I took pains to collect written and oral testimony from ten respectable citizens of Deerlodge, including the two men who photographed him, the latter's names and addresses being Thos. H. Rutter, Butte City, M. T., and Wm. Hyde, Deerlodge City, M. T., who, I have no doubt, will be glad to repeat the information they gave me. These ten men were, as I say, as trustworthy sources of information as one can find in the home of tall talk. They had all seen the animal weighed and measured, and they all agreed that it scaled 480 pounds a fortnight after it was caught (or brought down), and that it taped round the withers over 8 feet.

Only those entirely ignorant of the subject will express doubt concerning the measurement round the withers—whatever they may think of the weight—for old males of this species have a very distinct hump, in proportion quite as pronounced as that of the American bison, for the top of it is at least eighteen inches over the level of a horizontal line drawn between the eyes and the root of the tail. Besides this their great depth of chest is quite out of proportion to their other dimensions, added to which the immensely thick coat of these shaggy monsters adds naturally very considerably to the span of the tapeline, more particularly so in late spring (when Mr. Medhurst shot his ram) before they have shed their tangled and matted winter coat. It is hardly necessary to point out that dogs were used in the capture of the Deerlodge ram and in that of the other goats secured alive by the hunters. By no other means, save perhaps some fantastical and entirely visionary drugging scheme such as Munchhausen speaks of, could goats be approached within lassoing distance. That 400 or 500 pound rams are not so exceedingly rare would appear from a letter in the London *Field* of May 15, 1885, in which a sportsman, apparently an American, for his communication is dated Fort Keogh, describes the shooting of such a beast. His words are, "This ram, we judged, weighed nearly 500 pounds. His girth was fully six feet." He was shot in October, when they bear their summer coat, and this circumstance no doubt explains his smaller girth as compared to my friend's big ram, the difference in the density and hence volume of the summer and winter coats being very great, greater than in any other animal known to me.

Even Captain Bendire's big ram, which he says weighed 250 pounds when dressed, must have come close to 300 pounds live weight.

The easiest way to hunt the goat is with dogs, but it is not the true sportsmanlike manner, and it soon drives the goats away from a locality. The Kootenay Indians in British Columbia hunt them exclusively with dogs, but considering the vastness of their natural preserves, it does not matter so much. I may mention to those interested in the chase of the *Aplocerus* that in the London *Field* of September 16, 1882, May 5, 1883, and June 23, 1883, I give detailed accounts of the chase and habitat of this game.

I notice that in a footnote you state that the American Museum of Natural History at Central Park has one or more individuals of this species. The museum in question may have them now, but certainly in May, 1883, when I stayed a day longer in New York than I had intended specially for the purpose of seeing these specimens of which I had heard, I could not find any trace of them, and the presiding official appeared to know nothing of them when I showed him the photograph of the big ram to assist identification.

On one point I can not join issue with Captain Bendire, namely that Colorado, Wyoming or Central Montana harbor these animals, except in very isolated instances such as are mentioned by Mr. S. Garman and "W. N. B." I and others have looked for them in those districts pretty thoroughly, and we were fooled pretty thoroughly every time.

Concerning the letter of Mr. J. C. Hughes, in your issue of February 5, in which he sees fit to criticise my information and draw my veracity into question, I can only say Mr. Hughes will have to acquire first of all the rudiments of the ordinary amenities governing discussions in public print before he can expect that notice will be taken of his criticisms, even were they more reasonable than those he gives expression to.

WM. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

BOSTON, June 13, 1885.

[A drawing from the photograph will be published.]

THE ROMANCE OF MOTH HUNTING.

THIS old-fashioned garden, with its wealth of rose trees, its closely-trimmed borders of box, flower-beds in squares and triangles, ovals and circles, and the ancient sun dial, erect as a sentinel, standing in the midst of its puzzle of paths, has always yielded a rich harvest to the entomologist.

As the glory of day grows, and the sunbeams warm the fragrance of the blooms into life, the bees begin to arrive, and soon the roses are alive with them, thrusting aside the soft petals with their tiny feet, as they bury themselves bodily in the flowers, to sip the nectar which has slowly accumulated during the cool of night.

Each individual of the little gauzy-winged imps is singing at his work, and the air is filled with that all-pervading hum of insects which accompanies the advent of a summer's day. The orioles are at work among the cherries, and their gaudy plumage, now visible, now hidden, glances among the leaves as they sway in the breeze. The thrushes are struggling with each other in a generous rivalry of song, and such a burst of melody rises from the lilacs that the steady buzz-z of the insect world is hushed almost to a whisper as it listens.

In the full glare of noonday, how changed, how listless all appears; nothing stirs, and not until the shadows begin to lengthen, and the heat waves cease their pulsations over the paths, does the restless spirit of the morning revive. A few more hours of busy work for the bees, a few more cherries for the orioles, and the twilight steals down, shrouding the rose trees and the lilacs, and the many quaint old-fashioned growths that bud and blossom there with its veil of mystery.

"The shadows of the evening hours,
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie."

The pungent odor of the box is now mingling with the incense of the flowers, and the long wands of roses, under a gentle movement of the air, are bowing to one another across the walks with that courtly grace, learned long ago from the stately dames and gallants, who used to promenade here, still visible in their bearing. The busy workaday buzz of the sunshine no longer vibrates in our ears, but in its stead the chirrup and call of little piping voices is rising from every nook and corner of the damp coverts on every hand.

Now and again there comes to us the faint rustling of the breeze in the tops of the poplars and between the lulls; ringing whistles and deep bass voices from the meadows beyond tell us that the frogs are holding high carnival. That bed of phlox yonder is a great attraction to the honey seekers; let us examine it. See! There is something moving over its fragrant puffs of bloom. Gone? No, there it is back again. Where is the net? Carefully now. Swish! Missed it? But alas, the phlox has suffered, as those broken stems and that tuft of flowers at your feet will testify. This netting moths does not require such an energetic effort; such tremendous swoops make havoc among the flowers, and even if a capture result the specimen is often so bruised as to be almost worthless. A careful approach to your victim, seen indistinctly at the best, as it hovers on silent wing, a rapid horizontal sweep, a quick turn of the wrist which causes the long net to fall to one side over the edge of the hoop, effectually closing all outlet, and the uninjured prize is yours. The light netting enfolds him, and though not so heavy as to crush, it still prevents those struggles for liberty which often destroy the fragile forms of these twilight beauties.

A Sphinx so dazed with his sudden capture as to have forgotten to curl up his long proboscis, is taken from the net. We will not sacrifice him, as the dried mummies of several of his brethren already adorn our case. Whirr! He is off in an instant. There is a charm in the surroundings of this spot, at this witching hour, that is lacking at other times, the indistinctness with which one sees, and the fantastic shapes, assumed by shrub and plant in the dusk. Whoz-z! A lumbering beetle wheels about your head, seen only for an instant against the sky, as he clears the bushes and blusters on out of sight into the gloom. How keen the enjoyment over the capture of some gorgeous Cecropia, or when the careful unfolding of the net from its fluttering captive reveals the light green swallow tails of a superb Luna. What an exquisite blending of colors on the downy wings before us. All the wondrous glows of sunset, cool grays, orange and jet, and the most brilliant scarlets and yellows, interspersed with rich olives and salmons, varying with the different size and species of the wearer. The lordly Imperial with his yellow coat dashed with purple, the smaller, but equally brilliant Saturnia Io, with its argus-eyed wings, or that most magnificent fellow, the Regal walnut moth, with olive and yellow and orange red, in lines and dots and stripes, the king of all.

These are but a few of the many beautiful guests to be found at nature's *fête champêtre*. Their forms are hovering all about us in silent play, now here, now there, dancing fantastic figures by the light of tiny living torches that float in the air, or glisten from the leaves and flowers; and to complete the enchantment of the lovely scene, the moon is sailing up the heavens and casting the shimmer of her silver light among the crowd of little sparkling stars. WILMOT.

NEW YORK CITY.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by Purchase—One American porcupine (*Erethizon dorsatus*), one puma (*Felis concolor*), five Guinea baboons (*Cynocephalus sphinx*), two male and two female American flamingoes (*Phœnicopterus ruber*), one English sky lark (*Alauda arvensis*) and one pine snake (*Pityophis menanoleucus*). Received by Presentation—One Guinea pig, one opossum and four young (*Didelphys virginiana*), four red foxes (*Vulpes fulvus*), one gray fox (*Vulpes cinereo-argentatus*), four doves (*Turtur risorius*), one turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), one flicker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two bluejays (*Cyanurus cristatus*), five alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*) and one mud turtle (*Cinosternum pennsylvanicum*). Born in the Garden—One male fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) and one male Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ON THE ARKANSAS.

DURING the month of November, 188–, it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to accompany an officer of the United States Army, Lieut. F., on a short shooting trip to an army post in Indian Territory. I accepted most gladly, as I had heard great accounts of the abundance of feathered game in that vicinity, among which the prairie chickens and wild turkeys were an especial attraction, as they were new game to me. The only time I had ever seen prairie chickens had been from the windows of a railway train as they started up near the track and sailed away over the prairie, and as for wild turkeys, I never had the pleasure of seeing but one, and that I mistook for a tame bird belonging to some neighboring farmer, and in consequence, though I covered him carefully with my shotgun, as he stood in plain sight upon an old stump not thirty yards distant, I refrained from pulling trigger, for I was unacquainted with the locality, and had no idea there were wild turkeys in the neighborhood. The turkey, apparently, had as little idea that there were any sportsmen in the neighborhood, for when he turned and saw me, he departed with most astonishing rapidity, and I did not see him again until he rose from the ground about eighty yards away, and I then realized for the first time the chance I had had and lost. The weather will be chilly, however, for the next turkey I meet in the woods, be he wild or tame. I shall shoot on sight, and then if necessary pay the bill afterward.

On the evening previously agreed upon, Lieut. F. and myself, rigged out in shooting attire, with guns and necessary traps, met at the depot and rode to Kansas City, where we had to change cars and take a train going south. We might have made ourselves very comfortable, but Lieut. F., who had traveled over the route the year previous, asserted that the Pullman sleeper, which was attached to the train, would leave us about midnight, and another sleeper for the travelers going through Indian Territory would be attached to the train. So we asked no questions but piled into the smoking car, bag and baggage, and varied the monotony of the next four or five hours by watching our fellow passengers, among whom were some typical cowboys, going back to their ranches, and smoking cigars until our throats were dry and parched.

When we arrived at the junction we hustled around to find the promised sleeper and were finally shown into the identical car which we had brought from Kansas City. To say that we were mad and disgusted does not express our feelings at all, and as we thought how uncomfortable we had been for the last four or five hours, we fairly felt like kicking ourselves. We lost no time, however, in turning in, and were soon asleep. When we awoke the general appearance of the country through which we were passing had changed completely, and instead of a succession of neat, tidy farms, with well kept buildings, we could see nothing but prairie stretching away for miles on both sides of the track. It was raining hard, and judging from the amount of water which lay in pools along the track, it must have been raining all night. It was a depressing outlook from the rear platform of the train, but fortune favored us, and when we alighted at the station there were some rifts among the clouds, and the rain had almost ceased. When we came out from breakfast the clouds had broken away, the sun was shining brightly and with everything freshened up by the rain we could not have had a more perfect morning for our ride to the post, which was distant about fifteen miles from the station. The mail stage soon came to the door, and packing our guns and traps under the seats we started across the prairie, with one companion, a native, who, armed with a repeating rifle, was on his way to join a party of friends who were hunting deer on the Verdigris River.

The only game we saw as we drove along was a solitary prairie chicken, which started up just in front of the horses, flew to one side, and lighting about thirty yards from the road on a slight rise in the prairie, stood motionless. How I wished my guns had not been so carefully tucked away in the bottom of the stage. As it was I was almost inclined to ask the driver to stop the stage and let me try to get a gun out; when the native with the rifle suddenly spoke up and said he reckoned he'd try "that there bird;" and as the driver halted the stage he extracted his rifle from its case, and drawing a careful bead, pulled trigger. There was a sudden cloud of feathers where the bird had been but the remains bore slight resemblance to a prairie chicken, for the ball had evidently struck the bird fairly in the side and there was not enough left to pick up. Our companion, anxious to display his skill with his rifle, and at the same time fearful of missing the bird's head, had potted the poor bird and ruined it for eating. It was a lubber's shot, for no rifleman could have asked for a prettier mark at that distance than the chicken's head, as it stood watching us, perfectly motionless.

After crossing the Arkansas on an old-fashioned ferry boat, we soon reached the post, and were heartily welcomed by the officers stationed there. After a most capital lunch we made our arrangements to try an evening shoot at the lake near the post, where mallards and woodducks were said to be very plentiful, and always gave good shooting toward evening. About 3 o'clock we started in an ambulance with a pair of mules and a darkey driver, Col. C., Captain I. and Lieut. F. and myself comprising the party, while Captain J. agreed to come over later on horseback if he could finish his work in time. Crossing the river in a flat-bottomed ferry boat, we drove out to the lake over three miles of the roughest kind of a road, with mud and water frequently up to the hubs of the wheels, and in one place we found a small brook so swollen by the rains of the previous night, it was quite a question whether it would be possible to cross it or not. Col. C. and Captain I. having hip boots, waded across it first, and we managed to get the mules across, though the water came through the bottom of the ambulance, and it looked as though the current would upset us. We saw numbers of mallards and woodducks as we rode along, sitting in the ponds and not even taking the trouble to fly away, unless they happened to be very close to the road, but it was not until we had gotten our positions for shooting that I began to appreciate how numerous ducks could be. Reaching the lake we left the ambulance in charge of the darkey, and walked along the lakeshore to where the boat was hidden, the mallards rising from the other side of the slough by dozens with noisy quacks, showing up beautifully against the dark background of the trees. Leaving Capt. I., Lieut. F. and myself at the boat, Col. C. started up the slough by himself to start the birds toward us, and Capt. I. soon located Lieut. F. and myself in our positions. My position was on a strip of land running out into the lake, covered with tall forest trees, and Capt. I. was directly opposite to me. The birds which we had started in taking our positions were flying over our heads in all directions, but so high that it was useless trying to kill them, and after firing about twenty shots with a nearly clean record of either misses or cripples, I came to the sage conclusion that they were higher than I supposed and beyond my reach. I noticed Capt. I. was wasting a good many shots in the same way, and I began to fear our bag would be very light by the time we started for home.

About this time we saw the result of the Colonel's explorations up the slough, for mallard and woodduck in countless numbers appeared from the direction in which he had disappeared and the sky was fairly dotted with them as they streamed along high up in air, above the treetops, striving to escape the danger which menaced them, and hurrying to reach some quiet place where they could feed and plume themselves undisturbed. It was the grandest sight of the kind I ever had the pleasure of witnessing, but it was very aggravating at the same time, for they were too high to shoot, and every once in a while, when a pair of woodducks would skim by a trifle lower than their companions or a big greenhead mallard, owing to his size, looked as though he was an easy bird to kill, the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and time and time again the old gun spoke out, first one barrel and then the other, and generally the only result, if any was noticeable, was a badly wounded bird or two, which sailed away to drop dead in the woods and make a repast for fox, 'coon, mink, or some such vermin. Once in a while they would come low enough to kill, and my string of ducks was slowly increasing in size, but out of all proportion to the rapid decrease in my cartridges, the number of which was already painfully small. I could see Captain I. cutting the birds down every once in a while, but like myself more often "straining his gun" at sky-scrapers without result. I could hear Lieut. F.'s gun quite frequently, but he was out of sight from my stand and I could not judge of his success. Further down the lake some one else was shooting, as I could see the birds double up and come down as the charges struck them. From the position of the shooters I felt certain it must be Captain J., who had come on after us, as he had agreed, and so it proved, and when we finally assembled at the ambulance, Captain J., though the last one to arrive on the ground, had the "boss" string, with thirteen or fourteen mallards, fine old green-headed fellows, fat as ducks could be and with their crops filled with acorns, their favorite food. Colonel C. had more birds, but not so many mallards. Captain I. and myself had eight or ten apiece, and Lieut. F. about the same number. In all we had about fifty ducks, of which about one-half were mallards and the remainder woodducks, widgeon and gadwall, with one or two bluebills.

The road seemed rough when we came in by daylight, but now after dark, with the light of a single lantern, carried ahead by Captain J., as our only guide, it was an experience not to be easily forgotten. I shall never cease to wonder how that ambulance ever held together. We were all heartily glad when we emerged from the woods, and it was a right tired lot of sportsmen who finally dismounted at the post. After dinner, which was most acceptable, seated around an old-fashioned open wood fire, we killed our ducks over again and explained, so far as we were able to do so, why we did not get more birds for the number of cartridges we shot away. For my part, I found this explanation quite difficult, for I had always had a sort of notion that I could sometimes kill ducks with fair success, and I knew that this, my first experience with shooting ducks among forest trees, had been anything but a brilliant performance; and some of the stories which I remembered having told before I started for the lake, of the sport I had had on the marshes of Lake Erie, seemed sadly fishy as I pondered over the number of misses I had lately made and the poor string of eight or ten birds I had brought in. All I can say is, that duck shooting in the woods, standing in mud and water up to your knees where one can scarce turn around, is much more difficult sport than killing the same varieties, as they come up to decoys, on the marshes of Lake Erie; and practice at shooting over decoys does not prepare one for the proper killing of the "sky-scrapers" as they come along over the treetops with a smart breeze at their backs. The trees appeared to make it particularly difficult to judge the proper distance necessary to hold ahead of the birds in order to kill cleanly and creditably. One was too apt to kill "the last bird first."

The next morning Lieut. F. decided to accompany one of the officers on a turkey hunt, and started away soon after breakfast, while Captain J. and myself determined to try our luck among the chickens and quail. The quail near the post had been pretty well hunted and the chickens had mostly gone into packs; but with two Irish setters belonging to the Captain, we started and had a pleasant day's sport on the edge of the prairie. Bruce, the older dog of the two which accompanied us, was a grand ranger, with great powers of endurance and a fine nose. He was one of the Campbell strain of Tennessee. The other dog was little more than a pup.

We had not gone far before Bruce struck game, and soon located the birds, the pup backing him most admirably. Taking our positions the Captain ordered Bruce to go on, and as eight quail jumped I managed to secure a right and left, while the Captain, who was in a poor position, cut down the only bird which offered him a shot. Not stopping to hunt up the scattered birds, we soon left the underbrush and came out upon the rolling prairie. Bruce here showed his powers as a ranger, and certainly got over more ground in a shorter time than any dog I ever saw, while the pup vainly endeavored to keep up with him. The old dog finally found game, and from the surroundings we felt certain it must be chickens. Hastening forward, we had scarcely gotten up to the dogs when seven prairie chickens jumped, and as they showed up against the sky I thought I had never seen a more perfect picture. Anxious to distinguish myself, I tried to score a pair with my first barrel, but failed most lamentably, for unfortunately nothing dropped; so taking more care with the second barrel, I fairly centered an old cock bird, and dropped him handsomely. As the remaining birds flew off, we saw a wounded one leave his companions and light, while a second, evidently body-hit, sailed away too far for us to follow. Gathering the dead bird, we proceeded and soon found the first cripple who, weakened by the loss of blood, was unable to rise a second time. A short distance further on we missed Bruce, and finally discovered him standing on point on a knoll at some distance. As we approached three chickens arose, and taking careful aim I dropped a right and left, and then, as the third bird sailed away unshot at, found that through carelessness, the Captain and myself had covered the same birds. It was bad work, for by good rights we ought to have scored all three, and would have done so had either of us reserved his fire for a moment. In the corner of the next field we started a fine bevy of quail, and as they scattered nicely, we added eight or nine of them to the bag.

Strolling out, Bruce flushed a chicken way ahead of us, and as I thought, out of shot, but to my surprise, Capt. I., who was using a little 16-bore, took a shot at it without effect, however. Now, I am not one to let a possible chance go by, and so I thought I would see what my No. 12 would do at that distance, as the chicken did not seem to care for the No. 16, and throwing up my gun I gave the bird which was quartering, about six feet allowance and an elevation of about two feet; and as I cut loose he doubled up, to my amazement, and came down as dead as a stone. When we picked him up we could hardly find a shot mark upon him, but a single pellet had probably pierced his brain. He must have been at least seventy yards distant, and it was a true chance shot, for at that distance a bird would be safe nine times out of ten, at least when I am holding the gun. On the way home we started several bevies of quail, all of which paid toll; and a pack of probably seventy-five chickens which arose about one hundred and fifty yards ahead, and with a roar like distant thunder sailed off, with the exception of one deluded bird, who for some reason best known to himself came right at us, and as he flew by a charge of No. 8 struck him fairly, and he let go, bouncing afoot as he struck the ground. When we reached the post we had six prairie chickens and twenty quail. The chickens were full sized birds. I carried four of them tied to my belt, and certainly I think for their size they were the heaviest birds I ever carried; their weight seemed to increase every step. I would not like to say what they weighed. I might, and probably should, exaggerate.

We found Lieut. F. and his companion had returned before us, but had failed to discover any wild turkeys, or tame ones either, so I felt well satisfied that I had tried the chickens.

The next day we again tried the ducks at the lake, and, profiting by my experience of the former trip, I chose my own position further out in the lake and away from the tall forest trees, and by utilizing the birds as decoys as fast as I killed them, I managed to kill eighteen by sundown. Our bag footed up in all about sixty, and among them were a number of gadwalls, which variety, though scarce in some places, was quite plentiful there. The swollen brook had gone back to its usual size, and the road having dried up considerably, the ride to and from the lake was much easier than it had been the first afternoon.

As my companion had to get back to his duties we had to leave the following afternoon, and so our kind hosts arranged to hunt quail with us between the post and the station the next day. The Colonel kindly took me under his care in one ambulance, while Lieut. F., Captain I. and Lieut. M. started in another. The Colonel has a fine pair of pointers, and the country was said to be full of birds. The Colonel and myself were not, however, particulary fortunate, for we only bagged seventeen birds. The others did as well or better, and when we got to the depot, unloaded our game from the ambulances, and regretfully bade farewell to our hospitable hosts, Lieut. F. and myself found ourselves fairly laden down with ducks, quail and chickens, one hundred and twenty-five head in all.

Reaching home the following morning, we enjoyed the pleasure of distributing our game among our friends, and killed it over again with those who wished that they, too, had been guests of Uncle Sam's officers on the Arkansas.

BOWNE.

HITS AND MISSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am really fearful that "Wells" has, in his heart of hearts, set me down in the class of "game and fish liars" simply because, in a moment of exultation, I sent in a score which he says he knows of no man who can equal, and I rejoice also that he seemed satisfied with a score of one-half. That was honest joy. I didn't mean it in a crowing way. I really meant that it did me good to know that such veteran and practiced sportsmen as he were satisfied with one-half and called it good shooting, at the same time hoping that I might attain to such an average without aspiring to excel it. The score of one-half is a good one, and, although many claim more, few attain even that mark when shooting in a country where briers, bushes and other obstacles intervene. It is as good as the most absurdly ridiculous boastful sportsmen do, however much they may claim. I hope I may be able some day to lay claim justly to such an average for the season. The season's score sent in by me should properly have gone in the column for remarkable shots, since it was an unusual occurrence, although it was strictly true, and I did kill the eighteen quail at eighteen shots, all on the wing, but—'twas wrong to brag about it. I know that many of us younger sportsmen do shoot better with our mouths and pens than with shotguns and rifles; but we do some good shooting with the latter implement at times, and we feel so elated we must tell of it. When we grow older and wiser we will probably keep back the accidental good work and only relate the average.

Like "Wells," I am always nauseated when a man tells me he, or some one whom he knows, can "kill a bird on the wing every pop." I have shot on the prairies of Kansas and Dakota with that class of "blowhards," and always found them poor shots who could not kill more than one-fourth of the half-grown prairie chickens shot at.

The "shotgun liar" is another nuisance; he has a shotgun

with which he "killed a deer 90 or 100 yards, and can do it every time," or he can kill a bird 75 yards every time." I have never seen a shotgun sure over 40 yards with small shot, though I have seen birds and other game killed accidentally much further.

I do not claim to be an extraordinary shot, but I do enjoy as much as any one a day's good shooting with a congenial companion and good dogs, and always expect to come out with as many birds as my friend. I never count birds in the bush nor elsewhere than in my game bag. Should our birds continue to increase, and "Wells" ever find himself in Eastern N. C., I should be more than happy to take him over our fields, even though he completely wiped me out. I'd rather be beaten by some men than gain a victory over others.

A. F. R.

STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Whenever I come across an article in paper, magazine or book about hunting or fishing, I generally stop and read it, no matter how urgent the call of business or inviting the sound of the dinner bell. While turning the pages of the June *Century* to-day, I saw a contribution entitled: "Still-Hunting the Grizzly," written by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Now from the experience which I myself had with the grizzly bear during five years of roughing it in the Far West from June, 1846, to the summer of 1851, I am constrained to believe that what Mr. Roosevelt knows about grizzly bears could, so to speak, be put in a nutshell along with the nut.

It will not do for Mr. R. to tell hunters who have often tracked the grizzly that this shaggy and powerful beast will not "tackle" a man unless "cornered" or "crowded." I doubt whether the jungles of Asia or Africa or any other country shelter a beast that has less fear of man and is more dangerous than the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains. My experience in the West during the years I have already mentioned gave me a different idea of the grizzly bear from that which one would gather from Mr. Roosevelt's article in the June *Century*. I have often hunted this animal, and will state that just half of a baker's dozen—no more—have been killed by the author of this communication. Six I killed myself, and the seventh fell from wounds made by two bullets, one from my gun and the other from that of my companion.

Mr. Roosevelt states at one place in his article, that he and his companions on their hunt killed five grizzlies, and before reaching the close of his story we learn that they killed six grizzlies and one black bear. In another place the writer says that only seven shots were required to bring down all the grizzlies, when the reader himself counts up eleven shots made at them, actually mentioned by the writer. I speak of these little incongruities in the article on "Still-Hunting the Grizzly," not to show that the author is a novice in the art of fiction writing, but to give better expression to my doubt as to whether Mr. Roosevelt's article descriptive of grizzly bear hunts, has any real foundation in fact. The old experienced bear hunter would shake his head suspiciously upon reading that article.

F. A. M.

JACKSON, Mo., June 23.

A SEVERE TEST.—The following letter, just received by the United States Cartridge Co., at Lowell, Mass., requires no explanation or comment: Office of Wallace & Sons, agents of United States Cartridge Company, New York, June 29, 1885.—U. S. Cartridge Co.: Gentlemen—One of our travelers has lately been in Denver, and writes us as follows: "A man in this town went out gunning a few days since and was drowned. His body lay under the water for over two days. When taken from the water his shell box was found filled with U. S. loaded shells. One of John P. Lower's Sons (gun merchants of this place) took the shells, and found that they were not swollen and slid into the gun easily, and they all exploded." It seems to us this was a pretty good test. Yours truly (signed), Wallace & Sons.

OWLS APLENTY.—Glover, Vt.—A friend living in Westmore, Vt., has caught since the first of last September, in one trap, ten very fine great horned owls, four barred owls, two hawk owls, one sawwhet owl, and, near by, thirty large hawks. Most of these I have mounted.—C. S. PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK QUAIL.—Hoyt's Corners, N. Y., June 27.—Bob Whites are more plentiful now. Don't know why, as the winter was severe, and they were shot off very close last fall. Partridges are also more numerous than usual here in Seneca county.—L. C. W.

NEW JERSEY WOODCOCK.—Hackensack, N. J., July 2.—There were very few woodcock killed on the opening day, and many of them were too small to shoot. When will this foolish slaughter of half-grown birds be stopped?—W. HOLBERTON.

WEIGHT OF RUFFED GROUSE.—I killed a ruffed grouse December 4 that weighed exactly two pounds. I have never weighed many, but thought this a very large one.—S. S. W.

THE MAINE WOLF STORY is doubted by a Pittston correspondent of the Gardiner *Reporter*, who denies that any wolf has been seen in the neighborhood.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

155.

LOOKING over your Camp-Fire Flickerings reminds me of the story of a well-known English lord, who some years ago was out in this neighborhood with a vast retinue, shooting and fishing. While here he hired as guide and general head hunter old Jim H., one of the most independent of the very independent race of Rocky Mountain guides. After starting out and having traveled a fair distance, Jim called a halt for the noon meal, and the tents were pitched by a charming sheet of water. Jim, who was lying on his back near Lord ——, stretched himself, yawned and said, "I believe I will take a swim, the Lord willing." Lord —— hearing this, and thinking it addressed to himself, said, "I have no objection, my good man." For a time Jim was too astonished to speak, but when he found his tongue that lord was fairly raised off his seat by the string of expletives hurled at his head, and will remember hereafter that Rocky Mountain hunters do not ask permission when they want a swim.

SPORT.

CRESTED BUTTE, Colorado.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—V.

I SPEAK for no one but myself when I say I would rather handle one small-mouthed black bass of five pounds weight than to handle two of the other variety that would weigh five pounds each, not that I think the small-mouth fights twice as hard as the other, but I get twice the satisfaction and pure delight out of the contest and feel twice as good over the victory. I stand up squarely for the small-mouth, for I believe him to be the superior of his open-faced cousin in all game qualities and beauty of form, and the peer as a fighter to the last gasp of the bravest fish that roams the water. I have known him and loved him for many years, and none may supplant him in my affections.

The old veteran, Uncle Dan Sloan, has taken more big-mouthed bass than any one perhaps of our party and knows them better. He has probably taken as many of the small-mouthed variety too, as any of us. Ask him where he wants to make a camp and his answer would be, without a doubt, "Wherever we can find small-mouthed black bass within five rods or five miles of camp." "Old Knots" and "Dick"—mellifluous-voiced, grizzled Dick M.—"Jim," and old Ben, all assert the superiority of the small-mouth, and they, three of them at least, are old bass fishers of many years experience whose opinions have been formed after countless battles with both varieties. With us the small-mouthed bass takes his place in the very front rank of the perch family as a bold, cunning, unyielding fighter and the one altogether lovely, and we will stand by our convictions and maintain them by all fair arguments at the risk of being read out of the brotherhood, till otherwise convinced.

I may be allowed a further word or two about the vigor of bass after they have reached and passed a certain weight and age. Some writers maintain that after a bass has reached a weight of 2½ or 3 pounds, he is at his best as a fighter and loses in game qualities from this point as he grows heavier. Now, I don't believe the point has yet been discovered and made clear, at which a bass starts on the down grade of "the decline of life," and with due respect to these brethren, I don't feel like subscribing to the theory as a rule. As far as I have been able to learn, the heavier a bass is the greater strength and power of endurance he is possessed of, and as he gets older, up to any age we are certain about, he gets smarter, more cunning, and wary, and as a certain consequence, the glory of his capture is the greater. I have always had a notion that bass of 4, 5, 5½, 5¾, 6, and up to 6¾ pounds (weighed) fought longer and harder with due allowance for their greater weight than the smaller fry of 1 to 3 pounds, and the old fellow of 6¾ pounds was the gamest and hardest fighter of them all, and it took longer and required more clean, honest work with the rod to land him than any bass I handled and brought to grief. He was a clean built small-mouthed black bass, 27½ inches in length and left the water, high out, no less than five times before he was brought alongside the boat. I weighed a small-mouth taken by Uncle Dan Sloan (recorded in FOREST AND STREAM a couple of years ago) that pulled the scale to exactly 6 pounds, and he seemed to have retained a very large per cent. of the vigor of his youth up to that date, and Frank Lewis, of the Lewis House, Torch Lake, Mich., is on record with a small-mouth of 9 pounds, taken in Grass Lake, that he will aver had not yet struck the "decline" according to his best knowledge and belief. If the powers of a bass begin to wane after he has passed the 3-pound notch, I have failed to find it out, as Ben would say, "after rasselin' with 'em fur risin' of 35 year."

The "holler log" pursued its voyage down the lake, the skipper keeping an eye shoreward along the belt of swampy woods for a "clear, cool stream" at which to slake his thirst, for the sun was hot and a feeling of indolence permeated his whole frame, and it had been a long time between drinks. As we pulled lazily along past a little bay, listening for the tinkle of a stream, a savage yank at the line came near taking my rod from under my leg and into the lake; but dropping the oars and grabbing the rod, all thoughts of streams and springs and intervals between drinks vanished on the instant, and as I rose hastily to my feet, the sun was not nearly so hot, and the lazy, indolent, don't-care-whether-they-bite-or-not feeling gave place to a keen desire to measure strength and cunning with the bold customer at the other end of the line who had so nearly taken my rod from under my very nose.

"Reel up out of the way, girls, and we will soon see what manner of fish it is that has so little fear of the frying-pan before his eyes!" After the first vicious jerk the line ran slowly out eight or ten yards and stopped. Indications: Pickerel or maskalonge. When he started again and the line tightened, a smart stroke fastened the hook and signaled the beginning of the fray, and almost at the same moment a fish that looked to be over three feet long shot straight up in the air fully as high as my head. As pickerel seldom take such freaks into their heads, I said to myself, "Maskalonge," but as he was so far away—150 feet at least—and nearly in line with the glimmering streak of sunlight on the water, I could not be quite sure, and rather than be disappointed too much at the finish, took the safe side and added, "maybe pickerel." Whether pickerel or masky, he was full of fight, for as soon as he struck the water after his leap he started up the lake with a rush that took several more yards of line off the reel before the tough piece of Japanese cane could turn him out into the lake and convince him he had been headed on the wrong course. Once turned, it was not so hard to work him toward the canoe, and he came tacking along from side to side under a pull that nearly doubled the rod, the reel taking up a few feet of line at every tack until within a few yards of us, when he dashed past the stern of the hollow log full tilt for the grass and bulrushes. Just at a time like this is when one wants to have full and perfect faith in his rod. If he don't know just what it will do, and exactly the amount of clean, honest work it can be depended on to perform when called on, he had better leave it in camp and cut the first saplin' he gets his eye on that will weigh over ten pounds, tie a line on—and use it. If that fish got mixed up in the grass and rushes he was a goner. The outcome of the struggle hinged on the old rod, but I had faith in it, for it had conquered for me in tighter places than this. I fixed my thumb firmly on the spool of the reel, advanced the butt a trifle, and—held my breath.

"Look out, papa," cried Kit excitedly, "your rod is going to break, sure," and practical Bob answered over from her corner in the bow, "Well, let it break; if it does, I'll lend him mine." Four or five desperate, sullen surges made the varnish snap as the rod was bent almost to the limit, and I drew a breath of relief when the strain, proving too much for the fish, swung him around away from the bulrushes and "muskrat grass" and away from the danger line. As soon as he recovered from his astonishment at being outgeneraled, and got his bearings, he started for the other side of the lake, swimming deep, and passed under the stern with a dogged pull that made my thumb burn as the line slipped under it, but his heart was broken, and at a distance of fifty or sixty yards he came to the top of the water completely discouraged. I reeled him in under a feeble, jerky resistance to within five or six feet of the side of the dugout, and there he lay with his dorsal showing above water, glaring at us with his evil eyes—as villainous and vicious-looking a pickerel as ever crushed the life out of a heedless sunfish. But he had fought a good and stubborn fight, and in admiring his pluck and courage I forgot he was a pickerel, and forgave him for not being a maskalonge.

I called for the gaff, but smart anglers that we were, we had left the camp without gaff or landing net. It is an easy matter to lift a bass into a boat by the lower jaw with thumb and finger, but it would be almost at the risk of losing a thumb to attempt so dangerous a move with a big pickerel, and we felt that we were in a "category." I had a mind to cut the line and let him go, but cool-headed Bob scaled his doom with "Here's the paddle that belongs to the canoe; hit him on the head with that." Holding the rod in the left hand ready to let the line run if he made a dive, and poising the light paddle carefully in the right, I brought the sharp edge of the blade down on his head just back of the eyes with a whack that killed him so dead that he never found out how it was all done, and pulling him alongside, I reached under and getting a hold on the "throat latch" lifted him into the dugout limp as a wet dish rag, and without a sign of life except a faint quivering of a pectoral fin. The paddle was more deadly than the gaff. He was a fine fish of his tribe, and when hung on the scale in the evening after being out of the water the rest of the day, pulled it down to eight and a half pounds.

We fished along for a half mile further, hoping all the while that Bob's turn would come next for a share of the sport, but not a nibble was there for any of us, and the sun got hot again and the skipper of the holler log began to feel lazy and useless and dried up, and it was a blessed relief when the girls espied a maple bush near the water laden with bright red leaves—even thus early in the season—and demanded that they be put ashore that they might secure a lot of them to take back to camp.

We landed near the lower end of the swamp, and while the twins were robbing the maple bush of its treasures and hunting wild flowers and ferns along the shore, I crossed a small field and took the road leading along the foot of the hills in search of "a clear, cold stream or babbling brook" (Knots), "fur the 'hickory branch' o' the Jones family was a-gittin' powerful dry." I found a little stream coming out of the hills and crossing the road in less than eighty rods, that if not quite so delicious as the fresh, cold buttermilk Brother "Wawayanda" tells us about in his delightful "Camp Flotsam" letters, was still most cooling and soothing to the inner man; and lying prone on the ground the main body of it was deflected from its course and took its way down my parched throat till the volume of the tiny brook was seriously diminished, at least between me and the swamp through which it found its way into the lake.

Then I walked leisurely back to the boat, where the girls had collected an honest bushel of bright maple leaves, ferns and wild flowers, to which I added a score or more of wild pinks—I believe the girls so called them—which I had found growing in the field; and to fill their cup of happiness to the brim, I was required to walk an old, rotten, moss-covered log that extended out into the swamp and cut a couple of dozen "lovely cattails" that grew in the water on each side of it within easy reach. And then they sat in the shade of a tree near the water and built bouquets for mother, Jim and Fanny, and the Mullers that were coming, while the skipper lay sprawled out on the greensward like a demoralized frog, taking solid comfort and watching the gleaming white breast of a loon across the lake as he rose and fell on the gentle waves. It is wonderful how much real, unalloyed enjoyment two girls can get out of an armful of ferns, grasses, flowers and cattails, especially if they are somewhat afflicted with botany—as these two were; and while listening to their pleasant chatter, meanwhile watching the loon, it dawned on me that my attainments were rather more loon-atic than botanical—more fishy than flowery—and that it was certainly easier to tell the difference between a brook trout and a catfish than to analyze a flower or construct a well-harmonized bouquet. When the flowers, ferns, etc., were arranged into proper bunches and pronounced "just lovely," it was time for the hollow log to sail, and covering the big pickerel over in the bow with leaves, grass and cattails to keep the sun from baking him as hard as a ship's biscuit, the voyage was resumed.

We fished faithfully along down shore, the skipper taking mental note of all the fishy-looking places and locating them with a landmark; but the fish had quit biting, and patient Bob was unrewarded with a solitary nibble to quicken her pulse. But she scored a triumph and evened matters up with Miss Kitty long before we broke camp, by taking ten fine bass one morning before Kit had finished her morning nap, greatly to Bob's delight and her Uncle Ben's discomfiture, who had taken her out to show her "how to ketch bass," and whose score, if I remember, was three bass, a pickerel and two goggle eyes.

About a mile above Provemont we landed near a farm house to eat our lunch, which we spread out on a convenient log near the water; and if the table appointments in the way of linen, silverware, etc., were somewhat meager, the fact was not noticed until too late to speak about it. A good healthy woods appetite never worries over the absence of such trifles as a table cloth and silver forks, and our meal was eaten with thankfulness.

After lunch we walked to a small stream meandering through the meadow for a drink of water, and as I stooped to dip a tin cup full a snake about a foot long wriggled out of the grass at my feet and started to swim across the stream which was here not over a yard wide. Crosswise in his mouth he held a little fish about an inch and a half long which we noticed was still alive. As this appeared to be a clear violation of the fish law, punishment was meted out to the offender forthwith, without the formality of a trial. Before he reached the opposite bank I picked up a handy stick and with two motions disabled him and threw him out on the shore, but the villian still held on to the fish and I had

actually to put my foot on him and take the victim from his mouth by force. I ended his fish poaching by grinding his head out of sight in the mud and sand with my heel, but too late to save the life of the little fish, which was now limp and lifeless. It was an odd-looking, pretty little fish too, and I don't remember to have seen anything like it. I put the little fellow in the bucket with the frogs, intending to make a closer examination when we got back to camp, where I could have the aid of the "specs," but some one of the party very thoughtfully washed the bucket out that evening or next morning and turned it bottom side up to drain, and I never saw him again. KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSKOKA.

SECOND PAPER.

THE drainage of the Muskoka Lake system leads those waters in a southwesterly direction into Georgian Bay. This fact is sufficient to account for the presence of the noble maskallonge in many of the smaller lakes in the western part of the Muskoka system. These fish have taken advantage of unusual stages of water to urge their way upward, and having found the situation to their liking, have bred and multiplied.

A great many curious, wonderful and amusing things are told about the maskallonge fishing and the experiences of the fishers. They will hardly bear to be repeated here lest they tax too greatly the credulity of the readers. They should be told in the cool of a starlit evening on the shady side of a tent, when the pipes burn bright, and the swish of the water along the shore ripples in the ear. Fish stories told amid such surroundings have a flavor like a fresh bottle of champagne, and no brother angler thinks for a moment of casting a doubt upon them.

One of the guides in dissecting a large fish, found in his stomach a red squirrel in process of digestion. This brought out the tradition that the maskallonge is so fond of squirrels that he is said frequently to climb the trees in pursuit of them. The fact that the squirrels are frequently seen swimming across the little channels between the islands ought not to be allowed to interfere with the theory scientifically considered. It was our own fortune to take from the stomach of one of the maskallonge whose capture was narrated in my previous letter, a black bass measuring twelve inches in length, and whose estimated weight was put down at one and a half pounds. Indeed, the fondness of the maskallonge for a black bass diet is quite noticeable. Fishing one afternoon at the outlet to Crane Lake, we had taken a string of eight fine bass averaging probably two pounds each. Through a bit of carelessness the string slipped from the hands of the guide while attempting to add another fish, and went down in sixteen feet of water. It was useless to attempt to recover them and we resumed our fishing. Shortly afterward we saw a commotion on the water, and found that a maskallonge only a little shorter than a boat oar had discovered the unfortunate bass, and had undertaken to swallow them one by one. The bass in the struggle had floundered to the surface and the maskallonge had followed them, so intent upon his work that he did not notice the proximity of the boat. An active campaign ensued, but the gaff hook proved too short, and pursuer and pursued sank out of sight to be seen no more.

A friend who was fishing in Blackstone claims to have fastened a fine maskallonge with a hand line. The fish fought gamely for a time, but was gradually losing ground, when all on a sudden the line stopped coming in, and no amount of pulling short of the breaking point could bring the fish any nearer. Finally, in looking down through the clear water the fisherman discovered that the fish had simply gone to the bottom of the lake and grasped the limb of a sunken tree in his teeth in such a way as to make his removal well nigh impossible. The stubborn subject was finally pried loose with an oar, and added to the trophies of the day.

My partner tells of a man who sat in the stern of the boat with him the morning he captured his first maskallonge. The fish proved a gallant fighter, and once when he felt himself close to the boat gave a stroke with his powerful tail which sent nearly a gallon of water dashing over the man in the stern. The latter never moved a finger, but smiled a peaceful smile of content, too happy in the situation to mind any wetting that did not shut off his breathing, and quite willing to take such a baptism every fifteen minutes in the day if it only came from a similar source.

Beginning with Lake Simcoe, the first of the lakes reached on the journey northwood from Toronto, good muskallonge fishing is said to be found in Kempenfeldt Bay, near Starvation and Grape islands, and at other points. Maskallonge are also found in Lakes Couchiching and St. John, and in Severn River and Sparrow Lake. The Moon River below Bala (one of the points reached by the steamers of the M. & N. Navigation Co.) is also quited noted for its maskallonge fishing, and some excellent scores have been made there. In a word, any man who is a practical fisherman can hardly go amiss in the Muskoka country if, after having entered it he will make a little careful inquiry and exercise a little judgment in mapping out his trip.

A few words about black blass. This superior game fish is indigenous to most of the lakes of the Muskoka country. For his weight and inches he is the equal of any fresh-water fish that swims in his capacity for yielding genuine sport with the rod and line. The small-mouth seems to prefer live or running water, with rocky or gravelly bottom; while the big-mouth is more of a pond fish, and seems to thrive in small bodies of water subject to less change, and to be comparatively well satisfied with soft or muddy bottoms. There may be circumstances under which the latter is as good and as gamy a fish as the former, but I am simply expressing an individual opinion in stating the belief that, under average conditions, the small-mouth is the gamier fish. But after the first frosts of autumn have begun to paint the leaves and chill the waters, a day with either is about as enjoyable fishing as can well be conceived. We get so many preconceived notions about fishing (especially about trout fishing) from English authors, who do not know the black bass at all, that people who fish for a living with their pens are always overweighted with traditions and conventionalities about trout fishing which inconsciously shape all our ideas and conceptions about angling. But, thanks to Thad. Norris and Hallock, and Dr. Henshall and later writers, we are getting things pretty well straightened out.

The black bass of the Muskoka region are mostly of the small-mouth variety, judging from personal observation. You meet them at various points in lakes Simcoe and Couchiching along the Muskoka Lake and river, in the Moon River below Bala, in the waters adjacent to Port Corling, in Lake Rosseau, and in the waters of both big and little "Joe," or more properly speaking, Joseph. Blackstone and Crane lakes are uncomfortably full of bass, so far as maskallonge fishing goes. It was our experience that the black bass of the latter lake in August were the gamiest we had ever met. What they would be in the last half of September and early part of October, should they grow correspondingly lively, it would be hard to determine. A fish of two pounds weight would drive a novice to desperation, and frequently escape the landing net of the older fisherman after having played havoc with his tackle. The bottoms of some of these smaller lakes, especially about their islands, are strewn with irregular fragments of rock from the size of a cocoanut to a load of hay, and while these make capital hiding places for the fish, they are exceeding destructively on leaders, unless the tackle is carefully handled. But the fish in these waters are so plentiful, such free biters and gallant fighters when hooked, that the presence of such obstacles only increase the pleasure and the skill of the fishing. It is not very difficult to take fish in smooth waters, with a thick pole and a trolling line, and correspondingly not very enjoyable.

As to bait. In all seasons, for bright or cloudy days, clear or dark waters, nothing in my own experience has proved equal to a live minnow for black bass. A fresh, active minnow, hooked through the nose with a No. 1 or 1-0 sproat hook, is a temptation which the average black bass can scarcely resist, whether he is hungry or not, and one which, having accepted, he can scarcely escape if properly handled. Next to the minnow come the frog, the crayfish, and the angle worm in the order named. Frogs and crayfish are easily transported, if there is likely to be serious difficulty in procuring bait on the fishing grounds; but in all the Muskoka waters I have visited minnows are plentiful and easily obtained with either net or fly-hook. Every submerged tree-top forms a hiding place in which they may retreat from their cannibal acquaintances, and where they may be picked out by the hundreds.

A friend informs me that the arrangements of the Northern & Northwestern Railway Company, running northward from Toronto to Muskoka Wharf, Collingwood, Meafford and Penetang, and of the Muskoka & Nipissing Navigation Company, from the first-named place to Bracebridge, Rosseau, Port Cockburn, and all the points on the Muskoka lakes will be more complete and extensive this season than ever before. All the trains, both going and coming, are met by steamers at Muskoka wharf, and tourists destined to any point on the lakes or contemplating a trip around all of them, can arrange their time schedule with entire certainty. I hope to hear of an increasing current of travel from the middle Western States into the Muskoka country this coming season.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June 27, 1885.

THE FIRST TARPOM ON A ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In 1881, on the east coast of Florida, I heard that a very large tarpom had been taken the year before by a Philadelphia angler with rod and reel, and I mentioned the fact in print more than once.

When the claim was made a few months ago for Mr. Wood of New York, that he was the first to kill a tarpom in this way, I wrote to Mr. S. H. Jones of Philadelphia, who had been named as the successful angler, to inquire into the particulars.

Mr. Jones's death had occurred in the interim, and the reply came from his son, Samuel H. Jones, of 315 Walnut street, Philadelphia, stating that he was with his father and witnessed the capture, which occurred March 11, 1880, at Fort Pierce Cut, Indian River Inlet, East Florida; time occupied, two hours; dimensions of fish, 6 feet 4¼ inches long, 41 inches girth, 21 inches length of tail; weight, 171 pounds; tackle used, an 18-thread line on a 9-foot rod with a Buel spinner. The tarpom was taken from a boat, which it towed some distance, and was finally secured with a pair of grains. Thos. L. Paine, of St. Lucie, was the boatman, whose affidavit as to the fact, as well as that of Mr. Jones, can be procured if necessary.

Now the record stands thus:

Samuel H. Jones, of Philadelphia, March 11, 1880, Indian River, one tarpom, weight 171 pounds.

Matthew Quay, of Philadelphia, 1882, one tarpom weighing 38 pounds, taken at Charlotte Harbor, Fla.

W. H. Wood, of New York, March, 1885, took on the west coast of Florida, five tarpom, of average weight 101 pounds.

So that Mr. Jones's fish was taken five years before Mr. Wood's, and outweighed his largest specimen by 54 pounds.

This is the old story which history constantly repeats, of fame withheld or misapplied. Columbus discovers a new world and the name of Amerigo is given to it.

Fitch in 1788 propels a vessel by steam on the Delaware; in 1807 Fulton does the same thing on the Hudson, and reaps the honor and profit of the invention.

Dr. Long, of Georgia, used in 1842 sulphuric ether to prevent pain in surgical operations. In 1846, Drs. Morton and Jackson, of Boston, did the same thing, and got the credit of being the discoverers of that beneficent process.

History has omitted to tell us who killed the first salmon on a rod; but in these days everything is made public, and so let us give credit to whom credit is due, and admit that Mr. S. H. Jones, of Philadelphia, killed the first and largest tarpom that ever was captured with rod and reel, probably also the largest and strongest fish ever taken in that way.

S. C. C.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

[*From the Italian, in San Francisco Wasp.*]

WE catcha da salm* a da Sacarament,
We catcha da rock cod too;
Da big wind blow on da Farraleon,
No cara da fisherman crow.

We sella da feesh, we geta da mon,†
An' singa da song so jolly;
Sometima we catcha da leet‡ sea gull
To makea da chicken tamale.

Da sturgeon he swima da net a da reev,§
He kicka da tail, I gass.‖
We catcha da sturg' we sella da sturg—
He makea da fine sea bass.

Italino he geta no show sometime;
He makea da mon no plent;¶
But he havea da fun, you betcher da life,
When he fisha da Sacarament.

*Salmon. †Money. ‡Little. §The net in the river. ‖Guess. ¶Plenty.

GANGING HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"J. W. T." asks if the expression "ganging hooks" is "good form," and with your permission I will say that it is, and the result of the operation is a "gang" which is quite a different bird from a snelled or snooded hook. As a gang of elk or brant means more than one, so also a gang of hooks means several, generally from seven to thirteen in a group. In ganging hooks one, to use the more common expression, makes a gang. When made, a gang is not to be trifled with by fish or man. I once made about two dozen and put three together in a wooden box and started on my annual trip for lake trout. The first time I had occasion to open the box was after I had been traveling for several hours one day, and in spite of a seal skin vest, greatcoat and rubber coat was as cold as a brass image. I had caught a trout that had broken the gang and went to the box for another. All anglers have seen a box of angle worms in a solid mass—I say all anglers, for even those who "fish only with the fly" were, at some period, boys—and that is the way those gangs appeared to me. The box was unlike Pandora's, for there was no hope left that I could straighten them out until there was a change in the weather or I found a hat store. I mention this for the benefit of anglers who propose to engage in "ganging hooks."

I can readily understand that "J. W. T." derives much pleasure from snelling hooks in the manner that he describes, but it strikes me that his process is too elaborate. At one time I thought it necessary to heat the shank of a hook in a gas jet before whipping it, and I sometimes took the temper from the steel in so doing. Besides, it was inconvenient to take portable gas works into the woods or in a boat, in both of which places I have tied many hooks. During the winter I snell a quantity of hooks, and as time is no object, I do them as neatly as possible. When I am in a boat on the water I tie a hook in much less time and with scant ceremony, but the whipping is not a whit less strong. I use nothing but tapered-shank hooks, and when on the water I find it necessary to snell a hook or make a gang, I tie the gut in a dry state and often without denting or crimping it, and I will warrant that a hook so tied will give way by the breaking of gut or hook before the whipping will yield. The few turns of silk around the bare shank answers the purpose of the marked hooks; the dry gut swells a little when soaked, making the whipping still more secure, for I use no shellac to finish hooks tied in an emergency.

Mr. Leopold very kindly sent me sample of his wax, and very good wax it is. It is clearer and softer than such as I use, but I do not find it more adhesive. Fly-tyers do not soak gut lengths before tying a fly, and really I do not see the need of it. I soak the gut and loop it and then I twitch it until dry, when I put it in my tackle book for use on the water or into my drawer for use at home. I used a small hand vise for years when I snelled hooks, but now I only use it to hold the hooks while I sharpen the points with a fine file, and when whipping the hook hold it with thumb and finger of one hand. My work may be summed up thus: The hooks I tie at home are tied for grandeur and to catch fish, those I tie while fishing are tied simply to catch fish. While not quite so handsome the last have all the business qualifications of the first. If one does not object to handling fish, "craws," dobson, frogs or other bait, a little wax on the fingers that can easily be removed ought not to be a serious objection to using fly-tyers wax, which is certainly effective.

A. N. C.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

FISHING FOR STRIPED BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to the inquiry as to the method employed to catch the striped bass or rockfish, in the New Jersey bays: As these fish run in from the sea and take to the deep channels, and never come out on what is known as "the flats" to feed, they are angled for in the evenings when a full tide occurs, which will allow them to come into the holes near to a sedge bank in search of soft crabs, which have come there to shed. A clear, sandy spot is chosen free from weeds, and the fisherman having pushed his boat well into the grass, casts his bait into the hole, and with a stout rod and reel holding fifty yards of line, patiently awaits the bass. If many fish have come into the bay, it will not be long before their approach will be known by a vigorous tug at his line, and then the fun begins. No float is used, but a slight sinker is attached to the line to hold the bait on the bottom in places where the tide runs swift. One drawback to this sort of fishing is the continual biting of eels, and when soft crabs are scarce they become a nuisance. Old Dad Parker, at Barnegat City, is a good hand to secure to pilot one in this sort of fishing, and John Marshall or Sammy Smith, at Beach Haven, will do like work. The writer has taken several ten-pounders with John Marshall at Parker's Sedge at the latter place. Late in August is the best time, although I learn that some have already been taken at Barnegat Bay. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there is any tide in the pond to be fished, let the angler try squids, if he can obtain them. Use hooks from 6-0 to 10-0, according to the size of the fish to be caught. Arrange two hooks on a leader, either gut or common linen line, say 12 or 15 thread; have the hooks about 4 inches apart, both on the same leader. Enter the lower hook an inch back from the tail of the squid and the other hook in whatever place it comes on the squid. If the squid exceeds 6 inches in length the hooks should be spread further apart, or else use three hooks and tie the head of the squid down to the line. For a line and reel he will find a 12 or 15 thread of 600 to 900 feet a good all-round line for bass fishing. I find 15-thread the most serviceable. Use reel by any good maker with capacity for the line, and select a rod of from 8½ to 9½ feet. I would suggest one capable of lifting 6 pounds dead weight. I have used quite a number of rods of different lengths during the past eighteen years, costing from $6 to $80, made of most of the wood used in rod making, and of various lengths and weights, and I have found that for a rod for general bass fishing one made of a bamboo without any joint (for a whole rod) 7 feet 8 inches in length and capable of lifting 8 pounds dead weight suits me the best. Many would call this a club, but I find that when fast to a bass of from 25 to 40 pounds it is none too stiff to handle well. Last season I took 243 bass weighing from 3 to 56 pounds, and I used the rod mentioned. Its cost was $2.63. I make my rods myself.

After paying out twenty-five to thirty feet of line the fisherman should impart a darting motion to his bait, by dropping the point of his rod to within about a foot of the water

and then bringing it back with a side sweep, or toward his shoulder; and if the bass are on hand I think he will meet with success. The above bait is intended for bass of from ten to twenty pounds. I never took one in a pond above twenty pounds. If fishing for smaller bass, say three to five pounds, when there is no tide, try shedder crabs and menhaden pounded up and tied up in a bag with a stone to sink it, lowered from the boat, occasionally giving the bag a shake. If there is a light current the menhaden might be cut in small pieces, say half an inch square, and occasionally thrown in by the handful. If the bass are small, from one to two pounds, try shrimp or clams, using a float.

The fishing season has not fairly opened here, I have only heard of three bass being taken. The West Island Club and Graves Point had, as far as I could learn, taken none up to the 25th. If I have not been explicit enough to furnish the inquirer the information he desires, I will be pleased to answer any inquiries he wishes to make further, that I can. Most of the bassing is done here in rough water and most of my fishing has been in the surf. I have fished for striped bass from New Hampshire to Virginia, in most of the waters fished for bass. W. M.

Newport, R. I., June 27.

[Will "Piscator," who wrote about bass at Robbins Reef, please send us his address?]

BASS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE black bass season opens in Massachusetts and Maine under favorable circumstances. July 1 the "law is off," and this year the sportsmen were present in full numbers. Still the fish have not responded to the fly quite as freely as the enthusiasts might desire, but some full creels have been made. One party of three Boston merchants return, however, without a fish. The pond, always before a good one, did not yield a rise. The Cobbosseecontee waters, in Gardiner and Winthrop, Me., are giving excellent sport. These ponds—or beautiful lakes they are worthy of being called—are easily reached by either branch of the Maine Central Railroad. The distance is about seventy miles from Portland. The accommodations of boats on the Maranacook, Lower Winthrop, East Winthrop, and Cobbosseecontee lakes are good, and entertainment in plenty can be had at either Winthrop or East Winthrop villages; or at either Augusta or Gardiner, if one prefers a city hotel with a ride of from four to ten miles to the bass water. These waters are well stocked; the work of the Maine Fish Commission.

But some of the Massachusetts ponds are showing a fair record, especially in the western part of the State. Mr. B. F. Nichols, of split bamboo rod fame, carries off the palm thus far. He landed Saturday from Poduncle Pond, in East Brookfield, a 4¼-pound black bass. The fish was caught on a fly and with a split bamboo rod weighing only 3¾ ounces. The rod is of Mr. Nichols's own make. He believes it to be about as light a rod as has yet been produced. The bass was secured after a hard fight, without a landing net. It was shown in the window of Appleton & Litchfield, on Washington street, Monday.

Special.

POTOMAC ANGLING.

THERE has been some excellent fishing with rod and line in and about the city of Washington this season. Early in April the water, which had been roily much of the time for two years, cleared up, and black bass, striped bass (called rockfish here), striped and white perch and channel catfish, were caught in good numbers, and to these may be added an occasional carp weighing from five to twenty pounds. Almost any time these finny exotics, the carp, may be seen in their antics in certain haunts about Analostan Island and Long Bridge, chasing each other in a jolly sort of way, rising frequently from the water with a rolling motion like porpoises, and otherwise exhibiting themselves so as to make one wish for ready means of gathering them in. On account of their tender mouths and way of foraging in the mud for food, they are hard to capture. Several gentlemen have succeeded by tying a piece of kale to a small Limerick hook, with a heavy sinker attached, so as to make the lure lie on or in the mud. By a "peculiar twitch," when *Cyprinus* takes hold, the disturbance begins. If the bait has been swallowed the hook is pretty apt to hold; if not, the first plunge of the big and active fish will tear it from its mouth. It requires much skill and good management to be successful, and carp, though very plenty, are seldom caught.

At Little Falls, three miles up the river, and at Great Falls, eighteen miles, bass fishing has been much better than common. A friend of mine with a companion, at the latter place one morning, caught five black bass weighing from one and a half to three and a half pounds each, and eighty-five striped bass weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound each. Creek minnows were the bait used. Very little fly fishing is done here. At Seneca, further up the river, and at Point of Rocks, near Harper's Ferry, the "output" has been even better than at the places named. Anywhere from Point of Rocks to Chesapeake Bay white and striped perch can be caught in satisfactory quantities by those who care to angle for that kind of game. Perch, cat and eel fishing has been a great attraction to the negro population of Washington, who congregate evenings at the fish wharf and yank out enough for breakfast in an hour or two, besides having a picnic. Hand lines from thirty to sixty feet long, with heavy sinkers, and worms or smelt for bait, are used.

Recently there has been much sport catching channel catfish near the Arsenal wharf. Many persons with long hand lines fish from the shore, but others, and the more successful, go out in small boats into the sedge and fish toward the deep water of the channel where the vessels pass. Two or three men in a boat, with worm bait, will catch two or three dozen fish, weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter each, "and good fish, too, considerin'."

Fishing in the fall is always better in many respects, though in bass fishing it requires more skill and better knowledge of localities, habits and impulses of the big and little mouths, than at any other time. One of the newspapers of Washington, the *Star*, has a daily report of the condition of the water of the river, temperature and clearness at Great Falls and other points this side, and the hour of high tide, which is of great advantage to the gentle fisherman. The editor is one of the craft and has thought for its welfare.

J. C. B.

Washington, July 4.

Scarcity of Gut.—New York, July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers have no doubt learned through the daily papers of the frightful ravages made by cholera in Spain. It has been and is specially severe in the province of Murcia, where all the first-class silk worm gut is made. All gut factories, including our own, are closed. They can not be opened before the autumn. Owing to continued depression in business throughout the world, the stock of gut has been allowed to run down, so that to-day there is very little gut of any kind in the hands of dealers, and almost no first quality gut anywhere. We, as well as a few other manufacturers, have a fair supply of the various grades; but there is not enough on hand to carry us through till we get new arrivals in the autumn. The bad spring and present demoralization of business in Murcia will make this crop, when we do get it, small in quantity and poor in quality. There will be a permanent advance of at least twenty per cent. in the price of gut, and a temporary advance of about fifty per cent. If business were now active no doubt the present price would be doubled inside of thirty days.—Abbey & Imbrie.

The Coast of New Jersey.—June 28.—Fishing on the entire New Jersey coast, from Barnegat to Turtle Gut, has begun in earnest, and the weakfish are biting well at all the inlets. Many splendid catches were made during the past week. The fish at Townsend's are running larger than usual and take mussel bait well. Sheepshead at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays are being taken in fair numbers, but they still keep well out in the inlets, which makes it very uncomfortable in fishing for them when the boat is riding the incoming tide swells. Later on they will work further into the bays. No bluefish yet inside, but their presence off the coast indicate that they may at any moment come in. Some Taylors (very small bluefish) are reported inside the inlet at Great Egg Harbor. All the bottom fish are biting at Barnegat, and good strings of sea bass are every day caught at the old wreck near the beach at Barnegat Bay. Why do not the boatmen anchor another buoy at this favorite place to indicate the whereabouts of the old hull? Is it because they fear the amateur will locate the spot without their assistance and thus deprive them of a day's wages? The weakfish in this bay will not take mussels as they do below Great Egg Harbor. Nothing short of soft crab, shedder or shrimp will answer.

July 5.—At almost every point on the New Jersey coast weak-fishing is reported very good, and the fish run larger than usual. I have heard of but few amateurs having been successful with the sheepshead, but learn that the baymen who fish for the summer hotels on the beaches are catching them quite freely. Drumfish are very plentiful about Cape May and at Turtle Gut and Hereford, and scarcely a party leaves Philadelphia without returning with glowing accounts of sport. Few fresh-water fishermen have been successful with the bass in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia this season, but Susquehanna River anglers and those that have extended their journeys somewhat all report the fishing excellent. The trout fishing season of Pennsylvania ended with the general complaint that it was a very poor one, a late spring in the beginning and very low water at the ending being the cause of it.—Homo.

West Virginia Bass Fishing.—Charleston, W. Va., July 1.—Gauley is forty miles from Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, Gauley and New rivers forming the Great Kanawha. Our party was composed of Mr. A. and wife, my husband and myself. We caught over one hundred bass, not counting those of six or eight inches which we put back. Mrs. A. and myself were unusually lucky, she catching the greater number, while I came out ahead of all in size, having taken one weighing three and a half or four pounds. Once we landed three fine ones at the same time. One white salmon was caught which we turned free again. My husband thinks it the first one ever caught in Gauley. We used the phantom minnow. The large-mouthed and the small-mouthed bass are both found in the mountain streams of West Virginia. We went frogging one night with lights, and returned with twenty-one, which were nicely prepared for our breakfast. One day we went five miles, walking past the shoals, and took our dinners, including coffee, lemons and ice, built a fire, borrowed a frying pan and cooked our fish, returning to our boarding house tired, but well pleased with our first experience in camping. During our stay of only a few days we went ten miles and were very successful, catching all the fish we wanted, remaining all night at a farm house. We find the people pleasant and hospitable. I do not blame gentlemen for wanting to take a fishing trip; but I do blame them severely for not once in a while taking their wives with them. I know we were no trouble, and we enjoyed our trip so very much. The scenery is grand, the laurel or rhododendron and the wild honeysuckle grow in abundance, the rocks and the small "Niagara Falls" are beautiful, too beautiful for any one to describe.—Elizabeth.

Doctor J. A. Henshall.—Next week Dr. J. A. Henshall starts for the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to interview the black bass and trout of that region, and also to determine the identity of a fish called mascalonge, which is found in Gogebic Lake and Eagle waters, and learn if it be the *Esox nobilior*, the simon-pure article, or the great lake-pike, *E. lucius*. We will be pleased to publish his promised report on the fish, as it will settle the question. Next winter the Doctor will go to Florida to explore the southwest coast and its fauna.

Fly Versus Bait.—Norristown, Pa., June 29.—Tried the artificial fly for the first time yesterday morning during a rain storm, and in half an hour landed four black bass. Total weight, estimated, three pounds. Three fishermen in sight using minnows and helgramites for bait; caught one small bass weighing about eight ounces. Scene of the contest, Catfish Dam, in the Schuylkill River, below Port Kennedy.—E. A. L.

"Fysshynge with an Angle."—Four hundred years are a long stretch of life for a book. Few of the angling books of to-day will live so long. Dame Juliana Berners wrote her "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle" in 1496. To-day we have it in new-old style, as printed (out of pure love) by Mr. George W. Van Siclen, in 1875. This reprint is itself now rare. A few copies can be furnished from this office. Price, $1.

The Black Prince.—Several inquiries have been made for a description of this fly. We have just received a specimen from Mr. W. Holberton, of Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, and it is a handsome fly with a killing look. The body is a bright silver tinsel with a red tail; wings and hackle jet black. This should be a good fly for Maine and the Adirondacks, but does not appear to be well known.

Poisoning Drumfish.—That dough and glue story in your last issue, in reference to the drumfish and the effect of the composition on their gills, if investigated I guess will be found to be "bosh." It looks to me that the paste is made up of a well-known fish poison, flour and water, which stupefies or poisons the drum, and thus rids the oysterman of what he supposes kills his bivalves. The question has been asked, is it the drumfish that destroys the oyster? Is it not the starfish or the periwinkle which does the damage? There is a law, I believe, against using the fish poison referred to in fresh water streams. Does not the same statute apply to salt water also?—Homo.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TRANSPLANTING FISHES:

DOES TRANSPLANTING AFFECT THE FOOD OR GAME QUALITIES OF CERTAIN FISHES?

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY A. N. CHENEY.

THIS rather imposing caption opens a wide field with many ramifications, and I cannot hope to do more than skirmish around the edges of the subject, but hope thereby to induce others to give from their personal knowledge that which will cover more of the field. In one sense it is not a new question to the members of the American Fisheries Society or the writer, for the effect of food upon our game fishes has been discussed, and it is a self-evident proposition that a well-fed fish, transplanted or otherwise, makes the best food fish; therefore, it is safe to say that if fish are taken from lean waters and planted in fat waters their food qualities will be improved.

In another sense, the effect transplanting has upon the game qualities of our game fish I do not remember to have read of being discussed. The question has been asked me a number of times, in one or both forms, by angling friends, and quite recently the matter was again brought to my attention by a letter from a gentleman of long and varied experience as an angler, who asked if I had found the black bass gamer on the hook in waters to which they were alien, than in waters to which they were native? and he answered the question from his own experience, by saying he had so found them. To me it seems a case of cause and effect, for an abundance of food and game qualities are inseparable, and go hand and hand to produce this desired result. I never caught a half-starved fish that exhibited marked game qualities on the hook, and the test of gameness is accepted as the power of a hooked fish to fight or resist capture by the angler. I don't believe a fish can fight on a stomach that is habitually empty any better than a man whose stomach is in the same state, for there is a heap of courage in a good dinner, which is increased by the knowledge that the good dinners are to be a regular thing in the future.

I can, perhaps, do no better than give a few results of fish transplanting that have come under my own observation, and I do so, looking with the eyes of an angler rather than with those of a fishculturist.

Before going further I might answer the question asked by the friend above mentioned, by stating that the gamest black bass that ever I caught were taken from waters to which the fish were native, and I never caught black bass that were in better condition than these same fish. I have taken bass with more fat, but it was abnormal fat that took away the dash and vigor that characterize the bass, and the angler had to overcome but little more than the avoirdupois of the fish; but the loss to the rod was a gain to the gridiron.

Saratoga Lake black bass stocked Effner Lake. Effner Lake bass stocked Schroon Lake, Luzerne Lake and the Hudson, Schroon and Sacandaga rivers. It would not be just to compare lake bass with river bass; but Saratoga Lake and Schroon Lake bass are gamer than Effner Lake bass. There is, apparently, little difference in the temperature and clearness of the water in these lakes, but Effner Lake seems to have the poorest supply of fish food. Lake George black bass stocked Long Pond, and afterward Long Pond stocked Round Pond. Long Pond bass are least gamy of the fish in the three waters, but they are far the largest. Long Pond is just a mass of fish food and the water is warm and thick. On the contrary, Round Pond, forty rods away, is a great spring of clear, cold water, lacking outlet or inlet, with an abundance of fish food, and the bass therein, while not exceeding in size the Lake George bass, fight like fiends when hooked.

Without further multiplying instances I think it prudent to say that when black bass in alien waters are found to possess superior game qualities it is because they have found better pasturage or better water than in the homestead.

Hudson River pike (*E. lucius*) were used to stock Schroon Lake and river, and both furnish pike of greater growth than the parent waters, but one cannot compare their game qualities for they have none.

It is natural perhaps that the quiet lake waters should be more conducive to aldermanic proportions in the pike than is the rapid river water, but a recent local newspaper states that Schroon River has produced a larger pike than the lake.

Oneida Pond was also stocked with pike from the Hudson and it has yielded these fresh-water sharks of greater size than those from any of the other waters I have named. The pond is small and the pike soon cleaned out the food and then commenced a warfare of the survival of the one with the largest mouth. The large fish have been caught and those that remain are all of the same size with the clefts in the mouth yearning to extend back to the dorsal fin.

I have somewhere seen a statement, and I think it was in one of the reports of the New York State Fish Commission, that whenever the New York lakes containing a remnant of lake trout have had a contribution of lake trout fry from the Great Lakes, the addition or deposit has increased the average size of the trout in such waters. This, at least, is the idea that has become fixed in my mind from reading the statement; but I do not remember that it was coupled with, or contingent upon, an additional supply of fish food. I have closely watched this improvement in the trout of Lake George, New York. Before the lake was restocked by the State the trout were very poor and small, and because of the gradual taper from their heads to their tails were called "wedges" by the fishermen. I do not know as they appeared starved so much as they appeared dwarfed. Every spring during the trolling season when the trout were "on top," quantities of small whitefish were seen at the surface of the water, so the lake was not entirely barren of food for the native trout. Five years after the State made the first deposit of trout fry it planted some whitefish for trout food. There was a marked improvement in the trout almost from the first planting of fry, and each year since the average in size of the catch has been larger and the condition of the trout better. I have often wondered if this was entirely owing to the food, for the anglers can discover no increase in the whitefish fry on the surface in the spring.

In other words, does not the fresh blood or out-cross improve the natives and leaven the whole. Among the mammals this fresh blood is sometimes necessary to prevent a "going to seed," and even man in families of high degree deteriorates or "peters out" occasionally from too much blue blood and not enough red. I know it is presumption on my part to

intimate that there is any affinity between the workings of warm blood—particularly the blue kind—in man, and the workings of cold blood in fishes, and I only do it to ask the scientists here gathered together, if it is possible for the infusion of fresh blood to act upon and improve and strengthen fishes that have been in breeding for ages in circumscribed waters. Whatever scientists may say about the infusion of fresh fish blood, which would apply only in certain cases, I am satisfied that fish in alien waters improve in food or game qualities only when they find better feed or better water which carries a more vigorous condition, which is the gameness desired by anglers.

MR. MATHER—The observations of Mr. Cheney correspond with those of others who have given attention to this subject. As a rule a transplanted animal does either better or worse than if left in its native place, especially if carried to a considerable distance. The brown trout, *Salmo fario*, of Europe grow rapidly here, while our eastern trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, have made rapid growth in Germany. The German carp is another instance of rapid growth after transplanting, for in America they have far exceeded their growth in their native land. I do not know the history of the black bass in Saratoga and Effner lakes, to which Mr. Cheney refers, and which he claims stocked the Hudson. I have been under the impression that the first black bass in the Hudson River came down the Erie Canal when it was opened, some fifty years ago, but they have never increased much below Troy during this time.

THE MARYLAND COMMISSION.—The Fish Commission operations on the Eastern Shore, under Dr. Humphrey's management, have been very successful this season. Three newly constructed hatching houses, equipped with the latest improved apparatus and located on favorable sites, one at Coward's Point, on Choptank River, one at Sharptown, on Nanticoke River, and one at Salisbury, on Wicomico River, have been in operation and have produced an aggregate of 32,000,000 shad, herring and perch fry, which have been distributed and planted generally in the rivers of this section of the State. This is an increase of about five millions over the production of last year. The shad hatching has, however, decreased on account of the unusually small catch of fish, rendering it possible for the spawn gatherers to procure only a small quantity of ripe eggs. This scarcity of shad, after a good season last year, is hard to account for. All fishermen in the vicinity of Salisbury attribute it to the increasing number of pound nets, fikes, stake seines, etc., which are set across the current on the fishing grounds, and sometimes well out in the channels, not only in the mouths of the rivers and small fresh water streams, but also on the bay shore. Whether this is the cause or not it is certain that for some reason the shad have shunned Maryland waters this season and shown themselves in increased numbers in the Delaware and more northern waters. On the other hand there has been a largely increased catch of herrings and perch. Both these varieties have this spring swarmed in Maryland waters, particularly the Nanticoke. The rock, or striped bass, has also been plentiful during the entire winter and spring. The Commission was unable, however, to procure any ripe rock spawn whatever during the entire season. Last year eight million eggs of this fish were taken and four million hatched, the first and only rock ever hatched in Maryland. With the improved hatching facilities now entirely perfected, and the use of the steam launch Beulah on the Nanticoke, and the possible transportation of shad eggs from the South, the commission expects next year to very nearly double the results of this season's hatching of spring fish. The German carp is now engaging all the Commission's attention, and there will be a distribuation of small carp and one and two year old fish about November 1.

GEO. SHEPARD PAGE, of Stanley, Morris county, N. J., has been made an honorary corresponding member of the National Fishculture Association of Great Britain.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2450.**

THE SALE OF JESTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the letter of Mr. C. H. Mason in your issue of 2d inst., appears the following:

"At New York the following May, 1882, he [Mason] claimed Jester, the English setter, at $100, before the dogs were judged, and after Jester got first prize one of Mr. Mortimer's present employes [note the last word] bought and paid for the dog, doing Mr. Mason out of the purchase," etc.

Now as this assertion reflects upon Mr. Wright as purchaser and myself as seller of Jester, I desire to inform Mr. Mason or any one else that is at all interested in the matter of the truth of this sale. I took Jester into the ring at mentioned time. I saw no notice of his being claimed by any one on his stall at that time. I heard nothing of his being claimed by Mr. Mason until after I had taken him back from the ring and just as I was going to put him on the bench, when I was told Mr. Mason had claimed him. I would say I was several minutes in taking him from ring to bench, as several persons stopped me to look at him, Mr. Mason the first one. He asked some questions, referred to his catalogue, and left me.

Mr. Wright bought Jester in the ring before he was judged, and tendered me his check there upon sight. Mr. Wright was acting steward in the class. Mr. Wright knew nothing of Mr. Mason claiming the dog until after we retired from the ring.

I have understood Mr. Mason tendered Mr. Lincoln his check for Jester. I positively assert I never saw Mr. Mason's check nor had any intimation from Mr. Lincoln at any time during the show or since that he held such check or was intrusted with such commission to purchase, though I admit there was plenty of talk of such from that time on during the show, by exhibitors and visitors. E. W. JESTER.

ST. GEORGE'S, Delaware, July 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

C. H. Mason has several times taken upon himself, within the last few months, to present to your readers and his few followers, incorrectly and entirely favorable to himself, incidents relative to the English setter dog Jester, which he claimed to have purchased at the New York dog show held in April, 1882. Although some three years have elapsed, and as he continues to shield himself under cover of this pretended purchase, I wish to state clearly the circumstances connected with the case. In 1882 the English setter dog puppies (Class No. 40) were brought into the ring, where I was acting as steward at the time, and while the puppies were being looked over by Mr. Higgins, the judge, I remarked to a friend standing outside of the ring, upon the fine appearance of the puppy No. 455 in question. I at once approached the person leading him and then learned that he was the owner (Mr. E. W. Jester, of St. George's Del.). I asked him particularly whether the puppy had been claimed or purchased by any one, and upon receiving his reply in the negative I then and there purchased the dog. Before the awards were made I had occasion to leave the ring, in order that the following class might be prepared. Upon returning I found that my purchase had been awarded first prize, and on the arrival of the next class in order I went to examine my dog in his kennel, where I again saw Mr. Jester and called his attention to a card bearing the inscription, "C. H. Mason, England, claimed at catalogue price." Mr. Jester again gave me his assurance that he knew of no such person, had not disposed of or promised the dog to any one but myself and that the card was not in the kennel when he left for the judging ring. I then sought our superintendent, Lincoln, and reported to him my purchase, when he, Lincoln, remarked, "Mason came to me not five minutes ago, claimed and paid $100 for that dog." Upon returning to the ring I saw Mason, who inquired my name and asked if I had purchased No. 455, following his question with the remark that he bought the dog before I had, but was not prepared to answer my question as to just when he made his pretended purchase. I left the matter entirely in the hands of disinterested parties, being ready to transfer my right and title to Mason; but they decided the purchase belonged to me, and I have retained the dog to this day, being prepared in the interim, to meet Mr. Mason's "court test." He has seen fit, in his several communications, to pronounce the dog faulty; but the faults failed to reach his brain even when he made his so-called purchase. Mr. E. W. Jester and others, I feel confident, are quite ready to substantiate what I have said. We are all quite weary of Mason's continued representations of his injuries, and many of your readers are no doubt delighted to observe, in your issue of July 2, over his signature, that he has written his final letter in a controversy which has at last become distasteful to him. L. B. WRIGHT.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1885.

CONTRARIETIES OF CANINE FORM.

HOW can these contrarieties agree? To fix on an ideal (whether borne in the mind's eye, with or without the assistance of a standard, or in the tangible form of a model) and to embody the same in a living animal, is generally the height of the breeder's ambition, the goal he rightly aims at. Most frequently the standard of the ideal is already fixed, and the breeder has to strive to produce it as typically as he possibly can; yet, in his endeavors, he constantly attains animals possessing very different points to what he wished and anticipated. But all the contrarieties and difficulties of breeding weigh nothing (or at least should not) with the judge who awards the prizes at a show, for if he acts as a man of honor, he is bound to award the prizes (to the best of his ability) to the specimen approaching nearest all round to the standard, and any consideration as to what dogs are likely to be most useful for improving or preserving the breed, etc., is quite foreign to his commission, and simply opening a way for a judge to please his own fancies, and virtually amounts to morally swindling the public. In dogs, the characteristics that have to be cultivated are often somewhat at variance with the uses they are nominally destined for, and almost universal disregard is paid to the uses or habits they are subjected to and allowed to follow. Breeders are, owing to this, constantly disappointed and disgusted by the results, apparent incongruities and difficulties they encounter. However, the points constituting a good specimen of the canine race may be divided into two parts—first and foremost, the all-essential characteristics constituting each particular breed; and, secondly, the points constituting merely a well-grown, well-developed animal. In a general way dogs fail in this second division through injudicious and faulty rearing, comprising exercise, feeding and kenneling, and the unfavorable treatment their parents have been subjected to; for there is little doubt but that the weakness and defects in many a puppy have arisen through the confined and pampered life the sire has led. This is a subject few breeders sufficiently consider. They select a dog because he possesses some characteristic or characteristics of the breed strongly developed, often condoning defects in his muscular system which have arisen more or less from want of exercise and unfavorable treatment, and are then disappointed because his offspring comes out scraggy, weak-loined, badly-ribbed, leggy animals, with crooked legs, faulty hocks, weak joints, and hindquarters generally defective.

Some judges, especially those whose knowledge of the characteristics of the particular breed is somewhat limited, yet having what is termed "a good eye for a dog," often select for prizes such animals as have been advantageously reared, yet are deficient or even faulty in typical characteristics. And those that generally make this mistake are what are termed all-round judges. Specialty judges, on the other hand, not unfrequently in their zeal for the typical points rush to the other extreme, and select animals that possess these points strongly marked, however deficient in general symmetry. The characteristic points themselves often present contrarieties which both breeder and judge should know, and try to strike the happy medium between the two. To enumerate a few of these inimicalities. In that most favorite of all favorite breeds—the fox-terrier—a long, lean head is admired and sought after, combined with a cobby and somewhat thick-set body. Yet it has been remarked that very long-headed dogs are mostly leggy or stilty, the reason being that there is a natural tendency toward a proportionate length of limb accompanying length of head, and the reverse when the head is characteristically short, and the limbs will be proportionately short in a natural condition; yet the art of breeding is to cultivate length of head without losing sight of correct length of limb. Breeders are too liable to be led away by individual possession of some properties their own animal or animals require improving in, without ascertaining if the strain of the animal they seek correction from is or is not defective in the concordant points. Thus, for example, a fox-terrier breeder wishing to obtain greater length of head selects some dog with this point strongly developed, regardless in most cases of what his immediate ancestors have been like, especially the ancestor from which the point in question was obtained, which if they did but know, would in many instances at once cause them to forego breeding from the animal they had selected to correct one point, for they would then see it would be an animal calculated probably to do a vast amount of injury to their own strain.

Owing to the discordance in these typical points some have argued in favor of condonation of a shorter head, and thus simplifying the difficulties; but the result is then in a general way a more compact body, but accompanied by overfulness of skull and breadth of chest, points rightly objectionable in the breed. Breeders may accept it as a safe rule never to rush to extremes, but stick to animals whose immediate ancestors they have known the characteristics of, and to be careful that the parents are healthy and have been regularly and thoroughly exercised prior to being bred from, and a good deal of the barrenness so frequently complained of might be avoided if this latter was more looked to. Fox-terrier puppies should have plenty of liberty, and neither over or underfed, and a too liberal supply of flesh renders them gaunt and large, and it is of greater importance that the sire should be sufficiently long in head, under rather than full-sized, small in the ear, compact and symmetrical in body. The dam should have a long head, and be by a well-formed sire.

In boarhounds, especially in the now all-fashionable variety, the great Dane, vast size is an essential; still it should not be cultivated at the expense of weak hindquarters and a straddling gait. Great height is often accompanied with lightness of bone, showing plainly that owing to some cause the animal has been extenuated in height beyond its natural proportion, and such dogs are not calculated to beget really large offspring. Where size is an essential it is a safe plan to follow the rule that the Americans have with such excellent results, with regard to breeding the cart horse, viz., to go in for the heaviest animals, this in the long run is the surest means of obtaining vast size; and now there is a probability of an attempt to restore the Irish wolfhound, admirers of that variety would do well to remember this. In the great Dane, Irish wolfhound and boarhounds generally, length of head and general weight, combined with total freedom of any throatiness, wrinkle, or useless lumber of the nature, are safe guides for breeding. Weakness of jaw often accompanies very long heads, and should be guarded against, while the other extreme is generally accompanied by too full a skull; but this latter is one of the contrarieties caused through a false standard, as, providing a Great Dane or deerhound has height and length of body, with a long, wedge-shaped skull—it is a mistake to think the head can be too full in the skull—providing there is no approach to apple-headedness, which is a sure indication of a mastiff or bulldog cross, and most untypical of the true greyhound. The greater the girth of the skull the greater the muscular power of the jaw is a certainty. In deerhounds narrowness of head is considered a characteristic; but length is really more so, and when heads are very light and narrow they not unfrequently suffer in length; and it is possible for the male deerhound to have too effeminate a head. This is one of the difficulties of breeding, to secure length, lightness and narrowness of head combined, without rendering the jaw weak; but a safe rule in selecting a stud dog of any of these breeds is to look for length of head.

Over-large ears, weak loins, and cow hocks are liable to be very hereditary faults. Height, with lean racing shoulders, are essential in the deerhound, but with this there is a tendency to a weak jaw, which is another contrariety that the breeder does not lose sight of, for a dog with either defect can be neither typical nor useful, loaded shoulders in any animal intended for speed being simply ruinous. Length of back in the deerhound is not of such importance as some people seem to think, many short-backed greyhounds being very fast, and they have somewhat the advantage in turning. But this point has been too well argued in "Thacker and Stonehenge on the Greyhound" to enter upon here. At the same time, many of the mere theorists who place so much stress on mere length of body overlook the far more typical characteristic of the breed, viz., well arched loins. In St. Bernards the rage for size has blinded many judges, as well as misled the public. Weight is here, again, the best guide to the breeder, and if at our larger shows the prize winners were weighed officially and their weight given in their catalogue, it would be very useful to breeders of the larger varieties, as well as render the catalogues more valuable. In St. Bernards good loins and well-formed hindquarters should be looked for, as all very tall dogs are liable to run somewhat shelly, flat-sided, weak in loin and defective in ribs. In the mastiff, where shortness of muzzle and shortness in limbs are highly characteristic of the breed (points in which the London breeders have made such decided improvement in the last few years, out-distancing the older luminaries of the present generation), it has been remarked that there is a corresponding shortening of the body—the latter a defect to a certain extent; but instead of condemning or foregoing the short, broad head, breeders should, at the same time, cultivate length of body, which Low (in his "Domestic Animals of Great Britain," upon the hog) states is effected more by liberal feeding than in any other way. He says: "When the supplies of food are increased, the size of the intestinal canal, etc., becomes extended, and this is indicated by a prolongation of the back and enlargement of the capacity of the trunk." And we may learn from what pig-breeders have done that length of body is compatible with excessive shortness of muzzle. Thus for judges ignorantly to select mastiffs possessing mere length of body, is the way to obtain long-legged, weak, narrow-loined, shelly-bodied, weak-jointed, long-headed outsiders. Shortness of back, it should be remembered, being, to a certain extent, a sign of strength either in the mastiff, cart horse, or hunter, how little do many dog breeders and judges know of congruity of type, harmony and unison of parts, consistency of proportion in form, and concordance in points.

In cultivating size in the mastiff (a consideration to a certain extent, but not a typical or characteristic, as some think) it should not be to obtain a little, long-bodied, stilty, boarhound-like animal. Both breeder and judge should cultivate shortness of head and sufficient length of body, however adverse to one another. But for either the breeder or judge to forego the essential shortness of limbs and muzzle is to show sheer ignorance of the characteristics of the breed, yet cobbiness should be avoided. Another opposite in the points of the mastiff is smallness of ear and pendulosity of lips and wrinkle and loose skin about the head generally, all characteristics of the breed that have been remarked from the earliest times, and it is palpable that none of these points should be cultivated at the expense of the other; but whenever the ear is very small and throat free from all dewlap there will be a tendency toward absence of wrinkle, and the pendulosity of the lips will be impaired, for it may be broadly laid down that leather and wrinkle go together. Thus it is evident a medium or even large ear should be admitted by a judge sooner than seeking mere lightness of ear (a boarhound or deerhound characteristic sooner than a mastiff), and breeders should not lose sight of one point in pursuance of others. Points like length and depth of body are more dependent on good rearing, especially exercise, than breed. Another opposite is smallness of ear, combined with freedom from any indication of erection; for when the ear is small, especially in muscular specimens, there is a natural tendency to part or total erection. This can only be combined by patient selection; and fox-terrier breeders have shown what may be done by perseverance. Bull-terriers, perhaps the most artificial of all compound breeds, present the greatest number of contrarieties of any, and are consequently one of the most difficult to produce of high quality. Yet the state of perfection and closeness of approach to the ideal standard these dogs often attain prove that with care, cultivation and skill the breeder may attain nearly anything and everything he desires in canine form. Truly *multum in parvo* in this variety the educated breeder must see. In the domestic hog, through cultivation and good feeding, the head has been shortened, the length of the legs reduced, while the body has been enlongated and the number of the dorsal lumbar and caudal vertebræ actually increased. This shows alteration and improvement may be attained in some points without sacrific-

ing or diminishing any of the really typical characteristics. With cultivation the tendency is toward lighter heads, lighter bone, longer bodies, higher muscular development, and a greater amount of quality generally. Uncultivated breeds, and those more exposed to the weather, will have heavier heads, coarser bone, shorter bodies, and leaner muscle. Where the wrinkle, or loose skin, is fully developed the ears will be inclined to run large either in bulls, mastiffs or pugs, and great muscular development is often accompanied with fulness in eye.—*Zoölus in Land and Water.*

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

RHEUMATISM.

THE dog suffers from rheumatism more frequently than any other domestic animal, but seldom exhibits the disease in the acute form known as rheumatic fever. In my experience the general disease only appears in dogs that have previously suffered from the local affection. A severe attack of local rheumatism causes great pain and general disturbance, which may produce some accompanying fever, but this is not to be confounded with rheumatic fever. The fever which accompanies the local affection is only secondary, and dependent chiefly upon the amount of pain. The specific rheumatic fever is a general disease, accompanied by local pains in different parts of the body, and is due to some morbid condition of the blood peculiar to rheumatism. The two forms of disease are distinguished by the proportion between the local and general disturbance—in one the pain is local and the general feverishness in accordance with its intensity; in the other the fever is most prominent and the pain not confined to one part, but diffused. The cause of rheumatism is cold and damp combined. It is prevalent in damp, ill-constructed kennels; it is often seen in pet dogs to follow washing, especially when east winds prevail; it is common in sporting dogs, and, I am told, is especially destructive among those accompanying sportsmen engaged in wildfowl shooting; it is not so much a prolonged low temperature as extreme and sudden variations of temperature, which gives rise to rheumatism. This explains why dogs kept in heated rooms are attacked when exposed merely to ordinary out-door temperatures. It is important to bear in mind also that exhaustion or any other debilitating influence predisposes to rheumatism. Dogs which are allowed to swim for amusement take little harm provided they have a good run afterward, and a dry bed to retire to. When, however, a dog which has had a tiring run is allowed to enter water, and then, without further exercise, to rest, rheumatism is very likely to result. Dogs that follow carriages take no harm in getting wet at the commencement of the journey, but an attack of rheumatism has often resulted from a bathe just before reaching home. When the animal is tired, a good reaction does not follow the cold bath. When he is fresh and active, cold water does no harm, and its evil effects are quite neutralized by a good run which increases the activity of the skin, and facilitates the rapid drying of his coat. Foxhounds returning tired and wet are just in the condition for the exciting cause of rheumatism to act upon. Improper benches, want of straw, and a cold wet floor are the only requisites to produce it, but the addition of a badly chosen site and aspect of kennels, with, perhaps, an east wind, renders the advent of disease most certain. One attack of rheumatism predisposes to another, or rather I may say one attack is always followed by another as the result of very slight exposure to the ordinary causes. Repeated attacks cause disease of the heart—a not uncommon lesion in dogs. The exact nature of rheumatism we do not yet understand. The sudden shifting of the local disease from one part to another, the tendency to recurrence, and the complication of the heart indicate a definite change of some kind in the blood. Whether this change depends upon some deleterious matter passing into it as the result of changes set up in the parts locally affected, or whether it is due to some change in the excretions of the skin which are thrown back into the circulation, and so constitute a poison, or whether, again, the first change takes place in the blood predisposing an animal to rheumatism, as the result of cold and damp acting upon the skin, I know not. We know how it arises, the course it generally runs, the symptoms it produces, and the serious mischief it causes to certain parts. It affects the joints, the tendons and their sheaths, the envelopes of muscle, and the membranes and valves of the heart. All of these structures are formed of one peculiar kind of tissue—white fibrous. Why rheumatism attacks these fibrous tissues we do not know. During health these tissues exhibit very little sensitiveness, but when inflamed or attacked by rheumatism, they are remarkable for the acuteness of the pain set up. There are two common forms of rheumatism met with in dogs—one attacking the loins, and known as lumbago; the other affecting the shoulders, and called kennel-lameness. As these are common and distinct (so far as appearances) diseases I shall consider them separately.

Lumbago.—This is the term applied to rheumatism affecting the muscels of the loins. In very bad cases the pain may be so intense as to render the dog unable to raise his hind legs, which appear almost as if paralyzed. Pain is at once evinced on pressing the loins. In milder cases there is great disinclination to move, stiffness of the hindquarters, pain during turning, shown by a sharp cry, and tenderness over the loins when touched. In the least marked cases there is very little stiffness visible, and not much pain on pressure, the chief symptoms being the sharp cry which follows turning and raising from a prone position. Inability to jump on a chair or to go upstairs may be noticed in house dogs, and in others inability to jump on their bench. The treatment consists in the application of stimulants to the affected part. These are gently rubbed in with the hand, and may be followed by a wrap or bandage of dry flannel. There are many applications equally effective. Equal parts of soap liniment, laudanum, and turpentine may be used, or, what is just as good and safer, equal parts of olive oil, turpentine, strong ammonia and water. These embrocations may be rubbed in daily till the skin becomes sore. Internally we may give five grain doses each of nitrate and carbonate of potash, once or twice daily, or, what I consider better, small doses of turpentine. This is best given in capsules, of which one or two daily are a sufficient dose. No form of rheumatism seems to benefit so decidedly from turpentine internally as lumbago.

Kennel Lameness.—This form of rheumatism is sometimes called "chest founder" from the evident powerlessness affecting the forequarters. The seat of the disease is the muscles connecting the shoulders to the trunk, and those on the outside of the bladebone. It may affect only one shoulder, but usually both. It is made evident by the pain on pressure, the cry when moved, and the dislike or even inability to bear the weight of the body on the forelegs. The distinctive sore movement of the dog is very evident in going down a hill, and the animal refuses to jump from his bench or any other height, and to descend stairs. The treatment is similar to that suggested for lumbago. The external stimulant is to be applied to the muscles outside the bladebone, and to those of the breast connecting the fore limb to the trunk. Nitrate and carbonate of potass may be given, and, if necessary, an aperient. In all cases of rheumatism remove the cause; give warmth, dryness and comfort. When the joints of the limbs are affected, it is sometimes not easy to detect the exact part. Pain on pressure or movement is not always shown to a stranger; it is more readily evinced to the owner. Swelling is seldom noticeable, which fact, with the history of the case, is the best guide in distinguishing the signs of rheumatism from those of direct injury. Chronic rheumatism of a recurrent nature is most successfully treated by arsenic in combination with carbonate of potass. Preparations of iron seem to do positive harm. In bad cases of long standing the dog sometimes becomes doubled up and deformed. The forelegs, as the result of kennel lameness, become powerless, as do the hind ones from lumbago. Such cases are incurable.

Rheumatic Fever.—This most fatal malady is uncommon, and usually accompanied by acute disease of the heart. The dog refuses food, is moved with difficulty, and if forced seems stiff all over. Motion of any kind produces pain. The nose is dry, pulse rapid, and the heart's action sharp, weak, jerky, and intermittent. Prostration is great and rapidly increases. The dog mostly lies stretched out, and on his right side. As the disease proceeds breathing becomes labored, and as death approaches the pain ceases and the breath is drawn in with a marked effort and some gasping. The treatment should consist of stimulants and diuretics, with attention to every detail likely to promote the dog's comfort. Brandy and beef-tea may be given. The nitrate and carbonate of potass, advised for lumbago, is useful. Iodide of potassium in ten grain doses once or twice a day, till free action of the kidneys is induced, may be tried. I do not advise the use of warm baths. They afford no relief to pain which is not more than counterbalanced by the aggravation in trying to dry the dog afterward. Especially is this true of long-haired dogs. To roll them in blankets before the fire avoids the rubbing, but it is most debilitating, and should they escape from their coverings the resulting chill adds much to the danger. Dry hot flannel wraps I have no objection to, and they are most beneficial when there is some well-defined local pain. The administration of opium, digitalis, or aconite I entirely disapprove of in these cases.—*W. Hunting, F. R. C. V. S., in Land and Water.*

THE TROJAN STYLE.—The Troy (N. Y.) *Times*, July 2, gives the follow report of a performance whose perpetrators very properly deserve the attention of the local S. F. P. C. A.: "The American Gentlemen of Albany county opened to the public yesterday afternoon the new fox hunting grounds in West Troy. One hundred acres of woodland, hills and ravines have been fenced in and a kennel stands beneath the trees at one end of the inclosure. The eastern extremity of the tract of land is an unwooded hill, which commands an excellent view of Troy and vicinity. On this hill a platform has been erected, from which a brass band concert was given yesterday for an hour. At 4 o'clock several hundred men and six women had gathered to witness the hunt. A fox had been set free at noon and the dogs, some forty in number, were brought out. Some of the dogs were foxhounds, but a ratterrier and a Newfoundland had joined the pack. The word was given and the attendants 'let slip the dogs of war.' Here was sport fit for a Saratoga baron. A pen, with a fence nine feet high, forty terriers and a poor trembling fox. In spite of his four hours' start the fox wasn't given even 'a show for his money.' With one howl the pack shot down the ravine and shook the life out of reynard in less than two minutes. The spectators saw nothing but the cutting off of the tail and then the boys played ball with the carcass. It was rare sport. A fresh fox was then taken from the small box into which it had been squeezed and set free. The fox was a game one. It required a man with a shingle, spanking it from behind, to make it run. The unloosed hounds took up the trail, but before they sighted the fox one of the American Gentlemen had caught it in his arms. It was a pleasant diversion to see the fox run down by a man. No order was kept, and the spectators and the band had joined in the chase. In fact, that appeared to be all the fun that they got for their money. As the crowd left the grounds they assaulted the gatekeeper with such expressions as 'You got a live fox next time.' Quite an animated discussion arose as to whether the first fox was dead before the dogs started, and one man offered to bet ten shillings to one (and no takers) that it wasn't a fox, but a woodchuck. There were no horses in the chase. They were not needed: the fox could be caught on foot. Altogether it was a foxy show, and 'funny, very, very funny'—for the fox."

A STANDARD FOR CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 25, in giving the new rules and regulations of the American Kennel Club, I see that you do not mention the names of a committee to decide the points of Clumber spaniels. How is this? Does it not seem very unjust that Clumbers should be neglected in this way? Nothing does more harm to a breed than neglect of this kind, and Clumbers are not a breed of dogs that should be neglected. They are decidedly the handsomest breed of spaniels, if not the handsomest breed of dogs bred for the sportsman; and those who have used them have found them most useful. They are, if properly trained—which is very easy to do—as good in water as on land, and they are also wonderfully sagacious.—A LOVER OF CLUMBERS. [If our correspondent will read the third paragraph from the bottom of the list he will find that the Clumber is provided for under the head of "Other Spaniels."]

A QUEER DOG.—Somerset, Pa., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is in this town a boy named Rollas Fleck, who owns a dog—a female dog—the like of which I presume has never been seen before. This little bitch is a mongrel in pedigree, a grayish, almost like an opossum in color, with long woolly looking hair; in age about two years. She will have puppies in July. Nothing wonderful in all this, certainly; but she was born without forelegs—no trace or sign of forelegs. She is quite savage if you attempt to touch her. Walks? Of course she does, but on her hindfeet, very much in the manner of a kangaroo. Can jump a considerable distance; goes up or down stairs apparently as easily as any other dog. On the whole she seems to enjoy life as much as any other dog. I had not heard anything of this until recently, when my brother mentioned it to me. Will the pups be like the dam? I shall wait and see.—AMATEUR.

MR. R. T. VANDEVORT, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will start for Southern California in a few weeks with his pointer Don and a brace of bitches. Mr. Vandevort will undoubtedly receive a cordial greeting from the sportsmen of the Golden State, who will gladly welcome so valuable an acquisition to their ranks.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady Stewart. By John H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill., for black, white and tan foxhound bitch puppy, by imported Stormer out of Topsy.

Daisy Belle. By C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped May 26, 1885 (Robin Adair—Lady Belle).

Don Quixote. By F. W. White, Worcester, Mass., for black and white pointer dog, whelped May 26, 1885 (Robin Adair—Lady Belle).

Fritz. By Wm. H. Smith, Stafford Springs, Conn., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 23, 1885, by Plover (Baron—Haida) out of Gracie (Snip—Zuletta).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Darkie—Obo II. P. Cullen's cocker spaniel bitch Darkie (A.K.R. 250) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 26.

Belle—King Bow. Augustus Korner's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Belle (A.K.R. 161) to champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Devonshire Fan—King Bow. E. S. Shultz's (Attica, Mo.) pointer bitch Devonshire Fan (Sensation—Devonshire Lass) to champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Zell—Turk. T. F. Morris's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Zell to H. Clay Glover's champion Turk, June 7.

Jet—Obo II. W. P. Balce's cocker spaniel bitch Jet to J. P. Willey's champian Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 4.

Black Gem—Obo II. G. Haseltine's cocker spaniel bitch Black Gem (Obo—Chloe) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 20.

Jule—Donald II. Geo. Piercey's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Jule (A.K.R. 1012) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), June 23.

Gayley—Donald II. H. C. Miller's (Hudson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Gayley (A.K.R. 1440) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), July 2.

Bow Queen—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Bow Queen (A.K.R. 558) to their champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Judy—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Judy to their champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Shelloch. Geo. Shepard Page's (New York) imported deerhound bitch Shelloch (A.K.R. 2214), May 7, eight (four dogs), by his imported Dunrobin (A.K.R. 1236).

Nellie. Jas. O. Jones's (New Haven, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Nellie (Dash—Flirt), June 20, ten (five dogs), by J. J. Phelps's Rococo (A.K.R. 2182).

Romaine. G. T. Wells's (Franklin, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Romaine (A.K.R. 633), June 27, seven (one dog), by champion Glencho.

Lady Bird. Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennels' (Claremont, N. H.) imported cocker spaniel bitch Lady Bird (Zulu—Lass o' Devon), June 21, six (three dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); all black.

Snow. G. N. Leavens's (Belleville, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Snow (Bramble—Nell), July 1, six (one dog), by J. F. Farrow's champion Obo (E.K.C.S.B. 10, 451); all black.

Jolly Nell. Andrew J. Calahan's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Jolly Nell (Goodsell's Prince—Jolly May), eleven, by Blackstone Kennels' Foreman; all white, with evenly marked black and tan on head.

Dahlia. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Dorchester, Mass.) collie bitch Dahlia (Rutland—Buttercup), June 24, twelve (nine dogs), by G. R. Krehl's (London, Eng.) champion Eclipse (E.K.C.S.B. 12,949).

Lady Bang. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698), June 29, ten (seven dogs), by their Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass); all liver and white.

Frost. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Frost (Leicester—Victress), four (two dogs), by Dashing Rover (Count Wind'em—Norna).

Leah. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Leah (Gladstone—Frost), seven (four dogs), by Dashing Rover (Count Wind'em—Norna).

Lass. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lass (A.K.R. 1353) June 3, eight (four dogs), by Dandy Bang (Bang Bang—Josie).

Lady Croxteth. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxteth (A.K.R. 1352), June 27, six (three dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394).

Wallexie. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) dachshund bitch Wallexie (Waldmann K.—Fraulein Waldeck), June 28, six (four dogs), by his Prince.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Leah. Black and white English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1234), by Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to Diamond State Kennels, St. George's, Del.

Nellie. Italian greyhound bitch, whelped July 15, 1883 (Dick—Pinkie), by J. S. Morehouse, Taunton, Mass., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Mack A. White and black English setter dog, whelped Nov. 10, 1884 (St. Julian—Iowa Girl), by Dr. S. E. Burroughs, Allison, Ia., to Wm. Marshall, Fremont, Neb.

Kidlewink (A.K.R. 997)—Gretchen (A.K.R. 996) whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 5, 1885, by Mignon Cocker Spaniel Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to J. W. M. Gilchrist, Johnstown, N. Y.

Dunrobin, Jr. Deerhound dog, whelped May 5, 1885 (Dunrobin—Shelloch), by Geo. Shepard Page, Stanley, N. J., to Clarence Rathbone, Albany, N. Y.

Nelley. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 10, 1881, pedigree not given, by Oscar Green, Somerville, N. J., to J. C. Long, Jr., New York.

Joy. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1883, pedigree not given, by Oscar Green, Somerville, N. J., to J. C. Long, Jr., New York.

Fritz. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 23, 1885 (Plover—Gracie), by Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H., to Wm. H. Smith, Stafford Springs, Conn.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady Stewart. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch puppy (Stormer—Topsy), by F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to John H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Wayne. English setter dog (A.K.R. 1620), owned by Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

CONSTANT READER, Pittsfield, Mass.—A setter pup, nine months old and very thin, with rough coat, no appetite to speak of, and but little energy. Her eyes look all right and her bowels are in good condition, and she passes no worms that I can see. Ans. The trouble with the bitch may depend upon her genital system, which is just commencing to take on functional activity. She needs stimulation and stimulating diet. You had better give her a little raw minced meat in her food each day, and let the food consist of beef soups and broths mixed with potatoes, bread and milk, and so on. Have some small pills made, each to contain one grain of reduced iron, and give one pill in a bit of meat twice daily. Keep her bowels easy, give her regular exercise, and report to us in two weeks.

C. A. H., Jersey City, N. J.—My beagle hound, 9 months old, is troubled with a rash or mange of some kind. His throat and breast are red and pimply, and around his right side the pimples are in groups the size of a dime: general health is good; his kennel companion shows no signs of it. Ans. Sponge the parts carefully daily with warm water and castile soap; dry, and apply either the common blue ointment or else oxide of zinc ointment, by rubbing gently in with the fingers. Give at the same time three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning, and increase daily by one drop up to eight drops, then decrease one drop daily to three drops and keep it up for three weeks. The other dog is likely to become affected.

R. M. B., Mayville, Ky.—A very valuable pointer dog, three years old, I fear has canker of the ear; is continually shaking his head and scratching it with his paw, holds his head sideways as if in pain, loss of appetite to some extent. At times he seems to be better, and for several days seems well. Ans. Your dog has canker. Wash the ears carefully with warm water and castile soap, and after drying drop the following into the ears once or twice daily, three or four drops at a time: Of bromo-chloral and of laudanum one drachm each, of water six ounces. Mix and apply as above.

Almost a Fatal Mistake.—In an Arkansaw town several nights ago, a mob led by a desperate man marched to the jail, dragged a murderer from a cell, and hurried with him to the outskirts of the town. Each man wore an expression of determination—features hardened by awful resolve. The prisoner attempted to speak, to beg for his life, but burly hands closed around his throat and the prayer he would have uttered went out in an inarticulate gurgle. When the infuriated men reached a large oak they halted. One of them threw a rope over a limb. "Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "please give me a chance to say a word." "Be quick about it," some one shouted. "Gentlemen, I admit that the evidence is against me, but as truly as we stand here I killed that man in self-defense." "Killed what man?" was asked. "Bill Bottleford." "Say, you ain't the man that killed Bottleford, are you?" "Yes, unfortunately, I am the man." "Men," shouted the leader, "we have come withiu one of making a terrible mistake." Then turning to the prisoner added: "We thought, sir, that you were the man that stole Nat Boyd's fish trap. Hop down offen the box. You are free."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have frequently thought that if all the matter published in your paper relative to rifles, projectiles, sights, rifle shooting, ammunition, etc., were compiled and published in book form, it would be the most interesting volume possible, especially for young riflemen. There can be nothing more interesting, economical, respectable or useful in the way of recreation for a young man than rifle practice, and rifles can now be had at prices which enable most young men to be the owner of one if they choose.

From a boy well down in my 'teens I have been an inveterate rifle shooter. As soon as old enough, I learned to do intricate work upon them, and for some years I did most of the gun repairing for miles around the region where I lived, indeed I built a few guns throughout with satisfactory results. My experiments with rifle sights have embraced nearly every form that I have heard of, from a common notch and pin to the finest telescopic sights. All those who have had ample experience with the latter form of sight will certainly agree that for general efficiency no other form of sight can for one moment compare with it. The only drawback is its cost. During the war I often saw rifles mounted with telescopic sights which must have cost more than the rifles upon which they were mounted, and I do not to-day know where reliable telescopic sights can be had at a cost less than that of a good rifle. Soon after the war I made numerous efforts to bring out a reliable and at the same time cheap telescopic sight, but was compelled to abandon my efforts because of the difficulty and consequent cost of manufacturing reliable, light steel tubes suitable for the purpose. Recent developments in the working of steel render it possible, in my opinion, to get up reliable telescopic rifle sights at about one-half the price which has been charged for them during the past twenty years. I would like to know whether there is as much demand for them as formerly, and will be glad to receive correspondence upon the subject.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[There is little or no demand for telescopic rifles of the ordinary type at present. During the rebellion a number were made and distributed at various points in the hands of sharp-shooters, who used them for picking off gunners and mounted officers. Such weapons are now prohibited on all the ranges given up to modern rifle practice, nor have they any value as hunting weapons.]

THE BULLARD TRAJECTORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the recent statements of riflemen in regard to the height of the Bullard trajectory, as I received probably the first rifle of that make that came into this part of the country, a .40-caliber, which I have been using nearly every week since at our club range. I have made experiments with many charges of powder and bullets of various weights in order to determine the best combination for target practice and the general availability of the gun for sporting purposes. I have fired about 200 rounds of the 75-230 cartridge recommended by the Bullard Company, and think I know something about them. Last week I determined to experiment upon the Bullard trajectory with the 75-230 cartridges. I adjusted the sights carefully to 200yds., by rest shooting, and, with my son Herbert, a prospective engineer of some experience, sought a green valley near the club house and measured off the range. I found a good rest for the middle of the rifle upon some timbers of a demolished bridge, which I covered with cloth. A decimal target was placed at 200yds. distance and several shots were fired to learn the ground. There was only a breath of air from 12 o'clock, the sun was shining, and the day was decidedly warm.

Two poles were erected at 50yds. so that the target could be seen between them, and a sheet of white paper was tacked to them at such a height that its lower edge corresponded with the horizontal diameter of the bullseye at 200yds. By this arrangement we avoided the necessity of computations for the irregular surface of the field. Five shots were fired at the bullseye, and the bullets rising, of course, passed through the paper. The paper screen was then moved to 100yds. distance, fixed in the same position, and five more shots were fired at the bullseye, and the bullets went through the screen. The screen was then placed at 150yds. from the firing point, five more shots were fired, and the paper was perforated as before.

The distance from the bottom of the paper screeen to the center of each bullet hole was measured, and the following table of height was made from the measurement:

Round fired at 50yds., heights: 5in., 9½, 11¾, 10¾, 11, total 48. Average rise of trajectory at 50yds., 9 3-5in.

Round fired at 100yds., heights: 14in., 17, 19⅝, 14½, 15½; total, 80½. Average rise of trajectory at 100yds., 16 1-20in.

Round fired at 150yds., heights: 15¾in., 17⅜, 19¾, 17½, 14¾; total, 84¾. Average rise of trajectory at 150yds., 16 19-20in.

The highest point of the trajectory should be, according to these figures, at or just beyond 150yds., and it is not far from seventeen inches from the base line. The rise from 50 to 150yds shows the great initial velocity of the bullet, and I think nothing could illustrate its erratic course (presuming that I held well) better than the startling differences of elevation at the several distances. I present these as preliminary observations, and do not claim perfection in the method or work. At some future time I may improve both. I hope it will be more thoroughly tested by more skillful marksmen than myself, so that we may know the best ammunition to use to develop the full power of the arm. So far in my experience I am inclined to believe the claims in regard to the height of the trajectory extravagant.

W. H. WINSLOW.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS, June 27.—The Southern rifle team shot their fourth score to-day at 50yds., ½in. bullseye, Stevens rifle, off-hand. The team is getting ready to use the long-range rifle grounds in East St. Louis, and would like to meet any team in a friendly contest. To-day's score was as follows:

Gus Ries	12 12 12 12 12 11 12 12 11 12—118
J F Stone	12 11 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12—119
Capt Roberts	11 11 12 12 12 12 12 12 11 12—117
F O Lange	12 11 12 12 12 12 11 11 11 11—115
C F Davenport	11 11 12 12 12 11 11 12 11 11—114
R Buckanon	12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 11 12—119
John Littey	11 12 11 12 12 12 12 12 11 11—116—818

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—The Minneapolis companies have commenced target practice preparatory to the competitive shooting at the camp. The shoots are held weekly at the range on the East Side. Company B has selected Monday as its regular day. I shoots on Tuesday and A on Thursday. Company B recently did some good work, and I at its shoot had a large attendance, with some good results. Specimens of the badges to be contested for at the target matches during the encampment have been received by the Adjutant-General. The marksman's badge, for a score of 25 out of a possible 50, at 100, 200, 300 and 500 yards respectively, is of silver. The pendant is round, and upon it is the great seal of the State and the words, "Minnesota National Guard." The word "Marksman" is upon the crossbar. The sharpshooters' badge is gold. The pendant is in the form of a Maltese crose. The badge is for a score of 42 out of a possible 50, at the same distances as are given in the other case. The seal of the State is in the center of the pendant, and upon the arms of the cross are the initials "M. S. N. G." The crossbar bears the word "Sharpshooter."

THE MAYNARD RIFLE CLUB at Chicopee Falls has had an interesting history that a member tells who has belonged to it from the first. It is the oldest rifle club in this section, and was organized at the close of the war, June, 1865, with 20 members, the full number allowed then. John Wells was the first president, holding office till July, 1869, and his successors have been: Judge E. O. Carter, 1869-72; O. S. Goodell, 1872-78; J. C. Gassner, 1878-79; E. O. Carter, (second term), 1879-81; Judge L. E. Hitchcock, 1881-85, and William T. McFarland now in office. The last has been a member since its organization and has been its scorer for many years. It has numbered 120 men on its roll. During the 2 years of its existence the manner of rifle shooting has changed entirely; at first it was always from a rest at 10 to 40 rods distance, each marksman using his own target. Now all shooting is off hand at 200yds., and there are new styles of counting on the targets. The club was the first to use breechloaders for target shooting, and with them the Maynard has been the favorite, although the Stevens is now used to some extent; one good marksman makes fine strings with a sporting rifle. The club is now in a flourishing condition, having 30 or more members, and has a very good 200-yd. range, known as the Riverside, on the north side of the Chicopee River below the bridge. Practice shoots are held each Saturday and steady improvement is shown. Last Saturday's scores were: Gardien 105, Gassner 103, Engles 101, Flint 99, Horr 98, Clark 91, Ellsworth 84.—*Springfield Republican Correspondence.*

BOSTON, July 4.—Members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association held a jolly meet at Walnut Hill to-day, burning powder and pounding the targets from early morn until sunset. The attendance was unusually large for a holiday, the perfect weather conditions, no doubt, contributing toward getting the riflemen to the range. Besides the regular matches, a team match between members of the club was shot, in which some fine records were made. Mr. F. W. Perkins, a member of the State militia, made the fine score of 47 out of 50 points with his Springfield military rifle. Corp. J. F. Parker, Company L, 6th infantry, Malden Rifles, scored two 21's, thus completing his scores for the silver badge. The scores, all at 200yds., stood:

Practice Match A.		Creedmoor Match B.	
C B Edwards	5445454545—45	A D Elliott	5555555454—48
A B Archer	4555455444—45	F W Perkins, mil	5454554555—47
T Stetson	5544554444—44	H Malden, mil	5454444555—45
H Dadman	4444454545—43	J N Frye	5555455454—47
J Witham, mil	4355345545—43	W Faulty	4454545555—46
J E Darmody	5444554434—42	W Fisher	5454545445—45
		W H Oler	4545445434—44

Victory Match D.

W Charles	8	5	7	10	9	10	10	8	10	—87
C Gassum	9	9	8	7	10	10	10	10	7	4—85
E F Richardson	6	10	8	10	9	8	10	9	8	—86
A B Same	6	10	8	10	9	8	10	9	8	—86
R Reed	6	9	4	5	10	7	8	9	9	10—77

Decimal Match C.

R Reed	9	10	5	10	9	7	7	9	7	10—83
J Lemons	9	9	7	7	7	8	7	8	10	10—82
A Law	5	10	8	8	7	7	7	8	10	7—77
F W Perkins, mil	5	4	10	7	7	5	6	9	5	9—67

Rest Match F.

B G Warren	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	10—96
W Same	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10—96
S Wilder	9	10	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	10—96
S Winchester	9	10	8	10	10	10	9	9	10	10—95
A W Howland	10	8	8	10	9	10	9	9	9	9—92
F B Field, A	9	0	5	9	8	8	8	8	10	10—86
W Kirkwood, A	6	10	10	10	9	10	7	9	8	6—85

Prize Winners—Decimal Match.

R Reed	80	79	83	82—324+20—354
N F Tufts	75	68	71	69—283+60—343
O M Jewell	82	85	89	82 —338
E B Souther	74	75	75	78—303+32—335
B G Warren	76	75	77	77—305+24—329
W Charles	82	81	81	84 —328
J P Bates	70	76	70	71—287+40—327
A Law	71	61	73	77—282+40—322
F W Perkins (mil)	75	67	69	70—282+36—318
J. Francis	79	80	80	78 —317

Prize Winners—Creedmoor Match.

J Halsey	46	46	47	45—187+9—196
N F Tufts	45	45	45	45—180+15—195
R Reed	46	48	47	47—188+5—193
A Law	45	46	46	46—183+10—193
A D Elliott	45	44	48	46—183+10—193
B G Warren	48	46	46	46—186+6—192
R Wilkington	45	45	45	45—180+12—192
A W Howland	43	45	46	42—176+16—192
O M Jewell	48	44	47	48 —191
E F Richardson	47	48	48	46 —191

Team Match—Possible 100 per man. Capt. Richardson's Team.—Capt. Richardson 86, A. D. Elliott 87, A. Law 60, R. Reed 59, A. Keach 55, W. Fisher 51, J. R. Carmichael 49; total 427. Capt. Charles' Team.—Capt. Charles 80, F. W. Perkins (mil) 68, C. B. Edwards 64, J. N. Frye 56, F. Stetson 55, T. Stewart 42, A. Jones 41; total 407.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—The California Rifle Association's first meeting of the year was held at the Shell Mound range to-day, and was largely attended. The weather was fair and the shooting ditto, the honors and prizes being very evenly divided. The match for the General W. H. Dimond trophy, to become the property of the team winning it three times, was first shot, and resulted in a victory for Company C, First Infantry, with a score of 360, which is five less than the score of the police team, which won it at the November meeting. The terms were strings of seven at the 200 and 500yd. ranges. Company C.'s score was as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.
A Johnson	4455444—30	5545545—33—63
T E Carson	4545545—31	4444555—31—62
J E Klein	5155445—32	4444465—30—62
F Cummings	4445454—30	5545553—30—60
L C Perkins	2443445—29	2554454—29—58
S J Pembroke	3444444 —27	5443453—28—55—360

The competing teams were from the Police Department, and their scores were: Police Team No. 1, 343; Police Team No. 2, 343

The Siebe trophy, for the 70 per cent. class, seven rounds, at 200yds., was shot for by a police team and a team from Company A, Fifth Battalion, and was won by the former with a score of 164. The team from Company A scored 140.

The carbine team trophy, 7 rounds, at 200yds., with Springfield carbines, to be won three times, was shot for by teams from Battery A, Second Artillery, and the San Francisco Hussars, the former winning with 160. The Hussars team scored an aggregate of 145.

The shoot for the Dunphy trophy, 7 rounds per man, at 200 and 500yds., to be won three times, was the best contested match of the day, and the trophy was awarded to the police team for the second time. The rifle club team held the call by nearly a dozen points on leaving the 200-yard range, but the policemen won by two points with a score of 372; Rifle Club, 370; Company C, 361; Police No. 2, 357.

The fifth match was the Hammond Consolation Stake, 5 shots, at 200yds., open to all without a record better than 70 per cent., 60 per cent. of the net receipts to be divided into second, third and fourth prizes, at the rate of 25, 15 and 10 per cent. respectively. The result was as follows: C. M. Wallam 32, A. Johnson 22, L. Radovich 21, G. Wittman 21.

The Rifle Association medal called a large field to the butts, but did not evoke the string of bullseyes that was expected to be requisite to win it. The terms were 10 shots at 200yds., with any military rifle, with cash prizes of $10, $8, $6, $4 and $2. The medal is to be won three times, and Linville cut a notch on his rifle for it, after shooting very indifferently in the team competitions. The scores of those taking prizes were: P. D. Linville 48, F. Kuhnle 47, J. A. Macdonald 47, F. Kuhls 47, A. T. Fields 46, S. I. Kellogg 46.

The Directors' medal, 7 shots, at 200yds., was won by Lieutenant Fred Kuhnle, with a score of 31, and the California Powder Works medal winners list had the name of Lieutenant Kellogg added to it, after a hot and very close contest. George C. Thaxter won it in 1883, with a score of 64. Linville won it in 1884 with 65, and Nash took it at the fall meeting with 68. The lowest of the three winning scores only was equaled, as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.
S I Kellogg	4445445—30	5455555—34—64
J E Klein	4454445—30	5554554—34—64
A Johnson	5445544—31	4555455—33—64
C Nash	4554354—30	5455455—33—63

CREEDMOOR, July 1.—Creedmoor range was alive with excitement to-day, and was thronged with visitors from New Haven and New York city, and Irish and American flags floated from every tent and flagpole. The occasion was the contest for the Coogan trophy, the opposing rifle teams being from the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and the New Haven Rifle Club team of New Haven, Conn. The trophy has been won twice previously by the Sixty-ninth team, but on the third contest the New Haven boys carried it off. It must be won three times consecutively before becoming the absolute property of any rifle club, and clubs from any part of the United States are entitled to compete for it.

The Sixty-ninth team was made up of Major Duffy, Captains John Kerr, M. Brennan, James G. Cunningham, D. C. McCarthy, Adjutant James Moran, Lieutenants McMorrow, Farrelly, Sergeants Carroll and Stewart, and Privates Finnegan and O'Donovan. The were in fine practice and made excellent scores, defeating the New Haven team by 70 points. They will, however, have to win the trophy twice more before it becomes their property. The shooting was at two ranges—200 and 500yds.—10 shots at each range. After the match the victors entertained the visitors at a banquet at the Creedmoor Hotel, Judge O'Brien presiding.

July 4.—The Fourth of July matches of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor were well attended, and the weather was favorable for good scores. The greatest interest centered in the off-hand match at 200yds., when some of the best small-bore riflemen of New York and Brooklyn competed against a number of crack military shots. The military rifles received one point allowance in seven shots. The winners were C. E. Tayntor 34, C. J. Fales 34, J. S. Shepherd 33, James Dean 33, and T. J. Dolan 33.

In the Mid-Range Match at 500 and 600yds., 7 shots each, for Remington 50-cal. State model, the winners were J. F. Klein 64, J. S. Shepherd 59, G. S. Sherman 58, F. Stuart 57, and J. McNiven 54.

The Leech Cup Match of the Amateur Rifle Club was shot and won by Capt. H. W. De Forest. His score was as follows: 800yds., 65; 900yds., 70; 1,000yds., 76. Total, 208.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—Riverside, July 4, Creedmoor target, off-hand.

Clarence Brown	5434540544—45	Ed Bray	4444444444—40
J Busfield	4444455455—44	W Worthen	4344455344—40
J F Brown	4554454444—43	L W Jackson	4544454443—40
H Hoor	4545454444—42		G.

THOMASTON, Conn., July 4.—In the first part of the match there was a very bright light with a tricky wind, veering from 8 to 12 o'clock. The latter part was shot during a thunder shower, with a strong wind blowing from the 8 and 9 o'clock quarters: G. C. Canfield 99, C. L. Alling 97, Fred A. Perkins 92, A. S. Hubbard 91, G. P. North 90, E. W. Bennett 86, C. F. Williams 84, E. Thomas 80. Thomas's third shot was a miss, which was due to his neglecting to place a bullet in his rifle.

PISTOL RECOIL ATTACHMENT.—A patent has been granted to Dr. Henry G. Piffard, of this city, for an attachment to pistols. It is well known that pistols used with heavy charges throw up at the muzzle so as to cause the missile to strike higher than the point at which the weapon is directed, this action being due to the fact that the line of recoil is higher than the point of resistance, as represented by the point at which the stock is grasped in the hand. Dr. Piffard's invention consists in providing the pistol with an elastic spur of any suitable kind or construction, applied to the frame or stock of the weapon between the barrel and the grip, and near the latter, so as to be in contact with the hand when the pistol is fired.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

ON June 30, 8:30 P. M., the meeting of the members was called to order at the Girard House, Philadelphia, with Fred Tomkins, of Stony Point, N. Y., second vice-president for New York, in the chair, and T. P. Greger, of Philadelphia, acting secretary. Mr. J. E. Bloom announced his resignation as General Manager, etc., and requested the meeting to recommend his successor. Upon motion of J. Von Lengerke of New York city, seconded by T. P. Greger, it was resolved, "That the members present recommend A. W. Du Bray, of Newport, Ky., to the Board of Directors as General Manager, vice J. E. Bloom resigned." Mr. Bloom announced that the Board of Directors would at once elect Mr. Du Bray.

Upon motion of J. E. Bloom, seconded by T. P. Greger, it was resolved that all manufacturers of flying targets be accorded the privilege of having their targets used at the Association tournaments, provided they subscribe $100 toward the Association.

Upon motion of Mr. Bloom, seconded by Mr. Rust, it was resolved that the Executive Committee be instructed to prepare a programme for this week, using such targets whose manufacturers subscribe to-night to $100 of stock of the Association.

Messrs. Belcher and Davis presented a written communication from Mr. Bragg, manager of the Globe Flights, accepting the above offer. There were present at the meeting Mr. F. Kimble, representing the Peoria Target Co., Mr. Miller, representing the American Clay Bird Co., Mr. Hubbard, representing the National Flying Target Co. They were called upon for an expression of their views. Mr. Miller said his Board of Directors were opposed, that he was not prepared to accept, that they ought to have more time to consider, but that he would do what all the other manufacturers did. Mr. Hubbard expressed himself to the same effect. Mr. Kimble declined. It was the general opinion that the latter influenced the two former, who finally joined the latter in declining the offer. Messrs. Von Lengerke, Tomkins, Greger, Gammons *et al* endeavored to represent to these gentlemen that they ought to accept the offer of the Association, but without avail.

Shortly before adjournment about 11:30 P. M., Messrs. Miller and Kimble proposed that if the Ligowsky Company would keep its stock or sell it to whomsoever they could, they would agree to donate each $100 to the Association, provided the Ligowsky Company would donate $100. Mr. Tomkins, Chairman, said the Association did not want any donation, but wanted them and all other manufacturers in the future to take stock. Mr. Bloom stated he thought this was a subterfuge; that the gentlemen had over four weeks previous to this meeting in which to make a proposition through the press or otherwise; that they had not done so; that they understood for four weeks previous the proposition which would be brought before the meeting relating to themselves to-night; that even to-night they had waited until 11:30, and that it was his opinion they were not sincere, etc., the above manufacturers having declined the proposition of the meeting, of which proposition they had been duly apprised several weeks previous.

The Executive Committee, Messrs. Von Lengerke, Rust and Greger, were then instructed to proceed with the programme for this week's shoot, using live pigeons, Ligowsky clay-pigeons and globe flights. The meeting adjourned at 11:45 P. M., to meet again at Macon, Ga., Aug. 9, at 8 P. M.

Signed, T. P. GREGER, Act. Sec.
FRED. TOMKINS, Chairman.
J. E. BLOOM, late Gen. Man.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors, held this 4th day of July, the resignation of J. E. Bloom as General Manager was duly accepted, and A. W. Du Bray, of Newport, Ky., was duly elected General Manager.

F. C. BISHOP, Sec.

AUGUSTA TOURNAMENT.

A TOURNAMENT of the N. G. A. will be held at Augusta, Ga., Aug. 10-12, under charge of the Ocmulgee Division. A very good programme has been prepared and the meeting should be well attended. The several committees in charge embrace many of the prominent citizens of Augusta. Special railroad rates have been secured, and everything is being done to contribute to the convenience and pleasure of the visiting sportsmen. Judge M. R. Freeman, the chairman of the executive committee, has issued the following letter:

Gentlemen: We desire hereby to invite your attention to our third interstate tournament, to be held at Macon, Ga., Aug. 10, 11 and 12, 1885, under the auspices of the "Ocmulgee" division of the National Gun Association. All Southern men joining the Association will be assigned to this division, named after the river upon which the beautiful city of Macon is situated. With the view of promoting the objects, and of centralizing the friendly rivalry between the most distant members of the Association, it is proposed, in the course of time, to divide the latter geographically into a number of divisions or sections, with the principal cities as the centers, where the principal offices of the gun clubs shall be established, and to at least one of which each member of the Association may be assigned, that is, with which he shall be entitled to shoot and to assist generally in carrying out the main objects of the Association. It is expected that by this means, the day is not far distant, when a representative team from the South will be pitted against one from East, North and West, under the friendly banner of the Association. Our organization, as you are doubtless aware, dates its birth from the city of New Orleans, Feb. 10, 1885. We realize we are but an infant, and need the fostering care of all true sportsmen who are desirous of seeing their sport elevated to the standard it so richly deserves. Hence, we ask your earnest consideration of our constitution, with the assurance that you will join our ranks, if you will but do so. Rome was not built in a day; neither can we hope to bring our body to perfection for a long time to come; but such as we have we invite you to partake thereof. We therefore send you hearty greeting, and trust you will join us at Macon, whose citizens promise you a welcome on your coming, a gala time while you remain, and a "God speed" upon your going. Respectfully, the NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION, per M. R. Freeman, 2d Vice President for Georgia.

THE TEXAS STATE SHOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The eighth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association commenced at Denison June 23, lasting five days. The grounds selected for the tournament were admirably adapted for the purpose of the shoot. They are within the city limits and only ten minutes' drive from the business portion of the city. The scores ran:

June 23.—Shoot No. 1.—(Class Shooting)—10 clay birds: G. Hanna 7, W. Garland 8, A. Erickson 8, J. Warren 8, W. W. Holland 7, W. A. Ryan 7, W. P. Poland 5, L. L. Maughs 8, J. W. Barbour 10, Dr. Nagle 4, H. A. Penrose 10, B. B. Brown 8, J. Weiss 8, W. B. Munson 8, M. Miller 9, J. T. Munson 9, T. W. Dollarhide 6, A. H. Wait 6, W. T. Scott 6, H. P. Purnell 5, C. A. Gardner 8, S. J. Sackett 5, J. G. West 9, J. D. Yocom 7, W. W. Lampkin 4, J. L. White 4. First money, Barbour and Penrose; second, Maughs, Miller and West; third, John Warren, Brown and J. T. Munson; fourth, Dollarhide and Yocom.

Shoot No. 2.—(Class Shooting)—5 single birds, 3 birds at 21yds. and 3 at 26yds. rise, use of one barrel, ties, 3 birds at 31yds. miss and out: H. R. Pernell 6, J. B. Spraggins 5, A. H. Waite 2, R. M. Gage 5, J. W. Barbour 3, A. Erichson 6, Ben Brown 4, J. J. Weiss 6, H. A. Penrose 6, C. A. Gardner 3, W. P. Poland 4, M. Miller 2, L. L. Maughs 5, J. Warren 2, T. Dollarhide 5, Dr. Mills 4, S. P. Parkinson 5, C. Chambers 6, J. G. West 4, W. A. Ryan 6, J. D. Yocom 5, W. Garland 4, W. W. Holland 6, J. T. Munson 5, J. Cotreaux 4, W. B. Munson 4, W. T. Scott 2, J. L. White 6, A. Stude 6, S. J. Sackett. First tie; Per-

nell 6, Weiss 2, Chambers 3, Holland 6, Stude 6, Erichson 6, Penrose 3, Ryan 6, White 5. Pernell, Erichson, Ryan, Holland and Stude divided first. Second tie: Spraggins 0, Gage 0, Maughs 3, Dollarhide 0, Parkinson 3, Yocom 3, J. T. Munson 3, Ben Brown 2, Polland 3, Mills 0, West 3, Garland 0, Cortreaux 0, W. B. Munsor 3. Maughs, Parkinson, Yocom and Munson divided second, Poland, West and Munson divided third, Barbour and Gardner divide fourth.

Shoot No. 3.—(Class Shooting)—10 glass balls; entrance, $5; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.: Waite 8, Erichson 10, Thile 9, Johnson 8, Maughs 8, Gage 10, Brown 10, Parkinson 6, Hanna 3, Weiss 8. Purnell 10, Penrose 9, Sackett 7, Miller 3, White 9, Ryan 8. Holland 5, Warren 9, Dollarhide 7, Gardner 7, Flood 8, Poland 8, Cotreaux 8, Chambers 8, Spraggins 7, Nelms 8, Lister 10, Stude 9, Garland 8. Barbour 8, W. B. Munson 6. First tie: Erichson 10, Gage 8, Brown 2, Purnell 10, Lister 6. Second divided between Penrose, White, Warren and Stude. Waite, Johnson, Maughs, Weiss, Garland and Cotreaux divide third. Dollarhide won fourth.

SECOND DAY'S SHOOT.

The attendance at the second day's tournament was fully as large as the first. In the forenoon the sky was overcast with ominous looking clouds, and it rained at intervals. Plunge traps were used, which were an improvement over the ground traps, which made the first day's shooting a farce. The plunge traps hurled the birds into the air, and in almost every instance they took wing for flight, and but few escaped the deadly aim of the shooters. The shooting at live birds was excellent

Penrose, of the San Antonio Club, is the central figure of the tournament. When he goes to the score all eyes are directed toward him. He is a young man of ordinary appearance, brimful of good humor, and has made himself very popular with his fellow sportsmen. There is nothing of the braggadocio about him, although he has won laurels enough to make any man conceited. He is quick, active, with a nerve that never fails him. When he faces the traps he commands a certain attention which no other man does. He is a professional shot, and his victory over Dr. Carver brought him sudden notoriety.

Shoot No. 4.—7 single birds, 30yds. rise, use both barrels: Warren 7, Gage 7, Hoffman 6, Chambers 7, W. B. Munson 4, Gardner 7, Stude 6, Johnson 6, Cotreaux 7, Holland 7, Wait 4, J. T. Munson 7, Yocom 7, Penrose 5, Walters 7. West 5, H. M. Miller 6, Ben Brown 7, Carter 5, Purnell 7, Dollarhide 6, Thile 7, Lister 6, White 6, Maughs 6, Barbour 4, Erichson 6, Parkinson 6, Sackett 5. Poland 6, Weiss 6, Ryan 6, Spraggins 3, Garland 6. Chambers, Gardner, Cotreaux, Holland, Yocom, Walters, Brown, Purnell and Thile divide first. Dollarhide, Erichson, Parkinson, Weiss and Ryan divide second, Penrose, West, Carter and Sackett divide third money. W. B. Munson, Waite and Barbour divide fourth.

Shoot No. 5.—10 Peoria blackbirds: Poland 4, Ben Brown 8, Flood 7, Penrose 8, Howell 5, Thile 9, Folsom 6, Parkinson 8, Cotreaux 8, Purnell 4, Ryan 10, M. Miller 7, Harrison 6, Maughs 9, Johnson 6, Gage 6, Barbour 6, Weiss 8, Warren 5. Carter 3, Sackett 6, Spraggins 8, Scott 8, Ramsey 4, Holland 8, Garland 7, Lister 7, Stude 8. Erichson 7, Yocom 9, Dollarhide 7, W. B. Munson 5. Ryan won first; second divided between Thile, Yocum and Maughs; Browa and Holland divide third; Miller and Dollarhide fourth.

Shoot No. 6.—10 clay pigeons, 18yds. rise: Waite 5, Dye 6, Sackett 5, Thile 9, Penrose 10, M. Miller 3, Holland 7, Ryan 8, Purnell 5, Gardner 4, Parkinson 7, Chambers 5, Spraggins 7, Poland 7, Flood 6, Brown 8, Maughs 6, Warren 9. Weiss 6. Lister 8, Stude 5. Scott 6, Cotreaux 6, Howells 6, Folsom 6, Hanna 3, Ramsey 5. Barbour 7, W. Nelms 5, Garland 5, Erichson 9, Johnson 6, Hill 4, W. White 2, Gordon 8 Sherwood 7, J. T. Munson 5. West 5, Dollarhide 6, Yocom 8, Leaverton 7. Penrose won first. Thile, Warren, Cotreaux and Erichson divided second. Yocom won third. Sherwood won fourth.

The third day was the most discouraging day of the tournament. It commenced raining early in the morning and continued at intervals until about 3 o'clock P. M., when it cleared. The morning attendance was small, and the gun club men had the ground almost to themselves. The shoot for the diamond State medal commenced at 5:30 P. M. The excitement was at fever heat. Blue glass balls were used and easily broken. The Denison team, composed of Messrs. Yocom, Dollarhide, Leister and Ben Brown. The first team that came to the score was the Denison team, and each man broke his five glass balls straight. The spectators arose to their feet and gave the boys an ovation. San Antonio, Houston, Gainesville, Austin and the McKinney teams followed, all failing to make a clean score.

June 25.—Shoot No. 7—5 birds, 30yds. rise: West 3, Walters 2, Weiss 4, Barbour 5, Dollarhide 3, Cottreaux 5, Poland 4, Purnell 4, Hill 3. Holland 5, Folsom 4, J. T. Munson 4. Erichson 5, Ryan 4, Stude 3, Penrose 3, Brown 4, Warren 2, J. L. White 2, Johnson 3, Sherwood 2, Gordon 4, Chambers 4, Garland 2, Parkinson 4, Thile 2, Yocom 4, Sackett 3, Gardner 4, Wm. Nelms 3, Waite 4, Leaverton 5. Maughs 5. First divided between Barbour, Cottreaux, Holland, Erichson, Leaverton and Maughs. Second money divided. Top West won third. Fourth money divided.

Shoot No. 8.—State Diamond Medal.—10 glass balls and ten clay-pigeons. Teams of 4 from each club belonging to the Association.

	Glass Balls.	Clay-Birds.
San Antonio Gun Club.		
Thile	0011110110— 6	1111111111—10
Holland	1111111110— 9	1101100111— 7
Flood	1101101111— 8	1111111101— 9
Penrose	1111111111—10	0110101111— 7—66
Denison Gun Club.		
Dollarhide	1111110011— 8	1111111001— 8
Lister	1111111110— 9	1100111111— 8
Ben Brown	1111111111—10	1111111110—10
Yocom	1111111011— 9	1010011011— 6—67
Gainesville Gun Club.		
Chambers	0011111111— 8	11111000'0— 6
Poland	0911011011— 6	1011111111— 9
Cottreaux	1111111111—10	1101011110— 7
Spraggius	1101110111— 8	0111101111— 8—62
Houston Gun Club.		
Erichson	1101111111—9	1111111101—9
Garland	1111111011—8	0111011110—7
Fant	0101101011—6	0010110101—5
Warren	1100011111—7	1111111110—9—60
McKinney Gun Club.		
White	1110110111—8	0100010110—4
Howell	0001110010—5	0111100001—5
Hill	1001111111—8	1101010101—6
Johnson	0011100111—6	1111001000—5—47
Austin Gun Club.		
Ryan	0110011110—6	1101110100—6
Miller	0000110101 –5	1111110011—8
Pernell	0001010011—4	1100100001—4
Gardner	0110110110—6	0001100001—3—42

When the result was declared, the State diamond medal was displayed for the first time. It is a beautiful and elaborate piece of workmanship, was made to order in Houston and cost $150.

The shoot for the individual State medal was the next feature of the tournament. The medal was a much coveted prize, and the number of contestants embraced nearly all the members of the clubs present. A greater portion of the day was consumed in shooting for the medal. Yocom was the only one who made a straight score of fourteen birds and won the medal, scoring another victory for the Denison. The shooting was splendid throughout.

June 26. Shoot 9.—Individual champion medal. Entrance $10, birds extra. The winner of the medal will be entitled to the entrance fee at the next annual shoot; 3 birds 24yds , 3 at 27, 4 at 31, and 2 double birds at 31yds.: Brown 12, Sherwood 8, Spraggins 7, Cotreaux 11, Lister 12, Erickson 13, Warren 12, West 5, Barbour 11, Walters 7, Yocom 14, Maughs 12, Garland 9, Thile 7, Carter 6, Poland 10, Sackett 10, Holland 12, Dollarhide 9, Stude 8, Gardner 10, Leaverton 12, Parkinson 12, Purnell 12, Penrose 10. Chambers 11, Ryan 12, Munson 11. Medal won by Yocom First money won by Erichson. Second divided between Holland, Leaverton, Purnell and Yocom. Third won by Barbour.

Shoot No. 10.—10 Peoria blackbirds. Entrance $7, 18yds. rise; ties 5 at 24yds, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.: W. Nelms 9, Ryan 9, Thile 6, Flood 7, M. Miller 8, West 6, Chambers 9, J. T. Munson 6, H. Nelms 9, Holland 9, Dollarhide 8, Brown 9, Erickson 7, Sherwood 8, Spraggin 8, Penrose 8, Parkinson 9, Yocom 5, Garland 7, Leaverton 8, Cotreaux Socket 7, Poland 5, Lister 5, Barbour 3, Maughs 5. First divided between Holland, Brown and Lister, second divided between Miller, Dollarhide and Leaverton, third won by Garland, and fourth divided between Nelms, Thile and Munson.

In the evening a meeting was held in the rooms of the Board of Trade for the election of officers of the State Association. President Ryan, of Austin, called the meeting to order, and nominations were called for. J D. Yocom, of Denison, was nominated for President; A. C. Schreyver, First Vice-President; T. H. Micklejohn, Second Vice-President; Charles Hunewell, jr., Treasurer, and A. Thiele, Corresponding Secretary. They were all elected by acclamation. W. A. Ryan, A. Erickson, H. B. Penrose, Joe Cottreaux and L. L. Maughs, Committee on Rules and General Laws.

The next tournament will be at San Antonio.

COLLINSVILLE, Conn., July 4.—Club contest for a silver cup between the Colt Hammerless Gun Club and the Collinsville Gun Club, National rules, 20 clay-pigeons, fourth notch: Colt—Treat 18, Watkins 13, Green 8, E. C. Howe 12, Howland 12, Cary 14, Johnson 18, McMullen 18, J. Howe 10, Cook 10, Collins 11, Colt 7, Tolles 10. Peard 9, Seymour 18, total 178. Collins—Bliss 12, Terry 14, Brown 11, Hawley 15, Leiden 13, Randal 11, Alcott 14, Reed 15, Woodford 9, Upson 9, Bernhardt 11, Hart 15, Delaranway 7, Bidwell 8, Williams 5, total 169.

SEATTLE ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Seventh match, May 17, 20 Peoria blackbirds, 10 singles and 5 pairs of doubles, 18yds. rise for singles and 15yds. for doubles. Thrown from 3 screened traps:

McNaught	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1	11 11 11 01 10—16
Robertson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	10 01 01 01 11—15
Pumphrey	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0	10 00 11 00 11—14
Boorman	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	11 00 11 00 11—14
Lewis	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1	11 11 11 01 01—13
Stackpool	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	00 01 01 00 11—13
Perry	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	00 00 11 11 10—12
Harris	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1	00 11 01 11 10—12
McDonald	1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	01 01 00 00 11—11
Clark	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0	01 11 01 11 11—11
McMicken	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1	00 01 01 00 10—10
Hardy	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0	10 01 01 01 10—10
Sears	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0	01 00 01 01 10—10
Edwards	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1	01 01 01 10 11— 9
Collins	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	00 01 11 10 01— 7
Brown	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0	00 00 10 11 10— 7
Wusthoff	0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0	01 00 01 00 11— 6

Third match (May 28), same conditions:

Clark	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1	10 11 10 11 11—14
Booth	1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	10 10 11 11 10—13
Lewis	0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	11 10 10 11 10—13
Pumphrey	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1	00 10 11 10 11—12
Stackpool	1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0	00 10 10 10 10— 9
Robertson	0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1	10 10 00 10 00— 9
McDonald	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1	10 00 10 10 10— 9
Sears	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1	00 00 11 11 10— 8
Edwards	0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1	00 01 10 11 00— 9
Boarman	1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1	00 10 11 00 00— 9
Perry	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1	00 00 10 01 01— 8
Collins	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1	00 11 00 10 10— 7
Brown	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0	01 00 00 01 01— 5

Fourth match (June 14), same conditions:

Clark	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	11 10 11 11 10—18
Robertson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10 10 11 10 10—16
Collins	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	10 11 10 10 00—15
McNaught	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	10 10 01 11 10—15
Pumphrey	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0	10 11 10 10 10—14
Sears	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	01 10 10 00 00—12
Lewis	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	10 10 10 10 10—13
Edwards	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	11 00 11 00 11—15
Harris	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1	01 10 10 10 10—12
Boarman	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0	00 11 11 01 10—12
Stackpool	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1	11 10 00 00 00—11
McDonald	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0	10 00 01 11 00—11
Hardy	1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1	10 00 00 11 00— 8
Booth	1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	11 11 10 00 10— 8
Brown	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	00 10 11 11 00— 7
Perry	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	11 10 00 11 00— 5

Fifth match (June 25), same conditions:

Edwards	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0	11 11 11 11 11—16
McNaught	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0	10 11 10 11 11—16
McMicken	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1	11 10 11 01 11—15
Pumphrey	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0	11 10 10 10 11—14
Perry	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1	10 11 11 11 10—14
Boarman	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	10 11 10 11 00—13
Robertson	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1	10 10 11 01 10—13
Stackpool	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1	10 11 00 01 11—12
Sears	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0	10 10 00 11 11—12
Booth	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	00 10 10 10 10—12
Brown	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1	01 10 00 11 11—11
Lewis	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1	10 10 11 10 00—11
McDonald	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0	10 10 00 00 10—10
Collins	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1	11 11 10 00 11—10
Clark	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0	01 00 10 11 10—10

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CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

BRIGGS vs. WAWASSETT.—Chester, Pa.—The Briggs boys have scored another victory over the Wawassetts of Wilmington. The visiting team, accompanied by a band of music, were met at the depot by the reception committee, consisting of Theodore Roberts, Norman Hyland, William Gibbs, Edward Rose and Harry Johnson, and escorted to the headquarters of the Briggs Club, Third and Penn streets. The room was handsomely decorated for the occasion, a handsome flag hung in graceful folds on the wall, with the legend pendant, "Welcome Wawassett." Elegant pictures of hunting and fishing scenes encased in gilt frames hung on the walls, and stuffed birds and gunning accountrements were in various places. A large case containg a fox, looking natural as life—a splendid specimen of the taxidermist's art—occupied a corner, a painted oyster shell, beautifully colored and lettered and encircled by a golden horseshoe with an American flag above it hung over the door, while the new tapestry Brussels carpet added richness to the finishings. After refreshments at the Delaware House the visitors and guests repaired to the shooting grounds. The contest went rapidly on, and was watched with great interest by the large crowd that had collected. The score follows:

Wawassett Gun Club.	Gl. Ba.	Cl. Pig.	Briggs Gun Club.	Gl. Ba.	Cl. Pig.
P Ambold	11111—5	01000—1	W Gibbs	11111—5	11111—5
G Cloud	00000—0	11010—3	N Hyland	01101—3	11011—4
D Buckmaster	11111—5	00001—1	H Johnson	01011—3	11011—4
N B Hill	00000—0	00001—1	C Bolden	00000—0	11100—3
J Ryan	10010—2	10111—4	J H Ladomus	00000—0	11011—4
A B Mack	01101—3	00001—1	T Roberts	11010—3	00000—0
R Miller	11101—4	11100—3	H Seigers	11110—4	00000—0
D Atkinson	11101—4	10011—3	R E Ross	11001—3	00111—3
C Buckmaster	00101—2	11000—2	T Anderson	11001—3	00011—2
	25	19		24	25

This score was a gain of 5 points for the Briggs Club. The utmost good humor prevailed during the match, and the Wawassetts took their defeat with good grace, showing that they were a party of gentlemen. The visitors were then escorted to the Baldt House, Lamokin. The menu was elaborate. After a good time the Wilmingtonians left for home, delighted with the manner in which they were received and entertained.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 4.—Clay-pigeon match of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club and invited guests. The weather was fine up to the end of the third round, when the proverbial Fourth of July thunder shower came up and for a while it rained in torrents, with now and then a slight let up during which the rest of the match was shot. The poor light accounts for the low scores. 10 clays in 5 directions, 18yds. rise, one barrel only:

H Myers	0111011110—7	L Beigel	1100011001—5
J M Godinez	1111010010—6	J Clear	0101101100—5
E Decker	0111101001—6	O Thorn	0001100111—5
O Enters	1100110101—6	J McDonald	0010100110—4
M Condit	1011100010—5		

M. Jones and J. A. Jameson withdrew. After the match was over, the rain having ceased, a 5-pigeon match was shot and then the participants stood around drying off and discussing the probabilities of a match with the Pine Plains club, which was considered rather doubtful, though all expressed a hope to see it and a desire to take part in case it came off.—A. C. G.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.—An organization was recently effected at a meeting held in Mr. T. Ellwood Carpenter's office with 15 members as follows: James Wood, T. Ellwood Carpenter, E. T. Bailey, Fred C. Pelton, A. A. Sarles, S. H. Sarles, J. B. Wood, Aaron Reed, John Reed, Charles Dawson, Arthur C. Pelton, James Finch and Reginald Hart, Esq. James Wood was chosen president, E. T. Baily vice-president, F. C. Pelton secretary, and S. H. Sarles treasurer. The club had its first shoot on Thursday afternoon on a lot at the head of Water street, near the John Hartnett place. The sweepstakes were shot with clay-pigeons, and the occasion proved both successful and pleasant. The club numbers good men, much interest is felt and the organization promises to be a prosperous one.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

ST. LOUIS, June 28.—Match between the Carondelet and Western gun clubs, Carondelet's challengers. The conditions were 20 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, each shot from screened traps, each shooting at two consecutive birds: Carondelet Gun Club—L. Scrimp 12, Courvisier 12, Umberhine 10, Beekman 15, C. Weber 13, P. Weber 17, E. Meyer 17, H. Nagel 19, Wohlschlager 13, Labruyere 14, total 142. Western Gun Club—Siemins Rie 14, E. Hasfurther 18, T. Siebern 18, Miltenberger 18, La Faivre 15. G. L. Neff 12, Heithaus 16, Peter Labadie 15, G. Hassfurther 17, Emil Faifer 14, total 157.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., has a gun club of thirty-six members for glass ball, pigeon and rifle shooting.

PHILADELPHIA.—The second interstate tournament under the auspices of the National Gun Association, opened at Pastime Park on the 1st inst. and continued through 4 days. The first day the matches were open to all comers and scores were made as follows:

Seven live pigeons, 19 entries, at $5; 25yds. rise from 5 ground traps, single barrel, National Gun Association rules: J. Clarke 7, C. A. Meyers 7, J. Von Lengerke 7, G. Heft 6, F. McQuaide 6, W. Greenwood 6, Miles Johnson 5, W. Warren 5.

Seven clay-pigeons, 19 entries: W. Barron 7, J. Clark 6, J. Von Lengerke 6, Miles Johnson 5.

Seven clay-pigeons, 15 entries: F. Tompkins 7, J. W. Werstner 6, J. Von Lengerke 6, J. Clark 5.

Seven clay-pigeons, 21 entries. A. Rust 7, Dr. Ward 6, J. W. Werstner 5.

Seven globe flights, 30 entries: E. Woodleton 7, J. Brewer 6, A. England 5.

Seven globe flights, 16 entries: Dr. Ward 7, W. Hazlett 7, W. Greenwood 7, E. J. Woodleton 6, E. Tryon 6, J. Brewer 5.

Five globe flights, 18 entries: Miles Johnson 5, W. M. Belcher 4, G. Dames 3.

July 2.—The attendance was light as on the first day but the shooting was excellent. The scores stood:

Clay-pigeon sweepstakes, 18yds. rise, 19 entries: C. Wertsner 7, J. Morton 6, E. Peck 5, F. Tompkins 5, J. Von Lengerke 5. Brewer and Jones also broke 5 out of 7 birds, but were "shot out" by Peck. Tompkins and Von Lengerke on the ties.

Clay-pigeon sweepstakes. 18yds. rise, 18 entries: A. J. Rust 7, J. Von Lengerke 7, C. Longden 6, D. G. Greenwood 6, E. Folsom 5.

Clay-pigeon sweepstakes, 18yds. rise, 17 entries: J. Von Lengerke 7, C. Longden 6, C. Wertsner 5.

Five double clay-pigeons, 15yds. rise, 18 entries: F. Tompkins 9, F. Williams 9, J. Von Lengerke 8, J. Brewer 7, A. J. Rust 7. Messrs. Longdon, Greenwood and Clark also broke 8 out of 10, but were "shot out" by Von Lengerke on the tie.

A live-pigeon match at 25yds. rise, twenty-three entries, at $5 each, was not finished for lack of birds. F. Kleinz, J. Brewer, G. Clark, W. Greenwood, C. P. Shivley, and Dr. Ward each killed five straight and divided first money. A. J. Rust, George Heft and W. Jones each killed four out of five and they divided second money, while J. Burnard, J. Smith, and F. Tompkins with three out of five, divided third money.

The last match of the day was at globe flights, 21yds. rise, sixteen entries: G. Heft 7, J. Von Lengerke 6, Dr. Ward 6, E. Games 5.

July 3. The day was given up to clay-pigeon and globe sweepstakes. The list of winners stood:

Seven clay-pigeons, 16 entries: G. Heft 7, A. J. Rust 4, F. Kleinz 5.

Seven clay-pigeons, 9 entries: J. Von Lengerke 7, A. J. Rush 6.

Seven clay-pigeons, 15 entries: J. W. Bull 7, C. C. Miner 6, J. Von Lengerke 5, W. Greenwood 5.

Seven clay-pigeons, 15 entries: J. Von Lengerke 6, J. L. Brewer 5, F. McQuade 5, D. Jones 4, C. Longdon 4.

Seven clay-pigeons, 10 entries: J. Von Lengerke 6, J. L. Brewer 6, J. C. Bradley 5, E. A. Folson 5, A. J. Rust 4, C. Longden 4.

Ten clay pigeons, 18 entries: C. James 9, J. Von Lengerke 8, C. Capron 8, C. Heft 6.

Five clay-pigeons, 7 entries: Dr. Wood 4, C. Capron 3.

Five clay-pigeons, 18 entries: F. Tompkins 5, J. W. Kleinz 4, J. Von Lengerke 4, A. J Rust 3.

Seven globe flights, 18 entries: C. James 7, W. Greenwood 7, J. L. Brewer 3.

Seven globe flights, 14 entries: F. McQuade 5, Brown 5, H. J. Rust 4, J. W. Kleinz 3.

Five globe flights, 10 entries: J. L. Brewer 5, J. Belcher 4.

Five globe flights, 14 entries: G. Heft 5, E. A. Folsom 5, J. W. Bull 5, F. McQuade 4, C. James 4, J. W. Kleinz 8, Brown 3.

Five globe flights, 14 entries: E. A. Folson 5, J. W. Bull 5, G. Heft 5, F. McQuade 4, C. James 4, "Brown" 3, J. W. Kleinz 3.

Five globe flights, 14 entries: C. Longden 5, F. McQuade 5, E. A. Folson 4, "Brown" 3, C. A. Myers 8.

Five globe flights, 10 entries: H. A. Reist 5, J. Von Lengerke 5, C. Longden 4.

July 4.—The attendance on the last day was very small and the matches were thrown open to all. No live pigeons were shot at. The following are the winners in the clay-pigeon sweepstakes: First—Bull 7, Capron 6, Longden 5. Second—Von Lengerke 6, Bradley 6, Brewer 5, Miner 5, Longden 4. Third—Bradley 5, Folsom 4, Miner 4, Von Lengerke 3, Barron 3. Fourth—Ward 4, Brewer 3, Kerns 3. Fifth—Caperon 3, Ward 2. Sixth—Hoffner 4. Seventh—Hoffner 3, Kerns 3, Brewer 2, Caperon 2. Eighth—Brewer 3, Ward 2. Ninth—Hoffner 4, Kerns 3, Brewer 3.

Globe flights sweepstakes—First, Caperon 7, Barren 6, Rust 6; second, Belcher 4, Kerns 4, Caperon 3, Ward 3; third, Brewer 5, Parker 4; fourth, Caperon 5, Brewster 5, Barron 4; fifth, Von Lengerke 5, Kerns 5, Caperon 4, Bradley 4; sixth, J. G. H. 5, Longden 4; seventh, Bradley 3, J. G. H. 3; eighth, Caperon 4, Belcher 3 During the afternoon there was a match shot off between Dr. Ward and C. Caperon. It was won by the former after 3 ties.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 24.—The following is a score made by Harvest Home Gun Club at 20 single Peoria blackbirds and 12 double birds, 18yds. rise: D. G. Rowland, single birds 18, double 5; J. A. Boyd, single birds 14, double 0; E. Rowland, single birds 11, double 0; W. B. Rowland, single birds 11, double (did not shoot).

WOODSIDE, July 1.—Score of the seventeenth regular monthly shoot of the North Side Gun Club of Long Island:

Winholz, 29yds	1111011—6	Stocky, 25yds	1101011—5
Dr Franz, 27yds	0111011—5	Eberhardt, 27yds	0000011—2
Krumbeck, 27yds	1111111—7	Barlow, 27yds	1111110—6
Chevallier, 27yds	1011111—6	Lyon, 27yds	1001001—3
Manning, 27yds	1110111—6	Siems, 27yds	0111110—5
Duryea, 24eds	0000 w—0	Evers, 25yds	0110010—3
Wahlen, 27yds	1010111—5	Kroger, 27yds	1111100—5

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.—Annual shoot for the badge, at Mouse Island July 4. The day was fine, and all enjoyed the sport. The badge was won by Walter K. Purington of Topsham, with the following score. Singles, 18yds. rise; doubles, 15yds.:

A Hatch	1 1 0 1 1½ 0 1 1 0— 6½	10	11	11	00 00—11½
A Q Goud	1 0½ 0 0 1½ 1 1 1— 6	10	11	11	11 10—14
W K Purington	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	11	01	11	01 10—17
C H Greenleaf	1½1½1½ 0 1 1 1 0 1— 6½	10	01	11	00 11—12½
A S Alexander	0½ 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1— 6½	11	10	10	11 11—14½
S L Farrar	0 0½ 0 1 0 0 0 1 0— 2½	10	10	10	10 11— 8½
M C Hall	0 0 0 0 1 withdrawn.				
J E Fish	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1½— 7½	00	10	10	10 11—12½
C H Winslow	0 0½ 1½ 1 1 0½ 1— 5½	11	10	00	00 00— 8½

Then followed the shoot at 10 single birds for the prize offered by the E. S. Company. The first was taken by W. K. Purington, of Topsham; the second by A. S. Alexander, of Richmond; third by Charles Goud, of Topsham; third by C. H. Winslow, of Brunswick. Score:

Q Goud	1101010111— 7	S D Farrar	0011000111—5
A E Hall	0110110001— 5	M C Hall	0101110111—7
J E Fish	1100011000— 4	L S Alexander	0111111111—9
Chas Goud	1011110101— 7	G E Keen	1000000010—2
S Strout	0101011101— 7	C H Winslow	1111011010—6
W R Tate	1001011001— 5	C H Greenleaf	1001100111—6
W K Purington	1111111110—9	Augustus Flatch	1010111001—6
Geo Strout	1011011110— 7		

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 1.—Score of Shooting Club at 20 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, screened trap:

Walker	11111011111001010111—15	Pennock	01000100100111111000— 9
Carnahan	00101100110100110110—10	Burns	00001000110111000001— 7
Shattuck	01110000010001111101— 9		

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (signed) C. M. STARK.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MR. F. A. ALLEN, of Monmouth, Ill., is the inventor and manufacturer of a number of very useful articles for sportsmen, particularly those interested in wildfowl shooting. They are the improved duck call, which is natural in tone and easily blown; the bow-facing oars, shell swage and decoy duck frame. Write for catalogue. See advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

RONDOUT C. C., JULY 4.

THE Rondout C. C. began last year the custom, which they propose to keep up, of making the Fourth a club gala day, during which the numerous friends and relatives of the members can get a taste of the pleasures of canoeing and enjoy a jolly picnic. In 1884 the club invited their guests to Esopus Island, six miles below Rondout. This year a lovely spot five miles above Rondout was chosen, on the west shore of the Hudson. The invitation the club issued to friends in Rondout and canoeists from New York to Albany was published in FOREST AND STREAM last week. Coddington's Dock is a rude wharf constructed of a bulkhead on three sides and filled in with stones and earth. It is now little used, and is covered with grass and bushes. A gravel beach extends in both directions from the wharf, and just back of it is an open space of an acre or more, grass covered and partly shaded by a very large tree just above high tide mark. The river bank is quite steep, and is entirely covered with a thick growth of trees for a half mile above and below the wharf. The spot is a quiet one, and has every desirable attribute for a canoe camp ground and a picnic clambake.

Several of the club men went into camp on Friday evening. They were joined late at night by two New York C. C. men who had come to Rondout on the Mary Powell, and from there rowed to camp in a pair oar.

Early Saturday morning preparations began for the afternoon reception. Great awnings were spread, and a fire built which cooked the thirty gallons of chowder and baked the clams. The little steam launch running north from Rondout brought out the great baskets of plates, glasses, forks and spoons and the lemons. Lemonade was made in a large churn, and it was therefore called buttermilk. The steamer S. O. Pierce brought most of the guests at 2 o'clock. These, with the asrivals by land in carriages and a number in small boats, brought the total up to nearly three hundred.

Shortly after the arrival, the frills on the very edge of a thunder shower swept over the camp and drove every one under the awnings for a few minutes, but did no harm and soon passed away.

The club members had arranged a series of events more for the amusement of their guests than as a test of canoeing abilities. The tandem race came first, four crews competing. Jansen Hasbrouck's crew won, though his brother's crew paddled faster, but went the wrong side of the flag at the finish. An upset race was next in order, three canoes entering. They got off well together at the starting signal and kept together till the upset signal. Van Deusen got his canoe over first by a clever movement, but Hasbrouck managed to get in his first, though he did not stay in, the canoe rolling over again just as he took up the paddle. Tomkins was quick about the upset and getting in again, but let go of his paddle and when seated to go ahead he could not reach it. Van Deusen, therefore, won easily. The hurry-scurry race created more amusement than any other event. Eight canoes were drawn up on shore and at the signal a grand rush was made for them. One was not touched, another had two men splashing and fighting to get possession of it, and in the confusion it rolled over and ducked both of them. Crispell got a lead, though Van Deusen nearly cut him off at the turn by a clever dodge. Both came toward shore about even, standing up and paddling on one side of the canoes, Crispell won by a few feet. A tub race followed, in which Hasbrouck's ship sank, Van Deusen's lost her reckoning, and Tomkins won handsomely.

The chowder then sailed on the scene, and the wet canoeists were forgotten for a time till they appeared shortly after in dry clothes. Later in the day every canoe and boat was in great demand by the young ladies, frequently by two of them taking a canoe and going off on their own hook as independent as possible. One of the canoes—a beauty—of peculiar design and finish, upon inquiry proved to be the work of one of the Hasbrouck brothers. It was the first boat he had ever built, and the workmanship had the finish of the professional touch. Mrs. Hasbrouck is an accomplished canoeist also, and is as enthusiastic as any club member.

Just before dark the younger members of the party tramped up the hill to the old Coddington homestead (vacant since '76), and a very jolly set of dances followed.

The return to Rondout was set down for 9 P. M. Five minutes before the S. O. Pierce blew her whistle the party gathered up their wraps and traps and promptly on time left the wharf and the six remaining canoeists, who shortly after the departure of the boat set to work to brew some —— coffee over the fire. They voted the day a success, and mutually agreed that the folks seemed to have had a good time. Camp was not broken till Monday morning.

The officers of the club did not appear in gold lace and frills, nor did they so appear at the Newburgh meet, and at that time they did not see any gold lace or frills on the Mohican officers, nor the New York officers, and therefore did not quite see the point of Mr. Wilkin's letter in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, unless it referred to the frills of the Alligators—and they were wonderful indeed.

P. D.

A PORTABLE CANVAS CANOE.

THERE are many cases where a portable canvas canoe would be very useful, but where one of the usual kind cannot be transported. A number of patented boats of various makes are to be had, but the boat described below by one of our readers is not only very cheaply made, but is very portable, the canvas cover being rolled up and carried in a trunk or pack, while the saplings may be obtained almost anywhere, or if requiring to be carried, they make only a light bundle of poles. The directions for building are as follows:

For a boat say 11ft. long by 3ft. wide, 15in. deep amidships, and 18 or 19in. at stem and stern, take a piece of duck about 58in. wide and 12ft. 6in. long, and fold its edges accurately together lengthwise, and pin or tack them securely so while you mark on both edges the exact center from end to end. Then measure on the edges the length of the gunwales. To find this, multiply the straight distance from the bow to the center rib at the gunwale by 8; from this subtract straight length from stem to stern, and then divide the result by 3. The quotient will be the right length of the gunwales (11ft. 6in.) to which must be added 1½in. more at each end on both sides. Then mark a line say 6in. long at each end parallel with the central line of the canvas (where it is folded), and crossing the gunwale length mark—1in. more than the intended depth between that and the central fold. Now mark a curve; a hyperbola describes the line I mean as nearly as possible, which starting from the center may pass through the point at which the two previous lines intersect each other.

Curve the cutwaters to suit your fancy, remembering that the edges must lap 3in. at the top, as allowed for by adding 1½in. to the gunwale lengths, and increasing to the forefoot. Lap the gunwale edges of your canvas over an inch, and sew smoothly sailor fashion, lap and sew in the same way the stem and stern, putting two or three thicknesses at the forefoot on account of wearing in running ashore. And put about ten eye holes at equal distances in each gunwale edge. Now give it two or three coats of India rubber dissolved in naptha. To set it up drive four stakes 3ft. apart each way, and about 18in. out of the ground, cut a small sapling 5ft. long, 1½in. diameter, as straight and even as you can find, and split it down the middle, each half should then be about ¾in. thick, shave the round side down to about ½in. thick, commencing 10in. from the ends, to cause it to bend properly at the turn of the bilge. Then cut two similar half round pieces 1in. thick and 2in. wide, the length of the gunwales (11ft. 6in.), and now another piece for a keelson and stem and stern, about 14ft. x 2in. thick, cut this down to about ¾in. x 2in., and to a small ½in. where it bends up to form the stem and stern.

Cut a few light pieces about 1in. x ½in. x 5ft. long and two 3ft. long and about ¾in. round. Now to put it together, lay your canvas cover open side up between the four stakes, so that the fourth eyeholes on each side come opposite the first pair of stakes, measuring from the bow, and the seventh eyeholes opposite the rear stake. Lay your keelson with the cutaway side up, tie a string to one end and draw both ends up and tie just as you would string a bow. Bend the two ribs with the cutaway side up in between the stakes, the canvas coming up between them and the stakes. Cut two pieces the length from stem to stern at the turn of the bilge. Having bound your ribs to the keelson, bind your gunwales to the ribs inside of the stakes and outside of the canvas, through the eyeholes, and then to the stems securely in notches cut on purpose. Now put in the 1in. x ½in. pieces as ribs at every eyehole, lashing them to the gunwales through the eyeholes.

Now lay in the last cut two pieces 1½in. x ¾in., flat side to ribs, and bind all along at the turn of the bilge. Lace with twine or bark some light slabs or shavings about 1 or 2ft. x 2in. to 4in. x 1-16in. between the canvas and the ribs. Now lash the two round pieces, 3ft. long, across the two main ribs, and tie the canvas up at stem and stern.

Now loose the cord, and if all is properly and tightly lashed she will not spring a bit, and be perfectly watertight and safe, easily carrying 500 pounds, herself weighing only, if made as described, from 15 to 20 pounds. When not required for a boat, it is useful as a waterproof blanket; keeps anything dry that can be rolled up in it, and when wanted for a boat it is easily and quickly set up wherever there is any wood or brush with only the tools every hunter or angler carries with him, such as a hatchet or heavy knife.

OWASCO.

SAILING CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been looking for what has happened. John Paul has done it with his "cat" and that yarn about Commodore Morris having a canoe under his arm. Besides, there is that German canoe at Sakron with forty pounds of lead on her keel. Thunder! Who ever heard of a canoe with keel enough to speak about, much less sufficient wet surface to grasp ballast? Why, sir, it is astonishing. Canoeing is ruined. By and by we shall have canoe cats (just as like as not John Paul will own one of them), canoe cutters, and may be more birch barques than ever. Now, what is the matter with the canoe anyhow? Has she, in any of her protean forms, or want of form, a single line which enables her to stand up and hold her course under sail? She sets a pocket handkerchief or two, which, out of courtesy to her owner—whose name is legion—you designate a sail. Good. That implies depth and ireeboard. Where are they? She is a double-ender, like one of Gid. Wells's gunboats, and just about as seaworthy. A little puff of wind requires her to be luffed up sharp, with one alternative, that of turning turtle. Mind you, I say nothing about the patient, easy-going sinner in the next pew, who says his prayers fervently, spits on his hands, and whistles to ha'ard with his white ash breeze. I'll let him alone until he grumbles about the blisters on his—paddles. But when he does that and "rests on his oar"—that is all the rest he gets—to envy the little cutter which spins by him with a bone in her teeth, and then, after she is out of sight, sighs to find the canoe will rest just as long as he does, then, I say, I am interested. That man is ready to learn. He will see points without much ado. I can teach him something and he will be an apt pupil. Oars and the paddle are too slow and too primitive. No sooner does a fellow learn them than he speculates on making the wind do his work, and the moment he succeeds he leans back to grin at the ease with which the breezes do his blowing. Once educated to that, he never afterward contents himself with a boat which floats on a light dew or voyages on rivulets, for those he can wade; and if he is a genuine sportsman, an inch or two of water doesn't deter him from casting a fly into any of the shady coves or "deep, delicious pools" where trout and salmon tempt the trial of a fisherman's skill.

I have expended considerable time and money experimenting with all of the models now before the public, not only in canoes, but row and sailboats also, and I write advisably when I assert that none of them are satisfactory under canvas. For punting, rowing and paddling they are all right, but to sail well, a vessel, however small, must possess some body, and to exhibit any degree of speed, she requires an application of wave lines, not only in her longitudinal body, but athwartships also. Some degree of concavity therefore becomes indispensable, and the moment these are intelligently applied, she ceases to be a canoe in everything except her size. But I shall show you a perfect little ship capable of holding on in a gale and riding the seas with the ease and grace of a petrel. Moreover, fixed ballast, except for racing, does not become a necessity. It is only an additional factor used to combine in the smallest compass two very desirable elements—stability and the least possible amount of wet surface.

The best canoe under sail is acknowledged to be the Shadow, an outcome of the old dugout, which had weight and therefore stability. So the Shadow has been the favorite with good sailors from the first, and they were not slow to see the advantages attaching to flush decks which were added very quickly; but one objection remained. It was unwieldy length. They are too long and too narrow to stand up or steer well. Like many of our ocean steamers if hove to in rough water they roll over like a bicycle. A fellow does not always like to set sail in a bathing suit, especially when his wife wants to go with him for a week's recreation, and to sum up the whole matter we must draw the line here—sails or oars—"that's the question." I declare for sails, and the man who don't may "paddle his own canoe" and welcome. I have thousands on my side who know not fear but "wanton with the breakers" for their stomach's sake, and enliven the longest reaches of deep water with the silver gleam of their double-bighted sails. The dip and drip of passing paddles is a slow, monotonous music, very poetic, perhaps, and a romantic reminder of the red men who have gone west or vanished from their reservations, scalps and all, leaving us the whoops and the pursuits of peace, a buried "tomahawk," two or three broken arrowheads, etc., and the beautiful Indian names so indelibly written upon our lovely waters, that the pale face, seated in his government lavatory at Washington cannot erase or obliterate them. Peace to their pipes! Are their deeds not written out at length in Cooper's novels, where many an Uncas, under various names, has attained the immortality which finite fame accords. Don't dig up the hatchet but bury the paddle with it, and give us a sail in the cutter canoe.

DEJA.

RUBBER BEDS FOR CANOES.—One of the easiest beds for sleeping that can be used in camp is a rubber bag of proper size, only partially inflated, on which the body floats. As it adjusts itself perfectly to the shape it is very comfortable, and is specially good for use on damp ground or in a wet boat, as several thicknesses of rubber besides the air itself, are interposed between the ground and the sleeper. A new bed of this style, specially designed for canoeists and yachtsmen, has been lately put on the market by the Goodyear Rubber Co., of 503 & 505 Broadway, New York. It is composed of a number of cells of rubber laid side by side, a large one at one end forming a pillow. Over these two layers of rubber are laid, and the whole is covered with striped ticking, making a very strong and durable bed. It is inflated by a valve at one corner, and may be blown up in a short time. The size is 20in. wide and 4ft. long, thus sustaining all the body but the feet and lower limbs, the thickness when fully inflated being 4in. When empty it may be rolled into a compact bundle for storage. The weight is 5½lbs.

MOHICAN C. C.—Race in cruising rig for challenge badges, 3 miles, sail limited to 75ft. Thursday, June 25—Race started and sailed one round when wind died out, Snake leading. Friday, June 26—Start 5.30, six started, wind west and light, Snake won at 6.26, Thetis, second, 6.27½. After the race seven Mohicans paddled down the river to the Abbey Hotel to supper, a magnificent moonlight evening. Thursday, July 2, Oliver Cup, 60ft. sail limit—Snake, Thetis, Lasca, Marion B. and Mohican (the last is club canoe and was manned by G. Hilton), start, 5.27½, Thetis led first round but Snake won at 6.28½, wind west and light; Thetis, second, 6.30; Marion B. third. Mohican was well sailed and would have had third place but fouled buoy and was disqualified.

"CANOE HANDLING."—We translate the following notice of Mr. Vaux's book from *Le Yacht*, the French yachting journal: "We have spoken lately of a very complete work on the construction of canoes, edited by the FOREST AND STREAM, our confrere of New York. This work is very happily completed by a manual of the management of the canoe, of which M. C. Bowyer Vaux (of French origin, without doubt, to judge by his name) is the author. We urge actively those of our readers who desire to try this truly interesting sport, and who could practice it on many of the picturesque rivers of Central France, to procure these two volumes, which to them will indicate how an amateur should take upon himself to be at once the crew, the captain, the pilot, and even the constructor of his canoe."

PHILADELPHIA C. C.—Five members of this club, Messrs. Sharpe, Small, Fisher, Francis and Frederic Thibault, arrived at Coopers-town on June 23, and after a short cruise around Otsego Lake, left on 25th for a cruise down the Susquehanna to Chesapeake Bay.

OAKLAND C. C.—Oshkosh, Wis., June 25.—The first race of the Oshkosh C. C. for 1885 was started at 2:23 this P. M. The course was a three mile triangle, wind southwest, rather heavy. There were nine entries, finishing in the order named: Meta, 42m. 10s.; Bon Ami, 43m. 20s.; Alice, 43m. 30s.; Genevieve, 45m. 15s.; Rene, 46m. 26s.; Ada G., 50m.; Dollie R., 56m. 55s.; Dontno, 57m. 45s.; Sis, 58m. 10s. The prize was the challenge cup of the club held by the Bon Ami. Our annual regatta for the championship will be held in July, probably about the 15th.—OSHKOSH.

ANOTHER SUNBEAM.—One of the latest canoes of this model that Mr. Everson has completed is the Falcon, for Vice-Commodore Arthur Brentano, of the Washington C. C. Mr. Brentano is known as a cruiser who always has the best of canoes, and his selection of Mr. Newman's now celebrated model is a compliment to her originator.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 11—Annisquam Regatta.
July 11—Hull Y. C., Cruise.
July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 19-20—Mobile Y. C. Cruise and Regatta.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y.C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

PRISCILLA.

AFTER bending sails up the Sound, Priscilla made a few trials under canvas last week, and then towed down to the East River, where she was hauled out on the screw dock on Thursday and Friday, and her bottom was cleaned and painted with three coats of Ratjen's paint, the topsides being painted black from waterline to rail without the customary gold stripe, which was lined out, but not put on. The rail and decks were also cleaned up bright. On Friday afternoon she was lowered and towed up to Larchmont, anchoring for the night. On Saturday morning the Aida came alongside, and Vice-Com. Douglass boarded the sloop. Waiting until the Larchmont fleet was well away toward Execution, Priscilla, with Messrs. Douglass, A. Cary Smith, Tams and Busk on board, made sail and started down the Sound. It was decided that no newspaper men were to be allowed on board, and that the details of the trip were to be kept private, but a representative of the *Herald* appeared, armed with a cable despatch from Com. Bennett, the principal owner of the yacht, which secured his admission. Mischief got under way and stood down in company, and Arrow soon joined the pair. They sailed in company, being near Matinicock Point when the fleet of racers appeared, but as the latter approached, the three bore away and were soon well out of sight. Through the day Priscilla ran away from the others when free, but did not gain so much on the wind, and is reported to be slow in stays. That night she ran into Bridgeport, arriving at 10 P.M. She will remain in the Sound this week, sailing as much as possible to get her sails in shape. No date for the trial races has yet been announced.

EASTERN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 30.

THE most important event of the season in Eastern waters, the annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., held every year at the end of June, was this year watched with special interest, not only by local yachtsmen, but by many others, as the advent of the new sloop Puritan, her first real trial trip, made it of national importance. It is generally known that Boston, not to be behindhand in the defense of the America Cup, had provided a yacht to contest in the trial races with the sloop Priscilla, of the New York Y. C., the yacht being designed by Mr. Edward Burgess and built by Lawley & Son, and her owners being Messrs. J. M. Forbes, C. J. Paine and other members of the Eastern Y. C. The first appearance of this yacht has been anxiously awaited by all American yachtsmen. After several trial spins last week she was ready by Tuesday night, and anchored in Marblehead Harbor.

Another circumstance lent additional interest to the race; the entry of the famous old America, and her performance with the newer boats, while the rivalry between Fortuna, Gitana and Mohican, promised a lively race in the largest class.

America has not raced in many years, but the coming international races have brought her again into prominence, and her friends have insisted rather loudly on her right to compete in the races, and on the propriety of allowing schooners to race for the Cup won by a schooner. Her owner and captain have also been in no way backward in asserting what she would do, and have promised to have her in full trim for any race open to her, while demanding a chance to retake the Cup, should it be won by Genesta or Galatea. Under these circumstances the interest of all yachtsmen in her performance has been very great, and her reappearance at the line has been eagerly looked for. After her race of Tuesday we hope that those who have urged her as a fit opponent to Genesta will be convinced that a schooner has little chance against a cutter or sloop, and also that good as she was and perhaps still is, the world has moved since 1851, and that the old yacht cannot compete with the newer and more powerful craft of to day. To say nothing of Puritan leading her by an hour, the little Ileen, a cutter of the extreme type, beat her by nearly half an hour in a 30 mile race, the schooner being last in a fleet of 13.

This year the Eastern Y. C. introduce two new features. In the first place, the old measurement, based on the sum of length and beam, has been abandoned in favor of the sail area and length rule; and in the second place, a new triangular course has been laid out from Marblehead Rock. As far as tried the new allowance has worked well, and we can congratulate the club on their recognition and acceptance of a better rule than their old one. The new course has been objected to by many on account of the amount of work involved, the three legs being each but 5 miles long, making six different courses in a 30-mile race, with consequent changes of canvas; but all the yachts are well manned with racing crews, the occasion is only once in a season, and in none of them where the various maneuvers conducted with such accuracy and promptness as to suggest that the practice entailed by the race was unnecessary; in fact a good deal more would not hurt some of them. In this, as in most clubs, the annual regatta is largely a spectacle for members and friends, and for them the new course answered admirably, as the steamer Twilight followed the leaders over the entire course, while the distances were so short that all the competing yachts were easily within reach of a good glass, and the entire race could be seen also from the shore.

Starting from a line between Marblehead Rock and a stakeboat about ½ mile S. S. E. from it, the course ran directly over Halfway Rock, E. ½ S., 5 miles, to a stakeboat, thence to a second mark boat, S. W. ¾ S., 5 miles, and home N. E. ¾ N., 5 miles, or 15 miles in all,

he course to be sailed over twice. With the wind from W. N. W., where it held all day, blowing pretty steadily, with less than club topsail force, the first leg allowed a spinnaker to port, the second brought the blocks together for a reach on starboard tack, and the third was to windward. Marblehead Harbor was crowded with yachts of all kinds in the early morning, but by 10 o'clock nearly all were under way, Puritan towering among them in all the glory of new white paint, bright spars and new canvas. The tug Elsie carried the regatta committee, Messrs. Daniel Appleton, H. B. Jackson, Frank E. Peabody, E. B. Haven, and George Goddard; the steamer Twilight came from Boston, stopping at Salem, and was well loaded with members and guests, a photographer occupied a tug, from which he was shooting at the yachts. The curious dome steamer, Meteor, built to confound the present practice of naval architects and marine engineers, which end she has not yet attained, was also present, being now fitted with new engines and double stacks, and in use as a tug boat. Sailing yachts of all kinds were grouped about the start, from the huge and heavy Astea to the spry little Witch, flying around everywhere with topmast struck and staysail stowed, one of her crew of three being a four year old tar in a red cap.

The race was open to the schooners of 50ft. or over, and sloops of 40ft. or over, belonging to any yacht club, and the following were entered:

	Waterline length.	Corrected length.	Allowance.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS, 75FT. W.L. OR OVER.			
Mohican, H. D. Burnham	107.0	104.1	.....
America, B. F. Butler	96.0	96.0	2 46
Fortuna, H. S. Hovey	95.0	94.5	3 20
Gitana, W. F. Weld	93.0	94.7	3 09
Phantom, E. V. R. Thayer	86.1	87.0	6 26
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS, 50FT. AND OVER.			
Rebecca, G. P. Upham, Jr.	73.3	75.0	.....
Meta, A. A. Lawrence	62.2	64.2	0 34
Adrienne, J. Pfaff	62.0	65.72	5 33
Fearless, Phillips Bros.	54 3	58.4	11 02
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.			
Puritan, Edward Burgess, agt.	80.0	83.3	.....
Ileen, Arthur Padelford	65.5	66 1	13 19
Thetis, Henry Bryant	64.0	66.7	12 27
Huron, Wm. Gray, Jr.	63.0	66.2	12 53

The prizes were $200 and $100 for first class schooners, $125 and $75 for second class schooners and $150 and $75 for sloops. Besides the above, two yachts, Winsome and Imperia, were entered in the second class, but as the former did not appear, Imperia did not start.

The first whistle blew at 11:45, and at 11:50 the start for the first class was sounded, Fortuna getting away at 11:53:50, Gitana 11:53:00, America 11:53:24, Mohican 11:54:21, and Phantom 11:55:00. All were on the port tack with light sails set. At 11:55 the whistles sounded for the sloops. Huron was first off, with balloon jibtopsail set, then Puritan went over, sending up a jibtopsail in addition to her clubtopsail, Thetis was third and Ileen last, carrying only a thimbleheader. At noon the smaller schooners were sent away, Adrienne at 12:02:15, Meta at 12:03:01, Rebecca 12:03:30, and Fearless 12:08:00. The latter came down to the line close to the others, showing an immense maintopmaststaysail, set from foremast head to topmast head; but just before crossing, the heel of her mainmast gave way, and the mast nearly went by the board. Luffing quickly, the big kite that had caused the trouble was taken in, two men clapped a lashing on the heel, and she went off, badly handicapped, on a stern chase, for which she was finally well repaid by first prize. The times of the sloops were not correctly taken by the judges, and all were counted from gun fire, 11:55.

Boston has not yet progressed to the point of numbering the sails, so it was hard for a time to make out the fleet ahead as the steamer chased them; but as she overran they were spread out to windward of her off Halfway Rock, Fortuna, Gitana, America, Mohican and Phantom in a string ahead. Puritan was ahead of her class, Huron, with a big spinnaker, slowly dropping astern and overhauled by Ileen, with Thetis last. Soon the big white sloop drew well away from the pack and in among the two-stickers, while Thetis took next place to Huron, holding it a short time and then going finely through the latter's weather, followed closely by Ileen until Huron was left well astern. Here Adrienne was ahead of her class, with Meta near her weather quarter and Rebecca close to her, Fearless being still far astern. Near the end of the run the order was: Fortuna, Gitana, Puritan, America, Phantom, Mohican, Thetis, Ileen, Huron, Adrienne, Meta, Rebecca, Fearless, all strung out over a couple of miles. Shortly after Gitana pushed up to first and Phantom led America, while Ileen and Thetis were both close aboard the latter. The boats were timed at the first turn: Gitana, 12:36:45; Fortuna, 12:38:20; Puritan, 12:39:25; Phantom, 12:41:40; Ileen, 12:44:08; Thetis, 12:44:30; America, 12:44:40; Monicon, 12:44:50; Huron, 12:47:05; Adrienne, 12:48:20; Rebecca, Meta and Fearless not timed.

Booms came in and all laid for the second mark, Gitana with large jibtopsail, Fortuna with club and jibtopsail, and Puritan with balloon jibtopsail, and clubtopsail set over her thimbleheader. While the latter was overhauling the two schooners there was a very pretty tangle at the mark where Ileen rounded with Thetis's bowsprit almost in her mainsail, while America was in the same position in relation to Thetis, with Mohican under her stern. For a moment a general smash seemed inevitable, but with a bold luff the skipper of Ileen took his boat clear of the other, and also out to windward and ahead. Thetis and America cleared and followed, and no protests were made.

At 12:44 Gitana dropped her balloon jib and set a maintopmast staysail, and a minute later Puritan also lowered her balloon jib. Now began a pretty bit of play between the two leaders, Fortuna making a dash for Gitana's weather beam, which the other luffed out to meet, and for a quarter of an hour a very pretty duel lasted, being finally ended by Fortuna going to windward of Gitana. Meanwhile both had been working to windward of the course, while Puritan, tending strictly to business, had kept her course and was now, by the mark, the second boat, luffing under Gitana's lee and taking a good second place. Astern was Phantom, fourth boat, then Thetis, with Ileen on her lee, next Mohican, Huron and America. The order at second mark was: Fortuna 1:00:50, Puritan 1:01:05, Gitana 1:01:10, Phantom 1:05:10, Ileen, 1:10:25. Thetis 1:11:20, Mohican 1:11:40, America 1:12:07, Huron 1:12:45. The order of the others was: Meta, Rebecca, Adrienne, Fearless. Here at the end of 10 miles Puritan had overcome her class handicap of 5 minutes and was even with the two larger boats.

Off to windward she went on port tack, carrying club and jibtopsails, and soon had both the others under her lee, beating them worse than she had yet done. Every tack she left them, pointing well up and keeping her speed, until she rounded at 3:44:10, nearly 3 minutes ahead of Fortuna in a beat of 5 miles. All were scattered on this leg, the two Boston sloops holding to the north on port tack, while Ileen broke tacks and lay over to the south, coming up to the mark across the bows of the other two and near to Phantom, rounding with the latter. The times were: Puritan 1:44:10, Fortuna 1:51:49, Gitana 1:55, Phantom 1:58, Ileen 1:58:56, Thetis 2:01:45, Huron 2:04:03, Mohican 2:07:25, America 2:09:02, Adrienne 2:09:42, Meta 2:13:18. Rebecca 2:13:40, Fearless not timed. The sight at the time was a beautiful one; the rugged shores of Marblehead, with handsome villas scattered along; the fleet of vessels of all sizes waiting at the turn, and the competing yachts as they came up one by one until thirteen had passed.

The race by this time had degenerated into a mere procession, and barring accidents the order promised to change little in the second round. The wind was very light as the yachts ran out to the first mark, turning as follows: Puritan 2:24:00, Fortuna 2:32:20, Gitana 2:35:40, Ileen 2:41:30, Thetis 2:42:25, Phantom 2:42:30, no others being timed. The same order held out to second mark, there being little to note in the light wind. Once around, Puritan still led the way to windward, the others keeping nearly the same order. The wind was light and the finish was by no means exciting. At 3:20:15 Puritan crossed the line an easy winner, her elapsed time for the 30 miles being 3:25:15. The full times are as follows:

	Start.	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	11 55 00	1 44 10	3 20 15	3 25 15	3 25 15
Fortuna	11 52 50	1 51 39	3 31 11	3 38 21	3 35 01
Gitana	11 53 00	1 55 00	3 39 43	3 46 34	3 43 25
Phantom	11 55 00	1 58 00	3 47 45	3 52 45	3 46 19
Ileen	11 55 00	1 58 56	3 49 01	3 54 01	3 40 42
Thetis	11 55 00	2 01 45	3 52 57	3 57 57	3 45 30
Huron	11 55 00	2 04 03	3 55 48	4 00 48	3 47 55
Mohican	11 54 21	2 07 25	4 01 58	4 07 37	4 07 37
Adrienne	12 02 15	2 09 42	4 11 37	4 09 22	4 03 49
Rebecca	12 03 30	2 13 40	4 14 43	4 11 13	4 11 13
Meta	12 03 01	2 13 17	4 15 47	4 12 46	4 06 12
Fearless	12 05 00	.....	4 18 17	4 13 17	4 02 15
America	11 53 24	2 02 02	4 13 42	4 20 08	4 17 22

Fortuna and Gitana win first and second prizes in their classes, Fearless and Adrienne in the small schooner class, and Puritan and Ileen in the sloop class.

It is difficult, from a comparison of Puritan's time with the others, to form an idea of her probable performance alongside of the old cracks in her class, Bedouin, Mischief and Gracie. Except Fortuna none of the boats entered have of late years made a first-class record as racers, and little can be learned from her defeat of Ileen, Thetis and Huron. Last year on the same water, but over a 30-mile course, Bedouin, 10ft. shorter, beat Fortuna by 15min. 18sec.; Adrienne 36:54, Rebecca 1:02:07, Ileen 31:18, the weather being very light; while Puritan, over a course 1½ times as long, beats Fortuna 13:06, Adrienne 44:07, Rebecca 45:58, and Ileen 28:46. In both races the water was smooth and wind light, in 1884 there being almost a calm on the windward leg from Egg Rock to Halfway Rock. In a week or two we may expect to see the white yacht among a fleet of black ones of her own caliber in New York waters, and to know more about her. Certainly she is a very fast boat in smooth water, as well as a very handsome and shapely craft, but she will have to meet other fast boats here and it will be a matter of minutes and seconds which wins. Whatever the results of the trial and Cup races may be, Puritan will remain a credit to the spirit which has built her to defend the Cup, as well as to the skill of those who have designed and constructed her.

The race of last week may be taken as evidence that in ordinary weather both Fortuna and Gitana are too much for the big Mohican. America evidently was not in proper racing shape or she would have been better placed, but after all that has been said about her in connection with this season's racing, with no lack of money, and in the hands of an experienced captain who has commanded her for years, there is no excuse for her bad performance last week. Fearless, we believe, has been out of racing for several seasons, and on her return she is to be complimented on the plucky race she made when most would have given up. Though Thetis has lost the club off her jib she traveled no better than in New York, and was by no means equal to Ileen on the wind. The narrow cutter was in for the first time this season, and in new hands bids fair to redeem her reputation and take a place among the first half dozen of our fast single-stickers. Huron also makes a new start this year, having been entirely rebuilt last winter, but on Tuesday she made but a poor showing over all the course, though it is too soon yet to judge fully of the result of the alterations in her. In another month both she and Thetis will meet the New York boats at Newport, and have an opportunity to measure their powers with the best of the fleet. Thus far neither of these two compromises, the one a centerboard and the other a keel, have proved equal either to the old open centerboards or the narrow cutters, and while they are easy and roomy cruising boats, they have not shown the speed expected from them. Both were designed and are sailed by their owners, active and progressive yachtsmen, whose efforts deserve a better reward than has yet attended their attempts to combine the differing attributes of sloop and cutter into one harmonious whole.

After the races the fleet anchored over night in Marblehead Harbor, Puritan, Thetis, America and Huron leaving in the morning for Boston, while Ileen sailed later for New York. The regatta had been in every way a success, and even those who were defeated forgot their own loss in rejoicing over the display that Puritan had made. Boston was delighted, and all are looking forward confidently to the trial races at New York.

COLUMBIA Y. C. REGATTA.

ON June 30 the Columbia Y. C., of New York sailed their 18th annual regatta, the course being from their club house, foot of 86th street, to a stakeboat anchored off 125th street, thence over to another off Bulls' Head Ferry, across to the club house on a direct line, back to Bulls' Head Ferry, to and around a stakeboat at 67th street, and thence home to the starting line, and over the same again; distance 14 miles. The smaller boats sailed but once around. The wind was fresh from N.W. with a flood tide when the start was made at 11:31. Seventeen boats started as follows, the open boats being held for 5min. after the cabin boats:

Julian	11 31 14	Ruth	11 38 14
Flirt	11 33 09	Eldiva	11 38 24
Clarita	11 36 33	Minnie Kine	11 38 32
Mystic	11 36 55	Spray	11 38 35
Henry Gray	11 37 12	Gypsy	11 39 04
Anna Belle	11 37 19	Henry Fisher	11 39 16
Yolande	11 37 36	Martha M	11 40 13
Laura	11 38 49	Hallie	11 42 02
Daisy W	11 37 52		

The first round was completed as follows:

Henry Gray	12 45 25	Yolande	1 00 04
Julian	12 46 28	Daisy	1 01 02
Clarita	12 50 34	Ruth	1 02 46
Martha M	12 51 36	Eldiva	1 03 56
Mystic	12 54 50	Anna Bell	1 04 17

The times of the race were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN YACHTS.				
Clarita	11 39 23	2 34 48	2 55 25	2 48 25
Ruth	11 38 14	3 06 28	3 28 14	3 25 14
Eldiva	11 38 24	3 20 07	3 41 45	3 32 43
CLASS B—CABIN YACHTS.				
Julian	11 31 14	2 35 42	3 04 28	3 04 23
Flirt	11 33 09	Did not finish.		
CLASS C—OPEN YACHTS.				
Henry Gray	11 37 13	2 07 00	2 29 48	2 29 48
Martha M	11 40 13	2 16 34	2 36 30	2 34 21
Mystic	11 36 55	2 37 35	3 00 40	2 54 28
Yolande	11 37 36	2 50 14	3 12 38	3 03 38
Daisy	11 37 52	2 52 45	3 14 53	3 08 53
CLASS D—OPEN YACHTS.				
Henry Fisher	11 39 16	3 50 30	4 11 14	4 10 29
Anna Belle	11 37 19	Did not finish.		
Minnie Kine	11 38 32	Did not finish.		
Laura	11 37 04	Did not finish.		
CLASS E—OPEN YACHTS.				
Gypsy	11 39 04	1 18 41	1 39 37	1 39 29½
Spray	11 38 35	1 26 22	1 47 47	1 47 47
Hallie	11 52 02	Did not finish.		

The winners are Clarita, Julian, Henry Gray, Henry Fisher and Gypsy. The pennant for best elapsed time was won by Clarita. The time allowance was 1½m. per foot. The judges were: Capt. R. C. Coffin, Commodore A. J. Pyne and A. Lichtenstein. The Regatta Committee were: W. J. Greacen, Charles Dietz, George W. Pinchbeck and A. Herbert Varley.

AMERICAN Y. C. REGATTA AND CRUISE.

THE American Y. C. will start on their second annual cruise on July 16, all the yachts assembling at Larchmont on July 15, and starting on a race the next day, the course being from off Larchmont, around the light house off Stratford, to abreast the Pequot House Pier, New London. The following is the classification:

First class. All exceeding 150ft. on waterline.
Second class. All between 85ft. and 150ft. length on waterline.
Third class. All 85ft. or under length on waterline.

Only yachts fitted with boilers, allowed by Government Inspection to carry a working pressure not to exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds per square inch, will be eligible for competition in the three above classes.

Fourth class. All yachts fitted with boilers allowed by Government Inspection to carry a working pressure exceeding one hundred and twenty-five pounds per square inch.

Two or more yachts starting in a class will be necessary to make a race. Should there not be a sufficient number of entries in any one class to make a race, the Committee reserves the right to unite any two classes.

The time allowance for the first, second and third classes, is that proposed and submitted to the club by Chas. E. Emery, Ph. D., based on the rule that the speed of a yacht in knots per hour should equal two and seven-tenths times the cube root of the length of the yacht, in feet, on the waterline.

The fourth class will be decided by the rule for time allowance, submitted by Chief Engineer B. F. Isherwood, U. S. N. "The speeds in knots per hour divided by the cube root of the length (on the waterline) of the yachts respectively, the quotients will represent relatively the merits of the different yachts."

A fifth prize is offered for competition to all yachts irrespective of size—fitted with tubular boilers—under a time allowance tabulated and arranged according to speeds actually attained by steam yachts 50ft. and upwards in length on waterline, and is suggested by Mr. F. S. Kinney, of this city.

A sixth prize is offered to all yachts, irrespective of size or type of boiler, under the Lundborg formula for time allowance. Owners of yachts to compete under this formula will furnish the chairman of the regatta committee, on or before Monday, the 13th of July next, at 1 P. M., with the name of yacht, number with diameter and stroke of steam cylinders, point of cutting off, mean pressure (by card if possible) in each cylinder when developing greatest power, (if mean pressure in cylinders cannot be given by card, state highest boiler pressure, number of revolutions and length of cut-off). Mean pitch of propeller wheel, length of vessel on waterline, greatest beam on waterline, and mean draft in racing trim.

A seventh prize will be awarded to the yacht making the shortest time over the course, without reference to allowance of time.

Two cups will be given to the winning steam yachts or launches of 50ft. length on waterline or less, in the run from New London to Shelter Island, to take place on Friday, 17th of July, open to all yachts or launches not exceeding the length named; one cup to winning yacht or launch with tubular boiler and one to winning yacht or launch with other type of boiler.

On the 17th there will also be a rowing regatta for boats of the yachts of the club.

All owners of steam yachts are invited to enter and compete for the prizes.

Owners of yachts desiring to enter for competition in the above races, are required to notify the chairman of the regatta committee (Geo. W. Hall, 115 Broadway) on or before Monday, the 13th July next, at 1 P. M., at which time the entries will close, with the name of yacht, length on waterline, type of boiler, pressure allowed by certificate, and also with a copy of private signal, provided it is not already furnished. A steamer will be provided for the accommodation of members and guests.

The regatta committee are Messrs. George W. Hall, Thomas Manning, Richard G. Murphy, Charles H. T. Collis and J. P. Lockwood.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE Jersey City Y. C. sailed their twenty-seventh annual regatta on June 25, over a course from Bedloe's Island down the bay and return. The fleet was divided into six classes: Class A, schooners, 40ft. and over in sailing length. Class B, cabin sloops between 30 and 40ft. Class C, cabin sloops between 20 and 30ft. Class D, open sloops between 20 and 35 ft. Class E, catboats between 20 and 30ft. Class F, catboats between 15 and 20ft. The courses for the various classes were as follows: Classes A, B and C, from off Bedloe's Island down to and around Buoy No. 8½, on Southwest Spit, and return. Class D, down to buoy No. 14 and return, and classes E and F, to Robbins' Reef, turning buoy No. 17 on the port hand and back between Ellis and Bedloe's Island, turning the stakeboat on the port hand—the course to be sailed twice. A prize was also offered for canoes, but as none were present the race for the class was postponed.

Eleven boats started at 11 A. M. with an ebb tide and light southerly wind, light sails being set on all the larger boats. The wind fell by noon to a calm, and left all drifting down. The yachts beat slowly out, Elsie May leading, turning buoy 8½ at 2:00:21, with Myra at 2:13:30 and Wabasso at 2:13:45, no others being timed. The wind was light on the run home, but the tide was running up and helped the yachts on. In class D the A. Forsyth sailed over, turning buoy 14 at 12:55.31. In the smaller classes the Bessie led over the course. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
CLASS A.				
Beatrice	11 00 25	6 50 00	7 49 35	7 49 36
CLASS B.				
Myra	11 01 20	5 42 45	6 41 25	6 41 25
Modesty	10 59 00	6 20 30	7 21 30	7 19 15
Elsie May	10 59 30	5 09 55	6 10 25	6 03 51
CLASS C.				
Lidee	10 59 05	6 34 00	7 34 55	7 34 55
Wabasso	10 58 45	5 25 45	6 26 00	6 25 15
Eleanor	11 00 00	Not timed.		
CLASS D.				
Alex. Forsyth	10 58 30	3 15 00	4 16 30	4 16 30
CLASS E.				
Bessie	11 05 15	1 32 00	2 26 45	2 26 45
Jessie G	11 03 35	1 52 30	2 48 55	2 41 41
CLASS F.				
Annie Forsyth	10 59 45	2 09 00	3 09 15	3 09 15

Beatrice, Elsie May, Wabasso, Alex. Forsyth, Bessie and Annie Forsyth win in their classes. A protest was entered by Jessie G. against Bessie for fouling a mark, but was not decided. The judges were J. A. Hilton, A. P. Ball and J. T. Roberts.

LARCHMONT Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 4.

OF late years the regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on the Fourth of July has come to be as much a fixture in the yachtsman's calendar as regatta week in June or Newport week in August, and each year the turnout is more brilliant and the entries fuller in all classes. This year the presence of the Seawanhaka fleet added still further to the entries as well as to the display. A number of yachts came in on Friday night, and others towed up on Saturday morning. Foremost among the craft at anchor was the new iron sloop Priscilla, just off the dry dock, fairly dwarfing by her proportions Mischief, anchored alongside. Columbia was at anchor gaily decked, and Madeline sailed over with the fleet, Bedouin being under way also. Of steamers there were a number present—Aida, Lurline, Orienta, Vedette, Midget, Radha, Edith, Mab, Sinbad, Ollie, Venture, Adelante and Viola, with a sprinkling of shellboats, catamarans and other craft.

The entries were divided into 9 classes, as follows: A, schooners of 75ft. sailing length (waterline plus ½ overhang); I., sloops, cutters and yawls of 42 and under 55ft.; II., ditto, 30 and under 42ft.; III., ditto, 25 and under 30ft.; IV., ditto, under 25ft.; V., jib and mainsail open boats, 23ft. and over; VI., do. under 23ft.; VII., catboats of 23ft. or over; VIII., ditto, under 23ft. Classes A. I. and II. sailed over a 22-mile course, from the club house around a red buoy off Execution Light, thence around a buoy off Matinicock Point, thence around a boat off Captain's Island and home past the red buoy off Execution. The smaller boats sailed over the same course, except that on turning Matinicock buoy they made for a buoy off Constable's Point, and thence home by way of Execution, a distance of 17 miles.

The prizes were $100 each for classes A and B, $75 for classes C, I. and II., $60 for Class III., $50 for classes IV. and V., and $35 for each of the others. In Class C the Connor Cup was offered, but no one started, Ileen not arriving in time from Boston. In classes I. and II. the Gould Cup was offered for club yachts only, and in classes C, I. and II., Mr. W. W. Russell offered a prize for best elapsed time. The limit of time was 8 hours for all classes, yachts to be steered by amateurs, and professionals only allowed in crews of cabin yachts. One man was allowed for every 5ft. of length on deck, and ballast could only be shifted in the open boats. The following yachts were entered:

Class A.—Speranza, H. W. Collender; Clio, E. E. Chase.

Class I.—Isis, A. C. Canfield; Athlon, J. C. Barron; Thistle, Wm. Zeigler; Eclipse, E. H. Wales; Annie, J. M. Wilson; Daphne, J. R. Maxwell; Vixen, F. C. Lawrance; Maggie, W. A. W. Stewart; Fanita, Geo. J. Gould.

Class II.—Crocodile, J. G. Prague; Hope, J. K. Benedict; Schemer, A. Monroe; Happy Thought, Geo. M. Graves.

Class III.—Adelina; Wake; Nymph, F. W. Flint; Stranger, J. N. Macauley; Vixen, Allan Seaman.

Class IV.—Nora, G. M. Barretto; Brenda, F. M. Scott; Ancto, H. W. Eaton; Gannet, Oliver Adams; Mist; Dart, A. H. Buck; Kathie.

Class V.—Mariota, W. I. Van Wart; Ananda, Thos. Mott; Clara, S. H. Furman.

Class VI.—Lively, W. F. Brown; Zoe, O. Sanderson.

Class VII.—Jennie.

Class VIII.—Cruiser, A. B. Alley; Zelda; Skibbereen, A. E. Rendle.

The new sloop Polly was also entered, but she had hauled on the beach to scrub and could not be floated off.

The Sylvan Glen carried the guests and members, and the tug Wm. Goodwin that carried the judges was provided with four steam whistles. Last year, owing to a confusion of signals, the entire fleet was handicapped, but this year a new system of starting has been devised, a large white ball being hoisted as a signal. All through the early morning there was no wind, but at about 11 a light southerly breeze sprang up, and at 11:53 the fleet was sent away with a good start, all going over on the port tack within the 10min. limit. One boat, the Skibbereen, turned the stakeboat the wrong way and fouled several yachts in going back, but no protests were made.

The wind was light, and the first leg to Execution was a beat, in which Crocodile led, dropping her jibtopsail for the reach to Matinicock Buoy. Daphne continued to carry hers, while Vixen, third boat, broke out hers as she turned. Maggie came next with jibtopsail set and staysail lowered, followed by Stranger, from New Haven; then Thistle, Fanita and Hope, all sending up balloon jibtopsails, as did Eclipse and Isis, the former taking in her jib. Clio showed a big maintopmast staysail, and Speranza, after turning, sent up a balloon jibtopsail. The times at Execution were:

Crocodile	12 47 00	Cruiser	12 47 30
Vixen	12 37 23	Schemer	12 47 54
Maggie	12 39 09	Clio	12 48 24
Stranger	12 39 35	Athlon	12 49 18
Thistle	12 40 00	Annie	12 49 40
Fanita	12 40 55	Ananda	12 50 29
Hope	12 42 10	Zelda	12 51 13
Eclipse	12 43 37	Happy Thought	12 52 00
Isis	12 44 16	Jennie	12 54 59
Mariota	12 44 50	Speranza	12 56 21
Vixen	12 45 05	Nymph	12 57 25
Clara	12 46 15		

Maggie dropped her spinnaker boom to starboard at 12:45, as the wind came more from the west, and others soon followed. At 1:30 Eclipse parted her jibtopsail halliards and her balloon jib went into the water under her lee bow. It was soon gathered on board and the damage repaired, but she lost some ground by the accident. The order was changed somewhat by the time Matinicock Buoy was reached, as shown by the following table:

Crocodile	1 37 20	Speranza	1 42 20
Daphne	1 37 57	Stranger	1 42 41
Fanita	1 38 25	Annie	1 43 20
Vixen	1 38 53	Mariota	1 43 36
Isis	1 39 22	Ananda	1 47 30
Thistle	1 39 38	Happy Thought	1 48 00
Eclipse	1 39 54	Schemer	1 48 00
Clio	1 40 57	Zoe	1 49 30
Maggie	1 41 45	Vixen	1 50 30
Athlon	1 41 56	Clara	1 51 30
Hope	1 42 05	Cruiser	1 52 35

Isis and Thistle came together at the turn and a foul was

barely avoided. All jibed and ran off with booms to starboard, soon setting spinnakers to port while the wind freshened. Here the open boats hauled up for Constable Point. Zoe jibed almost on top of the buoy, but did not round. Happy Thought and Schemer turned together, the former being very slow in getting her topmast backstay aft, nearly losing the stick, while she was steered very wildly for some time, losing her place beside Schemer.

The three sloops Priscilla, Mischief and Arrow, were under sail near Matinicock as the fleet came down, but the reserved and maidenly Priscilla evidently did not court observation, as she started sheet and ran off as the fleet approached. A thunder storm had been threatening for some time, and now the lightning was seen over the land and a mass of black clouds in the west, ending in a little rain, but nothing serious came of it. Against the black background the fleet was spread out, mainsails and spinnakers standing out in vivid relief, making a beautiful sight from the rear as the Goodwin followed. On the run over the fleet was shaken into a new order, turning as follows:

Vixen	2 9 35	Athlon	2 10 47
Daphne	2 9 40	Isis	2 10 51
Fanita	2 10 30	Sperauza	2 11 22
Eclipse	2 10 35	Clio	2 13 42
Thistle	2 10 41	Schemer	2 14 45
Crocodile	2 10 43	Happy Thought	2 14 45

Topsails were doused as they came on the wind, Vixen and Fanita holding their port tacks, while Daphne broke with them and laid off shore, Vixen soon following. The wind came fresher and made the beat an interesting one, the main point being the fight of the three leaders. Part of the fleet stood off shore, but the two black sloops worked short tacks close in, each doing her best. Fanita finally made a reach in and struck a breeze that sent her well off to windward of Vixen on the next tack, and put her ahead of the fleet. No time was taken at Execution, and from that point the race lost all interest. One by one the yachts straggled in before a very light breeze, their times being as follows:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Speranza	11 21	4 42 32	4 58 11	4 58 11
Clio	11 38 55	4 54 42	5 15 47	5 10 13½

CLASS I.—CABIN SLOOPS.

Isis	11 42 24	4 56 20	5 13 56	5 13 56
Athlon	11 44 17	4 45 55	5 01 38	5 01 38
Thistle	11 40 19	Did not go the course.		
Eclipse	11 41 49	4 40 05	4 58 16	4 55 36
Anule	11 43 13	5 01 00	5 17 47	5 13 10
Daphne	11 41 16	4 22 20	4 41 04	4 36 29
Vixen	11 44 25	4 25 36	4 41 11	4 35 15
Maggie	11 40 12	5 15 59	5 35 45	5 29 49
Fanita	11 43 48	3 59 11	4 15 23	4 09 10

CLASS II.—CABIN SLOOPS.

Crocodile	11 39 16	4 35 18	4 56 02	4 54 54
Hope	11 42 32	4 59 14	5 16 42	5 14 07
Schemer	11 45 00	4 54 10	5 09 10	5 06 07
Happy Thought	11 43 48	5 01 55	5 18 07	5 11 14

CLASS III.—CABIN SLOOPS.

Adelina	11 42 14	4 10 16	4 28 02	4 23 54¾
Wake	11 45 00	4 29 24	4 44 24	4 44 24
Nymph	11 43 33	3 44 50	4 01 17	3 59 01
Stranger	11 43 55	3 30 55	3 47 00	3 42 34¾
Vixen	11 41 21	3 38 00	3 56 39	3 51 23¾

CLASS IV.—CABIN SLOOPS.

Nora	11 40 38	4 50 28	5 09 50	5 09 50
Brenda	11 41 49	4 45 10	5 08 21	5 02 38
Aneto	11 45 00	5 00 50	5 15 50	5 15 02
Gannet	11 40 01	4 58 08	5 18 07	5 15 01
Mist	11 43 48			
Dart	11 40 45			
Kathie	11 45 00			

CLASS V.—OPEN SLOOPS.

Mariota	11 44 17	3 19 12	3 34 55	3 34 55
Ananda	11 45 00	3 24 28	3 39 28	3 35 38
Clara	11 36 46	4 07 09	4 30 23	4 22 22

CLASS VI.—OPEN SLOOPS.

Lively	11 37 42			
Zoe	— 48 27			

CLASS VII.—CAT-RIGGED.

Jennie	11 37 20	3 56 33	4 19 13	4 19 13

CLASS VIII.

Cruiser	11 43 11	3 46 28	4 03 17	4 03 17
Zelda	11 33 18	3 48 05	4 09 47	4 07 42
Skibbereen	11 44 17			

Speranza wins $100, Fanita $75 and the Gould Cup, besides the Russell prize for best elapsed time, Crocodile wins $75, Stranger $60, Brenda $50, Mariota $50, Jennie and Cruiser each $35. The regatta committee, Messrs. Greacen, Fisher and Bartow, managed everything successfully, and the tug followed closely over the course, giving a good view of the race. Those on the club steamer were less fortunate, as at Execution Light it was found that the supply of ice-cream was exhausted, and as all wanted ice cream while few, of course, cared to see the race, the committee in charge heroically sacrificed the interests of the latter and put back to port for a fresh supply, after which no attempt was made to follow the race. As the wind was the Sylvan Glen could have run through the lee of the fleet over all the course, treating the spectators to a really fine race down to the last stretch, but then they could not have had any ice cream. Saturday night was given up to fire works and a general jollification of the many yachtsmen assembled, and at its end the Larchmont Y. C. were able to add another to their list of successful regattas.

CITY OF LYNN REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE city regatta at Lynn was under the management of the Lynn and West Lynn yacht clubs, from which the judges—N. T. Davidson, B. W. Rowell and J. W. Haines—were chosen, the start being off the Lynn Y. C. house. The classes were: 1, 20ft. and not over 27; 2, 17ft. and under 20; 3, 12ft. and under 17; 4, under 12ft. The prizes were $35, $20, $10 and $5. The first and second classes sailed over the following course: From judges' boat, off club house, to flagboat off Point of Pines, leaving it on port; thence to Western Lobster Rocks buoy, leaving it on port; thence to start and repeat, ten miles. The third and fourth classes sailed over a course of three miles. From judges' boat to flagboat off Point of Pines, leaving it on port; thence to flagboat off Sand Point, leaving it on port; thence to start. The wind was light when the race started, continuing so to the finish. The classes were started ten minutes apart. The times are;

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
David Crockett, H. Pitman, Winthrop	1 57 15	1 21 09
Thrasher, G. G. Garroway, Hull	1 53 15	1 15 44
Jessie, O. Pecker, Lynn	1 58 00	1 20 26
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhart	1 54 30	1 20 55
Pearl, J. F. Lee, Lynn	1 56 03	1 21 10
Nora, J. McGloughlin, Lynn	1 58 45	1 21 04
Witch, Crowninshield, Beverly	1 53 10	1 17 31
Awilda, Farrel & Rich, South Boston	1 45 00	1 12 30
Expert, L. Whitcomb, Beverly	1 55 00	1 20 12
Greta, W. L. Hill, Dorchester	1 49 00	1 14 06
Planchette, J. Crossin, Haverhill	2 00 10	1 23 11
Nellie J. L. E. Bates, Lynn	2 02 00	1 23 25
Bessie Ethel, Gillet, Newburyport	1 47 30	1 15 42

Second Class—Ethel, O. Healy, W. Lynn; Inez, Goodridge Brothers, W. L.; Twilight, B. W. Rowell, W. L.; Mattie, E. S. Breed, W. L.; Water Lily, W. Burrill, W. L.; Maud, W. Warren, W. L.; Alice, L. P. Lynch, W. L.; Crest, C. H. Gordon, L.; Daisy D., W. Marden, L.; Georgie, W. B. and F. E. Newhall, E.; Nymph, W. A. Estes, L.; Sadie, F. Taylor, L.; Vesper, R. Benner, L.; Actress, V. Russel, L.; Rattlesnake, W. H. Alley, W. L.; Hester, W. H. Dennen, Gloucester; Fancy L. H. Spaulding, Haverhill; Eleanor, Commodore Glines, Haverhill; Spider, W. Abbott, Nahant; Crusader, A. Wilson, Hull; Pet, J. W. McFarlane, Quincy. Crusader wins first prize, $30, Pet second, $15, Hestia third, $10, Alice fourth, $5.

THIRD CLASS.

Idler, W. B. Floyd, Winthrop	2 04 45	1 33 10	
Rattlesnake, W. H. Alley, W. Lynn	2 02 05	1 23 09	
Inez, Goodridge Bros., W. Lynn	2 11 00	1 30 15	
Alice L., P. Lynch, W. Lynn	2 03 45	1 20 52	
Crest, C. H. Gordon, Lynn	2 08 00	1 27 15	
Georgie, W. B. & F. Newhall, Lynn	2 14 30	1 33 45	
Crusado, A Wilson, Hull	1 54 30	1 14 15	
Pet, T. M. McFarland, Quincy	1 57 45	1 17 51	
Fancy, L. H. Spaulding, Haverhill	2 02 30	1 23 15	

Mischief of Winthrop, first prize, $20; Flirt of Winthrop, $15; Crescent of West Lynn, $10; Elsie, Quincy, $5.

FOURTH CLASS.

Brunette, So. Boston	2 00 00	0 42 33	
Glide, Winthrop	Not taken.		
Wizard, South Boston	1 51 00	0 35 22	
Swampscott, Lynn	1 58 00	0 41 04	
A. B. C., West Lynn	1 38 05	0 23 33	
Spray, West Lynn	1 39 00	0 24 13	
Tot, South Boston	1 53 30	0 27 03	
Grace, South Boston	1 57 00	0 40 33	
Dot, Winthrop	1 55 45	0 40 16	
Zenith, West Lynn	1 54 30	0 39 26	
Nellie, West Lynn	1 52 00	0 37 00	
Ella L., West Lynn	1 55 00	0 40 21	

Spray took first prize, $15; Clyde second prize, $10; Wizard third prize, $7; Dot fourth prize, $3. Protests were put in against the Bessie, Ethel and the A. B. C. Emma, Towling, capsized, and Expert lost her topmast.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE great event of the season among the many small craft about Boston is the City Regatta on July 4 off City Point, and this year there was a large turnout, as usual. Seventy yachts from 40ft. to 16ft. in length started, many of the entries not coming to the line.

The classes were: First class sloops and schooners, measuring 40ft. and upward; second class, centerboard and keel yachts, measuring 27ft. and less than 40ft.; third class, centerboard and keel yachts, measuring 20ft. and less than 27ft.; fourth class, centerboard yachts, measuring 18ft. and less than 20, and all keel yachts under 20ft.; fifth class, all centerboard yachts less than 18ft.

The courses were: Second class, distance fourteen miles—From judges' boat down west way, leaving Thompson's and Rainsford's islands on the starboard, Long and George's islands and Point Alderton buoy, No. 3, on port, and back through the Narrows, leaving Fort Warren, Gallop's Island and Nix's Mate buoys on the port, buoy No. 9, Upper Middle, on the port, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat.

Third class, distance ten miles—From judges' boat to Cow Pasture buoy No. 6, off the pumping station, leaving it on the port, to buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on the starboard, to Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving it on the port, to buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on the port, to buoy No. 9, Upper Middle, leaving it on the port, passing between judges' boat and flagboat.

Fourth and fifth classes, distance 8 miles.—From judges' boat to Cow Pasture buoy No. 6 (off pumping station), leaving it on the port, to flagboat, southeast, leaving it on the port, leaving buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, on starboard, buoy No. 6, lower middle, on port, buoy No. 9, upper middle, on port, passing between judges' boat and flagboat.

The officers in charge were: Committee—Patrick Donovan, Chairman; Charles V. Whitten, James H. Nugent, Charles W. Whitcomb, Frank E. Brigham, John H. Lee, J. H. Gallagher, Samuel Kelly. Judges—M. J. Kiley, Chairman, William Morris, Charles F. Loring, Chester Guild, Jr., Francis W. Pray, John A. McLaughlin. The latter were on the tug W. H. Clark. Starting at 1 P. M. with a light east wind, Nimbus led, with Shadow second, Magic, Siren, Violet, Fiona, Ino, Ægir. Shadow at last passed Nimbus and came in ahead. Banneret won as she pleased in her class, and Niobe won in hers after a close fight with Joker. Queen Mab and Erin entered a protest against the other. Maggie lost a man overboard, but picked him up, losing some time in doing so.

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Shadow, John Bryant	33.10	2 45 26	2 11 34
Magic, E. C. Neal	30.09	2 54 05	2 16 50
Nimbus, B. Jenney, Jr	33.06	2 52 10	2 17 56
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.02	3 00 26	2 25 52
Siren, King & Clark	38.01	2 56 44	2 26 53

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Maud, Wood Brothers	32.06	3 12 16	2 36 59
Aegir, Wm. McCormick	34.00	3 21 35	3 47 52
Fiona, F. Gray	28.04	3 31 15	2 51 28
Eastern Star, Simpson & Pinkham	28.00	4 00 32	3 19 53

Ino, Winnie and Mary Ellen did not start.

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Banneret, J. F. Brown	23.09	1 37 33	1 05 04
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	22.08	1 45 42	1 10 54
Lizzie F. Daly, William Daly, Jr	26.00	1 44 23	1 18 23
Venus, McKnight & Stacy	23.00	1 51 28	1 17 05
Fraud, G. H. Hutchins	21.06	1 53 52	1 17 33
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.02	2 00 54	1 24 09
Optic, G. S. Hutchinson	25.00	1 56 21	1 24 17
Unknown, J. W. Orcutt	23.01	2 01 29	1 27 12
Æolus, Jacob Rood	26.05	1 59 48	1 29 13
Alice, R. O. Harding	20.10	2 07 12	1 29 59
Wild Wave, John Poggi	22 00	2 14 07	1 33 28

Cycla, Gem, Notus, Ione, Echo, Nellie, Ellen and Bessie did not start.

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Black Cloud, Brown & Wheeler	22.00	1 46 03	1 10 24
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	20.03	1 50 08	1 12 07
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.00	1 48 51	1 12 38
J. S. Poyen, Jr., Pierce & Poyen	22.06	1 48 35	1 13 34
Amy, E. W. Baxter	20.04	1 51 34	1 13 39
Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield	21.06	1 48 50	1 12 31
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson	23 01	1 49 38	1 15 21
Nemo, Nichols & Harrington	22.00	1 51 43	1 16 04
Lizzie Warner, Thomas Lutted	24.06	1 48 51	1 16 13
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.00	1 56 18	1 25 18

David Crockett, Wanderer, Muriel, The Cooper, Pearl, Awilda, Gisela, Sea Gull, Greta and Hector did not start.

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Niobe, Sales & Chadwick	19 07	1 37 11	0 55 57
Joker, George Coffin	19.07	1 27 50	0 56 36
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.04	1 31 04	0 59 32
Tartar, Dunne & Brown	19.01	1 30 24	0 59 34
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	18.06	1 33 04	1 00 28
Herald, S. S. Smith	19.06	1 32 11	1 00 51
Hornet, Merrill & Harding	18.11	1 35 18	1 03 14
Seraphine, Borden & Temple	18.10	1 36 39	1 04 29
Nereus, H. H. Brant	19.06	1 47 53	1 16 33
Topsy, W. Farlow	18.06	1 43 27	1 10 51

Cora, Cupid and Idler did not start.

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Zetta, Fowle and Warren	18.09	1 35 32	1 03 16
Charlotte, Thos. Cross	17.04	1 39 06	1 04 48
Vesper, R. M. Benner	18.09	1 41 04	1 08 48
Hattie, E. E. Hardy	17.06	1 44 13	1 10 16
Unique, James Stewart	19.10	1 43 45	1 11 49
Alert, T. P. Holt	18.00	1 44 51	1 12 11
Vera, J. Carter	19.11	1 44 47	1 13 57
Edna, W. B. Cook	18.00	1 58 00	1 14 08
Lillie, H. M. Wells	18.00	1 47 55	1 14 39
Zanetta, G. W. Whiting	16.00	1 55 30	1 19 18
Ruby, C. Anderson	19.00	1 51 39	1 19 42
Mischief, T. F. Christian	18.00	1 53 28	1 20 12
Kate, P. Lannigan	18.00	1 56 06	1 22 50
Bessie, John J. Rood	17.06	1 59 37	1 25 40
Dude, Charles M. Harth	11.00	2 18 37	1 34 45

Belle, Herald, Pearl and Dora did not start.

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	16.02	1 32 05	0 56 09
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	1 35 12	1 00 53
Spider, W. Abbott	17.08	1 37 50	1 04 07
Imogen, W. T. Wendell	17.07	1 38 09	1 04 19
Nonpareil, E. Lansing	16.03	1 40 10	1 04 22
Parole, W. T. Bowers	17.10	1 36 55	1 04 46
Spray, H. M. Faxon	17 07	1 40 09	1 06 19
Nancy, J. R. Gross, Jr	16.03	1 45 50	1 10 02
Alma, W. E. Geyer	13.09	1 33 54	1 13 45
Yolande, J. W. Bird	16 00	1 50 05	1 14 39
Bijou, A. Straley	15.06	1 53 16	1 16 15
Pegasus, F. M. Isham	15.00	1 57 25	1 19 33

Mischief, Mirage, Cadet, Nettie, Nereid, Jessie, Flirt, Elf, Elsie, Nora and Dan did not start.

Prizes were awarded as follows: Second class centerboards, first, $40, Shadow; second, $30, Magic. Second class keels, first, $40, Maud; second, $30, Aegir. Third class keels, first, $40, Banneret; second, $30, Kitty; third, $20, Lizzie F. Daly; fourth, $10, Venus. Third class centerboards, first, $40, Black Cloud; second, $30, Thisbe; third, $20, Queen Mab; fourth, $10, Sea Bird. Fourth class centerboards, first, $30, Niobe; second, $20, Joker; third, $15, Em-Ell-Eye; fourth, $10, Tartar. Fourth class keels, first, $20, Zetta; second, $15, Charlotte; third, $10, Vesper. Fifth class centerboards, first, $25, Flora Lee; second, $15, Wildfire; third, $10, Spider; fourth, $5, Imogen.

YACHTING NOTES ON THE PACIFIC.—The Chispa is on the ways. Her owner, I. Gutte, has been confined to the house for several days, and the yacht is trying another fouling paint, the last venture being a failure. The Halcyon has been up the Sacramento River for several days. Doubtless she will go to Monterey with the rest of the Pacific Y. C. fleet. The Nellie, Aggie and Fleur de Lis will leave for Monterey in a day or two, and will not return until after the 4th. There will, however, be three big keel boats—the Casca, Lurline and Halcyon—which will race on pretty even terms. The San Francisco Y. C. has finally decided to go to Robinson's Ranch on the Fourth of July cruise. The yachts will leave here on the afternoon of the 3d and proceed to Martinez, where they will remain over night. They will leave there at 6 A. M. of the 4th for New York Slough, where they will remain until Sunday morning. When the tide serves them they will beat their way back to San Francisco. The 18ft. sloop Alice arrived in Mission Bay last Saturday, having on board Prof. Eckman, wife and two sons. She left here over a week ago on a cruise up the Sacramento River. The trip was a most pleasant one to all on board, notwithstanding the smallness of the craft. On her return trip a gale was encountered in San Pueblo Bay, but the little "flyer" proved a good sea boat, and weathered it gallantly.—STARBOARD WATCH.

BEVERLY Y. C.

NINETY-SEVENTH REGATTA, MONUMENT BEACH, JULY 3.

THE open catboat sweepstakes was sailed to-day in a very strong S.W. wind, most of the boats carrying two reefs. Although the entry was not large, it included all the cracks on the bay, and was very close and interesting. In the first class there were the old champion Mattie; Myrtle, the fastest of the Monument Beach boats; Surprise, last year's wonder; Alice, built this year by same builder as Surprise expressly to beat her; Juno, a large, new boat, built by Washburn; Hard Luck, another new one from Mattapoisett; Violet and Myth. The latter is a new boat built by Jenney for Mr. Parsons purposely to beat Surprise, and is in fact a copy of Surprise, even to her crooked mast, but with a little more beam. In the second class only the Nellie W. and the old favorite Good Luck appeared. In the third class the old champion Dolly met Scud and Mertie, two new ones built to beat her.

Good Luck and Dolly had it all their own way, but in the large class the race was very close and exciting. Jumbo, Violet and Hard Luck soon found they had all they wanted and withdrew, and the fight soon resolved itself into a triangular duel between Surprise and her two copies, in which Myth finally won by 25sec., and Alice, though second on actual time, lost second place to Surprise on allowance. Surprise lost some time over a broken sheet, but Myth lost fully as much by mistaking her course for a few minutes.

FIRST CLASS.

	Sailing Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Myth, Thos. Parsons, B. Y. C.	27.4	1 57 01	1 46 34
Alice, Sam'l Allyn, Galveston, Texas	28.2½	1 57 10	1 47 40
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	27.3	1 57 32	1 46 59
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton, B. Y. C.	28.10	1 59 20	1 50 21
Myrtle, G. E. Phinney, Mon. Beach	27.4	2 03 20	1 52 53
Violet, G. H. Richards, et al, B. Y. C	27.6	Withdrawn.	
Jumbo, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B. Y. C.	29.10 1-6	Withdrawn.	
Hard Luck, R. B. Heller, Mattapois't	29.5¾	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

Good Luck, A. M. Phillips, Dighton	29 8¼	2 08 47	1 55 23
Nellie W., J. F. Monahan, Wareham	24.11½	2 10 03	1 56 58

THIRD CLASS.

Dolly, A. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	22.9	1 31 48	1 20 54
Mertie, A. F. Crowell, Woods Holl	26.6½	1 35 27	1 25 24
Scud, N. H. Emmons, B. Y. C.	22.6½	1 40 01	1 28 53

Course for first and second classes—From judges' yacht off Tobey Island buoy No. 2, leaving B buoy No. 3 on starboard, Bird Island buoy No. 13, Scraggy Neck buoy No. 10 and B buoy No. 3 on port and return, 11 miles.

Course for third class—Leaving B buoy No. 3 on starboard, Dry Ledge buoy No. 12, Abral's Ledge buoy No. 1 and B buoy No. 3 on port, and return, 7½ miles. Judges, J. Arthur Beebe, A. H. Hardy, W. Lloyd Jeffries; judges' yacht, Valhalla, B. Y. C.

NINETY-EIGHTH REGATTA, MONUMENT BEACH, JULY 4.

The first race for Buzzard's Bay pennants was sailed July 4 in a good wholesail breeze. Sloops are somewhat scarce on the bay, and Atalanta had a walk-over. Dolly and Lestris had an easy time of it in their classes; but in the big cat class the race was very interesting, as Myth again met Surprise, who was more than anxious to retrieve her defeat of the 3d. In the lighter wind Surprise proved a better boat than Mr. Parsons's new one; the extra beam which helped her in a two-reef breeze was a detriment under wholesail, and Surprise handled her easily. The vice-commodore also, sailing very well, showed her a clean pair of heels, and even Violet rubbed her hard till her gaff gave way, and she had to give up.

FIRST CLASS.

Surprise, J. M. Codman	2 02 23	1 51 49
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton	2 06 26	1 59 27
Myth, Thos. Parsons	2 11 23	2 00 56
Violet, G. H. Richards	Disabled.	

SLOOP.

Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	2 02 34	1 54 33

THIRD CLASS.

Lestris, Joshua Crane	2 20 15	2 06 13
Flirt, G. H. Lyman, Jr	2 23 16	2 10 28

FOURTH CLASS.

Dolly, A. S. Hardy	1 38 24	1 27 30
Wink, Moses Williams, Jr	1 47 50	1 35 28

Courses reverse of those of 3d. Atalanta, Surprise, Dolly and Lestris take pennants and first prizes, Mattie second prize. Judges, W. L. Jeffries, A. H. Hardy. Judges' yacht, Maude, B. Y. C.

CRUISE OF THE LUCILLE.

THE steam yacht Lucille, Mr. Chas. Kellogg's new Herreshoff No. 122, left Seventy-second street, North River, eastward bound, for a cruise of two weeks on June 14.

A beautiful morning of bright sunshine which tempered a rather cool breeze from the southwest, made sitting on deck and watching the other craft passing very pleasant. Vessels of all kinds covered the water, the excursion steamers and barges, with flags and streamers flying, were lying at the various piers, while pleasure seekers were crowding on board. The Battery Park was filling up with Sunday morning loungers as we passed, and on the seats the regular park tulips looked as comfortable and permanent as usual.

On past the Barge Office and up East River we steamed, and under the great bridge—which looked like some mighty cobweb stretched across the sky—dodging ferryboats and craft of all sizes crossing and recrossing our course, until Blackwell's Island was passed; then turning into the eastern channel of Hell Gate, we threaded the eddies and currents of that dangerous locality, and out upon the broad, placid bosom of the Sound.

We passed Middle Ground light at 1:22 P. M., and when nearing Falkner's Island a school of porpoises was sighted just off the starboard bow, and as we were running very rapidly and quietly, we were close upon them before they noticed us. They were having a fine time, rolling and plunging through the water, their curved backs and sides glistening in the sun, but our approach was soon noticed and they sank beneath the surface. Cornfield Point was abeam at 4:07 P. M., and at 5:20 we entered the beautiful harbor of New London. Off the Pequot House lay the schooner yacht Æolus, and near by her the steam yacht Electra, but we kept on up the harbor and came to anchor off Ft. Trumbull. While waiting for supper the Master's Mate took the dingy and rowed up along the rocks in front of the fort, where a number of people were fishing, with the intention of following their example the next morning should their catch prove inviting. When he found all they had to show was about the size he generally uses for bass bait he soon came back to the yacht. The salt air had given us keen appetites for supper, and when the call came there was a scramble for the cabin, and the rations disappeared in a way that would not have answered at all in the presence of our much respected landlady at home.

When we had lighted our cigars on deck the Commodore announced that he was going ashore to take a walk and invited the rest to accompany him and see the city. We wandered up the broad winding streets and joined the groups of people strolling under the big elms which lined the walks on all sides. It was the hour for evening worship, and high above the beautiful arching elms and blossom-laden horsechestnuts the solemn toned bells chimed in their spires. Vividly came to mind the beautiful lines in "Lucille" we had been reading:

"Through the calm crystal air, faint and far as she spoke,
A clear chilly chime from a church turret broke.
And the sound of her voice with the sound of the bell
On his ear where he kneel'd, softly, soothingly fell,"

Out from palatial mansions with sloping green lawns and grounds dotted with rare and beautiful foliage, as well as from pretty home-like cottages of more modest mien, came the worshipers, filling the broad sidewalks beneath the grand old trees as each household group wended its way toward the house of God, whether it was to the simple worship in the meeting house of some humble sect of meagre numbers, or to the vast pile of imposing stone with vaulted roof and crowded aisles, through whose arching doorways we heard the great organ's solemn peal—the one object on which all seemed bent was to bow the head and bend the knee to the Great Being who knoweth all hearts well.

Back again through the dim twilight over the silent water, and once more on the deck of the Lucille, we sat enjoying the scene. The lights of the various craft dotted the harbor, while down below Fort Trumbull the rigging of the yacht Electra hung with myriads of electric lights ablaze with incandescent fire, seemed like some new constellation of stars vieing in brilliancy with the countless thousands above and around them, while the silver thread of the young moon sank in the west over the now silent city. A night long to be remembered, and long we sat enjoying our cigars, while the "perfumed smoke arose like incense on the air," until regretfully the time came to seek our berths below.

We left New London Harbor at 7:30 A. M., with wind still from the S. W., and were soon cutting merrily along through the blue waters of the Sound, and at 11:30 the villas of Newport scattered over the rocky shore at the entrance to Narragansett Bay came into view. As we passed up into the harbor near Goat Island, a Government torpedo boat was maneuvering and exercising the crew in exploding torpedoes. They passed quite near us in a small steam launch with a long spar run out over the bow and down into the water in front, evidently steering for a large cask anchored a short distance abeam of us. When the bow of the launch came within a few yards of the cask, a dull, muffled explosion was heard, and instantly a mountain

of water and white spray shot up high in air and sank back again, sending the heavy swells rolling out in every direction.

We did not land at Newport, but kept on up the bay, and at 12:30 P. M. reached Bristol Harbor, and made fast to the Herreshoffs Company's pier.

Some slight changes in the fittings on board being deemed desirable, while the workmen were engaged upon it we passed the time pleasantly in inspecting the new steam yacht Ladoga, which had been launched a few hours before our arrival, and in looking over again the famous yacht Stiletto, which lay at her moorings near by. The Ladoga is a fine yacht—the same model as the Lucile, but a few feet longer than the latter—and will, no doubt, prove a most comforable vessel, though not particularly speedy. A novel feature of her interior is a tunnel from the galley passing through the engine and boiler rooms to the cabin. Through the tunnel a small track is laid, on which runs a car to convey the food, dishes, etc., back and forth, which must prove a very handy arrangement.

After supper the Commodore and the Master's Mate started up town to look up some luxuries for the table and at same time interview that very necessary personage, the local barber, as their chins demanded immediate attention. After tacking back and forth across the street to inspect the surroundings and background of several calico poles of red, white and blue stripes, we entered what seemed to be the neatest-looking shop in the town. A tall, suave and solemn-looking personage was just putting the finishing touches upon a customer as we entered. He glanced out of the window, whisked off the gingham, bib or apron, and without looking at us, said "shave" interrogatively. The Commodore sank modestly in the chair, and the solemn person tucked the apron under his chin apparently indifferent whether it was to be as Adonis puts it, "with or without," "up or down."

When he had finished he looked out the window again, whipped off the bib and said, "Next," and the Master's Mate settled himself for a scrape, when with an open razor between his fingers and the soap brush in the same hand he fluttered away, and while the brush flew around, down and up, the razor blade danced and glistened in all directions in dangerous proximity to the Mester's Mate's nose, who was thankful enough to get out of that chair without being sliced.

After escaping from that solemn barber whose visage would make his fortune in the undertaking business, we visited the fish market and bought some nice fresh fish, then wandered back to the pier and aboard the Lucille, where, after a cigar on deck, we turned in below.

THE MASTER'S MATE.

GREAT HEAD Y. C., JULY 4.—The Great Head Y. C., of Winthrop sailed their second regatta on July 4, over the following courses: First class, from judges' boat near club house to buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on starboard, thence to black buoy No. 5, off Jeffries' Point, East Boston, leaving it on starboard, thence to judges' boat, passing between judges' boat and flag boat, 7 miles. Second class, from judges' boat to buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on starboard, thence around Apple Island, leaving it on starboard, thence to judges' boat, passing between judges' boat and flag boat, 5 miles. The 11 yachts were divided into two classes, 16ft. and under 22ft., and under 16ft. Herreshoff's tables were used, the measurement being waterline plus ½ overhang aft. There was little wind at the start at 3:40 P. M. when Wachusett went over, followed by Elf, Spray Bird, Clytie, Uno, Gypsy, Edith, Clio and Cadet. Elf took the lead, while a number of the yachts were becalmed under Thompson's Island, some giving up entirely.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cadet, H. M. Belcher	17.07	1 46 15	1 16 48
Clio, C. B. Belcher	20.00	1 46 15	1 19 22
Clytie, E. A. Cook	19.11	1 47 30	1 20 32
Gypsy, W. P. Hammet	20.05	1 47 53	1 21 26
Wachusett, G. C. Abbott	18.07	1 51 55	1 23 30

SECOND CLASS.

Elf, H. A. Joslyn	15.09½	1 15 44	0 52 50
Spray Bird, C. H. Harris	14.06	1 16 51	0 52 38

The judges were: Albert E. Prince, H. T. Crocker, W. D. Lombard. Regatta committee—Fred H. Seavey, W. P. Hammatt, H. T. Crocker, W. D. Lombard, Theodore Washburn.

SANDY BAY Y. C., JULY 4.—A number of the yachts entered for this race were unable to reach the start, owing to light winds, and only eight crossed at gun fire, 11:30 A. M. The course was triangular, 8 miles, on Sandy Bay. By noon the wind blew steadily from the south, making a good race. The entries and times were:

		Actual.	Corrected.
Louette	Com. Haskins	1 56 28	1 22 00
Petrel	H. Paul	1 57 42	1 22 06
Kittiwake	Mr. Cunningham	1 56 10	1 22 16
Raldon	Mr. Perkins	1 55 28	1 24 35
Sassacus	Mr. Griffin	2 05 01	1 25 01
Fatinitza	Mr. Norwood	2 05 19	1 28 36
Albion	Mr. Gott	2 32 30	1 52 12

Petrel protests against Louette, on the ground of incorrect measurement.

A CRUISE ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—Chicago, July 4.—The yacht Argo, under the colors of the Cnicago Y. C., cleared from Chicago on Saturday night, June 27. Her course will be through the lakes to Toronto. Mr. A. P. Seymour, editor of the *Living Church* and Secretary of the Chicago Y. C., and the Rev. Thos. Edward Green, pastor of the Eighth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, are the cruisers. As far as Makinaw, Mrs. Green, Dr. Clarke and Miss Fannie Boyd are aboard, returning to the city thence by rail. The Argo is a new boat on these waters, having been built and cruised for four years on the Atlantic coast. She is schooner-rigged, and carries a crew of three with a steward. She has the international code, and may shake her signals to yachtsmen all along shore. She is due again in this harbor about Sept. 1.

HULL Y. C.—The annual review and cruise of the Hull Y. C. will take place on July 11, starting at 9 A. M. The fleet will get under way and pass the flagship, leaving it on starboard hand, and at the second gun at 9:45 all will start for Marblehead Harbor. If the wind serves the fleet will start at once from Marblehead for Gloucester. All signals will be given by the International Code. Hops are announced at the club house for July 9 and 23, Aug. 6 and 20, and Sept. 3 and 17. On the alternate Saturdays other entertainments will be given. A club tender with a man to row has been provided for service between the float and yachts at anchor.

ENGLISH NOTES.—Marguerite, Mr. Foster Connor's 60-tonner, has had her spars reduced....Neptune, Silver Star and Millie, all Class B yawls, have discarded their mizzens and gone into Class C as cutters ....In the Royal Thames channel match of Nore to Dover, on June 12, the Queen's Cup was won by Ulerin, 10 tons, from Wendur, Marguerite, Irex, Galatea, Marjorie, Lorna, Neptune, Queen Mab and Tara. The course was 60 miles, and Ulerin's allowance for Wendur, 125 tons, was 1h. 12m. 1s. Marguerite took second prize and Tara third. Queen Mab, 10 tons, lost third prize only by not crossing properly.

GENESTA, GALATEA AND IREX.—A correspondent in England who is familiar with the leading racers, makes the following comment on the two challengers in a late letter: "You will have two very smart vessels to deal with in Genesta and Galatea; but I would rather have seen Marjorie starting than either of them. She is a perfect wonder to windward in a light breeze, and I suppose your race will be a certain distance to windward and return. Irex was lately out for cleaning here. She is a splendid ship, fair from end to end, all easy lines. She impresses one with a feeling of power, which is all there, as she carries a steadier of over 70 tons on her keel. I would sooner have seen her carry the British flag in New York than Genesta or Galatea, as I believe she is able to give them both a beating."

UTOWANA.—Ill luck seems to attend Com. Connor's yacht, as it is only a few days since she collided with Pier 4, North River, and now she is reported as aground on a rock in New Haven harbor. She was bound up the Connecticut River with her owner and a party on board, and on the night of June 28 anchored off New Haven, running in next morning early. When near the lighthouse she ran on a rock, going at a good speed, sustaining some damage. She was got off and came to New York for docking and repairs.

BRUNHILDE.—On June 29 the Brunhilde, schooner, Mr. J. J. Phelps, sailed from New London for Cowes, on a voyage around the world, having on board besides her owner Messrs. Charles Halsey, Kier Mitchell, Henry Strong, Tuthill Hilliard and Albert Lymington. She will cruise in European waters until winter, then in the Mediterranean, and on by Suez, taking two years to make the circuit of the globe.

GREENWICH Y. C., JUNE 27.—The Greenwich Y. C. sailed its first regatta on June 27, the course being on Long Island Sound, twice around Captain's Island, 14 miles. The wind was light during the entire race. The starters were: Skibbereen, Com. Rendle, G. Y. C.; Jennie, P. S. Chutt; Zelda, H. Asten; Telephone, H. Tyson; Nymph, Mr. Burgen; Adelina, F. A. Hart. Zelda won in 4h. 1m.

AMY.—On July 1 the steam yacht Amy, Mr. E. D. Morgan, arrived in New York Harbor after a voyage of fourteen days, and is now lying off Twenty-fourth street, East River. Amy is commanded by Captain Craven, an American, but has an English crew. Her cruise of last winter from Southampton to the China Seas and return has been already noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM.

YACHTS CHANGING HANDS.—Daisy, sloop, has been sold to Mr. Hugh Boyd, of New York. Ray, schooner, Mr. W. W. Tompkins, has been chartered for the season by Mr. C. A. Cheever, owner of the open boat W. T. Lee. Madcap, sloop, has been bought by Mr. J. D. Barrett, former owner of the Myra; and Listless, sloop, has been bought by Mr. J. C. Mooney.

YACHT RACE AT FALL RIVER.—On June 27 a match was sailed on Mount Hope Bay, over a course of 8 miles to windward and return, in a fresh S.W. wind. The starters were the catboats Annie, G. Hindle, and Una, A. Hibbert, the stakes being $50 a side. Una won, her times being: Elapsed, 2:37:55; corrected, 2:37:55. Annie: Elapsed, 2:50:44; corrected, 2:45:16.

A SCHOONER SWEEPSTAKES.—Boston is experiencing a decided revival in schooner racing, and the rivalry between the various large schooners is at racing heat. To-day a sweepstakes race for $100 a side is to be sailed between Mobican, Gitana, America and Fortuna. The course of 20 miles to windward and return will be laid off Marblehead or Cape Ann.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PURITAN.—Those who desire photographs of the new Boston yacht can obtain them of Mr. N. L. Stebbins, 521 Washington street, Boston, who secured a number of fine views of her and the other yachts in the E. Y. C. regatta. Mr. Stebbins has also some excellent pictures taken at the New York and New Haven regattas.

YACHT RACES AT CLAYTON.—On July 4 a race for second class yachts was sailed at Clayton, N. Y. Minnie D., of Gananoque, winning first prize, with Laura, of Oswego, second, and Laura, of Kingston, third. A race for steam yachts was won by Jessie W., of Alexandria Bay, making 12 miles in 1h. 6m., beating Jessie Bain, of Clayton.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 3 the fleet of the S. C. Y. C. assembled, pursuant to order, in Larchmont Harbor for their easterly cruise, several yachts joining the fleet on Saturday. The yachts remained at Larchmont over Sunday (some taking part in Saturday's races) and set sail on Monday morning on the cruise.

CRUISE OF THE CASCO.—Dr. Merritt's schooner Casco, Pacific Y. C., has lately returned from a cruise to Santa Barbara, making the run down, 347 miles, in 48 hours. The Casco has been improved this year by a larger mainsail and new spinnaker. She will be the flagship of the P. Y. C. on their cruise to Santa Cruz on July 4.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—The club house has been painted and much improved this season. On June 30 the yachts were out for a sail with the ladies of the club on board. On July 1 the annual race for the Lorne and Anderson cups was to be sailed, but owing to the light wind it was not made in time, and was postponed.

THE PURITAN.—A new significance will soon be attached to the word "Puritan" if it is associated with triumphs in worldly diversions which the prim precisians who originally bore the name would have frowned upon. Fashionable clubs and fast yachts certainly were not in their line.—*Boston Advertiser.*

CRUISES.—The Chesapeake Y. C. arrived at Annapolis on June 30 on a cruise to Cape May, N. J....The East River Y. C. fleet is cruising on the Sound this week....The Harlem Y. C. also started on July 3 for a cruise to Thimble Islands....The Knickerbocker Y. C. will sail on July 11 on their annual cruise.

TRIAL TRIP OF WANDA.—The new steel steamer Wanda, built for Mr. Wm. Woodward from Mr. Harvey's designs, made her first trip June 30, running from New York to New London. Her time from Execution Light to Bartlett's Reef Lightship, was 5h. 35m., the distance being 70½ knots.

QUEBEC Y. C.—A race was sailed on July 1 for the Governor General's Prize, over a 20 mile course in a strong east wind. The starters were: Guinevere, Curlew, Iris, Foam, Saracelle, Osprey and Montagnais. The race was close, and was won by Curlew in 2:15:35. Guinevere being second.

CLARA.—Mr. Charles Sweet, the new owner of Clara, is not an American, but an Englishman who has resided here for some years. Clara is now fitting out for the trip across. She will cruise mostly in Eastern waters, with Boston as her home port.

RUTH.—This schooner was on the screw dock in New York last week, having her bottom re-coppered. Her planking aft, as well as her timbers, has suffered from dry rot, and she has required new wood generally from midships aft.

ARROW—Sloop, Vice-Com. Douglas, N. Y. Y. C., is once more in commission, and was out with Priscilla and Mischief.

NOMAD—Sloop, Mr. H. C. Wintringham, has been on a cruise through the Sound as far as Block Island.

BAYADERE.—Mr. J. M. Forbes's new cutter is now completely rigged and ready for sea. Lawley & Son cast and fitted her lead keel of 20 tons.

CORA.—Steam yacht, was at Provincetown, Mass., on July 3, on her way to Bar Harbor.

VESTA.—Mr. Ayer's schooner is once more in commission, lying in the East River.

VEDETTE.—This steamer has been purchased by Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. W. P.—Blue belton is a color and not a strain of setters. A dog of this color is white, with small black spots thickly splashed over him

J. B., New York.—The St. Bernard dog Watch was shown at the Non-sporting show last October, but did not win a card. He is by Marco out of Bella.

H. B. Topeka, Kan.—Can you tell me of any trout streams near Canon City, Colo? Also will you please give me the names of best flies and sizes of hooks for Rocky Mountain trout in your opinion. Ans. You may find some trout in Oil Creek, near Mount Pisgah, or in Current or Cottonwood creeks further west. Our correspondent "Cyrtonyx" recommends the following flies: Coachman, black hackle, black prince and June spinner. Use larger hooks than in some Eastern waters, say a No. 4 sprout.

C. C. K.—1. What is the proper size of a braided linen line for mascalonge trolling? 2. What size hook would be best for bait-fishing for same fish, the fishing to be done in Rice Lake, Canada? 3. Is there any fishing in the Hudson River opposite West Point, or in any water in that neighborhood? Ans. 1. If you troll with rod and reel use a linen bass line of 12 to 18 threads, not braided; if you use a hand line to troll get a heavy cotton bluefish line. 2. Use a No. 1 sprout. 3. Very little; you may take small striped bass there at times.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Her Majesty has just lost her favorite dog, Noble, who had been her constant companion in her walks for more than twelve years. Noble had been ailing for some time, and he was left at Windsor under veterinary care when the Queen went abroad. He was an affectionate and intelligent beast and was a universal favorite.—*London Truth.*

Mr. Jonathan Gay, of Preston, has a setter dog that appreciates home. He has been given away several times, but has always returned. This spring he was given to a man residing in Albany, N.Y., and was taken there. A month after he had been taken to New York one of his drivers was surprised by the appearance of the dog in front of the horses in this city. He followed the team home, and has since staid there. Letters of inquiry were received from Albany, and there is no doubt that the dog traveled the whole distance and found his way unaided. Mr. Gay will not part with him again.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

A trip in a boat 15ft. long by 31in. broad from Lake George to the western coast of Florida, by the way of our inland waters, was a feat requiring no little courage, skill and endurance. Dr. C. A. Neidé and one companion started on their adventurous voyage in August, 1883, and, after considerable danger from rapids in the Ohio, the sudden and violent storms of the Mississippi, and the fogs and tremendous surf of the Gulf of Mexico, safely reached Pensacola in the following February. The story is told simply in the "Canoe Aurora," (Forest and Stream Publishing Company), and gives us glimpses of river life hidden from the eyes of the ordinary traveller.—*New York Evening Post.*

The eels of the ponds in the woods of Vincennes, France, leave them every spring in large numbers, making their way to the Seine or the Marne, several kilometres distant. They take advantage of rainy weather, when the herbage is wet, and their instinct guides them directly to their destination. New species have been repeatedly introduced into the lakes, but in vain; all seem to have this disposition to leave. Some have thought that the water of these ponds, having been collected by hydraulic engines, has undergone some change which drives the eels away. But the phenomenon of such migrations by eels and some other fishes is not uncommon. Thus in the marshes of Picardy eels are often found on the grass, going from one pond to another.

Who is this who stealeth along the brookside with stealthy steps? In his right hand is a fishing rod, in his mouth a pipe and on his shoulder a basket. He cautiously putteth aside the bushes, and stealthily casteth his bait in the pool. My son, 'tis a fish hog. Mark how he gathereth up the fingerlings and throweth them in his basket. Does he pause when he has taken three or four or five fish from the pool? Not he. It is his vocation to clean out that stream. After him all will be barrenness. Nothing is too small for his basket, no device too mean to capture the unsuspecting trout. As a fish-hog he lives up to the tenets of his creed. Maliciously doth he leave gates open for the cattle to devastate the corn. Is the rod his sole weapon? No, my innocent, he carries a giant powder cartridge in his pocket. By and by, when there is nobody looking, he will explode that cartridge in the pool, and rake in everything it containeth. Let us pray that he may blow his fingers off, and hold his fork with a crook during the remaining days of his worthless life. Is he a liar? Of the premier class, my child. Every fish hog lies. Just let us steal behind him and pin his turkey-red handkerchief to his coat tail. In the next field there is a bull we wot of—a ferocious bull—and we shall have our revenge. Meanwhile let us kneel and pray that our sturdy Toro may toss the trout swine into the middle of next week.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*



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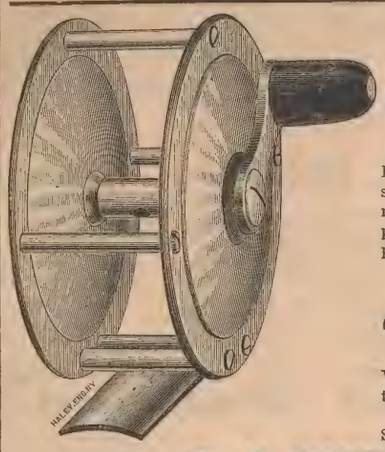
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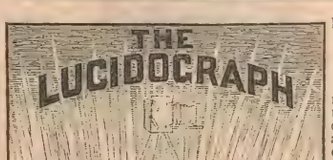
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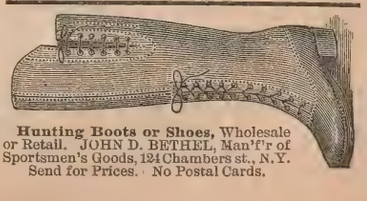
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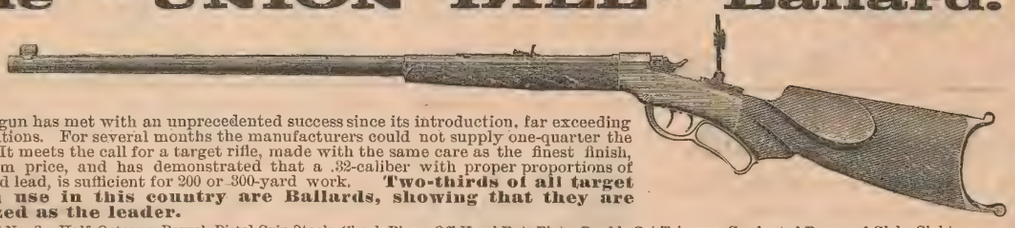
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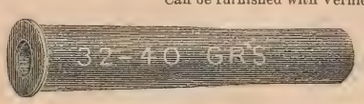
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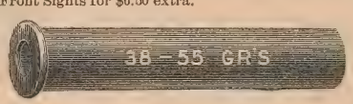
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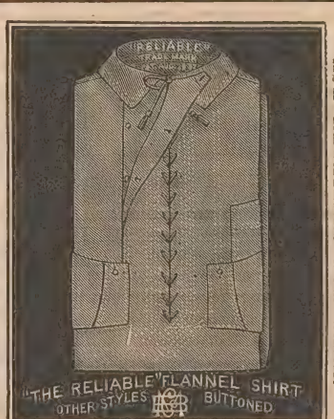
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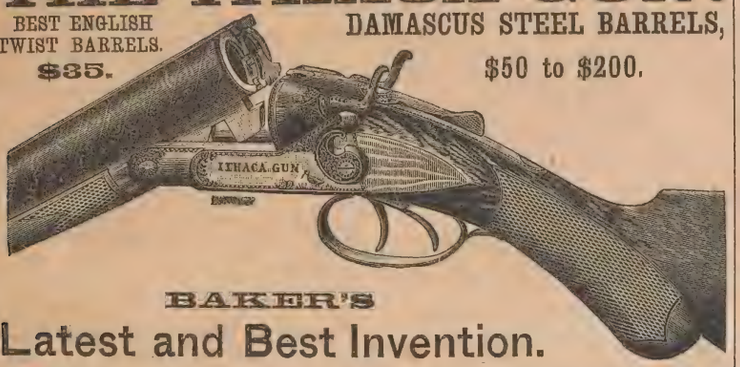
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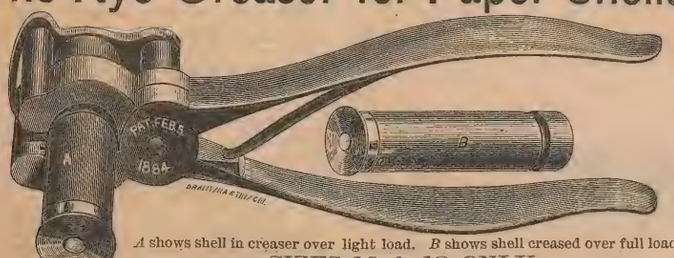


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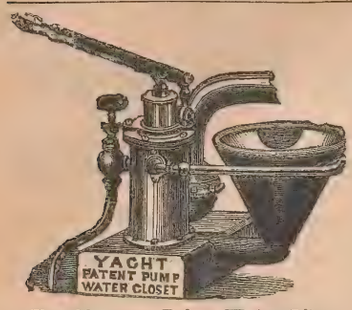
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BOAT

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 25. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

IT would be some satisfaction to cherish the belief that the editor of the Boonville (N. Y.) *Herald* was, though densely benighted, nevertheless a well-intentioned friend of game protection. That would excuse his grotesque vagary of arguing that deer ought to be driven into the water and clubbed to death, that they may thereby be saved from being killed at salt-licks or taken in traps. When a person—even an editor—is only ignorant there is yet hope for him. He may be shown the error of his ways, and being enlightened he may be converted. If our erring Boonville brother were misinformed and nothing more, we might be encouraged to attempt the pleasant task of instructing him. After he had sat for a brief season in becoming humility at the feet of the FOREST AND STREAM, he would rise up in the possession of more knowledge about deer and deer hunting than he can ever hope to gain from the sore hotel keepers, who have been bamboozling him into the fancy that clubbing deer in the water is the only proper way to secure venison. But however pleasing it might be to take such a view of his case, his own utterances preclude any other conclusion than that he is both ignorant of the merits of the new Adirondack deer law and unblushingly defiant in his attitude toward that statute. We admit the perfect right of any individual to disapprove of a law, but no man who pretends to be an order-loving citizen will openly advocate violations of the law or covertly instigate them by saying "if you do offend they cannot catch you at it." That is substantially what the Boonville editor says when he puts it in this way:

> The law is an absurd one on the face of it. Who is to know by whom a dog is harbored in the wild wilderness, and who can bring evidence that will say that the dog came of his own accord or is owned or harbored by this man? To enforce the law it will take a game constable on every acre of land that lies between Lake George and the St. Lawrence River. Supposing a dog was pursuing a deer and drives him into the water and the deer is killed by parties who know nothing about the dog, are these men to be tried and convicted for hunting with dogs?

That is the sort of reasoning adopted by criminals to bolster up the commission of every crime in the calendar. Every burglar in the crowded city, who enters a house at midnight, is nerved by the hope that he will not be caught at it. Every horse thief on the frontier is sustained by confidence in his ability to escape Judge Lynch. It is such doctrine as any editor professing to represent the side of order and morality ought to be ashamed of. What the deer-clubbing dudes from the city and such guides as their money can corrupt may think of this Boonville casuistry, it is not hard to say, but let us be thankful that there are a large class of Adirondack visitors and a larger class of Adirondack guides who have respect for the law of the land and will obey it.

More than this, the number of Adirondack guides who welcome the non-hounding law, and are anxious to see it strictly enforced, is large enough to carry the day, if each man will do his share. The Adirondack guide owes it to himself and to his fellows to exert all his influence in favor of the law's observance, to discountenance its violations, to report offenses to the protector of the district, and to do his part in securing and giving evidence to convict the offender.

We will supply to any applicant a printed copy of the deer-hounding law suitable for posting.

TRY ALL METHODS.

THE constantly increasing scarcity of our game birds, and especially of our quail, makes it imperative that we should do everything in our power to protect them. At all seasons of the year, and at all ages they are exposed to the constant attacks of unrelenting enemies. Among all these, man is incontestably the most destructive. The gunner and the netter do their work after the birds are grown, and so in a certain sense able to take care of themselves, and it is supposed that man protects rather than destroys the helpless young. And yet the farmer, who has in his heart nothing but friendship for the beautiful birds which whistle on his fences in summer and come up in winter to the barnyard to pick up among the straws a few kernels of grain, is at harvest time unwittingly one of the quail's worst enemies. For in the mowing and reaping of his fields at the very season when the eggs are about to hatch, or when the tiny young are first trying their feeble legs and are yet unable to fly, he destroys great multitudes of the little fellows. Often the mowing machine passes over a nest, decapitating the mother bird, and leaving the eggs to spoil, or even if the hen is not killed, she deserts her treasures, as soon as the cover, which protected them and her from intrusive eyes, is cut down. The hoofs of the horses and the heavy wheels of the machines destroy the young of many a brood without the fact being known to any one. In this way each year large numbers of quail are killed.

A gentleman who had often seen the nests and broods destroyed in this way recently asked us if we could not suggest some method by which this havoc could be prevented, at least in his own fields. We suggested to him that if he would have his dogs run through his fields he would at least be able to find the young broods, and perhaps some nests, notwithstanding the popular idea that a sitting bird gives forth no scent. The dogs would trample down a little grass, we suggested, but they might enable him to save a good many quails. What he thought of our suggestion is told in the following note:

> Thanks for the kind information that you gave me last Thursday morning in regard to the finding of quail in the grass lots, to give them protection before the mowing machine entered the field. The mowing machine commenced on one of my grass lots early this morning. After it had been at work some little time the merry notes of little Bob White brought to mind your suggestion, to take the dogs into the field, and if the hen bird was sitting the dogs would point, and then I could leave the grass around the nest, and so not disturb the bird.
>
> So I unhooked Quail and Sport, and they hardly entered the field where the machine was making its busy rattle, before Quail froze stiff, and right in front of him on the ground was the hen. She looked as if she had been badly shipwrecked, and lay on one side, with one wing extended as if it was broken. As I approached she fluttered off a little way to attract my attention from the little ones, which were about an inch long and which scattered in all directions.
>
> I called the dogs off and had not proceeded over one hundred feet in the same field before the dogs again came to a stand. The female bird jumped but the dogs still continued to point, and on stooping down and parting the grass there sat a little fellow just the size of the ones in the other bunch. I picked him up and took him to the house for the folks to see him, and when their curiosity was satisfied I carried him back to the old bird who had returned to her brood.
>
> I ordered the machine to the other side of the lot, and I shall watch to-day, and keep the birds out until the grass is all cut. There may have been forty young birds in that lot, and what would have been their fate if I or the dogs had not found them? The machine would have made hash of them. Now they are safe until next fall, when I should be happy to have you tramp with me after the little beauties.
>
> A. A. F.

This is certainly one method by which the farmer, who is also a sportsman, may save for himself or his neighbors a good many birds at a small expense of time and trouble.

NO CORRESPONDENTS' CARDS.—We give no correspondents' credentials. No one is authorized to ask any favors from transportation companies on account of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CUP RACES.

WE give on another page the full report of the committee of arrangements of the New York Yacht Club, containing the correspondence with Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, representative of Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn, relative to the coming international races. While some of the letters have been published before, the report gives the negotiations in full, and will be read with interest by the many who are watching daily for Genesta's arrival. Our yachtsmen need feel in no way ashamed of the manner in which the negotiations have been conducted by their representatives, as the entire correspondence shows a sportsmanlike spirit and a desire only for a fair race on both sides. The suggestions of the challenging parties have been courteously considered, and in all points but one they have been complied with. The only point on which any discussion has arisen is that of time allowance, the challengers requesting that a mean between the New York Y. C. rule and the Y. R. A. rule be adopted. After some correspondence the committee have decided that the race must be sailed under the New York Y. C. rule, and the other side consented to do so. No previous race can compare with the coming ones in point of interest, the boats are probably more evenly matched than in any of the schooner races, and the difference at the finish is likely to be very little. The questions at stake are not only more important than the issues in 1870 and '71, but they are more generally understood by yachtsmen, and the results will be studied as never before. Apart from national feeling, there is a still deeper interest in the practical points involved, which it is expected that the races of the two cutters will settle decisively. Under these circumstances it cannot but be gratifying to all to know that on both sides all has been done to secure a fair and equitable test of the merits of the two types of yachts.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—Immediately or remotely seventy-five out of every one hundred Indian outbreaks may be traced to the stuff sold by the sneaking, devilish fiend of a whisky trader; the other twenty-five are due to the outrages perpetrated by thieving agents and lying, cheating land-sharks. Confine the Indian on reservations; starve him; craze him with fire-water; gouge him out of his land; if he turns shoot him down. The United States has been doing this for a hundred years, and before the end of another century of this extermination, the Indian question will probably be settled.

THE CONFESSION OF A BUFFALO BUTCHER, published elsewhere, is a plain recital of a business proceeding. It is not very delightful reading. The value of the narrative is in its manifest candor. It is one chapter in the history of the destruction of an animal from the face of the earth, and as such it will be useful material for the book which is some time to be written on the extinct animals of the North American continent.

OUR TROUT STREAMS.—In our fishcultural columns Mr. J. S. Van Cleef has an article on restoring trout streams. Mr. Van Cleef is a close and careful observer, and his article abounds in practical suggestions which we indorse and commend. We believe with the writer that restocking is not enough to do to restore our streams; the original conditions must also be restored or the brooks will never again swarm with trout as of old.

SPRING DEER.—Florida hunters have been busily and successfully engaged in deer shooting, and the local editor has just stupidity enough to pat the hunters on the back with sugared words of praise for their prowess. Florida editors ought to be a shade above that sort of thing. By the way, how long will it be before that State will be civilized enough to have a game law?

IT WAS HARDLY FISHING.—The papers report that President Cleveland went fishing the other day at the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club's ground on the Potomac; but they add that a special telegraph wire was run to the club-house, and a telegraph operator went along with the party. That is a very poor way to go a-fishing, even for the President of the United States.

EPHRAIM AND CAHOOT.—What is the origin of the sobriquet "Old Ephraim" applied to the grizzly bear? And are not those writers in error who apply the name to the black bear? Also, what is the meaning of the expressions "in cahoot" and "cahoots" which are used in the South and Southwest, and perhaps elsewhere?

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

IN CAROLINA WILDS.—II.

THE mountains around Boylston contained turkeys, grouse and squirrels, the latter not hard to find; but the turkeys, though frequently seen by the log cabin residents among the hills as they came into the clearings, were never there when I visited the fields, though I hastened ever so swiftly after getting the word. One evening a mountaineer, going to his cabin from work down the valley, sent word that as he was walking along the foot of the ridge, in plain sight across the valley from "our house," he flushed quite a large "gang" of turkeys, which flew only a short distance up into the woods. I was over there in short order, but not a turkey could I find, though I used the short time before dark diligently. I marked a spot where I could conceal myself in the morning, and determined to be there before the turkeys started. Long before dawn the following morning I was afoot. So was a very heavy fog some time before me. I crossed the valley through fields of rag weed waist high and reeking with moisture, and, as a consequence, I was soaked to the skin when I reached the timber and sought my blind, which was a fallen treetop and not easy to find in the dense fog and darkness. I found it, however, and in the chill morning and wet garments I waited for game. My pipe kept me company, but it was slow waiting. I had almost lost hope of seeing the turkeys, when, without warning, with a rush of wings one sailed from the mountain above and alighted on a limb close to the body of a large chestnut about forty feet up and not more than seventy-five feet distant. It was very foggy, to be sure, and quite dark, as I said; but I could dimly see the black bunch on the tree, and he was assuredly my bird. I covered him with three and a quarter drams powder and an ounce and a quarter No. 2 shot and let go. Right here permit me to make the first record of some of my remarkable shots. The turkey did not fly, for it stands to reason that I would have heard him, don't it? No. He didn't fly, neither did he drop, else would I have heard the thud. I went to the foot of the tree and there was nothing but the foot there. I waited, silently turning over things in my mind, until it became light enough to search for my turkey. I thought he must have lodged up yonder, but there was no lodgment. There was not even a feather. It was a most remarkable shot. I saw no more turkeys and returned to breakfast.

The cuisine was not very varied at our table, fried chicken appearing quite frequently, and the capture of the chicken was an amusing operation to me. Bill never stole a march on his chicken the night previous, but waited until morning, I suppose that he might enjoy the chase, though how a person of his general deliberation could enjoy a neck and neck race with a chicken was beyond my ken. When the capture was decided on Bill would make a survey of the flock from some vantage ground while he picked his chicken, for so accustomed had they become to the chase, that when he made his appearance there was an indiscriminate run for cover. Then the fun began. Bill generally had a couple of rocks in his left hand and a stick in his right, with which he attempted shots on the wing when he could get near enough, but most always scoring misses. His aim could not be expected to be very accurate under the circumstances. Through the barnyard they'd go sailing, Bill on the gain; when the chicken would dodge under the corn house and Bill would naturally go around. Over the fence, across the potato patch and around the barn they flew, both getting short of wind, chicken losing ground, when it flew over the garden picket fence and Bill hunted the gate, while the chicken ran into a brush heap in the corner and got its wind. After a while Bill found it just in time to be too late, and away they went with a cackle and other language, the chicken going through a hole in the fence and Bill seeking the gate again. Occasionally he would slip or make a misstep and almost tear himself apart in the endeavor to recover. This was intensely funny for me, and I encouraged him with sundry remarks as I deemed appropriate. He rarely appreciated them, however, but with desperation in his "liniments" and courage in his eye, bent himself to the pursuit, that never failed to be successful. One day, as I came in with my gun across my shoulder, it occurred to me that powder and lead would catch a chicken quicker than he could, and thereafter I was generally made use of.

Boylston Creek ran through the valley, but there were no trout in it as far as I could discover with worm, fly, bug and grasshopper; but the small streams which flowed down the mountain side contained a few, which I gathered in now and then with the ignominious worm. Neither trout nor catch was large, but sufficient to perfume the pan. The sport was large, however. Mills River, separated from Boylston by a considerable range of mountains and flowing into French Broad, contains trout in fair numbers, and is a most beautiful stream.

One evening after a rainy week—and oh! how it rained—the windows of heaven were not only opened, but the sash was entirely out, and rain fell day after day in torrents until everything below was as wet as could be, and the rye sprouted in the stack—one evening after all this rain fell, and we were sure there was no more to fall, Bill said to me as we were smoking a pipe apiece, "Wouldn't you like to go over into the 'Pink Beds' for a few days?"

"Yes, sir!" said I, emphatically, for I had heard of the Pink Beds a number of times as a place in the mountains beyond Mills River, where deer and turkey abounded and where trout could be had for the taking. Is it Pope who said, "Man never is but always to be blest"?

"Well," said Bill, "three or four fellers round here said they'd like to go over now harvest is over, and camp out a few days, and I'll see 'em to-day and fix it up."

John did, and in a day or two, "airly in the morning," Fred came sauntering into the yard followed by his "pups." George soon followed, we picked Riley up just up the road, and the tramp began. We took a frying pan and coffee pot, a tin cup apiece, rations and no blankets, and so traveled light, for it was hard climbing the most of the way. We kept the valley for a mile and then turned to the right up an old logging road, by the side of which branched a pretty trout-stream. For an hour the climb was steep. Then we came out on a clearing where had been a farm. Some distance beyond we struck a down grade, so steep that the full power of the breeching was called into use, and soon we reached the bank of the lovely Mill River, here about sixty feet wide and knee deep. We forded it, and then the temptation being too strong to resist, poles were cut, a worm or two unearthed, and trout looked for; but as they did not respond freely, we wishing to make a drive, soon shod up again and set our faces to the mountain.

This was steeper than anything we had found, and along the trail we found a good brush hold was a big help. We reached the top well blown, and after a short rest Riley took the dogs for the drive, Ford going to one stand and George and I finding others. The day was delightful, the scenery lovely, the huge forest of oaks and maples magnificent, and I sat me down on a log and took in all I could of it. Birds flitted about, a gray squirrel near by made considerable ado for a while, and then the opening notes of the overture floated "faint and far" through the leafy arches of "God's first temples." A tingling ran through my nerves and all my ears were alert. The sounds died away, then rose faintly again, and silence covered them up. The dogs had all the sport, Riley all the work, and in the course of an hour we were on our way to Squirrel Gap, where we were to camp for the night. A covey of grouse was flushed and none bagged, and as mine was the only shotgun in the outfit, I shouldered the blame and gun and trudged on. A few squirrels were gathered in, and at nightfall we approached the cabin at the Gap, built of logs unchinked, for the occasional use of cattle men on their way to and from the Pink Beds. A fire was built in the fireplace, squirrels dressed and cooked, coffee made, and by the flickering fire-light we supped. The wind had risen during the afternoon and now blew a young gale, and up here in the mountains it was very cold. We lay in a row with feet to the fireplace, and with sleep very much broken passed the night uncomfortably. There was no incentive to sleep the next morning, and we were early afoot. There was no very hard climbing early in the day, though the trail was decidedly undulating. The dogs started a flock of young turkeys, and Riley and his long rifle started up a mountain on the right after them. We waited a while, and as he did not come back went forward. During the forenoon we reached the rim of the basin called Pink Beds, and here Riley overtook us with a young turkey. This basin is very irregular, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and I was told that no wagon trail had been found into it. Of course I inquired, why Pink Beds? but no reason was given, and the boys said they had never heard one. Perhaps it had never occurred to them to ask. Whether so named from color of flowers which grew there, or from pink root or pink anything else no one could tell, though I asked several persons in Boylston. The basin contains apparently several square miles, affords considerable grazing for cattle, is sparsely timbered, but contains considerable undergrowth, and is quite level. Cattle from neighboring valleys are driven in here and left to summer, becoming very fat. There is more or less grazing all over these mountains, they being wooded to the tops, though not always densely, and the grass is very nutritious. The trail down into the beds was very precipitous, and the "hold backs" were called on for all they were worth. Away across the basin and beyond the nearer mountains rose sharply defined and attenuated Mt. Pisgah, and it was suggested that we see what was on the top. No dissenting voice. So we cached our turkey, haversacks and coats at a convenient place half way across, and with only our guns as impedimenta, moved forward. The foot of "Old Bald" was soon reached, and then the tug began. From the valley the head of Old Bald resembled in shape the forehead of a man, and as it was devoid of trees, it was indeed a bald headed old giant. From the foot to the top it was one straight pull of about a thousand feet at an angle of as near forty five degrees as may be, and we didn't need any hold backs. Near the top we came out of the timber and sat down by the side of a spring, slaked our thirst with delicious water, the temperature of which was something above zero, and enjoyed the magnificent view before us. Miles away a bare spot on the side of a mountain flashed in the sunlight like a mirror from among the trees, and I was told it was "The Looking Glass," on account of the mica which largely predominates.

After resting a few minutes we reached the top of Old Bald, and off to the right across a slight ascent, albeit very rough, rose Little Pisgah, an irregular peak something like a thousand feet above the spot where we stood. There was quite a forest between Bald and Little Pisgah and among the trees near a very fine spring was a well built cabin of logs, nicely chinked, the door fastened with a padlock. This cabin was used by cattle men and hunters. Reaching the rocky plateau on the summit of Little Pisgah we rested and lunched near the edge of a precipice that dropped almost sheer away hundreds of feet and then in unbroken forest descended with scarcely less abruptness far away into the depths of solitude and silence. Before us, something like a mile distance, rose Pisgah's sharply defined peak, running up into the clouds more than a thousand feet above where we sat and to such a point that it seemed there was scarcely standing room on its summit. It seemed a perfect pyramid with apex long drawn out. I thought it the most impressive sight I had ever witnessed, though I have seen peaks in the Rockies almost three times its altitude. A short time sufficed to put us at its base, where, in a bunch of timber, another flock of turkeys was started and one shot, the others sailing away down into the wilderness and safety. Climbing out of this rocky woods we stood above timber line and slowly mounted to the summit, where, with shortness of wind, we soon stood, taking in a wide and magnificent view. The top is only a few yards in extent, it and the sides covered with grass and huckleberry bushes from which we gathered an abundance of the largest and sweetest berries I thought I had ever seen. We were fortunate in finding the summit free from clouds, the country beneath also being unobscured in all directions save one. We had enjoyed the situation for about fifteen minutes, when we noticed a bank of clouds advancing from the east far below us and slowly apparently covering up the mountains. It was a weird and beautiful sight. The bank grew rapidly, calling unto itself reinforcements as it mounted, gaining in speed every second until it struck the mountain, when rolling upward with noiseless onslaught it threatened to sweep us bodily off the peak. As we stood fascinated George said, "Come! If we stay here much longer this cloud'll grow so thick we can't find the trail," so we staid not on the order of our going, but went with little short of breakneck haste.

Toward sunset we reached our cache, and at dark came to a cabin near the bank of Mills River, here a narrow stream, which heads in the Beds, which cabin was to be our camping place; but so dilapidated was it and so much minus a roof and floor that we preferred the open air under the trees, and after supper stretched ourselves, feet to a good fire, well tired out. The wind did not blow as it did at the Gap, but the night was cold, and toward morning we were all shivering around a growing fire. In council assembled we decided that two should fish down the river and three should drive for deer, meeting down the river at a trail that led to the Gap. I elected to be of the fishing twain, but on going down to the river to ablute, while yet the stars twinkled, my heart and legs failed me as I dashed that icy water on my face, and I thought that the music of the hounds would be far preferable, as those who fished must perforce wade much of the way. After breakfast, Riley, Bill and the testator crossed the stream and the dogs were put out, while Fred and George took to the cold, cold water, with hook, line and worm. They said afterward that they were compelled to get out often and thaw out and limber up their legs by rubbing, which I doubted not.

The hounds started a deer soon after we left, and several times I was sure I was to get a shot, but each time just when the crescendo seemed about to disclose the deer the diminuendo began, and hope waned. So it went until silence brooded and Riley appeared with the dogs, well tired, saying that he had started a doe and fawn, the former passing near Bill, but not being shot at for some reason best known to Bill. Slowly we wandered in the direction of the rendezvous, reaching it in advance of the fishers; and curling ourselves up in soft spots, napped until awakened by the boys, who showed as fruits of their endurance one hundred and thirty odd nice trout, perhaps not all over six inches in length. Along in the shank of the afternoon we reached the cabin at the Gap again, bagging a squirrel or two on the way. This night was milder than the preceding two, and we enjoyed good sleep.

After breakfast next morning there were naught but bones left of the hundred and thirty odd, and we "poled our" in the direction of Boylston, making a drive on the way. Going to our stands at crossings on Mill River, George's dog, a cross between a bullfoundland and a "yaller" dog, treed a ground hog, whereupon we smoked him out and the cross aforesaid used him up speedily. Riley started a fine buck, and the cow horn and dog orchestra was wildly tumultuous for a space, while we lay patiently in wait for the quarry, which persistently turned his nose in other directions and galloped over the hills and far away, ignoring completely well known crossings. Ere long we were once more united, Riley having come across a little excitement not down in the schedule. He was passing along the site of a mountain listening to the cry of the dogs, when he was tolerably suddenly arrested by a sharp rattle near by in the low bushes. While he was endeavoring to locate the beast, another rattle sounded the other side, and without much of an interval still another. He said he wanted very badly to jump somewhere, but was puzzled as to just where. However, he hadn't any time to spare, and putting all the powers he had into immediate action he jumped high, and kept at it for a brief period. Then like a true mountaineer he cut a sapling and returned to the scene, and succeeded in killing two rattlers and two pilot snakes, which latter these people aver are always to be found in company with rattlesnakes. In corroboration of his story he produced two rattles. We examined them, saw that they were fresh, and told him his narrative, like those of the snakes, would pass muster, resumed our tramp, and when the trees were casting long shadows in the peaceful valley of Boylston, came to rest each in his own domicile.

S.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

VIII.

MONDAY, May 18, was a good day for canoes. It was barely sunrise, and I was monkeying around the fire with a condensed milk can by way of coffee pot, when Jake, the darkey carter, passed within ten rods of camp with an oblong box on his cart, heading straight for Kendall's ranch. He hailed me with, "I'se got a little boat here fer de cap'n, come ober an' see her."

"All right Jake, you've got a little boat there for me, too, I reckon?"

No sah. Box ain' big enough for two boats," and he drove on.

Now, the Captain's ranch is just about seventy rods from my camp, and before the leaves grew so dense on the blackjacks the camps were in sight of each other. Even now I catch glimpses of light from his windows at night, while he can always see my blazing camp-fires of a dark evening. And as I leisurely drank a cup of black coffee (which is the proper thing to do of a morning in this climate) I heard a hammering and rending clatter over at the Captain's house, as of one who opens a dry goods box with a store hatchet, and there came a clear ringing hail, which I answered, and then walked over to the ranch. I found the Captain contemplating the contents of the open box with a smile of grim satisfaction, while Mrs. K. was actually dancing with delight like an excited school girl. Her little canoe, the long looked for, clinker-built cedar, had come at last, and was nestling snugly and safely in its packing without scratch or crack. Well, she was a beauty, and light as a cork, turning the scales at sixteen and a half pounds barely. Finished in oil and varnish, and of a different model from any of the light open canoes I have seen, though the difference is slight. On the whole I prefer her model to that of the Bucktail, though the latter was built strictly on dimensions given by myself. Her length is 10½ feet, beam 26 inches, with 9 inches rise at center, 12 inches at stems.

But what interested me most was another and lighter canoe nested neatly and safely inside the first. This was the little Rushton ordered nearly a year ago, with no directions save as to name and weight. She must in any case weigh less than ten pounds. And the name to be painted neatly on each side of one stem in gold and scarlet letters. This was meant as a slight compliment to the man who has done more and better canoe work for me than any man living. Other makers might have done just as well, but they all, I believe, use white lead or some other waterproof material to make close joints. Other things being equal, I prefer naked wood to wood; close joints by close work. When I have rattled my canoes until they leak, I can do the daubing myself. The Rushton Fairbanks at just 9 pounds 15 ounces, is 8½ feet long, and has 23 inches beam, with 8 inches rise at center, and 10½ inches rise at stems. I thought she had rather a tubby look when first placed on the water. Her very flat bearings, with the way she carried her width out toward the stems, made her look like the model of a Dutch galliot; but, turning her keel up she showed lines and curves that looked like gliding over water very fairly. Balancing her on the end of a finger she really did seem too frail—too trifling for real work. But I remembered the handsome behavior of the Sairy Gamp (only nine ounces heavier) and decided to test her fairly.

We formed a procession of three down to the landing, Mrs. K. leading, and jubilant at the thought that she could make her own carries without help from the male element, whereat the M. E. gave me a side wink and grinned sardonically.

I do not like Kendall's landing—not for an open canoe. The water is too deep and the bank too steep. I prefer a gentle slope of soft sand where the canoe can glide up to a stop easily, and I may walk out or in on the keelson. It was agreed that Mrs. K. should launch out first; and with some trepidation and a little help from the Captain, she got safely off and began to ply the double blade. Gingerly at the start, but finding the canoe steady and easy under paddle she grew confident and put on muscle, paddling up and down the river, in and out of bayous, and handling the light craft skillfully as a squaw. Finally she landed and lifted the canoe out of water, saying, "Oh, she is just lovely; worth half a dozen spring bonnets." Then the Captain hinted he would like to see the Rushton "go," and I dropped her into the water with a spat, dropped a folded blanket into her for a seat, and crept in, rather carefully it must be owned.

But once in and fairly seated I found her, to my surprise, steadier than the Bucktail of more than twice her size, *i. e.*, she did not tip or rock so easily, and she required less propelling to the mile than any boat or canoe I had ever handled. I saw that she would trim with fifteen or twenty pounds in addition to my own weight, and I had not paddled her half an hour before deciding that, if she would stay in a lumpy sea, I would adopt her as my cruising canoe.

We went down to the Springs, the Captain, Mrs. K. and I. It is only a mile as the crow flies. By the tortuous channel of river and bayou it is nearly three, and a pleasant trip we made of it. Of course, the light canoes attracted a crowd; they always do that, even in towns where canoes are common, but the crowd was not a large one. The Northern tourists had flitted, and the permanent population of the Springs is less than 100. We paddled back in the cool of the evening and agreed that it was good to be there.

"It's the first time three double-bladers ever hauled in at one landing on this coast," said the Captain. And I think he was right.

This was more than a month ago, and I have kept the Rushton pretty well in use since.

Every well built canoe, yacht or ship, has some individuality, some peculiar trait of its own. The peculiar trait of the Rushton is to take in spray heavily when going to windward, say four points off. This is owing to her sharp, short curved lines. We went outside, Tarpon and I, to test her against a brisk sea breeze. He to lie off, watch her closely, and give his opinion as canoeist, builder and sailor. For he is all these. I put her straight in the wind's eye with a choppy lump of sea against her, and she rode it like a duck. I turned and ran before it, and she got away from the seas like a whale boat. Then I laid her beam on, and—well it took some balancing, but she kept dry. Lastly I tried her with the wind about four points abaft the stem, and she plashed the spray in, a few spoonsful at a time, until I was obliged to creep under Tarpon's lee and sponge out.

Then he gave his opinion, "Let me deck her and you can stay out as long as the seas don't break under you. That will swamp any canoe." So she is to have a light cloth decking, and a cockpit withal, like the able-bodied canoes of the A. C. A. And she is to nestle inside the faithful, stanch Bucktail, and both are to go under the deck of the four-ton Nonpareil sharpie, now lying below the bridge at Kendall's landing, and having her new white sails bent this blessed day. And before the week is out Tarpon, captain, sailing master and owner, with "Nessmuk" first officer, cook and for'ard hands, will be plowing the waters of the Gulf, with no cargo save the duffle pertaining to campers and cruisers, no objective port or point, only to keep along the coast (in a southerly direction for the most part of the cruise). And with no especial object in view, save, possibly, a turn at exploring the Ten Thousand Islands.

We simply propose to enter for a sixty days go-as-you-please free and easy outing by land and water. To anchor or moor when and where we please, or go ashore and camp on any of the numberless keys. To stop for objects of sport or interest. To shoot, fish or sail, as the notion takes us. And to get away from the monotone of hot white sand, and feel the fresh salt spray in our faces once more. One point we do not mean to neglect, *i. e.*, using the two cedar canoes for exploring waters where even a rowboat can hardly be handled effectively.

The Bucktail just trims with the Captain's 6 feet 2 inches. And, with decking, the ten-pound Rushton can follow where he can lead. They will slip into the cabin easily, and can be hauled out and dropped overboard in a minute. The cabin of the sharpie, by the way, includes all space below, from overhang to fore peak. But, although she lacks the costly cabin and fittings of a fashionable yacht, she is not going to sea like a coal barge. Order, discipline and courtesy are to be observed. The quarter deck is to be respected and orders obeyed. Though Captain Tarpon is not to get mad and allude to the visual organs of the for'ard hands in objurgatory terms, nor shall the latter engage in back talk or make insulting allusions to ancestry.

In case it becomes necessary to wade ashore over the 'coon oyster beds for supplies, as often happens on this shoal coast, (he tallest man on the vessel shall do the wading. (That gets him. He is 6 feet 2 inches. The for'ard hands 5 feet 3½ inches).

It is doubtless true that "all men are liars." Wherefore we put little trust in the stories that are from time to time told us concerning the Ten Thousand Islands. If we are to believe the wreckers, spongers and fishermen, there are large islands in that mystical group where the palm grows to a gigantic size and plenty of fresh water may be found, where tropical fruit abounds and tigers are so numerous that it is unsafe to land. Islands where the foot of a white man never trod, and only known to a few of the older Indians; where immense alligators guard the intricate channels, having no fear of man, and ready to attack a canoe on sight; where, during the hot months, poisonous insects are so plenty that even the Indians of the everglades are fain to flee before dense clouds of them. I say we hear such stories daily, and we take little heed of them. We know, of course, that the insects must be bad there, as they are almost everywhere in Florida. And it would naturally be the very place for large alligators. No doubt, also, some of the largest islands may be the favorite stamping grounds of a few tigers (panthers, *Felix concolor*). But, on the whole, we hardly expect to shoot more panthers than will reasonably suffice for camp use. As for the 'gator, we will make the Scotch boy's terms with him: "If ye'll gang awa' and let us alone, we'll let ye alone." We have no use for him. He is absolutely no good. I have shot two this summer, and am content. Probably I shall never shoot another, unless it be a small specimen for a friend who wishes to "set him up."

It is different with the birds. They are a revelation to me, and a hopeless puzzle, which the books do not clear up. Is the roseate spoonbill a real curlew? He is a "pink curlew" on this coast. The sickle-billed curlew develops into four varieties of sickle-bills to my ignorant eyes, while the straight-bill curlew runs down, down, until he gets tangled up with the numerous plovers, and they again slide down to snipe, all ending in the clouds of fat little "peeps," of which as many as forty are sometimes killed at a single shot. And in season or out the shore birds are here, young birds, too; showing that the season is, or ought to be, on. I am going to begin. For months I have held my hand out of respect for the breeding season, often going hungry for the bird I could easily have killed. But the close season is closed with me from the 1st of July. And I never so bitterly regretted my ignorance of ornithology as at the present time. And I may add, that I can get little help from others of greater pretensions. I can still shoot some. Perhaps we may pick up something among the keys that will interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Tarpon and I have the whole business of outing pretty well in hand. Mrs. Tarpon has gone to her Northern home for the summer, leaving her canoe hanging up in the sitting room. This, with my two cedar canoes and the Captain's two "rag" canoes, gives us control of five canoes, all differing in shape and size. With my two camps, his comfortable ranch, and the sharpie for the Gulf, we ought to scuffle through the dog days without serious suffering. NESSMUK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE COCK GROUSE AND YOUNG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has come under my observation in no work on game, game birds or natural history that the cock or male of the ruffed grouse defends the young or in any way cares for them. A case in point, however, was observed the other day which argues well for this beautiful game bird. In the vicinity of Richardson Lake, one of the noted trout lakes of the Androscoggin chain, it is well known that the grouse, although not very plenty, are remarkably large. I have the tail of a male in my possession, killed in the fall of 1882, which measures nearly eight inches at the longest feathers. He was shot from his drumming log the 28th day of September, clearly proving the statement of several writers that the cock remains in the vicinity of the scene of his courtship long after his mate with her brood have departed. It should be stated also that the grouse in this vicinity still remain in primitive tameness, even the males allowing the approach of man to within fifty feet, or even less, without taking to wing.

Tramping through those woods the other day to one of the distant and seldom-visited trout ponds, the peculiar cry of the old partridge with young was heard. As quickly as possible I made the rush into the thicket one must always make in order to catch sight of the callow young. The hen bird was down on the ground with extended wings and feigned appearance of a hurt bird, ready to decoy me from the vicinity, as she would a fox, her worst enemy at breeding time. But I had seen her before, or many of her kind under like circumstances, and paid no attention to her cries and gyrations, but continued my search for the young. After two or three attempts to draw me away by the curious strategy of dropping almost at my feet as though with a hurt wing, she began skurrying along the ground, in order to attract my attention from the young, which were by this time securely hidden. Failing in this, she apparently gave up the job and flew quickly away through the thicket. I imagined that she had departed, since her young were safely hidden, but in a moment after the whir of stronger wings were heard and a magnificent male bird swept almost into my face. With spread tail and wings drooped, he showed all the fight a partridge could be imagined to do, coming close up to my feet with erect crest, hissing open beak and the blade tufts on the sides of his neck extended to the length of my finger. It was a pretty sight in bird life. The fellow reminded me of an enraged turkey cock in miniature. He showed this kind of fight till I decided that it was wicked to trouble him longer. I departed in the direction from which he came a few rods, and I found what I believe to be his drumming log. Did that hen partridge call her mate from the scene of his drumming to defend their young?

SPECIAL.

[How did our correspondent know the bird to be a male? We think it quite as likely that it was the same old female come back again to try another device for protecting her young. The change of tactics might account for the changed appearance. We have seen hen birds act in both ways.]

SOME GROUSE QUERIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing the word "chicken" so often mentioned in your columns, I would like to inquire are they truly "chickens" or are they sharptails, or does the term "chicken" comprise both? Why should the sharptails retrograde as the area of cultivated land increases, and their place be taken by the pinnated grouse? At Hallock, on the northern frontier of this State, the ratio the latter bears to the sharptail grouse is as one is to from 500 to 600; at Fargo, D. T., their numbers are about equal, while here, about forty miles northwest of St. Paul, the chickens greatly predominate. What law of nature is it that causes this interchange? Is it the coming of man with his civilization and cultivation? I think not, as at the Indian farm and village on the Sarcee reservation, near Calgarry, N. W. T., Canada, the sharptails were there in hundreds, oftentimes perching on the log huts in which the Indians lived, and toward evening the large cotton woods, which fringe and partially surround the reservation, were actually crowded. At Calgarry itself I have seen them perched on the buildings which make up the town.

Is it the change of food? No, since no game bird fares on a more varied diet. On the Upper Missouri I have seen even dried sage leaves taken from their crops. At Calgarry they exist in winter principally on the buds of the cottonwood, poplar and alder, in the fall on seeds of two species of erica, and at all times and all places on hips of the wild rose. At Hallock I have seen them feeding around the wheat stacks. Their summer fare, I fancy, consists of the tender shoots of the native and artificial herbage and perhaps of insects. Query the last.

It is the game bird of the West, a brave bird, penetrating well up toward the north, mixing with the game bird of the mountains (the blue grouse) on the west, standing the rigor of an Arctic winter, hiding under the snow in some sheltered spot during the severest blizzard, and during the whole winter its roosting place a mere hole, scooped out under the snow. A more faithful mother comes not within ken of man. A few weeks ago (a few miles from here) a team was driven over a nest containing thirteen eggs. The hen barely escaped with her life. All were broken except five. On this remnant the mother was, to my personal knowledge, a few days after sitting just as steadily as though nothing had happened, though within twenty yards a building is being put up.

Why should some birds be so much more strongly attached to nest and eggs than others? I have noticed that this trait is much more strongly developed in birds that incubate on the ground than in those that bring up their families elsewhere, with a very few exceptions. I give a partial list of birds that show this mother love for house (be it ever so homely) and eggs, and will, if it be at all interesting to your readers, send a few notes on the treatment of birds to their young from the time of hatching till they can fly. This list is that of those that have come under my personal observation, and may, no doubt, be greatly enlarged: Pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, English partridge, English crake, horned lark, some species of English emberizæ, common crossbill (especially so according to Brewer, Coues, Birds of Northwest).

The plovers no doubt act in a like manner, but my observations have been confined to the English lapwing (appropriate name), and then principally to the mother's artifices to withdraw attention from their young.

PSEUDO ORNITHO.

ELK RIVER, Minn., July 3.

RARE FLORIDA BIRDS.—I have been very much interested in the replies to my inquiries about the ivory billed woodpecker, and the writers will please accept my thanks for the same. S. C. Clark, of Maricetta, Ga., the well-known naturalist, contributed one link to the chain; he also made a suggestion which we all ought to heed, viz., that it would be a good plan for all correspondents to give the name of their county as well as town, so that the reader can the more readily tell what part of the State the writers live in. Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., states the true reason, probably, why the ivory-bill is so rare. Bird collectors from all parts of the North, as well as sportsmen, have made annual visits to this State for years, and have, no doubt, nearly exterminated this rare bird, at least within many miles of the settlements. Now, one would think they would be seen occasionally in this section in the great Turnbull hamak (or swamp, as it is called by the natives), which extends for twenty-six miles south, and is from one to three miles in width; but I have only found one person who has seen a single bird, and he lives six miles south of here, in the hamak itself. He says he has seen one only. He has lived there for nine years, but probably paid no attention to the birds during the first year's residence. This Maine correspondent has also noticed the scarcity of the parakeet. Ten years ago they visited this section in large flocks every winter; for several years past they have not made their appearance. One Sunday about five years ago a rich New York sportsman (?), with his team, guide and dogs, came out from the hotel at New Smyrna and banged away for an hour or more at a large flock of parakeets, which were feeding in a field near the writer's place. He must have killed at least twenty, probably more. Several years ago I saw some of these little parakeets in the Big Piasa Bottom, Jerseyville county. I learn that they are seldom or never seen there now.—RED WING (Glencoe, Volusia county, Fla.).

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Last fall during a severe rain storm a young female quail fell exhausted and chilled in front of the Deal House, which was picked up and taken care of by Mr. Kerr, the landlord. During the fall and winter it roamed at will through the sitting room and office of the hotel, its companions being a fox-squirrel and rat-terrier, and became so tame that it was liable to be trod upon by getting under the feet of the guests of the house. Some time that spring it was put into a cage and a male bird secured, but with it it refused to mate. Another was then procured with which it immediately mated, and in a few days built a nest in one corner of the cage and commenced laying. It has now five eggs to its credit with every prospect of raising a brood. The female will take food from the hands of Mr. Kerr, and does not seem to fear any person in the least; but it is not so with the mate, who still retains to a certain degree the characteristics of the bird in its wild state.—*Bucyrus (O.) Forum.*

HOW A BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you say, the FOREST AND STREAM is good reading anywhere. The wonder to me is, not that the paper is well sustained, but that there are still a number of persons in the United States who seem never to see it. It is good if you are taking an outing, better if you are not. I wonder how many professional or business men there are who, wearied with their ceaseless round of toil, feel something like a breezy freshness stealing through the vitiated air of the office, as they see among the letters and papers just laid upon the desk, the well-known buff wrapper of their favorite weekly. The proprietor looks lovingly thereat, then goes through the rest of his mail, thinking that he would not open the FOREST AND STREAM until he is at home for the night. But the correspondence at last disposed of, he tears off the wrapper and glances over the index, just for a moment, as it were, and to see if there is anything this week from A. or B., or C. Insensibly he reads on, skimming from one to another article, and the memories of his first trout, or his first woodcock hunt come across his mind, or straightway he is translated to Florida, and the fragrance of the orange blossoms is wafted to his nostrils. He turns a page, and as of old, his knees press the sides of his plunging horse in the far-off prairie land.

Perhaps he is of that class of which it has been said that they are "square plugs put into round holes." In that case, the reading is apt to be prolonged until the ring of the telephone recalls him to himself, and he shoves the paper hastily aside and attends to business all the more closely for the rest of the day.

But at eve, when he has perused the greater portion of the paper, and is ready to lay his head upon his pillow, he seems once more to inhale the invigorating odor of hemlock twigs, and so he passes into the land of dreams, with the slumberous wail of the wind in the tops of the far-distant Norway pines, and the dash of the surges on the shores of Memory still sounding in his ears.

Next morning he finds himself properly wound up for another week's run, and blesses the FOREST AND STREAM.

T.

Game Bag and Gun.

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BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 25 is an article on bear dogs by "Bruin," asking for the opinion of old bear hunters on the breeding of bear dogs. As I am always willing to give sportsmen the benefit of my experience, I will give "Bruin" a few dots on the subject. A bear dog *nascitur non fit.* There are no breeds peculiarly adapted to bear hunting. When I kept a bear pack I never refused to add to it any kind of dog that chanced to fall in my way, and often the most "ornary" looking curs turned out the best of bear dogs, while the finest specimens of canine elegance proved most worthless. I remember once I succeeded with much difficulty in procuring the handsomest cur I ever saw, which, when placed in my pack looked a "Hyperion among Satyrs." He was so belligerent I feared he was doomed to fall in the first encounter with a bear, but judge of my surprise when I saw this canine warrior tuck his tail between his legs and strike out for camp without having received a scratch, or having been within thirty yards of the bear, but the sight of him was enough for the valorous dude; and such was his demoralization that at night, while we were all in camp, he chanced to run against a saddle setting on a black stump, which frightened him so when it fell on him he jumped into the lake by which we were encamped and swam off to the opposite shore and never returned. So you see it is as hard to judge dogs as men by appearances. Therefore I tried every dog I got hold of to keep up my pack. Bear dogs are generally short-lived, for in addition to the casualties of battle, the climate of the swamp is not healthful for dogs. They are subject there to mange, which in that climate assumes a most malignant type. Besides the great exertion of bear fighting seems to break them down early.

My pack was composed of quite an assortment of dogs. I mean by assortment every variety of dog I could buy, beg, borrow, and, if it wasn't an ugly word, I would say steal In addition to those I could pick up, I made many experiments in breeding; but I can't say breeding experiments ever proved a success, for I sometimes got one good bear dog out of a litter of puppies from which I had anticipated better results, for some were almost sure to be worthless. I kept a pet bear to train them with, which did very well, but was by no means infallible; for some who fought a pet bear with a good deal of courage did not show up so well with a wild bear. They seemed to know the difference between a sham fight and a real battle.

Tracking bear in the snow is something I know little about. They generally den up in bad weather in this State, as the snow seldom lasts very long, and when they do start out to travel in the snow, they are apt to be going somewhere and don't stop until they get there. I never attempted to follow but one, and I may say, by way of apology, I was quite young then. It might be different up in the mountains of Maine, but to follow a bear through one of the impenetrable canebrakes of a Mississippi swamp, och!—even on this July day the thought of the ice bath I took in trying to get through a snow-covered cane brake makes the cold chills creep up my spinal column, where the snow ran down in spite of my thick clothing in that winter thirty years ago. I was soon whipped out, and generally I hold on pretty well. Ever since I have selected better weather for hunting bear, and trusted to canine instinct for following trails.

And while on the subject of canine instinct let me say in the language of an old homespun friend of mine, now passed away to the happy hunting grounds, "There are hoof doogs and claw dogs." The hoof dogs are those which prefer trailing an animal with hoofs, such as deer, antelope, wild hogs, etc. The claw dogs, on the other hand, are more zealous in trailing animals that wear claws, such as bears, wildcats, foxes, 'coons, hares, etc. Most dogs will chase deer, and I have had hounds that would go wild after a deer, but would scarcely notice a fox trail. I have also had foxhounds which refused to notice deer at all, even to follow a bloodied trail. Such dogs naturally take to bear hunting, and become so infatuated with the sport they cease to notice any other kind of game and become specialists on b'ar. Such dogs soon become valuable as strikes and test dogs, which a hoof dog never attains to. Dogs that are fond of chasing deer are very difficult to break to bear hunting, and nothing is more provoking than to have a pack quit a bear trail and run off after a deer, which are numerous in localities where we look for bear. For this reason but few hounds make good bear dogs, yet I once saw a pack of hounds that would fight a bear as close as one would wish and never notice a deer track. These hounds would chase a man with little training, and such packs are now kept in our State penitentiaries for recapturing escaped convicts. Such things are shocking to humanity, but it is an evil which grows out of the system of leasing out convicts to work on farms; but wherever you find a hound which loves to run a man's track you find a claw dog, and one that will take to bear.

In selecting a bear pack no one variety is suitable, because dogs of different sizes and different temperaments are requisite. I want a half hound or a full hound for trailing, yet do not want a dog with a very cold nose for a start, as it is better to hunt a fresh trail than follow one that has passsed along twenty-four hours before you struck it. I want hang-on but not hold-fast dogs, I want my pack to cling to a bear fighting close, and nipping his hams at every chance, until he is forced to tree; then to bay until I find them, no matter how long it may be. I want dogs that snap, not dogs that hold. Some of the most successful experiments I ever made in breeding for bear dogs were with dogs crossed with greyhounds. I have crossed the greyhound with the bulldog, also the bull-terrier and the mastiff; these made fine large, active fighting dogs. I also crossed these with the foxhound, which made some excellent bear dogs. The finest bear dog I ever saw was a cross of a greyhound and a bulldog on a foxhound bitch. He was far the best of the litter. There were three others that were very good; but this one that I named Lawyer, and whose memory is still fondly cherished, was uncommonly sagacious, docile and affectionate. He never was seriously hurt in a fight, and was ever on the watch for a dash, and if a bear ever attempted to cross an open space, Lawyer was almost sure to pick up one of his hind feet, and by an adroit jerk throw him on his back, and these trips always demoralized a bear and caused him to take a tree. If a bear attempts to jump over a log, a large, active dog, with strength and courage to snatch him back without being dragged over himself, as sometimes happens to a small dog, adds greatly to bringing bruin to bay. As I said dogs of different sizes are necessary. Large dogs to fight behind and little rough-coated terriers to swarm about his nose, so active as to keep beyond his claws, but game enough to keep up a din about his ears, and when caught little dogs are more likely to slip through bruin's arms without serious injury than large dogs. The rough-coated terriers are best because they are better protected against the green briers that grow thick in the bottoms, besides their rough coats and loose hides will often slip on their bodies under the pressure of bruin's teeth, leaving them to close down on a bunch of hair and roll of skin instead of flesh, and the moment they are loose they are active enough to get out of the way.

I like a test dog that is too timid for a fighting dog, as it is very inconvenient to have a test dog crippled unless you have a very reliable pack; and a reliable test dog for bear, one that will not start nor open on any other trail, is invaluable to a bear hunter, and such dogs are always rare; and while a hunter may have a number of good start dogs, I never saw a pack that did not have one more reliable than all the rest. It is well to have a very slow hound, dachshund or beagle, with a good mouth, to follow on after the pack to guide the hunters to them. I once trained a little beagle to ride behind on a horse, and when the pack would get almost out of hearing I would turn her loose and she would take me to them. I have more than once been thrown out and lost my pack, and been compelled to camp in a canebrake and hunt them up next day. A well-trained pack will stay by a tree until hunger forces them to leave or their master finds them. I never left a pack in the woods; the consequence was that my dogs always had faith in my perseverance, and would almost perish by a bear before they would leave.

The reason given by "Bruin" for preferring a white dog is why I object to the color. A bear is afraid of a white dog, and is always trying to get hold of him; consequently a white dog is almost sure to get killed, especially if he is plucky. I also like a dog with a long tail, as his tail assists him to turn quickly, besides I have more than once dragged a dog out of a bear's arms by getting hold of his tail. If "Bruin" will get a pack of terriers and half-terriers, with a few medium-sized curs to bark around, and about three large active fellows with a cross of bull, greyhound and foxhound, selecting the most active, and train them to fight behind, he can force any bear on this continent to come to bay. I have never hunted grizzlies, but I am sure I could get up a pack in a little while that would trap any animal that walks the earth, even to a rhinoceros. Why the Western hunters do not use dogs in hunting grizzlies I cannot imagine.

I always hunt bear on horseback, although I have found places inaccessible to horses, where I would have to leave my horse and cut my way through the cane with my knife. The country in which "Bruin" hunts may be different, we have no mountains here, but we have densely matted cane brakes, and boggy bayous. Yes, a bear never went before my pack where I did not follow. I've seen some rough adventures, and some glorious sport, and must say that bear hunting is the most facinating sport I ever engaged in.

> "A life of languid years of list'e ss ease
> Is well resigned for cares—for j oys like these."

And as I look through the kaleidoscope of memory I see again many a happy picture, in scenes so variegated and beautiful, I can scarcely realize that life is not a dream. For pleasures past are but as happy dreams, and over all these comes a darkening shadow, that makes the picture sad. For of the many gay companions who camped with me in the Mississippi in days "lang syne," I alone am left. Ah! where are those loved ones gone? One word—the grave—covers them all. All have fallen victims to their love of sport. The exposures of the chase together with the miasma of the swamps have carried them all away. And why am I left? Because I saw my companions falling one by one, and I wisely retired from the sport. The strain on the system from exposure to wet and cold, intense excitement, over heating and cooling suddenly, plunging into bayous, straining every muscle and fibre of the body, until exhausted, in fact undergoing every hardship and exposure, until the constitution is shattered, then fall a victim to the first little illness that strikes you, this is why bear hunters and bear dogs die young. I once thought I had muscles of steel and an iron constitution, so I had, but the damp atmosphere of the swamps will rust such metals, and use and age will wear away the elasticity of Damascus steel. I found that bear hunting was killing my friends and undermining my own constitution. I felt the warning in nervous twinges and sciatic pains, and sought for sport in less arduous fields, only at rare intervals visiting the swamps and indulging my taste in a sport as fascinating to me as the dice to the gambler, or the cup to the inebriate. To follow a pack of bear dogs in a bear fight would even now be as irresistible as the eye of the serpent is to the bird it charms to destruction. I write this to warn young sportsmen of its dangers, knowing at the same time I had as well tell the young lover to turn his ear from the beautiful maiden, whose head rests confidingly on his bosom, as she whispers the refrain of the old, old song, which though rung for ages is ever new. Give me back my youth again, and I would be off to the swamps for a bear hunt though I knew the way had been sown with dragons' teeth from which armed men would rise up to oppose me. Farewell, "Bruin." I have led a happy life and have no regrets, save the loss of loved ones fallen by the wayside. Would I were a boy again, to spend another life in the enjoyment of woodland sports. Such is my experience, and I give it now for what it is worth. May we meet in the happy hunting grounds!

PICUS JEEMS.

LOCHINVAR, Mississippi.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Bruin's" estimate of the hound is an injustice to our stock of foxhounds, for when properly trained on bear, with a judicious leader, they make as brave dogs as ever made Ephraim take a tree. The bear dog must be educated to it, or bred to it first, then educated. The progeny of dogs that have been accustomed to hunting bear take to it more readily than the progeny of those unaccustomed to the smell and sight of bruin. The four best bear dogs I ever owned or saw were of varied blood, but accustomed to the scent of bear from puppyhood, having been reared on a farm bordering on the great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, in which bears, deer, wildcats, coons, etc., were plenty. They early learned to chase each and all of the varmints named, and seemed to fear none. One of these dogs was a full blood shepherd, two of them were half hound and half bull, while the other was a full blood foxhound. Beaver, Despot, Sam and Brutus, ah what would I not give for four such now? Never did I know them to chase a bear but that he either took a tree or a knoll in a very few minutes after they got within reach of him. They were educated to it. A neighbor of ours had three full blood black and tan foxhounds that were almost the equals of our own; they were trained to it. Since the days of my early youth I have taken much notice of such things, and have arrived at the conclusion that it depends much upon the kind of bear dog wanted as to the breed. If you have drives and stands for shooting bear, then the full-blood hound is as good as any, but if it is to be a rough-and-tumble fight in the dense swamp, where the bear will come to bay, and you must crawl in on hands and knees and shoot him, then you want half hound half bull, from hunting stock, and you have a dog that can endure heat and a long run, and which will, when his blood is up, fight anything from a chipmunk to a circular saw. The too rash, headstrong dog is not the best; he is liable to run in on Ephraim; in other words to be a little "too previous," and get a hug and kiss that will make him wilt. Here lies the good of having the discretion and good sense of the hound blood; while when the fight comes, if it comes, the bull in the dog will not let the bear get away without a worry. Many a night have I lain awake listening to the baying of my dogs, while they held a bear seated on some knoll with his back to a tree, and held him all night without a word of encouragement from any human being, for it was "war times" (and no men around, they having gone to fight other battles), and I, but a small boy, could not think of venturing alone in that labyrinth of reeds and briers a mile from the shore and unarmed, save with a single barrel shotgun. Yet those faithful dogs would frequently stay on for twenty-four hours, while the tooting horn failed to bring them from their post, the bear afraid to move, except in self-defense. One instance I remember, my brother and I set a gun for an immense bear which was in the habit of coming out in the border of one of our fields and eating green corn. So with the assistance of some of the darkies and an old white man (too old to go into the army), we rigged up an old flint and steel gun (the others being hidden from prying soldiers), loaded it with an ample supply of powder and ball taken from an old musket cartridge, and after properly setting forks and trigger posts and grapevine, we placed the gun in line, properly sighted (we had seen the thing done before), fastened it down and departed. This was about noon. That evening, between sunset and dark, while we were out on the piazza talking, the old gun with its army ammunition went off with a horrible roar. We sprang to our feet, and with a dozen or more darky boys and dogs, started for the gun to see what execution had been made. On arriving at the place the dogs immediately opened, and off they went straight in the direction of Lake Drummond. We ran up breathless to where the old flintlock was and found blood, and plenty of it. The bear had fallen, but evidently had strength enough left to lead the dogs a lively chase. The barking grew fast and furious, and they soon "treed" the bear. Night having fallen, we went home to wait until morning, feeling mean at not being able to help the dogs; but they are too far off, and any one who has ever set foot in the Dismal Swamp will sympathize with me. The next morning we were up betimes, and taking with us a colored man, we started for the dogs, with our old flint and steel well charged, for the bear might show fight. Reaching the swamp, in we plunged and headed for the noise of the dogs, while we gave an occasional allohoop to encourage them and let them know we were coming. We struck an old road and followed for half a mile or more, and then struck off through reeds and briers so high and thick as to obscure the sun. But we are nearing the dogs, and they, hearing us, are perfectly furious, making a terrible uproar. Now we are near them, and all at once one of the darkies screamed out, "Look a-dere." We behold a monster bear seated on the limb of a cypress about fifty feet from the ground. Up goes the flintlock, but alas, the heavy dew has been too much for it, and the powder is damp, and a click is all the response to the pull of the trigger. The bear seeing so many around the tree hesitates about coming down, though he is uneasy and the blood is dripping from him. However, while we are wiping the pan and flint and priming anew, he turns loose and comes down in a heap. The dogs cover him immediately, and the next moment the yells and roars of bear and dogs are enough to make the hairs rise on older heads than mine. The fight is soon over, and Sam, my fighter, comes to us and lies down moaning pitifully. Meanwhile the others have gone on fighting their way through the tangled swamp. We examine Sam and find him badly used up, with several ribs broken. Again we come up with dogs and bear, and again the gun misses fire, and thus we follow on until dogs and boys are worn out, and we find ourselves near Lake Drummond, five miles from the shore, and sadly and wearily we call off the badly used up dogs and retrace our steps as best we may, homeward. The next week the bear was found, but the buzzards had ruined the hide, and nothing remained as a trophy but the teeth.

In this section of North Carolina we use the same pack for hounding bear, deer and fox. Only last Saturday, the 20th inst., a very large black bear was killed while being chased by a portion of the pack, while the others were baying another in a different part of the swamp. My advice to all who want good bear dogs is to get the descendants of old bear hunting stock if possible, let the breed be what it may. There is no special breed for the purpose; but if you can't get such, cross large hounds with bull, in proportion of three of hound to one of bull, and hunt them or have them hunted with old bear dogs for a while. There are individuals of all large breeds that will make courageous bear dogs, and there are others of the same breed that are too cowardly and will never hunt bear, however much they are taken; their place seems to be at their master's heels. Let the hound of hunting stock predominate in the pack. Three or four good dogs are better than a dozen, as you are not so liable to shoot a dog when only a few are employed as when so many are running around.

Bill Basnight, the noted bear hunter of East Lake, only uses two or three dogs, and kills quantities of bears. He uses hounds and prefers them white in color. Could you get him to give you points on dogs for bear hunting, I think they would be of service. A. F. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Bruin" has opened a much neglected subject. Bears are scarce and their capture hard, more for want of good dogs than for lack of game. Good hunters claim that well-trained curs are the best. If they are, I want one, and can promise game for him to work on any time with one day's notice. Let us hear from "Bruin" often. MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Mich.

CONFESSIONS OF A BUFFALO BUTCHER.

IN reply to Mr. J. A. Allen's inquiry in regard to the present distribution of the American bison and their extermination in certain localities, I will say that I am thoroughly acquainted with the country of which I shall speak, and know personally a great many men who have followed the buffalo for from five to fifteen years, and done nothing but hunt for a large part of that time, and have now gone to work for a living like other decent people. I hope that I will be able to give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM a tolerably good idea of the manner in which the noblest and best American game was destroyed. The hundreds of true sportsmen who yet hope to visit the great plains and bad lands and see a buffalo in his native wilds are just two years too late. The buffalo is gone, and there's nothing half so grand now in North America as a herd of buffalo.

During the month of October, 1882, two companions and myself fitted up a hunting rig for the purpose of making an all-winter camp somewhere on the buffalo range. Contrary to all previous experience it was impossible at that time to locate any large bands of buffalo anywhere in the Northwest, but they had been most frequently met with on the high divides on the south side of the Yellowstone River, with their western limit defined in a general way by Powder River, and extending eastward well toward the Missouri, and south to within sixty or seventy miles of the Black Hills. Reference to a map of Montana and Dakota will give the reader a fair idea of the country south of the Yellowstone, which was at that time occupied as a winter range by the buffalo. It embraces the valleys of all tributaries to Powder River from the east, all of the valleys of Beaver Creek, O'Fallon Creek and the Little Missouri and Moreau rivers, and both forks of the Cannon Ball for almost half their length. This immense territory, lying almost equally in Montana and Dakota, had been occupied during the winters by many thousands of buffaloes from time immemorial, and many of the cows remained during the summer and brought forth their young undisturbed.

Having left Miles City, Mont., on the 23d of October we crossed Powder River on the 25th about twenty-five miles from its mouth, and plunged at once into the Bad Lands to find a favorable location for a temporary camp, until such time as we could locate the main herd and find out something about the movements of various bands of Indians and half breeds with which the country was infested.

We camped about six miles east of Powder River, on a little creek coming down through a narrow valley between impassible bad lands, and having its source away up on the high plateau which forms the divide between O'Fallon Creek and Powder River. We found excellent pasture in this little valley and abundant indications that it was frequented by small bands of buffalo.

On the morning of the 26th we all left camp in different directions to look the country over and see what we could find in the way of game. Taking the north side of the valley, I traveled for two hours or more diagonally away from the creek, finding signs plenty, but without seeing any game until I ascended a very high butte, about five miles from camp, which, from its dark and forbidding looks, we had named the evening before Black Mountain.

The country north and east of where I stood is high, dry and hilly, and about one-third of it is covered with low, scrubby pine. From the top of Black Mountain I could see a small band of buffalo about three-quarters of a mile away. They were lying down and evidently unsuspicious of any danger. Hastily descending, I took the lowest ground in a direction that would give me the advantage of the wind, being from them to me, and occasionally looked over a knoll to see if they were still quiet. Having placed myself to leeward of them, and the ground being favorable, I had no difficulty in walking up to within about seventy yards of them.

Peeping over the top of a little ridge I found that they had got up and were quickly feeding along against the wind and occasionally holding their noses up for a long snuff as though their keen sence of smell had already given them a suspicion that all was not right.

Lying close on the ground I waited until one turned his side to me, and then taking a quick aim fired a shot which was instantly fatal. That was the very thing I did not intend to do. The one struck fell at the report of my gun, kicked his legs in the air, and as his lungs collapsed he let out a short roar like groan and was dead. The others, five in number, bounded into the air, took one quick look around, saw their fallen fellow and the white cloud slowly lifting above where I lay and then before I could slip in another cartridge they tossed their tails and proceeded to "fill the air with alkali dust and accumulate intervening space" with a celerity that would have done justice to Mark Twain's jack rabbit.

My rifle was a Sharps .45-cal. hammerless and loaded with 120 grains of Dupont FG powder, and the U. S. Government 405-grain grooved bullet, hardened with about eight per cent. of block tin. Every rifleman will know that that ought to be a wonderfully powerful cartridge, as indeed it is, yet from experience in many similar cases I knew it would be worse than useless to shoot at a buffalo from behind, so I lay perfectly still and kept raising my sight as they got further away hoping that they would change their course enough to present a quartering shot, but was disappointed, and for all I know to the contrary they may be going yet.

On examination I found that I had a splendid three-year-old bull. My bullet had struck him in the shoulder quite low, smashed the big bones, passed directly through the heart and made a hole over an inch in diameter where it came out. I also found a sliver of bone sticking through the hide two or three inches from where the bullet came out, which proved to be a piece of the shoulder blade from the side away from me. Struck in the same spot with a common lead bullet he would probably have run off on three legs to die several days later. Our bullets were calculated to upset a little when striking the largest bones, but would usually hold their form and go straight through. Every buffalo shooter tries to avoid giving a shot that will kill on the spot, well knowing that if such a one is given it will probably be his last at that band. The following account of our work at another band will give the reader an idea of the methods employed by hunters who can keep cool enough to hold themselves down to business. Considering the perfection of the guns used and the peculiar characteristics of the game, the wonder is not that the buffalo is gone, but that they were not all killed years ago.

The first few days of our hunt around Black Mountain proving quite successful, we decided to make our location permanent, and built us three camps endurable in all kinds of weather, the two extremes being about twenty-five miles apart.

By the middle of January we had stacked at our various camps 236 cow and calf robes and about 200 buffalo hams. Many of those killed were so far away or in such inaccessible country that the only part saved was the robe and tongue.

The weather now became so severe that it was impossible to do anything in the way of hunting, and we laid by for three weeks doing nothing but to look after our ponies and cut wood.

On the 8th of February the wind came from the west and the weather rapidly moderated, and on the morning of the 10th, it being evident that a thaw was coming on, we once more sallied forth to see if we could see anything to shoot at. I hunted without success until along in the afternoon, when I heard a shot about half a mile away and I immediately started for the place from which the sound came. I counted two, three, four, five, and that sharp, wicked crack I knew came from Price's .40-90. No other gun talks like a .40-caliber Sharps with 90 grains of Dupont.

About three shots to the minute! "That means buff, sure!" and I found myself scrambling over logs, dodging pine limbs, and wallowing through snow at a break-neck rate, until completely winded, I took a more moderate gait and soon saw Price lying on top of a ridge among some broken rocks and pumping away at something in the valley beyond. Creeping up alongside of him I saw a little herd of twenty-five or thirty cows and young bulls standing huddled together at the foot of the hill and some eight or ten lying stretched out on the snow.

Buffalo in herds will not run as a general thing except to follow their leader, or from danger in plain view. Their senses of sight and hearing are not very acute, and by taking advantage of the wind it is no trouble to get quite close to them. If a band is standing and one of them is struck by a bullet, the one struck will bound into the air and run, all the rest following, and if he stops from weakness they all stop. If shot fairly through the lungs a buffalo will run from fifty to one hundred yards, stop, turn once or twice around like a dog that is making a good place in which to lie. He then quietly lies down, his head sinks to the ground, and he dies without a struggle.

When I crawled up to Price he turned and whispered to me, "Now you keep your fingers out of this pie. I've got them to stand and I'll get the whole band."

Presently one stepped out at a brisk walk for a leader, but before he threw himself forward for a run Price had sent a bullet through his ribs. He made a few frantic lunges, stopped, turned around and laid down as quietly as though nothing was wrong. In less than a minute he was far enough gone to require no more attention. The same thing was done over and over. As soon as one stepped out for a leader he was shot, and the herd always stopped with him. Presently Price asked me to hand up my gun and take his and wipe it out. I willingly passed it up, along with half a hatful of cartridges, and taking out my field cleaner started to clean his gun, when I was surprised to hear two shots in quick succession followed by a blast of execrations that fairly turned the air blue. It seems that an old cow had started, and Price had miscalculated the distance and shot clean over her. Quick as he was about getting in another cartridge she got under way and caught the bullet through the abdomen. Of course she did not stop, and the remnant of the herd followed her out of sight. Price didn't swear (?). Oh, no! he wasn't mad enough. He just waltzed around the whole top of the ridge, kicked the stones, tramped my ammunition into the snow, and condemned that condemned pot-bellied pea slinger to blankety, blankety, blank, blank, blank, and ended by sticking her up to the lock in a snowbank and marching off down the hill caressing his own gun, and growling like a bear with a sore head.

We counted up the kill and had twenty-seven dead, all fine robes; a little bleached on the hump, but salable for all that.

On the way home that night, and just before dusk, I killed a black-tailed deer at the second shot at a good 500 yards. When he fell I turned to Price and remarked, that the pot-bellied pea slinger always comes up smiling for the last round.

The next day we finished skinning, and got the last of the hams home a week later. We turned in in the spring 286 robes at an average price of $2.20, and a large quantity of meat at three cents a pound, besides 400 pounds of deer and antelope hides. We also sold during the winter at the Government sawmill on the Miles City road about ninety saddles of venison.

I was only one of probably a thousand men who spent that winter, as they had spent many preceding ones, at just the kind of work I have tried to describe; and that since that time the only buffalo anywhere in the Northwest have been a few stragglers over the old ranges, and occasionally one or two seen in the Big Horn Mountains and in remote corners on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

I know that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will say "slaughter, slaughter," and "pot-hunter." Gentlemen, I plead guilty. That's exactly what it was. However, if you are ever in Montana, with a long, cold winter coming on and only a few dollars in your pockets, and you know there's a clean thousand dollars for a winter's work at "pot-hunting"—well, I don't ask you to say what you would do, but you know what I did. L.

MINNESOTA, July, 1885.

STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to raise my voice in defense of the veracity of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as assailed by your correspondent "F. A. M." in your last number. He is accused of writing fiction under false pretenses, on the mere ground of a little want of clearness in one or two passages in the article in question, and justice requires that your readers may judge for themselves on this point.

To give expression to his doubt as to whether Mr. Roosevelt's article descriptive of grizzly bear hunts has any real foundation in fact, he mentions two instances wherein he claims that the author has contradicted himself on important points. He also somewhat misconstrues and takes issue with him on a question of the ferocity of the animal, but his cry of fraud is based entirely on what he is pleased to term "little incongruities," which I have just mentioned.

First he accuses Mr. Roosevelt of stating in one place that he and his companion on their hunt killed five bears, and in another place of giving the number as six. This idea he must have gathered solely from the following sentence: "As Merrifield had not yet killed a grizzly purely to his own gun, and I had killed three, I told him to take the shot." From a strict interpretation of this sentence, one would infer that the writer had killed three bears purely to his own gun; but it is evident that the three are meant to include one that he had killed after it had been slightly wounded by his companion, and not an extra bear, making the whole number six.

Again he quotes the author as saying that "only seven shots were required to bring down all the grizzlies," while the reader may count up eleven shots mentioned as being made at them. What the author actually says is this; "We killed our five grizzlies with seven bullets." Not counting the shot which "F. A. M." invents for his imaginary sixth bear, there were ten shots fired in all, three of which were misses; but could we expect Mr. Roosevelt without a heavy conscience to declare that the bears were killed with bullets which never touched them? If your wild Western correspondent should incautiously charge his next door neighbor with what he has presumed to charge such a prominent man as Mr. Roosevelt, and the neighbor should naturally shy an old boot over the fence at his head, and, missing the mark, should try a bootjack with better success, would the coroner's jury find that he came to his end from the effects of a bootjack and a boot, or simply of the bootjack? W. E. B.

LONG BRANCH, July 11.

THE GAME PROSPECTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Grouse are abundant this year, and the prospects for fall shooting are good. H. H. LEWIS.

SEATTLE, Washington Territory, June 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quail and chickens wintered splendidly, and bid fair to be very plenty this fall. Chickens are nearly all hatched now. In traveling over the prairie one will see all sizes from one day to four weeks. H. B. A.

SOLOMON CITY, Kansas, June 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to prairie chickens the outlook is very encouraging. I know of four broods that are one-third grown. Quail are plenty. I fed a flock of eight during last winter, and they became quite tame, and now one old hen quail brings her brood into the farmyard every evening.

NIMROD, JR.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, July 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Comparatively few Philadelphia sportsmen were out for woodcock on the 4th of the month, the majority of located broods having been killed a week ago. On Tinicum Island and the cripples in the same neighborhood a few birds were shot by Lazaretto gunners, and Black's Swamp, on Raccoon Creek, furnished a half dozen to Bridgeport shooting men. The rain which has fallen within the past twenty-four hours and the wet weather which now threatens may have the effect of scattering what few woodcock that are left around Philadelphia and save some for the fall shooting. Upland plover have hatched in good numbers in interior Pennsylvania, many birds having bred in Lehigh and Carbon counties. Almost every small mountain meadow valley has had three or four nests. The young plover are already fairly strong and will soon be on the wing; the older ones, however, have not yet ceased their mating note, which they will continue to utter until the young are entirely grown. A large crop of reed is reported as growing this year on the river shores, the early sprouts being unusually thick and strong. If the growth of seed is good we may look for many rail birds. A large crop, however, means hard pushing.

HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A party of miners were out on a prospecting trip in Eastern Utah, near the line of the State of Colorado. They were out of meat, and in making camp about dusk one evening, after a hard day's tramp, the best shot in the party took his rifle and said he would go out and bring in a deer while the others were looking after the horses, preparing supper, etc. He had not gone over a quarter of a mile from camp, when, after crossing a low ridge, he saw a fine buck lying behind a large, flat rock. The head and horns were all that were to be seen, and it was evident that the deer had not seen our hunter. Taking sight for a center shot in the forehead, he whanged away and was sure he had hit the mark. He thought there was a slight tremor, but otherwise there was no movement made by the deer, and the head and horns were still erect and visible. Throwing another cartridge into the barrel, he ran down to where the deer lay, feeling very confident that it was his meat; but imagine his surprise when he found he had shot at an old dry sage brush having a remarkable resemblance to the head and horns of a deer—the gathering darkness had lent its aid to the deception. Upon examination he found he had made a center shot, which was some balm to his wounded feeling. It was a long time before the boys stopped joking him about his shot at a sage brush to furnish a hungry party with food.

BARCHLAND.

SILVER CITY, Utah.

KILLED OUT OF SEASON BY A BUCK.—An Olean, N. Y., letter, July 11, to the *Sun*, says: Orrin Walcott, aged 70, was one of the oldest hunters and trappers in McKean county, Pa. For over fifty years he lived near Port Allegheny, and had many thrilling adventures during his life in the woods. Near the headwaters of one of the branches of the Allegheny River there is a deer lick, one that has been visited by hunters ever since the first settlers came into the region. A few days ago Walcott and his son-in-law went to the deer lick to watch for deer. They remained in ambush all night, but did not get a shot at a deer. In the morning the old man told his son-in-law to fish down the stream two miles, while he struck through the woods with his gun. He said he would meet his son-in-law at an old salt spring two miles down the creek. The son-in law waited until night but the old man did not appear, and it was thought that he had struck the trail of a deer and was following it. Three days passed, and Walcott not having returned, a search was made for him. His dead body was found yesterday in a dense forest, four miles from the salt lick. His gun was lying twenty feet away, empty. His clothing was badly torn, and there were bruises on his head and breast. From the surroundings it was apparent that there had been a severe struggle. The opinion is that the old hunter had wounded a buck, which had turned on him and trampled him to death.

DOUBLE-BITTED AND SINGLE-BITTED AXES.—I first used the double-bitted axe in 1858, and have a fair practical knowledge thereof. It is no tool for boys, and it is more dangerous than the single-bit even in the hands of one practiced in its use. Witness Mr. Humeston, living near Bellaire in this county, who severed the nasal artery in his face two weeks ago, the implement having glanced. This is not the first accident of a similar nature which has come to my knowledge. They are useful in trapping particularly. In clearing land they give a special advantage, and in heavy chopping they are thought to "swing easier" than the single-bitt. A pocket edition, such as used by "Nessmuk," is a good and useful tool, and I do not wonder that long usage has convinced many old woodsmen that it is the best form for their use. But I left mine with Gus Hilton, of Kingsbery, Maine, in 1858, and have since used preferably the single-bitt.—KELPIE (Central Lake, Mich., July 7).

PASSAIC COUNTY.—The June record of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association is likely to strike terror to the hearts of the poachers and law-breakers. One person was sent to jail for robbing birds' nests, two persons fined $25 and costs for taking black bass with nets, and one sent to jail for thirty days for a similar offense. This was in addition to the investigation of a number of other cases in which it was not deemed advisable to make complaints on account of a lack of evidence.—*Newark (N. J.) Call.*

"FLIRTATION CAMP" is a poor name for a good book. It is "a sporting romance," but there is more sporting than romance between its covers. The romance is slight, but there is very good reading for any one who likes well-written descriptions of shooting and fishing incidents. Mr. T. J. Van Dyke, the author, is well-known as a graphic delineator of field experiences. The chapters of "Flirtation Camp" cover the out-door sports of Southern California. Price, $1.50.

"CAHOOTS."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am much pleased to learn that Messrs. "Nessmuk" and "Gause," with their nail-driving muzzleloaders, are going to hunt cahoots. I have always thought that they (the cahoots) were legitimate "food fer powder." As old 'Squire C. said to my father and Sid. Harris when, in 1840, they started off in the stage coach as delegates to the celebrated Baltimore convention: "Bring me two or three skelps o' the —— scoundrels."—KELPIE.

BLACK DUCKS IN NEW JERSEY.—A few black ducks bred in the big swamp on Long Beach south of Harvey Cedars this spring.—HOMO.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

OIL FOR FISH LINES.

SOME time since I asked the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for a good yet simple preparation that would preserve a fish line, thinking I might hear of something better than that I was using. Not having seen an answer, it may be useful to some of your readers if I tell them what I have used for several years past with a good degree of satisfaction.

Having used the Miners' Oil Company's finishing oil on wood, and finding it to have great penetrating and preservative qualities, it occurred to me that it might be a good thing for a fish line, and I accordingly tried it on a twisted linen line with satisfactory results, one of them being the nearly total disappearance of kinks. I have since used it on all my lines, except, of course, enameled ones.

The oil is inexpensive and easily applied. You have only to dip the line in the oil for a few seconds, let it drain, and then stretch it between two trees or other objects, and pass a woollen rag over it a few times to remove the surplus oil. That is all. Lines treated in this way I never take from the reel to dry, though it would doubtless be better to do so. It would be well to repeat the oiling annually.

I inclose for examination a piece of my black bass line, oiled in this way, which I have used for three years, and which has never been taken from the reel to be dried after a day's fishing. It has only been oiled once, but I shall soon oil it again. It has been over the rocks in the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Otter, Lake Champlain, etc., and, on the whole, has had a fair share of rough usage. The editor can say what condition it is in after having been used so long. It is braided silk, and though quite small, with a good sproat hook at the end it is equal to any bass that swims, only one has to be just a little careful. I shall change the ends this year for the first time, though I have not yet done it, the end sent being the one that has always been used. PETRA.

MAMARONECK, N. Y.

[The line is a very fine silk one and is strong and equal to any fair strain that a black bass can bring on it.—ED.]

THE "STRIPED BASS" LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to your article on the new striped bass law. It has been criticised so severely by interested parties who do not seem to understand its meaning and intent, that I deem it my duty to make an attempt at an explanation.

I drafted the law, as counsel to the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, as an amendment to the Game Law of 1879, solely in the interests of black bass and muscalonge, without any intention or desire to interfere with "striped bass." The bill as prepared was submitted to a member of Assembly, a keen sportsman and an intelligent man, who said our fresh-water bass need protection, and he then inserted the words "striped bass" where they are now complained of, and the bill was introduced as the member amended it.

All the objections mentioned in your editorial were discussed before the Senate Committee on Game Laws. It was stated that the bill was intended for the protection solely of the "striped bass," indigenous to the fresh waters of this State, and that it did not affect "sea bass."

It was argued that the State had no jurisdiction over the sea, and it did not attempt to protect sea fishes, and that in construing a sentence in which only fresh-water fishes were named, taken in connection with the evident policy and intent of the game laws, that the term striped bass, on proof of the existence of a fresh-water fish of that name, would *ipso facto* exclude a sea fish. It was further stated that the statute would be read according to the natural and most obvious import of the language used, and that in the absence of scientific or technical words, the words used would be taken in their natural and ordinary signification as appears from the context or other parts of the law, and that the "*R. lineatus*, the bass *par excellence* of salt water," although a striped bass, is commonly designated a "sea bass" to distinguish it from a striped bass (Vide Vol. 3, Bulletin U. S. Fish Com., 426), and they could not be confounded in a law designed to protect fresh-water fishes.

The Angler's Association had no special interest in protecting striped bass, and I made no objection to the committee striking out the words "striped bass," leaving the bill as I originally drafted it, but the Senate, after a full discussion without any outside interference, ordered them to be reinserted. Still, the bill does not interfere with sea bass.

Early in January the Angler's Association caused two thousand copies of the bill as introduced to be printed and circulated throughout the State, and each Fish Commissioner was mailed a copy.

I am not a naturalist and know very little about fishes from a scientific point of view, but I do know this much, that if the law is properly construed, traffic in sea bass is not interfered with by any game legislation in 1885.

F. M. DANAHER,
Counsel to the Angler's Asssociation, St. Lawrence River.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 7.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.—VI.

WHEN we got back into the canoe the wind was blowing a brisk breeze down the lake and it was easy work for the skipper from there down to the village, but the fish seemed to be out of humor with us and paid no attention to the three nice speckled frogs trailing away astern.

As we passed under the bridge I noticed the water looked fishy near a small raft of logs moored to the bank on the right, and as I had reeled up and quit fishing since passing the point above, I suggested to Kit that she drop her frog in just below the logs to see if mayhap there might be a bass lurking in the vicinity, not that I really expected a fish to be there, but it is a good habit for a young angler to cultivate (and an old one, too), of always trying to cast in a likely looking place for a fish. She did not feel quite sure a woodchopper's cast would place the bait in the spot pointed out, so I took the rod and made the cast for her, and was a trifle surprised to see a swirl and the line pay rapidly out almost at the moment the frog struck the water. I passed the rod quickly back to Kit with instructions to "strike now!" as the line was running under the raft and there was probability of a hitch in the proceedings should the fish reach the waterlilies on the further side. Then began a spirited trial of main streagth on both sides, but our side proved the stronger, and after a short, sharp tussle of not more than two or three minutes a big-mouth of two and a half pounds lay gasping in the bottom of the canoe, six bass for the "Chip," while Bob and the skipper had only one villainous, sunbaked longface as our share of the day's honors. But I don't believe Bob and I were set back any nor envious of Miss Kitty's good luck, for in the course of the fish talk coming down the lake I had sought to impress on the amateurs, as one of the "rudiments," that no honest angler, no true sportsman, can be selfish; nor does he or she ever feel a pang of disappointment or a twinge of envy at the better luck of a comrade, and to exult over another because we may happen to take more and larger fish or bag more birds, is clear and conclusive evidence that we are not fit to be of the brotherhood.

Others there are too beside these guileless girls, who claim place in the ranks of the craft that may find a hint to their profit in the above, for I have a notion that the first principle of all true sportsmanship is unselfishness. A pig is better in a sty than running loose in a camp.

We pulled down to the little platform landing, tied the "holler log" to a stake and walked up to the store to pay our respects to neighbor Couturier, eat maple sugar and wait for the mail and the Mullers. The big roomy store, with counter on both sides, was a model of neatness and well stocked with about everything one could call for, from a fish hook or a paper of pins to a side o' bacon, a grindstone, grubbing hoe or cross-cut saw. The old man's arrangement of the post-office department of his store was, however, a marvel of economy and simplicity, consisting solely of a drawer under one of the counters into which letters, circulars, papers and packages were dumped indiscriminately, with a charming disregard to alphabetical order or any known manner of distribution, and hunted over and handed out as called for. But a country post-office draws custom as certainly as a barrel of molasses draws "yaller jackets" and flies, and this had probably more to do with brother Couturier's hankering after office than the princely remuneration derived from the administration of the postal affairs of Provemont, which was for the fiscal year ending July, 1884, exactly $60.31 as recorded in the "bluebook." But if the pay was light the mail was lighter, for a No. 5 pouch would no doubt hold all the matter received at the office in a week, and the old man had little cause for complaint on the score of being an underpaid drudge for Uncle Sam. However, he is a kindly, square-dealing gentleman, and a worthy one withal, and the "Kingfishers" to a man and woman, trust that he may continue to lick stamps at the old stand for the mossbacks of that neck o' woods till his tongue refuses to furnish the necessary moisture to make 'em stick, and his head becomes polished in the (civil) service, albeit the outlook is rather foggy for postmasters of the fourth class—and all other classes—even though they may have diligently shunned the rock of "offensive partisanship."

We spent the time pleasantly at the store till time for the Mullers to arrive, but when they were overdue an hour or more the boat was headed up lake with the intention of fishing along up the east side and across to camp by the time the sun was down. It had clouded up during the afternoon, and when we got above the point we encountered a stiff breeze blowing down the lake dead against us. A hundred rods made the case plain that fishing and pulling a "holler log" against a hard wind at the same time was not just the kind of recreation I had come to the woods after, and the rod was laid inside and the fishing left to the girls. And then the oars I had to manage that craft with were enough to turn one permanently gray—six feet outside and something more than a foot inside—an arrangement of leverage that would have taken first prize as a contrivance to develop the bluest of profanity in the operator, unless he happened to be too utterly good for everyday use. While we were going with the wind it was plain sailing, but now it was a labor that "caused ye honest angler to sweat full sore." Every few rods a fiercer gust than usual would strike us, and the old dugout would gather sternway or barely hold her own for a minute; and at such times Kit would put the rod aside and take the paddle with the laudable intention of "helping Papa out," but who ever saw a green girl who hardly knew the bow from the stern of a boat but who would average one stroke in the right direction to three in the wrong one? Kit's help was rather in the nature of a hindrance, and she was gently informed that her services were no longer required. Two miles of this kind of amusement wore the skipper out, and we went ashore to rest and hunt up a spring or stream.

Back in the canoe again greatly refreshed, a pull of a quarter of a mile brought us to a trend in the shore that protected us from the wind till within less than half a mile below camp, where we struck diagonally across, and just as it was getting dark pulled up at the landing, and were soon discussing a good supper that Al had kept hot and waiting for us. Not a fish was taken coming up, but it had been a day full of pleasures to the two girls, and that was ample compensation to the skipper for the warps and kinks in his spinal column and the generally disjointed condition of his frame, brought on by an overdose of recreation.

The Mullers had not yet arrived, but an hour after they drove quietly up on us in the dark.

After supper the girls were hustled off to bed, and we five, with Al for an interested listener, sat and talked the fire out, a small blaze Ben had kindled as he said "to give the skeeters a show to git their work in on us."

Since it had come on dark frequent glimpses of lightning were noticed in the west and northwest, and the sky was overcast with dark clouds that rolled and tumbled over each other, and grew blacker as the evening advanced, and now as we sat silent and thoughtful around the flameless fire, oppressed with an uncomfortable feeling of heaviness in the sultry air, a growl of distant thunder away off over Lake Michigan warned us that the old Mossback's change o' weather was at hand, and this change in the weather conditions had probably something to do with the fish not biting as we came up from the village. As a "change o' weather" is one of the foundation stones in the beliefs of anglers concerning the whims of fish in not taking toothsome bait or deceitful lures just before a storm, we availed ourselves of this time-honored screen behind which we are all glad to hide in a case of "no luck," and laid our failure to get a nibble along the east shore as we came up to the approaching war of the elements now manifested in an almost continuous glimmer of light, and ominous mutterings from a bank of inky-looking clouds slowly rising in the west. Take away the good old-fashioned signs and omens and traditions beloved of the craft for generations, and the angler is left groping in the dark for a reason why the fish won't bite at certain times, and half the pleasure of the pastime is lost in trying to get at the bottom of the mystery that is past finding out.

With the lantern Ben and I made a tour of the camp to see that nothing was left exposed that would suffer by a wetting, and after a peep at the "hennery" containing our treasures (Ben had so named the girls' tent on account of the "cacklin'" issuing from it ever morning) which assured us they had talked themselves to sleep, we sought the protection of our mosquito bars, and soon the camp was in silence and in dreams. A light sleeper in camp, I was aroused about midnight by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very earth, and directly great drops of rain began to fall on the tent—a pattering prelude to the grand symphony of the coming storm. A sullen roar in the swamp up shore fore told the fury of the blow, and amid the crash and boom of a hundred batteries of the heaven's artillery and an incessant glare of lightning that lit up the heavens with zigzag streaks of vivid electric light, the first movement of this sublimest of unwritten oratorios, a heavy thunderstorm at night, was opened. I lay there scarcely daring to breathe lest I should miss a stirring chord in the storm music, waiting for the next movement to begin. It came a minute after in a fierce blast of wind sweeping down across the open field from the hills back of us with an *accelerando* hiss that threatened to blow us all into the lake. With this came a pouring, driving rain, but the dry, sandy soil drank it up almost as fast as it fell, and our well-stretched tent seemed as impervious to the deluge as the back of a loon, although I looked every instant for it to take its flight across the lake and leave us at the mercy of the drenching storm. Jim and Muller were now awake, but up to the time the rain began to pour down, tired and worn out, Muller had snorted and snored a discordant accompaniment to the pealing thunder in blissful indifference to the terrific war of the clouds overhead.

I began to feel solicitous about the girls, and lighting the lantern, always at hand in the night, I slipped into a long rubber coat, pulled an old waterproof wool hat tightly on my head, and got out to take a look around camp, and see how much of it was left. As I stepped out I heard Muller say, "Jim, hadn't we better get out and see how everything is going?" And Jim's sleepy growl, "Oh, lie still. Hickory's out, and if anything's wrong he'll look after it." (This is one of Jim's most charming traits of character—in a storm—a childlike faith that somebody else will "look after it.")

The first thing that caught my eye on emerging from the tent into the glare of the lightning was a confused heap of drenched canvas a rod from the kitchen fly that seemed to have right smart of life in it. This proved to be the little dog tent in which Al had preferably made a nest for himself, and a minute or two before it had blown down, and he was floundering around under it, half smothered, trying to find his way out. When I had found the opening he crawled out, and in spite of the seriousness of the situation I could not repress an audible smile at the sorry figure he cut as he straightened up, hatless and coatless, in the pouring rain. Dodging into our tent, a poncho and hat put him in shape to face the storm, and going back we fished out his raiment and bed clothing, and wrapping them in a rubber blanket carried them to the big store tent, where a temporary bed was arranged for the remainder of the night.

Then I went over to see the girls and found them all awake and talking in subdued tones about the terrible storm howling outside, and better pleased, no doubt, to see "Old Hickory" than ever in their lives before, as they were nervous and frightened, and afraid the tent would blow down on them. But Ben and I had done our work well, and the tent stood firm as a rock, and as the mouth of it fortunately faced east everything was snug and dry inside. It was the first night in camp for Miss Annie and little Cora Muller, and I venture it was an experience they will not soon forget. With a few words assuring them that they might all go to sleep again in

perfect security if the wind did not increase in violence, and a caution to not reach up and touch the canvas, as every touch would start a leak as long as the rain continued, I made a starboard tack and beat back over to the dining-room and kitchen. More perhaps by good luck than management this had been put up so the wind struck the slant of the canvas, tending to hold it down, rather than lifting it, and this was the salvation of the culinary department, for had either of the open ends been facing the gale it would have long before been sailing in the direction of Grand Traverse Bay. I found everything in good shape, and hunted a seat on the lee side of the table where I could be out of the rain and sit and enjoy the grand battle chorus going on in the clouds. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and the rain came down in increasing torrents. Peal on peal of thunder rent the black-domed sky with crash and boom and crack as clear as Parrott gun, and off in the north the lightning flashed with ceaseless play in zigzag threads of electric fire so vivid that at times I was forced to close my eyes. So intense were some of the flashes that they left their imprint on the aching eyeballs in broken lines that had a greenish tint, and it was with an effort that I unclosed the benumbed lids. The gale howled and shrieked through the branches of the little fringe of trees along the bank like the wail of a troop of lost spirits, and so furious was the blast that it swayed and bent the slender birches down until their tops nigh kissed the water. Out on the lake when a brilliant flash would come, as far as I could see up and down, was a mass of seething, flying foam and driving rain, hurled along by the roaring tempest in fitful clouds of blinding spray that hid the further shore from view as in a thick white mist. The storm was now at its height, and nothing could exceed the grandeur and sublimity of this midnight strife of the elements, this grandest of nature's anthems. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and I sat there so lost in the enjoyment of it that I forgot all about the camp, the old comrades in the tents back of me—comrades in many a storm in years gone by—and the timid, frightened girls under the staunch walls of their canvas house, huddled close together to keep their courage up. Listening to the roar of the gale, the deafening thunder, the swish of the driving rain on the foam-covered lake, and watching the play of the gleaming lightning, a feeling of awe crept over me, and I was impressed with a sense of utter nothingness. I felt that I was a cipher on the face of the earth, sitting there alone with these mighty and mysterious forces of nature at work around me and in the storm-riven clouds rolling overhead.

But now the fury of the storm was over; the strained canvas under which I was sheltered eased up a trifle, and taking advantage of the lull in the wind I made the rounds of the camp again to see if anything had given way, but as far as I could learn by a hasty inspection, everything held; and it was a lucky circumstance that none of our tents were pitched to face the west, else the "Kingfishers" would have been left without a nest. I visited the extreme outpost—Dan's tent—and found him and Ben awake and in a cheerful frame of mind, although there was a miniature brook running under the tent at one corner, however not likely to reach their bed or do any damage.

"Hello, Hickory!" hailed Ben as I crawled inside, "how's this fur high blow? This must be one o' them Lake Michigan zeffers that old Knots tells about. Wish he was here now. Kinder strikes me he'd begin to think o' mendin' his ways." And as he sat up in bed, "Look much like rain outside? Great hoss chesnuts, how it blows. Wonder ef any o' the gals is skeered to death yit, an' is the heunery blowed down?" Nothing short of an earthquake will ever knock the levity out of old Ben, or keep him from "hevin' his fun."

Assuring him that everything was in good shape, and the girls doing bravely, I went back to our tent and turned in, to watch the storm as it passed off to the east with lessening roar and fainter flash, till it spent itself in low rumblings and flickering gleams that lit up the heavens with a feeble glow away off up in the direction of the straits. The blow had gone down to an easy breeze, but the rain continued to fall steadily with soothing patter on the tightly-swelled canvas, till the drowsy melody and Muller's sonorous, sub-cellar snore closed my eyes in sleep. KINGFISHER.

THE DAN RIVER OBSTRUCTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your commendable efforts in behalf of the bill to stop hounding in the Adirondacks is, I am sure, receiving the thanks of sportsmen from all sections of the country. Every successful effort of this kind bears twofold results. It strengthens the determination of the many game protective associations throughout the country to continue their good work, and admonishes the game sharks that a day of judgment is not far distant for those who, regardless of all right feeling in the matter, and of the interests of the many, continue to slaughter game and fish in and out of season. There is another result that your efforts will accomplish in the near future. A signal gun has already been fired. The inclosed clipping, written by a friend of mine in Virginia to the *Henry News*, who echoes the voice of many sportsmen in his section, will explain itself if you will kindly print it with this. It would be well for all those who aspire to office within the people's gift, to take this warning note well to heart, and ponder upon it deeply. The day is not far distant when public servants will recognize sportsmen as a power. It is unnecessary to say how this result will be accomplished. ZIG-ZAG.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 8.

The letter in the *News* is as follows: "In selecting men to represent Patrick and Henry in the next Legislature, their attention should be called to the obstructions in Dan River at Danville, with a view to their removal, or requiring owners of the water power to afford easy and safe ascent to the fish in the annual migrations to their spawning grounds. A bill for that purpose was drafted by a citizen of Danville, and introduced in the last Legislature by the member of the lower House for Hanover, which body passed it, and I am informed was defeated in the Senate by Senator Hurt in accordance with the wishes of certain citizens of Danville who were interested in the fisheries there established by reason of said obstructions. Your readers are doubtless familiar with the story of the infinite slaughter of the helpless innocents last spring at that point, which process will be repeated, even to their final extermination, unless measures are taken to arrest it. Perhaps the Senator from Pittsylvania wishes to retire from politics, or his ambition extends no further than the limits of his own county. In no other way can his reported unwarranted hindrance of a great national and State enterprise be accounted for. Our efficient Commissioner, in conjunction with the United States Fish Commissioners, is doing noble work in restocking the depleted streams of Virginia with the most wholesome of food, and he should have the support and encouragement of every citizen to that end. Millions of young fry, representing the best varieties of fish, have been loosed in the various streams of the State, which, so far as Dan River is concerned, only get as high up as Danville to fall a prey to the fish hogs there lying in wait for them. Upper Dan, Smith, Mayo and their tributaries ought to vigorously protest against such narrow legislation, and insist upon a free passage and suitable protection for fish at all seasons. The writer has been tendered the assistance of some Northern gentlemen in procuring a supply of fish most suitable for the waters of Smith River, but declined their generous offer for reasons set forth above. The fish hogs must go. J. T. S."

TROUT IN TUFT'S POND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has recently been called to an article in your issue of May 7, in which a correspondent willfully or unknowingly misrepresents the state of affairs at the fishing grounds about Kingfield. I know the FOREST AND STREAM, by reputation, to be essentially a sportsman's paper, and as such it aims of course to truthfully represent or describe those points where the most sport can be had. Consequently as much for the cause as for the good of my own region, I take the liberty to make the following statement, for the truth of which I can vouch.

It is true that Tuft's Pond was sadly depleted of fish prior to 1882, and it is equally true that the people of Kingfield petitioned the Legislature, not of that year but of 1883, for a special law as follows:

SECTION 1. All persons are forbidden to take trout, in any manner, from Tuft's Pond and Grindstone Pond, in the town of Kingfield, in the County of Franklin, for the term of three years from the passage of this act. [Passed Feb. 14, 1883.]

From this it will be seen that the close time is not up until the 14th day of February, 1886. And now for the foundation of the story relating to the immense slaughter of fish through the ice this spring. Tuft's Pond is in charge of a man by the name of Alphonso Blanchard, and Mr. Blanchard unfortunately did not study the laws passed by the Legislature of 1885, one of which was as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of all persons that are or may be benefited by legislation, other than the general statutes, for the protection of fish in any waters of this State, to publish such protection by posting and maintaining notices, as hereinafter provided. Said notices shall be placed on the banks or shores of such protected waters, not more than ten feet and not less than six feet above the ground, in a conspicuous position; and if on running water, such notices shall be not more than one-half mile apart on the banks of such waters; and if on a pond or lake, not more than one mile apart on the shores of such pond or lake.

SEC. 2. Said notices shall be painted on wood in black roman letters not less than two inches in length and not less than one-half inch in breadth, so that such letters shall be plainly legible, and such notices shall state the number of the act and the date of the same giving the said protection to such waters.

SEC. 3. Any one mutilating or destroying such notices shall be subject to such penalties as set forth in section twenty, chapter one hundred and twenty-seven of the revised statutes.

SEC. 4. In case no notices as herein provided are posted and maintained on waters that are protected by special laws, then no one violating such laws shall be liable thereunder to any penalties set forth in such laws. [Approved Feb. 16, 1885.]

Mr. Blanchard's ignorance of this law led several young men to visit the pond, where they took several hundred trout. The visit was not repeated, for Mr. Blanchard was told of the law, when he threatened prosecution, and now the pond is protected as the law directs and will be so protected until next spring. Yours very truly,

HENRY P. WHITE.

FARMINGTON, Me., July 8.

MAINE ANGLING.—Boston, July 10.—I would like to comment on the article on "Maine Angling," by "Boston," in FOREST AND STREAM, July 2. In regard to the "poor fishing at Rangeley Lakes this season," the "Swiss cottages," fine "comforts and conveniences" at that too accessible and popular resort, "Boston" gives us a truthful and interesting letter. But when he goes further with his pen than he has been with his feet and eyes, and, based on rumor, adds the statement that "fishing has also been poor at Tim and Seven ponds during June," he has stumbled into a mistake. I was at that locality during the time he specifies and am prepared to state there was no day so hot nor so cold that a fisherman could not take from ten to fifteen pounds of trout during three hours' time on any morning or evening, with the fly, too. And I saw scores of trout averaging a pound each returned, uninjured, to their native home, the captors having no further use for them. Was that "poor fishing?" The forest fire that was raging in June in the Dead River Valley has at last been extinguished by a heavy rainstorm. This fire has burned over a greater area than any other in Maine for many years past, almost the entire valley of the Dead River is left a smouldering and blackened ruin. The section embracing the Seven Ponds, however, escaped without injury.—M.

HIBERNATING BASS.—Boston, July 10.—I am no scientist, quite the opposite; but as I have had specimens of black bass in an aquarium constantly before me for three years past, I certainly have had good opportunities to form an opinion as to their habit of hibernating, and I quite agree with A. N. Cheney in FOREST AND STREAM July 2. I have often noticed that during the fall or winter they may be quite active and feeding readily, and immediately on the approach of a cold snap they settle together in a quiet corner at the bottom, even changing their color to a darker and mottled appearance, and remaining almost as torpid as a frog, seldom changing their position unless disturbed; and at such times they will take no notice of food of any kind. But on the advent of higher temperature they wake up and are themselves again, ready for any unlucky shiner or even a morsel of beef liver that may be dropped in their domain. —M.

SNYDER PLEADS GUILTY.—Gould Snyder, the notorious pound net fish outlaw was brought before Justice Gilliland last Tuesday for his adjourned examination when he pleaded guilty of violation of the law and was sentenced to fourteen days in jail, and to pay a fine of $25. The extreme lightness of the sentence was a matter of no little surprise to citizens who desire to see a stop put to the nefarious business in which this man has been engaged for several years on Lake Champlain. It is understood that other more serious charges involving much heavier penalties will be pushed against Snyder later.—*Plattsburgh (N. Y.) Republican.*

ADIRONDACK PROPERTY FOR SALE.—By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the well-known and beautiful estate of Childwold is for sale.

ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland.—We have just had a visit from the Albatross. She has done her work admirably, and is an excellent sea boat. Capt. Tanner, Prof. Smith, and her officers enjoyed their visit. There was not sufficient time for long excursions, but some of the staff, who are expert with the rod, caught quite a number of trout. I am rejoiced to be able to tell my readers that at last the grand new hotel, the Atlantic, is completed, and is now in full operation. It is far superior in size, accommodation, convenience and style to any hotel in the maritime provinces, and it supplies the one great defect in St. Johns as an attractive resort for sportsmen and tourists. The grand caribou forests, grouse moors and salmon and sea trout fishing, the splendid summer climate and the scenery are and always have been the great inducements to visit Newfoundland. The want of hotel accommodation was a fatal defect, a great drawback in the eyes of all American travelers; and all pleasure seekers will rejoice with me that at last an excellent hotel, replete with every comfort, will open its hospitable doors to every stranger who can pay its very moderate charges. Any of my sporting friends who like to read a genuine sportsman's account of his experiences by flood and field should procure "Sport and Travel in Newfoundland and the West Indies," by Capt. W. R. Kennedy, R. W., published by the celebrated house of W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. "The Battle of the Stags" is one of the finest sporting narratives I have ever read. Many may differ from the gallant mariner in his views about politics, law and commercial questions, but on the splendid caribou shooting in Newfoundland Capt. Kennedy is the highest living authority, and the best all-round sportsman I have ever met.—TERRA NOVA (St. Johns, Newfoundland, June 30).

SALMON FISHING ON THE CASCAPEDIA.—Agency of Department of Marine, Quebec, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last evening I had the pleasure of a few moments' conversation with His Excellency the Marquise of Lansdowne, on his way to Ottawa from the Cascapedia River, to which he intends returning in a few days. He describes the fishing as excellent and says that the river is now just getting into even better condition. The fish this season are more numerous, but not quite so large as last season. Up to date three rods have killed 232 salmon, and if I can judge of the others by the size a beauty of the one his Lordship sent me, they must have had glorious sport indeed. Their respective catches have been: The Marquise of Lansdowne, 62; Hon. H. Anson, A. D. C., 55; Mr. Streetsfield, A. D. C., 43; guests, 62; total 232. Owing to heavy freshets there was no fishing for some days in the river, but outside nets were doing well, as elsewhere the water rose so high. The nets had to be taken up three or four days and the salmon rushed up the river in consequence in great numbers and the anglers got the benefit.—J. U. GREGORY.

SNELLED HOOKS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lest "J. W. T." may think I am deficient in courtesy, I will say that it is not my fault the snooded hooks did not reach him. I mailed them to FOREST AND STREAM. A snood is a snood in this locality, not a snell. A helgramite is a helgramite, or possibly a man-eater, certainly not a dobson, etc. The hooks I tied, using the wax for which I gave a recipe, were tapered hooks. As three recipes for making a better wax have since appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, it is unnecessary to discuss mine further. I believe "J. W. T.'s" snelled hooks are far superior in appearance to mine. I probably lose as many in an hour's fishing as he can tie in the same length of time. The fish don't run away with many of them, but they become entangled in the debris on the bottom. A clearing ring is sometimes effectual, but oftener not. Since writing the above I have read Mr. Cheney's article in issue of July 9. He covers the ground so thoroughly that I have nothing to add.—E. A. LEOPOLD (Norristown, Pa., July 10).

A CARP TAKES A SPOON HOOK.—Mr. D. G. Mohler and myself were fishing from a boat on Lake Roland, Baltimore county, Md., yesterday morning about six o'clock, he using an Abbey & Imbrie No. 4½ fluted spoon. Our boat had nearly lost all headway, and Mr. Mohler, who had been trolling his spoon about 40 feet astern, had just commenced reeling in preparatory to making a cast, when he got a "strike" and hooked a fish which at once made for the bottom. The fish, though not rapid in its movements, made an obstinate fight, and it was some time before he brought it sufficiently near the surface to allow our noting what it was. Upon landing all the hooks of the gang were found imbedded in the mouth of the fish, which, when afterward placed on the scales, showed its weight to be 3 pounds 13 ounces. I am not posted on the varieties of carp, and can merely say that it had large scales, was of a golden color, and that the circumference of its mouth was scarcely larger than the gang of hooks on which it was captured.—A. F. DRESEL.

"OSWEGO" BASS.—Paterson, N. J., July 11.—The Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Society recently brought an action against two men in Paterson for taking black bass with a seine in a pond near Passaic. The defense was that the fish was not black bass but "Oswego" bass. They were fined twenty-five dollars each and costs, but will appeal the case on the grounds above stated. It is time that the obsolete name of "Oswego" bass, for the big-mouth, was dropped from the laws of New York and New Jersey, for it is not in use to any great extent at present. The whole case was summed up in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Mather some months ago, when he wrote a "Monograph on the Oswego Bass," which consisted merely of the words: "There is no such fish." If these men can escape on such a quibble, it is certainly time to drop this old fogy name, and let the law say merely "black bass," which term includes both species.—INDEX.

THE ENGLISH TOURNAMENT.—The fifth annual *Fishing Gazette* angling tournament in aid of the Anglers' Benevolent Society has been arranged to come off on Saturday, August 22. The *Fishing Gazette* says: "On account of the difficulty in keeping the public out of the ground at the Welsh Harp, and because of the desirability of having the fly-casting on a running stream, it has been decided to hold the tournament this year in the private grounds of the Pike and Anchor Fishery, at Ponder's End, on the River Lea, within a few minutes walk of Ponder's End Station, on the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Ghurney and Mr. Field report that there is ample accommodation both for the fly-casting and bait-casting. A pegged-down match will be fished in the preserved water attached to the Pike and Anchor, for which several valuable prizes will be given. Ponder's End is only a short run from Liverpool Street Station."

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you might feel a little hesitancy in explaining how it came about that in my communication in last FOREST AND STREAM, entitled, "Ganging Hooks," the printer makes me say "put three together," "I had been traveling," "I found a hat store," and "I twitch it," when to the best of my knowledge and belief I made the marks which with me pass as writing among the initiated, that stand respectively for "put them together," "I had been trolling," "I found a hot stove," and "I stretch it;" a personal explanation may be in order. A few years ago I received from my friend Col. P., a leaf from the *Century* magazine, devoted to the advertisement of Prof. Haskell's Compendium of Instructions in one of the "R's" The "greatest improvement in writing during the month" was made by A. N. C , and his portrait and "old style" and "new style" of signature was given, besides several testimonials as to the efficacy of the "Compendium." The "old style" signature looked like "Piseco's" signature in Arabic as published in FOREST AND STREAM, while the "new style" seemed to be a fragment torn from a war map of the Soudan. One of the testimonials was from a New York editor, certifying that I had used but four bottles of the "Compendium" when there was a decrease of fifty per cent. in the mortality of printers who set up my copy. That strikes from the same cause averaged only one in two weeks, and my manuscript had made but one proofreader insane during the month. He closed by ordering twelve bottles of "Compendium." at proof, to be sent to my address. There were several other very flattering testimonials in regard to my chirography, but I have given enough to explain why I was looking for a "hat store."—A. N. C. (Glens Falls, N. Y.).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—July 11.—At the risk of becoming tiresome your correspondent will again state this week that fishing was never better than it is at present at Barnegat Bay, N. J., and a letter just received from that point indicates that new schools of weakfish have, since last writing, entered the inlet. The Long Island and New Jersey fish oil companies are now complaining of the scarcity of the menhaden on our near coasts and are considering the feasibility of withdrawing a large portion of their steam outfits. This is but a natural consequence resulting from the continued warfare that has been waged on this fish by the companies in question, and can account for the scarcity of the bluefish, especially at Barnegat and Tuckerton, and it is hoped a portion of the nets will be withdrawn and the mossbunker be allowed to increase, in which case a notable improvement in the number of the species which feed upon the former variety will be apparent.—HOMO.

ROCK BASS FOR THE SCHUYLKILL.—Philadelphia, July 10. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The late Thaddeus Norris used to lament the fishless state of the Schuylkil River and sigh as he remembered his catches there in an early day. The dams and improvements of civilization destroyed the fish some years ago. Two days ago the Anglers' Association, of Eastern Pennsylvania, placed six hundred rock bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*, in the river at three different points. They were placed as follows: 200 above Flat Rock dam, 200 below the dam at Conshohocken, and 200 near Pawling's bridge by Perkiomen Junction. The fish were adults and weighed half a pound each, they came from Lake Erie. As the spawning season for this fish is over they will not breed till next year. Had this planting been done in April we would have had a crop this season. As it is let us hope that all fish captured will be returned to the waters.—POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

THE "BLACK PRINCE."—In our last we acknowledged a specimen of this fly from Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie. We now have another from Mr. O. A. Richardson. The flies differ radically and illustrate the confusion which we have so often alluded to. The only points of similarity is in the black wings and red tail. The fly of Abbey & Imbrie has a body of bright silver tinsel and a black hackle. That of Mr. Richardson has a red hackle and a black silk body wound with red twist. The flies are as different in appearance as any two well known ones are and plainly show the necessity of a standard which will be adopted by all makers.

PATTERNS OF FLIES.—We have received from Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie a plate containing sixty-one trout and bass flies, being a few selections from the many forms tied by them. A printed list explains that the flies shown are types to which a great majority of flies can be referred, that is, six figures of palmer hackles show the various styles which can be varied in color at pleasure, and so of the winged flies. The plate is in black and white, but is also furnished in colors, done by Mr. W. Holberton, at $1.25 extra. Our copy is neatly colored and will be useful for reference.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—The season for shad fishing with the fly on the Connecticut, at Holyoke, has been poor so far. The water has been low and the river is full of chubs. On Friday last Mr. Thomas Chalmers and Mr. S. T. Hammond went out and each had a strike from a shad, but made no captures. A rise in the river this week will make fishing better, and they will try it again. Mr. Hammond reports the black bass as being very scarce there now, although they were plenty and of good size last year.

CASTING THE MINNOW FOR LAKE TROUT.—About July 1 Mr. R. Kraft took a lake trout, *S. namaycush*, of four pounds while casting a minnow on Paradox Lake, Essex county, N. Y., an unusual occurrence in those waters, where the trout are seldom found in shallow water at that time of year. The black bass have been plenty there this year, and have risen freely to the fly.

A SALT-WATER SUNFISH.—Capt. Thomas Harris, of Whitestone, Long Island, while out in his boat on Saturday, when nearing Sands Point, in Long Island Sound, discovered an immense sunfish basking in the water. With the help of the crew of the tugboat the monster was harpooned and captured. It weighed 300 pounds.

BLUEFISH ON MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—Mr. C. H. Andariese writes from Cape Cod that both bluefish and mackerel are very scarce at present on the coast of Massachusetts. The fishermen there ascribe their absence to the scarcity of menhaden.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has been salmon fishing in Canada. President Cleveland will go fishing in the Adirondacks.

THAT FISHING PROBLEM.—See in canoe columns of last week (July 9) description of portable canvas canoe.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HOW TO RESTORE OUR TROUT STREAMS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY J. S. VAN CLEEF.

IN 1877 and the two following years, the supervisors of one of the counties of the State of New York lying east of the Hudson River, made appropriations for restocking the waters of the county with fish, and a committee of which the writer was the chairman was intrusted with the work.

The supply of fish from the State was liberal, and in each of the springs of 1878, 1879 and 1880, many thousand small fry of trout were distributed, those streams which had been noted trout streams in the past, being especially favored.

In one of these years thirty-five streams were restocked. The fish were deposited under careful instructions, and considerable effort was made to protect the streams, and yet after the most careful inquiry, the committee has failed to hear of any practical benefit resulting from its efforts.

Many of these streams already abounded to some extent in trout, and it was hoped that the protection afforded after restocking would result in a marked increase of the fish; but that hope was not in any single instance realized, and the committee has been irresistibly forced to the conclusion that some force other than excessive fishing had led to the universal depletion of these streams, and that the same cause still existed to prevent their restoration.

After the fullest investigation and examination of these and other streams, I have become satisfied that the destruction of the trees bordering on these streams and the changed condition of the banks produced thereby has resulted in the destruction of the natural harbors or hiding places of the trout, that this is the main cause of the depletion, and that until these harbors are restored, it will be useless to hope for any practical benefit from restocking them.

By giving a few of the facts which have led me to this conclusion, its correctness will, I think, be made apparent:

1. In the heart of the Catskills there is a natural trout lake of about twenty-five acres. Being too remote for successful protection, which has only been attempted within the last ten or twelve years, it has been for many years the resort of anglers the year round. Trout have been taken in enormous numbers through the ice, which usually lasts until May, and it has been the very paradise of poachers by day and by night. And yet the fish in this lake are substantially as abundant today as they have been for the past twenty years, and during all this time there has been no marked diminution of the trout.

This lake is fed by a stream which runs through a quarter of a mile or more of wet, marshy land, which is so completely covered by large alders that its is almost impossible to penetrate them. In this stream the small fry and fish of one or two years' growth abound in myriads. In other words the natural harbors and hiding places for the trout in and about this lake have been left undisturbed, and this is the secret of its continued wealth of trout.

2. Thirty or forty years ago a brook in Dutchess county, about five miles long, was noted for the abundance and size of its fish. The angler in the early spring was usually rewarded with a well filled creel, and from this little stream, which a child could jump across, trout were often taken of from one to two pounds in weight. Early in each summer the trout disappeared, only to appear again the next spring in equal numbers. Near the center of this stream, it ran through a marsh, which so abounded in black alders that they protected it from approach. Through this marsh the stream was much broader and the water deeper than elsewhere, and the bed was composed of thin, deep mud, making wading impossible. Some twenty or more years ago the owner of this meadow cut down every alder, at the only point where the fish had found a safe refuge, and in a few years the trout, large and small, practically disappeared, and though recent efforts have been made to restore and restock this stream, under full protection, they have substantially failed.

3. In one of the principal streams running through Ulster and Sullivan counties, it has been my privilege to fish many times during the last twenty-five years. Here were two pools which always furnished rare sport, and the adjacent pools were always full of fish. On one of the banks of each of these pools the trees had been left standing, their roots had preserved the upper portion of the bank, but below these roots the ground had been washed away, so that deep hiding places were thus formed for the trout. It was very seldom that one or more large fish failed to rise to the fly at these points.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago these trees were removed, the stumps decayed, the bank fell in, the fish no longer had a refuge, and since that time the angler has been fortunate if he has raised a fingerling at or near either of these pools.

The conditions as to the waterflow are still relatively the same in all three of these waters, the spawning grounds are unchanged, the only difference is in the harbors for the trout, which are unchanged in the first, totally destroyed in the second, and partially so in the third. And the depletion of the fish has been in precise proportion to such destruction.

Lest these may be regarded as somewhat isolated cases, I will cite two more.

Near the center of Dutchess county a brook rises in the side of a small mountain, at the base of which it enters a swamp, through which it runs, with occasional openings for two or three miles, where it is completely protected by the trees and bushes which have never been disturbed. In these open places and below this swamp, where for a distance of several miles there are but few places where the stream cannot be reached, it has been and still is freely fished, and yet there has been no serious diminution in the number or size of the fish. While other streams have failed, this one has always yielded good sport, trout of from one to two pounds being frequently taken.

In the eastern part of the same county there is a long, sluggish stream running for miles through a marsh. Its very name, "Swamp River," indicates its character. Its bottom is one long stretch of ooze; its banks are almost everywhere covered with a dense growth of bushes. It has always been noted for the size of its trout, but on account of the difficulty of access they are seldom taken. It is fed by several tributaries of three or four miles or more in length, as well as numerous little streams, all of which are open and freely fished, and they are all good trout brooks.

As soon as the water in these brooks becomes low the trout disappear, but where? The water flow is increased by the generous rain, they appear again in large numbers, and at such times large fish are often taken even in the smallest tributaries.

This last instance is especially interesting, as it shows that when the streams are full of water the trout will travel a long distance from their haunts, and that when warned of danger by the receding of the waters the instinct of self-preservation leads them to hasten back to them.

Unfortunately very many of our most noted streams are not favored with lowlands and swamps, where the fish can find safe refuge, and in these and our mountain streams especially we must unquestionably look to the larger pools in time of drouth as the principal places of refuge for the trout, and when these are accessible from every point, the trees are cut and the banks fall in, so that every pool assumes about the shape of a huge wash basin. No system of protection will prevent their being dragged with nets in the night, or the commission of other depredations almost equally destructive of the fish.

I have the most abundant proof that fishing with nets has been constantly done in our finest Catskill streams, such as the Beaverkill, Neversink and Roudout, and where the trout cannot take refuge under the banks, they must necessarily be taken by the net.

I have not referred to the foregoing facts as in any wise new, nor in the belief that they may have escaped the observation of anglers; but rather, that their significance has not been generally understood or appreciated.

When the trout become scarce the reason most commonly given and accepted is that "the stream is fished out."

It is not the rod, however, but the axe and the net that have ruined and are ruining our streams.

The natural homes of the trout are the sluggish waters of the swamp, cold and pure, with their bed of ooze and sheltered bank, or in our upland streams the deep cavities under banks or roots.

We have destroyed his home and he has perished. Let us restore it to him again, and he will thrive.

I believe it possible to restore most of our streams, where the waterflow has not decreased too greatly, especially when they are under the control of clubs or associations, who can and will make the effort.

The remedy which I suggest is briefly as follows:

First—Prohibit the further destruction of either tree or bush upon or near the bank of the stream.

Second—Where the soil is wet and suitable protect the pools by an abundant growth of alders or other bushes.

Third—Plant trees on the banks wherever feasible, especially where their roots will protect the surface of the ground, and at the same time permit the washing away of the soil underneath, so that large hollows may be formed as hiding places for the fish.

Fourth—In each year, after the spring freshets are over, protect every pool as far as practicable by placing stumps, or trees or bushes in them, so that fishing with nets will be impossible. And also that the trout may be provided with artificial harbors until the natural ones are again restored.

Fifth—As far as possible prohibit fishing with bait so that the haunts of the trout may be safe against invasion by the hook.

Let the home of the trout be regarded as his castle. Entice him from it if you can, but do not invade it.

SHAD FISHERIES OF THE DELAWARE.—The statistics of the shad catch in the Delaware for 1885, as gathered by the U. S. Fish Commission, shows the largest catch for years. The total aggregates over one million shad. The fish are not prevented from entering the river by pound nets, or caught by the same agencies in salt water before they reach the river. This latter fact is significant in comparison with the small catch in the Potomac, to which the shad have to run the gauntlet of pound nets all the way from the Capes, the larger part of the catch being in salt water, few getting into the Potomac.

TO FISHCULTURISTS.—All fishculturists who furnish eggs or fish for sale are requested to send circulars or other information to the office of the Division of Distribution, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C. Such information would be valuable in answering numerous inquiries which are made by parties desiring to procure either fish or eggs.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 23, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2519.**

THE STANDARD COMMITTEES.

WITH reference to our statement, FOREST AND STREAM, June 25, "The formation of any new standard does not come within the province of these committees. They were simply to receive the views of others and present them to the club," the following communication appears in the *Sporting Life*, of July 15:

"Birmingham, Conn., July 1.—Editor *Sporting Life*: In your issue of this date your kennel editor, "Porcupine," says that the secretary of the A. K. C. now informs him that the standard committees were not appointed to do anything but get the views of the breeders, etc., and report, and wants to know who got up that "yarn." While I do not care to take notice of every scribbler that chooses to pitch into the A. K. C. or their officers, I think I ought, in justice to all concerned, ask you to publish the inclosed blank form, which contains the only instructions to the standard committees as given by myself. If "Porcupine" can make anything out of them to signify that the committees are not to report a standard he can do more than I can. My instructions at the Philadelphia meeting were to request the committees to confer with the breeders and exhibitors in the matter and get their views, and I have done so. Respectfully, G. EDW. OSBORN, Secretary A. K. C.

"COPY OF CIRCULAR.

"American Kennel Club, Secretary's office, Birmingham, Conn., May 27, 1885.

"*Dear Sir:* At a meeting of the A. K. C., held in Philadelphia May 19 and 20, you were appointed one of a committee of three on a standard, for judging ————. The other members of your committee are ————. Please confer with them on the subject. The instructions are to inform yourself as to the ideas of the different breeders and exhibitors, and agree, if possible, on a standard, and report to me on or before Oct. 1, 1885. Respectfully, G. EDWARD OSBORN, Sec. A. K. C."

Commenting on this, "Porcupine" says: "I am obliged to Mr. Osborn, Secretary of the American Kennel Club, for correcting me as to the duties of the several standard committees. I was misled by the introductory remarks of FOREST AND STREAM, to which I would call Mr. Osborn's attention. From the way in which the remarks were placed it looked as if the whole business—constitution, by-laws and remarks preceding the names of the committees—was official. Doubtless others were misled as well as myself, and I am glad my comments have produced the explanation from Mr. Osborn.

Would the secretary have any objection to state how many of the seventeen clubs named on his official notepaper have paid their dues, and are, therefore, bona fide members of the kennel club? This is essential for the guidance of exhibitors. I can see a great snag ahead, Mr. Osborn, on this championship rule of yours, combined with the question of membership."

[In the absence of any official explanation of the duties pertaining to the committees, and as the members of the club do not appear to agree as to the exact province of these standard committees, it is perhaps a futile undertaking to endeavor to find out just how far that province does extend. If by agreeing on standards, Secretary Osborn means that they are to harmonize and formulate the views expressed by fanciers, and to present these for the consideration of the club, that is essentially the course of action we have said to be theirs; but if by agreeing on a standard it is meant that the club must accept what they determine, that is a horse of a very different color, and it is full time to call a halt. Is it not unfortunate that in a matter of so much concern as this, the A. K. C. should not have given out to the public an official statement of just what they are doing or intending to do? The composition of some of the committees is not such as to warrant in the public a very high degree of confidence, if the members are to serve in any other capacity than a clerical one. The public would welcome from Secretary Osborn a transcript of the minutes of the Philadelphia meeting, giving in exact wording the duties of the standard committees. There should be in those minutes such a clear definition.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. H. Naylor has been appointed a member of the standard committee on Newfoundlands, bull-terriers, Skyes and poodles, in place of James Mortimer, resigned. Mr. W. D. Peck of New Haven, Conn., on pugs, in place of M. H. Cryer, resigned, and Mr. J. A. Nickerson of Boston, Mass., in place of Elliott Smith, on St. Elmo protest committee.

G. E. OSBORN, Secretary A. K. C.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., July 13.

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the present time in America there seems considerable agitation in the minds of some as to what is to be, an should be, the true standard to award to and breed for in the mastiff; and it seems very much like a question as to what is to be the acknowledged type of the American mastiff of the future. Will your countrymen aim at the true old English standard, or will they accept mere gigantic size and fortuitously reared specimens, such in this country having rightly been discarded as mere outsiders and only fit for yard dogs? Or will they endeavor to attain the true type, combined with fair size and symmetry? In fact, well-reared, straight-limbed, but at the same time thoroughly typical specimens, not mere long-headed mongrels, showing unmistakable trace of their boarhound, Alpine sheepdog, or bloodhound ancestry.

I have almost given the breed up, having only one little puppy at the present time; and having given up exhibiting myself, it matters really very little to me whatever type any set of ignoramuses or empirics, either in this country or America, may agree upon to set up as the standard. At the same time, I am inclined to smile (there was a time I should have felt vexed) when I see and read incorrect types set up and advocated by men who know next to nothing about the breed. However, the American breeders that I have corresponded with have always struck me as being acute men enough, clear-headed and desirous of information, without being too self-opinionated.

"Mastiff," in your issue of June 4, shows at once that while he can appreciate size and power, he knows very little of the true type of the English mastiff, or the style of animal your English cousins have striven to reproduce and keep up. I have no sympathy with our London fanciers, many of whom, fearing their mastiffs in a most artificial way with far too little exercise, realize a flabby, weak-limbed, short-backed animal, with often little beside their typically short, massive heads to recommend them. Your countrymen protest against the imperfections of such specimens, and their protests are calculated to produce good results. Yet they have the good sense to breed from the very dogs they write against, in order to secure their good points and altering their bad ones as far as possible. Your correspondent quotes Lieut.-Col. Garnier as an acknowledged authority, and while I have no wish to underate the ability of that most theoretical and somewhat imaginative writer and enthusiastic advocate for size, I fail to see why his dictum should, and cannot allow that it does, carry the weight with it, your correspondent "Mastiff" seems to think. It is very well to qubte any writer as an authority, however paltry in reality, because his opinions seem to lend weight to one's own at first sight. Looking through the Stud Book I do not find Lieut.-Col. Garnier's name as either the breeder or exhibitor of a single mastiff of note. Still as a writer he has always contended for a good head, and is perfectly justified in pointing out the defects in specimens that may come before him, but that cannot and does not alter the true type. The whole of "Mastiff's" argument is centered on the statement "that short heads mean short bodies, and generally a want of size, power and activity." Statements that (with all courtesy) are altogether incorrect, and show a thorough ignorance of the specimens we have bred in England during the last twenty years.

I have for the last fifteen years been the warmest advocate for shortness of muzzle and have lived long enough to see my views almost universally accepted in England, and those that differed with me on the point some fourteen years ago are nowhere, and others have veritably gone to the dogs. Such I fully expect to see the position of those grumblers with you, when in a few years the American talent has had sufficient time to produce specimens of well-grown, fair-sized mastiffs, with the true, broad, short muzzle. Although at one time I was the breeder and owner of the shortest-muzzled mastiffs in England and cultivated shortness of muzzle until my strain became noted for their good heads, yet I defy any one living to point to any dog of my breeding that was markedly too short in body or deficient in power or activity. I never aimed at vast size (as it is really no characteristic of the breed, however much some may appreciate it), and it is probable that being content with symmetrical and muscular bodies with really good heads, I won the prizes and made the mark I did as a breeder. Mr. Lukey's Governor had far too long a head, a defect he inherited from his sire, whose breeding was doubtful, the strain showing every indication of a boarhound cross. Too long a back is also a defect, being very much against jumping power with safety, either in man, horse or dog. Mr. Lukey's Governor eventually lost his life through his long weak back and want of spring, as endeavoring to follow his master over some palings, he hung up by the hindlegs and broke his back, never being able to stand afterward, and I fail to see any particular advantage in a particularly long body. We like to see a short back in the cart horse, and not a long one in the hunter. Length of body may denote speed (not necessarily a characteristic of the mastiff) but it is no sign of strength.

The general shortness of head in the mastiff should be obtained, not from any shortness of the lower maxillary, which, allowing for the convexity in the best specimens, is little shorter in reality than in the apparently larger and more pointed muzzled animals. It is the shortness of the nasal bones and the upper maxillary which is the chief characteristic that mark the distinctive opposite between the greyhound and molossian group, the former formed for speed. The latter I look upon as chiefly a sort of powerful and discriminating living man trap. General width between the eyes is a sure sign of good temper, a characteristic of the old English mastiff. The strength and prominence of the zygomatic arches indicate the volume and leverage of the muscles acting upon the lower jaw. The points I have always taken into consideration for my personal guidance are (1) width between the points of tushes (my Monarch 2317 being 2¼ inches, old Druid being only 2 inches bare), (2) massiveness and convexity of lower jaw, (3) width or arch of zygomatic or check bones, (4) shortness of muzzle. Why breeders should be content with long, pointed-muzzled, ugly mongrel boarhound-headed mastiffs when short, typical-headed ones (as good in all other respects) can possibly be bred, I have yet to learn, and for my own part would sooner reduce the size of the head down to 29 or 30 inches. In fact, a dog standing only 27 or 28 inches (which was the height of my Dreadnaught) is a far truer representative of the old English mastiff than some long, pointed-nosed brute deriving the type of his head from some Alpine sheepdog or Danish boarhound ancestor.

Because the London breeders may neither know how or have the requisite space to rear the English mastiff properly, and be glad to dispose of their cripples to foreigners, that is no reason why American breeders should substitute a long-beaked, pointed-muzzled, doubtful-pedigreed animal of a wrong type for the real thing. Such dogs may be called, in time to come, American mastiffs, but I for one would not own such outsiders. For the last twenty years the English fanciers have reckoned in a rough way that as a rule the muzzle should only be one-third of the total length of the head, and if we take the measurements of some of the largest mastiffs we shall see that the muzzle is not necessarily shortened to the detriment of other points, or that any great diminution in length of body has been arrived at. Below are the measurements of a few of the largest specimens I can call to mind. Mr. Lukey's Governor, Rev. O'Yearsley's Anlaf, Capt. Lindoe's Druid, my Giant King and Col. Tempest's Saxon, a dog bred by Miss Aglionby by a son of Old Kings. He was a larger dog than Green's Monarch, and both Mr. Cautley and Mr. Thompson preferred him to that dog.

	Governor.	Druid.	Anlaf.	Saxon.	Giant King.
Length of head	15½+10½=15	14	13¾+8½=13¼	14½+8½=13	13½+7½=11
Girth of skull..	28	24	24½	27	23½
Girth of chest.	40	42	38	41	42
Total length...	86	87	72	80	87
Heig't at shoulder...	33	33	32	34	32¼

Druid and Governor both had very long sterns, those of Saxon and Anlof were short. That a certain fashionable strain often runs rather short in the back, I shall not offer to deny, but whether due to want of exercise and proper feeding when growing I am not prepared to determine, so much depends on feeding and exercise. The lion itself when confined in the den of a menagerie becomes cramped in its limbs and their muscular system undeveloped, and even their bones are liable to become distorted.

It was certainly difficult to obtain great size with a good short head, some years since, from the simple fact that the English mastiff without foreign crosses never stood much above thirty inches at shoulder. Mr. Kingdon in "Webb's Book on the Dog," rightly says: "We do not believe in the purity of mastiffs over thirty inches." If breeders have introduced foreign blood to obtain the greater size, that is no reason judges should not insist on all specimens brought before them having typical heads and possessing the true conformation of the mastiff, without which they really should be sent straight out of the ring as showing the unmistakable signs of impurity and departure from the true type. Some people might admire and like to keep an elephant or hyena, but that is no reason why the type of the English mastiff should or can be altered. I leave these facts for the consideration of American breeders, for with them it remains to determine what the type of the American mastiff of the future is to be.

M. B. WYNN.

LEICESTERSHIRE, England, June 30, 1885.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH LANCE.

A FEW days ago I had a letter from my friend, Jack Hodson, stating that he would be absent in the West for some weeks, and inquiring if I would be good enough in the meantime to take charge of his setter, Lance. The animal was a valuable one recently purchased, and my friend was anxious to know that he was in good hands.

Now, I am not very fond of dogs—don't know much about them anyway—but I had always understood that setters were an exceedingly docile sort of animal. At any rate, such was the character of the only animal of that kind whose personal acquaintance I had ever enjoyed. It was in boyhood days, when old Bill Blue with his dog and gun used to haunt the tavern. He was a veritable Rip Van Winkle to the extent of possessing all the failings with none of the virtues of his romantic prototype. The dog's name was Brag; but what a nuisance. Not a feature, not a wrinkle, not a hair expressed the slightest intimation that he had the remotest idea of ever bragging about anything, as he slunk along in the wake of Old Bill's heel. He seemed to be in a perpetual state of apology. If perchance a strange dog came sidling and bristling about, or hostile moves intent, then did Bragg roll over on his back and dangle his legs in the air. Or should he casually wink at a canine acquaintance on the opposite side and Bill detected it, out came that cruel pocket lash and then there was lamenting. I thought our friend Lance would prove some such sort of a dog.

When I came home the other afternoon my wife told me the dog had arrived, and as she had determined to have nothing to do with him, had directed the man to turn him into the large inclosure in the garden, where we used to keep the fowl. They were all gone now except one old hen and her family of chickens. I immediately went out to interview him.

Now, the same rule should hold with dogs as men, that much depends upon a first impression, and I had decided, for the sake of future harmony, to make a good one. To this end I was provided with a patent lash and had familiarized myself with some of the expressions current among the canine nobility.

For instance, it is well enough to order a common, vulgar cur to "lie down," but in addressing a high bred dog you should request him to "charge."

I found my protege in the middle of the inclosure, occupied with the aforementioned hen, the defunct effigy of which he was holding down with his forepaws, while viciously tearing and shaking it. It struck me this was very singular on the part of a setter, very. He was several sizes larger. But the sight of the motherless chickens aroused me, and I determined to go in and administer to him just such a thrashing as I had frequently seen Brag receive at the hands of Bill Blue.

I thought it well to let him know beforehand that I was not to be trifled with, so I halted within about twenty feet of him, and in a sonorous tone commanded him to "charge." He paused, with his teeth half buried in the carcass, and, without raising his head, rolled the whites of his eyes toward me, and stood motionless.

It struck me then it would perhaps be in better taste not to insist upon too much on such slight acquaintance, and I decided to forego the castigation and be satisfied with the "charge;" but upon this latter I must insist, so again I stamped upon the ground and shouted "Charge!"

He did. He charged with the impetuosity of the Light Brigade. He interpreted my command according to the letter and not the spirit. I need not enter into any petty details, but it was evident to me there could be no common ground of intercourse between us so long as such misunderstandings were likely to arise, and any further attempt at arbitration could only lead to further complications.

"Uncle Kellup" declares "He aint no setter at all, or 'tany rate he's crossed with somethin' else."

Yes, I should say he was. I have made several observations of him since, and I should say there was a good deal of the Siberian bloodhound crossed with the South American jaguar and a strain of Bengal tiger. The remainder, for aught I know, may be red Irish setter.

It should further be stated that these observations were made through a field glass.

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STUD FEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had it on my mind for some time past to write you on the subject of stud fees. I am now glad that I waited, for the advertisement of Graphic in your last issue gives me the best possible text on which to preach my brief sermon. According to my understanding, good dogs are imported, bred here and placed in the stud for one of two purposes. First, from the sportsman's point of view, *i. e.*, to encourage dog breeding and to raise the quality standard. Second, from the dog dealer's which is simply to use the dog as a means of coining money for his own pocket. Now, unquestionably, from the first point of view, the sportsman has a right to charge a stud fee, and to limit the services of his dog in any way he may see proper. But the stud fee should be reasonable, and not in any way graduated upon the merits of the dog. There the limitation can and properly should come in. With the dog dealer I have nothing to do beyond simply expressing my opinion that he should not be encouraged. Now, as I said, let us start with Graphic as an example. In England, where he is alone well known, his fee was seven guineas; here where he has his spurs to win, both individually and as a sire, his fee is $100. This puts his owner on the horns of the dilemma I have cited at once. But there are others: Tammany, a fine young dog and of unquestionably good breeding, but comparatively unknown, is in the stud at $50. This is exactly double what it should be. Gladstone Koff, at $50, a parallel case to that of Graphic; Strephon, a mere puppy, at $35 and choice of litter, which is still worse. I could cite many others if needful. I frankly say I consider $25 should be the top figures for a gentleman's and a true sportsman breeder's stud fee. Let him use the limitation as to services as much as he feels inclined. No one can quarrel with that privilege. But until stud fees are brought within reasonable limits, and the breeding of well-bred dogs increased thereby, we shall have the usual trouble of drawing the line between the professional dog dealer and the gentleman breeder; a line that I would like to see as clear and well defined as any division can be drawn.

SURREY.

THE PET PUG.

PET dogs that have been contaminated by their contact with human beings, and especially those little latter day saints that have managed to win a ribbon or so for their little lady owners at a bench show, put old Buffon's analogous conclusions as regards the dog's mental pleability and docility to flight.

Of course there are exceptions, at least it is fondly to be hoped there are, but to the average stalwart there is no greater pest on earth than a spoiled, dyspeptic, cantankerous, inbred pug.

"It makes the veins in my forehead swell, and my hat suddenly grows too small for me," said a well-known club man the other day, "to think of one little pet brute in particular. He resides where I am stopping at present, in fact, he belongs to my wife. I little thought when the dog hawker, who has beefsteaks tied to his legs to allure dogs, stopped me on Broadway and suggested I should buy the fawn-colored pest, that he had designs on my peace of mind. Otherwise, I should have strangled him. In a weak moment I went home and told my wife I had seen such a pretty pug—I thought the dog pretty then. From that moment I had no rest; she wanted him at once. I tried to dodge the issue, but to no good. Every day I came up town my wife would throw her arms around my neck—I have been married three years and know what that means—and whisper, 'Darling, has the man sold that pretty pug yet? No; then Charley, dear, won't you buy him for me. The Griggs have a pug, and it makes me sick to think I haven't got one, too.' I bought that pug, and we have had fleas ever since.

"For two weeks my wife kept me awake at night asking me how I liked this name and that name for her pet. She went through every book in the library in search of an inspiration. It was no use. Then she teased me for names. I suggested 'Kapitanes Antistratikos,' and she laughed at me; I mentioned 'Stuffeymeguzzen,' and she got mad. I then retired from the christening racket, and she settled on Googles. There were other Googles in the dog world, so our pug is now known as Lanjan's Googles, and greatness has thus been thrust upon me. Such is fame.

"From the first Googles was all there. He had as many points as Wall street in a month. His color was the thing until my wife gave him a bath, and then the paint washed off. This nearly broke her heart, and I have had to engage the man who swindled me to come twice a week and touch Googles up. The man says, 'Yer can bet yer sweet life I am the boss faker in America.' Then Googles lay too much by the fire, and the glue softened and his tail uncurled and stuck straight out like a pointer's. The hairdresser has to come and crimp it every morning. My wife would sigh and say, 'Oh, Charley, do look at him now, the little darling; look at his beautiful eyes, see how they glitter, see how they express his love for me.' I agreed with her; I rather thought they glittered, especially the left one. I was right. Googles fell off the stoop one night, and when he was rescued, empty was one socket. A little boy who was passing handed me something that he had picked up in the street; he said it was 'a diamond breastpin.' It turned out to be Googles's glass eye. The love my wife had seen was in reality a pinch of phosphorus.

Googles then knew that he had been discovered as a fraud and no longer dissembled. His good manners at once took wing. He deserted the parlor and his good mistress for Trenton sausages and the cook. His tastes were low and he sought the festivities of the realms of the basement. When he had stuffed himself out with good cheer until he could hardly waddle, he would go and look at himself in the burnished convex boiler to elongate his figure. He is up to all sorts of games, and for a small dog can purloin more meat from the butcher's and hide it on his person than a melancholy Dane. His thirst is of the best order too; he is a terror on the heeltaps in the decanters.

"One night Googles was decidedly groggy and in a beastly frame of mind. He had been lushing it for several days and was 'off his feed.' He had been offered saddle of mutton and roasted Currituck widgeon for dinner, all to no good. He began to see things, and as I passed him on my way out he bit at my leg and went whooping off. When I reached the club some one said, 'Charley Lanjan's got 'em bad, he's going around with a pearl necklace on his leg, he is working the Duke racket.' I heard the remark, and on looking down found a full set of false teeth sticking in my trousers. They were Googles's.

"My wife came home one day and said that there was to be a dog show and that she had entered Googles, and wanted me to fix up a pedigree right straight off. I did it. I copied most

of it out of Burke's Peerage, adopting only the Christian names. It took better than any pedigree I ever heard of, and Googles won the prize. But my wife made enemies of seventeen of her most intimate lady friends, all of whom have been trying to buy or steal Googles ever since.

"Now that Googles has become a winner, he has put on more frills than a dozen virgin queens. He smashes things, chews things, bites things, destroys things and steals things. He gets sick, and the family physician has to be called in. He has the canker, and when he gets well of it he starts in on the mange. He gets better and has to ride in the park. He recovers and he gobbles everything he sees. Just run your eye over this paper," concluded Mr. Lanjan, "and see what Googles has cost during the month:

GOOGLES'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

To 3 sofa cushions at $15 each	$45.00
1½ doz. table napkins at $24 per doz.	36 00
4 day shirts	20.00
2 night shirts	5.00
1 umbrella stand, smashed	18.00
1 new glass eye	2.35
1 bearskin hearth rug	70.00
4 neighbors' cats at 50 cents each	2.00
For perpetuating color (Bill, the faker)	20.00
5¼ pounds Trenton sausage at 18 cents	.99
11¾ pounds prime steak at 25 cents	2.94
2 tooth brushes	.80
1 doll's house furniture	7.50
Sundry bric a brac	32.50
New bonnet for Mrs. L	45.00
New muff for Mrs. L	35.00
New shoes for Mrs L	10.00
1 kitchen poker, bent on Googles	.60
Life insurance for Googles	9.00
	$362.68

"Yes, $362.68, now don't ask me to buy any more dogs, because I am going out of the business."

A FOX HUNT WITH BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very annoying to our lovers of the beagle to have men come around and say, "Of what use are those little fice?" and when informed that they are hounds. "Hounds! why they couldn't catch a fox in a lifetime, they couldn't run a rabbit around to you in a day. They would break down on one good race anyhow," and all such talk, and by men who have had no experience with the beagle, and perhaps have never seen one before, know nothing of their staying power or of their indomitable determination to follow the track until the finish.

I remember once last winter when out on a hunt I met with a gentleman bent on the same errand. We joined issues, he with his two foxhounds (and I think they were the largest I ever saw), I with my six beagles. Well, I must acknowledge that my little thirteen and fourteen inch fellows looked rather insignificant by them, they could run clear under them and never touch a hair.

We soon started a rabbit, away dashed the yearlings of dogs, they went away from my little fellows so fast that I was afraid it would discourage them. But at the bugle call of old Blue Cap the other five packed to him and went off in fine style. As they were going out of hearing over the ridge the two large dogs were bringing the rabbit back across the ridge about two hundred yards above where she crossed.

I stole a glance at the owner and saw a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

The game ran below us and took to a brier swamp in the valley below, we went down to get a shot at her as they drove her out. Well, here was a failure, they would bow around but wouldn't enter, their bodies were too large and their hair too short and thin to take the briers. Hark! what fierce ceaseless cry is that descending the mountain? See! six little hounds burst into sight and make for the swamp, running so closely packed that a table cloth would cover the lot.

Did they pause when they struck the swamp? No, sir; that scent was too intoxicating to that delicate nose, with one fierce cry they disappeared in the briers.

The game ran the swamp back and forth, but it was useless to try to shake those eager little pursuers off. Finally she broke cover to fall to my hammerless. It is useless for me to mention the number of times this same performance was re-enacted that day, but will say that at dark those big hounds were content to pack with my little ones. Now, my foxhound men, we don't put our little pets against your big ones on their legitimate game. They have their game, ours have theirs; but we do say that ours are better on their legitimate game.

But to my story. Every few days last spring some one would come into my place of business and tell me about packs of foxhounds running a fox on the old Eskridge tract, but couldn't kill him. Each informant would state that he would run in the open country until pressed, then take to an old field of about twenty acres that had been partly cleared, but the brush was never burned. Bushes of about two years' growth and briers had entwined around the brush so as to make an almost impenetrable cover, and when Mr. Reynard got in there he could laugh his pursuers to scorn.

The thought took possession of my mind that the Edgewood beagle pack could kill that fox. The more I thought of it the stronger the conviction became. But how to get him started; for I knew if I went in there with my beagles they would start a rabbit. Suddenly the thought flashed through my mind, why not get some good old foxhound, let him start the game, then put mine in. One hour after this thought occurred to me I was on the way to a neighbor's house who had an old foxhound that had been the best of the best, but had now taken a back seat under the weight of ten summers, but was as good a starter as ever. Next morning the first streak of dawn in the east found me nearing the old field with six beagles in the wagon, the old dog trotting along in the advance.

What! the old fellow scents game already of some kind, for it was just light enough to see him stop in the middle of the road, turn back and forth in quick succession, up the road he bounds for fifty yards; he sniffs at that rock. Ah! listen to that deep-toned bay. A fox, as I live, and not more than half an hour ahead, either.

His deep cry echoed and re-echoed through the still morning air several times, and he moved off toward the brush field at quite a lively gait. Be still, little men, your time will come after awhile, for with the strike of the old dog my wagonload had set up an eager whine. The old dog is nearing the field.

Now, why hadn't I thought of it before, for the fox will break cover on the other side of the field, and if I was around there I could put mine in with the old dog. Go, horses, and away we go at a spinning rate. The half mile is made in a few minutes, but as quick as we came the old hound is past the middle of the field (the brush not being very thick in the center) and is laboriously pushing his way toward my stand. I unchain the beagles but bid them remain in the wagon. Nearer and nearer comes the old dog. Surely the sly rascal hasn't left the brush and taken to the open woods to seek his hiding place. I hear a scratching on the fence, and looking up the fence thirty steps I see his foxship cross the road at a leap and disappear in the woods with his brush straight out behind him.

Just as he is crossing the road, the eager bay of the old hound told that he had gotten to his bed. Come here, little men, and at a motion of my hand the beagles came tumbling out. Now is the time for you to show that my confidence in you is not misplaced. But wait for the old dog to come up. By the time we reach the crossing the hound is jumping the fence. Here old Blue Cap, you, too, Blue Bell, as you have snuffed the scent of a fox before, lead off next the old hound and let the younger ones follow.

At the command in old Blue Cap goes, sniffs the tainted ground, bristles raised erect, and with a fierce cry bounds away in the wake of the old dog. Old Blue Bell goes next, giving tongue, followed by the young ones. Before I can hardly write it, they were nearly out of hearing, heading toward the open country.

I have stood on the passway and saw the noble buck wilt at the crack of my rifle, have hunted bear in the canebrakes of Eastern Texas, but I must acknowledge that I was never more excited in my life; although no one knew of this determined kill but myself. I was so eager for success that I was completely carried away; it took me fifteen minutes to recover my composure.

The dogs were clear out of hearing, but knowing the fox would return when pressed, I didn't follow them. I turn my team around, fix them in a good place, and walk leisurely to the top of the hill at the other end of the fence. I listen intently for the dogs, but can hear nothing of them. I take a seat on the fence and fall into a reverie. I think of the many hunts I have had over this same ground and of the many pleasant friends I have had with me.

I was aroused by the baying of a hound in nearly an opposite direction from the one taken by the fox. It is so distant I can't tell whether it is the old hound or not. I jump off the fence and place my ear near a large pine tree. Yes, that is him, and there is old Blue Cap, too. They are crossing a cliff off on Rock Creek. Then I hear no more of them for forty minutes, when they burst into hearing about half way back on the double and headed straight for the field. Five minutes more and they come into plain hearing, and I was gratified to hear the young dogs in full concert with the old ones. Ten minutes more and the fox crossed about one hundred yards below me and takes to the brush, with the pack about three hundred yards behind him. Young Blue Cap and Countess, two thirteen months' pups, a little to the front, other four right at them, with the old hound about twenty-five yards behind. Poor old fellow, you strive nobly to keep up, but your sceptre has departed.

Do they leap the fence? No, but slip through and have plunged into the brush and are making nearly as good time as when in the open woods. Why, old fellow, why that dismal howl; can't you go where the little fellows do? for after jumping the fence he attempted to follow the pack, but those piercing thorns and thick brush were too much for him. He lifted his head high in the air and shouted with very anger because he couldn't go too. But listen! the pack are in the very middle of the field and are quartering and making short doubles, surely you havn't left the fox for a rabbit. After running in there about thirty minutes they moved to the other end of the field. Surely that is not a rabbit. No, it can't be, for they give tongue too fierce. Ah! they have turned and are coming this way; nearer they come, until hardly a hundred yards from me, when suddenly at my very feet the fox slipped out of the brush (for I was again on the fence) and made for the woods. Oh yes, old fellow, I guess you think those big boys are not after you now; those little fellows press you as hard in there as in the open.

The old hound was a short distance off, saw him cross the road, and made right for his track. One call to my pack, and they were to me and the whole business went off at a lively gate, it not more than two hundred yards off. They went out of hearing again, but were soon coming back again.

About this time Mr. Taylor came up; "Why, Will, I never saw a rabbit run as that one does." "Well, you see," says I, "it is a regular old woods fellow." In this time the pack were only about two hundred yards from the fence further down, when the fox ran out into the road, jumping the fence, went into the brush again. "Why! it is a fox," exclaimed Mr. Taylor, in great astonishment, "and they would kill him in fifteen minutes if they could get a run on him in the open woods; but he is safe now." "Wait and see," says I. All this time they were running in the brush just as if after a rabbit and with little difficulty. After running the length of the field several times, Mr. Taylor and myself went to the other end of the field, and as the pack turned and started back, I took one side, Mr. Taylor the other, and made all the noise we could; and made our way as fast as possible through the brush, and forced him out into the woods again. Don't know how far the pack was behind him, but don't think they were any further than when entering the brush.

"He is going to Rock Creek Cliff," exclaimed Mr. Taylor, "but if he starts there he will never get there." They went nearly out of hearing, when with a short double, right back—nearer, nearer they came, fiercer and more determined becomes the cry of the pack. Mr. Taylor jumps on the fence, and lifting his hat, cries, "I will bet fifty dollars they will catch him before reaching the fence." Nearer, nearer—will the fox never cross the road? The pack are not one hundred yards from the fence. Still they come; young dogs are not giving tongue. Yonder he comes! Yonder he comes, with the pups catching at him. One of them has caught him. And such was the case; for, running about two yards in advance of the others, young Blue Cap caught him within fifty yards of the fence, with Countess next, young Blue Bell next, followed by the rest of the pack. The fox turned on them when in a few yards of catching him. Suppose he thought he could whip such little fellows, but the old dogs were only a few yards behind the young ones. Mr. Taylor says he never saw a fox killed quicker. The old hound was clean out of the race; never came back from the second dash.

You may know with what pride I stripped his brush off, caressed my panting little pack, took them all in the wagon and reached home at 12 o'clock. Now, I won't say that they ran the whole chase without making any breaks or checks, for they were many, but of very short duration.

You will say, did you try to catch another? I will tell you no, sir, and I don't expect to. If I do it will be with a pack of foxhounds. I only wanted to catch one with the Edgewood beagle pack, because I believed they could do it. Now I am satisfied foxes are not their game, so they ought not to be used for them. When men not knowing see my pack, say they can't catch a fox, can they? I only say foxes are not their game.

But every rose has its thorns. I am sorry to write that that was young Blue Cap's last race. Being tired and hungry, I suppose he went down to the tanyard that evening and ate a big lot of fleshings which had been limed, and he died in three days with inflammation of the bowels. He would sway his head from side to side in an agony of pain, yet never a whimper of complaint escaped him. Lived game; died game. His last moments were passed in my arms. I have another five-months old, a brother to him, but not litter brother, very much like him. Have named him Blue Cap, and he gives promise of filling his place. My hand is tired—will close.

HOUNDRY.

PINE VIEW, Va.

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the dog show to be held in Milwaukee, Wis., next September, is ready for delivery. There are extra champion classes for English setters, Irish setters, pointers, and Irish water spaniels. The prize in all champion classes is $10 or medal, as may be preferred. Prizes in the open classes are $10 and $5, and $7 and $3 in puppy classes. The show will be held under rules of the A. K. C. Entries close Sept. 22. John D. Olcott, manager.

A PACING DOG.—I have a pointer bitch which paces like a horse, that is, moves both feet on one side at once. Is it a common gait with dogs?—REDWING (Glencoe, Volusia Co., Fla.) [Very common.]

"GONE TO THE DOGS."—That was the exclamation of Mr. John M. Tracy, the painter of dogs, when, after years of study, privation, and striving, he was compelled to abandon historical and landscape painting, rub out his canvas, and draw upon it what he felt as a degrading surrender to necessity, to the claims of bread and butter. And now, after having won fame and an income as a painter of animals, he still describes himself, but with a cheerful resignation, as having "gone to the dogs." His picture of "Close Work," in the Prize Fund Exhibition of the American Art Association now open in New York city, places him in the first rank of artists in his kind. Yet he remembers his first ambition much as the poet does who begins in youth with verse, then, yielding to the demands of the present and the popular taste, ends with prose. Thus the great majority of men of youthful, lofty aspirations, admiring the heights, as Goetue said, but impatient of the painful, slow steps to it, give up their visions, and run the race set before them by their fellows, and accept the world and life on an obvious, easy plane, going intellectually and morally to the dogs. But a reminiscence lingers in the heart, or else there would be no recognition of the few who are faithful to the high inward light, nor any perception or appreciation of the models of character, art, literature. For these appeal to the dimmed, but never quite dead, ideas of the human soul. The sportsmen are naturally Mr. Tracy's best customers and chief admirers. However, there is a high point in art, which, when it is reached, the special or technical subjects are lost sight of; it is the feeling or life that is put into them, which triumphs over the humble, limited character of the chosen subject, and which calls forth the enthusiasm of the sympathetic spectator. Then at length the artist appeals, even when he paints dogs, from mere sportsmen to lovers of art; and, in fact, it is at this point, probably, that a great animal painter parts company with animal fanciers and works for the applause of those who can see beauties of another and higher order. This happens when the artist can portray the inward nature, as well as the outward form, of animals; when he loves them, when he has gone down into their very being, as Roos did, and knows what it is that gives to the animal his precise form and particular action. The modern interest in the good treatment of all domestic animals, and also the limited protection of game of all kinds, brings every day the lower animal world nearer to men; and he becomes more and more interested in its life, as not so completely separated from his own as he was wont to think. The dog and the horse have always been dear to man, as having by nature a certain degree of sagacity, memory and fidelity. There are historic dogs and horses. But all other orders of the animal creation are known to us merely in their general classification. As individuals we know them while we possess or capture them, but their memory is seldom perpetuated by their own actions or man's affection, or becomes embalmed in story and poetry. Even when painted or sculptured, they are still not individualized. They are a gallery of unknown portraits. Thus man lords it over what is below him, yet at the same time shows his appreciation by making it the subject of study which leads to a more humane view of his relations to what is usually wholly at his mercy and subject to his will. Then he paints the sheep, the kine, the dog and the horse; and certainly when we have looked upon Roos's or Landseer's sheep, Paul Potter's bulls, or Mr. Tracy's dogs, we have a clearer notion of animal life, and are more kindly disposed toward it. Art can dignify and make poetry of all nature; and that constitutes its moral value. No doubt Phidias made the Athenians more reverential and thoughtful by his statue of Pallas Minerva; but he also made them a little more genial and tender when he exhibited a common house fly in bronze, all as perfect as his greatest works. All who saw it fell in love with flies, and children tore off their wings no more. Man's benevolence is natural toward what he loves; and his humanity will increase by knowledge and admiration of what is under his domain. He will then hunt men with more discretion and mercy; and he will, with Izaak Walton, kill the trout as if he loved him. Whoever paints animals or fish with a genuine love for them, born of patient observation and study, kindles in us, too, a love for them. He teaches us the lesson of humanity, and has not gone to the dogs in vain.—*John Albee in the Christian Union.*

MANGE.—At a late meeting of the New York Dermatological Society, Dr. Henry A. Piffard exhibited two dogs which were subjects of mange. The first shown was a Gordon setter, which had suffered from trichophytosis two years previously. In this case the patch had been attacked with the utmost vigor, resulting in the cure of the disease, but leaving a spot permanently bald. The second dog was a Yorkshire terrier that had been brought to him about a week before. In this case the hair had fallen from the greater part of the dog's body during a period of about two months, and the fall was unaccompanied by any signs of local irritation, the skin not being in the least congested or presenting any abnormal appearance whatever except the loss of the hair. With reference to these cases, Dr. P. remarked that the common word mange was applied to numerous cutaneous affections of the canine family. He said that for many years he had kept dogs, and that several of his dogs had suffered from "mange." Besides this he had examined a good many dogs belonging to friends, and had observed several distinct forms of cutaneous diseases among them. One form, which was by no means common, was clearly an eczema, and was, perhaps, due to overfeeding, lack of exercise, etc. This form was, of course, not contagious. The other forms of "mange" were contagious, and referable to parasites. Dogs suffered from the invasion of itch insects (*Sarcoptes canis*) from lice and from an entozöon folliculorum. Dr. P. had never personally met with any of these, but stated that the follicular parasite sometimes gave rise to exceedingly grave symptoms. Of the phyto-parasitic diseases, ringworm was not infrequently met with, but the most common form of mange that he had met with was not due to any of the causes mentioned. It was characterized by pityriasis, accompanied by pruritus, and in a short time by falling of the hair. The patches were usually circular, which united by extension. The pruritus was quite severe, and led to scratching, with the development of various secondary lesions. This form of disease Dr. P. believed to be due to a phyto-parasite, but he had not given the matter thorough examination. It was a readily curable affection, as almost any of the mange cures in common use would cure it. These were almost without exception composed of the following ingredients: Tar, turpentine and sulphur, with a little oil. Crude petroleum, kerosene, and other substances were sometimes used. In the forms of mange due to animal parasites, the combination above mentioned was very effective. Dr. P. was by no means certain that the last described form of mange was confined to dogs, but suspected that it might be the cause of some of the cases of alopecia furfuracea met with in men. In the human subject the affection was almost always chronic, while in the dog it was an acute affection. There was still another form of mange, exemplified in the Yorkshire terrier shown, the nature of which was not clear.—*Journal of Cutaneous Diseases.*

PEDIGREE WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some one kindly furnish me with the pedigree of my red Irish setter dog? He is in the neighborhood of two years old, and was purchased about sixteen months since in New York by Hon. S. M. Weed, of Plattsburg, N. Y. His name was Mike, Mico or Mitchell. Mr. Weed purchased two others with him. —L. C. ANDRUS (Box 536, Malone, N. Y.).

A LARGE LITTER.—The mastiff bitch Olie, owned by Mr. James J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich., whelped on May 24 twenty-two puppies, six dogs and sixteen bitches. The litter previous to this numbered eighteen.

DEATH OF METEOR.—The celebrated pointer dog Meteor, owned by Col. W. E. Hughes, of Dallas, Tex., it is reported in the press dispatches, died on Tuesday, July 14, of abscess of the liver. Meteor was a liver and white dog, about five and a half years old, by Pilkington's Garnet and out of Pilkington's Jilt. He was imported in 1881, and made his first appearance in public at the chicken trials at Fairmount, Minn., in 1882, where he ran a brilliant heat, beating his competitor Pride, but was withdrawn before running in the next series. He ran last December in the All-Aged Stake of the National trials at Canton, Miss., beating Clay in the first series, but was beaten by Gladstone's Boy in the second series. He also ran a week later in the Southern trials at the same place, and was beaten in his first heat by Lady C. His winnings on the bench are first and three specials, including special for best pointer, Cincinnati; first and special for best pointer, also for one of best brace, Toronto; champion, St. Louis; champion and large pointer sweepstake prize, also special for one of best pair, New York, 1884.

WHITE SPANIELS.—The black cocker spaniel bitch Miss Nance, owned by Mr. S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn., gave birth on June 28 to five puppies, three of them black and two (a dog and bitch) pure white. The dog unfortunately died, but the bitch is strong and healthy, and bids fair to reach maturity. As Miss Nance is black and the sire of the litter black also, as well as their ancestors, the question arises how came these puppies by their color?

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.—At the Crystal Palace dog show, held last week, there were 1,283 entries, three less than last July. Fox-terriers led the list, with 161, St. Bernards coming next with 85. There were 50 pointers, 50 English setters, 28 black and tan setters, and 19 Irish setters. The classes generally were well filled, nearly all of the large breeds being well represented.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Comedy. By W. Henry Colquitt, Richmond, Va., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 24, 1884, by Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna) out of Trinket (Crack—Diana).

Bang Ranger, King Ranger, St. Elmo, Daisy Ranger, May Ranger and Beauty Ranger. By S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for pointers, three dogs and three bitches, whelped May 26, 1885, by his Ranger Croxteth (Croxteth—Royal Fan) out of his Fanny Faust (Faust—Minnetonka).

Viola, Mix's Idol and Princess Mix II. By Prof. H. J. Rice, New York, for lemon and white, black and blue and black and white English setter bitches, whelped April 6, 1885, by his Antic (Prince—Pebble) out of his Princess Mix (A.K.R. 47).

Happy Thought and Aloe's Dream. By Prof. H. J. Rice, New York, for liver and white and black and white English setter bitches, whelped May 23, 1885, by Dash III. out of his Aloe (Prince—Pebble).

Bob, Jr. By A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 25, 1883, by his Bob (Sam—Nellie) out of Kate II. (Sandy—Kate).

Mike. By A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal., for red Irish setter dog, whelped March 17, 1884, by Nemo (Larry—Quail III.) out of Nida (Larry—Red Bess).

Britton, Jr. By Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 15 (Britton—Blue Vic).

Belton Queen. By Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn., for English setter bitch, whelped April 16, 1885 (American Belton—May).

Young Dutch, Albion, Anthony and The Baron. By Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dogs, whelped April 28, 1885, by Hink's Dutch (E.K.C.S.B. 13,813) out of White Rose (Victor Chief—Bess).

Cleopatra, White Violet, Sultana and The Duchess. By Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitches, whelped April 28, 1885, by Hink's Dutch (E.K.C.S.B. 13,813) out of White Rose (Victor Chief—Bess).

Britton Kennels. By Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn., for his private kennels.

Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for his kennel of bull-terriers.

Freestone Kennels. By J. W. Trantum and G. H. Parkinson, Middletown, Conn., for their kennels.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gypsie—Ben Nevis. James Connor's collie bitch Gypsie to J. D. Shotwell's champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391), May 15.

Lady Mac—Ben Nevis. J. G. Gardner's (New York) collie bitch Lady Mac to J. D. Shotwell's champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391), June 22.

Janet—Ben Nevis. C. C. Nichols's (Dedham, Mass.) collie bitch Janet (Prince—Lady Bess) to J. D. Shotwell's champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391). July 1.

Bizorah—Nimrod. G. H. Parkinson's (Middletown, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Bizorah (A.K.R. 1288) to W. D. Ferrin's Nimrod (A.K.R. 631), June 26.

Gayley—Donald II. A. Quick's (New York) pointer bitch Gayley (A.K.R. 1440) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), July 2. Owner wrongly given last week.

Beauty—Turk. C. H. Redfield's (New Haven, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Beauty (Glen II.—Jet) to H. Clay Glover's champion Turk (A.K.R. 717), July 8.

Pebble—Lava Rock. Prof. H. J. Rice's (New York) English setter bitch Pebble (A.K.R. 43) to Lava Rock (A.K.R. 869), May 26.

Gylpha—Sportsman. S. S. McClure's (New Orleans, La.) English setter bitch Gylpha (Count Noble—Nellie) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), July 8.

Beauty III.—Bobbie. J. McCain's (Mount Hermon, N. J.) collie bitch Beauty III (A.K.R. 2203) to W. Atlee Burpee & Co's Bobbie (A.K.R. 2205), July 1.

Lady Sanborn—Emperor Fred. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady Sanborn (Count Noble—Spark) to his Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 33).

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Cio. Walter E. Tooker's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) imported cocker spaniel bitch Cio, July 4, five (four dogs), by J. W. Rushforth's Waverly Gyp (Pilot—Beauty).

Newton Abbot Lady. A. Clinton Wilmerding's (New York) field spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or—Ladybird) July 11, nine (five dogs), by his Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); seven chestnut and two black; three dogs dead.

Nelly. M. E. King's (East Taunton, Mass.) foxhound bitch Nelly, June 17, five dogs, by A. H. Dore's Pilot; color, blue, black, white and tan.

Flirt II. H. Jackson's (Dover, N. H.) beagle bitch Flirt II., July, five (three dogs), by Drew's Spider.

Nelly. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nelly (Tam O'Shanter—Nelly II.), July 2, nine (five dogs), by Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass); all liver and white.

The Banshee. C. B. Gilbert's (New Haven, Conn.) deerhound bitch The Banshee (A.K.R. 1238), July 6, eleven (two dogs), by Dr. W. H. Carmait's Roderick Dhu (Lupar—Mona).

Merry Belle. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Merry belle (Gladstone—Bessie A.), July 11, four (two dogs), by Rodrigo (Gladstone—Twin Maud).

Miss Nance. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313), June 28, five (three dogs), by J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); three black and two all white.

Princess Mix. Prof. H. J. Rice's (New York) English setter bitch Princess Mix (A.K.R. 47), April 6, five (two dogs), by his Antic (Prince—Pebble); four black and white and one lemon and white; both dogs dead.

Aloe. Prof. H. J. Rice's's (New York) English setter bitch Aloe (Prince—Pebble), May 23, two bitches, by Dash III.; one black and white and one liver and white;

Passion. Prof. H. J. Rice's (New York) English setter bitch Passion (Prince—Pebble), June 6, six (two dogs), sire not given; all since dead from distemper.

Dalliance. Half-Way Brook Kennels' (Glens Falls, N. Y.) imported foxhound bitch Dalliance (A.K.R. 2400), July 7, fifteen (eight dogs), by their imported Stormer (A.K.R. 2402); all white, black and tan.

Jean. W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jean (Bobbie—Beauty III.), June 23, six (one dog), by Bobbie (A.K.R. 2205); all black, tan and white.

ROMAINE'S LITTER.—Boston, June 30, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please insert in your next issue—Whelped. Romaine. G. T. Wells's (Faulkner, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Romaine (A.K.R. 638), seven, six bitches, June 27, by champion Glencho, and oblige, yours, etc.—G. T. WELLS.

BOSTON, July 7, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is rather hard to ride a free horse to death, but in this week's issue you have published under the head of Whelps: "Romaine. G. T Wells's (Franklin, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Romaine (A.K.R. 638), June 27, seven (one dog), by champion Glencho." Now, if you will look at my last letter to you, you will see that you have made a great mistake. In the first place, I did not state *how* many dogs or bitches. Next, I am at Faulkner, Mass., which does not look like Franklin, Mass. If you will rectify it in next week's you will greatly oblige, yours, etc.—GEO. T. WELLS.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ted. Skye terrier dog, age and pedigree not given, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Thos. Blyth, Peale, Pa.

Daisy Belle. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped May 26, 1885 (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass.

Don Quixote. Black and white pointer dog, whelped May 26, 1885 (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to F. W. White, Worcester, Mass.

Og. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 29, 1884 (A.K.R. 1878), by S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn., to H. T. Newberry, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Nevison. Mastiff bitch, whelped March 4, 1884 (champion Nevison—Brenda), by Chas. H. Mason, New York, to Miss E. Marbury, Oyster Bay, L. I.

Emperor Fred. Orange and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 33), by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Dr. S. Fleet Speir, same place.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gamp. Fawn Skye terrier bitch, 1yr. old (Skye—Vellie), by G. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., from the kennels of A. Stephen, Turniff, Scotland.

Dombey. Steel gray Skye terrier dog, 6mos. old, bred by Frank Fraser, pedigree not given, by G. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., from the kennels of A. Stephen, Turniff, Scotland.

Bella. Steel gray Skye terrier, 6mos. old, bred by Mr. Flinn, pedigree not given, by G. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., from the kennels of A. Stephen, Turniff, Scotland.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bessie T. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 5yrs. old (Gladstone—Fly), owned by Edward A. Todd, New Haven, Conn., July 6, from poison.

Mertie. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 6, 1885 (Dash—Lill), owned by Victor M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pa., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. S., City.—Can you tell me the cause of the hair falling off of the tail of my setter? She looks all right every other way. The hair seems to stay on every other part of her body. Perhaps it is age that is telling on her. Ans. She has the mange. Rub the following ointment into the bare spots on your setter's tail: Ointment of the yellow oxide of mercury.

A READER, Philadelphia.—Setter dog, ten months old, recovered from distemper about a month ago, and is still troubled with a dry, parched nose, loose hair and sore eyes. Ans. Keep the dog's bowels easy with the syrup of buckthorn in dessertspoonful doses. Give him plenty of exercise, and also give four drops of Fowler's solution of arssnic in his food each day.

H. B., Whitehouse, N. J.—Setter, one year old, will eat scarcely anything; is very thin, has a few fleas, is lacking in energy; appears all right every other way. Ans. You do not give enough facts to warrant even a guess at the trouble. Keep his bowels in order with teaspoonful doses of syrup of buckthorn. Give him regular exercise every day. Satisfy yourself that he is not suffering from worms or other intestinal trouble.

L. D., Sunbury, Pa.—A black setter, a year old, has an attack of the mange at his tail. I have this pretty well under control, but one of his eyes is commencing to matter, the lids are inflamed some and look sore, and the hair is coming off in several small places near the eye. Ans. A solution of the sulpho-carbolate or sulphate of zinc of the strength of two grains to the ounce of water may be dropped into the eyes night and morning. Wash the parts with castile soap and water, dry, and apply the ointment of the oxide of zinc to the parts by rubbing into the skin with the fingers. You may also give four drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic once daily in the food.

G. W. S., Montreal.—Small Skye terrier, subject to fits, apparently from constipation; gets no meat to eat. Can you give the name of some easily administered aperient medicine that would correct this? I have already cured him of a skin disease by using your answer to another correspondent. Ans. There are numberless means of curing constipation. If it is constant, you had better relieve the dog once thoroughly by an injection of olive or linseed oil, and then keep the bowels clear by diet and exercise. Boiled liver mixed with the food will often be efficient. Syrup of buckthorn given in one or two teaspoonful doses until the bowels act is an excellent remedy. Castor oil may be given in dessertspoonful doses. Begin with the buckthorn. It will probably do all you wish for the dog. Give liver with the food.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read your editorial note accompanying my communication upon the above subject. I suspect that the reason there is little or no demand for telescopic rifles lies in the fact of their great cost, which practically prohibits their use by the mass of young riflemen. I was during the war an officer of sharpshooters, and within reach of where I now write there stands a rifle made before the war, upon which is a $30 telescopic sight. This rifle was in active use throughout the war and did terrible execution, often at distances of from ¾ to ⅞ of a mile. I am just numbering my three score years, and my eyesight is so dim that I cannot do any practical execution with any other kind of sight, but I do not believe many men live who can with any other style of sight do the execution that I still do with this rifle. The following clipping I take from a Philadelphia paper, whose reporter witnessed the practice, which was with the rifle referred to: "A muskrat while swimming shows about one-half of its head above water. To strike this with a rifle ball at a distance of 100yds. while the animal is moving at right angles with the gunner ought to be considered good marksmanship. A Wenonah (N. J.) man has done it three times in three consecutive shots from the same place, killing each rat within a few feet of the same spot; and he calls himself an old man, too."

For several years I used a telescopic sight almost exclusively for hunting, and have never yet seen any other style of sight which would in the least compare with it for hunting purposes. While I was upon our Western frontiers the most successful deer hunter which I knew there used a telescopic sight almost exclusively. A common sight surmounting it answers all purposes for a "snap shot," while at long distances, with deer standing, he almost invariably dropped them in their tracks or within a few feet distant. Although I owned two good double guns, I killed more pinnated grouse, wild pigeons, etc., with my rifle and had them in better order for the table, as I invariable shot their heads or necks off. With a telescopic sight it is practicable to do this up to, say, 100 yards. Telescopic rifles are prohibited on the range for the simple reason that the few who have them would win every prize. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The competition for the selection of the right to represent Ireland at Wimbledon in the Elcho Shield match against England and Scotland, was held on the North Bull ranges, Dollymount, on the 24th and 25th inst. A large number of old "eight" men competed, many of whose names are familiar to our readers, and the scores made considering the weather were very good. A strong wind and mirage prevailed on the second day and kept the scores low. The conditions of the match are the same as those for the "Palma," except that 20 shots are fired at 1,000yds. in-tead of 15. In connection with the Irish Eight competition the four highest scores become absolutely entitled to the places on the team, as also do the fifth and sixth men, p ovided they have been previously members of the eight, otherwise the first four choose the remaining members and men in waiting The shooting throughout was remarkable for the closeness of the contest between the leading men. The scores made were as follows:

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

800 Yards.

J Rigby	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—74
A Ganly	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—73
W R Joynt	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—73
F Cooper	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—71
R W Barnett	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	—70
Captain Fenton	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
Sir R Hamilton	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
F W Henry	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
Surgeon Major Hamilton	4	3	2	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
H Thynne	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	—69
W T Braithwaite	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
J K Millner	5	4	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
H Leslie	5	4	4	3	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—69
D Sullivan	5	4	4	5	3	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	—68
Colonel Galbraith	5	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—67
P Pinker	4	5	5	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	4	5	5	—67
J M'Connell	4	5	3	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	—66
C Hamilton	5	5	4	5	5	3	4	4	5	3	5	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	—66
Lieutenant J Montgomery	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	—66
Captain J Dutton Hunt	4	4	5	3	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	—65
W Hamilton	3	4	3	4	4	5	3	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	—64
E Seymour	5	3	4	5	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	3	—63
H Brownlie	2	5	5	3	3	5	5	4	0	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	—61

900 Yards.

Lieutenant J Montgomery	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—75
Captain Fenton	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	—73
W Braithwaite	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	—72
W R Joynt	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	—71
J K Millner	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	—70
Surgeon-Major Hamilton	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	4	3	5	5	5	4	—70
J M Connell	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	3	4	3	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	—69
A Ganly	4	5	5	5	0	4	5	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	4	4	5	5	5	—69
F Cooper	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	4	5	5	4	3	5	4	—68
Capt J Dutton Hunt	4	5	3	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	—67
Colonel Galbraith	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	—67
D Sullivan	3	4	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	4	5	3	5	—66
R W Barnett	4	5	4	4	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—66
P Pinker	4	5	3	3	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	3	4	5	4	4	—64
Sir R Hamilton	5	5	4	4	5	5	3	4	5	5	5	3	3	4	3	5	5	5	4	—64
J Rigby	3	4	4	5	3	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	—64
H Brownlie	5	4	4	2	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	3	5	2	3	5	2	5	5	—63
E Seymour	0	4	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	—63
F W Henry	2	5	3	4	5	4	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	3	—62
H Thynne	3	3	5	5	4	2	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	3	5	3	—62
H Leslie	3	8	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	2	3	4	5	5	4	4	—61
C Hamilton	3	5	3	5	1	5	3	4	4	5	3	3	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	—61
W Hamilton	0	4	0	3	4	5	4	5	3	5	5	4	5	5	6	4	5	5	6	—56

1,000 Yards.

Col Galbraith	5	4	5	0	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	5	—80
Lieut J Montgomery	5	5	5	5	5	3	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	5	4	5	—87
R W Barnett	5	5	5	2	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	3	5	5	5	2	4	4	4	—87
J Rigby	4	4	4	5	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—86
C Hamilton	0	5	3	5	4	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	—86
Capt J Dutton Hunt	5	4	3	4	4	5	3	4	5	3	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—85
P Pinker	4	4	3	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	—84
W Braithwaite	3	5	5	4	5	4	3	4	5	4	8	4	3	6	5	4	5	5	4	—83
W R Joynt	5	2	2	5	4	3	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	—83
Sir R Hamilton	4	5	4	5	5	2	4	4	1	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	4	3	2	—83
H Brownlie	0	5	4	4	3	5	5	5	4	3	2	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	—83
F Cooper	3	5	4	0	4	3	3	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	—82
Surg-Major Hamilton	4	5	3	4	5	4	5	5	0	3	4	5	5	5	4	2	5	5	2	—82
W Hamilton	3	8	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	5	4	—81
H Thynne	0	4	4	2	3	5	5	3	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	3	1	—81
A Ganly	5	4	4	3	5	4	5	2	5	5	2	5	5	3	3	4	5	3	5	—80
J M'Connell	2	0	5	5	5	3	3	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	—80
E Seymour	3	4	3	4	4	4	5	3	5	2	4	1	3	5	3	4	4	4	3	—77
D Sullivan	5	5	3	5	5	2	2	4	5	4	3	4	3	5	4	4	4	0	5	—77
F W Henry	4	4	3	4	5	5	3	3	5	4	3	5	3	4	0	4	5	5	4	—76
J K Millner	0	0	3	4	5	5	3	4	4	5	4	4	3	3	4	5	5	5	0	—72
H Leslie	2	3	3	5	0	4	3	1	4	4	2	5	3	5	4	1	2	5	4	—71
Captain Fenton	0	2	0	5	3	4	0	5	0	2	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	0	4	—63

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

800 Yards.

Lieutenant J Montgomery	4	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—70
Mr W R Joynt	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—70
Mr A Ganly	4	5	5	2	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	—69
Mr W T Braithwaite	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	—69
Mr J Rigby	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—68
Mr F W Henry	5	5	5	2	3	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—67
Surgeon-Major Hamilton	5	4	2	5	5	5	5	3	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—66
Sir R Hamilton	3	3	3	3	5	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	—65
Mr P Pinker	3	5	5	5	2	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—64
Mr F Cooper	2	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	—64
Mr D Sullivan	2	4	5	5	4	4	4	2	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	—63
Mr J K Millner	5	5	4	4	3	3	5	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—63
Mr R W Barnett	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	3	3	4	3	—63
Captain J Dutton Hunt	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	4	3	5	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	3	—63
Captain Fenton	0	4	4	5	2	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—62
Mr H Leslie	4	2	2	5	5	5	3	5	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—62
Mr C Hamilton	4	2	5	3	5	4	3	5	5	4	3	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—62
Mr W Hamilton	5	2	4	5	4	3	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	5	2	—62
Colonel Galbraith	2	3	4	3	8	4	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—60
Mr H Thynne	4	3	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	0	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	—60
Mr E Seymour	3	5	5	4	4	4	5	3	3	4	5	3

	GROSS TOTALS.					Grand
	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.	Total.	1st day.	Total.
Mr W R Joynt	70	68	88	226	227	453
Mr Braithwaite	69	70	89	228	224	452
Lieut J Montgomery	70	65	86	221	228	449
Mr A Ganley	69	64	91	224	222	446
Mr J Rigby	68	64	89	221	224	445
Mr F Cooper	64	64	92	220	221	441
Mr F W Henry	67	64	90	221	208	429
Sir R Hamilton	64	65	83	212	216	428
Capt Dutton Hunt	63	62	85	209	217	426
Surgeon-Major Hamilton	66	64	74	204	221	425
Mr J M'Connell	53	71	85	209	215	424
Mr H Thynne	60	71	81	212	212	424
Colonel Galbraith	60	55	85	200	223	423
Mr P Pinker	64	60	82	206	215	421
Mr W Hamilton	62	64	93	219	201	420
Mr J K Millner	63	59	84	206	211	417
Mr R W Barnett	63	16	82	201	223	424
Mr C Hamilton	62	62	78	202	213	415
Captain Fenton	68	62	81	205	205	410
Mr E Seymour	53	65	74	197	203	400
Mr Leslie	62	60	75	197	201	398
Mr D Sullivan	63	61	57	181	211	392
Mr E Brownlie	50	59	70	179	207	386

The American Cup and Championship of Ireland. Presented by the American Rifle Team to the riflemen of Ireland for annual competition, as a memorial of the first International rifle contest on Irish soil, June 29, 1875. The competitor being an Irishman by birth or parentage who shall make the highest aggregate score in the several competitions F, G, and H, shall be the winner for the current year and have his name and score engraved upon the Cup:

	Extra	Members'	Irish	Eight.		
	800yds.	1,000yds.	1st day	2d day	Total.	
W R Joynt	49	45	237	226	547	
W T Braithwaite	47	47	224	228	546	
A Ganly	47	46	222	224	539	
J Rigby	48	46	224	221	538	

W. R. Joynt wins the Cup and championship badge.

Mr. W. R. Joynt, who formed one of the Irish team in the Centennial match at Creedmoor in 1876, and also represented Ireland against the American team at Dollymount in 1880, accordingly won the championship of Ireland, closely pressed, however, by Mr. Braithwaite 3 points, and by Messrs. Rigly and Ganly 8 points behind. Both the latter well-known shots have held the championship twice each, Captain Fenton three times, and Mr. Murphy once, these being the only riflemen we remember who have obtained the coveted distinction. Mr. Joynt for the present year holds the cup presented by the riflemen of America to the Irish riflemen in 1875, and takes the $20 championship badge. In connection with the Irish Eight competition, he wins the cup (value $80) presented by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Braithwaite taking second prize ($45) and Lieutenant Montgomery the third prize ($35). Messrs. Joynt, Braithwaite, Montgomery, Ganly and Rigby are entitled to their places on the Irish Eight for this year, and the selection of the remaining members devolves on them. We can only wish the team so constituted every success at Wimbledon in the contest for the shield on the 24th prox.

DUBLIN, June 28.

BOSTON, July 11.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was fair, and the weather conditions were good. The following records were made:

500yds Match.

C W Hodgdon....5455555555—49 J P Court....4345554455—44
J H Ober....5555555455—49

Practice Match at 200yds.

C E Berry....4555445545—46 A Law....5454553544—44
J B Fellows....5554554454—46 W H Woods....4445454414—42
C B Edwards....5444545554—45 Woodbury....4444454444—41
C W Hodgdon....4545454544—44 W Henry....4314515434—40

Decimal Match.

J B Fellows, D	10	7	7	6	8	8	10	8	8	10–82
R Reed, C	10	7	8	8	7	9	9	7	6	9–80
J Lemons, C	10	6	10	7	5	9	4	7	8	9–75
J N Frye, D	6	9	9	6	7	6	8	10	9	7–77
W Growler	9	5	9	6	7	6	6	7	9	7–71
F W Perkins, C. mil	8	8	10	10	7	5	7	10	5	5–67
Re-entry, C. mil	5	4	8	7	4	9	6	4	9	9–65
J P Bates, C	10	4	5	2	7	5	5	6	6	9–59

Rest Match F.

J N Frye	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10–98
W Seely	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10–98
P Ballard	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	10–97

Three new matches have been opened for competition by the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The first is to be on the decimal target off-hand, 200yds., with 10 rounds, any rifle allowed and unlimited entries. Prizes are to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best four scores, to count in order made; rifles with military open sights to be shot without cleaning during each score; military rifles of strictly military character allowed 24 points, and other rifles with open sights 16 points, on the aggregate of four scores. Any winner of a percentage prize may, at option, take the cash prize or receive a gold or silver medal, not to exceed in cost the amount of his prize.

The second match will be on the decimal target, at rest, with these conditions; 200yds., rounds, 10; any position or rest; any rifle under 10 pounds, without telescopic sights; prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best five scores, counted in order made. Military or open sight rifles to be shot without cleaning during each score. An allowance of 50 points on strictly military, and 25 points on other open sight rifles will be made on the aggregate of five scores.

The third is a handicap, time match. Conditions the same as in the first match, with the exception that a competitor will be required to fire his shot in seven seconds after the word to fire is given, and failing to do so will be scored a miss. The rifle must be held in the same position as is required for holding a shotgun in trap shooting, until the word is given, and then brought to the shoulder and aimed. Prizes the same as in the first match C, and awarded in the same way.

The prizes in the first match range in amount from 10 to 1 per cent. of the entry fees, and in the second from 12 to 4 per cent. of the entry fees.

THOMASTON, Conn., July 11.—The weather conditions at Bridgemoor range to-day were a very bright light, with a light wind veering from three to five o'clock. Walnut Hill decimal target:

G C Gilbert	9	9	5	9	10	10	9	9	6	9–85
E Thomas	7	10	8	8	7	8	10	6	9	8–81
G C Caufield	7	7	9	8	9	6	10	9	9	5–79
E W Bennett	4	9	7	4	3	10	8	4	5	10–64
F Carr	3	6	10	6	3	7	6	8	10	4–63
F A Perkins	4	8	5	7	5	6	9	0	10	4–58
C F Williams	8	4	7	5	2	6	5	9	6	5–57
C L Alling	5	9	7	2	7	8	6	2	2	7–55
A Fox	4	3	4	10	2	10	8	2	3	5–51

CREEDMOOR, July 11.—There was a large attendance this morning, when the gold marksman's badge was competed for. The weather was warm, but in every way favorable for good shooting, the breeze being light. In addition to the marksman's badge contest, the *Army and Navy Journal* and the qualification match took place and induced some good shooting. The gold marksman's badge was won for the second time by John T. Klein, of the 17th Separate Company, by a score of 22-24, total 46. The other prize winners were:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J L Breming, 14th Regt	20	24	44
E W Price, 7th Regt	22	22	44
E T Young, 7th Regt	22	21	43
S A Benn, N H A	23	20	43
L S Frankau, 7th Regt	18	24	42
E C Wallace, 14th Regt	19	23	42
G C Power, 7th Regt	20	22	42

TOPEKA, Kas., July 10.—The weekly shoot of the Capital City Rifle Club occurred this afternoon at their range. The following is the score made:

J M Clark	4	3	5	4	3	4	8	5	6	9–51
Geo E Morrison	3	6	5	1	3	5	4	10	5	1–43
Fred M Carter	6	5	4	6	4	5	10	3	8	2–53
Robert Thompson	6	5	4	3	6	4	4	6	8	4–50
J T Williams	0	2	9	2	8	5	6	6	10	6–54
H T Dillon	4	7	8	3	4	2	2	3	6	0–45
W A L Thompson	2	5	3	7	2	0	1	7	3	2–32

WALTHAM, Mass., July 10.—Hillside Rifle Club held its weekly shoot at the range in Waltham this afternoon. Seven members shot, but four of them withdrew their cards at the close. The sun made it difficult to get a good sight on the bullseye, but in spite of this fact, Mr. Dennison made one of the best scores in an American decimal match on record. The distance was 200yds., and the leading score in detail as follows:

American Decimal—Off-Hand.

L O Dennison	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	9	9	9–93
W H Stone	7	4	10	8	8	9	7	9	9	7–78
John Foster	8	9	4	10	5	3	6	5	9	6–64

THE COOGAN TROPHY.—At the recent competition for this Irish-American emblem, the 69th Regiment or home team defeated the Irish-American team by 76 points. They will, therefore, hold the silver trophy until the next competition, which occurs on Tuesday, August 25, at New Haven.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club was beaten in two matches July 4. The Brattleboro (Vt.) rifle club came down here with ten men and beat the home club in the 50-shot telegraphic match, two men on each side. The home club were the foot of the list, being beaten by the Minneapolis (Minn.), Pittsburgh (Pa.) and by the Brattleboro (Vt.) clubs. The weather during the 50-shot match was miserable, a severe thunderstorm coming up when the match was about half over, but they had to keep on shooting on account of darkness, as they did not start the match till late. The scores on the team match were:

Brattleboro Rifle Club.

Wesley	11	12	12	10	9	11	10	12	9	9—105
Cobb	12	11	8	10	9	11	11	10	11	11—104
Knight	9	9	9	9	11	12	12	11	10	9—101
Smith	10	11	9	10	11	9	11	10	9	9— 99
French	6	11	11	10	10	9	12	6	10	11— 96
Nichols	7	10	8	10	12	10	11	10	7	10— 95
Sargent	10	10	10	9	10	11	8	10	9	8— 95
Read	9	9	9	8	7	12	7	10	10	12— 93
Taft	10	11	11	8	9	7	11	6	9	10— 92
Putnam	8	8	6	11	9	9	11	9	10	11— 92—972

Rod and Gun Rifle Club.

Farrow	11	9	11	11	11	11	9	10	10	—104
Cooley	10	9	11	10	10	10	12	10	9	11—102
Bumstead	10	11	11	12	10	8	11	8	11	11—102
Talbot	11	7	10	11	7	12	10	10	10	10— 98
Bull	8	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	11— 97
Wilson	10	7	8	9	9	9	12	8	10	12— 94
Gassner	9	7	9	9	8	10	9	9	8	11— 89
Kimball	4	0	7	9	10	11	11	9	11	8— 89
Eames	6	9	11	9	10	9	9	11	7	7— 88
Allen	6	11	0	10	8	5	8	9	7	11— 75—938

The 50-shot match was shot on the Massachusetts decimal target, 200yds. off hand, regulation rifle and pull. The following are the individual scores: Cale Mandlin 414, C. Minkler 367; total, 781. Individual scores not received.

Pittsburgh (Pa) Rifle Club.

J A Huggins	74	78	80	82	—392
Fred Stolte	78	85	71	64	72—370—762

Brattleboro (Vt.) Rifle Club.

Cobb	73	80	74	87	72—386
Wesley	67	75	74	78	76—370—756

Rod and Gun Rifle Club.

Bumstead	80	75	78	70	67—370
Farrow	68	79	67	72	83—369—739

At the regular weekly shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club, July 11, for the first and second class badges, but few members appeared. The first class badge was won by T. B. Wilson with 106 points, using a military rifle and ammunition. Cartwright had no competitor in the second class competition, his scores being 99:

T B Winslow	12	10	9	12	11	12	10	10	9	11—106
Re-entry	11	10	10	10	02	12	10	9	9	11—104
Jas Kimball	12	9	11	9	10	10	10	12	9	12—104
Re-entry	12	12	9	10	12	8	9	10	9	9—100
E T Stephens	11	10	9	10	10	8	8	10	12	9— 97
Re-entry	11	11	10	5	9	10	12	10	10	10— 98

Second Class.

T T Cartwright	11	10	9	9	8	8	9	7	10	12 10— 95
Re-entry	8	10	8	11	11	7	10	12	10	10— 97
Re-entry	8	10	11	11	10	7	12	11	9	10— 99

PIN HEAD.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Rifle club at Riverside Range, July 11, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor:

W D Palmer	4444555555—46	Ed Bray	4544444344—40
J Busfield	5444515445—44	L J Jackson	4443454434—39
F S Hardwick	4544444444—41	F Merrill	5444054444—38
C Brown	4454543444—41		

Messrs. Palmer and Hardwick are visitors from the Merrimac Rifle Club.

ILION, N. Y., July 6.—A rocket struck into the loading department of the Remington armory at 11 P. M. to-day, and started a fire which destroyed that structure and $5,000 worth of cartridges. The fire extended to the main building damaging the upper rooms, machinery, and sewing machine stock by fire, smoke and water to the extent of $25,000. The losses are covered by insurance. The whole armory was threatened at one time. Firemen from the surrounding villages assisted in subduing the flames. No department but the cartridge works is interfered with by the fire, and that will be replaced at once.

BRIDGEPORT, July 4.—A rifle match was shot on the Bridgeport range to-day between Messrs. E. A. Leopold and J. P. Wanger, resulting in a victory for the former, as the following record will show: Distance 100yds., any position without artificial rest, string measure, each shot being measured from the center of the bullseye. E. A. Leopold .40, .49, .70, 1.06, 1.67, total 4.32; J. P. Wanger 1.62, 2.50, 2.52, 5.95, 3 91, total 13.67. Mr. Leopold also put 13 consecutive shots in a 4-in. bullseye at same distance.

RIFLE NOTE.—The Greenville (N. J.) Schuetzen Corps and the Jersey City Schuetzen Corps will shoot a match at the former place on the 27th inst. for $500 a side.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BRIGGS VS. NEPTUNE.—Chester, N. J., July 10.—The Thomas L. Briggs Gun Club visited Asbury Park yesterday and shot a match with the Neptune Gun Club of that place at clay-pigeons. The contest took place on the beach.

Neptune.		Briggs.	
M J Boyce	1010100000—3	Wm Gibbs	1110011101— 7
W Kelsey	0010111101—6	Wm Ladomus	1111101111— 9
T L Emens	1001100110—5	E Rose	0111100000— 4
R Drummond	1100001010—4	H Seiders	1110001110— 6
S O Rogers	1110101110—7	H Johnson	0111011100— 6
A L Clayton	0111001001—5	R E Ross	1111111111—10
A H Newman	1010101111—7	J H Ladomus	1111100000— 5
A Johns	0110011110—6—43	N Hyland	1110000111— 6—53

An important feature of the match was the contest for the marksman's gold badge, first won by Constable Gibbs, and worn by him since the last match with the Wawassett Club, of Wilmington. It was won yesterday by R. E. Ross with a score of 10.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., July 4.—Shooting tournament to-day under the auspices of the Solomon City Gun Club. The principal event of the day was the champion match, 15 blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

Solomon City Gun Club.

Aldrich	1100000010010011— 6	Wescott	0011001100111101— 8
Yohe	1111101011111110—12	Edworthy	0011101101011111—10
Dewar	0111011100111111—11	Dattlinger	0001010011111110— 8
Robertson	0011000001011111— 7	Silvey	1001111010110110—10—72

Beloit Gun Club.

Jones	1111111111101101—13	Hickman	0000011010100000— 4
Helman	1001001100010001— 6	Williams	1100001000000000— 3
Legget	1000100101100001— 6	Baughman	1010011100111 11—10
Munn	1111111110111111—14	Adams	1110101100111101—10—66

Abilene Gun Club.

Giles	0111111111111010—12	Falkner	0000010001010100— 5
Bonebrake	1001010111101101— 9	Eicholtz	0100000001111111— 7
Cooper	1111000001010001— 7	Stevens	0001011110111100— 9
Boardman	1111000010001100— 6	Mosher	0110011011101101— 9—64

NEW BEDFORD, July 10.—The Fall River and New Bedford gun clubs shot their second team match for the county championship, this afternoon, 25 blackbirds, 5 angles, 18yds. rise. The trap worked badly, failing very often. The score:

Fall River.

A K Mangam	0110011111111011011011101—18
Elisha Buffinton	0010111011111001110111111—18
Henry H Chase	1011011111111111111111111—23
Thomas S Hall	1011010001111010101101101—15—74

New Bedford.

Andrew E Butts	1111011010001000101111111—16
Alfred E Smith	0011100101111000111011110—15
L A Plummer, Jr	0110111101111111111111111—22
Herbert P. Bryant	1001011001100001111111110—15—68

The former match, shot June 4 in Fall River, was won by Fall River, with a score of 75 to New Bedford's 71. The championship is to be decided, best 4 in 7.

An individual match resulted as follows:

Mangan	1110111101101011100011011—17
Bryant	0011100101111111101001111—17
Hall	0101111111111111101011110—19
Buffinton	1110111011111111111111111—21
Plummer	1101011111010111101011111—19
F J C Swift of Falmouth	1011111011111111111000101—19
Chase	1100101111111111001101111—19
Butts	1111111111101011111111111—23

STAUNTON, Va., July 7.—Staunton Gun Club, 10 single and 10 double clay-pigeons, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, for silver medal and leather medal: Ayres 6, 5—11; Barganin 7, 5—12; Cooke 6, 5—11; Cushing 6, —12; Jones 5, 6—11; Nelson 5, 6—11; Heyman 5, 6—11; Schaffer 3, 0—3.—C. B.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—The tournament of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington on the 11th was well attended. The badge matches were both won by Mr. C. M. Stark, of Winchester, one of the oldest members of the Boston club, and he received a handsome memento from the club for his skill. The winners in the various matches are given below:

1. Five pigeons—J. Spofford first, Stark and Copeland second, Bartlett and Spring third.

2. Five blackbirds—Spring, Stark and Stanton first, Spofford second, Bailey and Bartlett third, J. L. Snow fourth.

3. Seven pigeons—M. D. Gilman and Stark first, Stanton, Tidsbury and Warren second, Snow and C. W. Wilbur third, B. Pond fourth.

4. Five blackbirds—H. W. Eager, M. D. Gilman and Tidsbury first, R. Schaefer and E. W. Tinker second, Snow third, Aldoes fourth.

5. Grand challenge match of the Massachusetts association, open to individual members of the association, 50 blackbirds, 18yds. rise—C. M. Stark first, score 43; Sanger second, score 39; H. W. Eager third, F. F. Schaefer, Spofford and Buffum tieing for fourth, Nicholson fifth.

6. Seven Ligowsky birds—Bartlett first, Eager and Tidsbury second, Copeland, Souther and Snow third, Gilman fourth.

7. Three pairs Ligowsky birds—Stark first, Howard second, Snow, and Tidsbury third, Schaefer fourth.

8. Fifty pigeons open to every individual member of the Massachusetts State Association—First money and gold badge to C. M. Stark, score 43; second money, O. R. Dickey, score 45; third, J. B. Bartlett, score 42; fourth, J. Buffum, score 39.

9. Two pairs pigeons—Tinker and Bartlett first, Howard second, Eager third and Dickey fourth.

10. Two-man team match, 7 single and 3 pairs pigeons—Spring and Dickey first, Snow and Tinker second, Wilbur and Bartlett third.

11. Seven pigeons—Dickey first, Stanton second, Eager third, Wilbur fourth.

A large number of matches were also shot on the side traps. Some 2,500 pigeons and 900 blackbirds were used during the day.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 10.—A certain number of our young men who are fond of hunting, but have nothing to shoot in this county, have formed themselves into an association known as the Maple Grove Gun Club. Yesterday they had their first contest at McGrann's Park. About 300 people were present:

H Anderson	1111110101010—10	J H Cline	1101111111100—11
J Snyder	1011100110111—10	H Kauffman	1001111001110— 9
M Snyder	1110101000110— 8	C. Franciscus	1010101011111—11
S C Miller	1110111101011—11	H Miller	1111010001110— 9
H W Bush	1111111011100—11	B Kiehl	0111111101111—12

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 9.—Jamestown Club in match with Winchester (Mass.) at clay-pigeons:

Jamestown.			
Walker	1110011111011111111—17	Moore	1101011100101001000—10
Carnahan	1111100110001010101—12	L Pennock	0110111111101100101—14
F Pennock	1011001101100010110—11	Burns	0111111001111111011—15
Shattuck	1100011000101111111—13		
Winchenden score (telegraphed) 99.			93

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1202, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties."
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

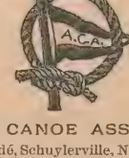
Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

July 18—Shatemuc C. C. Regatta.
July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 20—Annisquam C. C., Postponed Races.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

CAMP REGULATIONS AT GRINDSTONE ISLAND.

THE arrangements at Grindstone this year are more perfect than ever before, and the officers have done everything possible to insure the comfort of all members and their friends. The following circular will be given, with a copy of the rules, etc., to every member when he reports to Secretary Neidé. The concluding notice will be posted in all hotels and steamers in the Thousand Islands:

CAMP RULES.

I. For the better enforcement of rules and regulations a member of the Executive Committee will be detailed daily to act as Executive Officer of the Day. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. Club comrades will detail daily one member to act as camp police, the duty of whom shall be to see that the rules are complied with. All camp police will be under the immediate direction of the Officer of the Day and will apply to him for badges, which must be worn conspicuously during the tour of duty.

II. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. After 10 P. M. a reasonable amount of quiet must be observed in camp.

III. Daily before 10 A. M. tents must be put in order and grounds policed, all refuse, etc., from cooking gathered for removal by the police cart. Clubs and members will provide themselves with the necessary boxes or pails for this purpose.

IV. Visitors (invited guests wearing badges excepted) will not be permitted in camp except on Thursdays, and on special occasions posted on the bulletin board.

V. Invited guests may obtain badges from members or at the dock, and must wear the same conspicuously while in camp.

VI. Visiting boats must land and be moored at the dock, unless otherwise directed by the Officer of the Day.

VII. Camp will be open daily to invited guests, but ladies will not be expected in camp before 9 A. M. or after 5 P. M., except by official invitation for special occasions, which will be posted on the bulletin board.

VIII. Cleanliness and good order are indispensable for the general health and comfort, and the Commodore trusts that all members will cheerfully comply with the few simple rules required. The Officer of the Day, Club Commanders, and the Camp Police, are charged with the responsibility for the observance of the regulations.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

I. Members may obtain badges for invited guests from the Secretary and Officer of the Day.

II The Secretary will be at his tent for the transaction of business daily from 9 to 10 A. M.

III. Members desiring board at Delaney's will report the fact to the Secretary or Officer of the Day on their arrival. Board, $1 per

day; board and lodging, $1.50 per day. Breakfast, 7 to 8:30; dinner, 12 to 1:30; supper, 6 to 7:30.

IV. There will be no bar at the camp store. Supplies of all kinds may be obtained there; including ice, milk, and meat when ordered. Postage stamps also on sale. Wood for cooking may be had from the cord wood piles. Members are requested not to use this wood except for that purpose.

V. Mail will be received and delivered twice a day at the A. C. A. tent.

VI. Steamer Magic will run between Clayton and camp daily (Sundays excepted), touching at Round Island Park, Thousand Island Park and Cromell Island (by signal) as follows: Leave Clayton 8:30, 10:30 A. M., 1:30 and 7 P. M.; leave camp 9:30, 11:30 A. M., 2:30, 5 and 8 P. M. Canadian members can come from and go to Gananoque by steamer Deseronto, which leaves there for camp daily (Sundays excepted) at 5, 8:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.

VII. All hours and rules heretofore published which may conflict with the foregoing are hereby amended.

PRIVATE GROUNDS.

No steamers allowed to land without special permits. Open to the public on Thursdays only from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Open daily to invited guests.

Ladies not permitted in camp before 9 A. M. or after 5 P. M., except by official invitation on special occasions.

Visitors (invited guests) may obtain badges from A. C. A. members or at the dock. Guests in camp must wear these badges conspicuously.

All visiting boats must land and be moored at the dock, unless otherwise ordered by the Officer of the Day.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Commodore A. C. A.

BAYONNE C. C. REGATTA.

THE Bayonne C. C., founded in 1882 with a fleet of home made canvas canoes, has grown into a flourishing club, with some fourteen canoes, nearly all of cedar and of the best models. This season the membership has increased and the house has been enlarged. Their location is excellent, as Newark Bay offers room for sailing with little danger from passing vessels, while the Passaic, Hackensack, Staten Island Sound and Kills are all near by. The fourth annual regatta was held on July 4, off the club house. The first race was under sail, distance three miles, in a good breeze. The entries were: Sioux, T. F. Garrett; Foam, J. Collins; Miss, F. B. Collins; Lil, R. V. Vienot; Manhatta, S. Peebles; Kelpie, E. R. Smith; Baby, F. Beardsley; May, W. Rumble; Water Witch, G. W. Heard. The race was closely contested throughout, and was won by Sioux, with Lil close in as second.

The single paddling race, 1 mile, was also very close. The entries were: Kelpie, E. R. Smith; Mist, F. B. Collins; Sioux, M. Grace; Ella, A. Fleming; Baby, F. Beardsley. Kelpie won, with Mist second.

The third race was for tandem crews, 1 mile: Ella, Vienot and Fleming; Water Witch, Garret and Heard; Kelpie, Smith and Peebles; Belle, Swift and Grace. Won by the Water Witch, Ella second.

Fourth race, upset: Kelpie, E. R. Smith, and Mist, F. B. Collins, entered. Kelpie won, regaining his place in canoe in about 31 seconds. Prizes were presented to winners of each race.

PITTSBURGH C. C. RECORD CUP RACE.

THE second record cup race of the Pittsburgh C. C. was sailed on Thursday, July 2, on the Allegheny River, the course being about a half-mile to windward and return, to be sailed over twice. The entries were: Freyja, Holdship, Whiffler, Woodwell, Lady Jane, Bakewell, Marguerite, Singer, and Katrina, Bailey. The wind was fresh at the start, and Marguerite and Katrina both had reefs down, while Whiffler sailed without dandy, but the wind grew lighter as the race proceeded, and before long all reefs were shaken out. For several tacks the canoes were well together, and one or two narrow escapes from collision were made, but from the start Freyja was in the lead, and though Katrina got pretty close at one time, the novice was sailing well and drew away again, reaching the first turn well ahead. The buoy was close above the Union Bridge, and when the leader squared away for the run home he was nearly becalmed for a few moments, allowing Katrina to close up the gap. When Whiffler, Marguerite, the Grayling and Lady Jane made the turn, they were all caught in the doldrums and left far in the rear by the two leaders, who were having a tight race of it up stream before the wind. The only incident of the run up was a jibe by Freyja in which the skipper lost his hat overboard, but was lucky enough to snatch it before it got out of reach.

Just before reaching the upper turn Katrina got a strong blast which ran her into first place, and enabled her to round just clear of her competitor. Both made very close turns, having rather underestimated the current, and Freyja's commander lost his hat for the second time, and sailed the second round bareheaded. The two leaders were a long way to windward before they met the other three contestants, who came along with Whiffler in the van and little Lady Jane bringing up the rear. About this time the spectators had their attention distracted from the race by the capsize of a non-member, who was sailing over the course with the racers and undertook to run through the swells of a passing steamboat.

On second round the wind seemed to favor the leading canoe, and Katrina steadily gained. The others did not change positions, with exception of Marguerite, who succeeded in passing the dandyless Whiffler and closed up somewhat on second man. At the lower turn Marguerite was carried upon a bridge pier by the strong current, and the crew were ordered overboard to lift her off. The run home was unexciting, a space of 50 to 70ds. separating the canoes; and they crossed the line in this order: Katrina, Freyja, Marguerite and Whiffler. Lady Jane was at too great a disadvantage with her larger antagonists, and did not complete the course. The record now stands: Katrina 12, Marguerite 9, Freyja 8, Whiffler 5, Lady Jane 5, Tiger 2.

A CRUISE ON THE TAME AND TRENT RIVERS.

ON Saturday, Oct. 18, 1884, two members of the Free Rovers C. C. started from Birmingham for a short cruise down the rivers Tame and Trent. They put their new and beautiful canoe Iolanthe—15ft. 6in. long, 2ft. 6in. beam, 10in. deep, with lug mainsail and sprit mizzen—safely on board the train, jumped in a carriage, and were soon whizzed to Tamworth, twenty miles from Birmingham. Here the sluggish little River Amber runs close by the railway station, and after lifting the Iolanthe down a longish flight of steep steps and over two gates into a field, they launched her into the stream and were specially afloat. A paddle of a mile or so under several picturesque bridges and past river craft of all kind, from a canvas canoe to a steam launch, brought the voyagers to within a few yards of the River Tame, where a short portage saved a long bend with awkward weir at the finish, and now they were fairly on the voyage. The scenery was lovely, the woods in the autumn dress of gold and gorgeous colors, and the numerous wildfowl flitting here and there, with a few water rats and an occasional cottage nestling among the trees found enthusiastic admirers in the captain and mate. A most enjoyable paddle of two miles brought them to Hopwas Mill, where a portage was necessary. This was made short work of and the boat launched below the mill. For the next mile the river, owing to the long drought being very low, presented a succession of shallows and rapids, some of which were rather troublesome but caused great fun and no small amount of wading; but after passing the village and bridge of Hopwas the stream grew deeper and wider, and the paddles were plied with renewed energy while the scenery grew more and more enchanting. Two miles below Hopwas is the Trent Valley Railway bridge and below, Comberford village, with its picturesque mill and weir. A few minutes sufficed for the crew to transfer their craft to the lower water, and a halt for tea was called; but to the wrath and disappointment of the crew it was discovered that the steward had forgotten to put the stores aboard. In a short time Elford Bridge was reached, with a mill and weir. Some minutes were lost here after getting on the lower water by taking a wrong turn, and a little further down the boat was firmly grounded and refused to stir. The skipper quickly turned out and towed the boat a few hundred yards till deeper water was reached, while the mate splashed ashore and joined the ship lower down. Cold work wading in October. Darkness was now coming on apace and much caution was required in navigating, owing to the frequent scours, but in due time the canoe shot under Croscall Bridge, and the welcome lights of a railway station hove in sight. Not knowing the road, however, and it being too dark to land (the boat lamp had been left behind with the stores), the crew pushed on half a mile further down to a farmhouse close by the river. Here the boat was hauled up and stowed away in a shed, and the two hungry crew, after consulting a time table, marched across the fields to Alrewas, laid in a good square tea at the Paul Pry Hotel, and were safely landed home at 10 P. M.

Saturday, Oct. 25, being fine it was decided to continue the voyage, although fears were entertained (no rain having fallen) that a rough passage was in store. However, in due time we were set down at Alrewas, one mile from Lichfield's fair cathedral, walked across the fields to the farmhouse, found the worthy hostess had kindly dried our wet things, cushions, etc., launched the ship and were speedily dropping down the river under sail before a light breeze. In a short time Wichnor railway bridge was reached, and with considerable misgivings the boat was headed for the only practicable arch, the navigation requiring great care owing to the awkward swirl under the arches and the numerous snags. However, the feat was accomplished without accident, and the next minute the ship was once more under sail on a deep strong stream, the Trent, which receives the Tame at this point, being much fuller than was expected. This was a great relief, and made the rest of the cruise seem easy. Sail and paddle were alternately used and the changing scenery which was even finer than before, duly admired. The swift strong stream and the paddle drove the boat along at a fine pace, though careful steering was required at the numerous rapids. Cotton Hall was soon passed and an awkward rapid a mile below successfully negotiated, and soon the tower of Walton church was sighted. We had to wait a few seconds at the ford just below, an old bull crossing the river seemed inclined to be awkward at first, but he waited for us to go past and then resumed his journey. After passing Walton church we landed and tea'd. At Branstone, four miles below Walton, we stuck for a moment in a shallow rapid, but a vigorous shove from the two paddles set us at liberty and we soon turned down the Bend into Draketon water, the beautiful reach in the river below Burton where the Cubs have the regatta. About 6:30 P. M. we arrived at Dickenson's boat house, at Burton, where we left the canoes for some few alterations and having donned our shore-going togs we quickly walked to the station and were taken home in a fast train, well satisfied with the very satisfactory cruise of the concluding season.

E. S. COOKE, W. T. JONES.

AMATEUR BOAT BUILDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of your readers who may contemplate the construction of a rowboat or canoe, I will relate my own experience. For several years I had desired to own a boat to be used mainly for bass fishing in the Schuylkill River. I wanted to build the boat myself, and to this end I read and thoroughly studied a series of articles appearing in the *Scientific American* supplement several years ago. I finally decided that the boats described were rather heavy to fully meet my requirements; besides I had very serious doubts as to my ability to build a boat of good model from the instructions given. Later on I read, re-read and studied "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." I then decided that I could build a boat; at least I would make the attempt. I had never witnessed the construction of a boat of any kind. I had never seen a canoe. I had never seen a rowboat weighing less than 125 pounds. And now I wish to place it on record that it is my opinion that any man who possesses an average share of mechanical ingenuity, has had a little experience in the handling of wood-working tools, and who has withal the true instinct of the sportsman born in him, can build a fine boat of good model and light weight without any other assistance than "Canoe and Boat Building." I commenced work on the plans for my boat in September, 1884, and at the end of six months the boat was completed. The amount of time spent on it was from one to two hours daily. The plans were finished in two weeks. This may seem a long time to some who have had no experience in such work. It must, however, be remembered that I was working in valuable material, and that one slip of the chisel would be liable to ruin a piece of lumber which could not be duplicated this side of New York.

A description of the boat might prove interesting. It is a rowboat 19ft. long, 34in. beam, 12in. high amidships, with 7in. sheer. Keel, white oak, 1in. deep by ⅞in. thick; stem and stern, hackmatack; gunwales black walnut; inwales, 1×¾in., white cedar. The siding is white cedar, a scant ¼in. in thickness. Floor and stern seat, white pine, 5-16in. thick. The cross ledges under the floor are spaced 5in., and fitted to the bottom so perfectly that a very heavy man can place all of his weight on any part of the floor without straining the boat in the least. The middle seat has a cane bottom, and is formed of a very strong framework of ash, and is hung from the gunwales by means of hackmatack knees and further secured by screws through the siding. This construction strengthens the hull and furnishes a brace to the gunwales, counteracting the effect of the great strain produced by the oars in rowing. There is a lazy-back hinged to the floor just back of the rower's seat. When not in use it lays flat on the floor, entirely out of the way. When raised in position for use its appearance is something like a letter v inverted, thus Λ. The front side is hinged to the floor; the top is hinged; the back part acts as a brace to hold the front part, or lazy-back proper, in position when raised, and the lower ends of these braces (there are two of them, one on each side) fit in shallow grooves cut in the floor. To lower the lazy back, raise the braces out of the grooves in the floor, let them slide toward the stern until the whole apparatus drops flat on the floor, then down by turning a wooden button.

The front side of this apparatus, i. e., the part against which the body leans, consists of two uprights and a crosspiece at the top These uprights are about 7in. apart, and may be made of such a height as to best fit the person using it. The crosspiece is riveted on the front side of the uprights. The rivets extend through and serve to fasten the hinges on the rear side of the uprights. The hinges here referred to are those which attach the uprights to the braces. When the apparatus lies flat on the floor these hinges are under, and a groove may be cut in the floor to receive them. Another pair of hinges are used to fasten the lower ends of the uprights to the floor. These latter hinges are attached as follows: A strip of oak or ash, 1½in. wide, ¼in. thick, and 7, 8 or 9in. long, according to width of your lazy-back, is screwed to the floor just back of the seat. This strip should be immediately over one of the floor ledges, and long screws be used, reaching through the floor into the floor ledge. Lay the lazy-back flat on the floor of the boat, with ends of the uprights butting against the ledge. Lay the hinges on top and mark the places for rivet and screw holes. Take out and rivet hinges to uprights, replace and screw hinges fast, the screws going through the strip and floor and into the floor ledge. This fastening is very secure, and must necessarily be so, as this is the point where a great tension strain is liable to occur.

The uprights, braces and cross piece are made of straight-grained hickory, two inches wide by quarter inch thick. The braces may be tapered to an inch and a half wide at the lower ends. I am thus particular in describing this fitting, as I think it simple, more compact, and stronger than anything else of the kind which I have ever seen or heard of. No boat is complete without some kind of back rest. When starting out in the morning for a five-mile pull to the fishing grounds the back rest will not be wanted, but when returning home, after a successful or an unsuccessful day's fishing, it will be found a great luxury. I have a pair of air tanks fitted into the bilges on either side, under the middle seat. Here they are entirely out of the way. When placed in bow and stern they interfere with packing of traps or duffle, as "Nessmuk" wou'd say, such as boat hook, landing net, fishing rods, etc. The air tanks are made of tin, and have a capacity of about two gallons each. Each tank is made of two frustums of a cone, soldered together at the larger ends, the small ends being closed by soldering in circular pieces two inches in diameter. The diameter of the tanks in the middle is about 4x5in., as they are slightly flattened. These tanks weigh four pounds, and a tinsmith will make them for about seventy-five cents each. They are fastened in place by means of two leather loops, one near each end. The tanks can easily be removed, as one of the tanks is fitted with a buckle.

I use Allen's bow-facing rowing gear, and for absolute comfort in rowing I consider it far ahead of the old style of rowing backward. In the first place by using it I can pick my course the same as the canoeist, and then I do not get the snaky and wobbling motions which attach to the canoe and double paddle, and, secondly, I can plant my oars where they will do the most good, which is generally not on a rock or stump, or in a bunch of grass. The disadvantages of the bow-facing gear are as follows: It is a little heavier than the ordinary gear, and under some circumstances it might require two trips to make a portage, when with the ordinary gear it could be made in one. These oars cannot be used as push poles, and when it is desired to poke around the shores to any great extent it might be well to carry a boat hook or push pole. I have been on several fishing trips with my boat, and although I have sometimes carried a boat hook I never had occasion to use it. I think the advantage of the bow-facing gear far outweigh its disadvantages. I have used it five weeks for pleasure rowing, fishing and racing, and would not for a moment consider a proposition to go back to the old style of rowing backward. As far as speed is concerned I will say that I believe I have the fastest craft in this vicinity. This may not be considered very complimentary to the other boats, but it is nevertheless a fact, that I have not yet fallen in with any boats going my way that could accompany me for any great length of time.

The weight of my boat without the oars is about sixty pounds. I have rowed around Barbadoes Island as follows, distance about three miles: June 6, in 31m. 45s.; June 10, 31m. 45s.; June 12, 31m. 15s.; June 16, 31m. 16s.; July 2, 30m. 30s. On July 4 rowed in two half miles races, beating a single in 5m. 30s., and a double in 5m. My opponents used a clinker-built cedar boat 13ft. long and 46in. beam, and long spoon oars. These races were the result of a challenge issued by myself and published in the daily papers of this borough. The parties who claimed a record of 27m. around the island did not enter the race, and the man who said my boat was too light to keep its motion, now says the other boats are too heavy to show any speed. I am not a skillful oarsman, nor have I any great amount of strength or endurance, but have succeeded in exploding some very curious theories, and establishing the fact that a boat built according to Mr. Stephens's instructions is not slow by any means, nor is it a homely thing to look at.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 7, 1885.

"NESSMUK" describes his new canoe, the Rushton, in "Sportsman Tourist."

A CRUISE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Binghamton, N. J., July 8.—Five Philadelphia gentlemen arrived here from Cooperstown between 9 and 10 A. M., July 4, on their way home via the Susquehanna. Their canoes were of painted canvas, nine or ten feet in length, made by themselves and nicely modeled. A sixth was larger, deeper and stowed with camp equipage. All of the squadron had canvas lap covers, double blades, and complete cruising outfits. Each canoe had about three inches tumble home, which afforded dryer decks than a plain topside or the straight freeboard. These gentlemen are no tyros. Last year they descended the Delaware and found their little cockle shells admirable. Three inches of keel protects the canvas in shoal water, and adds somewhat to the stability of the canoe. They were the only canvas canoes I have ever seen and liked. There was something "nifty" about them, and the only fault was an absence of sails.—G. A. J.

CANOEING ON THE PASSAIC.—From present indications Newark will possess a very fine canoe organization. The Essex Boat Club, at its last meeting, formed itself into the Essex Canoe and Boat Club, and desires canoeists from along the Passaic to enroll themselves as members. A number have responded, and at the next meeting regular canoe officers will be chosen. We shall have about twenty-five members, fifteen of whom will be active canoeists and owners of from fifteen to twenty canoes. The club-house is situated on the left bank of the Passaic River just above the Erie Railroad Bridge. It is a beautiful and commodious house, every way adapted for canoe purposes; and is owned by the members of the club. We expect to have a delegation at the meet.—ESSEX CANOE CLUB, Newark, N. J.

SHATTEMUC C. C.—Sing Sing, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual regatta of this club will be held off the club house on Saturday, July 18, at 4 o'clock P. M. The following is the programme: 1. Paddling race, ½ mile, classes 2 and 4. 2. Sailing race, 2 miles, classes A and B. 3. Sailing race, 2 miles, all classes. 4. Tandem paddling, ½ mile, classes 3 and 4. All the races except No. 3 will be open to all.—REGATTA COMMITTEE.

THE ASSOCIATION BADGE.—Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union square, New York, have now ready a handsome badge made by them for the American Canoe Association. The design is very neat and tasteful, and while not too elaborate to wear with a camp uniform, it is handsome enough for any occasion.

IANTHE C. C. REGATTA.—The Ianthe C. C., of Newark, N. J., will hold a regatta on the Passaic River on Saturday, July 18. The regatta will be open to all canoes. Races will consist of four paddling and one sailing race, and suitable prizes will be given to the winner in each class.

OTTAWA AT THE CANOE MEET.—A party of Ottawa canoeists, among them Judge Wicksteed, will come to Grindstone in a steam launch. The St. George's Society of Ottawa propose to visit the camp during the meet.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 16—Boston Y. C., Third Club Race.
July 16—Cleveland Y. R. A., Annual Regatta.
July 16-17-18—American Y. C., Cruise and Races.
July 17—Cleveland Y. R. A., Cruise to Ballast Island.
July 18—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 18—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
July 19-20—Mobile Y. C. Cruise and Regatta.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Open Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead. Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE SCHOONER RACE AT BOSTON.

WHILE Boston cannot boast a fleet of large sloops or cutters, it is at least ahead of New York as far as the small fry are concerned, and it promises soon to be in the matter of large schooners. There are now in Boston waters four large keel schooners, among whom there exists considerable rivalry, and who have met often enough informally to make a more thorough test of their powers, in a regular race, acceptable to all of their owners. Mohican and Gitana had a brush up the coast this spring that was by no means decisive. Fortuna is believed by many to be the fastest keel schooner in American waters, and America has lately been rather loudly heralded as the superior of all, as she was thirty years since. The race of the Eastern Y. C., on June 30, shook them into what many believe to be nearly their proper places; but neither owners nor captains were satisfied, and another match was arranged to come off on Thursday last.

Each of the four entries put in $100 toward the purchase of a cup. The course was 20 miles to windward and back, starting between Milk and Thatcher's islands, Cape Ann, the race to be sailed in a breeze not under 8 knots.

Anchored in Gloucester Harbor were Fortuna, H. S. Hovey, Com. E. Y. C.; Mohican, H. D. Burnham, and America, B. F. Butler, and by 10 A. M. all were under canvas and ready at their moorings. The judges were Messrs. Daniel Appleton and T. Denny Boardman, and the umpire, Mr. F. Gordon Dexter. Puritan was also present for a sail over the course. The weather was clear, with a light south wind, blowing fresher by 10 A. M.

At 10:53 the signal for the race was set, and at 11:03 the preparatory gun was fired, the starting signal being at 11:18. Fortuna crossed first, with large clubtopsail set, at 11:20:04, Gitana next at 11:23:04, Mohican at 11:22:56, and America at 11:25. The latter was badly off at the start, having a handicap of 2min. The first leg was to the eastward on starboard tack, Fortuna leading and holding the best wind, while Gitana was close astern. Mohican could not point with either of them, and America was sailed so close as to hinder her way. Puritan, sailing in the lee of the race, ran up on Fortuna, and as the wind freshened walked through her lee, out ahead of her, and then up to windward. When a quarter of the way out was covered, Puritan was leading, carrying clubtopsail; Fortuna was the first schooner, with Gitana second and to leeward of the fleet, Mohican some distance astern, and America well in the rear. About noon the pilot boat Hesper No. 5 joined the race, but Puritan soon left her, and shortly after Fortuna passed her as well.

At 12:20 Puritan tacked, and at 12:40 Fortuna followed, then the other two, while America was last about. Fortuna had a good lead over Gitana, the latter dropping Mohican, while America was still losing ground. At 1 P. M. Puritan lowered her clubtopsail and went on under reimbleheader and full lower sail, tacking up again several miles ahead and waiting for the others. Hesper made a third trial, this time with Gitana, and with the same result, as the schooner beat her. At 1:30 Mohican had worked up to second place, leaving Gitana third, but she only held it a little while. For a time topsails were taken in, but about 2 P. M. they were set again. Hesper had by this time dropped astern far enough to have a bout with Mohican, her fourth attempt, but it failed like the others, and the yacht passed her. The wind was blowing quite fresh, and the yachts were sailing very fast, America sent down jibtopsail and maintopmast staysail.

The tug Winch was waiting at the turn and timed Puritan at 2:38:45

the latter lying to for Fortuna, who turned at 2:44:23. Gitana's time was 2:53:47, Mohican's 3:00:25, America's 3:18:15. Hesper was timed at 2:53:50. All the schooners set spinnakers at once to starboard and started for home, while Puritan and Alesper sailed for Boston. The order was unchanged on the run, the distances varying at times, Mohican doing better off than on the wind, but still unable to catch Gitana. The boats were strung out, from one to two miles apart, Fortuna leading, then Gitana, Mohican and America, finishing in that order. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Return.	Actual.	Allow.	Corr'd.
Fortuna.....	94.50	11 20 04	4 24 25	5 04 21	4 26	4 59 55
Gitana.....	94.40	11 22 04	4 36 50	5 14 46	4 26	5 10 20
Mohican.....	104.10	11 22 56	4 48 18	5 25 22	0 00	5 25 22
America	91.57	11 23 00	5 04 20	4 41 20	6 44	5 34 36

Most yachtsmen will agree that this race, with that of June 30, has placed these four yachts pretty fairly in the order they deserve, and the two will put an end to much talk that has been rife since last winter. Fortuna is beyond doubt the fastest keel schooner in America, old or new, and she promises for some time to hold that place. The most doubtful point and the most interesting one at present is the America's proper place among the four. After the announcements that have been made of her readiness for much more ambitious contests, she can make no claim that she was not in the best possible shape, but it is hard to believe that if properly fitted and sailed the old boat is good for no more than a bad fourth in two such races. That she is yet, as many contend, our fastest yacht, has been pretty well exploded, but she certainly is capable of more than she has lately done, or else there is a discrepancy somewhere in the stories of her performances for the past fifteen years. This last race deals rudely with another pet yarn that is often heard, the ability of pilot boats to beat yachts. The Hesper, one of the best of Boston's fleet of pilot boats, was beaten in succession by Puritan, Fortuna, Gitana and Mohican, in a good breeze.

JURY OR CRUISING RIGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the expressed intention of the English yachts to "drive" over under "jury spars" and storm sails, I am led with all the humility in the world to ask if this may be considered as sailing in the spirit of the deed of gift of the America Cup? It undoubtedly conforms to the letter of the bond, but is there not a suspicion of unfairness in evading what was the plain intention of the donors of the Cup, to wit, that having been won in a fair contest by a seagoing yacht, it should be competed for only by vessels of that description? One would be tempted to believe since the yachts are coming over somewhat in the guise of wrecks, that the extreme type of English boat was as far from perfect seaworthiness as the much despised "sand bagger," for if the only desire had been to keep the racing sails in good order, that object could have been reached by sending the yachts over under cruising canvas. B.

[As yet nothing is known here of the rigs under which Genesta and Galatea will cross the Atlantic, except the rather meager information by cable that they would sail under "jury rig." Genesta, we know, has had last year's sticks replaced by larger ones, and Galatea is reported to be oversparred, both preparing for light weather here, and the former yacht has shipped a smaller mast for the passage. Whether this is advisable, in view of her increased weight below—her keel weighing 70 tons—is an open question, experience tending to prove the necessity of taunt spars in such heavily ballasted craft as a preventive of excessive pitching; and while her safety may not be imperilled, she will be much harder in her motions and much less comfortable than under longer sticks. In the schooner Sea Belle, a vessel with a moderate lead keel, but heavy leaden floors and keelsons, when she took to cruising rig and shorter spars for winter work, her inside ballast was raised 18in. on cork to compensate for the effect of less weight aloft. In passages about the coast and to the Mediterraneau and back—such a cruise as the lead mine Sleuth Hound made last winter—the customary rig is a gaff trysail, a high, narrow sail without a boom, set temporarily on a separate gaff, the racing mainsail, boom and gaff being stowed. Under this rig the boats are handy and comfortable, and fast as well in heavy weather, and it is in such guise, we suppose, except with a smaller mast, that Genesta will make the passage. Last week the Stranger, 40 tons, cruised under a similar rig, being 29 days out from Plymouth, 2 of which were spent at anchor at St. Michael's Island, a very fair run for a distance of 3,800 miles in a boat of 65ft. length. Several calms and a heavy gale were encountered, and the vessel was not driven, but kept along easily. The less said about seagoing yachts the better, or some captious Briton may take occasion to hang an objection on to Puritan's born or Priscilla's topmast, and ask whether their rigs are those of seagoing yachts, and whether they comply strictly with the spirit of the deed of gift. We are allowed to model our vessels as we please, with little consideration of sea work further than a trip 20 miles off shore, but from the nature of the case both Genesta and Galatea must be in model and build veritable seagoing vessels, and while the varying requirements of a safe and comfortable ocean voyage of over 3,000 miles on the one hand, and the utmost speed in light winds on the other, may dictate such changes as are easily made in a cutter rigged vessel, it is too soon yet to pronounce either of them wrecks.]

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STRANGER.

WHILE the English cutter is now found in all our waters, and several of English build have been known here for some time, it is only within a week that one has sailed over the Atlantic. The small ones, up to this time, have been brought on steamers and the large ones have been built here, but this season we shall see four of the latter come over under sail. Genesta is expected here every day. Clara is now on her way, Galatea will leave soon, and Stranger arrived in Boston on July 10. The latter vessel, as we have already stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, was built last winter by J. G. Fay, of Southampton, for Mr. Geo. H. Warren, owner of Maggie. Stranger was designed by Mr. Alex. Richardson. She is a racing cutter of modern type, one of the boats which it has been loudly proclaimed would not dare to cross the Atlantic, and could not if she tried, and her safe arrival and excellent passage puts a quietus to another of the old-time traditions. Stranger's ballast on keel weighs 40 tons, but she has crossed as quickly and well as any lighter boat would have done.

Her length over all is 78ft., on deck (for tonnage) 67.8ft., waterline 65ft., beam 19ft. 6in., depth of hold 9ft., draft 11ft. She is of composite build, steel frames, wood planking, constructed under the supervision, and in model is pronounced one of Mr. Richardson's best efforts. Her fittings on deck and below are of the finest, and her cabins are very handsomely finished. Her spars are: Mainmast, heel to cap, 65ft. 4in.; deck to cap, 50ft. 10in. Topmast, fid to truck, 40ft.; deck to truck, 92ft. Boom, 60ft.; gaff, 40ft.; bowsprit outboard, 30ft.; topsail yard, 40ft.; jack yard, 27ft.; spinnaker boom, 58ft. Hoist of mainsail, 46ft. Her racing tonnage is 48 tons. Captain Randall, her skipper, is a young man who has sailed all his life on cutters, and has made a name for himself here by the way he raced Maggie. He was assisted by Captain Parker of the Warren line steamers, who came out as navigator. Stranger is manned by an English crew.

Leaving Hythe on June 3, after laying in stores and water, Stranger called at Southampton next day, leaving at once. When out in the Channel bad weather was encountered and for three days she was tumbled about with rough water and high winds, putting into Plymouth, leaving on June 8. Steering S.W. ½ W. for the southerly passage the weather was light, on June 14 she made Ponta Delgada, on St. Michael's Island. After two days' rest she sailed again, with a light wind followed by calms, her progress being about 110 miles per day. About June 26 the wind increased, blowing from N.E., and on the 29th a gale sprang up, in which she reefed down, but made 184 miles. On June 30 the gale had increased, and the distance covered was 209 miles. On July 2 the gale had abated and there was little wind, and from then on until Highland Light, on Cape Cod, was sighted, at 6 P. M. July 9, the weather was light. Stranger passed Boston Light at 3:30 A. M. on July 10. She is now at the Warren Line wharf, shipping her racing spars, which came by steamer. The total distance covered was 3,798 miles, the following being an abstract from her log:

Day.	Wind.	Miles.	Day.	Wind.	Miles.
June 9	N.N.E.	....	June 24	N.E.	109
June 10	N.E.	185	June 25	N.E.	124
June 11	N.E.	168	June 26	N.E.	119
June 12	N.E.	192	June 27	E.S.E.	103
June 13	N.E.	164	June 28	N.E.	184
June 14	N.N.E.	192	June 29	Gale N.E.	209
June 15	N.N.E.	38	June 30	Strong N.E.	194
June 16	At anchor.		July 1	N.E.	148
June 17	At anchor.		July 2	N.E.	193
June 18	N.E.	118	July 3	S.W.	109
June 19	N.E.	106	July 4 and 5	W.	180
June 20	N.E.	54	July 6	W.	146
June 21	Light N. and N.E.	44	July 7	W.	102
June 22			July 8	W.S.W.	108
June 23	N.E.	82	July 9	W.S.W.	90

GENESTA SPOKEN.—On Saturday last the steamship Lessing exchanged signals with Genesta in latitude 40 deg. 45 min., longitude 59 deg. 10min. The yacht was under mainsail, forsail, jib, gaff and jibtopsail. The distance from New York was but 650 miles, so that she may be here at any moment.

BEVERLY Y. C.

NINETY-NINTH REGATTA, FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP, NAHANT, JULY 8, 1885.

THE race opened with the water like glass, and a faint air from S. E. The boats began to arrive by 10:30, although some had come round the day before. It was known that Atalanta had started Sunday night to come round the cape, and she was closely watched for, as she was reported at Marblehead yesterday P. M. However, when the preparatory gun was fired at 12 M. sharp she was not in sight. Five minutes later the gun was fired for the first class to start, being timed from the gun. Gem crossed the leeward end of the line at once, Expert a few seconds later, close to the judges' boat, with Cricket crowding inside her and causing a slight foul, for which no protest was made. Countess crossed on starboard tack with Petrel close behind.

At 12:10 the second class started, Spider getting off at the gun, Witch close astern, and while Playmate and Caprice were caught napping, Witch appeared as a full-rigged cutter, looking remarkably well, and as Playmate, under a mistake of the rules, had come over without her topsail, Witch housed her topmast to be on even terms. Caprice also carried lower sails only.

The third class gun was fired at 12:15, and Bluebell and Psyche crossed at the flash, the former a few feet ahead.

Soon after they started Atalanta appeared and crossed the line, handicapped some fifteen minutes.

The course took all classes around Graves whistling buoy, whence first class rounded Winthrop Bar buoy and returned while others came straight home, 10½ and 7 miles respectively.

But little could be made out of the windward work of first class to the Graves, except that Atalanta was picking up and that Expert was taking a good lead.

In second class Witch sailed very well and dropped Caprice and Playmate like hot coals, but could not catch Spider, who sailed very fast and held her lead well. One third of the way out the wind shifted to S.W., then suddenly went back to S.E. and gave them a dead beat out; Spider was gradually leaving Witch, the others far astern.

In third class Bluebell at first did well with Psyche, outpointing her and gaining a little; when wind came S.W. and sheets were started, this advantage was largely lost; then wind went S.W. by S., and after half an hour's sailing Psyche was a little ahead, Bluebell very well to windward and in the better place, Playmate well astern and to leeward. The wind suddenly went to S.E. and all her lead was lost, Psyche coming out dead ahead. From here it was Psyche's play, she did better on the light air and held a better wind besides, Spider rounded the buoy first in the small classes, then Witch, then after a time Psyche with Bluebell 10 minutes astern, and Playmate well behind her, Caprice having given up.

On the run in Witch gained a little on Spider, and Bluebell gained on her and Psyche, Playmate dropped astern. Spider rounded first, then Witch, then Psyche closely followed by Expert, who had a long lead over her class. About this time Bluebell got a due east air after five minutes of doldrum. Countess crossed next, then Gem and Bluebell, the former carrying balloon jibtopsail and also a club-headed spinnaker set on a spinnaker pole lashed to the bowsprit; Cricket and Atalanta came next, with Playmate and Petrel far astern.

Summary as follows:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Expert, L. Whitcomb	27.9	2 55 00	2 43 02
Countess, Geo. B. Chase	31.6	3 24 05	2 56 39
Gem, H. W. Savage	26.9	3 06 10	3 51 47
Cricket, Geo. C. and C. F. Adams, 2d	30.7	3 08 50	3 01 56
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	29.7½	3 09 00	3 01 15
Petrel, S. A. Goodhue	23.6	3 23 15	3 08 57

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Spider, cat, Walter Abbott	20.0	2 36 30	1 53 43

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Witch, cutter, B. B. Crowninshield	22.6	2 42 40	2 32 21
Playmate, slp., T. H. Cabot		3 17 30	.....
Caprice, slp., J. B. Rhodes	19.11	gave up.	

THIRD CLASS.

Psyche, cat, H. M and P. S. Sears	19.9	2 41 30	2 31 02
Bluebell, cat, W. Lloyd Jeffries	18.7	2 56 30	2 42 03

Judges, Commodore Dexter, John Dane, Geo. B. Inches, W. L. Green. Judges' yacht, Foam, B. Y. C.

OCEAN RACE OF THE NEW HAVEN Y. C.

IT was an ambitious stroke on the part of this young club when an ocean race was decided upon, but the successful result of the undertaking redounds to the credit of the yacht owners who took part in the race, and who with commendable enterprise stand ready at all times to advance the interests of the club.

An ocean race of some kind had been talked about for many months, a race that would be of suitable length, to test the sailing qualities of the fleet, as well as the seamanship of the owners. Matters did not take definite shape until early in June, when the enterprising commodore of the club, Jas. G. Beecher, took hold of the wheel, and within a few days raised $800 to be offered as prizes for an ocean race to Block Island and return, a distance of about 170 miles, at the same time appointing Tuesday, July 7, as the day for the start.

Many doubts were expressed at this time as to the success of such a race, and indeed the outlook for any very large number of entries was far from favorable, but with the hope that enough would be obtained to make one class the entry blanks were prepared and sent out, and within two days six entries were received.

Success was now assured, and on July 2 a meeting of yacht owners was called to make arrangements. The result was the adoption of a few short rules necessary to govern the yachts, practically the race was as near a "go-as-you please race" as possible. All minor arrangements were placed in the hands of the regatta committee, who immediately took hold and perfected the arrangements, which were as near perfect as possible to make them.

Yachts were divided into three classes, according to length over all, yachts 45ft. and upward forming Class B. 35ft. to 45ft. making Class C, 25ft. to 35ft. Class D. No time allowance.

Prize money was divided as follows: Winners in classes B and C each $100, Class D, first $75, second $25. Monday evening, the night before the race, the entry list showed 15 yachts as follows: Class B—Ariadne and Wild Pigeon. Class C—Rajah, Rival, Happy Thought, Flora, Wayward, Seabelle and Starlight. Class D—Vixen, Anita, Acme, Stranger, Endeavor, and Roamer, the latter a little cutter only 21ft. over all, by right belongs in a smaller class, but was for this race by necessity placed in Class D.

Judges were appointed as follows: C. M. Peck at the start and finish, Jas Gallagher, Jr., located at the turn at Block Island and E. F. Mansfield, who accompanied the fleet on the flagship Rajah. Signals were furnished each yacht, which with a system of signal numbers enabled each yacht to report on rounding the island and also to receive a response from shore, giving them their order of turning in their class.

Tuesday, July 7, was a great day for the New Haven Y. C. The club house was a scene of unusual bustle and activity preparatory to the start for the long race around Block Island. As the hour for the start approached attention was centered on the weather, which looked uncertain and to many very bad. A smart breeze from the northeast was blowing, the clouds were thickening, and the air had a damp, heavy feeling. A fog bank was hovering to the southward, and all the indications were for anything but a pleasant night on the Sound.

At 5:15 a puff of smoke from the gun on the club house dock, followed immediately after by a second, announced the start, and within 8 minutes the entire fleet of 13 yachts were over the line and headed down the harbor. All but two of the entries, the Starlight, Class C, and Endeavor, Class D, had started.

Before the strong breeze the yachts made good headway down the harbor until rain began to fall, which partly killed the wind and compelled the yachtsmen to don their oilers with good chances of wearing them all night. Soon after the entire fleet was shut out of sight by the fog, in which they remained all night, slowly feeling their way down the Sound.

With the coming daylight the fog lifted and a strong southwest breeze which sprang up soon after carried the yachts toward Block Island at a rapid rate. The first to reach the island was the Wild Pigeon, which she rounded at 11:05 A. M., followed by the Rival at 11:52, Stranger 12:22 P. M., Ariadne 12:25, Rajah 11:33, Happy Thought 12:49, Wayward 12:54, Acme 1:00, Seabelle 1:03, Vixen 1:04, Flora 1:10, Anita 3:45, and the little Roamer at 5:00. All around the island and headed for home.

Every yacht that started was entitled to the additional prize or souvenir offered by the commodore to every yacht that rounded the island.

The steamer Block Island, on its afternoon trip from the island, passed through the fleet. Eleven of the yachts that had rounded could all be seen beating to the westward under a steadily increasing wind, which caused the lowering of topsails. In the stronger wind the Ariadne began to draw away from the smaller boats, and with the Wild Pigeon and Rival soon had a long lead. The Pigeon took a long hitch over to the south, so as to make the Race before the ebb tide set out, and was followed by the Arindne, while the Rival came about and stood for Watch Hill before taking the long tack over to enter the Race. The steamer passed near enough to the Rival and Ariadne to exchange salutes, and then as she steamed to New London the fleet was lost sight of.

A large sprinkling of yachtsmen who were unable to go on the trip hung around the club house Thursday morning waiting for the boats to return, and soon after 8 o'clock the watchers were rewarded by seeing the yacht Wayward, of Class C, coming into the mouth of the harbor near the lighthouse, moving rapidly and passed the finish line at 9:38 A. M., winning the race to the surprise of every one, even the owner, C. B. Warner, of East Haddam, who did not for an instant think his boat would win, even in Class C, in which class she belongs. The winner had been so little counted on that the march she had stolen on her swifter rivals occasioned much surprise and jealous comments. The secret is now out. Captain Warner had really out-generalled his opponents. His skill as a sailor, with his knowledge of the tides and currents of the Sound accounted for his victory.

The next boat to finish was the Rival, W. W. Converse, which crossed the line nearly two hours after the Wayward at 11:31:19. The Ariadne finished next, close behind the Rival. The Stranger won the first prize in class D, coming in at 2:16, and the other boats followed in slow succession. The positions and times of the yachts at the different points on the course were as follows:

	Start, July 7.	Turn at Block Island, July 8.	Finish at New Haven, July 9.
Ariadne	5 16 40	12 25 00 P. M.	11 37 08 A. M.
Wild Pigeon	5 17 55	11 05 00 A. M.	12 16 07 P. M.
Rival	5 17 40	11 52 00 A. M.	11 34 19 A. M.
Wayward	5 16 15	12 54 00 P. M.	9 57 30 A. M.
Rajah	5 15 30	12 33 00 P. M.	2 46 54 P. M.
Flora	5 18 50	1 10 00 P. M.	Did not finish
Happy Thought	5 16 18	12 49 00 P. M.	3 15 39 P. M.
Seabelle	5 20 20	1 03 00 P. M.	Did not finish
Acme	5 15 48	1 00 00 P. M.	6 56 20 P. M.
Vixen	5 28 20	1 04 00 P. M.	5 43 35 P. M.
Stranger	5 28 23	12 22 00 P. M.	2 16 17 P. M.
Anita	5 16 30	3 45 00 P. M.	Did not finish
Roamer	5 17 55	5 00 00 P. M.	9 00 00 P. M.

The judges held a meeting at 7 o'clock, this evening, and the prizes of $100 each in classes B and C, and $75 to the first and $25 to the second in Class D were awarded to the winning boats in their respective classes. Following is the official document of the award, with timekeepors' record annexed:

NEW HAVEN, July 10, 1885.

To the Regatta Committee, N. H. Y. C.:

The undersigned, by appointment of the regatta committee judges in the ocean race around Block Island, declare the result as follows:

The winners are: Class B—Ariadne, 42h. 20m. 28s. Class C—Wayward, 40h. 41m. 15s. Class D—Stranger, first, 44h. 51m. 54s. Vixen, second, 48h. 20m. 15s.

We find the following named yachts entitled to the commodore's souvenir: Ariadne, Wild Pigeon, Wayward, Rajah, Rival, Happy Thought, Flora, Seabelle, Roamer, Vixen, Stranger, Acme.

JAMES GALLAGHER, JR., }
CHAS. M. PECK, } Judges.
E. F. MANSFIELD. }

The great race at last finished. No accident occurred and a fund of sea knowledge has been acquired which will last for a year. What was done in the fog and rain of the first night; how advantage was taken of the tides, eddies and currents: the course through the Race, Plum Gut, Fisher's Sound, and how Block Island was approached on Wednesday; then the journey home, some by way of Fisher's Island Sound and others through the Race; stories of yachts with extra sails all set and filled, going astern from yachts quietly anchored out of the way; of strong tides which more than offset the propelling power of the wind—these experiences all will furnish most interesting talk for a season for the ever increasing members of this flourishing club.

N. H. Y. C.

QUEBEC YACHT RACES.

THE first regatta of the Quebec Y. C. took place on the 1st of July (Dominion Day). The prizes contested for were a solid silver cup and yacht candlesticks, the gift of the club's patron, the Marquis of Landsdowne, Governor General of Canada. The race was over a course of twenty-five miles. At the starting the yachts were:

1.	Guinevere	28 tons.....Albert Peters.
2.	Curlew	20 tons.....John Ritchie.
3.	Iris	7 tons.....J Piddington.
4.	Osprey	11 tons.....J. Thom.
5.	Foam	3 tons.....G. C. Scott.
6.	Montagnais	7 tons.....J. B. Morin.
7.	Sarcelle	12 tons.....J. U. Gregory.

The start took place at 1:30 P. M. The weather was decidedly rough, with very strong eastwardly wind and heavy sea, which thoroughly tested the seaworthiness of vessels and skill of those who handled them. The race was a very exciting one, and it soon became evident that the contest would be between the two largest crafts, but until the heavy seas below Point Levis were encountered the smaller craft did well. The Sarcelle (a keeled sharpie, entirely new style of craft in these waters and only intended for sporting work above Quebec) showed great speed and safety, but could not compete with the deep draft yachts in heavy sea. Several turned back when they saw the Curlew and Guinevere round the Beaumont buoy, but the little Foam and the Osprey pluckily kept on till they did the same. The great interest was now in the Curlew and the Guinevere. Curlew led when off St. Patrick's Bay, with Guinevere second and Osprey and Sarcelle following, but soon Guinevere passed the leader, making a minute off her at the buoy and setting spinnaker for home. Curlew setting a squaresail. The wind was now blowing very fresh, but Curlew sent up her topsail, which took her to first place, but helped to carry away her gaff, which damage she partly repaired. The wind fell toward the finish, Curlew coming in at 4:17:00 with Guinevere at 4:17:45 and Osprey at 4:43:30.

The steam yacht Dolphin carried the judges—Messrs. Charles Mackenzie, F. A. Falkenburg and Eug. Chinic. The timekeeper, Mr. John Shaw, was on board the Pilgrim with a large number of spectators, among whom were quite a number of ladies. Commodore Gregory and the entire club are to be congratulated upon the success of the club and the exciting amusement this fine race afforded. We understand a race for a cup, the joint gift of Commodore Gregory and Vice-Commodore Ritchie, will be run for by yachts of 12 tons and under, sailed by their owners, and that several other races, including a grand club race, will take place during the season. The handsome naval uniform worn by the officers and members of the club was much admired by the spectators. We hope the coming races may be as successful as the first, and heartily wish every success to the club. QUEBEC.

THE REPORT OF THE N. Y. Y. C. COMMITTEE.

THE following report of the Committee of Arrangements of the New York Y. C., to whom the entire charge of the coming races has been given, has lately been printed in pamphlet form by the club. It gives a full history of the negotiations from the first, with some parts of the correspondence that has not been made public before:

NEW YORK, June 16, 1885.

The committee appointed to take charge of the races for the America's Cup, in reporting progress, take great pleasure in announcing to the club that after a protracted and voluminous correspondence with Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, the representative of the challenging parties, the main conditions governing the match races for the America's Cup have been satisfactorily settled. As this correspondence covers the whole ground, and recites in detail the history of the negotiations, your committee present the same without comment.

The following communication was received on Dec. 20, 1884: 18 Cranley Gardens, S. W. London, Dec. 6, 1884. J. Beavor-Webb, Naval Architect and Surveyor, to Charles Minton, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C. Sir: I am instructed by Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. W. Henn, R. N., as owners of the yachts Genesta and Galatea respectively, to challenge the New York Y. C. for the possession of the America's Cup. Club nomination for both vessels, as well as the other certificates specified in the conditions for said Cup, will be forwarded in due course. This letter is written for the purpose of securing the premier right of challenge to the two vessels as above named. I am, sir, yours faithfully—J. BEAVOR-WEBB. P. S.—The Galatea is a new yacht building for the purpose named above.—J. B. W.

New York, Dec. 22, 1884.—J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, S. W., London. Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt on 20th inst., of your esteemed favor of Dec. 6, relating to challenges for the possession of the America's Cup. Your communication will be laid before a meeting of the club at the first opportunity. Respectfully yours—CHAS A. MINTON, Secretary.

At a special meeting of the New York Y. C., held Feb. 26, 1885, the following communication was read: 18 Cranley Gardens, S. W. Feb. 17, 1885.—To Charles Minton, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York city, U. S. America. Dear Sir: Referring to my letter of the 6th of December last, I now beg to challenge, on behalf of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., for the America's Cup, in accordance with Mr. Schuyler's letter of the 4th January, 1882, embodied in your letter of the 15th February, 1882. Sir Richard Sutton challenges, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he is a member, and Lieut. Henn on behalf of the

Royal Northern Y. C., of which he is a member. The regatta courses of both these clubs are on the sea or upon arms of the sea, and are practicable for yachts of 300 tons. I inclose letters from the secretaries of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Northern Yacht Clubs, authorizing Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., to challenge as representing these clubs. Sir Richard Sutton's yacht Genesta is cutter rigged, and her dimensions are: Length on L. W. L., 81.00; beam extreme, 15.00; depth moulded, 11.75. Her tonnage, according to the Yacht Racing Association rules, is 80 tons. It is not possible to comply literally with paragraph 11 of the conditions, as there is no such thing in this country as a custom house certificate of measurement, but I enclose a certified extract from the Ship's Register, in which her dimensions and tonnage are stated. The register itself, being the title to the vessel, obviously cannot be sent. The Genesta's dimensions are also given in Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1884, which register is deemed official. Lieut. Henn's yacht Galatea is to be cut-rigged, and her dimensions are: Length on L. W. L., 86.80; beam extreme, 15.00; depth moulded, 13.50. A certified copy of her dimensions is inclosed. It is intended that Sir Richard Sutton's challenge shall take the priority of Lieut. Henn's challenge; therefore, if Sir Richard Sutton's yacht is fortunate enough to win the Cup, Lieut. Henn's challenge, under the conditions of the contest, paragraph 12, necessarily falls to the ground. But should Sir Richard Sutton's cutter be beaten, it is proposed that the matches with Lieut. Henn's vessel shall take place as soon as practicable after those with Sir Richard Sutton's vessel. It is further proposed that the matches with Genesta shall be sailed between the 20th of August and the 1st of September next, and those with Galatea before the 10th of September, the latter date being within seven months of the date of this letter as required by the 8th paragraph of the conditions.

Match shall consist of three races over the same course, sailed on different days with at least one intervening day. Either yacht winning two out of the three races to be the winner. As it was the intention of the donors of the Cup, as expressed in Mr. Schuyler's letter of the 4th of January, 1882, that the contest for its possession should be sailed over an open sea course, it is the wish of the challengers that an ocean course should be selected free so far as practicable from all complications as to tides and shallow waters. The challengers further suggest that the time allowances between the competing yachts should be the mean of the times ascertained by the New York Y. C. and the Yacht Racing Association rules of measurement and time allowances. It is very important that the details of the races should be settled under the 9th paragraph of the conditions, because, in the following paragraph there is a condition which might give an advantage to the holders of the Cup, namely, the condition which would enable them to name their representative at the time of the start, and thus to select their vessel according to the weather. The challengers do not themselves attach much importance to this condition, but it is obviously desirable to avoid anything in such a contest which might have the appearance of giving an advantage to one side not possessed by the other. The challengers therefore respectfully suggest, for the purpose of settling the details referred to in paragraph 9, that each party should name a representative with a referee mutually chosen. The challengers think that Mr. G. L. Schuyler, the surviving donor of the Cup, would be the most appropriate person, if he would undertake the office, to act as referee, and if this suggestion meets with the concurrence of the members of the New York Y. C., the challengers name J. M. Woodbury, M. D., Fleet Surgeon to the Seawanhaka Y. C. as their representative. In conclusion, I am to add that the challengers desire that these contests should be a test race between the American and English types of yacht, will do everything in their power to insure that result; and they feel satisfied that their views will be fully appreciated and reciprocated by the members of the New York Y. C. I shall be happy to furnish any other information that may be required. I remain, dear sir, for Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. W. Henn, R. N., yours faithfully—J. BEAVOR-WEBB.

At this meeting it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to take charge of all preliminaries and make the necessary arrangements for the race, with full power, and that the flag officers of the club shall be members of the committee *ex-officio*. The chair appointed Messrs. Phillip Schuyler, Chairman, J. F. Tams, C. H. Stebbins, Jules A. Montant and Joseph R. Busk as the committee to take charge of the races for the America's Cup, with power to make all arrangements for the same. At a subsequent meeting Mr. Chas. A. Minton, secretary of the New York Y. C., was added to the committee.

The following answer was sent: Cable Message.—March 10, 1885.—J. Beavor-Webb, 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W.: Answer to your communication sent by mail. Six months' notice for Galatea waived conditional on result Genesta race.—MINTON, Sec'y.

New York, March 10, 1885.—J. Beavor Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W.: Dear Sir—The receipt of your favors of 17th and 21st February has already been acknowledged by the secretary of the club. A communication from the New York Y. C. under date of March 4 will have informed you that a special committee had been appointed at a meeting of the club, with full powers to make all arrangements for races for the America's Cup, and to take the whole matter in charge. This committee is composed of Mr. Philip Schuyler, Chairman; Messrs. J. Frederick Tams, Charles H. Stebbins, Jules A. Montant, J. R. Busk, C. A. Minton, and the flag officers *ex-officio*. The committee directs me to acknowledge the receipt from you of the following documents: 1. A letter from the Royal Yacht Squadron authorizing Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., to act as its representative in challenging for the America's Cup. 2. A letter from the Royal Northern Y. C. authorizing Lieutenant Henn, R. N., to act as its representative for the same object. 3. A certificate from J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., furnishing dimensions of the cutter yacht Genesta. 4. A certificate from the Surveyor's Office, Board of Trade, Greenock, giving the gross tonnage of the cutter yacht Galatea. 5. A letter from the Chief Surveyor of the Board of Trade, Glasgow, certifying to the measurements of both the beforementioned yachts. These documents have been accepted by the committee as sufficiently complying with the requirements of the "Deed of Gift." According to the terms of your letter, priority is to be given to the challenge of Sir Richard Sutton for the Genesta, and this challenge is now accepted by the committee on behalf of the New York Y. C. The committee express the hope that arrangements for the match satisfactory to both parties will be made by mutual consent. They are, however, anxious that the contests shall, as far as possible, afford tests of the two types of boat under various conditions; they therefore submit the following proposals, differing somewhat from those suggested by you, and they request your consideration of the same: Date of Race.—As the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. takes place in August, the committee suggest that the races with the Genesta should take place between the 1st and 10th of September, the days to be fixed finally after the arrival of the Genesta. Number of Races.—The committee accept your proposal that the match shall consist of three races, to be sailed with at least one day intervening between each race; best two out of three to decide. Courses.—The committee propose that the first race shall be over the New York Y. C. annual club regatta course; that the second shall be over a triangular course, starting from Sandy Hook Lightship; that the third shall be to windward or to leeward and return from the point of the Hook or from Sandy Hook Lightship, whichever you prefer. These courses are free from shoals, and are practicable for heavy draft vessels. The two last named are entirely in the open sea, and, if sailed from the lightship are free from any complications as to tides or currents, the only objection to them being the distance (some twenty miles) of the starting place. Length of Courses.—To be nearly as can be ascertained, forty statute miles. Time of Making Races.—To prevent the races being won by a drift, the committee suggest a limit of seven hours from starting signal, within which the race must be made. Measurement and Time Allowance.—The committee are not in possession of sufficient data to enable them to estimate the effect of your proposal under this head. But apart from this, in view of the fact that the New York Y. C. has comparatively recently adopted a system of measurement and time allowance specially framed for the purpose of enabling vessels differing materially in type to compete with fairness, the committee do not feel authorized to accept your proposal; and they consider that the contests ought to be carried on under the rules of the New York Y. C. as to measurement and time allowance. Representative of the New York Y. C. —If the above proposals are satisfactory to you and the match be thus arranged by agreement the committee would name the vessel selected to sail against the Genesta a week prior to the day fixed for the first race, with this proviso, however, that should any accident happen to the boat so named previous to the start, they are to have the right to substitute another boat, or to have sufficient time given them to effect repairs; the Genesta of course to have the same privilege regarding repairs should any accident happen to her. The committee consider that these proposals cover all essential points, and trust that they will on consideration be acceptable to you. They suggest that the minor details should be left for settlement till the arrival of the Genesta, it being understood generally speaking that such portions of the By-Laws and Sailing Regulations of the New York Y. C. as apply shall be the basis for the settlement. For your guidance a copy of the Club Book has been forwarded to you. Should you desire to name a representative here "with power," the committee would discuss with him any points that might present themselves, but as principals the committee would much prefer dealing with you direct; and should any question arise between you and them, they would willingly submit the same to Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, whose decision they would accept as final. With regard to Lieut. Henn's challenge for the Galatea, the committee accept it on behalf of the N. Y. Y. C., subject, of course, to the result of the races with the Genesta; and they request me to say that should the result of the first match be favorable to the New York Y. C., they will then waive the six months' notice, and will sail a match of three races for the Cup with the Galatea, to come off within a reasonable time after the races with the Genesta, the same conditions and regulations to govern both matches. In conclusion, the committee beg me to add that it will give them great pleasure to place their services at your command in supplying you with all desired information, or in making arrangements for, or taking charge of matters requiring attention before or after the arrival of the vessels or their representatives, and in every other way rendering their visit to this country agreeable.—CHARLES A. MINTON, Secretary to Committee of Arrangements.

At a general meeting of the New York Y. C., held March 26, 1885, the following resolution was adopted: That the committee of arrangements for the America's Cup races be authorized to incur the necessary incidental expenses for a series of five races, to take place as soon as practicable after the regular June regatta, said races to be open to all single-masted yachts of 60ft. load water line and over, belonging to duly organized yacht clubs in the United States. The following answer to the communication dated March 10, 1885, was received: 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W., April 9, 1885.—To Chas. Minton, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C.: Dear Sir—On behalf of Sir R. Sutton and Lieut. Henn, R. N., I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th ult. respecting their challenges for the America's Cup. The very courteous and sportsmanlike way in which their proposals have been responded to by the New York Y. C. and their committee, gives them every confidence that the matches will be mutually arranged and carried through in a manner satisfactory and agreeable to all parties. Subject to the reconsideration hereinafter suggested, the challengers cordially accept the proposals of the committee appointed by the New York Y. C. to make arrangements for the races; and they are gratified that the suggestion that Mr. George L. Schuyler should be appointed referee, has been accepted. Sir R. Sutton will be much obliged to the committee if they will arrange that the races with the Genesta shall be sailed as soon after the 1st of September as may be convenient, because, being Master of the Craven Hunt, he must be back in England by the 1st of October. The challengers suggest that, when sailing over the New York Y. C. course, the competing vessels shall pass, both going and returning, on the channel side of all the buoys marking the channel. This is necessary to prevent a shallow draft vessel gaining an undue advantage by sailing over water from which Genesta and Galatea, by their deep draft would be excluded. A chart of racing is inclosed to illustrate this suggestion. The challengers would prefer, if the committee see no objection, that the order of the races over the three courses should be reversed, and that the start in the two first races should be from Sandy Hook Lightship. As the American yachts which will compete in the matches will not be named until a week before the races, the challengers are in a similar position to the New York Y. C. as regards being unable to estimate the effect of the proposal of the committee that the New York Y. C. rules of measurement and time allowance should be adopted. It may be taken for granted that the time allowance resulting from the New York Y. C. rules as compared with those resulting from our own Yacht Racing Association rules will differ; but whether the difference will be in favor of, or adverse to, the challengers' yachts, they are unable to determine. It may, however, be assumed that if the New York Y. C. rules are adopted, and new vessels are built to compete against Genesta and Galatea, they will be designed to secure the largest practicable advantage under those particular rules, in the same way that the Genesta and Galatea were designed to compete under the Yacht Racing Association rules. The challengers, therefore, remain of opinion that the most equitable course is to "split the difference," or, in other words, to adopt the mean of the times obtained by the two rules. They strongly recommend this course to the consideration of the committee, because it is the mode generally adopted of harmonizing differences; and it is believed that it would be considered the fair course by those who are likely to take an interest in the races in both countries; besides which, there is another reason of considerable weight, namely, that it would establish a useful precedent in the event of possible future contests for the Cup in other countries. Lieut. Henn desires me to express his appreciation of the courtesy of the N. Y. Y. C. in waiving the six months' notice in favor of the Galatea, and to explain that he should not have ventured to trespass on that courtesy had he not understood that under the eleventh paragraph of Mr. G. L. Schuyler's letter of the 4th of January, 1882, it was open to him to give the six months' notice at any time on behalf of a different club, and with a different yacht, this paragraph not requiring that an interval of six months should elapse after a match before the Cup could be sailed for again. It was the intention of the challengers to confine themselves, as they felt bound to do, strictly to the terms of the deed of gift. In conclusion, I am requested to thank the N. Y. Y. C. for the liberal and friendly spirit in which they have accepted the challenges, and also the committee for their offers of assistance, of which the challengers will no doubt have occasion and be glad to avail themselves. I am, dear sir, for Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. W. Henn, yours faithfully, J. BEAVOR-WEBB.

New York, April 27, 1885.—J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., London. Dear Sir: I am requested by the committee to acknowledge receipt of your communication of April 9, and to reply *seriatim* to the suggestions made by you. It will give the committee much pleasure to arrange that the races with the Genesta shall take place as early in September as Sir Richard Sutton may wish, and with this understanding they will leave the final settlement of the days till arrival of Genesta. In reply to your suggestion respecting that race of the series which it is proposed shall be sailed over the N. Y. Y. C. course, the committee would refer you to the club book in your possession, and would add that the course therein named has been raced over for many years without objection by our largest and deepest keel schooners, some of them drawing more than either the Genesta or Galatea. They cannot but think that you have been misinformed, or that the markings on your chart have misled you, as you have indicated in the tracing you sent a number of buoys which have no connection with the channel or with the course proposed, and some of which no longer exist. The committee are, however, desirous of doing what they can to meet the views of the challengers, and they would be willing to arrange, should you desire it after an inspection of the course on your arrival, that black buoys 5, 9, 11, 13, 15 of main channel shall be left on starboard hand going out, and port hand coming home, and that red buoys No. 8½, 10, 10½, 12, 14 and 16 of same channel shall be left on port hand going out and starboard hand returning. The committee, from their knowledge of the course, deem this delimitation hardly necessary, but are willing to adopt it if you desire it; they cannot, however, consent to take cognizance of any other buoys, as it would make unnecessary complications. For your guidance the committee have marked the buoys referred to on a chart which they now send to you, and they wish me to mention that the soundings given are invariably considerably under the actual depths. The committee would be willing to leave to the challengers the choice of the order in which the races shall be sailed, with this proviso, however, that the race over the club course shall be one of the first two sailed. The committee make this stipulation on account of the great interest taken here in this match. It would be difficult, on account of the distance from the city, for the public to see anything of the ocean races, and should they be sailed in the order proposed by you, and the match be decided by two races, there is the possibility of the general public being unable to see any of the contests. With regard to the measurement and time allowance, the committee regret that they cannot recede from the position they have taken, and they regret very much that you consider it a *sine qua non* that the New York Y. C. rules on these points shall govern. To go fully into their reasons for this decision would be to initiate a discussion on the relative merits of various systems of racing allowances, and this they wish to avoid. Briefly stated, their position is as follows: The New York Y. C. has comparatively recently (say about two years ago) adopted a system of measurement and time allowance for the express purpose of bringing together, on equal terms, vessels of types differing as widely as those of the two countries. This mode of measurement taxes both the length of the boat and also its power to carry sail, whether derived from ballast, as in the English form of boat, or from beam, as in the American model. The club having already, by this measurement, equalized the differences between the two types, the committee cannot consent now to split the difference between this system and the measurement of the Y. R. A. to which you refer, which committee would learn, from the book you sent in your letter of 10th April, penalized the power obtained by beam in our boats, while leaving entirely untaxed the power obtained by ballast in your craft. The committee feel sure that this point has escaped you, and are confident that, on consideration, you will see that your proposal is, of its nature, inadmissable. The committee wish, also, to point out that, from the nature of the New York Y. C. rules, it is almost impossible to build a boat which shall in any way evade the measurement, and that hence, any boat coming from your side will be at no disadvantage under this measurement, even if pitted against the most recently constructed craft here. Should these terms meet with your approval, the committee would be obliged if you would kindly telegraph the word "settled," as they can then lay the whole correspondence before the club at its next meeting. I remain, sir, yours faithfully—C. A. MINTON, Secretary.

The committee ordered the following circular to be sent immediately to the secretaries of the various yacht clubs throughout the United States by the America's Cup Committee of the New York Y. C.: "New York, May 13, 1885.—A series of races under the auspices of the New York Y. C. will take place in New York in the latter part of June or early in July. These races will probably be completed within the period of one week. They will be open to all single-masted vessels of not less than 60ft. in length on the waterline, belonging to any duly organized yacht club in the United States, with the condition that any vessel taking part therein shall be subject to selection by the committee in charge as the representative of the New York Y. C. in the coming races for the America's Cup, the committee reserving to themselves the right of forming their own judgment as to fitness for the purpose in view, irrespective of the actual result of the races. The dates of these races will be fixed, as far as possible, to suit the convenience of those taking part in them, and owners who intend to enter their vessels are requested to place themselves in communication with the committee as soon as possible by addressing the secretary of the committee, Mr. Charles A. Minton, New York Yacht Club House, No. 67 Madison avenue, New York city."

On the 19th of May, 1885, the following cable dispatch was received: London, May 19, 1885.—Minton New York propose refer time allowance umpire otherwise accept reply—WEBB.

On the 20th of May the following answer was sent: New York, May 20, 1885.—J. Beavor-Webb, 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W. Your proposal unacceptable to committee consider must adhere to terms letter April 29.—MINTON, Secretary.

On the 22d of May the following answer was received: London, May 22, 1885.—Minton New York umpire appointed settle differences under paragraph eight deed regret reference declined will write.—WEBB. On the 22d of May a meeting was called, but owing to the absence from town of most of the members, no quorum was obtained. On the 25th of May a meeting was held, and the following reply by cable was sent: May 25, 1885.—Beavor-Webb, 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W. Committee feel their proposal allowance strictly fair would much prefer match arranged without going to referee but if on consideration you wish it will with pleasure at once submit question allowance to Schuyler reply.—MINTON, Secretary. On the same day the following letter was written, explaining more in full the cable messages sent by the committee: New York, May 25, 1885.—J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W.—Dear sir: On the 19th of May I received a cable message from you reading, "Propose refer time allowance umpire otherwise accept reply." Which was submitted to a meeting of the committee held the following day. The committee understood this telegram as a suggestion on your part, to which you wished the committee to accede, but that otherwise should they be unwilling to agree to your proposal, you would accept the terms of their letter. While the committee held that the point at issue was not one of the questions which it was intended should be referred to the umpire, they gave your proposal due consideration, and they ultimately decided that your suggestion was unacceptable to them, and that they felt they must adhere, on this point, to the terms of their letter of 29th April. They therefore directed me to send you the following dispatch, which I did the same afternoon, "Your proposal unacceptable to committee consider must adhere to terms letter April 29th." On the 22d inst. a message from you was received, reading as follows: "Umpire appointed settle differences under paragraph eight deed regret reference declined will write." A meeting of the committee was at once called to consider it, but owing to the absence from town of most of the members, a quorum was not obtained before the 25th inst. At the meeting then held I was requested to send you the following reply, which was dispatched the same day: "Committee feel their proposal allowance strictly fair would much prefer match arranged without going to referee but if on consideration you wish it will with pleasure at once submit question allowance to Schuyler reply." The committee are strongly of opinion that, as stated in this telegram, the proposal submitted by them to you as to measurement and time allowance was strictly fair, and they moreover feel that they would much prefer to arrange the match with you by agreement if possible. It is the opinion of the committee that a question such as time allowance, involving as it does the actual terms of the match itself, and not the interpretation of those terms, was not one of those questions which it was intended should be left to the umpire. Were this the case, the settlement of all the terms of the match might virtually have been left at once to him. This the committee feel was not intended to either side, the more so as it would have had the effect of debarring both parties from claiming their right, under the Deed of Gift to sail a single race over the club course. Under the circumstances, the committee feel that they might with propriety ask that the point should first be submitted to the umpire as to whether this question of measurement is of its nature one which ought to be left to him. The committee, however, waive this point, and wish me to state that, sooner than have any question arise, they would be willing, should you on further consideration desire it, to refer the entire question of allowances to Mr. G. L. Schuyler for his decision, and with this intent they now await your reply to this last telegram. Yours respectfully, CHAS. A. MINTON, Secretary of the Committee.

On the 27th of May the following message was received: Regret not agree please submit correspondence regarding allowance Schuyler whose decision final.—WEBB. A meeting of the committee was held on the 29th of May, and the following letter written to Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler: 23 Broad Street, New York, May 29, 1885.—George L. Schuyler, Esq.: Dear Sir—A telegram from Mr. Webb, representative of Sir R. Sutton, owner of the yacht Genesta, was yesterday received, requesting that the correspondence regarding time allowance be submitted to you as the referee. I hereby send a copy of the entire correspondence, telegrams included, to date, with the request of an answer at your earliest convenience. Yours very truly, PH. SCHUYLER, Chairman.

P. S.—I send herewith a copy of the "Yacht Racing Association Rules," revised edition, and a copy of those of the New York Y. C. Any information you may require as to details the committee will be most happy to furnish, either verbally or in writing.

On the 5th of June the following telegram was received: London, 5th June, 1885.—Minton New York received letter unless committee accept our proposal adhere desire refer Schuyler.—WEBB. A meeting of the committee was held on the 10th of June, when the following letter from the referee was read: 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York, June 9, 1885.—Philip Schuyler, Esq., Chairman New York Y. C. Committee: Dear Sir—I have examined with care the correspondence between your committee and the challengers for the America Cup. Having agreed upon all other details, except as to allowance of time, the question is referred to me whether your committee should, at the request of the challenger, make any deviation from the N. Y. Y. C. rule of measurement. This rule is to govern if the parties should fall back upon the single race over the regatta course, to which the challenger is entitled by the deed of gift; and as the relative sizes of the contestants are at this time unknown, it would be difficult to name any change in the nature of a compromise which would be satisfactory. In my opinion the committee is fully justified in the conclusion they have reached—namely, that in a race for the America Cup, whatever terms may be mutually agreed upon in other respects, the time allowance should be made according to the rules of the club in possession. Respectfully yours, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER. The following telegram was immediately sent: New York, June 10, 1885.—To J. Beavor Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W.: Immediately on receipt previous telegram twenty-seventh May submitted correspondence referee decision received today New York allowance copy decision mailed.—MINTON. And the following letter was written and mailed by the steamer of the 13th: New York, June 10, 1885.—J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W. Dear Sir: On the 27th May I received your telegram reading: "To Minton New York regret not agree please submit correspondence regarding allowance Schuyler whose decision final—WEBB." And in compliance with the request therein contained, the entire correspondence was, on the 29th, submitted to the referee. Since which date your telegram of the 5th inst., reading, "To Minton New York received letter unless committee accept our proposal adhere desire refer Schuyler—WEBB," has come to hand; but as the action asked for had already been taken, no reply was sent. The referee's decision was received to day, and the gist of it immediately cabled you as follows: "To J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W. Immediately on receipt previous telegram twenty seventh May submitted correspondence referee decision received to-day New York allowance copy decision mailed—MINTON." We now hand you copies of our letter to the referee accompanying the correspondence and of the text of his decision. The committee consider the terms of the match as definitely settled, and shall be glad to hear from you as to when the Genesta and Galatea may be expected in these waters. Again placing the services of the committee at your disposal, I remain, yours respectfully, CHAS. A. MINTON, Secretary of the Committee.

Your committee, in conclusion, desire to state that, although some of the minor details cannot be arranged until the arrival of the challenging yacht or yachts, they apprehend no difficulty in satisfactorily adjusting them. All of which is respectfully submitted. Philip Schuyler, Chairman; J. Frederick Tams, Charles H. Stebbins, Jules Montant, Joseph R. Busk, Charles A. Minton, Secretary.

Since the above report, the following letter has been received: 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W., June 9, 1885.—To Charles A. Minton, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York city, U. S. of America. Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for your letter of the 25th of May. On behalf of Sir R. Sutton and Lieut. Henn, R. N., I had much pleasure in accepting all the proposals of the New York Y. C., contained in your letter of the 27th of April, with the exception of that relating to time allowance, and as our telegrams have now determined how that question is to be settled, I need not trouble you with any lengthy observations in reply. I do not for a moment doubt that the New York Y. C. adopted their system of measurement and time allowance as, in their opinion, the best calculated to bring together on equal terms vessels of differing types; but, unfortunately, opinion in this country is not in favor of that system. It was, I believe, first introduced here by our Yacht Racing Association as an alternative optional rule, but so far it has been very little used, because our yachtsmen consider

that the rule of measurement laid down in paragragh 3 of the Yacht Racing Association rules is fairer and in every way preferable. As you justly observe in your letter of the 27th of April, a discussion on the relative merits of the two systems would be out of place. We had only to deal with the difference as it exists. I suggested the usual course followed in this country when two parties cannot agree, namely, to "split the difference;" but as your committee felt themselves unable to accept that course, the only alternative was to call in the aid of the umpire, Mr. Schuyler, and I was glad to receive your telegram of the 26th of May assenting to that course. With regard to your remark that time allowance was not strictly one of the questions referable to the umpire, I may mention that, so far as we were concerned, it was intended that the umpire should settle every difference that might arise. No limitation was placed by any of our letters on his powers, and in the mutual agreement clause, paragraph 8 of the Deed of Gift, time allowance is specifically mentioned as well as "all other conditions" of the race. Moreover, it was the distinct intention in naming Mr. Schuyler, in whose impartiality and ability we all have confidence, as umpire, to prevent any risk of the failure of mutual arrangement, because a single race under paragraph 9 might be no test of the relative speed of the yachts, and therefore unsatisfactory to all concerned. I telegraphed a reply to your letter of the 25th day of May, adhering to our desire to refer the question of time allowance to Mr. Schuyler, in case there should have been any doubt on the point, and shall hope to hear his decision in the course of a few days. As all the arrangements, so far as the committee and challengers are concerned, are now satistactorily completed, Genesta will shortly sail for America. In conclusion, Sir R. Sutton and Lieut. Henn wish me to express their appreciation of the courtesy and consideration with which all their suggestions have been received, I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, J. BEAVOR-WEBB.

To which the following reply was made: New York, June 29, 1885. —J. Beavor-Webb, Esq., 18 Cranley Gardens, London, S. W.: Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your favor under date of June 9. The correspondence between yourself and the committee having reached a satisfactory and agreeable conclusion, it only remains for me to extend, upon the part of my colleagues and the club, a warm welcome to Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and yourself, in anticipation of your arrival in this country. Yours truly, C. A. MINTON, Secretary of Committee.

OIL ON WAVES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 10 last, there is a letter from R. B. Forbes as to oil on water at sea. I have written him by this same mail and wish to call your attention to these facts below. The late Capt. Jas. Fowler, a former well-known pilot here and at San Francisco, designed and exhibited a surface anchor or drag with perforated canvas bags filled with oil attached. This invention was designed to be thrown over the side of any craft in bad weather when laying to, attached to a light line, and the resulting lane of oil on the waves to windward would protect the craft. This drag resembled a strong canvas umbrella, the oil bags being pendent from the part of the handle nearest the canvas, the line being fast to the further end of the handle. The editors of *Science* appointed a day for the captain to visit their office at Cambridge, Mass., to examine into his invention at my solicitation, shortly after their publication of all the known results of oil on the sea waves to that date, but on that day he died; no patent has been taken for this, and since it may be of some use in the cause of saving life, I forward this brief letter.—SAWBONES.

THE INCREASE OF SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.—An argument against the cutter was advanced some time since in the following shape: "Ileen was built in 1883, no large cutters have been built h re since, consequently large cutters are going out of fashion." While it is true that no large cutters have been built here since Ileen, we note this week the arrival of the Stranger, a first-class racer; the Bayadere is now in commission, and Clara is on her way across. All of these are extreme cutters, and are built, equipped and rigged in a manner almost unknown in our home-built sloops. What additions has the sloop fleet to show beside them? Mischief was built in 1879. Except two vessels built to meet a special emergency, one of which will ultimately be converted into a schooner, no large sloops have been built in the United States for six years. Have we abandoned the centerboard sloop?

LUCILE.—Mr. Chas. Kellogg's steam yacht Lucile left her anchorage July 10 for a cruise in the St. Lawrence and lakes. She will go to Albany, and after lowering masts, etc., proceed, via Erie Canal and Lake Cayuga, to Ithaca, where she will take owner's family on board. Thence to Oswego and the lake to the Thous and Islands for an extended cruise.

A SHOAL DRAFT SCHOONER.—A schooner for use in Florida is now in frame at Poillon's, from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith. She is 55ft. waterline, 16ft. beam, and will draw but 2ft. 8in. The boat is very high-sided, and has a trunk cabin, giving head room. She will have a jib and staysail.

THE NEW YORK SLOOP WINONA.—Mr. J. Bloodgood, Jr., and two friends returning from a cruise to Put-in-Bay, etc., came into Erie Harbor, July 2, remained until the 7th, when she left for Port Colborne, bound for Lake Ontario, via Welland Canal.

TOLEDO Y. C. REGATTA.—On July 4 the Toledo Y. C. sailed a second race for the champion flag over a triangular course. The starters were: Second class—Scud, Oberon, Osprey, Stella, Kate Graham. Third class—Mazeppa and Petrel. The start was made at 12:58 in a good east wind, making a beat of the first leg. The order of crossing was, Oberon, Stella, Scud, Graham, Osprey. The Kate Graham soon took the lead, with the Scud second, sailing the entire course in that order. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.				
Scud	12 58 40	4 00 35	3 36 20	3 36 20
Oberon	12 58 00	5 06 25	4 08 25	4 07 43
Osprey	1 00 30	4 58 40	3 53 10	3 57 28
Kate Graham	1 00 22	4 32 21	3 31 50	3 28 29
Stella	12 59 08	. . ..	. . ..	. . ..
THIRD CLASS.				
Mazeppa	1 00 20	5 20 45	4 20 25	4 20 25
Petrel	12 59 25	5 14 30	4 15 05	4 13 12

The Kate Graham, Osprey, Scud and Oberon were to have sailed for Cleveland on July 12, on their way to Ballast Island. The Toledo Y. C. will hold an open regatta on July 28.

ANNISQUAM RACES.—On July 11 nearly fifty yachts were ready at Gloucester for the race appointed for 11 A. M. over a course from the mouth of Annisquam River, between the buoys around the stakeboat near Essex outer black buoy, thence to stakeboat off Plum Cove, back to Squam Buoy and repeat, 16 miles in all. The time limit was 3½ hours or no race. The following started in a light wind: First Class—Banneret, Atalanta, Black Cloud, J. S. Poyen, Jr., Muriel, Evelyn, Avilla, Expert, Venus, Soutte, Fatiotiza, Frank Leslie, Adelle, Rolan and L. J. Henry; Second Class—Thrasher, Carrie May, Jumbo, Crusader, Kittiwake, Lilian, Flora Lee, Tarquin, Riverside, Hestia, Helen, Spark, Sassacus, Ripple, Petrel, Planchette. Class 2 started at 11:05 and Class 1 at 11:20. Petrel led her class, with Kittiwake second, and Atalanta and Black Cloud were first and second in the larger class. The wind died out entirely during a part of the race, and finally delayed the finish beyond the limit. Atalanta finished the course in 3:30:30, ½m. too late, and Flora Lee's time was 3:52:35. The race will be resailed on July 20. Before the yacht race a dory race was rowed, E. J. McEtmons winning.

VICTORIOUS PRISCILLA.—Mr. Franklyn Bassford, the marine artist, has lately painted a picture in black and white of the new iron sloop Priscila, leading the Boston sloop Puritan around the lightship in one of the trial races. Priscilla is standing across on the port tack, showing her lee side and deck, while Puritan is seen under her stern, on the starboard tack. About the lightship is a group of steam yachts and other vessels, with the judges' tug, and the scene is lifelike in the extreme. To be sure Puritan has not yet come on from Boston and Priscilla has not been outside the point of Sandy Hook, but Mr. Bassford's artistic soul soars above any such petty trammels. The picture will be lithographed and will be ready by the time that Priscilla beats Puritan.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ENGLISH YACHTS.—The coming of two English racing yachts to our waters this season has awakened a general interest in these boats and their fellows among American yachtsmen, who watch carefully the movements and races of Irex, Wendur and the others of the English racing fleet. Messrs. Norie & Wilson, 156 Minories, London, have issued a full catalogue of photographs of these yachts which they mail to all inquirers. Besides the ordinary photos, they make up several styles of albums and also publish enlarged views, both of which are particularly adapted for club house ornaments or for club prizes.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SPORTSMAN'S HANDBOOK.—By Col. Horace Park. Columbus, O., 1885.

THE HUNTERS' HANDBOOK.—By "An Old Hunter." Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1885.

MUSHROOMS OF AMERICA.—By Julius A. Palmer, Jr. Boston: L. Prang & Co., 1885.

THE READING CLUB.—Edited by Geo. M. Baker, No. 14. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

FERRETS: The Management, Training and Treatment in Disease, from a practical point of view.—By Wolf Pocklington, *Shooting Times* office. London, 1885.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO THOSE of our readers who use guns, we recommend Mr. J. P. Dannefelser, No. 9 Chambers street, N. Y., when repairs of any kind are wanted. He has for some years made a specialty of repairing guns and pistols, and guarantees all work. See advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

OUR readers should not fail to take with them on their fishing excursions into the woods some sort of ointment to repel the attacks of flies, midges, mosquitoes, etc. Harlow's Anglers' Comfort has been tried by many with great success, adding one-half to the pleasure of a trip. See advertisement of N. S. Harlow, Bangor, Me., in another column.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. H. S., Hartford, Conn.—Paint is better than varnish for a canvas canoe.

SUBSCRIBER, Ontario.—A two-line ad. in the FOREST AND STREAM will sell the pups.

J. H. C., Wilmington, Del.—See advertisement of L. W. Ferdinand in our columns.

W. E. Q., Bridgehampton.—See the FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 13, 1882, for Connecticut River.

A. B. D.—We have no description of the Audubin folding canoe, and cannot ascertain that it is still manufactured.

W. P. B. P., Lynn, Mass.—The construction of catamarans is described in Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," for sale at this office.

G. H. T., Philadelphia.—Can you inform me where I can find good chicken shooting near Omaha? Ans. Try the vicinity of Central City, Neb.

V. C., Kosse, Texas.—No rubber or paper folding boats are made in this country. A rubber inflatable boat was formerly made in England.

C. S. B., Philadelphia.—There are many good camping places between Philadelphia and Trenton on either bank. We cannot tell about Rancocas Creek.

R. G. B., Quincy, Ill.—Oars are made out of 2in. spruce plank, kept in stock by all lumber dealers about New York and the East. You can probably find them in Chicago.

C. F., Revere, Mass.—We have no record of the weight of three-months-old puppies. Perhaps some of the owners of the breed can give you the information you wish.

J. K., Cincinnati.—For perch and catfish use minnows or angle worms. For the buffalo fish roll wet cotton in flour until a stiff dough is made that will remain on the hook.

G. W. S., Montreal, Canada.—The book on "Small Yachts," by C. P. Kunhardt, is in the printer's hands and will shortly be published; the date will be announced in the FOREST AND STREAM.

SUBSCRIBER, Canada.—1. What makes the best lubricator for bullets? 2. Is lubrication any benefit, if so, what? 3. What benefit is there in putting thin wad between bullet and powder in cartridges for sporting purposes? Ans. 1. A mixture of wax and suet. 3. Yes, in moistening the residuum in barrel. 3. To compress the powder uniformly.

N. L., Paterson, N. J.—1. What do angling authors mean when they say that a rod ought to be properly balanced? 2. I wish to purchase a reel that can be used both for fly and bait fishing. Would a Malleson Perfection Reel answer for the above? Ans. 1. They mean that the rod should not be topheavy nor too heavy anywhere. 2. The reel will answer your purpose.

W. A. N.—We do not know where you can procure dobsons. They do not bear confinement long and will eat each other, therefore we doubt your ability to procure them from a distance and keep them. They are plenty about Greenwood Lake, where they retail for two cents each, and are found along the Mohawk River and other places, but no one makes a business of supplying them, except to local custom.

C. L. H., Eaton, N. Y.—1. I inclose crude drawing of bass head, which is causing discussion among our local anglers. Is it the head of a large-mouth or small-mouth bass? 2. Is there a glue made that will mend broken gun stocks and stand damp any length of time? Ans. 1. Your drawing shows that the maxillary bone extends beyond the orbit, therefore the fish was a big-mouth. 2. Use best quality of cabinetmakers' glue.

G., New York.—Please tell me of some preparation that will enable me to bring home a couple of large trout from Lake Superior in good condition for mounting by taxidermist. They will have to be kept at least two weeks before they reach the taxidermist. Ans. We know of nothing better than 90 per cent. alcohol and water in equal proportions. Make incisions in the abdomen to let the fluid inside, or remove the intestines entirely. A tight five gallon keg will answer. Take two gallons of alcohol in it.

L. T. R., New York.—Will you please advise me how to construct a minnow box and place in lake waters so that the minnows will keep alive? I recently made the experiment with a box having openings on two sides, covered with wire. Sometimes the minnows would keep well and at other times, especially in rough weather, they would die, the rise and fall of the water caused by the waves coming in seemed to dash the minnows against the side of the box and kill them. How would a double box, the outside box having openings on different sides from those of the inside box do? Should the box be submerged, and should the minnows be fed? Ans. The trouble was no doubt caused by rough water. Your plan may work well. We would not submerge the box, but give the fish access to air. If you keep minnows long they should be fed or they will eat each other. Some specimens keep better than others.

HUMPHREYS'



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By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
RICHLY BOUND IN
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1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults.....	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
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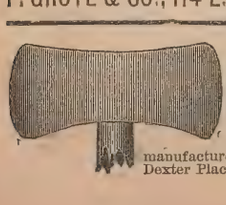


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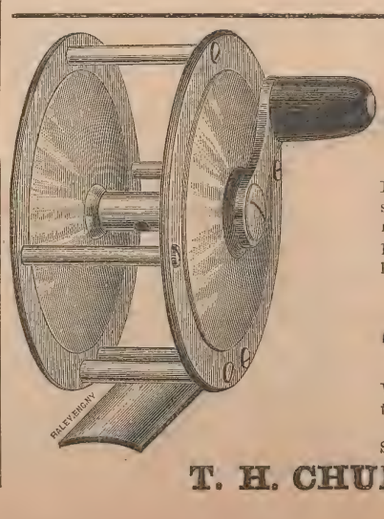
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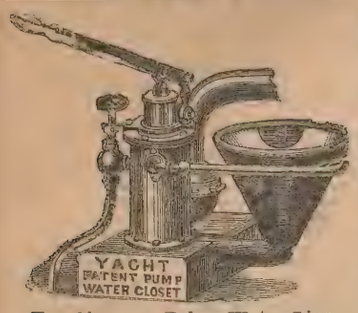
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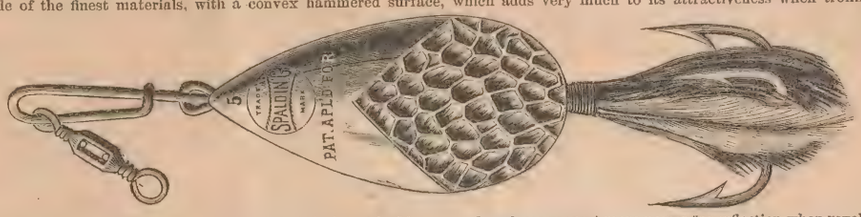
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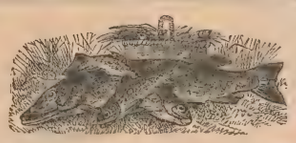
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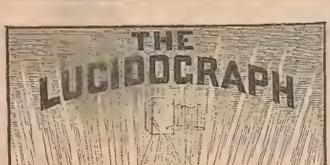




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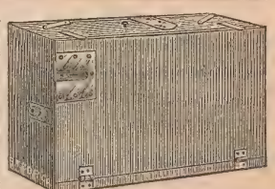
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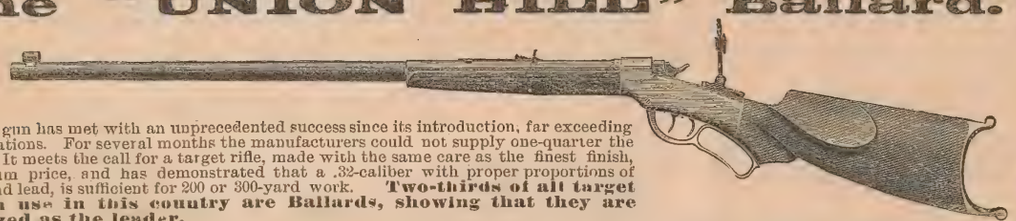
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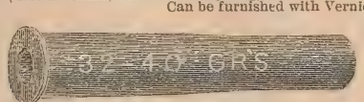
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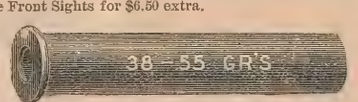
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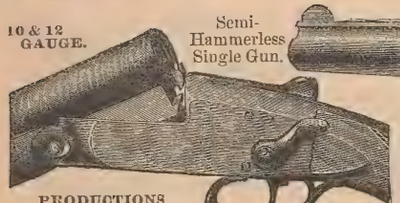
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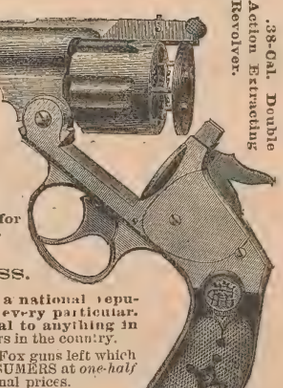
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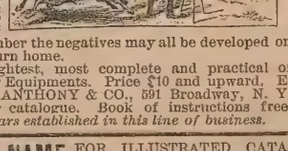
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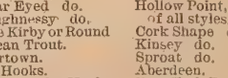
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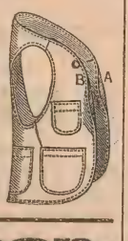
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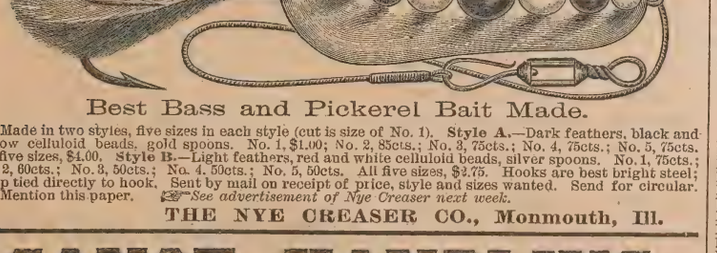
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

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BUILDING

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1885.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 26. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, $4 per year; $2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for $10; five copies for $16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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WORK FOR THE MAINE AUTHORITIES.

IT is a very common excuse with persons who do not report game law violations that they fear the vengeance of the parties concerned. We are constantly in receipt of letters from individuals who complain about such offenses in their neighborhood, but decline to lay the facts before the proper authorities because they are afraid that their cows will be killed or their barns burned. If we are to credit such representations, the shiftless fellows who kill game and fish out of season exercise a regular reign of terror over the law-abiding and respectable members of the community. In some instances, doubtless, there may be reason for the fear that a prosecution for poaching would be followed by some such sort of revenge, but more often nothing of the kind would follow.

This deterrent fear of burning barns is not confined to any particular locality. We hear the same story from the West, from the Adirondacks, from persons dwelling within five miles of New York city, and from Canada. A recent case was that of some deer killed in Maine or over the line in Canada. The man who knew the most about it persistently refused to communicate with us freely, for fear that his name might be known and then the deer killers would burn his house and perhaps assassinate his family. It did not appear very plausible that one or two worthless renegades, fugitives from justice, would commit any such a crime; but it was quite useless to attempt to disabuse our informant of his fear.

It is safe to say that, for the most part, this terror of the stock-killing and barn-burning vengeance of game destroyers is without any sensible ground. Once in a great while a case of such revenge does come to public notice, but they are extremely rare. The press dispatches yesterday recorded that a Maine game warden had suffered for his activity in bringing poachers to justice. The report says:

MACHIAS, Me., July 21.—Fred Munson, of Westley, one of the game wardens of Washington county, who recently caused the arrest and prosecution of some residents of Westley for violating the game laws, discovered a few days ago that a potato patch owned by him, from which he expected a yield of forty bushels of potatoes, had been visited and every plant pulled up. His beans had been similarly treated, and about forty young apple trees had been girdled and ruined. While Munson and his wife were visiting a neighbor last night their house was set on fire and entirely consumed.

The facts being as here reported, there is one task for the Maine authorities more important than all other game protective measures put together. The perpetrators of this outrage must be apprehended and punished for their crimes. The lawless classes in Washington county must be taught the lesson that game laws are to be enforced, that their execution is a matter of legal justice, and that the offender must not seek revenge for his lawful punishment by destroying the property of the prosecuting officer. This, we insist, is the most important thing the Maine game officers have to see to. If it is neglected, if these scoundrels who have girdled fruit trees and burned dwellings are permitted to go unpunished, then good-bye to game protection in Maine.

CANNED GOODS IN CAMP.

THAT people have sometimes been poisoned to death by eating canned beef may be a consoling reflection to the woods explorer who, penetrating to some favorite haunt in search of solitude and game, finds only the empty tin cans of the man who has been there before him; and the correspondent who winds up his wail with the wish that all the "fish hogs" may meet violent deaths, might rejoice to hear that some of these gentry have been cut off in their prime, eating canned mackerel in camp. Tens of thousands of cans of food are consumed each month, and every once in a while the newspapers report that the contents of a can have proved fatal. We never heard of such a case among campers, although instances have been brought to our notice of outers who have been made violently ill by canned foods, and that too, in remote localities far from human habitations. The canned vegetables, fish and meats are so compact, portable and convenient to use that they form no inconsiderable part of the ordinary camp food supply; as a rule they are perfectly wholesome, but the exception is not so rare that any one can afford to neglect what have been proved to be wise precautions in the use of canned food.

Sometimes the vegetable or the meat was rotten before it was sealed up in the can. In such a case of course only the canner is to blame. But it is probable that in many other cases the poisonous character of the food is acquired after it has been unsealed and exposed to the air. Then the contents of the can are subject to putrefaction perhaps more rapidly than food products of the same kind that have not been canned. Meat which may be kept sealed up in the can an indefinite length of time spoils rapidly after having been for a short time thus exposed. Canned goods should be eaten soon after they are unsealed. It is a very common notion that because such food has remained wholesome in the air-tight can for a long time, it may be left open with equal security. This is erroneous. There is still much mystery about some of the cases of canned goods poisoning, but it has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated that canned goods opened and left exposed to the atmosphere for a short time are quite likely to prove unwholesome.

In this connection attention is called to a most instructive article, entitled "The Beginnings of Life," printed in our Natural History columns.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—The official report of the investigation into the causes of the present Indian troubles has not yet been made, and comment on the subject would therefore be premature. To one who understands the condition of things in the Indian country, and reads the press dispatches in the light of that knowledge, it appears extremely probable that the real cause of the present difficulty will be found in the aggressions of the cattle men. It is to be hoped that the Government officers charged with the investigation of the affair may go to the bottom of it and put the blame where it belongs.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—The June deer killing in the North Woods appears to have been as extensive this year as formerly. As to hounding, one of the State game protectors writes us: "So far as my district is concerned there will not be much hunting with hounds. Of course, the Boonville *Herald* will do a great deal toward helping the hounders in the course it is pursuing, but deer will not be run with dogs to any very great extent." We shall be glad to have information from our Adirondack readers respecting the observance of the new law.

POINTERS AT THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—The pointer is again coming into favor, and the annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club next November will show a notable gathering of the breed that will be unparalleled in the history of American field trials. Several fanciers of the breed have assured us that the "short hairs" are bound to win, and three or four owners have told us just which competitor was coming in ahead.

NETTING IN JAMAICA BAY.—A correspondent complains that netting is destroying the fishing in the waters of Jamaica Bay and Rockaway Inlet, on the eastern portion of the south shore of Long Island. We have found that this is not only the case but also that there is no law to prevent it. The net fishermen of Carnarsie are cleaning up the fishing grounds so that anglers find no fishing on their old grounds. The sheepshead that formerly abounded there have been taken at one fell swoop. If it be argued that they do not breed here on our northern coast and that they have served their turn in supplying food we will say that they would have served a better turn in being caught by a thousand anglers than by ten fishermen. The fish taken by anglers serve as food as well as those that are netted. They also serve a better purpose in giving recreation and health to overworked men who seek the waters for rest and who cannot spare the time or money necessary to go further away. The salt waters of Long Island, especially the bays and harbors, should be preserved as resorts for anglers, and the few fish they contain will be an inducement for them to visit them. The fish will as surely find their way to the table as if all dragged up at a swoop and will benefit a vast number instead of a few. If the one hundred sheepshead taken at one haul in Jamaica Bay last Friday had been taken by fifty men, their value would have been far greater to the community, to the takers, to the hotels, and to the baymen who let boats and sell bait. Let us have a law preserving these waters.

SHOOTING NESTING BIRDS.—A correspondent raises a question of the propriety of shooting nesting birds for ornithological collections. The bald account of the capture of a mother bird by deliberately shooting her while sitting on her eggs may very reasonably excite the indignation of any one but an ornithologist. But the collector would readily find at least self-justification for his act. He would explain that the whole science of ornithology is very largely based upon the actual capture of the birds themselves and the taking of their nests. He would explain that in ornithology nothing can be taken on hearsay or supposition. If anything is to be accepted as a fact it must be accompanied with unmistakable material evidence. Thus in the case referred to, the nest of a very rare bird was discovered. For absolute certainty of identification a naturalist would demand the nest, the eggs and the skin of the bird shot when actually on the nest. Otherwise there might be a mistake. That is briefly how a naturalist would defend the shooting of nesting birds, and in this particular instance he would add that the killing of the Swainson's warbler was highly important, because by thus securing bird, nest and eggs a long missing link in the life history of the bird was supplied. Here the collector knew and appreciated the importance of what he was doing. It is obvious, however, that such a justification could not properly be extended to every amateur collector of birds and eggs who thinks it necessary to gather for himself specimens which are perfectly well known.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB have lately added to their new club house a large book for suggestions and complaints from members. One page is ruled for suggestions and the opposite one is divided into two colmns, one for the decision of the committe on each suggestion and the other for an entry of the action taken by them. The first suggestion on the opening page is "Subscribe for the FOREST AND STREAM," the comment thereto being "Capital idea," while the entry in the third column is "Ordered."

THE QUAIL AND THE MOWING MACHINE.—Another instance has been brought to our notice where a number of quails' nests were saved from destruction by adopting the precaution noted last week of locating the setting bird before the grass is cut. Such an expedient is practicable in small lots of grass, and the results are so happy that it must find favor with all who would be glad thus to care for the cheery quail.

ONE OF THE LAMENTABLE SHOTGUN ACCIDENTS of the season was that by which, last week, a son of Professor Eaton, of Yale College, lost his life. He was climbing over some rocks when the gun was dropped and the charge entered his body.

THE SALMON FISHING in Canada and New England is very good this year. The Maine rivers are affording an unusual amount of sport, and the papers of that State are quite enthusiastic on the subject.

THE SENSATIONAL REPORT that the New Jersey cranberry bog fires were set by sportsmen in revenge for being ordered off a certain piece of land is doubtless a canard.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SPORT IN THE SIERRAS.

I WAS worn out with bodily illness and professional labors. No boy ever went to bed with more eager anticipations of a promised holiday than I did on the evening of July 25, 1884. The next morning saw us up at 3 o'clock, for an early ride. It is to be no easy trip by train or steamer that lies ahead, but a ride of eighty miles over a rough and mountainous road, on horseback, and part of the way in a buggy. In a short time my team is ready, impedimenta loaded, and the start made. I have taken as a companion a young man, also in need of rest and recreation, and who is subsequently named the "Terror of the Sierras," through waggishness, owing to his mild manners and non-aggressiveness. For thirty miles we plod through the dust and the ever-increasing heat, as the sun mounts the sky. Two immense cañons have to be crossed, which makes it slow traveling, and it is past noon when we pull up for rest and refreshment at an old and still prosperous mining town, where we conclude to lie over until the cool of the ensuing morning.

A good night's rest freshens us up, and after an early breakfast another start is made, and the ascent of the mountains begins. The road we are to take from this point is one which, during the period previous to the completion of the C. P. Railway over the mountains, was one of the main arteries of communication between the States of California and Nevada. The grade is an easy one, the roadbed was thoroughly built, and in those booming times was as busy as an ant trail. Evidences of a prosperous past still exist at nearly every step of the way in the shape of rotting fences and corrals, the denuded frames of buildings and solid rock chimneys, making the site where many a weary traveler rested and refreshed himself in the cheerful warmth cast forth by its yawning mouth, which now stands desolate, black and cold, with the weeds springing from its once hospitable hearth. It made me melancholy to pass so many places where dead and gone thrift and prosperity lay buried, and and to give a sigh of regret that the glorious old days of the eight-horse coaches had passed away, and that the stages would never more be seen dashing down these mountain slopes, with the foam tossing from the horses' sides, and a cloud of dust streaming away into the distance in the rear, and that never again would the merry jingle of the bells of the eight and ten mule teams arouse the echoes in these jagged cliffs. At the present time there are only some five or six houses on fifty miles of the road, where formerly they would average one to the mile. A bi-weekly two horse stage now suffices to carry the mail and travelers, and two horse freight wagons, conveying fruit into Nevada, constitute all the heavy traffic. Cattle and sheep in great numbers pass up the road to pasturage every spring, and back to the valley every autumn. One relic of old times remains in all its perennial freshness, and that is the tolls. About every ten miles there is a toll-house, at which one has to pay a dollar for a horse and buggy, and one dollar and a half for two horses. This tariff is calculated to make one's pocket tired before the journey ends.

Up and up, steadily we climb the grade. A new forest growth has succeeded that of the lower slopes. Sugar pine, spruce and cedar have supplanted the nut pine, the oak and the buckeye; while monzanita and mountain birch form the chapparal, instead of the greasewood and lascara, while patches, acres in extent, are covered with the wild plum and the bitter cherry. The road for miles ascends a long ridge or spur, thickly covered with this forest growth, within which lurks many a shy, wild creature. Every few paces we go we see a spurt of dust in the road ahead, marking the spot where a ground squirrel skurries away to his burrow.

The echoes resound to the call of the mountain quail, and through the shadows on either hand a little observation will reveal the long, graceful leaps of the gray squirrel. Then, just as you pass the large pine, an insulting and mocking cry of "pil-il-loo eet" marks the presence of the Douglass pine squirrel. If you stop and glance upward you will probably see him, fifteen or twenty feet above your head, flattened out against the bark and hanging head downward. If you watch him a short time he will give his tail a flirt of derision, and scramble up to the nearest branch, where he will perch himself and scold you in the choicest billingsgate, jerking his tail to and fro at every sound he utters. Many a half hour have I spent watching the antics of these pert creatures and exciting them to louder scoldings by mocking at them. It is only in the mountains, where the Douglass pine abounds, that this squirrel is found, as it is upon the seeds contained in the cones of this species of pine that it subsists.

What are those little flitting shadows passing over fallen log and blackened stump? Surely they must be chipmunks, those striped pets of our childhood's days in the old home at the East. Yes, that is just what they are and they may be seen in thousands after an elevation of 3,000 feet has been passed, although hardly ever observed any lower. Now, glance at the dust by the roadside, and it will reveal how near must be many a shy denizen of these forests which our eye seldom rests upon. Observe that large track somewhat resembling the impression left by a naked human foot? That is where brain crossed last night in his nocturnal wanderings. And close by is another but smaller track, very similar in shape, but with the toes spreading more! There the sly coon has passed, sniffing along in his quest of some poor quail's nest to furnish him a meal. Then, coming out of that opening in the brushwood and pursuing the middle of the road are some sharp-toed hoof-prints, with similar miniature impressions upon each side, revealing where a doe and her fawns moved leisurely along in the cool of the morning. And all along the way the observant eye will note the light impressions left by hare and cotton-tail, by fox and lynx, and now and then the dog-like track of the cowardly coyote. But hark that sharp cry of agony! Surely some forest tragedy is being enacted. Yes; for right in front of our horse jumps out a gray fox, vigorously shaking the life out of a ground squirrel which he had captured. He is so busy with his prey that our presence is unnoticed until he gains the middle of the road. The "Terror" gives him a shot from a .22-caliber rifle, but overshoots, and he is out of sight at one jump, carrying his dinner with him.

At length we leave the ridge, up which we have been traveling, and descend a deep cañon by an easy grade, until we reach the beautiful stream on the headwaters of which we hope to capture many a trout. Here at a clean and well-kept wayside inn we will rest for another night. After a hearty dinner of chicken and stewed squirrel, I take my rod tenderly out of the case in which it has rested so long, joint it and attach the reel. Then making a careful selection for a cast of flies, I wet my line for the first time in a year. An hour's fishing, with several changes of flies and a single rise, tells me that it is useless labor, so I give it up and put away my tackle. There is too much snow water in the river for fly-fishing. Besides that I am tired with my long ride, and prefer to sit still and drink in this health-laden mountain air and admire the glories of the surrounding hills rather than pursue what promises to be a fruitless toil. And so upon a shady seat on the porch I sit and muse away the time, until the chill of evening drives me to bed and a dreamless slumber.

We are up and away again in the cool of the morning, with our greatcoats closely buttoned, and a heavy lap robe tucked around us for comfort, as the air coming down these cañons from the snowy peaks is always chilly. Our road now follows the windings of the stream, at varying distances, now at its very side, where its rush and roar drowns all other sounds, again, 400 feet above it upon the mountain side, where its voice just reaches us as a grand sub-bass to the singing of the pines. Oh, how glorious is this morning's ride in the heart of the Sierras! All care and weariness is left behind, and our goal is fast coming into view, with its blissful vista of four weeks' unalloyed pleasure spread out before us. Already my chest expands with fuller and deeper inspirations, my heart sends the vital fluid pulsing through my frame with tingling joy, my eye brightens, my nostrils dilate to take in the health-giving air, and I am already a new man. I am hungry—the first time that I have been truly so for months.

Very soon the snow-clad peaks begin to show above the nearer mountains, and at last, about 11 A. M., we reach a wider part of the cañon, where a large arm enters it, and the sublimity of these fine old mountains is borne fully in upon us. Away to the front, to the right, to the left, they raise their granite heads clad with unsullied snow. There are no clouds to veil their dazzling splendor, and the eye fairly aches with their gleaming reflections. We both draw deep breaths and sit in voiceless admiration, drinking in, with greedy eyes, every detail of the view spread out before us. At length our stomachs remind us that we are but mortals, and whipping up our somewhat jaded steed we arrive about noon at our destination. We find it a clean and comfortable little mountain hostelry, nestled in a romantic valley, with the river brawling at its back, a few yards away. Shutting in the valley on the east and distant only a few score yards, rises sheer into the air for 1,700 feet a bare and frowning granite cliff. Tall pines upon its summit seem but shrubs, and everything viewed against its background is dwarfed into insignificance. Its crest stands 7,300 feet above the sea level and commands a wide and magnificent view. Cliffs also close the valley almost completely on the north, and on the west it is backed by a sparsely timbered mountain ridge, of the same elevation as the eastern wall, while on the south it is open to a wider view. The stream at this point is only distant some nine miles from its source in a little glacier lake at the summit, and is not large in ordinary years, but a great depth of snow having fallen the previous winter still kept it at pretty high water, although it was now the end of July, and in consequence we were informed that the fishing was still poor. And now, having reached my destination, I will defer until my next letter giving any of my experiences in this thrice blessed spot, where all the pleasure of sport is doubled and trebled by the novelty, grandeur and beauty of the surroundings.

AREFAR.

CALIFORNIA.

MORELIA.

MORELIA is a town reached by a branch of the Mexican National Railroad. Those gentlemen whose infirmities forbid them to undertake original explorations can go to Morelia in the humble guise of tourists. There, if the visitor has the stock of acrid criticism usual among my countrymen, he will find that the common school system is defective, that the pavements are lumpy, that shoes are ill-made or too often lacking, that an absurd reverence is paid to the hierarchy of a tottering superstition, and that there is no pie. To be sure, there are some native foods, notably tortilla, that could wrestle with pie on its own ground, but then tortilla is allotted to the sturdy stomach of the robust laborer, while pie finds its insidious way into the homes of our entire fifty millions of sovereigns. We will dismiss this superior mood and travel in the temper of philosophers, citizens of the world, creatures whose stomachs are subordinate even if inferior, and whose home-made tastes have lost their early rigidity through a long course of enforced bending. It will surprise you perhaps to find out that there is a lake of salt, or at least brackish, water forty miles or so in length near the city of Morelia. The lake lies so modestly curled up in its mountain nest that it has almost forgotten to have a name. When one asks the natives along the shores what the sheet of water is called, they tell you it is just "the lake," but if pressed they may confess to some more proper name. The proper name will, however, have to be thought up on the spur of the moment, and the evidence varies as to what it should be. The largest mass of testimony favors the Laguna de Cuisco.

As we swept along the bank in the early evening one of the first thunder storms of the season hung its black curtain over the eastern sky. Soon the clouds had spread over the whole heavens except a long thin strip in the western horizon, where the setting sun blazed out behind the raindimmed peaks. It seemed as if a light were streaming through the cracks of heaven's ill-shut door.

The next morning was clear. The bananas in the court yard nodded to the mules tied along the wall to keep their spirits up. At all hours of the day and many times in the night I have had chances to watch the beasts fastened around hotel courts and never have I had the fortune to see those animals fed. Yet they look sleek, sometimes even vicious, and they are groomed and watered as carefully as if their hides were swelling with unstinted barley. Can it be that the air is so bracing? A little way from the mules stood two large dogs, about whose parentage we will not inquire too closely. However base the breeding, mutual needs had brought the dogs into friendly intelligence. Each was trying to rid his neighbor of fleas, and with wrinkling noses and flashing teeth they munched away to their common joy. My companion tried to enter into relations with these animals and get them to perform similar services for him, but they pretended not to understand and the bargain fell through.

The cathedral at Morelia is striking. The two corner towers, though massive below are very tall and, by using open arches for the higher stories, the builder gave his work a look of airy lightness. The low nave stretches out behind like the trailing skirt of a graceful woman. Inside the cathedral, here as in the city of Mexico, the space is so cumbered with subordinate structures that you lose the sense of impressive size. First there is a choir that takes up nearly the whole front of the nave, and at the further end rises a columned dome, a chapel of expiation, I think. Far more effective was the old church of San Francisco.

We were loitering among the market booths on the plaza on Monday morning when the throb of the organ caught our ears. Within, beyond the kneeling crowd, rose gilded pillars. Gold-coated priests stood with their backs to us, facing the altar; the unbroken organ swell swept strongly down the narrow aisle, and above, clear and full, rang the voices of the choir boys.

Division of labor here is brought about by dividing a trade into several branches, and having small, separate shops for each. Saddlery proper is to be bought in "talabarterias," while other leathern articles are for sale at "corambrerias." I was looking for a tiger skin, but found in the latter stores only the hides of wildcats, tigers being devoted to saddles especially.

Four kinds of cat furs are sold. The wildcat and mountain lion we know at home. Then there is the tiger and the winduri. The tiger has irregular, ring-like spots clustered thickly upon the back, and spread out wider on the sides and belly; the background for these spots being, in the best specimens, a very rich yellow. The winduri is much smaller, and, though the spots are similar, the background is much paler, having a washed-out look.

They told me that the tigers came from the hot lands both east and west, and always had the same figuring. I was careful to ask, because I remember that long ago in Sonora I saw a tiger skin that, if my memory serves, was striped. Possibly my recollection is at fault. At the best, it needs confirming.

One other child of nature that we know well, is at home in Mexico; that is the 'possum. The little fellow I saw was alive and kicking hard to get away from his captor.

It is my usual custom to encourage national industries by buying lottery tickets when the coming drawing falls within the time allotted to my stay. Why I should regard the date of the drawing is not clear. I have always been a spoiled Egyptian in these plays of chance and do not grudge the contribution to native wealth, but that inconsistent desire to be, so to speak, drawn out of my money with regular and accustomed ceremonies still stays by me. For this reason I saved some expense in Morelia. The lotteries there were not for benevolent purposes, though such schemes are common enough (the benevolence being perhaps private), nor was there any pretense of piousness, as in the church grab-bag and strawberry festival, but religious feeling was sought to be fostered by employing sacred names.

As you entered the cigar shops, on the one hand hung ample posters offering opportunities in the "Loteria de la Santissima Trinidad." On the other side were the lists of prizes that had fallen to lucky ticket holders in the "Loteria de la Divina Providencia." When Divine Providence and the Most Holy Trinity are invoked to preside over the play of fortune, what better guarantees can we ask?

That feelings of reverence are not blunted, however, by this singular familiarity is clear. We stepped from the tobacco shop and were walking up the plaza when I saw a respectable gentleman on his knees facing me. At first it struck me that this must be a case of penance, but in a moment more nearly all the passers-by and keepers of booths had knelt, with their faces toward the same point. I turned and saw vanishing around the corner the carriage of an episcopal dignitary. I almost doubt whether that republican skepticism which would level the altar and the throne, is, in the world's present age, so equalizing, so humanizing, as a common religion. Certainly there are here few evidences of brotherhood more striking than the crowds kneeling on the church pavement. Half naked, shoeless peons, their backs still raw from their galling loads, miserably gaunt women, and the intelligence and wealth of the town, such as they are, all in the same posture of reverence, cross and dot themselves with nimble, practiced fingers and bow submission to a common God.

It was the rainy season in Morelia when we were there, as I have said, but the rain was very accommodating. In some places it is said that the convenience of the people is consulted, by having rain only nights and Sundays. In Morelia we were even better treated, for Sunday being there a festal day, the rain was restricted to the nights, and we had the chance on Sunday afternoon of enjoying the circus. The performers were Mexicans, and gave a fair enough exhibition. The chief gem of the list was the feat of the circus proprietor who exhibited, in quite a frightful costume, "the vertiginous career of the Comanche Indian making use of the idiom of his native wilds," and carried on unappeasable war with the clown. The paltry tricks were amusing, but you can find their equals in any county town. What was exceptional was the character of the crowd and the building.

The theater was meant for a bull-ring, and is still so used except in the wet season. Around the spacious circle in the center rises a masonary wall about six feet high, then stone seats tiered up till on reaching a lofty terrace a row of Doric columns supports the roof that slopes back to the outer wall. Over the masonry is a coat of stucco that is painted a reddish gray. The whole building is a model of stony graceful simplicity, showing how true a taste has been exercised in ministering to the people's pleasure.

All around were men in hats that dazzled the sight with their loads of bullion, and women in dresses that outshone the glory of Solomon. Pale blue silks, grass green silks, scarlet silks, spotted silks, every rainbow hue in silk or velvet, or what to the untrained male eye resembled those tissues.

These refinements, however, were mostly in the reserved places on the shady side. In the sun thronged the crowds that paid one bit admission; the unspoiled sons of the country, from the boys who hung their legs over the inner wall to the women wrapped in ribozos that packed the upper tiers. And here it was mostly the men who showed the points of color. Scrapes striped and figured shimmered over the whole mass, while the wealth of metal on the wide-brimmed hats vied with that of their shady brethren.

In the evening, as we lay at ease smoking in the breezy windows, memories of olden time were stirred by the antique melodies of Il Bacio, played on a piano across the way. Then the piano rested, and down the street, freshened by rain, came the rhythmic beat of military music from the Plaza de Armas, while ever and again, above the sounding brass, clanged the mellow bells of the great cathedral. For us it was a farewell strain, and in this harmony melted our good-bye to the pearl of Mexico.

H. G. DULOG.

Natural History.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE.

WHO would ever suppose there are living things so small that a hundred millions of them can exist in a drop of water? Such a statement, it would seem, can issue only from the imagination, and yet its truth is beyond all doubt. Indeed, it comes very far from expressing the actual minuteness of the organisms of which we speak; for our very best authority* on these "least and lowest of living things" averred in a recent lecture, that of one species fifty millions could lie together in the one-hundredth of an inch square. Certainly, then, one hundred millions could not only exist in a single drop of water, but would have ample room in which to swim about, and by a little crowding together, there might readily be in a single drop as many individual living things as there are human beings in the world. This surely seems a very extraordinary assertion; but it is quite capable of proof. By means of a simple contrivance it is a very easy matter to measure with approximate accurateness the size of an object as it appears in the field of a microscope. Its magnified size being known, it is only a matter of simple calculation, based upon the dimensions of the lenses of the microscope, to ascertain its true size. The observer to whom we have referred, used an instrument capable of magnifying 5,000 diameters, that is to say, having the power to increase the object seen through it twenty-five millions of times in area. It is readily seen that an object, though exceedingly minute in itself, when thus enormously magnified, can be measured with a near approach to exactness.

To these very minute bodies the name *Bacteria* has been given. Many of them belong to the large class of organisms called *Infusoria* from the fact that they always appear in liquids infused with any animal or vegetable matter. A plate of soup left exposed to the air for a day or two becomes a very good infusion of this kind. Quite a number of different species of *Bacteria* will appear in such an infusion, and each species seems to make its appearance at a pretty definite time, indicating that their brief lives are divided into periods of growth, maturity, etc., just as in the case of the higher forms of life. This fact of the appearance of each species in its own time enables us to examine them separately, and in the order in which they attain their maturity. If at the end of about twelve hours from the time the soup infusion was set aside a small drop be taken out and placed under a microscope of sufficiently high power, multitudes of living and moving bodies will be seen. They are oval in shape, and as far as can be made out are possessed of little or no definite structure. One can think of them as being like very, very minute drops of jelly, possessed with the power of motion. They are very active, each one darting hither and thither in its own path, so that the entire field of the microscope seems teeming with life and action. It is now pretty well established that their organs of locomotion are cilia, there being two in number, one placed at each end of the body. By lashing these hair-like organs to and fro in the water they are able to execute their very rapid, arrow-like motions.

If at the end of about sixteen hours from the time of preparation of the soup infusion another small drop be taken out and examined a new organism will appear. The original one is still present, is still as active as before, but no longer holds exclusive possession of the field. The new claimant for space to live and move is very striking in appearance; it is spiral in shape, and as it moves about has very much the appearance a corkscrew shows when turned about on its point. They are certainly very beautiful objects to look at as they glide about in their little sea. It is known that they also move by cilia attached to the ends of the body.

If another drop be taken out at the end of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours from the time the infusion was made probably another form will be found. Like the last, it is spiral in shape, but is much larger and its movements are more varied and intense. Very likely specimens of the other two forms will still be present, and the field of the microscope, from their combined movements, forms a very animated picture indeed.

Probably still other forms of *Bacteria* might be found in a soup infusion, but those we have described are the more common. In various other liquids, as, for example, sour milk, many other varieties may be found; some quite similar to those we have described and others of still different appearance. One form, the very simplest of all, called *Micrococcus*, consists of very minute globules apparently having no power of motion, but capable of very rapid multiplication by the process of fission or division. Another form, the *Bacillus*, is found in the blood of animals affected with a disease called splenic fever, and consists of rod-like bodies, which are often joined together end to end in long rows. Another, the *Vibrio*, is like *Bacillus*, but has bent joints.

Perhaps the question has already occurred to the reader, How do these organisms arise? The infusion may have consisted of nothing more than pure water and a few shreds of animal tissues, in neither of which are any living things discoverable; and yet in a few hours it is teeming with life. How, then, did they arise? To this question two answers have been given. One party has said they spring from germs contained in the animal matter when put in the water. Another party has maintained that they arise spontaneously; that by a rearrangement of the elements of which the animal matter was composed new living beings were formed. Thus, according to their view, life could be produced from inert matter simply by the spontaneous union of its elements into new combinations. This latter opinion constitutes the famous theory of "spontaneous generation" which when first promulgated, about fifteen years ago, aroused a very great deal of interest and discussion in scientific circles. For a long time it seemed as if those who held this view were in the right; for nearly all the facts that could be obtained by experiment seemed in support of the opinion that the organisms arose spontaneously in the infusion. It was found that if an infusion known to contain *Bacteria* were heated to the boiling point and then examined, all traces of the organisms would disappear. However, if some of the same infusion, while still at the boiling point, was poured into a flask and the neck of the same immediately closed with an air-tight plug, in a few days plenty of *Bacteria* would again be found in it. It was therefore argued that since all *Bacteria* contained in the liquid were destroyed by boiling, and all subsequent access had been cut off by the air-tight plug, the organisms must have arisen spontaneously in the liquid. To this the other party made and could make but one reply, viz., that there were germs in the fluid which the boiling did not destroy, and which afterward developed into mature forms. In the face of much contradictory evidence they stoutly held to this opinion, and at last were enabled to show pretty conclusively that they were in the right. Careful examinations with very high powers of the microscope showed that germs or spores were really present in the infusions, and it was further shown by experiment that these spores were capable of resisting a very high degree of temperature —higher than the boiling point. This discovery has generally been regarded as overthrowing the spontaneous generation theory, and biologists, almost without exception, are now agreed that life can be produced only from that which is itself alive.

It might very well seem that creatures so exceedingly, one might almost say infinitely, minute as *Bacteria* can be of very little concern to ordinary people, and may be safely given over to the specialist for his study, and if may be, for his delight. But the part which these organisms play in the affairs of common life is by no means proportionate to their size. In fact, there is probably no class of living things which has a more intimate relation to the physical well-being of man than *Bacteria*. We do not propose, in this article, to go into this aspect of the subject, but will only say that the presence of these organisms in the blood is the cause of many, if not all, infectious diseases, and that many believe that only a full knowledge of their life-history is needed in order to render curable many of those diseases which have hitherto baffled the skill of the wisest students of the ills of human flesh.

But we are made aware of the presence of these organisms in other ways than by disease. Everybody knows that animal or vegetable substances, when left exposed to the air, in a short time undergo a destructive change called putrefaction. Now this putrefactive change is caused by a fermentive action set up by *Bacteria*. No sooner has any animal or vegetable been deprived of life than some of these organisms floating in the atmosphere settle upon it, very rapidly multiply, and set up that action which causes decay. It is thus seen that putrefaction is caused by the presence of living bodies and, as one has said, is "a concomitant not of death but of life." It is probable that *Bacteria* thus perform a very important function in nature by causing the dissolution of dead organic tissues so that their elements may be free to enter into combination with other forms of life.

As is well known, a low temperature prevents putrefaction. This is not due to any preservative quality in cold, but to the fact that *Bacteria* are not able to exist, or, at least, to continue their activity under a low degree of temperature. Our chief weapon, therefore, with which to combat the very destructive power which these creatures are possessed with is cold, and it is interesting to observe in this connection the close dependency which an important industry, the harvesting and manufacture of ice, has upon the existence of these minute organisms.

Bacteria are the most universally diffused organisms in nature. Multitudes of them in the germ stage of growth are present everywhere in the atmosphere. This fact can very readily be proved. Let an infusion capable of supporting *Bacteria* be made. A handful of hay placed in water for a few days makes an excellent one. Let two flasks be filled with such an infusion and then thoroughly boiled; so thoroughly as to destroy all germs as well as adult forms of life. While the water is still above the boiling point let one of the flasks be closed with an air-tight plug of cotton. Allow the liquid in the other flask to cool for half an hour and then close it in the same way. In about twenty-four hours examine the contents of the flasks. The one which was closed while the liquid was above the boiling point will be found to contain no *Bacteria*, the other, which was left exposed to the air for half an hour, will contain them in abundance. In this short time, then, many germs must have settled into the liquid through the neck of the flask. A practical lesson to be learned from this experiment is the importance of keeping flesh wounds protected from the air. Wounds are often made very painful and sometimes fatal by the action of these organisms in them. Ordinarily it is only when they enter the system in this way that they seem capable of doing injury. No harm ensues from their contact with the external surface of the body, the skin being a sufficient protection. Neither does any injury follow from their being taken internally, as with food; but when they gain admission to the tissues of the body through a wound, injurious consequences often follow. Several important improvements in methods of surgery are due to recently acquired knowledge of the effects produced by them in this way.

The question is often asked whether ordinary drinking water contains animal organisms. The answer must depend very much upon the place from which the water is obtained. If obtained from a spring or from a running stream at a point not too near a large town, so far as is known, it will be quite free from living organisms. But water obtained from streams or, worse still, from wells in the immediate neighborhood of large towns, is likely to contain not only much impurity of a mineral nature, but animal and vegetable forms as well. Happily the human system is endowed with the power of resisting, to a considerable degree, the evil effects of taking such impurities into the system. S.

*W. H. Dallinger, L.L.D., F.R.S., of England.

A KEY TO BIRD LORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In return for the pleasure and information I have derived from "Nessmuk's" communications I want to give him a hint, which, if he follows it, will, I am sure, increase the enjoyment of his prospective cruise. In his last letter he deplores his lack of ornithological knowledge, in not being able to recognize the numberless varieties of the birds that he sees about him. I was in exactly the same box when a few years ago I made my first trip to the Northern coast. Although I had a fair knowledge of the waders, sanderlings and plover that are, or were, found along the coast of Massachusetts Bay, I found that we were shooting many specimens that I had never seen before. No help could be got from the natives, as to the French habitant they were all larks (*alouette*), distinguished by the adjectives large, small, shore, sea, meadow, etc., while the native of Anglo-Saxon, Gallic or Milesian descent included all of them under the head of snipe, said snipe being big, little, crooked or straight-billed, etc. The difficulty was solved by my friend's bringing down the next season a copy of "The Key to North American Birds," by Elliott Coues, and many a pleasant hour have we passed in analyzing and classifying a new specimen. It requires some, for some individuals probably a good deal of, study before one can identify a specimen easily. But it is just that study and intelligent mental work that makes the many idle hours in camp pass pleasantly, and when once attained, the ability of taking a new specimen in hand and in a short time not only being able to tell what it is, but having an account of its habits, geographical range, difference between the plumage in the nesting season between adults and young and between the sexes, is very gratifying. It must be said that an individual entirely unaccustomed to research of this kind would be rather handicapped at the start, more especially so if unfamiliarity with the terms derived from the dead languages that are used in science to designate and describe the anatomical parts, made it necessary for him to study out the meaning of all of them. But even in that case, the book is indexed so that it is a mere question of more or less time, and I am sure that anybody who had even a moderate aptitude and was interested in the subject would find that time far from wasted. I well remember our satisfaction after trying in vain for three seasons to find some distinguishing mark between the Hudsonian (jack) and Esquimaux curlew (dough bird) besides that of size, which varies in individuals, and the very marked difference between the two when on the end of a fork we learned that it could be told at a glance, by merely looking at the under surface of the primaries (long wing feathers), those of the former being barred, while the latter are even colored.

Besides the Key, the book contains a very interesting historical preface, a most instructive chapter on preparing and preserving skins and specimens, with as practical directions for mounting as are possible to be given without personal instruction, and a very thorough and complete chapter on general ornithology. The Key is elaborated on (as far as I know) an entirely original plan, and is a monument of industry and close personal observation.

There is a fatal objection, however, to using it when on a canoeing trip or a tramp, where the duffle must be packed, and that is its size, as it is a large octavo, containing nearly 900 pages, but it could easily be stowed away in the cabin of a four-ton sharpie, and I doubt if any other thing would so well pay for the quarter of a cubic foot of space that it would occupy. Certainly, in no part of the world could more pleasure and profit be derived from having it with one, than among the keys and islands of the Florida coast.

MIC-MAC.

NEST AND EGG COLLECTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How do such things as the account of the finding of the nest and eggs of Swainson's warbler strike you? The taking of upward of fifty specimens, and the killing of nesting birds? Perhaps it is because I am not "enthused" with science that such relations, given in a matter of fact way, and as if deserving of praise, are perfectly horrible and sickening to me. How was "science" served by the butchery of the sitting birds when more than fifty specimens had been previously taken; and how, if we calmly tolerate such heartless slaughter, can we lift up our voices against any murderous pot-hunting or bird-killing for millions? If it is all right to kill no end of harmless little birds to sell their skins to naturalists, or exchange for others, why is it all wrong to kill for the pot and the bonnet? Yet no doubt these pot-naturalists would be indignant enough if some poor devil shot and sold a half dozen robins or meadow larks just to eat. In the instance recorded with so much satisfaction the birds sought were so thinned out by what is admitted as "merciless collection" that it was hard finding any specimens the next season! May the Lord deliver us from pot-hunters and pot-naturalists as well. The two would leave us no wild bird or beast. Imagine Thoreau killing off all the songsters of a neighborhood for the sake of "specimens." For my part I should not feel the slightest regret if Mr. Wayne had taken the malaria or been bitten by a moccasin while shooting birds on the nest; but then I am not a naturalist, and can only look upon such brutal work as worthy only of the most savage. V.

HABITS OF THE PRAIRIE DOG.—Clarendon, Tex., July 13. —In the spring of 1881 Geo. Osborn, of this place, captured a young dog and made a pet of it. It was as tame as a kitten, and had a burrow just outside of the door and within a few feet of the well, which was fourteen feet deep. Some time during the summer he was missed for a day or so, and was soon drawn out of the well drowned. Examination showed that he had burrowed down to water, and had undoubtedly fallen in and failed to get back. Another instance was told me by a man who is now holding a herd of sheep in Hall county, in this State, whom I am personally acquainted with, and whose veracity I will vouch for. While digging a well in the midst of a dog town he struck a hole about thirty-five feet from the surface and within a few inches of a shale rock. He noted the fact that there was a hole about twelve feet from the top of the well and signs of rock having been brought to the surface, and as he had passed through no such strata he concluded to investigate. He carefully noted the fact that the hole passed through the rock and to water some eighteen inches underneath. If the dogs had not gone to water what had dug this hole, and where had the dogs brought these chippings of rock that were around the top of the hole? From this and the fact that you hardly ever find a prairie dog town but which has one or more holes, with evidence of having gone through some rock formation, I draw my conclusions.—PERITO.

DOG-WOLF HYBRID.—The wolf and dog combination is not unusual. I remember when living in Malone about 1868, seeing an old bitch wolf and four half dogs brought in by a party of hunters from No. 9. The dog belonged to a farmer by the name of Hiram Ayers, who saw the wolf and dog together several times in his fields. He could not trap the wolf for fear of catching his dog, but after she had her pups nearly full-grown, they had a grand hunt and killed the whole lot, and exhibited them in the streets of Malone. I cannot learn of any wolf signs in this section for five or six years.—A. R. FULLER.

STRANGE NESTING PLACE.—A sparrow has built its nest on the steamer Wrightsville, plying on the Susquehanna River between the canal inlet at Wrightsville and the coal chutes at Columbia. Several times a day the bird makes a trip with the steamer across the river and back, and the puff of the engines, the tramp of the mule teams, and the splashing of the water wheels do not seem to disturb her in the least. She has chosen her strange home and appears to like it.—*West Chester (Penn.) Record.*

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.—*Editor Forest and Stream: Campephilus principalis*, the ivory-billed woodpecker, is known as "cock of the woods" in the counties of Union, Snyder, Huntingdon, Bedford and Fulton, in the State of Pennsylvania, where I have often seen it, the noisiest of noisy birds. His cackle I have heard a half mile off, and I have shot one on the wing while cackling. I had enough curiosity to have him broiled for breakfast, while on one of my annual hunts on Broad Top Mountain, Huntingdon county, Pa., two years ago. The bird was not bad eating, but he was not down an hour until he wanted to come up, and—so did I. Having a good digestion, and with a rather liberal use of *spirits frumenti*, I worried through the nausea. Moral: Do not eat *Campephilus principalis*.—KEOUK. Mr. Chas. D. Barrett writes from Sanford, Fla., that a few of the birds are found in that vicinity every year, and a number have been killed there.

IN A HOLLOW TREE.—A Coralville (Iowa) correspondent writes: Mr. F. K. Rittenmeyer, in felling a tree a few miles above this place, discovered within it two raccoons (which he captured) and four lifeless colonies of bees, supposed to have perished from the severity of the winter.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE MOWER AND THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The disappearance of quail from some portions of the country has been a matter of mystery, the reason for which has been sought without a conclusive answer. Take Long Island for instance. Twenty years ago there was good quail shooting within a few miles of the city, and as to the neighborhood of Islip, for a party of two fair shots a day's bag of thirty was common. A dozen bevies could be moved by luck and hard walking, for the cover often being impassable, scattered shots were not always easy to get. That, too, when preserving or notices not to trespass were rarities, little used and less observed. There has been no change of cover, and as for food, if anything, it is more abundant. The swamps are as impenetrable and full of bull briers as ever, but the quail are as scarce as the posted notices are plenty. The whole land is preserved, and yet there is nothing to shoot. Why? The pretty birds, gamest of their kind in the world, have not diminished in "philoprogenitiveness," they whistle round our country places almost as plentifully as before. Every summer we expect to make great bags in the fall, but when the season opens, it is the old cry, there are no quail. Some people say this is due to poachers, who kill them off before the law is up, but are poachers an invention of modern life? or are associations for the protection of game less numerous than in olden times? Far otherwise, we not only have societies and enthusiasts by the dozens where there was one in the days when shooting was rather looked down upon as a black art, but we have legal officials and game protectors. Have the seasons changed? Are they too wet or too cold? To the contrary, they have become dryer and milder, if anything. Then whence this diminution? I have contended that the loss came from one of our greatest gains. The farmer could not gather his crops in the era of high wages and disinclination for hard work without the mower and the reaper, but the mower and the reaper have cut off the quail supply and their heads together. This has been my view, and I have proclaimed it loudly, but I could see no way of stopping the agricultural instrument till the method was suggested to a friend of mine by one of your editors. He advised that before the mower was taken into the field the sportsman should explore it with his dogs and locate the position of every setting quail. No more ardent sportsman exists than my friend, and no sooner was the idea mentioned than he proceeded to put it to the test. His letter published in your last issue shows with what success and I think solves the proposition. Instead of spending money in importing birds, all we have to do is to see that those we have are not disturbed when laying and hatching. In confirmation, if it needed it, of what he says, I may mention that I have a large number of Guinea fowls around my place, and that these have the bad habit of stealing their nests. They especially hanker after a hay field close to the house, and when this has been mowed over I have found many deserted nests and hundreds of addled eggs, although being domestic birds they are not as shy as quail; indeed, I did not see that they ever returned to their nests after these had once been exposed by the action of the mowing machine. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

A TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA.

ON Thursday, Sept. 4, I took the 8 A. M. train from Worcester, Mass., over the Nashua road for Portland, thence via Maine Central & New Brunswick roads to St. John, N. B., to visit the home of a friend in South Farmington, a quiet little village nestling between the hills on the line of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway, about thirty miles from Annapolis Royal, N. B. Had I preferred a more extended sea voyage I could have taken the steamer Secret that leaves Boston on Friday, at 8 A. M., following the eastern shore of Maine, to Grand Manan, thence across the bay to Annapolis, or on Tuesday by same steamer to Yarmouth, or on Thursday by steamer Dominion to Yarmouth where connection is made with the Western Counties Railway.

Should any of my friends ask me where they could go next season for a week or two of rest and recreation where good sport with rod and gun could be had at a moderate expense, I should say to the land of Evangeline. The cool and bracing air with absence of fog (it climbs to the top of Mount Blomedon, looks over, and then goes back to the sea) makes it a most desirable resort for summer tourists, while the abundance of game and good fishing commend it to the sportsman in autumn.

Reaching St. John on Friday morning in time to take the steamer Empress at 8 o'clock, we steam across the Bay of Fundy. A short trip of about three and a half hours brings us to the pretty little town of Digby, and thence a run of fifteen miles takes us to Annapolis Royal, the entrance to the valley of Acadia. Here in this old town are the ancient fortifications, reminding us of the many sieges that took place here when occupied by the French. Boarding the train, we dash through the lovely Annapolis Valley. The scenery all along here is grand. On either side we are walled in by the north and south range of mountains, while the fertile farms, with fruit trees bending beneath their load of choice fruit, are washed by the cool waters of the Annapolis River. So absorbed have we been in the panorama, that ere we are aware the whistle blows, and we draw alongside of the little depot at our journey's end.

I say I would recommend this trip to those seeking recreation and rest. There are many places where to obtain sport necessitated a great deal of real hard work, tramping over fallen trees and tangled underbrush, but not so here. It has peculiar advantages in this respect.

Within easy walking distance of the depot are three fine trout streams, access to which calls for no such fatigue. From two of these streams I took (with fly) ten dozen trout in three outings, one day not leaving the house until after dinner. Partridges are plentiful, but the season is closed until Oct. 1. Salmon are to be had (in season) from the river that runs through my friend's farm within a stone's throw of the door; while I found a good woodcock cover within ten minutes' walk, where I could go and bag five or six of the brown beauties in a few hours. I shot fifteen in this cover. Going out a little while on the morning that I came away I killed two. Some of the largest and handsomest birds I have had set up, and as I look at them to-night among other mementoes of my outings, it recalls many happy hours. That big beauty there; how well I remember the evening about dusk when she got up in front of me and darted along in the shadow of those tall pines, but not quick enough to get away from the ounce and a quarter of No. 9 that stopped her in her rapid flight. As I think of it I turn my eyes in admiration on old Rumpus lying stretched out on the floor, and I recollect how grandly she did her part of the work.

Some may ask, "How is it that the birds are not all shot off so near the village?" No one seems to trouble them here. In fact, few appear to know what a woodcock is. Strange as it may seem, I believe I did not fall in with a single hunter during my two weeks' rambles. Certainly this enchanting valley, immortalized by Longfellow, has only to become better known to be appreciated by pleasure seekers. There are so many pretty drives and places of interest. What better panacea can one have than mountain air and a good sea breeze? Were suffering humanity to spend a small proportion of what now goes for poisonous patent drugs in a good gun and fishing-rod, and in nature's materia medica, there would be many deserters from the great army of sickly dyspeptics.

I have heard sportsmen complain very bitterly of the way they had been treated on some lines of travel in regard to their dogs. If corporations cater for the patronage of sportsmen, we think a little wholesome advice to their employes would not be misplaced, as one might as well leave his gun at home as his dog. It is a pleasure for me to speak in highest praise of the courteous manner I was treated in this by the officers of the U. S. Steamship Co., the Nashua & Rochester, the Maine Central, the New Brunswick, and the Windsor & Annapolis railways.

It is often a serious drawback and loss of time to parties going to a strange place, not knowing to whom to apply for information. Occasionally a man of business, for instance, having to remain over a day in St. John might spend a very pleasant time, as there is good trout fishing within few miles of the city if he knew just where to go. This is only for the benefit of those not having been over the ground. Inquire when you reach the wharf or depot for McGowan's hack and have him drive you to the Clarendon Hotel on Princess street, kept by J. N. Wilson, Esq. Mr. McGowan runs a hack and livery stable, and will furnish parties with a good team, and can be relied upon for square dealing. Mr. Wilson is a practical sportsman and a gentleman of much information. If you have not your own fishing tackle apply to Dingy Scribner, fishing rod maker and fly-tyer. Dingy is an old fisherman and will tell you just where the best sport is to be had and what is the killing fly. Mr. James Carnall, taxidermist on Dock street, will post you up in regard to hunting. He has hunted a great deal and knows all the ground like a book. If you are there at the night time he will probably send you to Maces Bay for ducks, Garnet's Creek for woodcock and the marshes near the city for Wilson snipe. B.

WORCESTER, Mass.

THE SPOKANE BEAR CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of remarkable shots reminds me that a few years ago while hunting on the Milk River in Montana, I came suddenly in sight of a deer standing in a small opening in some willow brush with a portion of his broadside exposed to view. We had found game rather scarce, there was a large party in camp and we needed fresh meat, therefore when I brought the rifle to my shoulder and looked along the barrel the aim was taken with unusual care. At the report of the gun the deer bounded into the brush and was instantly out of sight, but a moment later a splendid buck in full run emerged from the thicket on the other side, another cartridge was slipped into my Ballard, a hasty aim, a quick, sharp report, and the deer came down with a broken neck. A careful examination failed to reveal more than one bullet mark and I dressed and loaded the venison on my horse in utter disgust for having missed one of the plainest and easiest shots of my hunting experience. Just as I was in the act of starting for camp a sudden inspiration determined me to measure the ground where the first shot was fired, which I accordingly did and found it to be only fifteen rods, and while looking over the situation and peering into the brush, I discovered a deer lying dead, shot through the heart, and only a few feet, the length of his one last bound, away; but what was more remarkable still, thirty feet further on, and in a direct line with my shot, was another with his back broken just over the kidneys. My first shot instead of being a miss had killed two splendid deer. This is a plain unvarnished, fact but I have never given it for publication before because the few friends to whom I related it smiled very much as I did upon reading Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's bear story in the June *Century*—they didn't accuse me of anything but they smiled and smiled, and each smile seemed to carry a covert insinuation.

By the way, speaking of that bear story reminds me that we have a Bear Club in this city, which is auxiliary to the Rod and Gun Club. It is a kind of charmed circle, as it were, which admits to membership only those who have distinguished themselves by remarkable hunting feats. Many of them have ugly scars to show—dumb yet eloquent witnesses of daring exploits with bruin. It numbers among its members some of the most variegated and original liars in Washington Territory, men who not only tell you of desperate fights with bruin, where the cunning and skill of the experienced hunter was backed against the brute strength of the bear, but they show you the ugly marks made by his teeth and claws. This club holds regular meetings, and as we probably have right here in the northeast corner of Washington Territory more bears than any other hunting ground on the American continent, the members have many adventures to relate without drawing entirely on the imagination, but when a good bear story is necessary, it can always be produced in short order, and with harrowing details tempered to suit the nerves of the listeners. Many bright and sparkling stories are told, many incidents of long and weary tramps over rugged mountains and through deep, dark cañons; of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in the lonely and secluded haunts of wild beasts. Honest, large-hearted men are these members of the Bear Club, men who have lived most of their lives with nature, and to whom the restless pulsation of the deep and lonely forest is sweeter music than a circus band.

The report was circulated around town that some man had written a bear story for the *Century*, and a meeting of the club was called to hear the story read. Each member spent the entire day in rubbing up the old rusty bear stories he had ever told or heard, and as they dropped into the den in the evening each one wore a satisfied smile. They all came loaded for bear, and not one of them but who believed he could tell a tale that would make the *Century* man turn green with envy. A reader was selected and perched on a stuffed cinnamon bear, while the members formed a semi-circle in front of him and craned their necks forward to listen. The smile deepened and intensified into an expression of the most complacent confidence, but as the story progressed the smile faded and sickened until it resembled the last fitful flickerings of a tallow dip; the weaker ones quietly stole away utterly discouraged and dejected, and when the tale was all told only five or six of the most reckless remained. No man raised his voice. They were veterans in bear hunting, veterans in story telling, but they felt themselves unequal to the situation, and one by one they stole out of the den and into the shadows of night with weary steps and sad hearts.

G. H. MORGAN.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., July 10, 1885.

"STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 9, I notice an article by "F. A. M." in regard to a late paper in the *Century*, in which the former takes the latter to task for some statements in regard to the fighting propensities of the grizzly. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with either of the gentlemen, but in regard to the matter in dispute, I should be inclined to side strongly with Mr. Roosevelt, and to say, judging from my own experience, that nine times out of ten the grizzly will not fight unless closely crowded.

I have had the pleasure of assisting, more or less, in the death of fifteen of these beasts, and have chased twelve more, and with the exception of "The Big Bear of the Hermosa," an account of whose end has already appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, not one of them showed a particle of fight until wounded. Moreover, my old hunting friend Jim Kendall, who was a "pardner" of "Grizzly Adams" for seven years in the Sierras, and who counts the scalps of 143 grizzlies and cinnamons among his trophies, says that, with the exception of a she bear with cubs, the grizzly is not as apt to attack unprovoked as is the common black bear of Southern Canada. How it may have been with the bears of '56 and '61, of whom "F. A. M." writes, I know not, but the *Ursus* of '80 and '81 is not the fierce animal that he is generally believed to be. Perhaps he has found, by dire experience, that a .45 or .50-caliber Sharp or Remington is a more deadly thing to buck against than the "pea rifle," in use thirty years ago.

That the grizzly is a ferocious brute when maddened with pain no one will care to deny, but, I say it deliberately, I would rather take my chances of not being attacked by one of them, when met unexpectedly, than the same chances with any of the other carnivora of North America, of which I have any knowledge. Always, excepting a she bear with cubs, I think it is the general verdict of bear hunters, that the grizzly will let you alone, if you'll let him alone. Of course, there are exceptions to this as to every rule, but they are so rare, at least in my own personal range of inquiry, as not to invalidate the above conclusion. It would be interesting if "F. A. M.," in support of his abrupt contradiction of Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, would state just how many of the six and a half bears he killed, showed fight before being wounded. As I am not fighting Mr. Roosevelt's battles, I shall not advert to the courteous tone of "F. A. M.'s" letter, though all true sportsmen will regret the unwarranted fling at the veracity of a gentleman so widely and favorably known as is Mr. R. To "give expression to my doubt as to whether Mr. Roosevelt's articles descriptive of bear hunting has any real foundation in fact," comes startlingly close to asserting that that gentleman deliberately penned a willful lie, and palmed it off on 500,000 readers through the columns of the *Century*. H. P. UFFORD.

CASSELTON, Dak.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in your issue of July 9 an article entitled "Still-Hunting the Grizzly," from the pen of "F. A. M.," commenting rather severely, I thought, on a contribution by Mr. Roosevelt published in the June *Century*, from which he quotes that the grizzly bear will not "tackle" a man, and is not dangerous unless "cornered" or "crowded."

I did not have the pleasure of reading the article referred to in the *Century*, but not wishing to see our shaggy neighbor traduced without a little defense, will draw slightly from my experience of twenty-five years in this place, hunting more or less in the Rocky Mountains, where has been my home for that length of time. Now understand that the grizzly has figured somewhat largely in such adventures.

The quotation referred to from the *Century* conveys much more truth than "F. A. M." seems disposed to concede. In my wanderings among the mountains I have had considerable opportunity for observing the habits of this frequenter of these regions; however, will state some facts which I have gathered from my own observations as well as those of others.

In the first place, the bear is dangerous to those hunters, prospectors, or tourists who accidentally, in the thick timber or brushwood tramp on him in his lair, such being a complete surprise to bruin, and not a little to the other parties, who are liable to get handled very roughly indeed, as was the case a year or two ago with a young man within a few miles of this place. The hug was here necessarily adopted and the knife resorted to, with rather favorable results considering the circumstances, as the bear was killed and the

man nearly so, being terribly lacerated and disfigured for life. Here remember the bear was not the aggressor, and then again, if on a hunt you run on a bear or more than one, surprising them, and one or more are wounded when close upon them, you are likely to be attacked, especially if cubs are along, but if at a distance and there is a show, they will get out of the way as rapidly as possible. Remember in this case, also, the hunter is the attacking party.

Still again, suppose these wounded, retreating bears are followed hastily and carelessly, and come up with while lying down exhausted and bleeding, then it is reasonable to expect a fight, and woe to the hunter who does such. Other than these cases that I have pointed out, there is little or no danger from the grizzly to the careful hunter. In fact, there is not so much danger in hunting the bear as there was in hunting the buffalo of the plain twenty-five or thirty years ago.

I really remember no instance of disaster to man, woman, or child in all these years, the bear being the aggressor. He has a kindly countenance and withal is quite cowardly and harmless if let alone, and will flee from man as rapidly as his shambling gait will admit—quite rapidly especially if up hill; so much so is this the fact that the hunter's greatest concern is that he will go from, instead of toward him and get away at last. Illustrating the kindly nature of our "pet" I will state that a few years ago a party was made up for a grand hunt, myself counting one. In due time we departed back into the mountains in high glee. After getting well established in camp we started out by twos to capture deer. One of the relays on a certain day was pushing on at a quiet pace when the two dogs along began to growl and bark furiously, and on looking around they saw an enormous grizzly approaching at an easy shuffling gait; when within twenty-five or thirty yards he stopped, took a quiet survey of men and dogs and tried to go about his business, but the fatal bullet finished his career in a moment. Fortunately indeed for those hunters that this bear was well disposed toward them. It appeared that a hundred yards away he was laying away a winter supply of provisions in the way of a part of the carcass of a mountain buffalo. He weighed eight or ten hundred pounds and had as mild a face as I ever saw on an animal.

It seems that your correspondent is disposed to compare our shaggy friend rather unfavorably with the carnivorous man-eaters, etc., inhabiting the jungles of Asia and Africa, such as subsist on flesh and lie in wait for their prey, attacking both man and beast without provocation. In this also, I think "F. A. M." is quite mistaken.

It seems droll, at least at this era, to bring forward what the old hunter may say about the dangers of hunting the grizzly, this old hunter of the muzzleloader and knife. Really it is not strange they should tremble and become a little shaky at the mention of that inhabitant of the Rockies, when their recollections takes them back to that fearful encounter, when they had only one shot and then to the grand hug and the knife.

Thus much for our mountain neighbor. I have made this longer than intended in his behalf, so will stop by calling next! L. C. T.

CENTRAL CITY, Colo., July 17.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the excessively hot weather of this week, three enthusiastic sportsmen systematically worked the cripples on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River for some distance below the city for woodcock, and after two days of toil returned to Philadelphia with a dozen birds, all on ice to keep them from spoiling. Is this sport? Does it pay, even if woodcock are bringing $1.25 a pair?

The disastrous New Jersey fires which lately occurred in Camden and Burlington counties, now fortunately smothered by the last severe rain, was started, it is said, by a party of Philadelphians who were on a turtle hunting trip, and who, on being ordered away from the ground by the owner started the conflagration through spite. Much game has been destroyed by it, and from late accounts fully 100,000 acres have been devastated.

Many of the overflowed meadows which last September furnished good rail bird grounds, owing to the large growth of reeds which sprung up, have this summer been banked in and reclaimed. This will force pushers to seek other localities. Year by year it is noticed that our rail shooters are compelled to extend their trips to points further down the river, and the Lazarette and Chester marshes are becoming less frequented by sportsmen. Maurice River and Port Penn of late years seem to be selected for a day's sport more than any other grounds, and with good reason, for birds are always plentiful, there is an abundanae of feed and the marshes are extensive enough to furnish shooting for as many as go there; besides pushers do not charge such outrageous fees as the up-river men do. HOMO.

JULY 18.

A SHOT AT GEESE.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: About the middle of last November I and Mr. Edward Cook, of Pitt Meadows, were out goose shooting, not far from Port Hammond, early one morning, in a cranberry marsh. I was posted under a small pine tree, he near another, about 150 yards to the west of me, when a flock of geese passed, but too far from me for a shot; but on seeing me they swerved toward him, and he fired the right barrel, and as he covered them he noticed two of the flock flying side by side. The left barrel brought down two more in the same way, though he only saw one fall, but on going to pick them up he found his dog just retrieving the fourth. We had some good shooting that morning, having killed eleven geese in about an hour and having to pick up three more shot the night before; so we had quite a load to pack home—fourteen geese and our guns, ammunition, etc.—through grass over our head, and on weighing some of them found them to weigh from nine to fourteen pounds each; and I can tell you by the time we did get home they seemed to weigh twice that weight, and if two men did not do justice to a good breakfast no men ever did.—JNO. HAMMOND (Port Hammond, British Columbia).

MR. H. H. WARNER, of signboard and reading notice fame, owns a big game preserve on an island in Saginaw Bay. It is said that Senators Conger, Palmer and Miller helped to get passed in the Senate a bill authorizing the sale of these marshes to Mr. Warner for $3 an acre.

SEATTLE, W. T., July 8.—Our fishing is very fine now, and the prospects for fall shooting are very good.—ALKIE.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—Janesville, Wis., July 17.—I was much interested in the letter of Mr. W. H. Winslow, of Pittsburgh, in your issue of June 11, entitled "Roughing It for Hay Fever." I have been a hay fever victim for several years, and I fully agree with him that there is nothing like a change of climate and outdoor life for relief. But the seacoast is not the only sanitarium for hay fever sufferers. For three seasons past I have spent the hay fever period, from Aug. 15 to Oct. 1 in Minnesota, making my headquarters at Alexandria and Osakis, Douglas county, about 160 miles northwest of St. Paul, and I was not only free from hay fever, but was in a land where I had the best shooting and fishing I have ever seen. The shooting consists of both pinnated and ruffed grouse, ducks of all kinds and geese. Black bass and wall-eyed pike are the principal game fish, and when I state that I have known two rods to take over 128 of them in one day, none of which weighed less than three pounds and some going seven and eight pounds, you will admit that the fishing is good. Douglas county is said to contain over one hundred lakes, and all of them fairly teem with game fish. There are nine of them, ranging from five to ten miles in length, within four miles of Alexandria, and the whole chain is connected so that one can pass from one to the other in a boat. At Osakis there is a lake sixteen miles in length by from two to three in width upon which there are two steam yachts for the accommodation of tourists. The hotels at both places are good and the rates low. If you have any more hay fever readers who wish to obtain relief and at the same time enjoy good sport, let them go to either of the above resorts, and I know they will thank me for the information. Last season I was in different places from St. Paul to the Manitoba line, and during the whole time I did not have a symptom of hay fever. So free was I from it that although I returned home three weeks before we had a frost here, I remained free from it the balance of the fall.—V.

A VALUABLE BOOK OF REFERENCE.—The Philadelphia Library attaches great value to a complete set of FOREST AND STREAM in its possession, which was presented to the institution by Mr. Franklin C. Jones, of this city. There is not a single number missing, and the whole are handsomely bound, with index, in several volumes. Your correspondent can bear witness to these volumes being continuously used as reference books, as scarcely a day passes—so I am told by the librarian—that they are not called for. One scientific gentleman remarked to me that the experiences of the many sportsmen who have contributed their views to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and which are contained in these bound volumes, have been of great assistance to him in his studies. The Philadelphia Library will continue to bind FOREST AND STREAM, which is presented to them from time to time by Mr. Jones.—HOMO.

WHISTLING UP QUAIL.—Augusta, Ga., July 18.—In one of your late issues you copy an abstract from a South Carolina paper, in regard to shooting partridges (quail) by whistling them up. I saw the item and have made numerous inquiries about it and find it a very common custom both in South Carolina and in Georgia. The parties who do this are not confined to the poorer class, who might do it for meat, but include many city folk and gentlemen (?) who pretend to back the game laws. They claim to kill "only the male" birds, but in a bunch of seven there were five "hens" as one of the sportsmen confessed. The "no fence law" has done wonders for the birds in this section, and they will be very plenty this fall.—OLD H.

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Latimer, Franklin County, July 17.—Prairie chickens are moderately plenty, and where the grass was not burned off in the spring, are large for the time of year. The most of the coveys have from eight to fifteen. For more than a week past the farmers' boys have been shooting them. The writer has a cat that goes out hunting with him, and capers around with the dogs, seeming to have just as much sport as any of them. Will follow for a mile or two, and then go back home.—RAND.

GLUE FOR GUNSTOCKS.—A correspondent writes: Having obtained many valuable hints through your columns, I take great pleasure in recommending the strongest adhesive known, Le Paige's liquid glue. It is all the manufacturers claim for it. We use it in our workshop, and have quite a trade in it. I am not drumming up trade, and you need not give my address, but if Le Paige's glue will not mend a broken gunstock, nothing on earth will.—E. H. FOX (933 Eighth avenue, New York).

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., July 14.—The non-hounding bill is having the effect I expected. All hands in Franklin county are mad. The still-hunters are making their plans for a big hunt in the fall, and I hear rumors from all sides of deer having been killed in June. None have been killed about the lake. The guides accept the situation, and say they will respect the law and will have to make up their losses in the fall by still-hunting.—A. R. FULLER.

ONTARIO GAME AND FISH.—Harwood, Rice Lake, July 18.—I have not seen so many ducks breeding here in the marshes for many years as there are this year. The indications are good for a first-class shoot the 15th of August, when the season opens. The black bass are biting splendidly; large catches every day. Maskinonge fishing very good, but not so good as it was a month ago.—CHAS. GILCHRIST.

SHORE BIRD FLIGHTS.—Salem, Mass., July 20.—Shore bird fall flight has begun. I got a good bunch of them last week. Among the varieties already along are jack curlew, winters, summers, robin snipe, ringnecks, both kinds of "peeps," and uplands. These latter are not plenty yet; in fact even the "peeps" are thin in flesh, which shows them to be just arrived.—X. Y. Z.

MAINE.—A moose was seen in Orland recently, said to be the first seen in that vicinity for a generation. His hoof prints were found to measure 5x7 inches, and his strides reached fourteen feet, although trotting an easy gait.

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—Sedalia, Mo., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We often have preached to us, in a journal like FOREST AND STREAM, the gospal of rest—a let up from business and business cares. O! what a delight to some of us the woods and trees afford, and the assurance that now we are completely beyond the sound of the front-door bell. Yet we often say, "have no time to day, but will go next week." I had promised my little boys that they might go fishing next Saturday. This was good news to them. How the little fellows did work and gather up their tackle. It was papa this and papa that; how do you put on the sinker, and how much line would you use, etc., until I was nearly crazy to go fishing myself. Saturday came, and by daylight the little fellows were ready with worms, lunch, lines, etc., for a three mile tramp. After dinner I suggested to my wife that I thought we had better drive out and see what had become of the boys. I put my hunting outfit into the buggy, called the dog, and together with my wife we started for the fields and streams. I knew where a good snipe draw was, provided there were any snipe in the country. Upon our arrival I left my wife with an excellent friend, a widow lady, on whose farm I expected to hunt, while I investigated the snipe question. I did not have far to go, about four hundred yards, to strike the edge of the boggy lands, where a number of years ago I had hunted snipe with Senator Vest who, by the way, is an excellent shot. I hardly had time to adjust my shells before a snipe got up and fell to my right barrel. The report of the gun flushed another that fell to left barrel. Proceeding down the bog about a hundred yards, the dog flushed six or eight together, when I failed to bag. On approaching a small stream some three or four teal ducks arose, and I secured one at long range. Further on I shot another snipe, then a brace, then another teal duck. This I thought was enough for our friend and ourselves. The snipe appeared to be on the increase when I quit shooting. This I consider a pretty good showing for an evening's sport within four miles of a city of 20,000 inhabitants. I found the boys all right and highly pleased with the day's fishing, each having a string of small fish. This was my first spring shooting.—OCCIDENT.

DEER HOUNDING LOGIC.—The Boonville *Herald* has the following: "Deer hunting commences Aug. 1 and continues until Dec. 1. No hounding allowed. Observe the law even though it gives the pot-hunters full sweep to drive the venison back into the woods, and the sportsmen have to live on beef and pork. Boxes for carrying fresh meat from Boonville to the Fulton Chain are already being made in anticipation of a scarcity of venison under the new law." The last sentence about the anticipated scarcity of venison, reads rather strange, coming, as it does, from the pen of the editor, who is devoting columns of his paper to the attempt to prove that the law against deer hounding, referred to in the article, is a bad one, and will prove far more injurious to the preservation of deer than if floating was prohibited and hunting with dogs permitted. Some of the guides say that it would be better to have the deer season "open" for all kinds of hunting from Aug. 1 to Oct. 15, the latter date being the limit of the stay of the majority of sportsmen. After that the guides devote the greater portion of their time to killing and shipping deer meat to market.—*Utica Observer.*

THAT CARTRIDGE TEST.—Memphis, Tenn., July 15.—It is gratifying to learn that the cartridges manufactured by the U. S. Cartridge Co. stood the test of submergence in water for over two days without being spoiled. But in reading the item I was struck with the exceeding clumsiness, not to say bad taste, of the method used in making the test—to send a traveling man out West to Denver and have him seize the opportunity of a sportsman being drowned and being under the water for over two days with his shell box, when it would seem to have been so much easier and more appropriate to have dropped a handful of cartridges in the chicken trough in the backyard in New York and allow them to stay there a week or so. But I have been fighting mosquitoes for a week past in Coahoma swamps and perhaps have grown cynical in consequence.—COAHOMA.

FISH AND GAME AND CHEAP BOARD.—We are enjoying a fine season of boating and fishing in the beautiful lakes fifteen miles north of Kingston, Ont. Sydenham Lake abounds in pike and bass. Knowlton Lake has both bass and salmon. Last week two of us were out trolling in Eel and Little Long lakes and caught twenty-two pike and bass. One of the pike measured twenty-eight inches. Sydenham is a pleasant little village, sixteen miles from Kingston, and good board can be had at $3.50 to $4 per week. Partridges and ducks are very plenty in the fall and good shooting is to be had.—J. L. S.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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READING of many "remarkable shots" in your valuable paper reminds me of one I saw made many years ago, when I was a boy. For several nights our pigeon coops had been devastated by a small brown owl. This so enraged one of my father's hired men, Jake, that he borrowed an old flint lock about six feet long and carefully loaded it, using hornets nest for wadding, it being confidently believed that this material possessed special virtues for this purpose. Night came, and Jake took his station by the garden fence in ambush for the marauder. An hour passed, when suddenly we saw Jake peering cautiously toward a dead apple tree. In a moment he carefully brought the firelock to his shoulder and took deliberate aim, but just as we expected to hear the old piece roar, we observed him carefully lower it and cautiously face to the right behind a small bush, then bringing the gun to his thigh he pulled trigger. A tremendous flash and bang followed. Father and I ran up to see what it all meant, and I heard old Jake say, "The darn old thing went off after all." To father's question what he was about he answered that he had tried the gun after loading in the morning and could not get her off, and just as he was going to pull on the owl it struck him that he had better try her again and not fool the bird. FARNSWORTH.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

BASS, PIKE AND MASCALONGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Going through the market this morning I espied a black bass on one of the tables that suited my fancy. "Three and a half pounds," I remarked as I passed it to the huckster. "Yes, more than that," was his reply, as he put the fish on the scales, "four and a quarter pounds and good weight," as he returned the fish to the table. "I'll take him, but I think, however, your scales need overhauling." "No, sir; those scales are correct every time; they were inspected this week." The fish was soon scaled, finned and cleaned, market fashion. "But good gracious! what is this which I've found in his stomach?" remarked the boy as he held up to view a bit of ship's bolt. "What does it weigh?" I inquired. "Weigh! oh! it's just thirteen ounces, it's a good foot long and most an inch thick, genuine iron at that." "The question is how did it get there? He could not have taken it in the way of food," I replied. "Dr. H., our authority on black bass, says, 'Its weak and brush-like teeth are not well adapted for such diet.'" The market boy came to the rescue and explained all by remarking, "Guess some feller poked it down there and won a bet on its weight. I've seen it done afore." Guess that's so. I send this unusual specimen of bass food to be placed in the museum of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The same market had received that morning from Detroit, Mich., 2,700 pounds of fish, mostly whitefish, together with a goodly number of pike-perch and black bass, but what is unusual in these days of fish depletion was eight well grown muscalonge, ranging from 20 to 35 pounds each. One of 25 pounds had in his stomach a 3¼-pound whitefish, another of 35 pounds had for a square meal three whitefish weighing together 6¼ pounds. I did not see the others opened, but from their distended appearance there was evidence that they all feasted off the same feeding ground. I once saw a 60 pound muscalonge from Fort Clinton, Ohio, whose stomach was loaded with two well-grown whitefish and a small catfish (*Pimelodus*). The latter weighed 1¾ pounds. The cat portion of the story may be considered a hard one to swallow on account of the formidable horns he carries, but remember these "fresh water sharks" care not for trifles when hungry, and this little cat, horns and all, was the first fish swallowed. My impression is that these muscalonge came from the Canadian shore of Lake Huron, where fish laws are made to be observed, as I know of no waters in our vicinity in Uncle Sam's domains that can produce such a number of well-grown fish. Muscalonge are not rare in our market, but a 5 or 8-pound one is the rule for large size; more often you see them ranging from 1 to 1¼ pounds. On one occasion I counted twenty-three, the largest of which did not exceed 2½ pounds. Such small fish are not fit for the table; they do not have the peculiar flavor and firm white flesh of the well-grown of 15 or more pounds, and should never be taken of much less weight.

By FOREST AND STREAM I learn that Dr. Henshall is soon to visit the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to interview the black bass and trout, also to identify a fish called the muscalonge, found in the lakelets there. Undoubtedly this is the great northern pickerel (*Esox lucius*) which in all undisturbed northern waters attains even the weight of *E. nobilior*. When the Grand Haven and Marquette Railroad was opened through the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, a great many unfished lakes were brought near to our markets. It was not unusual then to meet with this pike (*E. lucius*) weighing from twenty to thirty five pounds in early time here. This same fish would average fifteen to eighteen pounds, with occasionally one of greater weight. As late as 1876 one was taken in a pound net at Dover Bay, Lake Erie, twelve miles west of this city, that brought the scales down at forty-one pounds. I know this to be a fact, as I saw it weighed. It was no muscalonge, but a genuine white spotted *Esox lucius*.

In the upper tributaries of the Ohio River, and especially in Chautauqua Lake, New York, the federation pike (*E. tredecim*, Dr. Mitchell; *E. ohioensis*, Dr. Kirtland) was once found in great plenty. In size it approached either the above species. I saw the preserved head of one at Jamestown, N. Y., said to have weighed 70 pounds. Be that as it may, it certainly was the head of a very large fish, and could not have weighed less than 50 pounds. The late Dr. Garlick often entertained me with accounts of captures of this fish in the Mahoning and other rivers of the State and Western Virginia, all tributaries of the Ohio. Many a one did he take, "20 and 35 pound monsters," as he used to express himself. Sometimes the most of an entire drizzly day late in the fall would be spent before the long-expected "thud" would come and take the live, full-grown sucker (*Catostomus*). A short time is given for the "monster" to gorge the bait, then came the tussle and fun, followed by the landing of a "whopper." When laid on the upper end of a barrel the head and tail would touch the ground on either side and tip the scales at 36 pounds. "Results like these," the Doctor would remark, "more than paid for the time spent in trolling with rod and line along the banks. Why, just think!" as the Doctor would stretch out his hands in illustration of one of his captures, "think of comparing thirty-six one-pound pickerel or any other mess of small fish with such a walloping monster as that. Hump, few people know what real sport in fishing is."

To finish up with the *Esocida* of this region, we will take in the last and least, the little pickerel (*Esox salmoneus*), the smallest of all the family, seldom over a foot in length and of weight in proportion. They are very numerous in the streams they frequent, mostly in the western, central and southern portions of the State. It has the faculty of crawling up the smallest streams and ditches that drain prairies and other wet lands in such numbers and out of the way places, that you are often informed by those who know that "this fish rains down."

Of the *Esox reticulatus* we know nothing here, and, as far as we are informed, is not found west of the Alleghany Mountains. In all our fishing experience we never captured but one muscalonge of size with hook and line, that while fishing for pike-perch off the "pier." This weighed fourteen pounds, and 'twas a great prize and something for a boy to do, especially with ordinary tackle. But when it came to shooting and spearing them or grass pike on their spawning beds or otherwise, we ranked, as the vessel men say, A No. 1. In fact, to be an expert fisher for muscalonge (not spoon trolling) one must know his ways and habits well. We never met with but one who was a success in this line; he was a French Canadian, who lived, when I was a boy, on the north bank of the "old river bed," a large bayou of the Cuyahoga River. He gained his living by hunting, fishing and trapping, and if you wanted anything in his line, Old Froushier was the man to supply you, be it fish, fowl, muskrat or moss-back mud turtle. Froushier was the only one in these parts that made a specialty of fishing for muscalonge. So well did he understand the ways of this lonely fish that he could fill an order for one on short notice and without fail. He fished with a rig entirely of his own construction. The hook was large and strong enough to hold a shark, two feet of the line was "served" with fine wire which answered as the snood, a spindle-shaped float of wood a foot long was attached at each end to the line from six to ten feet above the hook, according to the depth of water to be fished. A pound and a half mullet, two or three frogs well strung on, or a good sized water-snake, as best he could get them, always alive and kicking, was the bait. Then Froushier was ready for work. Quietly he would row his skiff along the outer edge of the lilypads with a hundred or more feet of line astern, always patient and slow; he would remark on starting out: "I get a bite by en by, may be one hour, may be five or six hours, all the same when I get a bite I have a big maskanonge, sure."

The bait was too large for the average pickerel, so when he got a bite it was generally the fish he was after. When the fish struck he would stop his skiff, pay out line as needed and let it gorge, in time it had its meaning and without much ceremony or nonsense playing, a twenty or forty pound muscalonge was hauled alongside, gaffed and tumbled aboard.

This old Frenchman was acquainted with all the bayous, swamps, open waters, and tangled underwood, with their inhabitants, in his entire surroundings, he called it his farm, and well he might, for no farmer knew his lands better than Froushier did his water and mud domain. With his single barrel, of caliber sufficient to let a chipmunk in, he could beat us all among the ducks, and it had to be a large and compact flock on the wing to draw out a flying shot from his fusee, as two or three ducks at a time, according to his idea of gunning, would not pay the ammunition. Sitting was his best hold, and when you heard that gun roar it was after a tedious time of crawling, wading and waiting. Then six to a dozen, or more birds would tumble to meet the expense of time, ammunition and something over. Six to eight discharges a day was about the extent of his canonading. He deplored the waste of powder and shot by "those fellows that fired away at the ducks a-flying."

All this was over forty years ago. Old Froushier was then far on the down hill of life. He must be now a long time in the happy hunting ground. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

MUSKOKA.

THIRD PAPER.

THE waters haunted by the speckled trout—the salmon of the spring—run through the virgin wilderness. The black bass is more of a cosmopolitan. I have often taken four-pound bass in the mouth of the government canal, at the foot of St. Clair flats, where the water is seldom at rest from the swell of the passing craft. But the four-pound trout—he is the reward of such adventurous journeyings as we all sigh for but few achieve, and he flies before the advancing settlements like a shadow.

The village of Bracebridge, on the Muskoka River, a short distance from the lake of the same name, is the easterly limit of steamboat travel. Here the north branch of the Muskoka River, feeding down through Vernon, Fairy and Morey lakes, unites with the south branch that leads westward the waters of the Lake of Bays or Trading Lake, and the system beyond. The falls of the north branch, very rocky and picturesque, are in plain sight from the steamer landing, while those of the south branch, 150 feet in height and much larger and finer, are accessible by a ride of some two miles, either by water or land.

The north branch of the river above Bracebridge is devoid of interest to the fishing tourist, owing to the entire absence of trout, while the south branch is especial y attractive for the opposite reason. None of the natives are able to offer any satisfactory reason for this diverse condition of things in two apparently similar streams, but the facts being submitted, the reader is at liberty to construct a theory to suit them. I am not sure that no attempts have been made to stock the north branch, but think such steps are in contemplation. But be that as it may, Bracebridge is the starting point for the numerous streams and lakes to the north which are abundantly supplied with trout, and which give promise of most excellent sport for many years to come. Of course if you are going to the noble Magnetawan, where four-pounders flourish (and heaven grant you that delight), you will retain the steamer as far as Rosseau, and there take one of Her Majesty's stages for a thirty-mile ride across the country.

The trout fishing in the territory designated is of two kinds, that found in the rivers and other rapid waters and that of the waters of the small lakes. Making allowance for the season of the year, the first is principally fly-fishing, and the last-named after the middle of June is mostly bait-fishing. For the former there is probably not a finer piece of water available to the modern angler than the south branch of the Muskoka River from the lower end of the Lake of Bays to the great falls near Bracebridge. The total length of this portion of the river, from Baysville (at the foot of Lake of Bays) to Bracebridge, is about thirty miles; but the river in this distance is diversified by thirteen falls and rapids of greater or less extent, making capital feeding and lurking places for trout, and it ranges every where from forty to sixty feet in width. This gives ample room for casting, and the water is nowhere too deep to prevent ready and appreciative responses from the trout beneath. The river can be fished either ascending or descending, since nearly all the rapids must be portaged in either case. But our own experience has proved so satisfactory that I venture to give it for the benefit of those who may choose to try the stream hereafter. The time of our visit was the last half of August, and our party, as intimated in a previous letter, was the perfect number—two. Providence, who has a special care for children, idiots and fishermen, was especially kind to us in spite of our desserts. For never did two voyagers drift into a country knowing less of it in advance than did we of the Muskoka country, and never were a like number more fortunate in the outcome of their journeyings.

From Bracebridge to Baysville overland is a matter of eighteen miles, and a Canadian stage makes the trip on alternate days. This brought us to the latter place in time for a good dinner one pleasant day in the middle of the week, and after testing the fishing above and below the dam at the village, we set out with the help of the landlord to arrange for a trip down the river. It was a very essential part of our good fortune that on this very afternoon we discovered Tom Salmon and "Jeff" Avery, and as each man had a first class birch-bark canoe at hand, nothing absolutely indispensable was lacking. As our subsequent experience proved, the combination was a happy one. Both were exceptionally good canoe men, and while Avery was a superior cook and camp man, Tom Salmon was a very magician with a fly-rod, and his lessons at intervals during the trip will not be readily forgotten. It isn't every man that becomes a successful fly-fisher, cast he ever so finely. There is an easy yet adroit placing of the flies just where they should be, a mysterious and indescribable handling of the cast in the water, and a peculiar, untaught instinct that knows without seeing just to the fraction of an instant when to make the stroke and fasten the hook. All these Tom had in their perfection, and not unfrequently where we had troubled the water in vain, they proved potent in bringing the wily trout from his lurking place and landing him in the creel. It was a striking illustration of the old saw "set a thief to catch a thief," it was putting a member of the Salmon family to the capture of the *Salmo fontinalis**.

Perhaps this is a good point to mention that venerable and hard-ridden joke about the fisherman with the latest improved tackle and the boy with tow string and pin hook. It is always amusing, and I never fail to greet it with a smile, partly for old acquaintance sake, and partly out of politeness to the man who introduces it. But like a great many other things, it is funny, but it isn't true. It certainly is not true in fly-fishing that the man with the poorest tackle gets the most fish—other things being equal; and if the man with fine tackle fails to hold his own in any contest, the fault is his own ignorance, or inexperience, or lack of adeptness, and not in his outfit. Success in fishing isn't the result of luck; it comes from a combination of knowledge, experience and mental and physical adroitness exercised through the best available forms of angling appliances. Your boy and your bungler may at some time stumble upon a good catch, for which they deserve no more credit than for being born. But take the scores day after day and season after season of any two representative fishermen of the opposite classes, and the average will show conclusively where the joke lies. Go to! we will have no more of it!

We went over from Bracebridge to Baysville, flying light. No tent, beloved reader, no provisions, no canned goods, no bottled supplies. We carried each a summer overcoat and our fishing tackle, and when we were ready to start in the morning for a three days' trip down the river, we had added a frying pan and a flat basket containing some bread, butter, salt pork and tea. There are about three houses on the river between Baysville and the little settlement above the great falls, and none of these (thank heaven) is either a hotel or a summer boarding house. But we did stop at one of these houses on the evening of the second day, and got a dozen fresh eggs and a bucket of milk. Do you happen to know the flavor of a trout just caught and cooked in new milk? If not, we will pass on to the next rapids. No amount of diagrams and foot notes and wordy explanations will do the subject any sort of justice. But in dismissing the bill of fare, I may be pardoned for saying that from the first dinner out of Baysville to the last meal on the river, we were never lacking a smoking birch-bark platter of trout. They flavored the tea, they permeated the bread and butter, and glorified the salt pork, and their delicate aroma mingled with the smoke of our corncob pipes like the odor of the clover blooms with the mists of a June morning.

As already stated the distance by river from Baysville to Bracebridge was thirty miles and we had undertaken to cover it in three days. This was hunting through space at the rate of ten miles a day, or one mile per hour, including the stops. We did not find the pace a killing one, but we had previously determined to take three times three days if it were necessary in compassing the distance to preserve the average rate of travel. As it was we found this method of procedure altogether delightful. When we chose we fished, when we were tired we rested, when hungry, we ate and we either traveled or clung carnestly to the shadows on the shore at our own ungoverned and ungovernable caprice. We did not have to hurry to get to any certain place at any specified time, and if we had made any such arbitrary and absurd engagement we would not have kept it. Ultimately we reached again the country of clocks and railroad schedules, but had there been no current to the river we might be still upon its waters.

The Muskoka River is not a continuously rapid stream. There are long stretches of smooth deep water, followed by falls or rapids, and these two varieties of water alternate during the whole trip. All the fishing is found in the livelier water, but the placid reaches between afford some delightful canoeing, and make an agreeable spice to the day's adventures. It was generally at the most picturesque of the rapids that we beached our canoes for dinner, or turned them bottom up for the evening camp. In this way we secured the cream of the morning and evening fishing, and never had more than a short half square's walk to get it. (The "square" is the unit of measurement for distances in the wilderness.) We did not reap exceptionally good results from the very early or the very late fishing. Our experience was that as a rule an hour after sunrise and an hour before sunset marked about the best time for the day's fishing, which was, however, never poor except for two or three hours in the middle of the day. But trout seem to be governed more by moods than by regard for any particular time.

If I were limited to a single fly, in fishing for trout that fly would be the brown hackle. (Hasn't somebody said that before?) And in the same way, if I were limited to a single fly-rod and only one tip, that rod would be made of Bethabara from end to end. A Bethabara fly-rod (three joints) which I bought five years ago, has been my constant companion in all my various expeditions on the grayling streams of Northern Michigan and the trout waters of Canada. It has endured no end of grief and hard usage, and done no end of good, honest work. The action has a great deal of life, the rod is "springy" but quick, very tough and not easily affected by the weather, and it takes less "set" than any material I have ever used. (This last trouble is one cause of complaint with split-bamboo rods). It may be that my rod is better than the average, but I am still surprised to find that Mr. Wells, in his book on "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," now on my table, has so poor an opinion of Bethabara. Perhaps a better acquaintance may modify his opinion, since he says he has never tried an all-Bethabara rod.

*Copyright applied for.

But not to wander too far from the text, we found our trip down the south branch of the Muskoka the very ideal of an outing. How many fish? Really, I do not know. But we caught enough for all our wants while on the stream, and we brought away with us to the "States" a box of specimens that sent an aggravating thrill, half recollection, half anticipation, through the brother trout fishers among whom they were distributed. Some further experiences will have to be withheld for another time, this letter already having grown too long.

With the latest number of FOREST AND STREAM I have just laid down the latest letter of that modern Fenimore Cooper, "Kingfisher." His accounts of his fishing experiences are always enjoyable; he has the true angler's appreciation of the subtle influences of wind and wave and sun—influences that fill up the measure of delight, whether the catch be few or many. But what most interests me is the query: Where in all the humdrum routine of office, shop and store, in the smoky, plodding city of Cincinnati, does "Kingfisher" gather up his collection of quaint characters that dot the scenery of his letters? The answer to the query is: He doesn't "gather them up" at all; he merely sits down and constructs them out of his inner consciousness. It certainly is not in the least to the discredit of "Kingfisher" (who is a capital representative of the best class of the gregarious angler) that one reads his letters with a faint suspicion that "Knots" and "Ben" and "Old Hickory" would prove very plain, matter-of-fact people, talking quite as good English as the rest of us when once reduced to the flesh.

In looking over my second letter it appears that a carelessly written sentence makes me say that the steamers of the M. & N. Navigation Company start from Toronto. They don't. The trains of the N. & N. W. Railway run from Toronto northward to Muskoka Wharf, Collingwood, Penetang, etc., and the steamers of the M. & N. Company from Muskoka Wharf to Bracebridge, Rosseau, Port Cockburn and Bala. The connections, however, are continuous. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., July 18.

THE ANNUAL WORM SCARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following article clipped from the Boston Sunday *Herald* will fall with a splash into the dish of the black bass enthusiast. Since it appeared one or two of the Maine papers have republished an item from the Winthrop *Budget* also announcing worms in the black bass of the Cobbosseecontee waters. In that section also the fishermen are greatly disgusted and wish the bass were out of the ponds and the pickerel and white perch back again. A gentleman, familiar with those waters, I happened to meet yesterday. He believes that the black bass are fast running out the pickerel and that the white perch are disappearing. I regret being obliged to chronicle much unwelcome news; the hopes of sportsmen have been buoyant in the direction of black bass. Fish Commissioners in the various States have taken a great deal of pains and spent thousands of dollars in introducing them. The *Herald* communication comes from a thorough sportsman and scientist—one who only withholds his name for further investigations. I want to see the subject thoroughly handled in the FOREST AND STREAM, and if our game fishes are to be further reduced in number, if we have put a miserable deadhead into our waters, wormy and logy, but one that cannot be got rid of, then let us know the worst! We can have some revenge on the black bass, if he is as black as he is painted below. We can at least take away the protection the law gives him and let the poachers loose upon him. SPECIAL.

The *Herald* item referred to says:

"Black bass created quite a flame here at first, and no doubt they will last a good while. Norway Lake, Thompson's and Crotched ponds were stocked with them at first by the Fish Commission; and now all the surrounding waters, including Long and Sebago lakes, in particular, have been stocked gratuitously. Thousands of dollars worth of tackle have been bought, and boats without number have been built, all because the bass fishing was to be such a great thing. Well, men of weak constitutions gave it up after the first trial. Those men who were tougher, and boys who could digest green apples, have survived the first attack, and in some instances have tried it again, over and over, but each time with lessened interest. Not that there are not bass enough. There is no lack of the fish, but they will not rise to a fly any better than a chub, or brindled perch, and only the small ones will bite at worms. When hooked they make one promising leap, and you think you are in for some fun; but 'the weather does not follow the indications,' and after his first 'flop,' a black bass is about as interesting at the other end of a fish line as an eel or bull frog. Barring the one 'first spring,' a chub will make a longer and stronger fight for life, and give more sport than a black bass of equal weight. Bass are also voracious feeders and have the detestable habit of starving out their own species. At least they seem to decrease in size in the waters that have been stocked longest.

"As to the rank of black bass as a table fish, he is nowhere. Dry, soft and insipid in flavor, spoiling easily when exposed to the sun, bony and full of worms, are all qualities that this fish brought here with him.

"Worms? Yes, lots of them. The morning of the 1st of July (open season) brought out on Long Lake many who had not tried bass fishing, and some who had. The fish bit well for bass, and quite large catches, though averaging small in size, were brought in. That evening, as the writer was at work, a hand holding a fish partly skinned came suddenly close under his eyes.

"'What are those?' said the owner of the hand, at the same time pointing with a knife to dark objects, about the size of a pinhead, imbedded in the flesh of the fish, but not deep enough to hide them from sight.

Several of these dark objects were carefully dissected out and a microscope brought into use. Under a power of fifty diameters, these objects proved to be a tough sort of sack, with a rudimentary worm in it. The one who had skinned the fish said there were more or less of these worms in every bass he caught, although they were more numerous in the specimen he had brought to me. The fish had about seventy-five of these worms visible, and it would not weigh half a pound. As the season advances these worms are said to grow to the length of fully half an inch and the sack disappears. The worm is then surrounded with putrid matter. We don't care for black bass down here.

"In his business habits Mr. Bass is a veritable tyrant among other fish, driving them anywhere and everywhere, even out of existence. There was formerly good pickerel fishing in all these ponds and lakes. Since the advent of bass the pickerel are decreasing rapidly in numbers, and hard stories are told of the havoc the bass are making among salmon and other fish. When these fish were put into the waters that were first stocked here, the people were willing to go to any expense and protect the fishing for five years, in order to give them time to increase. Now many would be glad to go to all the same trouble over again in order to get rid of the bass if it could be done. On the whole, we don't want them; but they are stayers, no doubt, and when the last fisherman is beneath the sod, Mr. Bass will still be here to flutter his fins, cock his goggle eyes, and make faces at whom he will."

[The subject of worms in fish has often been discussed in our columns during the past four years. All fish, as well as other animal life, have parasites. These we hold to be harmless, and we have eaten perch containing grubs and trout that had intestinal worms. Perhaps the Ichthyophagous Club would eat the worms and discard the fish. There are people who prefer to have their cheese "lively," and if a fastidious person looks over all fish carefully before eating them he will find minute parasites on and under the scales in many cases. A boy in a cherry tree never opens a cherry for fear that it may contain a worm, whose flavor is the same as the fruit; it would be a loss of time to him. If black bass, perch and pickerel are in good order we eat them and do not fear a harmless worm].

BASS IN THE UPPER HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am indebted to Mr. Mather for his comments upon the paper ("Transplanting Fishes") that I wrote for the Fisheries Society, for therein he calls my attention to the loose language I used in writing of the black bass in the Hudson River. I did not see the article after writing it until it was printed, with Mr. Mather's comments, in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, consequently this is the first opportunity I have had to correct my misleading statement.

I should have said that the black bass from Effner's Lake stocked the Upper Hudson River. It is quite true, as Mr. Mather states, that the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 brought the black bass from the Great Lakes to the Hudson; but the bass cannot, or will not, go up over a fall of water that is mere play for a trout to surmount—I am inclined to believe they cannot, as they gather at the foot of a fall in the spring as though they would like to make the ascent, if it were possible—and consequently the progress of the bass up the Hudson was barred at Baker's Falls at Sandy Hill, if not at Fort Miller. I do not know when the dam at the latter place was built, but Baker's Falls is a natural obstruction and was formerly the limit of the upward movement of the shad. Later the Fort Miller dam and still later the Troy dam proved impediments that the shad could not overcome. Effner Lake has an outlet into the Sacandaga River, which joins the Hudson at Luzerne, only a few rods below the Little Falls of the latter. Bass fishing was excellent for years at the foot of Little or Luzerne Falls, but not a bass was to be found above, although the fall is not a difficult one for a fish to ascend, until they had been taken to Schroon Lake and had worked their way down the Schroon River into the Hudson and thence to the waters above Luzerne Falls. From the Sacandaga River the bass drifted down over Big or Palmer's Falls, Glens Falls, Baker's Falls and Fort Edward dam, and afforded excellent fishing, but they have now gone from south of Big Falls to join the dodo where the woodbine twineth; "all on account of"—the sawdust. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

KILLING BASS FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following observations on bass flies were inspired by a recent communication to the *N. Y. World* from the pen of Mr. Seth Green, in which the writer, together with sound advice on the art of fly-casting for bass, takes his readers into his confidence, and reveals the secret of his success by naming his "killing flies."

He says: "I have sifted down the hundreds of flies until I have but four kinds left; they are the 'killers.' My upper fly has a red body, white wings, and white hackle with a gold tinsel stripe; my second is a fly called the Grizzly King; my third is the Governor Alvord; the other fly is the Seth Green."

With the above mentioned flies in his book our author considers himself satisfactorily equipped for all bass-fishing emergencies. We should be pleased to learn on what waters Seth Green's flies are so taking—so uniformly successful as to be denominated "killers." Doubtless there are unsophisticated bass living in streams seldom fished with anything more tempting than the unpretentious earth-worm, whose mouths would water at sight of the gorgeous fly; but in the rivers and lakes of Central New York the bass is something of an epicure. His appetite is capricious. The fly which lured him to the surface so successfully on one occasion is neglected at another, no matter with what degree of skill it be cast on the water. The "killers" to which we pinned our faith in early June are displaced by others in July. The fly which was seized so savagely in the morning is neglected later in the day. Flies with which we have made numerous captures one season have failed us or are little thought of in the next. These facts have been impressed on us year after year, and we are at a loss to understand how a fisherman of Seth Green's reputation can find all his requirements in so limited an assortment of flies.

No fly-caster of experience in these waters would venture after the black bass with so meagre an artificial diet as that prescribed above. It not infrequently happens that the day's successful fly is found, not among the so-called killers, but in those little used. On one occasion, when our old friend "Rob Roy" was out with us we cast the "killers" faithfully over a long stretch of good bass ground without a rise. As a sort of forlorn hope our friend substituted a fly without any record, remarking that he had little confidence in it; but since all the others had failed, it was worth a trial. After a few casts a bass was taken. This was followed by a succession of strikes, and with each successful cast we heard a sort of suppressed chuckle which was not a little irritating to us, who did not at all relish the situation. As the "killing" fly was the only one of its kind in our books, we were forced to submit to the inevitable, consoling ourself with the reflection that if we had possessed that particular fly the order of things would have been reversed.

The Seth Green, Governor Alvord and Grizzly King are taking flies, and are always given a prominent place in our collection, not, however, to the exclusion of others, among which we would name the Silver Doctor, John Mann, Reuben Wood, and the magpie, which in these waters, at least, are equally good, if not better. None of the flies here mentioned should be absent from a good assortment of bass flies. Each is at times a killer.

In view of the experiences here related, we desire to impress on those who are acquiring the art the importance of having a well-stocked fly-book, lest by an overweening faith in authority, they have more failures to record than successes. J. G. J.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

LIME IN TROUT STREAMS.—Westfield, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some six or seven years ago the supply of trout in the streams here was found to be rapidly decreasing until it scarcely paid one to join his rod for a day's trouting. In 1881 the state of affairs was much improved. In 1882 still better were the reports and baskets brought in by anglers. In 1883 the brooks were literally alive with trout and catches of four to six pounds, and averaging three ounces per fish, were not uncommon, in fact an every day occurrence. In the years gone by when our streams were being so rapidly depleted it was an open secret that certain parties were netting and also that one man in particular had used lime on all the best brooks, thereby destroying all the small fry in order to fill his paunch for once. At the time nothing was done. We had not then the powerful influence of the Rod and Gun Club. Then our streams began to show the effects of being fairly dealt with, and the heart of the angler was made glad. But alas now it is the old story, our trout have been going, going, and in the last few weeks the work has been on a wholesale scale. Within the month of June, Powder Mill, Sandy Hill and other famous brooks have been completely cleaned out by the aid of drugs. What do you think of sixteen and a half pounds of catches of dressed trout, and another of fourteen pounds in a few hours', angling (claimed) in brooks run to low water mark by recent drouths, and then when the rains come and the brooks rise our best anglers seek in vain for a single rise? The instigator and perpetrator of this infamous work is well known, although no convicting proof is yet to hand, and of what account would it be if obtainable? A fine of $10 for poisoning a stream, that's all, while for netting a fine of five to twenty dollars is the penalty for each trout so taken.—TROUT.

NEW ORLEANS FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Dr. W. C. Ayres, the gentleman who has of late published in these columns a proposition to inaugurate a fly-casting tournament, has prepared a list for entries to the different kinds of casting, which is at Rhodes's, 55 St. Charles street, ready for signatures. Dr. Ayres has arranged for ten entries for each class. The different entries are as follows: 1. Rod and reel casting; light sinker, one ounce. 2. Rod and reel casting; heavy sinker, 2½ ounces. 3. Hand-line casting. 4. Catching pounds of silver fish. Catching pounds of redfish; trout, green and speckled; sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, pompano, etc., until the end of the fishing season (average of times fishing and fish caught). 6. Combination of simple casting as one point (for any fish) and actual capture of same fish also one point of 1.00. In endeavoring to organize a tournament of this kind the Doctor is solely influenced by a love of the sport; he does not believe that he is a better angler than anybody else, but as some one has to make a start in a matter of this kind he determined to make the effort. The Doctor deserves the support of the followers of this delightful sport, who should lose no time in entering one or more of the different classes. By bringing the fishermen together many pleasant and interesting contests could be arranged similar to those that have made the competitions between hunters, for instance, so popular. Dr. Ayres is an Orleanian, but during the last fifteen years has lived in Europe and New York. In the North he belonged to clubs which participated in these casting tournaments, which are beneficial and highly enjoyable.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

THE FAILING CONNECTICUT.—The Connecticut River, given over to the timber-drivers, has become a canal. Reefs are blasted out. Bulkheads are built to turn the current into the central channels. The melting snows, no longer held back in the spongy mosses of the forests, and the spring rains, are hurried swiftly down in the freshets which destroy property in the lower country. The freshets are utilized to bring down every spring the timber from thousands of acres, where no pine wood will ever grow again. The summer comes, hot and dry, with low water in the rivers, which were formerly full all the summer from the slow drain out of the dark shades in the upper country. The natural reservoirs, which thus gave out slowly their reservoirs of water, are gone, and all the water comes down with a rush after every rain. Manufacturing companies everywhere have found it necessary to make artificial reservoirs to take the place of the lost natural reservoirs. Hills that were once forest-covered are bleak masses of rock, growing drier year by year. If there was ever an instance of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, it is in this method of treating our Northern forests. In hundreds of valleys where water was abundant in former years, the waterline in the ground is below the reach of ordinary wells. The tendency is toward that condition which in a century or two will compel a resort to irrigation for ordinary agricultural purposes.—*Dr. W. C. Prime, in the Journal of Commerce.*

ANOTHER BLACK PRINCE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 2, C. E. Hart asks for a description of the Black Prince trout fly, and refers to a letter of "Sport's" about that fly. Mr. Hart states that he cannot find the fly in Orvis's or Conroy's selection of flies. He certainly cannot have read carefully the articles on the "Most Killing Fly" that have been published in the FOREST AND STREAM for the last three months. In "Sport's" first article in answer to mine about the best fly for the Colorado trout, he described the fly, but did not name it. I did so in my next communication on trout flies. The Black Prince is a fly with black wings, black hackle, black body with gold twist, and a small red tail. It is a good fly for the trout in question, but not nearly as good as the coachman. I could give in this letter the address of the tackle dealer from whom I buy the Black Prince, but prudence tells me not to do so; for a somewhat lengthy and bitter experience has taught me that it is dangerous to mention in a paper the names of dealers in fishing tackle, as you are at once accused of favoritism and of giving the dealer free advertising for "value received." However, if Mr. Hart will drop me a line, care of FOREST AND STREAM, I shall be pleased to give him the address of the man from whom I buy the fly referred to.—CYRTONYX (Fort Stanton, New Mexico). [This is the third different description of this fly. Next.]

BLACK BASS IN TROUT WATERS.—The following letter was written by our correspondent, Mr. A. N. Cheney, to Mr. C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., and printed in the Montpelier *Argus and Patriot*. It contains such a vigorous protest against putting bass in trout waters that it cannot be too widely read: "Glens Falls, N. Y., June 13, 1885.—Mr. Chas. F. Orvis: I was somewhat surprised to learn from your letter that an effort was being made to introduce the black bass into the waters of that portion of Vermont in which you reside. It strikes me that those who contemplate this action have not looked into the future 'far as human eye can see,' for the introduction of black bass is the death knell of the trout. As you know, I am a strong advocate of this dusky fish, and have sung its praises in print for at least a decade, but I advise you to protest strongly against its being put into waters that contain trout, or waters that are near trout streams or ponds. With all my love for the bass, I should not like to hear that he had made his advent in the 'beautiful Ondawa,' Bowden Pond, or other waters near you, for they are natural trout waters, and not such as the bass would select if he could make his choice. I have the pleasant recollection of the trout that, with you, I caught in Bowen Pond and the Ondawa, but the bass would prove far more deadly than did the flies that we cast with our rods. The trouble is that when black bass are once introduced into a portion of country no one can tell how far they will spread. If you place half a dozen mature black bass in a pond they will stock it, be it a pond with an area of five acres or five hundred, and they will clean out all the other fish it may contain, for no other fish can stand against them. I have seen a two pound bass whip a five pound pike (not your Champlain pike, but *Esox lucius*, the 'fresh-water shark'). The trout are disappearing from off the face of this portion of our continent fast enough from natural causes, without the aid of the fighting bass. Hold on to your trout as long as you can, but when they are gone put in the bass, if you like. Say that bass are put into a pond that seems suitable for them, and where you would be glad to have them. Some day an enthusiastic angler will put a few live four or five inch bass into his bait pail, and on his way home from a day's fishing drop them into another pond or stream, and they always locate to stay. Near here is a pond of spring water, with no outlet or inlet, and with a depth of sixty feet. A few local anglers thought lake trout would thrive in the pond and 16,000 were deposited. About the same time, unknown to us, a man put into the same pond three black bass. The trout did well for a year, and then the bass ate them up to the last fish, and they are in possession to this day. These, remember, were lake trout that inhabit deep waters, but the pond was three-quarters of a mile long, instead of twenty miles, and there was not room for both species. Raquette Lake, in the Adirondacks, was a fine lake for lake and brook trout when I fished it twenty years ago, and for years after; black bass were introduced, and spread out into Blue Mountain, Utowana, Eagle, Forked, Little Forked, Long and other lakes, driving the trout before them as they advanced, and no one can tell where the limit of their distribution is to be. Last winter our Legislature passed a law making it a misdemeanor to deposit black bass in waters inhabited by trout; this became necessary because of the facts I have stated above. If you wish 'horrible examples' of the black bass destroying trout I can furnish them. In great bodies of water like Lake George, in this State, the bass and lake trout live together, because one lives in shallow and the other in the deepest water in the lakes; but the habits of the brook trout would cause them to try and live in the same circles with the bass, and make a miserable failure of it. You have probably read Mr. Mather's description in FOREST AND STREAM of the Wilmurt Lake speckled trout. From his description of these fish in a personal letter, and Mr. Flanagan's account in the Utica *Observer*, I was at once reminded of the trout we had caught in Bowen Pond. The two waters are situated each on the top of a mountain, and in appearance the trout are similar; both feed on insects or their larvæ, which Mr. Blackford says make the Wilmurt trout superior to any trout he has ever eaten, and as he has eaten trout from all over the globe, he ought to be a judge. Mr. Mather says the same. I hope Bowen Pond will not make the acquaintance of my friend the gamy black bass; there is room enough for him without invading the haunts of the trout. Yours very truly, A. N. Cheney."

THE NEW JERSEY BASS NETTERS.—Paterson, N. J., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last week's issue "Index" expresses a fear that James Gilbert and Frederick Goldby, two men fined twenty-five dollars for netting bass, will escape on the plea that an Oswego bass is not a black bass. I do not think that there is any danger of that. Neither filed any notice of appeal, and when the time fixed by law for filing notice and bond had expired, the justice before whom the case was tried issued a commitment. Gilbert paid his fine, but Golby allowed his wife to run the saloon and went to jail, declaring he would stay thirty years if necessary before he paid his fine. He served out three days and then paid up. Half the fine in cases of this kind goes to the prosecution, and twenty-five dollars of cash, formerly belonging to Gilbert and Goldby, is now in my hands as secretary of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, ready to prosecute the next man who violates the law The accused have lost their right of appeal. The previous owner of this net paid the Association twelve dollars and fifty cents and the county a similar sum for the fun he had with this net; and the Association is contemplating the purchase of a few more nets to be judiciously distributed for the purpose of raising more funds by convicting the users of them.—CHAS. A. SHRINER.

DEVIL FISH IN TEXAS.—Galveston, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The people of this place were astonished the other day to see six enormous ray or devil fishes in the Gulf of Mexico at the foot of Tremont street near the beach. They were between the second and third bars, and how they got there nobody seemed to know nor care, as they were evidently waiting for high tide to leave for deeper regions. The whole beach was lined with horsemen and others on foot, firing at them with revolvers, shotguns, repeating rifles, etc. A detachment of the Sealy Rifles were also practicing on them. The fish were about twenty-five or thirty feet long and about six feet in width Col. Sinclair, one of our popular citizens, is laying plans for their capture, and if caught I will write further about them. The fish were evidently washed down from the Atlantic Ocean into the Gulf of Mexico. It beats anything I ever saw. A large sawfish was caught here the other day by some fisherman.—REDBREAST. [The devil fish spoken of is the *Manta birostris* of Jordan and Gilbert, or *Cephaloptera vampyrus* of Mitchell.]

EAGLE AND GOGEBIC WATERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By your issue of July 9 I see Dr. J. A. Henshall intends visiting the famous Eagle Waters of Wisconsin this week. While July is not the best month in which to catch the mascalonge, no one wishes the Doctor better success than I, and I trust he will not leave until he settles forever the discussion which has been carried on so warmly in one of our Western papers quite recently by those who think they know and yet who differ so widly in their opinion as to the fish caught there. I hardly dare breathe my opinion, but if the Doctor does not find it a different fish than the St. Lawrence mascalonge, strongly resembling the English jack, then my knowledge gathered from different articles read is of no value even to myself. I saw a 28-pounder caught, and thirteen others that had been taken from a neighboring lake the same day, and I am willing to testify that all were shaded a most beautiful green. Some authorities claim there is no green on a mascalonge, or will they admit that mascalonge, like trout, vary in color according to the water and its surroundings in which they live? I trust the Doctor will look after the bass in Gogebic also, and enlighten those of us who have fished its waters, to which species they belong, the small mouth or razor backs. If to the latter, I must say they razor around in fine shape with the fly, and the Simon-pure fisherman asks for no better sport than the landing of a couple of 3-pounders with a light tackle. The Gogebic Forest and Stream Club start on their annual tour the first week in August. Last season they were the first large party of white campers at the lake, and of course, had the cream of the fishing, but a large percentage of those who have since visited the lake belong to that class called pot-hunters, skinners, etc., who, not satisfied to enjoy the sport of catching the fish, they must let their bones bleach on the shore. How long will the people put up with robbers of our outdoor sports?—NIMROD.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—July 18.—Beasley's Point and Summers Point fishermen had two days of good sport during the past week squidding for small bluefish or taylors, just inside the inlet on the flood tide. The fish, however, did not weigh over a pound, but the breeze was a good one, and the many sailboats out made it exciting. Weakfishing has been good at this point lately, many big fish having been taken at the turn of the main channel of the bay. The fish oil factory at Great Egg Harbor is doing a very meager business this year, owing to the scarcity of menhaden. It really looks as if many of these works would have to shut down. The porpoise fishing company at Cape May has sold out its net or patent trap for some reason. I learn, however, this movement was necessary owing to some trouble among the stockholders, and that a reorganization with improved nets is about to take place. For a great wonder, good weakfishing has been had at Atlantic City this week. One would suppose that the continual seine-hauling in the thoroughfares about this watering place which seems necessary to supply the large population of this city by the sea during the summer months would have ruined line fishing this season, but I hear, on the contrary, of some immense catches with bait. One cannot go astray anywhere on the New Jersey coast this month, if good fishing is desired. Excellent reports come from all the inlets. All varieties are plentiful save the bluefish. Perhaps they will show themselves later on.—HOMO.

SNAGGING BUFFALO AND CATFISH.—The river and streams are muddy and swollen, but there never has been such fishing, or rather so many fish, here as there is at present. The high water having enabled them to pass over the dam below here, they have found their progress checked by the higher dam at this place, and for two weeks past there have been incalculable numbers taken. The fishing is kept up day and night, and it is estimated that there are from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds taken daily. The place is becoming notorious, and is thronged with anglers from far and near, though the mode of catching them cannot be called angling, at least in an artistic sense. The fish are mostly catfish and buffalo, and from five to fifty pounds in weight. The most successful method of taking them is by snagging. Several immense hooks are tied together, forming a sort of a grappling hook; this is fastened to a line which would answer for a clothes line, tied to a very stout rod or pole, and dragged around (no bait is used) until it fastens upon a fish. The angler then braces himself, and if the fish is large, calls on a friend to assist him, when after a great deal of lusty tugging the fish is drawn out amid the cheers of the crowd.—VIOLET S. WILLIAMS (Coralville, Iowa, June 20).

COLORADO TROUT STREAMS.—Salida, Col., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of the 9th inst "H. B.," Topeka, Kan., inquires for trout streams in the vicinity of Cañon City. To those you mention allow me to add the South Arkansas and branches, which at present is affording fine sport, also Chalk Creek, which I have tried lately, with good success, both nearer Cañon than Cottonwood. Also allow me to correct you as to the size of hooks to be used. At present coachman, governor, brown hen, brown hackle (peacock body) and gray hackle (peacock body) will be found the best, and don't under any circumstances use larger than a No. 10 hook. I speak from a five years' experience in these waters and use 10 and 12 altogether. "H. B." will find it no easy matter to catch our trout unless acquainted with their ways, but can catch them with bait in the main Arkansas anywhere above Cañon City. Should he come to Salida I can assist him to some good sport, if he is an angler. Novices usually fail in their first endeavors with the fly, but can have better success with bait, although I can't recommend it as sport.—KOKOMO.

NETTING IN JAMAICA BAY.—New York, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to call your attention to the use of nets at Rockaway Inlet, etc., which accounts for the excessively poor fishing there has been there this season. As an advocate of anglers, will you enter the field and protest loudly against this outrage? There must be a law preventing this, and if so, let us see the constable enforce it; and if he is not strong enough, many of the frequenters of Jamaica Bay would volunteer their aid. If, on the other hand, there is not such a law, then wide publicity may perhaps open the eyes of our Albany Solons and have them make one. Sound the cry. To you, and only you, do we owe the stopping of hounding; so follow your success with the stoppage of indiscriminate netting in the only waters left accessible to New York and Brooklyn anglers.—BROOKLYNITE.

"KINGFISHER'S" papers will be continued in an early issue.

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., July 14.—Our fishing continues good, and all hands are happy. The water is very high and cool for this season of the year, and the trout have not been obliged to go to the spring brooks for cold water. Many large trout were taken in the rapids of the outlet in the first ten days of July by Professors Newbury and Tuttle, of Cornell, and through June many were taken in the lake trolling with flies. This is a very nice way to fish, as it requires very little exertion; and, you know, a good fisherman is a very lazy man. This may raise the dander of some who have worked a week for one trout. At the request of the boys I have kept the score of the fish caught in the lake and inlet and outlet, which were brought to the house. The number caught by parties fishing the outlet for a day we know nothing of. The score for May was 4,941 brook trout, 76 salmon trout; June, 2,113 brook trout, 15 salmon trout; July (twelve days), 978 brook trout. There has not been so little trolling for salmon trout in any season since I lived here (thirteen years); all hands like brook trout fishing the best. Very few small trout have been brought in.—A. R. FULLER.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., July 10.—The fishing for bass and trout in the Intermediate Lakes and their neighboring streams, seems better this season than for some time past. Several good catches of bass are reported, though few hereabout have done much fishing as yet. I forward a copy of the Bellaire *Breeze*, of July 9, with an item stating that Messrs. Briant, of Stanton, and Cheney, of Saginaw, took home from an excursion on the Cedar River some 200 trout of good size. Another "local" relates to an accident with a double-bitted axe, and may serve as a corollary to the note I lately sent you on that subject.—KELPIE.

HOW TO CATCH CRAYFISH.—If "W. L. A." will take an ordinary minnow net, tie a piece of fresh beef in the bottom, and drop it into the water where there are crayfish he will soon have more than he has any use for. They will fasten greedily to the meat, and will not let go until taken off.—G. H. MORGAN.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—Last week Mr. Thomas Chalmers took a shad with the fly in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, and one was taken by another gentleman. The season is not fairly open. The water may fall some this week and bring it right for sport. It continues high, but unless heavy rains set in it must fall.

TINKLEWATER PROTECTED.

TINKLEWATER is really but an apology for a stream. On an ordinary map you might search in vain for it and never find it. It only assumes some proportions on the township map, where the ambitious surveyor has made a Himalaya out of a range of little hills and a drain assumes the proportions of the Amazon. Tinklewater, it is believed, rises from the overflow of Farmer Brown's dairy, where a spring actually exists; but when that excellent woman Mrs. Brown has a heavy wash a drought sets in for Tinklewater. Little boys, intent on floating chip boats, sometimes dam up Tinklewater, and have been known to come home with wet feet. At certain seasons of the year Tinklewater quite disappears, and is only remembered by the dry gutter it has left behind it. Still Tinklewater has an outlet. With no body to speak of it has a mouth, and when it does occasionally flow it is then supposed to empty itself into Bogwash Pond. Bogwash is important, for an enterprising miller has imprisoned its water, and he runs a small grist mill. It is possible that had there been no Tinklewater there never would have been a Bogwash.

No one would ever have heard, then, of Tinklewater if not for the Tinklewater Anglers' Association. The Tinklewater Anglers' Association may be said to have made Tinklewater famous. The members of that organization did not deepen the channel of the little stream, or embank it, or stock it with fish. All they did was to hold a series of meetings, enlist the services of the local newspaper, and advertise Tinklewater. "At last," wrote the newspaper, "our beautiful Tinklewater is about to receive the attention due to it. No longer will the true lovers of sport be prevented from enjoying a day's amusement. No longer will the speckled beauties be hauled out of our ombrageous (*sic*) Tinklewater, and exhibited on the slabs of the New York fish dealers. By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that our enterprising fellow-citizen, Peter Black, has in stock a thoroughly assorted line of angling implements. Give him a call."

Now, if the facts are sifted down to the bottom, it is doubtful whether there ever had been a trout in Tinklewater. Twenty-five years before the present date some ambitious man had conceived the idea of building a summer hotel not far from Tinklewater. Having only broken the ground for his edifice, he had a flaming prospectus printed, into which "Splendid Trout Fishing" had been introduced, but the hotel never was finished. How was it possible that a mere rivulet that ran as warm in summer as newly-drawn milk could have trout? Still the Tinklewater Anglers' Association voted unanimously that if there were no trout in their dribble of water, there ought to be, and it was moved and carried that the absence of trout in Tinklewater was entirely due to the New York fish dealers.

Now had Tinklewater any fish in it? When after a heavy rain the miller at Bogwash had more water than he wanted and closed his sluices, some few fish did run into Tinklewater. There was the catfish, the eel, an occasional sucker, the prettily banded sunfish, minnows in abundance, and the rarer perch. To catch a perch was an event. It was wonderful how many names were given that perch. Everybody called it by a different name. Some insisted that it was a trout, others that it was a bass, while a traveled person, who had once seen the ocean at a distance, called it a "sweet water codfish."

All the trouble about Tinklewater arose in this way: The daughter of the President of the Tinklewater Anglers' Association, an exceedingly pleasant and pretty young lady, invited several friends to spend a week with her, and at once a fishing party was proposed. The Tinklewater Angling Association had been quite a dead concern before this young lady, having finished her studies, came to live in her father's house at Tinklewater Cross Roads. Armed with their fishing poles, the young ladies fished Tinklewater and caught nothing. Had there even been an occasional catfish, the pretty anglers were too unskilled to catch it. Perhaps there were other sources of disappointment, as certain young gentlemen who had promised to be present were ungallant enough not to present themselves. Anyhow, the daughter of the President of the Tinklewater Anglers' Association came home without a fish, flushed and angry.

At once she went to her father. "What," she wanted to know, "is the use of your being the President of an anglers' association when here was the Tinklewater without a fish in it? Why don't you do something? That was the way with men. They fussed over things, and talked over things, and never did anything. There was that anglers' association, of which you have been President for years? What's the use of such an old fogy concern? I wish you had some women among your officers, then we would wake you up."

"Why, my dear," answered the President, "to my certain knowledge I haven't fished for twenty years, and I don't

know one kind of a fish from another. Sometimes, just for the name of the thing, a member of the association drops a line in Tinklewater, but I never heard of his catching more than three fish in three hours, though the newspaper always writes about it as if it were one of the most remarkable events. It's a pleasant old association however, and we meet two or three times a year and smoke in our rooms and play poker and read the sporting prints. To tell the honest truth, I take but a very passing interest in it, but we have lately got a new member, that's Podgers, the lawyer. I don't know how much of a fisherman he is. I don't think he owns a rod himself, but he is a very energetic kind of a fellow. I think he's fishing more for political capital than for suckers. He is an agitator, so he is. You might talk to him. He runs things in the association, and he is always having a law amended or is tinkering at our constitution. We don't take much interest in it, so he does pretty much as he pleases. I will have him up here, girls, and then state your grievances. What's the use, anyhow, of trying to fish in Tinklewater and getting yourselves hot and freckled?"

But the daughter of the most important man at Tinklewater Cross Roads was not to be put down in that way. "It's the greed of the great cities that destroys our rural rights! What do they care in New York whether we can have a day's fishing here or not? Our interests are no longer to be sacrificed. We have been trampled on long enough. I am not selfish. It is not alone Tinglewater I look at—yet there must be thousands of other streams like it in the State which have no fish in them. We must, we shall, we will have fish in them. By all means bring us your Mr. Podgers."

Podgers was invited to tea. At once the young lady told her griefs, and laid the case of the Tinklewater fishing excursion before Podgers.

Podgers, who was a good listener, at once seized the main points of the young lady's arguments. It was her disinterestedness, so he told her, which was so noble. "You are not speaking for Tinklewater, but for every river and lake in the State. Yours is a noble work. I am with you heart and soul. Is not the father of one of your friends a member of the Legislature?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the young lady.

"That's the lever we will work upon. To think of the indignity of the thing! The daughter of an Assemblyman comes to Tinklewater and can't catch a siugle fish, and why?"

As the young lady did not know exactly the reason she could not answer. "I will tell you why. Because the shad that once swam in its pellucid waters have been taken away; likewise the bluefish. Salmon may have sported there, and why not the Spanish mackerel?"

"Why not?" chimed in the young lady.

"Lobsters, too, may have swarmed there; even porpoises. It is not improbable that the lordly bass cut through the wave of our Tinklewater."

"Exactly, and to-day all the possibilities of our beautiful Tinklewater have been destroyed," added the young lady.

"Now, what is to be done?" asked Podgers.

"What's to be done?" echoed the young lady.

"We will agitate the question. Tinklewater is ours, and the absence of the fish in it arises solely from the fact that our interests are sacrificed. Tinklewater shall be preserved. The preservation of Tinklewater includes the preservation of the State. No longer shall that huge maw of New York prevent a charming young lady and her invited guests from having a day's innocent pleasure. Here is my plan of campaign. Get your friend to write to her father. I will dictate the letter. Then your father, as the president of the Anglers' Assocition, will indorse my action. It is only a question of some labor, of a little persistence, and then the name of the Tinklewater Anglers' Association will ring through the land." At once over the strawberries and cream the plan for the protection of Tinklewater was perfected.

After that there seems to have been no difficulty in having the law passed at Albany. Although it might have been conclusively shown that Tinklewater never sent an ounce of fish to New York markets, notwithstanding the positive assurance that the most important of all the fish, a striped bass, never had been caught in Tinklewater, that they were as foreign to the streams of that portion of New York as were seals or walrus, nevertheless the law was passed and sanctioned by the Governor.

"It's a darned shame," said the legislator, "that my daughter Julia Jane can't have her day's fun out of Tinklewater—and the poor child went there and fished all day and didn't catch a thing. See the letter she wrote me about it? Podgers worked it up. He's a smart one. Guess he's looking after votes around that Tinklewater country. I don't eat much fish myself, save dried cod on a Friday, but I go in for my gal's sake for preventing them New York people from getting the better of us."

So the gush of Julia Jane, somewhat modified by Podgers, went the rounds of the Assembly, and though not one of the legislators had the faintest conception of what kind of fish he was protecting, where it came from, or its importance as food, striped bass was ruled out of New York for almost five months in the year.

The law injured the business of the fish dealers in the State to the amount of thousands of dollars, drove the trade to other cities, but the waters of Tinklewater were protected.

The daughter of the president of the Tinklewater Anglers' Association, it must be said, is perfectly unconscious of the mischief she has done. She will probably fish in Tinklewater, at the least, once a year for some time to come, and whether the stream is protected or not, neither she nor anybody else will ever catch anything but an occasional catfish there.—*New York Times.*

Fishculture.

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SOME OBJECTIVE POINTS IN FISHCULTURE.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY M. MCDONALD.

I DO not propose in this paper, here presented to the consideration of the members of the American Fisheries Society, either to describe the apparatus, discuss the methods, or estimate the results accomplished by the work of artificial propagation and planting of fish in the inland, river, and coast waters of the United States.

These topics have been and will be discussed during the progress of our meetings, by gentlemen much better qualified to instruct and interest you than I profess to be.

Your attention is invited not to what fishculture has already accomplished, but rather to what remains to be done, before we can consider its mission ended.

It is proposed, as briefly as may be, to indicate the objective points yet unattained, toward which our efforts, energies and investigations should be directed, and to suggest some of the agencies which must be invoked and which must co-operate in dealing with the important question, how shall we restore our inland, coast and ocean fisheries to their former abundance and maintain them at a maximum of production?

Less than a generation ago fishculture was an art, rude in appliances, crude in its methods, sentimental rather than practical in its aims, and insignificant in its results. To-day it confronts us as an industrial and economical question of the first rank—too grave in its issues, too vital in its relations to be ignored or disregarded.

In its inception, the artificial propagation of certain species of *Salmonidæ*, with the view of planting them in depleted streams in which the species was native or indigenous, was the aim and limit of fishculture as then understood and practiced.

The fishculture of to-day, broader in its aims, grander in its achievements, more rational in its methods and infinite in its possibilities, finds in the artificial propagation and planting of fish but one of the means to an end. This resource places at our command, in measure without stint, the seed of the harvest; we may scatter it broadcast in rivulet and river, in pond and lake and tidal waters, but whether the seed thus sown will grow and ripen to a full fruition depends upon conditions which must be studied, interpreted and defined, and where unfavorable, modified or eliminated.

We should be prepared, therefore, to appreciate and provide for the wide range of inquiry and investigation we, as a society, are called upon to suggest, to foster, or to inaugurate.

PHYSICAL AND BIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

Each species with which we have to deal has a life history of its own. In its manner or mode of reproduction and development, in its habits, food and habitat, it is in essential relations to its environment. Our success in repopulating our rivers with species indigenous to them and in acclimating in new waters species which are valuable for food or sport, will be measured by the fidelity and precision with which we study, interpret, and apply the lessons taught us by the naturalist, the biologist, the physicist and the chemist.

It should be the business of this Society to enlist in its service or to invite to co-operation in its work all those whose intellectual activities find occupation and engrossment in studies and investigations, which may seem to the casual observer to have no practical application, but which are just as essential to the accomplishment of the work we have set before us, as is the artificial propagation and planting of fish; for upon the right interpretation of such investigations depends success or failure in the practical work of fishculture.

The biologist with his microscope is needed to reveal to eye and comprehension the marvellous story of embryonic development, and interpret and define the conditions which are favorable or unfavorable. With the thermometer in hand, the physicist marks out the paths traversed by the wandering schools of fish in the pathless ocean, and circumscribes the limits beyond which they may not pass.

With balance and reagents, the chemist appreciates those infinitesimal differences of salinity or composition, which may and do determine the presence or absence of certain species in certain areas of water. Nearly all departments of science may be, indeed must be, laid under contribution to furnish us the data upon which to build our conclusions.

REGULATION AND PROTECTION OF THE FISHERIES BY LAW.

Another important subject which should enlist the attention and engage the efforts of this society is the securing, through State or Federal legislation, of the enactment and enforcement of such laws as will regulate the seasons of fishing, the methods and apparatus of capture, and conserve, as far as may be, favorable natural conditions of reproduction.

It is true there are upon our statute books now laws without number seeking to regulate the fisheries. Usually these laws are dead letters, mere forceless verbiage. In some cases framed in ignorance, or dictated by the private interest which, for the time, dominates in the legislative assembly, they invite the very evils they seek to remedy.

Public sentiment everywhere has awakened to the necessity of rational legislation in reference to our fisheries. The fish-cultural and fish-protective associations, and the numerous fishing or angling clubs, in organized and active existence in all the States, are composed of men who are intelligent, educated and interested. They largely mould, direct and voice the public sentiment which suggests and controls legislation. It is the function—I may say it is the business—of this Society, both as a body and through individual members and co-workers, to stimulate inquiry and investigation in every direction, to collect, digest, and interpret the data thus obtained, and be prepared to suggest and recommend necessary legislation in the interest of the fisheries.

To secure the enactment of such legislation, all these associations, societies, and clubs should be brought into sympathy with our aims, and into co-operation with our efforts. As organized bodies or as individual members, they should become integral factors in the organization and work of this Society.

STATISTICS OF THE FISHERIES.

A third important objective point to be aimed at by this Society is to secure the institution by the National Government of measures to collect each season complete statistical returns of the fisheries. Such data are of the greatest importance in giving us a measure of the improvement or depreciation of our fisheries year by year and in appreciating and interpreting local fluctuations in the fisheries. I may add that the want of authentic statistical data of the sea fisheries has already cost the general Government not less than $5,000,000 under the provisions of the reciprocity treaty now in force between the United States and Canada.

Like questions of reciprocity and compensation may arise at any time between our own Government and the Canadian or other foreign governments. An accurate statistical presentation of the extent and value of our own sea fisheries, which we should always be prepared to furnish, will be our best protection against the extravagant demands and unwarranted concessions which have been asked and yielded in the name of reciprocity.

A consideration of the objective points in fishculture, a few of which are here briefly brought to your attention, will give some idea of the extent of the field which is to be exploited before this Society, and the agencies which it may enlist in organized and concerted action, shall have accomplished the mission committed to it.

Of the importance of this mission I need hardly speak. The necessity of utilizing every food resource of land and water grows more urgent as populations increase. It is an economical necessity that sea and lake, pond and river, should be brought up to and maintained at a maximum production, and to this Society is largely committed the satisfactory solution of this important question of political economy. When the methods of artificial propagation have been so perfected and cheapened as to be justified even from the standpoint of the utilitarian; when the conditions of success in breeding and rearing fish have been so well established and secured that we may be sure that the seed sown shall ripen to a productive harvest; when insurmountable obstructions no longer bar our migratory fishes from access to their spawning grounds or hinder the free circulation of the resident species in our rivers; when factories no longer discharge their poisonous waste into our rivers, so that they may flow from their mountain sources unpolluted to the sea; when the modes and apparatus of fishing are so regulated and restrained by law as not to tax too severely natural resources for recuperation and the permanent productiveness of the fisheries is thus established, then the aggressive mission of this Society will have, in a measure, ended.

It will still remain for us, by incessant watchfulness, vigilance and supervision, to conserve the important results which our efforts will have accomplished.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—The following is an extract from a letter to Prof. Baird: "Berneuchen, June 22, 1885. Dear Sir: You will be interested to know that my thirteen black bass have spawned, and that I have caught 11,800 of the fry and placed them into ponds that have no other fish. I am now almost certain that this fish will be plentiful in a few years in my neighborhood.—M. v. d. BORNE.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—The Glens Falls, N. Y. *Republican* says: A few of the salmon from the fry placed in the Clendon brook by the U. S. Fish Commissioners a year ago last May have been caught lately, and, as required by law, placed in the water again. The specimens taken measured from four to six inches. They are silvery white, with bright red spots the size of a large pin-head an eighth of an inch apart running along the lateral line. These salmon will disappear next summer and find their way through the Hudson to salt water, when, after the lapse of a year or two, they will return as near to the waters where their babyhood was spent as possible to spawn. Whether they will succeed in coming through the foul waters of New York Bay remains to be seen. The bright red speckles will also disappear, and in place of the speckles black spots more generally distributed will appear. One hundred thousand of these fish have been placed in the Clendon Brook, the last invoice of which arrived two months ago. If this experiment proves successful, salmon fry will undoubtedly be placed in larger quantities in all the tributaries of the Hudson hereabouts.

PROTECT THE LOBSTER.—Maine lobster-canning establishments have closed earlier than usual this season, on account of the scarcity of the crustaceans. The fact carries another warning, if any were needed, of the danger that this valuable shellfish will become extinct unless strict measures for its preservation are enforced. Possibly the close-time and ten-inch laws were enacted too late or are insufficient to repair the ravages caused by the demand to which the progress of the canning business has given rise within a year. Even a complete cessation, by common consent, of lobster catching, except for the home market, for a few seasons would be preferable to the extinction which is threatened.—*Belfast (Me.) Republican Journal.*

CARP CULTURE.—We have a profusely illustrated pamphlet of 100 pages entitled "The A B C of Carp Culture," by Milton P. Peirce, published by A. I. Root, Medina, O., price fifty cents. The work is largely a collection of the author's scattered writings, and contains much that will be of value to those interested. The publisher is widely known as an enthusiastic bee man.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent. Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2519.**

STUD FEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication in your paper of July 16, signed "Surrey" (I should much prefer the real name of the writer) has been read by me.

As the owner of champion Graphic I chose to place his stud fee at $100, and I do not recognize the right of "Surrey" or any one else to find fault with the sum named, except that he or they are at liberty not to make application for the dog's services.

I imported Graphic solely for the use of my own bitches without any intention of placing him in the stud. He had no sooner arrived here than I was besieged with begging letters (I use the word "begging" advisedly) for his services at a nominal fee from owners of bitches I would not allow him to serve at any price, because they were not what I consider pointers. On the other hand, I was urged by many gentlemen (sportsmen) to place him in the stud even if I named a fee which would be prohibitory to owners of bitches of doubtful pedigrees and reputation. Not wishing to withdraw him entirely, as Mr. Lorillard has done some of his dogs, I thought I would allow him to serve a limited number of bitches. I believed the best guarantee I could have that the bitches were good would be the payment of the fee named, and that owners of nondescript animals would not be likely to pay it.

Furthermore, as I am not in the dog business, I do not propose keeping a secretary to look up and unravel the doubtful pedigrees of bitches that might be sent to him. When "Surrey" or any one else in this country can produce a dog four years old, or of any other age, that can show such a record himself or the get that Graphic can, both as winners at Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, at field trials and elsewhere, perhaps it will be time to compare stud fees with some other dogs I have in mind who are dear as stock getters at $10.

I will further add that when such breeders as Mr. Sam Price, Mr. Statter, Mr. J. E. Mason, Mr. Salter and others send their best field trial bitches to a dog in the stud, that dog needs no advocacy from any one on this side of the ocean. As I have before said, I did not import Graphic to make money out of him. I had intended dividing any money he might earn as future prizes at field trials and on the bench among puppies of his get. "Surrey" and others who are desirous of seeing what kind of spurs Graphic can win in this country, will have an opportunity, both in the field and on the bench, unless some accident befalls the dog, and will also have a chance to compare some of his get with others, both in next year's Derby and at the various shows. "Surrey" ought to know that champion Graphic's reputation is not alone confined to England, but that his get have been eagerly sought for in all quarters, Climax of Braunfels having won the puppy stakes at Berlin this year.

A winner of first in field trial classes and a championship in England mean something, and before a dog can even enter the latter class for competition, he must win at least seven first prizes at shows registered in or for the Kennel Club Stud Book—three of which must be in the challenge class, special and other prizes not counting.

How many of our so-called champions here would reach, do you think, even the challenge class in such company as Graphic

has uniformly had? He has won in every champion class in which he was ever entered, and he has been in that class in every important show since he was two years old, and besides defeated the then champion setter of England in the class for the best sporting dog of all classes. Compared to some pointers advertised here in the stud at $50, his services are cheap at $500. None of his progeny are throaty. None weedy. None gun shy. All have courage and most of them pace, and all, with scarcely an exception, are up to show form, having muscle, bone and quality combined.

When I purchased Graphic I had the choice (at much less figures) of many of the best dogs in England. I made diligent inquiry and found none combining so many good qualities in so great a degree as Graphic. Mated with proper bitches, the result of such breeding is not a matter of doubt, but as near certain as anything in the future can be.

In conclusion I desire to say that I am convinced that the pointer at no distant day will assume the position in this country to which he is justly entitled and which he to-day holds in England. The breeding of pointers is constantly progressing in the right direction, while setters have certainly not advanced in the same proportion of late years.

JAS. L. ANTHONY.

NEW YORK, July 17.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman, who is a native of the ever Green Isle, remarked to a New York friend a short time since, "We have a breed of dogs in Ireland that is extinct." The Irish Wolfhound Club of Great Britain has taken the matter in hand, and with commendable zeal is endeavoring to return this famous breed to its former state. Below we give our readers a well written account of the breed from the pen of Captain G. A. Graham, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the club, to which we add a list of the officers of the club, together with the standard of points:

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that this essay is entered upon, as there is a widely-spread impression that the breed to be treated of is extinct. That we are in possession of the breed in its original integrity is not pretended; at the same time it is confidently believed that there are strains now existing tracing back, more or less clearly, to the original breed; and it also appears to be tolerably certain that our modern deerhound is descended from that noble animal, and gives us a very fair idea of what he was, though undoubtedly considerably his inferior in size and power. Had it not been for these facts, the courage to write this article might have been wanting; but they appear to be so clear to the writer that he can proceed, with the feeling that most of his readers will perceive that he is amply justified in undertaking a history and description of this very magnificent example of the canine race—that, indeed, may be said to have been its king.

There have been several very interesting and clever essays written on this subject. Two of the ablest and most valuable were written by Mr. A. McNeill, of Colonsay, in 1838, and Mr. H. D. Richardson, in 1841. These treat exclusively of the Irish wolfhound, though in Mr. McNeill's case it is more to show the identity of the breed with the modern deerhound that he writes. Richardson, on the other hand, proceeds to show us that, though undeniably of the same stamp, the Irish dog was far superior in size and power, and that from him is descended, in these later days, the modern deerhound. Both these authors have shown considerable ability and ingenuity in their arguments, and no one can deny that they are worthy of every consideration. Richardson would appear to be in error on some points, but in the main his ideas would certainly appear to be reasonable and correct. That Richardson was highly qualified to offer a sound and most valuable opinion on the subject is proved by the very admirable manner in which he has treated of and described almost every known breed of dog, whether British or foreign. As yet his book is by far the best published on the dog—none excepted—though it is a modest and unpretending production. That we have in the deerhound the modern representative of the Irish wolfdog is patent, of less stature, less robust, and of slimmer form; the main characteristics of the breed remain, and in very exceptional instances specimens occur which throw back to and resemble in a marked manner the old stock from which they have sprung. It is not probable that our remote ancestors arrived at any very high standard as to quality or looks. Strength, stature and fleetness were the points most carefully cultivated—at any rate, as regards those breeds used in the capture of large and fierce game. It is somewhat remarkable that while we have accounts of all the noticeable breeds from a remote period, including the Irish wolfdog, we do not find any allusion to the deerhound, save in writings of a comparatively recent date, which would in a measure justify us in supposing that the deerhound is the modern representative of that superb animal.

It is a matter of history that this dog was well known to and highly prized by the Romans, who, we are led to understand, frequently used him in their combats in the arena, for which his great size, strength, and activity eminently fitted him.

It has always been a mooted point whether the Irish wolfdog was, strictly speaking, a greyhound, or was of a more robust form, approaching the mastiff. Let us, then, proceed to investigate the question.

Richardson tells us that "Pliny relates a combat in which the dogs of Epirus have a part. He describes them as much bigger than mastiffs, and of greyhound form, detailing an account of their contests with a lion and an elephant." This, he thinks, suffices to establish the identity of the Irish wolfdog with the far-famed dogs of Epirus! Strabo describes a large and powerful greyhound as having been in use among the Celtic and Pictish nations, and as being held in such high estimation by them as to have been imported into Gaul for the purposes of the chase. Silius describes a large and powerful greyhound as having been imported into Ireland by the Belgæ, thus identifying the Irish wolfdog with the celebrated Belgic dog of antiquity, which we read of in so many places as having been brought to Rome for the combats of the amphitheater.

Sir James Warr, in his "Antiquities of Ireland," thus writes regarding the Irish wolfdog about 1630 (?): "I must here take notice of those hounds which, from their hunting of wolves, are commonly called wolfdogs—being creature of great size and strength, and of a fine shape. I cannot but think that these are the dogs which Symmachus mentions in an epistle to his brother Flavonius. 'I thank you,' says he, 'for the present you have made me of some *Canes scotici*, which were shown at the Cirensian Games, to the great astonishment of the people, who could not judge it possible to bring them to Rome otherwise than in iron cages.' I am sensible that Mr. Burton (Itinery of Anton, 220), treading the footsteps of Justus Lipsius (epist. ad. Belg. Cant. i., p. 44), makes no scruple to say that dogs intended by Symmachus were British mastives. But with submission to great names, how could the British mastive get the appellation of Scoticus in the age Symmachus lived? For he was Consul of Rome in the latter end of the fourth century, at which time—and for some time before and for many centuries after—Ireland was well known by the name of Scotia, as I have shown before (chap. i.). Besides, the English mastive was no way comparable to the Irish wolfdog in size or elegant shape, nor would it make an astonishing figure in the spectacle exhibited in the Circus. On the other hand, the Irish wolfdog has been thought a valuable present to the greatest monarch, and is sought after and is sent abroad to all the quarters of the world; and this has been one cause why that noble creature has grown so scarce among us, as another is the neglect of the species since the extinction of wolves in Ireland, and even of what remain, the size seems to have dwindled from its ancient stateliness."

Warr also gives as a frontispiece to his book an allegorical representation of a passage from the Venerable Bede, in which two dogs are introduced, bearing a very strong resemblance to the Irish wolfdog or Scottish deerdog, in those days doubtless the same animal. The Venerable Bede was born 672, died 735.

It may be as well here to quote the following interesting extract from Richardson, culled by him from the *Irish Penny Journal:* "The Scoti, who were in possession of the island (Ireland) at the time of the introduction of Christianity, appear to have been to a great extent the successor of a people whose name and monuments indicate a close affinity with the Belgæ (a Teutonic tribe) of Southern Britain. A people also called Cruithore by the Irish annalists, who are identifiable with the Picts of Northern Britain, continued to inhabit a portion of the island distinct from the Scoti until after the Christian Mission; and it is observable that the names of mountains and remarkable places in that district still strikingly resemble the topographical nomenclature of those parts of North Britain which have not been affected by the Scotic conquest.

"The monuments and relics which attest the presence of the people considerably advanced in civilization at some period in Ireland, such as Cyclopean buildings, sepulchral mounds, containing stone chambers, mines, bronze instruments, and weapons of classic form and elegant workmanship, would appear to be referable to some of the predecessors of the Scoti, and indicate a close affinity between the earliest inhabitants of Ireland and that ancient people." Richardson then goes on to say we may infer then that, as Ireland was peopled by the Belgæ, the Belgic dog of antiquity was the source whence we derived our Irish greyhound.

We are informed by two very eminent authorities, the Venerable Bede and the Scottish historian Major, that Scotland was peopled from Ireland. We know that by the early writers Scotland was styled Scotia Minor, and Ireland Scotia Major, and it is scarcely necessary to make any remark as to the native languages of the primitive inhabitants of the two countries. The colonization therefore of Scotland from Ireland under the conduct of Renda being admitted, can we suppose that the colonists would omit taking with them specimens of such a noble and gallant dog, and one that must prove so serviceable to their emigrant masters, and that, too, at a period when men depended upon the chase for their subsistence? True, this is but an inference, but is it not to be received as a fact when we find that powerful and noble dog, the highland deerhound, a tall rough greyhound, to have been known in Scotland since its colinization? Formerly it was called the wolfdog, but with change of occupation came change of name. In Ireland wolves were certainly in existence longer than in Scotland, but when these animals ceased to exist in the former country, the wolf dogs became gradually lost. Not so in Scotland, where abundant employment remained for them even after the days of wolf hunting were over. The red deer still remained, and useful as had these superb dogs proved as wolfdogs, they became perhaps even more valuable as deerhounds."

Richardson then goes on to show us, from Ossian's poems, that such dogs appertained to the chieftains regarding whose prowess, etc., he sings; but the writer does not apprehend that any real value can be placed on Ossian's accounts prior to the date at which they professed to be issued in a collective form by MacPherson, viz., about 1770, as in the judgment of many persons competent to form a just opinion those poems almost entirely owe their origin to the prolific brains of the supposititious translator. Ossian is supposed to have flourished in the third century.

In the ninth century the Welch laws contained clauses entailing heavy penalties on any one found maiming or injuring the Irish greyhound, or, as it was styled in the code alluded to, "Canis Graius Hibernicus," and a value was set upon them equal to more than double that set on the ordinary greyhound.

Campden, about 1568, says, "The Irish wolfhound is similar in shape to a greyhound, bigger than a mastiff, and tractable as a spaniel."

Holinshed's, or rather Stainhurst's, description of Ireland, about 1560, contains this short account of the noble wolfdog: "Ireland is stored of cows, excellent horses, of hawks, fish, and fowl. They are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt."

Gough, in his edition of "Camden," published 1789, has this passage on a wolfhound: "Bishop affirmed that wolves still infested the wild and solitary mountains. Under the article of "Greyhounds," Mr. Camden (writing probably about 1530-60) seems to place the wolfhounds, which are remarkably large, and peculiar to this country."

In November, 1562, the Irish chieftain, Shane O'Neill (possibly an ancestor of the Lords O'Neill, to be alluded to as owning Irish wolfhounds later on) forwarded to Queen Elizabeth, through Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a present of two horses, two hawks and two Irish wolfdogs; and in 1585, Sir John Perrott, who was Deputy of Ireland from January, 1584, to July, 1588, sent to Sir Francis Walsingham, then Secretary of State in London, "a brace of good wolfdogs, one black, one white."

Later still, in 1608, we find that Irish wolfhounds were sent from Ireland by Captain Desmond, of Duncannon, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. When Sir Thomas Rowe was ambassador at the court of the great Mogul, in the year 1615, that Emperor desired him to send for some Irish greyhounds as the most welcome present he could make him. The foregoing are from an article on the Irish wolfhound, by Mr. Harting, that appeared in "Bailey's Magazine" for September, 1879.

Ware is one of the few old writers (1654) who has said anything on the Irish wolfdog, and his words are scanty. "Although we have no wolves in England, yet it is certain we have had heretofore routs of them as they have at present in Ireland. In that country I bred a race of greyhounds, which is fleet and strong, and bears a natural enmity to the wolf."

Evelyn, about 1660-70, says: "The Irish wolfhound was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, and did beat a cruel mastiff. The bulldogs did exceedingly well, but the Irish wolfdog exceeded." He was then describing the savage sports of the Bear Garden.

Ray, about 1697, describing the Irish greyhound, says: "The greatest dog I have yet seen, surpassing in size even the Molossus (Mastiff?) as regards shape of body and general character, similar in all respects to the common greyhound, their use is to catch wolves."

The writer would remark in passing that there is but little doubt that the ordinary greyhound of that date was a rough-coated dog.

Buffon, about 1750-60, speaks of these dogs as follows: "They are far larger than our largest Matins, and they are very rare in France. I have never seen but one, which seemed to me, when sitting quite upright, to be nearly five feet high, and to resemble in form the dog we call the Great Dane, but it differed from it greatly in the largeness of its size. It was quite white, and of a gentle and peaceable disposition."

From Goldsmith, about 1770, the following is extracted: "The last variety, and the most wonderful of all that I shall mention, is the great Irish wolfdog, that may be considered as the first of the canine species. This animal, which is very rare even in the only country in the world where it is found, is rather kept for show than use, there being neither wolves nor any other formidable beast of prey in Ireland to require so powerful an antagonist. The wolfdog is therefore bred up in the houses of the great, or such gentlemen as choose to keep him as a curiosity, being neither good for hunting the hare, the fox, nor the stag, and especially unserviceable as a house dog. Nevertheless he is extremely beautiful and majestic in appearance, being the greatest of the dog kind to be seen in the world. The largest of those I have seen—and I have seen about a dozen—was about four feet high, or as tall as a calf of a year old. He was made extremely like a greyhound, but more robust, and inclining to the figure of the French Mâtin or the Great Dane. His eye was mild, his color white, and his nature seemed heavy and phlegmatic; this I ascribed to his having being bred up to a size beyond his nature. The greatest pains have been taken with these to enlarge the breed, both by food and matching. This end was effectually obtained indeed, for the size was enormous, but, as it seemed to me, at the expense of the animal's fierceness, vigilance, and sagacity. However, I was informed otherwise; the gentleman who bred them assuring me that a mastiff would be nothing when opposed to one of them, who generally seized their antagonist by the back; he added that they would worry the strongest bulldog in a few minutes to death. But this did not appear either in their figure or their inclinations; they seemed rather more timid than the ordinary race of dogs, and their skin much thinner, and consequently less fitted for combat.

"Whether with these disadvantages they were capable, as I was told, of singly coping with bears, others may determine; however, they have but few opportunities in their own country of exerting their strength, as all wild, carnivorous animals there are of the vermin kind. Mons. Buffon seems to be of the opinion that these are the true Molossian dogs of the ancients; he gives us reason for his opinion, and I am apt to think it ill grounded. Nemesianus, in giving directions for the choice of a bitch, advises to have one of Spartan or Molossian breed, and among several other perfections he says that the ears should be dependant and fluctuate as she runs."

This is, however, by no means the case with the Irish wolfdog, whose ears resemble those of the greyhound, and are far from fluctuating with the animal's motions. But of whatever kind these dogs may be, whether known among the ancients or produced by a later mixture, they are now almost worn quite away, and are very rarely met with even in Ireland. If carried to other countries they soon degenerate, and even at home, unless great care be taken, they quickly alter. "They were once employed in clearing the island of wolves, which infested it in great plenty; but these being destroyed, the dogs also are wearing away, as if nature meant to blot out the species when they no longer had any services to perform." Brooke, in his "Natural History" of 1772, states: "The Irish wolfdog is as 'Ray' affirms, the highest dog he had ever seen; he being much larger than a mastiff dog, but more like a greyhound in shape." Smith, in his "History of Waterford" (1774), uses very similar words; "The Irish greyhound though formerly abounding in this country, is likewise become nearly extinct. This dog is much taller than the mastiff, but made more like a greyhound." Pennant (1776-81) informs us that the Irish greyhound—a variety once very frequent in Ireland, and used in the chase of the wolf, now very scarce—is a dog of great size and strength.

From Bewick (1792) we gather that "the Irish greyhound is the largest of the dog kind, and its appearance most beautiful. It is only to be found in Ireland, where it was formerly of great use in clearing that country from wolves. It is now extremely rare, and kept rather for show than use, being equally for hunting the stag, the fox, or the hare. These dogs are about three feet high, generally of a white or cinnamon color, and made somewhat like a greyhound, but more robust. Their aspect is mild; their disposition peaceful; their strength is so great that in combat the mastiff or bulldog is far from being equal to them. They mostly seize their antagonists by the back and shake them to death, which their great strength generally enables them to do." Mons. Buffon supposes the Great Danish dog to be only a variety of the Irish greyhound. About this time (1794) certain dogs, in the possession of the then Lord Altamont, were put forward as being Irish wolfdogs; but there appears to be no doubt whatever that these dogs were degenerate specimens of the Great Dane. Mr. Lambert, describing them to the Linnæan Society, stated that "they were the only ones in the kingdom; their hair was short and smooth, the color brown and white and black and white." An engraving of one of these dogs is given in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published in 1810, and it represents an underbred Great Dane, of dull and mild appearance. Richardson at one time was in error regarding these dogs, for he accepted them as being true specimens of the Irish wolfhound; but he was afterward, from careful inquiry and research, quite disabused of any such idea, and concluded that the Irish wolfhound was a rough greyhound of gigantic stature and immense power.

To suppose that these dogs were Irish wolfhounds was absurd to a degree, as that breed was known to be very scarce, whereas the Great Dane was (and is) to be met with in great numbers on the Continent.

The present Marquis of Sligo informed the writer about twelve years ago that he had often made inquiries from persons who had seen his father's dogs, and as far as their descriptions would enable one to judge, they rather resembled some of the German boarhounds, being rather like powerful shaggy greyhounds, but a good deal larger. It is probable that the shagginess was a mistake, as Mr. Lambert distinctly states them to have been smooth.

It is noticeable that Snyders has represented rough dogs of greyhound character in his pictures of boar hunts, as well as the smooth, spotted Great Danes. At the same time, though many inquiries have been made, such a thing as a genuine boarhound with a rough coat cannot be heard of.

E. Jesse tells us that the late Lord Derby purchased the portrait—in Mr. Lambert's possession—of one of Lord Altamont's dogs. Now, it is a well-ascertained fact that, in the face of this model (!), Lord Derby bred, as Irish wolfdogs, a very powerful and robust dog of deerhound character (!!), showing that he set small value on the picture as representing the true breed of Irish wolfdog.

In the "Encyclopædia Britannica" of 1797 we are shown a drawing of the Irish gre-hound, which represents a very thick-set, tall greyhound, with a rough coat and massive head; color apparently brindle or black and white.

The "Sportsman's Cabinet," a very valuable old book on dogs, of which there were but a limited number of copies published in 1803, and which is illustrated by very good engravings after drawings from life by Reinagle, R.A., says: "The dogs of Greece, Denmark, Tartary and Ireland are the largest and strongest of their species. The Irish greyhound is of very ancient race, and still to be found in some far remote parts of that kingdom, though they are said to be reduced even in their original climate. They are much larger than the mastiff; exceedingly ferocious when engaged." A remarkably spirited drawing is given of this dog, which, though faulty in some minor parts, gives us an admirable idea of what this grand dog was.

Notwithstanding the undoubted resemblance of this sketch to a gigantic rough greyhound of great power, the letterpress is continued to the effect that the dog is identical with the Great Dane—a totally different dog in appearance—which is manifestly absurd; and on the letterpress we can accordingly put no great stress, though the portrait undoubtedly has a real value. E. Jesse coincides in this opinion, as when speaking of the "Sportsman's Cabinet," he says: "It is a work more remarkable for the truth and fineness of its engravings than for the matter contained in it." It is a noticable and remarkable fact that whilst this book professes to treat of every known variety of British dog, it does not make any mention whatever of the Scottish deerhound or any breed of dog used for hunting or taking deer, save the stag, blood and old Southern hounds.

A few extracts from this book are given that bear on the subject under consideration, though not taken from the chapter descriptive of the Irish wolfhound or greyhound.

"The Danish dog, Irish greyhound and common greyhound of this country, though they appeared different, are said by 'Buffon' to be but one and the same dog. The Danish dog, says he, is but a more corpulent Irish greyhound; the common

greyhound is the Irish greyhound rendered thinner and more delicate by culture; for these three dogs, though perfectly distinguishable at first sight, differ no more from each other than three human masculine natives of Holland, Italy and France. And by the same reasoning he proceeds to justify the supposition that had the Irish greyhound been a native of France, he would have produced the Danish dog in a cooler climate and the common greyhound in a warmer one. This conjecture, he observes, is absolutely verified by experience, for the Danish dogs are brought to us from the North, and the greyhounds from Constantinople and the Levant."

The greyhound, large Danish dog, and Irish greyhound have according to Buffon, exclusive of their likeness of figures and length of muzzle, a similitude of disposition. The peculiar irritability of the olifactory sensation seems by natural observation to depend more upon the largeness than the length of the nose, for the greyhound, Danish dog, and Irish greyhound have evidently less power of scent than the hound, terrier, etc. The bulldog and Irish greyhound have their ears partly erect. The Great Danish dog, taken from thence to Ireland, the Ukraine, Tartary, Epirus and Albania has been changed into the Irish greyhound, which is the largest of all dogs. The greyhound and Irish greyhound, Buffon goes on to say, have produced the mongrel greyhound, also called the greyhound with the wolf's hair—in all probability the present Scotch deerhound (?). At any rate, this would tend to prove that the Irish dog was rough as to coat.

There is mention of the Irish wolfhound in Bingley's "British Quadrupeds" (1809). The illustration is simply a deformed greyhound, and he indorses Pennant's and Goldsmith's views as to the appearance, etc., of the dog. Captain Brown (1829) also in his book on dogs, alludes to the Irish wolfdog or greyhound, giving an absurd drawing; his remarks are few and of little worth. Dr. Scouler, reading a paper before the Dublin Geological Society in 1837 says: "The Irish wolfdog was a very distinct race from the Scotch hound or wolfdog, which resembled the Irish breed in size and courage, but differed from it by having a sharper muzzle and pendant ears." Curious that "a sharper muzzle and pendant ears" should constitute "a very distinct breed!"

McNeill, in his article on the Irish wolfhound, written 1838, says: "Whatever may have been the origin of the name, there is little doubt as to the antiquity of a species of dog in this country (Ireland), bearing a great resemblance in many points to the greyhound of the present day, and passing under that name, though evidently a larger, nobler, and more courageous animal." He goes on to argue that "from the rough and uncultivated state of the country, and the nature of the game that was then the object of the chase, viz., deer of all sorts, wolves and foxes, that the dogs would be of a larger, fiercer and more shaggy description than the greyhounds of the present day."

From the "Museum of Animated Nature," published in 1842 to '45 the following account of the Irish wolfdog is taken: "In Scotland and Ireland there existed in very ancient times a noble breed of greyhound used for the chase of the wolf and deer, which appears to us to be the pure source of our present breed. It is quite as possible that the Mâtin is a modification of the ancient greyhound of Europe—represented by the Irish greyhound or wolfdog—as that is the source of that fine breed as Buffon supposes. Few, we believe, of the old Irish greyhound exist."

From a very interesting book entitled "Anecdotes of Dogs," by E. Jesse, published 1846, the following is gleaned: "A certain degree of romance attaches to the Irish wolfdog, but so contradictory are the accounts handed down that it is difficult to do justice to him. The dog flourished at the time of early kings of Ireland, and with harp and shamrock is regarded as one of the national emblems of the country. A gentleman of ancient family (whose name it is unnecessary to mention, from his having been engaged in the troubles which agitated Ireland about forty years ago) went into a coffee room at Dublin during that period, accompanied by a noble wolfdog, supposed to be one of the last of the breed.

"There was only one gentleman in the room, whom seeing, the dog went up to him, and he began to notice him. His owner, in considerable alarm, begged him to desist, as the dog was fierce and never would let a stranger touch him. The gentleman resumed his seat, when the dog came to him and showed signs of the greatest pleasure at being noticed, and allowed himself to be fondled. His owner could not disguise his astonishment. 'You are the only person,' he said, 'whom that dog would ever allow to touch him without showing resentment. May I beg the favor of your name?'—mentioning his own at the same time. The stranger announced it: he was the last of his race—one of the most noble and ancient in Ireland, and descended from one of its kings. 'I do not wonder,' said the owner of the dog, 'at the homage the animal has paid you. He recognizes in you the descendant of one of our most ancient races of gentlemen, to whom this breed of dog almost exclusively belonged, and the peculiar instinct he possesses has now been shown in a manner which cannot be mistaken by me, who am so well acquainted with the ferocity this dog has hitherto shown to all strangers.'"

"In a poem written by Miss Catherine Phillips, about 1660, the character of the Irish wolfhound is well portrayed, and proves the estimation in which he was held:

" 'Behold this creature's form and state;
Him nature surely did create
That to the world might be exprest
What mien there can be in a beast.
More nobleness of form and mind
Than in the lion we can find;
Yea, this heroic beast doth seem
In majesty to rival him.
Yet he vouchsafes to men to show
His service and submission too.
And here we a distinction have:
That brute is fierce—the dog is brave;
He hath himself so well subdued
That hunger cannot make him rude;
And all his manners do confess
That courage dwells with gentleness.
War with the wolf he loves to wage,
And never quits if he engage;
But praise him much, and you may chance
To put him out of countenance;
And having done a deed so brave,
He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.
No fondling playfellow is he;
His master's guard he wills to be,
Willing for him his blood he spent,
His look is never insolent.
Few men to do such noble deeds have learned
Nor having done could look so unconcerned.' "

"The strength of these dogs must have been very great; a nobleman informed me that when he was staying with the Knight of Kerry, two Irish wolfdogs made their escape from the place where they were confined, and pulled down and killed a horse which was in an adjoing paddock."

"The Irish wolfdogs were formerly placed as the supporters of the arms of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. They were collared "or," with the motto, 'Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked.'"

The well-known Mrs. C. Hall wrote to Jesse the following interesting account of an Irish wolfdog: "When I was a child (probably 1812-15), I had a very close friendship with a genuine old wolfdog, 'Bruno' by name. He was the property of an old friend of my grandmother's, who claimed descent from the Irish kings. His name was O'Toole; his manners were the most courtly you can imagine. His visits were my jubilees. There was the kind, dignified old gentleman, who told me tales, and there was his tall, gaunt dog, gray with age, and yet with me full of play. There were two terriers rough, etc., etc. O'Toole and his dogs always occupied the same room, the terriers on the same bed as their master. No entreaty, however, would induce Bruno to sleep on anything softer than stone. He would remove the hearth-rug and lie on the marble. His master used to instance the dog's disdain of luxury as a mark of his noble nature.

"The O'Toole had three of these dogs. I can recall nothing more picturesque than that majestic old gentleman and his dog, both remnants of a bygone age. Bruno was rough—but not long-coated—very grave, observant, enduring every one, very fond of children, playing with them gently, but only crouching and fawning on his master; and that, O'Toole would say, 'is proof of my royal blood.'"

Jesse offers his thanks to Mrs. Hall and to Lady Morgan for their assistance on this matter; the latter introduces the late Hamilton Rowan and his Irish wolfdog Bran into one of her novels.

Richardson tells us that the late Sir W. Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, an authority of very high importance on any subject connected with Irish antiquities, in communicating with Mr. Haffield, who read a paper on the Irish wolfhound before the Dublin Natural History Society, 1841, states as follows: "From the mention of the wolfdogs in the old Irish stories and poems, and also from what I have heard from a very old person, long since dead, of his having seen them at The Neale, in the County of Mayo, the seat of Sir John Browne, ancestor to Lord Kilmaine, I have no doubt they were a gigantic greyhound. My departed friend described them as being very gentle, and that Sir J. Browne allowed them to come into his dining-room, where they put their heads over the shoulders of those who sat at table; they were not smooth-skinned like our greyhounds, but rough and curly-haired."

"The Irish poets call the wolfdog 'cu,' and the common greyhound 'gayer,' a marked distinction, the word 'cu' signifying a champion."

The two following anecdotes are given as showing the great courage and power of the Irish greyhound as compared with wild and ferocious animals with which he was opposed in combat:

From the "Sportsman's Cabinet."—It begins by treating on the possibility of breeding between dog and wolf, and goes on to say.—"That every chance might be afforded for the success of this experiment, so industriously made, a she-wolf, taken from its wild state of nature in the woods when only three months old, was shut up in a large court surrounded by a high wall, with an Irish greyhound of the same age. To this court no other beast whatever could have access, and within it was proper shelter for their individual or joint retirement. They were equally strangers to their own species, and knew no person but the man by whom they were fed. In this state they were kept together for three years, that the result of the experiment might be more fully known and confirmed. During the first twelve months they perpetually played together, and had every appearance of being exceedingly fond of each other; the second year disputes constantly arose, but more particularly about their provisions, though supplied in great plenty: it was remarked that such always originated with the wolf. When meat and bones were given to them on a large wooden platter, the wolf, instead of seizing either, instantly drove off the dog, then laid hold of the edge of the plate so dexterously as to allow nothing to fall, and carried off the whole. She has been seen to run in this manner with the dish in her teeth five or six times round the court, and never set it down unless to take breath, devour the meat, or to attack the dog when he approached. The dog was at all times evidently stronger than the wolf, but as he was less ferocious a collar for his neck was found necessary for the preservation of his life. By the expiration of the second year these combats became more frequent, and the result of each more serious, in which state a collar was found equally necessary for the wolf, who in every successive dispute was worse used than before.

"During the whole of the two years not the least tendency to venery could be observed in either the one or the other; at the end of the third year these sensations became perceptible in each, but produced no marks of affection in either. The state they were in, instead of rendering them more peaceful and accommodating to each other, only seemed to promote new cause of contest, and excite more frequent opportunities to renew their quarrels. Discontented howlings and roarings of disappointment were incessant, they never approached each other but to fight, and at the end of three weeks were both completely emaciated. In this eternal warfare and struggle for superiority they fought with such determined desperation that the wolf was killed in the contest. Upon the death of his companion the dog was set at liberty, but was obliged to be shot, owing to its ferocity."

The second story is taken from "Two Years in Canada," by Major Strickland, written in 1825: "I loaded my gun with ball, and in company with Dennis and his father started off for the place where Master Bruin had been seen. I took Neptune with me, a remarkably fine Irish greyhound, one of the most powfully-built dogs of that breed I had ever seen, and well he proved his strength and courage this day. After proceeding nearly two miles, Neptune raised his head and looked around; in the next instant he was dashing along in full chase of Mr. Bruin, who was making the best of his way up the hill. We joined the chase with alacrity, but not in time to witness the set-to between these savage opponents; for while we were gaining the brow of the hill a desperate fight was going on only a few yards from us, Neptune sometimes having the best of it, sometimes Bruin. I found it impossible to fire for fear of killing the dog. We then tried to pull him off, so as to enable me to shoot the bear; this we found equally difficult, the dog had such fast hold of his throat: he was, indeed, perfectly furious. With the aid of the dog, etc., etc., the bear was slung to a pole alive, and the homeward march began. I had great difficulty in keeping the dog off; he would rush in avery moment, in spite of all I could do, and seize poor Bruin by the side and shake him most unmercifully. I had enough to do, with the help of a stout stick, to keep him and the bear in order; the latter was equally violent, and tried to claw the men carrying him. I wished to keep the bast alive, but was destined to be disappointed, for what with the savage attack of the dog, and the beating I was obliged to give him to keep him quiet, he died before we reached the clearing. He weighed 157 pounds only."

Some dogs were owned by the late Hamilton Rowan, of Merrion Square, Dublin, which were erroneously asserted to be Irish wolfhounds. Regarding these dogs the following communication was kindly made to the writer by Mr. Betham, a son of Sir W. Betham, before alluded to: "My father was very intimate with the late Hamilton Rowan, who was the only man possessed of the breed (Irish wolfhound), and who was so chary of it that he would never give away a dog pup without first castrating him. I have repeatedly seen the dogs with him when I was a boy, and heard him tell my father how he became possessed of them. He was in Paris about the time of the first French revolution, and was given a dog and a bitch, and was told that they were Danish. He then went to Denmark, thinking he would see more of the breed. When he got there he was told they were not Danish, but Irish, and were brought over by some one from Ireland—I forget whom. The dogs were of a very peculiar color—a kind of brindled blue and white, sometimes all brindled, and sometimes a great deal of white, with large, irregular brindle patches, and were much given to weak eyes. They stood about 2 feet 4 or 6 inches at the shoulder, were smooth haired, and were a most powerful dog. Hamilton Rowan was very proud of being the only possessor of the breed, and seldom went out without one or more accompanying him. I have not seen any one specimen of the breed since his death, when one came into the possession of a poor man in my neighborhood.

"It was a pup then, and had all the characteristics of the breed, was very large, and a fine specimen. I wrote to the Zoological Gardens in Dublin describing the dog, urging them to secure him; but they refused, and he was afterward sold to a gentleman."

In a second letter he goes on to say: "I can speak from personal knowledge, and from having often seen the dogs, that the true breed of Irish wolfdogs are smooth-haired, not shaggy like the Scotch deerhound. I am not acquainted with the German boarhound (*i. e.*, Great Dane); very possibly they might have been somewhat similar to the Irish breed. Hamilton Rowan's dogs were very powerful, and at the same time active dogs, with rather a sharp nose and shrill bark. My father used to say that when he dined at Hamilton Rowan's the dogs used to be in the parlor, and were so tall they could put their heads over the guests' shoulders when sitting at the table, though the dogs were standing on the floor."

Beyond a shadow of a doubt these dogs were simply Great Danes, as H. Rowan had evidently been told in Paris; the description leaves no doubt on that head. Richardson tells us the fact was that Mr. Rowan owned some of the breed known as Great Danes, and he never by chance called them by a wrong name. He also owned a true wolfdog, and knew him to be such, calling him "the last of his race." This dog was a large rough greyhound of iron-gray color. Mr. Rowan subsequently presented this dog to Lord Nugent. In corroboration of this fact the writer was informed by the late Sir John Power, who recollected H. Rowan and his dogs, and who would have reached man's estate at the time, and been well able to judge of them, being a thorough lover of the canine race, that Richardson's description of the true wolfdog belonging to H. Rowan was right. Mr. Betham remembers the dogs only as a boy, and the distinction between the Danish dogs and the true old rough dog would hardly have struck him; hence the misconception on the matter. Mr. Betham's account is only inserted and confuted to remove any impression that certain of Hamilton Rowan's dogs were aught but Great Danes, which has been erroneously otherwise concluded. Mr. Betham confesses, it will be seen, that he is not acquainted with the Great Dane or boarhound, which are common and plentiful in all contintal countries; he cannot, consequently, be considered a fair judge on the subject.

Youatt has this regarding the Irish wolfdog: "This animal is nearly extinct, or only to be met with at the mansions of one or two persons, by whom he is kept more for show than use, the wild animals which he seemed powerful enough to conquer having long disappeared from the kingdom. The beauty of his appearance and antiquity of his race are his only claims, as he distains the chase of stag, fox, or hare, though he is ever ready to protect the person and property of his master. His size is various, some having attained the height of four feet, and Dr. Goldsmith states he saw one as large as a yearling calf. He is shaped like the greyhound but stouter; and the only dog the writer from whom this account is taken ever saw approaching his graceful figure, combining beauty with strength, is the large Spanish wolfdog. The same writer says that his grandfather had an Irish wolfdog that saved his mother's life from a wolf. She was paying a visit, attended by this faithful follower. He rushed on his foe just when he was about to make his spring, and after a fierce struggle laid him dead at his mistress' feet. His name was Bran." (*Sporting Magazine*, 1837).

The assertion, made by several authors, that the Irish wolfhound disdains the chase of stag, fox, and hare is utterly absurd, and it is a well-known fact that all dogs of the greyhound breed will readily chase and attack any animal which flees from them, and to pursue which they are encouraged.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

The Irish Wolfhound Club of Great Britain has been organized to give special attention to this breed.

The officers are: President, Right Hon. Lord Arthur Cecil; Vice-President, Right Hon. the Earl of Cadogan. Committee, J. Davin, Esq., E. Olive, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel Garnier, A. F. Laloe, Esq., G. W. S. Lennox, Esq., R. Clifton, Esq., A. Russell, Esq., M. Le B. Kennedy, Esq. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, pro tem., Captain Graham, Rednock, Dursley. Hon. Secretary for Ireland, R. Clifton, Esq., Anchor Brewery, Usher street, Dublin. The annual subscription for each member is two guineas, payable on the first day of January in each year. Honorary members are admitted at a subscription of one guinea. The standard of points is as follows:

1. *General appearance.*—The Irish wolfhound should not be quite so heavy or massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the deerhound, which in general type he should otherwise resemble; of great size and commanding appearance; very muscular; strongly though gracefully built; movements easy and active; head and neck carried high; the tail carried with an upward sweep, with a slight curve toward the extremity.

The medium height and weight of dogs should be 31 inches and 120 pounds; of bitches, 28 inches and 90 pounds. Anything below this should be debarred from competition. Great size, including height at shoulder and proportionate length of body, is the desideratum to be aimed at, and it is desired to firmly establish a race that shall average from 32 to 34 inches in dogs, showing the requisite power, activity, courage and symmetry.

2. *Head.*—Long, the frontal bones of the forehead very slightly raised and very little indentation between the eyes. Skull not too broad. Muzzle long and moderately pointed. Ears small and greyhound-like in carriage.

3. *Neck.*—Rather long, very strong and muscular, well arched without dewlap or loose skin about the throat.

4. *Chest.*—Very deep. Breast wide.

5. *Back.*—Rather long than short. Loins arched.

6. *Tail.*—Long and slightly curved, of moderate thickness, and well covered with hair.

7. *Belly.*—Well drawn up.

8. *Forequarters.*—Shoulders muscular, giving breadth of chest, set sloping. Elbows well under, neither turned inward nor outward. Leg, forearm muscular, and the whole leg strong and quite straight.

9. *Hindquarters.*—Muscular thighs, and second thigh long and strong as in the greyhound, and hocks well let down and turning neither in nor out.

10. *Feet.*—Moderately large and round, neither turned inward nor outward. Toes well arched and closed. Nails very strong and curved.

11. *Hair.*—Rough and hard on body, legs and head; especially wiry and long over eyes and under jaw.

12. *Color and markings.*—The recognized colors are gray, brindle, red, black, pure white, fawn or any color that appears in the deerhound.

13. *Faults.*—Too light or heavy a head, too highly-arched frontal bone, large ears and hanging flat to the face, short neck, full dewlap, too narrow or too broad a chest, sunken or hollow or quite straight back, bent forelegs, overbent fetlocks, twisted feet, spreading toes, too curly a tail, weak hindquarters and a general want of muscle, too short in body.

A SPITZ'S LONG JOURNEY.—A family named Hill, residing near this place, on removing to Kansas, took with them a small spitz dog that had been raised here. Shortly after their arrival there the little fellow disappeared and was not heard from until four months afterward, when he appeared at his old home, happy and in good condition, though having traveled some 600 miles alone.—V. S. W. (Coralville, Iowa).

THE WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting for the perfecting of the organization of the Western Field Trials Association was held at Kansas City, July 14, 1885. A large membership has been received, the organization has been well received by the sportsmen of the West, and we look forward to an extensive meeting the week beginning Nov. 9, 1885, at Abilene, Kan., a city of about 3,000 inhabitants, located on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad about 100 miles west of Kansas City. The hotel and livery accommodations at this place are first-class, and there is abundance of quail there. The prospects are good for the trials.

It was decided to offer two purses; one of $500 for the All-Aged Stake, $250 to first, $150 to second and $100 to third, $10 to enter and $15 additional to start; and in lieu of the Derby Stake (the time having passed for closing entries in it) it was decided to have a Puppy Stake, purse $300, $150 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third, $5 to enter and $10 additional to start. The entries in both stakes to close Oct. 15, 1885.

The names of the committees and judges will be sent you as soon as they have been nominated.

A. A. WHIPPLE, Sec. and Treas.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 17.

THE "WILDFOWLER" SWINDLES.—London, July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am astonished at Mr. Muss's letter in your paper of June 18. He wrote me a most friendly letter a fortnight ago, asking me if I could send him a bitch; never said a word about having refused the dog. A most extraordinary proceeding, but one which I can readily account for. The fact is, Mr. Muss and his friend Mason are mad at being foiled. Mr. Muss is not correct in his narrative, but it would take up too much of my valuable time to discuss the matter. I simply say: (1) I hold scores of letters in which Mr. Muss tells me that he is in no hurry; (2) I have fulfilled my bargain to the letter; (3) I have delivered the dog to Mr. Muss, carriage paid, since I gave £5 to Mr. Muss's friend to that effect, as I generally pay £4 15s. or so per dog. (4) I have also paid the importation duty. Whatever delay about the duty occurred took place at the consulate, and I have nothing to do with it. (5) Mason, it has been conclusively proved to me, is at the bottom of all the trouble; but if Mr. Muss chooses to be made a catspaw of by Mason, he may please himself. Why I should be made the sufferer is another pair of shoes, because I am not likely to submit to it. You have your dog, Mr. Muss, according to description, and fulfilling our bargain to the letter. If at the instigation of Mason you choose to cry a "go," I don't, you see, and I have checkmated you both. Now you may please yourself about your dog. If you are overcharged for carriage, what have I to do with it? I am not the forwarding agent. One point I would draw your readers' attention to is, that it is strange that both Kent and Muss act in the same way at the dictate of Mason. It is really laughable, but if these people choose to lose their dog to please Mason, why that is their look out and no one else's. In conclusion, as I find that you, the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM, are merely a tool of Mason, through ignorance or what I do not care to inquire, I for the future shall not notice anything in your columns.—L. CLEMENT. [The above proves that L. Clement, *alias* "Wildfowler," is still impenitent. Having swindled Messrs. Kent and Muss out of hundreds of dollars, he now puts his thumb to his nose and asks them, "What are you going to do about it?" He has been so thoroughly exposed in the FOREST AND STREAM that he will find no more victims among our readers. Hereafter any one foolish enough to send money to "Wildfowler" will deserve to lose it. The silly "Mason" business of course comes from "Wildfowler's" Chicago friends, and is only an impudent dodge to cover up thievery.]

PODGERS ON BULL-TERRIERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several moons ago I incurred the ire of sundry owners of those "ornary," bow-legged, low-minded canines called bull-terriers, in an article I wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM, which led to a terrible howl and barking from the owners of this breed of animals. I was assured that the dogs were the most amiable creatures extant, that they never tore the seat of anybody's trousers out, never held their own masters by the calf when coming home late after a lodge meeting, never did anything in fact, except smile (a chronic habit they have) and watch the baby's cradle. And to convince me how fearfully mistaken I was, several of these correspondents hinted that they would be happy to impart a pup to me from the first litter, just to have me ascertain by possession how amiable and nice these much belied (by which side?) dogs were. Not being above ordinary temptation (every man having his price and mine being a dog) I ceased the war on them and waited patiently for the convincing arguments in the shape of numerous promised bull pups to arrive. But alas! for human frailty. Not a pup have I ever received. I did expect better things of my old friend Col. Stuart M. Taylor, who took up the cudgels for the bulls (no doubt he has to do it often) and I expected a pup, too, but as I say, up to this blessed moment none has arrived, and I hung up my stocking last Christmas, too. I am going into the country. I was to have the company of a friend but he can't go; there is a boom in stocks and he owns three shares in Pacific Mail and dare not leave; and now I want my pup to take his place as a substitute for company; and feeling aggrieved and indignant at this attempt to bribe me into silence and then not doing it, I wish to announce that I shall again let loose the (bull) dogs of war, and I proclaim that I don't believe in either bulldogs or their owners, and that owning bulldogs is evidently demoralizing, as proved by my being so on the bare promise of one. I have lost faith in the dog, his owners, and all who advocate him; in other words, I have my opinion of the lot collectively and individually, and I am not particular where the dog or the owners come in. I have said it. Sick 'em, dog or man; I am ready to open hostilities again.—PODGERS (New York, July 15).

THE PUG STANDARD COMMITTEE.—New Haven, Conn., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please inform your readers that my name was used as a member of the standard committee without my consent or knowledge; that is to say, I received the appointment through Mr. Osborn, the secretary of the A. K. C., on the 4th inst., and before I was able to reply to the same, declining the appointment, a notice of the same seems to have been sent your valuable paper for publication. By giving the above your attention you will greatly oblige, as I very much dislike to have my name mixed up in this matter.—WALTER D. PECK.

SETTER STOLEN.—A six-months old English setter bitch was stolen from Lexington, Mass., last week. She is white, with one black and one blue ticked ear, is ticked on body, and has round white spot on back. Information of her whereabouts will be thankfully received by her owner, G. A. Colman, 64 Sullivan street, Charlestown, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. B. M., Flatbush.—My Newfoundland dog has just recovered from a very bad case of distemper. It has left him blind and with a constant discharge from his eyes. Ans. It is doubtful whether your dog will ever recover his sight, but having come on suddenly the sight may be improved. A good ophthalmologist could tell you after examining the eyes The discharges should be kept from collecting and this is best done by sponging the lids as often as practicable with a solution of borax, glycerine and water of the strength of ten grains of borax and a half teaspoonful of glycerine to the ounce of water. Also drop into the eye twice daily a solution of the sulphocarbolate of zinc of the strength of two grains to the ounce of water.

J. W. K., Philadelphia.—A fox-terrier bitch seven months old is in very good condition except she has such a bad breath. I keep her bowels in good order, but her breath I cannot understand, as it must come from the stomach. Ans. Your dog suffers from indigestion. The treatment must be principally dietetic. The food should be simple and easily digested, such as scraped raw meat in small quantities, with perhaps the whites of eggs incorporated in it. Also milk with lime water, broths mixed with corn or oatmeal or flour. With the solid food always mix one teaspoonful of powdered charcoal. This makes a nasty looking mess, but the charcoal is an admirable corrective.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Joker Sleaford, Sleaford's Boy, Dick Sleaford, Hamlet Sleaford, Snap Sleaford, Fanny Sleaford and Spinny Sleaford. By Joseph Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for pointers, three liver and white and two lemon and white dogs and two liver and white bitches, whelped June 15, 1885, by Young Sleaford (A.K.R. 467) out of his Lilly (A.K.R. 354).

Queen of the South. By J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.; for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped March 18, 1885, by his Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue) out of his Gem (Gladstone—Gazelle).

Bulwer. By N. Wallace, Waterbury, Conn., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1883, by champion Foreman out of Tallman's Jennie (Lathrop's Dick—Harrington's Gyp).

Robin Noble, Dan Noble and Bella Noble. By Jos. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for English setters, a black, white and tan dog, a lemon belton dog and a black, white and tan bitch, whelped June 15, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of his Nellie (Count Dan—Floss).

Bugle. By John Kaschenbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for black, tan and white beagle dog, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by imported Keno out of Bessie (Racket—Fly, A.K.R. 1012).

Flirt. By John Kaschenbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for black, tan and white beagle bitch, whelped March 24, 1885, by imported Keno out of Fly (A.K.R. 1012).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Jessie Turner—Sportsman. Geo. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Jessie Turner (Druid—Ruby) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), July 14.

Zoza—Obo, Jr. Wm. H. Mosely's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Zozo (A.K.R. 2380) to A. Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), July 10.

Cornelia—Gladstone. L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Cornelia (A.K.R. 950) to P. H. Bryson's champion Gladstone, June 15.

Calypso—Hero II. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) mastiff bitch Calypso (A.K.R. 1498) to Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), June 12.

Musette—Bradford Ruby. Jesse Welch's pug bitch Musette (A.K.R. 1593) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (E.K.C.S.B. 13,834), June 29.

Bess—Bradford Ruby. Fred E. Parker's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Bess (A.K.R. 1935) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (E.K.C.S.B. 13,834), June 19.

Daisy II.—Bradford Ruby. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy II. (A.K.R. 1361) to their Bradford Ruby (E.K.C.S.B. 13,834), July 1.

Rita Croxteth—Bang. Geo. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) pointer bitch Rita Croxteth (A.K.R. 168) to his imported Bang, April 14.

Olivette—Bang. Geo. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) pointer bitch Olivette (King Bow—Gracie) to his imported Bang, April 15.

Relic—Doncaster. F. W. Seiler's (Harrisburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Relic (Gladstone—Leila) to A. Borgess's Doncaster, June 28.

Flirt II.—Meteor. Amory R. Starr's (Marshall, Tex.) pointer bitch Flirt II. (A.K.R. 2229) to Col. W. E. Hughes's Meteor, June 1.

Meg Merrilies—Ben Nevis J. C. Harrison's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 148) to champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391), July 14.

Beauty—Ben Nevis. W. S. Powers's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Beauty (Tweed—Nettie) to champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391), July 11.

Vaynol—Bang. Geo. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) pointer bitch Vaynol (Meteor—Rita Croxteth) to his imported Bang, June 14.

Water Lily—Donald II. C. Moller's (New York) pointer bitch Water Lily (Don—Dolly) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass), July 18.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lilly. Jos. Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa.) pointer bitch Lilly (A.K.R. 354), June 15, seven (five dogs), by Young Sleaford (A.K.R. 467).

Edith. C. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia), May 23, nine (five dogs), by Rex (Quand—Diamond).

Nellie. Jas. L. Anthony's (New York) pointer bitch Nellie (Sensation—), July 11, twelve (five dogs), by his Planter (Sensation—Black Rose).

Flossy. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Flossy (A.K.R. 2250), July 18, seven (three dogs), by their Bradford Ruby (E.K.C.S.B. 13,834).

Rita Croxteth. Geo. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) pointer bitch Rita Croxteth (A.K.R. 168), June 20, seven (three dogs), by his imported Bang; all white, with liver markings.

Olivette. Geo. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) pointer bitch Olivette (King Bow—Gracie), June 13, nine (three dogs), by his imported Bang; all liver and white.

Lady P. Lehigh Kennels' (Lebighton, Pa.) English setter bitch Lady P., July 4, seven (two dogs), by Romeo (Roxey's Boy—Gypsy Maid); five black and white, two blue belton.

Brimstone. Field Trial Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Brimstone (A.K.R. 29), June 28, eight (four dogs), by their Buckellew (A.K.R. 30; all orange and white.

Jolly Daisy. Field Trial Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Jolly Daisy (A.K.R. 955), July 4, eight (four dogs), by their Buckellew (A.K.R. 30); four black, white and tan and four orange and white.

Killarney II. E. W. Taylor's (Baltimore, Md.) red Irish setter bitch Killarney II. (A.K.R. 1850), May 16, eight (two dogs), by W. H. Pierce's champion Glencho.

Bessy. Haven Doe's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) beagle bitch Bessy (A.K.R. 1117), June 21, four (two dogs), by his Bunny (A.K.R. 1118); all dead.

Tempe. Amory R. Starr's (Marshall, Tex.) pointer bitch Tempe (A.K.R. 2240), May 21, eight (seven dogs), by Glick (A.K.R. 2231); four liver, two black and white and one black dog and one black bitch.

Peep o' Day. Glencho Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Peep o' Day, July 2, six (three dogs), by Rokeby (A.K.R. 1022).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Minnie Lee. Black pointer bitch, 2yrs. old (Robert E. Lee—Darkness), by J. C. Schuyler, Lehighton, Pa., to C. H. Keppel, Allentown, Pa.

Gyp. White, black and tan beagle dog, age not given (Racket—Fly), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ben Nevis. Collie dog (A.K.R. 2391), by J. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J., to W. H. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tottie. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1884, pedigree not given, by H. C. Bendick, Springfield, Mass., to H. Van Deusen, Saratoga, N. Y.

[COPY.]

HARROLD, Texas, June 30, 1885.

Messrs. Wallace & Sons, New York, Agents of U. S. Cartridge Co.:

DEAR SIRS—Your sample of Climax waterproof 12-gauge shells just came in as I was loading for a practice shoot at blackbirds. I gave them a trial, taking my loading implements with me. I used each shell *twelve times.* I was using Curtis & Harvey No. 4 powder, very heavy wadded. I consider this a very severe test, which speaks well and places your shells with their other well-known advantages above all others, especially for the far West. (Signed) ALMO.

—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, July 18.—The hot weather kept most of the shooters at home yesterday. Those present did not feel very active, and the list of finished scores was not large. The weather conditions were not good. The wind was a "fish-tail" of the worst kind after 12 o'clock. A team match with the Empire Club, of Thomaston, Me., was shot on the decimal target and the total of scores telegraphed to them. The result of the match was in favor of the M. R. A. The telegram from the Empire Club gives their total 800, and the M. R. A. team scored 866, giving the latter a lead of 66 points. Details of the scores will be published later.

Practice Match—A.

A Law	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
F W Perkins (mil)	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	5—44
J Porter	3	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4—42
E S Gilmore	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
J F Angell (mil)	3	4	4	3	3	4	4	3	4	3—35

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell, C	8	8	9	9	7	10	9	8	6	9—83
R Reed, C	6	10	8	8	6	9	8	5	8	10—79
J Lemons, A	10	7	7	9	5	10	6	4	7	5—70
A Law, A	5	6	6	10	5	5	10	9	7	4—67

Victory Match.

W Charles	7	7	10	10	10	10	9	7	8	4—82
J N Frye	7	7	9	9	8	9	6	10	8	9—82
M Handy	6	10	7	8	8	6	8	8	10	7—78

WALTHAM, July 18.—The Hillside Club of Waltham shot a telegraphic Creedmoor match this afternoon with the Jamestown (N. Y.) team. The score in detail was as follows:

Creedmoor Target, 200 Yards.

Stone	3145144544—41	Monroe	3353444353—37
Green	5335444344—39	Dennison	5454445444—43
Emerson	4554545445—45	Foster	4545445354—43—232
Whiting	4455444455—44		

The result of the Jamestowns' shoot, though expected by telegraph, had not been received up to 10 o'clock. After the telegraphic shoot came a decimal match with the Arlington Heights Rifle Club, the score of which in full is as follows:

Arlington Heights Club.

Lloyd	7	7	10	9	10	6	4	7	10	4—74
Pierce	4	6	4	4	5	4	5	8	7	8—55
Franklin	5	3	9	5	9	6	7	9	8	6—62
Thomas	9	2	4	9	7	7	5	8	8	2—58
Davis	5	7	6	5	9	6	5	9	7	8—67—316

Hillside Rifle Club.

Dennison	9	6	4	5	10	7	6	8	7	8—70
Emerson	4	4	3	6	7	4	9	10	6	3—56
Foster	4	7	9	2	2	2	8	4	4	8—50
Stone	7	9	9	6	8	8	6	4	8	7—70
Whiting	4	8	4	4	5	8	5	8	9	9—61—307

Following the above and as the finishing match of the afternoon, came a Creedmoor shoot with the Arlington team—200yds. The score:

Creedmoor Match, 200 Yards.

Hillsides.		Arlingtons.	
Dennison	4444444—28	Lloyd	4454544—30
Emerson	4445444—29	Pierce	4444543—28
Edes (mil)	3445343—27	Franklin	4445544—30
Whiting	4444344—27	Thomas	4444444—28
Green	4444433—25—137	Davis	4445445—30—146

A fine supper was given in the evening by the home team to the visiting club at Fields's.

The Jamestown (N. Y.) Club having received the acceptance of the Waltham Club at too late a date to permit preparations for a match, did not shoot on their own range.

THOMASTON, Conn., July 18.—A telegraphic match with the Massachusetts Rifle Association was shot to-day under the following conditions. Teams of eight men each, 15 shots per man, 200yds., off-hand, Walnut Hill decimal target; weather conditions, a very bright light, no wind:

E Thomas	5	5	5	8	8	6	0	7	8	5—106
W H Dunbar	8	10	10	5	9	6	4	7	9	5—104
G C Gilbert	10	9	10	9	4	4	4	8	8	7—103
G A Lemmon	10	9	9	5	7	10	6	7	5	4—103
G C Canfield	10	4	4	10	3	4	6	5	9	6—100
G P North	8	3	6	9	10	10	7	7	4	5—96
C F Williams	5	9	4	4	6	5	4	5	6	8—94
C L Alling	6	4	8	3	6	6	4	7	6	4—94

Subjoined are scores for the badge:										800
E Thomas	6	6	7	7	8	5	9	9	10	8—75
W H Dunbar	8	10	10	5	9	7	6	5	8	6—74
G A Lemmon	10	9	9	5	7	10	6	7	5	4—72
G C Gilbert	10	6	10	9	4	8	7	6	8	4—72
G C Canfield	10	4	4	10	3	8	9	9	7	6—70
E W Bennett	5	9	4	5	6	8	5	10	10	7—69
G P North	8	3	6	9	10	10	7	7	4	8—69
C L Alling	6	4	7	6	4	7	10	5	10	8—67

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 11.—At the grounds of the Lawrence Rifle Club this afternoon, the best record for off-hand marksmanship at 200yds. in the world was beaten by Mr. E. F. Richardson, who used a Maynard .34-cal. rifle, with which thirty-one consecutive bullseyes were scored, beating the best previous score, that of H. G. Bixby of Nashua, N. H., at Walnut Hill in 1882. The shooting by all the contestants was quite creditable. Distance 200yds.; ten shots with a possible 50. The highest scores by the others were: O. M. Jewell 49, William Fisher 46, W. O. Webber 44, A. W. Howland 44. Capt. Moses Harris of the First U. S. Cavalry with a military rifle scored 21 out of a possible 25.

LONDON, Ontario, July 15.—The council of the Western Rifle Association held its annual meeting to-day, and chose Col. Lewis President; Major Wilson Vice-President, Col. Denison Treasurer, and Lieut. Hoyles Secretary. A council of fifteen officers was chosen from the various western battalions. It was decided to affiliate with the Ontario and Dominion Associations in future.

GARDNER, Mass., July 25.—At the last regular meeting at Hackmatack Range, the members of the Gardner Rifle Club used the American decimal target, distance 200yds., shooting off-hand, with a possible 100. The result, two strings, were as follows:

G F Ellsworth	88	88—176	A Mathews 79 71—150
W C Loveland	74	81—155	Geo Warfield 74 47—121
I N Dodge	79	74—153	

TELESCOPIC SIGHTS.—Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your last number contained a letter from Mr. Peirce concerning the manufacture and use of telescopic rifle sights. It recalls to my mind the mannerin which a famous local rifle shot duped his rivals and gathered in the shekels galore. It was shortly after the civil war, and B. had a lot of extra fine riflemen to oppose, and found himself losing more matches than were either agreeable or profitable. So he forwarded his rifle, a 10-pound muzzleloader, to a Pittsburgh firm, with instructions to affix thereto a first-class telescope sight. It returned in due time, and after considerable experimenting he so arranged the large sheet-iron shade on his rifle, as to entirely conceal the sight to all but the shooter, while it could be removed and replaced with great ease. When not in use it was carried in a long pocket in his coat breast. The sight cost him in all about $30, but he won several times that amount ahead before the trick was discovered by the remarkable improvement in B.'s shooting having aroused the suspicions of the other riflemen. By its use he claims to have made numbers of 3 shot strings of ½ and ¾ inches, at from 75 to 100yds., and I have no reason for disbelief. He still has the sight, but has not used it for ten years back.—D. [A celebrated Albany rifle maker had a concealed telescopic sight on his muzzleloading rifle, and it was not discovered until after his death.]

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—At Riverside range, July 18, Creedmoor target, 200yds, off-hand:

J Busfield	4454444544—43	F Merrill	5345544444—42
W Worthen	4545453344—43	L W Jackson	2454444444—39
E Brown	4454445544—42		

LAKE LOOK-OUT, Springfield, Mass., July 18.—The Springfield Rod and Gun Club had a pleasant and well attended shoot at this range this afternoon. The shoots were for club prizes, Massachusetts target, with the following score: E. T. Stevens 105, H. Thomas 102, L. H. Mayott 99, E. S. Field 93, J. Newton 81. At rest, S. Bower 113, L. H. Mayott 113, S. K. Hindley 113.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—The gathering of the National Rifle Association on the Wimbledon Common during the usual July fortnight has drawn a great camp full of militiamen and volunteers, 2,500 entries having been made for the Queen's prize. The Canadian team has made a very favorable impression. In the shooting match on the 18th, between the teams from the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the peers defeated the commoners by a score of 277 to 270. Earl Spencer, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made the best score among the Lords—94 out of a possible 100.

BROOKLYN, July 17.—On Friday evening, July 17, five men representing Company I, Fourteenth Regiment, visited the Twenty-third Regiment Armory, and shot a friendly match with five men of Company A, of that regiment. Conditions were ten shots per man, reversed 200 and 500yds. target; position, standing at 200yds., lying with head toward target at 500yds. Remington State model rifle, N. R. A. rules governing. The following is the score:

Company I, Fourteenth Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.
Sergt E A Anderson	5 4 4 4 4—21	5 5 5 4 5—24—45
Pvt J L Brenning	4 5 5 4 4—22	5 4 5 4 5—23—45
Corpl C G Wallace	5 4 4 5 4—22	5 4 5 5 4—23—45
Corpl J W Day	4 4 4 3 4—19	5 5 5 5 4—24—43
Pvt J H Lacroix	3 4 4 5 0—16	4 5 4 5 5—23—39
		217

Company A, Twenty-third Regiment.

Pvt G S Scott, Jr	4 3 4 4 4—19	4 5 5 5 5—24—43
Pvt J R Barton	5 4 4 4 4—21	5 4 5 4 4—22—43
Corpl P H Worth	5 4 4 3 4—20	4 4 5 5 4—22—42
Sergt W A Robinson	5 3 4 4 4—20	4 4 4 5 4—21—41
Pvt W G Kimball	4 4 3 4 3—18	5 4 5 4 4—22—40
		209

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

MERIDIAN GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

THE tournament of the Meridian (Miss.) Gun Club took place July 6, 7, 8 and 9, and gave opportunity for some very close contests on all manner of targets. All ties were shot off on three birds, miss and out. The full scores ran:

JULY 6.

First match, 8 singles, live pigeons, 24yds. rise:

B F Cameron	10111111—7	F A Cousin	11111111—8
Shackleford	01111111—7	Boltz	11110111—7
W F Dabney	01111011—6	Sotori	11111000—5
Chaudet	11111111—8	Reinike	11110111—7
Irion	11111010—6	Stumpf	11101110—6
B H Gallup	11111111—8	Hamilton	11110111—6
De Fuentes	11111110—7	Sargent	01111010—5
Stroup	11111111—8	B A Cragin	11111100—6
Kane	01111011—6	Rich	11110110—6

Gallup and Cousin full, Boltz second, Kane and Stumpf divided third.

Second match, 10 single leather-winged bats, 21yds. rise:

Dabney	1110110111—8	Dupue	0111101111—8
Rich	1010101011—6	Gallup	1000111111—7
Stroup	1100110101—6	Sargent	1101011111—8
Cragin	1101101110—7	Irion	1001000111—5
Cousin	1011111011—8	Kane	1100011001—5
Cameron	1011001111—7	Sotori	1100110100—5
Chaudet	1111111110—9	DeFuentes	1101100101—6
Reinike	1110011111—8	Pourseine	1011010101—6
Boltz	1101110011—7		

Chaudet first, Reinike, second, Boltz third.

Third match, 10 Peoria blackbirds 18yds. rise:

Cousin	1111111111—10	Dabney	1111111111—10
Chaudet	1110111111— 9	Reinike	1010110001— 5
Nance	1110110010— 6	Kane	1111111100— 8
Gallup	1011111110— 8	Hamilton	1011001111— 7
Stumpf	1100111000— 5	Boltz	1011110111— 8
Cragin	0101111100— 6	Sotori	0111011111— 8
Rich	1111011111— 9	Shackelford	1111101111— 9
Stroup	1101011101— 7		

Cousin and Dabney divided first, Shackleford second, Boltz and Sotori divided third.

Fourth match, 5 single live pigeons, 31yds. rise:

Dabney	01111—4	Cragin	00001—1
Boltz	01111—4	Rich	01111—4
Stumpf	11001—3	Stroup	10011—3
Chaudet	11011—4	De Fuentes	01011—2
Cousin	11111—5	Kane	01010—2
Dupue	01001—2	Hamilton	01011—3
Sotori	10001—2	Reinike	01111—4
Gallup	11101—4	Irion	00101—2

Cousin first, Rich second, Hamilton third.

JULY 7.

First match, 3 pair double live pigeons, 18yds. rise:

Chaudet	11 11 10—5	Sargent	00 11 01—3
DeFuentes	10 10 10—3	Cousin	10 11 11—5
Boltz	10 10 11—4	Bookout	00 10 10—2
Gallup	01 11 01—4	Rich	10 11 11—5
Foote	10 10 11—4	Peterson	01 11 10—4
Stroup	00 11 10—3	Stumpf	01 01 10—3
Sotori	01 11 11—5	Reinike	11 11 11—6
Dabney	00 11 11—4		

Reinike first, Chaudet and Cousin divided second, Gallup and Peterson divided third.

Second match, 8 single live pigeons, 26yds. rise:

Boltz	11101111—7	Hamilton	11011010—5
Dabney	11001111—6	Buchanan	11111100—6
Stroup	11111111—8	Cragin	01001100—2
Stumpf	10101111—6	Freutt	10011111—6
Sargent	11111011—7	Gallup	11111111—8
Cousin	10111111—7	Randolph	10001111—5
Rich	10111101—6	DeFuentes	01111101—6
Reinike	11111111—8	Chaudet	11111110—7
Peterson	11011111—7	Bookout	11111100—6
Foote	11111110—7	Hart	11101111—7
Kane	11101111—7	Richardson	00101011—4

B. H. Gallup and Reinike divided first, Sargent second, Bookout third (killing 21 straight in shooting off tie).

Third match, 5 double leather-winged bats, 18yds. rise:

Dabney	11 00 10 11 11— 7	Poursene	11 11 01 11 11— 9
Boltz	11 10 10 11 11— 8	Gallup	00 11 11 11 10— 7
Cousin	11 11 11 11 11—10	Chaudet	00 11 01 11 00— 5
Foote	11 11 01 10 10— 7	Dupue	10 11 11 11 11— 9
DeFuentes	11 11 01 10 11— 8	Reinike	11 10 01 11 11— 8
Bookout	00 10 01 10 11— 5	Stumpf	11 01 10 11 00— 6
Rich	11 00 11 01 10— 6	Stroup	01 10 11 11 11— 8
Sotori	11 11 11 00 01— 7	Peterson	10 11 01 11 11— 8

Cousin first, Remike and Dupue divided second, and Peterson third.

Fourth match, 5 live pigeons, 24yds. rise:

Foote	00011—2	Bookout	11111—5
Reinike	11111—5	Cousin	11111—5
Chaudet	11111—5	DeFuentes	11111—5
Peterson	01110—3	Dabney	10111—4
Stumpf	00111—3	Rich	11110—4
Sargent	11001—3	Gallup	11100—3
Kane	11101—4		

Chaudet first, Kane second, Gallup third.

JULY 8.

First match, team shoot, 5 pigeons 24yds., 5 Peoria blackbirds 21yds.:

Cousin	11111 11111—10	Cannon	11110 11111— 9
Reinike	11010 11111— 8—18	Stroup	11111 10011— 8—17
Chaudet	10111 11111— 9	Hart	11111 11011— 9
De Fuentes	01111 11111— 9—18	Hamilton	00000 10011— 4—13
Gallup	11011 00111— 7	Peterson	10100 11111— 7
Dabney	01110 01111— 7—14	Bookout	01110 10111— 7—14
Rich	00111 10010— 5	Stumpf	10001 11101— 6
Boltz	10011 11111— 8—13	Foote	01011 10111— 7—13

First and second money divided.

Second match, 15 single bats, 18yds. rise:

Cousin	011111101111100—11	Boltz	111111011100111—12
Dabney	111011110010111—11	DuPree	111101101110011—11
Reinike	111111011111111—14	Chaudet	101101110101111—11
Stumpf	110110110111001—10	Cameron	011111111110101—12
Gallup	000011111000101— 8	Sargent	110010111110111—10
Poursene	000110011100000— 6	Irion	110001100001001— 7
Rich	100100111000100— 5	Foote	000101110000001— 5
Hart	110001001100101— 7	Hammock	011110000011000— 6

Reinike first, Boltz and Cameron divided second, Chaudet third.

Third match, 6 live pigeons, 26yds. rise:

Chaudet	111111—6	Stroup	111111—6
DeFuentes	010000—1	Boltz	111101—5
Irion	101011—4	Cousin	011111—5
Bookout	111001—4	Kane	101101—4
Peterson	111111—6	Rich	101111—5
Foote	100011—3	Gallup	111111—6
Stumpf	110011—4	Sargent	111011—5
Dabney	111111—6	Cameron	111111—6
Reinike	101101—4		

Gallup and Peterson divided first, Cousin and Sargent second, Stumpf third.

Fourth match, five single live pigeons, 31yds. rise:

Reinike	11111—5	Dabney	11001—3
Chaudet	01111—4	Peterson	10110—3
Cousin	10101—3	Stroup	11101—4
Stumpf	11011—4	Bookout	00111—3
De Fuentes	11000—2	Foote	11011—4
Sargent	01100—2	Irion	00111—3
Rich	01101—3	Boltz	01111—4
Gallup	11111—5	Kane	11111—5

Gallup first, Stumpf second, Cousin and Bookout divided third.

JULY 9.

First match, 6 single pigeons, 26yds. rise:

Cousin	111111—6	Dabney	111100—4
Sargent	111110—5	Rich	111011—5
Peterson	110111—5	Kane	001110—3
Stumpf	111011—5	Stroup	111111—6
Reinike	110111—5	Gallup	110110—4
Chaudet	101111—5	Boltz	111111—6
Bookout	111101—5	Irion	110101—4
DeFuentes	101101—4	Aucoin	111110—5
Cameron	011110—4	Foote	110110—4

Cousin and Stroup divided first, Peterson second, Cameron and Foote divided third.

Second match, 5 double bats, 18yds. rise:

Chaudet	10 11 00 10 11— 6	Cameron	01 10 11 01 10—6
Cousin	10 11 11 11 11— 9	Peterson	10 01 11 01 10—6
Reinike	11 11 11 11 11—10	Dabney	00 11 10 11 00—5
Foote	11 10 11 11 11— 9	Stumpf	00 00 11 01 10—4
Stroup	10 11 10 01 01— 6	Boltz	11 00 00 11 11—6
Rich	11 01 10 11 01— 7	Hamilton	11 00 11 11 10—7
Sargent	10 01 10 10 10— 5	Buchanan	01 00 00 00 11—3

Reinike first, Cousin second, Rich third.

Third match, 5 live pigeons, 31yds. rise:

Foot	10001—2	Dabney	10111—4
Reinike	11010—3	L Mand	11110—4
Peterson	10011—3	Cameron	10111—4
Stumpf	11110—4	Rich	01110—3
Stroup	11011—4	Gallup	01111—4
Bookout	11111—5	Sargent	11011—4
Chaudet	11111—5	Boltz	10010—3
De Fuentes	11000—2	Irion	11001—3

Bookout and Chaudet divided first, Dabney second, Reinike third.

Fourth match, 10 Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise:

Bookout	1101111101—8	Kane	0101100000—3
Foote	1101101111—8	Rich	0010011000—3
Reinike	1111111110—9	Stroup	0010010101—4
Stumpf	1011111001—7	Cragin	0001100001—4
Cameron	1110011111—8	Gallup	0000011010—3
Peterson	0111110000 –5	Dabney	0110001101—5

Reinike first, Cameron second, Stumpf third.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 16.—Third match of the Fall River Gun Club, 25 glass balls:

Hall	1101111101111111111010111—21
Buffinton	1111110011111010101010101—18
Wood	1111001010111011110101101—17
Mangam	1010001110011111100111101—15
Morris	0111111010101111110000011—15
Burrell	0010000110000100110100000— 7

Hall won for the third time in succession. Second match, 25 clay-pigeons:

Hall	1110111110111111110111111—22
Mangam	1111101111011101110111011—21
Buffinton	1111111101110011010011119
Wood	0001110000010100110011111—12
Morris	0001101000101010001110011—11
Burrell	0011010000001001010010001— 9

Hall won for the third time in succession.

July 4—Fourth prize match, 25 Peoria blackbirds:

Hall	1111111110110111010011111—20
Mangam	1111101110110101111111110—20
Burrell	0101001001101000001110111—12
Chase	1110101110010101011w.
Buffinton	1110010111111101101011w.
Wood	0100011000100111011w.

Tie on 20:

Hall	1111011111101111101—17
Mangam	1110111111011111w.

Hall won for the fourth successive time. Second, 25 clay-pigeons:

Hall	1110011101111111101101101—19
Mangam	0110111001110101101111111—18
Chase	0011101111101000010101101—15
Burrell	1011001601100011000110010—11
Wood	1110011010100101100010010—13
Buffinton	1001101100010010 w.

Hall won for the fourth successive time.

July 14—Fifth prize match, 25 clay-pigeons:

Mangam	1111011011001111101111101—20
Buffinton	1110111101111111001010113—19
Hall	1110100111011100011101110—16
Wood	0100001010001010101111100—11
Burrell	1010100001011101w.

Mangam won for first time. Second, 25 clay-pigeons:

Buffinton	0111010010111111101000—16
Mangam	0100111000101111111111001—16
Hall	0101110000111001010001111—13
Burrell	0100011100000100011001101—10

Tie on 16:

Mangam	0101011100	Buffinton	0100111000

Mangam won for first time.—F. S. H.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 17.—Knoxville Gun Club silver medal match, 1 trap, 18yds. rise, 3 angles, Ligowsky pigeons:

Armstrong	0011101010111111—11	Jenkins	1111111010000—10
Deaderick	1111111111101—14	Kelly	0001101110111101— 8
Dow	1111101101010—11	Post	0011101010101101— 8
Duncan	1111111011111—14	J M Ross	0111110111101111—12
Eldridge	0110101001101101— 8	J E Ross	1111111000101111—11
French	1100001110100— 8	Jacques	1111110101101101—10
Hebbard	1111111000101111—10	Woodbury	1110101101011— 8
Hodge	1111111010110—12	Woods	1100111111111111—13

Duncan won shoot-off.

Gold medal match, 3 traps, 15yds. rise (Armstrong and Deaderick 18yds.) 3 angles, Knoxville F. T. Co. blackbirds:

F W Armstrong	1101111111101111111110—21
C Deaderick	1110111010010110001001110—14
S B Dow	0111110111111111101011—21
J C Duncan	1111110110100101001111111—18
T C Eldridge	0111110011110100001110110—16
M O French	1101000010000100100010110—10
C C Hebbard	1001011000100001101101000—11
F N Hodge	0001110000111010000010000— 8
Wm Jenkins	1101111001010101111101111—18
J B Kelly	0001000011101010101101010—11
F H Post	1011111111101010001111111—18
J M Ross	1011111011101111111111011—21
J E Ross	1001110101011000001010110—13
J W Slocum	1001010000111010101110010—11
R V G Jacques	1100100001001110101010110—13
C M Woodbury	1111010111010101111111100—19
G W Woods	1100011010100001101100011—12
H Worsham	0100110001101110100010001101—13

J. M. Ross won shoot-off.

LITTLETON, N. H., July 20.—The White Mountain Sportsman's Club of this place was organized April 12, 1885, and had its first public shoot on the 4th, with scores as below. The main purpose of our society is to enforce the game laws of New Hampshire, and as we are in the part of the State where the most of the deer pot-hunting is done, think we shall have plenty of business to attend to:

20 Yards Rise.

Barrett	0101001111011001110001010010—15
Flint	0000001101101000001000100101—10
Collins	0100101010001100101001010001—11
Ausden	1101000101101010010010100030—12
Coburn	1011010001110000000000000000— 7—56

18 Yards Rise.

Lane	0100010100101110010q0101010—12
Bellows	0110006001001001001010101110—11
Parker	0110011111100111001101011110—20
Young	1111111101011010001010111011—21
Ide	1111101111011111000110010110—21—8

WELLINGTON, July 18.—The Malden Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon, when these sweepstakes were shot with the following result: First event, five clay-pigeons—Pond first. Second event, five blackbirds—Schaffer first. Third event, five blackbirds—Parker first. Fourth event, five clay-pigeons—Shumway and Loring divided first. Fifth event, five Peoria blackbirds—Parker and Pond divided first. Sixth event, ten clay-pigeons—Loring first. Seventh event, five blackbirds—Sanborn first. Eighth event, three pairs clay-pigeons—Brink first. Ninth event, five blackbirds—Loring first. Tenth event, five clay-pigeons—Loring first. Eleventh event, five clay-pigeons—Shumway, Brink and Spencer divided first. Twelfth event, five clay-pigeons—Shumway and Brink first. Thirteenth event, five clay-pigeons—Brink first. Fourteenth event, five blackbirds—Loring and Schaffer divided first. In the medal match Loring won first with nine, Snow second with eight, and Schaffer third with six.

SEATTLE, Wash. Ter.—Tournament of the Rod and Gun Club of Seattle, W. T., July 4. Teams of five from organized gun clubs in Washington Territory, Peoria blackbirds, 10 singles and 5 pairs of doubles. Singles 18yds. and doubles 15yds. rise. Owing to the fact that the club contemplates holding an inter-state tournament about Aug. 1, only the home club participated.

Team No. 1		
Collins	0011100010	10 10 10 01 10— 9
Robertson	1101101111	01 11 11 11 11—17
Boarman	1110111010	11 11 00 10 10—13
McMicken	1110011011	00 11 01 10 11—11
Edwards	0001000000	11 11 11 00 11— 9—59
Team No. 2.		
Pumphrey	1000111111	10 10 00 10 10—11
McDonald	0010000000	11 11 10 10 10— 8
Stackpool	1011100101	11 11 00 10 11—13
Harris	1110010110	10 10 10 01 01—11
Perry	0010110001	01 00 11 10 10— 9—52
Team No. 3.		
Clarke	0110000110	00 11 01 10 10— 9
Lewis	1010000011	01 01 10 11 10— 9
Sears	1000111010	10 01 01 00 01— 9
Booth	1010111001	11 00 10 00 11—12
Hardy	1011001111	10 01 10 10 11—13—52

Single bird championship match, 20 single blackbirds thrown from 3 screened traps, 18yds.:

Robertson	11111101111111111—19	Harris	10110101010011010111—12
Clarke	11011110111111101111—17	Brown	00101010100101110111—11
Boarman	11011111111010100011—15	Collins	01010011011010110011—10
Pumphrey	10111101101101010111—15	Sears	01101010001111001000—10
McDonald	11111101010110110010—14	Booth	00011111001101w.
Perry	10011110011101111001—13	Edwards	01111101110010w.
Stackpool	11101111000010001011—12	Lewis	00101110111010w.

Robertson won the championship gold medal. Clarke took second prize.

Double bird championship match, 10 pairs of blackbirds, 15yds. rise, 3 screened traps:

Edwards	11	11	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	00—14
Clarke	10	10	11	00	11	00	10	11	11	10—12
Lewis	10	11	00	11	01	00	01	10	11	11—12
Robertson	10	10	11	10	10	10	11	10	10	00—11
Collins	10	11	10	00	10	10	01	10	10	11—11
Perry	00	10	00	01	10	00	01	00	11	11— 8
Stackpool	10	10	10	10	00	10	00	10	00	00— 7
Booth	10	10	00	10	11	w				

Edwards won championship gold medal. Tie for second prize shot off at three pair doubles, and won by Clarke.—ALKI.

BOSTON GUN CLUB, July 17.—To-day being the closing shoot for prizes donated by the club brought out quite a sprinkling of sportsmen to put in their final scores, notwithstanding the extreme heat throughout the afternoon, the gentle breeze from the southwest was just sufficient to give the pigeon on the left quarter a long range, and which in many cases prevented complete sevens being made, the final summing put L S. Sanger first. G. F. Cutting second, C. Stark third, I. Philbrick fourth, B. A. Ward fifth. The visitors' prizes were taken respectively by T. G. Stanton and H. Souther. Next Friday begins a new series of prizes.

First event, 7 singles, 18yds.—J. Philbrick and G. F. Cutting divided first, B. A. Ward second, W. A. Spencer third.

Second event, 7 singles, 1 trap.—Cutting first, Ward second, Philbrick third.

Third event, 7 singles.—Cutting first, Philbrick second, Ward and Spencer divided third.

Fourth event, 7 birds.—Philbrick first, Ward second, Spencer third.

Fifth event, same conditions as above.—Philbrick first, Snow second, Spencer, Stanton and Ward divided third.

Sixth event, 7 birds.—Snow and Ward divided first, Spencer second, Southard and Blanchard divided third.

Seventh event, same as above.—Stanton first, Ward and Philbrick divided second, Snow third.

Eighth event, 7 singles, 18yds.—Blanchard first, Ward and Snow divided second, Stanton and Holden divided third.

Ninth event, 7 birds.—Philbrick and Stanton divided first, Snow second, Spencer third.

Tenth event, 7 birds.—Snow and Stanton divided first, Holden second, Souther third.

Eleventh event, 7 singles.—Holden first, Snow and Souther divided second, Stanton third.

Twelfth event, 7 singles.—Stanton first, Snow second, Spencer third.

WINCHENDGN, Mass, July 15.—At the regular meet to-day of the Winchendon Gun Club the game shot was clay-pigeons, which they broke as follows:

James Sutherland	0111010111—7	L P Ball	1001011011—6
F F Hopgood	1010111111—7	A M Felsh	1010101100—5
P S Davis	0101111100—6	L F Martin	0010001011—4

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties."
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

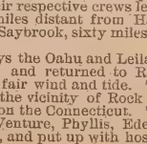
"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 18, 28—Western Meet, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

HARTFORD C. C. CRUISE.

ON THE deck of the steamer Capitol City, when she left Hartford July 3, at four o'clock P. M., were safely stowed six canoes, while their owners and crews in groups of two or three were scattered in shady nooks about the steamer. Wreaths of smoke curled about these groups, while the talk was of the briny waters of Long Island Sound, toward which the steamer swiftly bore them, down the beautiful Connecticut River, and on which they hoped next morning, Independence Day, to

"—hoist the anchor, mates, and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom winds,
Like a lass that woos a lover."

The canoes *en route* were: Venture, Commodore Jones; Vision, Dodd and Davidson; Phyllis, Girard; Oahu, Parmele; Leilah, Abbot; Edelweiss, Francis. The Kestrel and the Kundry were already at Saybrook. Mrs. Oahu, honorary member of the A. C. A. and H. C. C. and a member of the C. C. C., were with the party. At 8 o'clock the Oahu and Leilah with their respective crews left the steamer at Rock Landing, about thirty miles distant from Hartford, while the remainder continued on to Saybrook, sixty miles from Hartford and at the mouth of the river.

During the next two days the Oahu and Leilah cruised leisurely to Essex, twenty-five miles, and returned to Rock Landing, beating down and returning with fair wind and tide. The Oahu spent an additional day cruising in the vicinity of Rock Landing, one of the many picturesque points on the Connecticut. The party which continued to Saybrook, the Venture, Phyllis, Edelweiss and Vision, arrived there about 11 P. M., and put up with hospitable Mr. Pease for the night.

Early next morning sail was set, the last of the ebb aiding a beat to windward out of the river. The end of the breakwater reached, a fair course was laid for Thimble Islands with a good south wind and

tide favorable, but here it was that the Vision went back on the crowd.

A very handsome sloop yacht was seen making straight for the fleet, the "treasurer" getting more and more excited as he recognized various lady friends on board, and very soon she crossed our bows and hove to. Of course there were a great many compliments passed on the "pretty little boats," and an invitation to come aboard. The latter was too much for the Vision, and when she passed the fleet again—they had sailed on—she was towing behind the G—— with the masts taken out and her crew—well, if you have ever been yachting with a crowd of pretty girls you can account for them as well as I.

It was once asked, "Why is D. (one of the Vision's crew) like a sailor?" and the answer was, "Because he has a girl in every port," and it seemed to come in quite handy this trip

The rest of the fleet kept to their first plan, and made a beautiful run to the Thimble Islands and back again to Madison that night, which is about half way between the Thimbles and Saybrook.

There they stayed over night, sleeping on the piazza of a cottage, as they could not get rooms at the hotel; and the next morning started out in a dense fog and picked their way along the coast to Westbrook, beating to windward the whole distance. Here the fog lifted and they stopped on Cornfield Point for a swim.

Amid the shouts of laughter and general rumpus some one has the sense to look to seaward, and there, a half mile off the Point, is the missing Vision, bowling along before a fine breeze, evidently looking for the fleet.

T-o-o-t, t-o-o-t, toot, toot, goes the Hartford signal on the Commodore's whistle, and the Vision changes her course and beats down on the fleet closehauled, bounding over the waves like a race horse and throwing a cloud of spray over her crew.

The day was spent in a very pleasant manner cruising about Westbrook, Pea Isle and Saybrook, and at night the boats are once more placed on the dock to go aboard the steamer and we go over to the hotel to think that the dream is over and we come down to the sad realities of life again in the morning.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.

THE second race for the club sailing trophy took place on Saturday afternoon, July 18. The course was from 152d street dock around stakeboat off Deaf and Dumb Institution dock, around stakeboat off Fort Lee landing and return. The wind was fresh but moderately steady from the north and a strong ebb tide running down the river. The start was as follows: Guenn, Wm. Whitlock, 5:12:50; Lorelei, E. C. Griffin, 5:14:15; Inertia, E. W. Brown, 5:14:55. The beat up against wind and tide was the only sailing done during the race. Guenn carried single-reefed mainsail and full dandy; Inertia carried her full mainsail and small dandy, and Lorelei had her full sail. The three canoes had just about as much sail as they could carry, and the race to the first stakeboat was very interesting. It was turned as follows:

	1st Stakeboat.	Elapsed.
Inertia	5 37 25	22 30
Guenn	5 37 55	25 05
Lorelei	5 38 25	24 20

By the time this turn was made the wind began to fall. Guenn soon let go her reef, and before the boats had reached the middle of the river the wind had completely died out, with the exception of an occasional puff from the northwest.

Lorelei picked up a little on Inertia, and Guenn had worked up the river more than the others, but was some distance in the rear. When three quarters of the way across the river, Inertia, afraid of being entirely becalmed, came about and stood up the river on port tack, while Guenn and Lorelei kept on. The currents of air coming down the Palisades seemed to favor the two boats close in shore more than the Inertia, which was well out in the river. Soon, however, the strong ebb tide had carried the two boats in shore below the stakeboat, and that Inertia, while some distance above the stake, could not get in shore to turn in. It looked like a hopeless task for any of the three to get around. Inertia gave up first, and started for home with a spruce breeze. Some time later a little breeze came up and enabled the Guenn to get around the stake. Lorelei then gave up and paddled home. The Guenn arrived some time during the evening, but as the judges had knocked off at sunset the time was not taken. As there was no time in it the race was awarded to Mr. Whitlock by the janitor, who was the only one who remained to see the finish.

The third race for the trophy will probable take place Saturday, Aug. 22.

ROYAL C. C. REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of this club took place in Teddington Reach on Saturday, June 27, and, with fine weather and keen racing, was a complete success. The entries, too, were better than have been received for some time past. The programme commenced with a sailing race for second class canoes, and was won by E. B. Tredwen somewhat easily in the Pearl, Nautilus (Mr. Baden-Powell) being second.

Half Mile Paddling Race, for Novices.—G. J. B. Porter, 1; S. Robarts, 0. Won easily.

Half Mile Paddling Race, any canoes.—G. J. B. Porter, 1; C. Scott, 2; S. Futcher, 0; P. Nisbet, 0. Won after a good race by two lengths.

Paddling and Sailing Race.—Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell, 1; Pearl, E. B. Tredwen, 0. Pearl led until coming up the course for the last time, when her skipper ran into a tree and got overboard, leaving Nautilus to win easily.

Mile Paddling Race.—S. Futcher, 1; W. Baden-Powell, 2; C. Scott 0; G. Porter, 0. Won easily, Powell paddling in his sailing canoe and scoring two points for the record, Scott and Porter giving up soon after the start.

Double Canoe Race, lady and gentleman in each canoe.—G. J. B. Porter and lady, 1; P. Nisbet and lady, 0; E. L. P. Nisbet and lady, 0. A good race, won by a length and a half.

Sailing Race, four times round.—Pearl, E. B. Tredwen, 1; Nautilus, W. Baden-Powell 2; Gladys, T. F. Knowles, 3; Diamond, H. Church, 4; Pearl No. 6, A. H. Tredwen, 5. This was the best race of the day, barely two lengths separating the first three boats at the finish. Pearl 7 was first to get away, followed by Diamond, Gladys, Pearl No. 6 and Nautilus in the order named, the latter having a very bad start through not being ready at gun fire. Pearl and Diamond continued to lead the fleet during the first two rounds, when Gladys and Nautilus passed Diamond. In the last round Nautilus passed Gladys and closed up with Pearl, only a length separating them as they crossed the line.

Challenge Cup Paddling Race. One Mile (for the £50 challenge cup).—C. Scott (holder), 1; G. J. B. Porter, 0; P. Nisbet, 0. This was also a good race, and Porter was considered a likely winner after his performance in the half mile. Scott, however, made the pace very hot at the commencement, and obtained a lead which he maintained to the finish, winning by about two lengths.

Sailing Race, running only.—Pearl, E. B. Tredwen, 1; Diamond, H. Church, 2. Three others started. Pearl slipped away from the others, who ran down the course all in a cluster. Just at the finish Diamond came on with a rush and secured second place.

Four-Paddle Race.—G. J. B. Porter, S. Robarts, P. Nisbet and F. W. Farrar. Won, after a desperate struggle, by Scott's crew, by a bare foot.

Chase over Land and Water.—P. Nisbet, 1; C. Scott, 0. Scott was first across the river, but capsized his canoe in deep water and could not haul it out, leaving Nisbet to take things easily and the prize.

Scratch Fours.—Won easily by G. J. Porter, C. L. O'Malley, W. R. Richardson and Gerald Pabham.

The paddling races were umpired by Mr. Herbert Evans from the bows of the Jeannette launch, whose owner had kindly placed her at the disposal of the club for the day; while G. Herbert, A. Ingram and the secretary divided the duties of starter and judge of the various races.—*London Field.*

OTTAWA C. C.

THE following are the officers of the Ottawa Canoe Club for the present year: Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General; Captain, R. W. Baldwin; Mate, E. King; Purser, F. H. Gisborne. with Messrs. Stansfield and Brough members of the Committee of Management. The club flag is blue, and the letters O. C. C. and a beaver in white. Communications may be addressed to the Purser, Francis H. Gisborne.

The Ottawa C. C. has been in existence three years, and now numbers some 42 members. Ottawa possesses two attractions to the canoeist, the Rideau Canal and the Ottawa River, and the members spend their time on both. The club has obtained a lease from the Crown of a site on the Ottawa River, at the foot of the locks that lie at the entrance of the Rideau Canal. A most picturesque position, upon which a boat house is being erected for the accommodation of those of the members who love what the older inhabitants fitly call the Grand River. The boat house is designed to hold about 40 canoes, with a small room for committee meetings. The Ottawa C. C. has been a most successful institution. When it was first organized in 1883 with 15 members canoes were rarely seen, now every evening the canal is covered with canoes, and many may be seen on the river.

The Ottawa canoeist is very patriotic, and is a great admirer of the more beautiful of the human race, and consequently the open Canadian-built canoes are the favorite kind, a choice which enables the canoeist to patronize home manufactures and please his lady acquaintance at the same time.

One of the members of the club has just started upon a most delightful trip. He goes up the Rideau Canal to Kingston, from Kingston he descends the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands, and he hopes to stop at Grindstone Island and attend the meet of the A. C. A., then taking the cars at Brockville or Prescott, a short journey brings him back to Ottawa. Provisions are easy to get all along the canal, and the scenery is singularly beautiful, those who have seen both admiring it much more than the Thousand Islands. For a large part of the 120 miles of its length the canal has been made by utilizing a chain of lakes and the Rideau River, so that there is nothing of the ditch about it. Where there are excavations, the long time that has elapsed since the building of the canal some fifty years, has covered the banks with a luxuriant growth of beautiful trees and shrubs. The stone locks even have become mellowed in color and softened in outline. The writer hopes that before long the log of the Daphne may be presented to your readers, so that they may be able faintly to realize the pleasures of canoeing in this part of the world. I cannot trespass upon your space to tell of the delights open to the canoeist upon the Grand River or its tributaries, the Lelièvre and the Gatineau, but I hope that we may soon be visited by some of our brother canoeists from the south side of the line. A.

A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please insert the following transportation rates:

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. Regular excursion tickets to Clayton, N. Y., and return from Chicago $31.25, Toledo, $22, Cleveland, $19.65. Special canoeists' tickets from Dunkirk—Erie, Youngstown, Cleveland—to Buffalo and return at 1½ fares; canoes and kits free.

N. B.—The rates from Buffalo to camp and return has been given before.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

GENTLEMEN: There will be two mails daily between Gananoque and the A. C. A. camp. All mail matter should be addressed:

"American Canoe Association Camp, Gananoque, Ont."

This is for the benefit of the Canadian members of the Association and is in addition to the regular mail service via Clayton.

F. S. RATHBUN, Vice-Commodore.

"CANOE HANDLING," by C. Bowyer Vaux ("Dot"). Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. Price $1, post free. Another useful and interesting canoeing book from America is before us, and we wish there was sufficient life in canoeing in England to warrant us in predicting for it an extensive sale. The book is full of reading that is sure to meet the approval of canoeists; with experience, instruction or incident contained in it they can institute a comparison with what they would do or what has befallen them in similar situations, and there will be few with so much knowledge that they cannot acquire something useful from "Canoe Handling." It is not, however, to the experienced canoeist that the author specially addresses himself, but more to those who are but entering or are about to enter the ranks. To those who have just entered on their apprenticeship the book will be of immense service, as here is the experience of a master hand all laid before them in terms that no novice can misunderstand, and if this book should fall into the hands of those who have he slightest inclination for boating, we think they will not be satisfied until each one finds himself the owner of a canoe, and capable of singing with the author:

> "For I am the captain of my craft,
> My word is law from fore to aft,
> I am the cook and steward too,
> I am the passengers and crew;
> And though 'tis said I'm hard to please,
> I'm not afraid of mutinies.
> In fact my complement at sea
> Is as perfect as can be."
>
> —*Canoeing Gazette.*

HARTFORD C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.—Commodore Jones has presented to the Club a handsome cup made by the Hartford Silver Plate Co., to be raced for during the season. Any one winning once is barred out of the subsequent races, but his name is engraved on the cup. At the end of the season a race will be sailed by all who have once taken the cup in the summer races, the winner to retain it finally. The trophy is of silver, 10in. high, the base being surrounded by a lateen sail on one side, a lug on the other, with paddles, double and single the new Hartford tiller and yoke, rudder, etc. Around the bowl of the cup is engraved a view of canoes under sail, from a photograph taken at Grindstone last year, every detail, down to the flags on each canoe, being perfectly accurate. Opposite to this is a group of four flags, club and A. C. A. On July 13, the first race was sailed, the entries being: Leilah, Mr. Abbott; Connecticut, Mr. Forrest; Vision, Messrs. Dodd and Davidson, and Colonel Greene's canoe. Leilah carried away her steering gear in rounding and gave up. Vision won in 17.28¾ with Colonel Greene's boat second.

THE SAFETY OF A CANOE.—The American girl, says Robert Grant White in *Outing*, has a wonderful faculty of forcasting circumstances and understanding how far she can act independently without hazard. I remember being struck at Bar Harbor by the response of a girl of eighteen who was questioned as to the prudence of having spent most of the day and evening on the water with a young man who was almost a stranger. "Oh," she answered, "the canoe itself is a great protection."

HARTFORD CRUISERS.—Dr. and Mrs. Parmele started on the morning of July 15 for a two months' trip in the Oahu. They will cruise down the Connecticut to Saybrook, and from there cross over to Long Island by steamer and explore the inland bays along the south shore. The Vision, Messrs. Davidson and Dodd, will make a week's cruise on Long Island Sound, starting about July 23.

FULTON, N. Y.—The second race of the Pathfinder C. C. occurred Friday, July 17. Length of course, four miles. There were five entries, finishing in the order named: Idler, W. S. Rozer; Otho, J. J. Morrill; ——, M. M. Williams; ——, J. D. Foster; ——, H. C. Markham, did not finish. Next race occurs in about two weeks.—PENNY.

"THE BOOK IS A CHARMING ONE, not only to canoeists, but to all who are interested in nature and out-door life," says the Albany *Argus* of Dr. Neidé's "Cruise of the Aurora."

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 18-28—Camp at Ballast Island.
July 25—Hull Y. C., Ladies' Day.
July 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
July 25—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Second Championship Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Annual Regatta.
July 28—Toledo Y. C., Open Regatta.
July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quincy City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.

SCHEMER AND POLLY.—Polly, Mr. Towle's new sloop, was cheated out of her race on July 4 by being neaped when grounded for cleaning at Mamaroneck, but she soon sought a chance for a race, and a match for $250 a side was made with Hope and Schemer, to be sailed on July 19. In the morning Hope withdrew, as there was no wind, but at 1 P. M. a breeze from northwest caused Schemer and Polly to start over a shorter course than the one first proposed. Starting at Constable's Point, they ran around Execution Light, then back to the Point, and home to a finish off Pagoda Point. The start was made at 3:15 P. M., Polly crossing at 3:16:48 and Schemer at 3:17:20. Both carried working topsails and balloon jibtopsails without jibs, Schemer getting into trouble through a turn in her kite as it went up in stops. At Execution the times were: Schemer 3:51:10, Polly 3:52:20. On the wind Polly did much better, going to windward of Schemer, but as the wind freed she ceased to gain any, and they turned Constable's buoy, Schemer 4:31:10, Polly 4:32:00. Schemer held the same lead to the line, with a beam wind. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schemer	3 17 20	4 41 10	1 23 50
Polly	3 16 48	4 42 05	1 25 17

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—As the New York Y. C. has no anchorage and no club house near the water, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have offered the use of their house and grounds to Genesta, and her cruising rig will be stored there.

WELCOME! GENESTA.

PEACE and war, commerce and pleasure, bring many odd craft past the Hook and into the harbor of New York each year, but it is a long time since any vessel has been expected as eagerly or whose coming has awakened such a general and widespread interest on all hands as the little 80ft. yacht that on Thursday last dropped her anchor off the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house, after a passage of twenty-two days from Queenstown. Over her taffrail, as she lowed up astern of the tug Indian which had met her outside, floated the English flag, while at the head of the short topmast was the well-known black and red signal that she made so famous last year at home. Leaving Greenock on June 16 Genesta put into Queenstown and sailed again on June 23, thus making the passage in twenty-two days, or less than the time of the Cambria-Dauntless race, though only under reduced rig. Little of note occurred on the passage. Her best day's run was 224 knots. She passed a whistling buoy adrift some 2,000 miles from its proper place, and for eighteen hours she was hove to in a heavy gale, the weather mostly being light. She brought with her that 70 tons of lead which, according to the wiseacres last winter, was to land her at Davy Jones instead of in New York, should she be so daring as to tempt the wide Atlantic.

Cutters, of late, have been no novelty in New York Bay, cutters of all kinds, wide, narrow, full-fledged Britishers and wild American imitations. Harvey cutters we have seen, Watson cutters, and old Dan Hatcher's famous 15-tonner has lately found a home here, but in Genesta we have a cutter of another type. A ship, every inch of her, even more freeboard than most of her kin, but unlike them with a bold sweep of sheer that lifts bow and stern and gives life to every line and curve about her. Her counter is light and graceful in the extreme, while her bows show much fuller on deck than in the boats of this class that we have been accustomed to, the breadth on deck running well forward. The deck itself has a good crown, the bulwarks are low, and aft they flare off gracefully into the contour of the outside of the counter. Looking at her worst, partly dismantled and with no bowsprit, she is certainly a handsome boat, but what is still more noticeable is the power shown in every line of her hull that is visible. Of composite build, steel frame and teak and elm planking, her channels of plate iron, rails of elm and bulwarks and deck fittings of teak, and the various fittings about the deck have that true beauty which comes from a perfect adaptation to the purposes they are to serve.

Unlike most cutters, her bowsprit runs over the stem head, the starboard side of the iron bitts being hinged to permit of its housing. The free scuttle is oval, a section of steel tube forming the coaming, while an oval hatch leads to the galley, with another hatch for sails further aft. On deck is a neat capstan. Her tiller is an immense iron bar, capped with brass at the handle. Two large boats are carried at the davits, besides a 12-foot dingey of very peculiar model, the stern being round, which is carried on deck in racing. Below is a large saloon, out of which on the starboard side aft is the owner's room, abreast of it being the passage leading to the ladies' cabin, a good-sized room aft. Forward to starboard the main cabin opens into another stateroom, while to port is a passage to the galley. The captain's room is forward of the latter stateroom. The forecastle is very large, high and comfortable.

The really wonderful part to a sloop man is not seen at first, but by lifting a hatch in the floor a lower hold is disclosed, a passage amidships running fore and aft, on each side of which are stowed provisions, water and stores of all kinds. Underneath the forecastle floor the eighteen beds of the crew are stowed away during the day. Genesta's rig on her long passage, though much smaller than her racing suit, can hardly be called a jury rig, as it was most efficient, and under it she made good time. Her racing mast of last year has been cut down five feet, a very short topmast and small bowsprit were shipped, a trysail gaff of 25ft. and a light boom for occasional use only. Jolly, black bearded Captain Carter, who handled her so well last year, will sail her in her races here. He has with him a crew of eighteen, a fine looking set, as most of the English yacht sailors are, well built, hearty, and evidently with plenty of "beef" for a new hand in a long race. One and all they praise their ship, and the chief inquiry of visitors is as to what races she can enter. As soon as her spars arrive she will ship them and dock for cleaning, and will join the New York Y. C. on their cruise.

AMERICAN Y. C., JULY 16, 17, 18.

STEAM yachting already owes much to the American Y. C., the only organization here or abroad devoted to the development of steam pleasure craft, and which in the short time it has been in existence, has done much for their development. Besides the work done by its members in the way of investigation and improvement, it has added a new feature to the yachting year, a cruise and race under steam. Last year the club held its first regatta, laboring under the many difficulties incident to a new organization working in an untried field. This season a great improvement was visible over the arrangements of last, as the club have profited by the experience gained then. The programme for this season included a race from Larchmont to New London for all yachts, a cruise to Shelter Island and back to New York, and races for launches and also for yachts' row-boats. In getting rid of the uncertainties of wind and weather that vex the sailing craft, the steam yachts encounter an extra difficulty in the question of time allowance, which far from simple when sailing only is concerned, becomes still more complicated when applied to steam.

Last year the allowance was not satisfactory and this season a new departure was made, several systems of allowance being tried with separate prizes for each. For the principal race, that from Larchmont to New London, open to all yachts, a prize was offered by the Commodore for the best time over the course without any restrictions, a cup offered by Mr. E. S. Kinney for the winning boat under a system of allowance proposed by him, and cups offered by the club, three under Emery's formula, one under Isherwood's, and one under Captain Lundborg's formula.

Mr. Kinney's table of time allowance is based on the actual speed of yachts, which he has tabulated carefully, and from which he has deduced a table of speeds for all lengths from 50 to 300ft. Yachts entering must be veritable cruising craft with masts and sails, with usual boats, and must use only tubular boilers. The system of allowance proposed by C. E. Emery, Ph.D., is based on the assumption that the speed in knots per hour should be equal to 2 7-10 times the square root of the length in feet on waterline. Yachts competing for this cup were divided into three classes of over 150ft waterline, 85 to 150ft. and under 85ft., a cup being offered for each class. All were limited to tubular boilers, with a pressure not exceeding 125lbs.

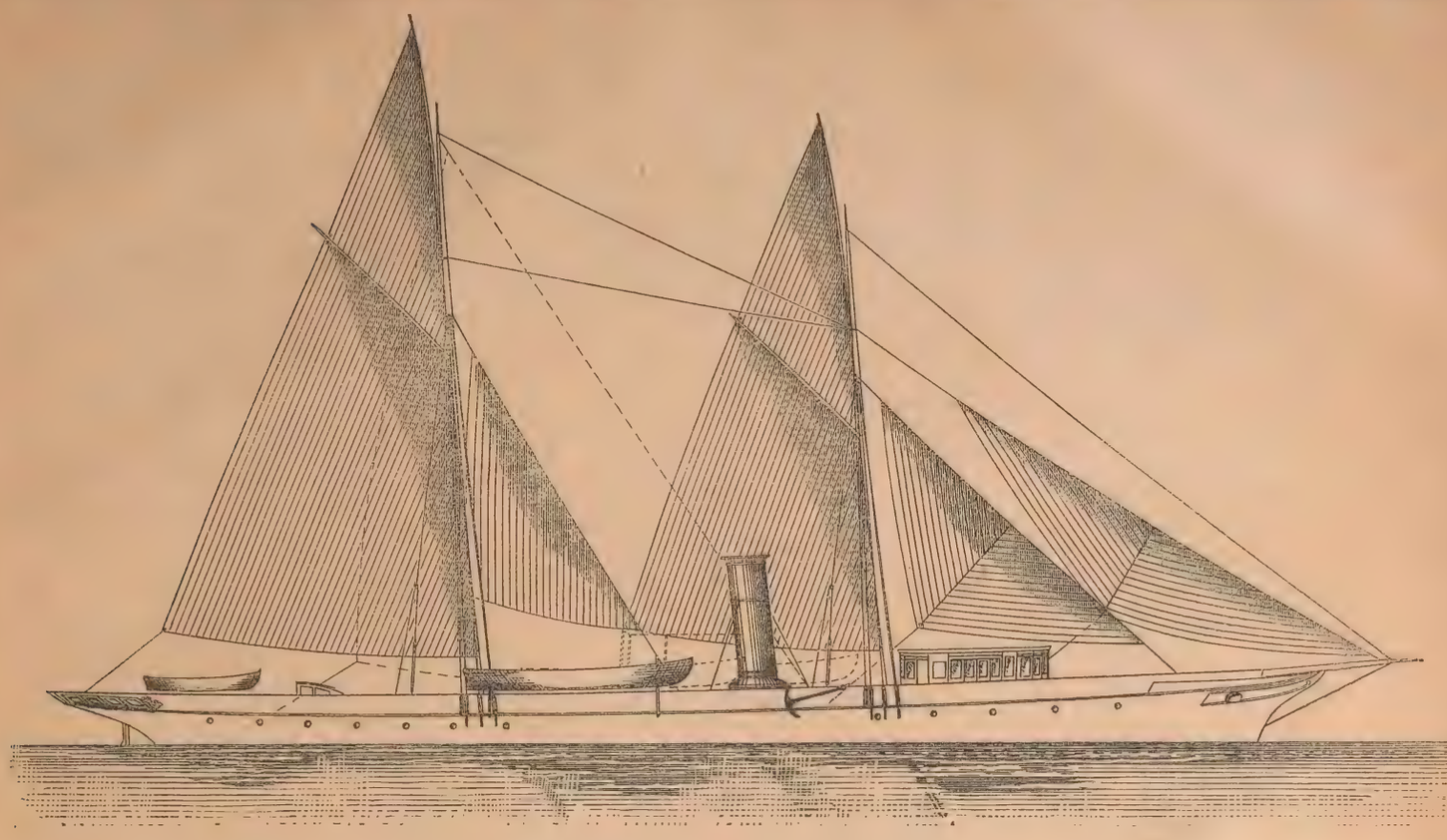
The allowance proposed by Chief Engineer B. F. Isherwood, U. S. N., is based on the assumption that the relative merits of the yachts are proportional to the speed in knots per hour divided by the cube root of the waterline in feet. No limits of boilers or pressure are imposed, and all yachts race in one class for a cup offered by the club. Captain Lundborg, inventor of the new model for steam and sailing vessels known by his name, has also computed a series of constants as a basis for a system of allowance, and a cup was offered under his tables. This is the only one in which size of cylinders, pressure, pitch of wheel and boiler power are considered. Such a comparative trial of the various systems not only offers to all a chance for a prize, but will add much to the knowledge on the subject, and aid greatly in the ultimate evolution of a system of time allowance that shall be approximately correct, at least as nearly so as is possible in steam yachting.

Two cups were also given by Mr. Thos Manning for launches of fifty feet and under, to be raced for on July 17, from New London to Shelter Island, one class for tubular boilers and one for coil and other types, both under the Isherwood formula. The course for the main race was from off Lachmont to the lighthouse off Stratford, keeping it to port, thence to the south of Bartlett's Reef Lightship and buoy on Sarah's Ledge, and finishing off the Pequot House dock at New London, a distance of 80 knots or 92 miles.

Twenty yachts were entered beforehand, but some did not start the full number of starters being:

	Waterline.	Owner.	Boiler.	Port.
Lucille	63.09	J. B. Herreshoff.	Coil	Bristol.
Marion	51.09	C. T. Parker	Tubular	Boston.
Viola	52.09	J. P. Kennedy	Tubular	New York.
Lagonda	118.00	J. C. Hoagland	Tubular	New York.
Radha	135.00	J. M. Seymour	Tubular	New York.
Promise	90.00	A. De Cordova	Tubular	New York.
Stiletto	91.00	J. B. Herreshoff	Coil	Bristol.
Norma	131.00	N. L. Munro	Tubular	New York.
Sophia	100.01	C. H. Osgood	Tubular	New Haven.
Utowana	122.00	W. E. Connor	Tubular	New York.
Lurline	88.03	J. M. Waterbury	Tubular	New York.
Rival	87.08	J. A. Baker	Tubular	New York.
Skylark	74.03	E. A. Bateman	Tubular	New York.
Aida	90.00	Wm. P. Douglas	Coil	New York.
Atalanta	228.09	Jay Gould	Tubular	New York.
No. 246	152.00	Wm. Cramp's Sons	Tubular	Philadelphia.

Of these Lagonda, Radha, Promise, Norma, Utowana, Lurline, Rival and Atalanta were entered for the Kinney, Emery, Isherwood, Lundborg and Commodore's cups; Sophia and Skylark entered for Kinney, Emery, Isherwood and Commodore's; the Stiletto, Lucille and Aida entered for the Isherwood, Lundborg and Commodore's; No. 246 entered for the Kinney, Isherwood, Lundborg and Commodore's; Viola and Marion entered for the Isherwood and Commodore's cups. The launch Surprise, 34ft. long, with coil boiler, was entered by Jay Gould for Friday's race for the Manning prize. No sails were allowed, and no prizes were given for walkovers. The Larchmont



SAIL PLAN OF STEAM YACHT "WANDA."

Y. C., with its usual hospitality, had invited the American Y. C. to rendezvous at their anchorage, and on Wednesday evening most of the steam yachts were anchored off Larchmont. Early on Thursday morning the iron steamer Cygnus came up from New York with the guests of the club and also a band of music on board, and took up a position just ahead of Flagler's Point.

The small class, Lucille, Viola and Marion, had been started at 8:35 A. M. by Mr. Manning, their times being: Lucille, 8:34; Viola, 8:41; and Marion, 8:45, though the latter did not really start until 10 A. M., owing to trouble with her machinery. The morning was clear and bright with little wind, just the day for a pleasure trip over the Sound. At 10:30 the Cygnus sounded her whistle, and again at 10:40 went the signal for a start. First over came Skylark at 10:41:11, then Radha 10:42:33, Rival and Norma 10:43:04, Lagonda 10:43:21, Utowana 10:44, Sophia 10:45:05, Promise 10:46:46.

Off Pagoda Point lay two yachts of peculiar appearance, one high-sided and black, with three masts and a yellow smokestack, and one a low black and white stripe on the water, also having three masts. They lay together for a time, Aida and Stiletto, then the white and black one started, making a turn in and out and leaving a white wake that looked like a sea serpent, of which she was the head. Over the line she went at 10:47:12, and a minute latter had passed the nearest one of her rivals, the Promise. A minute and a half brought her beside Lurline, a minute more by Sophia, one more and Utowana was astern, and so until after 10½ minutes from the start she passed the leader, Radha, and took the head of the fleet, and shortly after she was hull down ahead. Aida was last to start, crossing at 10:51:40. All the yachts carried large numbers on each side, so that they were easily picked out by all. A strong flood tide was running in the Sound until after 2 P. M., which was greatly to the disadvantage of the smaller yachts, as they made most of the run against it, while Atalanta and No. 246, starting later, had more of the ebb.

The latter boat, not yet named, is the latest production of the builders of Atalanta, and is intended to be very fast. She is 106ft. over all, 152ft. waterline, 22ft. beam, 13ft. depth of hold, with a high side, curved stern and no bowsprit. Her sides are painted a dead black, without gloss. Several new features are embodied in her design. She has triple expansion engines, her keel is cut away aft for a third of its length, and she has a balanced rudder. She and Atalanta were started by Com. Monroe at 11:30 A. M., crossing at 11:35:09 and 11:33:59 respectively. Just as Aida was timed, 10:51:40, the Cygnus turned her wheels for a chase, in which she promised to rival Stiletto. Orienta started with the fleet, but was not entered and towed a steam launch

By the time that Stratford Light was reached, 1 P. M., the Stiletto was far out of sight, Radha was second boat and Cygnus was next to her. The Orienta was passed here, then the order of the others was Lagonda, Rival, Sophia, Utowana, Skylark, Norma, Promise, Lurline, Aida. For nearly an hour the big steamer ran almost alone, with Radha in sight ahead, but about 2 P. M. Atalanta was sighted astern. It was not until 3:52, however, that the yacht really passed her and soon left Radha as well. At 2:30 Marion had been made out from the Cygnus. At one time the Edith and Falcon came out to meet the racers, and off New Haven the lost stakeboat that brought trouble to the New Haven Y. C., the Smith Bros., was seen cruising about with a party on board. At 3:3C the Cygnus had passed Cornfield Light, and at 4:15 she passed Bartlett's Reef Lightship, which point Radha had left at 4:05 and Atalanta at 4:12. Soon after Atalanta passed Radha, while the latter made an awkward blunder. After rounding Sarah's Ledge buoy properly she was in doubt as to the course and went off to turn another buoy at a distance, losing some 10 minutes or more. After she arrived the others came in one by one for over an hour. Little Lucille was first boat in at 3:26:10, Stiletto, 3:37:06; Atalanta, 4:27:29; Radha, 4:29:06; 246, 4:41:01; Lagonda, 4:55:52; Aida, 5:15:11; Rival, 5:20:02; Sophia, 5:27:10; Utowana, 5:29:40; Viola, 5:30:37; Skylark, 5:58:53. Norma lost a cylinder head and put into Bridgeport, Promise blew out her packing and brought up in the same port, Lurline did not finish and Marion arrived late and was not timed. The complete times of those that finished were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Stiletto	10 47 12	3 37 06	4 49 54
Atalanta	11 33 39	4 27 21	4 53 50
No. 246	11 35 09	4 41 01	5 05 52
Lagonda	10 43 21	4 55 52	6 12 31
Utowana	10 44 00	5 29 40	6 45 40
Radha	10 42 35	4 29 06	5 46 31
Lucille	8 37 00	3 26 10	6 49 10
Sophia	10 45 05	5 27 10	6 42 05
Rival	10 43 04	5 20 02	6 36 58
Skylark	10 41 11	5 58 53	7 17 42
Aida	10 50 00	5 15 11	6 25 11
Viola	8 41 00	5 30 37	8 49 37

Stiletto won the Isherwood and Commodore's Cup, and would have taken more except for the restrictions on coil boilers and pressure. The head tide made it impossible to make a high record, and she was run easily with two stops during the race. The Kinney Cup goes to No. 246, subject to remeasurement; the entries for first and third class Emery Cups did not fill, and second class goes to Rival. The Lundborg Cup goes to Utowana.

In the Kinney, Emery and Lundborg systems certain theoretical speeds are laid down for each length of waterline, the boat showing the greatest gain over her tabulated speed being the winner. Thus Rival's time allowed by the Emery table was 6.40.12, while her real time was 6.36.58, or 3.14 under the tabular time.

Lucille entered a protest against Viola, on the ground that her boiler is virtually a coil. The times at the finish were taken by Mr. J. P. Lockwood and Captain Lundborg, from the Pequot House dock.

None of the 18 knot boats that we hear of every spring when trial trips are made happened to be present on this occasion. Stiletto's time for the entire distance averaged 10.5 knots, while the rate runs from that down to 11 knots, with an average nearer the latter figure for the whole fleet. In every way the race was a success, and gave satisfaction to contestants and spectators. The Cygnus showed a speed second only to Stiletto, Atalanta and No. 246.

In the evening the yachtsmen and the guests from the Cygnus were at the Pequot House, where a hop was given, with fire-works from the fleet in the harbor.

The second day of the cruise opened with a dense fog, which only cleared away at noon. Only one boat was entered in the launch race to Shelter Island for the Manning prizes, the Surprise, a Herreshoff launch 34ft. long, belonging to the Atalanta. She ran across, followed by the fleet, making the twenty-six miles in two hours. Stiletto started in the morning for Bristol. On the arrival of the fleet, races between the yacht's boats were rowed, the first being for cutters, Rival's boat manned by Phillips and Anderson winning, with Utowana, Promise and Lagonda in order. The dingy race was won by John Engstrom of the Sentinel, with Promise and Utowana following. In the gig race Utowana's crew, Peterson, Matheson, Johnson and Damm, with engineer Van Schack as coxswain, won. The other boats were from the Tillie, Atalanta and revenue cutter Grant. In the evening a display of fire-works took place, and also a hop at the Prospect House.

On Saturday the Cygnus brought her passengers back to New York, while the fleet disbanded, the yachts going various ways. Great credit is due the regatta committee, Messrs. G. W. Hall, Thomas Manning and J. P. Lockwood for the manner in which all the arrangements connected with the yachts and the steamer were carried out.

WANDA.

THE Wanda, whose sail plan is given above, marks a new departure in American steam yachting, as she is of a type as yet little known here, the auxiliary steam yacht, not merely fast under steam, but with sailing powers of a higher class than usual in American yachts. Wanda is intended for general cruising off shore as well as on the Sound, and to that end it was desirable that she should handle well under sail alone in case fuel fell short, or on a long run the wind proved strong enough to dispense with steam. In model she differs radically from American practice, as much so as the cutter does from the centerboard and in a somewhat similar manner. Her mid ship section, on a beam of 18ft., shows a depth of hold of 11ft. 6in., with a draft of 10ft., and in shape resembles that of a modern cutter simply spread apart to give the requisite beam. From keel to plank-sheer on each side the outline is almost an arc circle, making a V with the sides convex instead of straight. The waterline fore and aft is very fine and the ends lean, and while there is ample displacement, the great depth and the careful manner in which it is distributed have led many to predict that she would not carry her load. Everywhere throughout the boat easy flowing lines are noticeable, a keel rockered fairly and running with an easy sweep into forefoot to stem, clean buttock lines leading into a light and graceful counter, long, but handsome; and a fair sheer coupled with good freeboard While she has not the extreme sheer of some American boats and her sides are higher than we are accustomed to, the handsome ends remove any appearance of heaviness or any boxy look.

Mr. John Harvey, her designer, came here a few years since with a reputation earned abroad as a builder and designer of fast yachts, since which he has given us a fleet that has made an American reputation for him—Bedouin, Oriva, Wenonah and Ileen—and now in his efforts in a different field he promises to be no less successful, and to establish a standard in style that some of our steam yachtsmen can study to their advantage.

Not only is Wanda of a new type, but she is no less noticeable as being the first steel yacht built in New York, as well as the first metal boat turned out from the new yard of Messrs. Piepgrass & Pine, at Greenpoint. This firm, who built Yolande, Oriva, Wenonah, Bedouin and Ileen, all wooden boats of superior construction, have lately put in an entire new plant for working steel and iron, which branches of the business they will add to wooden yacht building. Mr. Pine's experience in New York is well known, and Mr. Piepgrass brings into the concern a thorough knowledge of iron shipbuilding, acquired in European yards. This, their first work, is in every way creditable to them. Wanda's dimensions are:

Length over all	143ft.
Length on waterline	127ft.
Beam, extreme	17ft.
Depth of hold	11ft. 6in.
Draft	10ft. 2in.
Displacement	190 tons.

The entire vessel is of steel, the keel and stem being 5⅛x1⅛in., with sternpost 5⅛x3½in. Angle iron frames 2¼x2¼x¼ are spaced 18in. centers amidships and 22in. at ends, with reverse frames 2x2 abreast of and for 10ft. fore and aft of the engines and boilers. The plating is of ¼ and 5-16in. steel. Five bulkheads of 3-16in. steel divide the hull into six watertight compartments. The engines, furnished by Mr. J. W. Sullivan, of New York, are of the usual type of two cylinder fore and aft compound, 20 and 38 by 24, with a steel shaft 8in. in diameter, and a four-bladed wheel 8ft. 6in. in diameter and 14ft. pitch. Mr. David M. Nichols designed and built her two boilers of steel, horizontal tubular, 9ft. 6in. long, 6ft. 6in. wide, and 9ft. 6in. high. Each has 187 steel tubes 2¼in. in diameter, and 35ft. of grate surface. Below the crew's quarters are placed forward, with the officers' rooms abaft them. Aft of the engines is the main cabin, owner's stateroom and ladies' cabin. The galley is on deck, in the after part of the pilot house. The sail plan includes a foresail of 690ft., mainsail of 1,072ft., staysail 312ft., jib 337ft. and mainstaysail 281ft., or 2,682 sq. ft. in lower sails. In sailing the stack can be turned down as shown and a stay set up for a big maintopmast staysail. The rail is provided with several pairs of sockets for davits so that the positions of the boats may be shifted, as the coal is used from various points, to trim the ship properly. The peculiar rig of Wanda with her big yellow stack, long stern and generally English appearance make her a noticeable object among our yachts. Her trial trip lately was very successful, but she has not yet raced, being used by her owner for cruising and as a summer home.

THE GOELET CUP RACES.

THE following circular, issued by the New York Y. C. gives the particulars of race for the Goelet Cups, open to schooners and sloops of the New York Y. C., that have not hauled out to clean bottom after the cruise has begun. A schooner prize of a $1,000 cup and a sloop prize of a $500 cup are offered as usual by Mr. Ogden Goelet.

The race to take place in the early part of the cruise, as before, on the day after the arrival of the squadron at Newport; the day to be named by the flag officers, probably Monday, Aug. 3. And it is hoped that, as heretofore, every yacht present will be entered. To be sailed under the rules, and with the time allowance of the club. The course for this race will be triangular and about 45 miles long, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship or its vicinity, and will be announced by signal from the judges' boat on the morning of the race, and if possible from the flagship also, as follows: The letters K. V. of the International Code will signify a course from the Brenton's Reef Lightship to and around the buoy on the north end of Block Island, leaving it on the port hand; thence to and around a mark displaying a red flag anchored about 2⅝ miles W.S.W. from the Lighthouse at West Island, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the starting line, passing to the southward of the Lightship. At the start and finish the yachts will pass between the Lightship and the judges' boat stationed to the westward of it. The letters S. M. will signify a course from a line drawn from the Red buoy off Beaver Tail and the judges' boat anchored to the south of it, to and around the Sow and Pigs Lightship, leaving it on the port hand; thence to and around the Hen and Chickens Lightship, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the Brenton's Reef Lightship, passing to the southward of it and between the Lightship and the judges' boat. The measurement of yachts not already measured should accompany entries. Entries will be received by the secretary at the club house, 67 Madison avenue, up to Tuesday, July 28, and on the flagship, addressed to the commanding officer, up to 8 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the race. Owners are requested to send in their entries as early as possible to facilitate the labors of the regatta committee.

The sailing directors are as below: The preparatory signal will be from the judges' boat at the starting point at 9:45 and the starting signal at 10 o'clock precisely if possible. The signal for starting will be as follows, viz: Preparatory signal.—One long blast of the steam whistle and at the same time the United States ensign will be lowered from the bow staff and a blue Peter set in its place. The start.—Ten minutes later there will be a second blast of the whistle, the Blue Peter will be lowered and the yacht club signal set in its place, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line. Ten minutes later there will be a third blast of the whistle, and this time will be recorded as the time of any yacht starting in the race thereafter Note.—That before any signal is given the United States ensign will be flying at the bow staff; during the preparatory period a blue Peter and after the starting whistle the yacht club signal. If possible a short blast of the steamer's whistle will be given when each yacht crosses the starting line. There will be no limit as to the time of performance. Yachts sailing the race must carry private signals at the main peak. In case the judges' boat from any cause is not at the finish line yachts will pass close aboard the Brenton's Reef Lightship, each yacht owner or representative taking the time when the foremast of his vessel, on a line drawn at right angles to the straight course from the last mark, passes the bow of the lightship.

J. F. TAMS, C. H. STEBBINS, J. A. MONTANT, Regatta Committee.

ACCIDENTS ON THE WATER.

BESIDES the many fatal mishaps to bathers which have already been reported in the papers this season, three accidents of a fatal character have happened to yachting parties, two of which, at least, should serve as warnings both to the inexperienced and to those in whose care the safety of others is intrusted. The last week in June Prof. Bruton, a gentleman from Buffalo, purchased a yacht (?) in Dunkirk and started with a young man, Mr. Frank White, to sail her 40 miles to Buffalo in order to enter the regatta of July 4. This yacht (?), the Phantom, was 19ft. long, 7½ft. beam, with a 26ft. mast, and 21ft. boom, jib and mainsail rig, and carried 1,053lbs of iron ore as ballast. She had no life preservers or even an oar or piece of board that would serve to float any one in case of need. The price paid for her was but $60. Leaving Dunkirk in a heavy sea against the advice of the local watermen, while the former owner of the boat came by rail, the little boat made her way almost to Buffalo, and about 5 P.M. of the same day, when off Sandy Point she swamped or capsized and at once sunk, drowning both her crew. From all we can learn of the boat she was a smooth water trap, utterly unfit for seawork, unsafe in competent hands, while neither of her crew were expert sailors. The trip they undertook would have been dangerous in any case with such a boat, and the Phantom disaster must go down with those of the Sophia and Mystery, as due to reckless or ignorant dependence on a type of boat radically bad for any but a very limited purpose.

An accident of a less common kind occurred on Lake Minnetonka, Minn., on July 12, in which a steam yacht, the Minnie Cook, having

on board a party of ladies, gentlemen and children, ten in number, was struck by a very violent storm and instantly sunk in 60ft. of water, drowning all on board. According to the local papers the yacht was ten years old, top heavy and rotten, while the divers report that her engine had shifted, probably when she first capsized, which facts bear their own moral. The storm was of unusual severity, one of the violent bursts of wind that sweep through portions of the West, and to its force, in connection as well as the condition of the boat, the disaster is partly due.

Still another sad occurrence remains to be recorded nearer home, in Great South Bay, off Patchogue, L. I. A party of six, three young men and three girls, started in the evening for a sail in a catboat in charge of a bay boatman, father of one of the girls. The young people were in different parts of the boat enjoying the beautiful evening and quiet sail, when suddenly the boom jibed, throwing four of the party into the water. One young lady caught the coaming of the boat, and was assisted in the boat, but another, with two of the gentlemen, was drowned in spite of the efforts of her brother to save her. The bodies of all were subsequently recovered. The inquest elicited the fact that the young lady and one of the gentlemen were sitting on the boom near the mast, about as dangerous a position as they could have chosen.

Persons not accustomed to boats naturally neglect, through ignorance, those precautions which are instinctive to experienced boatmen, and move about as freely as if on shore, and from this cause most of the summer accidents arise, as in the present case. Ladies and children should never venture in a boat unless it is in charge of a competent person who can and will exert the necessary authority on which safety depends.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF CENTERBOARDS.

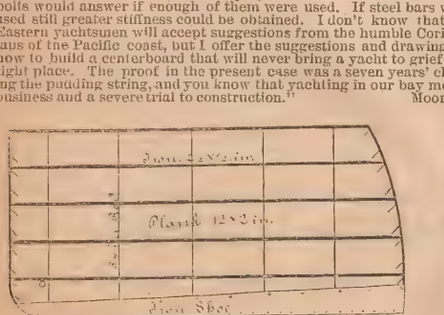
Editor Forest and Stream:

An old friend, an enthusiastic yachtsman, writes me from San Francisco in a worrisome state of mind concerning the centerboard of the new sloop Priscilla, that is to sustain the right to the America's Cup. He is afraid we are not up on the proper strength a board should have when down. Here is what he says about it:

"I write to you to refresh your memory about the history of the centerboard of the Lotus, which she carried for seven years, you remember, until we put a keel on her for her voyage to the South Seas.

"I first saw in the FOREST AND STREAM that the Priscilla's centerboard was to be of steel and now I am upset at seeing in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM that it is to be of wood. Hence this screed. You know how often in racing small things count. You know, also, how often centerboards come to grief. A broken board of ordinary construction is among the possibilities and might occur to the detriment of the cause. You may safely aver that a board built on the plan of that of the Lotus will not break. I don't say it because it is my plan, but from experience. When taken out after seven years' use it did not show a deflection of the fraction of an inch.

"I inclose the plan, which is so simple as to be easily comprehended. It is perfectly perceptible that the lee pressure diagonally across the wood fibre in the line of the keel being distributed among the iron bars in the edgewise direction, spans the breaking strain at the ordinary line of puncture in the most efficient way in which material can be combined. The board requires no weighting at top edge, the buoyancy having been counteracted by the proper weight of iron in construction, as will readily be seen by calculation. The application of the boiler iron to sharpen the edge in dividing the water also lowers the weight, while the line of fastening is carried diagonally across the fibre of the plank to prevent splitting. The board of the Lotus was through-bolted from edge to edge, but as the common mechanic shies at such a job, the common method of dowel bolts would answer if enough of them were used. If steel bars were used still greater stiffness could be obtained. I don't know that the Eastern yachtsmen will accept suggestions from the humble Corinthians of the Pacific coast, but I offer the suggestions and drawings of how to build a centerboard that will never bring a yacht to grief in a tight place. The proof in the present case was a seven years' chewing the pudding string, and you know that yachting in our bay means business and a severe trial to construction." MOODY.



The heavy lines represent iron bars as wide as the plank is thick, laid between the planks. In the board shown the bars are 2x¼in. Both planks and bars are fastened with ¾in. through-bolts, and a band of ½in. iron runs round the three sides. PODGERS.

MORE ABOUT BENT TIMBERS.

IT has been urged against the use of bent timbers that they will not keep their bend, but are liable to straighten after the boat is finished, and thus cause much mischief. This is perfectly true of timbers bent by the old process, whereby the grain lying along the outside or convex side of the bend is stretched endwise. When the grain of a timber is stretched it acts as any other elastic substance would, and contracts again as soon as the strain that stretched it is removed. This contraction of the grain lying along the outside of the bend of course straightens the timber, and will continue to do so as long as they are bent on that principle. But this way of bending timbers is obsolete, and is now used only by those who do not know the meaning of end pressure as applied to wood bending. The comparatively new method of bending by end pressure prevents the grain from stretching on the outside, and forces it to contract or upset on the concave side of the bend. Wood bent in this manner has no unnatural strain put upon the outside of the bend to pull it straight; the grain there lies easy and natural, as it did when nature determined its position on the tree from whence it came. But on the concave side a great change takes place; the grain there is shortened, compressed and knit firmly together, and the timber is thus rendered stronger and more compact, as the open cells of the wood are filled with the compressed or upset grain. Right here comes in the greatest difficulty with which the wood bender has to contend. The problem how to upset the grain without injuring it is one on which much thought has been expended and much experimenting has been done. When the powerful end pressure is applied to a timber the grain, if left to itself, will be crushed under the pressure and the firmness destroyed. Timbers have been bent in this way (by the Government and private individuals) and the result has proven very unsatisfactory; they came from the press much weaker than when they went in, the natural vitality of the timber destroyed, and they have consequently fallen an easy prey to decay.

To overcome this difficulty help has to be extended to the grain during the shortening process so that instead of being crushed under the end pressure it will be condensed and shortened but its individuality preserved, each grain may twine itself around its neighbor, the whole mass may become a confused snare of tangled grain, but as long as the grains are not separated or crushed they may join hands each with its neighbor, and the timber will be stronger and tougher for the closed union of its constituent grains.

The extent to which a wood bender can upset a timber without injuring its grain marks the extent of his ability to bend heavy timber, and the only natural limit to the process of wood bending.

Nothing of this change in the grain appears on the surface of the timber if it be properly bent, but take a chisel and drive it into the end of an upset timber and it is at once apparent. Instead of splitting easily and smoothly as it would have done before, it now exhibits a most astonishing dislike to split at all, and cannot be made to split smoothly but will shred and tear as the chisel forces it apart, showing plainly the tangled condition of the grain. This condition renders the timber more impervious to the entrance of water; as the cells are filled with the compressed wood, and the grain confused and tangled no longer offers straight, open water courses to the decay-causing moisture. Among the recent innovations in bent wood are the bent stem piece, and bent breast hook, for yawls and yacht's boats. The former is now being used quite extensively by first-class builders. Of the bent breast hook many good things could be said. The sharp angle of the hook, especially those for small boats, makes it very difficult to get natural crooks, the grain of which will follow the shape of the hook. Hence it frequently happens that they are made cross-grained, and being small, at the first hard strain they are liable to break and leave the boat free to open at the bow. These are now bent, and as the grain follows all the way around the bend they are very strong and obviate all danger of a broken breast hook. Small knees and floor timbers are also bent and perform an important part in making the yacht or boat strong and staunch. W. G. SHEPARD.

HULL Y. C., JULY 18.

THE forty-ninth regatta of the Hull Y. C. on Saturday was a complete disappointment, as there was hardly any wind at all. The courses were for first and second classes, across the line between the judges' yacht and flag-boat, leaving judges' yacht on starboard, through Hull gut, leaving Hunt's Ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard to Harding's bell boat, leaving it on port, to Martin's Ledge buoy, leaving it on port, Hunt's Ledge buoy on port, to and across line between judges' yacht and flag-boat, distance 11 miles.

Third class, across line between judges' yacht and flag boat, leaving judge's yacht on port, around Black Brush buoy No. 1 (half a mile south of starting line), through the West gut, around Wreck buoy (off west end of Pettick's Island), leaving it on the starboard, around Wilson's Rocks buoy, leaving it on starboard, through Hull gut, to and across line between judge's yacht and a flag-boat, distance 6 miles.

Fourth, fifth and sixth classes, across line between judges' yacht and flag-boat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, Hull Y. C. barrel (off Harry's Rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on starboard, around flag-boat at starting line, leaving it on starboard, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off Harry's Rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on starboard, to and across line between judges' yacht and flag-boat, distance 6 miles.

The classes were started at 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35 and 3:40 in a dead calm. The first and second classes could not make the race within the time, four hours. The times of the others were:

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.00	1 44 47	1 41 26
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.07	1 55 03	1 51 33
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	23.08	Not taken.	

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Queen Mab, Burwell and Litchfield	22.00	1 52 37	1 49 04
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	23.01	2 01 17	1 57 51
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson	24.01	Not taken.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Niobe, Sayles and Chadwick	20 06	1 42 52	1 39 06
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21.03	1 47 32	1 43 52
Thrasher, G. G. Garroway	20.02	2 00 05	1 56 16
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	20.01	2 07 27	2 03 37

FIFTH CLASS.

Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.04	1 47 10	1 43 13
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18.01	1 53 06	1 48 57
Spider, J. Abbott	18.10	1 54 39	1 50 38
Imogen, B. T. Wendell	18.09	1 54 24	1 53 32
Crusader, A. Wilson	19.01	1 59 59	1 56 00
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19 06	1 59 44	1 56 09
Spray, H. H. Faxon	19.10	Did not return.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Mirage, L. M. Clark	17.09	1 59 42	1 55 30
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.09	Not taken.	

The following prizes were awarded: Third class centerboards—First, $15, Queen Mab. Third class keels—First, $15, Kitty. Fourth class—First, $10, Em Ell Eye; second, $5, Wildfire.

BOSTON Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 16.—Another race for the second class championship and the Pfaff Cup was sailed on July 16 over a course from off the club house, through the Narrows, leaving Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate bell buoy, Galloupe's Island, George's Island and Point Allerton Buoy on the starboard. Sound Point Beacon on the port, Harding bell buoy on the port, Point Allerton Buoy on the port, through the Narrows, leaving George's Island, Galloupe's Island and Nix's Mate bell buoy on the port, Sound Point Beacon on the starboard, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flag-boat. Besides the Pfaff Cup, another cup was offered for second boat and $15 for third. The starters were Edna, holder of two legs for the cup, Kitty, Eva, Alda and the catboat Alert. With a light east wind all went off at 10:30, Kitty leading, but off Spectacle Island Eva passed her. Again Kitty pulled up, and off Long Island Head was again first, but ran into a calm, where Eva and Alda soon joined her. All lay becalmed for a time, when finally Kitty set jibtopsail and stole away, while the others had anchored. After a time Edna found a breeze and started off. Kitty and Alda both held a good lead, but a shift of wind left them badly off and helped the others. They were timed at Harding's Ledge—Kitty, 2:38:18; Eva, 2:43:55; Edna, 2:45:10; Alda, 2:52:44. Alert had dropped out. Kitty essayed a spinnaker, but took it in, while Eva's was pulling her along. She was pushing Kitty hard when she went aground and lost some time getting off. The times were:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	24 4	5 52 05	4 59 35
Eva, Daniel Sargent	26.6	5 49 54	5 01 06
Edna, A. L. Smith	20.2	5 53 10	5 58 27
Alda, W. P. Wilkinson	24.2	5 59 08	5 06 20

Judges—Messrs. Thomas Dean, Eben Denton and Coolidge Barnard. Regatta Committee—Messrs. J. P. Phinney, John A. Stetson, L. S. Jordan, George R. Howe and William L. Wellman. Kitty takes a leg for the Pfaff Cup, Eva wins a silver cup and Alda takes $15.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The second race for the Buzzard's Bay championship was sailed yesterday, and on Saturday the second championship matches at Marblehead will be sailed, open to the following classes: Yachts over 23ft. 6in., sailing length, and not over 30ft. water line, to form first class; over 19ft. 6in., sailing length, and not over 23ft. 6in., the second class; 19ft. 6in., and under, the third class. Second class centerboard cats to form one class; second class centerboard sloops to form another class; second class keels will form another class, provided at least two keels start, if only one starts she will sail with the centerboard cats. The courses are: First class—Leaving red buoy No. 6 on starboard, Bowditch's Ledge beacon on starboard, red buoy No. 2 on Gale's Ledge on starboard, stakeboat anchored off S. E. breakers on starboard, Half-way Rock on starboard, black buoys Nos. 3 and 5 on port, to judges' yacht, 10½ miles, or leaving black buoys 5 and 3 on starboard, Half-way rock, stakeboat anchored off S. E. breakers, red buoy No. 2 on Gale's Ledge, Bowditch's Ledge beacon and red buoy No. 6 on port, to judges' yacht, 10½ miles. For second and third classes—Leaving red buoy No. 6 on starboard, Bowditch's Ledge beacon on port, stakeboat off Curtis's Point on port, black buoys 7, 5 and 3 on starboard, black buoy on Selman's Berth on starboard, to judges' yacht, 7½ miles, or leaving black buoys on Selman's Berth on port, black buoys Nos. 3, 5 and 7 on port, stakeboat off Curtis's Point on starboard, Bowditch's Ledge beacon on starboard, red buoy No. 6 on port, to judges' yacht, 7½ miles.

EDGEWATER Y. C. REGATTA.—The 4th of July celebration at Dunedin, Fla., was held under the auspices of the Edgewater Y. C., whose first regatta came off that day. The day was all that could be desired, and like the majority of our days in Florida, perhaps a little stronger breeze would have pleased the larger boats better. Soon after daybreak our lovely bay, encircled by islands of which Florida can well afford to boast, was a perfect galaxy of sails. The boat races consisting of three classes of boats, cutters, dingy and skiffs, were keenly contested. Previous to the boat races, the members of the E. Y. C. entertained the large and appreciative crowd with a few aquatic sports, such as walking the greasy pole, water polo, swimming and diving competition, etc. This being the first regatta of the Edgewater Y. C., it is gratifying to the members of this young club to find such unbounded success attend their first efforts. The club, although at present having a small membership roll, has no lack of energy, a large and substantial club-house being in course of erection, which will not only be used for a meeting hall and reading room, etc., but will have what might be called a novelty, in an attendant museum containing as many curiosities of the Floridean waters as our enterprising "camp-out" members can lay their fingers on. The club flag is yellow with black trident. I cannot close without expressing satisfaction at the manner in which our neighbors the Gulf Coast Y. C., from Tarpon Springs, Fla., turned out and assisted in the sports of the day.—C.

TORONTO SAILING CLUB.—The postponed special class races of the Toronto Sailing Skiff Club took place on the bay on Saturday afternoon, the following skiffs starting: Com. Riordon's Shamrock, Macrae Bros.' Eva, A. Hime's skiff, and P. A. Bath's Psyche. The Eva got away first, with a good start, followed by Mr. Hime's skiff, and the Shamrock and Psyche a little behind. The Eva passed the buoy off Hanlan's a few yards ahead of the Shamrock, then Hime, the Psyche being a long way in the rear. The Eva made a beautiful run to the buoy in the eastern gap, increasing her lead greatly, Shamrock second, Hime third, Psyche fourth. However, on the beat up the bay to the club house, the Psyche made up all she had lost, passing the club buoy a second or two ahead of Hime, Eva third, Shamrock fourth. From this buoy over to Hanlan's again the race was a closely contested one, the Psyche making a little more to windward passed the buoy first a little way ahead of the Shamrock, Hime third, Eva fourth. From this point back to the club buoy, the finish, was very slow work, the wind having gone down almost entirely. The Psyche passed the home buoy a few yards in advance of Shamrock, Hime third, Eva fourth. All the skiffs were sailed by the owners, and with the light wind it was very fortunate they were able to finish the course in the time allowed them. The first prize was a challenge cup presented by Mr. Percy A. Bath. There were also second and third prizes.—*Toronto Globe, July 13.*

NOOYA.—This steam yacht, formerly the Follet, lately from Antigua, is now completely refitting at Poillon's.

LYNN Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 18.—The annual championship race of the West Lynn Y. C. for pennants to be won best two in three races was sailed on Saturday. The starters in the second class were Ethel, Healy & Richardson; Inez, Goodrich Brothers; Twilight, B. W. Rowell, and Margaret, Sawyer & Rich. Course six miles. In the third class were Imp, John Renton, and A. B. C., S. Mansfield. Course five miles. A good breeze was blowing from the southwest. The Ethel of the second class carried away her topmast before reaching Sand Point, but sailed over the course with the wreck hanging. The Twilight carried away her jib halliards on the run from Sand Point to Western Lobster rocks, and the Margaret carried away her jib stay off Pines Point, and was obliged to pull out. On the return the Inez crossed the line first, leading the second boat, Twilight, 7 minutes, with the Ethel third. The Imp beat the A. B. C. by 1 minute. The judges were M. Pratt and William Burrill. The next race will take place August 1.

PACIFIC Y. C. CRUISE, JULY 4.—The cruise this year was to Santa Cruz, and seven yachts, Whitewing, Nellie, Aggie, Casco, Fleur de Lis and Halcyon started at 10 A. M. in a light wind. At noon came a breeze that carried them around the stakeboat at Monterey, Halcyon first, then Lurline, Casco, Aggie, Nellie, Fleur de Lis and Whitewing, the latter soon after giving up. With more wind and sea the fleet kept on for a time, until the breeze dropped for several hours. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Halcyon	10 26 30	5 06 20	6 40 00	6 40 00
Lurline	10 26 09	6 28 20	8 02 20	7 59 05
Fleur de Lis	10 32 15	7 55 30	9 23 15	9 09 13
Nellie	10 31 50	7 58 20	9 26 38	9 09 19
Aggie	10 27 00	*7 53 30	9 26 30	9 23 37

Casco did not cross the starting line properly so was ruled out.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 18 the Atlantic Y. C. started from Whitestone on their annual cruise, the fleet numbering 11 yachts. They ran across to Norwalk Islands, Agnes, Fanita and Haze being the first boats in, and anchored on Saturday night. On Sunday the fleet lay at anchor and service was held on board the Agnes, Rev. W. A. Thomas officiating. Other yachts joined the fleet on Sunday and the fleet now included the following yachts: Agnes, Commodore Hogins; Haze, C. W. and J. Hogan; Decoy, C. N. Hoagland, M.D.; Leona, E. C. Sterling; Wivern, Benjamin Atha; Fanita, George J. Gould; Roamer, John Cartledge; Athlon, Vice Commodore Barron; Thistle, Rear Commodore Ziegler; Stella, J. L. Marcellus; Concord, H. C. Roome; Rover, F. C. Swain; Daphne, J. Rogers Maxwell; Aria, C. W. Opdyke; Santapogue, James C. Bergen.

YONKERS Y. C.—This club sailed a race on July 11 over a course from the club house to Glenwood, thence to the New Jersey shore, thence to Mount St. Vincent, and thence home, to be sailed over twice, a distance of 15 miles. The starters were: Class 1, Inez; class 2, Rocket, Spray, Ella C.; class 3, Kittie N., Carrie, Comfort, Spray, Jr.; class 4, Mabel, Daisy, Uncle Jake. Owing to the light wind only the small boats finished, Spray, Jr., winning in class 3 and Uncle Jake in class 4. The postponed race was sailed on July 18 over the regular triangular course, with nine yachts starting, Spray, Racket, Fanny, Spray, Jr., Kitty N., Comfort, Carrie A., Mabel and Daisy. The winners were Fannie, Kitty N. and Mabel. A match race has been agreed upon to take place on July 31, between the Racket and the Fannie, for $25 a side.

NEW YORK Y. C.—A regular meeting was held on July 16 at 25 Broad street, ex-Com. J. D. Smith presiding. The date of the rendezvous for the cruise is July 29. The Larchmont Y. C. have offered the use of their house and anchorage to the club on that occasion. The Cup Committee announced that the trial races would be postponed until after the cruise. Secretary Winter read a letter from Mr. Fairchild, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, authorizing the admission of Genesta's spars free of duty, on condition that they be returned to England. The billiard room of the club is being enlarged.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This new organization, whose headquarters are at Oyster Bay, sailed its first annual regatta on July 4, over the Oyster Bay course. The starters were: First class, over 26 and under 40ft.—Mirth, Gerard Beekman; Jeunesse, John A. Weeks, Jr.; Indolent, Col. S. V. R. Cruger; Tahoe, Com. F. T. Underhill. Second over 22 and under 26ft.—Meta, William Trotter; Eleanor, William J Youngs; Naiad, Mr. Hoyt; Alcyone, Robert Townsend; Dodo, Edward M. Townsend; Sinbad, Thomas Young; Orion, Com. F. T. Underhill. Mirth won in the first class and Eleanor in the second class.

NEW CHART OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.—A preliminary chart of the Atlantic coast, from Cape Hatteras to Cape Camavol, is now on exhibition in the Hydrographic Office in the old Produce Exchange, on Whitehall street, New York. The chart is different from preceding ones, the shore lines being very plainly marked, and only the most important details noted. The compass is also arranged in a novel manner. Captains of vessels and others interested are invited to examine the chart and give their opinion on it.

BUFFALO Y. C.—In a race over a ten mile course on July 4, the following yachts entered: First class, 30ft. and over: Ripple, sloop; Lillie R., sloop; Alarm, schooner. Second class, under 30ft.—Curlew, Turk, Arrow, Twilight, Dude. The course was ten miles. Lillie R. fouled a mark and withdrew. Arrow won in second class in 1:47:40, and Alarm in first class, 1:53:40.

HARLEM Y. C.—This club sailed a postponed race on July 19 over a triangular course off 120th street, Harlem River, 10 rounds of the course. The starters were Cornet, Lila, Jay U. Gee, Little Dean, Jean and Irene. The latter two soon left the fleet far astern, so that the others withdrew. Little Dean finished in 4:01:45 and Jean in 5:10:10, both winning pennants.

NEW KEEL SLOOP.—A new sloop of the Boston type is now building by Smith, of City Point. She is 30ft. deck, 25ft. waterline, 9ft. 9in. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 3½ tons of lead on a keel sided 16in. and moulded 11in. Her frames will be sided 2in., moulded 1½in. at heads and 2¾in. at heels; planking, yellow pine, 1¼in. thick.

PRISCILLA AND MISCHIEF.—On July 15 these two yachts were timed over the New York course in a light S.W. wind. Priscilla led by 10.24 at the Hook and 15.43 at the Lightship. At Huey 5, with a lighter breeze in, she was 17.15 ahead. From here in it was a drift. Priscilla finishing in 6.59, about 25min. ahead of Mischief.

TORONTO Y. C. LADIES' DAY.—On July 14 this club turned out in cloudy weather to give a sail to their lady friends. Oriole, Verve and Aileen started out, joined by Alarm, and the fleet executed a number of squadron maneuvers. Wenona joined them as they returned.

CRUISER AND LA PERICHOLE.—These two yachts will race at Larchmont on July 25 for $250 a side, cat rig and fixed ballast, under Larchmont rules. La Perichole hails from Newport.

RUTH.—Huntington Harbor, July 19.—Yacht Ruth, Columbia and Seawanhaka Y. C., cruising eastward. Left New York on 16th; delayed by calms. All well, crew of nine all told.

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.—This club will sail their annual regatta on Aug. 12 over the club course, nine prizes, aggregating $450, will be offered.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. O. W., Steubenville, O.—We advise you to read Mr. Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building," where you will find full instructions for the boat. The details cannot be given here.

M. H. R., Mohawk.—Get Stoddard's Map of the Adirondacks and you will be able to trace out the route. We can supply the map, price $1. For directions about fitting out, read "Nessmuk's" "Woodcraft."

TINKER, Decatur, Ala.—The chilled shot are said not to preserve their form better than the other, and so to fly truer and make slightly better pattern, but possibly inferior penetration. The shot will not injure the gun in the least. For ducks use Nos. 4 to 6.

H. R. S., Pultney, N. Y.—The judges must announce to the scorer whether a bird is hit or missed, and the scorer scores accordingly. The shooter or his opponent has the right to challenge the decision of the judge and appeal to the referee, whose duty it is to finally decide the matter. But the referee has no power unless such an appeal is made.

F. R. H., Collinsville, Conn.—B shot at a pigeon, one judge was not paying attention, no satisfactory evidence could be had from spectators. As referee I required the man to shoot over again. Was this right? 2. C shot at clay-pigeon, one judge paid no attention. I did not see any piece broken from pigeon, and, as referee, I scored bird lost. Was this right? Ans. If in each case you were appealed to your decision was final.

W. F. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—Is the land good and what game is found near Stanton, Colfax county, Neb.? Have a farm sixteen miles north of Stanton and think of going on it, though I have never seen it. Will you answer or ask for information in your paper? Have taken your paper in eight States, but have never contributed nor asked for information before. Ans. Write to the postmaster of the town or to the man you bought the land of.



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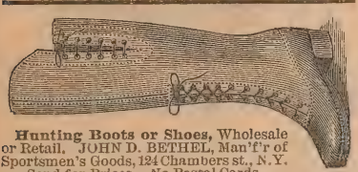
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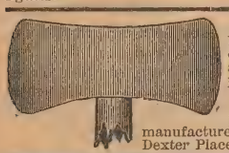
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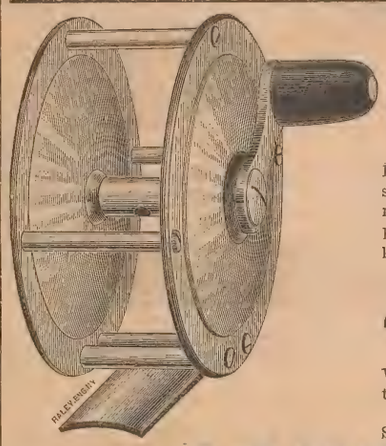
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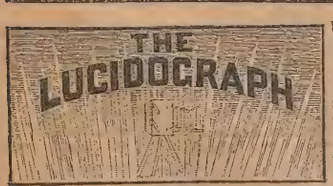
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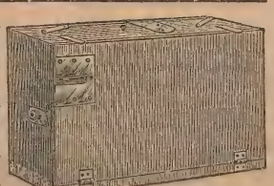
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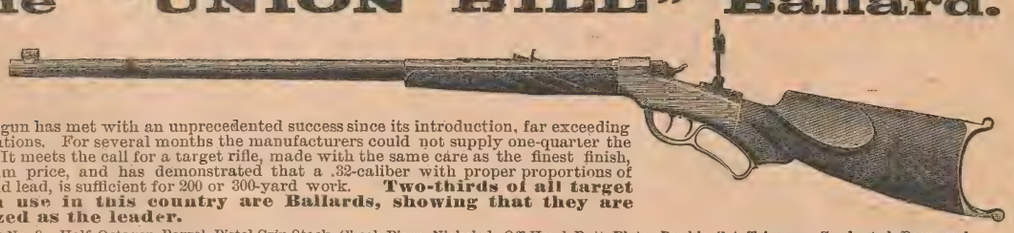
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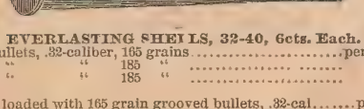
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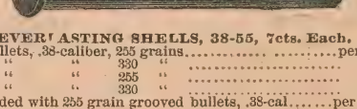
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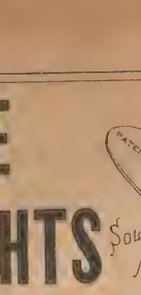
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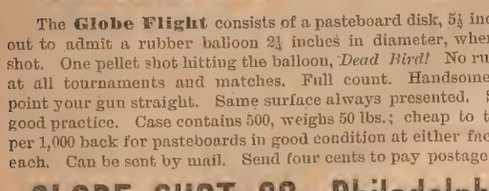
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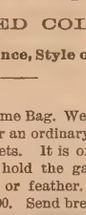
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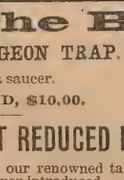
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CANOE

THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of exaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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